

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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MOTHERS OF MEN

The bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.
Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought,
From mouths of wonderful men.
But deep in a walled-up woman's heart,
Of woman that would not yield;
But bravely, silently, bore her part—
Lo! there is the battlefield!
No marshalling troop, no bivouac song,
No banners to gleam and wave;
But oh! these battles, they last so long,
From babyhood to the grave!
—JOAQUIN MILLER

A TRENCH PICTURE FROM FRANCE

IN THE DARKENED CHURCH
By the late Major William Redmond, M. P.

It is true, alas! that in the War zone—that is to say, close by the very front—there is little to be seen that is other than sad, pitiful, and wounding to the feelings of those who cling to the civilization of the Christian era. The ruined homes, the wasted fields, the evidences of destruction and rapine upon all sides may well make men almost despair of humanity.

The "pomp and glory" of modern war are trivial things compared to the devastation of the invaded land and the misery of its wretched inhabitants. Glory there is, indeed, for those who, with their bodies, their hearts and souls, defend the Right; but of glory there is assuredly none attaching to the work of the German hordes who ruthlessly laid waste the poor little land of Belgium and enslaved a people whose chief characteristics were fear of God and love of industry.

And yet in the very vortex of ruin and devastation, and amidst all the havoc wrought by men in their most brutal mood, one comes here and there across little scenes which, at a stroke, seem to restore one's faith in mankind, and one's trust that the Power which, from nothing, made the world beautiful, will yet stay the frenzied work of the man whose god seems to be the dripping sword alone.

At a certain point at the front there is a village where the troops come from time to time to rest, and the church there is crowded each evening with the soldiers. Lights of a brilliant kind are not allowed in this village as it is so near the line, and it is urgent at night to give no sign which might make the place a target for the long-range guns of the enemy. Therefore, the church is never lighted in the evening, and it is by the flames of a few candles, slung on the altar of our Lady of Boltons that the Rosary is recited.

It is a strange scene in this church at night. Entering it, all is dark save for the few flickering candles on the altar before which the priest kneels to say the prayers. It is only when the men join in, that one becomes aware that the church is really full; and it is solemn and appealing—beyond words to describe—when up from the darkness rises the great chorus of hundreds of voices in prayer. The darkness seems to add impressiveness to the prayers, whilst from the outside are heard the rumble and roar of the guns which, not so very far away, are dealing out death and agony to the comrades of the men who are praying. Sometimes the church is momentarily illumined by the flashes of the guns, and the windows are lighted up as though by lightning.

The writer of these lines has seen many an impressive spectacle of large congregations at prayer in great and spacious churches in many lands, but nothing more truly touching, impressive, and moving has he ever witnessed than the darkened church behind the lines, thronged with troops fervently invoking the intercession of the Mother of God under the altar of our Lady of Boltons the Angel of Death.

In France and Belgium the Catholic troops are fortunate in having at hand so many churches of their own faith, and this makes it easier for the devoted chaplains to get their flocks together. For so many days the battalions are in the trenches, and for so many days in the comparative safety of the camps in the little villages somewhere back from the firing line.

The day and night before a battle goes to the trenches, the chaplains are busy in the churches, for the men through to confession; and it is a wonderful and most faith-inspiring sight to see them in hundreds approaching the altar before marching off to danger, and in many cases to death itself.

When the men in the trenches are over, and the men resume their Rosary in the darkened church in the evenings, there are always some

absent ones who were there the week before. For this very reason perhaps—because of the comrades who will never kneel by their side again—the men pray all the more fervently, and with ever increasing earnestness say, "May the souls of the Faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace!"

Whilst some of the chaplains attend the men who are resting in the back villages, others follow the men into the line, and there, in some ruined house close by, or in a shelter or dug-out in the trench itself, they are always at hand to minister to the suffering and the dying. Who can measure the consolation they bring, or who can describe the comfort and happiness of the soldier whose eyes, before they close for ever, rest upon the face of the priest of his own faith? If the priest in peace is the ever-sought comforter of the afflicted and dying, how much more so is the priest in time of war and in the battle line!

The writer has met at the front many chaplains, and the dominant feeling of one and all is thankfulness that they were able to go out with the men and share their lot.

Of all the actors in the great tragedy of the War none stand out more heroically than the chaplains, none fill a greater place in what has come to be called the theatre of war. No wonder so many of them have received decorations, and no wonder the men highly value the presence and the consolation and the encouragement of the "Padre," as the officers call all the ministers of religion.

To the Catholic soldiers, however, the priest remains "Father," and it is good to see them smile as he approaches, and to hear the sound ring of the old faith in their voices as they reply to his salutation and address him always as "Father." Mass has been said in the very trenches, and the writer has attended Mass in many a ruined church and many a shell-wrecker's shelter. And ever and always the men are the same—devoted and earnest, and the more wretched their surroundings, the more eager they are.

Nothing is more noticeable than the way the Catholic soldier holds by his beads. In the change and chance and turmoil of active service many things get lost, but the Rosary beads seem to be always treasured, and every soldier at Mass seems to have them. Prayer books are often missing, but the Rosary, as a rule, never is.

The writer has seen men who were killed in the line. Their little personal belongings are carefully collected by comrades and safely kept to be sent home; but the Rosary, when found in the pocket, is often, usually indeed, reverently placed round the dead man's neck before he is wrapped in his blanket for burial. "I put his beads about his neck, sir," is the report often given by the stretcher-bearer to the chaplain or other officer, as a mark is given to the grave. How many Catholic soldiers lie in their lonely graves today in the War zone with their beads about their necks! How very, very many! And so, indeed, one feels sure, would they wish to be buried.

In all the horrid welter of war, beyond all doubt the steady and simple faith of the Catholic soldier supplies at least one bright spot that shines and cheers amidst the ruin and devastation all about. And of all the symbols of his faith the soldier's Rosary is foremost.

The fortitude of the men seem to draw from their faith in great and marked. The man who has been with his chaplain and who has prepared himself by the Sacraments is ready for any fate, and shows it in his very demeanour. Often the writer has heard officers declare their pleasure at the devotion of the men to their religion, and frequently these officers have been of other religions themselves. A high General Officer once declared that good chaplains are as necessary as good Commanding Officers. The good chaplains are undoubtedly at the front to day, and they are the first to bear testimony to the goodness of the men.

The late Major William Redmond was born in 1861 at Wexford, Ireland. He entered Parliament in 1888 where he supported the Parnellite Party.

After the first Zeppelin raid on England he joined the Royal Irish Division, which was chiefly recruited from the Catholics of the West and South of Ireland. He expressed his feelings on the War in the following words:

There may be a few who think that Germany would not injure Ireland, and might even benefit her. I hope the Clare people will rely on no such rash statements. If the Germans come here . . . they will be our masters, and we at their mercy. What that mercy is likely to be judge by the mercy shown to Belgium. I am far too old to be a soldier, but I mean to do my best for whatever life remains in me, to show that Ireland at least is true to her treaties, and not in any way ungrateful to her friends throughout the world. No Irishman worth his salt would beholden for any favour to the men who have ruined Belgium.

He made his last appearance in Parliament on March 7th, 1917, and on June 7th he was killed.

The moving "Trench Picture" printed above is taken, by permission of the publishers, Messrs. Andrew Melrose, from the volume entitled "Trench Pictures From France," published in August, 1917.

PROTESTANT SOLDIERS ATTEND MASS

FIDELITY OF CATHOLIC BOYS TO RELIGION IMPRESSES COMRADES

The Mass which is said at Camp Dix, at Wrightstown, N. J., finds many Protestant attendants, says a writer in the Catholic Monitor of Newark, N. J. This fact is said to be puzzling to onlookers not of the Catholic faith; but the writer, Mr. John McGuinness, gives a rather detailed history of the Mass and sees in its long-popular appeal the answer to the query. His picture of camp life is interesting to both Catholic and Protestant. It will be recalled that Cardinal Gibbons said that half the enlisted men at Camp Dix were Catholics, and the report from the camp shows that this contingent continues faithful in their attendance at Mass. The Monitor says:

Ten Masses are said every Sunday in the Y. M. C. A. and K. of G. buildings (the Y. M. C. A. permit the use of their building). The buildings are overfilled at each Mass. The men kneel in the aisle, on the door-step, and even outside on the ground. Protestants marvel at this. They can't understand it. A lasting impression is being made on them. One of the chaplains told us of a wealthy man who gave up his business in order to take up the Y. M. C. A. work in the camp. For several Sundays he had watched these great gatherings of Catholics at the Masses.

"One Sunday he came to the priest and said: 'Father, every Sunday you have thousands at the Mass, while we get only a handful at our service. Every Sunday you have the same thing; you never change and the buildings won't hold the men. We change; we bring in new speakers, men of national reputation; we do everything to attract the men, with our oratory. Father, how do you do it? Why do they come to the Mass?'"

"We have in the past heard similar complaints from ministers who had to preach to empty pews. A little reflection will give the cause. Run you come to the sixteenth century; there you will find the beginning of the cause of their complaint. The revolvers of the sixteenth century overthrew authority—not an authority set up by man—but the authority established by Jesus Christ, the Living Voice, which speaks through His Church, and which is none other than the Holy Catholic Church in communion with the See of Rome. When they rejected this authority they cut themselves off from the main stem—the Catholic Church. As the branch when cut from the tree withers and dies, so they, being cut off from the parent stem, are withering and must eventually die; in fact, they are now dead so far as making spiritual progress is concerned. The result of this decay is manifest to none more clearly than themselves.

"The rejecting of this Divine Authority established by Jesus Christ and exercised by His Church has led to chaos. In its place the revolvers set up their own authority—pride of intellect, under which every one becomes an authority in himself. The Scriptures they interpret to their own liking. The result of this has led to the denial of its inspiration."

BISHOP M'GOLDRICK OF DULUTH DIES SUDDENLY

Duluth, Jan. 23.—Bishop James McGoldrick of the diocese of Duluth died here suddenly tonight at the age of seventy-six.

The Right Rev. James McGoldrick, Bishop of Duluth, was a native of Tipperary, Ireland, where he was born in 1841. He was ordained in 1867 and came to the St. Paul diocese in that year where he was appointed assistant to Bishop Grace at the St. Paul Cathedral.

In 1868 he was appointed pastor of the Immaculate Conception parish in Minneapolis, which was then hardly more than a village. He was pastor there for twenty-two years, where he took a leading part in temperance, hospital and educational work.

Consecrated Bishop of Duluth in 1889, Mr. McGoldrick promoted colonization and helped to erect many hospitals, churches, academies and schools, besides the fine Sacred Heart Cathedral in Duluth.

Bishop McGoldrick had a scientific mind and maintained a chemical laboratory in his residence for experimental purposes. With his life-long friend, Archbishop Ireland, he was an ardent advocate of prohibition and lived to see the triumph of his ideas.

He was of a simple, retiring nature and always the scholar and saint of the Northwest.

MORALS AS APPLIED TO ANIMALS

When anti-vivisectionists are compelled, as all of them except the most fanatical can be compelled, to admit that animal experimentation has been of some little help in the treatment of human diseases, they fall back into their last ditch—the assertion that men have no moral right to inflict on animals sufferings which are not wholly and directly advantageous to the animals themselves. That is what the editor of Life did, in the conversation on the subject of vivisection printed in The Times on Sunday.

Exactly what Mr. Mitchell meant by "moral right" he took care not to explain, preferring to let that point remain conveniently vague. Therein he was wise, for any clear thinking or plain talking about the moral rights of life in its lower forms as against its higher forms leads straight to wild absurdity.

If men are under any such moral obligations toward animals as men are to one another, then the slaughter of animals for food is as bad as cannibalism, the shearing of sheep is a mere robbery of the weak by the strong, and the compulsion of horses to lifelong labor for no other recompense than food and lodging is on a level with slavery.

The argument of moral right goes still further—if it goes any distance at all. It would condemn the application of hellbores to currant worms and of paris green to potato bugs. And as, according to all biologists, there is no essential difference between animal and vegetable life, what excuse have we, self-elected masters and exploiters of the world, to cut down a tree for firewood, to use corn or wheat for other than the ends for which corn and wheat take the trouble to grow, and what sanction can we offer for eating an apple or a cabbage?

All these are living creatures, and the consistent anti-vivisectionist simply must be horrified by interference with the "rights" of any of them.—N. Y. Times.

FIGURES TELL

To some of our more or less friendly critics, by way of polite speaking, a huge conspiracy must be hatching in the Catholic Church. What else can the recent census returns mean? At Camp Grant it was discovered that there are 7,678 Catholics, or nearly thirty-three and a third of the total number. At Camp Logan there were found 10,756 Catholics, or almost forty per cent. of the total number. Surely here is ground for the awful charges of Tom Watson and his motley crew. What can these Catholics mean in rushing in such numbers to the defense of their country? Here, indeed, is sufficient warrant for all the monstrous charges made against them for the last ten years. They would be found wanting if America was ever in need. That general of feathers and flourishes must see some huge conspiracy against his beloved, but now somewhat bedraggled, patriots. We are not foolish enough not to know that our array of patriotism will be lost on the beetle brows. We are even aware that years from now the same hue and cry will go out against the Church which has always been the ready weapon of skulkers. But whilst we do not flaunt it now, it will ever be a most treasured possession of the Catholic Church in America, that whereas it had only twenty per cent. of the population it had nearly forty per cent. in the fight for democracy.—Chicago New World.

BISHOP OF BRAZIL APPOINTED GOVERNOR OF STATE

When Don Francesco Aquina-Correa, member of the Salesian Missioners of the Venerable Don Bosco, received Episcopal consecration in 1914 he had the distinction of being the youngest bishop in the world. He was only twenty nine years of age at that time. I do not know if the Right Rev. Monsignor Aquina-Correa, Auxiliary-Bishop of the Archbishop of Cuyaba, Brazil, enjoys the same distinction yet, writes a correspondent of the Catholic News. Very likely he does. It is not every day the Church elevates a man under thirty to the Episcopal dignity. However, Bishop Aquina-Correa has since been the recipient of another dignity which, as far as I know, is unique in the case of a member of the Episcopate. This is his position of civil governor of the State of Mato Grosso in Brazil. It appears that for some time the State of Mato Grosso has been in a condition of extreme agitation, so much so that the personages eligible for the post of governor fought shy of going into a hornet's nest. No rising politician is anxious to go to meet his Waterloo. In this predicament the President of Brazil turned to the influential young bishop.

Would he not become Governor of the State? No. Bishop Aquina-Correa did not wish to do so, either. However, the reiterated requests of the President, his appeal to the prelate's patriotism, and the exhortations of the Nuncio Apostolic of Brazil won the day, and the Bishop undertook the position for the length of time that the present state of unrest lasts in Mato Grosso.

SPANISH BISHOPS WARN THE PEOPLE AGAINST PERIL

London, January 8.—The Spanish Episcopate has issued a collective declaration on the subject of the duty of Catholics in the present circumstances. It is a long document. The prelates say that, viewing the general disquiet of the country, they cannot but consider of the present moment as of the gravest character, having a particular solemnity from the fact that Europe and the whole world are in a tempest in which right and justice have already suffered severe attacks, while Spain herself is being dragged into the vortex.

They protest against the manoeuvres of professional agitators who seek easy triumph for their ambitions and passions. Spanish Catholics, they say, must repulse all seductive words exciting to rebellion; they must fortify the principle of authority with moral support, and the example of Christian obedience to the law and loyal adherence to the national institutions. Rich and poor should unite to extinguish the social incendiaries which has commenced and which only works destruction.

If, as the Bishops hope, Spain escapes the dangers of revolution with the aid of Divine Providence, it will be owing to the Catholics. If the contrary proves to be the case, future generations will bear testimony that the Bishops had clear vision of the perils of the day, and did not shirk the responsibility of defending the best interests of their country.

BREAKING INTO A CONVENT

It is not strange, but very natural, that the world should regard all who would live godly in Christ Jesus as fools, for it was in Herod that the world clothed the wisdom of God in robes of mockery, and Herod still lives. His closest followers cannot look for gentler treatment. They cannot hope that the world will even try to understand their motives, or justify their work. But out of the evil that the world plots God draws good. Some weeks ago the New York press chronicled the story of how a woman had made application for the custody of her daughter, a teaching Sister, on the ground that the Sister was either insane, or detained by force in her convent. Apparently, she could see no other reason why such institutions as convents could exist. With customary inaccuracy, the newspapers gave no hint that the mother was not a Catholic, but a Socialist. A full legal inquiry followed. The Sister is still in her convent, and bigotry has rarely met with a rebuke so keen as was administered by Judge Faber:

"If love of religion is insanity, the world would be better if we were all insane. Daily on the blood stained battlefields of Europe, those who are fighting the fight for the emancipation of the world, and who are maimed in the terrible slaughter, find solace and comfort in their sufferings, at the gentle hands of those pious ladies who wear the garb that this young woman wears. To aspire to the religious life is not mania. It is a noble ambition."

This noticeable example of "Romish persecution" is too valuable to be left under a bushel by controversialists whose last interest is for the truth. Doubtless the New York Sister will soon assume a place in the gallery of "convent horrors."

Catholics often wish that their assailants were more ardent disciples of the truth, and they would be, very probably, if they could arrive at some possession of a sense of humor. An English convert used to relate with amusement her first visit to a convent. She had come, not for spiritual solace, but in fear and trembling, and only because she had heard that the nuns could teach her the Roman pronunciation of Latin. Before passing through the fatal doors, she instructed her coachman to call for her in fifteen minutes. If the call were not answered within five minutes, he was to inform the police. The delay that a kidnapping had occurred. Not the public authorities, but a little common-sense, came to her rescue. Searching for some possible quality in herself which might induce the Sisters to steal her, she could find none.

Despite the contrary assertion, occasionally repeated even in this day and country, few Mother Superiores are in the habit of forcing casual visitors to become nuns, invoking for the benefit of reluctant damozels and dowagers, the aid of chains and dungeons. Long ago it was discovered in con-

ventual establishments, that such means rarely lead to any true or lasting love of the religious life and its practices. There is really no reason why anyone should wish to "break into a convent." It is incomparably more convenient and far less likely to attract the attention of the police to go to the front door and ring the bell. "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage." It is easy to get into a convent, and easier to get out. But the only power that will keep anyone there is a brave and happy spirit which counts the things of this world as nothing, in comparison with the love given in abundance to those who leave all to follow Christ.—America.

A WORD ABOUT THE CODE

These days we read much in and about the New Code of Canon Law. If we are to express, in the shortest possible terms, our own estimate of that stupendous work we should say that its chief merits are, first, that the new code is not new, and secondly, that this great code is not large.

Indeed, it is not the newest laws that are usually the best. What has been tested by the experience of centuries contains a mature wisdom. And such wisdom is the substance of the New Code. Its only newness is the new arrangement and more terse expression of the Church's ancient legislation; its legislative novelties are comparatively few. The new features represent an effort to bring nearer to perfection what was deficient or confusing in the standing laws. To mention only one of these innovations, henceforth the disparity of cult will be a diriment impediment to matrimony only for Catholics. Heretofore it has often caused wonderment, or even scandal, among the members of the Church, when Catholics were permitted to marry divorced cases. Every time, however, that sanction was given the reason is because the marriage of the divorced person was held null and void by the Church. And the cause of nullity in most cases was the disparity of cult, viz., the fact that one of the contracting parties had been baptized, the other not. That impediment as including non-Catholics was a relic of bygone conditions, and we hail its abolition as a real blessing. From now on when there is question of divorced persons Catholics expecting to contract marriage with them may well remember Dante's: "Lasciate vi ogni speranza." There's no hope!

The other merit is brevity. Less than five hundred pages, as for instance, against the 1,686 pages of Kirby's Digest. And yet the latter contains the legislation of one State, less than a hundred years old; the former, the legislation of a world-wide institution of twenty centuries' existence. In this regard the Decretals, so short and so comprehensive, is the pattern of all great legislation. Genuine authority has few words but weighty ones, and thus the conciseness of the code is a fit expression of the Genius of authority resident in the Church of God.—The Guardian.

A PROTESTANT'S TRIBUTE TO THE CHURCH

1. The Catholic Church stands for authority; demands obedience; speaks with a note of assurance and faith.
2. The Catholic Church stands for Christ. It is not a Church that "sits and sings itself away in everlasting bliss." It joins prayer and service; faith and works.
3. This Church stands for devotion; the worshipful in religion. What music has been born at her altars; what books on prayer and devotion she has furnished.
4. It stands for democracy. As no other Church, it levels all men and women at the altar.
5. It stands for great names and deeds in history. History too much since the Reformation has been written from the Protestant point of view and too often the Catholic Church of the past has not had fair dealing in its work in education or art, morals or religion. We single out Athanasius in creed-making, Augustine in theology, Savonarola in reform, Thomas à Kempis in devotion, and all of us bow down to them as masters.
6. The Catholic Church stands for womanhood. The Catholic Church has been rich in its womanhood, devoted to special religious work—its womanhood that has foregone a life of ease and pleasure and of the home life and taken up the life of teacher and nurse and missionary. The Sisterhoods of the Catholic Church hail Mary as their inspiration and Model, but this is not her greatest place in the world's history. She has, by the emphasis that this Church has placed upon her, by the exaltation that some protest against, put into Christianity a new force, a true power for the world's good.—Rev. J. Faville.

Now is a good time to quit talking one way and acting another

CATHOLIC NOTES

In Brazil, at Santarem, a new Franciscan monastery was dedicated by Bishop Bahlman, O. F. M.

W. A. P. Wayne, late Anglican vicar of Dunstall, England, authorizes the statement that he has been received into the Catholic Church. Mr. Wayne has been the incumbent of Dunstall for three years.

The most notable result in the recent election was the woman suffrage victory in New York. This makes fourteen States which now grant women the right to vote. And it seems to presage Federal legislation in the same behalf.

Father O'Hern reported that 166 chaplains were administering to the needs of the American troops both at home and abroad. Of these, 125 have received regular commissions and the remainder were maintained by the Knights of Columbus.

The University of Bologna was founded by Theodosius II. in 433. Today it comprises the faculties of philosophy, letters, mathematics, science, law, medicine, and pharmacy, agriculture and engineering, with 190 professors and about 1,800 students. It is a Catholic university.

In Notre Dame Cathedral, Paris, is preserved "the blessed bell"—the bell which sounded the tocsin when Joan of Arc appeared in August, 1429, and the city was besieged. It was given Notre Dame Cathedral in 1400 by Jean de Monseign.

Santa Monica's church for colored Catholics has been placed by Archbishop Mundelein under the care of the Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word of Techany, Ill. In making the change the Archbishop announces that St. Monica's is to be reserved entirely for the colored Catholics of Chicago.

The Right Rev. Nicholas A. Gallagher, Bishop of Galveston, Texas, died January 21st at the age of seventy-two years. He was a native of Ohio and was born in 1846. He was consecrated Bishop of Canopus and administrator of the Diocese of Galveston in 1882 and became Bishop of Galveston in 1892.

It is said Rev. Theophilus Beusen, curate of the Church of the Holy Cross, Latonia, Covington, Ky., is planning to offer his services to the Government as teacher for American soldiers who may be stricken blind. Father Beusen lost his sight sixteen years ago, two years after his ordination. He speaks German fluently and has a good knowledge of Latin, Greek, French, English, Dutch and Flemish, and a passable acquaintance with Polish and Spanish. He is also a musician and is interested in farming and gardening.

At the Church of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, Degraw and Hicks streets, Brooklyn, Jan. 18, Rev. Adolph Charles Misch, a former Lutheran minister, was received into the Church. The pastor, Rev. John Vogel, assisted by Dr. Flaherty as sponsor, participated in the ceremony. The convert was born in Canada and was for many years pastor of Lutheran churches in the State of New York. For the last three years he was pastor of the Lutheran church in Windsor Terrace.

On Christmas Eve a notable conversion was consummated at Westminster Cathedral when Lady Norah a Beckett, wife of Major a Beckett, was received into the Catholic Church. She is the niece of the late Lord Kitchener and daughter of the present Earl, and her Irish family are all Protestants. Her husband is serving at the front. A good many humble folk were also received into the fold at various London churches just before Christmas and when the sum total of last year's conversions comes to be reckoned up it will probably be found to be a record.

A few weeks ago the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given in Mission Carmelo, California, above the tomb of Junipero Serra, for the first time in eighty years. Father Mestres, the pastor of Monterey, who has labored against heavy odds for twenty-five years to create Catholic interest in mission restoration, officiated at that most beautiful service, wearing a cope that had once been worn by Serra himself, and used a monstrance that had been presented to Mission Carmelo by the viceroy of Mexico a hundred and forty years ago.

Archbishop John Ireland observed the 50th anniversary of his ordination as a priest and the 42d anniversary of his consecration as a bishop on December 21. Many messages of congratulation were received at the residence of the Archbishop on the anniversary day. Archbishop Ireland was ordained in St. Paul, December 21, 1861, and soon afterward joined the Fifth Minnesota Infantry as chaplain. He served through the war with distinction and has been a strong friend of the veterans ever since. He returned to St. Paul and was attached to the cathedral parish, where he became pastor. He was consecrated bishop December 21, 1875.

GERALD DE LACEY'S DAUGHTER AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF COLONIAL DAYS

BY ANNA T. SADDLER BOOK II CHAPTER III—CONTINUED GLADNESS AND TEARS

To Evelyn it seemed scarcely possible that the temperance of the prospective bridegroom, which she divined to be both hard and cold, would harmonize with that of Polly. The two were fundamentally different, with a difference that could not be bridged over, and which, in the estimation of this keen observer, promised but little happiness for a girl of Polly's training and antecedents. Warm-hearted, affectionate, and with a nature that turned as if instinctively to what was bright, she had been the very idol of her grandmother ever since that lady had adopted her out of a household of many sisters and brothers and brought her up as her own. Evelyn well knew, however, that this betrothal, which was to be duly signed and sealed in the presence of numerous relatives of both parties and some intimate friends, was a serious matter. Once Polly had given her word, she would never recede from the position in which she had placed herself, and it would be worse than useless for her friend to point out those shoals and quicksands which she foresaw must lie ahead of her. So, impatiently wiping away the tears which would gather in her eyes, and which were not entirely, as Polly supposed, for the loss of her girlhood's friend, Evelyn took the most effectual method of cheering Polly by causing her to talk of the preparations that would soon be under way, and the festivities that would accompany the marriage.

"Oh, life, life!" she exclaimed suddenly. "What a puzzle! What a tangled web it is! I make no doubt that for me it will grow harder. I am intended to walk in the shadows, Polly, as you are in the light."

With a swift, impetuous gesture, she threw her arms around her friend's neck and kissed her.

"How I shall miss you," she cried, "the friend whom I love above all others! How glad I am that your future is at least as safe and secure!"

CHAPTER IV THE PAST IS INVOKED

Polly Van Cortlandt had been right in her surmise that, but for her presence, Captain Ferrers would have entered the garden. It had been his intention to have a talk with Mr. de Lacey and at any rate to put him on his guard. For, though he was unaware of what Captain Prosser Williams had said to Evelyn, thereby showing a knowledge of her relations with the Indians, a conversation had taken place upon the previous evening between the two officers which had determined Ferrers upon an immediate course of action.

The two men had been smoking together on the roof of the Governor's dwelling—that same Whitehall which had been built by Governor Stuyvesant many years before when the town of New Amsterdam was still in its infancy. The closed-in space upon the roof was a favorite lounging-place, especially for the men of the Household, and it chanced upon that occasion that these two, who were so ungenial, were left alone together. Though they were constantly being brought into contact, since they of all others mingled most freely with the towns people, there was but little intimacy between them. They usually avoided anything like confidential intercourse, and the silence between them remained for some time unbroken till Prosser Williams said abruptly:

"I have you recollection, Ferrers, of having seen that traitor and knave, de Lacey, before?"

"I did not know," replied the other trying to speak carelessly, though he was instantly on the alert, "that there was a traitor or knave named de Lacey."

"We may differ as to terms," responded Captain Williams, "but probably you know full well to whom I refer. If not," he added presently, with a scarcely perceptible sneer, "I may refresh your memory by declaring that he is the father of Miss Evelyn de Lacey."

"Ah, indeed," said Captain Ferrers and his companion, striving hard to see his face in the light that was growing dim, continued:

"Indeed, I may have occasion to refresh your memory on other points as well. But one will suffice. "You are very kind," Ferrers answered with a certain grim civility. He was holding himself well in check.

"I asked you," went on the other, "if you had a remembrance of that man, if I will tell you at once that I have a very decided one, though I could not recall it to mind on that first occasion when together we saw, standing with Mistress de Lacey and her friend, the tall man whom we both remembered."

He waited, but Ferrers made no attempt to assist him conversationally, and he presently resumed his narrative:

"The occurrence to which I refer did not take place in these Colonies. It was in London and on the occasion of the entombment of King William, whom my God save!"

Ferrers bent his head as in duty bound, and the self-conscious narrator proceeded with his story.

"There was a tumult, and a man was handled roughly by the crowd for refusing to cry God save King William." There were other circumstances to which I need not refer, but I knew him then, and I know him now as a pestilent disturber. Having been in one of King James' regiments, he was forced to retire because of a wound. But to the last he made himself conspicuous. To the last he rendered such service as he might in public or private, to the Papist king."

"And how came it that you did not immediately recognize him?" inquired Ferrers, striving to maintain his calmness.

"For the reason that I had seen him but once, on that memorable occasion in London."

Ferrers laughed as he said: "You would make an excellent orator—I mean to say that you should have been detailed for secret service."

Prosser Williams reddened.

"I have a nose for disloyalty," he declared, "and I hold it as certain that such men as this cannot escape the displeasure of Lord Bellomont, especially since the late decree."

"His Excellency scarcely intends, I should presume," said Ferrers, controlling himself with an effort, "to deal with individual cases. The late decree was rather, I would opine, a large public measure to prevent the spread of the Romish religion."

Prosser Williams' eyes narrowed.

"It can be made to fit whomever it will," he replied significantly, "and this man who was dangerous yonder may easily become dangerous here."

"It seems peaceable enough now," remarked the other with apparent carelessness, "but such matters are scarcely in my department. I am a soldier, and no policeman."

"All members of His Excellency's Household must be such, if need demand," said Williams sententiously, with a venomous look at his companion.

"I hope my duty will be something better fitted for a gentleman," said Ferrers with a laugh, which Williams well understood and which goaded him to madness.

He answered with a cold and deadly malignity.

"Decree or no decree, this de Lacey is dangerous. He must be watched; if need be he must be arrested. Such an enemy of the King's Majesty should not be at large. Nor," he concluded, smiling unpleasantly, "can he be shielded by petticoats, however interesting."

Captain Ferrers was grave enough now and the rebuke which he administered to the other was scathing. After Ferrers had abruptly left him, Williams sat still and reflected, while his eyes wandered absently out over the Bay, silent and dark save for the stars which, strewn in the firmament, were reflected on its surface.

"There is a heavy score between us, Egbert Ferrers," Williams muttered. "And, if I mistake not, you will yourself supply the means to pay it."

It was this conversation that brought Captain Ferrers to the cottage which he, however, did not enter because of Polly Van Cortlandt's presence.

CHAPTER V THE WARNING

When Captain Ferrers paid his deferred visit, he was at once ushered into Mr. de Lacey's study, where the latter sat absorbed in his books. It was early afternoon and the sun's beams, slanting through the vine-covered trellis without the window, played in patches on the floor. Evelyn had gone out with Madame Van Cortlandt and Polly to pay some visits and take coffee at the house of some of their friends. The elderly ladies brought their knitting on these occasions, putting their heads together over the latest gossip of Manhattan, while the younger chatted gaily, their chief topic at present being Polly's betrothal and approaching marriage. Evelyn's father had been strongly of opinion that it was more essential than ever for the girl to keep out amongst the people and enter into such festivities as the summer season afforded, and this ward off any suspicion that might attach to them under the Governor's edict.

To Ferrers it was a relief to find Mr. de Lacey alone. What he had to say, he considered, had best be said in the absence of Evelyn. Gerald de Lacey received his visitor with his usual easy courtesy. For some moments the two men talked of subjects of public interest, concerning either the old country or the new, but, at a slight pause in the conversation, the young man came to the point with a directness that pleased Gerald de Lacey.

"I trust," he began earnestly, "that you will hold me to be neither meddlesome nor intrusive when I say that I have come hither expressly to put you on your guard."

Though Mr. de Lacey could not help being startled, his demeanor was perfectly composed as he replied:

"And for that consideration I thank you."

"Remember," said the visitor, "I am not making any inquiry as to what bearing recent legislation, once it comes into force, may have upon your religious belief. Only I would beg of you to exercise the greatest caution."

He stopped and looked into the calm and still smiling face before resuming:

"Now that the feeling against persons of the Catholic faith, engendered largely by political strife, has become acute, and because of recent occurrence, I am convinced that something more than discretion will be necessary. Charges will be made against you, and in the present temper of men's minds—of those in high places, as witnessed by the law just passed—those charges will be pressed home."

"And the nature of these charges?" Mr. de Lacey inquired.

"Possibly you may remember," said Captain Ferrers "an occasion a dozen years ago in England when

His present Majesty was being acclaimed. There was a man, lately an officer in the Hussar regiment, who created a disturbance by leaping from a car and waving his hat, breaking into open declarations for King James and for the Catholic religion."

There was silence. Mr. de Lacey's face, flushing warmly at first, paled again. Captain Ferrers, who seemed to be studying the pattern of that carpet which had been brought over seas by the late Captain Kidd's "Antigua" in the days when that sea-rover was a peaceful trader, continued:

"That man, though it may be opined that he was lacking in worldly prudence, commanded all my admiration. I can feel even yet a thrill at the gallant act. Unhappily, though, I was not the only spectator. Others in that multitude may have shared my sentiments, but probably the majority held divergent views. It chanced that one of those latter, who was foremost in raising the hue and cry, is now in Manhattan. He professes to have recognized the malcontent, and such recognition he will have no scruple in using as a weapon against him. Under the present conditions that weapon might prove fatal."

"And you, sir," said Mr. de Lacey, in a voice full of emotion, "are willing to render service to that imprudent man, simply because you applauded, despite your better judgment, an insensate act?"

There was a slight embarrassment in Captain Ferrers' tone and manner as he answered frankly:

"My admiration for an act of loyalty would indeed have been a sufficient motive, but it is not my only one."

He saw that his hearer was listening with head slightly bent forward, and proceeded:

"It is due to you to mention that I have a more than common interest in Mistress Evelyn de Lacey. She attracted me from the very first moment of our meeting, and, perhaps rashly I have permitted myself to hope—"

But Mr. de Lacey shook his head in dissent.

"I do not perceive, Captain Ferrers," he interposed, "how detrimental under existing circumstances, and in your present position, such an alliance would be?"

"If Mistress Evelyn will but deign to consider my suit—the young man was beginning impetuously.

"But the other again interrupted him.

"If know Evelyn, she will never consent to bring misfortune upon any one, even though he be brave, and chivalrous enough to desire her favor. You would ruin yourself for what may after all prove to be but a passing fancy."

"Your daughter," replied Ferrers, with an emotion not to be misinterpreted, "is not one to excite a passing fancy."

Gerald de Lacey could not but acquiesce in this opinion, and he said:

"If that be so, so much the worse for you."

Then struck by a sudden thought he added quickly:

"I trust in God that he has not gone further than yourself, that Evelyn—"

RETURN OF BROTHER SEBASTIAN

Brother Sebastian was tall, thin and homely. His features were painfully irregular, and only redeemed from positive ugliness by a pair of bright eyes that resembled nothing more than two blue pools of limitless depths. He was a man of much learning, but he had the innocence and simplicity of a child, which caused the thoughtless to misunderstand and underestimate him. He was industrious, devoted to his work, and, gazing into the liquid depths of those calm eyes, you would say that here was a man who was transparently honest; one without deceit or guile.

The Order with which he was connected was not called the Brothers of Benevolence, but that title comes so near expressing its aims and intentions that it may well serve the purposes of this veracious story. Its house was on the outskirts of Vigilles and had been there as far back as the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Its roots were deep in the soil, indeed; for it had been founded in the fifteenth century. The Brothers of the Order were plain men, who worked for the poor. They fed the hungry, gave drink to the thirsty, lodged to the homeless, nursed the sick, and buried the dead. That was all, but their persistence in the work gave them the name of the Little Brothers of the Poor.

But while they labored thus day by day, unconscious equally of the praise or the censure of the world, other men, known as deputies, were busily engaged in re-making France to suit their own designs. Thus it came to pass that Colonel Hillaire called on Brother Sebastian and informed him that he and his companions must leave their home—that it was the decree of the State.

"But why?" asked the honest servant of God. "This is my dwelling and France is my birthplace, and I am happy and satisfied."

"It is the law. This is the twentieth century and we cannot permit you and your monks to endanger the Republic."

Sebastian shook his head slowly and sadly.

"You get out by eight o'clock tomorrow morning—you understand that?"

Colonel Hillaire tugged viciously at his great black mustache as he said this. He had a very red face, with the mark of a saber thrust on one side, and his left eyelid had a queer droop, which gave him a sinister look. Brother Sebastian looked at him steadily from out of his own unwavering blue eyes and said:

"But that would be a dreadful injustice—that would be flying in the face of God!"

Colonel Hillaire gave a shrill, merciless laugh. The droop in the eyelid made him repellent.

"God! We're through with that drive in France. It may do for women and children, but never again for men. We shall have only justice."

"Yet you would steal our property?"

The black-mustached one frowned.

"Beware of such talk. The State can not steal; it confiscates."

Sebastian was silent. If he had chosen to speak he might have said: "I began to see the wonderful minds of our statesmen. We pray to the God that created us—that makes us dangerous; feed the hungry—that endangers the Republic; nurse the sick and bury the dead—surely that constitutes treason in these enlightened days. It is a pity to drive Frenchmen from France, even though they be monks, but if the stars are to be blotted from heaven for a moment, a start somewhere. We must be broad, so we shall begin by denying the existence of God; we must have free thought; so we shall institute it by banishing all who do not think as we do."

Sebastian said none of these things. Instead he simply denied the right of a handful of men—who called themselves the Government—to rob them of their property, which they had acquired by generations of toil. They resisted eviction, but it was a passive resistance, and the next morning they were driven from their home amid an encircling line of their townfolk, who made a great demonstration in their favor, but offered only a feeble fight against the pointed bayonets of the soldiers under the command of the fierce-mustached and much-be-medaled Colonel Hillaire.

They had entered the religious house penniless and they left it in the same condition. They had kept their vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. The threebare cassocks, the serene countenances, and the attitude of non-hostility toward their persecutors proved the honesty and sincerity of their pledges. As they approached a turn in the road Brother Sebastian turned his head to take a last sorrowful look at the building which had housed them for so many years and where they had done so much for the glory of God and the good of their fellow-creatures. That one look dramatized the tragedy of a human soul—the look of a son thrust from the house of his fathers. It was agony personified; it was grief sanctified—it was the unspoken forgiveness of a crime that cried to Heaven for vengeance.

"Cheer up, Brother," cried a peasant, emboldened by righteous anger; "you will return to France, because she needs you more than you need her."

It was the voice of prophecy, but to Colonel Hillaire it came also like the voice of conscience. It made him ugly; it roused the slumbering devils in his breast. He jabbed his sharp sword at the slowly moving monk and made a rent in the old cassock.

"Hurry!" he shouted, with an oath. "I haven't time to fool away. I've more important work to do than running monks out of France."

And his words came true, but in a manner that he had never dreamed. Before the gentle breezes of summer had given way to the melancholy tints of autumn the great European war was declared, and the accoutred and booted enemy was knocking at the gates of Paris. The soldiers of the Republic were called upon to fight armed men, and priests and nuns were given to Foyles. And nowhere was there greater consternation and terror than in the ancient city of Vigilles. It fell to the lot of Colonel Hillaire to defend the place, and he went about his work with the energy and resolution of a man who knew not the meaning of fear. He was a great soldier in the human and worldly sense of the word. He was capable and determined; he worked day and night; he reinforced the defenses; he was the lone hope and salvation of the people. Every able-bodied man was pressed into service—and still there was a crying need for more.

It was then that the seeming miracle occurred. Colonel Hillaire was hourly expecting the attack. He stood there studying a map when an orderly dashed up and informed him that the enemy was within five or six miles of Vigilles. He said that they were coming in large numbers, that they were well-provisioned and armed, and that every minute detail certified to their amazing preparedness, not the least of which were their olive-colored uniforms, which, matching the trees and shrubbery and general surroundings, prevented them from being conspicuous marks for the French sharpshooters. While he spoke a column of dust was seen to rise in the rear. It filled the colonel with alarm. Was he to be attacked from behind? But even before he could give his orders the cause of the commotion appeared within his gaze. It was a long, thin line of men tramping determinedly toward his headquarters. Presently the head of the queer single column came under his very eye, and he recognized—Brother Sebastian.

The monk was at the head of perhaps thirty members of his Order, all dust-covered, travel-stained, with torn cassocks and wearied faces. Colonel Hillaire, for all of his stern self-control, was bewildered. Was he to face a mutiny at home as well as meet the enemy from abroad? Brother Sebastian, tall, thin, and thoughtful, with set lips and mournful eyes, was saluting him.

"You—you here!" spluttered the colonel. "What do you mean by—"

But the monk interrupted him with a gesture that was imperious.

"My country needs me—I am here. Myself and my companions. We came to fight."

"Do you really mean," began the officer, at a loss how to express himself—"do you really—"

"We came to enlist," curtly interrupted Sebastian, with a trace of wearied impatience in his voice. "Surely we have that poor privilege."

"Why, yes," admitted the colonel, still staring at the forlorn looking, dust-covered figure; "but I thought on account—"

But he did not finish the sentence. Sebastian understood, and as he answered his plain face was transfigured with enthusiasm.

"I fight for France—we fight for France!" he said, "as a son fights for a father. It is my own, my native land. I love its hills and valleys, I love its virtues and its faults—for me there is nothing earthly that means as much. I shall cheerfully lay down my life for my country."

"But—the Church?" questioned the colonel.

"The Church is my mother," retorted Sebastian fervently; "and the State is my father. I love them both with all my heart and soul. You would separate them and force me to choose between them, but it is impossible. They are my parents, and I shall not recognize the divorce you would decree. The Church, my dearly beloved mother, bids me hasten to the defence of France, my father. I am ready. So are my companions. For God and country!"

The excitement of the moment brought a faint flush on the ivory-lined cheeks of the monk. And the soldier, gazing at him fixedly saw that he was in deadly earnest—saw what his spiritual superiors had long before seen, that this man was transparently honest.

But there was no time for soliloquies or for philosophizing, and the officer was soon giving orders for the disposition of the new and unexpected recruits. They were not numerous, it is true; but they came when they were sorely needed and when every man counted. And, curiously enough, they fitted into the war machine with perfect ease. The cassocks of the monk gave way to the blouses of the private soldiers most naturally. All the while the enemy was coming nearer and nearer to the city. The regiment lined up for final inspection, and Sebastian and his companions surpassed the others in their marching and soldierly demeanor.

The red-faced and black-mustached colonel was totally unable to repress his astonishment.

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London, Saturday, Feb. 9, 1918

TEUTON AGAINST ROMAN

Last week we published H. G. Wells' article in the Daily Mail, "My View of our War Aims." "If we have any meaning at all we are fighting to bring about a revolution in Germany" is his clear-cut definition. And he emphasizes the point by saying that "in the event of overwhelming victory we should destroy both the Hohenzollern and Hapsburg Empires."

Since these articles were written both Lloyd George and President Wilson have publicly and authoritatively stated that we are not out to destroy the Teutonic Empires nor to usurp the inherent right of the peoples concerned to choose their own form of government.

A thousand reasons are given for the war—including that pathetic futility that this is a war to end war—and still we find men like H. G. Wells, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Loreburn and J. H. Thomas asking why are we keeping it up.

Those who are thinking things out for themselves will read with interest an article in the Nineteenth Century and After by the veteran Catholic publicist, Dr. William Barry.

"The struggle," says Father Barry, "is between contrary and fundamental ideas."

While here all may agree, not all will follow the erudite writer as he traces the conflicting ideas and ideals to their source:

"Rome is the World City, our true Metropolis, the Capital of Christendom; the Germans are, and prove themselves to be, the successors of those Barbarians who wrecked ancient civilization. We of the West have taken over from Rome, on both sides of the Atlantic, the best she had to give us in law, literature, art and religion. To that type of perfec-

tion we cling. It shapes our ideal front, our necessary line of defence, beyond which anarchy or tyranny reigns. Its deadly foe is Germanism. Therefore I hold 'Teuton against Roman' to be the issue."

When the War broke out "many voices babbled of its why and wherefore in confusing tones." Professor Cramb had told them, but a year before, of the German spirit and German aim; and, quoting Nietzsche, that "while preparing to found a world-empire Germany is also preparing to found a world-religion."

Soon the average man taught by quotations from Treitschke and Nietzsche, Heine and Bernardi, Bismarck and Von Bulow, saw the scope of Prussian ambition. The great national historian of Germany wrote: "Just as the greatness of Germany is found in the governance of Germany by Prussia, so the greatness and good of the world is to be found in the predominance there of German culture, of the German mind, of the German character. That is the ideal and the task of Germanism."

Germany was hardly fully permeated with Christian civilization before she was wrested from Christian unity. "That which the Barbarians inflicted on the Roman Empire Luther dealt out to the Roman Church in full measure and brimming over. Luther's tremendous outbreak, with its fruit of anarchy in religion, was a German revolt from civilization."

And it was Luther who gave free rein to the German spirit to substitute Odin for Christ. Dr. Barry reciting facts notorious in history writes:

"For if the Kaiser is Odin's lieutenant he is also Luther's 'summus episcopus,' or supreme pontiff. The philosophers and historians who rule in German universities are free to undermine Christian tradition; they must not lay hands on the Evangelical Empire. Germany, though more than one-third of its people are Catholics, always stands forth in Europe as a Protestant State, not heathen but a champion of the Reformation, while the King of Prussia reigns 'by the grace of God' and is Head of the Church in all his dominions. Luther gave to the Prince what he took from the Pope. At the same time and by one stroke he handed over the control of ethics, under the name of mere 'political virtues,' to the royal Bishop and Shepherd of men's souls. Morality was not saving Faith; it belonged to the secular order; let the Prince look to it. The only visible Church was the State."

The War has revealed the evolution of Lutheranism: the Absolute Right; Might is Right. But, outside of the Catholic Church, what passes for religious and philosophic thought in English speaking lands, tends inevitably in the same direction. It may be hoped that the one great result of the War as seen by the future historian will be the realization of the universal drift toward the slavery of Caesarism.

"To make Caesar Pope," says Dr. Barry, "is to write the charter of slavery in religion, and to bind the people in everlasting chains. They have no escape. The boldest yet simplest sentence in political wisdom ever uttered is 'Render to Caesar the things that are God's.' Of that divine distinction the guardian has ever been Papal Rome. Marking off the things of time from the things of

eternity it is not, and never could be, the same which Luther set up between morality and religion. Formally (that is to say, the good works of a Christian people) flows from religion and is its necessary aim. But in leaving ethics as a mere element of policy and the police to a secular prince, Luther was banishing Christianity from public life, undoing the work of twelve centuries, and putting man-made law where the Law of God, binding prince and subject alike, held sway."

The civilization of Europe is the creation of the Catholic Church and rests on the basis of her infallible mission. If there be no immutable truth there is no definite morality resting on divine revelation, but only conventions built on the shifting sands of private judgment. The Absolute State must find some more stable basis. While so-called Christian teachers deny the divinity of Christ and the infallibility of His Church, popular philosophers proclaim the essential mutability of truth; while both as a natural consequence flout dogma as unworthily fettering the human intellect, the Absolute State must find some more stable basis for its authority.

It is quite natural then that Dr. Strahl should write in a leading political weekly in 1915:

"The State as a cultural unit and as a promoter of civilization, stands in many respects not on the same level on which nationality stands but above it. . . . The doctrine embodied in the principle of nationalities, and the doctrine that nations have the right to dispose of themselves, are theories which have been put forward to give a scientific cloak to feeble and impotent obstructiveness."

Naturally if Might is Right weak nations have no right to existence; the powerful State has every conceivable right, limited only by its power.

If weaker nations have no right as opposed to the interests of the more powerful, individuals have still less with regard to the State. Prussia owed its existence and growth as a great State to the first principle: no sooner had she secured domination, on the formation of the German Empire, than she set to work deliberately to strangle the freedom of the Catholic Church. At that time the Kulturkampf was regarded with indifference when not hailed as an evidence of political progress by Protestants who now shudder in the shadow of the menace of German Kultur. Dr. Barry quotes Lord Acton's description of the new type of military monarchy which had arisen in Prussia according to which the State alone governs and all other things obey. "Government so understood is the intellectual guide of the nation, the promoter of wealth, the teacher of knowledge, the guardian of morality, the mainspring of the ascending movement of man."

And he adds: "The Papacy stands for freedom from this omnipotent Caesar. . . . The Papacy will not surrender to Berlin its Papal prerogative of guarding morality or guiding mankind on the upward way. . . . The nations have resolved that Germanism shall not rule over them. They swear, while capable of resistance, never to take German culture or German religion for their own."

Professor Macneil Dixon, Protestant though he be, is clear-seeing enough to rebuke the blind prejudice of traditional Protestantism. He sees the conflict of essential principles when he says: "The Papacy could only work in harmony with the German Empire by transforming the Catholic Church into a German Church."

If it is true, as Chesterton says, that every war is ultimately a religious war then the present, in spite of the fact that the Allies are more or less infected with State absolutism, is essentially a war between Teuton and Roman; between the Kaiser and the Pope; between the tyranny of the Absolute State and Christ's doctrine that there is clear line of demarcation between the things that belong to Caesar and the things that belong to God. A triumphant Germany dominating the world would usher in a new Kulturkampf compared with which that of the seventies and eighties of the last century would be as the wars of other days to the War of today. It would follow logically and necessarily from the principle on which rests the Absolute State.

This is in essence the freedom which is menaced by German domination, and in some degree everywhere by German influence over modern thought.

A ZEALOUS CONVERT

In the ages of faith the thought that the places sanctified by the birth, life and death of our Divine Lord were in the hands of infidels was enough to inspire the Christian peoples with a mighty resolve to set them free. On the occasion of the liberation of Jerusalem Father Philip Fletcher, himself restored to the faith of his forefathers, and rejoicing in the fact that the dream of the Crusaders was realized, sent to General Sir Edmund Allenby this telegram: "Salve salvator Hierusalem, Christiani grati te solutant." Hall saviour of Jerusalem, grateful Christians salute you.

Father Fletcher was born seventy years ago, the fifth son of Sir Henry Fletcher, third baronet of that name. Educated at Oxford University he became an Anglican clergyman and exercised the ministry for some years before being received into the Church in 1878. Ordained priest four years afterwards Father Fletcher has been in a special sense the champion of a cause which appeals closely to all who have their nearest and dearest in the ranks of Protestantism—the conversion of England. In 1887, together with another zealous convert, Lister Drummond, he founded the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom—a work which not only set on foot a great conspiracy of prayer, but by means of pilgrimages, processions and lectures, added much to the popular knowledge of Catholic life and practice. Let us pray that the good work to which this zealous convert has devoted his life and energy and talents may go on until his native land regain its glorious Catholic title—Our Lady's Dowry.

Sir Edmund Allenby is a nephew by marriage of Father Fletcher.

IS THE WORLD GETTING FOOLISH?

The above query was put to us recently by a good old man who goes to Mass and says his prayers. We do not know what led to his misgivings. It is not at all probable that he had read "Crusts and Crumbs" or "Tertius on the Church," or that he had heard of President Eliot's new religious system or of Conan Doyle's new code of morality. His limited scope of observation had, however, convinced him that there was madness in the air; and who will say that he was not right? Was there ever a time in the history of our country when so many fool theories were advanced, not only in reference to religion and education but also as regards those purely material undertakings in which at least the worldly generation is supposed to show wisdom?

"Destroy," says Lacordaire, "the intimate accord of reason and faith in the depths of the intelligence, wave aside as vain dreams the pilgrimages of the soul to the country of God; do that and be not surprised that our viewpoint of life is lowered, that eternity gives place to time, infinity to matter, that instinct takes precedence over reason and that man having rid himself of his anchors and his masts becomes a leaf upon the waves." The writer calls attention to some of the signs of the weakening of reason in the minds of his countrymen, signs that the reader will recognize to be very much in evidence today in our own country. The first is the debasement of character, an inclination to act from impulse which is a forgetfulness of reason rather than a calm appreciation of duty. The second is the degradation of the press, the passion for books and newspapers that address themselves not to the intelligence but to the imagination and the senses. The third sign of the debasement of reason that he remarks among his contemporaries is political weakness, which he attributes to the fact that a nation cannot be governed when the individual citizen will not govern himself in the intimacy of his own thoughts and volitions. Recall any of the recent crises through which this country has passed, and you will note that men have been actuated largely by prejudice or self-interest and not by a sense of duty; that they have been appealed to not by reasoned arguments but by cartoons and flaming posters, by roasts, canards, catch phrases and sob-stories; and that the end has been confusion.

There is abundance of scriptural warrant that those who rise up against God, and that those who work iniquity, will be confounded. When men attempted to erect a tower that would reach to heaven

they were confounded in speech. When Pharaoh oppressed the people of God his heart was hardened and he acted so foolishly as to bring about the destruction of his army. A most striking exhibition of foolishness, and one that is especially suggestive of the folly of our own day, was the action of the silversmiths of Ephesus as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles. The Ephesians were not a very religious people as we may judge from their answer to St. Paul when he enquired if they had received the Holy Ghost. "We have not," said they, "so much as heard whether there be a Holy Ghost." But the preaching of the great Apostle, who remained there two years and wrought more than common miracles, caused many to believe and to come confessing and declaring their deeds. The seven sons of the Jewish priest Sceva, who attempted to imitate St. Paul in exorcising those who were possessed, were put to shame by the evil spirit who said to them, "Jesus I know and Paul I know, but who are you?" So mightily grew the word of God that those who followed curious arts brought together their books and burnt them. All this did not please one Demetrius, a silversmith, who made silver temples for Diana. He held an indignation meeting of the craftsmen and said to them: "Sirs you know that our gain is by this trade; and you see and hear that this Paul by persuasion hath drawn away a great multitude saying: They are not gods which are made by hands. So that not only this our craft is in danger to be set at naught but also the temple of the great Diana shall be reputed for nothing." Whereupon the multitude full of anger cried out: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" and the whole city was filled with confusion. Rushing into the theatre "some cried one thing and some another; for the assembly was confused and the greater part knew not for what cause they were come together." Thereupon Alexander a Jew was pushed forward out of the multitude. He beckoned for silence and attempted to explain matters, but when the crowd perceived that he was a Jew "all with one voice for the space of about two hours cried out: Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"

Just think of it gentle reader—for about two hours! If we did not know that this was inspired language we would suspect that St. Luke was exaggerating a little. Why, the record of the Roosevelt convention in Chicago pales before this! But do we not often witness nowadays the counterpart of this scene? Are there not in our midst men who are very solicitous about gods made by hands, men whose gain is by the trade, and who fear that they themselves will have to go out of business? Is there not the same unwillingness to hear one of God's chosen people if he attempts to explain the truth, the same unwelcome habit of gagging him? Perhaps it is because the spirit of evil is still in the hearts of many, because original sin still darkens the understanding of the un baptized multitude, because they have not received the Holy Ghost, and in the case of many of them have not even heard that there be a Holy Ghost, that they act not unlike the uncircumcised rabble at Ephesus.

THE GLEANER

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE SPREAD of zeal for the printed word among Catholics is instanced by the establishment in India of a Catholic Truth Society. Founded in England by Cardinal Vaughan in 1884, with Mr. James Britten as Honorary Secretary, the Society has now become in the best sense of the word an international organization. Great as are its activities in both hemispheres, and immense the good accomplished, they are as nothing compared with the field that lies, whitened for the harvest, before it.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

ARGENTINA has recalled its military attaches from Berlin and Vienna. This follows upon the sinking by a U-boat of an Argentine steamer on the 26th of last month, in connection with which there has been some sharp interchange of views. Argentina has been long suffering and very patient with the Hun. She may be about to join the Allies with Spain, which country is reported to have sent to Berlin a strongly worded protest against the sinking of the Giraldos.

CONTRADICTIONARY NEWS comes of the strikes in Germany. Some despatches declare that the troubles are over practically, the strikers being at a loss because they have no outstanding leaders or centralized direction. Other reports say that the number of strikers, particularly in war work factories, is increasing. It is asserted that the military authorities are acting sternly in centres where the strikes threaten revolutionary tendencies. The Trades Hall in Berlin, where meetings were being held, has been seized, and it is said that at Hamburg the Commandant has presented an ultimatum calling upon the strikers to return to work, threatening that if this is not done at once he will enroll them for service, and at Berlin a more severe state of siege has been declared. Munich is now said to be a victim of strike fever, and many industries there are reported idle. The censorship continues to be strict, and there is no doubt that the real conditions are being hidden, whether they are as bad as the most optimistic of the Allied peoples could wish or as good as the German Government would have the world to believe. Whether the agitation collapses suddenly or not, there is hopefulness in the very fact of the strikes having occurred as a protest by the workers against conditions under which they are living.

AUSTRIAN ATTEMPTS to recover the ground lost to the Italians in the Asiago area have been repulsed with heavy losses, and the Italians have made a further advance up the Telago Valley. The losses of the enemy have been quite considerable during the fighting, and the ground won by the Italians is of importance. In a London Times despatch to The Globe it is stated that even in the most difficult part of the sector, where the opposition was the most strenuous, the Italians advanced for at least half a mile. The corres-

pondent speaks in glowing terms of the leadership of our Allies, particularly in view of the heavy artillery used by the Austrians. Fifty new batteries, he says, were noted in the area attacked. There is no evidence as yet of an offensive on a grand scale, the fighting still being of a local character, but it is possible that it will widen very greatly in the next few days.

THE HOLY LAND DELIVERED

WHATEVER THE CONTROL, THE HOLY CITY MUST BE MADE THE CITY OF PEACE. It has come as a surprise to one who has only a few days ago landed in America, fresh from all the excitement and enthusiasm evoked all over Europe by the taking of Jerusalem, to find how little notice, comparatively speaking, seems to have been taken in this country of an event of such epoch-making importance and from every point of view of so romantic an interest.

It will be long before any of those who were concerned in it forget the way in which the news first came to London. It was the evening of Monday, December 10, and the short winter's day had already passed into the darkness of night—a darkness which in these days of air raids is in the streets of London almost absolute. Then suddenly through the darkness from the tower of the Catholic cathedral of Westminster came the unaccustomed sound of the deep booming of the great bell, the third largest bell in all England. Men stopped and asked one another what it could possibly mean. Was it heralding forth a new danger—some fresh frightfulness of the air of which urgent warning must be given? Or what could be the cause of so unaccounted a sound? For only once before in all its history had the big bell tolled in like fashion, and that was when the news of the election of the present Pope had first reached London. Moreover, and this made the more startling, it is forbidden in London for so much as a clock to strike when once darkness has fallen, lest some guidance should be given to hostile airmen.

Clearly some great thing had happened, and crowds turned their steps to the cathedral doors to learn what it was. There they found the vast church blazing with light and the Blessed Sacrament exposed for worship, the Cardinal present in cappa magna in all the solemnity reserved for the greatest occasions, while priests and choristers round the altar sang the "Te Deum." All was thankfulness and joy, because the reproach of centuries had been rolled away, the long captivity of the Holy City to the unbeliever had come to an end; the object for which our fathers fought and died in the long series of crusades had been attained at last, whole centuries after they had been forced to resign the hope of success, and Jerusalem, the Holy City, the spot to which every Christian heart has always turned with longing mixed with shame, was free and in Christian hands—never again, please God, to pass under hostile rule.

It is inevitable on such an occasion that our thoughts should go back to the former instances when a Christian army has entered into and held Jerusalem. After the conversion of Constantine in the early part of the fourth century, for 400 years Palestine was a Christian country and Jerusalem a Christian city, owing allegiance to the Christian Emperor at Constantinople. That was the period during which, at every spot hallowed by Christian memories, permanent churches were built many of which still remain, so that the sacred spot might never be forgotten. Then with the seventh century began the long period of enlavement.

The Persians began it and were followed almost immediately by the Saracens in the first zeal of the new born Moslem faith. In 636 the city was taken by Omar, who gave the Christians fair and honorable terms. The story will never be forgotten how, when his hour for prayer came, he was with the Christian patriarch in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, but refused to pray where he was lest his followers should make his act a precedent and break the promise he had given that Christian rights should be respected. For four more centuries, although Jerusalem was in Moslem hands, there was no persecution, the churches remained unharmed and Christian pilgrimages went on as before.

Then in 1077 the Seljuk Turks conquered Palestine and forthwith all was changed. Persecution at once began and it became impossible for Christians to visit the holy places. The Christian conscience was stirred to the depths and it was felt throughout Europe that some great effort must be made to win back the land that the Lord had trodden and the tomb from which He arose from the dead. The Pope preached a holy war, Peter the Hermit went on his donkey from city to city amid scenes of extraordinary enthusiasm. "Dien le veult," God wills it, was the cry of the day, and all the chivalry of Europe, kings and princes, nobles and men-at-arms, saints and sinners, took the cross and sailed for Palestine, pledged to win back the Holy Land and to drive the infidel from its soil.

In 1099 Jerusalem was taken; Godfrey de Bouillon was elected the first Christian King, but refused to wear a crown of gold...

For some time before the city actually capitulated to General Allenby and the British forces on December 9 it had been realized that the fall of the city was only a matter of time...

On Monday, December 10, the solemn entry of the victorious General took place at the Jaffa gate. It was worthy of the time of the Crusaders...

was almost French, solved the difficulty in this way. He asked the guardian to retain his position and its emoluments, but no longer as the symbol of an alien supremacy...

A great deal of interest has been excited by the suggestion, which has certainly not been frowned upon by the British Government...

But in any case if such a state is actually brought into existence, it will be regulated on the lines laid down already by General Allenby...

"Approached in the right spirit," as Sir Mark Sykes, a leading Catholic English statesman, said a few weeks ago in London: "Zionism may be the cause of a great reconciliation not of fusion but of good fellowship between the members of these faiths of common origin..."

THE DRIVE ON THE POPE

It has always been a great mistake to try to drive or drag or even divert the Pope from the balance which his position has acquired during the centuries...

GENERAL ALLENBY'S PROCLAMATION

To the inhabitants of Jerusalem the Blessed, and the people dwelling in its vicinity:

The defeat inflicted upon the Turks by the troops under my command has resulted in the occupation of your city by my forces. I therefore here and now proclaim it to be under martial law...

However, lest any should be alarmed by reason of your experiences at the hand of the enemy who has retired, I hereby inform you that it is my desire that every person should pursue his lawful business without fear of interruption...

In pursuance of these promises active measures were at once taken to make sure no damage should be done to any shrine by the adherents of a hostile faith...

In like manner Christian guards, and especially Catholic Irishmen of the Leinster regiment, were assigned to the Holy Sepulchre and the Basilica of the Nativity of Bethlehem...

In one special instance a slight difficulty suggested itself. Every visitor to Jerusalem will remember the Moslem guard set over the Church of the Holy Sepulchre...

One of the results of the war is that the all-obtrusive prefix "pan" is dead. Pan-Germanism died in Belgium three years ago. Pan Slavism perished on the barricades of Petrograd...

under the prefix of "pan" have been sunk in the general pandemonium.

Amid the chaos only one organization retains its universal claim and influence. The importance of the Papacy is that it still directs a Pan-Church. Its only rival is the Pantheon of the sects...

The neutrality of the Pope is the only fixed stake in Christendom, the only security that the maelstrom will slowly lessen, the only hope that peace, when it comes, will be less furious than war...

To those who most violently demand that the Pope should abandon his neutrality and sit in political judgment over the battling Governments of Europe...

There has been no small stir what has become of Peter. Peter does not become anything either pro German or pro British or pro-American. Peter is as Peter was and shall be...

COMMITTEE OF BISHOPS

THE NATIONAL CATHOLIC WAR COUNCIL MEETING AT THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA

The Archbishops of the United States, after consulting all the Ordinaries, organized the National Catholic War Council. This War Council appointed an Administrative Committee composed of the following: Right Rev. P. J. Muldoon, D. D., Chairman...

The Board of Archbishops delegated to this Administrative Committee "their authority to act in their name." The letter of appointment recites that this task of the Administrative Committee will be to direct and control, with the aid of the Ordinaries, all Catholic activities in the War.

The Administrative Committee met at the Catholic University, Washington, January 16th, and for three days consulted with the old National War Council and the Knights of Columbus...

The Administrative Committee appointed Mr. D. J. Callahan, of Washington, and Mr. John G. Agar, of New York City, as treasurers. The following is the entire form of organization of the National Catholic War Council:

The Board of Archbishops, who will be assisted by the following committees: 1.—The Administrative Committee of the four Bishops named above.

2.—The Executive Committee, which will consist of the four Bishops and twelve other members, namely: Rt. Rev. Mgr. Edward A. Kelly, LL. D., Chicago, Ill.; Rt. Rev. Henry T. Drumgoole, LL. D., Overbrook, Pa.; Rt. Rev. Michael J. Spaine, D. D., Boston, Mass.; Rt. Rev. John J. Burke, C. S. P., New York, N. Y.; James A. Flaherty, Philadelphia, Pa.; Col. P. H. Callahan, Louisville, Ky.; Charles I. Denechaud, New Orleans, La.; Jos. C. Pelletier, Boston, Mass.; John G. Agar, New York, N. Y.; William G. McKinley, New Haven, Conn.; Jas. J. McGraw, Ponca City, Okla.; D. J. Callahan, Washington, D. C.

3.—The General Committee, which will be composed of two delegates, a layman and a cleric from each diocese; two representatives from each National Catholic organization; two representatives from the Catholic Federation of Societies; two from the Catholic Press Association; and other individual Catholics as the Committee from time to time may deem necessary.

The National Catholic War Council, therefore, touches every diocese and every National Catholic agency,

and the hope is that through the diocesan committees and the National societies every Catholic in the land will be interested and informed.

It is the desire of the National Catholic War Council that not only in every diocese, but also in every parish in the country, a Catholic War Council Committee be established. The Committee of Administration endorses and approves most heartily the present drive for funds by the Knights of Columbus and hopes that those sections in which the drives have not yet taken place will be as generous in responding to the call as have been those parts of the country where the drives have been completed...

No worthier cause has ever been proposed to the Catholic people of America. Let every Catholic, therefore, take an interest in this great work, for it is the interest of the sailors and soldiers.

The Administrative Committee of Bishops have already made their report to His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, and he is very happy in the above mentioned reorganization, and also at the outlook for the future.

When the Archbishops meet after Easter a complete plan for future action will be presented for their consideration and approval. All inquiries in regard to chaplains of the Navy or the Army will be made in the future directly to Bishop Hayes, who has been appointed Ordinary for these Chaplains.

Applications for Chaplaincies will also be made to Bishop Hayes. At present there are several vacancies, and if the new law goes into effect, allowing one chaplain for every two hundred soldiers, over two hundred chaplains will be necessary to fill out the Catholic quota.

THE MOST CATHOLIC OF PROTESTANTS

Our Sunday Visitor

The Catholic Church has appeared beautiful to many persons looking in upon it from the outside and the saddest reflection to a good Catholic is that which deals with a failure of many admirers of the Church to follow their strong impulses or convictions and come in.

Two of our greatest English writers, Dr. Samuel Johnson, author of the massive dictionary that bears his name, and Robert Louis Stevenson, whose body rests on a lone isle in the southern Pacific ocean, were almost persuaded to adopt the true faith. Honoré Walsh has given us a beautiful pen picture of the place occupied by these illustrious authors close to the Kingdom of God.

Now, Johnson and Stevenson, dissimilar as hevn marble and golden tracery, were yet alike in two characteristics: both were artistic in words; both—if the term be permissible—were the most Catholic of Protestants. Although living in the days when No-Popery fanaticism had reached its wildest worst, Dr. Johnson was a consistent defender of the Catholic doctrine and practice, publicly advocating his belief in the sanctity of the Mass, in the need for auricular confession, in the efficacy of intercession through the saints, in the reasonableness of purgatory, in the consoling charity of prayers for the dead. To the day of his death he offered daily prayer for the repose of the soul of his wife. Indeed, it is well known that the burly doctor went so far as to say that a man converted from Protestantism to Catholicity is sure to be sincere, while a Catholic who has turned Protestant is not to be trusted; he gives up so much of what he has held sacred that his 'conversion' can hardly be sincere and lasting.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

APPROVAL AND EXHORTATION

The Catholic Church Extension Society was blessed and approved by Pius X. of holy memory. Here is an extract from a letter:

"This work, which you have so earnestly undertaken, is one that which there is none more worthy of men eager to promote the divine glory. We also see that the work is most opportune, in a country where, owing to the multitudes of immigrants of various nationalities, a great and extending field lies open for the upbuilding of the Kingdom of God, and the more so as the endeavors of associations hostile to the Catholic Church are so active and so effective and so widespread. This hostile influence, unless coped with unceasingly and prudently, will do no little harm, especially among the simple folk of rural districts. . . . To this end your efforts, with the help of Divine Providence, are directed. For you not only seek to win to Christ those who, through error or ignorance, stray farther and farther from Him, but at the same time you also devote, and justly, too, your chief care to all those of the Catholic fold who, deprived of the ministry of priests and encompassed by the snares of enemies, run the risk of losing their Faith. We are much pleased with the method and means you seek to employ for the enrichment of your Society and for the acquisition of new members and helpers. . . . What is marvelous is the readiness and liberality with which your wishes are seconded by the good will and contributions of the faithful. To such an extent and in so short a time has your undertaking succeeded by the divine favor, that it could not have enjoyed greater favor and success. From this auspicious beginning, it is not difficult to conjecture what progress is in store for it. . . . We have good reason, therefore, to commend your salutary industry and to heartily congratulate you on the progress of your labors. . . . The following is from the Pontifical Brief, "Allata Nuper ad Nos" of

Pope Pius X., constituting the Catholic Church Extension Society of Canada: "We join with you in effusion of spirit in pouring out earnest prayers for the daily increase of this year Society. Moreover, we are greatly rejoiced by these present Letters to charitably solicit for you the assistance of all those, especially the most prominent of our citizens who have the increase of religion and the good of their country especially at heart. Above all things, and before all persons, we address this, Our exhortation, to the Venerable Brethren in the Pastoral Office, knowing well that their assistance is most to be desired, because most efficacious. If they urge on the work, the active co-operation of the clergy is sure to follow quickly, and likewise the abundant financial assistance of those to whom Divine Providence has given, together with the riches of the world, the easy and efficient means of performing works."

The Catholic Church Extension Society has then the approval of the highest authority in the Catholic Church. To merit the continuance of this august approval, the approval of the Episcopal body and the generous support of the Catholic laity of Canada, is the ardent desire of the Catholic Church Extension Society. To achieve this purpose, it is only necessary for the Society to live up to its name, to be, in thought and action truly Catholic. This, with the help of God, will be done.

REV. T. O'DONNELL, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 67 Bond St., Toronto.

Contributions through this office should be addressed to:

EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

DONATIONS

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes entries like 'Previously acknowledged \$73 25', 'Alfred Diebolt, Drake 2 00', 'A. Doyle, Osgood Stn. 2 00', 'A Friend, Detroit 2 00', 'D. L. D., Nelson 2 00', 'A. J. Mc., Belleville 5 00'.

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A LESSON FOR THE WORLDLING

For thirty-seven years a religious worked unceasingly in the prosecution of a great work. How great was not fully known until her death, which occurred recently, drew attention to her achievements for her country people. The Italian problem is one of deep anxiety to devoted Bishops and pastors in this country, who have much difficulty in safeguarding the faith of Italian immigrants in our large cities.

About a quarter of a century ago Mother Francis Xavier Cabrini, founder of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart, came from Italy to the United States at the suggestion of Pope Leo XIII. to care for the Italian sick and poor. Mother Cabrini had shown in her native land her peculiar vocation for such work, and the results she achieved here fully met the Holy Father's expectations.

None knew better than this noble-hearted woman how urgent was the need of her people in a strange land where they could not even make themselves understood. Her zeal and charity overcame difficulties that seemed insurmountable. How she managed to build hospitals and schools in various American cities and to maintain them makes a story of courage, devotion and faith that must move the hearts of all who read it.

Her work extended clear across the Continent, we are told. In developing it, she gathered around her other brave, holy women, who will carry on the beneficent mission of Mother Cabrini.

In Italy the Order has now more than a score of houses; twelve foundations were made in South America; two in Spain and one each in England and France.

Surely the prayers of Mother Cabrini will still safeguard the poor Italians and her works harbor them, though she herself has passed her reward.

The lesson of her life stands out appealingly, convincingly. It was a life of service, that devoted, personal service that only the chosen of God can render. It should make the worldling ashamed of wasting time and money on trivial interests and it should encourage conscientious workers to go forward with implicit confidence. No worthy mission shall fail.—Sacred Heart Review.

PONTIFF PROCURES CEMETERY PLANS

London, Jan. 6, 1918.—Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris, has received from Cardinal Gasparri, the new plan of the cemeteries of the Allied soldiers buried at Gallipolis. Detailed plans and lists accompany this larger plan. They have been obtained through Mgr. Dolci, Apostolic Delegate at Constantinople, who had great difficulty in getting them. Cardinal Amette has sent the documents to the Ministry of War, and the Government of France has requested him to thank the Cardinal Secretary of State and also Mgr. Dolci. The well known society of the "Nouvelles des Soldats," has also received a copy of the plan, and will now reply to all inquiries from families who have lost members in that terrible campaign. Cardinal Gasparri has also sent Cardinal Amette a packet of sketches and photographs of some of the tombs which he had received from the Apostolic Delegate. It will be remembered that the Turks have promised to respect these graves, on the request of the Holy Father.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Nov. 26, 1916.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: That your charity towards my mission is approved by the highest ecclesiastical authorities of Canada let me quote from a letter from His Excellency, The Most Rev. Peregrinus F. Stagni, O. S. M., D. D., Apostolic Delegate, Ottawa. "I have been watching with much interest the contributions to the Fund opened on behalf of your missions by the CATHOLIC RECORD. The success has been very gratifying and shows the deep interest which our Catholic people take in the work of the missionary in foreign lands. . . . I bless you most cordially and wish you, as a pledge my earnest wishes for your greatest success in all your undertakings." I entreat you to continue the support of my struggling mission, assuring you a remembrance in my prayers and Masses.

Yours faithfully in Jesus and Mary J. M. FRASER

PREVIOUSLY ACKNOWLEDGED

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes entries like 'John Brady, Eganville 1 50', 'A Friend, Brent's Cove 5 00', 'In honor of St. Anthony 1 00', 'Most abandoned soul in Purgatory 1 00', 'A Friend, Stratford 1 00', 'Miss E. MacCormac 1 00', 'Ottawa 1 00', 'For souls in Purgatory 5 00', 'F. R. Kinnear, Shives, Athol 2 00', 'Special Intention, St. John's 5 00', 'Fred Gilbert, Kenora 25 00', 'M. C. D. 3 25', 'A. J. Mc., Belleville 1 50', 'St. Anthony's Bread, Glace Bay 1 00'.

WEAKNESS ON BOTH SIDES IS, WE KNOW, THE MOTTO OF ALL QUARRELS.

Weakness on both sides is, we know, the motto of all quarrels.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

Rev. F. P. Hickey, O. S. B. QUINQUAGESIMA

PREPARATION FOR LENT

"They told him that Jesus of Nazareth was passing by." (Luke xviii. 37.)

Towards the end of the Gospel, my dear brethren, we are told of the blind man, who sat by the wayside begging. And when he heard the tramp of the feet of the multitude passing by, he asked what it meant. They told him that Jesus of Nazareth was passing by. And immediately he cried out, saying, "Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me." And they rebuked him that he should hold his peace, but he cried out much more: "Son of David, have mercy on me." And what did our Blessed Lord do? The crowd had rebuked him, but our Lord, standing, commanded him to be brought unto Him. And when he was come near, He asked him, saying, "What wilt thou that I do to thee? But he said, Lord, that I may see. And Jesus said to him, Receive thy sight: thy faith hath made thee whole. And immediately he saw, and followed Him, glorifying God."

What other Lent, which we begin this week—what other is it but "Jesus of Nazareth is passing by?" And there are many blind men sitting by the wayside—many amongst us doing nothing to get to heaven, indifferent or helpless. Maybe during Lent the good example and prayers of others—the earnest ones who keep Lent—may make them notice and remember that Jesus is passing by.

Yes; He is passing by once more. Let no one despise the opportunity. We are all blind indeed, and let our prayer be, "Lord, that we may see—see Thee and see ourselves."

Oh, blessed sight, that would make us realize God's goodness! First, in giving us a Lent, which is a special time for grace and forgiveness—a special time when our prayers have more power with God; when our hearts are more easily touched; when, fulfilling our duties, repentance leads us to a change of life. And the special devotion of Lent—devotion to the Passion and Death of our Redeemer—leads us on to more and more earnestness and love. Who can think of the sufferings of his Lord and be mean enough to shirk his duties, to cut down his prayers, to begrudge a little suffering in abstinence and fasting? Think of the Cross, and you will not refuse to be followers and soldiers of Christ.

Our prayer is to see—see God, see ourselves. What a contrast in the two pictures! God's infinite goodness and the awfulness of our sins. Their number affrights us, their ingratitude and malice appal us. And to whom can we turn in our distress, but to the very One Whom we have offended? In His goodness God makes our very sins help us to realize His mercy and love.

Our next step is to follow Him, as the blind did when his eyes were opened. To follow Him, he kept near Him, kept Him in sight. Oh, how glad he was to look upon that blessed face of Christ with the grateful eyes which He had opened! Can we not imitate him? Come to the Lenten services, attend the church with all eagerness, and you will be near the self-same Saviour. Follow Him by being diligent in doing His will; follow Him in fear, lest you lose Him; follow Him, and be not tempted this way or that, whatever may try to allure you away; follow Him, even if you are tired, footsore, and weary, as it were; follow Him, even if a cross is laid upon you, and the Master is trying whether you are worthy of Him.

"Followed Him, glorifying God." That is our final duty, glorifying God. What does that mean? We glorify God when we pray to Him. And Lent is the special season of prayer—the time when we have to pray more, and pray more earnestly. How many of our prayers are lost for want of intention and attention! So in Lent pray for something definite—true sorrow, to overcome some bad habit, for some sinful friend, for the souls in purgatory, for love of the Sacred Heart, for devotion to our Lady, for a holy death—fix on something that you long for, and pray for it. That is intention; and attention is minding your prayers, being devout, earnest. And what will help you to do that better than the remembrance of the sufferings and the Cross of Christ?

We glorify God again, and in the most touching way, when we go to confession. When, filled with sorrow and a firm purpose of amendment, we frankly confess our sins, we glorify God by owning Him as Master, Redeemer, and Judge, and by the blessed hope within us that there is forgiveness for all who repent and confess. We glorify God, for "there shall be joy before the angels of God upon one sinner doing penance." (Luke xv. 10)

And glorifying God is grateful thanks, which are so often forgotten. Contrast our anxiety and long prayers before confession, and the scant and hurried thanksgiving when we have been forgiven. A thankless heart soon runs dry of the grace of God. We like to be thanked, so does God.

If, then, you wish to spend a holy Lent—and it may be your last one—let not Jesus pass by unheeded. Imitate the blind man. Lord, that I may see—see Thee. Thy goodness and mercy; see myself and my sinfulness. And immediately the sight is given, follow Him, by being faithful to your holy religion and your duties; and glorify God by prayers,

by confession, and by thankfulness and gratitude.

Do this now, when the Master's summons bids you, and shortly you will follow Him further—follow Him from this world, to glorify Him forever in the world to come, secure, never to lose sight of your loving Saviour ever more.

TEMPERANCE

WHAT A GOOD MOTHER MAY DO

The following story well illustrates what a good mother may do in the way of ensuring for her son, not only a clean, moral life, but also a life successful from a temporal standpoint. Coming home from Europe on one of the great liners I noticed the captain—a ruddy-faced Scotchman—did not use wine at the table, and when urged declined with great politeness. The voyage was a boisterous one, and as we neared the land a spirit of thankfulness and sympathy was manifested at each meal. Wine was called for, and the captain was frequently toasted. On each of these occasions he acknowledged the compliment with cold water. There were many professional men, including ministers, judges, doctors and teachers, and all seemed to enjoy the festivities of the last day or two. Many times the passengers were hilarious, and the effects of wine were very prominent.

The captain refused to partake in any way, giving no reasons, but declining with the utmost courtesy. Some of the passengers were persistent to know why he could not join them in taking a little wine—among them a judge who, on one occasion, pressed the captain for reasons of his refusal with persistence. The captain answered in a very solemn tone:

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY

"When a boy in Scotland, my ambition was to go to sea. This my mother refused to let me do. Finally, after a long time she consented, if I would promise her never to touch wine or spirits during my lifetime. On my knees, at her side, with the old family Bible, I made this promise, and I have never violated it, and never shall. It is too sacred. A few years later I was shipwrecked, and with three other comrades was washed to the rigging, and remained nearly two days before we were taken off. We were numbed, chilled and exhausted, so much so that we could hardly move. The boat that rescued us carried with it a quantity of brandy, and we were offered all we could drink, but I refused, although told that it was at the risk of my life. I said, 'I will die before I will take any spirits!' Both of my comrades drank freely, and became delirious, then unconscious, and finally died, but I recovered, and this taught me a lesson, that spirits were not good even in extreme cases of exhaustion, and many times I have been grateful for the promise I made my mother. My father was a sea-man and a drinking man, and he died in middle life. My mother knew the peril of a sailor, knew that I could not be different unless I was pledged in advance. She prayed for me while she lived, and that promise and her prayers have carried me so far, and will as long as I live."

TAUGHT THE JUDGE A LESSON

Tears came to the eyes of the judge and other listening passengers. Finally the judge said, "You have taught me a lesson. I, too, promised my father on his death-bed that I would not drink spirits. I have forgotten it, but my life will change from this, and I thank you, captain, most sincerely, for this lesson, and from this time forth it will be the rule of my life to help others to keep away from drink."

Each one shook hands with the captain in the deepest gratitude for his courage, for he was a hero on a higher plane than we had ever realized. That poor Scotch woman's intuition and faith that her boy would rise to eminence if he followed her promise was fulfilled.

If mothers could only realize what a powerful influence they could impress on the minds of the children, influence that would go down to all the future, how often they would use it! This powerful, stalwart captain, the idol of the passengers that travel on that great liner, bearing the responsibilities and cares, is a living example of a true man who is proof against all blandishments, and who can be depended upon in every condition of strain and stress.—J. D. Crothers, M. D.

JESUIT PROFESSOR PRESENTS VALUABLE DISCOVERY TO GOVERNMENT

A discovery which promises to prove a potent factor in the War was announced several days ago at Chicago, in the Loyola University department of medicine. It is a combination which produces glycerine, used in the manufacture of high explosives as well as an antiseptic for wounds. A shortage in glycerine has been threatened because of huge war demands. Its price now is nearly \$7.50 per gallon. By use of the Loyola formula the same glycerine can be produced in unlimited quantities for 30 cents per gallon. The formula has been forwarded to the War Department as the school's donation to the nation. Discovery was made by the Rev. Edward J. Calhoun, S. J., an instructor. He has been working on the combina-

tion since this country entered the War. The new glycerine is made from a combination of saked lime and refuse meat and vegetables. The former ingredient replaces sodium hydroxide, which costs \$2 per gallon, and in a large measure was responsible for the high cost. The refuse furnishes the grease necessary.—The Monitor.

THE LITTLE BADGE

"Well, Catholic priests are at least an intellectual set. I can never deny that again." Such was the internal comment with which Richard Tresham, prominent lawyer, turned from an interview with Father James Casey. Their talk had been purely a professional one necessitated by a property suit and the analytical grasp of principles which the priest had shown throughout started the great agnostic pleader and drove from his mind forever the conception that priests were an ignorant class, gifted only with shrewdness to work on the credulity of the superstitious.

The conception did not leave him without a jar. It had been a dear one as it had been his father's and grandfather's before him, and it was this, perhaps, that accounted for the brusqueness with which he rose and stepped to the door. Anyhow he paid for the lack of serenity in his movements, for he knocked over a cardboard box on the priest's desk. He apologized at once and stooped down to pick up the contents of the box widely scattered. What he had spilled was a quantity of little red badges with the same picture on each one. He gathered them all up; the priest, after a protest that it was of no consequence, watching him with a quiet smile.

"Pardon me, Father, but may I ask what these are?" He had examined several in succession before dropping them back. "Why, yes, certainly," replied the priest. "Those are badges of the Sacred Heart."

"The Sacred Heart!—something, I take it, in connection with the worship of Christ?" "Precisely, Mr. Tresham, that is the figure of Christ in each one."

"But why in the heart of the figure exposed?" Tresham's tone was courteous but his face was wrinkled with perplexity. He was studying one of the badges held between finger and thumb. "I don't mean to be rude, Father, but if, as I have always understood, Christ was a man He must, I should think, have carried His heart about concealed as other men do."

"Quite right, Mr. Tresham. But this is not a representation of Christ during His life on earth. It is an apparition which He made to a holy woman in France. The uncovering of His Heart was an emphasis of the words He spoke to her, 'Behold the Heart that has loved men so much,' and of the revelations He made to her, all touching the marvels of His love and the means of cultivating it and of repairing the many slights His love has suffered."

Tresham had dropped the hand holding the badge and was listening carefully. He now replied: "Father, I don't think I misunderstand you. It is the first time I have been brought all close to what I shall respectfully call Catholic piety. But will you let me speak my convictions about it all plainly, even at the risk of offending you?"

"The plainer the better, Mr. Tresham, and I know you will welcome a plain answer."

"Well, here are my feelings. To begin, without a shade of flattery I admire you, Father Casey. You have given evidence in our professional talk of rare powers and an advanced education. Hence I wonder all the more that a man like you can be party to a religious cult summed up and symbolized in those red flannel badges there. I don't think I am assuming too much when I take for granted that you make it part of your teaching that one of those red things on my coat, if not a pledge of eternal salvation, is at least a big lift towards it; that it will secure the favor of the great Father of the world and His special protection. I can't tell you how revolting it is to my sense of the dignity of a being as great as God must be to attach such trivial forms of worship to the honoring of Him. Why, Father, if it be true that He set the great laws of matter to govern the wheeling worlds and all that move upon them; and if He wrote the great law of morality in the hearts of men that they might be governed by them, what earthly difference could it make to Him whether or not a man wore a red badge on his coat and what purpose or justification could he have for exciting fantastic visions in a pious emotional woman in France? The whole thing bears the stamp of fraud without even the distinction of a great fraud or a clever fraud."

Tresham had finished. The priest reddened a little with anger once or twice, but controlled himself, and finally answered. "You speak warmly, Mr. Tresham, but I rejoice to see that there is a common ground on which we can meet. I mean that you believe in God."

This last cleared the question from Tresham's look and he put in at once: "Believe in God? Oh certainly, Father, I never could resist the evidence of that. To scribble a world of such intricate and perfect order to

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mere chance would be like attributing Blackstone's Commentaries to the accidental splashing of printer's ink. And even than one would be driven to explain how ink and paper came together and stayed together.

But, pardon me, Father, it seems to me a far cry from God the great Father of the world to the pinning of those red badges on your coat.

"Good, Mr. Tresham, but let me ask you, do you believe that God made the world, that is, every form of life and matter, whether visible or invisible?"

"Most certainly I do, Father, and that is no extension of my belief in God, but only a necessary implication. Nothing can share God's eternity with Him. And so everything owes its beginning to Him."

"We are getting along famously, Mr. Tresham, but let me put your admission in different words, just to emphasize it. You recognize God's hand, then, in all the works of nature distributed from horizon to horizon, from the heaving of the earth into majestic mountain ridges to the empearling of a sea-shell, or the prisms in the wing of a bee?"

"Yes, certainly, Father; you speak poetically, but none the less accurately."

"All the manifold variations of light and color," the priest went on, "and the marvel of minute structure that only the microscope reveals; all these things you attribute to the same Eye and Hand. Do you not?"

"I do, Father. There is no chance for quibbling. God is the great Architect of all."

"But—but, my dear Mr. Tresham, does it not seem strange in your system of thinking, that the 'Great Father' should stoop from His heaven to such a trifling task as the construction of an insect's wing, or the sprinkling of chancefoul colors on the neck of a pigeon? In other words, since He is so big, why did He not make only big things?"

Tresham was too good a lawyer not to see that a point had been scored against him. He hesitated a little, and then laughed. "Very good, Father. That's undoubtedly true, but for you, I shall have to rearrange my position. I—"

"No, don't do that," broke in the priest. "Hold on to your position because it contains a most valuable point, belief in God as the Creator of all things. By means of this I hope with God's help to lead you, not to the feet of God; all the world is constructed, by right to the Heart of Christ."

"Go on, Father, I promise to listen carefully."

"First, then, Mr. Tresham, look steadily at that first thought, that God created all that is in the world. It will give you some idea of the extent of God's ingenious love. Then consider the next thought: namely, that God created the heart of man with all its native impulses, its greatness and littleness. And as He loves that heart that He has made, so He loves and desires the homage of that heart nor is any act of homage lost upon Him. It may seem trifling, it may seem even playful, but—"

very deeply. I feel what a privilege, what a power it would be to be able to believe it all. Could I, perhaps, by instruction?"

"I will be glad to instruct you, my dear sir," replied the priest, "but you must remember that all the instruction in the world would never force you to make an act of faith nor even give you power to make one. This comes alone from God's peculiar help. For this you must pray."

"Yes, yes, of course, but how, Father?"

"Like a little child, my dear man. Simply, confidently. But wait, here's a beginning." The priest smiled ever so little and picked up one of the red flannel badges. "Pin this somewhere over your heart and ask Him where Sacred Heart is depicted there to accept this little act of homage and in return to give you light that you may believe in Him and warm your heart to love Him."

Tresham's face was shining as he took the badge and pinned it on the inside of his coat.

"But that is very conspicuous, Mr. Tresham. Why not place it out of sight somewhere. Wearing your coat open as you do, your business friends will all be inquiring."

"Just so, Father; and I intend to tell them in brief or at length, as each one prefers, why I am wearing it.—T. B. Chetwood, S. J., in Catholic Opinion."

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE HEART OF A FRIEND

A heart that is glad when your heart is gay, And true in the time of cares; That halves the trials of a fretful day...

of my time and that intellectually and imaginatively I might run dry if I stayed in my rut. So I resolved to do a little reading before I went to bed...

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SHORT SKETCH OF LIVES OF SAINTS OF THE WEEK

FEBRUARY 4.—ST. JANE OF VALOIS

A heart that will hear no ill of you, but very quick to defend; A heart that is always true, steel true— Such is the heart of a friend.

WORK WILL NOT HURT

Remember, my son, you have to work, whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books...

Born of the blood royal of France, herself a queen, Jane of Valois led a life remarkable for its humiliations even in the annals of the Saints.

FEBRUARY 8.—ST. JOHN OF MATHA

There are young men who do not work, but the world is not proud of them. It does not know their names even; it simply speaks of them as old so-and-so's boys.

The life of St. John of Matha was one long course of self sacrifice for the glory of God and the good of his neighbor.

FEBRUARY 5.—ST. AGATHA, VIRGIN, MARTYR

SOME ERRORS OF LIFE

The fourteen errors of life have been enumerated as follows: To attempt to set up our own standard of right and wrong...

St. Agatha was born in Sicily, of rich and noble parents—a child of benediction from the first, for she was promised to her parents before her birth...

FEBRUARY 9.—ST. APOLLONIA AND THE MARTYRS OF ALEXANDRIA

By systematic reading, a little at a time but done regularly, a library can be easily gone through.

In Alexandria, in 249, the mob rose in savage fury against the Christians. Metras, an old man, perished first.

FEBRUARY 7.—ST. ROMUALD, ABBOT

One of the busiest men that I know is one of the mellowest and the best read.

In 976, Sergius, a nobleman of Ravenna, quarrelled with a relative about an estate, and slew him in a duel.

Diocletian, Bishop of Alexandria at this time, "remains with us reserved for some longer and greater combat."

The Christians of former ages partook of but one feast each day, and this feast, from which all meats were excluded, was never eaten until after the Vespers—near night-fall.

FEBRUARY 10.—ST. SCHOLASTICA

Of this Saint but little is known on earth, save that she was the sister of the great patriarch St. Benedict, and that, under his direction, she founded a d governed a numerous community near Monte Casino.

Lent is a commemoration of the fast of our Lord, when He remained in the desert forty days and nights.

In his youth St. Romuald was much troubled by temptations of the flesh. To escape them he had recourse to hunting, and in the woods first conceived his love of solitude.

In order to reach the great week—that week of suffering to the Son of God—Lent is a holy preparation.

FEBRUARY 13.—ASH WEDNESDAY

The life of St. John of Matha was one long course of self sacrifice for the glory of God and the good of his neighbor.

I cannot soar and sing my Lord and love; No eagle's wings have I, No power to rise and greet my King above.

LENT

February 13th, Ash Wednesday, will open the holy forty days, the days of fasting and of prayer—of retirement and mortification.

I cannot love, my heart is turned within And locked within; (Ah me! How shivering in self love I sit) for sin.

St. Apollonia, an aged virgin, was the most famous among the martyrs. Her teeth were beaten out; she was led outside the city, a huge fire was kindled, and she was told she must deny Christ, or else be burned alive.

I cannot live alone another hour; Jesu, be Thou my Life! I have not power to strive; be Thou my Power in every strife!

St. Agatha gave herself without reserve to Jesus Christ; she followed Him in virgin purity, and then looked to Him for protection.

I cannot trace Thy Providence and place, Nor dimly comprehend What in Thyself Thou art, and what is man.

In 976, Sergius, a nobleman of Ravenna, quarrelled with a relative about an estate, and slew him in a duel.

The celebrated French physician, Doctor Recamier, said to one who seemed surprised at his piety: "Why, of course, I recite the Rosary! The Pope recites it. When I am uneasy about one of my cases, when I find that remedies are in vain, I address myself to Him Who can cure any thing and everything."

Now I felt that I was getting at the secret. "How did you happen to form that habit?" I asked.

Recited the Rosary. The celebrated French physician, Doctor Recamier, said to one who seemed surprised at his piety: "Why, of course, I recite the Rosary! The Pope recites it."

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