

# 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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## EVER THE SAME

Some time ago a Protestant clergyman in an address at the Y. M. C. A. in Brooklyn said that "the Sisters of Mercy are heroines of the Cross. Would to God that our women everywhere shared their sacrificial spirit. If we had less languors and more Sisters of Mercy the world would be better."

And yet some purblind bigots look askance at these women of queenly soul who spend themselves for God and their neighbour. They are not only the pride and glory of the Catholic Church but they are the precious stones that blaze in beauty in the golden vesture of the Bride of Christ. The children of misfortune in the tenements, the dying soldier, the sorrowful, the desolate, the despairing, the children in thousands of schools lift their hearts to heaven invoking blessings on these daughters of the Catholic Church for their God-like charity.

## WHY?

"After nearly a year's careful study of the Y. M. C. A. and its relations to its Catholic membership we are now in a position to sum up the results of our investigations," says Rev. Edward Garesche, S. J. He found that out of the total membership of 625,000 some 150,000 are Catholics.

Mr. L. Wilbur Messer, of Chicago, one of the leaders of the Y. M. C. A., tells him that this organization is a distinctly Protestant organization, and that in the judgment of the Y. M. C. A. officials Catholics should by all means have their own Y. M. C. A. to take care of their own young men; and that in his opinion the majority of the Catholic young men who enter the Y. M. C. A. have already practically relinquished their allegiance to the Catholic Church. These views were afterwards concurred in by many other heads of the organization.

The reverend investigator is of an opinion that the Y. M. C. A. is not directly a proselytizing organization. Here and there where Catholics are few or where special circumstances make proselytizing easy and attractive there are naturally efforts to influence Catholic members towards Protestantism. But the Y. M. C. A. is not chiefly dangerous as a proselytizing institution; its great peril to Catholics lies in another direction.

## THE DANGER

Membership in a Protestant organization tends insensibly to diminish that keen loyalty of the Catholic which looks upon any compromise of Catholic doctrine as treason, minimizing of the authority of the Church as sin.

There are many factors in the formation of this indifference. Seeing about a number of well-meaning and virtuous Protestants, and perhaps comparing their goodness with the doubtful favor of many of his Catholic friends, the young man comes to think that after all the religion you believe in has not much effect on the life you lead. He may not realize that the influence of companionship, of the condescension that bends towards the individual Catholic and turns away from his Church, but gradually dampens his enthusiasm for things Catholic and lessens the strictness of loyalty and undivided faith which make a fervent Catholic.

## OUR NEED

What we need is a society that is equipped to satisfy the demands of this generation. Just as our colleges aim to meet the legitimate requirements of the age and to this end are seeking the men whose prowess in the world of intellect is incontestable as professors, and are striving to lift themselves up to the highest degree of intellectual excellence, so also a society should endeavor to draw our young men to its banners by methods and inducements which can appeal to them and hold them.

The more proffering of advice will avail but little. But a well equipped gymnasium will attract many: a

good library may be a magnet for others; a few members who are enthusiastic and convinced.

## A BOOST FOR THE KNIGHTS

The great campaign of the New York Chapter, Knights of Columbus, to raise \$500,000 for the erection of a Catholic building in the City of New York that has been waged since Nov. 1, under the direction of William P. Myhan, chairman of the executive committee, is beginning to be productive of very fine results. The Catholic, as well as the non-Catholic population, have taken hold of the campaign with enthusiasm, and, day by day, subscriptions large and small are coming in upon the forces of the executive office at 64 Wall street. One of the strange results of the campaign to date is that while the campaign is under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus, and while it was expected that the Knights of Columbus would raise most of the money among themselves, the unexpected has happened, and by far the greater portion of the fund has been contributed by those who are not members of the organization. This, of course, is probably due to the fact that the Knights of Columbus are a great minority of the Catholics in the City of New York.

The largest individual contribution to the fund was the return from the sale of tickets for the concert given by John McCormack last Sunday at the Hippodrome. Mr. McCormack donated his services free of charge, and the Hippodrome management placed their building at the disposal of the committee without cost. Over 6,500 people were in attendance, and more than \$11,000 was obtained from the sale of tickets. Mr. McCormack broke all his previous records for concert attendance and receipts on Sunday.—N. Y. News, Dec. 25.

## CHINA MAY BE AGAIN DISTURBED

President Yuan Shi Kai has formally accepted the Chinese crown tendered him by the council of State. No date has been set for the coronation, but it is assumed that it will not take place till after Jan. 1. The Japanese press (or a certain section of it, at least) denounces Yuan's acceptance of the throne. Chinese in America are highly indignant, and have taken steps to start another revolution. General Hwang Haing, co-leader with Sun Yat Sen in setting up the Chinese Republic, now living at Ardmore, Pa., says: "Revolution in China is again imminent. As soon as the forces are in order and ready to strike I will join them. And I will not permit them to disband, as I did in 1913, until the cause is won." Dr. Sun Yat Sen, who led the revolt against the Manchou dynasty, and became the first provisional President of the Republic, is supposed to be in Japan, whether he fled after the collapse of the second revolution.—Sacred Heart Review.

## FOES OF THE GOSPEL

### REV. M. H. GATES SO TERMS THE BIBLE BOARDS

The Rev. Milo H. Gates, of Trinity Church (Pres.), of New York City, accuses the Bible societies of circulating mutilated copies of the Holy Scriptures. The New York Sun, of Dec. 6, inst., quotes him as saying: "The time has come when all real Protestants should demand from the Bible societies the whole Bible. One of the great libraries of sacred writings is contained in what is known as the 'Apocrypha.' In that is contained such wonderful books as the 'Wisdom of Solomon,' 'Ecclesiasticus' and 'The Song of the Three Children' from which comes the hymn called 'The Benedictus,' sung each Sunday by millions of Christians.

"The Bible societies each year flood ministers with their appeals, yet it is the fault of the Bible societies that this wonderful part has been stolen from the Bible. If these societies were truly Protestant they would not commit such a grievous theft. They would not keep the Bible from the common people.

### CALLS THEM ENEMIES OF BIBLE

"It was not until 1826 that the Protestant churches refused to print these books as part of the Bible. Today, therefore, the societies stand before the Christian world as the great enemies of the Bible. It is difficult for any private publisher to compete with them. As a result the Bibles in general circulation are mutilated Bibles.

"What we need to-day is either a reform or retirement of the so-called Bible societies. If they are permitted to go on I fear that they will continue more seriously to hinder the use of the Holy Scriptures."—New York Sun, Dec. 6, 1915.

The minister is right. If the authority, which declared the so-called Apocrypha to be inspired, be rejected, there is no good reason to

hold any of the other books of the Bible to be genuine scriptures. The New Testament writers quote far more frequently from that version of the Old Testament, which contained the so-called Apocrypha, than from the version, which did not contain them.—Our Sunday Visitor.

## NEUTRALITY OF THE HOLY SEE

Cardinal Falconio, formerly Apostolic Delegate to the United States, made an exception to his rule recently and granted an interview to a correspondent of the New York Sun, because, he said, he wanted to speak as an American to his fellow citizens. Cardinal Falconio said that the policy which the Holy See has followed in regard to the great European war has been one of absolute and impartial neutrality and that this stand has occasionally been misunderstood, chiefly owing to the fact that Pope Benedict XV. is almost expected to sit in judgment on the belligerents and decide who is wrong.

In explaining the situation and pointing out the principal reasons why the Pope has to be neutral Cardinal Falconio said:

"If His Holiness should even express a personal opinion as to who is right and who is wrong in this war, it would follow as a matter of course that he would practically be siding with one group of belligerents against the other. The Pope disapproves of war and deprecates it. His mission on earth as the head of the Catholic Church is essentially a peaceful one and naturally enough all his efforts are directed toward peace.

"The Pope has been powerless to avert the war. Neither before nor since its outbreak has the dispute which started the conflagration been submitted to him for arbitration or mediation, and he cannot assume the role of judge, alas, so far, not even that of peacemaker. The sovereign rulers of other neutral nations are in the same position as the Pope. They cannot do anything to stop the war or to shorten it.

"Pope Benedict XV. instead strove successfully to lessen the horrors of the war. He used his influence on behalf of victims of the war—non-combatants and disabled prisoners. He raised his voice in protest when the law of humanity and the usages of civilized warfare were violated. He repeatedly and eloquently appealed to the rulers of the peoples at his request prayers for peace were said in every Catholic Church and in every Catholic home throughout the world. Could the Pope have done more?"

"It is absolutely necessary, apart from any other consideration, for the Holy See to observe the strictest and most impartial neutrality, as otherwise the Pope's influence in favor of peace would be lost. Every right minded person will admit as much, and only those whose minds are biased think wrongly that the Pope's efforts toward peace are based on motives of partiality.

"I have heard it said that an indication of the Pope's leaning toward Austria Hungary is afforded by the fact that Monsignor Fruhwirth, the Apostolic Nuncio in Bavaria, who is an Austrian citizen by birth, will be created a Cardinal at the next consistory. Monsignor Fruhwirth has been Apostolic Nuncio for more than eight years. He has been raised to the purple on account of his services not on account of his nationality, just as in former years other diplomatic representatives of the Holy See have been similarly honored even if of foreign nationality."—N. Y. Catholic News.

## POPE, PRESIDENT AND PEACE

With the date line, Berns, Switz., Dec. 5, the Springfield Republican printed in its issue of the 17th, the following correspondence: "General Wille, commander in chief of the Swiss army, a soldier of the school of Hindenburg and Joffre, to-day expressed the belief that the time had come for the two most powerful forces in the world to combine to put an end to the European war. These two forces, he said, were the President of the United States and the Pope of Rome. . . . In suggesting a peace proposal at this time from President Wilson and Pope Benedict, General Wille said: 'A united appeal from these two most powerful influences in the world, seconded as it would be by other neutrals, could not but be heeded by all the warring nations.' General Wille said he was not himself a Catholic, yet the powerful influence exerted by the Pope was recognized in Europe without regard to religion. The time has passed, the general said, for any weak or halting proposals from secondary sources. Only the greatest existing forces could speak with the great emphasis commanding attention, and General Wille said he was convinced that through President Wilson and Pope Benedict there was good prospect of restoring peace if they would take a strong and united initiative."—Sacred Heart Review.

## WHY THE CHRISTIAN NATIONS ARE SUFFERING

EXCERPT FROM A PASTORAL BY CARDINAL MERCIER

"Yes, my brethren," says Cardinal Mercier, in the course of a pastoral issued under the dates of All Saints' and All Souls', the Christian nations are suffering, indeed, and the bloody tragedy of 1914 is of which they are the heroes, goes to prove that once again Providence has decreed that it will not depart from its general law, but wishes to emphasize the fact that those whom it loves most must suffer most. Oh, my brethren, it is necessary for me to speak plainly. Do not, I pray you, ask, 'Why are Christian nations suffering, because they are Christian?' Say rather, 'Our beloved Belgium is a Christian nation; she is notoriously so, and, therefore, she is not the more worthy of receiving her place on the bill of Calvary?' Do not forget that the Founder of our religion, to which we are so proud to belong, was the Crucified. Do you not know that His Blessed Mother, whom the gentle Jesus loved so humanly and so divinely as son never loved before, was warned from the moment that she knew she was to become His Mother that her Blessed Son had been chosen by God to expiate the sins of humanity, that she herself would have her heart pierced, and that before becoming Queen of Heaven she would be Queen of Martyrs? Do not forget that the ground on which the foundations of our Holy Church were laid, Catholic, Apostolic and Roman, was for three centuries watered with the blood of countless martyrs. . . . The horrors of war have shaven profoundly the indifference of a great number of the faithful, and we bless the wisdom and the mercy of Him who knows so admirably how to draw good from evil, but these horrors have another object; God wishes them to produce another effect, and that is to make us accept and love our sufferings. And if it is true, alas! that the nations wage war against each other, our souls are, nevertheless, sisters. You will not exclude any one, not even the souls of those soldiers who have fallen brandishing their arms against us, from your prayers."—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

## WILL CARRANZA BE HELD IN CHECK?

The long agony through which Mexico has been passing, although not at end, promises to be less acute. General Villa has given up the struggle against Carranza and there is a prospect of peace being again restored to our so-called Sister Republic. The cessation of fighting, however, will not put an end to the persecution to which the Catholic Church has been subjected. On the very day it was announced that General Villa had abandoned his attempt to overthrow the Carranza Government there appeared in the daily press an interview with Cardinal Gibbons who, after stating that his heart was saddened by the news he had received about the anti-Catholic movement carried on by the Carranzists, added:

"Only yesterday afternoon I had a letter from the Archbishop of Oaxaca, who informs me that Carranza is going from bad to worse. It is even forbidden now, he tells me, to have collections taken in the Catholic churches. Confessions have been forbidden for some time. He recites many of the conditions among the clergy and nuns. It makes one shudder to think of these outrages."

It is almost inconceivable that professing republicans would be guilty of such crimes against liberty of conscience as are enumerated in the letter of the Mexican Archbishop to Cardinal Gibbons. Think of civil officials issuing an order closing the confessionals in Catholic churches and ordering Catholics not to perform their duty as Catholics! Even if our own Government were not, in a measure, responsible for this and other outrages upon our Mexican brothers in the faith, it would still be a Catholic American to remain indifferent to the heinous crimes of the Carranzists. But when we reflect that our own Government stands sponsor for Carranza and his Government, our duty to protest becomes evident. Crimes have been committed in Mexico against Catholic priests and nuns that called to Heaven for vengeance. A Government that sanctions these crimes by not inflicting condign punishment upon the perpetrators of them, is deserving of the reprobation of all mankind.

The Administration at Washington cannot afford to shut its eyes to these crimes. Carranza, today, would not be President of Mexico, if he had not received the support of our Government. Consequently the devices committed by the Carranzists have been rendered possible by the standing the latter have acquired through the backing of the American Government. The authorities at Washington, therefore, are under a species of moral obligation to bring influence

to bear upon Carranza and his followers to induce them to put a stop to deeds that are a disgrace to our civilization. It is for Catholics in this country to bring home to the Washington Government a realization of its duty to make Carranza at a halt on the persecution the Catholic Church has been subjected to with his consent and co-operation. We have a right to assume that President Wilson, when he endorsed Carranza, took it for granted that under his rule Mexico would have a just form of Government. The cruel wrongs inflicted upon Catholic Mexicans refute that assumption.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

## THE POPE AND PROSELYTING

The text of a speech recently delivered by the Pope to the Roman 'Society of the Propagation of Faith' is now at hand. His Holiness protested with vigor against those who are striving to lure Roman children from the Church by material inducements. He praised the work of the society, and expressed surprise that it was not more widely extended, for it aimed at the protection of poor Catholics against 'robbers worse than those who come from the woods'; the latter are concerned with material goods only, while the former rob souls of their most precious gift, Faith. After detailing some of the methods of the proselyters, the Pope said in part:

"Oh, wretched fathers, to whom the free education of their little ones is offered at the price of their separation from the Church! Wretched children, who are given the promise of help for the declining years of their parents if they only join the evangelical sect! There is no need of further insisting on the dangers that threaten the Faith of the children of Rome. One only has to pass through the streets of the dear city in order to see the multiplied methods by which the Catholic Faith is assailed in this native seat. Nor is it necessary to multiply words in order to put in due relief the greater infamy of this warfare because it is undertaken against the very center of the Catholic religion."

"We must preserve the Faith of our poor brethren. We must hinder the execrable robbery from being done to their souls. Let no one be lulled by the language of exaggeration; the sum total of the assaults against the Faith of the children of Rome is stigmatized as robbery's work. The conspiracy of these thieves must be destroyed by a powerful organization of the defenders of the Faith, and this is already realized in the Society for the Preservation of the Faith in Rome. It opens schools and industrial centers, it opposes the good press to the bad press, it furthers the education of youth, and leads parents and children back to the holy Church of God. Continue your support of this movement, and, above all, make its importance and necessity widely known. It is only by such apostolic work that this Society for the Preservation of the Faith in Rome will assume that character of universality without which we shall hope in vain for results equal to the urgent need of the case."—America.

## ACCOMMODATING LAWS

One of the daily papers tells us the very latest thing in divorce line. An Oregon farmer and his wife after many years of married life decided to disagree. To be entirely up to date they decided there was no use in disagreeing unless there was a divorce. But the distance to the county judge was too great for them to take. So to simplify matters they wrote to the judge and asked him to send them a divorce by return mail. It is the very latest thing in the correspondence school idea.

Now this "Send-me a divorce by return mail" was thought very funny. Why, it is hard to see. What were the poor old farmer and his wife to think? They have been reading about divorces for years past. They know that while the law talks in its grandiose manner, while there is an evident effort to cling to old time dignity, it is merely a buffoon in the matter of divorce.

If you want a divorce you shall have it. It may be a little harder to get it in one State than another, but a smart lawyer will make the way plain to you. The laws guarantee that it will not be made too hard for you. If they seem hard laws, it is only in appearance. The law will rail at you and then wink at you.

You may get a divorce in one State, and the guilty party will be solemnly informed that he or she will be deemed guilty of crime if an attempt is made to marry again. But the guilty party laughs, runs into another State and returns in a few hours with a new spouse to the place where the law had solemnly informed him that he could not remarry.

Now what was the poor Oregon farmer to think after these things? Why shouldn't he have his divorce by mail, he asks? It is only just

hurrying up things a bit. Once you admit the principle that a man may put away his lawful wife whom he has taken until death, it does not seem to make a great difference whether you allow him to do it after a few months residence in Reno, or after a great legal battle or simply by the judge's letter.

But we are such a law-abiding people. Even if we break the law of God we must do it according to good form. Hence we throw up our hands in horror at the preachers of free love who tell us that when love is dead, marriage is thereby annulled, and that the only thing to do is for the parties themselves to declare their divorce.

Free love, we cry; we will have the law upon you for preaching such libertinism. What law, is the retort? Why, the very same law that says, it is an honorable thing for a man and woman to divorce each other and take up with some other affinity. There is only this difference in the two cases; in one it is free love, in the other it is free love.—Boston Pilot.

## THE INFLUENCE OF A CATHOLIC PAPER

In Ontario in former days, as in the West now, Catholic families sometimes became stranded in the matter of practicing the Catholic religion. Priests were too few to attend to all, and the descendants of several such families are now Protestants. One who knew a place of this kind revisited it after an absence of many years. An inquiry of a resident who remained Catholic, as to what had happened, elicited this reply: "We lost all the families except those that took the Catholic Record." Here is a concrete case of the missionary value of a Catholic paper. It is not a made-up case at all. It is true to fact. It is the remote districts that most need the Catholic paper.—The Toronto Catholic Register.

## TRIUMPH OF RELIGION

Man is by nature a religious being. The deepest and strongest instincts in his soul are those that urge him on towards the unending possession of God. He may seek to trample upon them, but those religious instincts, allowing no uprooting, ever make their presence felt. He may strive to still their promptings by giving welcome to the world's distractions or by yielding to the sordid influences of worldly living, but in moments of silence and solitude, they lay hold of his mind and turn his thoughts towards the spiritual and eternal.

Religion may appear to fail in its competition with the world for the attention of man, but there comes a time in every life, a time, perhaps, of misfortune, of sickness, or of disappointment, when the world's claims, proved false and empty, yield to the claims of God.

Religious instincts prove too strong for the atheist and in times of sudden calamity or affliction, they draw him to his knees to implore divine protection. They seize the vesture of the world in the very depths of his dissipation and lead him away to sheltered retreats where only the thoughts bearing upon the soul can enter.

Often the struggle is long and protracted; man's indifference and impiety prevail through life, but when the finger of death beckons him from the world he loves, religion makes a final advance and conquers. The thought of pleasure, or of honor, or of wealth then yield to the thought of salvation, and the instincts which make man cling to life gives way to the religious instincts which inspire a longing for eternity.

What is the result of the individual's true also of the nation. For a time God may be forgotten; His counsels may be ignored; His commandments may be broken; His name may be the target for taunts and sneers, but in the end religion triumphs. Men may plan and scheme as though God had no existence; they strive to get along without God, content to follow their own prophets, but a day comes when the folly of such procedure becomes evident, and men are forced to recognize the fact that God must be given place in His world and a part in the government of it.

The present condition of Europe is proof of this contention. Perhaps, there was need of some such gigantic upheaval as the present to bring men to their senses and to make them see how little place they had given God in their lives.

At any rate, the world of Europe has been changed. Where before God was ignored, He is now held in honor. Men are turning to Him as the last source to which they can appeal. Where before they had defied His authority, they are now calling upon Him to intervene in a land deluged with blood and tears.

Faith has revived, God is recognized in His heavens. Men little interested in religion have noticed the change and paid tribute to it. The war is disastrous, but it has taught the lesson that man can not get far without God, and the appreciation of that lesson means the triumph of religion.—Pilot.

## CATHOLIC NOTES

The Archbishop of St. Louis says the new \$2,000,000 cathedral has no debt. He started a \$100,000 school and the first day a meeting of men gave him \$25,000 for it.

The New Zealand Tablet records a case in which a woman named Letitia Jane Hood, alias "Gord Andrews Martin, author, of 'Romanism and Crime,' etc., etc." was accused of publishing a defamatory libel against nuns, pleaded guilty at Wellington and was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

A theological seminary is being planned for the Archdiocese of Cincinnati. The institution is to be built at Norwood Heights at a cost of \$300,000. It will be located near the archiepiscopal residence, which was built a few years ago at a cost of \$50,000. St. Peter and Paul's Church is also located at Norwood Heights.

Rev. Eugene S. Burke, D. D., of Jersey City, N. J., has been appointed a chaplain in the United States navy, to succeed the Rev. Joseph M. F. Mc Ginty, who died at Annapolis, Md., while preparing to accompany the cadets to San Francisco on their summer cruise. Dr. Burke is an alumnus of the American College in Rome. He has been assigned to the "Connecticut."

Envoy of the King of Belgium and special representative of Cardinal Mercier, Father Calan Ratten, a Dominican priest, acknowledged the leader of more than 200,000 Christian workmen, has come to the United States to seek aid for the destitute people of his country. He brings credentials from Cardinal Mercier. He has come by way of Canada, where he had been since last May.

A writer in the Chicago New World says: When Archbishop Mundelein comes to Chicago, to which the Holy Father has sent him, 800 priests will marshal the army he will command; the bells of 350 churches will announce the hour of his installation; 120,000 students and pupils in Catholic academies and parochial schools will greet him; 1,125,000 Catholics will bid him welcome, and their welcome will be spoken in twenty-five tongues.

Cardinal Van Rossum, the newly appointed Grand Penitentiary of the Catholic Church, in the place of the late Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli, enjoys the distinction of being the first Dutchman to receive a seat in the Sacred College in its long and illustrious history. Queen Wilhelmina, although a Protestant of the strict type, was so gratified by the honor thus bestowed upon one of her subjects that she wrote a warm letter of thanks to Pius X. when he bestowed the red hat upon Father Van Rossum.

The Knights of Columbus in the United States engaged Hon. Bourke Cochran of New York, to one of the most noted orators in the country, to give a series of addresses in the largest cities during this month on the subject of the campaign of religious bigotry that has been in progress for some time. The lectures are free and are intended, as the announcement states, "to enlighten the public about the Catholic Church and its attitude towards our country and its institutions, refuting the many slanders now in circulation."

Fire broke out in the sacristy of Holy Trinity Church in Aurora, Mo., the home of The Menace, and resulted in the total loss of church and contents. The origin of the fire is unknown. A mission was being conducted by a Passionist Father. The mission was well attended by non-Catholics. The cost of the church was about \$15,000. For eight years the pastor, Rev. J. D. Cronin, and the small Catholic community in and about Aurora, struggled with its debt and had succeeded in reducing it to \$200. Now pastor and people must start from the foundation up.

In 1845 there was not even one Catholic school in all Cayton. At the present time there are in the diocese of Calombombia 487 schools, built by the Catholics at their own expense though now receiving a small grant. In the immense majority of cases the schools are vernacular. There are, however, English schools, both for boys and girls. The Catholic schools are more than half of the schools in the diocese recognized by the Education Department. In the Cathedral parish of Calombombia there are 9 schools—6 vernacular, 2 English and 1 Anglo-vernacular.

An instance of the heroism of Catholic mothers is noted by an English daily paper. Remarking that English Catholics generally had responded nobly to their country's call, the writer points to the parish of St. Mary's, Grange town, which has 200 members in the army; a third of the members of the Catholic Thrift Society are on service; and the majority of those associated with the Grange town Irish Nationalist organization are in the ranks. "Three widows, who are members of the Catholic Church, have among them 14 sons fighting." Remarking that "Mrs. Logan has 5 Mrs. Cowling, 5, and Mrs. Langham 4. Not a few Catholic families in Grange town have 3 sons in the service.

A FAIR EMIGRANT

BY ROSA MULLHOLLAND

CHAPTER IV—CONTINUED

"I had done so. Heaven is my witness that I had forgotten my bitterness by the time I found myself climbing the side of Auna. My mind had gone gladly back to the contemplation of my own happiness, and full of hope and joy, I felt my veins thrilling with the glory of the sunset, often so magnificent among those Antrim hills. I had no thought of unkindness towards any one when I saw Baderick Fingall approaching me with bent head and gloomy eyes; I felt nothing but pity for his disappointment, self-reproach for having allowed myself to be irritated by the expressions of his morbid jealousy. He was walking to meet me, without having perceived my approach, and thinking himself alone in this mountain solitude, had allowed his face to express unreservedly the bitterness of his soul. Filled with compassion and compunction, I disliked the idea of surprising him, and began to whistle that he might be warned of my nearness to him.

"He misunderstood me and took my whistling for a sign of triumph and derision. As I found when, a few moments afterwards, we passed face to face on a narrow path above a steep and ugly precipice.

"So," he said, "you have come to dog my steps even here, to flourish your confounded good fortune in my face?"

"No, indeed, Fingall," I said, "I had no such thought. We have met by accident. Let it not be an unfortunate chance. I feel no ill will towards you. I wish to God you felt none towards me."

"I thought I saw a gleam of relenting in his eyes as I went on. We were once good friends; let us be so again. I never knowingly did you wrong, and if I have caused you pain it is a grief to me. On some points I believe you to be mistaken. You will live to find it out."

"He looked at me scrutinizingly. I think he was beginning to believe in me. The breeze, brilliant mountain air, the glorious sunlight, the ennobling beauty of the scenery around us were all in my favour, and I felt it. He looked up, and threw the hair from his brow. I saw that struggle was going on between his natural generosity and the evil spirit that had got possession of him. Finally his eye sought mine.

"God is around and above us; I said; let not this glorious sun go down upon our wrath. Fingall, why cannot we be friends?"

"I stretched out my hands towards him, and he made no movement. As God is my judge, I do not know whether he intended to advance towards me in friendship or to retreat in denial of my appeal. His step backward may have been an involuntary one; the next moment he might have flung himself forward into my arms. My memory of the look in his eyes assures me that to do so was his intention. But he stood upon treacherous ground. In the excitement of our feelings neither of us had noticed that he had backed, while speaking, to the very edge of an abyss. He took one fatal step and vanished. I heard his cry as he went whirling down the precipice—then all was silent.

"I hurried down the mountain in a terrible state of agitation; met some people and told my story, and we went in search of him. He was found quite dead. At the inquest I gave my evidence, and a verdict of accidental death was returned. His family were in a frantic state of grief. He was his mother's youngest and favourite son, and the calamity threatened to deprive her of her reason. So deep was my own affliction that it was some time before I began to perceive that people were looking at me. Some one was whispering away my fair fame. A nameless horror rose up beside me, dogged my steps, haunted me like an evil spirit; when I tried to grasp it, it slipped through my fingers and vanished. I resolved not to see it, tried to forget it, ascribed its existence to my own over excited imagination; but still the reality of it was there, asserting itself at every opportunity. At last one day with a sudden shock I came in front of it and saw its face, ghastly with falsehood and corruption. It was believed that I had murdered Fingall!

The whisper grew and swelled into a murmur so loud that I could not shut my ears to it. Even in Mave's tender eyes there arose a cloud of doubt. Her smile grew colder and colder, and a look of fear came over her face when I appeared. I became aware that I had a powerful though secret accuser, who, while assuming to screen me, was all the time gradually and persistently blasting my good name.

"There came a day when I could bear it no longer, and I went to Mave and asked an explanation of the change in her manner towards me. I said that there were evil rumours in circulation concerning me, but I should not care for them, I could live them down, if only she would bravely believe in me. At once I saw my doom in her averted eyes. It seemed that, whoever my accuser might be, he had her ear and that her mind was becoming poisoned against me. Seeing the despair in my face, she burst into passionate weeping; but when I drew near to comfort her she shrank from me. In the agonising scene

that followed I learned that some secret evidence had been laid before her which she considered overwhelming. Timorous and gentle I had known her to be, but that she could be so miserably weak and wanting in trust of me, whom she had chosen and dignified with her love—of disloyalty like this I had not dreamed. I went to her brother Luke, who was the dominant spirit in that unwholesome household, stated my case, declared my innocence, and asked him as man to man, to help me to free myself from this curse that was threatening to blast me. I found him cool, reticent, suspicious, professing to be my friend, unwilling to say anything hurtful to me, but evidently firmly convinced of my guilt. He said that, for the sake of old friendship and of his sister's former love for me, they were all anxious to screen me from the consequences of what had happened. I answered that I wanted no screen, only to come face to face with my accuser. He smiled slightly, saying that that I could never do. I left him feeling as if I had been beating my head against a rock, and for some time longer I held my ground, lying in wait for my enemy, striving to kill the lie that was slowly withering up the sap of my veins; but as air escapes the clutch of the hand, so did this cruel calumny fatally and perpetually elude my grasp. As the wretch doomed to be walled up alive watches stone placed upon stone, building up the barrier that separates him from life, so slowly and surely, I saw the last glimpse of light disappear from my horizon. One day I rose up and shook myself together, and owned that I could bear it no longer. I went to Mave for the last time, and, finding her still possessed by the belief in my guilt, I bade her an abrupt farewell and went forth like a lost soul out of her presence. I shook the dust of the Glens from my feet, and departed from the country without taking leave of any one. Strange looks and wags of the head had so long followed me, that I believed scarce a man in the place would have cared to shake hands with me. I was looked on as a murderer, who, for certain reasons of old friendship, had been allowed to escape justice, but whose presence was not to be desired in an honest community.

"To understand fully the general abhorrence in which I was held, one would need to know the character of the Glens people. A murder had not occurred among them within the memory of man, hardly a theft, or anything that could be called a crime. The people had their faults and their squabbles, no doubt, but they were, on the whole, a singularly upright and simple-minded race, who kept the commandments and knew little of the world beyond their mountains.

"I went forth from among them with the brand of Cain on my forehead, to go on with my life as best I might in some spot where rumour could not follow me. No man bade me God speed. Every one shrank from my path as I walked the road, and doors were shut as I passed them by. In all this there was only one exception. As I walked up Glenan with my heart swooning in my breast and my brain on fire, a woman opened her door and came a little way to meet me. Her name was Betty Macalister. She had been a servant in the Fingall family, and had recently married and gone to live in Glenan. Doubtless she knew the whole tragedy as well as any one knew it, but she opened her door and came out and offered me a drink of milk, which, I suppose, was the best way that occurred to her of expressing her good will. My first impulse was to dash it from her hand and pass on. How could she dare to be kind, when Mave—? But a look in her homely eyes, which had an angel's light in them at the moment, altered my mood. I took the milk and tasted it, and returned it to her with thanks.

"Good-bye, Mr. Arthur," she said, "and God defend the innocent!" "I could not answer her. I looked at her silently, and heaven knows what she saw in my gaze. She threw her apron over her face and rushed sobbing into the house.

"I went to London, where I stayed till I had effected the sale of my little property in Kerry, and the home that was to have been hers and mine was made over to strangers. All that time I walked the streets of London like a man in a nightmare. So long as I kept walking I felt that I had a hold on my life, had my will in control; but when I sat down, the desire for self-destruction rushed upon me. I believe I walked the entire of London many times over, yet I did not know where I walked and remember nothing that I saw. During this time I wrote to Luke Adare, telling him I was going to Minnesota, and would send him my address when I arrived there. I was not going to behave like a criminal who had been glad to be allowed to escape. If at any future time I were to be wanted by friends or enemies, they should know where to find me.

"After that Luke wrote to me, once in London and two or three times to Minnesota. There was nothing in his letter which seemed to require an answer, and I did not answer him. Indeed, it was, and is still, a wonder to me that he wrote as he did to a man whom he believed to be a murderer, and one who would not even confess or regret his crime. There was a sympathising and pitying tone in his communication which surprised me, for Luke was no tender sentimentalist. He gave me no information about home;

he never mentioned Mave. What was the reason of his writing at all I could never make out.

"I received one other letter from the Glens, and that was from Betty Macalister, to whom I had also given my address, having an instinctive feeling that if anything were to turn up to clear my good name, she would be more likely than Luke to let me know."

Bawn here turned to Betty's letter, which was as follows:

"Your Hon. Dear Mister Arthur: This comes hoppin' you are well as leaves me in this present time the same and husband. The hollow folks is not doin' well. The old Mister Barbadus he left all he had to Mister Look. The old house luke had an' Miss Mave she dozzint walk out at all. The gentleman has quare ways an' the people dozzint like them a bit better nor they did. There was great doin' for a while, but the munny dozzint last with them. I think, for she old place is lukin' bad now. My man an' me sticks to you thru thick an' thin, but yure better where ye are. —Yures to komand, "BETTY MACALISTER."

This epistle, which bore a date ten years after Arthur's departure, Bawn read over and over again, and one piece of information it contained struck her as remarkable: "Old Barbadus" had left all his money to Luke Adare—the money which it was supposed would, under other circumstances, have come to Arthur, as his favourite.

The next letter she opened was from Luke himself. He wrote: "I hope you are doing well, for in spite of all that has happened I feel a deep interest in your welfare. The New World is before you, and your story cannot follow you there. In deed, it is hushed up here, for all sakes, though it never can be quite forgotten. You may yet be a prosperous man, outlive the past, and make new friends. I shall always be glad to hear of you, and to know what you are doing, etc., etc., etc.—"Your sincere well wisher, "LUKE ADARE."

The remaining letters were very much in the same strain, expressing a desire to know something of the exile, and showing a leniency towards him as a murderer, which was hard to understand. Some of them contained reproaches of Arthur for not having written to give an account of himself. "Only that Betty Macalister had a line from you, I should think you were dead," he wrote under the latest date of twenty-five years ago. It was evident that Desmond had never gratified the curiosity of this anxious friend.

Bawn was very apt to jump, rightly or wrongly, to a conclusion, and by the time she had folded up all the papers and replaced them in a box she had made up her mind that Luke Adare was the person who, for his own selfish ends, had whispered away her father's good name, and blighted the lives of both sister and friend. Arthur a murderer and banished, and Koderick Fingall dead, the inheritance had devolved upon Luke as the eldest of the Adares.

"And this frail creature," she said, studying Mave's portrait again, "this was a tool easy enough to work with. Had you been a brave, true woman, ready to stand up in his defence and fight the lie with him, he might have been able to hunt down the liar and clear himself before the world. But you quailed and deserted him, you coward! Luke was the villain and you were the fool!"

The greater part of that day Bawn spent lying alone over the prairie, revolving and mulling her project as she went, considering the details of it and the dangers and difficulties it might include. That evening she walked up to Mrs. Desmond in the drawing-room and said, in a tone of simple friendliness:

"Jeanne, I have made up my mind to let you have the house."

Jeanne was amazed. She had made her demand, well aware she had no right to make it, and without expecting to find her audacity so quickly rewarded.

Bawn continued: "I am going to St. Paul in the morning to speak about it to Dr. Ackroyd."

Mrs. Desmond was instantly alarmed. She did not like the interference of Dr. Ackroyd, who would make it a matter of business. "Why need he interfere between us?" she said. "Cannot we make our own arrangements? You are of age."

THE EDITOR'S ROSARY

It was 4 o'clock. The air was quivering with heat; the pavements were blistering. An all-too-resplendent June had swept in upon the grimy city.

The dramatic editor, one foot on the window sill, gazed down into the hot alley and mopped his brow.

"And what is so rare as a day in June?—may heaven be duly thanked!" he muttered feelingly. Monica Spalding banged a drawer in her desk. In addition to her arduous duties as suffrage editor on the Call, she was by way of being an assistant to Ralph Connelly—helped him cut with important interviews he wasn't equal to managing, she once patronizingly explained in his presence.

"You have said it," she assented fiercely. "And yet you find people who insist that this is a perfect summer climate. Perfect!"

She pulled the cover over her typewriter with a jerk. The drama editor was too busy for utterance.

"When I think of the mountains a day like this," she continued, "I—"

"Don't interrupted Connelly. The subject's too painful. There'd be the mosquitoes, you know."

Monica's back was expressive; her tone was withering. "Really?" she said.

"Truly," he answered wearily. Monica reached for her purse and peered into its depths. "Perhaps you may be able to suggest," she said suavely, "some place more pleasant."

Connelly removed his foot from the sill, and thrust both hands in his pockets. "Oh, yes," he said obligingly. "The ocean, for example."

"You sound," observed Monica, "like a professor."

"Whereas I am merely a reporter," he added.

"Merely!" murmured Monica, dropping her arms limply. "He says he is 'merely.' The like I never heard before in this building."

"Lay it to the heat," put in Connelly, lazily.

"On not so," he replied, being engaged in counting over some change. Connelly's dark gray eyes were twinkling as he took off his glasses and began to polish them.

"Yes," he purred, reverting to their former topic, "the ocean's the place. The bounding blue under your feet—"

"Perhaps you'd enjoy it bounding," Monica broke in. Some don't though. For my part I'd prefer the mosquitoes."

"Imposible!" spoke Connelly, unbelievably.

"On not so," drawing out the last word. "And, anyway, there's an antidote for mosquitoes. Er, you know, that stuff you rub on. And then there's netting, yes, and one can buy screens and things. But when it comes to 'mal de mer,' I've crossed the ocean twice myself, also our dear little lake, as you very well know, so don't argue the matter with me."

The editor held out his glasses and scrutinized them thoughtfully. "Everyone to his taste, of course," he conceded.

"Or, er," supplemented Monica. "Pardon," returned Connelly. "For the moment I forgot your, ah, official position."

Nothing pleased him better at times, so it seemed, than to assure Monica that at heart she was not a suffragette; he did not blame her, dear no! for her assumed convictions, don't we all have to hold down our jobs? but if she were the literary editor, for instance, she'd loathe the ballot, she would take absolutely no interest in the chase of phantom freedom, mechanical rigate."

Monica was determined that she would not be goaded into a battle that afternoon. With an eloquent gesture she absolved. And then she stood up and faced about, and the light from the window caught at the gold glint in her hair and eyes. She was satiatingly firming this suffrage editor, pretty and animated and young and very much vexed to snowy furbelows wherewith she softened her tailored frocks.

Connelly bit back the involuntary sigh that rose to his lips. How lovely she was, and dear, and how confidently enamoured of journalism! Blind, too, willfully so, he sometimes thought, to a fact that was obvious enough, in all conscience.

"By the way," he heard her begin lazily.

On the moment he's frightened his lean figure to its full height, for there was mischief brewing in her regard. "Yes?" he said guardedly.

"It just occurred to me that I read the other day that there are to be cinematographs on all liners that cross the Atlantic shortly. The luck some people do have! The next time you come to contemplate a trip to Paris, um, you'll have your bounding blue and the 'movies'—"

"Help!" groaned the editor. "By George, they'll have them in the air next!"

that had become entangled in it, flashing across the room. With a tink a tink the flying trifle dropped at Connelly's feet; it was a tiny black rosary.

So swiftly had she inadvertently tossed the beads away, that for a second she stood a bit dazed, wondering what she had done, at the tinkling sound, however, she started forward with an exclamation.

"Ah, my rosary!" Then as Connelly stopped to pick it up: "I couldn't imagine for a moment what had happened."

She reached out her hand for it, but Connelly, instead of returning it gathered it into his left palm, fingering the crucifix with an interested expression.

"So this is a rosary?" he said slowly, "I never handled one before."

"And with your Irish name?" Monica shook her head reprovingly, her smile somewhat forced. "You ought to be saying it every day in the year."

"Steady there!" complained Connelly, still scanning the small cross. "Blame my ancestors away back in the 'seventeen's if you like, but don't hold me responsible, too."

Monica made no comment; she was looking past him at the blank wall of the building opposite the window. He glanced at her suddenly.

"Does that mean you intend to, all the same?" he demanded laughingly.

For an instant she was silent. Then, "Yes," she said simply and her eyes met his with a grave directness.

She saw a gleam of half smiling amazement creep into his face.

"But you can't mean, surely—" he began. "You mean that you think my Irish lineage makes it incumbent upon me to adopt Catholicism?"

Monica closed and opened again her purse with hands that were not altogether steady. She felt miserably inadequate.

"I wish you'd speak out your mind frankly," Connelly said quietly. Monica's head was flung up resolutely. "Well, then, since you give me leave. . . . You've been trained to reason, haven't you? You're supposed to be able to differentiate between falsehood and truth. And you do differentiate, too, except—except in any matter that has to do with—faith. Right there you stop."

She drew in her breath with something very like a stifled sob. Her appearance was that of one who had much to atone, and then she went on, stammeringly:

"You must admit that religion plays no part in your life. I hear you say yourself that you go to church once a year—Easter—the weather permitting. You're as indifferent to the God who made you as—as most of the other men I see about. You actually believe in Him, I guess, but beyond that you're—very broad, my creed or no creed; that sort of thing is not worth while concerning yourself over."

She paused again, and Connelly said grimly:

"You can hit squarely enough once you start. I hadn't realized exactly the kind of impression I'd been making."

Monica put out an impulsive hand. "Oh, don't fancy I think you're not good, because I know, I know—"

"Good!" Connelly turned away with a flush, crushing the rosary in his hand. "I don't set out regularly to keep the Ten Commandments, but as for being what you'd call 'good,' Monica—"

Monica! The first time. Her throat was aching, but she hurried on unevenly.

"I, oh, truly, I haven't wanted to hurt you, but can't you see the way your're living is not the right way? . . . And there is one true Faith, one Church, if you would take the trouble to look for it, if you'd just—"

Her voice died out.

Connelly drew the beads between his fingers moodily. "A pretty big contract that. . . . You see, it's well enough for you, Monica, to accept the tenets of your Church without question; you were born a Catholic. But it's another matter to expect a man to take on a set of beliefs that his common sense rebels at. There's your doctrine of the Real Presence, for instance. It's a very beautiful belief, I'll admit, very wonderful, but as for convincing myself as to the actuality of the fact—"

He broke off frowningly.

"Yes, and there is the annoying confession idea," Monica continued with a shaky smile. "Difficult, not only to believe, but also to put into practice. And then, there's that bizarre dogma of infallibility. What sane man could subscribe to any such absurdity? And next, shall we go on with the list?"

"You can't look at the question from the other side, can you?" he countered restlessly. "Try to put yourself in my place for a minute or two. If it were not second nature for you to take all these articles of your creed entirely for granted, do you honestly fancy that you could convince yourself by a bit of theological investigation that your intuitive judgment was completely out of gear?"

"I believe that if I prayed earnestly enough for the grace to know the truth when I saw it, the grace would be given me."

Connelly laughed, unconvinced. "Little editor, you're full of enthusiasms. The day's far off when I shall be able to pray myself into a change of mind, I'm afraid. . . . And all this because of the little rosary," with a humorous glance at the black beads.

you of it now," she said in a strained tone.

He started forward anxiously. "Why, Monica!" he exclaimed. "Have I said anything to offend—"

"No, no!" she protested, ashamed. "I—" The hand extended for the beads dropped of a sudden. "Oh, keep the rosary, will you?" she said a little wistfully, "and, carry it, just to hummer a whim of mine?"

A curiously warm expression followed upon Connelly's momentary astonishment. "Will I keep—"

Monica interrupted him hurriedly. "It's terribly Catholic, of course, but then it can't harm you, and perhaps it will do you a lot of good. I—"

She began to back away, and though she was smiling again, it was clear that the tears were not far distant. "Be provoked if you like, but I'm sure our Lady will make a Catholic of you yet, Ralph Connelly."

She did not wait to hear his reply, if there was one, but made straight for an elevator. She had forgotten that the thermometer registered "ninety" in the shade; the vanity case, with its cosoling powder puff, lay ignored in the bottom of her purse. Only one vital fact stood out in her consciousness, she had told the man she loved something of what was in her heart for him.

The elevator descended to the ground floor. As she started for the line of revolving doors, a "city man," Rockwell, halted in from the street. He was perspiring, but cheerful, and when Monica would have passed him with a dreamy nod, he blocked her path.

"Cool vision," he addressed her, fanning himself energetically with his straw, "what is the latest from the militant front? All progressing successfully on the Thames, brick throwing and hunger strikes and the rest?"

She looked at him vaguely, wishing she could elude him, he alone. "Er, yes, I guess so," she said heavily. "You might ask Mr. Mueller for the last wire."

She commenced to elude doorward.

But Rockwell would not have it so. "One minute!" he commanded. "I pine to know, also, what's up. Fate, kind fate, throws me across your path. I strive to amuse you with my scintillating wit, and you cast me off with a serious answer. Where, oh, where is your repartee?"

Monica tucked her purse under her arm in half laughing exasperation. "Can't you see I'm worn out and hot?" she said. "Please let me go, Mr. Rockwell."

"And this," bemoaned Rockwell, keeping step with her, "and this is what the job is doing to her! Sober, that is, I mean, solemn at her age, poor child! I must take you down a block or two, I think—"

"Of course," murmured Monica darkly, "if you shan't mind a hysterical person on your hands, it's immaterial. But I warn you that I'm likely to laugh and then cry, and then laugh and then—"

"Stop, for the love of heaven!" pleaded Rockwell. "I'm going, 'Good night,' slangily. He departed forthwith.

Monica hastened out into the street, rejoicing at her liberty. Yet she was thankful for her encounter with the jovial reporter; he had helped her down again to a mundane atmosphere, on which level, while under surveillance, she knew herself to be safest.

In search of foundation for her Sunday story she raced across town to interview a popular young actress. Then back she rushed to the office, and it was not until she was through with her work at 9 that she remembered that she had neglected dinner entirely. Restraint of her emotions, however, had kept her to such a pitch by that time that she felt unequal to tarrying down town long enough to procure the meal she rather sorely needed.

She was glad simply to take a car and arrive at last at the room she called "home." Once within that shelter she broke down completely; to long had she denied her heart as long had she prayed, that the shred of hope vouchsafed her that afternoon proved her undoing.

Surely it was no mere accident that caused her rosary to fall at Ralph Connelly's feet, she thought; surely the Blessed Virgin must have put it into her mind to ask him to carry the beads! His mother would pray for him now—she couldn't help herself. And Monica was happy, tearfully so.

She sat up far into the torrid night, calling back the days that had passed since Connelly had come into her life. Straight from college to the Call office she had gone, more than a bit fearful of failure, if truth be told, and the dramatic editor had been almost the first among a host of friendly associates to give her a word of welcome and encouragement. She had had a thoroughly sincere liking for the man from the very beginning, but as the months drifted by, without any knowledge on her part, that liking had begun to overlap the bounds of office comradeship. She found herself looking forward with an added eagerness to her working hours because of the encounters with him that brought; her day off became a trial, no less. Her interest in his various sallies in the magazine field contained no element of casualness. In short, Connelly was rather near to being the center around which her world circled.

A realization of her state of heart began to dawn upon her on the day that the city editor finally capitulated before her pleas for place on his staff. Crowned with victory, she had all but two-stepped up to Connelly's retreat, though she well knew

that he would not greet her news with any great hilarity.

"Tanner's taken on you?" he said sharply, with a stormy frown.

"The darling he is, yes," she responded. "For goodness sake, don't be a wet-blanket!"

"Jove, no!" he returned hotly. "I'll say I'm dead glad you've taken no advice—that in reporting lies your single chance." He picked up the pencil he had dropped at her entrance, and glared at the pile of copy before him. "It's a—"

He bit back the rest. "Tanner has enough sense to paddle a canoe—just about," glumly.

Monica's eyes flashed angrily, but she rejoined coolly enough: "Dear me! you're in a delightful humor. I'll take myself off before you attempt something in the way of felicitation."

She was quite clear of the desk before he swung around. "I say!" he muttered in a milder tone. "You mustn't rush away like that. I'm sorry."

She did not pause. "Apology accepted," she broke in with a careless gaiety that did not entirely hide the underlying hurt. "Matter of no consequence, anyway."

One instant later he had covered the space between them. "It's a notion somebody else is out of humor, too," he said ruefully.

"Not at all," she shot back with a grudging laugh. "Just because the dramatic editor won't say, 'Bless you, my child!'—"

"But he does," came in a low voice. "He does, you know."

And then he had turned quickly and gone back to his crowded desk. But Monica, after one inaudible gasp, stood her ground courageously.

"In the long run," she said deliberately. "It's—it's a 'duck' of a paper, tussy editors and all."

After which she had marched off with colors flying, feeling happy in a strange sort of fashion. She had an insane impulse—one not easily controlled—to tell the city editor that she had changed her mind, that on further reflection she had discovered that she had doted on making up the children's page for the Sunday edition and such like. An unwilling reporter was Monica.

Startled at her own vacillation, she had begun to put two and two together. It was not long thereafter that she reached the conclusion that she loved Connelly—had been loving him for many a day. But for all the beautiful certainty she was in misery. He was not a Catholic.

In vain, she had struggled to assure herself that in her case this fact need not blot her road to happiness. Had her other women married outside the faith, without disastrous consequences? Was there anything on earth that could shake her loyalty to the Church? Connelly was the soul of honor—could not the trust him not to interfere in matters religious? Readily enough came satisfactory answers to each question, and yet—

There was no loophole, strive though she did to find one. She knew, no one better, which course was safe and which women married outside the faith, without disastrous consequences? Was there anything on earth that could shake her loyalty to the Church? Connelly was the soul of honor—could not the trust him not to interfere in matters religious? Readily enough came satisfactory answers to each question, and yet—

There was one thing left to her—she could pray for his conversion. And she did pray, relying on the Mother who never refuses aid to come to her assistance. And so it was, after many weary months, that the episode of the little rosary came to pass; so it was that she sat wide-eyed at the window the night following that episode, with an unspoken hope stirring in her heart.

Another June afternoon—this of soft breezes fresh from the billowy lake, and a sky of pearl and lilac. Garbed in crisp blue linen, a bright light in her face, Monica set foot on the fourth floor corridor of the Call building at 130, only to run full tilt into the dramatic editor. A vivid rose dyed her cheeks but otherwise she retained her poise.

"You, actually down?" she said.

"I read your interview this morning. How you ever managed to remain amiable—and live—is beyond me. What was it like here at midnight?"

"A pleasantly blazing furnace. Altogether delightful," replied Connelly. Then a note of teasing crept into his voice as he lifted his hand to an inner pocket of his coat. "Have my lucky rosary along as per instructions."

Monica's eyes wavered, but the next moment she laughed outright. "If one might suggest," she murmured daintily, "you haven't it in the right place, Catholic men carry theirs with their change and keys and things."

"But I'm not a Catholic man," he pointed out tormentingly.

"—yet, you should be," she volleyed back. Connelly sighed. "Oh, well," he said, transferring the beads, "anything to make you happy, even the 'yet' if you insist

Monica flushed deliciously. "Why—why—she began, at an utter loss. Then she gathered herself together. "Never—I've only begun," quoth she offensively. "I'm going to be managing editor some day."

"Right!" assented Connolly, cheerfully. "But—er—not of a newspaper."

Monica lifted her chin an inch and fled inward to the protecting side of the literary editor. What the bright-eyed lady thought of her associate's headless advent has never been recorded.

Never had there been so radiant a June, thought Monica as the days sped by. There came no further mention of roses and Catholic men, and managing editors, it is true, but for all that the month was perfect.

July, too, was almost as cloudless. But August, departing, left to the young suffrage editor a gloomy tone of depression. For no tangible reason her hopes suddenly evaporated. She had been building castles in the air, she mused dispiritedly. Converts are not made by simple wishing and praying. And she was tired of praying so long and uselessly—tired! After which outburst, penitent, she went to confession.

September—and Connolly without a single thought of religion in his head, so it seemed. Yet, now, some how, his unchanged abstinence only served to quicken the faith that was in her. New lines of determination were creeping around her mouth. She would wait—for always—if so it was to be. But, oh, her hungry woman's heart was crying for a lifting of the cross!

Came Rosary month. It is a gracious time in that city by the lake—October; the days shimmer, softly gold—the nights gleam, star-spangled. Yet for once the season carried no appeal to Monica. She felt aged—and tired.

She reached the office shortly after noon on the "senia"—a never-to-be-forgotten day—read her mail, wrote out a couple of items, consulted briefly with the city editor, and then departed for a session at the nearest cafeteria. Two o'clock found her hanging upon the weighty statements of a suffrage leader, from which interview she emerged not a little bored.

She hesitated beyond the doors of the hotel that sheltered the attractive lady, undecided as to whether to take a sunny sweep of lake. It was early enough, she considered; there was no pressing need for her immediate return to the office. So she turned southward, planning to run into a nearby church to say the rosary for Connolly.

Her head was throbbing painfully as she swung down the broad avenue. She was shockingly unhappy, and as she stepped into the chapel of the edifice (the main portion of the edifice was locked), she was wishing, miserably, that she might go far away from the city and the sight of the man she loved. There was but one person in the rear of the chapel—a disheveled, ragged tramp—but Monica's glance, leaving him, fell upon two figures in the sanctuary; a priest, unknown to her—and Ralph Connolly! The priest was standing, the editor was on his knees, and between them lay a Book of Gospels, on which the editor's hands were resting.

For one reeling moment Monica passed as if rooted to the ground. Then mechanically she moved to the nearest pew. How much of thanksgiving, of joy, of penitence for doubt and rebelliousness, was in her heart, only the compassionate Father, who sees all hearts, knew. So quiet it was in the shadowy chapel and so firmly did Connolly's voice ring out as he made his submission to the Church!

"And I promise true obedience to the Bishop of Rome." Monica's hands rose to her face as the words came unwaveringly, humbled before and marveling at the stupendous grace that made possible that confession of faith.

"So help me God and His holy Evangelists." Then silence. Monica looked up again dazedly. Was it all over? But no, the priest was preparing to administer conditional baptism.

Her eyes heavy with unshed tears, she watched every movement of the ceremony that had before him. When, finished, the priest smiled down at the bowed head before him, Monica slipped noiselessly away. She dared not trust herself to meet Connolly just then.

Her work kept her down town that night until ten o'clock; that she accomplished it creditably was afterwards a source of wonder to her. Her one definite sensation was that of fear, fear that chance should throw her into the dramatic editor's company. She was aware that her self-control was not to be counted on.

Her trepidation was baseless, however. Neither that night, nor yet the next forenoon did she come in contact with Connolly. But in the early afternoon a boy brought in a hastily scrawled note to her.

"Will you come out to dinner at seven?" it said. "I have something to tell you. Will wait for you downstairs. Yours, ever, R. C."

Monica's cheeks grew very pink on the reading of that message. Would she dine with R. C.? By way of fervent answer, she raised R. C.'s note to her lips, where Rockwell, her arch-tormentor on the city staff, viewed it a second later.

"You look as if you'd been handed a copper mine," he commented. Monica, furiously blushing, eyed him wrathfully, then picking up her hat, she stalked scornfully away.

And Rockwell, unperturbed, took to whistling the "Melody of Love" very sentimentally as she departed. It was quite seven when Monica descended to the street floor of the Call building. Connolly, hands in his overcoat pockets, was standing beside one of the doors, staring out into the night.

"Have you been waiting long?" asked Monica, troublesomely occupied with the fastening of her left glove. Connolly swung about. "Oh, not very," he answered, wholly composed. "About ten minutes."

She stepped into a section of the revolving door, he gave it a push, and presently they were in the brilliantly illuminated street. "Where are we going?" she queried. "To the Avon," he said. "But—er—there are some buildings over there a block or so"—he nodded indicatively toward a zone of quietness and fewer incandescents, "that are well worth your further consideration. Moreover," moving forward, "this will be as good a way as any to reach the boulevard."

"Why," demanded Monica, with deepening color, "don't you say frankly that you want to walk a mile or so before dinner?" Perforce his head had fallen into step with him. "Don't ask me questions I can't answer, here," retorted Connolly. Then in the most detached tone in the world he apprised her that he had "dropped in" at a certain vaudeville house that afternoon, proceeding thereafter to enumerate the clever acts on the bill.

Monica was beginning alternately to long for and dread the stretch of deserted thoroughfare they were approaching. When at length they turned into it she was so completely in the clutches of nervousness that she had ceased keeping up her end of the conversation.

Then it was that Connolly, too, fell into silence. He had meant to be very calm in telling his news, yet indeed it very calm and deliberate. He had not counted, however, on the perturbing influence of the girl beside him.

"Monica, I'm as terribly Catholic" as the title rosary."

"I know, Ralph, I know!" she said with a sob. "I was yesterday."

"You were there?" he stopped short. "Yes, I—I just went into the chapel to say—" she broke off and walked on, cordially hating the publicity of the street.

"You were there?" he repeated, still unsteadily. "And how I wanted you with me, Monica! Only, I couldn't quite manage telling you, before."

She nodded speechlessly. At last she said: "And I had almost given up hoping. When—when did you begin?" "That day in June," he said gravely. "You said, you remember, that our Lady was going to make a Catholic of me. I can't very clearly explain, I'm afraid, but right then I had the most unaccountable desire to actually learn something about this 'Our Lady' you talked about so confidently. That's what really started me reading. Later on I went to Father Moore with my difficulties. And, well, the end, and beginning, was yesterday."

A tiny pause. Suddenly Connolly reached over and drew her hand within his arm until her head was very close to his shoulder. "Monica?" he said in a low voice. His fingers tightened over hers. She lifted her tear-wet face to his and the love of her heart was shining in her brown eyes.

"Sweetheart!" came brokenly from the tall editor's lips. After that, nothing more for a good block. Then: "We had enough of all that nonsense back there?" For this had one woman labored at journalism! "You're ready to come—home dear!" Monica said she was.

MARY R. RYAN. —Rosary Magazine.

CALUMNY AND MISREPRESENTATION

The refutation and correction of calumny and misrepresentation, which are so persistently circulated in all forms of English literature in regard to the doctrines and discipline of the Catholic Church, is a very long lane which seems to have no turning. The original bias and bigotry of the Elizabethan times have come down the stream of literature with an ever increasing volume. It would seem that in this our day, when the sources of information are so accessible, when so much that was before hidden away in sealed archives has been opened up to daylight, when the means of spreading authentic information are so easy, that the old conspiracy against Catholic verity would break up of its own accord. But so bitter is the prejudice, so venomous the animus against the Church, in spite of the more liberal temper of the times, that we find the ancient detractions and libels overflowing the usual channels of popular literature. So constant and so widespread is this falsehood that Catholics have been compelled in self defense to establish and maintain such an organization as the International Catholic Truth Society for the purpose of publishing and circulating literature whose object is to refute calumny, correct misrepresentation, and propagate the truth about the faith and discipline of the Church. Even with all this the flood of falsehood keeps spreading. Why is this?

Because the wells of popular information are being continually poisoned by encyclopedias and textbooks. It is at these wells that the popular mind drinks, and it does so with implicit faith. Beyond the pages of such works there is no appeal for the ordinary man or woman. The scholar alone knows how to penetrate further; to the plain man or woman the encyclopedias is often times the tribunal of last resort; therein lies the source of all knowledge. When the information set forth in the encyclopedias is false and corrupted, the pollution spreads over the entire area of the mental life of the people. The general reader accepts it as gospel; the average writer relies upon it, as does the newspaper and the magazine editor.

Through these the poison is brought down to the minds of the masses. Not until the Old Faith and Ritual have been restored, not until the church of England has once more been joined in unity with the successor of St. Peter, can a Catholic take part in any service in a church of England building. Believing as Catholics do, that Christ is with His Church and He looks upon her as His Bride, the recognition of any other religious body is equal to deny that the Church of God is His true Spouse, a Protestant service, the church of England services by a Catholic is on a par with a man who visits the home of his ancestors, which was stolen from him, and consorts with the new owner, who attempts to justify his robbery on the calumnious pretext that the visitor's mother was not the true wife, and that consequently the son is illegitimate and should be disinherited. You now see why it is impossible for me, as a Catholic, to take part in a Protestant service. Such an act, believing as I do, would amount, on my part, to an offense against the Author of Christianity.—Sacred Heart Review.

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CATHOLIC MAYOR AND PROTESTANT SERVICES

The civic official in high place who can give a reason for the faith that is in him sets a fine example. Such an example was given recently by the Hon. Hubert Leicester, Lord Mayor of Worcester, England, who refused to attend a service in the Protestant Cathedral of that city. He stated his case in a letter to the High Sheriff:

"You have taken such a lively interest in all my public actions since the Council elected me to the Mayoral chair, and you have on more than one occasion defended me from the attacks of ill-informed critics, that I accede with pleasure to your request to explain fully why, as a Catholic, it was contrary to my principles to be present at the services at the Protestant Cathedral."

Mr. Leicester then set forth that religion is a serious matter to the Catholic, who believes that his Church is infallible, and that it teaches the doctrines committed to the Apostles—"Christ's ambassadors." God had promised to send His Apostles free from error—"I will be with you all days even till the end of the world," He said, and so the spirit of Truth abides with those who preach His word:

Hence Catholics necessarily believe that the Church is infallible (Mr. Leicester continues): This was a promise that man might naturally have expected from an all just God; for had He not taught one generation by His own Son? Therefore anything short of an infallible guide in the way to heaven is not to be treated with unerring accuracy to the latter generations with something short of what was given to the generation living at the time when Christ was teaching in the flesh.

If one looks into the physical world and sees the wonderful provision of the magnetic needle which ensures a safe guide to mariners, is it expecting too much that, in the navigation of the human soul across the turbulent waters of this life, there would be an equally infallible guide at the service of all men, pointing with unerring accuracy to the heavenly country, and keeping the barque in the right channel free from the rocks and shoals of error and unbelief?

The Mayor reminded his friend that the Catholic Church is the only religious body in England that claims to be infallible in her teaching in matters of faith and morals:

In fact (he said) all other religious bodies stoutly assert that they are fallible, and by this very assertion admit that they are not the Church of God, which, if Christ's promise holds good, must necessarily be infallible. The word "Church" is much misunderstood, and it is now used more like the word society or committee, and applied with reference to any religious body. A Catholic understands the word "Church" as referring only to that chosen body of teachers which Christ established to teach and promulgate God's will to His people, when He said: "Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall never prevail against it."

The Church of God to a Catholic is something far different from the English idea of a church. If divine it must be one in faith . . . it must be holy, it must be Catholic, and it must be apostolic, coming down in unbroken lines from the Apostles. To a Catholic his Church is not one of many organizations from which he can choose, as he would choose a club or a political association; "It is the organization to which he must necessarily belong if he would be saved."

Mr. Leicester points out that until the sixteenth century all Christians believed in the divine teaching authority of the Church; even

Henry VIII, though denying to the Pope the spiritual headship of the Church, retained the other articles of Catholic faith; but his successors, having broken away from the center of unity, soon followed the free thinkers of Germany and established a new religion, which advanced the theory that Christ did not mean what He said when He promised to keep the Church in the Truth.

The Catholics of England were forced to acceptance of the new religion, or to suffer severe penalties if they adhered to the old Faith. Mr. Leicester recalls how the faithful endured untold suffering, loss of property, imprisonment, banishment, death even to conforming to the "new religion." Why then should he attend a Protestant service? He asserts vigorously:

Not until the Old Faith and Ritual have been restored, not until the church of England has once more been joined in unity with the successor of St. Peter, can a Catholic take part in any service in a church of England building. Believing as Catholics do, that Christ is with His Church and He looks upon her as His Bride, the recognition of any other religious body is equal to deny that the Church of God is His true Spouse, a Protestant service, the church of England services by a Catholic is on a par with a man who visits the home of his ancestors, which was stolen from him, and consorts with the new owner, who attempts to justify his robbery on the calumnious pretext that the visitor's mother was not the true wife, and that consequently the son is illegitimate and should be disinherited. You now see why it is impossible for me, as a Catholic, to take part in a Protestant service. Such an act, believing as I do, would amount, on my part, to an offense against the Author of Christianity.—Sacred Heart Review.

TRUTHS TAUGHT

The New England Journal of Education is not at all backward in expressing certain great truths concerning the education of American youth that might be taken to heart by those who hold to the sanctity of the Public Schools:

"There is one Church which makes religion an essential in education, in which mothers teach their faith to the infants in their lullaby songs and whose Sisterhood and Brotherhoods and priests imprint their religion on souls as indelibly as the diamond marks the hardest glass. They engrain their faith in human hearts when most plastic to the touch. Are they wrong? Are they stupid? Are they ignorant, that they found schools, academies, colleges, in which religion is taught? Not if a man be worth more than a dog or a human soul with eternal duration is of more value than the span of animal existence for a day. We are non-prophets, but it does seem to us that Catholics retaining their religious teaching and we our heathen schools will gaze upon cathedral crosses all over New England when our meeting houses will be turned into barns. Let them go on teaching their religion to the children, and let us go on educating our children in schools without recognition of God, and they will plant corn and train grape-vines on the unknown graves of Plymouth Pilgrims and the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay, and none will dispute their right of possession. We say this without expressing our own hopes or fears, but as inevitable from the fact that whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—The Missionary.

A RE-BIRTH

A writer in the Pacific gives his impressions of the momentous transition through which New England has passed, a change which he considers to be no less than a social and religious revolution. This, however, is hardly the right word to use. It is a replacement rather than a revolution which has taken place. The writer himself states that marriage has decreased among the old New England stock to an absolutely unprecedented degree. "And the birth rate among the same classes has declined to a point unknown before."

Immigration, in the meantime, numbering over one million yearly, has had its effects in these small States. The results are thus summed up: "Congregationalists are still the most numerous of the Protestant bodies, but Roman Catholics are now in the majority in all these States. Plymouth, where the Pilgrims first landed on the road, has become in recent years a Portuguese town. The French from Canada now control scores of townships. The Poles are fleeing from their home land by thousands annually to occupy the farms of New England. Boston is ruled by the Irish. One third, almost of the population of New Haven, the home of Yale University, is Italian. The Jews already control entire industries where a generation ago these people were unknown."

The writer expresses the hopeful view that the old seed has been scattered over the continent, since the people of the ancient New England stock have travelled far westward and southward, "carrying with them their energy and faith." But if that energy and faith can lead to no better results than the decline of the birth-rate "to a point unknown before," we shall not feel inclined to mourn even its total loss. "One thing is assured in New England at least, socially, socially, the yesterday are gone."—America.

HAVE YOU THE ANGELUS HABIT?

If you are in the habit of reciting the Angelus, you are gaining a partial indulgence of one hundred days with each recital. Furthermore, you are receiving a plenary indulgence once a month, if in addition to the habit of saying the Angelus you receive the sacraments monthly and comply with the usual conditions of gaining a plenary indulgence.

To obtain these indulgences, however, the prayers must be said kneeling or standing as is prescribed, and at the time the bell is rung, unless good reasons prevent you from fulfilling these conditions.

On Saturday evening—in Lent also on Saturday noon—and on Sundays, the Angelus is said standing, and at other times the kneeling posture is used. During the Easter season, that is beginning with the Alleluia of the Mass on Holy Saturday until the evening before Trinity Sunday exclusively, the anthem, Regina Coeli, is said instead of the Angelus, standing.

All devout Catholics, deserving the name, practice this devotion either in the home of the bell, if they are in their homes or wherever they may conveniently perform it, or as soon after as possible.

The Angelus recalls the Incarnation, the Son of God and the redemption of mankind. Are these great mysteries by which you were saved worthy of being recited at least three times during your day?—New World.

PLAIN LIVING FOR CHILDREN

In a pastoral letter on the opening of schools Cardinal O'Connell of Boston, says: "The present age is the era of luxury, and luxury ought to have no place in any life, least of all in the life of a child; it is certain to produce physical and moral weakness, to corrupt the noblest faculties of the soul and render its slaves fit only for pleasure."

"Yet this is precisely the bringing up that many children are receiving to-day at the hands of unwise parents. Nothing is denied the child of the period; it is pampered and cajoled, and the result is that at an age when youth should possess will power to choose wisely, that power is gone, and in its place is a craze for evil allurement."

"Every life, no matter how well protected, has its trials, losses and sorrows. Men and women must be prepared early to meet these crosses in a strong Christian spirit and to recognize the blessings concealed under them. Luxury and its accompanying influences wither the fortitude of the soul and make it incapable of patient industry and perseverance, but simplicity of life forms the Christian character and by wise discipline builds up the strength of soul that gives us the foundations of true life and forms the pillars of society. Any other ideal or rule is evil and sure to work harm."—Catholic Sun.

"CHRISTMAS," NOT "CHRISTIDE"

It was in the days of Daniel O'Connell, not over sixty years ago, writes a Seraphic Child of Mary, in the current issue of The Lamp, that a certain English member of parliament presented a bill providing for change in the word "Christmas."

In England, for centuries, the word Mass was held in abomination by conscientious Protestant bigots. This man wanted the word altered to "Christide," so that the objectionable portion, "Mass," should no longer offend British ears. The name of the zealous member, who had never before introduced a bill, was Thomas Massey-Massey.

When the bill came up for consideration, Mr. O'Connell, submitted an amendment to the effect that, since the word Christmas was to be changed to Christide, it would only be right, just and proper to make a similar and corresponding change in the name of the bill. "This," said Mr. O'Connell, "will enable us in the future to call our friend Thodide 'Tidey-Tidey.'"

SPANISH LOVE FOR BLESSED SACRAMENT

We have frequently referred to the wonderful manifestations of honor and devotion which the Most Holy Sacrament receives here in Catholic Spain, writes a Madrid correspondent. Fresh testimony in this direction is afforded by the publication of the details of the costly and magnificent monstrance which is being made for the Association of Neoturnal Adoration. More than 6,000 of the faithful have contributed in money, jewelry, gold and silver to the making of this precious monstrance. The sum collected in cash amounts to nearly 48,000 pesetas. Of this amount, 15,660 given in gold has been melted, and this, with the gold jewelry contributed, has left available for the construction of the monstrance over 11 1/2 kilos of gold (400 ounces). The silver at the artist's disposal exceeds 25 kilos (over 800

ounces) thanks to the generosity of a noble family.

Striking evidences, too, of public honor and respect to our Lord in the Eucharist have been witnessed here in the streets of Madrid in connection with administering the Paschal Communion to the sick and infirm in their homes and in the hospitals. The system employed in all the parishes is the same, and may be described in general terms. The Blessed Sacrament is borne processionally, the parish priest being seated (in most cases) in one of the gala coaches of the Royal Family, escorted

by a picket of the King's Infantry, preceded by the clergy, and followed by a numerous public of high and low degree. In this way the private houses and the public institutions are visited, and in the latter case all the authorities connected with the institution are present and assist at the pious function. The procession finally returns to the church, where the parish priest or other in a few words thanks all who have assisted in the name of our Lord in the Host and of the sick who have received their Paschal Communion.—Providence Visitor.

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A MATTER OF CONSCIENCE

To many the great War has become more or less of a commonplace matter. To Canadians, in spite of the fact that Canada is taking her part in the mighty struggle, it is too often regarded as a far-away event which only remotely affects our destiny.

Men and yet more men are needed. That is the message of the King. That is the inexorable demand of the situation. Is it a duty to enlist? Is it a matter of conscience? Is a man whose responsibilities do not keep him at home free to go or to stay?

That is the question we wish to discuss seriously with our readers. In order not to overstate the obligation under which Catholics lie we shall quote from a sermon preached by the Bishop of Northampton (England) at a Requiem Mass for the repose of the souls of the victims of the War.

"Whoever dreamed twelve months ago that he would be called upon to maintain, with his own life, that heritage which had cost so much to his ancestors? Now the stern truth was revealed. The mother country that had sheltered and protected us, that had brought us up in her traditions, that had enriched us with her speech and institutions, that had always taught us that obedience to her laws was the best guarantee of our liberty and our progress, called us. Ah, but we never thought what obedience to her would finally mean. We never expected to be summoned to her side to defend her very life. Yet that was the position to-day. And since all of us had been nourished at her breast and in her condition of our hearts and minds, we had to come forward and do our share and bear our part of the common burden. Our country's call imposed a strict obligation upon every citizen of the land. Now the Christian conscience did not weaken by its dictates that which was taught by our national feeling. On the contrary, the dictates of the Christian conscience endorsed and reinforced that which our national feeling already prompted us to do. A shirker who professed no Christian religion was infinitely more base than a shirker who professed none, while a citizen who gave his best and his all to his country out of conscientious motives, not only stood higher in the sight of God, but was likely to prove himself a nobler and more consistent hero in his country's call."

"In England, the safety of the State was not sought to be secured merely by legal enactments, but it was our pride and our boast that throughout her history England had been safe in committing her guardianship and her protection to the unfettered patriotism of her children. He did not see any sign that the voluntary system was unequal to the strain now laid upon it. But the voluntary system was no less obligatory in conscience than the system of conscription. He thought it was, perhaps, more stringent, because the voluntary system did not mean that we were free to give or to withhold our service. The voluntary system was not a trap to catch the young, the enthusiastic, and the brave, and to screen the shirker, and the money-grabber, and the coward. The voluntary system meant what it said; it was mobilization, not of a few, but of the entire nation. It meant universal recognition of a universal duty to dedicate all that we have and all that we are at this moment to the country's service. It was the self-confidence of a nation which knew well that its shirkers and slackers would always be a negligible quantity. And, consequently, if he were asked how we stood in this country compared with foreign countries in the light of Catholic theology, he

should say there was very little difference to note. This seemed to be the sum of it all, that while in foreign countries the citizens were bound to obey the law and to go into the military ranks or civil employment as the law dictated, in this country the momentous decision was left to the citizen himself. But in a country like this, where men had been bred in the tradition of public service and of courage, the decision would, he thought, never hang long in the balance, for if a true Englishman and true Christian did not see manifestly that his duty was at home, he would straightway push himself into the foremost ranks of the fighting line."

We have italicized certain statements, perhaps unwisely, for there is not a line in the whole extract that is not important.

Now, of course, mother country is a term with a somewhat different significance in England from what it bears in Canada. There is the obvious sense in which we use the term here where England's priceless institutions and liberties have been transplanted.

To many of our readers the term mother country will connote not England but Ireland. Well, Ireland's destiny is bound up with that of England. Every man who represents anything in Ireland has said so and has said so unequivocally. Say mother countries if you will, for Mother Ireland calls her sea divided sons. This is emphatically our quarrel; this is the fight of the fighting race.

Bishop Keating is quite as clear as he is forcible. "The voluntary system is no less obligatory in conscience than the system of conscription." It is worth while to read and read again the eloquent bishop's deliberate opinion "in the light of Catholic theology" on the matter of enlistment under the voluntary system. So far as that goes we have nothing to add, nothing to modify.

There may be those who will argue to all the Bishop says so far as Great Britain and Ireland are concerned but who would dissent from the view that Canada and the mother lands are in the same category with regard to this War.

It is only too true that Canadians have been hitherto so fully absorbed in the task of colonizing and developing the material resources of their vast territory that the higher questions of Canada's national destiny have received scant consideration. Our ideas on the question are not clear cut and definite; but mind and conscience have been wonderfully clarified by the War. We have realized that the British Empire is a Commonwealth and that the duties of patriotism are commensurate with the needs of the Empire.

Some one has said that we can know no one thing well unless we know something else, different, but sufficiently similar to admit of comparison.

Some time ago questions delicate and difficult arose between the United States and Japan over certain legislation of California with regard to Japanese subjects in that State. Now if any one were to talk of California going to war with Japan as if it were a matter that did not concern the other States of the Union he would be looked upon as a fool. The trouble might originate in California, the great majority of the States might be but little interested in the question, but if it led to war there is not a single American citizen who would not know that it was the whole Commonwealth of the United States of America that was involved. Only a fool could think that New York could be indifferent while California was at war. And yet it took a long time and two great wars to produce that solidarity of national sentiment in the United States.

That the British Empire is one great commonwealth is being driven home by the present War to British subjects at home, in the antipodes and in Canada. There is yet no central government of the Empire to correspond with the Federal Congress in Washington. There may never be such a body; but if such a government be not established as a result of the War, it is safe to say that the question of its establishment is brought face to face with the various parts of the Empire for settlement.

Let us suppose, for the moment, that there are Canadians who say that Canada is in America and not in Europe; that it is folly to tie ourselves up with the quarrels of another hemisphere; that the destiny of Canada is in America and that there should be one vast confederation extending from the Gulf of Mexico to the North Pole. Such a future for Canada is possible. Even these,

however, should consider if their bounden duty to see this War through on the lines on which Canada has reached her present development, her present national status in the world. Any other course would involve the surrender of Canada's national self-respect.

Now let us get back to the question of Catholics enlisting for the service of the Empire in this War. Everything that we have quoted from Bishop Keating holds good.

We were very much pleased to learn that in Nova Scotia where Catholics compose but 28 per cent. of the population they furnish 46 per cent. of our sister province's volunteer army. If Quebec does not do her duty then so much the worse for Quebec. Five years hence, ten years hence, yes in a generation yet to come, Quebec will, with reason, deplore the short sighted and unpatriotic policy of those who deprived her of the privilege of taking her just share of the burdens and glories of the war for the liberties of France and England. Indications are not wanting that those who form public opinion in the neighboring provinces are now actively engaged in a campaign which will remove this reproach from Quebec.

So far as we can learn the Catholics of Ontario are doing pretty well; but they might do better. To put it on the lowest ground of self interest if they do not do their full share they will miss an unique opportunity of killing anti Catholic prejudice and of promoting among the various elements of the population good will and mutual confidence which are so necessary to the common welfare. To take their full part will be to render service to Church and country. In the happy days after victory shall have crowned the supreme effort of a united Empire let us hope that our children and children's children may boast that their fathers in the day of trial and testing were not found wanting.

Comment is unnecessary on such an incident as this. The bare statement of fact is eloquent with meaning. Carson the loyalist carries his anti Irish bias so far that he refuses to stand on the same platform with the Irish Leader at a meeting called to give practical proof of loyalty to the Empire. Redmond the disloyalist is willing to forget the bitter memories of weary years of controversy if thereby the much needed recruits can be encouraged to rally to the colors. There you have the measure of the two men. Redmond, a statesman and imperialist; Carson, an opportunist and disloyalist. But the days of Carson's domination in empire politics have passed into ancient history. The dead in France and Flanders and in the Balkans have bridged the Boyne. The blood of north and south has not been shed in vain. It is the bond that shall forever unite orange and green. When the battle flags are furled, and Britain turns once again to home politics, the Newry meeting will be remembered, and when Carson cries traitor it will be but to excite the ironical laughter of the world.

Carson joined the Coalition government, and resigned when he found he could not have his own way. Redmond declined a seat in the Cabinet because he felt that he could better assist the cause of the empire as a private member. He has kept his word. Several times he has appeared at recruiting meetings in Ireland and England with Unionists and others differing from him in politics and religion. His active participation in the recruiting campaign has been proved on three notable occasions: 1. At the Prime Minister's monster meeting at the Mansion House. 2. In London after his visit to the front. 3. In Waterford in company with the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Up and down through Ireland he has gone preaching the justice of the Allies' cause, with the result that more than 100,000 Irishmen, in addition to those already in the army, are now serving with the colors. "If you can give me 5,000 men I will say thank you. If you can give me 12,000 men I shall be deeply obliged," said Lord Kitchener to him at the outbreak of war. One wonders in what language Kitchener now couches his acknowledgments to the Irish Leader?

THE LATE FATHER DAVID FLEMING

To a highly esteemed Irish priest who keeps in close touch with the old land our readers are indebted for the graphic and loving sketch in this week's RECORD of the life and activities of Father David Fleming. This true hearted Irishman and humblest of the children of St. Francis was recognized—where merit is sure of recognition—as a great man amongst the greatest of those who are charged with the tremendous responsibility of guiding the destinies of God's Church.

The eloquent pen of T. P. O'Connor could be trusted to do justice to his great fellow-countryman; but there is here a charm not due to the eminent journalist's skill in word-painting, but which springs from the affection and esteem of a life time of close and unbroken friendship. This suffuses the whole sketch with a rare human interest which makes "T. P.'s" tribute to "Father David" a masterpiece of its kind.

It is interesting to note that in returning to Ireland in search of health "he had his mission also in his native land, for he was a vehement adherent of the cause of the Allies, an equally vehement opponent of the pagan militarism of Germany, and he wanted to influence wavering minds, if such there were, among his own people."

PEACE WITH JUSTICE

On taking possession of his titular church Cardinal Gasquet said that the War must end in the recognition of the Force of Right and not the Right of Force.

That special significance should attach to the Cardinal's words seems strange. Yet they were cabled to the press with the naive comment they were probably submitted to the Pope and therefore indicate a change of heart at the Vatican. It is quite within the range of probability that Cardinal Gasquet did submit beforehand to His Holiness any intended reference to the war.

It is utterly improbable that a Cardinal in curia would make a public pronouncement at variance with the Pope's expressed views.

So much being granted, there is no special significance that can possibly attach to the English Cardinal's words unless in the minds of those who perversely and gratuitously hold that His Holiness in advocating peace is actuated by pro-German sentiments.

As a matter of fact there is nothing in all that the Pope has said regarding peace that is in the smallest degree at variance with Cardinal

Gasquet's reference to the same subject. Those who try to read their anti-Papal prejudice into the Pope's appeals for peace amongst the warring nations have had a rather unenviable task since sane and well-balanced minds of all nationalities recognize the unquestionable centrality of His Holiness and respect the worthy motives which inspire the Vicar of Christ in recalling them from the pagan principle of the Right of Force to the Christian ideal of the Force of Right.

A CONTRAST

Irish exchanges to hand bring news of a truly illuminating nature as to the bona fides of the loyalty of John Redmond and Sir Edward Carson respectively. Both these gentlemen were invited to address a joint meeting of Unionists and Nationalists in Newry in furtherance of the recruiting campaign. The Protestant Primate, the Most Rev. Dr. Crozier, consented to preside at the meeting, and the event was looked forward to with much interest. Mr. Redmond accepted the invitation. Sir Edward Carson declined. As a consequence the meeting was abandoned.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

IN ANIMADVERTING upon the Anglican Bishop of Carlisle's coarse onslaught in the Nineteenth Century review upon Catholic "exclusiveness," the opinion was advanced that he was one of those prelates who have visited the war zone and sought to make use of Catholic churches for Protestant services were frankly and courteously informed that that could not be. Whether or no, the Nineteenth Century article unmistakably bore the earmarks of disappointed aspiration, and having regard to Protestant sensitiveness on that score, some allowance should perhaps be made for the tone of irritation which characterized the article. There can be none, however, for the coarse and blasphemous nature of the Bishop's references to the Holy Eucharist. These were of a class beyond the range of decent polemic, and as matter of simple fact put his lordship out of court as even a Protestant apologist.

IT IS NOTHING NEW for Anglicans to seek recognition of their "Catholic" claims and of their orders at what they are pleased to term "Roman" hands. Readers of Marshall's "Comedy of Convocation" will recall that entertaining writer's good-natured caricature of the extreme advocates of Corporate rational, and of their perverted aspiration for Papal recognition. "I have just telegraphed to the Pope," said one member of Convocation, "and shall have a reply within the hour." Rome was just itching to meet them half-way, and "mere preliminaries" could of course be dispensed with! One would have thought that such bubbles had been finally exploded by the Bull Apostolic Curia of 1896 but, like certain anti-Catholic fictions, these Anglican delusions die hard.

THE PRESENT war has been the occasion of the revival in some simple Anglican hearts of this long-cherished delusion concerning the "Catholic" character of the Anglican church. Since Great Britain is in alliance with Catholic nations against the common aggressor, and Catholic and Protestant soldiers are fighting shoulder to shoulder in the trenches and upon the blood-stained soil of Flanders, what could be more fitting and decorous they argue than that ecclesiastical barriers should be lowered for the time being at least, and mutual recognition be accorded by the two great divisions of Christendom? That such reasoning should weigh with Anglicans is in entire harmony with their boasted comprehensiveness. It is scarcely necessary to say that it is not so with the New Testament.

IT WILL BE recalled that a few months ago the daily papers made much of an incident in France which seemed to point to such a "lowering of the bars" on the part of a Catholic bishop. Dr. Russell Wakefield, the Anglican Bishop of Birmingham, who visited the front, had called upon the Archbishop of Rouen with regard to accommodation for religious services for the soldiers under his charge and the characteristic French courtesy which the Archbishop showed to his visitor the latter seems to have construed into some sort of recognition of his orders. The conversation turned upon the use of vestments, and the Archbishop's reminder that the shape or color of vestments was after all unimportant as compared with the question of the unity of belief, freed his lordship of Birmingham with the idea that vestments were of no importance whatever. At least, he hastened home to England and proclaimed abroad that the Archbishop of Rouen had so informed him. And this he adduced as an instance of "breadth" to be found within the Roman Communion, which, the war being over, should result in a better understanding between the two churches.

IT IS curious what a mountain of deduction may be built upon a mole hill of fact where fixity of principle is lacking. The Archbishop of Rouen, filled with the spirit of charity, was willing and anxious to do what he could for the welfare of the Protestant soldiers of England fighting for justice and liberty in France. He could not admit the validity of Anglican orders, or compromise an iota of the Faith of which he was the representative. He could not permit Protestant services to be held in Catholic churches, but he could do what charity suggested and place at the disposal of Protestant soldiers certain disused chapels under his jurisdiction. Just what he did do can be best explained by the Archbishop himself. In a letter to the Tablet in answer to unwarranted assertions for which the Bishop of Birmingham had made himself responsible the archbishop wrote:

"I HAVE NEVER given permission for Anglican services to be held in parish churches. In the chapel of the old college at Boisgilleme, which has not been used for over eight years—the college having been transferred to Rouen—I have tolerated them. I have also allowed them in the chapel of the Seminary, which was turned into a British Red Cross hospital in August, 1914, the clerical students having been removed to another building. In regard to the chapel of the old Archbishop, I had neither the permission granted nor to refuse the permission which the Anglican chaplain came to request, no doubt, out of mere deference. I was evicted from the chapel as well as the palace eight years ago, and since then have had no control whatever over the old 'Archiepiscopal Manor.'"

"BUT AFTER ALL," continued the Archbishop, "the doctrinal construction of the interview was made to bear the more important. I remember remarking to his lordship apropos of the various rites and services taking place in England, that the shapes and colours of vestments were of very little importance; that what should be sought was unity of doctrine, and that if one wished to succeed in this, it was necessary to search into ecclesiastical antiquity, going back to the sources of Christianity, and applying the well-known quod ab omnibus, quod ubique, quod semper, and in this way it should be possible to realize the unity which was so much to be desired. I went on to express the hope that the entente cordiale during the war might facilitate the bringing together of Christian people in the truth, and that the screen which I had ordered should separate the nave, in which Anglican services were held, from the sanctuary, in which the Catholic priest said Mass, was like a symbol, which before long could be removed, the differences between us having vanished. They would be left only one Church uniting all the children of God."

"ON BIDDING me good bye," concluded the Archbishop, "his lordship kissed my ring. I on my part returned the courtesy; but that any doctrinal or further significance should be attached to my doing so surprises me not a little. I shall always be delighted to see Dr. Russell Wakefield, but I trust he does not mistake my courtesies for doctrinal institutionalism; the former being a good Frenchman who loves England; the latter would make me but a poor Catholic."

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

PARLIAMENT AND THE WAR—SIR EDWARD CARSON LEADER OF MALCONTENTS

London, January 1. Although there have been no military events of the first importance during the last week, news from various points indicates an all round improvement in the Allies' position. The veil of silence that shrouded the situation on the Russian front for nearly three weeks, owing to the break down of the Russo-Turkish telegraph is now lifted. It discloses the German armies suffering severely from the rigors of a exceptional winter. Men have been found to yield to even so powerful a combination; stirred up a revolt, in the end got some of his terms accepted and pressed for more. He was able to hold practically the first party meeting since the beginning of the war, and the hostility of the old-fashioned Conservatives—especially to the abolition of the Plural Vote, which gives the wealthy such a voting advantage over the working classes—enabled him to array behind him a considerable number of Conservatives and a great deal of Conservative Party feeling. Simultaneously with this, the small group of radical critics became more vehement and some of them were quite ready to fall in with the proposal to create what was called a National Opposition. This scheme, however, was prematurely reversed by a Liberal journalist, and as it had very little chance of success at any time, it died almost before its birth. The elements, however, of discontent remained, and found strong mouthpieces among the radical critics. These are headed by Sir Henry Dalziel, Sir Arthur Markham, Mr. Hodge and Mr. Fringle.

Sir Henry Dalziel is a brilliant journalist with a remarkable career. Born in modest circumstances, he became a young reporter when he was still in his teens; drifted from his native Scotland to the Press Gallery of the House of Commons, and when he was just over twenty-one years of age dashed up to Kirkcaldy, a Scotch constituency, and created the nomination for the seat from six or seven other candidates; and while still a mere boy became a member of the House of Commons. He displayed a remarkable ability, with a keen sense of the Parliamentary situation, great activity, a fluency of speech and great energy. At that time he and Mr. Lloyd George were hunting in couples, "with Dalziel a little ahead," as Mr. Lloyd George once said in a reminiscent mood.

But Sir Henry Dalziel soon found other spheres of activity in journalism; by and by dropped a little out of politics, and when he was made a Privy Councillor and a Knight was assumed to have satisfied his personal ambitions. The war, however, brought him to the front again, and he has been the most fearless and incessant critic of the Government.

Sir Arthur Markham is a very different type. He is a politician rather by accident than by aptitude. Most of his life has been spent in the control of great collieries, and he has displayed in this work a business genius which has made him one of the wealthiest colliery proprietors of England. A dark man, with gleaming black eyes and shallow skin and little form, he looks more Italian than English. He has a rasping and a blurred voice; snaps out his sentences, and is never afraid to say the most disagreeable things. Mr. Hodge and Mr. Fringle are Scotchmen, alert, keen, industrious and vigilant. Whither, and what all these different elements will come to, it is im-

which was expected to follow this union of Party forces has not justified its hopes. Several consequences followed, which have brought many Parliamentary critics to the opinion that the Coalition, instead of a bond of greater unity, became one of greater dissension. It has been pointed out in several Parliamentary debates that as all responsible criticism has come to an end, irresponsible criticism took its place. The character of the irresponsible criticism confirmed these views, for it fell into the hands of men who, though some of them of considerable ability, yet never could have held the same authority in the House as men who were the chiefs of parties. Furthermore, owing to the censorship and to the drastic measures of the authorities, this criticism had very often to be ill-formed. It occupied itself with small instead of big questions; and as a whole it might be summed up as nagging rather than criticism.

However, the irresponsible opposition has taken a new form and gained undeniably greater strength. Its first accession was Sir Edward Carson; that grim, resolute and tenacious figure became willingly or unwillingly the nucleus around which the discordant elements could gather with more strength than in any previous phase. The Morning Post, which is a deadly opponent of the present ministry and especially of Mr. Asquith, immediately began to run Sir Edward Carson as the leader of the opposition, and dimly suggested his taking the place of head of the Government. This move, however, entirely failed, as it was realized that such a change of ministry could not carry a war in a Parliamentary atmosphere as hostile. Sir Edward Carson, in addition, did not improve his position by his criticisms of the ministry he had just left, partly because these erred against the canons of Parliamentary warfare and partly because his criticisms did not seem to be particularly intelligent.

For while, then, Sir Edward Carson rather receded. Then came the wholesale defeat of Sir Edward Grey's policy in the Balkans, and the sickening uncertainty of coalition with regard to the Salonika expedition; and criticism once more became strong and powerful. A further chance of strengthening his position came to Sir Edward Carson when the Government had to propose their bill for prolonging the life of the present Parliament. This measure had been agreed to by two such powerful leaders of the Conservative Party as Mr. Edgar Law and Sir F. E. Smith; but Sir Edward Carson with characteristic tenacity refused to yield to even so powerful a combination; stirred up a revolt, in the end got some of his terms accepted and pressed for more. He was able to hold practically the first party meeting since the beginning of the war, and the hostility of the old-fashioned Conservatives—especially to the abolition of the Plural Vote, which gives the wealthy such a voting advantage over the working classes—enabled him to array behind him a considerable number of Conservatives and a great deal of Conservative Party feeling. Simultaneously with this, the small group of radical critics became more vehement and some of them were quite ready to fall in with the proposal to create what was called a National Opposition. This scheme, however, was prematurely reversed by a Liberal journalist, and as it had very little chance of success at any time, it died almost before its birth. The elements, however, of discontent remained, and found strong mouthpieces among the radical critics. These are headed by Sir Henry Dalziel, Sir Arthur Markham, Mr. Hodge and Mr. Fringle.

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possible to say. The era of perfect Parliamentary reconciliation

possible to say. The House of Commons is after all the creature of events in time of war, and changes come in its temper and in its attitude much more from success or failure in battlefields than from circumstances within its own elements.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

The Russians are not waiting till the spring to launch their new offensive on the eastern front. Their attacks upon the Austrian positions in Bessarabia continue, and despatches are coming through indicating another important concentration of Russian troops near Tarnopol, in Galicia, for an advance in the direction of Lemberg. The troops thus being used are doubtless a part of the large army assembled at Rani, at Odessa and at other points in southwestern Russia to take part in the invasion of Bulgaria.

The German and Austrian forces on the eastern front will have to be reinforced greatly to meet the Russian advance. From Petrograd statements have been received lately indicating that at least four million well-armed and well-equipped Russians will be available at the front.

A new development in the campaign of the allies against Turkey is fore-shadowed in the landing of French troops at Castelorio, a small island off the southern coast of Asia Minor midway between Cyprus and Rhodes. A London despatch says that Greece, which was in occupation until the French landed and took possession, has been informed by Great Britain that the island is to be used as a base for new operations against the Turkish province of Adalia.

DAVID FLEMING

HIS OUTSTANDING GENIUS AND PROFOUND LEARNING PLACED HIM IN THE FOREMOST RANKS OF GREAT CHURCHMEN

By Mr. T. P. O'Connor

Father David that is the name by which we know him and loved him, always called him—was Irish to the very centre of his heart—he once told me that he was partially Welsh as was Thomas Davis. He was born in Killarney, that lovely region of his native land that could never leave his heart. A great traveller—for there was scarcely a country in the world which he had not visited—his heart untravelling always turned to Ireland.

He was one of those men whose outstanding genius immediately demands attention, though if innate and inconvertible modesty could have concealed his gifts he would have remained to the end, as he was at the beginning, a humble and obscure monk. But his genius would out in spite of him, as was proven by the fact that while he was still a deacon, in Ghent, he was chosen to be a professor of Philosophy, a boy professor, but a professor to whom at once the eyes of all interested in education turned.

the great patriot, through whom oppressed and butchered Belgium has spoken to the world. The clear mind, pellucid as a rural stream, penetrating as a corroding acid, frigid as an analytical chemist's when he had to analyse any position, gave him at once that clear grasp of principle and of essentials that made him stand out as sort of chief justiciary on all the complex questions of theology and in after life of international politics.

He was merciless to himself in work and especially in the work of the student. His comrades in the Franciscan College often found him still at his books when the light of morning was streaming into the college, yet at 10 o'clock he was at his desk as a lecturer pouring forth his learning and his wisdom. He overworked his life. He lived on overwork; he died of overwork. He died, too, as will presently be seen of the love of Ireland, of the nostalgia that drew him year after year to the land and the people he loved so passionately.

Rome, with its wonderful organization, has the power of tracing out its best officers for its chosen troops, and Rome knew what manner of man this Irish monk was. So to Rome he was summoned, and from that hour forward, with brief interruptions, Rome was Father David's home. It was his glory, and yet it helped to bring him an earlier death. For the climate of Rome never agreed with him; he was frequently ill, nearly always rather debilitated by its climate.

But once at Rome he never could be out of it; he was found too precious for general headquarters to be ever allowed back into the ranks of the ordinary soldiery. There was a remarkable example of this when the time came for the election of the General of the Order. For some years Father David had been General in completion of the term of another Franciscan who had died before his term was finished. When the time of the election came, the very night indeed before it was to take place, there was an unofficial scrutiny of the votes. Out of eighty votes sixty were declared for Father David. But the Holy Father intervened. He wanted Father David for work he considered more momentous to the Church. He gave the call to the higher mission, and Father David had to surrender what he did regard a great honour, namely, the honour, not so much of being the General of the Franciscans—he was not attracted by any of these ambitions—but of being the first Irishman for three centuries to hold that highest of places in a mighty international organization.

The reason for this demand on his services of the Pope was serious, for some of the most difficult questions of policy and of doctrine were then brought before the attention of the Holy See and demanded examination and decision that might well shape the whole future of the Church. It was a time when the growth of the High Church movement in the Anglican Church suggested to many pious minds in the Anglican establishment that there might be a reunion between them and the ancient See of Rome—an event of the infinite possibilities of which on the whole history of the British Empire and on the world no man could measure. Father David, with the wondrous, logical, pellucid mind, with the unfathomable erudition, gained in the long sleepless nights of two scores of years, was pointed out by universal opinion in the Church to be the man of men to deal with a proposition as once so complex and so momentous.

Thus he became a member of the Holy Office. As Catholics will know, the Holy Office may be called the inner Cabinet or the chief and final court of appeal next to the Pope, and is, in popular language the heart and brain of the Catholic Church; and no man could be admitted to that august tribunal except one who stood out among all the hundreds of thousands of ecclesiastics by his pre-eminence intellectual powers and his profound learning. It was Father David whose penetrating and logical mind finally upset the claims of the Anglican Church and made impossible what he regarded as a compromise, inviting and potential as it might be, irreconcilable with the fundamental principles of his Church. In other great controversies going down to the first principles Father David was able to shape and to make irrevocable the judgment of the Church.

But again I must hark back to my main theme that he was above all and before all inspired by the love of Ireland. For he took up at the same time as these portentous struggles of rival doctrines the mission of making the cause of Ireland known. He had to face an English faction, powerful in name and in wealth, in the higher ranks of the Church. But he did not

quail, and for years he was the man to whom the Holy Father went to learn the true story of Ireland, to get at the realities of the Irish conflict, to understand the Irish position, above all to understand the motives of the Irish Party who were the leaders and the guardians of that movement. Leo XIII. took to this Irish monk—traveller like himself, learned like himself, broad like himself, like himself diplomatic and in sympathy with the masses and with the daily growing power in every land of democracy. It was from the lips of Father David that the great Pope took his first lessons in Irish history, and when any controversy arose as to any policy of the Irish Party, Father David was there to explain and to defend. Many times such advocacy was necessary, for there was in Rome the constant intrigue of the English Tory faction to misrepresent Irish action and Irish views, especially during such critical moments as when an English Education Bill had to deal with the interests of the Irish Catholic schools in England. But the actual democrat, a statesman in spirit though not by profession, Father David could understand their difficulties, could approve of the compromise imposed upon them by unconquerable conditions. If Pope Leo was a devoted friend of the Irish National cause it was mainly to the intelligent and constant comprehension of the Irish movement, of which Father David was the vigilant and persistent spokesman. Pope Leo learned to understand and to love and support the Irish National movement. More than any other man Father David was his counsellor and even his teacher. And he could the better fulfil that important function because of the strong personal affinities that joined them together. Indeed, so sympathetic and so dear was Father David to the Pope that often he was rung up by telephone late in the evening if the Holy Father wished to have a friend and counsellor who understood him and whom he understood in those hours of loneliness and, perhaps, of discouragement, which even a man in the exalted position of a Pope has now and then to traverse. Indeed, so anxious was the Pope for the companionship and the counsel of his Irish friend that he invited him to become a resident within the ample spaces of the Vatican building, but Father David preferred his abbey and his freedom and his Irish comrades.

Among his other remarkable gifts Father David was a great linguist. French, German, Italian and Flemish he spoke fluently. He was a master of the classics; indeed, he could converse in Latin with the same facility as English, almost a necessary gift in the debates in Rome which are still so often conducted in Latin as the international and common language of the priesthood also many different races and tongues. This was one of the reasons—though his infinite tact and prompt power of realisation were the principal why he was chosen for some of the most arduous and most important of the missions which the Pope had to send to the different countries of Europe. There was scarcely a politician of note in any country with whom he was not personally acquainted and his Irish humour, his good nature, his tact, enabled him to be on good personal terms with even men of opinions contrary to his own, such as M. Briand, the present Prime Minister of France. He once was in intimate association with Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria. He knew the monarchs of the Balkans. And some of the Concordats by which the persecution of the Catholic Church were either ended or alleviated, were due to his statesman, whether of France or Germany, of Austria or Russia. And it was his nostalgia for Ireland, that precipitated his untimely end. He was still in Rome, but he insisted on going to his native land, in the firm hope that he would thereby once more get back his health. He had his mission also in his native land, for he was a vehement adherent of the cause of the Allies, an equally vehement opponent of the pagan militarism of Germany and he wanted to influence wavering minds if such there were among his own people. Then he came to his old home at Forest Gate in London, and there fell ill, he struggled for his life for weeks with characteristic courage, cherry and hopeful, never yielding to the terror of the expectancy of death until within a few moments of his last hour on the morning of the day on which I am writing these lines.

Mr. Dillon and I, two of his oldest and nearest friends, paid a visit to his sick room a couple of weeks before his death, and we both received regular communications as to his health, now hopeful, now despondent. He liked a mild cigar and I asked him if I should send him a box. "No," he said, characteristically, "just a few." The wonderful mind was as clear as ever it was within a few moments of death. The surroundings of a Franciscan monastery are as ascetic as the beautiful soul who founded the Order would have wished—deal tables, unpapered walls, uncarpeted floors. I happened a short time after my visit to go to a camp in England where our Irish soldiers are preparing for their march to the front of battle, and going to the officers' quarters saw something

of the same austere surroundings as those of the Franciscan monastery. And the thought came to me that there was an analogy between the two environments. The men like Father David, like holy men in other religious communities are always going to the front, are always preparing for the trenches; for it is their mission to be always fighting to guide the souls of men in the eternal conflict between the vile and the good in all our natures. How shall I speak of Father David? As a great Irishman, no, as an Irishman only. That says all.

IRISHMEN ALL

While the facts recounted in the following letter of a private in the Royal Irish are taking place at the front, we in Canada should be ashamed to keep up the feuds of centuries ago:

"The Ulster Division are supporting us on our right. The other morning I was out by myself and met one of them. He asked me what part of Ireland I belonged to. I said a place called Athlone, in the County of Westmeath. He said he was a Belfastman and a member of the Ulster Volunteers. I said I was a National Volunteer and that the National Volunteers were started in my native town. 'Well,' said he, 'that is all over now. We are Irishmen fighting together and we will forget all these things.' I don't mind if we do, said I, but I'm not particularly interested. We must all do our bit out here, no matter where we come from, North or South, and that is enough for the time. 'I hear Carson is gone,' said he, 'retired from the Cabinet.' I did not know whether he was or not, but said they would probably be able to manage without him. This young Belfastman was very anxious to impress me with the fact that we Irish were all one; that there should be no bad blood between us, and we became quite friendly in the course of a few minutes."—The Toronto Catholic Register.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

IS A MENACE TO OUR GOVERNMENT

It is always humiliating to answer an objection of this sort, but as it is pressed so persistently, and is used so extensively as a campaign argument against Catholic candidates for office, we shall deign to reply to the same.

When objections alleged against the Church are closely examined, we invariably discover that they are only repetitions of charges made against Jesus Christ Himself. The Jews awaited a Messiah who would sit in well with the worldly spirit, a great temporal prince, who would exalt them above all other nations and secure for them an earthly paradise.

When they found that all His promises referred to the next world, they rejected Him, invented all kinds of wicked charges against Him and crucified Him. They voiced their objections against Christ in almost the identical words employed by the Church's enemies to day. They said "If we let this man go on, the Romans will come and take away our name and nation." And the anti-Catholic agitators say: "If we let this Church go on, the Romans (Roman Catholics) will take away our Republic."

Though the Church's centre of unity is Rome she never sends Italian a single nation which she has overthrown—and she was the first to bring Christianity to any nation. She always left to all their national independence, their national institutions, laws, customs, etc. All she aims to do is to convert the soul and lead it to God, according to the injunction imposed on her by the Master "Go, teach all nations."

A menace to our Republic! Why, God bless you, George Washington declared that we would never have had a Republic were it not for the assistance, in the shape of both money and men, received from Catholic countries.

The despised Irish contributed one-half the soldiery to the American armies during the Revolutionary war. To-day every anti-Catholic is joining hands, consciously or unconsciously, with an organization—Socialism—for the overthrow of our Republic. They, and the ones who are banding together to make religion the principal issue in American politics are the ones who are a menace to our government.

President Wilson referred to this un-American plan when, in a recent speech, he said: "There is another danger that we should guard against. We should rebuke not only manifestations of racial feeling here in America, where there should be none, but also every manifestation of religious and sectarian antagonism. It does not become America that within her borders where every man is free to follow the dictates of his conscience and worship God as he pleases, men should raise the cry of church against church. To do that is to strike at the very spirit and heart of America."

Every Catholic catechism teaches that we are bound in conscience to respect civil authority and to obey the laws of the State. Hence the Church upholds the Republic more than any other institution. Nearly everything the Church is criticized for—her parochial school system, her opposition to divorce and Socialism, etc.—when properly understood, are

calculated to preserve this Republic. Americanism is our national, as Catholicism is our supernatural life. There can be no conflict because their spheres are entirely distinct. The Constitution of the United States declares that its provisions and where conscience begins; and the Catholic Church says that her laws begin only there.

This cry of "The Catholic Church a Menace" was made with greater vehemence than now more than sixty years ago when the Church was a negligible quantity in the United States. Then she grew, doubled and trebled her population, yet the cry of "menace" was not emphasized until forty years later. From that time, 1893 to 1910, her membership increased more than 100 per cent, yet the cry of "menace" was not heard until recently, when Socialism brought it up to elicit greater interest in its propaganda, until scheming politicians found it profitable until characterless men throughout the country began to use it on the platform for a silver collection. We possess evidence sufficient to convince any fair-minded jury that the avowed enemies of the Catholic Church are the real enemies of our country.

Misrepresentation of the Catholic Church to-day is also in line with the practices of Christ's own enemies. In Matt. xxii, 21, Christ emphatically orders that tribute be paid to Caesar; yet before Pilate, these people accused Him thus: "We have found this man perverting our nation and forbidding to give tribute to Caesar." (Luke xxiii, 2.)—Our Sunday Visitor.

THE IRISH MOTHER

There's a humble little cottage far away in sweet Tipperary, Where a little Irish mother sits forlorn by the door, And she's thinkin' of the childer while the heart of her is weary, For wid watchin' for a sight of them the eyes of her are sore.

Ah, poor little Irish mother, sure 'tis you that's sad and lonely Since they left you, like the wild geese in the springtime flown away; Though they send you gold in plenty, sure 'tis them you're wantin' only, Just a glimpse of them returnin' home across the wintry say.

Ah, poor little Irish mother, far away in sweet Tipperary, 'Tis of you the boys are thinkin' as in foreign lands they roam; An' between their work they're prayin' to the lovin' Son of Mary That He'd send the ship to bear them back to their Tipperary home.

CHILDREN'S HOLY COMMUNION

FOR RESTORATION OF PEACE APPROVED BY THE HOLY FATHER

Rome, Dec. 20, 1915.—Italian Bishops have begun a movement which it is prayerfully hoped, will exert a powerful influence in bringing about a restoration of peace in Europe. They have decided to invite all the children to receive Holy Communion on Christmas Day with the special intention of beseeching our Heavenly Father to put an end to the awful war that is devastating so many lands.

On being informed of this initiative, Pope Benedict expressed his warm approval of it and granted a special blessing to all the children who respond to the invitation of the Bishops. He also gave expression to the hope that all Bishops will join in this holy movement, feeling confident that the unanimous prayers of so many innocent children will be heard by Almighty God and will also be the means of bringing consolation to sorrowing parents bereaved as a result of the war.

MINISTER'S TRIBUTE TO CONVERT

In striking contrast to the sentiments generally expressed by Protestant persons of all denominations, ministers more especially, when one of their number becomes a Catholic, is the following open letter from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Mackay (Anglican, London) in reference to the Rev. Wilfrid Moor, who lately made his submission to the Church: "It is with great sorrow that I have to announce that the Rev. Wilfrid Moor has decided not to return to us at the expiration of his three months' leave of absence. Mr. Moor has made this decision the cost of great pain to himself; and he has written in terms of the deepest affection for all Saints, and of the deepest appreciation of the life in which he has shared for seven years. We who have been his companions are feeling the loss of his presence and of the charm of his society more than we can say. In devotion and in the strictness of his life he has set us all the highest example, while the striking ability of his preaching was felt even by those who least agreed with him. Mr. Moor will shortly take steps to enter the ministry of the Roman Catholic Church."

This letter, it seems to us, remarks the Ave Maria, is not less creditable to the writer of it than to the subject of it. But the wonder remains that most non-Catholics are as much elated over the acquisition of a weed from the Pope's garden as dejected by the loss of a flower from

Your Savings

The War has already brought great changes. National leaders in all countries are urging the practice of Thrift. The Prime Minister of Great Britain said recently: "There remains only one course . . . to diminish our expenditure and increase our savings."

What are you going to do with YOUR SAVINGS? You cannot keep your cash in a stocking. You must either put it in a Bank; invest in a Bond or Stock; or purchase Life Insurance with it. Some men will do all three.

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their own; also that they never reflect how different one is from the other.

WHY HE WANTED HIS SON THERE

Not long ago a minister presented himself at a Catholic university with his son. He said that he had brought the boy there because he was certain that his religious ideas would not be jeopardized.

Time was when most good Protestant folk thought that every Catholic educational institution had as one of its primary aims the "railroading" into the Church of as many unsuspecting non-Catholic youths or maidens as might, through frailty or accident, be enrolled among its students. Now, with the exception of a few bigwigs whose influence is negligible, they have arrived at the truth, which is, that Catholic schools take the lead among those that still refuse to pay tribute to a science unrelated so far as one can discern, to any spiritual concept whatsoever.

True, the Catholic Church is glad to welcome to her fold young men or young women who may have attended her academies or colleges and who, after mature reflection, find themselves in agreement with the doctrine she teaches; but, first and foremost, the Catholic school is anxious to preserve in its Protestant pupils such elements of religious truth as they may hold when they enter its class rooms. Its tendency is most certainly not to undermine anyone's faith. It takes from no man what he has, and it adds richly to the store he already possesses. In a religious sense, that is more than can be said for the vast majority of other schools.—Chicago News World.

JUST TAKE OUT YOUR PENCIL

About this time a year ago some weird stories were set going about Catholics who were gathering stealthily and at night in the basements of Catholic churches to drill for an insurrection. The Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden gave some good advice to his fellow-Protestants, when he bade them take no notice of horrible tales of what Catholics were doing in distant places. "Sit down," he said, "and make out a list of all the Catholic men and women you know, in professional life, in the shops and factories, in the kitchens; put down their names and think them over, and see whether you will be able to convince yourselves that these men and women are capable of doing the kind of things which these tales attribute to them." Which suggests

the thought that every Catholic who lives a life commanding the respect of his Protestant neighbor is helping to diminish anti-Catholic prejudices. A clean, honorable, upright life is the strongest argument as to the work accomplished by the Church.—Sacred Heart Review.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, March 22, 1915.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: Yesterday (Passion Sunday) I held the consecration of the church in Taichowfu. The former church was too small for the crowds who are being converted in the city and neighboring towns. Even with the new addition of forty-eight feet and a gallery it will be too small on the big feasts. May God be praised Who deigns to open mouths to His praises in the Far East to replace those stilled in death in Europe. And may He shower down His choicest blessings on my benefactors of the CATHOLIC RECORD, who are enabling me to hire catechists, open up new places to the Faith, and to build and enlarge churches and schools. Rest assured, dear Readers, that every cent that comes my way will be immediately put into circulation for the Glory of God.

Your gratefully in Jesus and Mary, J. M. FRASER. Previously acknowledged... \$6,498 12 Subscriber, Harbor Maine 1 00 In memory of deceased son, Harbor Maine..... 50 John Deegan, J.P., Peakes Station..... 1 00 John Simpson, Johnston's River..... 50 T. J. Doyle, Sudbury..... 50 Little Friends in Orillia... 8 00

A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to our readers. I will remember them in my three Masses on Christmas Day. I said Mass on All Souls' Day for my friends of the RECORD who have departed this life. Yours in Jesus and Mary. J. M. FRASER.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. F. PEPERNE
FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY

Jesu was subject to them. (Luce ii, 51)
Pride lies at the root of human misery, for it misleads men to their own disadvantage, and makes them set themselves up against God and their fellow men. Pride refuses to submit to any authority and leads only to destruction. Our Lord by His twofold obedience sets us a great example of humility, the virtue opposed to pride. He showed obedience to God by conforming to the Divine precept requiring Him to go to Jerusalem. But in order to show that obedience to human authority is always connected with obedience to God, He obeyed His holy Mother Mary and his foster father, St. Joseph, and was subject to them. It is wonderful to think that the Son of God humbled Himself so far as to obey weak human beings. Nothing is better calculated to conquer the recklessness and pride that incline us to disobey those in authority over us, than the thought of the Child Jesus, listening to the words of His parents in the little house at Nazareth, ready to do whatever they bid Him and eager to carry out their wishes precisely and without delay. He teaches us most emphatically to be obedient to our superiors; obedience directed all His actions throughout His life. Just as when a child He obeyed His parents, so later on He obeyed the rulers of the state, for instance by paying tribute. By His example He taught us patience even in the greatest sufferings as He allowed Himself to be taken prisoner by the servants of those in authority, rebuked Peter for drawing his sword and healed the man's ear that had been cut off. "Be obedient to your superiors" is the lesson taught by the holy Child at twelve years of age—be attentive to His words; for disobedience is a wrong not only to your superiors, but also to Him, since it is His will that you should obey them. To all superiors applies the commandment: "Thou shalt do whatsoever they shall say, that preside in the place which the Lord shall choose, and what they shall teach according to His law, and thou shalt follow their sentence, neither shalt thou decline to the right hand nor to the left hand." (Deut. xvii, 10, 11.)

St. Peter tells us to "be subject to every human creature for God's sake," i. e., although your superiors are only human beings like yourselves, the power that they have over you is from God. They are given you by Him, to order you, in His place, to do what is expedient for the whole community; hence you must be subject to them as His representatives. We see from these passages that obedience to superiors is a necessary consequence of obedience to God. It would be useless to imagine that you were pious and good servants of God if you did not try to pay the obedience due to your superiors, because God has set them over you. Why does God require us to be obedient? Because without obedience every individual would be ruined and the whole of human society be thrown into confusion. Disobedience involves ruin for the individual. A child cannot understand what is good for him; he knows very little about the world, himself or Almighty God. He regards as good many things that would be injurious to him, and the corruption of our human nature makes him think most unpleasant what is most beneficial. Supposing a child were always to do only what he chose, and were not forced to follow the right course by the affectionate, but if necessary stern compulsion of his superiors, what would be the result? He would be ruined both in body and in soul. But it is a mark of God's love that He sets people over the child, who by their care and authority can supply what he still lacks in the way of experience and training. Gratitude for such care ought to make children eager to obey, and where there is no obedience, there is only sinful ingratitude. Not only children but grown-up persons also need guidance. Although a man may be able to form a correct opinion of himself and of the various circumstances of life, he may still not be able to consider all circumstances exactly, or to see everything in its true light; he may make mistakes and require some higher authority to keep him back from dangerous and harmful paths. Moreover, there are many passions apt to lead astray even intelligent and highly educated people. What a benefit it is for such, if they are subject to the authority of others, who can regard matters impartially, and how advantageous it is for them, if they do not cast good advice to the winds, but follow it! By doing so they are acting for their own welfare. It follows from Holy Scripture that we ought to obey our superiors even if we do not know why they order us to do this or that, and do not see that the thing ordered is expedient for us. True obedience consists in doing a thing simply because it is ordered. A man who obeys an order, merely because he sees that the thing ordered is advantageous to him, is obeying not so much his superior as his own understanding. Hence it is no excuse for disobedience if any one says: "I shall not do as I am told, because I do not see the good of it." A remark of this kind proves that he knows nothing of the principles underlying Christian obedience. The temptation to disobedience is still

greater when pride in our own hearts and wills makes us fancy that we know the reasons why a certain command is laid upon us, but regard them as trivial, and, as we understand the matter better than our superior, we need not obey him. What obedience would there ever be if every subordinate had first to criticize the reasons why he was ordered to do anything, and then decide whether they seemed satisfactory or not, thinking that he was bound to obey only if the reasons agreed with his own views. He would certainly discover that the reasons for doing anything disagreeable were insufficient, and only what was pleasant would appear obligatory, and thus his own will would take the place of obedience.

Suppose that every member of a large community or family, every person in a town or country, before obeying, had to decide whether the reasons for the command were clear and agreeable to him—what would happen? One would refuse to obey, another would obey only partially, and complete obedience would result. Families, towns and countries would be ruined. Obedience is the bond uniting human beings, and without it men must perish. Hence Church and State alike require us to obey. If you are not a faithful member of the Church and good citizen—in other words, if you mean to be genuine Christians, you must early accustom yourselves to obedience, not what is often called obedience nowadays, which is just doing what is pleasant, but real obedience paid to a superior regardless of your own opinions, simply because it is God's will that obedience be paid to superiors as His representatives. If you do not now accustom yourselves to obey them, you will never obey God Himself. Can we ever perceive what He has in view in the manifold circumstances of our life on earth? Are we not so shortsighted as often to be mistaken with regard to what God in His wisdom requires of us? Is not the life of a Christian an incessant submission to God in faith? Yes, unless we obey Him we shall never reach heaven, which our forefathers lost by their disobedience. You will never obey God properly unless you learn to submit to those in authority over you, who speak to you in His name. He who when young criticizes the orders of his superiors, and rejects all that do not please him will afterwards treat God's commandments in the same way. Experience shows us that atheists and unbelievers always begin by disobeying their parents and elders. Therefore, if you truly love God and wish to be faithful to Him throughout your lives, regard obedience as a most sacred duty. Keep Jesus always before your eyes, and whenever a temptation to disobedience arises in your hearts, let the Divine Child look at you with love and say: "My child, I, too, was subject to Mary, My mother, and to My holy foster-father."—Amen.

TEMPERANCE

THE SINS OF THE DRUNKARD

From whatever aspect we view the drunkard, his life is one of shame. The Apostle, (and he voiced the command of God and His Church) placed the drunkard in the same setting with the idolater and the fornicator, and never set again even while serving. For early breakfast cook at evening meal and warm in morning, using a little less Roman Meal. It's dark, nut-brown, granular, rich porridge. It nourishes better than meat, prevents indigestion and positively relieves constipation or "money back." Ask your doctor. All grocers, 10 cents and 25 cents.

Does the drunkard break the third commandment? How often Sunday morning is used to rest after the carousal of Saturday night, and instead of answering to the call of the church bell the drunkard's only prayer is for opportunity to repeat the gluttony of the yesterday—to glory in his shame. He breaks the fourth whether he is parent or child. A drunkard's house is not entitled to the sweet name of home. All the sweet affections of family life is blasted by the drunkard—and yet he injures nobody but himself—the robber of his children; the thief whose crime is more reprehensible than that of the burglar in the prison cell. And so, with the other Commandments, intemperance paves the way to the infringement of all.

Writing of how Russia has placed its ban upon vodka, the "one drink which persons of all classes of society cherish in Siberia just as in European Russia," a correspondent of the Advertiser tells how the city Vladivostok has been affected by the prohibitory measure. He says: "The difficulty and expense of getting liquor are so great that pleasure-loving Vladivostok has apparently

THE JOY OF BEING ALIVE AND WELL

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M. DE ROEHON
Roehon, P.Q., March 2nd, 1915.
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MADAME ISABE ROEHON.
The marvellous work that 'Fruit-a-tives' is doing, in overcoming disease and healing the sick, is winning the admiration of thousands and thousands. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

decided to get along without it and the café, chantants and music halls are making merry on ginger ale, coffee and Russian tea served with lemon.

The folks in the banking business have all seen the economic value of prohibition. It has jingled savings accounts up at a rapid rate. When asked if the war order against alcohol would be made permanent, a bank manager said he thought such action quite probable. "The women of Siberia are quite as keen to have permanent prohibition as the women of European Russia," he replied. "It means more food and comforts for them and their children." The Imperial edict against alcohol has been so thoroughly enforced that but little liquor is sold. Punishment of bootleggers is so harsh that few men care to engage in the forbidden traffic, regardless of the immense profits it offers. — Sacred Heart Review.

How to Cook Roman Meal Porridge

Invariably use double boiler, or set boiler in basin of boiling water. Have water boiling in both vessels, that in inner one salted to taste. Slowly stir in one cup Roman Meal to each two cups water. Cover, set in outer vessel, and never stir again even while serving. For early breakfast cook at evening meal and warm in morning, using a little less Roman Meal. It's dark, nut-brown, granular, rich porridge. It nourishes better than meat, prevents indigestion and positively relieves constipation or "money back." Ask your doctor. All grocers, 10 cents and 25 cents.

Made by Roman Meal Co., Toronto.

UNFRIENDLY TO CONVERTS

What is your attitude towards persons who tell you that they are interested in your religion? You do not regard them with suspicion, and become clam like on church subjects from that time forth, do you? Some Catholics do. Distinguished converts like Robert Hugh Benson, son of the archbishop of Canterbury, and Albert von Ruville, professor of history at the University of Halle-Wittenberg, Germany, complain of having met such Catholics during their conversion periods. In his "Back to Holy Church," translated by Robert Hugh Benson, and published by Longmans, Green and Company, New York, Dr. Albert von Ruville says:

"In order to come into closer contact with Catholic circles, I visited my Catholic relations and at their houses I met some of their priests. They were very kind, but I noticed with astonishment a certain reserve about religious matters, though I was quite candid about my predilections for the Catholic Church. They neither stimulated me nor encouraged me to join their Church; nay, they hardly even entered my train of thought. This reserve rather vexed me and gave me the idea that they were somehow suspicious. I almost concluded that I had better not trouble myself, and that I had better abandon the whole matter if I were not wanted. But on the other hand, I said to myself that it would be wrong to make the whole Church responsible for the behavior of a few people whose discretion was perhaps quite justified, and that I ought not to recede before the first obstacle. Meanwhile the thought of my conversion took shape more definitely.

"Others would not have been so persevering. They would have been

too discouraged in their search for truth to continue further. Is there anyone who might have been a Catholic if he had met with other than indifference at your hands?—New World.

LOURDES SHRINE, FRANCE

FATHER SERVANT TELLS OF MIRACLE HE SAW WROUGHT

The Rev. Robert Servant, rector at Golden, Colo., saw Bernadette Soubroux, the French girl to whom the Blessed Virgin revealed herself eighteen times at Lourdes, four times in her lifetime and once when she lay dead.

When Father Servant was a seminarian in France he believed firmly in miracles but was somewhat skeptical about the great number reported from Lourdes. He decided to go and see for himself, and prayed assiduously for several weeks that he might witness a supernatural cure. So marvellous a one did he see that all his skepticism immediately disappeared. Catherine Esserton of Niort, a woman of thirty five, was being taken to the shrine. Both her legs were entirely undeveloped from the knee down, and were lifeless. A telegram was sent to her doctor asking if she could be cured. "No power on earth can do it," he wired back.

Many pilgrims to the shrine offered up prayers that her great affliction would be removed. While Father Servant was present in the shrine the woman suddenly let out an unearthly yell and declared that she was cured. She stood beside the young seminarian a few minutes later, with her diseased legs perfectly formed and lengthened. Before the vast crowd of pilgrims, who shouted and sang and prayed as if they had gone mad, so great was their religious frenzy at the marvellous cure, the woman lifted her skirt enough to show her two perfectly formed feet, and put one into the hand of Father Servant, who stooped before the throng for this purpose.

Another telegram was sent telling the woman's physician that she had been cured. "I will believe it when I see her," he answered. When the pilgrims arrived home he was the first to meet the woman at the station. He saw the effects of the cure and declared: "This is the work of God. No power on earth could have done it."

So positive is the Church that the cures at Lourdes are genuine miracles that any physician, no matter what his faith or nationality is, is given free lodging at the Bureau des Constatactions, which stands near the shrine, and has the privilege of examining cases both before and after visits have been made to the scene of the miracles. Two hundred to three hundred doctors a year take advantage of this clinic. Needless to say, they are utterly unable to explain how the cures come. The argument is often put up by the ignorant that only nervous diseases can be cured, and that they are banished solely by mental suggestion. The fact is, nervous cases do not amount to a fourteenth of the miracles at the shrine. Tuberculosis, tumors, scres, cancers, deafness, blindness—these are the types of diseases that constitute many of the cures. The statistics, it must be remembered, are not kept solely by Catholics. The clinic is open to any type of a physician, from an agnostic or a Mohammedan to a Catholic.

Father Servant knew personally of another marvellous cure, in which Bernadette herself figured. So many pilgrims wanted to see this famous girl, who spent her maturity in a convent, that it was necessary to get permission from the bishop to visit her, and sometimes he forbade visitors to speak to her. Such precautions were absolutely necessary because of the crowds that would have thronged about her constantly. It was very difficult to gain entrance to her convent. One woman tried time and again, saying she knew that Bernadette could cure her boy, who was a hopeless cripple. The bishop finally gave permission to the mother to see the nun being forced to do this because of the constant begging of the parent.

"But you must not speak to Sister," he said. When the mother and her crippled son were admitted, the Superior entered with the famous Sister. "Take the boy into your arms and go out and pick some flowers," the Superior said to Bernadette. The cripple was by no means small, but Bernadette obeyed. As she stooped down to pick a flower close to a statue of the Blessed Virgin, the boy leaped from her arms—cured!

"He was so heavy that I could not hold him," Bernadette said to the Mother Superior when she entered. The humble nun did not know that she had been the vehicle for another miracle! Father Servant was personally acquainted with the boy who was cured. "Do you think Bernadette will be canonized?" The Register reporter asked the priest. "It is only a matter of time," said the rector.

The first time Father Servant saw Bernadette he served a Mass when she received Holy Communion. At her funeral the convent was about twelve blocks away from the cathedral, but such dense crowds had gathered that it took the procession

from 8 o'clock in the morning until 2 in the afternoon to reach the church. For a week a constant stream of people had passed her bier, both day and night. The people could get no nearer than about 8 feet of her coffin, which was guarded by soldiers. It was possible to get a good view of her.

The first apparition of Bernadette took place when she was a peasant girl, on February 11, 1858. The last occurred July 16 of the same year. Nobody but the girl saw the eighteen apparitions, although others were present at times and saw the effect on Bernadette. Asked what the vision looked like, her simple answer was that the woman was "lovelier than any I have ever seen."

Now and then the Blessed Virgin spoke to the girl, but nobody except Bernadette heard her. The child was told of a mysterious fountain in the grotto from which she must drink. It had not been there before. She was also told to have the priests build a chapel on the spot and to hold processions to the grotto. At first the clergy were incredulous; the Church is always slow to act in such matters. But it was only four years later that the bishop decided the apparitions were authentic. God has shown in an inexplicable manner how true the visions of Bernadette were.

Why did he choose a simple peasant maid for this honor? Man cannot explain His ways. He selected poor fishermen as His apostles. He chose a poor Indian, as humble even as Bernadette, when Our Lady of Guadalupe appeared on our own continent (in Mexico.)

CHRISTIANITY IS SOLVENT AFTER ALL

"The Bankruptcy of Christianity" has been the catchy title of more than one article by known and unknown writers appearing in the large and small religious and secular magazines since the outbreak of the war. It would almost seem as if some of them were written with the deliberate purpose of using this great world catastrophe as a means of convincing people of something of which they could not convince them in times of peace. The European cataclysm is made to stand for a philosophy with which it has less to do than any war in the world's history. For, aside from the purely religious wars, almost every great world struggle struck its roots somewhere in religion. The present conflict, in its last analysis, is purely a commercial one—a war for the commercial supremacy of the earth. Religion has absolutely nothing to do with it, except in so far as the faith of the soldiers engaged in it and the economic changes wrought by it in society are concerned. To talk about "the bankruptcy of Christianity," as if Christianity had anything to do with it fundamentally, is sheer nonsense and an unjustifiable assumption of premises which are not borne out by the facts in the case.

If modern business ideals and methods had had anything in common with Christian ideals and the laws of righteousness, we might perhaps talk of the failure of Christianity in this crisis. But commerce and money-making long ago parted company with religion. Business now is frankly worldly, which is the same thing as saying that it is pagan to the core.

But if Christianity cannot be held responsible for this war—as the subtle enemies of revealed religion would have it held responsible—the greatest good has had the unexpected salutary effect of awakening religious sentiments in men who might be less than such a drastic measure could have aroused from their spiritual torpor. Day by day consoling stories reach us of the extraordinary revival of religion in the warring armies. In the trenches, prayers go up unceasingly to God for protection—for the sad ones at home—for the fatherland—from lips which only a short time ago were loud in blasphemy. Poems to the Blessed Virgin have been composed by men whose talents up to the outbreak of the war were devoted solely to the apotheosis of the flesh. The Rosary has become the favorite prayer, and even the English Protestant soldiers are carrying Mary's beads. The twenty-five thousand French priests who are serving as common soldiers in the ranks have had a chance to tear away the bandages placed over the eyes of their countrymen by religious indifference, anti-clericalism and atheism. No one will ever again be able to say that the clergy is not a manly, courageous, patriotic body. The Sisters, by their heroic services to the wounded on the battlefield and in the hospitals, have given the lie forever to those who have called them parasites upon society. And the women at home, who gather the little children at night to pray for the dear ones fighting at the front, are sowing seeds whose golden fruit we shall garner in the days to come. Those who survive will return to their homes when the war is over carrying glorious memories of priestly valor, and of the simple faith of peasants whose patriotism was every whit as ardent as that of the officers reared in military schools reeking with immorality and atheism.

The war has brought thousands upon thousands of men face to face with death. And death is the great Revealer. Shams fade away into thin air in the light of eternity. It is this sobering experience which has brought about the great relig-

ious change. And this contention is amply borne out by the fact that it is precisely those men who, by reason of the crises they hold, are not required to face death at the front who are still ensouled with the old anti-religious spirit, the old hatred of the things of Christ. A State Minister in France rails against prayers to Christ—even prayers for victory. In England, the safely housed legislators have recently given governmental endorsement to atheism, which up to the time of the Bowman bequest was as illegal on the statute books as Catholicism. In Italy, the stay-at-home patriots have tried to rouse popular feeling against the priests by the circulation of the most shameful columns, although every one knows that hundreds of priests are fighting loyally. The Pope, who ordered prayers for peace, is crossed at every turn by men who have not shouldered, and will not shoulder, a gun in defense of their country.

The religious revival has manifested itself almost exclusively amongst the soldiers and their wives and children. And since the majority of the men between the ages of nineteen and forty five have come once more under the salutary influence of religion while at the front, it is pleasant to contemplate the day when, after the last bomb has been thrown, they will return to their homes to put out of power the men who, having failed to incur the risks of true patriotism, have thereby missed the grace of a reawakening of the faith.—The Rosary Magazine.

MARY SENT FOR ME

A White Father of the Villa Maria mission in Uganda tells how three years ago an old negro was led to embrace the Faith through the instrumentality of the Blessed Mother. "Early one morning," he writes, "I noticed two negroes hurriedly carrying something to the Mission. They had their burden wrapped in a silk cloth and hid it with great care at my feet. Imagine my astonishment when I saw their bundle contained a human being, a very old, half starved negro. Painfully the old man stretched his arms and legs! The fleshless joints cracked like breaking twigs. He was one of those negroes, old as the hills he was born among, who have many years concealed themselves from us through the superstitious fear that our glance brings with it instant death.

After the aged man had somewhat recovered he patiently and with many interruptions told us his wonderful story. "I am from Bishaga," he began, "in my old age I have no one to support me; my children are all married and live far off. All that was left me was my wife, like myself, old and weak, and my pipe. My wife got very sick and I feared she was going to die. What was I to do? I remembered how the Christians of our village used to pray to Mary. When I could still see, I often saw her house yonder on the hill. I said to myself, that what must come, would come, and that after all it might turn out that Mary was more powerful than the spirits I had been worshipping. So I turned and spoke thus to Mary: 'Now, then, Mary, hear my prayer. If I, Wanaka, the god of my fathers, cannot save the life of my wife, I shall leave him and come to thee.'

"My wife died. On the very next day early in the morning I began my journey to the house of Mary. For years and years I had travelled so far. My legs became stiff from the morning dew; the thorns of the wayside tore my skin; my tired feet could hardly carry me. At last I came to the river. 'Shall I be able to get across it?' Mary helped me and I reached the other bank safe. But then I fainted away. After a while I came to and dragged myself to an abandoned hut near by. There I lay three days without food or drink. Then I said to myself: 'If only I had the strength to call to some passerby, I would ask him to go to Mary and tell her that I can not get any farther and that I should please send and fetch me before I die.' Then Mary sent me two of her servants and now I am here."

But my hoary pupil must first be instructed. He learned eagerly and quickly. He had soon made such progress that I was struck with astonishment. I asked him one day how it was he learned so rapidly. The old man replied: "I have often heard all that you have been telling me: the Christians of my village used to speak about these things." And what would you say when you heard them? "I would say: Let them tell their stories to their heart's content." "But what did you think in your heart?" "I thought within myself: 'They're right!'"

A few days later the old man told me that he felt sure he was about to die, because he could scarcely breathe. I baptized him giving him the name of Mary Joseph. "Now," I

said, "you can go straightway to Mary." He understood. A happy smile transfigured his deeply furrowed face. His breathing became labored, still with great effort his lips went on murmuring the name of Mary. A scarcely perceptible gasp and all was over: the hoary pagan had gone to Mary.—St Paul Bulletin.

HOME FIRST

The late Holy Father Pope Pius X., put the home first of all as the sphere of woman's greatest activity. He said:

It is a good and beautiful thing to see ladies devoting their time and their care to the poor; but a woman's greatest influence will always be exercised in her own household. Mothers have a divine mission to watch over the Christian education of their children; wives have a special power for good over their husbands; for what husband can resist the tender and tactful appeals of a good wife when she urges him to attend to his religious duties? And sisters, by their piety and purity, exercise a chastening and subduing influence over brothers who otherwise would be inevitably drawn into the vortex of the world.—Sacred Heart Review.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

LEARNING OUR LESSONS

The greatest university of all is life. It teaches all sorts of lessons. It covers the whole field of knowledge. It is more thorough and more exacting than any other school. And it provides greater rewards and heavier punishments. It rewards with the highest success and punishes with the lowest failure.

It isn't at all how much we've studied that matters, but whether we learned our lessons. Some of us never had a look in at a university. Some of us never have spent long hours in local high schools trying to master many intricate facts—some of us were educated in the School of Hard Knocks and have been graduated from that school with more real knowledge of men and things than many an alumnus of our great universities gained in his university life, because we really learned our lessons.

It's a splendid thing to have behind you those years in scholastic life, that friendship of the other fellows, all the work and pleasure that college life brings and to cement friendships that will last a lifetime.

But the man who misses out on just such things must never feel that life holds little for him in the way of success in his work in consequence. Some of our most successful men were obliged to leave school at twelve and at fourteen, but do you think they stopped learning for that reason? They acquired their education through living. They read and they studied. They heard fine lectures and inspiring sermons and beautiful music. They used the wonder house of Nature for their school room and learned many of her lessons. Remember the pitifully few books Abraham Lincoln had—but he rose. He acquired an education and he won fame. It's all in the spirit of the man.

We need to remember the lessons we've learned and sometimes a chance word or idea will put us in tune again and send us into the fray with pulses bounding and eyes shining and ready to do splendid work. It is living and learning as you go along—it is just putting what the days bring into that memory house of yours, learning the lesson it teaches and bringing it forth when you need it. It is the practical application of all the fortunate ones at the schools and universities learned through books.

It's a mistake you made, don't forget it. We profit most by those things we do wrong. If we are sensitive they sting, and we remember. If it's some experience, label it and tuck it away ready for the next occasion of similar type. It's using these little lessons that count. What's the use of this School of Life if we don't put into active practice all these lessons?

That's the reason some of our men who have had little real schooling make great successes in life—every thing that is of value is kept and all else is dropped. They keep their attention on the main issue, they get to the heart of things and they bring to bear such reasoning, such strength of purpose as most win its object. Life has taught them real lessons—they have learned them, and they don't forget.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

GOD'S GARDEN

LEARNING OUR LESSONS

Julia threw down the book she was reading. "I think it a shame," she said, "that I can't do something wonderful like Joan of Arc." Mother looked up from her sewing. Mother seemed always so calm and deliberate. Julia was almost certain that mother was not going to agree with her. "I am sure that I would not want my little girl to be burned at the stake," she said at last. Julia laughed good-naturedly. It is easy to laugh good-naturedly when there is not much danger of unfortunate things really happening. "Oh, yes, mother dear," she cried, "but just think of riding at the head of a great army and making a country, win a war, of saving her country, as Blessed Joan did! I think it would be wonderful."

Mother kept on quietly sewing for a few minutes, and then she spoke. "But surely Joan would never have done such great things for God and France had it not been for the fact that she was very faithful in little things!" "Oh, mother, who would bother about little things when a who's country was to be saved?" "I am sure that Joan did," returned Mrs. Harrison, "otherwise she would not have been faithful over big things, if she had proven false to little ones, and I believe that my little girl could do many things which would seem quite as big in God's sight."

Julia pouted. "I know what you mean," she said, "you mean washing the dishes without grumbling and dusting the parlor."

"Yes, those are some things," mother admitted, smiling, "and, too, there is another thing that you could do for God Himself, just for Him, no one else but God and Julia would benefit by it."

"What could I do, mother," Julia questioned, "I'd love to, especially if it wasn't washing dishes and dusting."

Mother threaded her needle, then she looked out to the space beyond. "We have a big yard, Julia, dear, why don't you keep a garden for God?" "A garden for God?" echoed the little girl.

"Yes," mother answered, "a garden for God. You can dig up the ground, you may buy some seeds, and plant flowers for the altar. You also may take care of them and cultivate them. And when the buds are opened you can pluck them and have them put on the altar. I am sure that the God of the Eucharist would appreciate your gift to Him."

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It took no time for Julia to fall in with her mother's suggestion. The book was put away, and with trowel and shovel Julia ran out into the yard. In two days' time the ground was prepared, and the seeds were planted. How Julia did attend to the garden! She watered it often, as often indeed that her mother was afraid that the seeds would rot in the ground. But at last the little green shoots came up from the brown earth, and then the stalks grew taller, and at last buds appeared and finally flowers.

How happy Julia was when she brought God the flowers. She fairly ran into the sanctuary and gave them to the priest.

"Don't you want to put them in the vases?" he asked her, and Julia gladly consented.

All summer long she took care of her flower garden, and all summer long it produced flowers for God's altar. And she felt she was really working for God as was Joan of Arc when she led troops of the King of France to victory. Joan did what God wanted her to, and Julia did the little that she could.

"The garden is God's own," she told her mother one day, "and I'm glad that I am not worrying because I'm not Joan of Arc. My garden keeps me too busy!"—St. Paul Bulletin.

A DIME NOVEL STORY

A boy returned from school one day with a report that his scholarship had fallen below the usual average, and this conversation took place: "Son," said the father, "you've fallen behind this month, haven't you?" "Yes, sir," "How did that happen?" "Don't know, sir."

The father knew if the son didn't. He had observed some dime novels scattered about the house, but had not thought it worth while to say anything until a fitting opportunity should offer itself. A basket of apples stood upon the floor, and he said: "Empty out those apples and take the basket and bring it to me half full of chips." Suspecting nothing, the son obeyed. "And now," he continued, "put those apples back into the basket." When half the apples were replaced the boy said: "Father, they roll off. I can't put any more in."

"Put them in, I tell you."

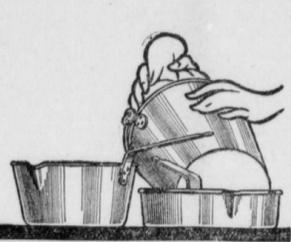
"But I can't."

"Put them in? No, of course, you can't put them in. You said you didn't know why you fell behind at school and I will tell you why. Your mind is like that basket; it will not hold more than so much; and there you've been the past month filling it up with cheap dit-dime novels."

The boy turned on his heels, whistled and said: "Whew! I see the point!"

Not a dime novel has been seen in the house from that day to this.—The Caskey.

Clean, bright utensils mean clean appetizing food—use Old Dutch



CREEDS AND DOGMAS

Rev. Thomas F. Conley, D. D., in Truth

One of the latest forms of attack that shallow minds have employed in order to marshal their weapons against the Catholic Church is that she has a creed, a fixed and permanent statement of her faith, a definite belief, a precise body of doctrines all of which are capable of being enshrined in a formula, expressed in unequivocal and unambiguous terms, and which must be professed by all her children as a condition of membership in her communion. In other words, the Church is assailed on the ground that she is emphatically dogmatic, whereas the trend of the modern world is unquestionably in the opposite direction.

What is a dogma? A dogma is a truth. Dogmas are simple, clear cut, sane, sensible, straightforward expressions of the truths that we know and believe. Dogmas are employed to avoid looseness of thought and carelessness of expression. Dogmas enable us to clearly arrange our thoughts and to express them in the language of precision, so that we ourselves and others may know what we think, those who have no clear, definite and exact ideas, whose judgments are vague, hazy and muddled, whose brains are clouded, those to whom thinking is painful, those who have neither logical consecutiveness of thought, nor mathematical exactitude in giving utterance to their ideas, are always to be found arrayed against anything that savors of definiteness and precision in thinking; in other words, they are opposed to dogmas. And well they may be, for there is nothing like a short, sharp, crisp, precise, well defined dogma to show the absurdity of their thoughts and words. Vague, indefinite, obscure, foggy thinking is incapable of dogmatic expression, hence, as men progress intellectually, as their brains develop, as their reason expands, the more will they be found to express their conclusions in a set formula which we denote by the word dogma.

We must not infer that dogmas are confined strictly to the realm of theology. We must not fall into the error of supposing that dogmas are used only in the religious world. On the contrary, dogmas are found in every science that can engage the mind of man. When scholars find it necessary to state a truth, to present it emphatically to express it clearly, simply, briefly, positively, convincingly and unarguably, they use a dogmatic form of expression. Thus it is that every branch of science has its full quota of dogmas. We find them in chemistry, in medicine, in mathematics, in astronomy, in physics, in geology, and in every field of knowledge cultivated by mankind. Scientists have been more dogmatic in expressing the truths of their own branches than have all the Popes from St. Peter to Benedict XV. A modern university professor is more dogmatic in his utterances than any medieval pontiff.

Engineers have their dogmas; electricians have their dogmas; every man who thinks at all, who knows that he is thinking and who grasps clearly and firmly the truths which occupy his thoughts, cannot help expressing himself in dogmas. Dogmas are merely conclusions derived from universally admitted, uncontested premises, and we can no more avoid using them than we can deny our existence, or prevent our intellect from functioning.

To say that hydrogen and oxygen in certain proportions are the elements composing a drop of water is a dogma in chemistry. To say that twice two are four is a dogma of mathematics. To say that the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides is a dogma of geometry. To say that light travels faster than sound is a dogma of physics. To say that Pittsburg is in the State of Pennsylvania is a dogma of geography. To say that the earth revolves around the sun is a dogma of astronomy. To say that life can only come from life, and that every living being comes from another living being is a dogma of biology. To say there is nothing in the intellect that was not previously in the senses is a dogma of psychology. To say that Wellington defeated Napoleon at Waterloo is a dogma of history.

And so I might run on through every branch of knowledge and quote

FROM ITS STANDARD TEXT BOOKS

From its standard text books innumerable dogmas which are the broad and deep foundation upon which every science reposes. All these and a million others are as luminous as sunlight, and no one in his senses ever thought of denying them or of objecting to their being put into dogmatic form. Indeed, their being thrown into dogmatic shape, and thus being made easy of use, is the great source of their value. It is only when we come to the reservoir of truths contained in Divine Revelation that self contained minds call a halt. There is to day altogether too much reverence paid to university degrees. University honors no longer suppose true knowledge in the possessor of the degrees; hence the great names bearing university degrees are entitled to no consideration when they attempt to tell us that religious truths must be different from other truths, that they must be vacillating, oscillating, constantly adjusted to their environment, be put in conformity to the age and not confined within the compass of dogmatic expression, for the very nature of a dogma, and a fortiori a Catholic dogma, is that it is fixed, permanent, stable, unyielding, unerring and incapable of change.

SAYS THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

IS A GREAT REPUBLIC

To understand the long life, the power that has lasted through centuries, the purpose that continues unchanged as men come and go within the great Catholic Church, it is necessary to realize that that Church was the first great republic of our era, and that it is a great republic now. In the day of savage kings and despotic rulers, the later days of reformed monarchs and governments, and slightly less brutal, the Catholic Church, an organization of spiritual as well as temporal government, had an immense advantage over every government on earth. The kings and the emperors came, died, and each successor was a matter of accident. The child that happened to be born first inherited the crown. Because of the weakness and the kings and empires changed, melted and disappeared there is truth in the reproach aimed at us. The Roman Church has been magnificently helped in the maintenance of religious education on its own lines, because it has been able to draw upon a vast store of voluntary sacrifices. Men have been found in multitudes who felt that they had the vocation to be teachers for Christ's sake and His little ones, and who, without hope or prospect but their work and their faith, have given themselves for teachers, wanting nothing for it but their barest living. There is hardly anything in modern Christendom nobler or more successful in attaining its end than the institution of the Christian Brothers, and the women's teaching orders do not fall behind them. Why have we never struck anything like this store of deliberate and joyful sacrifice, with all our talk about the supreme importance of religious education? There has been something lacking.—Truth.

WORDS LEFT UNSAID

Somebody has said that half the sorrows of womankind could be prevented if they would leave unspoken the words they know it is useless to speak. By looking back on our own experience we can guess just what is included under their head: The nagging words, the fretful words, the words that are bitter and unkind. How many times we have resolved that we will never speak them again, only to find them escaping our lips—almost, it would seem, in spite of us. But after all, the prospect of cutting the sorrows of life right in two is worth an effort, and a protracted effort. It may take time, but in time anyone can learn this enormously important lesson. Some of the world's noted men, who in their youth were inflammable and fiery, going to pieces on the least provocation, have learned such self-control that even if abuse were showered on them, they could sit through it without the least betrayal of feeling.

Leave unsaid the words that are unkind, impatient, fretful or com-

plaining. Leave unsaid the words that are likely either to anger or to burden others. Leave unsaid the words it is useless to speak. And in this way you will not only reduce your own sorrow, but you will add vastly to the happiness of those about you.—Buffalo Echo.

A PAINTER'S PLEASANTRY

Lantara, a famous landscape painter of the eighteenth century, was something of a humorist, and did not scruple to play, or attempt to play, practical jokes on his friends, or even on his patrons. A wealthy amateur one day gave him an order for a picture, a landscape in which there would appear a church. Lantara could not paint figures, and accordingly none were to be seen in the finished picture. Being very solicitous about his reputation as a landscape painter he could not be induced to try his hand at any other branch of his art.

"I can paint nature fairly well," he would say; "but I am no good at human nature." The gentleman who had ordered the picture was delighted with its realism and its brilliant coloring, but would have preferred to have human figures represented—something to give the canvas animation, he said to himself. For several minutes he remained silent, as if in admiration of the landscape; then he said: "You have forgotten to put a few peasants in your picture. That would have broken the monotony of the painting somewhat."

"Not at all, sir—was not forgetfulness. I have given this work my best thought. I left them out purposely, I assure you."

"Exactly. I did this work on a Sunday. There wasn't a peasant outside the church door—not a soul to be seen in the neighborhood. The people had all gone in to Mass. This is a very religious part of the country, you know."

"Very well, my dear Mr. Lantara. I'll take your picture when they come out," replied the amateur; and bowing to the discomfited artist, he immediately went his way.

History does not tell us what became of Lantara's picture, or the name of the man who had given the order for it.—Ave Maria.

SOMETHING LACKING

An English Protestant dignitary, writing some years ago in a High Church periodical on the past and present condition of missionary efforts in India, found little hope for Protestant missions unless they could enlist the help of a body such as the Christian Brothers. Dr. Gore, the well known Anglican Bishop of Oxford, pays a hearty tribute of admiration to the Brothers and to the other Catholic teaching institutions in his recently published book, "The Wax and the Church."

"You know that many besides Macdonalds and the other Englishmen have reproached our English Church for lack of self-sacrifice, and have contrasted it with the Church of Rome, in which they have seen a more of the same heroic spirit which belongs to soldiers. They have not denied us the glory of kindness and goodness and faithful ness and all the circle of domestic virtues; only they have not seen in us the school of the heroic spirit—the school of sacrifice. Now, in part, these reproaches belong to an older day. Nevertheless there is truth in the reproach aimed at us. The Roman Church has been magnificently helped in the maintenance of religious education on its own lines, because it has been able to draw upon a vast store of voluntary sacrifices. Men have been found in multitudes who felt that they had the vocation to be teachers for Christ's sake and His little ones, and who, without hope or prospect but their work and their faith, have given themselves for teachers, wanting nothing for it but their barest living. There is hardly anything in modern Christendom nobler or more successful in attaining its end than the institution of the Christian Brothers, and the women's teaching orders do not fall behind them. Why have we never struck anything like this store of deliberate and joyful sacrifice, with all our talk about the supreme importance of religious education? There has been something lacking.—Truth.

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A PAGAN STATE OF MIND

The Blessed Mary and John the Beloved Disciple, who were present at the first great sacrifice, knew who it was that really hung on the Cross; the pagan soldiers, who mounted guard on Calvary did not. They were on the hilltop to keep order; they did not know that the Son of God was with them in the flesh; the tragic sacrifice was consummated before their very eyes, but it did not appeal to them; only the centurion knew and understood.

How many Catholics are there who live in this pagan state of mind! How many are there who are present at the renewal of the Sacrifice of Calvary whose faith is obscure, who realize the Real Presence not at all or only in a vague sort of way! Their demeanor at Mass is not that of Mary or St. John beside the Cross, but rather that of the Roman guards who looked on, bored and impatient, leaning lazily on their barbed, and present only because their duty kept them there.

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in no less degree than that of the pupils who are now attending the Public schools. Furthermore, the Catholics of Philadelphia, whilst educating their own children, and thereby saving to the city millions of dollars every year, pay at the same time as much for the support of the Public school as their non-Catholic citizens. The conclusion from all these startling truths is that the Catholics of Philadelphia, though numbering but one-third of the population, pay for the education of more than half the children of the city and actually do more for popular education than any other body of citizens.

Could any of those malignant slanderers, who are in the habit of assailing the Catholic Church as an "enemy of education," point to a single example of such sacrifice and support for education by any non-Catholic community the world over?—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

A MINOR KEY

I brought a little holly wreath And laid it on the snow— Lonely and motherless beneath, His tiny grave lies low.

I kissed a little holly wreath, And laid it on the snow— If only it could reach beneath To those dear lips I know!

I left a little holly wreath, So small, so small to see— But heaven above and earth beneath Looks not so large to me!

The Christmas bells ring sweet and glad, The Christ Child fills the place— I wonder if my little lad Did meet Him face to face!

A little Babe is here to love— I wonder, can it be That the dear Mother up above Has sent Him down to me!

STEP BY STEP

"Say, do you know what our Sunday-school had for Christmas?" a little boy is made to say in a Christmas sketch in one of our Protestant exchanges. "We had a regular manger, with straw in it, right up on the platform. Then up behind the manger was a big cross, and over the cross a gold crown. Our class brought the straw. The superintendent asked us to. When Friday

night came the songs and pieces were nearly all about the manger. It beats all how many verses and things there are about it." Our brethren of the sects seem to be coming around to the custom of having a Crèche in the church at Christmas. At present (as the above speech indicates), they have gone as far as the manger. But why not the whole scene?—Sacred Heart Review.

ANGLICAN BISHOP'S IGNORANCE AND BLASPHEMY

Readers of the "Nineteenth Century" magazine (says "Alfonso") will deeply resent and protest against the tone of an article by the Protestant Bishop of Carlisle on "Monopoly in Religion." The part dealing with the two great doctrines of the Catholic Church, Infallibility and Transubstantiation will certainly cause a shock to the sense of decency and propriety of every Catholic, and set him wondering how on earth a man occupying an English Bishopric can be so ignorant and blatant. Protest has already been raised against the outrageous paragraphs from the Catholic press; and even journals of the Bishop's own communion are administering castigation to him. The Church Times (a leading Protestant paper) for example, says: "We have to go back to the old Exeter Hall days to match what he says about Transubstantiation and Papal Infallibility. The Vatican decree would never have been passed if the Council had been an assembly of married men; their wives would have taught them better." And this sentence seems to be borrowed from the school of Kenist:

"When it is asserted that from the same bushel of flour both a cake and a God can be made; and from the same cask of wine both a human beverage and Divine Blood! the assertion passes beyond the realm of reason into that of delusion."

The Bishop himself appears to enjoy a monopoly in controversial indecency.

Why, this Protestant Bishop actually seems to think that Infallibility means that the Pope cannot sin. And he cannot see how anyone can accept Transubstantiation because it is beyond human reason. Good Heavens! is the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity not beyond human reason? And

that of God and Man in One Person? And the Resurrection of human bodies at the last day? His attitude is that of rank Rationalism. It would dissolve Anglicanism as well as Catholicism—in short, all supernatural Christianity whatsoever. We are sorry for his brother Bishops.—Edinburgh Catholic Herald.

GREAT THINKERS "SEE" GOD IN NATURE

Lately there passed away in France a great man of science, the most noted entomologist of the world, J. H. Fabre, whom Victor Hugo was used to call "The Homer of Insects." To a visitor he said: "After my eighty seven years of observations and reflections I cannot say that I believe in God: I see Him. Without God I understand nothing; without Him all is darkness. Not only have I preserved this conviction despite my studies, but I have aggravated or ameliorated it, as you may wish to term my state of mind. Every epoch has its delusions. I consider atheism as the delusion of our epoch. It is the malady of our present time. One would despoil me of the outside of my body sooner than of my belief in God." Thus it is that all great thinkers "see" God in the works of nature. It is always as St. Paul once wrote, the fact, that through the visible things of the creation we perceive, if we are not blind of soul, plainly and unmistakably the splendor of the power and of the wisdom of the Creator.—St. Paul Bulletin.

DIED

DOWNY.—On Wednesday, Dec. 22nd, 1915, at Toronto, John B. Downy, late of Waterdown, Ont. May he rest in peace.

TURY.—At the Dardanelles, on Dec. 6, in brave and heroic defence of his country, Ignatius Tury, late of Harbor Maine, Nfld. Aged twenty years. May he rest in peace.

SPAFFORD.—In Hamilton, at the residence of her daughter (Mrs. J. V. Moran,) Catherine Mary, beloved wife of A. M. Spafford, aged fifty-eight years, nine months. May she rest in peace.

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