

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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LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1917

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SORROW

The Church does not try to hide from her children the vast amount of evil that there is in the world and recognizes that the existence of it is to a large extent a mystery. But she teaches also that the mystery will, some day, be cleared up and that out of evil good will eventually come. Moreover, she teaches that the moral evil ought to excite our regrets incomparably more than the physical.

Social workers, however, assure us that with the advance of hygienic science physical evils will be less obtrusive than they are at present; with chloride of lime, tooth brushes and the scalpel we may confidently look forward to a happy condition of the world and of life. We admit, of course, that vicious self-indulgence is the nemesis of infirmity and suffering. Most of physical suffering is due to sin. But, notwithstanding this explanation of suffering is totally inadequate; and, moreover, all our means of deadening pain and our luxuries have not driven pain and suffering from the door of mankind.

So far as we can see the innocent suffer: war and all that it brings in its train, blights the lives of myriads. There is a mass of suffering that cannot be accounted for by social workers. Sorrow plays a large role in the game of life, and human reason can assign no satisfactory cause for it. There are theories about it, but they are as void of substance as the unbanked desert. Consequently unless we have faith in God and His Providence, it will destroy hope and saturate us with despair, or induce us with that stoicism that regards suffering as an inexplicable fatality against which we may battle as best we can.

OUR CONSOLATION

Happily, however, we are taught that the problem of pain must be viewed in the broad light of the eternal past and the goal of the great hereafter. Revelation tells us that God is not the cause of pain. The Scriptures assure us that evil in its origin cannot be ascribed to the absolute will of God. It is extrinsic and accidental, and it is something placed by man which one day by the power of God may be swept away forever. The Bible indeed tells us that man living for a short time is filled with many miseries. But it goes on to show how pain ennobles and deepens and purifies life. It gets us ready for the big performance in the valley of Judgment. Indifferent actors as we are, sorrow teaches us the significance of our lives and the importance of our roles.

It tells us to regard as of no consequence the things that prevent our concentration on our roles. Hard work and monotonous, this daily rehearsal, amidst things that clutter up the stage, but sorrow makes us see that is the only way to learn our part.

Suffering is the hand-maid of virtue, the source of true nobility. It increases generosity and dares all obstacles. However the winds may blow it teaches us to say: "Even though the Lord kill me, I will trust in Him."

For those who mourn their loved ones "Killed in action somewhere in France" there is no consolation better than "Blessed are they that weep and suffer, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven."

THE CONDUCTOR

Ontario is the home of culture, of the family of quality and the symphony orchestra famed for its rendition of amity and concord. With Signor Hocken as conductor, the orchestra wields indisputable sway over its auditors, through its colourful music of the saffron brand.

We who are some distance from Ontario are not enthralled by this classic. In fact we cannot understand it; we prefer to listen to music which, welling up out of hearts unensured by prejudice and bigotry, makes the world brighter and better. But whatsoever may become of the orchestra, Signor Hocken should be "embalmed" and treasured as an object-lesson of what can be effected

by mental discord. And if in the times to come some may be tempted to blur the page of national unity with appeals to groundlings, Signor Hocken in his embalmed fearsomeness may be happily a deterrent.

THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY

The Catholic Truth Society is doing its part toward clearing away many of the lies and errors of history and showing how tradition and that prejudice that follows it have been a great obstacle to Catholic development.

It follows the advice of Cardinal Newman: "Oblige men to know you, persuade them, importune them, shame them into knowing you. Make it so clear what you are that they cannot affect not to see you, nor refuse to justify you."

We are pleased to note that laymen are taking a prominent part in this work, which cannot but redound to the prestige of the Church and her beneficent influence. And this is as it should be. Soporific and apathy should not be ascribed to the layman. The business and the professional men, who see life at a different angle than the priests, can oftentimes give valuable advice as to the best means of solving problems. Some of the energy and the ability which characterize their efforts for the world can be pressed into service for the temporal and spiritual good of others.

The layman, we think, is realizing more and more his dignity and the good he can accomplish. He is relieving the priest from the cares and anxieties of the management of various organizations; and this makes for closer unity between clergy and laity and for mutual understanding and greater sympathy. Catholics, therefore, should patronize the book-racks at the doors of the churches. The pamphlets are inexpensive, instructive, and indispensable to those who deem it shameful to be dumb when they are asked a question about the Church.

What is the Church's attitude toward Socialism? Read the Catholic Truth Society's publication.

What is her attitude toward science? What has she done for education? What is she doing in social work? Why does she claim to be the only Church of God? These and a thousand other questions are answered succinctly and satisfactorily. Get the habit of patronizing your Church book-rack. Don't be the victim of every ignorant scribbler. The knowledge of your religion will give you strength and happiness. Ignorance in this is always inexcusable. We sin against faith when we fail to try to know what God has taught by neglecting to learn the Christian doctrine. If we cannot answer any simple question about our religion then we say with St. Paul: "I speak it to your shame—you have not the knowledge of God."

How many of us could answer the question: What do you mean by the infallibility of the Pope and the Immaculate Conception? Why does the priest sometimes use white vestments, sometimes red and sometimes purple when he says Mass? If we desire to become intelligent Catholics we should lose no time in acquiring the Catholic Truth Society habit!

HEROIC FRENCH PRIESTS

BELGIAN KING DECORATES ONE WITH KNIGHTHOOD AND CROSS OF WAR (C. P. A. Service)

Brussels, May 3.—King Albert of Belgium, has just decorated another heroic priest, in the person of Father J. Martin, whom he has appointed Chevalier of the Order of Leopold II, and has decorated with the Cross of War. The devoted and courageous braverdier was seriously wounded in the first line, while carrying in the injured and anointing the dying under a heavy fire. He is now, unfortunately, suffering from a grave affection caused by his wound. A heroic French priest was only this week received in audience by Benedict XV, amongst other pilgrims. When the Pope saw the French uniform he paused before him and Joseph Guerin, and asked him why he was no longer at the front. The young priest replied that he had been invalided, owing to wounds received in the Church of St. Catherine-lez-Arras while celebrating the Holy Sacrifice. A bursting shell had struck him on the head and arm and killed his captain, who was serving his "poilus" Mass. When the Holy

Father asked if they expected the possibility of the church being struck the Abbe answered that it was the third shell which had taken effect. The Holy Father looked at him with paternal tenderness and said: "I bless you with all my heart," and at the priest's request extended that blessing to the venerable pastor of his parish and to the director and members of the Patronage of Good Counsel.

THE FOREGONE CONCLUSION

By the Right Rev. Monsignor F. Bickerton, S. J., D. D., etc., Protonotary Apostolic Senior R. C. Chaplain to H. M. Forces in the United Kingdom

It has always been maintained by those most likely to have expert knowledge concerning Prussianism, its secret aims, and its ultimate purposes, that open expansion of Germany's territorial frontiers in Europe was only a minor and contingent object, with that German Military Camarilla by whom the War was engineered. Even the fact that Germany's first step in the War left her, as she still remains, in military occupation of considerable alien territories, is not taken as contradicting this theory of the real Hohenzollern object.

There was no frank response to the plain and simple demand that Germany would state on what terms she desired peace to which (inasmuch as she had declared her longings to be wistfully bent. But she has flown several *ballons d'essai*, unofficially and irresponsibly in the sky of neutral journalism, and from those balloons were dropped deftly folded hints of her willingness to abandon almost the whole of her territorial acquisitions in Europe—almost; for a comparatively tiny, an apparently tiny, exception there was which will concern us presently.

If Germany had any sort of sincere intention behind these irresponsibly dropped hints, it can only be deduced that, costly as the acquisition of these alien European territories has been to her, she gained them and keeps them for a special ulterior purpose. It is not now the point that she is fully aware that under no circumstances would she be permitted to retain them. She would certainly assume very loudly that she must be *inimicable* in them were there not considerations which made her willing herself to contemplate their abandonment—at a price. The price is the point.

The value to her of her occupation of these alien territories is as *prochaine monnaie*, exchange-money, for something she wants (at present) much more than them. She did not go to war for the removal of the western frontier a little further west, and the pushing of her eastern frontier a little further east at the expense of France and Russia. Her gaze was stretched much further afield. It was her world Empire she was bent on evolving, not the mere addition of certain snips of territory to her mileage at home. The point of the war in 1870 was not the mere theft of two French provinces, but the foundation and proclamation of her Empire in Europe. Her present purpose was the exploitation of the Empire far outside Europe. And that is the true reason why she regards Great Britain as her real opponent and enemy.

What it is important to note is this: that Germany has already lost that for which she has been intending this war during so many years; that for which she might have paid away for the present any territorial acquisitions in Central Europe. The fall of Bagdad to the British is a bitter shame and humiliation to the dying Turk, one of the horrors of the Sick Man in *extremis*; but to Germany it is much more, it is the collapse of an entire policy, the decision of an appeal, the wakening from a dream. Had it been in the decrees of fate that Germany should win the War, Bagdad would not have been a Turkish outpost but the Eastern frontier post of Germany—until she should be able to shift it further East still. It would have been a German gun emplacement, with its guns trained on the furthest East. The Sick Man would only have been ground landlord complimented with a pepper-corn rent. The passing of Bagdad to Great Britain is Germany's failure in her essential world purpose.

That it will lead to results more lamentable still for the moribund Turk is obvious enough; what will ultimately be left to him neither he, nor his present feudatories, nor anyone, can yet surmise. That Constantinople will not be left to him he already believes and trembles. But he was perishing of senile decay, and the inevitable Nemesis of an ill-spent life, in any case. To him it will all make only a slight difference of time and condition. His exit will only be a little sooner, a little sooner. He has indeed been an unconscionable time dying, this Sick Man; and his death-bed has been miserably unedifying. Now he will be buried, shrouded, jostled towards his end; he will miss the meagre, dismal dignity of expiring in his own

bed, in his old scandalous household and that will be all.

To Germany Constantinople will be lost far more truly than to the Turk. The passing of the long-dying Osmanli Caliphate will not worry Islam; but the Hohenzollern Caliphate prematurely announced will never be born. The neutral world already may see that Hohenzollern plans are too big for Hohenzollern hands to carry. Probably Russia has by this time set the neutral world wondering whether, instead of clutching everything, the Hohenzollern will be able to save anything. The bigger anything is the slower will it move; and it has taken Russia a long time to stretch her vast arms and free herself. What will the Germanic peoples do when they know, as they must at last? The grievance of the Russian people against their misled, fateful, unhappy master is nothing in comparison with the grievances of his peoples against the Autocrat of all the Teutons. What will they do when they hear how quickly a people that has resolved to be free becomes free? Will there ever be the necessity for the Allies to demand as one of the Peace Terms the punishment of the plotter of the War? May not that be done, beforehand, for them? Who can doubt that those quietly vagrant eyes are scanning now the eastward wall of his house, and spelling the words which Nemesis is already chalking there—*Mene! Mene! Tehel!*

The peoples of Germany probably care very little about Bagdad; what they do care about is bread (as did the French people before their Revolution, as did the Russian people before theirs) and their Emperor will be as little able to give it them, as he has been able to give himself Bagdad. A Napoleon can do almost anything with his people; but if a people becomes aware that their Napoleon is only a Sergeant Major they grow tired; and hungry eyes are quick to note the difference between glory and the long-deferred promise of it. The German Emperor has no Austerlitz nor Jena to offer his people in lieu of bread. His imagination is vivid; he has rehearsed yet the part of Diocletian? One can almost picture his morbid pleasure in the paths of abdicating a world-throne which he never possessed.

The colonial solution, that is, a workaday gift of autonomy based on the free dominions in the Empire, has the merit of being acceptable to more groups at one time than any other. What Ireland wants is not so much any particular system as the recognition of her nationality. The trouble is that only extremists can make themselves heard in Ireland. The majority are not asking for the impossible. Ireland does not wish to hitch her wagon to the moon. Her people are not clamoring for revenge or republics. Vengeance anyhow belongs to the Lord and republics are for countries like Russia and France which have discovered the art of putting up successful revolutions. The world we live in is one which believes more in success than in principles. Ireland is a country which has staked so much for principle that she has failed of success. A humdrum, practical, cooperative, unromantic home administration is what Ireland needs, whatever her most impulsive and gifted sons have demanded and continue to demand.

ELECTION OF IRISH REBEL PRISONER MAY CAUSE FRESH CRISIS

London, May 11.—The London papers take a grave view of the situation created by the South Londonderry election. The Chronicle says: "The Empire had in John Redmond's party at the outbreak of the War an incalculable asset—a party which combined the unshaken political leadership of Catholic Ireland, with a reasoned and enthusiastic reconciliation to the Imperial tie. Our plain interest was to strengthen this party by every concession in our power. Unfortunately the reactionary wing of Toryism has been allowed to take that day to this to veto all concession, and though the splendid loyalty of Redmond and his associates has not been altered thereby, their leadership over the Irish people has inevitably been shaken to its foundations.

"If successive British Governments had deliberately planned to foster all the wrecking elements in Irish politics they would hardly have acted otherwise than they have. The position is not spoiled beyond retrieving. The Redmondite party is still the strongest political organization in Ireland but there is no time to lose. Lloyd George's long-expected statement must not again be deferred, and it is supremely important that it should not leave things as they are."

HUMANITARIAN WORK OF THE VATICAN

Rome, April 2.—Until the last bullet has been fired in the European war the world will understand little of the extent of the humanitarian work of the Vatican during the titanic struggle. The suffering of both sides have only the existence of the Papsy but also for its ability to remain neutral in the struggle. It is with lively satisfaction then, one sees that many who were so eager to draw His Holiness Benedict XV, from his avowed attitude of impartiality among the belligerents now open their eyes to the good results which have come from the failure of their unhelpful efforts.

It was well brought home to the writer the other day when in the Department for Lost Soldiers which the Pope established in the Vatican to trace out the whereabouts of missing men. The area of the searches of this bureau extends over every battlefield, in every hospital and concentration camp from Bagdad to Belgium. Men are discovered for their sorrowing relatives after being on the list of missing as far back as the year 1914. From camp to camp, from hospital to hospital the Pope's messengers proceed

searching for John Smith or Fritz Schmidt, or Jean or Luigi in Germany, England, France, Turkey, Belgium, Austria and Bulgaria, facilitated everywhere in their work of love by the civil and the military authorities, by men of all religions and by men of no religious persuasion.

Now how could this be attempted—and it is only one of a hundred humanitarian works initiated by the Vicar of Christ—if the Holy Father had departed one hair-breadth from a position of neutrality during the last three years? Could he have effected the exchange of certain classes of prisoners? Or indeed both sides to allow their sick prisoners into Switzerland for that careful nursing which could not be so well given to them in a country at war? Would his appeal for mercy for men under sentence of death be heard in case either of the belligerents had reason to suspect his neutrality? Most decidedly not. Every country has reaped the benefit of the Pontiff's position, and every country will reap still more.

WHAT DOES IRELAND WANT?

This is an exceedingly difficult question because neither Ireland nor her friends nor her enemies can agree, even among themselves, what she wants for herself or what they want for her.

At present only vague abstractions which sound better to wild music than to mild common sense are being used such as "Coercion for Ireland," "Coercion for Ulster," "An Irish Republic," "Twenty Years of Resolute Government." These are all wanted by different groups in Ireland, but they all imply failure or threaten confusion worse confounded.

The kind of government Ireland wants is neither republican nor reactionary, one that need not be identified with any one of the present parties, though of course a Dublin parliament would be considered the climax of the Irish party's thirty years of struggle. Though Ireland wants a practical, she does not want a machine government. Bosses are bound to make their appearance, but free-lances can be expected to keep up a critical and healthy opposition. It would be difficult to exaggerate the loss of such a citizen as the late Mr. Sheehy Skeffington in a Dublin parliament. An even greater misfortune would be the prevention of illness of Sir Horace Plunkett assuming the portfolio of Irish Agriculture.

All sects and classes, all the social strata left behind by Irish history should find interest, representation and pride in a Dublin parliament. The only types who may be profitably excluded are the *gombeen* men, graziers, absentee landlords and dynamiters. These are all uneconomic factors. Ireland wants cooperation to succeed the disastrous lending class, tillage to swallow grazing, and dynamiters to become absentees and the landlords to take an interest in the community of which they are part and of which they might have become leaders had they recognized the bed rock principle of Irish nationality as Parnell.

The ideal as it exists in Ireland herself will be satisfied by what must needs be a compromise. To say so is no slight on those who gave their lives in Ireland a year ago. They rose for Ireland and not for a type of government which could not possibly have claimed a united and unpartitioned Ireland afterwards.

The ideal that exists in many minds outside Ireland is disturbed by emotion and distance and demands more than Ireland herself wants. Ireland wants less than any other small nationality in Europe today. She asks to possess and enjoy that full colonial independence which the principle is assured to the world by the entry of America into the War. She cannot ask less. She need not want more at least in this generation. For the time we must be practical and reconstructive, remembering that Ireland is immortal and that her final form and destiny is with God.—Shane Leslie, M. A., in America.

It is a bad thing to tell a lie that will do no harm to anybody, very much worse to give utterance to a calumny and falsely impute to an individual or to a body of men actions or intentions that will bring them into disrepute, but the worst of all is to perpetrate that unjust lie by writing, printing and publishing it, by binding it in morocco and advertising it to the unsuspecting as history and truth. It matters not whether the calumny concern Catholic or Protestant, friend or foe, have nothing to do with it. The man who has any share in such a transaction is a rascal. If you must meet and deal with him, be ever on your guard. He cannot be trusted.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The President has received a telegram from Dr. T. R. Starynski, president of the Polish Alliance of America, offering the services of 100,000 Poles for the army to serve during the War.

Eleanor C. Donnelly, who was the author of more than 50 volumes, died at Villa Maria Convent, West Chester, Pa., on Monday, April 30. She was seventy-nine years old. Miss Donnelly was styled "The Adelaide Procter of America."

Right Rev. Mgr. John Chadwick, who was chaplain of the Maine when it was blown up in Havana harbor in 1898 and who resigned his services to the Government, Mgr. Chadwick is now rector of Dunwoodie Seminary, Yonkers, N. Y.

General of the Archdiocese of Melbourne, has been appointed Bishop of Sandhurst, Australia. He was born in County Clare, Ireland, and was educated at the Irish College, Rome. After his ordination the young priest spent some years in the Irish Missions and then went to Australia.

The Holy Father has appointed Monsignor Pacelli, secretary of the Sacred Congregation for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs, to be Nuncio to Bavaria. He was connected for twelve years with the Papal Secretariate and his new mission is one of great importance. He will be consecrated Archbishop of Sardis by the Pope on May 11.

Right Rev. Cornelius F. Thomas, pastor of St. Ann's Church, Baltimore, and editor of the Baltimore Review, has been named by Cardinal Gibbons to succeed Bishop Russell as pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Washington. Monsignor Thomas is fifty-nine years old, and after ordination, thirty-four years ago, served as assistant at St. Patrick's.

Before the War the Archdiocese of Cologne had 450 students of theology, now there are 90; Paderborn had 250 as compared with 24; Treves, 280, now 70; Rotterdam 40, now 6. For the Bavarian dioceses much the same proportion obtains. Of the theological students from Bavarian dioceses 128 have been killed at the front. Most of the German dioceses were short of priests before the War.

Rome, April 13.—The Corriere d'Italia announces as the result of Pope Benedict's intervention Germany has released Mgr. Louis LeGrave, Vicar General to Cardinal Mercier, Primate of Belgium. Mgr. LeGrave was sentenced last month to nine months' imprisonment and deported to Germany for sheltering a discharged French soldier for one night.

Rome, March 30.—Last week appeared in Rome a Catholic weekly in English which is to be called the Roman Review. The Holy Father and the Papal Secretariate of State consider the project to be an excellent one, especially as the policy will be guided by the ecclesiastics who are responsible for it. The Roman Review is to be rigily non political, its motto being "To hold with Peter."

The Right Rev. Peter Muldoon, D. D., Bishop of Rockford, Ill., has been named Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles, to succeed the late Bishop Conaty. He was born in Columbia, California, in 1863, and is therefore returning to his native State. He was ordained to the priesthood when only twenty-three years old, and has rendered invaluable services to the Church in America.

The Belgian Minister of State, Jules van den Piereboom, who has just died at his house of Anderlacht, and who was a very pious man, has bequeathed the whole of his considerable fortune to the Belgian societies which are employed in providing for the widows and orphans of the War, especially of soldiers fallen on the field of honor. To the commune of Anderlacht he left his museum of antiquities, many of which are of great value, and also the most precious volumes of his rich library.

Dr. John G. Coyle recently made the statement that more than 1,600,000 children are educated in the Catholic parochial schools at a cost of \$10 a head, or \$15,000,000 throughout the country, while the average cost of Public school education was \$12 a head, and that, therefore, the sacrifices of the Catholics, owing to their determination to have religion taught as a part of education to their children, save the taxpayers of the United States more than \$63,000,000 a year.

Another Anglican clergyman has joined the Catholic Church in England. The Rev. W. J. Scott, who was received into the Church by Monsignor Coates at Eastbourne a few days ago, was for nearly twenty years vicar of St. Saviour Sunbury, and before that was curate of well known Anglican churches in Plymouth, London, Ramsgate and Barnsey. Though not now young Mr. Scott is still active and alert. He was noted as a preacher in his Anglican days, but his plans for the future are not yet decided.

AMBITION'S CONTEST

BY CHRISTINE FABER
CHAPTER VI—CONTINUED

THE STRANGE VISITOR AGAIN

For Howard, true enjoyment had gone out of everything. It was apparent to the most casual observer that his gaiety was forced, and the very smiles which Malverton's mirthful sallies sometimes provoked faded ere they were well upon his lips.

"Was it illness which he would not speak of?" Lady Grosvenor affectionately queried, but Howard shook his head and took special care to evade all future questioning. Ellen had ceased her inquiries and remonstrances, for both had been impotent to secure satisfactory replies; she sought, by busying herself with such preparations for their return home as those in which she was capable of assisting, to banish her fears for her brother, and anxiously counted the days which must elapse ere their embarkation for New York. Between Howard Courtney and Malverton, Grosvenor, opposite natures though the lads possessed, there existed a friendship almost girl-like in its warm attachment, particularly on the part of the English lad, to whom, ardent admirer as he was of genius in any form, there was something so brilliant in Howard's extraordinary talent that it excited his warmest admiration and love for the fortunate possessor. Inheriting but in a very slight degree his father's superior parts, possessing but a very ordinary ability for mastering knowledge even in its simplest form, and acquiring intelligence only by intense application, he yet possessed that which was worth them all for the insuring of happiness to himself and those about him. He had the generous, kindly qualities of his mother—her quick, ever-ready sympathy, and her benevolent disposition. It never occurred to him to envy Howard Courtney; knowing his own deficiency in native talents, he was content to acquire by persevering study such knowledge as he might, without even breathing a wish to be other than he was, and delighted when opportunity presented itself for the bestowal of his need of admiration on those whom Heaven had gifted. But simple and unostentatious as his character appeared to a casual observer, beneath all that courtly reserve and inimitable grace of manner which he inherited from his father, there was a depth and solidity which more brilliant characters sadly want. His friendships, once surely formed, were undying; his love of truth something marvellous in one who had so many and such gay companions; and his religious belief, as he had been taught it, something to which he lived strictly in practice as in thought. His applause of Howard had been more enthusiastic than that given by the other lads, and his praise of Howard's talents more frequently and glowingly expressed. Perchance it was owing to these facts that the latter reciprocated Malverton's hearty friendship, for there was in Howard Courtney's nature, as there is in all such natures, that which craves praise with an insatiable longing, and can know no happiness when every evidence of admiration is withheld. But warm friends as the lads were, Malverton was not aware of the cause of Howard's strange, disquietude, though he had affectionately pressed him upon the subject, until a day or two before their intended departure for England. They were sojourning in Sorrento, the last place in Italy in which a stay of any length had been made, and Ellen, on the balcony of the hotel was enjoying the balmy breeze which blew from the sea, when she was attracted by the sound of voices just beneath where she stood. Still as the scene was, broken only at intervals by the plying of some fisherman's oar, and the distant murmur of a miniature water-fall as it leaped down the rocks on the coast, the conversation was unintelligible. She bent from the balcony to discern more plainly the forms now emerging from the shade of the portico into the path that led to the shore, and recognized her brother and Malverton, both engaged in earnest, animated debate, judging from their excited gestures, Ellen, watching with breathless interest, saw that length cease suddenly—saw Malverton put his hand before his eyes, and return hastily toward the Hotel, while Howard slowly proceeded on his way to the shore. She turned from the balcony into the apartment from which it opened, and waited for Malverton's step to announce his approach. Then she met him in the corridor.

"Has anything occurred between you and Howard? I saw you from the balcony, and feared from your manner that there was some unpleasant feeling."

She spoke so timidly, with the color flitting in and out of her cheeks, that she suggested the idea of a frightened fawn to the youth. This voluntary addressing him was so unwelcome to Howard that Ellen Courtney to do, that it rendered him silent with astonishment for a moment; then, with his usual strict adherence to truth, he answered:

"I wish I could say, Miss Courtney, that there was nothing the matter; but something has arisen between us which has rendered me exceedingly uncomfortable—not upon Howard's or my own account, but on account of those whose life-long love and hopes are bound up with him."

Seeing her white lips about to part for further questioning, he hastened to add:

"I think you will learn it all from your brother."

She dropped her head and turned back to the apartment, while Malverton passed slowly to his room, Howard returned ere long, and at once sought his sister's apartment. Flung himself into the chair which she had vacated on his entrance, he begun in the passionate manner which had become habitual with him of late:

"I am not going home with you, Ellen."

All the undefined fears which had been so long in her heart were assuming palpable shape now; but with a calmness which surprised herself she asked:

"Because I am going to college somewhere in Europe," he replied; "and to go home would be a needless loss of time."

With her voice still as firm as though some terrible clasp did not seem to bind her heart, she said:

"Is it a needless loss of time to go home, that mamma, whose heart is breaking because of absence from you, may see you before you go to college?"

Howard sprang from his chair, and began to pace the room while he answered:

"I know all you would say, Ellen, and how prettily you can plead for those old-fashioned notions of yours; but it will be no use; I shall not go home—I am going to college with Malverton Grosvenor."

All the religious fervor of which Ellen Courtney's finely wrought nature was capable, and all the religious horror which such an enthusiastic soul as hers must feel at the bare contemplation of such a step as that which Howard had avowed his intention of doing, were aroused. The timidity of the child, became at once merged in the spirit of a fearless and devoted woman. Her own identity seemed lost; she was simply one to whom a case—as she considered it—of premeditated apostasy had become known, and it became her stern duty to put forth every effort which she was capable of making to prevent it. It was not his child's sister, as Howard had always regarded Ellen, who talked and pleaded with him now, who grasped his hands and forced his attention, whether he would or not—it was some one to whom Howard Courtney had never listened before; her firm, earnest words elucidating the treacherous position he was about to occupy towards his God, his mother, and himself; her touching appeal to the manhood in his nature, and her forcible descriptions of the truth, beauty and consolations in the religion he would virtually adore, made a vivid impression on the boy's impulsive mind. The restless tapping of his foot against the carpet ceased, and the nervous wandering of his glances settled to a steady, interested look down into her face.

"If you must go to college in Europe," she concluded; "if affection's call is so dead in your heart that you will not return to see your mother, at least give her the comfort of knowing that you have gone to a Catholic college—become a pupil of the Propaganda."

He started.

"That would be to enroll myself for the priesthood?"

"And why not, dear Howard? It was with that idea your school days first began; and in your studies for that sacred office will come the light you so much need in your darkened soul just now. Be careful how you reject grace, because by such rejection, the light of faith is often withdrawn, and then, dear Howard—"

She stopped, overpowered by emotion, and he saw the picture her words conjured up. He realized for one brief moment the ghastly, bitter life men lead who have no religious belief—no thought beyond the present life. He broke her grasp, and paced the floor with folded arms and compressed lips. It was a hard struggle. Ambition fought desperately, and might have conquered the strokes of faith had not the latter derived new strength from the presence of the enthusiastic girl. She stood erect, and motionless as a statue, save that her eyes followed every turn of her brother. The latter, who had so steadily held her out of her sight he could have the victory to please his own baneful inclinations, but with her pure face towards him he could not resist the influence which was strongly urging him to acquiesce in her desire. He paused before her at last, and said slowly:

"For your sake, Ellen, I will enter the Propaganda. Perhaps as you say my studies may diminish, if they do not banish, the distracting desires which beset me now. Write to mother—I cannot—so that she may have all the preliminaries arranged for my admission."

The reaction of feeling on the gentle girl dispersed at once all the premature womanliness with which she had so steadily held Howard, and made her own timid, sensitive self again. She bowed her head that he might not see the tears which were rapidly filling her eyes. But the brother and sister held a long conference after that—a conference from which Howard came forth with a subdued if not a better heart, and from which Ellen issued with a more serene expression of countenance than she had worn for weeks. Meeting Malverton in one of the deserted parlors, whether he had gone for the quieter perusal of a book, she said, with a charming blending of frank-

ness and modesty in her manner:

"Accept my thanks for the counsel you gave Howard. He has told me that the cause of your dispute was due to the earnest manner in which you dissuaded him from entering a college adverse to his faith. I thank you sincerely for your generous act, and I know you will be pleased to hear that he has decided to enter the Propaganda."

She turned smilingly away, and he repaired to the window to watch her white-robed form as she hurried to join Lady Grosvenor in the latter's walk to the shore. For the first time there arose in the youth's heart a feeling of envy towards Howard Courtney—he envied him the possession of such a sister.

CHAPTER VII

AMBITION'S FIRST WILD COURSE

The letter which told to Mrs. Courtney the decision of one of her children to remain longer from home was very carefully and tenderly worded; breathing naught of the victory which a sister's influence had achieved, and stating nothing which could convey to the mother's mind the imminent peril of her son's soul, it only gently acquainted her with Howard's decision and strove to assuage the woe of a longer separation by picturing the happy result of a term of study in the Propaganda.

Mrs. Courtney, with eyes whose appearance attested the practice of frequent and protracted vigils, read the missive twice ere she fully comprehended its import; then, with a nervous dispatch, she donned her outdoor garments and hastened with it to the institute where Brother Fabian taught. The mild-faced, black-robed porter conveyed her tremulously-given message, and after the lapse of a few moments, Brother Fabian joined her in the little plainly furnished reception-room.

"Well?" he said coldly, turning his eyes to her after they had rested a moment on her face.

She proffered him the letter for a reply, and stood with drooped head while he perused it.

"Well?" he said again, glancing his eyes for the second time over the neatly written contents.

She answered tremulously:

"Arrange for his admission, and tell me if I may not think God is answering my prayers—may I not hope for the realization of that which alone can render my old age happy?"

He looked for an instant at the white, haggard face, and replied, as if his words were meant for his own hearing:

"It is not for man to comprehend God's inscrutable ways." Then, as if eager for her departure, he approached the door, saying: "I will have all the necessary arrangements made, and—"

"—with a slight diminution of the sternness in his tones—"your daughter, I suppose, will remain in Europe till Howard has entered the college?"

Mrs. Courtney turned to a picture of the *Mater Dolorosa* ere she answered—turned and stood with an eager gaze fixed upon the painting, while her features became distorted as if with some sudden pain. When she spoke, it was with a voice so broken that the Brother bent forward to catch the incoherent words:

"Ellen will not return to me till Howard accompanies her, or the changes of the future bear him from me forever. She will remain to be if not directly near him, at least where thousands of miles of ocean will not separate them."

The Brother hastily relinquished his hold upon the knob of the door, and strode towards her, saying sternly:

"This is madness, woman!"

She replied, without turning her gaze from the picture:

"Not madness, since it will help to complete the sacrifice to which I have pledged myself—not madness, since it will show how earnestly I strive to accomplish the blessed end—and not madness if it will be accepted as a pious atonement for early wrongs—O, divine Mother!"—

clapping her hands, and putting a passionate entreaty into her voice—"pray for strength to be given me!"

The Brother looked pityingly for a moment, then wound the monastery cloak closer about his shoulders, and with a gently spoken farewell, which Mrs. Courtney did not heed, went slowly out; but the closing of the door roused her from her painful contemplation. She drew the heavy crepe veil over her face, and went forth into the street, from which all brightness seemed to have departed.

The American letter, for which Lord and Lady Grosvenor impatiently prolonged their stay in Italy, arrived at last. Howard almost rudely grasped it from Ellen's hand, and hurried to his room to peruse it; the gentle girl followed with a slower step, but with a palpitating heart. His brow darkened ere he had half read the missive.

"I cannot be trusted," he thought; "since she deposes Ellen to remain."

He half flung the letter to her, and turned to the window.

Poor, pale, fluttering Ellen! On learning that the charge of the yielding of which she had so ardently anticipated, was to be still longer borne, that the mother whom she yearned to see was to be, for an indefinite time, separated from her, and that home scenes, for which her affectionate heart panted, were not to greet her, she bowed her face on the missive, and cried wilder tears than Howard had ever known to dim her eyes before. He was touched at the sight of such unusual grief, and, turning from the window, said gently:

"Cease, Ellen! I am the cause of this sorrow, and your tears are stabbing me to the heart."

She sprang to his side, knelt at his feet, and holding up her clasped hands, which still retained the missive, she said:

"O Howard! you have read here, written anew, the charge which mother gives me—to watch over your faith. Poor, simple girl as I am, how can I influence such an intellect as yours? But promise me, Howard, that you will watch yourself, and that mother shall welcome you on your return as a priest: of the Most High."

Her face, to his affected gaze, seemed to assume the expression he saw in the face of a suffering madonna—painting by one of the old masters, which had hung in some Italian church he had visited, and the countenance of which, with its wonderfully touching look, had made a strange impression upon his mind.

The rays of the sunset streaming in through the open windows was tinged by her hair with a golden hue, and the white robe, lying in soft folds about her person, all conspired to make that scene carve an indelible remembrance on Howard's heart. In after years the vision of that white, kneeling figure was wont to come unbidden and unwished, when a false sophistry and the influence of a delusive ambition held him entirely in their sway. Impelled by the untiring tenderness of those strange feelings, he stooped to her now, and said:

"I pledge myself to do all I can, Ellen, in order to gratify your wish. Will that do?"

A smile, which seemed to flood her whole face with its brightness, answered him, and the grateful pressure of her fingers upon his own, with the tremulously spoken:

"If you do, Howard, I shall not mind the longer separation from mamma," repaid him for the sacrifice of feeling which he had made.

Lady Grosvenor had also received an American letter—one from Mrs. Courtney—written in the tender, pathetic strain which could not fail to touch the English lady's heart. Without betraying aught of the domestic difficulties which prevented her personal attendance upon the children, she told sufficient to enlist Lady Grosvenor's warmest sympathy—

—to make her even forget, for a time the anxiety caused by the covert ill-feeling existing between her husband and Howard. Immediately on her perusal of the missive she sought Lord Grosvenor.

Some of its contents are of such a private nature, Stanwick, she said, "that I cannot read you all; but it will be sufficient for you to know that Mary Ashland—as I prefer to call her still—desires us to retain Ellen with us till Howard has finished his collegiate term. The dear girl's education can be conducted in our house, and she will occupy the place of a daughter to me. Her mother makes but one proviso—that we permit her to go once a year to Rome to see Howard. You will not object, dear?"

Lord Grosvenor bent from his haughty height, and put his arm caressingly about her shoulders.

"I can refuse you nothing when you raise your eyes to mine in such a pleading manner. Keep Ellen Courtney with you if you wish."

Everything was arranged at last; the preliminaries for Howard's admission to the Propaganda concluded, and he was accompanied thence by the Grosvenors, his sister, O'Connor, and Anne Flanagan, when an affecting farewell of the lad was taken. For poor O'Connor there was no further, and immediately that the party arrived in England he sailed for New York, laden with loving messages from Ellen, and regretted more than he suspected by Anne Flanagan, who was still to remain as Miss Courtney's maid.

Ellen Courtney sought, by applying herself diligently to the directions of the tutors whom Lady Grosvenor provided for her, to banish the pain caused by her separation from Howard, and her impatience for the arrival of the time in which she was to visit him. Malverton had gone to Eton, and Lord Grosvenor was absent much of the time on parliamentary debates pertaining to the Irish troubles. At such periods Lady Grosvenor was wont to make the gentle girl her constant companion, and she watched with unfeigned pleasure the development of a character whose singular unselfishness excited her admiration.

Six months of this gentle life had gone by, and one evening Ellen, who had declined accompanying Lord and Lady Grosvenor to some fashionable assembly, stood in the drawing room by the low French window which opened upon the lawn. The air was balmy with the zephyrs of spring, and the moon's shimmering on the freshly sprinkled grass made the scene such as delighted the fair being who gazed upon it. Suddenly a form rapidly crossed the space where the bright rays shone, and advanced directly to the house—not to the massive front entrance, but taking a circuitous route to the drawing room windows, it lightly vaulted through the open casement, and stood beside the frightened, and well-nigh screaming girl.

"Hush," said the stranger, putting a hand over her parting lips.

There was sufficient light for Ellen to recognize her brother in the travel-stained form, and flushed, wild-looking face of the stranger.

"Be not alarmed," he whispered; "but take me where we can be neither heard nor seen, and I will explain my sudden appearance."

With trembling limbs and a wildly beating heart she hastily conducted

him to her room; then ascertaining that Miss Flanagan was securely occupied in her own apartment, she locked the door in obedience to his request, and breathlessly waited his explanation. He threw himself into the easy chair just beneath the lighted chandelier, and even Ellen's frightened eyes saw how much he had altered during the few months of his absence. He was much taller and older looking, with that girlish delicacy of complexion for which he had been remarkable, replaced by a ruddy brown—the contour of his countenance, his whole bearing so indicative of manliness that his sister half shrank from him, as some one who had usurped her brother's being.

She remained aloof, gazing with a sort of horror-stricken surprise, till he extended his hand, saying:

TO BE CONTINUED

MRS. GRIGG'S LETTER

She read printed matter with difficulty; she could certainly write her own name, but other people's handwriting was too much for her. Very few letters came to her in these days, and the few that did reach her were read aloud by old Peter the postman.

Yet one day Mrs. Grigg resented Peter's supposition that the delivery of a letter gave him the prescriptive right to read it. There were other people in the world who could read handwriting quite as glibly as he did, she reminded him; so Peter had gone away a little huffed. This was why, on a certain morning in March, Peter handed Mrs. Grigg a letter and made off with a curt salutation. She did not call him back.

"Sarah Miles said she'd likely drop in for a cup of tea," Mrs. Grigg reminded herself; "I'll get her to read it to me. Ah, I expect it's from Jack," she continued, as she examined the envelope. "Well, I'll keep all right till Sarah comes. He wants money, I expect; and I wish he may get it."

It is a pitiful thing to hold in your hand a missive which is meant for your eyes alone, and yet be unable to read it; but though this was Mrs. Grigg's case she did not pity herself. A letter more or less of small consequence to her—particularly if it came from Jack, her second, but by no means her favorite son. For according to Mrs. Grigg's creed this spoiled son of a dead father had committed three of the biggest crimes known to the sect to which she belonged; he had gone on the stage; he had married an actress; he had become a Catholic. That he would come to a bad end Mrs. Grigg was positive. She never wrote to him—would not have done so if she had been able to write, but he wrote to her regularly, if not frequently. And, marvel of marvels, he had asked for money only once since he had left home—not of her, but of his father who was then living. Of course his father sent it, and of course—ah, Mrs. Grigg was wrong that time—the money was repaid within a month. Yet in spite of these facts, Mrs. Grigg never received a letter from him without feeling quite sure that, this time at least, Jack wanted money.

Today's missive seemed to be a little thicker than usual, so that Mrs. Grigg felt more positive than ever that it contained a request for a loan. She would never lend him a penny, of course, but she would enjoy the pleasure of saying so—of dictating a reply through the medium of Sarah Miles, who wrote all her letters.

But Miss Miles was a dressmaker, and an order for mourning that same morning deprived her of the smallest chance of drinking tea with Mrs. Grigg for several days to come. So the letter lay unopened in the little corner cupboard which was kept locked.

"It's a queer thing as you can never see people when you want 'em," Mrs. Grigg told herself on the afternoon of the second day after the arrival of the letter: "if I hadn't particularly wanted to see somebody I should 'a' had a dozen callers by this time. But just because I do want somebody to read me a letter—well, it's always so."

Mrs. Grigg might have seen several dozen people pass her cottage that day at different times if she had chanced to have been in one of her front parlors, but then she had spent the whole of the morning in her tiny farm-yard; for though she did not pretend to farm, she still kept a cow or two and a good deal of poultry and many pigs. But now it was afternoon, and the high road seemed to be deserted. However, in another hour or so the school would loose, and though her cottage stood a little outside the village, several boys passed it on their way to outlying farms. All the better, she reflected, to get the letter read by a boy who did not live in the village.

When the clock struck four she laid down her sewing and passed into the front garden. Though she was not over-anxious to hear the letter read, it seemed queer to have it read in the house a day and a half without opening it. So she would look out for Tom Rice's boy, a lad she could trust.

But before she reached the garden gate she perceived that a boy was already fumbling with its rather complicated latch. He was not very big, and at a glance Mrs. Grigg saw he was a stranger. He was coming to ask the way, or the time, or perhaps for a glass of water—strangers often did. Even as she opened the gate for him, the thought struck her that it would be much nicer to

have her letter read by a stranger than by young Tom Rice. And this boy looked almost like a gentleman's son. No Griffoir lad, this!

"Come in, sir, come in!" she said; "the latch is a bit awkward."

"Could you kindly tell me—" the boy was beginning, cap in hand, when Mrs. Grigg interrupted him with, "Yes, it's just a bit after four; but come in and rest yourself and have a cup o' tea. I'm just goin' to have mine. And you look tired."

"I am a little tired," he admitted, taking the easy chair she offered him, "and I thank you very much, madam; you are most kind. And I dare say you'll be able to tell me—"

But Mrs. Grigg, who was already taking the letter from the corner cupboard, called out to him, "You can read writing, I expect, young sir."

"O certainly, madam," he replied with a little laugh which lit up his pale face and made him look almost pretty.

"Then while the kettle boils you just read me what's in that letter," she said, handing the opened envelope to the visitor.

"Oh!——but— I say!" cried the boy jumping to his feet, "this is too funny! Why, this is your letter from daddy? Then you are Mrs. Grigg—you are my grandmother!"

Mrs. Grigg's only reply was to drop suddenly into the nearest chair and groan.

"Grandma!" exclaimed the boy, "you're not ill, are you? Can I get you anything?"

He had come close up to her, but the only reply she made was another groan, followed by a feeble "Read it!"

"But, grandma, you don't mean to say you haven't read it?" he asked, "Why, daddy wrote it on Sunday, and today's Tuesday."

"Read it, lad," groaned Mrs. Grigg.

It was a long letter and it contained a check. Jack Grigg had just enlisted; it was at the beginning of the war. His wife had accepted a professional engagement which was likely to be more or less permanent. They had three little girls at school—

—Jack didn't mention the word convent—but their great difficulty was Johnnie. He was too delicate for the ordinary boarding-school, and they wanted to send him into the country. If his grandmother would only take him for a year, Johnnie would benefit enormously. They would be only too glad to pay whatever she thought right—and so on.

"But, my dear mother," the letter concluded, "I am bound to make one condition. Like his father and mother, Johnnie is a Catholic, and he must be brought up as such. I wrote first to the priest of Griffoir; he tells me that he takes a few pupils, and he has promised to look after Johnnie's education, both religious and secular. So the boy will go to him daily, and to church as often as possible. You will not find him nearly so troublesome as his father was; indeed I shall not be at all surprised if he turns out to be a very agreeable house-mate."

It was Johnnie who saved the kettle from boiling over, and did it so neatly that Mrs. Grigg could scarcely believe her eyes. Yet she sat stock still in her chair and seemed to be incapable either of speech or movement. That she was genuinely upset was evident enough.

"You'll feel better after a cup of tea, grandma," said Johnnie, lifting the lid of the teapot. "Yes, the tea's in, I see. Shall I mash it grandma?"

"Now if there was one thing more than another about which Mrs. Grigg was exceedingly particular it was the making of her tea; yet she sat silent—fascinated, perhaps—while Johnnie carefully poured in the water, and not too much of it.

"Of course, I take mine very weak," he remarked, "with lots of milk."

Quite a hundred times before she went to bed that night Mrs. Grigg told herself that her son Jack had always been a fool, but that the notion of her taking a boy—a Roman Catholic boy—to live with her proved him to be an absolute idiot. Why, she would as soon think of harboring a viper. However, she supposed the lad must stop for a day or two till his father could find a place for him. She had already dictated to Miss Miles a letter to Jack in which she had told him to remove the boy as quickly as possible. Two days later she received from her son the following telegram:

"Priest has got lodgings for Johnnie. He will remove boy tomorrow."

"Then, for the first time for many years, Mrs. Grigg bowed her head and wept bitter tears. A very inconsistent woman, you will say; but is not inconsistency the dominant note of many women, and of most men?"

Yes, she was genuinely grieved. The boy had been under her roof only a few days, yet somehow he had made his way into the very center of her rather hard old heart.

"Well, I shan't part with Johnnie, that's certain. I can tallygraft myself, if it comes to that. And I will." The telegram that Johnnie sent off said—

"Granny won't part with me."

It was not so much that she took possession of Johnnie as he of her. From the moment of his entering the cottage he may be said to have dominated it. Johnnie had adopted his grandmother, and really there was nothing more to be said about it.

Twenty times a day Mrs. Grigg told herself that the child resembled his father in nothing—except cleverness. Jack had always been clever, but then he had been wilful and idle,

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Every kind of work he had held in abhorrence, except his lessons, and they were often scamped. From whom did Johnnie derive those charming qualities which, in less than a week after his arrival at Griffron, completely won the heart of Mrs. Grigg?

The day came when Mrs. Grigg made ample acknowledgment of the goodness and sweetness of her daughter-in-law. When Johnnie had been six months under grannie's roof, his father got a short leave and with his wife came to Griffron on a visit.

It was a wonderful time for everybody. Jack and his wife were delighted with Johnnie's improved appearance. The stout, rosy boy was almost unrecognizable; indeed while his mother was hugging him his father pretended to believe that Johnnie had been changed for some other lad.

"Don't tell me that this great stout boy with clogs on his feet is my Johnnie," he persisted. My son is small and thin and pale. Why did you swap him for this—Well, after all, you really are a nice little Lancashire laddie, and so—"

But by this time, leaving his mother's arms, Johnnie had closed his father's lips with kisses, and for sheer gratitude and happiness the man was on the verge of tears.

"Why, my darling, you are worth two of the anemic little chap I said goodbye to last March. O but the sight of you is good for sair een, my son! Grannie and Griffron have made a man of you."

"Grannie is just a darling," laughed the boy, "and Griffron is the nicest place in England."

Johnnie is fast developing into a farmer, and is already his grandmother's right-hand man. For though he works hard at his lessons, and is likely to do so for years to come, he is so thoroughly interested in the rearing of poultry and pigs that granny has already settled upon him the little freehold of which she is the owner.

Mrs. Grigg is not a Catholic yet; but if any of her co-religionists so far forget themselves as to speak against the Church in her hearing, they quickly repent of it. Even the minister is afraid to make so much as a distant allusion to things Popish.—Clement Dane in English Messenger.

THE CHURCH IN MEXICO

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND GIVES SCATHING REPLY TO TRADUCERS

"The Work of the Clergy and the Religious Persecution in Mexico" is the title of a pamphlet issued from the offices of "The Latin-American News Association," 1400 Broadway, New York—the author being Attorney Rodolfo Menendez Mena, Merida, Yucatan.

The "Latin-American News Association" is not a recent institution. It has been at its task in the United States for a considerable time, providing so much of the American press as it is able to inveigle into its service with so-called information about our neighboring republic, and scattering broadcast through the country pamphlets and booklets of similar import. Its overt, confessed mission is to influence American public opinion in favor of the "Constitutionalist Party" now in possession of the government in Mexico, under the leadership of Venustiano Carranza.

Whatever else our estimate of this "Latin-American News Association" and of the activities of its agents and abettors, one merit we must ascribe to it, for which we acknowledge gratitude: it makes known in clear, unmistakable language the policies and methods of action of the "Constitutionalist Party" under its prime-mover, Venustiano Carranza—policies and methods that on their face are those of unbridled despotism and unblushing mendacity.

As one sample of the infamous work being done in the United States by the "Latin-American News Association" of the American people the pamphlet of Rodolfo Menendez Mena.

We are somewhat used in the United States to newspapers and other publications, frantic from hatred of the Catholic Church, whose one arm of battle, in the war they would provoke against it, is the most dishonorable, and in the end the most futile of all arms to which recourse is possible—the lie, the most venomous that may be conceived, the blackest of color that pen may transcribe. But all products of this ilk, heretofore passing under our eyes, sink into insignificance of intent and boldness when set side by side with the pamphlet of Rodolfo Menendez Mena—the official defender of Venustiano Carranza and his associates, now the captors of power in the Republic of Mexico.

The policy of the "Constitutionalist Party" regarding the Catholic Church in Mexico is vividly defined by our writer. We thank him for his outspokenness. The Catholic Church is to be banished, root and branch, from the precincts of the republic unless it repudiates all claims to rights which it believes necessary to its Catholic life and the most sacred requirements of its ministerial functions. All its properties are to be confiscated, to become the exclusive belongings of the State. Temples, sanctuaries, school-houses, colleges and universities are snatched from its ownership. Nor is the Church henceforth to be allowed in future time to build or control new edifices devoted to religious uses. A limited number of its former temples—very few—may be loaned to priests, where religious services will be tolerated under such regulations as the civil authorities are pleased to adopt. Sacramental confession is abolished. No institutions of beneficence and education are allowed under the control of the Church. Finally, it will no longer be permitted that "within the national organization there exist another organization constituted of foreigners depending from the Roman Pontiff."

What remains of the Catholic Church when cut off from its spiritual chieftaincy, when forbidden to administer the sacraments, shorn of all the means of temporal subsistence, and bound hand and foot in slavery to its persecutors, may, if still it so wills, call itself the Church; but how much of the Catholic Church, as it knows itself, this will be, we are left to be the judges.

The policy of the "Constitutionalist Party" regarding the Church must be justified in the eyes of the people of the United States; but the effort to have this done calls for stupendous lies; the lies stupendous are dealt out with an unsparring pen.

As the short essay I am now writing is only an introduction to papers intended as detailed replies to the pamphlet of Rodolfo Menendez Mena, I will not administer the sacraments, shorn of all the means of temporal subsistence, and bound hand and foot in slavery to its persecutors, may, if still it so wills, call itself the Church; but how much of the Catholic Church, as it knows itself, this will be, we are left to be the judges.

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As the short essay I am now writing is only an introduction to papers intended as detailed replies to the pamphlet of Rodolfo Menendez Mena, I will not administer the sacraments, shorn of all the means of temporal subsistence, and bound hand and foot in slavery to its persecutors, may, if still it so wills, call itself the Church; but how much of the Catholic Church, as it knows itself, this will be, we are left to be the judges.

I defend the Church in Mexico by defending its bishops, upon whom rests the responsibility of ecclesiastical ministrations in that republic, the characterization of whom, consequently, is the characterization of the interests over which they preside. I am personally, and in some instances closely acquainted with several of the bishops of Mexico; about all of them I have direct and circumstantial information. This is my judgment of the bishops of Mexico: they are, without an exception, men of marked intellectual culture, men of high ideals, men of irreproachable moral standards, men of apostolic zeal in their work of serving the spiritual and the temporal interests of the people committed to their charge. That the Catholic bishops in Mexico should tolerate such degraded forms of worship as Rodolfo Menendez Mena strives to depict, it is not possible for one moment to imagine; that their word as to conditions actually existing in Mexico is not to be accepted in absolute trust, is simply unthinkable; as also it is unthinkable that they have not labored, intelligently and energetically, toward the continuous uplift of the people of Mexico, so far as they have been permitted to do so by the native peculiarities of the people themselves and of the civil and political upheavals to which those peculiarities have given occasion.

Against the lies, iterated and reiterated, regarding the Church in Mexico, I set up the testimony of the bishops of Mexico, whose guarantor I am and must be, in simplest justice to their high qualifications of mind and of heart. The intention of Rodolfo Menendez Mena is to influence public opinion in the United States. Hence his tribute of praise to the Protestant religion, which is that, he says, of "the immense majority" of the American people, and which, he continues to say, is a religion, "economical, simple, based on the free examen." Going farther, he invites Protestant ministers to evangelize Mexico, promising on the part of the de facto government the use of temples, formerly in possession of the Catholic Church. "The revolution (in Mexico) does not oppose," he writes, "the religious idea. Good proof of this is that no complaints have been made by the Protestant clergy and parishioners, which, although in a reduced number, exist in Mexico. Furthermore, the liberals in Mexico would be pleased to see that the directing centers of American Protestantism would send good and numerous missionaries, which, no doubt, would help to defame the people. No doubt they could count on the moral and material help of the government, which would let them use, free of rent, many of the temples which to date have been used by the Catholics."

Here, again, we must thank our writer for his frankness—for the clear-cut information he gives as to the policy of the "Constitutionalist Party" in regard to religion. But the bid of the "Party" to American Protestantism will not deceive the American people, who will see in it a mere hypocritical intent to win their support to the horrors of the religious persecutions now raging in Mexico—persecutions fed and fattened on unbridled

license and vilest passion. The majority of the Americans are not Catholics; but neither are they dupes of that blind bigotry which the writer fancies he discovers in them, in the manner of which he would lead them to build up their form of religion on rabid despotism and its progeny of reckless assaults upon all the rights and virtues of a Christian civilization.

The climax is reached by Rodolfo Menendez Mena when he makes his appeal to Catholics in the United States, and dares, in speaking to them, to institute a distinction between Catholicism in the United States and Catholicism in Mexico. Of American Catholics he writes: "There is an abyss of centuries and races between their cultured, discreet, moderate Catholicism, modified and modernized, if we may call it so, and the Catholic idolatry of the Mexican masses, medieval and savage, taught, propagated and applied by Spanish priests, etc., etc." The Catholicism of American Catholics, a Catholicism "modified and modernized" so as to be acceptable to Rodolfo Menendez Mena! This the Catholicism of Catholics in the United States! Well, let me say in prompt reply, the Catholicism of Catholics in the United States is the Catholicism of the universal Church, which is ruled and guided by the Bishop of Rome—the same Catholicism as that taught, propagated and applied by the bishops and priests of Mexico. The Catholicism "cultured, discreet and moderate" of the Catholics of the United States, indeed, "cultured," as Catholicism anywhere and everywhere necessarily is; but to say that it is "discreet, moderate" is to belie it in its belief and practice; as much as it were to belie the Catholicism of the Spanish bishops or priests in Mexico to intimate that there Catholicism is indiscreet and immoderate. Catholicism in the United States, if calumniated and blackened as is the Catholicism of Mexico under the pen of Senor Mena would, indeed, stir to horror the enlightened observer. But such is not our Catholicism; and neither is it the Catholicism of Mexico. To know the Catholicism preached in the United States is to know the Catholicism preached in Mexico. In either country the justification of the Catholic Church is the telling of the truth, pure and unvarnished.

I fling back into the face of Senor Mena, with all the power of my words, the debasing insult he levels against Cardinal Gibbons and myself when he writes: "The great figures of Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland, the illustrious pre-Catholic American prelates . . . can have no counterpart in Mexico." What is meant by the word "pre-Catholic"? I do not know; but this much I do know, that whatever the merits or the demerits of Cardinal Gibbons or of Archbishop Ireland, neither will allow himself to be invoked to give heft to a blow of lies cast out against the bishops of Mexico, whom both of them hold in high esteem and warm friendship.

"The Latin American News Association" has made its appeal to public opinion in the United States: so to the same public opinion I make my appeal. My appeal is for truth and justice—for the honor of the American people themselves. I do not ask that I be believed on my word; I do not ask that Americans make due inquiry of religious conditions and occurrences in Mexico before they pronounce judgment.

The appeal of the "Latin American News Association" to American public opinion should be accompanied with the pledge that the dispositions of the law in Mexico concerning the religion of its citizens should be the counterpart of what is found in the United States. This was a complicity to the United States, to which its people could listen with sincere pleasure, and, on the other hand, it would be altogether satisfactory to the Catholics of Mexico. The Catholic Church in Mexico asks nothing beyond what is conceded to it in the United States; the conditions of religion in the United States once allowed to it, the Church in Mexico will be perfectly satisfied, and religious peace will be restored to that unfortunate country.

At the present time the so-called "Constitutionalist Party" under the leadership of Venustiano Carranza, by its persecutions of the Catholic Church, sounds in Mexico the death-knell of the principles of civil and religious liberty, so dearly cherished by the American people in their own land, the flagrant violation of which they will not forgive in the neighboring land of Mexico.

In present Mexican conditions, the appeal of the Mexican "Constitutionalist Party" to public opinion in the United States is sheerest hypocrisy. American public opinion, I am confident, will mete out to it its just desert.

JOHN IRELAND
Archbishop of St. Paul.

WHERE LEAKS ARE WIDE OPEN

Writing in the Missionary, the Rev. Walter Elliott, C. S. P., says the following: "Consider the effect of a mission to non-Catholics on those scattered Catholic families, struggling—alas, how desperately—to hold their spiritual footing, in a place where there is no resident priest. The absence of the shepherd exposes the flock to double danger from the wolves of infidelity and heresy. Leaks are wide open. The loss of Catholic souls is inevitable. Converts there can be none. The

very atmosphere of such communities is aggressive Protestantism or hideous infidelity. To train up a family in the Catholic faith the parent must be a hero. Over and over again we meet with the collapse of entire families, nay, even of groups and neighborhoods of Catholics; all are lost to the faith and to God."

EARLY IMPRESSIONS

"That wonderful writer, Private Patrick Macgill, navy, poet, journalist, novelist, and soldier, who left pick and shovel in Scotland to become a Fleet street reporter and eventual-ly a famous novelist, has published his latest book, 'Soldiers' Songs,'" says the New Zealand Tablet. Macgill's career is a veritable tale of self-help and perseverance. His early impressions were far from happy. We read in the Tablet the following: "With bitterness in his voice he recalls how in his boyhood days his mother was obliged to knit socks for a rich yarn merchant, and by working fourteen hours a day, summer and winter, she used to earn the princely wage of 1 1/4 p per day. It was whilst a navy on the Caledonian Railway that he wrote his first story on a greasy piece of paper. He intended to make a fair copy of the tale afterwards, but not having the requisite pen for ink and postage stamps, he came across it again, whilst examining some old papers, corrected a few grammatical mistakes, typed the story, and sent it off to the Pall Mall Gazette, which immediately published it."

Dificulties strengthen character—rather some characters. Others need the stimulus of encouragement. And often in the history of men who have made their mark in the world, this stimulus was given by a brave, cheery mother. Her influence permeated the home, and reacted on all under the home roof. What she could do to further the interests of her children that she did in generous measure. So it is with all good mothers today, as well as in the past. And not with mothers alone. Fathers too have it in their power to make or mar the future of their children. Nor must we undervalue the impressions made on youth by pastors, teachers, and others in authority. Many a man owes his position in life to the instruction he received from the priest he served as an altar boy, to the books and papers this good friend put in his hands, forming his taste for high ideals.—Sacred Heart Review.

AS A PROTESTANT VIEWS THEM

Propos of the influence of Catholicism on the natives of newly-discovered countries, the Rev. John A. Staunton, a missionary in the Philippines, wrote to the Living Church, a Protestant Episcopal paper: "Roman Catholicism is not here, as we are told it is in Brazil, a spent force; but it is a controlling influence, and I believe, in the main, a vast influence for good. . . . Again and again I have watched the children and adults at devotions that are both simple and earnest and undoubtedly sincere. Often I have passed native houses after nightfall and stopped to listen to the family prayer in which all the members of the household were engaged, or to a child's voice asking the Santa Nino (the Holy Child, Jesus), to bless father and mother and brother, and make me good."

Day after day the churches are filled before daybreak with reverent worshippers attending Mass or receiving Holy Communion. Is it not all this religion, and a good religion, too? . . . God help the man who brings religious strife into communities where family prayer is the all but universal custom, where public worship is not neglected, and where children respect their parents and obey them! I, for one have no better religion than that to offer."

BISHOP CHEVERUS' CONVERTS

Bishop Cheverus was not a strong believer in controversy which he realized produced little if any solid fruit. His one great aim was to establish the necessity for a teaching authority that would suffice in matters of faith for the learned as well as for the illiterate. In all controversy, according to his idea, this was the vital point. To convince Protestants that the Bible was not intended to be a rule of faith, he used to often repeat in his sermons these simple words: "I read Holy Scripture every day just the same as you do. I read it with reflection and pray to the Holy Ghost for assistance; yet on nearly every page I find myself face to face with facts which I do not understand; I feel the need of the authority of the Church to give me proper interpretation of what I am to believe."

His audience making the application said within themselves: "If Bishop Cheverus who is superior to us in education, has difficulty in understanding Holy Scripture, how can our ministers tell us that Holy Scripture should be for us who have no one to assist us, a clear and a perfect rule of faith?"

Again Bishop Cheverus led them to see that since the greater part of mankind was unable to decide on matters of faith, God in His wisdom and mercy had come to the assistance of frail man by establishing a teaching authority which taking its

origin from Christ and His Apostles had come down to us in an unbroken succession, teaching ever and always the self same doctrine. So convincing were his instructions that a Protestant minister one day said to him: "I agree with you that once you admit Christianity, Catholicism follows as a logical conclusion. Did I believe in Jesus Christ, I should feel obliged to accept the Roman Catholic Church." So well had the Bishop's premises been taken that it was not easy to avoid the logical conclusion of his arguments. Ministers of various sects in disputing among themselves could well say to one another: "Why should I submit my reason to yours? If I wish to have an authority I would accept that of Bishop Cheverus; his is at least the greatest on earth."

The clear and constant presentation of Catholic Doctrine by Bishop Cheverus was not in vain. Many well disposed were convinced and had even in the midst of a strongly hostile generation the courage to follow their convictions.—Maine Catholic Historical Magazine.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1917

RUSSIA

Affairs in Russia, so far as we have reliable information on which to base a judgment, appear to be in a chaotic state. Since local self-government had long been enjoyed, and the Duma had given the whole country ten years of experience in limited Parliamentary Government, it might have been expected that the Revolution would adapt itself without very great difficulty to existing institutions; and that these institutions would lend themselves to the necessary inclusion of powers hitherto exercised by the autocratic and bureaucratic system.

However, it may help materially to understand the present situation, its possibilities and its difficulties, if we have a clearer notion of those Russian institutions as they existed before the Revolution.

All are familiar with the Duma; it corresponds, more or less, to the British House of Commons. The House of Lords has its Russian counterpart in the Council of the Empire. The Duma, however, is very far from being representative of the masses of the Russian people; and while under the old regime this may have been an element of strength, it must now be its chief element of weakness. The Duma consists of 442 members elected by an exceedingly complicated system, so manipulated as to secure an overwhelming preponderance for the wealthy and especially the landed classes, and also for the representatives of the Russian as opposed to the subject peoples. The members are not elected directly by the people, but by electoral colleges, and under actual conditions these are controlled by the very conservative elements, a certain minimum number of each class, however, must be returned. But as the peasant members, for instance, are selected by the reactionary landowners, they are not likely to represent fairly the opinion of the peasantry. That there are any really democratic elements at all in the Duma is due to the special franchise enjoyed by the seven largest cities—Petrograd, Moscow, Kiev, Odessa, Riga, Warsaw and Lodz. Although in these, also, special advantage is given to wealth, the other classes have the opportunity of selecting their own restricted number of members.

The Zemstvos, of which we have lately heard a good deal, are of two kinds—district and provincial. They correspond roughly to our county councils and provincial legislatures. But their members, like the members of the Duma, are elected by the wealthier classes. In fact it is on the Zemstvos that the electoral system of the Duma is modelled. The one really democratic institution in Russian local self-government is the Mir. The assembly of the mir consists of all the peasant householders of the village; they elect a headman (starosta). A number of mirs unite to form a volost, or township, which has an assembly of delegates elected by the mirs. These local institutions enjoy a remarkable degree of self-government. The mir is an immemorial institution and is governed largely by traditional local customs. The mir assumed only a communal responsibility for taxes, and determined for itself the incidence of taxation on individuals. Likewise if, say, twenty men were required for the army, the mir selected the individuals who were to make up that number. In recent years encroachments have been made or attempted on the time-honored rights

and privileges of these peasant communities; a fact that does not now make easier the gigantic task of reorganizing the government of a country, three-quarters of whose vast population belong to the peasant class. It will be easy to understand how the illiterate peasants with their immemorial rights of self-government could regard with affection and reverence the Czar as their "Little Father." Those whom they feared and distrusted were nearer home. Hence it may be that the reactionary forces would find their greatest strength in the peasantry.

The bad old order of bureaucratic repression bred a sort of liberal and radical hardly distinguishable from the anarchist. And while the vast mass of the Russian peasantry concerns itself only with local conditions these extremists have an unduly large voice in present conditions.

The Duma, if it really represented the Russian people, would be the natural organ of government. But the Duma, constituted as it is, does not possess the confidence of the people, who, moreover, have a very imperfectly developed national consciousness. Class interests, not national considerations, govern the various classes, nationalities, races and creeds of the two hundred millions of people suddenly released from the only system of common government they ever knew.

The task of the Provisional Government is, therefore, colossal. With an army electing its own officers, abolishing the "slavish" Sir and the salute on the part of the emancipated private, the Provisional Government has neither the physical nor the moral power necessary to assert its authority. Claiming to speak for the Russian Empire it is powerless even in the very capital itself. It would seem that a Constituent Assembly representative of the whole people, is the only body that could frame a constitution and establish a government that would possess the confidence or claim the obedience of the whole people. The fact that the Provisional Government has seen fit to allow the disintegrating forces to gather strength rather than call a constituent assembly seems to indicate that this way, also, lie untold dangers.

One great reason for hope is that during the War the Union of Municipalities co-ordinated the effort of the various local bodies and supplied the armies in the field with billions of roubles worth of equipment of all sorts when the corrupt bureaucratic Government had shown its appalling incapacity. And the head of this great work is now the head of the Provisional Government.

DEVELOPMENTS IN THE IRISH QUESTION

The patently absurd argument that there are two nations in Ireland has received its most crushing answer in the manifesto of the Irish bishops. Three Protestant bishops join with eighteen Catholic bishops in calling on Irishmen of all creeds and parties to show the Government and the world that in any settlement of the Irish question Ireland must be treated as a nation, one and indivisible; that the fiction of two Irish nationalities must be taken for what it is—an impudent political device to cover the breakdown of parliamentary government and conserve the interests of a powerful and unscrupulous political faction.

From the fact that bishops of close Nationalist affiliations refused to sign the manifesto, there is good reason to believe that county opinion is the basis of the negotiations, on the outcome of which depends the off-postponed Government announcement.

On the heels of the bishops' momentous manifesto comes the result of the South Longford election by which this safe old Nationalist constituency, long represented by our own Edward Blake, returns a Sinn Fein prisoner as its representative in the House of Commons.

Naturally Irishmen and friends of Ireland are asking themselves how all this will affect the cause of Home Rule. Frankly we think it has, like a thunderstorm, wonderfully cleared the air. With regard to the action of the Irish bishops and its effect on the situation the following comment of a Dublin correspondent seems particularly well-founded and well-phrased:

"Such is the position of Ireland today. It is one which English and American friends of this country will

hardly contemplate without deep disappointment and even dismay. Undoubtedly it is a dangerous situation.

"The outlook, however, is not wholly dark. There are still opportunities for statesmanship. In one sense the bishops' manifesto is a knockout blow. In another it is a portent, hopeful of its kind. It ends a chapter of Irish history, but promises to open a far better chapter. Eighteen Roman Catholic and three Protestant bishops have united publicly in allegiance to the principle that Ireland must be one and undivided and this is nothing less than a signpost of revolution in the social and political life of Ireland. It means that two of the most conservative, two of the most widely separated, two of the most representative and two of the most influential bodies of the country have been brought together by pressure of national necessity. I am convinced that under the apparent hopelessness of the superficial situation the same forces are at work among the whole body of Ireland Unionist, Nationalist, Roman Catholic and Protestant. I believe it is working slowly but surely, even among the Unionists of Ulster."

If the Irish members were disposed to agree to the exclusion of any part of Ulster it must have been because they knew that, resting as it does on a basis of transparent pretence, such exclusion, while giving the Carsonites an opportunity to save their faces, could in the nature of things be only a temporary expedient. It may be, too, that the Nationalists were given secret assurances that such would be the case. But, as usual, concessions came to naught. And bearing in mind that the whole Ulster difficulty arises out of the sordid and selfish interests of the parasitical ascendancy class, and that this class is closely allied with the classes in England which see their privileges and prerogatives in deadly peril from the resistless march of democracy, the instinct of a distrustful people may be a safer guide than the judgment of their representatives in a decadent parliament. The powerlessness of parliamentary government to carry out its own decrees, the weak and dishonest attempt to shuffle off its responsibility finds its answer in the South Longford election. In so far as it is the voice of the Irish people it declares that they are done with constitutional methods. There will be no question in the minds of civilized peoples as to where lies the guilt of this retrograde step.

At the conferences of the world's democracies like Banquo's ghost sits Ireland. Smooth and adroit though they be, phrases can not lay it. The conscience of mankind demands something more than shuffling evasions. One of these evasions is given its quietus. Ireland is one nation, not two. To give a small faction of this nation the right to thwart the will of the people is to give the lie to the democratic professions of England's representatives. The situation is unbearable and indefensible. The Irish question must be settled. A just, generous, statesmanlike measure would give untold strength to the moral forces fighting on the side of England; further paltering with the question is treason to the cause which half the world is helping her to win.

QUEBEC AND THE WAR

That the Province of Quebec has not taken its proportionate share in Canada's effort in the great War is a fact that would be useless to deny. The ranting of certain Ontario papers and speakers has not tended to help matters. Quebec gave a goodly number of valiant fighting men to the Canadian army, how many is a matter of dispute. But while in the other provinces the British-born rushed to the colors at the first opportunity, a vigorous campaign of education appealing to every conceivable interest, instinct and sentiment was necessary to recruit any large number of native born Canadians of English speech. And this in spite of the enthusiasm created and the impetus given to recruiting by the magnificent example of the former class.

In Quebec the conditions are different. The people are of another race, another language and, a fact that is often given an ugly emphasis, another religion. And while it may seem natural to expect that France and England together at war should make an especial appeal to French-Canadians, it must be remembered that the shameful persecution of the Church by the atheistic Government of old France had alienated the sympathy of Catholic Quebec.

Then the population of the province is largely agricultural, a class which, even in the English provinces, gave a small proportion of recruits to the army.

All these things considered, it would seem that exceptional measures would have been taken to educate the province of Quebec, to stimulate interest, to arouse enthusiasm. That idea seems to have only just now occurred to those responsible for the Government of Canada and charged with the conduct of Canadian participation in the world War. The Government is supported by nearly one-half of the representatives from the Province of Quebec. It has the usual French-Canadian representation in the Cabinet. Yet mean and paltry political considerations have impelled a partizan press to put the lion's share of the blame on Sir Wilfrid Laurier. True, Sir Wilfrid had publicly pledged himself, if ever such an emergency as the present should arise, to stump Quebec in the interest of recruiting. Whether or not he has redeemed that pledge is a question for the people to decide. But in any case it is a poor excuse for those charged with the responsibilities of government to make for neglecting the duties imposed on them by the will of the people.

There is need of plain speaking in the matter, for things have now come to that pass when the peace of Canada and even the stability of Confederation are menaced.

Now when the War is nearly three years in progress, that systematic campaign so long carried on in the other provinces is just begun in the Province of Quebec. Apart from disturbances at the meeting in Montreal the belated effort shows encouraging indications of success.

At Sherbrooke Father Simard, of the Cathedral clergy, was present on the platform and addressed the meeting. The Globe thus reports what he said:

Father Simard summed up the views of the clergy by saying: "We are at war, and it is our duty to take part in the burden, but before we can tell a man to enlist we must have the proper authorities indicate who should enlist."

"I delves on me," said Father Simard, "to speak of what I think is the real opinion of the clergy. The Church forbids us who are men of peace to take up arms or to go to war and shed blood. You will find that priests in this country are formally exempted from service. It is not the part of the clergy to go through the country preaching recruiting. There are others who are set apart for that purpose.

"What you may demand of the clergy is the expression of a fair opinion on the duty of the people. "No one can say that any opinion has been expressed by the clergy unfitting to the occasion. Our Bishop has been teaching you that the duty of all citizens is the strictest loyalty to the country. This War is a just one in which our country is engaged. Can one hesitate to admit that we should take part in it?"

In thanking Father Simard, Col. Blondin said: "His presence here established what has not yet been made known, the support of the clergy, and to-morrow the whole of the Dominion and the world will know it."

Despite the fact that Colonel Blondin's expression of gratitude to Father Simard indicates what may be considered elsewhere a painful lack of enthusiasm on the part of the French-Canadian clergy, Father Simard himself did not seem to resent it. He probably considered that he had sufficiently explained that attitude when he said:

"It is not the part of the clergy to go through the country preaching recruiting. There are others who are set for that purpose."

That is pretty plain speaking. There is a good deal of common sense and of justice in that way of looking at things, however reprehensible it may seem to those non-Catholic clergy who preach recruiting sermons from the pulpit.

Perhaps more significant is this: "Before we can tell a man to enlist we must have the proper authorities indicate who should enlist." And the remark was greeted with loud applause.

If Father Simard voices the opinion of the French clergy in general does he not clearly intimate that conscription would be, if not welcomed, at least loyally accepted by Quebec? If so has not the moral cowardice of politicians sheltered itself behind a Quebec bugaboo of their own making? It was high time at any rate that the recruiting campaign should be extended to Quebec. More than moderate success can hardly now be hoped for; but even moderate success will be positively disappointing to some people.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THAT THERE IS something to be said for the theory that in time of war more males than females are born into the world, and that the inevitable wastage of man-power consequent upon the clash of arms is thus providentially provided for, seems to be borne out by the recently issued report of the English Registrar-General. The births recorded in England in the year 1915 numbered 814,614, of whom 415,205 were males and 399,409 females, the ratio for the whole year being 1,040 to 1,000. The year 1916 shows substantial increases in this ratio. For the quarter ending March 31st it was 1,050 males to 1,000 females; June, 1,051 to 1,000; September, 1,045 to 1,000; December, 1,050 to 1,000, or for the year taken as a whole, 1,049 to 1,000. Statistics for other countries involved in the War are not available, but there are sociologists who claim that the rule has universal application. Disbelievers in Divine governance of the race cannot derive much comfort from such statistics or from the theory built upon them.

NOTWITHSTANDING the late disorders in Ireland and the resultant unrest, crime continues to decrease in that country. The report of the Irish Prisons Board for 1915 shows that the number of committals in that year was 19,399, a decrease of 3,823 as compared with 1914, the lowest up to that time on record. There are at the present time only 202 convict prisoners in Ireland, of whom 15 only are women. And when it is borne in mind that of the committals named a very large proportion was for petty offences, and that in many places assize juries were dismissed immediately for want of cases, friends of Ireland may take comfort in the thought that under normal circumstances she has proved herself to be practically crimeless.

A JUDICIAL ruling which may prove some day to have created a doubtful, even a dangerous precedent, has just been given out by judges of the Supreme Court in Scotland. In order that men may not be diverted from occupations of vital importance to the country at this time it has been decided to discontinue trial by jury in all civil cases. Trial by jury has for centuries been regarded in all English-speaking countries and in many others as the great bulwark of popular liberties. That it should be set aside in any one of them, even as a temporary expedient, is like laying profane hands upon the constitution itself, and the question naturally arises whether, after the War, difficulties may not be encountered in reverting to the status quo ante.

THE SCARCITY of paper throughout the world, and especially in European countries, is making itself decidedly felt in newspaperdom. Government regulations, brought to bear at the outset of the shortage upon weekly family and technical journals is now being felt by the big dailies in Great Britain and Ireland, and those which have not been actually discontinued now appear greatly reduced in size and on paper of inferior quality. The shortage of paper itself might have been overcome, but so many other uses have been discovered for it consequent upon the War, which, combined with import restrictions, has created a problem of great gravity for the whole newspaper world. Our overseas Catholic exchanges have been well nigh eliminated.

THERE DIED recently in Rome a grandson of the poet Wordsworth who was himself a poet of decided gifts but through what he regarded as fortuitous circumstances, quite unknown to fame. His eminence as a scholar and an interpreter of nature was known to a select few, but the fact that he bore the same name as his grandfather, William Wordsworth, seemed to him too great a handicap, on which account he steadily refused to publish any of his poetical writings. He was prevailed upon to issue a volume of sonnets privately some years ago, but not even the judgment of so high an authority as Matthew Arnold (who described one of these sonnets as the finest in the English language) could move him from his resolution to withhold his poetry from the world. Now that he has gone some enterprising publisher may do this for him, overcoming the handicap by some manipulation of the name. That the name as it stood was in some sense a misfor-

tune who can doubt. What chance, for instance, would a new "William Shakespeare" have with the great world?

THE FEAR of famine in Argentina appears to rest upon some foundation. Advice from the great South American Republic indicate that the failure of the last crop and the doubtful prospects for the new have created what constitutes a situation of great gravity for the coming year. The Diario Illustrado of Santiago, Chile, which is described as the official organ of the Archbishop of that city, and noted for its judiciousness and conservatism has sounded the alarm in no uncertain tone. Notwithstanding the alarmist story of impending famine would appear like a hasty exaggeration were it not for the supporting evidence which, according to the same authority, is everywhere apparent. The Government certainly must have been awake to the possibilities when it issued without delay its decree prohibiting the exportation of grain on any pretext whatever.

ARGENTINA INCLUDES within its limits varying degrees of climate. This ordinarily provides a safeguard against national disaster, as each extreme provides what is required by the other. The main productive zone, however, upon which the country chiefly depends for its sustenance, and for its export trade, and which includes within it one of the world's greatest wheat-raising areas, is the northern portion above latitude 40, especially the districts watered by the rivers La Plata and Parana. The total failure of the harvest in this section it is that has alarmed the authorities, and instigated the restrictions as regards exports which, until the truth became known, caused some misunderstanding and irritation in Europe. It must be remembered that up to this time the Argentine Republic's contribution to the sinews of war, in the form of enormous shipments of wheat, had made it a powerful factor on the side of the Allies. The sudden stoppage of this source of supply necessarily caused concern. It is upon Canada and the United States, therefore, that the nations of Europe now mainly depend for their food supply. Which fact lays the greatest possible emphasis upon the necessity for increasing the productivity and conserving the energies of this northern continent.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

SOUTH of the Souchez River, in the Lens sector, the British lost and regained their new positions, the enemy casualties being heavy. Between Gavrelle and the Souchez the Bavarian Crown Prince hurled attack after attack against the British line. Liquid fire was used, but the British artillery and machine guns hurled the enemy back with gaping holes in his ranks. Yesterday morning a third attack forced the British, after three hours' fighting, to yield ground along a portion of the new front. Later the enemy was driven out and the British hold all their old positions.

WEST of Fresnoy, near Arleux-en-Gohelle, a strong attack was made on the British positions, but the enemy was repulsed with heavy loss.

HINDENBURG'S TRAPS for unwary Allied armies, of which the world heard so much in the days of the big Somme retreat, have failed to materialize. G. H. Ferris, the British Official Eyewitness at the front, says the new German line fulfills none of the expectations held out by the German apologists for Hindenburg's "strategical retreat." It is rigid, not elastic, and in this fact Mr. Ferris discerns the reason of the immediate difficulties of the Allies, as well as the surety of their ultimate success.

HINDENBURG is pinned down, says the British Eyewitness, and forced to fight under conditions that cost him dearly in loss of reserves. The same authority, cabling from the French Headquarters, believes Hindenburg is in a tight place, and will find it extremely difficult to repeat the Somme retreat.

ON THE LAON Plateau, around Cerny-en-Laonnois, the Germans attacked the French positions on two sides of the village. The main waves of attacking troops never reached the French trenches, melting away under the fierce fire from artillery and machine guns. Some enemy troops gained a footing in an advanced trench, but were driven out.

IN THE United States, British Labor delegates sent over by the Government at the request of Samuel Gompers, American Labor leader and Chairman of the War Committee on Labor, will on Tuesday next meet four hundred representatives of employers and labor organizations. The British visitors will tell of Britain's achievement in the mobilization of industrialism for war purposes.

IN THE ADRIATIC thirteen Austrian submarines have been sunk in the last few weeks by Italian patrol boats.

MR. BALFOUR gazed upon the statue of liberty for the first time yesterday, when he visited New York. He was greatly impressed by "the whole-hearted exhibition of enthusiasm" with which New Yorkers greeted the veteran statesman. It was a day memorable in the new-born alliance of English-speaking nations. The Mayor of the city, a grandson of John Mitchell, the Irish rebel of 1848, received Mr. Balfour at the City Hall.

THE MILITARY age for voluntary recruiting in Britain will soon be extended to include men up to fifty years old, both single and married.

LABOR UNREST in Britain has drawn from the Government a warning that munition workers cannot be permitted to impede output by strikes. It reminds all concerned that under the Defense of the Realm Act those who incite to strikes are liable to life sentence or less punishment.

THE MUNITIONS trouble in Britain is due to the dilution of labor and the fears entertained by engineers, who are now on strike, that the War conditions would be permanent. A conference has been held at which Ministers have given the assurance that the dilution of labor and the suspension of trades unionism are only emergency war measures. The conference supported the Government in deprecating strikes.—Globe, May 12.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

CONFERENCE IN PARIS

RETAIN THE GREATEST GENERAL AND MOST ACCOMPLISHED SOLDIER IN FRANCE

Special Cable to the CATHOLIC RECORD (Copyright 1917, Central News)

Paris, May 12.—The Congress of the United States has been invited to send representatives to confer with the delegates of England and France, and to form a part of the Inter-Allies Parliament committee here. This committee, formed a year ago against considerable official obstruction to confer on matters pertaining to the relations of the Allies in the war, has grown into a body that is today of international importance, and its recommendations are listened to very carefully by both the British and the French government. The delegates from these two countries have now been joined by representatives of the Italian and the Russian Governments, with Prof. Paul N. Milukoff, Foreign Minister for Russia, president of his section.

Serious and important matters have been discussed at the meeting this past week, the Russian representatives alone being absent from the conferences. The deliberations have been aided not a little by the frank and free discussions in private, in which all the representatives have talked over informally all the problems of the war. Each nation has its own difficulties, but the submarine peril is common to all. It is agreed that this peril requires intensified action by all governments opposed to the Central Powers, and above all, unity of direction in the efforts that are being made to overcome it. There is, among the conferees, a reliance upon America since her entrance into the War, everybody believing that she can make a vital contribution to the means employed to overcome the menace through the inventive genius for which that country has always been famous, and that the rapid construction of ships which the United States will be able to accomplish because of her extraordinary facilities, to carry food across the ocean, as well as steel and the other commodities so necessary to the cause of the Allies, will be invaluable.

The constant rumors that Germany and Austria are about to make peace proposals has been discussed, of course, but every delegate, without a single exception, joined enthusiastically in a declaration that no peace proposals would be listened to until the Allies had won a complete and decisive victory.

It was our pleasure to welcome to the conference Prince Colonna, the Mayor of Rome, who, it will be remembered, forced the hand of Giolitti when he presided over the great popular demonstration in Rome in favor of the Allies. The Prince and I have been selected to address the meeting, which will gather at the famous Strasbourg station at which will be declared publicly the inflexible resolution of Britain, France and Italy, at least, to demand from Germany as one of the terms upon which peace shall finally be declared, the full restoration of the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine to the French Republic.

The weather here is lovely in its spring freshness. The temper of the people in the city seems unaffected by the War, and the streets are more crowded than they have been on any of my previous visits to the French capital since the fighting began, though the throngs are dotted here and there by black-robed figures of women who mourn the loss of some relative on the fighting line. Conversing with the citizens, I found among them a resolution that seems to grow firmer each day, to continue the War until the German forces

have been driven from the last trench and the military power of the Hohenzollern dynasty utterly broken and dissipated.

During the last week end the city presented many a spectacle of the appearance of London, or at least there were moments when the avenues of Paris reminded one of the British capital. Lloyd George, making a visit here on important State matters, brought with him a large staff of officials, and they, with a host of soldiers and sailors wearing the English uniforms, were everywhere in evidence.

I have had the pleasure of meeting for the first time, Gen. Petain, now in supreme command of the French fighting forces. Not I alone, but everybody I have met since coming here this time, considers Gen. Petain the greatest soldier and the most accomplished general in the whole of France, which has many distinguished fighters. I was at once struck by his countenance. Never before have I seen a face to which the term "beautiful" can more aptly be applied. His expression is at all times even when discussing the most exciting subjects, tranquil and gentle. He is superbly refined in his manner and thoroughly self-controlled, never for a moment losing control. He has the pallor of a student, rather than the bronzed visage of a soldier of the field, and his color is high.

I had some moments with Lloyd George. He is in excellent spirits, notwithstanding the difficulties he has to face at home, and expresses himself as quite well satisfied with the progress at the fighting front. He is fully aware, or as much aware as anybody outside of Germany can be, of the food difficulties the German people are experiencing, and of the extremely narrow margin by which they may hope to escape starvation or surrender simply for lack of food with which to keep them going. He is also cognizant, perhaps even more so than may appear on the surface, or than he will state publicly, of the internal difficulties which threaten disruption of the Empire by a dissatisfied people, weary of the War and anxious for a form of government that will make them something more than the serfs that they now are. But, while he is still of the opinion that these conditions will prove an important factor in the ultimate defeat of the German arms, he believes as firmly as ever that the only guarantee of a real and enduring peace for the world is the absolute and crushing defeat on the field of battle that he is confident will result from the aggressive policy of our commanders and the splendid fighting of our troops. In other words, he remains faithful to the declaration that the knockout blow of which he spoke some time ago must be delivered.

Of course, the submarine peril is on the tongue of every man, and there is much speculation as to how it will be ended and the damage it may do before means have been found to overcome it; but all I have seen and heard since I came to the French capital only confirmed the belief I have often expressed, that the submarine operations of the submarines are serious and inconvenient, while they make more difficult the problem of living until we have won this great War, they cannot be disastrous in their final effect upon our cause.

Everything I have seen and heard also points to a confirmation of the opinion I have before expressed, that unless Germany proposes peace terms that will be tantamount to a surrender, this awful War will last. America has at least a part of her great available force of wonderful fighting men into the battle; until from the United States a million men come across the ocean to add the power of their might to the struggle the Allies are making for the freedom that is the heritage of the citizens of the great republic across the ocean. They cannot be brought here in a day, but they must be brought here if the full service of their country is to be given to break the militarism that would enslave the world.

In other words, I believe, and my belief is strengthened by conversations on the subject with all sorts and kinds of people, both here and in England, that the War will not be brought to an end in this year, but that, with the aid of America, next year will surely see war cease and peace once again brood over the ravaged countries of Europe.

I have had little information since I came here about the trend of events as they affect Ireland. But if one considers how the submarine perils has brought back the tillage of large areas of Irish soil, it is possible that the act of our enemy may solve one of the most acute of our problems—namely, the long fight to break up the grazing ranches. The shortage of food may compel England to compel the enactment of laws by which great ranches will be transferred to small farmers, who will grow food upon them to feed the British. By this means the insane policy that drove millions of Irish men into exile because of lack of room for them to work in their own country, will be reversed.

My latest information about developments in the Home Rule question is not altogether favorable. Carson is still insisting upon the exclusion of six Ulster counties, but the tremendous pressure that is being exerted upon Lloyd George by the Liberal Labour parties, and the immense campaign carried on by Lord Northcliffe, by eliciting an expression of American opinion in favor of Home Rule can not fail to make settlement a matter of extreme urgency.

MY MEMORIES

Cardinal Gibbons in the Dublin Review
CHANGED WORLD CONDITIONS

It must be very difficult for the present generation to reconstruct for themselves the world into which I was born, things are so completely changed. The Napoleonic Wars were still a living memory. Many people who were by no means old when I was a boy had seen General Washington; and when I was ten years old, men who were as old then as I am now were fourteen years of age at the time of the Declaration of Independence. Slavery was in existence until I was a grown man and a priest. Machinery was just coming into use, but nobody dreamed of the extent to which it would be employed later on. Electricity in all its uses was almost undreamed of. Men knew from the experiments of Benjamin Franklin that it might possibly be used, but the telegraph, telephone, and electric light had still to come. Railroads were a new invention. The Catholic Church, both in England and in this country, was a small and very depressed body. I was eleven years old when Newman became a Catholic. These two great Movements which were to spread Catholicism so marvelously throughout the English-speaking world—I mean the exodus of the Irish people after the Famine, and the entrance of a large body of Anglicans into the Catholic Church—were still to come. In short, one may say that when I was a young man we were still living in the legacy of the eighteenth century.

THE INFLUENCE OF A GREAT MAN

The first really great man whom I can remember to have known intimately was the venerable and learned Archbishop of Baltimore, Dr. Francis Patrick Kenrick, who ordained me to the holy priesthood. He was the first great intellectual light of the American Church, and his Moral Theology remains to this day a monument of his erudition, although to my mind his greatest work has not yet received full recognition which it deserves. I mean his version of the Sacred Scriptures; for to his translation of the sacred volume he brought the ripest learning of his age, combining the correctness of the Douay with the beautiful English style of the King James version. It is a pity that his translation is not better known among Catholics, especially here in America, where it was made our American Authorized Version by the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore. I do not think I exaggerate when I say that Dr. Kenrick was probably the most learned man of his time in the United States. But he was not only a very learned, he was a very holy man as well, and of the greatest simplicity of character. When he was appointed Archbishop of Baltimore and translated from Philadelphia, he arrived in Baltimore in a most characteristic fashion. I have often heard our old sacristan at the Cathedral tell how he went into the sacristy one morning at 5 o'clock and found a strange Bishop waiting to say Mass who proved to be the new occupant of the Archbishopric. He had come very quietly during the early hours of the morning; and after his Mass at the Cathedral, in the same quiet and unostentatious way he entered his Episcopal residence and took up the duties of the principle diocese of America. It was marvelous how he combined study and writing with his duties as Archbishop. As I sit in my study, which was also his, I can call him vividly before me as he sat at his desk working busily over his translation of Holy Scripture, or over his Moral Theology; but ever ready to put down his pen to answer a knock at the door and to receive a visitor. Now it would be some important ecclesiastical duties, but as frequently some little child of the parish who had come in to spend a few moments with one who was noted for his great love of little children. His door was ever open to visitors, and all classes of the community sought advice and comfort from him. He was of such simplicity of character that he could never refuse to anybody in trouble whatever financial aid was in his power. In fact so great was his beneficence that he was constantly in a state of absolute poverty, having given away everything he possessed.

He could never have accomplished what he did if he had not lived in most profound recollection. When it was time to go off on a visitation he would lay down his pen, go out and get into the carriage, often take a hard and difficult journey, and returning, would come to his desk and take up his work exactly where he had left off. He was heart and soul for the preservation of the Union; and there can be no doubt that what seemed to be the breaking up of the Union in 1861 very much hastened his death. I can very well remember a painful experience which the Archbishop went through during the first year of the war. We have a prayer in America composed by Archbishop Carroll for all estates of men in the Church of God, and it was the Archbishop's custom to have this prayer read publicly before Mass, in the vernacular, especially in the Cathedral Church, where, by the way, it is still read every Sunday. In this prayer there is a petition that the Union of the American people may be preserved; and when the Southern States began to secede, so high did secession sentiment run in Baltimore that some of the clergy begged him to omit the prayer in which the

objectionable petition found its place. At last, when all the clergy of the Cathedral had begged to be excused, the Archbishop determined to read it himself and I suppose during the reading of the prayer he suffered more than one could well imagine; for, when he mentioned the Union of the States many people got up and publicly left the Cathedral, and those who remained expressed their dissent from the Archbishop's petition by a great rustling of papers and silks.

THE CIVIL WAR

It was from His Grace that I imbibed a strong attachment to the Union. I had been born a Southerner and brought up a Southerner, and my heart was, of course, with the Southern States. Indeed, my brother was actually fighting in the Army of the Confederacy; but I could never believe that secession would succeed, and even if it should succeed I could not help but see that it would be the destruction of what was already a growing, and what might become a very great nation. Therefore my head was always with the Union. But the Union authorities were not always as considerate as they might have been in their treatment of the States which did not actually go out, but in which the secession sentiment was very strong. Baltimore was put under martial law, which was very strictly enforced; and this created a great deal of secession sentiment which did not exist before; and men like myself, who was then a priest and known to be of Union sympathies, were often treated rudely and harshly by the military authorities. I was myself at that time military chaplain at Fort McHenry, and I remember that on one occasion, after having heard the confession of a Southern prisoner, I tried to get him some much-needed nourishment which had not been provided for him by the doctor of the hospital; and for this act, by which I tried merely to help a suffering fellow creature irrespective of his politics, I was told that my services would be no longer acceptable at the fortress, and that I need not return. However I did return, since I threatened to make known to the higher authorities what had taken place; and men who enjoy martial law with little regard for the feelings of those below them are often very sensitive as to the feelings of those above them.

I sincerely hope that my countrymen may never again live through a period like that between 1860 and 1865, when the very foundations of our national existence seemed to be breaking up, and there were times when chaos seemed to stare us in the face. All war is terrible, but civil war is detestable, for it not only puts man against man, but it puts brother against brother, and children often against their own father. But if the Civil War was terrible, the after effects in the South were deplorable. The party in power after the war acted toward the South with what I can only describe as abominable perfidy. The war had been carried on by the Union on the supposition that the Southern States, being an integral part of the Union, could not leave it, and the Union Army declared themselves to be fighting merely to maintain the Southern States in their former relations with the Federal Government. But after the war they treated the South as though it were a conquered country and deprived the States of the inalienable right to local self-government. I can only attribute this to the death of that great and good man, Abraham Lincoln, who so thoroughly understood the temperance of the American people, and whose earnest desire was to do justice and to extend mercy. His murder was the greatest misfortune which ever came upon the South. It was as many people may remember, on a Good Friday night; and it was an extraordinary coincidence that at the very time of the murder I was preaching a sermon in one of the churches of Baltimore, on the ingratitude shown in the action of the Jews, and especially of Judas, toward Our Divine Lord. "Imagine," said I, a great and good ruler, who had done everything to deserve the confidence and affection of his people, who had lived only for his country and had no desire but for his country's good, imagine such a ruler struck down by the hand of an assassin. Would you not feel, my brethren, a deep indignation at his murder?"

Shortly after the Civil War I was made Vicar-Apostolic of North Carolina, where I had a chance to see all the horrors of reconstruction at their worst. I shall never forget my introduction to my Vicariate. The night I arrived in Wilmington, there was a torch light procession of the emancipated slaves, many of them now holding office and dominating over their former masters. If one can imagine an enormous crowd of negroes, most of whom were intoxicated, all of whom were waving torches in the blackness of the night, one can very easily imagine the first impressions of a new and a very young Bishop.

THE TIMES THAT TRIED MEN'S SOULS

The Rev. George William Knox, a missionary of the Presbyterian Board, in an article entitled "The Jesuits in Korea," in the New York Independent, says: "Fifty years ago, and more, French Jesuits went to Korea without aid from commerce or diplomacy or men-of-war. They adopted the convenient disguise of mourners, for the Korean mourner frequents by

ways and back-streets, and neither speaks nor is spoken to. So were these French gentlemen disguised; and they lived among the Christian peasants, sharing their vile huts and viler food. They met with the Christians in the dead of night, and preached, taught, administered the Sacraments, labored strenuously for the founding of the Church.

"In 1895 they entered Korea, and in 1899 were found out, tortured horribly and slain. They surrendered themselves that the native Christians might escape. The death of the shepherds did not save the sheep. Kim ok Kyan told me years ago a scene he himself witnessed when a boy, in 1866. His uncle took him to the execution ground; and there, kneeling on the ground, was a long line of condemned men, women and children. The executioner, sword in hand, stood beside the first: 'Will you give up this religion?' 'No.' And then he struck. So the next and the next, to the last man in the line; and they all died, for not one flinched or denied his faith, and after the men, the women; and after them the children.

"To each the bloody question; and from each the same answer; and one by one they died. Like priest like people. It is not surprising that the heroic missionaries of the Roman Catholic Church win the plaudits of onlookers, who are not impressed with the pleasant home life, with wife and children, and abundant comforts of the Protestant missionaries."

SPLENDID EXAMPLE IN MISSIONARY ZEAL

Some weeks ago the RECORD had some very kind words to say about the parish of Mabou, in the diocese of Antigonish, the occasion being a subscription of \$140 to the Father Frasier's Mission fund. The raising of such a sum for foreign missions by a small country parish was considered very good work indeed. But now it appears that Mabou was only beginning its good work when this subscription was sent in. Shortly after the New Year, the pastor, Father MacMaster, began to enlighten his people on the African missions, especially on the work of the White Fathers. The good people of Mabou listened with interest to what their pastor told them of the vast mission fields of Africa, of the millions of God's creatures in that continent who are still in the darkness of paganism, and need only, to bring them to the light of the true faith, the helping hand of those to whom God has vouchsafed to grant that gift. They took his words to heart, and making a fine response to his appeal to Christian duty, they have contributed to the African missions a sum which would be considered creditable for many dioceses. Other missionary enterprises were not forgotten either, the pastor setting the example with a contribution of \$1,000 to the Church Extension Society for two missionary memorial chapels. One of these chapels, at Crichton, Louisiana, is erected to the memory of Father MacMaster's mother and called St. Margaret of Scotland, the other, St. John Baptist, is at Caribon, Minnesota, and is erected to the memory of the late Bishop Cameron. Here is Mabou's record of contributions to missions during the past fifteen months:

Parish of 110 African Slaves.....	\$2,200 00
Other African Missions.....	100 00
Father Frasier's Chinese Mission.....	430 00
Pastor's gift to Church Extension.....	1,000 00
Total.....	3,730 00

The parish of Mabou has a population of a little over a thousand souls—men, women, and children. The people are not rich except in spiritual goods. They are nearly all farmers and two thirds at least of the area of the parish is hill and mountain. There is no more picturesque and varied scenery in all picturesque Cape Breton than is to be found within the confines of the parish of Mabou. It must have gladdened the hearts of the first settlers to look on its great masses of mountains, its wild glens and pleasant valleys, all so like their beloved Scottish Highlands—mountains and glens, and though good to look on, do not mean rich farming country, and the farmers of Mabou have to work hard to wrest a mere living from the soil. Still, perhaps the hard work, and the daily communing with the beauties of nature, have done not a little to keep the great hearts of the people untainted by selfishness and materialism, to keep fresh and unweakened the spirituality, the high-mindedness, the responsiveness to generous impulses which are the birthright of the Gael. It is certain, at any rate, that the people of Mabou have guarded with jealous care the best traditions of the race from which they are sprung. It is certain, too, that the exhortations and example of the pastor have done a great deal to bring about such happy results. He concerns himself with fostering a wholesome old-fashioned piety and keeping the fires of a solid, practical faith burning brightly. The broad charity and the truly Catholic spirit shown by his people bear witness to his success.

Let us hope that the example of Mabou will prove an inspiration to other parishes. The foreign missions are seriously hampered in their work for want of funds, a condition which must be charged to the negligence of Catholics. God's gifts carry their obligations with them, and those who have received the gift of faith are surely responsible, according to their state and means, for its transmission to others. All of us cannot be missionaries—that is for a few chosen

souls—but all of us can do something for the material wants of the missions. If every parish in Canada contributed annually one tenth (tentatively) of what Mabou has contributed it would mean that hundreds of missionaries would be relieved from all fears with regard to the maintenance of their missions. Surely we have here matter for reflection.

REMARKABLE CURE

THROUGH "LITTLE FLOWER'S" INTERCESSION
(By Catholic Press Association Cable)

London, April 19.—One of the most remarkable miracles yet attributed to the intercession of Sister Teresa, or the "Little Flower of Jesus," has just occurred at Boulogne, France. It is related by a priest before whom the case appeared. A poor child of eight and a half years was brought to the priest by his mother, who begged him to prepare the little one and give him his first communion before he died, as he was not expected to live much longer. The child was in a dreadful condition. For five years he had been a martyr to suffering. He had a malignant tumor in the face and also suffered from caries of the right jawbone. He had been pronounced incurable by the physicians of the Hospital of St. Louis, and was therefore sent home. When the priest first saw him he could no longer sit up, and was unable to speak, and was fed on bread soaked in milk, which he took with difficulty owing to the terrible condition of the protruding jaw bone. One day at catechism the good priest, knowing he was asking a miracle, called on his first communicant class to make a novena in honor of the "Little Flower" for the suffering boy that he might be able to make his first communion with them. The novena was made with much fervor by the children but at the close the boy was in the same state. The priest therefore decided to give him his first communion alone. It was not an easy matter, for the poor child had five abscesses in his mouth and the jaw bone protruded, cutting his lip, but the priest imparted a very tiny particle of the Sacred Host and the poor child made thus his first communion. The other children continued to pray for him. On the morning of the first communion the children were assembling in the school when, to the astonishment and joy of the priest and children, the boy walked into the room. All his bandages were gone, his head was bare, there was no trace of the abscesses, the cut had healed and showed but a little scar. The priest and his first communicants fell upon their knees, weeping, for the miracle was evident, and then all sang the "Magnificat" together. Arthur—that is the boy's name—made his communion with the other little ones in the parish of St. Michael, singing and praying with great fervor during the Mass. The cure was complete. The boy's mouth is clean and healthy, his jaw bone has come away, and a new bone is growing; the child eats, plays, attends classes; his health is perfect and he gains in strength every day. The story of his cure is very simple. When questioned by the priest on the morning of his first communion he said: "Yesterday evening I slept. My big sister left me. She was right, for Soeur Therese told her to go." All who have known the poor child during the past three years testify to the miracle wrought by Soeur Therese.

BIGOTED ATTACK BRINGS RESPONSE BY NON-CATHOLIC

One excellent effect has resulted from the recent exhibition of bigotry on the part of the Southern Confederates who objected to the invitation extended by the Daughters of the Confederacy to Bishop Keiley to be the speaker at the Confederate Memorial Day celebration. It has roused the angry resentment of the fair-minded and brought forth remarkable tributes of appreciation of the part Catholics have played in the history of our country even from those not of our faith. One such tribute is that given by Mr. T. K. Oglesby in an address delivered before the Confederate Veterans Assn., Camp No. 756, of Savannah, in which he maintained the propriety of the choice of Bishop B. J. Keiley, by the Daughters of the Confederacy, as orator on the Confederate Memorial Day in Macon. He warmly commended the action of the women who refused to yield to the intolerant demand of the bigots who protested against his invitation. Mr. Oglesby prefaced his address by saying, "I am not a Catholic, and so far as I know, none of my ancestors were and none of my kindred are Catholics."

LETTER FROM FATHER FRASER

Kadeo, March 3, 1917.
Dear Friends,—The journey I have just performed to a far distant village nestled in the mountains was both fatiguing and interesting. The way led through a deep gorge with dizzy precipices towering high a thousand feet on either side. The path only a few inches in width was on a ledge cut into the rock far above a seething torrent. My guide was continually telling me to keep close to the rock which was indeed difficult to do seeing the narrowness of the path. He showed me one place where many oxen had toppled over the brink in an effort to get around a protruding rock and were dashed to death on the rocks beneath. In some places I had to cling for dear life to the roots of the shrubbery for fear of being precipitated into the abyss. To make things worse it was pouring rain during the whole of that long, climbing journey of seven hours. The rocks and boulders that formed the path were slippery and the least carelessness or false step would have meant disaster. In one place I had to venture across a stretch of sloping, slippery rock with the deep, green, icy water at its foot. What a plunge I would have had if I slipped! A bridge at one point consisted of three slim poles that swayed under one's weight like a tight rope. The scenery, however, in spite of it all was delicious. Walter Scott could not have wished for better for the inspiration of his novels and poetry. Those rugged, savage precipices rising to immense heights topped with cloud-enshrouded summits and the winding, raging torrent beneath were really imposing. After preaching, hearing confessions, saying Mass and giving Communion to the Catholics of that village lost in the mountains, I intended to leave the next day, but in the morning I heard every one who opened the door utter cries of ex-

clamation and on looking out I found the whole of yesterday's scene changed. It had snowed during the night and everything, mountains and trees, rocks and precipices were covered with a mantle of dazzling whiteness. The bamboo gracefully bent under the weight of snow till their tops touched the ground; the mountain peaks reflected the rays of the sun like a mirror; the catarract defiantly rushed headlong through the gully in spite of the cold; the whole scene was one of exquisite beauty, a regular fairyland in the heart of Chi Kiang.

Of course there was no venturing a return trip over the wretched path in such weather. Even the mountaineers did not go to their work in the mountains. I was lodged in a garret so low that I had always to walk in an inclined position for fear of striking my head against the beams. The kitchen was below. There was no chimney and volumes of smoke would frequently drive me from my retreat. I visited all the Christians to teach them their duty and see that nothing of a superstitious character was tolerated in their homes. I have a catechist who goes to their spiritual wants as far as it is possible in the absence of the priest and teacher a class of school-boys. Another school-master, a very old man, has opened a school. I paid him and his school a visit. He was delighted and ordered one of the boys to serve me with tea. I was surprised to learn that he was a believer many years ago, but as the priest in those days very seldom paid a visit to his village he had never been baptized. After my visiting tours I would return to my garret and devour every word of the CATHOLIC RECORD, a powerful tonic for the ups and downs, the trials and fatigues of missionary life, not to speak of its intense Catholic spirit and highly ascetical character, which supply food for familiar instructions. Needless to say the War does not affect the Chinese in my mountains. They know nothing at all about it. All the people I meet are surprised it is still going on. They thought it was over long ago! Yours respectfully in Jesus and Mary, J. M. FRASER.

Let each one examine himself, and see what time he has given hitherto to this devotion of intercessory prayer, and whether the past is in this respect altogether what he would have it be.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowta, 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. Peregrine 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 all your labors, 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.

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"History shows that there are no more devoted adherents, no sturdier defenders of constitutional liberty, as they have been transmitted to us through the great charter and the American Constitution, than have been found in the ranks of those professing that faith—the faith of Stephen Langton of Runnymede, and of Chas. Carroll of Carrollton, and of Chief Justice Tany, and of the present chief justice, Edward D. White; and of that great judge, William Gaston, of North Carolina, whose name and memory are revered in that State by Protestant and Catholic alike. It shows that the Confederate cause, which itself was the cause of constitutional liberty, had no more ardent sympathizers, nor more eloquent advocates than were to be found in those same ranks; and no doubt of his fealty to those principles and to that cause can find lodgment in the mind of any one who knows that true American, that loyal Southerner, that golden-hearted Christian gentleman—Bishop Benjamin Keiley."

WISDOM OF CHURCH UPHELD

"It is strange-how frequently the conduct of the Church receives unintentional approbation from the world," says the Rosary Magazine. "When, some years ago, the Ne Temere decree with regard to marriage was issued, there were many who took exception to the changes introduced into the matrimonial laws of the Church, one of the most important of which had reference to engagements. Under the new code, in order to be considered binding, they were to be written. There were those who saw no justification in fact for such a law. Many, too—frivolous-minded ones, of course—attributed so prosaic a treatment of courtship to the fact that the Church's laws are drafted by ecclesiastics little experienced in cardiac affairs. Not long ago Representative Clark, of the Lower House of the Michigan Legislature, seeing the appalling number of breach of promise cases brought before the courts of the country, introduced a bill calling for the registration of betrothals by the county clerk. In his mind it was the one effective way of outwitting many pythonic women suing for breach of promise damages, and on the other hand, of affording protection to unsuspecting members of the gentler sex likely to be taken advantage of by unscrupulous men. Only such as these will take objection to the new measure. The lovers who mean to play square with each other will have no hesitancy about registering their vows. And so once again it is borne in upon us that the old Mother Church after all knows human nature very well, and now, as in the past, is straining every effort to keep it on the high paths of righteousness."

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. F. P. HICKEY, O. S. B. SUNDAY WITHIN OCTAVE OF ASCENSION

CHARITY

"Before all things have a constant, mutual charity." (1 Pet. iv, 8.) It is an authoritative voice that we hear today, and no uncertain word does it utter. The Sunday after the Ascension, when we might easily dwell upon Our Lord's blessing His disciples and being carried up to heaven—the Sunday before Pentecost, when we should study how to prepare for the coming of the Holy Spirit—and yet St. Peter breaks in: "Before all things have a constant, mutual charity."

Yes, my dear brethren, if we want to follow our Saviour to heaven, if we want to prepare our hearts for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, we cannot do better than cultivate a constant, mutual charity. Notice the stress St. Peter lays on these words. He says: "The end of all is at hand. Be prudent, therefore, and watch in prayer. But before all things have a constant, mutual charity, for charity covereth a multitude of sins." (1 Pet. iv, 7, 8.) He says this to good people, who have received the grace of God, "who are the good stewards of the manifold grace of God." (Ibid. 10.) We need not, therefore, think that we are above learning the lesson, and that his words are only intended for careless, negligent people, and not for those who treasure the grace of God and try to preserve it by prayers, Mass, and the prudent observance of the Commandments.

The truth is that the last thing good people usually learn is to have a constant, mutual charity. Yet we should have it before all things. It is the want of charitableness that makes virtue even so unlovely. The world dislikes the good man, thinking that piety must go hand-in-hand with narrow-mindedness, fault-finding, hardness, readiness to believe the worst. And the world is not far wrong in very many cases; for these are the faults, that are the last to be given up by good people.

Whereas good people should be full of sympathy, affection, and benevolence. Above all things have charity. "Charity thinketh no evil." (1 Cor. xiii, 5.) So when you hear unkind things said, do not believe them; do not be ready to think evil. When you see things which may even scandalize you, do not be ready to be vexed. Look at the other side. Everything has two sides to it. Try to be fair-minded; and if you cannot find an excuse for it, leave it to God. It is not your business. You are only a poor sinner, hoping to be forgiven, as you forgive. And, lastly, do not repeat any unkind thing, true or false. Let it drop. It is only a foul thing, so why should you pass it from hand to hand as if it were something precious?

None of us, perhaps, are altogether uncharitable; but that is not sufficient. St. Peter bids us have "a constant, mutual charity." Those two qualities make the difficulty. "Constant" means that charity must not be just a whim or a liking, or only when we are in the humor. We hear it said sometimes as the greatest praise: "That man is liked by everybody—he is always the same." The same; yes, constant. What an amiable trait in one's character! How much good must it effect through life!

Anyone who is a brother, who needs a kind thought, word, or action, is the fitting object of our mutual charity. How frequently is charity narrowly limited just to those we like! Others jar upon us. Whatever they may say or do irritates us. We are quick to find fault, to slight, to show resentment to such as these. If our charity is such, it is merely a natural feeling, and not a virtue at all. It may have its reward in this world, but will never raise our souls to heaven.

Now, it is not an easy or a common thing, my dear brethren, to possess this constant, mutual charity, or St. Peter would not have had to lay such emphasis upon it. "Above all things," he says, "have a constant, mutual charity."

We have, then, to cultivate it. Ground requires to be broken up and prepared to cultivate it, and so with our hearts, if they are hard, and sour, and embittered. It is a real work to do it, and a work that must be done. We must be charitable, for we have "a multitude of sins" to be recovered. When we reflect in being charitable, who is it that we are imitating, there should be no unwillingness nor hesitation in our hearts. We are asked to be like Christ. "Learn of Me, for I am meek and humble of heart." (Matt. xi, 29.) And are we annoyed and hurt? "You know not of what spirit you are." (Luke ix, 55.) If we feel annoyance, let us be humble. Our souls are in peril, for all our good qualities will be of no avail if we "have no charity." (1 Cor. viii, 1.)

Learn, then, the lessons. First, "Forgive and you shall be forgiven." (Luke vi, 37.) Be grateful to God if you have the grace to be the first to give way, to speak, to apologize. That is your honor and glory. You have proved thereby that you are a follower of Christ, who said on the cross, "Father, forgive them." (Luke xxiii, 34.) The devil may say, "Oh no! stand on your rights; have a proper pride and spirit." Yes, let your pride and haughtiness ruin you, as it did him, who is tempting you.

Secondly, practise speaking kindly. "A mild answer breaketh wrath." (Prov. xv, 1.) How often human nature launches out with a sneer, an angry word, a bitter retort! It has gone. We cannot recall it. Alas! the pity of it. How many sins and crimes have been committed in this world by those who were goaded on by unkind, unjust, and rankling words!

The third and last lesson for cultivating charity is to do kind things. The very doing them sweetens your own heart, gladdens it, sanctifies it. The Master, who bade us learn of Him, "went about doing good." (Acts x, 38.) How many to whom He had worked miracles, were faithless and untrue to Him; how many who He had forgiven, were faithless and untrue to Him; how many who He had forgiven, were faithless and untrue to Him; how many who He had forgiven, were faithless and untrue to Him; how many who He had forgiven, were faithless and untrue to Him.

The reward will come hereafter. And you remember in the Gospel, when the King shall say, "Come, ye blessed, of My Father: possess the kingdom prepared for you." (Matt. xxv, 34.) The reward is all for acts of kindness. "When I was hungry you gave Me to eat"—thirsty, a stranger, sick, and in prison, you were kind to Me.

With that reward and blessing before you, be determined "before all things to have a constant, mutual charity," proved by daily action, forgiveness, kind words, and deeds of mercy and love.

TEMPERANCE

ALCOHOL'S SHELL FIRE

The postulate that the alcoholic is always a defective is no more sound than the criminal is always a defective. No man is perfect, and while a mental or nervous defective of a pronounced type is usually, though by no means always, an easy victim for alcohol, what alcohol will do to individuals far above this line is often a matter of circumstance and environment. I have seen men with bad inheritance and many stigmata of nervous instability, develop under proper encouragement and suggestion, a successful resistance to alcohol and build up will-power and self-control; while on the other hand, I have seen men with good endowment—men who by no stretch of the imagination could be considered defective in a pathological sense—buffeted by fate, tempted by environment, and prodded by suggestion, gradually yield to the steady use of alcohol—sometimes to complete downfall, sometimes to woful lack of achievement. Every one can call to mind many fine men who have fallen by the wayside through alcohol—men whom it would be scientifically ridiculous to call defective.

After all who are the "defective" where shall we draw the line? Who are the perfect men, these men who are above all manner of temptation, for whom alcohol is innocuous? While there are many men who have inherited or acquired a stability of mind or nervous system that doubly assures them against attack, I have yet to see the man for whom the more or less steady use of alcohol did not carry some menace. In fact, we are considering the mass of the people, and not exceptional types such as the common drunkard, the insane, or the superman. Among the mass of the people circumstances plus alcohol often constitute a dangerous combination; and alcohol often is responsible for the circumstances that make it dangerous.

We must bear in mind that even so mild an indulgence as one or two glasses of champagne or beer three times a month would, in the course of twenty years, make 720 exposures to alcoholic temptation, in addition to whatever disturbing effect on the moral, psychic, or physical condition such doses may have. Among 2,000,000 individuals even such slight indulgence would mean in the course of one year, 72,000,000 exposures to such varied adverse effects as there may be in small doses. Among those drinking every day two glasses of beer, the exposures to temptation and to further drinking among 2,000,000 men would be in the course of one year 720,000,000, and in twenty-five years eighteen and a quarter billion.

Eighteen and a quarter billion exposures to alcohol might be compared to very distant artillery fire directed at an enemy. Many thousand shells are fired to produce a few fatalities. Many fail to hit, but in the long run there is a definite fatality. The impact of eighteen and a quarter billion doses of alcohol on a group of two million men must certainly place the group at a disadvantage as compared to a group that is not exposed to such impact, provided, of course, that we find that the total effect of alcohol in the doses usually taken as a beverage is ever so slightly injurious in a direct way and carries a distinct danger of temptation to increased indulgence to the point where common observation shows it to be a deadly destructive poison.

We may sum up the evidence prior to Dodge and Benedict's researches by stating that alcohol has been found to be a depressant, a narcotic, often exerting, even in small daily doses, an unfavorable effect on the brain and nervous functions and on heart and circulation, and lowering the resistance of the body to infection. —Eugene Lyman Fisk, M. D.

HEROES OF CHARITY

One fact stands out strikingly and grandly in the long history of the Church—always and in all places heroic charity has characterized her ministrations to humanity. And not only to that portion of humanity which professed her doctrines and acknowledged her authority, but to all races and all creeds she has ever been the Good Samaritan. Nothing so impressed the pagans of the early ages as the unwonted spectacle of the charity shown by the Christians, not only towards their own, but towards the very men and women who persecuted them. Ratzinger in his excellent work, "Charities," tells us that, while the pagans during the great plague at Carthage and Alexandria left their dead unburied, the Christians buried them at the risk of their own lives.

The history of the Church is a veritable chronicle of heroic deeds performed by men and women like Martin of Tours, Elizabeth, Francis, Claver, Vincent de Paul, Charles Borromeo, John of God, Damien and the countless uncanonized of both sexes who lived and died in the service of the poor, the destitute, the lame and blind and deaf and leprous. Their conduct, heroic to others, was a matter of fact and duty to them. How different this chronicle of charity from the historically attested attitude of the Calvinist preachers in Geneva who, when the plague broke out, refused to succor the afflicted, excusing themselves by saying that God has not given them strength to do otherwise.

Nor was, as we have said, this heroic charity confined to any one time or place. We in America have heroes of charity, great as those of other lands and ages, but perhaps not so well known. An English traveler in America, a non-Catholic too, has left an interesting account of his impressions gained while here in his "Journal of a Residence and Tour in the United States from April, 1833, to October, 1834." The author, E. S. Abdy, in the third volume of this work, describes what he learned and saw in Philadelphia. "While the cholera," he writes, "was raging in Philadelphia, eight Sisters of Charity were sent, at the request of the managers from Emmesburg, to the almshouse. They were subsequently withdrawn by the superior's order; their continuance not being, as was stated in the letter to the board, 'in accordance with the charitable end of the society and with the religious retirement and the exercises of piety peculiar to its members.'" This withdrawal, we learn from the same source, was due to the disorder and chaos rampant in the almshouse and to the sinister influences of bigotry which impugned the motives of the heroic Sisters.

A still more significant fact is brought out by the same author when detailing his impressions of the cholera times in Philadelphia. "While the cholera was raging," he writes a little further on (page 175 vol. 3), "the only ministers who attended at the hospital to afford religious consolation to the patients were the Catholic priests, whom no personal consideration could prevail to quit the post assigned them by their sense of duty. It was the same at the time of the yellow fever. I have both facts from one of the physicians who attended." Here too, as the author goes on to remark, the reward of charity was the viper's venom.

Even more striking are the facts brought out in the January number of the Catholic Historical Review, by Rev. Joseph Magri in an article on "Virginia During the Episcopate of Bishop Meilly." In it the reverend author makes an interesting and valuable contribution to the annals of Catholic charity in America. Describing the invasion of Virginia by the yellow fever in 1855 he details the heroism of the two little known priests who sacrificed their lives in the cause of charity. "Father Matthew O'Keefe of Norfolk and Father Francis Devlin of Portsmouth," he writes, "were indefatigable in their attention to the sick and dying of all classes and creeds. They not only gave spiritual help whenever possible, but also, to a large degree, afforded material assistance, bringing to the stricken and to the needy, money, food, medicines and clothing. The difficulty of obtaining laborers, who feared personal contagion obliged both priests frequently to dig the graves, and with their own hands to bury the deceased victims." Father O'Keefe, in spite of his labors and exposure, lived till 1887 to continue in other fields the same life of sacrifice which characterized his early sacerdotal years.

Not so with Father Devlin. "A martyr's fate," writes Father Magri, "awaited Father Devlin at Portsmouth. Stricken with the disease which he contracted from his attention to the sick, and brought almost to the point of death, his constitution rallied from the attack. During his convalescence, he was warned by the physician in charge not to resume his labors amongst the plague-stricken, under the penalty of losing his life. Yet, as deaf ear to the sick and dying, who were clamoring for assistance both spiritual and material. Accordingly once he was able to leave his room, he immediately renewed his unrelenting labor of apostolic zeal and charity. Again stricken with the malady, he gave back to God his truly devoted soul."

The traveler today can see within a few feet of St. Paul's church at Portsmouth a simple shaft with the following legend: "Erected by the Citizens of Portsmouth to the Memory of Rev. Francis Devlin, the Humble Priest, the Faithful Pastor, Who Sacrificed His Life in the Cause of Charity, During the Plague of 1855. He was a Native of Longford, Ireland, Died on the 7th of October in the Forty-first Year of His Life." The Church, ever old and ever new, in Carthage, in Alexandria, in Philadelphia and Portsmouth, has ever had charity's eloquent answer to pagan and cynic and bigot. Verba docent, exempla trahunt—"Words teach, examples compel."—C. B. of V. C.

MR. GAGNIER'S REPLY

We note in the leading papers of Springfield a spirited reply by Mr. C. I. Gagnier, a prominent business man of that city, to the statement made by "Bishop" Hamilton, at a Methodist convention in Springfield some weeks ago, that the Catholic Church is "an alien church." Mr. Gagnier asks the embarrassing question: "Where in this country was Methodism when Catholic Columbus planted the cross on these shores? Where was it when Carroll, Marquette, Brebeuf and Jogues were evangelizing the American savages and establishing the true Church in this wilderness?"

Coming down to the present, Mr. Gagnier says: "We read that the Bishop's arraignment of Catholicism brought great applause from his audience. It would be interesting to know how many of the applauders went out and enlisted to prove to the world that they are better citizens than their Catholic neighbors. If they joined our Second Regiment they will be under Col. Hayes (not a Methodist). Is his loyalty in doubt? Will he lead his regiment to Rome and surrender to the Pope? Again, if they join our Second Regiment, or any other regiment, they will find Catholics by far outnumbering any other denomination."

"After the patriotic and eloquent words of their Eminences Cardinals Gibbons and O'Connell, still fresh in the memory of all who read, it is simply astounding that one, who bears the title of Bishop and who should be spreading the gospel of brotherly love and charity, should be tampering in such a reckless manner with the commandment that says: 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.'" No doubt, by this time, "Bishop" Hamilton is sorry that he spoke. But correction is salutary, and he will bear away from Springfield a better knowledge of what the Catholic Church is than he ever had before.—Sacred Heart Review.

"CATHOLICS AND LOST CAUSE"

An enlightening communication for many of our Southern neighbors lately made its appearance in the columns of the Atlanta Constitution. It came from the pen of a Mr. Lucian Lamar Knight, who describes himself as a "blue-stocking Presbyterian," and roundly denounces the veteran bigots of Mason who objected to the selection of Bishop Keiley as Memorial Day orator. The two subjoined passages quoted by the "Ave Maria" are of general interest: "It seems to me that the Mason veterans in accentuating the feudal fires of the Protestant Reformation, have ignored the events of a period much more recent, and have shown an indifference to matters much more relevant. In the first place, they are seemingly forgetful of the fact that one who has done more than all others to put the Confederate cause into the literature of song was an Irish Catholic. Who of us has not thrilled to the music of Father Ryan's 'Conquer'd Banner'? What war-poem, born amid the throes of our great sectional conflict, is more widely known or more frequently quoted? Long after we are dead the memory of this gentle singer will be cherished by our descendants. His renowned poem will be recited by our children's children for ages to come. In one of the great hotels of Richmond, Va., there hangs a magnificent oil painting of the beloved poet-priest. It is admired by all the guests; and even Northern tourists each year stand with uncovered head before this portrait of one whose fame is indissolubly associated with 'The Conquer'd Banner.' To know what Father Ryan thought of his illustrious chief, one needs only to read 'The Sword of Lee.'"

Two famous Confederate war-songs, "Ashes of Glory," by Augustus J. Requier, and "Somebody's Darling," by Marie L. Coste, were both written by Catholics. Was not Theodore O'Hara, who wrote the "Bivouac of the Dead," a member of the Church of Rome? He was a Confederate soldier; but his renowned elegy inspired by an episode of the Mexican War, is to-day found in all the Federal cemeteries of the land, engraved upon tablets of iron. It is the only American poem to which the United States Government has ever given official recognition. The "Constitution" commends Mr. Knight's contribution to the attention of its readers, and trusts that it will do much to dispel some of the bigotry and prejudice for which Georgia has become noted in the recent past.—Providence Visitor.

REVERSE THE QUESTIONS

A shrewd observer once remarked: "Our girls we keep asking from their earliest years. 'What are you going to wear?' whereas the question their brothers are constantly hearing from infancy to young manhood is, 'What are you going to do?' The practical effect of this catechetical system on the children's attitude toward life is of course obvious. Why not reverse the questions?" The experiment would be well worth trying. While Mary is little she could be taught that the number of ribbons and furbelows a girl wears is not necessarily the test of her value as a playmate, and thus incipient snobbishness could be cured. Later in life the reiterative question, "What are you going to do?" would perhaps make schoolgirls realize that a well-stored mind, a clean heart and a strong character contribute quite as much to "success in life" as do a pretty face, a becoming dress and a graceful carriage. Later still that same persistent question may remind these girls that the woman who can cook well, keep house economically and take proper care of children will bring her husband a richer dowry, no matter whether his station in life may be, than if she were the heiress of a multimillionaire.

As for Mary's brother John, if he is asked, "What are you going to wear?" only half as often as he is forced to tell solicitous inquirers what he is going to do, he will be the gainer. Indeed during John's earlier years that question might help him improve his manners and be more careful about his personal appearance. Somewhat later in John's career the occasional recurrence of the question would no doubt impress him with the importance of cultivating the social graces, and of making his own the best literature in the world. Then perhaps John would not find himself so inferior in refinement and general culture to the convent-bred girls of his acquaintance, that the prospect of a happy marriage with one of them would be very meager. However that may be, if repeatedly asked our Catholic girls, "What are you going to be?" and our Catholic boys, "What are you going to wear?" would lessen the number of mixed marriages that we now have to deplore, a reversal of those time-worn questions should take place at once.—America.

The grand practical mischief to men's souls is the neglect of the Sacraments. The grand practical mistake of pious people is the neglect of fidelity to grace.—Father Faber.

Never repeat a story that might injure another's reputation, unless you repeat it to him of whom it is told, but in all cases help to stamp the story out. Just forget it. It starves easily.

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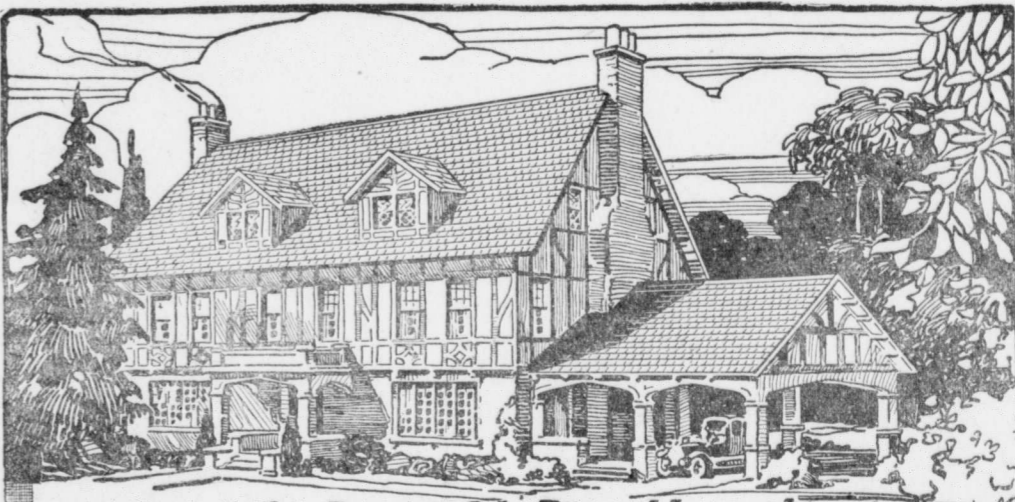
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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

HE MUST DIG

He wanted a job and like everyone else, He wanted a good one you know; Where his clothes would not soil and his hands would keep clean, And the salary mustn't be low. He asked for a pen, but they gave him a spade, And he half turned away with a shrug, But he altered his mind, and seizing the spade—he dug!

He worked with a will that is bound to succeed, And the months and the years went along. The way it was rough and the labor was hard, But his heart he kept filled with a song.

Some jeered him and sneered at the task, Why never did anything? Just as hard as he ever could plug; Their words never seemed to disturb him a bit—as he dug.

The day came at last when they called for the spade, And gave him a pen in its place. The joy of achievement was sweet to his taste,

And victory shone in his face. We can't always get what we hope for at first— Success cuts many queer jigs, But one thing is sure—a boy will succeed—if he digs.

SUCCESS LATE IN LIFE

It is a grievous delusion to imagine that there is no success ahead for those who have not achieved it early in life. Why never did anything? Just as hard as he ever could plug; Their words never seemed to disturb him a bit—as he dug.

It is never too late to begin to do better; and the very reversal of the attitude of mind, the turning about and facing the sun, so that the shadows fall at your back, will be a great encouragement to go forward.

A man of fifty, sixty or more, ought to be ashamed to say there is no chance for him. Read the life stories of those who never did anything of importance until they had passed the half century mark, and of those who have done great things after sixty, and you will be ashamed to give way to discouragement.

GROW OR GO

Whether life shall be a success or a failure depends very largely upon the call we make on our resources, the extent to which we develop all our possibilities.

The other day, I was trying to encourage a young man who had the opportunity to start out for himself and not to settle down in a narrow groove to work for somebody else all his life. "I am afraid," he said, "I haven't the courage to take chances. I have always worked for somebody else. I have never made a program for myself; never started anything on my own responsibility. I don't care to make the attempt lest I fail."

That young man will never get hold of half of his resources, because he is afraid to trust himself. We don't know what we can do until we try, and unused faculties never grow or strengthen.

"Grow or Go" is the very suggestive motto hanging in a conspicuous place in the New York office of the president of one of our largest insurance companies.

HUMAN SYMPATHY THE KEY-NOTE OF SUCCESS

You often hear the expression: "That fellow has hosts of friends; people will do anything for him; how does he manage it?" The answer is easy. He remembers.

Had Burton written an Anatomy of Insult instead of his fearful tome on Melancholy, doubtless he would have pointed out that the worst insult one man can give another is to forget him. It is mental assassination.

For the same reason the very flower of compliment is to remember one who thinks he has been forgotten ten long ago. It is as if you carried all these years some little keepsake he gave you as a boy.

Years ago I knew slightly an eminent man. He had been governor of the State. He had a large law business. He was deep in politics. He was one of the busiest men in the city.

An old friend of mine celebrated his silver jubilee. There were many gifts of course, but I recall one particularly from the ex-governor. It was twenty-five beautiful roses.

I used to wonder how that man had gained his high position. The roses told the story. In all his varied occupations, sufficient to tire out a score of men, he took care not to let that occasion pass without sending his offering. He was one of those who remember.

It is a strange thing that most of the men who have earned enduring fame, whose figures loom up in history like colossi, all had a marvellous memory for names and faces.

Cesar never forgot anyone. Napoleon knew his soldiers by name. O'Connell was as much at home in the House of Commons. Once he met a man he knew him always.

The gift of sympathy, like any other gift, may be developed. The trouble with the majority of folk is that they throttle it instead and concentrate their efforts blindly on their own selfish achievement.

Real advancement is not selfish; it brings not merely the principal agent but many others along with it. The self seeker does gain something, but each gain costs in public sentiment and disapproval far more than it is worth.

Doubtless "he travels fastest who travels alone," but he finds only loneliness at the end of the road. They who really win, win not only for themselves but for others. They who attain success that is satisfactory are the prodigals of sympathy, the men and women who in the fierce race of life always have time to pause and assist the halt, the blind and the lame.—Boston Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE WIND

I saw you toss the kites on high And blow the birds about the sky; And all around I heard you pass, Like ladies' skirts across the grass— O wind, a-blowing all day long, O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did, But always you yourself you hid, I felt you push, I heard you call, I could not see yourself at all— O wind, a-blowing all day long, O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold O blower, are you young or old? Are you a beast of field and tree Or just a stronger child than me, O wind, a-blowing all day long, O wind, that sings so loud a song!

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

THE SAINT OF THE IMPOSSIBLE

Tuesday, May 22nd, marks the five hundred and thirty fifth anniversary of the birth in a small Italian town of a child who grew up into womanhood unknown and unheard of save in a small circle. The world at that time did not know her—she lived privately and unostentatiously at her parents' home as a dutiful daughter; in her own home as the patient wife of an overbearing quarrelsome husband, and, for her declining years, as the humblest member of a humble religious community. Sixteen years ago, after scores of miracles had been wrought at her intercession, she was canonized, St. Rita of Cascia.

That, in summary, is the story of the life of the humble woman of God, whose birth anniversary has again rolled around. That is the story of the life of a woman whose sanctity was so great that she prayed to suffer as Christ suffered—and had her request granted. That is the story of the woman whose powers of intercession are so great as to have won for her title of "The Saint of the Impossible."

St. Rita was born in Cascia, Italy, on May 22, 1381, of humble parents. Little is known of her early life, save that she showed such a spirit of piety that her parents, themselves a holy couple, had constructed for her at home a cell wherein she might satisfy her devotion to Our Lord. It is known, also, that at the age of twelve she expressed a desire to enter upon the life of a religious.

Her parents, pious though they were, did not hide the sorrow and trouble they felt, and their tearful pleadings prevailed on Rita to put off until a better time the fulfilment of her noble purpose. She was given in marriage to a young man, who was impulsive, irascible and well fitted to try the patience and virtue of Rita. Two sons were born to them, and they both inherited their father's quarrelsome temperament.

The sanctity of the young wife was now shown in the harsh trials to which she was subjected. She continued her accustomed devotions and her sanctity and prayers finally won her husband's heart and he willingly approved of her acts. She lived with her husband eighteen years until his death, and her two sons died shortly after.

Then her former resolve to consecrate herself to God took possession of her and she went to Cascia and sought admittance among the Augustinian nuns, but her request was refused, and she returned to her home. Twice more she sought admittance to the convent, and then God Himself advocated her cause. In the quiet of her humble home she heard her name called and in a miraculous way she was conducted to the monastic enclosure, no entrance having been opened. The nuns, astonished at the miracle, received her, and she was enrolled among their number.

Her hidden and simple life in religion was distinguished by obedience and exactitude. Her penances were extreme. She scourged herself thrice daily. She wore a rough hair shirt, and interwoven with her tunic were thorns which from time to time tore her flesh. After listening to a sermon on the Passion she returned to her cell, prostrated herself before her crucifix and begged to feel the pain of at least one of the thorns with which Christ had been crowned. Her prayer was answered and ever afterwards she bore on her forehead a wound full of corruption. Because of its odor, she was denied the companionship of her sisters in religion.

The power of miracles was soon recognized with Rita. When the jubilee was proclaimed by Pope Nicholas IV, it was Rita's desire to attend and she was allowed on condition that her wound be healed, as it was, until she returned. When she was dying she requested a relative to bring her a rose from her home at Rocca Porena, and although it was January, and all the roses had ceased to bloom, the relative went and found a full grown rose. For this reason roses are blessed in her honor.

After the death of St. Rita, 1456, her face became radiant in beauty,

and the odor from her wound was as sweet as the odor of the roses which she loved so well, and it spread all through the convent and into the church, and it remains even to this late day. Rita was beatified by Pope Urban VIII, May 22, 1628. Pope Leo XIII, appointed Cardinal Martinelli (formerly Apostolic Delegate to the United States) Postulator of Canonization in 1892. The Cardinal visited the sacred body of Rita and testified as to this supernatural odor, and the proofs were accepted by the Congregation of Rites as one of the required miracles. The Canonization of St. Rita on the Feast of the Ascension, May 24, 1900, was one of the solemn acts of the jubilee of Pope Leo XIII.

The body has remained incorrupt to this day, and for a time retained its natural color, and at present, though changed in appearance, the face is beautiful and well preserved. At her death the lovely cell was aglow with heavenly light and the bells of Cascia were rung by the angels. A relative with a paralyzed arm was cured when the sacred remains were touched. A carpenter, who had known the saint, expressing his readiness to make the coffin, immediately recovered the use of his long stiffened hands.—The Tablet.

THE LUKEWARM CATHOLIC

A POWERFUL ARGUMENT FOR THE NECESSITY OF THE CATHOLIC PAPER

Rev. P. M. H. Wynhoven, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Greta, La., recently delivered a powerful plea for the Catholic press. Speaking of the reasons why many Catholics blush when asked if they are Catholics, he said in part:

It is because these people are moral cowards. They are moral cowards because they are ignorant. And why are they ignorant? Is it on account of their lack of proper education? No. For we find these religiously dull-minded and spineless and sometimes unapologetically boastful individuals even amongst those who graduated with the highest honors from our Catholic schools, colleges and academies.

"Why, then, have even these educated people grown indifferent? Because they do not read Catholic papers. This statement may sound new and extravagant to you. However, I will explain.

Let us take a boy who leaves college—a Catholic college. He goes to work. Here, in his profession or trade, he daily meets with all kinds of people, mostly indifferent, some non-Catholics and not a few with an anti-Catholic inclination. He often has to listen to conversations, discussions, remarks and insinuations, offensive to all Catholic sentiment. At first he is startled at hearing this, and it deeply grieves him; and in the beginning, if he is a boy of the right caliber, he will make bold to answer and manfully defend his religious convictions, as they were rightly taught him. But, then, these people will laugh at him, ridicule and snub him, and will tell him of their experience and of happenings and conditions, most of the time malicious lies or misrepresentation of facts, for which he had no arguments of contradiction, as he had never heard of these 'facts' at school. This discourages him, and from then on he will hold his peace, and gradually he will grow used to this scattering of his high ideals, and little by little even thoughts of distrust will enter his mind, which slowly, but surely, will grow stronger by the reading of some articles in our daily papers, and the occasional perusal of those vile anti-Catholic sheets which are spread broadcast all over this country for the purpose of "Killing the Catholic Church."

He reads in these papers articles intended to lessen in his estimation the noble object of our Church, open attacks on our Holy Father and our Bishops, foul and devilish lies of scandals committed by priests and sisters.

"What is the effect of this company and this reading? Sooner or later the bad seed thus slowly sown will choke in its rapid growth all the high ideals, principles and convictions so faithfully inculcated at school. This boy, after listening to and reading what he does, begins to come to the conclusion that, after all, there must be some truth in what his companions tell and what those papers state, because he does not hear it much contradicted in church. Thus, he gradually grows indifferent to his religious duties, and in a couple of years that same Catholic college graduate, who was ready to fight and die for his religion, will be ashamed to acknowledge that he is a Catholic.

"Now, this calamity would not have happened if that same boy had spent about twenty minutes a week in reading over a Catholic weekly, for that would have kept his higher ideals alive; he would have received new and fresh pictures of the glories of his religion. His pride for his Church would have been vigorously stimulated weekly; he would have found all those lies nullified, all those reported scandals convincingly contradicted; he would have had ample proofs and arguments to successfully defend his religion and its teachings on every issue.

"Naturally, if this fact is sadly true for our Catholic school graduates, it is ten times more true for those poor children who only received a little Catholic training when they were preparing for their first Communion, and a hundred times

more true of those unfortunate boys and girls who, through the sinful negligence of their parents, never went to a Catholic school; their faith will soon be tottering at the time they begin to figure out things for themselves, and only hear saloon debaters, country store theologians or parlor philosophers corroborating the teachings and facts they gather from the rubbish they read.

"It is an impossibility for us priests to explain every Sunday the things which are misunderstood or misrepresented, to effectively deny the various lies and many scandals reported, to attack general abuses and correct misconceptions. Indeed, a little instruction at Sunday Mass on the general principles of our holy religion very often proves already too long for most of our congregation.

"Therefore, our work must be necessarily supplemented, our endeavor enforced; and the only way that this can be done is by a good Catholic paper, which should be faithfully read by our people. Unless this is done, we will make little headway in God's mission, most of our efforts will be futile, and religious indifference is bound to be the consequence."

THE WAR

HAS WELL DEMONSTRATED THAT THERE IS ONLY ONE WORLD CHURCH

The Herald (Herald) (an organ of the Reformed Church, Holland).

"The Roman Church as she exists in the different countries now at War exhibits among her members as wide a divergence of feeling about the causes and events of the conflict as is possible. The French clergy are for the Entente Powers, ardently and unanimously, and frankly express their feelings, whilst the German Catholic clergy are equally strong and unanimous in their loyalty to the German cause, and equally outspoken. But the Roman Church as a Church is out of and above the controversy, which divides the feelings and inspires the weak passions of her members. Whatsoever represents the great unit of Catholicity, whether in the Papacy or in the Roman Episcopate of all nations, is in spirit and utterance aloof from this divergence of personal views.

"As a World Church she stands above it all, and holds her members firmly united. She is spiritual enough to lift all her members out of even this worst of temporal antagonism; her unity has not suffered any lesion. The Pope speaks words of peace to all nations, and not a few observers look to him to be the final mediator of peace.

"It does not help us Protestants to belittle the significance of so mighty a fact—its existence cannot be ignored. Whilst the War has broken asunder all ties of social life, as well as those of science and arts, the Roman Church, and she alone, has preserved her international unity absolutely intact; she has thus given a brilliant proof of the solidity of her organic life. In contrast consider how Socialism, one of whose essential dogmas is the international solidarity of the world's toilers, has been shattered to pieces by the War, whilst not a stone of the Roman world-arch has been in the least degree loosened. On the bitterest battlefields Catholics of the warring races have mutually aided one another in imparting and bestowing the comforts of their common faith; whether wounded or not they felt not the least survival of warlike passion in presence of their Church's call for mutual charity. Consider, too, that the Pope was able to assemble the Cardinals of the various warring peoples around his throne, in the very capital of one of the belligerent nations, to hold conference with him upon the prospects of peace.

"In presence of this spectacle we Protestants can show very little of this spirit of human brotherhood. All spiritual bonds between the great Protestant Churches have been cut asunder; the communion of saints and believers has vanished from among them. Christian love has given way before bitter racial hatred. Instead of the universal prayer of all Catholics everywhere for peace from German Protestant pulpits resounds the loud cry: 'Gott strafe England!' English Protestant preachers have cried out for the extermination of Germans like vermin. When a solitary peer in England pleaded for the ending of this awful bloodshed and in consequence was reviled and condemned, the entire Church of England clergy was mute, not one of the bishops gave him adhesion. How much higher stands the Episcopate of the Roman Church in France; for when the French government would imprison a cure for preaching the gospel doctrine of peace, the Bishops everywhere in France boldly declared that they approved that priest's stand. Not any synod of Protestantism anywhere has uttered a longing cry for peace; only the Pope and his Cardinals have done that, voicing the authority of the Church of Rome and of its entire clergy and people.

"The outcome of it all is the manifest fact, that Catholicity stands forth a World Church, and Protestantism is characteristically a set of national churches. Christ established in opposition to the national Church of Israel, a Catholic, that is to say a universal Church, taking into unity the whole world. He sends His Apostles to preach His gospel to all nations and to enroll them all as His disciples; the Apostles therefore

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affirm emphatically and constantly that in Christ there is no longer Jew nor Greek, Scythian nor Barbarian; and as a matter of fact the Roman See exhibits that Church to-day above all national differences—not a grouping of racial Churches but one vast World-Church. Protestantism at its very beginning made the awful blunder of reducing the one World-Church into many national Churches, standing apart from one another and with no bond of union among them, each having its inalienable national character, each wedding itself indissolubly to a racial State.

"The Lutheran Church became German, bone and marrow, or Scandinavian to the core. The Anglican Church went so far as to accept the English king as its supreme head in all things, whether temporal or spiritual, and has ever been ruled by act of Parliament.

"The only Protestant leader who saw the peril of all this was John Calvin, who advocated Protestant unity by means of a general synod of all Protestant churches. But his voice in this matter was that of one preaching to the sands of the desert. His book on the Harmony of Profession was futile. In our own Netherlands, the Synod of Dordrecht, made another appeal for such unification—equally vain. All the Reformed churches in every country in the world are separatist to the bone." Our Sunday Visitor.

LAUDS CATHOLICITY JAPANESE MAYOR APPRECIATES POWER AND BEAUTY OF THE FAITH

Rumors have reached this country that there is an increasing sentiment against Catholics in Japan that may crystallize into a persecution under government direction. If this be so, it would seem a duplication of conditions in this country, where bigotry grows out of the ignorance and prejudice of an undesirable and low element, and is used by unprincipled politicians for their selfish purposes. For among the better and more educated classes of Japan there is an appreciation of the beauty of Catholicism and its great import in this hour of growing materialism.

Addressing a gathering of Japanese savants in his home city, the Mayor of Tokio said recently:

Last year Dr. Anezaki Maaho, professor of comparative religion at the University of Tokio, made a journey through Europe in order to become better acquainted with the Catholic Church and her religious orders. In the course of a lecture on the results of his observations, he declared that, to the best of his knowledge, 'the Catholic Church is the most powerful, most perfect and the most sublime institution with which the history of mankind is acquainted.'

Mayor Ozaki proceeded to tell those whom he addressed that the study of the personality and the life work of St. Francis of Assisi made a deep impression on Dr. Maaho. He obtained permission from the Vatican to visit the mother-house of the Poor Clares in Rome. The Mother Superior he described as a woman of 'great enlightenment,' who discussed the deepest questions with the most touching simplicity. He also visited several houses of the Lazarists, Dominicans, Benedictines and Franciscans. 'I found the life within the cloister walls,' he writes, 'radiant with joy beyond expectation. In a certain class of books much is read about the corruption of the monasteries. It will be well to meet such accusations with distrust, as they are generally made by apostate members. The pleasant, wide-awake character and the openheartedness of the religious with whom I became acquainted impressed me favorably. I have found many good friends among them, and I correspond with some of them still. If we look only at the Franciscan monasteries we feel that the spirit of Christianity is by no means approaching dissolution. On the contrary, if we look at Buddhism we see with regret that its once flourishing monastic life has been woefully declined.'—Providence Visitor.

Oh, for faith in prayer. Jesus belongs to us. We shall never know till the last day all the answers there have been to our prayers offered through Him.—Father Faber.

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Leeds, Yorkshire, England.

April 20, 1917.

Dear Sir,—Pardon me the liberty I take in writing to you again, but I thought possibly the readers of the CATHOLIC RECORD would like to know how I spent Easter, the greatest and most joyous season in the Christian year. We were billeted in the buildings attached to a large French chateau at B—, a few miles off of Vimy Ridge. Although we were here for a rest, yet strange to say we lost more men in six days than the eighteen days we served in the front line and acting as supports. The losses were by no means heavy, but two or three casualties almost every day through the Germans shelling the town. In passing the church on Easter eve I was surprised to see the church door open, as it was the first time for many months. I naturally walked in and what joy I received on beholding the sanctuary lamp still burning, (though I believe at this period it should have been extinguished to show that our Saviour's body was lying in the sepulchre of Joseph of Arimathea) and a poor old French woman clattering around in a pair of English army boots, cleaning up the church ready for Mass on Easter Sunday. The church was very much battered about by the shelling of the Hun, yet I was greatly surprised to see how little the church was damaged inside, with the exception of the windows, which were all broken and one picture of the "Stations of the Cross." Not one of the statues had been hit. As I had not had an opportunity of even hearing Mass for nearly three months you can scarcely imagine with what joy and emotion I felt in visiting our Saviour and of saying the beads in front of the Blessed Sacrament. Naturally I expected that I should have an opportunity of hearing Mass inside the church, but no, strange to say, it was not to be. Easter morn came, and all of a sudden an order was given that all R. C.'s, as we are called in the army, were to fall in for church parade at once. We fell in and were paraded over to the chateau itself, and went in one of the numerous cellars in the chateau. Here the chaplain, who by the way had his hand bandaged up, was busy erecting an altar out of some old boxes. The cellar being dark, and here we all heard Mass, received absolution in a body, and also Holy Communion. It was very impressive and I found it hard to restrain my tears when I thought of how Jesus the Saviour of mankind, yea as the Apostle Paul says, "God Himself, manifested in the flesh," should come down in bodily presence in our midst and be received by us. It also strongly reminded me of the time when the Early Christians in the time of Nero, were forced through persecution to offer up the Great Sacrifice of the Mass in the catacombs of Rome. It is impossible to express in words what holy joy and peace in our hearts as we felt the deep sense of the solemnity of it all, we left the chateau. The rest of the day was a great day for preparation, which resulted in the taking of Vimy Ridge besides eleven thousand German prisoners and many guns. We were issued with extra ammunition, two Mills' bombs, our bayonets sharpened, a pick or shovel and rations for twenty-four hours. I managed to make one more visit to the Blessed Sacrament at the church and to say the beads. On Sunday evening we marched to the front line and spent the evening lying in mud and water for operations the next day. So ended the most memorable Easter I have ever spent, and what a day of meditation it proved. The following Tuesday I was wounded in the left shoulder and that is how I came back to England. I would be much obliged if some kind friend would send the CATHOLIC RECORD on to me, as it would help to pass the time away; and would the gentleman who kindly wrote to me from Montreal, a convert like myself, write again, as I have lost his address, as I had to leave everything behind on the battlefield after I was wounded.

Yours sincerely,

829249 Pte. G. B. Hammond,

44th Batt., Canadians, Ward M 17

East Leeds War Hospital,

Leeds, Yorkshire, England.

PRIEST'S INVENTION FOR NAVY

An Australian exchange chronicles the death, at the early age of forty-three years, of the Rev. A. J. Shaw, M. S. I., who has done splendid work in wireless telegraphy. Born in Australia, the deceased priest, before entering the priesthood, was in the telegraph department of the post office in New South Wales. During his priesthood he invented what is known as the Shaw wireless

telegraph system, which has its works at Handwick, New South Wales. The Federal Government, prior to Father Shaw's death, decided to purchase the land, plant and machinery of Shaw Wireless, Ltd., for £50,000.

For some time past the Minister for the Navy (Mr. Jensen) has been negotiating with the principals of the firm, and has now received executive authority to effect a purchase at the price stated. The plant is said to be capable of producing most of the requirements for wireless equipment. The wireless system in Australia is now controlled entirely by the Navy Department. The works of the Shaw Wireless, Ltd., will become a navy establishment, but work will also be performed for the postal and defence departments. It is also probable that the system of wireless in Australia, now confined to the coast, will be extended inland.—Catholic News.

THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY

That the work of the Catholic Truth Society, in promoting the re-mailing of Catholic newspapers and magazines, is appreciated is evidenced by the following letter received from a Missionary in Northern British Columbia, under date April 24th:

The Catholic Truth Society of Canada, Toronto, Ont.

April 24th, 1917.

Dear Sirs,—I have received your circular letter of April 5th with great thanks, and I do not hesitate to take advantage of your kindness, as I have a great many families scattered all over the country, who are very seldom in a position, at the actual time, to attend service, or even to get the benefit of good reading. I have no less than 180 miles of district to cover, situated along the G. T. P. Railroad, and North and South of it, where there are quite a few families as well as individuals scattered, with whom the pastor can hardly ever get in contact personally, at least not very often. It is thanks to your kindness that we shall be able to reach some of them. Here are a few addresses to which you may re-mail some of the Catholic reading sent you. Hoping the best results will be derived from this charitable cooperation, I remain, with best compliments,

Yours very truly,

Sgd—

There is no doubt that there are thousands of families throughout Canada who seldom have an opportunity of seeing a priest or of attending divine service, to whom the receipt of Catholic papers would be most welcome and beneficial.

On the other hand, there are thousands of Catholics who are receiving Catholic newspapers and magazines every week or month, and who are either laying them away in a garret or the storeroom, when read, or throwing them away to be burned. There is food for serious thought in this.

The Catholic Truth Society of Canada, 67 Bond St., Toronto, Ont., will gladly furnish on request the names of persons who are in need of Catholic reading matter.

BLOCK TO ALL SOCIAL PROGRESS

CONTRAST BETWEEN SENTIMENT OF CARDINAL MANNING AND ANGLICAN BISHOP IN STRIKE

Sympathy with the poor and an intimate feeling with and for its many needs is accepted by all men as a natural trait of a religion based upon the teachings of Him who chose to be born poor and to be known as the Son of the carpenter Joseph.

How far this sympathy for the poor animated the Established Church of England during the great Dock Strike which convulsed England in 1889 is vividly brought home to us in a recent book from the pen of James Adderly, Hon. Canon of Birmingham and entitled "In Slums and Society, Reminiscences of Old Friends."

Retelling a bit of gossip about a certain Anglican Bishop who was present at a conference with the strike leaders Canon Adderly tells us that "The Bishop sat drinking endless cups of tea in Dr. M.'s drawing-room at Trinity square. "My heart, he said, is with the dockers, but my head is with the directors."

How different the picture which Canon Adderly himself gives us of the Catholic representative when he tells us: "Cardinal Manning on the other hand, was held in the other direction. One of the most picturesque scenes during the strike was his visit to the directors, when the old man stood and preached a little sermon to them about the sufferings of the poor." And he con-

cludes his observations on Manning by saying: "I have often thought that if Cardinal Manning had preached a Mission in East London immediately after the strike, he would have made a harvest for the Catholics. He was the hero of the moment, and everybody felt that it was his religion that had made him do what he did."

Nor have we far to seek to understand the peculiar attitude of the Bishop whose heart was with the strikers, but whose head was with the directors. For from its very birth in the days of the Reformation the established Church was but part and parcel of that sinister system which then began its soulless exploitation of the peasantry and poor of England. All of its interests were wrapped up with and controlled by the class which has made possible the pitiable condition in which, since the fateful days of separation from Rome, the poorer classes of England have found themselves.

That this is the case we can deduce from the very frank admission of Canon Adderly already quoted. Still stronger corroboration, however, we have from a voice long since forgotten, which speaks to us from the middle of the last century and tells us in quite forcible terms, though somewhat different manner the very thing our present-day spokesman admits. In "English Traits" by Ralph Waldo Emerson we find many very telling observations noted while he was lecturing in England. So, for instance, he tells us in the Chapter on English Religion: "I do not know that there is more cabalism in the Anglican than in other churches, but the Anglican clergy are identified with the aristocracy. And again: "The Anglican Church is marked by the grace and good sense of its forms, by the many grace of its clergy. The gospel it preaches, by its taste as yet saved." It keeps the old structures in repair, spends a world of money in music and building, and in buying Pugin and architectural literature. It has a general good name for amenity and mildness. But its instinct is hostile to all change in politics, literature, or social arts. The church has not been the founder of the London University, of the Mechanics Institute, of the Free School, of whatever aims at diffusion of knowledge."

Of the democratic status and origin of the clergy Emerson informs us that "The curates are ill paid, and the prelates are overpaid. This abuse draws into the church the children of the nobility and other utility persons who have a taste for expense. Thus a bishop is only a surplised merchant. Through his lawn I can see the bright buttons of the shopman's coat glitter."

Scathing indeed is this arraignment made by one who had little reason to make propaganda for Rome. At the conclusion of the chapter already quoted Emerson goes on to say: "England accepts this ornamental national church, and it glazes the eyes, blots the flesh, gives the voice a stertorous sound, and clouds the understanding of the receivers." "The English (and I wish it were confined to them, but 'tis a taint in the Anglo-Saxon blood in both hemispheres) — the English and the Americans can't be any other nations. The French relinquish all that industry to them. What is so odious as the polite bows to God, in our books and news papers? The popular press is flagitious in the exact measure of its sanctimony, and the religion of the day is a theatrical Sinai, where the thunders are supplied by the property man. The fanaticism and hypocrisy create satire."

We cannot conclude without but touching on the beautiful tribute paid by Emerson to the Catholic Church in the days when the Anglican Establishment was yet unborn to its artificial life of pretense and untruth. "In seeing old castles and cathedrals," he writes, "I sometimes say, as today in front of Dundee Church tower, which is eight hundred years old. This was built by another and a better race than that now look on it." "England felt the full heat of Christianity which fermented Europe, and drew, like the chemistry of fire, a firm line between barbarism and culture. The power of the religious sentiment put an end to human sacrifices, checked appetite, inspired the crusades, inspired resistance to tyrants, inspired self-respect, set bounds to serfdom and slavery, founded liberty, created the religious architecture — York, Newcastle, Westminster, etc., works to which the key is lost with the sentiment which created them."

Thus, out of the mouths of prophets, not of our own household, comes the meed of appreciation we ourselves often cannot give, because we know so little to understand the glories which are ours by right of inheritance from so ancient and worthily a mother.—C. B. of C. V.

NON-CATHOLIC'S PRINCELY GIFT

One of the most generous gifts ever received by the Catholic Church in the west was the presentation by Bishop Nicholas G. Matz, of a magnificent residence, by Venerable Z. Reed, non Catholic millionaire, father of Miss Margery and Joseph Reed, converts to Catholicity, says the Denver Catholic Register. The residence is to be used as a rectory by the priests of the Cathedral parish who, for some time have lived in a rented dwelling at 1854 Grant street, five blocks from the Cathedral. The

THE REAR GUARD

He strolls into Mass at the "Sanctus," Or maybe a moment before; And lest he should bother his neighbors, He drops on one knee at the door. Good seats at the altar are vacant, In fact there is room and to spare; But why should he put himself forward? He'd be so conspicuous there.

He doesn't look up at the altar, But keeps his gaze bent on the floor, We notice him yawning a little As though 'twere a bit of a bore. He squats for the last benediction, And then he the service is through, We look for him there in the background But find he has melted from view.

So strange! Now, we fancied we saw him, Last night at the vaudeville show. It seemed to us then he was fighting To get in the very first row. He must have been there before seven— Oh, surely, some minutes before; He headed the line that was waiting Outside of the gallery door.

And when the door opened, good gracious! How active he was in the race! Upstairs and then over the benches And down to the very first place! My! How he applauded the singing And laughed at the jokes that were cracked. His eyes never leaving the footlights, Transfixed till the very last act! This can't be the same chap this morning. This slowest and dullest of chaps; We must have seen some other fellow Last evening—his brother perhaps.

—T. A. DALY

LT. KELLY, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, KILLED IN ACTION

Word was received in the city of the death of Lieut. Francis Kelly who was killed in action on April 10th. Lieut. Kelly was the youngest son of the late Mr. P. C. Kelly of Donaldson, P. E. I., and a nephew of the late Conductor Kelly of the P. E. I. R. He was twenty-seven years of age and leaves to mourn three sisters, Mrs. J. J. Lacey, Tracadie, Mrs. McKinnon of Calgary, and Miss Daisy, in a convent at St. Paul, and two brothers, Thomas in Calgary and Edwin in Malden, Mass. Leaving home about nine years ago Lieut. Kelly was in the Christian Brothers College in San Francisco first as a student and for several years as a teacher, until the outbreak of the War when he enlisted in Calgary as a private. He was shortly afterwards promoted and in a letter to his sister, dated March 10th, stated he was then at the base qualifying for a captaincy, which promotion he expected the following month. Lieut. Kelly was an exceedingly bright young man and a career full of promise has been cut off in his making the supreme sacrifice for his country.—The Patriot, P. E. I.

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DIED

SKEFFINGTON.—At his late residence, 26 Bell street, Ottawa, Ont., on Thursday, May 3, 1917, Mr. Francis Skeffington, in his seventy-sixth year. May his soul rest in peace.

MCCARRON.—Somewhere in France, Mr. E. J. McCarron, son of Mrs. Catharine McCarron, Hampton Station, N. B. May his soul rest in peace.

GILLEN.—In Minto Township, Ont., on Monday, April 30, 1917, Mrs. William Gillem, born in County Kerry, Ireland, 1828, married in Minto Township, Ont., 1856. She is survived by seven children, thirty-six grand children and twenty-six great grand children. Two granddaughters, Sister M. Melanie and Sister M. Lucille, in St. Joseph's Convent, Hamilton, Ont., and a grandson at St. Jerome's College. May her soul rest in peace.

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ASSISTANT TEACHER WANTED FOR C. S. S. Calabogie, one holding a second class professional certificate. Duties to commence immediately. Apply stating salary and experience to J. J. Leese, Calabogie, Ont. 2012-4

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Mystery Of Cleverly. The by George Barton. Tells of a career of a young man who is a success in resources by the sudden death of his father under a cloud of suspicion as a result of which he is down and down as a very interesting story, which is sure to please the young folks.

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Stom Bound. By Eleanore C. Donnelly. A romance of the sea. A story telling of the experiences and how nine persons amused themselves during the time they were storm bound.

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