

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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ALWAYS IN VANGUARD

We have sympathy with the legitimate aims and aspirations of this generation, but we are not disposed, when writing about it, to unwarranted eulogy. For instance, a secular editor scribbles to this generation the merit of what he calls the discovery of woman. We suppose he wrote it just to pass away the time or to pose as a pioneer in undiscovered territory. He may have in mind the harpies who destroy and burn or the females who howl about their rights from public platforms. These, we grant, are indigenous to this age and are object lessons of what false philosophy and hysteria can achieve. We grant also that the eugenists who are trying to keep the youthful mind clean by washing it in dirty waters prepared according to their recipe are results of this age's unrestrained verbosity. All the women who are talking and meddling are but proof of undeveloped minds and over-developed vocal chords. But when the editor says that the women nowadays are far superior to their sisters of the past we are inclined to think that he must be endeavoring to propitiate the gentler sex. He may be afraid of their little hatchets or that a bomb may propel him skywards. When he emerges from his comatose state he may remember certain facts which may cause him to revise his opinion and to form a judgment in harmony with historical data. He cannot deny that in self-denial, in unselfish devotion to others, in self-mastery, the women of the past have shown themselves equal at least to their modern sisters. And this from the beginning of Christianity. Women labored with St. Paul in the gospel. Saints Catharine and Apollonia were philosophers of renown and disponents of acknowledged prowess. St. Paula helped St. Jerome, and St. Marcella was "the glory of the Roman ladies." They were masters of Greek; poets and writers of plays. In the university of Bologna women were distinguished for their success in literature, medicine and mathematics. Novella Andrea taught canon law for ten years at Bologna; and Elena Carnaro won distinction at Milan. Cardinal Mezzofanti succeeded in his professorship of Greek by a woman. And we might go on with the long story of woman's achievements in every department of human activity. They have given of their best to the world, irradiated it with the splendor of purity; healed it with their unselfishness and poured into its veins, weakened by luxury, the blood of self-conquest. The women of to-day may add new chapters to that glorious history by emulating those who wrote it. The women of the past acquired the art of speaking to a purpose by years of silence. They worked well because they knew how to pray. They were exhorted to develop power and influence because it is they who give the moral tone to the whole community. It may truly be said that whatever the Christian religion has done for the elevation of public morals it has done through the instrumentality of woman. A brief study of Mr. Devas's admirable little book on "Family Life" will confirm what perhaps no one with any knowledge of human history will dispute, and prove that where woman is debased and basely thought of there in proportion is public morality at a low ebb.

WOULD DO GOOD

At the Catholic Congress in Wales Cardinal Gasquet advocated the formation of an International Catholic Defence Bureau for the purpose of exposing the exaggerations and fictitious stories about the Church in foreign countries. We are afraid, however, that some non-Catholics would accept any statement however ridiculous against us. Any story that can perpetuate some malignant calumny is pressed into service and regarded as truth sacrosanct and undeniable by some preachers. The readers of Dickens will remember how Mr. Pickwick glistened over the inscription found on a stone in the churchyard at Cobham; how he invested it with a rare anti-

quarian value; how Mr. Blotton dispensed his theories by asserting that the letters BILSTUMPSHISMAR only meant Bill Stumps his mark. Many a story about Catholics in foreign countries rests upon as stable a foundation as Mr. Pickwick's discovery. And we suspect that some clerical tourists who wander afield with eyes and minds closed fall into the hands of guides who can manufacture for a consideration fairy tales to please any scandal monger.

THE ARCHDEACON

The Halifax, N. S., Anglican Archdeacon who advanced ship-ownership as a proof of the truth of religion has been taken to task by a Methodist clergyman. The Archdeacon was reminded of the absurdity of his contention and advised to devote his time to other objects than to the perpetuation of prejudices. Whereat the Archdeacon lost his judicial pose, got red in the face, and wrote a few unpleasant words in no wise complimentary to his mentality. The Anglican dignity seems to be under the impression that all Protestants have a liking for controversy waged in a spirit of blind fanaticism. He does not see that the vanity and impotency of it must become apparent in proportion precisely as men are brought to look at things with their own eyes; and then the result is that sensible and well-bred people seeing how they have been imposed upon by the current slang are very apt to be taken with a sort of quiet disgust towards the whole interest which they find thus badly defended and thus to look favorably on the same measure on the other side as being at so many points plainly an injured and persecuted cause.

With the Archdeacon's contention that material prosperity is a sign of God's approval we have dealt in a former issue of the RECORD. The argument is frayed at the edges, unscriptural and used only by those who have no regard for truth or scholarship. And hence to find it on the lips of an Archdeacon must surprise all who, however they may regard the chaotic state of Anglicanism, believe that its ministers stand for broadmindedness and culture. We congratulate the Methodist divine on his word for truth.

IN BAD TASTE

The Church recognizes no "better class," a phrase which is out of place in the columns of a contemporary. The poor have the Gospel preached to them was one of the evidences of our Lord's divinity; and during the ages she has been the Church of the poor, the friend and consoler of Lazarus. This is her boast and glory. Even her enemies are not niggardly in their admiration for a marvellous success among the poor, and admit that in the great centres which are preyed upon by the purveyors of discontent she is the great bulwark of law and order. And we know that Matthew Arnold's expatriated Englishman declared that to fit the Protestant Church to lay hold of the laboring population a great process of reconstruction would be necessary.

THE CROSS BROKEN

(Toronto News, English Correspondent.)
Louvain, Malines, Termonde—women outraged, mutilated, butchered; children shot and bayoneted; Red Cross wagons hiding machine guns; firing on Red Cross wagons; wounded British soldiers murdered on the battle field; civilians shot in scores—and now Rheims. Despite the surfeit of horrors, London is shocked at this last infamy. A glorious cathedral, that has seen the consecration of Kings, in ruins. The love of a nation, the admiration of a world, shelled by German guns. Even the great battle in which the armed might of three nations has been looked for ten days, is overshadowed by this wanton destruction.

The half-penny press in double columns tells of "The appalling crime of Rheims," "The Kaiser is the 'Scourge of God,'" a "second Attila." Eighty years ago, Heine wrote: "Christianity—and this is its highest merit—has in some degree softened, but it could not destroy, that brutal German joy of battle. When once the taming talisman, the Cross, breaks in two, the savagery of the old fighters, the senseless, Berserker fury of which the northern poets sing and say so much, will gush up

anew. That talisman is decayed, and the day will come when it will pitilessly collapse. Then every stone gods will rise from the silent ruins, and rub the dust of a thousand years from their eyes. Thor, with his giant's hammer, will at last spring up, and shatter to bits the Gothic cathedrals."

THE SECOND ATTLILA

The prophecy of Heine has come true. The Germans have broken the Cross in two. "The Kaiser," The Times says, "has outdone the impious crime of Louvain. He has destroyed the glorious cathedral of Rheims, a noble heritage from the Age of Faith, which belonged not to France alone, but to the whole world. We ought to have foreseen this crowning atrocity, for Rheims is hallowed ground to the modern Attila and to every Hun. The first Attila came here with his ravens border, sacked the city, and put its inhabitants to the sword. It was natural that his aspiring successor, who seeks to make his name live through the ages by plumbing greater depths of infamy, should seize opportunities of destruction denied to his less fortunate prototype. The maltreated women of France and Belgium, the slaughtered civilians whose bodies strew the pathway of his troops, have not glutted his thirst for brutal vengeance. His forbears in 1814, and again in 1870, reverently spared the stately fane which for seven centuries has been one of the most famous churches of Christendom. The Kaiser, in his mad and baffled wrath, spares nothing, and stamps upon beautiful and sacred things with all the ardor of a ruined outlaw conscious that the execrations of every civilized race are heaped upon his head. The time must surely come when the Kaiser and his latest of wreckers will have to share the fate meted out to Napoleon by the Congress of Vienna, and be pronounced by the nations of the world outlaws beyond the pale of civilization."

BELGIUM AND FRANCE HAVE BECOME CITIES OF PRAYER

Catholic Press Association

London, Sept. 18.—Brussels and indeed every city of Belgium has been for the past few weeks a city of prayer. In the early morning, from 4 a. m. onwards, the altar rails are crowded with communicants, amongst whom are many soldiers. After each High Mass the organ peals forth the noble strains of the Brabantonne and has continued to do so even during the German occupation.

In the Royal Church of Notre Dame de Laeken every Monday a requiem Mass is celebrated for the souls of the fallen. The churches consecrated to the Blessed Virgin under the many titles wherewith the Belgians love to honor her, have been crowded daily with women, many of them in deep mourning. Candles burn in thousands before the image of Our Lady of Deliverance in St. Gudule's, while the national flag, still waving on the high tower of Notre Dame de la Chapelle, calls many to the famous statue of Our Lady of Sorrows.

At the Church of Finistere, near the railway station of the Nord, the ancient crown statue of Our Lady of Good Success, originally brought from Scotland, is covered with offerings; and in the ancient and historic Church of St. Nicholas, in the center of the capital, the statue of our Lady of Peace, which dates from the eleventh century, is exposed in the nave.

Cardinal Mercier's appeal for prayer and penance has met with a great response; and many are observing a weekly fast of the most rigid character. The parish priests have also been instructed by the Cardinal to give Communion at a specially early hour, about dawn to all pious persons, who are engaged in tending sick and wounded.

At the town of Hal compact crowds of pilgrims, many of them barefoot, arrive each morning between 2 and 3 a. m., having walked all night, fasting. They assist at Mass and receive Holy Communion, then make the Way of the Cross at the famous chapels and return to their homes. Every day in the same place the statue of Our Lady is borne through the streets, accompanied by a procession of about three thousand persons praying and singing.

At Tongre, where the statue of the Madonna is never taken down save in some terrible calamity, it has been escorted through the streets by thousands, while at Poperinghe hundreds of aged men, with the women and children, are making the "Domkeren Ommegang" in honor of Our Lady. All Belgium is in supplication before the Mother of God.

In France the war has worked wonders. From the day of its outbreak the persecutions of the Church ceased. Hundreds of French priests have returned from exile to join the colors, and each is vested with special faculties by his spiritual superior so that he can, as need arises, exercise his sacred ministry through

serving in the ranks. The Jesuits are under the flag, and also the Franciscans; while more than sixty Capuchins are among the troops of the Army of the East. All the monks of the Grand Chartreuse have joined the colors; and many other religious over and above the chaplains, who are serving with the army. Already several priests have been mentioned in despatches.

BOLOGNA REJOICES

At one city of Europe there recently was unfeigned joy. This was Bologna, every bell of whose many churches were set ringing directly the news of her archbishop's election to the Throne of the Fisherman became known. One of the first acts of Benedict XV. was to send his Pontifical blessing to Bologna and to his native city of Genoa. One, who knew the new Pope well during his archbishopric at Bologna, when he has been for seven years, and during his previous work in Rome, describes him as an energetic worker. Though frail of figure he is of extremely wiry physique, can do with very little sleep, and has a great memory and an unexampled knowledge of the international life of the Church. When he was assistant to Cardinal Rampolla, Papal Secretary of State, he was greatly sought by diplomats, but he never surrendered these spiritual cares such as the direction of certain confraternities and groups of youths, the hearing of confession and other works, which made urgent calls upon his precious time. He devoted himself to the works of the pilgrimages to Rome and was ever at the service of the pilgrims. He also presided for several years over the Association of Perpetual and Nocturnal Adoration in Rome. He belongs to the noble Order of the Knights of Malta, and their cross will appear in his arms. His brother is a retired Italian admiral well known in naval circles.

CARDINAL O'CONNELL

HIS DESCRIPTION OF POPE BENEDICT XV.

Cardinal O'Connell, accompanied by Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore, returned to Boston on board the crowded war-refugee liner Canopic from Rome, where the two cardinals had gone to attend the conclave which elected Pope Benedict XV. The two cardinals held a reception on the deck of the steamer off Quarantine and both spoke to the welcoming friends. Cardinal Gibbons praised the work of American ambassadors and consuls in taking care of their stranded fellow-countrymen.

Cardinal O'Connell gave out a formal statement as follows: "As the world now knows, the conclave resulted in the election of Cardinal della Chiesa to the Pontificate, who assumed the name of Benedict XV. Three of the American Cardinals arrived too late to participate in the election, Cardinal Gibbons, Cardinal Begin and myself. The other two American Cardinals, Cardinal Farley of New York, and the South American Cardinal, were able to be present by the merest chance; Cardinal Farley had been detained in Switzerland on account of the war, and was able to reach Rome in time for the conclave. The South American Cardinal was at the time nearing Gibraltar, on his way to Carlsbad and thus managed to arrive in time. The three other American Cardinals arrived late by a few hours and had the conclave delayed a day as they expected, they would have been in time to take part in the election. The ancient regulation of beginning the conclave on the tenth day after the death of the Pope, was made when Cardinals did not reside at such a distance from Rome as they do now, and was able to reach Rome in time for the conclave. The regulation will be made in regard to the opening of the conclave, that will enable the American Cardinals to reach Rome in time to participate in the election.

"The choice of Cardinal della Chiesa to fill the highest post of honor and of jurisdiction in the world, has already produced a most favorable impression and manifests the great wisdom and prudence that marked the deliberations of the Cardinals in conclave. At this particular time there is great need of a young vigorous pontiff with a deep knowledge of diplomatic relations and with wide practical experience in the affairs of Church and State.

"Pope Benedict XV. brings to the papacy all these qualities in a marked degree. "Trained in the College of Ecclesiastical Nobles, he distinguished himself in his first post in the Nunciature of Madrid, where he worked under the eyes of the late Cardinal Rampolla then acting as papal nuncio to Spain. Later when Cardinal Rampolla had been created papal secretary of State under Leo XIII. he remembered the tireless auditor at Madrid, and called him to Rome to occupy a most responsible position in that department of the secretariate of State that is mainly concerned with the diplomatic relations of the Holy See. Here the young ecclesiastic spent most of his years, and the practical experience of affairs and the intimate knowledge of

statesmen and churchmen he there acquired will now serve him in good stead.

"Seven years ago he was appointed to fill a most important post in Italy as archbishop of the historic diocese of Bologna, and there began at once to show the fruits of a splendid mind and judgment. His position as archbishop of Bologna enabled him to add to his training, the practical experience of executive administration, and his marked success in all the important and delicate posts he has occupied promises a glorious and fruitful pontificate for Pope Benedict XV.

"The present time is a most trying one in which to begin the arduous labors of Pontiff, and Pope Benedict XV. will at the very outset of his Pontificate be called on to face as serious and as difficult a problem as ever fell to the lot of a Sovereign Pontiff, but in his labors he will have the prayers and co-operations of all the Bishops, priests and people throughout the world, and from no section of the world will greater support, deeper affection and more lasting loyalty go up to our Holy Father than from the Bishop, priests and people of our own beloved diocese of Boston.

"Nearly twenty years ago, when I occupied the post of rector of the American College in Rome, I knew the present Holy Father during those years when he was connected with the Secretariate of State, and I then saw his ceaseless activity and capacity for hard and important work.

PROUD OF AMERICA

"On my arrival in Rome, just a bare hour or two after the Holy Father had been elected, I went immediately to the Vatican and sought out the new Pontiff to offer him the homage and devotion of myself, the priests and people of the archdiocese of Boston. He was still in the small room that was allotted to him as his dwelling during the conclave surrounded by a number of friends. As soon as my name was announced, the little room was cleared and the Holy Father fairly hurried to the door to embrace me and recalled at once our former and uninterrupted friendship.

"On three separate occasions during my short stay in Rome the Holy Father received me in private conference and I was amazed with the wonderful qualities he displayed. His ready and quick grasp of affairs, his intimate knowledge of men and conditions, his gracious tact and cordially bearing, his manifest love and burning desire for the betterment and happiness of the people, his deep knowledge and simple faith impressed me in a marked degree, and promise a glorious reign for the Church and for the people throughout the world.

"Pope Benedict XV. showed great tact in dispensing with the ancient solemnity attending the coronation. The ceremony took place three days after his election, so as to enable the foreign cardinals to leave for their homes. The coronation took place in the historic Sistine Chapel, it was a memorable and historic occasion. There were Cardinals sitting side by side, many belonging to the very cities that at that moment were suffering the dire ravages of the present war, and although each Cardinal had his native flag waving confidently and proudly within his bosom, there was an exterior dignity and charity as only the Catholic Church can offer, a perfect brotherhood in faith, without surrendering in the least iota the fullest measure of a generous and self-sacrificing patriotism, each toward his native land.

"And now, at last we are home again in our own America, prouder still, if that were possible, of her liberty, of her founders and of her institutions. May God bless our America, her rulers and her people and keep her ever prosperous and happy in the full possession of national honor and lasting peace."—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

CONSOLING SPECTACLE

Mr. George Lynch thus describes for Collier's Magazine a scene that took place in Brussels Cathedral while Liege was being invested by the Kaiser's army:

In their sore need they had gathered to supplicate the intercession of her who had been her help in times past and to carry her image in procession just as their ancestors had done long years ago. The best and noblest in the land lent their shoulders, many of them bowed by the weight of financial affairs, and under a gorgeous baldachin followed the Cardinal Archbishop of Brussels, Monsignor Messier, bearing the monstrance, containing the Sacred Host. As the procession moved slowly round, the voices of the vast multitude in solemn hymn, blending with the pealing organs, swelled in one great volume of sound until one fancied the cluster of Gothic columns might be organ pipes breathing their booming music on high against the lofty roof. Impressive! It was a scene I shall never forget. The dim cathedral, speckled with countless candles held by the people—the light from the setting sun streaming through the great rose-stained glass window; the gorgeous vestments, the incense

rising from the censers swung by the acolytes in scarlet soutanes, but above all the sense of fervor and relief that emanated from the prayerful throng! The image of the Virgin and Child was replaced upon the pedestal; a hush fell, as if from the high altar; the Cardinal raised the Sacred Host in benediction. Every head was bowed; a beautiful woman who knelt beside me was bedewing the marble pavement with her tears—a silver bell rang out on the silence. Our Lady of Deliverance!

"ABSOLVO TE!"

Amid the carnage at Liege, so the story goes, there was one man of commanding appearance, dressed in military garb and wearing on the side of his cap a miniature United States flag. It may be added, also, that this man was, outwardly at least, the only calm member of the assemblage. He was here, there and everywhere, aiding and assisting, and by speech and act showing himself to be a superb, kindly gentleman.

It is related further that, among other things, he carried in his arms a feeble old lady and placed her aboard the train for Brussels and again found a seat for a Sister of Mercy who was acting as a nurse.

In the vast concourse, naturally in war time, excitement also, that fever heat, for out of every man who desired to go forward there was not standing room for one.

But, like all things in this mundane sphere, an end came to the rush and bustle, and the train moved off. It was not a long distance and not a long time taken to cover, but long enough for an old lady, the mother of three sons whose lives paid the penalty of war, to grow faint and succumb to the sickness, and in her extremity she asked for a priest. There was one, who came quickly and the last rites were administered, and the assistant again, with a small electric bulb in his hand, was none other than the military attaché.

As he said himself, those words "Absolve te," brought back other days and comrades and his head and heart were bowed in lonely sorrow—on the one hand because of the awful scenes around him, and on the other his longing for a glimpse of the country and the friends he loved far away.

What a strikingly suggestive picture! The soldier and gentleman of the world, bearing the insignia of the United States, extending his courtesy as an humble servant, and the priest of God administering the last rites to the worn-out mother—truly, both soldiers of Christ!

If only it were thus the world over how different, indeed, from the awful carnage prevailing! But, then, it won't be for long, and let us hope that when the sword is once more restored to the scabbard, it shall never again come forth in anger.—Buffalo Union and Times.

THE POPE AND THE WAR

Rome, Sept. 29.—The cable statements that Pope Benedict XV. had uttered strong language in reference to the alleged destruction of the cathedrals at Rheims and at Louvain are dishonest fabrications. His Holiness has made no comment upon any of the incidents of the terrible war. He is solely preoccupied with the prayerful hope that he may soon have an opportunity to use effectively the great influence of his position as the head of the Catholic Church in helping to bring about a speedy restoration of peace to this distracted continent.—Buffalo Union and Times.

BISHOP EMARD SPEAKS

One of the fine things about the present difficulty is the sturdy patriotism of the Catholic prelates in Quebec. The policy of non-resistance advocated by Mr. Bourassa does not appeal to such men as Bishop Emard of Valleyfield. In a recent speech at Rigaud the Bishop said: "Let us wish the most complete success to those who with arms in their hands are fighting for our common country. No one amongst us has the right to remain as a stoical spectator of a war which threatens the integrity of the Empire under the aegis of which it has pleased Divine Providence to place our religious destinies and our civil liberties. In consequence it is with legitimate pride that we see once more our people, our compatriots, offering their arms and their lives for the defence of the British Empire and fighting side by side with the sons of our ancient and beloved mother country, France."

He adds: "Once more we show the steady loyalty of our people. The Church blesses and honors the patriotism which is being manifested on every side. She honors and blesses the phalanx of Canadian soldiers who from all parts of the Dominion and particularly from the Province of Quebec fly to the defence of Old England, dragged in spite of herself into this terrible war." A few bugle blasts of this high and sonorous quality will end forever the cult of academic separatism which has flourished too long in some of the country.—The Toronto News.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The Holy Communion at the Shrine of Lourdes, last year, numbered nearly 900,000.

The Duchess of Palma has arrived in England and has proceeded to the Benedictine abbey of St. Cecilia, near Ryde, Isle of Wight, in order to be present at the profession of her daughter, the Princess Francesca, who is taking the veil in this famous convent.

A cablegram to the Chicago Tribune from Paris, dated September 18, states that the name of Mme. Adrienne Buhet, head of the Dames du Sacre Coeur, appears in a long list of names of those killed on the battlefield. She was struck by a bullet from a German machine gun as she was raising the head of a wounded soldier.

By a recent decree of the Congregation of the Holy Office a plenary indulgence, applicable to the souls in Purgatory, can be gained on All Souls' Day, November 2, by the faithful as often as visits are made to any public church, provided, of course, that they go to confession and receive Holy Communion and pray for the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff.

Among the notable lay conversions in England lately are the following: Lieutenant-Colonel H. F. Eden, son of the late Colonel W. F. Eden, Agent-Governor-General of Rajputana, and his niece, Miss M. G. E. Bainbridge, daughter of the late Colonel E. T. Bainbridge, Commanding Royal Scots Fusiliers. They were received into the Church by Father T. Walsley, Carter at Sheringham.

Pope Benedict received in private audience, Sept. 19, Cardinal Gasquet, of England. His Holiness took great interest in hearing from the Cardinal an account of the unanimity of the British Empire in the present situation. The Pope said he rejoiced to know that during the horrors of war the Catholic soldiers have chaplains who accompany the troops and give spiritual comfort.

Henry Trepper, advertising manager of the Denver Catholic Register, a convert to the Catholic faith who made his First Communion at the Cathedral recently, explained, before a meeting of the Senior Holy Name society in the chapel of the Infant Saviour at the Cathedral recently, how he had been led into the Catholic Church. His father was a Lutheran minister, but it was Luther's doctrine of justification by faith alone that started Mr. Trepper thinking.

Private advices from Mexico City say that every Catholic church there has been closed for ten days by order of General Carranza. Catholics are so incensed, the message said, that an army of 15,000 had been raised against Carranza. General Villa with a bodyguard is enroute to Mexico City, it is said, to protest against his chief's action. Because he said Carranza contrary to orders, the Bishop of Guadalajara was thrown into prison.

The latest Catholic census for China shows a total Catholic population of 1,509,944, an increase of about 78,686 over last year. These figures are considered conservative, and a general rate may be placed at 52 per 1,000 persons. The Chinese Catholics have 51 bishops, 1,423 European and 746 native priests to minister to them. Catholic clergy seem to be earnestly desired by many influential members of the government, and those from America are especially welcome on account of the newly adopted republican-ism.

President Wilson has sent a New York lawyer, Paul Fuller, who is a Catholic, to Mexico City on a mission to Carranza, the "first chief of the Constitutional army," now in charge of the executive power of Mexico. Mr. Fuller may persuade Carranza to put an end to the outrages on Catholic priests and the desecration of Catholic churches by his followers. At present there are scores of priests in Laredo and San Antonio, Texas, and 400 priests and 200 nuns within the American lines at Vera Cruz, who have fled from Mexico to escape the sacrilegious barbarity of the Carranza Villa bandit assassins, while in prisons and in graves are other priests, who have experienced the "Constitutionalist" idea of liberty.

A British peer is fighting in the Austrian army as a captain in Emperor Franz Josef's First Regiment of Dragons. He is Viscount Taafe, head of an ancient Irish Catholic family which settled in Bohemia after the Battle of the Boyne. His father was Prime minister of Austria from 1879-1893, and a special committee of the British House of Lords in 1860 upheld his right to the British title. So long as Great Britain was at peace with Austria, Lord Taafe was allowed to exercise his privilege as a British peer and draw the revenues from his estates in the west of Ireland. Now he must be treated as an enemy, if not a traitor. Viscount Taafe is also Count of the Holy Roman Empire.

SO AS BY FIRE

BY JEAN CONNOR

CHAPTER VI
ROSCROFTE

There were a few pleasant scenes touched by the early sunbeams of this April day from the cheery breakfast room of Roscroft Manor. The wide, deep windows, with their rich draperies, showed the roses vines clambering around sill and cornice in tender leaf, and framed as fair a vista of shaded lawn and shining river as could be found on the Maryland shore.

Within the dark, paneled walls, rich with trophies of sport and chase, the glitter of silver and glass on quaint old carved buffets, the rare and delicate china carefully guarded in the diamond-pined cupboards, the great silver punchbowl that had brimmed with "wassail" before the luckless Stuarts lost England's crown—all told of wealth and taste, meliorated by the golden glories of a stately past.

That past seemed epitomized in the proud bearing of the tall, white-haired master of the house, who was seated at the head of his breakfast-table. Though close to three score and ten, Judge Randall still held his own in hunt and field with men twenty years his junior, and the dark eyes beneath his snowy brows could flash at will with all the fire of his youth. There was no weakening in the strong, stern outlines of jaw and chin—only, about the chiseled lips that had been one of the beauties of his early manhood, were tracings penciled by grief—pain—remorse? Who could tell?

His daughter-in-law sat opposite him, presiding in the place of the wife who had died thirty years before. His son Gilbert, a pleasant ruddy-faced man of five and forty, was at his right, while aureoled by the morning sunbeams that played around her was Mildred, the granddaughter of the house, a beautiful, dark-eyed girl in her early twenties. Life had given of its best to Mildred Randall. Her father was a lawyer of fine standing in Baltimore, her mother had been a belle in that city of fair women and was an heiress in her own right. They had their own home, where Mildred had made a brilliant debut several years before, and had reigned in gracious sovereignty ever since, save during the pleasant months that were given either to foreign travel or Roscroft, that had always been a second home. But Nature's darling, fortune's favorite that she was, years of simple convent training had made Mildred Randall a sweet, strong, light-hearted girl, all unspoiled.

"Strange!" said the Judge, as his breakfast over, he glanced at the letters Scip, the old family butler, always laid beside his plate. "Strange that we have heard nothing yet. It has been three weeks since I wrote. . . it was a mistake to write at all. I should have gone for the child—for Nellie's child—gone myself to bring her home. I thought it might seem easier for her to come to us at her own time, in her own way, kinder not to break in on her old ties, her old life, too suddenly. She had money for me, her journey, her father wrote I can't understand her silence. My letter would have been returned if she had not received it."

"Couldn't you telegraph to the post-office for information?" suggested Mr. Gilbert Randall.

"I did, sir, I did. They told me that all mail for that address had been forwarded to Leeport, Tennessee, according to order. Leeport is a little factory town where—where possibly the poor child went to find employment. Employment! Good God, my daughter's child! If I don't hear within twenty-four hours, I go to find her, and find her where she is on the face of the earth."

And the Judge, who had risen as he spoke, turned abruptly from the table and left the room.

"The old gentleman is pretty well stirred up," said Gilbert Randall.

"No one has heard him mention poor Elinor's name since her death until this last month."

"Which was a downright shame, as I've always thought—and said when Grandy was not around to hear," said Mildred. "Poor dear Aunt Nellie! I can just remember her as one remembers a baby dream. A lovely little golden-haired thing that used to pet me and play with me and cry over me. I couldn't tell why. I suppose after that music teacher had begun to strike the tender chords of her soft little heart."

"Soft little heart indeed!" sighed Mrs. Randall, who had the placid calm of the woman who has never known storm or stress or strain. "And you might add a soft little head as well! If she had only waited until she was fairly out—but to run off before she was seventeen."

"I've been blamed for it, I know," continued the good lady plaintively, "but I was little more than a girl myself, I am sure, and with Nellie Randall's prospects, I never dreamed she would think of her music teacher! Rather a good-looking young man, I must confess, but most uninteresting. No money, no family, no position—and your grandfather was so proud of his only girl! Of course, it would all have been forgiven if she had lived—but she died within the year, and then there were only the two men—husband and father—to reckon with each other, and both were proud and sore and bitter. Kent refused to give up the child entirely, as the Judge demanded, and the Judge said some hard things that

Kent could not forget or forgive, and so the break came that was never healed."

"Oh well, let bygones be bygones, my dear," said her husband, easily. "We will do all we can to make it up to poor Nellie's girl. We won't mind if she cuts us out root and branch, will we, Milly?" turning to his daughter.

"Not a bit," was the frank answer. "With you and mama behind me, I have more than my share of the good things of life, and I want to see this poor little thing come in for all that is hers, all that has been denied her ever since she was born. But I'm dying with curiosity to see her, Dad. I am wondering, with a deep, dark wonder, what she is like."

"A Randall that isn't a Randall; that has never known Randall ties or traditions, a Randall that, instead of being landlocked in safe harbor, has been buffeted about by storm and wind—a poor, pitiful little—"

"My dear Mildred," interposed her mother, quickly, "I hope you will remember your grandfather's plainly expressed wish—there is to be no reference whatever to the unhappy past. All associations with it are to be broken imperatively and forever. It is the only way in which your cousin can take her proper place in her family, in society, in the world where the daughter of Elinor Randall rightly belongs. You will remember this I hope, my dear?"

"I will, mama, of course. I'll let the dead past bury its dead. Only . . . there's no edict against watching the transmigration—and, good gracious, there's a telegraph boy now coming up the path! and the bright eyed speakers sprang to the window."

"Had we not better stop him, Dad? He may have bad news—and Grandy is too old for a sudden shock."

Without waiting for her father's slower movements Mildred darted out on the porch. But she was too late. Her grandfather, standing on the wide sweep of the stately colonnade, had already seen the messenger and caught the despatch nervously from the boy's hand.

"My God!" burst from his trembling lips, as he glanced over the bit of yellow paper.

"Grandy! Father! Oh, Judge, what is it?" cried the various members of the family, hurriedly gathering around the old man, who stood white and shaken amidst them.

"There has been an accident," he said at last, slowly, "and the child—Elinor's child—read Gilbert, and he held out the telegram. And the son read aloud to the startled listeners:—"

"Bixby Junction, April 2nd. Hon. Roger Randall, Roscroft, Co., Md. Young woman supposed to be fatally injured in wreck last evening has letter on her person addressed to Elinor Randall Kent, signed by grandfather Roger B. Randall, Roscroft, Md. Identify, if possible, before death, as patient is unconscious."

"J. L. VANCE, M. D., Attending Physician."

There was a moment of awestruck silence, then Gilbert Randall spoke. "Leave it all to me, father. I will take the next train and see to everything."

"No, no," said the Judge, rousing. "I must go—go myself. It is the last, the last I can do now for—Elinor's child. Great heavens, what an end what an end to the cruel, tragic story of her pitiful young life! I must go at once."

"Father, no, no," said the younger man. "It will be too much for you. Let me go in your place."

"I tell you, no!" was the sharp, irritated answer. "You can come with me, if you wish."

"Take me, Grandy," said Mildred, eagerly. "It may be a terrible place, where there are no women to nurse or help."

"Ay, it is, it is. I know the place," answered the Judge. "A rocky gorge in the mountains; a wild, lonely place. You come with us, Milly, too, only be quick, girl, be quick. We must take the next train. Tell Matt to get out the rooms. We will catch the express at Belton if we are quick."

And with the master's imperative command thrilling the startled household, all were ready for departure in half an hour. There was not a moment to lose, as the hurried travelers realized, for it was fully a day's journey to the scene of the accident, and the morning paper which followed the telegram was bristling with horrible headlines, giving details of the disaster that chilled the reader's blood.

Fuller and grislier details met them as they journeyed on the mountains; it was pitiful to see how despite his stern mastery of himself, the lines deepened about Judge Randall's compressed lips, and over his usually fresh-colored face there crept the ashen line of age. Gilbert watched his father with anxious eyes, while to Mildred, hitherto "landlocked," as she had merrily described herself, from all rough winds and waves of life—this was her first touch of the storm, her first breath of those wide open wastes where the tempests rage and grief and pain and Death stalk unrelent.

It was sunset when they reached Bixby's Station. The usually quiet little mountain hamlet was astir with ghastly life. Wagons lined the one street, a large hospital tent was stretched on a bit of level ground, the little meeting house was a morgue where rows of stiff, stark figures awaited identification. Men stood around the humble doorways, talking in low tones, and now and then a sharp cry, piercing the quiet, would tell of some sudden agony of recognition, or agony of despair, while the ragged, yawning gap of the broken

bridge, the torn rail swinging over the chasm, the huge heap of wreckage below, where engine and cars lay piled in an inert, impotent mass, like some fierce monster crushed in a death leap—gave *motif* to the scene. Through all the horror came the laughing voice of the waters, that full-fled from a thousand mountain sources, swept in a joyous flood over ruin, wreckage, death, singing as they went.

But only dimly, as one catches the shadowy background of a picture, did our travelers note any details of this sunset scene. Stepping forward to a group of men gathered in front of the little station, Judge Randall asked for Dr. Vance, and in a few moments that gentleman, grave, clear eyed, and scarcely thirty, presented himself in a busy surgeon's deshabille.

"Judge Randall?" he said. "I am very glad you have come. I telegraphed you on a venture, as I have been obliged to do in most cases."

"Is—she alive still?" asked the Judge with an effort.

"Yes—or she was when I saw her an hour ago," answered the doctor. "And there have been gleams of consciousness, the nurse tells me. But you can see and judge for yourself. We have done the best we could for the women," he continued, as he led the way to a little cottage that stood somewhat back from the steep village street, "but even the best here is rude enough."

He pushed open the cottage door as he spoke, and showed a low, white-washed room, where a narrow cot stood near the one wide open window. As they entered the Red Cross nurse, was just drawing a sheet pitifully over the still, stark occupant.

"Dead?" asked the doctor, briefly.

"Dead!" echoed the Judge, in a hoarse whisper. "Then—then we are too late?"

"No, no," the doctor laid a kind hand on the old man's arm. "This is another, an older woman. Miss Flynn," and the speaker turned to the nurse, "these are relatives looking for the young woman—ticket number 204, I think."

"Yes," was the business-like answer. "In the next room, please."

And chilled with the horrors around them the travelers crossed the farther threshold, and stood in a narrow slant roofed room, little more than a shed, where the last faint glow of the sunset fell upon another cot.

A girl lay upon it—a girl with the pallor of death on her thin young face; her long, fringed eyelids closed, the bandage around her temples pressing back an aureole of red gold hair. A girl so unlike the vision cherished in Judge Randall's heart of hearts that for a moment he stood shocked, almost repelled.

Then suddenly the gray eyes opened in a piteous look of terror.

"I dare not," she murmured, with a shudder. "I dare not go—"

"Where, my poor child, where?" asked the Judge, soothingly.

"To him, to Roscroft, to her people," was the panting, frightened answer. "Her proud, rich people! I must turn back—I dare not go face them. I dare not go!"

"Oh, my poor child, my poor Elinor's neglected child!" Judge Randall's voice shook with a sudden storm of emotion rare to him—pity, tenderness, sorrow, above all, remorse swept over his proud soul in a passionate flood. This was his work, his work—the frail, wasted form, the worn, worn young face, the toil-roughened hands, the broken spirit shrinking in fear from her own—to this his harsh, stern pride had brought his daughter's child. And his proud nature stirred to its deepest depths, Roger Randall's heart went out to the pale stranger.

"She must not die. She should not! He would wrest the poor, pale, blighted flower from the grasp of death and nurse it back into life and bloom."

"Save her, doctor," he whispered, hoarsely. "It is my dead daughter's child, indeed. I had sent for her. She was coming to me—when—when this happened. Save her at any cost."

"Oh, Dad, it is just too pitiful," murmured Mildred, as an hour later, she joined her father, who was smoking out by the cottage gate. Mildred's bright eyes were dim, her young voice low and tremulous, her dainty French handkerchief had been reduced almost to nothingness by surreptitious tears.

"She is gone, eh?" said Mr. Randall, who had found the day's experience quite beyond the reach of his usual good-humored philosophy.

"Oh, no," answered Mildred quickly. "I don't think she is going, either, Dad. The doctor says there is a change for the better to-night. She is partly conscious, though too weak to show it. And, oh, such a poor, pitiful little creature as she is! She looks as if she never had enough to eat or wear. And her trunk, Dad! It seems the baggage car was not hurt much, and they got hold of her trunk by the check she had in her pocket. They are trying to identify people by their checks and trunks. I opened hers to see if I could get the nurse some clothes, and oh such poor little clothes! When I think of my Paris gowns and all I spent on them—" and the little French handkerchief was called into requisition again. "And there was a little tin box," continued Mildred brokenly, "with papers. Aunt Nellie's wedding certificate and that of the child's baptism and letters. I showed them to Grandy, and—and they nearly did him up. He came mighty close to sobbing outright."

"I don't wonder," answered Mr. Randall, putting away grimly. "It's the devil of a business altogether."

"Oh, don't, Dad, don't say bad words to-night, when we're all just hanging on the verge of things, and ought to be praying for that poor little creature's life and soul. I wonder if she is a Catholic? There's not a sign of it about her, though there is a little worn prayer-book of poor Aunt Nellie's in the trunk. Dad, it isn't right to take vows, but if that girl lives I'm going to make things up to her, if . . . if I have to cut over all my own gowns."

"I wouldn't worry about that," said her father. "She will have everything she wants if she pulls through this. And as for you, pet, with your mother and me backing you, as you said, you can afford to step out and give this little new-comer all the chance she wants. Well, sir," the speaker threw away his cigar, and turned to meet his father, who came hurriedly from the house. "How are things going on?"

"Better," was the cheerful answer. "Very much better, my boy. The doctor feared concussion, he said, but that fear has passed. She is rallying finely to-night, but we must get her away from here at once. I am going to telegraph for a special car. The doctor says he will be relieved from duty to-morrow morning, and I have engaged his services for the journey. We will take on a private nurse at N—. None of these here can be spared. We will get her home by to-morrow night—and then—then, my boy, nurse her back to life and to bloom, life and bloom that will make her forget—forget and forgive the past."

"I will go with you," said his son.

"The woman here tells me she can give Milly accommodations for the night, but you and I will have to look out for ourselves as best we can. I'd like to find comfortable quarters for you, father."

"Don't think about it," was the hurried answer. "Comfort doesn't count to-night my boy—nothing counts but the life, the safety of that poor child—Elinor's child. You saw her Gilbert? Such a pale, frail little starveling, and afraid to come to us, lest we cast her out! Good God, how that pitiful moan hurt, Gilbert, how it hurt, coming from the lips of Elinor's child!"

"Oh, well, don't take it too much to heart, sir, was the cheering answer. "Naturally the poor little girl would feel shy and strange, and I suppose she was thinking of her meeting with us when she got hurt. We will make it up to her, as you say, make up to her for all that has been lacking in the past."

"Ay, we will," said the Judge in a deep, trembling tone. "Did you see her, Gilbert? Half-grown, half-fled, the worn hands, the sharp young face! And I—I put the blight on her. I denied her light, and life, and bloom! I thrust her from me into death and darkness, my own flesh and blood, my Elinor's child. Picturize your Milly looking like that."

"I really can't," answered his son, frankly.

"No, you can't. To one we have given bloom, to the other blight, Gilbert. But we will make it up to her—and with a solemn oath the speaker asserted his words. "It is in the power of man, and that poor child is spared to me, I will make up to her all she has lost."

TO BE CONTINUED

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

One of the oldest churches in France, it was located in a quaint and quiet quarter among stately, time worn mansions and venerable public buildings, which were jostled here and there by nineteenth century shops. It had stood, forgotten and undisturbed, while the monarchy tottered and fell and was followed by the horrors of the Terror, the tyranny of Napoleon, the well meant mistake of the recalled Bourbon; short lived prosperity under Louis Philippe, by the gilded insecurity of the second empire, and finally by the irreligious fury of the republic. Into its dusky, serene silence had been carried the details of each phase of each turbulent period. There, in fast diminishing and afterward in slowly increasing numbers, generations had knelt in joy and sorrow, in thanksgiving and doubt and temptation; there, in time of peace and in time of war, men had prayed for church and Fatherland; there had sinners become saints and saints more holy. Before heaven the air was fragrant with the incense of the prayers of years.

To this church, dear to her by reason of many tender associations, an old woman came day after day in the first years of the present century, years calamitous, indeed, to Catholic France. Close to Our Lady's altar she always took her station and often remained there for two or three hours, saying her beads over and over again with a fervor that knew no weariness. She was a small woman, fragile, sweet faced, always simply dressed in black. She came and went on foot unless the weather was very bad, when she used an old carriage, drawn by two fat old horses and driven by an old man in livery older than himself. She seemed to know no one among the parishioners. Only twice did any one speak to her, even casually. When the Count de Man went there to hear Mass one Sunday and chanced to meet her in the vestibule, as the last worshippers were departing, he bowed, low, and giving her his arm led her to her carriage; on another day she was in the church, as usual, when the Archbishop of Paris went to see a new and very beautiful altar which had just been erected, and recognizing

her, he stopped and talked for some minutes with a courtesy that seemed three parts reverence.

One rainy, windy April day, when she was about to leave the church, she found that her carriage had not yet come, and stepped back into the shelter of the portico to wait for it. Close beside her stood two women, like her detained by the shower. She glanced casually at them, not knowing that she had ever seen either of them before, though they spent almost as many hours as she did in the church and had countless times watched her, and almost as often discussed her, vainly trying to decide who she was, or at least whether she belonged to the lesser nobility as Mademoiselle Duval argued, or was the wife of an artisan, as her friend was convinced.

"She's a saint, at any rate," they always agreed, by way of ending amicably their fruitless arguments. Both were certain of that and they regarded her with due awe as well as intense curiosity. This afternoon, however, they did not notice her, so intent were they on their conversation.

"It was Monsieur Rene de Depassant who framed the bill, my husband says, and but for his—his flimsy eloquence even the Masons would have hesitated to pass one so tyrannical and so iniquitous!" Madame Boulanger was saying. No one had ever accused her of undue mildness when speaking her mind on any subject. She had been a school teacher in her youth, and at thirty had married a merchant who was growing rich.

"And they do say that he was raised a Catholic; that at one time he even thought of studying for the priesthood! Poor, misguided man! Mademoiselle Duval exclaimed, carefully adjusting the lace cuffs on her jacket, and in her meanness deeming that she had been almost ferocious.

"Of course he should be a Catholic! All the De Depassants are. Didn't you know that? But certainly there is not another man in wicked France to day who does so much harm to God's cause!" Madame Boulanger rejoined, in her excited talking louder than she realized.

The old woman had of course, heard every word they said, and at this point she moved nearer to them. Her delicate face was white and she trembled a little. Touching Madame Boulanger lightly on the arm to attract her attention and Mademoiselle Duval's, she spoke to them and her voice was low, her manner simple, as is that only of a gentle woman born and bred. Suddenly the fine features worn by the other women seemed tawdry; their big words pretensions; their petty affectations in bad taste, though all she said was:

"Excuse me for interrupting you—but do think of him as kindly as you can. He is not bad as he is. He is always kind to his mother."

Not waiting for any reply she passed swiftly down the steps and walked away in the rain, unconscious of the fact that she had neither umbrella nor overshoes. The women stared after her, non-plussed. Strange to say, it was Mademoiselle Duval who first found her tongue.

"I wish we had not said so much about him! She must know him! Perhaps—perhaps she is his mother!" she gasped.

"Nonsense! You are ridiculously romantic, Adele! She may know the family. Possibly she's one of their upper servants—a housekeeper, no doubt. Housekeepers are usually ladylike, and unobtrusive, and dressed in black. Why, Monsieur Eugene de Depassant, the father of Monsieur Rene, owned half of La Vendee—more or less. His widow is worth millions!"

Though for the moment they were satisfied and whenever they were together during the ensuing weeks and months they discussed it further, but necessarily without reaching any definite conclusion; and they observed the old woman more closely than before and with keener curiosity. Her last action furnished them with the theme of conversation for days or weeks.

One afternoon they met her in the vestibule, as they were entering the church and she was leaving it, after having spent two hours in prayer and meditation. She bowed slightly but pleasantly, and emboldened by her recognition, they stopped her, as they were longing to do. Madame Boulanger acted as spokesman, though somehow she felt embarrassed and it was in a jerky way she explained:

"I know that you are interested in Monsieur de Depassant. You spoke about him to us one day, if you remember, and—and I have just seen a paper. It seems that there was intense excitement in the senate during the morning session. There was a bill before the house the aim of which was to complete the laicization of the primary schools. It was fathered by Monsieur Martin and his colleagues. Monsieur de Depassant, who, contrary to his habit and to every one's surprise, has been very quiet of late, vehemently attacked the bill. He was never so eloquent, the Siecle says. He insisted that irreligion is ruining France. He solemnly declared that he would give his life if thereby he could undo the part he has played in forcing through iniquitous legislation. He seemed to carry all before him—even the anti-clericals applauded! But the bill passed, and with-out amendment. Matters have gone too far, I suppose, for one man to be able to stem the tide."

"But—but he did oppose it!" the old lady said, exulting. "I thought he surely would. This is October,

you know. I am grateful to you for telling me this," and, turning, she re-entered the church, forgetting evidently that she had been about to leave it. She did not go to her accustomed place, a prie-dieu near Our Lady's altar; instead, she knelt on the altar step at her Mother's very feet.

Presently a man came and for a few moments knelt near her. Her eyes were closed and she did not see him. He looked neither to right nor to the left, but gazed into the Blessed Virgin's sweet face, fidgetting nervously; then rose from his knees and, forgetting to genuflect, almost ran from the church. As he turned away from the altar something slipped through his fingers and fell, jingling, to the tiled floor. The old woman heard the sound and glanced down to see what had fallen. It was a rosary, she discovered, and picked it up with loving care. She looked at it, and looked, and looked, her face more happy and more peaceful every instant. At last she compared it to the one owned about her wrist, knowing in advance that they were alike. Both were dark colored and plain but for the small crucifixes of silver, exquisitely carved.

She turned again to the statue, the two rosaries clasped in her folded hands. Her weariness was forgotten. She had knelt motionless while half an hour passed on wings, when a man came into the silent, dusky, almost deserted church and knelt beside her. She looked at him—just one glance. He bowed his head and covered his face with his hands. Soon his frame was shaken by sobs; and nothing is so pitiable as the deep grief of a strong man. Then she laid a tender hand on his shoulder. "Dear Rene," she whispered, "both your mothers are proud of you to-day, so, so proud!"—The Rosary Magazine.

THE VIRTUE OF BIGOTRY

Why this outcry against the efforts of the Catholic Church to convert America? To the observing and impartial mind, the only reasonable answer seems to be, that it is because the Catholic Church is too successful in her efforts to please the fancy of those whose chief stock in trade is to proclaim from the hostesspots the glorious doctrine of religious toleration. In other words, the social intolerance which the Church suffers at the hands of those whose proudest boast is their spirit of dogmatic liberalism, has its beginning in the honesty and sincerity of the Catholic claims, and in the fidelity of the Church in striving to extend that unity of faith for which Christ prayed and lived and died. Are there not, therefore, at least grounds for the suspicion that this tolerance, carried on in the sacred name of toleration, is in reality but a subtle disguise, behind which the discerning eye may detect the familiar features of the religious fanatics? Does not bigotry of the Catholic kind stand forth in contrast as a genuine virtue? Should the Church be condemned for practicing that kind of intolerance which Christ Himself made mandatory when He said: "Other sheep I have that are not of this fold; they also must I bring, and there shall be but one fold and one shepherd."

Despite all efforts to show how beautiful and restricted the Catholic notion of intolerance really is, our point of view continues to be misinterpreted and misunderstood. Under the guise of earnest patriotism, the so-called "liberals" in religion are continually raising their voices in warning against the great "Roman peril" that threatened to gain domination over the liberties of the American people. They regale themselves and their willing readers with startling accounts of instances in the early centuries of the Pope's actual interference in political affairs, and strive to stir men on to action by grewsome prophecies of what liberty of conscience might expect, should the Church make good her intention to convert America to the Catholic faith. To attempt a refutation of such a temerarious accusation would be to dignify the absurd, or to execute a corpse. The merest tyro in the field of history knows that, while the popes did interfere in things political, making and unmaking kings, they never claimed to exercise this power as a divine prerogative, but merely as a natural right vested in them voluntarily by the people who could both give that right and take it away. To ally the honest fears of those sincere Christians outside our fold, in whose minds misrepresentations concerning the threatened encroachment of the "Roman machine" may have created a fear which perhaps stands between them and honest investigation, we can do no better than to quote the words of one who has anticipated us by voicing a sentiment to which the most bigoted Catholic can subscribe, Rev. J. P. McKay, C. M.:

"If, by an impossible supposition, the Pope should man army and fleet to storm our coast, now you know what Catholics here would do? You would have two millions in the American army ready to die to resist the Pope's invasion; you would have thirteen million Catholics in their homes praying for their sons, brothers and fathers in the field; you would have forty five thousand Catholic nuns on their knees before the tabernacles, beseeching the God of armies to strike the guns from the hands of the Roman emissaries; you would have seventeen thousand priests in the first ranks of the army fighting, till they died, for the Constitution of the United States. We

This Washer Must Pay For Itself

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but you must pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse and said, "But I never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machine for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse. Now, I know what my "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. You know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes, fray the edges or break buttons the way all other machines do. It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you, if it saves you ten cents a week, send me 50 cents a month's free trial. I'll take the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it? Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it saves you 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in washwomen's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you ten cents a week, send me 50 cents a month's free trial. I'll take the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it? Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes.

Address me generally—B. H. Morris, Manager, Nineteen Hundred Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

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This is no idle talk. Make me prove it. Write a few lines, let me write you a long letter, and I will decide. No experience needed. No capital. Your credit is good if you are honest. But you must be ambitious, you must want to make money. That's all. Write me your name and address, and I will pay you sixty dollars every week.

C. A. RUSSELL, General Manager, The Robinson Cabinet Manufacturing Co., 279 Sandwick St., Waterville, Ont., L1H

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would be loyal Catholics still; but we would say to the Pope: "We shall render unto God the things that are God's. Yes, but we will render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's."

In conclusion, we would urge the necessity of dogmatic bigotry in the practice of religion. Every child of the Church should recognize that he has a stringent duty toward his non-Catholic brethren, which can and ought to be performed without the slightest danger of giving offense, much less of meriting condemnation. He is wanting in both charity and courage who tries to minimize his duty in this regard, and in most cases receives and deserves the just contempt of those whose good will he is trying to secure or retain. If a man is weak with regard to what he surely not be strong in fulfilling what his duty to his neighbor many demand. This then is our sacred obligation: to stand up manfully for what we believe to be the truth; to be intolerant of every creed that contradicts that truth, and when no occasion arises, to defend our faith against the assaults of ignorance and defamation. If this be bigotry, then bigotry is something ardently to be desired. Were there more of such bigotry abroad in the land to-day, there would be less fanaticism and less decay in the religious temper of our times. Our beloved country would then present to the world a striking proof that men can differ with regard to religion, without ceasing to be friends. There would be no room for such a degrading and disgraceful society as "The Guardians of Liberty," and the death knell would be rung for such filthy sheets as some of our journalistic anomalies edited by self-styled "patriots" who are to day, greatly to the disgust of all decent Protestants, calumniating our clergy, insulting our devoted nuns, and vilifying that faith which millions of their fellow-citizens hold dearer than life itself.

It is, indeed, a source of encouragement to note that the Protestant mind is beginning to catch a spark from the temper of our own. Those outside of the Church, who have any faith at all, are fast tiring of the many makeshifts that are designed to put sentimentalism in the place of objective religious truth. Many such souls are beginning to realize the utter helplessness of Protestantism to cope with the situation, and are casting imploring glances in the direction of eternal Rome. Experience has proven that "Protestant tolerance will not stand the test of enthusiasm," with the inevitable result that the tide of conversion is sweeping multitudes back into the ancient faith. In the United States alone thirty thousand non-Catholics are entering the Church each year, and it is safe to say that there would be ten times as many more if the Catholics of the country would but show the proper enthusiasm in furthering the cause of our holy religion. Is there not something pathetic, though laudable, in the flickering efforts of dogmatic Protestant Christianity to quicken the dying embers of a smouldering faith?—Richard J. Keefe, LL. D., in the Catholic World.

VILEST SHEET EVER READ

ANDREW P. RIVES TELLS THE EDITOR OF THE MENACE HE IS FOMENTOR OF HATE AND PURVEYOR OF FILTH

Andrew P. Rives lives in Cuthbert, Ga. Like many others in parts of the south where intolerance is thought to be strong, Mr. Rives was induced to subscribe for the Menace, believing it to be an anti-Catholic paper, but not understanding that it was anti-Christian and anti-American, a fomentor of hate and a purveyor of filth. In a recent letter to Judges Rives of Lebanon, Ky., a cousin of the writer, Mr. Rives says: "After seeing three copies I had enough, and so to partly pay for my mistake wrote the letter, a copy of which I am enclosing, as I think it is due your folks—I mean your church organization—that they should know how intelligent people of the Protestant faith feel about such things. You are at liberty to make use of it as you please."

The letter referred to was turned over to the Lebanon Enterprise by Judge Rives and appeared with the following stinging comment on the Menace and other like publications: "The letter which is published, below should, and the Enterprise believes it does, express the feeling of every intelligent citizen. The paper is glad that it can truthfully state that there are few—very few—in this community so ignorant as to be led to encourage such a publication, or to be influenced by it in any way. Publications of the kind really do little harm, save among the dunces ignorant and unthinking, but they should be barred from the United States mails, just as they are barred from the mails in Canada."

Here follows the Georgian's letter: Cuthbert, Ga., June 24, 1914. The Menace, Aurora, Mo. Gentlemen—Some weeks since I was induced by a friend to subscribe for my wife to your paper. We have received three copies—the three is sufficient religious garbage to last the balance of our days. You can discontinue it and place the balance of the subscription in the hands of your county house of correction authorities to aid in reforming those led by your ungodly of hate into commission of crimes against the

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peace and good order of society. No man is too high or too low for your notice—from the President of the United States to the humblest worshipper of Catholicism your hatred goes. Yet all men know that this administration, if anything, is the very antithesis of Catholicism. The Presbyterianism of Mr. Wilson, Mr. Marshall and Mr. Bryan is too well known to admit of controversy, and this stalwart Presbyterianism of theirs, broadened by the learning and religious tolerance produced since John Knox, is like that of Knox, the deadliest foe to Catholic domination; but it does not have to descend into Billingsgate to express its views, or rake the sewers of hate for venom to besmirch its enemies. As President Mr. Wilson must need know no creed when selecting his advisers and servants—as such no doubt he selected Mr. Tamm as private secretary, looking not to his religious creed, but to his probity and capacity for service, just as President Taft, himself a Unitarian, the farthest in belief from Catholicism, in looking for a chief justice of the supreme court, looking not at his southern birth nor his Catholic religious belief, but to his prominence as a lawyer and his judicial leanings as an interpreter of that constitution for which your kind seem to feel such contempt.

Now don't mistake me; I am not a Catholic, nor a Catholic sympathizer. Am descended on one side from the Friends on the other side the Primitive Baptists—neither of which has ever affiliated with, and both of which have suffered at misguided churchmen's hands. There are abuses in all valiant creeds—always has been and always will be—but the abuse of the Hebrew privileges by Eli's sons did not make God do away with the Levitical priesthood, neither will the abuse by ignorant fanatics like yourself for the Protestant churches, nor the abuses by ignorant priests make Him shut off either agency which is being used to spread the gospel of the Son of the Most High throughout the length and breadth of the earth. Such efforts as you are putting forth retard and hinder the coming of the day, but do not stop the coming of the time when "The kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our God and His anointed One." Pardon me if I have "cast pearls before swine." My business is not to look for swine snouts on men, but to speak my mind, even though it will do no good. May God help you to repent of your sin against me and priests to spread hatred among those who, while not of the same fold, yet belong to the same Shepherd—of your treason against the government under which you live in holding up to contempt our chief magistrate, and of your blasphemy of all that is good by claiming pure motives as the rule of your conduct. I am hoping for the best for the vilest sheet, bar none, it has ever been my misfortune to try to read.

Your fellow-citizen, ANDREW P. RIVES.

SACRILEGE IN ROME

From Rome comes word of a sacrilege committed in the Basilica of St. Paul Outside the Walls. A band of burglars broke into the edifice, pried open the tabernacles and possessing themselves of the ciborium, threw the sacred particles on the floor. They then began to detach the valuable marble from the altars, some of which they successfully made away with.

They had already begun operations on the sacristy door, knowing evidently the valuable vessels, books, etc., contained inside. Happily, one

of the monks on his way to visit the Blessed Sacrament during the night, noticed the dilapidated altar and at once gave the alarm. The monks were soon on the scene and after some time the police put in an appearance, but by this time the burglars had disappeared in the surrounding campagna. Had the sacrilegious wretches been allowed more time they would have done untold damage. When St. Paul's was being rebuilt many sovereigns and eminent persons sent columns of marble and rare and precious stones for the altars.—Church Progress.

THE CATHEDRAL OF RHEIMS

The Cathedral of Rheims is in ruins. These words sent a pang of sorrow through the civilized world. For centuries it stood as a monument of Catholic piety—an architectural triumph of the ages of faith when men believed and strove to body forth in art the convictions that dominated their lives. Let us try to transport ourselves in imagination to the time when the builders of Notre Dame of Rheims sought to express in stone their appreciation of what the Son of God had done for mankind by remaining with them not figuratively but actually in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. From the Master-builder down to the humblest worker, the inspiring motive was the same—a consuming desire to make for Christ the noblest human effort was capable of erecting.

And so they wrought day by day, week by week, month by month and year by year, till at last their labor of love was ended. When the great Cathedral was completed they associated with it the name of the Mother of Him in whose honor they had erected it. "Our Lady of Rheims," is the name by which it has been known through the ages. When the news came that it was in ruins an American poet thus voiced the universal sorrow over the irreparable loss: "Man made these beautiful, yes Their hearts fowed out as they wrought; Thou wast builded not for a day, For an age thou wast builded not; And they carved thy portals and towers For peer and burgher and clown, That the Book of Our Lady's Hours Might endure tho' the sun burned down."

The Cathedral was destroyed whilst the City of Rheims was under bombardment. The French press asserted that it was a special target for the German guns. The German press indignantly deny this charge. Her version is that German troops had been instructed to spare the Cathedral. As the French fire came from the quarter of the city in which stood what has been called "one of the first glories of European architecture," the German gunners had to reply to it. It was a necessity that Germans regret as much as do the French. The latter, however, see in the destruction of the Rheims Cathedral an opportunity to create an anti-German sentiment and have eagerly availed themselves of it.

have yet to hear of anti-Catholic Frenchmen regretting the material ruin they have brought upon the Church of their fathers—the Church that led the French out from the darkness of heathen barbarism and placed them in the forefront of civilization. Great as is the loss of Notre-Dame of Rheims, far more disastrous is the ruin wrought by the French enemies of the Church who are endeavoring to arouse an anti-German sentiment throughout the world, over the loss of a Cathedral which they already had stolen from its lawful owners.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

SOME EFFECTS OF THE WAR

A contemporary, in an earnest appeal for peace, sums up the evil effects to date of the present European war. A hundred thousand men have died from bullets or disease, half a million are in the lists of wounded or missing, a hundred cities and towns have been ravaged, a hundred million acres have been devastated by tramping armies, countless families have been made homeless, countless wives have been widowed, countless children have been orphaned, countless artisans, farmers, teachers have been deprived of a livelihood; and while the mills and machines of Europe are rusting and crops are rotting for want of harvesters, and home trade is at a standstill and foreign trade has shrunk fifty millions a day and eighteen nations have declared moratoria, two billions of dollars are daily wasted on war. For every further day of war hundreds of days are added to the period of recuperation.

The list is neither exaggerated nor exhaustive. It omits probably the worst evil of all, the ill-feeling and hate and age-long recriminations that war generates and intensifies in peoples who should love one another. But even war has its compensations. Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori was sung of the heroic few; to day we are witnessing the inspiring spectacle of millions of men ready to lay down their lives and cheerfully step into the ranks of death, not for self or spoil but for love of country. Whatever we may think of the prime movers, the men of the ranks, Germans, French, English, Russians, Belgians, Austrians, Servians, are fighting for fatherland. It refutes the charge of selfishness and decadence that was brought against our age. The age and its people are not effete but virile and productive, when practically all its manhood is ready to die for duty.

From this heroic loyalty many other virtues spring or find expression. We read that the churches are filled, in France as well as in Belgium and Germany, that the soldiers gladly seek remission of their sins from the priests in the ranks, that the Governments which expelled priests and religions, and confiscated the goods of the Church, are seeing or being made to see the evil of their ways, and are planning reparation, and that the warring nations that disregarded Him in peace are now turning their eyes toward the representative of the Prince of Peace. Many are the evils of war, but there is no evil from which God can not draw good.

Those of our anti-Catholic propagandists who are preaching antagonism between the religious and civic loyalty of Catholics can learn a much needed lesson from this present strife. The subjects of the Pope are on every battle line, and we do not hear that their allegiance to Rome has weakened their allegiance to their country. Rather the one has strengthened the other, for the religion stimulates them to do their duty, while they hold to their duty. The German or French or Polish or British Catholic's gun has not been lessure in its aim because it might find a Catholic victim; nor has this consideration made Catholic Belgium falter. The ecclesiastical representatives of all these warring countries met in Rome to elect a successor to St. Peter, and, despite national antagonism, were able to elect harmoniously and speedily a new head for the Catholic Church; and the Catholics on either side of the Marne and the Meuse and the San and the Visula all hailed him loyally as their common Father in Christ, while they went on to battle stoutly for their respective countries. They had learned how to give to Caesar what is Caesar's and to God what is God's; and have taught, let us hope, certain Americans to realize the distinction.—America.

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DEVOTION TO THE EMPIRE

"We are told that the Mother Country has forgotten all party disputes and contentions in the face of a supreme danger. This is a bit of pleasant fiction for which there is no justification in actual conditions in Great Britain.

It is true that this is a prelude to an editorial dealing with Canadian politics and the possibility of a Canadian election in the near future, and in such circumstances we have unfortunately grown accustomed to reckless manipulation of alleged facts.

The assertion that Mr. Asquith ever "gave a definite and solemn promise that Home Rule would be abandoned until the war was over" is absolutely contrary to fact. Neither did he in any manner, solemn or otherwise, even indefinitely imply that he would interfere with the Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment bills receiving the Royal assent which they inevitably would have received had there been no war.

As a matter of fact, so far from violating a definite and solemn pledge, Mr. Asquith acted in the premises along the lines suggested and advocated by leading Unionist organs, such as the Observer and the Daily Telegraph.

The Parliamentary correspondent of the Observer before the Government plan had been disclosed, wrote: "A Suspensory Bill, postponing the date on which the Irish Parliament may come into existence, seems necessary in order to meet the present emergency. This would enable the question of Ulster's position to be discussed in another Session (to be commenced next month) and in sufficient time to allow of necessary modifications of the Home Rule Act in favour of Ulster to be carried into law before the machinery of the Dublin Parliament is set up.

But the Toronto News continues: "Sir Edward Carson and the Ulster leaders submit for the moment because devotion to the Empire is the supreme passion of the Ulster people. They would not be guilty of such a treasonable and tremendous mistake as to engage in domestic strife while the Empire itself is in danger. But they frankly and vigorously denounce the treachery of the Government."

It is quite true that at the time Bonar Law protested vigorously in the House of Commons, but he signally failed to impress the people of Britain with his devotion to the Empire in so doing. Nor has Sir Edward Carson since that time been able to secure much attention from either press or people.

Mr. F. E. Smith, M. P., the most ardent and outspoken of Carson's English supporters, speaking at Liverpool a week after Bonar Law's ill-natured, ill-timed and unpatriotic attack on Mr. Asquith's honor, an attack which the News now repeats, dismissed it as a "ripple on the waters," and plainly indicated that in the light of the history that Ireland is now making the old Ulster

game is not worth the candle. Thus Mr. Smith, the erstwhile Unionist who out-Carsoned Carson:

"We are one nation, and I care nothing for the ripple on the waters a week ago. We relegate it, if it ever should be raised again, to a time when the war is over. When the cry was raised in the House, 'God Save Ireland,' Mr. Redmond shouted 'God Save England.' It will take a great deal to make some of us forget that."

Many things quite as significant have happened since F. E. Smith called forth ringing Unionist cheers by his Liverpool speech, and many things are happening every day which will take a great deal of forgetting by the people of Great Britain before anti-Irish "devotion to the Empire" as voiced by Carson and the Toronto News regains its damaged popularity.

EXTREMES MEET

"Notwithstanding that Mr. Asquith, at the demand of Mr. John Redmond, has required the King to sign the Home Rule Bill, the United Irish Societies of Chicago have just passed resolutions denouncing Great Britain and glorifying Germany." — The Toronto News.

We do not know whether the United Irish Societies represent any considerable proportion of Irish American sentiment even in Chicago; nevertheless we admit that their resolutions, which we have not yet seen, seem to be of a nature to justify the black letter indignation of the News.

As an antidote we recommend the following from the Ulster organ of the Church of Ireland, the Irish Churchman of Nov. 14th, 1913.

"It may be not known to the rank and file of Unionists that we have the offer of aid from a powerful Continental monarch who, if Home Rule is forced on the Protestants of Ireland, is prepared to send an army sufficient to release England of any further trouble in Ireland by attaching it to his dominion, believing, as he does, that if our king breaks his Coronation Oath by signing the Home Rule Bill, he will, by so doing, have forfeited his claim to rule Ireland. And should our king sign the Home Rule Bill the Protestants of Ireland will welcome this Continental deliverer as their forefathers, under similar circumstances, did once before."

This is no isolated instance of loyal Ulster's pro-German sentiment. Three years before the Irish Churchman "glorified Germany" and declared the readiness of the Protestants of Ireland to welcome the Continental deliverer the Right Hon. Thomas Andrews, P. C., Honorary Secretary of the Ulster Unionist Council, interviewed by the Belfast correspondent of the Morning Post, Dec. 10th, 1910, said: "I can only say for myself, and I believe for my colleagues, that if we are deserted by Great Britain I would rather be governed by Germany than by Patrick Ford, John Redmond and Company." In the interval scores of pro German utterances on the part of those "whose supreme passion is devotion to the Empire" probably led up to the "offer of aid from a powerful Continental monarch" to which the Irish Churchman referred.

It might be mentioned in passing that the Irish of Chicago, whether fairly represented by the United Irish Societies or not, owe no allegiance and profess no loyalty to the King. It is quite true that Irish American sentiment is not exuberantly loyal to Great Britain. In the House of Commons at the outbreak of the war John Redmond in the course of his memorable speech, which was received with sensational cheering from all parties, said quite frankly and openly:

"In past times, when this Empire had been engaged in these terrible enterprises it is true—it would be the utmost affection and folly on my part to deny it—the sympathy of the Nationalists of Ireland, for reasons to be found deep down in the centuries of history, has been estranged from this country."

That the Irish who left Ireland in the bad old days and their descendants should even yet share this feeling of estrangement is not surprising. But the old antagonism is wonderfully softened amongst the great majority of Irish Americans, and much less intense amongst the few who, like our esteemed contemporary, still cherish, foster and promote the old bitter antipathies. In the better days to come clear-sighted British statesmen will no longer have to complain that "Ireland blocks the way" to Anglo-American good understanding and co-operation.

To his frank avowal of old-time estrangement the Irish leader added: "Allow me to say, Sir, that what has occurred in recent years has altered the situation completely. I must not touch, and I may be trusted

not to touch, on any controversial topic; but this I may be allowed to say, that a wider knowledge of the real facts of Irish history has, I think, altered the views of the democracy of this country towards the Irish question, and to-day I honestly believe the democracy of Ireland will turn with the utmost anxiety and sympathy to this country in every trial and every danger that may overtake it."

At a time when even Russian susceptibilities are treated with tenderness it is wise for the News to preach the old gospel of distrust, and to try to give new life in Canada to the dying prejudices of the home countries?

This from the Home Rule Dublin Freeman's Journal of Aug. 5th, evinces a broader and more wholesome spirit of "devotion to the Empire" and incidentally shows that Unionists in Ireland are less implacable than the Toronto variety:

"The deadly trial of strength between Great Britain and Germany for the mastery of the seas has, therefore, begun. It is a moment in which the fate and the fortunes of every citizen of the British Empire are at stake. Mr. Redmond has given Ireland its lead in the fateful crisis, and has not merely sealed the solidarity of the nations of the Empire in the struggle, but brought the union of Irishmen themselves perceptibly nearer. His declaration has been endorsed by a united people. Our correspondence columns to-day show how the action of the Irish leader has touched the heart of every Irish Unionist not poisoned by mischievous sectarian rancour. The Earl of Beauchamp calls upon his friends in the South to rally to the support of the Irish Volunteers. A Posenby, unless he was false to the traditions of his house, could do no other."

"The declarations of Protestant Unionists like Mr. Donovan, of Camolin, who a few months ago presided over a meeting of Wexford Unionists against Home Rule; of Mr. H. M. O'Grady, of Limerick; and of the Ulster Volunteer whose letter we publish, show how the spirit of the hour is working."

Meanwhile our vital concern is with the dreadful tragedy of which the northern seas will now be the scene. The British Fleet carries with it the destiny of these lands. Success there will not merely mean the security of these shores, but the immediate emancipation of our trade and commerce from half the disasters of the war. That it should be swift and decisive is in the interests of all Europe and of humanity at large. For a German Trafalgar will hasten the end of a conflict which, if Europe had been thoroughly emancipated, should never have occurred. . . . Whatever the issues a week ago, the event will now decide the freedom of Europe. A Teutonic triumph means the disappearance of France as a first-class Power, the permanent crippling if not the break-up of the British Empire, the disappearance of Belgian independence, the German tutelage of Holland, the final enslavement of the rising Slav nations."

If the News is honest it understands neither the Irish Orangeman nor the Irish Catholic. Uncompromising opposition to Home Rule is not at this time the highest evidence of patriotism; we are making history, and soon such passionate devotion to the Empire will be relegated to the ante-bellum limbo where the ghosts of poor bedevilled Ulster's pro-German utterances are condemned to walk the night.

SPANIARDS, THE CHURCH, AND INDIANS

"Villa is doing his best to remove from his country an old incubus—the Church—which has been the friend of the capitalist aristocracy and the oppressor of the people since the days of the conquistadores."

To this statement of Gregory Mason, the Outlook's special Mexican correspondent, Truth replies by citing the following from Mason himself in a subsequent article in the Outlook:

"While the lot of a Mexican peasant is not a happy one for a well-fed American to contemplate, there is far more happiness to the square inch in squalid, half-starving Mexico than in the slums of a large American city, or in the glamorous, hard-driven American factory town; and this too, after a century of unrest and three years of recent revolution 'that would have stripped a country of average wealth to barren ground.'"

We presume that Philip sober will give due credit to the Church which, despite formidable obstacles, has succeeded in making the lot of the Mexican Indian happier than that of an American workman in a factory town.

But Truth cites another witness, Charles F. Lummis, himself a New Englander, a Protestant and the son of a college professor. In "The Awakening of a Nation" he says: "It is wholly unwarranted to speak of the down-treading of the Indian laborers. They were poor only as a

man is poor whose enough is little. They were not, despite the arm-chair historians, slaves. There was no mita in Mexico; no compulsory labor in mines; no labor without wages. . . . Only the gross ignorance of centuries of closest historians, biased by political and religious prejudice, untravelled, and apparently pledged not to read any original source, could have brought us to such basic misconception of the Repartimiento and Encomienda as to class them with our own slave holding." "The laws of Spain as to the aborigines," elsewhere in the same work, he declares to be "the highest minded, most complete, and most noble Indian policy ever framed by man."

The blood-thirsty cruelty of the Spanish conquistadores toward the Southern Indian has become part and parcel of the Protestant tradition amongst the descendants of those whose policy towards his North American brother was one of extermination. According to Lummis, "the conquistador was human, but the hand of the Church was always upon his shoulder. Individually and casually he might elude it, but broadly he could not."

It might also help the pharisaical or ignorant sympathizers with the victims of Spanish atrocity to a juster view of the situation if they would recognize a patent and undeniable fact. In Mexico, as in South America, there are millions of descendants of the natives whose countries were colonized by Catholic Spaniards. These Indians are to a great extent civilized and Christianized. At any rate they compare very favorably with the remnant of their red brethren of North America.

The following extract from a proclamation of the English Governor of Pennsylvania in 1764 as quoted by Parkman in his "Conspiracy of Pontiac," may also help to keep within reasonable limits American sympathy for Villa's countrymen "oppressed by the Church since the days of the conquistadores."

"I do hereby declare and promise that there shall be paid out of the moneys lately granted for his Majesty's use, to all and every person and persons not in the pay of this province, the following several and respective premiums and bounties for prisoners and scalps of the enemy Indians that shall be taken or killed within the bounds of this province, as limited by royal charter, or in pursuit from within the said bounds; that is to say (follow rewards for prisoners). For the scalp of every male Indian enemy above the age of ten years, produced as evidence of being killed, the sum of one hundred and thirty-four pieces of eight. And for the scalp of every female Indian enemy above ten years, produced as evidence of their being killed, the sum of fifty pieces of eight."

And in a memorial to the Governor and General Assembly of Pennsylvania, "His Majesty's faithful and loyal subjects, the Inhabitants of the Frontier Counties of Lancaster, York, Cumberland, Berks, and Northampton, humbly beg Leave to remonstrate and lay before you the following Grievances." One paragraph reads as follows:

"Sixthly. In the late Indian War the Province with others of His Majesty's Colonies gave Rewards for Indian Scalps, to encourage the seeking them in their own country, as the most likely Means of destroying or reducing them to Reason; but no such encouragement has been given in this War, which has damped the Spirits of many brave Men, who are willing to venture their lives in Parties against the enemy. — We therefore pray that public Rewards may be proposed for Indian Scalps, which may be adequate to the Dangers attending Enterprises of this Nature."

"Those who have learned history without studying it" will continue, nevertheless, to pass on the tradition of the blood-thirsty Catholic Spaniards.

A PRECIOUS LEGACY

How potent for good or evil are the associations that cluster round our childhood's years? Not all the crowding memories of after years can so influence us as those thoughts that centre round that hallowed spot we once called "home." To those for whom such recollections are the reverse of pleasant we offer our heartfelt sympathy. Theirs is truly a pitiable fate, for success and fame can never compensate for the glorious heritage of memory denied them.

The home from which religion is divorced is but a sorry apology for what a home should be. The home that has no room for God and God's sweet Mother is but little calculated to draw the children's hearts back to it across the years. Faith that sanctifies is also the link that binds.

The world marvels at the wonderful attachment of the Irish people to the land of their birth. The world cannot understand the endurance of the ties that bind the Celt to some lowly cabin in an Irish glen. It can only question and be astonished. If it knew the secret of Irish home life it would understand the strength of Irish home ties. The truth is Irish home life is a holy thing. The lowly cabin is a sanctuary, and hearts that are tired and weary from the struggle of life turn back to it in search of peace and rest. Every man's home is his castle, but the Irishman's home is his chapel, a green oasis in the desert world of strife and stress wherein his daily tasks are set.

It is evening in Ireland. The day's labor is over, and an hour or two of pleasant social intercourse has been spent by the fireside. The little topics of interest have been discussed; the newspaper has been read, and maybe a chapter or two from some book about Ireland's religious or political past. The time for retiring to sleep has come. Then the mother lays aside her darning or mending; the father takes down his brown beads, and all kneel together on the earthen floor to say the Rosary. The Rosary is followed by the Litany, and if there happen to be vacant chairs by the fireside, the absent ones are remembered by special prayers. Some day another will cross the threshold and go out into the great strange world. Difficulties will meet. Temptations will dog his path. But the ones that remain have added his name to the list and he knows that he is remembered when the beads are told. Does he grow faint-hearted? Who could faint by the way the while a grey-haired mother commended him to the Mother of Jesus? And when the dark night of the wicked city folds him in, the lamp of a mother's faith lights his difficult way, and the sound of a mother's voice comes to him over the waters.

Fathers and mothers who read these lines, are you so building a shield for your children's faith? When the time comes for them to go out from your roof tree are these the memories they will take with them? If so be not troubled about the future. They will continue to remember both you and God.

COLUMBA

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE HOPE that Rheims Cathedral, so badly damaged by German artillery in the recent bombardment of that city, might not have suffered beyond restoration, is not encouraged by Mr. Whitney Warren, a well-known New York architect, who as a corresponding member of the Institut de France was given the privilege by the French government of visiting the cathedral. Mr. Warren is of the opinion that it never can be restored. That anything remains of it is due solely to the solidity of its construction, the walls and vaults being of a robustness able to resist even modern instruments of war. This testimony to the thoroughness of the work of thirteenth century architects and builders keeps alive in many breasts the hope that the American architect is perhaps too pessimistic in his inferences as to the cathedral's future.

THE FACT that a Methodist bishop recently took occasion to speak in appreciative terms of the Catholic practice of raising the hat in passing a church is evidence at least that the effect of good example is never lost. Protestants, no matter how strong their prejudices against our religion, instinctively look to Catholics for consistent demonstration of Christian practice and precept, and where this is not forthcoming very properly take scandal. The conduct and demeanor of good Catholics is one of the factors—and an important one—in the conversion of 80,000 Protestants every year. Their fidelity in going to Mass on Sundays, rain or shine; their abstinence from meat on Fridays; their sacrifices for the religious education of their children; and their scrupulous honesty in business, have all their legitimate and far-reaching effect upon their Protestant fellow countrymen. And, as remarks the Catholic Columbian, they are no less influenced by the avoidance on the part of Catholics of immodest dress, unclean plays and dances, blasphemy, untruthfulness and the like. We are, in the language of Scripture like a city set upon a hill, and will never know until the Day of Judgment, how much others have been helped or hindered in their journey

towards eternity by our character and conduct here below.

THAT THE Methodist divine referred to should have urged his hearers to emulate Catholics in the practice of raising the hat when passing a church testifies more to his devotion than to his understanding. This need scarcely be matter for surprise. That he should have failed to grasp the significance of the Catholic practice in this respect follows perhaps from the ordinarily contracted Methodist vision of things Catholic. He could not have realized that it is not to the mere material edifice, even devoted as it is to sacred uses, that the Catholic pays this public homage, but to the Presence there in deed and in truth of his Divine Lord and Master. This, if the Methodist divine only knew it, is the secret of not only the little act of devotion referred to, but of every splendid ceremony that enshrines the public worship of the Church. It is this awful Presence which is the scope, and is the interpretation of every part of the solemnity. Needless to say there is nothing of this in any Protestant ceremony. A Protestant place of worship, no matter how beautiful or costly it may be, is professedly nothing more than a mere meeting house, and to raise the hat in passing such would, however decorous, be entirely devoid of the significance which underlies the Catholic act of devotion. An old-fashioned Calvinistic or Presbyterian would call it 'idolatry.'

NOTWITHSTANDING THE continued obscurantism of Sir Edward Carson's attitude to the forthcoming Irish Parliament, and his unrelenting bitterness towards his Catholic fellow-countrymen, evidence is not wanting that the spontaneous adhesion of the Nationalists to Britain's cause in the present War, and the part the Catholics of Ireland have borne throughout the eight weeks of continuous fighting in Northern France, is not lost upon the great democracy of England. The Manchester Guardian in a recent issue paid notable testimony to the bravery of the Irish soldiers, and printed the vivid account of an eye-witness of their participation in the long-drawn out battle of the Aisne. In one case, he says, where the German Lancers swooped down and killed the last men of one battery the situation was saved by a couple of companies of an Irish Fusilier battalion—the Munsters, I think—who rushed at the Germans with fixed bayonets and put them to flight, while the enemy's artillery poured a merciless fire on them. Many of the Germans around that battery were killed, and of course the losses of our men weren't light. The Fusiliers were furious when orders came that they were to abandon the guns, as no horses were available. You could see them casting loving eyes on those guns all the rest of the day, and at night when the time came to fall back the poor devils were dragging the guns with them, having captured a few German horses and supplemented them by men who were willing to become beasts of burden for the time.

ANOTHER TRIBUTE of the same kind comes from a private (MacGillivray) in one of the Scots regiments. In a letter home he writes: "I saw a handful of Irishmen throw themselves in front of a regiment of cavalry trying to cut off a battery of Horse Artillery. Not one of the poor lads got away alive, but they made the German devils pay in kind, and anyhow the Artillery got away. . . . Every man of us made a vow to avenge the fallen Irishmen. . . . Later they were finely avenged by their own comrades, who lay in wait for the German cavalry. . . . The Irish lads went at them with the bayonet when they least expected it. . . . Some of them howled for mercy, but I don't think they got it. . . . In war mercy is only for the merciful."

TESTIMONY of this kind is not necessary to the vindication of Irish valor or Irish patriotism. These qualities have been demonstrated too often on the field of battle in Britain's behalf in every part of the world, in days, too, when the cause of Irish nationality had few friends in England and none among English statesmen. It follows then that under the happier auspices of to-day their patriotism will not have shrunken, nor their valor grown less distinguished. Withstanding German desperation they may recall the time, whether against England at Fontenoy or for her in the Peninsula or at Waterloo their fathers spilled their blood like water that the cause of

liberty might triumph. An aspiring laureate, not conspicuous perhaps for his metrical skill, but catching the martial spirit of his people, thus gives it voice:

" . . . We were at Ramillies, We laid our bones at Fontenoy. And up on the Pyrenees, Before Dunkirk, on Landon's Plain, Cremona, Lille, and Ghent, We're over all Austria, France, and Spain. Wherever they pitched a tent, We've died for England from Waterloo To Egypt and Dargal. But still there's enough for a corps or crew, Of Kelly, and Burke, and Shea."

And when the war is over the people of Britain will know how to weigh this in the balance with the conscious treason of Sir Edward Carson and his mercenary dupes.

THE BEARING which the Civil War in Ireland had upon the present hostilities on the Continent is being discussed by English exchanges, and the extent to which the Kaiser's action was dictated by the wild threats of Sir Edward Carson and his cohorts has been variously appraised. Further light has been shed on the matter by information which has come out since the war began, according to one of the Unionist journals—the London Standard—a minute book of a German secret society (name not divulged) has come into the possession of the authorities, showing the intention of Germany to make an attack upon England in the event of civil strife in Ireland. Immediately after the Dublin shooting affray certain of the staff of the German Embassy were sent there to enquire into the whole incident, and its effect upon the action of the British Government in the event of the outbreak of active hostilities. These diplomatic representatives reported to Berlin that whatever might be the situation in other parts of Ireland, in Dublin it was as bad as could be and that armed revolt was imminent.

A REPORT practically on the same lines had already been made by German Secret Agents with regard to Ulster. Then the chief war correspondent of the Daily Chronicle and the Glasgow Herald forwards a circumstantial story which further illumines the subject. This correspondent was informed by an Austrian diplomatist that reports had been received by the German Intelligence Department that Ireland was on the verge of civil war. The Kaiser's emissaries accepted at their full value all Carson's threats and the speeches of the other "wild men of Ulster," and there can be little doubt, therefore, that in its ultimate analysis for the outbreak of hostilities on the Continent the Belfast valiants have more than a trifling share of responsibility. The final court in this matter is the British democracy, and Nationalist Ireland may await the issue in calmness and confidence.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

PROGRESS OF THE WAR

The chief development of the week in the situation in France is the surprising, not to say alarming, strength shown by Von Kluck's army. Evidently German reinforcements have been concentrated there in such numbers that the turning movement of the allies has been successfully met and it may be that a counter movement of the enemy will force the abandonment of the persistent attempt to turn his right wing.

In the East despite a steady stream of optimistic news from Petrograd it does not appear that the Russians have made any real advance. Przemysl is not yet taken, and the battle of Cracow, which experts agree is of the utmost strategic importance and perhaps the decisive battle of the Eastern campaign, is yet to be won. The solid basis of confident hope in the ultimate success of the allies rests on their undisputed control of the seas. The sinking of a German torpedo boat by an English submarine is a significant and inspiring bit of naval news.

By Ed. L. Keen, United Press Staff Correspondent London, October 6.—The situation in France is causing great anxiety in non-military circles. The optimistic attitude of the War Office during the latter part of last week aroused great expectations. It was said that the long drawn out battle of the Aisne was ending in complete victory. Now, with the knowledge that the Germans are themselves extending their lines, there are fears that the Government is withholding much of the actual truth concerning the actual situation. The War Office has nothing to say other than to repeat that the general situation remains good. There are no details of the fate of the British troops on the fighting line. Even

the location of the various units is withheld. It is admitted that the entire British expeditionary force, the Indian contingent included, are in action. But where they are, is left entirely to the imagination.

The same condition holds good in reference to the Belgian situation, and the theatre of war in the near east. The Russians were reported as attempting to cross the Donajec River in Galicia in their campaign against Craacow last Thursday. But to date no claims that they have actually succeeded in crossing has been made.

Antwerp is reported as still holding out, but it is known that the Germans are subjecting the city to a tremendous bombardment and that unless help comes soon the city may fall.

TRENCHES FIFTY YARDS APART

"The correspondent of the London Daily News writes: 'There are points, I am assured, where the trenches are little more than 50 yards apart. An interval of 200 yards is 'respectable,' and intervals of 800 and 1,000 are perhaps no longer to be found. The interval between trenches, stubble, or root, or plow, is covered with dead and wounded.'

"But the enemy has inflicted upon his own wounded more torment than that wreaked by British shot and shell. Conscience, perhaps, that he can no longer find protection under the Red Cross has been abused, he will neither attempt to bring in his own wounded nor allow our ambulance parties to do it for him. Hence for days and nights the ground in front of the trenches is covered with wounded, whose cries and groans are added to the nerve-breaking strain of life in the trenches. Some of the wounded go mad, and their screams are another horror of the night, while the very air is pestiferous with the smell of the slaughter. And over the ground, over these dead and wounded, is driven the next attack.

PETROGRAD'S CLAIMS

London, Oct. 7.—Petrograd official statements continue to repeat in a general way what has been accepted here as a fact for days—that the German army along the East Prussian frontier has been more or less routed and cut to pieces, but as this is only a small portion of the front it is exceedingly hard to get anything like a clear-cut perspective of the conflict.

What purports to be an official dispatch from Vienna insists in broad terms that the condition of the German and Austrian armies both in Poland and Galicia is favorable and that in attempting to breast the Carpathians at Uzk Pass, the Russians have been beaten.

"Breasting the Carpathians and pouring on to the plains of Hungary by the Muscovites," has been so often referred to that it is becoming trite and the fact remains that, generally speaking, aside from the defeat of Kennenkampf's army, in the early stages of the war in Poland, his revenge by a crushing return, and a steady advance of the Russians through Galicia, there has been nothing from the east to stand out in the nature of a clearly defined conflict like the battle of the Aisne.

FRENCH FORT CAPTURED

The capture of the French fort on the Meuse, at Camp des Romaines, which is announced officially from Berlin, with the 500 surviving men of its garrison, is an important win.

The fort lies south of St. Mihiel, some 20 miles south of Verdun, on the Meuse. Ten days ago the Germans reached St. Mihiel and began to build a pontoon bridge there by which to cross the river. A small force did cross, but the French a few days later drove them back to the east bank. The Germans have been perseveringly firing away at Fort des Romaines ever since, because at that point the Meuse winds around in the form of an S, lending itself to pontoon building. The French from Toul to Nancy, who have been making headway in an advance on the German investing force, will now have to put forth great exertions to prevent the pushing home of the German attack across the river.

The German army in Lorraine, based at Metz and commanded by Duke Albrecht of Bavaria, has not been very much harassed from late, but if the crossing of the Meuse could be guarded against French attacks from the south, the German wedge from the east might prove a serious blow to the Allies.

IN BELGIUM

The Belgian army is again playing a role of the greatest importance, and all efforts of Germany to prevent the Belgians from taking the offensive and threatening the rear and the communications of the army fighting for its life against the Allies have failed.

There is still a possibility of getting some of Britain's 15 inch naval guns into Antwerp from the Belgium seacoast, as the city is not entirely surrounded by the German besiegers. The handling of the monsters, however, would be a tremendous task. The German guns can be hauled only over first-rate roads at a speed of two miles an hour by teams of 30 horses or more. British naval guns landed at Ostend and sent across country might be carried a large part of the way toward Antwerp by the Bruges-Ghent Canal and the Upper Scheldt. The danger point would be reached on taking to

the road as they approached Antwerp from the west. The presence of Mr. Churchill in the city is evidence that Britain does not view with indifference the sore trials of unhappy Belgium.

ANTWERP IN DANGER

Canadian Press Despatches
Bordeaux, Oct. 8, 10.15 p. m.—News has been received here that the King of the Belgians marched out of Antwerp to day at the head of a portion of his army.

London, Oct. 8.—The bombardment of Antwerp has been so violent that the houses at Rosendaal, a Netherlands town more than twenty miles distant, have been visibly shaken, according to a telegram from that town to the Central News by way of Amsterdam.

Oct. 9.—Late news from the beleaguered city last night indicates that while the Germans have breached the outer line of defences on the east, have crossed the Nethe and captured Fort Broeben, the Belgian field army holds its positions along the line of the inner forts. Antwerp, therefore, is still defended by a well-armed, U. S. A., and by the great double wall of earth. The trouble is that the Germans, with their long-range siege guns, can work fearful havoc within the city from positions so distant that the Belgian gunners can make no reply. Antwerp may be laid in ruins by artillerymen so far away that they are not rendered visible by the aid of the most powerful field glasses.

FROM AN AMERICAN OFFICER

TERRIBLE LOSSES

New York, Oct. 6.—The better rifles of the allies have permitted them to get close enough to the German trenches to rush them with bayonets, according to Lieutenant A. Ellicott Brown, U. S. A., who returned on the Atlantic Transport liner Minnetonka this morning. Lieutenant Brown was for a time connected with the American embassy in London, and then went over to France. He has returned to resume his duties as military instructor at Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J.

"Although none of the armies is allowing military observers at the front," said Lieutenant Brown, "I was able to see the battlefield of Meaux shortly after the action was fought. The allies lost heavy care of their dead and wounded right away. 'The Germans, on the other hand, had been forced to retreat, and therefore had to leave their dead behind them. I saw as many as 1,000 along a line which stretched only 600 yards. On September 24, I ran into a friend who had just returned from visiting the battlefield of Meaux. He said that the German dead had not all been buried, even at that late date.

"I talked with several British officers, and they all said that they had to take off their hats to the way in which the German soldiers stood their ground. They said that they couldn't get the Germans out of the trenches without the use of bayonets. The German rifles have a flat trajectory of only 800 yards, whereas the allies' rifles can shoot point blank at 400 to 450 yards. This enables the allies to get up close enough to make their bayonet charge effective. In this action of the Meaux the French were just able to gain the German position, and were too exhausted to pursue the Germans, who made a masterly retreat.

NO GERMAN ATROCITIES HERE
"I have first hand information only of the district around Meaux. In that district I do not know of a single case where an atrocity was committed by a German soldier. They were billeted among the people, and seemed to be getting along with them very well. I know of cases where the soldiers would help the peasants on whom they had been quartered to chop wood and bring water from the wells.

IN TIPPERARY

Out of a total of 250 Irish National volunteers in Fermoy Co., Tipperary, no less than 115, among which are a number of married men, have enlisted in Kitchener's Army for active service.

THE IRISH BRIGADE

The Irish Brigade! What memories the phrase evokes, what feelings it stirs, what visions it opens up of political conditions and of times that are never to be again. Now that their recurrence is impossible, one can look back with a certain literary tenderness, if not with historic sympathy, on the men and principles which called forth a body of soldiers who added to Ireland's glory in many lands and left a romantic trail behind it which still continues to illumine the pages of poet and novelist. Even the English Daily News cannot resist the glamour of their exploits, and in a recent issue it gives a concise, but an exceedingly graphic and comprehensive, history of the Irish brigades. There is certainly something very seizing about the doings of these men. The most famous of all the Irish brigades was that which entered the service of France. The three regiments which first composed it were called Clares, Mount-Cassells, and Dillon, after the three Irish Jacobite peers who commanded them. Dillon's regiment was always commanded by a Dillon, and all the younger members of the family, which is now represented by Viscount Dillon, served as officers. The best known, however—perhaps owing to Davis's song, "Clare's Dragoons"—is

Lord Clare's. How often it has sent a thrill through an Irish concert hall! Collectively they became known as the "Wild Geese," and after the defeat of James II, they followed their king to France to the number of 19,000, which subsequently swelled to 30,000. To advert, even briefly, to their feats there would be to transcribe history.

IN LATER DAYS

Napoleon tried to organize a Legion to take the place of the Brigade, and even as late as 1870 an attempt was made to raise another Irish Brigade to assist France, but somehow or other, while a certain response was made, "there hath," in Wordsworthian phrase, "passed away a glory from the earth," and the old spirit, format, and numbers never again found a full renaissance. Perhaps this is the moment that history has chosen to repeat itself. Mr. Redmond himself has sounded the tocsin; and as the Daily News remarks, the new unit "will not be a brigade of exiles desperately fighting under foreign flags, but of brave men fighting for their own and our country and for our common civilisation."—Edinburgh Catholic Herald.

JOHN E. REDMOND, STATESMAN AND PATRIOT

By Alexander Wemyss Simeel, in New York.

The last few days have proved the right of John E. Redmond to the great titles of statesman and patriot. For they have witnessed the placing of the Home Rule bill upon the statute book, and John E. Redmond appealing to his fellow-countrymen in the capacity of a recruiting agent for Irish volunteers to fight under the Union Jack. He has won his long political fight in the complete way and stopped forever the mouths of those who have accused him and his followers of disloyalty to the British Crown. It is true that the Home Rule act will not go into force for twelve months, or until the end of the war, but by that time the whole united British people will hand it to him on a silver platter. Ireland's leader has become an acclaimed English patriot.

To one familiar with British politics for the last generation, it is almost incredible that Home Rule is an accomplished fact, that its opponents are to-day without a hearing or an argument, and that Britain's most loyal sons are of Erin, fighting as only they can fight for the Union Jack and the triumph of British arms. And it is to John E. Redmond that history must accord the praise.

For he it is who had changed public sentiment in England so that it was impossible for longer delay in granting freedom to Ireland. When one recalls the phrases of the opponents of Home Rule, of which Mr. Chamberlain's "they are marching through rapine and rebellion to the dismemberment of the British Empire" was a conspicuous example, it seems a long way from the recent scene in the House of Commons when ringing cheers from every part of the House greeted Redmond's promise of support: "I say deliberately to the Government that you may withdraw every one of your troops from Ireland and still her sons will defend her shores if need be against the common foe." And not merely has that been done, but accompanied by his old foe, William O'Brien, to whom Germany has at last united him, he is calling for volunteers from among his civilian followers to swell the great army Kitchener is raising to fight the Germans.

HE HAS A GREAT PERSONAL CHARM
John E. Redmond is an aristocrat in birth and thought. He is a very cultured gentleman of great personal charm. He is one of the three or four orators left in Parliament and has at his command the most rolling swelling periods which, delivered in his own persuasive style and accompanied by his commanding bearing and gesture proclaim his authority and secure for him at times an almost overwhelming effect.

It is entirely due to him that the Irish question came, during the last decade especially, to obtain a hearing from British public opinion on its merits. Passion had played a big part in Irish political life, passion which too often has exploded in crime and outrages for the British people to say whether it was politically just or expedient for Ireland to have self government. But Ireland has suffered no outrages, and the public conscience no affronts by crime for many years now, as John E. Redmond has patiently toiled for his country's rebirth as a nation, and made it one of the most stalwart of the imperial units.

He is regarded as the greatest authority upon the House of Commons procedure, and has blotted out of present memory those scenes of Irish disorder that disgraced Parliament in the early nineties. Indeed, he has granted a monopoly in public and Parliamentary disorder to the Tory party, the gentlemen of England and greedily have they seized it. Several times in the last three or four years has the House of Commons sitting been suspended by reason of deliberate organized and artificially fomented disorder, but John E. Redmond and his followers have been the restrained and restraining section of the House.

By a chance arrangement, the Irish party has been sitting side by side in the House of Commons for the last nine years with their old enemy the Tory Party and the Ulsterites. Within reach of their fists have the

Ulster men insulted them to their faces, sneered at their religion, contemptuously guffawed at their loyalty, mocked their governing capacity, and promised death and destruction in the land should they dare to attempt to rule it. Never a reprisal had come, only the dignified replies of John E. Redmond, who has pleaded for his cause, and that out of his cause's triumph might grow such sympathy and comprehension as should make a peaceful, united and prosperous Ireland. To-day that hope is within reach of proof and fruition.

HE HAS CONSTANTLY REFUSED HONORS

Redmond has constantly refused title, honors, emoluments or place. He might have been a Privy Councillor years ago. He might have had a seat in the Cabinet at the end of 1905. But he cared not for any of these things. He faithfully pushed toward his great goal, the ultimate and precious triumph that is his to-day.

His party has been under the strictest discipline from the beginning. The members have each been in receipt of \$1,500 per year from the Irish Party funds for many years and have been loyal and dependable Parliamentarians. When in 1911 the House of Commons decided upon the payment of members at the rate of \$2,000 per year the Irish still received the \$1,500 from the party fund, and paid in the \$2,000 to the fund exchequer, their personal rights being subordinated to their country's cause.

The striking appearance of John E. Redmond, his large eyes that even in repose seem waiting to flash or to melt with equal swiftness, his rich and moving voice, his ample figure and his confident mien make him as familiar at Westminster as either of the leaders of the two great parties of the State. He is familiar to the people of the United States and Canada, through which he has toured again and again in pleading his country's cause. And now that his cause is triumphant and Ireland free and vindicated, he has become a world figure of attention for what he has done and has yet to do as our Prime Minister for Ireland, the land of new hopes and splendid beckoning days.

Lord Bryce gave him most deserved praise in a letter of congratulation when he said:

"I have been admiring for the last months the admirable combination of firmness and prudence that has enabled you to surmount successfully one crisis after another and bring the ship safely into port. 'You have laid the foundations for a better understanding and co-operation between the people than have existed before.'

ENCYCLICAL LETTER

POPE BENEDICT XV. TO ALL CATHOLICS OF THE WORLD

"Scarcely were we raised to the Chair of Saint Peter, although quite conscious of how unequal we were to such an office, than we adored profoundly the hidden design of Divine Providence who has elevated the humility of Our person to such a sublime degree. For although not being furnished with requisite qualities. We have nevertheless accepted with confidence the administration of the Sovereign Pontificate. We have done so because We repose Our confidence in the Divine goodness, not doubting that He who imposed on Us the very weighty burden of this dignity would have given Us likewise the fitting force and assistance. But from this supreme elevation of the Apostolic Ministry, turning Our gaze around on all the flock of the Lord, entrusted to Our care, indescribable is the honor and the bitterness which immediately filled Our soul in contemplating in its entirety the huge spectacle of this war, by which We see so large a part of Europe devastated with fire and sword and red-dened with Christian blood.

"It is in fact Jesus Christ, the Good Shepherd, Whose place We hold in the government of the Church, Who has confided to Us the lambs and the sheep, for Whom We comprise them all, whoever they may be, from the infant of same paternal charity. Since then by the example of the Lord We should be ready as we are, to give even Our life for their salvation. We are in the firm and sure determination to neglect nothing of what may be in Our power, to hasten the end of so deadly a calamity.

"For the moment, before even sending to all the Ordinaries the Encyclical Letters, according to the usage of the Roman Pontiffs, at the beginning of their Apostolate, We cannot dispense Ourselves from repeating the words of Our Predecessor, Pius X. of most holy and immortal memory, words which were upon his lips in dying, at the first clash of this terrible war through the pastoral solicitude and his love for the human race. That is why, whilst We with Our hands and arms raised to Heaven, address fervent supplications to God, We exhort and entreat all the children of the Church, above all those who form part of the sacred hierarchy as Our Predecessor did with such insistence that they should strive without ceasing, that they should redouble their efforts, either in the humility of private prayer, or in the solemnity of public supplications asking from God, the Arbiter and the Sovereign Master of all things, that remembering His mercy, and that He may lay down this scourge of His wrath, by which He executes justice for the sins of the nations,



FATHER FRASER'S NATIVE CATECHISTS AND ASSISTANT PRIEST, FATHER YAO

LETTER FROM FATHER FRASER

Taichowfu, China. June 7, 1914.

Dear Mr. Coffey,—I have just brought to a close my catechists' and school teachers' annual retreat and thank you and your dear subscribers would like to have a look at them. They are quite numerous you see. When I came here two years ago I only had five Catechists, now I have twenty-one. I owe this rapid progress principally to my dear friends of the CATHOLIC RECORD. God bless them and your worthy paper!

"The men in the group are setting out to-day one by one to their distant mission stations filled with renewed ardor for the propagation of

the Faith.

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

Yours gratefully in the Sacred Heart
J. M. FRASER
P. S.—Father Yao, my Chinese curate, is seated beside me.

looks upon his work as a career. He proposes to devote a certain part of his life to it, and then to return home with the halo of a Christian pioneer. In most cases he has his comfortable home, his wife, his children, his servants, and his foreign food, and his stipend increases with each addition to his family. For his doctrine he is responsible to nobody but himself. Whatever his views upon the mysteries of Christianity happen to be, these he impresses upon his native hearers as the one and only truth."—St. Paul Bulletin.

AN INEXPLICABLE SIN

Rev. Lyman Abbott writes the following pointed words on the vice of profanity:

"It is difficult for me to understand the psychology of profanity. I can easily see why men should steal, should kill, should commit adultery, should slander their neighbors. These sins are explicable. It is very difficult for me to see why they should swear. It seems to be a perfectly useless transgression, not only of the divine law, but of the rules of cultivated and refined society. It never adds anything to a man's reputation, and it often detracts from his reputation. Probably a great deal of it is due simply to stupid, unthinking imitation, a good deal of it to a habit formed the swearer hardly knows how, and continued when the swearer is hardly conscious of it. So far as there is any ostensible reason for it, it is a desire to emphasize one's veracity; it is a kind of travesty on the taking of an oath in a court of justice. As to the remedy, an appeal to the law may sometimes be made, but profanity is one of those vices which the law can do very little to correct. Example and instruction in childhood will do much more, so will public opinion in society condemning profanity as ungentlemanly and vulgar. There are a good many persons who are more afraid of bad form than they are of immorality. The fundamental remedy is the development of a real religious reverence, inculcated in children by the home, and in the community by the Christian Church."

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

The noble response which has been made to the CATHOLIC RECORD'S appeal in behalf of Father Fraser's Chinese mission encourages us to keep the list open a little longer. It is a source of gratification to Canadian Catholics that to one of themselves it should have fallen to inaugurate and successfully carry on so great a work. God has certainly blessed Father Fraser's efforts, and made him the instrument of salvation to innumerable souls. Why not, dear reader, have a share in that work by contributing of your means to its maintenance and extension? The opportunity awaits you: let it not pass you by.

Previously acknowledged \$4,393.93
A. Friend, Wallaceburg 2.00

The Decoration of Churches IS THE Especial Work of the Thornton-Smith Co. They have devoted years of special study to this branch of Interior Decoration. Since completing their last contracts at the early part of this month, they have received several very highly complimentary letters regarding their work. STUDIOS 11 King St. West, Toronto

than any other influence. To reverence the Name of God and to protest against irreverence to it is a glorious work for our great Catholic society of men. The wonder is not that the society is so large, but that there is one practical Catholic man who can willingly remain out of it.—Boston Pilot.

SPECIAL TO THE RECORD AN IRISH ROSARY

'Tis Rosary time in Ireland And looking across the years, A picture unfolds before me, ('Tis dimmed with a mist of tears) For sure it lacks gorgeous setting, No wealth of color it boasts, But Rosary time in Ireland Is evaded by angel hosts. Ah, never was rank or station, Or fame of glorious deeds, As dear as this scene in Ireland When mother took down the beads. And readily would I barter The trophies the years have won, To kneel by that hallowed fireside, When the day's rough task is done. I care not for stately temples, Or glamor of service grand, I'd rather one prayer in Ireland, For isn't it God's own land? For the smell of the turf for incense, And Love for the sacred light, Ah, Rosary time in Ireland, My heart is with you to-night.

—REV. D. A. CASEY.

LUTHER AND HIS WORK

Little grains of truth filter through the great mass of historical and other writings to-day. The falling away in Germany from the state Church established there, which has increased in rapidity during recent years, is made a matter of intense interest by such books as "The Reformation in Germany" by Professor Vedder, a Protestant writer of distinguished scholarship. Of this work The Dial of Chicago says:

"The reader of this book learns that Luther did not invent German hymnology, that the Church did not discourage the art of printing, that Luther must have known there was a Bible before he went to Erfurt, and that he did not translate the New Testament into German in about ten weeks, but simply revised an older translation. The reader learns also numerous facts about Luther's personality; that he was a consistent bigot, that he would tolerate only followers, that he knew more about the devil than he did about God, and that when the one devil of Popery went out the seven devils of sectarianism came in."—St. Paul Bulletin.

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Previously acknowledged \$4,393.93
A. Friend, Wallaceburg 2.00

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

THE DOUBTER

Unless you see signs and wonders, you believe not. (St. John 14: 29.)

These words spoken by our Lord to the ruler of Capernaum, are applicable to many of the present day. They are doubters. They believe not. They expect to see signs and wonders. They will not accept the testimony of ordinary witnesses. They want something extraordinary. And even if our Lord Himself came again upon earth and performed great wonders, many would not believe. There would be doubters even then. No one is so blind as he who does not wish to see, no one so great a doubter as he who does not wish to believe.

Deluded by his passions, deceived by his love of self and led astray by worldly motives, he shuts his eyes to the light of reason and will not notice anything that does not pander to his passions, minister to his self love and further his worldly interests. Hence he tries to persuade himself that there is no supernatural, that there is no God, that he who he may, he cannot do what he will, that feeling natural to man that there is a Supreme Being, that there is a God, the Creator and Lord of all things, whose will must be done if we would be saved.

The idea of God is natural to man: Cicero tells us that even in pagan times there never was a people in whom this idea did not exist. Man's reason leads to the knowledge of God. For order and harmony suppose an intelligent cause, and the order, harmony and beauty of the works of nature point to an intelligent author of all this beauty, order and harmony. This intelligent author can be none other than God.

Jews believe in God, pagans believe in a Supreme Ruler of the universe; Christians believe in God; it is only the fool, the Bible tells us, who says in his heart there is no God.

As reason rightly used leads to God, so reason likewise tells us we must obey God's will, if we would be saved. We must obey God strictly, uncomplainingly, unhesitatingly. We must not through idle curiosity try to dive too deep into the ways and mysteries of God. It should be sufficient for us to know that God commands a thing. Knowing that God commands something we should obey the divine command without turning back like Lot's wife and be lost when almost saved.

She had almost gained the mountain of safety. Had she not doubted and broken God's command, she would have been saved. Had she persevered a few moments longer, she would not have been handed down to us as a fearful example of those whose curiosity prompts them to doubt God's word and disobey His commands.

She was already on the road to salvation. She had led a good life. She was selected by God as one of the very few just people in the wicked Cities of the Plain. Relying on her past good deeds, she thought she was sure of salvation. She thought God was certain to save her. Hence, she looked back to see if God had kept His word. Alas! He kept it too well for her future happiness.

Hundreds of Christians imitate Lot's wife. Remembering their past real or imaginary good lives; recalling to mind the fact that God's grace has led them to the true Church or caused them to be born of Catholic parents; they rest secure without making proper use of the sacramental aids furnished by the Church. Many, persuaded that the Catholic Church is the true Church, come to its threshold, doubt, look back and are lost.

Oh how dangerous it is to doubt God's existence or His word! It is terrible to hesitate, to look back when our salvation is at stake. Let us never doubt God's existence. Let us never hesitate to do His holy will. Let us persevere in well doing to the end and merit the crown of glory.

TEMPERANCE

WHAT THE DOCTORS SAY

The Journal of Inebriety quotes the following passages as the "leading thoughts" of the addresses delivered in the city of Birmingham, by fifty members of the British Medical Association, each physician being free to express any opinion which he might choose.

That alcohol does not quench but awakens thirst. That alcohol is of no value when work is to be done. That alcohol diminishes the quality and total output of manual work of all kinds.

That alcohol blunts perception and feeling, impairs moral sense and impedes intellectual processes. That alcohol, when taken by children, checks growth and development, both mentally and bodily.

That alcohol weakens the power of self-control, thus leading to immorality and crime, poverty and misery. That alcohol has a narcotic poisoning action and must be classed with chloroform and ether.

That alcohol predisposes both directly and indirectly to infectious fevers. That alcohol is now known to be one of the most important factors in rendering patients more susceptible to the attacks of the tubercle bacillus and so to tuberculosis.

That in pneumonia and typhoid fever alcohol does more harm than good.

That alcohol hastens the end in a fatal illness, but prolongs the durations of the illness in those cases in which the patient recovers.

That alcohol predisposes to heat-stroke in hot weather. That alcohol causes rapid loss of heat in cold weather.

That alcohol is one of the great predisposing causes of heart-failure and cerebral hemorrhage.

That alcohol often causes neuritis or inflammation of the nerves.

That alcohol is one of the great causes of degeneration or too rapid aging of the tissues of the body.

That those who take no alcohol can perform more work, possess greater powers of endurance, have less sickness, and recover more quickly than non-abstainers, whilst they are unaffected by any of those diseases specially caused by alcohol.

That the universal abstinence from alcoholic liquors as beverages would contribute greatly to the health, prosperity, morality and happiness of the human race.

That the general adoption of abstinence from all intoxicating beverages is the most natural, surest, simplest and quickest method of removing the evils which result from their use, and is the first great step towards the solution of many of the most difficult social problems by which we are confronted.

A HAZARDOUS OCCUPATION

The mortality records of all big companies show that in proportion to the number of men insured, more saloonkeepers die yearly than men in any other work save, perhaps, railroad brakemen and gun tasters in the navy and army.

What is the cause of this great mortality among men who keep saloons? Liquor, you will say, and you are right in a measure, but not wholly so. No doubt many saloon men do shorten their lives by use of alcohol, but if they do not drink at all the rate of insurance we charge them would still be very high. The reason is what we call the moral hazard. Just what this is it is hard to say. Summed up, it is merely that they die easier and more often than men in other occupations.

Detailed, it is, in a general way, they are open to greater temptations, break down their resistance, and many of them contract diseases where other men would not. How many saloon men have died of pneumonia during the winter? Scores of them, usually. And pneumonia is not the only disease. Their money is made easily (speaking of the saloon owner and among that class easily won money, means that it is spent easily. "Easily spent" means a free and easy manner of life, which cuts years relentlessly from the lives of men.

Then there is the mortality through accident. The list of saloon men who have been shot or killed with a blow from a bottle, or in brawls and melees is long, especially among the poorer class saloons.

The man behind the bar does not look upon his job as dangerous, no matter what the insurance companies say. However, it is interesting to know how these big insurance companies look upon one who occupies such a position.—Montgomery Journal.

THE GREAT ENEMY

"There is an enemy, ever threatening, which can be defeated only by sleepless vigilance and unremitting endeavor, the evil of intemperance. Notwithstanding the efforts which have been made, crowned thank God, with signal success, there are still many lives ruined and many souls imperiled by excessive indulgence in drink. In many parts of the country imposing demonstrations have been held to foster a healthy public opinion against this degrading vice. On the 25th and 26th of last June a supreme effort was made to further this important object by a general temperance congress of all Ireland, held in Dublin. I earnestly hope that both clergy and people will cooperate enthusiastically to make the movement a triumphant success."—Cardinal Logue.

HOME RULE BILL

Home Rule for Ireland is now a law. It has passed through Parliament, received the King's signature, and has been placed on the Statute Book as permanent enactment.

The law does not come into operation until one year from the date of signature, and four months thereafter the Irish Parliament will be in its first Session and at work for legislation for Ireland.

And so the long struggle of the Irish people and the Irish race for National Right for their Fatherland will have ended in victory for Ireland.

Then, into the hands of Irishmen, will have passed the ruling of their own country. British rule and all the wrong and oppression it has, for centuries, meant for Ireland will be a thing of the past. Ireland will be for the Irish, and under native control the abundant resources of the country will be fully developed, and the island of poverty—"poor Ireland"—as she has been under alien misgovernment, will quickly become a prosperous and happy land—A Nation once again.

The honor and glory of this great National achievement are to be credited to a United Irish race. Never were a people so of one mind, so earnest and so determined in pursuit of a good object as the Irish in and out of Ireland have been in their great fight for Home Rule. And never was a good cause of National justice served by a better leader and Party than has the Irish Cause by its Parliamentary representatives. In this connection we note some remarks of Mr. Joseph Devlin, in a speech the other day at Cork, in which, referring to the Home Rule Bill and the Party, he observed:

"Once the Bill has been placed there, it will never be repealed so long as the grass grows or water runs. It will stand for all time a monument of the triumph of right and justice over might and wrong, a tribute to the invincibility of moral force rightly directed.

"The history of this struggle, when it comes to be written, will be one of intense interest for those who come after us: but of this I am assured, that the verdict of posterity upon Mr. Redmond and his Party will be that no leader and no set of men ever served their country with greater devotion, with more single-minded purpose, or with more brilliant success."

This tribute, all will admit, is well merited. The Irish Party have deserved well of their country and their race. The battle for freedom for their Fatherland and their great victory will occupy bright pages in Ireland's history.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

SOME CLAIMS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

(a) She is the only Church Christ founded, even if Whittaker's almanac names more than one hundred sects for England alone.

(b) She is the only one, Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church.

(c) She is the only Church whose ministrations reach the children of all nations.

(d) Her philosophy and theology presuppose in those who study them some education. They were never meant to be understood by self-ordained exhorters or self-immortalized sciolists.

(e) The greatest poets, literateurs, scientists, general scholars, philosophers have, in 90 per cent. of the cases, been Catholics. What was Pasteur? What is Lorenz, Van Roentgen, etc.?

(f) Even Darwin got his cue from the Schoolmen.

(g) The great scientists who are not Catholics and not Protestants either: they are infidels. So are the best theologians outside the Church. Catholic argument, when it does not win them, at least "smokes them out."

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"Fruit-a-tives" cures weak, sore, aching Kidneys, not only because it strengthens these organs but also because "Fruit-a-tives" opens the bowels, sweetens the stomach and stimulates the action of the skin.

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ited to a United Irish race. Never were a people so of one mind, so earnest and so determined in pursuit of a good object as the Irish in and out of Ireland have been in their great fight for Home Rule. And never was a good cause of National justice served by a better leader and Party than has the Irish Cause by its Parliamentary representatives. In this connection we note some remarks of Mr. Joseph Devlin, in a speech the other day at Cork, in which, referring to the Home Rule Bill and the Party, he observed:

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HOW I CURED MY CATARRH

Told in a Simple Way Without Apparatus, Inhalers, Salves, Lotions, Harmful Drugs, Smoke or Electricity

Heals Day and Night

It is a new way. It is something absolutely different. No lotions, sprays or sickly smelling salves or creams. No atomizer, or any apparatus of any kind. Nothing to smoke or inhale. No steaming or rubbing or injections. No electricity or vibration or massage. No powder; no plasters; no keeping in the house. Nothing of that kind at all. Something new and different, something delightful and healthful, something instantly successful. You do not have to wait and linger and pay out a lot of money. You can stop it over night—and I will gladly tell you how—FREE. I am not a doctor and this is not a so-called doctor's prescription—but I am cured and my friends are cured, and you can be cured. Your suffering will stop at once like magic.

I Am Free—You Can Be Free

My catarrh was filthy and loathsome. It made me ill. It dulled my mind. It undermined my health, spitting made me obnoxious to all, and my foul breath and disgusting habits made even my loved ones avoid me secretly. My delight in life was dulled and my faculties impaired. I knew that in time it would bring me to an untimely grave, because every moment of the day and night it was slowly yet surely sapping my vitality.

RISK JUST ONE CENT

Send no money. Just your name and address on a postal card. Say: "Dear Sam Katz: Please tell me how you cured your catarrh, and how I can cure mine. This all you need to say. I will understand, and I will write to you with complete information, FREE, at once. Do not delay. Send postal card or write me a letter today. Don't think of turning this page until you have asked for this wonderful treatment that can do for you what it has done for me."

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others turned up, once the savages lost their thirst for blood.

(b) There is even, as the late Father A. F. Hewitt, C. S. P., once said, a distant charm in the word "Catholic" for those who retain the Christian tone and temper of mind.

(c) She is only Church infidels find worth fighting.

(d) Christ was fought by all classes of men in Jerusalem; His Church has inherited the common hatred of all heretics, infidels, Jews and schismatics.

(e) The unbroken chain of her Popes form the backbone of general history. Luther is dead, but there is still a Pope.

(f) The Church, as Archbishop Hughes once said, is not a foreigner on any continent or island of this globe.

(g) She is the only Church that can speak with authority, and the only Church that truly respects the Bible.

(h) She has given the artist, the musician, the sculptor, the architect, etc., their noblest themes, the themes that immortalized them.

(i) She is the only Church that deserves the common hatred of such blackguards as Luther, Calvin, Henry VIII, Zwingli and Knox, and such cadts as Chiniquy, Combes and Clemens.

(j) She is the only Church that bears a full message to the world.

(k) The Church that can make a man confess his sins, although she can have him sing hymns, strain his eyes, and strike his breast in the bargain.

(l) She is the only Church whose doctrine can bear the scrutiny of common sense.

(m) Like her founder, Jesus Christ she never changes. Her priests cannot teach and preach according as every wind of doctrine moves.

(n) She is the only Church that has never yielded, never faltered, never gone back, never made a compromise with infidelity, never let go the Old Testament or the New, never hesitated in the conflict with kings or people when Christianity was at stake. She defied King Hal and disobeyed Napoleon.—Tidings.

CATHOLIC CHURCH IS MOST LOYAL TO CHRIST

"Is it any wonder that believing Protestant ministers preach to empty benches and that thousands of Protestant churches have been closed in this Christian land in the last few years, as reported by the different Protestant denominations? And is it any wonder the Catholic Church has been increasing so rapidly in America, since that great Church does not stand on a shifting and uncertain foundation?"

"While yearly reports show many of the Protestant clergy going about in the dark, feeling for some solid biblical foundation stone upon which to build their religious belief, the old Church stands firm, as it has done for ages; it has never repudiated the great foundation truths of the Christian religion; the Virgin birth and resurrection of Jesus Christ. We must therefore, admire this great religious body (the Catholic Church)

WHEN GOING TO CONFESSION

It is not safe to be original in the matter of salvation, so we follow the teaching of the Church.

You are obliged to confess only your mortal sins. You are not obliged to confess a sin about which you are uncertain, but if you are not well, tell it. The only way to know that you have not had contrition is to be convinced that you intended to commit the same sins at the first opportunity.

A quarter of an hour should be long enough for preparation for weekly confession. From three to five of these fifteen minutes is ample time for examination. You cannot have a mortal sin on your soul without knowing it—it is like a big fish which must come to the surface to breathe.

Why should ten minutes be too much for contrition and resolution? Have you not motives enough? You began the week in the fullness of God's grace, and now what have you done? Perhaps you have been on the boundary line of mortal sin and have been saved by God's grace. And what else has He done for you this week?

How does God consider sin? Looking on Calvary for the answer.

Be as plain and blunt in telling your sins as you were in committing them. Listen to the priest's advice and don't worry trying to recall other sins while he is talking to you. The priest is taking Christ's place. Be as attentive to what he says as if Christ were speaking.

In making your act of contrition think of your sins as of a handful of slime which you have cast into the beautiful Face of God. You need not feel contrition. It is an act of the will, and regards the past and the future—rejects the past, resolves for the future.

Trouble does not come from God. His acts all tend to encourage us. The devil tries to discourage us. Those troubled with scruples must obey or they will open the "blue bead chamber" of their own punishment. Their obedience is often punished in this world.

Give the confessor credit for having common sense; believe that he has some judgment. He is as much obliged to see that you make a good confession as we are to make it; and even if he should make a mistake in directing you, he alone is responsible. You are safe in obeying.

Each confession should be a wave to raise you nearer to God. It should be a bath and a tonic; a bath to purify you from all stain; a tonic to strengthen you with so gigantic a

for being able to withstand the fierce assaults of agnosticism, infidelity and so called new thought, and to be to-day a lasting defense of the fundamental truths of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.—New York Sun.

MATERIALISM OF KARL MARX

That Karl Marx, the widely known founder of so called "Scientific" Socialism, his close friend, Frederick Engels, and his principal personal followers were materialists and atheists, is a well known fact. It is also recognized that their works and writings attack the idea of a spiritual life and the existence of the Deity. Many works, such as that of Cathrein-Gottmann on "Socialism," for example, have clearly demonstrated this. It is interesting, however, to note in this regard the feelings and character of Marx as revealed in a letter written to Engels in 1864 and recently published in the New York Call (Aug. 16, magazine edition). The article in which the letter appears deals with the history of the famous "International" and the letter refers to the deliberations of the subcommittee which drew up the rules of that organization and of which Marx was a member. There was much debate as to the various ideas which should be incorporated in this set of rules, but the theories put forth by Marx finally triumphed. "The subcommittee," he significantly writes, "approves everything, but I was compelled to put in the preamble two phrases about 'duty' and 'right,' also 'truth, justice and morality,' which however, are so placed that they can do no harm. In the subsequent meeting of the Provisional Committee my address was carried with great enthusiasm and unanimity."

"This letter," says the author of the article in which it appears, "speaks for itself. Marx sneers at 'duty and right, truth, justice and morality,' and the apology for having asserted those ethical concepts in his address, were quite in keeping with the scientific, materialistic and utilitarian atmosphere in which his intellect had matured." The expression of Marx and the explanation of his disciple in this latter paragraph are very pregnant in meaning. For one who has abandoned all idealism and taken up the ideas of a materialistic philosophy such concepts as "duty, right, truth, justice and morality," have no meaning. They are but to be sneered at; and of course in practical life they are never to be followed. Such is the natural result of the doctrines which Marx and his friends propagate and which are still being taught to-day to many well-meaning people through the instrumentality of the "soap box," the Socialist Sunday school, the various Socialist schools and classes, and their lecture courses. C. B. of C. V.

strength that you may overcome all temptations and acquire all virtues. —Intermountain Catholic.

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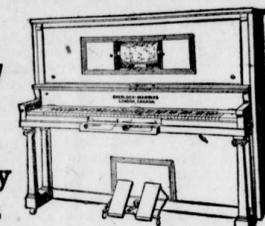
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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

A single individual seems insignificant in this crowded world. Yet it is so ordered that even the humblest can possess and exert an influence, apparently wholly out of proportion with his social position and his worldly advantages.

A schoolmaster exerts, as a rule, a greater influence over the future of his community than does the richest citizen or its most honored inhabitant.

The schoolmaster who follows the growth of his pupils out of school, may have a prodigious part in the shaping of the dominant spirit of his neighborhood.

What the schoolmaster may do is an evidence of what other men may do. Their sympathy and community interest with the humble and the lowly, their uprightness of character and their facilities for meeting their fellow men, give them great opportunities.

A sober man may do considerable for frugality and temperance in a community of drunkards and spendthrifts. A man who practices his religion may commend it highly to his associates. Converts have been made in this way.

A Catholic who sets out with the determination of using every occasion that he can, with propriety, to enlighten his associates as to what the real teachings of Catholicity are, may, in a lifetime, do an incalculable service to the Church.

A Catholic who elects to spend a few dollars every year for the purpose of putting readable Catholic literature "where it will do the most good," may sow the seed for great results.

Ideas, facts, truth, are the weapons of this influence, and these weapons are at the command of every person who chooses to use them. We are not here merely to make money.

What is man? If the chief good and market of his time be but to feed and sleep? A beast—no more.

Our lives are of very little importance if we fail to do some good. And we can do good by giving our neighbor some principle or some conviction to live by. Truth is the possession of every man who cares to seek it, and good is done by every man who seeks to spread the Truth that he possesses.

THE KINDNESS OF SILENCE The kindness of silence is something we might all bestow much more frequently than we do. Granted that we do not indulge in scandal, that when we know of the distress and disgrace that has befallen a friend's household in the wrongdoing of one of its members, we tell the tale only pitiably and with every extenuating circumstance, yet why tell it at all? If it were one of our own who had stumbled into misery or sin, if one dear to us had yielded to sudden temptation, if our home had been rent with bitterness and dissension, would not the first impulse be to hide the hurt and stain from every human eye? Would we not bless the friendship that, so far as possible, closed its eyes and sealed its lips, and that could be trusted not to repeat what it perceived had seen and heard? Surely this is a place where the Golden Rule might have much wider practice than it has—the shielding of others by silence, doing as we would be done by.

MAN BUILDING In man building as in building structures of steel and brick, the foundation must be right, otherwise the after work will be of little value. The successful architect is the one who gives the most careful attention to the foundation on which his building is to be erected. In man building, you can not give too much attention to the foundation. First, you must find out what kind of a man you really want to build. You must have an ideal. Unless you know what you want to accomplish, unless you have a fixed purpose, you will never arrive at your destination. The three great factors in man building are resolution, energy and persistence. First, you must resolve that you will build a certain kind of man, and you must have a plan on which to work. Second, you must put your plan into operation, and apply the energy. Third, you must be persistent.—Catholic Columbian.

THE TWO WAYS There are two ways of being happy—we may either diminish our wants or augment our means—either will do, the result is the same; and it is for each man to decide for himself, and do that which happens to be easiest. If you are idle, or sick, or poor, however hard it may be to diminish your wants, it will be harder to augment your means. If you are active, or prosperous, or young, or in good health, it may be easier for you to augment your means than to diminish your wants. But if you are wise, you will do both at the same time, you will be poor, sick or well, and if you are very wise you will do both in such a way as to augment the general happiness of the society.—Benjamin Franklin.

ATTENTION, YOUNG MEN Complaining young man, a word to you. Are you finding fault because the world isn't doing the right thing by you?

Do you think your hours of service are too long, your wages too low, and your work too hard? Kindly ask your father in the light of his experience what he thinks about it.

Let him tell you what the hours of labor were when he was a boy—the meagre wages he received, the unsanitary surroundings of the shop, the lack of holidays or even half holidays, the early call to duty, and the late blowing of the whistle when evening came.

Your father knows about it, especially if he is native born. If he came from a foreign land within all the wonderful changes in industrial conditions that have signaled the progress of this country since the terrible war between the states.

Let your father tell you of the frugal home of his boyhood days, the meagre fare, the lack of luxuries, and the absence of summer vacations. Let him tell you how happy he and your mother were under conditions that to you would impel a spirit of revolt.

Young man, the world has moved. You are far better off than your father was. You are enjoying shorter hours, better wages, more holidays and your regular summer vacation. All the surroundings in your office, shop, or factory are much better than your father had. At your home there are soft carpets on the floor, curtains and screens on the windows, sanitary bathing apparatus and a telephone.

There are not only sewing machines for the good mother, but you will find an organ or a piano and perhaps a talking machine for your sister. Your table is well supplied with what your need and with many things that in your father's boyhood were luxuries far beyond his reach.

Stop and think of these things, complaining young man, and then answer the question: "Are you as good a citizen as your father?"—John A. Sleigher, in Leslies.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

TRUE COURAGE Courage is one of the essential qualities of manhood. All young people should cultivate it. It is very important, however, that they take heed lest they fall into error as to what real courage is. A company of lads were taking a Saturday afternoon stroll through the country. At a secluded spot on the roadside they came upon a number of peach trees laden with ripe, luscious fruit. The lads had whetted their appetites, and when they looked upon those rosy-cheeked Albertas their mouths fairly watered.

"Why not help ourselves?" queried Jim Murray. "We can slip in and out of the back of the field, and nobody need ever be the wiser." Several of the boys hesitated about acceding to his proposition. They would have given anything in reason for some of the tempting fruit, but they knew it was not theirs and that taking it without permission would be nothing more nor less than common vulgarity. Very naturally, therefore, they drew back when it was proposed that they help themselves to what did not belong to them. But Jim Murray was their gang leader, and the force of his personality soon overcame their objections. One by one they consented to join in the raid upon the peach orchard. But when they started for the back of the field they were surprised to find that Edgar Jones held back.

"Why don't you come on?" they shouted back to him in a chorus. But he refused to budge. So they went to find out what the matter was.

"Aren't you going with us?" demanded Jim in a half-angry tone. But Edgar's face was set as if he had come to a determination from which he did not mean to be shaken, and without an apology or explanation he hurried out an emphatic "No!" Then his companions began to call him "sisy" and "baby" and all the names that a sure enough boy hates.

Finally Jim Murray said to him: "I know what's the matter with you. You are afraid, afraid of your mammy." Then Edgar's eyes flashed, and, looking Jim squarely in the face, he answered: "Yes, I'm afraid, because to take Mr. Thompson's peaches would be stealing. I am afraid to do wrong, but I'm not afraid to do right, even though you don't like it." And turning on his heels he walked in the opposite direction.

"Come on, boys," said Jim to the rest of his companions. "Let's not be cut out of our fun because Edgar's a 'sisy'."

And the whole gang set out for the back of the orchard. But somehow their adventure had lost its zest, and for several minutes they trudged on in silence. When they finally came to the place at which they were to enter the orchard it seemed that one was ready to be the first to climb the fence. Even Jim Murray showed a disposition to hesitate. Finally Jack Duncan announced that he didn't believe he wanted any peaches, anyway, and several others said they didn't, either. So the matter ended in a unanimous agreement that their appetites for peaches had entirely vanished, and upon this they set out on their march homeward. Half a mile away they came upon Edgar sitting on a rock by the bank of a creek.

"Hello, Ed," called Jim Murray. "Hello!" the latter responded.

A few minutes later as merry a company of boys as one could find anywhere might have been seen trudging along the highways that leads into the village. As they were

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about to part company for their respective homes, late in the evening Jack Duncan, creeping close up to Jim Murray, said in a low voice, "Say, Jim, I'm mighty glad we didn't steal Mr. Thompson's peaches, ain't you?" And Jim nodded his assent. Which of this company of lads acted the part of true manliness and courage?

CHILDREN WIN PEACE In the old city of Hamburg, in Germany, we are told, a beautiful and striking custom is observed each year to celebrate a famous victory which was won by little children more than four hundred years ago.

A great army of soldiers surrounded the city; for there was war in the country, and the enemy was trying very hard to capture the city. The siege had lasted a long time, and the people in the city were almost ready to die for want of food.

At last, someone suggested that all the children in Hamburg should be sent out unprotected to the enemy's camp, hoping thus to break the hearts of the soldiers who were so helpless and innocent children.

The plan was carried out as it had been suggested. The soldiers in the besieging army, to their surprise and astonishment, saw a long procession of little ones, clad in white, come out of the city and march boldly into their camp. This strange and unexpected sight melted their hearts, and they threw down their arms, and, plucking branches of fruit from the neighboring cherry orchards, they gave them to the children to take back to the city as a token of peace.

Thus a great victory was won by the children, and ever since that time the day has been celebrated in the city of Hamburg by a procession of boys and girls dressed in white and carrying branches of the cherry trees in their hands.—The Young Catholic Messenger.

AT THE HEAD OF HIS CLASS Some years ago, in a poor school-house in a back district, a boy at the foot of the class unexpectedly spelled a word which had passed down the entire class.

"Go up to the head," said the master, "and see that you stay there. You can, if you work hard." The boy hung his head. But the next day he did not miss a word in spelling. The brighter scholars knew every word in the lesson, hoping there might be a chance to get ahead, but there was not a single one. Dave stayed at the head. He had been an indifferent speller before, but now he knew every word.

"Dave, how do you get your lessons so well now?" said the master. "I learn every word in the lesson, and get my mother to read them to me at night; then I go over them in the morning before I come to school. And I go over them at my seat before the class is called up."

"Good boy, Dave," said the master. "That's the way to have success; always work that way and you'll do."

Dave is to-day the manager of a big lumber company, and he attributes his start to the words: "Go up to the head, and see that you stay there; you can, if you work hard."—New Zealand Tablet.

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A caricature this of the religious life! The heroic woman in our active and contemplative orders do not bring to God the dregs of wasted affection. God is not for them an after-thought; He is first and above all. His is the greatest and only love they have known; and with hearts brimming over they come in the radiant fragrance of the early morning of their lives to plight their troth with Him who is Love itself. And the moon-day and evening of their lives are His as well; all that they have and all that they are, they consecrate to Him; and at the last, when the night when no man can work settles down on their heads, Him, they breathe out their pure joy to meet Him who has always been their all. It is not in despair that they determine to embrace the religious life; if they leave the world, it is because their hearts have been fired with a spark of divine enthusiasm to keep their lives snowwhite and to climb to heights of exalted sacrifice and sublime ideals such as the world neither cares for nor knows.—America.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

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PARIS KNELT AND PRAYED

TEN THOUSAND ATTENDED THE SERVICE IN CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME

By Will J. Guard
Paris, Sunday Evening, Sept. 13.—
"A Notre Dame, Paris priera aujourd'hui pour la France."

I read this announcement while I was taking my morning coffee in the Hotel des Tuileries, situated on the little side street named Ste. Hyacinthe, into which I moved yesterday after my favorite hotel, the Hotel de Calais in the Rue des Capucines, had closed its doors.

During the last few days we have had quite a change of weather. The sunshine has been very fitful. At times it has been raining and very cold.

CROWDS GOING TO CATHEDRAL

But I am digressing shamefully. Let me revert to the subject of my first paragraph. The son of a Methodist preacher of Irish birth and Huguenot blood can never become entirely unreligious.

When Cardinal Amette finally appeared a great shout arose: "Vive le Cardinal!" Handkerchiefs and hats were waved in the air.

By that time the services had begun. The church was filled to overflowing. Even the cloisters were crowded with worshippers.

10,000 JOIN IN SINGING

The preliminary service over, the organ pealed forth and 10,000 voices joined in singing the canticle, the words of which I was told were entitled:

"Pitie mon Dieu, c'est pour Notre Patrie.

"Sauvez, sauvez la France, au nom du Sacre Coeur."

One must have a heart of stone to be untouched with emotion on such occasions as this.

FACTS ABOUT THE POPES

A recent writer has summarized some facts about the Popes which will bear repetition. Of the first thirty, twenty-nine were martyrs, who were the twenty-fourth successor of St. Peter.

lives on the battlefield in behalf of liberty and the Fatherland. Is it strange that even an outsider like myself should feel a responsive tremor in the very depths of his soul?

Presently there was a movement within the choir. Cardinal Amette, who had just returned from helping to elect the new Pope, was ascending the pulpit.

The sermon finished, the procession formed. It was in honor of the feast of the day, the Nativity of the Virgin.

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By that time the services had begun. The church was filled to overflowing. Even the cloisters were crowded with worshippers.

GREAT CROWD KNEELS

The great assembly sank to its knees as one person as the Cardinal with magnificent gesture made the sign of the cross.

CONVERTS OF HISTORIC NAME

Mr. Scannell O'Neill, associate editor of the Catholic Citizen, writes: "An interesting book might be made of notices of the convert relatives of great Americans."

while Palestine, Thrace, Holland, Portugal and England have each contributed one to the Papal chair.

Nine Popes reigned less than one month, thirty less than a year, eleven more than twenty years and six over twenty three years.

MEXICAN BISHOPS' LETTER

DEFENDS HONOR OF THE MEXICAN HIERARCHY AGAINST SLANDEROUS ACCUSATIONS—HAVE PRAYED FOR PEACE AND NEVER COUNSELLED REVOLUTION

Fearing lest we should aggravate the sad condition of our churches, during the unfortunate circumstances under which they suffer, we have kept the profoundest silence in face of the monstrous and criminal falsehoods with which some have endeavored to stain the clean reputation of the bishops and clergy of Mexico.

Complying with the duty imposed on us by our sacred ministry, we declare, venerable brethren and beloved children, that Catholics, who accept with all humility and submission the wise paternal designs of our Heavenly Father, who has willed to try us by the fire of tribulation.

To conclude: we exhort you, venerable brethren and beloved children to keep your Faith alive in the midst of persecution, and to strengthen your souls with the example of our Divine Saviour and with the frequent reception of the holy Sacrament of Confession and Communion.

We are in a position to ascertain and state in the face of the world that neither the Bishops nor the clergy in Mexico have ever contributed, to the best of our knowledge and belief, to help any of the Revolutions that have disturbed our country in these modern times.

Archbishops Ramon, Archbishop of Puebla; Francisco, Archbishop of Linares; Francisco, Archbishop of Guadalajara.

Bishops Nicholas, Bishop of Chihuahua; Ignacio Valdespino, Bishop of Aguascalientes; Francisco, Bishop of Sinaloa; Jesus Maria, Bishop of Saltillo; Emeterio, Bishop of Leon; Miguel, Bishop of Zacatecas.

The attitude of the clergy in general, from the Bishops down to the last clergyman, has been most noble and highly worthy of our sublime mission, which is a mission of love and peace.

And who does not know what the Bishops and priests have done, even at the risk of their very lives, to moderate the rigors of war, and to save disinterestedly the lives and honor and goods of the innocent peace-loving people, regardless of their own personal political opinions and regardless of the political party with which they might have been affiliated?

CALDEY AND THE HOLY SEE

Less than two years ago the Anglican Benedictines of Caldey Island were one of the anomalies of the Church of England, and at the time of their conversion to the Catholic religion there was a good deal of speculation among Anglicans as to the ultimate fate, as a community, of these men.

Furthermore, we raise our voice in protest against the false accusation with which many have deceived the people, namely, that we are helping the actual dissension and discord with our pecuniary support.

In order to justify the spoliation of the priests and Bishops, the absurd story has been spread everywhere, even in foreign countries, that the Catholic Church in Mexico abounds in riches and temporal goods.

On August 3rd, the little town of Tenby, where the passenger takes boat for Caldey, tumbled out to welcome the new abbot. Catholics are few and far between in that part of Wales, and the incident tells in favor of the affection with which the monks are regarded by Welsh Protestants.

So we leave the convert monks to be Benedictines, and God has given them their heart's desire. Against the disquieting rumors that have been so busily circulated among Anglicans has been set the truth.

The Holy See and every one in the Catholic Church connected with the monks have shown the utmost generosity and kindness. So far from being restricted and hampered with conditions of all kinds, every facility has been granted to Caldey to continue the religious life on exactly the same lines and in the same spirit as in the past, but with what a difference!—H. Christopher Watts, Caldey Convert, in America.

This pastoral letter should be read "inter Missarum Solemnitas, on the first day of obligation and afterwards shall be affixed to the usual places.

Given in the city of Mexico on the 16th day of July, the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, of the year of Our Lord 1914.

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NEW BOOKS

"Fine Clay." A novel, by Isabel C. Clarke, author of "Prisoners' Years," etc. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York, Price \$1.50.

MARRIAGE

LANDY-LOARDEN.—At St. Patrick's Church, Toronto, Wednesday, Sept. 30th, 1914, by Very Rev. William Brick, C.S.S.R., John James Mungler Landy, son of the late J. J. Landy, barrister, to Catherine Teresa, daughter of Cornelius Loarden, Toronto.

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

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BRANCHES AND CONNECTIONS THROUGHOUT CANADA
Open a current or cheque account with the Home Bank and pay your housekeeping or personal bills, by cheque. This is a more business-like method than paying with cash out of hand.

TEACHERS WANTED

WANTED FOR SEPARATE SCHOOL NO. 1, McMillan, a teacher holding first or second class professional certificate. Duties to begin at once. Salary \$500 per annum. Apply to John O'Neill, R. R. 1, Cambridge, Ont. 1877-3.

POSITION WANTED

YOUNG LADY GRADUATE OF SACRED HEART CONVENT, OTTAWA, desires position as lady's companion or governess. Apply to Box M, Catholic Record, London, Ont. 1878-1.

GIRLS' DRESS CO

MOTHERS, SEND FOR A PICTURE AND sample material of our 60-cent dress for little girls. Girls' Dress Co., Windsor, Ont. 1879-1.

FARM FOR SALE

ONTARIO FARMS FOR SALE: 100 ACRES more or less, located within two miles of Separate school and Catholic Church; reasonable price. State locality preferred. Address, Advertiser, 62 Sherbourne St., Toronto. 1871-7.

C. M. E. A. Branch No. 4, London

Meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month at eight o'clock, at their Rooms, St. Peter's Parish Hall, Richmond Street. P. H. Kavanagh, President.

Vocations for Irish Brotherhood

The Irish Presentation Brothers HAVE NOW OPENED THEIR CANADIAN NOVIATE AT LONGUEUIL, MONTREAL

for the reception of young men desirous of devoting their lives in religion to the education of youth. Good health and the talents necessary to prosecute the course of studies prescribed by the Order for its members, are essential.

The most suitable age to enter is from 16 to 25. Application for particulars may be made to Br. Peter Curtin or Br. Casimir, Presentation Brothers, LONGUEUIL, MONTREAL

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Lecture BY James J. Walsh M.D., Ph.D., Litt.D., K.C. St. G. Professor of Physiological Psychology Cathedral College, New York

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