

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname)—St. Pacien, 4th Century.

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LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1916

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IN BONDS

A lady a la mode is an apparition that would make a planetary visitor pause. Far be it from us to gird at the mercurial changes of fashion in the matter of feminine attire; but there is a subtle distinction between dress and clothes. It must be confessed that our sisters and wives outstrip the ruder sex with the boldness with which they adapt themselves to the varying claims of the dictators who regulate the styles of the period. It is one of the tyrannies to which they cheerfully succumb. We have not observed many exceptions even among the most defiant vindicators of women's rights. In the trying times that are unquestionably coming on, while the world pays for its war-waste, who will lead the crusade against wild and wicked waste in fashions? What more bitter satire can there be than the pages of the popular papers with their pictures of heroes who die for splendid causes, and their appeals for money to preserve the nation's existence, mixed up with the frivolous, momentary fashions of human butterflies? What are people thinking of who burn wealth and endeavor into these channels of showy folly? A world in khaki surely needs for its complement a womankind dressed for use and wear and economy.

But not feeling safe on this delicate ground, it remains only to reaffirm the dictum of Shakespeare's Polonius: "The apparel oft proclaims the man." May we not add the woman also? There is an unwritten law of fitness which discriminates between pretentious vulgarity and the good taste that indicates real refinement. The falsehood of extremes mars many a life, for inward and spiritual grace reveals itself even in such trivial matters as ribbons and chiffons.

THE CHANGING TIME

Of late we have been made conscious of impending change; before we were aware of it high summer was almost gone. Inaudibly and intangibly, approaching Autumn spread a haze over all things. Earth, air and sky respond to new influences. Animate and inanimate nature wears an aspect of preparation for the season of doom and decay. The birds' songs have ceased, the insects' hum has an insistent note that preludes an early lapse into silence. The reservoir of life that was not long ago full to overflowing seems to have receded to unknown depths. The stream of creative energy, so lately at the flood, no longer arrests our senses. The tide of being ebbs swiftly away, and will soon leave only withered relics to remind us of the vanished splendor of the year. It is an object lesson addressed to the brooding mind. Our high spirits and exalted hopes have been checked; our idols, many of them, have clay feet; the radiant hours and anticipations which harmonized well with the opulence of the long sunny days have given place to sober reflection.

MEMORIES

Now, memory recalls golden hours that have gone by and left an aching sense of loss behind. A shadowed path stretches out in front, and we have to reckon with briefer opportunities—it may be also with poignant recollections that make the daily task seem harder and the outlook dreary.

The halcyon days are over, for the spirit of change has touched our growths of passionate endeavor, and we mourn the dead blossoms that lie at our feet.

In such an autumnal hour and reminiscent mood the soul needs to reassert its rights. We know that a glory has gone from the earth; that henceforth we must go softly, expecting less in the way of indulgence and learning to make much of small pleasures. For love had beautified life. It had transfigured common things, given importance to slight occasions. Now the charm has ceased to work. Duty did not relax her imperious claim, but the glad assurance with which

we sprang forward to undertake the difficult tasks was wanting. The vivid light, the bright color, the glad music which enlivened dull routine in the golden season were no longer available. The harvest passing, the summer ended, what was to be looked for in the future but a winter of discontent?

Was this happy time only an unreality, opening on a morning of fair promise and going on to a noonday of full enjoyment, only to close in gloom and disappointment?

GOING ONWARDS

It is in the nature of this transitory state that we all must bear trouble, the more bravely the better, yet this is not the last word upon human fortune. Entrance is but a negative force. Life's crown belongs to those who strive on, who overcome evil conditions, who through the alchemy of noble purpose turn stubborn limitations into potential aids and material losses into moral gains. Vision and attainment—how closely they are bound together! Genius itself does but anticipate the findings of resolved beings who work in the clay of common experience. Insight and energy combine in the natures of all the master thinkers. We who are of the mass have to learn more slowly the secret of power, to welcome the inspiring truths and influences that are being revealed now as aforetime.

For there is no stagnancy in Nature or in History. All life is movement, and the latent forces are greater than the obvious ones. This is the lesson of the day. As earthly growths are suspended and the ebb follows the flood, so a time of dearth and decay in human affairs precedes a new outbreak of imprisoned ideas which will presently embody themselves in legislation and habit. So life moves on to its consummation. The cost is great, but the outcome is endless progress towards the perfect. Youth passes, maturity comes; vigour declines, experience takes its place; love suffers loss, a rarer beauty breaks upon the soul. This is no baseless fiction of fancy; it is the widely testified result of good lives in all climes and ages.

BRINGING CARRANZA TO TERMS

To expulate the Administration from the charge of sharing responsibility for the outrages in Mexico, it is asserted that the United States can only take measures to safeguard the rights of American citizens in Mexico, but cannot interfere with the government of the Republic itself. This promise advanced, the conclusion is drawn that the suppression of religious liberty in Mexico and the outrages committed against priests and nuns, while deplorable, are not the concern of the Administration.

Against this form of special pleading, the Administration's own record supplies the most damaging evidence. Without endorsing the candidacy of Mr. Hughes, we submit testimony advanced by him and left unrefuted by those implicated. Mr. Hughes has made the following statement: "John Lind was authorized by the executive to state this proposition to a minister of another government, namely: 'Huerta will be put out if he does not get out. That it is the preference of the President that it should be accomplished by domestic means, if possible, but if it cannot be done by domestic means, other means adequate for the purpose will be resorted to.'"

Huerta was put out and the Administration helped to drive him out. This was certainly interfering in the domestic affairs of Mexico. Villa, Huerta's opponent, was indirectly supported and he remained in the good graces of the Administration so long as he served the latter's purpose; his servility was not in the least lessened in Washington's estimation because of his outrages against priests and nuns. Then Carranza basked in the sunshine of Washington's favor, and without the Administration's support he would have no hold in Mexico to-day.

It is strange that an Administration which makes and unmakes presidents in Mexico, which espouses the cause of humanity in the four corners of the earth, not overlooking Armenia, cannot demand of its protégé south of the Rio Grande that he respect religious liberty. When the Jews were persecuted in Russia several years ago, the Roosevelt administration cancelled a treaty with the Czar when the latter paid no heed to America's protest. And now we are told that this country can do nothing to stop the persecution of priests and nuns in Mexico.—The Echo.

REV. ED. J. SCHUETZ KILLED IN AUTO

Peoria, Ill., Oct. 4.—Father Edward J. Schuetz, chancellor of Peoria Diocese, was instantly killed; Rt. Rev. Edmund M. Dunne, Bishop of the Peoria Diocese, and Rev. Father James Shannon, rector of St. Mary's Cathedral, were injured when an automobile in which the three were riding was wrecked today on the Peoria road, five miles east of Peoria.

The three churchmen left the Bishop's residence at 9 o'clock for Princeville, where the Bishop was to administer confirmation. They were within three miles of Princeville when another car tore down the road towards Peoria at a terrible rate of speed.

Father Schuetz, who was driving the car, turned to one side and let the speeders pass. It was when he attempted to get back on the main road that the car turned turtle.

Bishop Dunne was thrown violently from the car, but luckily escaped with a few minor scratches, while Father Shannon received a sprained ankle. Father Schuetz' neck was broken.

The body of the dead priest was brought back to Peoria.

Bishop Dunne, according to reports, continued on to Princeville, while Father Shannon was taken to a Peoria hospital.

Bishop Dunne was chancellor of the Chicago archdiocese before being created a Bishop. He was born in Chicago in 1864 and made his early studies at St. Ignace College. After a few years in St. Mary's College at St. Mary's, Kan., and in Niagara University he went to Belgium and later to Rome.

In 1909 he was consecrated Bishop of Peoria, the ceremony taking place at Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago. He succeeded the late Archbishop Spalding, who resigned his see and whose death occurred only last month.

Father Schuetz, who was killed, was chancellor of the Peoria diocese, previous to which appointment he was pastor at Hennepin, Ill. He was born in Streator, Ill.

Father Shannon, vicar-general of the diocese, after the completion of his theological studies at St. Viator's College, held pastorships at Brimfield and Canton, Ill., subsequently being appointed pastor of St. Mark's, Peoria, succeeding then to the rectorship of the Cathedral of St. Mary's.—New World.

30,000 MEN IN HOLY NAME RALLY

ENTIRE CITY TRAVERSED BY MARCHING MEN PROTESTING AGAINST PROFANITY OF THE DAY

Brooklyn witnessed an inspiring demonstration of the virility of the faith of Catholic men and their loyalty to the Holy Name Society recently when the annual Fall rally of the Holy Name Society was held. Perfect weather conditions brought out the men of every parish in Brooklyn and Queens. With banners flying they marched from their respective parish churches to central points in sixteen districts whence they proceeded, together with men from other parishes in the same district, to the rally churches. Estimates are that approximately 30,000 men participated in the demonstration. The entire city was traversed by the marching thousands. With Papal and American flags and Holy Name banners flying the men made a deep impression on thousands of onlookers who viewed them with admiration as they marched along. The men marched, for the most part, in silence, but some of the parish aggregations were headed by cadet bands.—Chicago New World.

IRELAND

MR. REDMOND'S WATERFORD SPEECH

In an address to his constituents at Waterford on October 6, Mr. John Redmond declared that despite the recent uprising "with all its inevitable aftermath of brutalities, stupidities, and inflamed passions," Home Rule for Ireland is safe if Ireland remains sane. He also declared that conscription could never be forced upon Ireland, adding that he could not bring himself to believe that the Government would be insane enough to challenge a conflict with Ireland on the subject. For conscription for Ireland, far from helping Ireland and the war, would, in his opinion, be the most fatal thing that could happen. "It would be resisted," he said, "in every village in Ireland. Its attempted enforcement would be a scandal which would ring round the world. It would produce no additional men." Continuing, Mr. Redmond said:

"The mere threat is paralyzing recruiting, which, mark you, is not dead, as some people say. The latest figures, indeed, show that from the date of the rising, Easter Sunday, until September, six thousand recruits were received. This demand for conscription is not a

genuine military demand. It is a base political device put forward by men who want to injure and discredit Ireland's political future and revive by any and every means bad blood between the two countries in the wicked hope that when the war is over the British people may tolerate some attempt to repeal the Home Rule act. On these lines the Government may succeed in recruiting even after all that has happened. But as for conscription, in that way lies madness, ruin and disaster.

The Irish leader then declared that it was absolutely false that he or his colleagues ever devised a scheme providing for a permanent division of the ancient nation. He stated the case of Home Rule by saying that the Act was on the statute book and that the Act which suspends its operation provides that if it is not put into operation before the war ends, then it automatically comes into operation at the end of the war, and that nothing had altered or could alter that except a new act of Parliament. For his own part, he said, he desired a friendly and peaceful settlement with Ulster.—America.

NON-CATHOLIC EXTOLS WORK OF CHURCH IN MEXICO

In "Benighted Mexico," by Randolph Wellford Smith, an American and a non-Catholic, considerable space is devoted to the status of the Catholic Church in Mexico. The arduous labors of its priests are ably described and a painful picture is drawn of present conditions, with the supreme power lodged in Carranza, "a leader among Agnostics and the greatest enemy the Church of Mexico has ever had." With 92% of the population Catholics, Mr. Smith declares that the Church is being systematically ravaged, its churches pillaged, its convents ravished, its adherents scattered, and he adds, curiously enough, that "the Constitutionalist have killed because they believed the shedding of the blood of priests and nuns would be approved in the United States."—Catholic Citizen.

PRAYER IS OUR HOPE

Hopes of peace in the near future were blasted last week. In terms that were too plain to be misunderstood, Lloyd George, the British secretary of state for war, told the world that any overture on the part of a neutral power, if it were a president, would be construed as distinctly unfriendly. The powers allied with England endorse the sentiment.

Lloyd George declared that "Britain has only begun to fight." He continued: "There is neither clock nor calendar in the British army today. Time is the least vital factor. Only the result counts, not the time consumed in achieving it. It took England twenty years to defeat Napoleon and the first fifteen of those years were black with British defeat. It will not take twenty years to win this war, but whatever time is required, it will be done, and I say this, recognizing that we have only begun to win. There is no disposition on our side to fix the hour of ultimate victory after the first success. We have the delusion that the war is bearing an end."

Coupled with this comes the announcement from Paris that France is gliding herself for two years more of war and does not look for earlier victory. There is no word of possible defeat. The Russian minister of war frankly admits that Germany is far from beaten. He says:

"Germany is shaken and badly shaken, but German technique stands high and Germany is still strong enough to defend herself. There will still be a prolonged struggle before the partial success of the Allies is transformed into a final decisive victory, but we shall employ all our energy and force to attain this decisive victory. Let all other aims and wishes retire into the background."

To all of this Germany has given answer through her Iron Chancellor. No note of peace sounds out from all his utterances. If the Allies are on the offensive Germany is not at bay. She may retire, but not to her own borders. Her grip is unshaken in Belgium and she holds so much of northern France that the portion retained by the Allies' great drive is an insignificant area. Russia has far to go to retake what once she held. Within her own frontiers Germany would be impregnable to assaults by millions. Her food supply is sufficient. Her reserves may be depleted, but the ranks at the front always are refilled. No one can doubt her courage, her efficiency and her patriotism.

All the peaceful Christian world can do is to pray with redoubled fervor. Kings and nations are in the hollow of God's hand. When the appointed time comes and the nations have been chastened into humility, He will not consult the cabinets of Europe. It is our duty to pray that He may hasten the hour. During the month of October we should supplicate our Queen of Peace. Into

her tender hands we commit the agonizing people of war-torn Europe.—Intermountain Catholic.

GREAT ARCHBISHOP NEVER LOST TIME

The Catholic Columbian tells how the late Archbishop Spalding found time to write many books: "In his books he will live. As an author he was as original in thought as was his style exquisite. All the great subjects of the day have been touched by his pen. He has given some verses, but the real poetry is in the blank verse of his prose periods. He is a grand exception to the dictum 'the miter is the death of literature,' for his many volumes, a little library in themselves, show him to have had a mind as fecund as was his manner stately and elegant. Many wonder how the Bishop of a diocese with its multitudinous labors and manifold cares could find time to do such great literary work, but there was found by never losing any. The busy do not wonder at time's accomplishments, and yet they are the most critical of those who make hours yield their full measure. They will ignorantly hold that if the Bishop does this intellectual feat he must, of necessity, slight that obligation of duty more easily seen and with greater facility performed. The thinker preaches well as he writes well; he has something to say in rostrum and conversation that is not common."

STRONG FAITH AND BRAVE HEARTS

IS TRIBUTE PAID TO CATHOLIC AUSTRALIAN SOLDIERS

A French journal, La Chronique Picarde, pays tribute, in a recent article, to the Catholic Australian soldiers. A large number of the men amongst the soldiers of the Antipodes, the writer states, are Catholics, and Catholics deeply penetrated with the spirit of Christ and of His Church. They thus testify, before the eyes of our old Catholic people the unity, the universality, and the vitality of the Catholic Church in the entire world. This is one of the unexpected effects produced by the present war. Alone of all the religions we have seen passing here, and they are numerous—Protestants of every sect, Mohammedans, Hindus, Fetichists, with their various different rites—the Catholic religion alone is clothed with the characters of unity and universality in her dogma, her moral, and her worship, which facts strike every reflective mind. The Catholic Australians are practicing Catholics. They delight in visiting our ancient churches, and are especially impressed by their antiquity, and always seem anxious to learn the history of their erection. Their architecture appears to interest them less than their age. Inhabitants of a new country, of recent Christian civilization, they are glad to have proved by their own eyes that the foundations of this civilization is found in the most distant centuries of ancient Europe, of which it was the glory and the happiness as long as she remained faithful to her ancient traditions of faith.

"Consequently it is with great marks of respect that the Australians enter our old Catholic churches. Their demeanor is not only irreproachable, but pious. They kneel on the bare pavement, pushing the kneeling chairs—usual here—on one side, and their behavior during Mass is edifying. So, too, is their preparation for confession, which is made with deep recollection. We have been present at two ceremonies, and both were most impressive. One was an assembly of the men in the evening, at which a large number of Protestants were present as well as Catholics. The commander of the Brigade, expressed regret that he could not be present on this occasion, and, though a Protestant, he was represented by the Colonel and numerous officers. The Catholic Chaplain an Irish Passionist, addressed the congregation from the pulpit and gave them excellent advice; he also directed the singing of the hymns. The accompanist was a soldier-organist from Sydney. On Sunday the church was well filled by the Catholic soldiers for a General Communion. An hour afterwards they were on their way to battle, and we have since heard of their bravery."

HISTORIC CHURCH BURNED

Remarkable scenes were witnessed in Granada, Spain, lately when, by an unlucky chance, the beautiful Church of Santa Maria Dolores was nearly burnt to the ground. This fine and ancient sanctuary contains a miraculous and venerable statue of the Mother of Sorrows, and, when the news of the fire spread, a gallant rescue of the precious treasure was undertaken by a band of young men led by a priest. They rushed into the burning building just before the roof fell in, and, snatching the statue from its niche above a beautiful votive altar, bore it out on their

shoulders in triumph, just as the roof collapsed.

The people then formed a guard of honor for the famous statue, and escorted it to the cathedral, where the principal clergy came out to meet it. All the candles on the high altar were lighted, and Our Lady was enshrined on a temporary altar within the sanctuary, until such time as she can be restored to her own church. As the statue was borne up the cathedral, the great organ pealed forth the Royal March in salutation. Already subscriptions are flowing in for the restoration of the Church of Santa Maria Dolores.—Catholic Bulletin.

THE PRICE OF CONFLICT

From notable English Catholic families, death has lately exacted a heavy toll. A recent number of the Tablet chronicles the death in action on September 13, of Mr. Kenelm Vaughan, son of Mr. Reginald Vaughan, nephew of the late Cardinal, and of Dr. John S. Vaughan, Bishop of Sebastopolis. "I do not ask to be spared," the young man had recently written Dr. Vaughan, "but only that I may do my duty. Please pray for that one intention." "If the very essence of sanctity" writes the Bishop, in comment, "be absolute conformity to God's will, in life and in death, he was surely ripe for his reward." God's Providence will make all well, but the loss to the Church and to the State of this generation, of so many young men of position, ability and splendid Catholic faith, brings home the fearful and inevitable price of conflict. News has also been received of the death on September 11, of Brigadier-General Henry Frederick Hugh Clifford, D. S. O., and of Major Cedric Charles Dickens, grandson of the famous novelist. Born in 1867, General Clifford was educated at Woburn under Monsignor, Lord Petre, and entered the army in 1888. He won the Queen's and King's medals with five clasps in the South African campaign, and served in the present war with great distinction, receiving the D. S. O. in February, 1915, and the command of a brigade in the following June. He also received the Order of St. Stanislaus from the Emperor of Russia for distinguished conduct in the field. Major Dickens, who was but twenty-seven years of age, joined the London Regiment in 1910, and until the opening of the war, was a solicitor in a London firm. Reported wounded in February, 1915, he subsequently attained the rank of Major.

Major-General Lord Ralph Drury Kerr, K. C. B., died at his residence in Dalkeith on September 18. The third son of the seventh Marquis of Lothian, born in 1837, he followed the example of his mother and became a Catholic in 1853. He entered the army in 1857, and in 1878 married Lady Anne Fitzalan Howard, sister of the Duke of Norfolk. "Few men" comments the Tablet, "have gone through life commanding such universal respect." Lord Kerr for many years was President of the Scotch Catholic Society, was a founder of a Home for Working Boys in Edinburgh, patron of many Catholic charities, and a devout member of St. David's church, Dalkeith, built by his mother in 1854. His last public act was to take part in a guild procession of the Blessed Sacrament.—America.

THE RABBI AND THE CRUCIFIX

Collier's gives circulation to this war incident: "A rabbi serving as a chaplain in Flanders was one day asked by a dying French soldier to unbuckle his tunic and to hold the Crucifix he was wearing so that in his last moment his eyes might rest upon that symbol of love unto death. With a fine humanity the Jew took up for the comfort of the dying man that which stood for the condemnation of his own people." We wish all our Know-Nothing friends might note this paragraph!

GREAT LOSSES TO CATHOLIC LITERATURE

That Catholic literature and Catholic scholarship have of late lost many champions who had zealously devoted their pens to the service of faith and truth, a writer in the Catholic World for August reminds us. The English-speaking world has been deprived of Canon Sheehan, Monsignor Benoit and Dr. Wilfrid Ward of France, the late Abbé Vigouroux, who for fifty years marched in the forefront of Biblical studies, and his friend and co-worker, the Abbé Lesetre; Italy has lost Father Savio, who for thirty years was associated with the learned enterprises of the Italian Jesuits, and who produced the erudite compilation entitled "Gli Antichi Vescovi d'Italia dalle Origini al 1800"; and Belgium laments the passing of Van Gelynt, the famous neurologist who died in exile at Cambridge, the more recently still the death of Godefroid Kurth, the pioneer to his countrymen of new methods and aims in history.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Most Rev. J. Aelen, D. D., Archbishop of Madras, India, has been appointed a member of the Madras legislative council.

At Rheims, France, Cardinal Lucon administered confirmation and first Communion in huge cellars of a large chateau outside of the town, on account of the bombardment.

Father Florian Hahn, Indian missionary at Riverside, Cal., who built practically sixteen poor churches with his own hands, died recently.

The Little Sisters of the Poor are about to establish a house in Hong Kong, China. The Sisters have at present two houses in China, one at Shanghai and a second at Canton, the latter opened last year.

Among its other notable Catholic activities, New York City will have, from November 16, 1916, a great school of Sociology, in connection with Fordham University of the Jesuits.

Several of the French bishops joined in the national pilgrimage to Lourdes where the principal event was the presentation of the petition for peace of 700,000 children, led by the Bishop of Tarbes and Lourdes on the silver altar of the Grotto.

The New York Times magazine contains an interesting article by Fred J. Braund, describing a rare Book of Hours owned by a gentleman in Washington who has just discovered that the volume is the original breviary used by St. Norbert, founder of the Premonstratensians in 1122.

Apocryphal of Roger Casement's reception of the ministrations of Catholic priests, it is stated says the Catholic Bulletin, that though he had professed Protestantism during the greater part of his life, it is believed that he was baptized in the Catholic faith, to which his mother, who died when he was a boy, belonged.

The Cathedral of Armagh, Ireland, has a magnificent new sanctuary lamp. It is nearly 15 feet in height, of silver, with gold plates, and required the continuous labor of ten artists for eight months to construct it. It is probably the largest and finest sanctuary lamp in the United Kingdom.

A home for the aged, the plans of which he has been developing for several years, will be erected in North Denver, Colo., by J. K. Mullen, a well-known millionaire and philanthropist of that City, who has purchased two city blocks near St. Clara Orphanage as a site for the new institution.

Archbishop Ireland attended the annual reunion of the Fifth Minnesota volunteer regiment of the Civil War at the old capitol. He was chaplain of the regiment and recalled the thrilling days of '61 and the number of hyphens discovered at roll call claiming that they ought to be as useful now as in the past in bridging a chasm between warring people.

His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell, broke ground on September 20, for a house of rest for the Sisters of St. Joseph of the Archdiocese of Boston. The new building will be erected on a plot of ninety acres on a hill top overlooking scenes of beauty on every side. It is on the outskirts of the town of Framingham, and adjoins the Archbishop Williams Home. The donor who will expend \$100,000 in this benefaction, is unwilling to have his name known.

The Rev. John J. Wynne, S. J., in charge of the American work for the canonization of Father Jogues, S. J., who was martyred by the Indians, says that where proof of martyrdom is complete and where the martyrdom was suffered in the highest and purest way for the faith, proof of miracles is not necessary for canonization. Had proof of miracles been insisted upon in Father Jogues' case, "there are stories of the shrine at Aurieres, N. Y., which are not to be dismissed with anything less than profound reverence."

At a meeting of the national council of the St. Vincent De Paul Society during the Catholic Charities Conference in Washington it was resolved to erect a memorial building to the late Thomas M. Mulry of New York on the grounds of the Catholic University, which would be the headquarters of the St. Vincent De Paul Society, the National Conference of Catholic Charities and other Catholic charity organizations in the United States. The resolution was unanimously approved by the conference.

On Thursday morning September 21, the feast of St. Matthew, Apostle and Evangelist, the Right Rev. Philip R. McDevitt, for seventeen years superintendent for parish schools in the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, was solemnly consecrated fourth Bishop of Harrisburg. The Most Rev. Edmund F. Prendergast, D. D., officiated as consecrator, with the Right Rev. John E. Fitzmaurice, D. D., Bishop of Erie, and the Rev. John J. McCort, D. D., Auxiliary Bishop of Philadelphia, as assistant consecrators.

MOONDYNE JOE

THE GOLD MINE OF THE VASSE

BOOK FOURTH

THE CONVICT SHIP

X.

DEAD-SEA FRUIT

From the moment that Will Sheridan had recognized Draper in the captain of the *Hougoumont*, his mind was filled with an acute fear that Alice Walsley might suddenly come face to face with the wretch who had blighted her existence. Such a meeting might be fatal—it certainly would be grievous.

It was the sudden touch of this fear that made Sheridan walk so quickly to his room on the night of the recognition. It came like a flash, and he deemed it best to consider his course of action calmly.

Sailor as he was, he knew that the commander of a ship usually had absolute power over all on board. He had observed, however, that Mr. Wyville, on one or two occasions, had assumed an authority in certain matters relating to the prisoners. This gave him comfort. In case Draper recognized Alice Walsley on the ship, that instant, Sheridan resolved, he would make known the whole terrible story to Mr. Wyville, and avert intended evil, if possible by fear, if necessary by force.

Meanwhile, Sheridan saw Sister Cecilia, who knew that he was an old friend of the innocent and much-wronged girl and requested her to keep Alice at all times off the main deck. He gave no reason for the request.

"But, Mr. Sheridan," said the nun, thinking of Alice's health, "she must come into the open air some time."

"It were better not—better not," answered Sheridan, in a troubled mind; "it were better that she should remain all day in the hospital."

"In the hospital!" repeated the wise little nun, with a pitying smile. She evidently saw, more clearly than any one on board, the strange complications around her. The hearts of at least four of the principal actors in the sorrowful drama were open to her eyes; she saw the miserable Harriet Draper, and her guilty husband.

But even Sister Cecilia, wise as she was, did not know that there was a fifth heart deeply concerned in the play. As she repeated Sheridan's words, her pitying smile died away into lines of sorrow, seeing how blindly he would turn Alice's steps from one danger to a deeper one. She recalled, and with a shudder, the supreme desolation and misery of that one who now spent her days in the hospital.

"Do not fear, Mr. Sheridan," she said, as she went on her way of mercy; "Alice will be safe. She will remain in the hospital."

Taking this as an agreement with his request, Mr. Sheridan resolved that his conduct toward the captain should be absolutely reserved, until the vessel reached port. Then, what to do was beset with difficulties. That dire punishment should overtake the villain was clear; but what if his public arraignment would disturb the peace of Alice, whose slowly-healing wounds would thus be torn open?

Instead of coming to a decision, Sheridan resolved that on the first opportunity he would lay the whole matter before Mr. Wyville, and follow his advice.

Soon after entering the tropics, the *Hougoumont* had caught the trade winds, and sailed swiftly down the level seas. Her tall masts dwindled Pigmy-like as she passed beneath the awful shadow of Tenerife. Her sky-sails cut a line on the cliff a finger's breath from the sea; while above her towered into the air the twelve thousand feet tremendous pinnacles. She coasted the great Northwestern bulge of Africa; and here for the first time since leaving England, her speed was checked, the sea lost its ripples, but kept its waves, that rose and fell slowly, with long monotonous rolls, like an ocean of molten glass. The sails of the *Hougoumont* slapped backward and forward, the ropes hung useless, the pennant clung down the mast. The convict ship was becalmed, off the coast of Africa, seven degrees above the Line.

The faces of the ship's officers grew serious when the wind died. They did not welcome a calm in such a latitude, and at that season. The heat was intense and continuous, scarcely lowering by ten degrees at night.

"I wish we were five degrees to the westward," said Sheridan to Mr. Wyville, his old marine look recurring to him; "I hate this Gulf of Guinea."

"Why?" asked Mr. Wyville, standing in shade of a sail, while the young military officer sat beside Sheridan on the rail.

"I hate it for its sharks; you can't dip your hand in this water, for a thousand miles South and East, without having it snapped off. I hate it for its low coast, where so many splendid ships have sailed straight to destruction. I hate it for its siroccos, whirlwinds, and above all, I hate it for its fevers. I don't think there's anything good about the coast of Guinea."

"That is a bad showing, certainly," said the military officer.

"Yes; and it's quite true," continued Sheridan. "No one can say a good word about this coast."

"Not so fast, not so fast," said Mr. Wyville, smiling at Sheridan's earnestness. "On this very coast,

within two hundred miles of us, is being solved one of the most interesting political problems in human history. Yonder lies a settlement with a national story unequalled for dignity and pathos."

Sheridan and the young soldier looked up, astonished.

"What is it?" asked Sheridan.

"The Republic of Liberia," said Mr. Wyville.

Sheridan looked at the soldier, who, at the same moment, looked at him. They both smiled broadly, confessing their ignorance.

"I was too busy with sandalwood," began Sheridan.

"And I with tactics," said the soldier. "But what is this Republic, sir?"

"A new country, honestly acquired, said Mr. Wyville; 'the only country on earth not torn by the claws of its rightful owners. A country where slaves have peacefully founded a nation of elevated freedom; where black men have faced God in manly dignity, and declared their right to wipe out the Scriptural curse; whose citizenship is an honor to the holder, and whose citizens are an honor to mankind.'"

"Who are the citizens?" asked the surprised officer.

"Slaves from America!" said Mr. Wyville with an earnestness that made them forget the heat; "men who bear on their bodies the marks of the lash, and on their minds the rust of accursed laws; men who might be pardoned for hating their kind. God bless them!" and, as he spoke, he looked away in the direction of the land; the kindest and most amiable race on earth. They have carried with them from the great Republic of the West only that which was good—its first principles. Its unrepugnant practices they have left behind."

"Will they not become corrupt?" asked Sheridan.

"When?"

"When they become rich," said the officer innocently.

"It is to be feared," answered Mr. Wyville. "But they have one safeguard."

"What is that?"

"Their climate is deadly to white men," said Mr. Wyville.

The appearance of Captain Draper, coming from his stateroom, interrupted the conversation. The young officer stopped to chat with him, while Mr. Wyville and Sheridan walked to the other side of the poop.

"There are two powers of government represented on this ship," said Sheridan, determined to bring the conversation to the point he wished to speak about; "which is in command—the civil or military?"

"Neither."

"I do not understand."

"When convicts sail from England, they are assumed to be at once in the Penal Colony. As soon as the convict ship leaves land, she becomes subject to the penal law of Western Australia."

"Who administers the law on board?"

"The representative of the Comptroller-General of Convicts, the actual authority over the criminals in Western Australia."

"Then we have a representative of the Comptroller-General on board?"

"No."

"Pardon me, Mr. Wyville: you speak riddles to-day. You said a moment ago that every convict ship had such a representative."

"Yes; unless it have the Comptroller-General."

"Then we have—Are you the Comptroller-General?"

"Yes. The office was vacant, and at the request of the Prime Minister I accepted a temporary appointment. I am glad it was offered; for it will enable me to see our new law fairly started."

The evening had closed in as they conversed, and now the shade became somewhat tolerable. Mr. Wyville and Sheridan had drawn their deck chairs toward the wheel-house.

"I am glad there is a power on board above that of the scoundrel who commands the ship," said Sheridan, sternly, after a long pause. Then he continued rapidly: "Mr. Wyville, I have feared every day that I should have to strangle the wretch; but something always prevented. By some strange fatality there is on board this ship a woman whom I have loved all my life, and who has been mortally wronged by this man. I have come on this ship only to protect her."

Sheridan's lowered voice was husky with deep emotion. Having said so much he remained silent.

Mr. Wyville had been looking out on the glassy and slow roll of the westward," said Sheridan, his lips and mouth closed with a gradual compression, and a light almost of alarm came into his eyes. He was thinking of Alice Walsley.

"You have loved her all your life," he repeated slowly, still looking at the sea.

"Since I was a boy—and she loved me once."

"Mr. Wyville was about to speak; but it seemed as if he changed his mind. Still his lips moved, but he said nothing.

"Who is she, and where?" he said after a pause, and in his usual calm voice.

"She is a prisoner," answered Sheridan; and she is confined in the hospital."

"In the hospital!" cried Wyville, starting to his feet, with almost a cry of joy; then, seeing Sheridan's face, he controlled himself.

"That unhappy one!"

"Yes," said Sheridan, sadly, thinking that so he described Alice Walsley.

"God help you, my friend! yours is a terrible grief."

"I have feared that he would see her, or that she might see him."

"Fear no more," said Wyville, tenderly; "I have taken measures to prevent such a meeting."

"You knew, then?" asked Sheridan, surprised.

"I knew his guilt—but not your sorrow. I knew that he and she were on this ship. It was I who brought him here; and I had before hand secured her confinement during the voyage in the hospital."

Sheridan was surprised at this, having so lately spoken to Sister Cecilia on the subject. But she set it down to the customary thoughtfulness of Mr. Wyville.

"I cannot speak my gratitude to you," continued Sheridan; "your visit to her prison awakened in her the life that wrong and grief had crushed. I know the whole story, and I have longed to speak my gratitude."

Mr. Wyville deemed that Sheridan referred to his visit to Harriet Draper in Walton-le-Dale. But how could Sheridan have discovered it? He had certainly never communicated with Harriet Draper.

"How did you learn of my visit to her?" asked Mr. Wyville.

"From the governor of Millbank."

"Ah—yes; I told him."

Sheridan felt a great relief from this confidence. He asked Mr. Wyville's advice as to his conduct toward Draper during the voyage; and was glad to find that it coincided with his own view; to treat him with cold neutrality until the *Hougoumont* had landed her passengers and had ceased to be a government ship.

When Sheridan had gone to his room, Mr. Wyville remained on deck alone. His heart was strangely happy that night, indeed, he was oppressed by the grief of his friend. For one moment he had feared that the next would crush to death something that had grown within him like a new and sweeter life. As he recalled the scene, his heart stood still with the fear, even in fantasy.

"Thank God!" he murmured, as he watched the moon rise, red and large, on the sultry horizon. "One blow has been spared!"

XI.

THE FEVER

Mr. Haggart at first had found himself a lonely man on the convict ship. His position was anomalous. He was neither a minister nor a prison officer. Had he been the former, the ship's officers and military officers would have taken him into their confidence; had he been the latter, the convict officials would have been his companions. But he was only a hired drudge, a non-professional. He was called simply the Scripture-reader.

So he was thrown for companionship on the two other lonely passengers, Ben Lodge and Ngarra-ji, who were glad of his company, and entirely ignorant of his position.

Mr. Haggart's nature was by no means a bad one; indeed, in other circumstances it would have been an admirable one. He was simply one of those persons who make up the million, who are common vessels to hold that which is put into them. He was a queer mixture of zeal and conceit. His mind had two keys, as these were earnestness and vanity.

Had he been trained as a mechanic, he would have patiently mastered his trade, never improving on what he had been taught; and he would have been vain of his skill, and faithful to it.

To give such a man a field of metaphysical labor, to put into his callow hands the absolute spiritual control of hundreds of lives in need of wise spiritual guidance, was an experiment far more injurious to poor Haggart than to the convicts. It is so always. A priest's vestments are too great for small natures, which injure, if they do not destroy.

He became puffed up with an absurd amount of conceit, that almost amounted to real character; while the convicts, heedless before, only confirmed their opinion that Christianity was a wordy and stiff profession rather than a true saving principle.

When Mr. Wyville humiliated Haggart in Millbank, the blow appeared terrible; but in truth it only struck Haggart where he was puffed. As a man might expect a balloon with a sharp sword, Mr. Wyville's interference and authority had gashed the swelling vanity of the Scripture-reader.

From that day, though he afterwards set out to do Sir Joshua Hobb's dirty work, Mr. Haggart had changed—he was gradually returning to his real nature, which was, as it ought to be, humble, diffident, and commonplace.

"This is a good man," something within him kept saying of Mr. Wyville; "why are you his enemy?" And the answer came, and repeated itself: "Because you are Sir Joshua Hobb's tool."

These thoughts floated through Haggart's mind on his first visit to Australia; and that they had an effect on his conduct was certain. Vague hints and doubts and clews, which Sir Joshua would have been eager to seize, Haggart indeed had found, but had kept to himself.

Since the *Hougoumont* sailed he had been especially disturbed in mind. When the incident of the fire came, and he spoke his mind to Mr. Wyville in the hurried words,

"Forgive me!" it was not a sudden thought. But it was overwhelming. As a dam may tremble for years, especially in time of storm, and go down at last with a rush, so the last barrier of Haggart's vanity broke that day, and left the reservoir of his conceit dry and unsightly to himself.

A man suffers deeply who has to turn an inward eye on such a scene. But an honest man, helped by humility, will do it, and survive; and at bottom Haggart was honest and humble.

He did not appear on deck for days after the fire; and when he did come out, he spent his time in strange fashion. He would hang around the passage to Sister Cecilia's quarters for hours; and when the little nun was on her way to the female convicts, the ungainly Scripture-reader would start from some unexpected angle, and watch for an opportunity to offer some service.

This continued for weeks, until at last Sister Cecilia noticed the attention. She quietly bowed her head one day in thanks for some slight favor; and for the rest of the day Mr. Haggart's face was lined with good humor and gratification.

When the ship was becalmed in the tropics, the suffering of the imprisoned wretches in the steaming and crowded hold was pitious to see. They were so packed that free movement was impossible. The best thing to do was to sit each on his or her berth, and suffer in patience.

The air was stifling and oppressive. There was no draught through the barred hatches. The deck above them was blazing hot. The pitch dropped from the seams, and burned their flesh as it fell.

There was only one word spoken or thought—one yearning idea present in every mind—water, cool water to slake the parching thirst.

Two pints of water a day were served out to each convict—a quart of half-putrid and blood-warm liquid. It was a woful sight to see the thirsty souls devour this allowance as soon as their hot hands seized the vessel.

Day in and day out, the terrible calm held the ship, and the consuming heat sapped the lives of the pent-up convicts. They suffered in strange patience. The hold was silent all day. They made no complaints. When the officers passed among them, and spoke to them, they smiled and sat still on their berths.

Only once, there was a sound of discontent: when the order was given that the allowance of water be reduced to one pint.

Among the officers of the ship, there was silence also. They knew they were in a latitude where calms lasted for long periods. They flushed the decks with water constantly, to try and keep them cool, for the sake of the prisoners below.

"We shall need fresh water in a week," said Captain Draper to Mr. Wyville one day; "the tanks are low already, and evaporation readily increases."

Mr. Wyville did not answer, except with an inclination of the head. Words were useless.

"Where is the nearest land?" he asked Sheridan that afternoon, as they paced the poop.

"The island of Principe is about 200 miles to the South," said Sheridan. "There is good water there."

The thought in Mr. Wyville's mind never came to words. As Sheridan spoke, he stopped suddenly, looking away to the North, and pointing his hand with an eager face. A dark line, very faint, was moving on the face of the glassy ocean.

"Thank heaven!" he said, "yonder comes the breeze."

In half an hour it fanned their faces, but so gently that still the sails hung useless, and the pennant only stirred an inch from the mast. But it was a breath—it was a drink. When the night fell, the breeze strengthened, and the ship moved.

There was no sleep on board that night. The hearts of all were filled with deep relief and gratitude. The breeze held for four days, growing the stealer as they sailed. On the evening of the fourth day, a man aloft cried out, "Land ho!"

They had sighted Principe. From deck, the land was not seen for an hour later; and the *Hougoumont* stood off and on till morning, when boats would be sent ashore for water.

At the first flush of dawn the ship was steered towards the island. A fog lay close to the water, and the eager eyes of the voyagers only saw a line of wooded mountain, the base and summit of which were rolled in mist.

The *Hougoumont* sailed into the fog bank, and before those on board had time to realize the change, her fore-sails caught the sunshine, and she swung to within a land-locked harbor as beautiful as a dream of paradise.

The water broke against the wooded shores all round the lovely haven. The hills were covered with trees to the top, and the cocoa palms crowded their lower slopes to the very shore. At the end of the harbor stood the little town of St. Antonio.

The *Hougoumont* came to anchor, and boats were sent ashore to fill the water-casks. The swift, clear streams were seen running into the beautiful basin of the port.

While this work was going on, a sail-boat put off from the town, and held toward the vessel. There were three men in it, and as they came within hail of ship, keeping to leeward, they ran up a yellow flag.

"My God!" said Sheridan, who had been watching the boat; "they have the fever!"

"Get out as fast as you can," cried a man in the boat. "And be sure you allow no one from shore near the ship. We have the plague in St. Antonio."

Without another word, the boat's course was changed, and she returned to the town. The crew of the *Hougoumont* needed no incentive to work. By 10 o'clock that night, the casks were filled and the ship was under sail.

A fortunate escape! said the medical officer to Sheridan, who did not answer, but looked at the pennant. The wind had changed, and was blowing directly from St. Antonio.

Next morning the beautiful island was out of sight. The convicts got plenty of water that day, and their hearts were glad. Toward evening, one of the warders went to the doctor's room, and said that there was a prisoner very ill, who complained of nausea and pains in the head and shoulders. The doctor's face grew pale at the word; but he turned away from the warder.

"Take that man on deck at once," he said, quietly, and place him in the punishment division forward."

The warder went to carry out the order. The doctor hurriedly consulted a book, then left his room and walked forward.

The sick prisoner was there before him. The doctor examined him, quickly ordered his treatment, and retired. He joined Mr. Wyville on the poop.

"We have the fever on board," he said in a low voice. "A man has been attacked by the worst symptoms."

An hour later, two more convicts complained of sickness. They were taken from the hold, and placed in the cell forward.

Next day it was known throughout the ship that the fever, which the sailors and convicts called "the black vomit," was on board; and before nightfall thirty prisoners were seized.

The sick were taken away from the hold at first; but this separation had soon to be abandoned. There was no room for them apart. The hospital was full. Those who took the fever had to lie side by side with their terror-stricken fellows.

Like an angel of comfort, Sister Cecilia tended on the sufferers. Following her steps, and quietly obeying her word, went Mr. Haggart. In the female compartment, where twelve prisoners lay with the fever, Alice Walsley moved ceaselessly in the work of mercy.

On the third day, the chief officer of the ship said to Mr. Wyville—

"Captain Draper has the fever."

The doctor, shortly after, came from the captain's room, and reported that Draper had, indeed, been seized, but with symptoms of less violence than the others.

"Who will attend on Captain Draper?" asked the doctor. "He will be unconscious in another hour, and will need care."

"I will attend him," said Mr. Wyville, after a pause; "write your directions, doctor, and I will stay beside him to-night."

TO BE CONTINUED

not to be too serious Raoul, who is imitable, will mimic some of the politicians and writers of the day. I believe every one has prepared something for our amusement. And we will pass the night at the old Inn of the Three Pheasants, famous for its soft beds and fine cuisine."

Her companions were delighted. From the terrace their voices sounded like a charming concourse of birds.

"And the children?" questioned one at length, a new arrival, when the echoes had died away—"what is to be done with the children?"

"Oh, we will leave them with their 'bonnes.' There are three or four of them, enough to take care of the whole lively brood."

"My little Pierre is, as you know, something of an infant terrible," rejoined the first speaker "and I—somehow I do not like to leave them for the whole day and night."

"Oh, Jeanne!" the others exclaimed reproachfully, while one of them cried: "You belong to another day than ours, Jeanne. You are indeed an old-fashioned mother. Surely you will not give up the excursion on account of the children."

Jeanne did not reply. She looked serious.

"Now Jeanne, be sensible. We shall have a most enjoyable day. It will be a rest for you, as well as a pleasure. And there are none of us who appreciate more than you do the beauties of nature, the fresh air—the glorious drive."

"I admit all that," Jeanne responded.

"Well, then, it is decided, model mother, that you can leave the babies for a whole day."

"Model mother." The words lingered in her ears—that of her own mother, who, at this hour, in the twilight, she knew she must be saying her beads under the trees in the dear old garden. No, that mother would never have left her little ones for a day and a night in the doubtful care of nurses, gathered from here and there, all of them strangers to each other and to the children to be left under their protection.

Jeanne made a desperate effort to assert herself in her rather embarrassing position. Such things require courage, and she was naturally timid—this flower from an old-fashioned garden.

"It is true, Valerie," she said thoughtfully, yet smiling as she spoke. "I do belong to another century than this. I should have been born a few years ago. Laugh at me if you will, but I cannot leave my children for so long a time."

At this there was a general outcry, some of her friends going so far as to ridicule her primitive ideas.

But she remained firm and, folding her embroidery, rose to leave the company, saying:

"It will soon be dinner-time and my little ones must need attention. They have been on the beach since their nap. I should have been there with them."

"Jeanne, Jeanne! But you are ridiculous. Surely the 'bonne' can take care of that."

But Jeanne resolutely pursued her way to the house, to be greeted by Pierre and Lyette, with their nurse, returning from the beach.

"Oh, mamma!" they cried, running towards her. "we have had such a good time!"

"I am glad, dear ones," rejoined the old-fashioned mother. "Come now, Bernadine, we will get them ready for dinner."

During the time of preparation, she was very thoughtful. She could not banish the vision of that dear, delightful garden, and the white-haired woman pacing the box-wood path with her rosary in her hands. When they were ready and Bernadine had departed she softly closed the door.

"Now, dear ones," she said, "let us kneel down and say a decade of the Rosary, as we used to do at grandmamma's. Twilight is falling, the new moon is beginning to peep through the trees. Come, darlings. It is Rosary time. Ave Maria! Ave Maria!"

Always he had wished to be a priest. And for three years now he had been studying, praying, leading the austere life which is necessary to form the souls of those whom God has chosen to help save the souls of others. But lately he had been languid, distracted, performing his duties perfunctorily, one might say suffering from an ennui that comes to the bravest and purest at some time of their preparation for the priestly career. His superiors had only words of praise for him; and he deserved them all. But this evening he sat alone in his little cell, fatigued and listless; everything looked dark.

He arose and went to the window, stretching his arms as he gazed listlessly into the courtyard where several young men in cassocks, like himself, were walking together, with books in their hands.

"I wonder," he soliloquized, "if any of them ever feel as I do now? What is the matter with me? Is it only a temptation of the Evil One—or can it be possible, after all these years, I am only just learning that I have not a true vocation? Of what use these dry studies—these minute subtleties? Are they necessary? The Apostles knew them not. I seem to understand nothing, am interested in nothing. I am tired—tired! Yes, it is a grand thing to offer the Holy Sacrifice, a wonderful thing. And to be able to hold thousands with the spell of fine oratory—to convert sinners—to save souls. But what long years of preparation and sacri-

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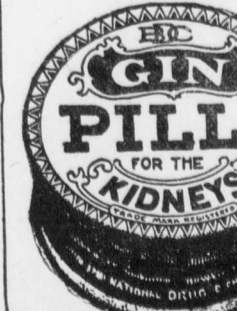
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THE ROSARY HOUR

Twilight has descended upon the garden. Slowly night enfolds the trees and flowers in her embracing arms. Far above the new moon shines dimly, a faint golden crescent through the azure of the skies.

Up and down the shaded alley, bordered with fragrant box, slowly walks an old lady, "Grande dame" one can not doubt, from the stately cast of her features, and the richness of her long black silk gown, trailing softly along the gravelled path. But her face is very sweet and motherly, and her large brown eyes are filled with tears. Her gown is filled with dead leaves as she walks. In her fingers she holds a brown rosary, worn with constant use.

She pauses a moment, closing her eyes, while the tears, overflowing, course down her faded cheeks. Memory is busy in her loving heart. It seems but yesterday that the house was full of children. Today the home nest is empty; the birds have flown. She is alone and lonely, the poor mother. Her life is finished. Comes an instant of poignant regret—of bitterness. She is no longer of any use on earth.

"Of what am I thinking?" she exclaims, half-aloud. "O my God, I have much to thank Thee for. I can at least pray for them—my dear absent children, dwelling forever in my poor old heart. Ave Maria! Ave Maria! May they be good, may they be happy, may they all lead noble and Christian lives. Most holy Virgin watch over them. My sweet daughter, Jeanne—my dear sons, George, Henry."

Still the dead leaves rustle softly under the sweep of the long black gown. Still the pale, trembling lips murmur again and again, "Ave Maria! Ave Maria!" It is dark in the garden now, save for the smile of the pale young moon dropping softly through the trees.

At the same hour, in another part of France, a group of young women on the flowery terrace of a grand chateau were awaiting the return of the hunters. "I have a surprise for you," said the hostess to her visitors. "The gentlemen have arranged a trip to the old Abbey—the ruins, you know, are one of the sights of the neighborhood. Rene de Plazac will explain the architecture; he is a great antiquarian, as you are all aware. He will tell us all about everything; he loves to do it. And,

flies are necessary to attain that end! The slow-moving, monotonous days, the selfsame tasks, again and again—the Rule, strict and inexorable. Mortifications are nothing. I rather like them. I have no complaint to make on that score—none whatever."

He leaned against the window frame. The students had augmented their numbers, and from the courtyard below came the subdued hum of young voices.

"A delicious evening," he continued, still talking to himself. "Outside these walls how many young men like myself are enjoying the bright summer weather—returning from football, from a ride—from fishing, speeding canoes through clear and tranquil rivers, with long, firm, clean cut strokes! Ah, what would I not give to be strolling once more through the dear old garden, or seated there, on the stone bench, beside my mother? What is she doing at this moment? Dinner is over. She is moving slowly down through the arbor with the rosary in her hands. She is praying—praying for me, her George." Suddenly the young man turned from the window and fell on his knees before the crucifix, the only ornament of that small, bare, cell-like room.

"O my Lord and Saviour!" he cried, "help me—guard me! They will knowest I am Thine—Thine only. It is my joy and my pride to belong to Thee. Aid me to conquer this languor, this indifference. Reach forth Thy hand, O Lord, and lead me aright. Give me a joyful and courageous heart. My mother is praying for me. Harken to her prayers. I wish to be Thine, Lord, Thine alone."

It grows dark outside—the voices below are hushed. The moonlight pierces a slender shaft through the deep, embowered window. The seminary rises to his feet. He can see the shadowy garden—he can hear his mother's voice as the beads slip through her fingers. "Ave Maria! Ave Maria!"

The sun was setting on the bloody field where yesterday the soldiers of France were mowed to earth like grain before the sickle. Behind a hillock, pencil and paper on his knee, an old corporal was busily writing. "What are you doing, Menard?" inquired his young lieutenant, pausing beside him. They were from the same village.

"Making my will, mon lieutenant," replied the old man, lifting his gray head.

"Your will? Have you anything to leave?"

"Very little," answered the corporal. "But what there is will go to M. le Cure and yourself, mon lieutenant. We fight again tomorrow, and I wish to settle my accounts. It is only right when one is about to face death."

"Death! Death!" echoed the young man, half aloud.

"Yes, mon lieutenant, the bullets fly thickly, and seldom miss. How many of our comrades did we not bury this morning? Tomorrow it may be our turn. Vive la bataille! Vive la France!"

"Vive la France!" repeated the young soldier as he passed on.

Presently he sat down on a freshly made mound which covered the bodies of a hundred men.

"To die?" he thought. "It is a glorious thing to die for one's country. But to give up this world for ever! Honor, glory, home, friends the blue sky, the pleasant fields, the joy of life. That is what it means to die."

He covered his eyes with his hands. It seemed to him then that he could see his mother's face, could hear her sweet and loving voice as she called him, the youngest: "My little Henri! My dear, brave boy!"

When he was a child, playing after dinner with his brothers and sisters in the garden, there always came a time when the mother, approaching through the long alley, would call them gently to her side.

"Come, children, you have played long enough. It is time to say the Rosary." And, hushed and reverent, the little troop would follow her to the old stone bench beneath the platan tree.

The eyes of the young soldier were wet. He rose to his feet. The words of his old comrade rang in his ears. "I must settle my accounts."

With quick, decisive steps, he passed through the camp, pausing before the tent of a priest sergeant.

"Father, can you hear my confession? We have a hard fight before us tomorrow."

"Ready?"

"Yes, Father, at once."

The shadows of the platan trees fall across the old garden. The dead leaves rustle as the long black robe sweeps the gravelled path. Under the delicate lace coiffure, waving bands of soft white hair outline the fine profile, while the tireless lips repeat again and again, "Ave Maria! Ave Maria!"

"Ave Maria! Watch over them, holy Mother, my daughter, my two sons. I am a poor helpless woman. I can do nothing for them—nothing, but recite my Rosary. Ave Maria! Ave Maria!"—Adapted from the French by Mary E. Mannix in the Rosary.

Truth lies in a straight line, following which a man may always stand erect in the full dignity of his manhood. But falsehood ever has a zig-zag, underground course, pursuing which he must bend his judgment, twist his conscience, and warp his manhood till he almost ceases to be a man.

DO WE NEED A CENSORSHIP?

On September 9, the showing of a widely advertised moving picture was forbidden by the New York Commissioner of Licenses, the Honorable George H. Bell, on the ground that it was "not a proper production." As usual, a temporary injunction was secured, and on September 22, Supreme Court Justice Cobalan handed down his decision. It sustained Commissioner Bell on every point.

Two important lessons may be drawn from this decision. The first is the absolute need of adequate legal censorship in New York, for the theater and the moving picture. Judge Cobalan lays down the admirable principle, which should be insisted upon, that "no depicted film that leads the beholder through such scenes of depravity and degradation can help society."

I think such a play offends public decency and tends to the injury not only of the young of the community, but of all persons who witness it. There is danger in an appeal to the imagination, and when the suggestion is immoral, the more left to the imagination, the more subtle the influence.

Yet on the very day on which this decision was rendered, the National Association of the Moving Picture Industry declared its opposition to all censorship, except that of the producer himself, on the ground, reports the Sun, that it is "repugnant to art and American institutions." Nor will this declaration remain a mere "resolution." According to the daily press, the Association has already defeated, for renomination to the State Senate, the author of an excellent censorship bill which passed the Legislature but failed to secure the Governor's signature, and is preparing "to defeat a New York Assemblyman who has shown a fondness for censorship."

The situation is serious. The Association, it is said, urges decency upon the film producers: what action it may take if the recommendation is not followed, has not been disclosed. Against the film declared by Judge Cobalan to be "offensive to public decency," and whose producer the District Attorney termed "vice-mongers," the Association, so far as is known, made no protest. Obviously, the censorship advocated by the Association is worthless. As the prosecuting attorney remarked, it forces the courts "to pass judgment upon a self-evident fact," and in the meantime "under cover of a temporary injunction, the manager reaps a rich harvest."

The second lesson to be drawn from Judge Cobalan's decision is of importance to all who are interested in keeping public "amusements" within the bounds of common decency. The successful prosecution in the present instance is due to the energy and fearlessness of Commissioner Bell, but his hands were strengthened by the many private citizens who joined him in protesting against this vile exploitation of unsavory Grand Jury reports. What has been done in New York can be done, more readily perhaps, in every American city. Catholics in particular should feel themselves bound to protest vigorously against the unholy desecration of womanhood which is now occupying so large a place on the stage and in the moving picture; and these protests should be lodged with the proper city authorities. What is sometimes censured as remissness in public officials, finds its root in the fact that these men, contending against the capitalized vice of the stage, have sought the help of the decent part of the community and have not found it. It is not a bad thing to deplore the evil that flaunts itself on the stage, but a more practical way of removing it is to aid the authorities in the prosecution of their duties. Without the support of public opinion they can do little. With it they may ultimately succeed in replacing the present license of the stage by decency—America.

THE ROSARY IN THE TRENCHES

By Anthony Hardin Lynch in Rosary Magazine. It is strange how quickly men grow accustomed to horrors—even the horrors of war! During the first weeks of the present great conflict a wet blanket seemed to be spread over the lightest hearts and the liveliest imaginations, not only because of the uncertainties of the immediate future, but also because of the indescribable scenes which were known to be occurring at the front. Now, however, after the lapse of two years, we read of the battles in which thousands of men have been ruthlessly slaughtered or maimed for life without so much as a visible trace of emotion. We seem, indeed, to be on the point of forgetting that half of the civilized world is plunged in deepest mourning as the result of the most desolating war in its history, and to be intent mainly upon its final outcome.

Even the men at the front who are suffering untold hardships whilst looking death squarely in the face, have become so inured to their misery as to seem almost insensible of it. They know well that death at any moment may invade their burrows, for hand grenades, bombs and the missiles hurled by the machines especially invented for trench warfare hiss continuously above them, and the marksmanship on both sides is so perfect that any

man who is reckless enough to lift his head above ground is instantly picked off. So deadly, however, is the monotony of their lives that this gambol with death is almost welcomed as a diversion.

But trench life has one aspect fraught with blessings which many short-sighted men have failed to notice. To the countless thousands who lie half buried on the firing line it has brought time to think! Formerly they never gave themselves pause to consider the fundamental things of life—the things that really matter. For the most of them the grim battle for the bare means of existence was amply sufficient to absorb their attention. Some, few, perhaps, had occasional moments left over for a hurried reading of the daily papers or even for sport; but, on the whole, only a very small minority of the men of Europe had time—or thought they had time—to ponder the truths of religion and the things of God.

But now thousands of soldiers in the trenches are writing home that, as far as they are personally concerned, trench life has proved a real blessing. In the many letters from the front that are being published in the Continental papers one finds continually recurring this note of gratitude—for a moment's time to think! Silence, they say, is the native air of the strong. The silence of trench life has become the native air of the children of God. Many a man who had forgotten God in the busy streets and the noisy wine-shops has found God in the long, dull hours spent in the trenches. Perhaps a momentary vision of God's relation to man has been flashed upon him—as happened to Paul amid the apple groves of the Damascus Road—when the hand grenade exploded just above his head. Certain it is that these men who within the last months have had intercourse with none but their fellow warriors have found great consolation in keeping company with God and His saints. They have found the Prince of Peace far more companionable than the lords of war. They have come to realize that religion can be even more engrossing than plans of battle or methods of assault.

No wonder, then, that a notable revival of religion has taken place in the trenches. Men have found God where they least expected to find Him. In the cannon's roar they have seen a symbol of His might; in the long silent hours of the night-watch they have heard His words—the words that have been ringing down the centuries. "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Or, again, "My son—for there is such a thing after all as the Fatherhood of God, which makes us all brothers—My son, give Me thy heart."

Now, any Catholic who sets out consciously to find Christ will inevitably find His Mother. It was so during our Blessed Saviour's life here on earth. He went down to Nazareth and was subject to Mary and Joseph. Surely He was never out of Our Lady's sight, except when for three days she lost Him in Jerusalem. We can imagine what agonies then tortured her mother's heart. Perhaps it was because of Our Lord's realization of what His bodily absence had meant to her that after his blessed death He took her bodily into heaven, that she might there feast her eyes upon His ineffable beauty for all eternity?

And just because there is this close bond of union and companionship, so to say, between Our Lord and His Blessed Mother, we find that they are never separated in the Church. It is an inhuman, cruel piety that would part the Mother from her Son. The Catholic instinct cries out against such a divorce. Genuine piety is broad enough to embrace both Son and Mother; and therefore the soldiers in the trenches who have found Christ have also found her. And finding Mary, they have found her best!

It is a well-established fact that the Bavarian soldiers as they marched to the front, frequently recite the beads. One who was present writes that the procession seemed more like a pilgrimage than an army on the way to battle. He goes on to state that sometimes the chaplain carried the Blessed Sacrament with him inclosed in a golden pax, and that on such occasions the soldiers, upon being informed of it, would seek permission immediately to precede or follow him reciting the beads.

A soldier serving in Champagne writes to his loving wife at home: "On several occasions I have had an opportunity to press to the lips of some dying comrade the cross of the rosary which you gave me before I left. Truly, a soldier going into the field cannot be given anything better than a rosary. I am glad to be able to tell you that every one of my Catholic comrades carries his beads. Those who did not bring them from home have received a pair from the division chaplain, Father J— of Mainz."

Another soldier in a letter to his parents, after describing a scene on the battlefield, says: "Here one learns to pray. This war is a blessing for many. One learns again to love and honor one's God. I have made a solemn promise that if I ever reach home again I will attend every possible religious service, and honor the Blessed Virgin whenever and wherever I can. I have promised her that as long as I live I will say the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary every day."

A young soldier of twenty-six years, a reservist from Cologne, who has been fighting on the Western front, writes thus: "You write me that

war has also its good side. And I can confirm it. Here many a one learns again to say his beads, which he had in his hands for the last time on the day of his First Communion. It is precisely the Rosary which has become our inseparable companion. Five decades each day is the rule; but when I go on watch I often say all of the fifteen mysteries."

Another soldier in the hospital at Trier wrote to his pastor: "That my wounds are not dangerous I ascribe to the fact that our Blessed Lady kept watch over me. When I was wounded several of my companions were also more or less seriously hurt. One of them who had received a fatal wound in his abdomen said to those around him: 'Comrades, say with me a "Hail Mary," and when this was finished, as death had not yet come, he bade them repeat the prayer: "We fly to thy protection, O holy Mother of God." Holding his rosary in his hands, asking to be buried with it, and securing from his comrades a promise to say the beads at least once for the repose of his soul, he died what I think may be called a happy death. May our Blessed Lady in whose honor he always said the beads, be a good intercessor for him with her Son!"

The well-known writer, H. Koch, tells in his inimitable Cologne dialect the following anecdote: "On parting a soldier's mother pressed into his hand a rosary, saying, while the tears trickled down her cheeks: "Here, dear Fritz, take this blessed rosary with you to the field and say it as often as you can. Then you'll have luck, and the protection of the Blessed Mother." Fritz fulfilled the wish of his mother and whenever he could said the pious prayer of the rosary. One day in an assault—how it came about he never knew—he lost his beads. That was hard, very hard for him since they had been his mother's parting gift. It seemed to him as if his best weapon had been taken out of his hands—the weapon which in the greatest danger had never failed to protect him. A few weeks later, sorely wounded, he was taken to the hospital in Trier. Being conscious, despite the serious nature of his injuries, he asked the little nun who nursed him: "Where is my rosary?" The good nun began to go through all his pockets—but no rosary could she find. Finally, from the very last pocket she drew out something which she carried to the bedside of the young hero, asking: "Can this possibly be your rosary?" A smile of joy lit up the face of the boy as he held out his injured left hand, crying: "Yes, that's it! That's my field rosary!" And what was it? Because he did not have anything else, Fritz had made a rosary for himself out of bits of wood and a piece of cord, using one small piece of wood for each "Hail Mary" and two for each "Our Father." To complete it, he had whittled a little cross out of wood. The good nun, visibly affected by this evidence of loyal devotion to Our Lady of the Rosary, told the whole incident to the Mother Superior. On the very same day she brought Fritz the most beautiful pair of beads she could find. The field-rosary the Mother Superior sent to Fritz's mother, together with a little note telling her of his bravery, goodness and patience of her soldier boy. And this rosary is the dearest treasure of the mother, who keeps it on her dressing table inclosed in a glass case.

It is generally known that, owing to the great difficulties experienced by the Sisters in distributing religious articles among the soldiers, many of the valiant sons of France have been obliged to follow the example of the little German and make their own beads. It is not an unusual thing to find them carrying rosaries made of pebbles, or beans, or berries, or in some cases, when none of these are to be had, of string, the "Our Fathers" and "Hail Marys" being indicated by knots tied at regular intervals. No wonder that the example of such devotion to our Blessed Lady has moved the fatherly heart of Pope Benedict XV, to permit the soldiers, during the continuance of the war, to gain the Rosary indulgence without having their beads blessed. He has also permitted them to share in all the indulgences granted to members of the Confraternity even though they have never been enrolled in it.

The example of the Catholic soldiers on all fronts has had a blessed influence upon Protestants. The Glasgow Observer relates the following: "A non-Catholic soldier went into a repository and asked for 'one of those bead necklaces.' What he wanted was a rosary, and he explained that each of his Catholic comrades had one and it seemed to make him happy. In addition to the Rosary a medal of the Immaculate Conception was bestowed upon him. The repository keeper felt that the rest could be left to Our Lady."

And Sapper Clifford Perry writes to a friend in Cardiff: "Rosaries are very popular here. I think I can safely say that four out of every ten men that one meets wear them around their necks. Strange to say, they are not all Catholics. Nor do those who are not Catholics wear them merely as curios or ornaments; on the contrary, it is clear upon inquiry that they attach some religious value to them even though they are unable to explain what it is. At any rate, nothing could induce them to part with them."

In the spiritual life it is not an unusual thing to find hearts hardening to the motions of grace. The saving dew does not often fall twice

in the same spot. But it would almost seem that in this terrible cataclysm God's voice is making itself heard above the mad and angry clamor of passion in the hearts of men. God alone knows how many of the soldiers who during the past two years have died good Christian deaths on the field of battle would but for the war have gone on in a life of indifference to if not absolute rebellion against Him. God is the God of battles, as the Scripture says, and surely He has battled and wrestled with many a stubborn soul whilst men all around were doing each other to death in the name of king and country. And His Mother's sweet influence, too, has been all-powerful. She it is who has poured balm into their bruised hearts; she it is who has given them courage to lift their eyes to those of her Divine Son with the

confident expectation of seeing there pity and forgiveness. By the living wire of her blessed beads Mary has invigorated the faith of countless lukewarm Catholics; through them, she has restored to life spiritual countless others whose souls were dead even whilst they thought themselves to live.

The example of the valiant men who are not ashamed to carry and to say their beads before their comrades, who are not ashamed to confess that Mary's arm is a stout arm upon which to lean, who do not feel that devotion to Mary's beads is good for women only, should be a powerful incentive to all of us to be unwavering in our loyalty to the Queen of the Rosary.

Philosophy reconciles us to the misfortunes of others.

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CAN BE SAVED AND CURED OF DRINK

Good News to Mothers, Wives, Sisters

To have seen one you love, going down this road to ruin, and to hear him try to laugh and joke away your fears, while you watched the drink habit fasten on him; is to have known suffering and to have borne a sorrow to which physical pain is nothing. And when at last he comes to this turn in the road that, sooner or later must come, and wakes to the fact that he is a slave to the drink you think everything will come right. He will fight the habit and you will help him escape it; but he can not do it. Drink has undermined his constitution, inflamed his stomach and nerves until the craving must be satisfied. And after you have hoped and then despised more times than you can count you realize that he must be helped. The diseased condition of the stomach and nerves must be cured by something that will soothe the inflamed stomach and quiet the shaking nerves, removing all taste for liquor. My marvelous remedy—Samaria Prescription—has done this for hundreds of cases in Canada. It can be given with or without the patient's knowledge as it is tasteless and odorless and quickly dissolves in liquid or food. Read what it did for Mrs. G. of Vancouver: "I was so anxious to get my husband cured that I went up to Harrison's Drug Store and got your Remedy there. I had no trouble giving it without his knowledge. I greatly thank you for all the peace and happiness that it has brought already into my home. The cost was nothing according to what he would spend in drinking. The curse of drink was putting me into my grave, but now I feel happy. May the Lord be with you and help you in curing the evil. I don't want my name published."

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The following agents are authorized to receive subscriptions and copies for the CATHOLIC RECORD: General agents: Messrs. F. J. Neven, Vincent S. Cox, M. J. Haggarty, and Miss Sara Hanley, etc.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1916

Mr. P. J. Neven, who acted as our agent for many years and who enlisted in the Army Medical Corps in this city nearly two months ago, left last week under orders for Halifax preparatory to his departure for duty overseas.

A WORD FOR QUEBEC

Recently a Protestant clergyman in Toronto struck a note in speaking of Quebec that is refreshing and encouraging. The Rev. Byron H. Stauffer spent his vacation this summer in Quebec and he is reported in the Globe to have stated in a public lecture that his experience led him to the conclusion that "some lies" have been told about French-Canadians.

WILL SPAIN JOIN THE ALLIES?

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THE SECOND OF THE THREE BISHOPS

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

READERS OF THE CATHOLIC RECORD who are accustomed to include these columns within the scope of their lucubrations may like to know something more of the three French Bishops who have shared in the struggles and sufferings of the Army in its heroic defence of Verdun.

MGR. DE LOBET, BISHOP OF GAP, WAS

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MEETING OF THE BISHOPS OF ONTARIO

The Archbishops and Bishops of Ontario held their regular semi-annual meeting in the Archbishop's House, Toronto, on Tuesday, October 10th. Among the subjects that engaged their serious attention was the question of supplying more chaplains for the Canadian forces at the front.

THE ROMANIAN CRISIS

"At Predeal the enemy has been repulsed and has retreated to Timos." This statement, contained in the Bucharest official report, shows that Rumania has won a breathing space that may enable her to concentrate a force sufficiently large to hold the Tomos or Predeal Pass until Russian troops can come to her aid.

and instructive. It shows that much as the question has been discussed there is a large number of the people of Ontario—including the Rev. Mr. Stauffer—whose prejudices have been stirred but who do not know just what are the merits of the bilingual controversy.

His speaks of the complaints in Ontario that the French-Canadians are overrunning east and north Ontario and he asks: "If the French-Canadian obeys God's law and raises families what complaint have you to make if his people spill over the boundaries of his native province?"

This emphatically is not the question in issue at all, though it is just about the conception of it that may be expected where racial and religious prejudice obtains. The question is: "Has the French-Canadian, as he claims, the same rights with regard to his language in the schools of Ontario as he has in Quebec?"

That question the courts will decide. It may involve another; if he has, the childless women of Toronto and elsewhere have no grievance; but the English-speaking fathers and mothers of east and north Ontario, who find French-Canadian schools altogether unsatisfactory for their children, may not be able to take such detached and impersonal view of the matter.

ATTENTION MISSIONARIES TO SOUTH AMERICA—AND QUEBEC!

An American subscriber sends us a clipping from the Gospel Messenger (Episcopalian) which might make good Sunday-reading for those Episcopalians who disrupted the Mission Board of their church over the question of joining other Protestant sects in sending missionaries to the Catholics of South America.

THAT PICTURE

We met her at the convent school. She was the product of a good Catholic country home, innocent, artless natural. Though a little shy and backward at first, she soon adjusted herself to her new surroundings.

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This emphatically is not the question in issue at all, though it is just about the conception of it that may be expected where racial and religious prejudice obtains. The question is: "Has the French-Canadian, as he claims, the same rights with regard to his language in the schools of Ontario as he has in Quebec?"

A WORD FOR QUEBEC

Recently a Protestant clergyman in Toronto struck a note in speaking of Quebec that is refreshing and encouraging. The Rev. Byron H. Stauffer spent his vacation this summer in Quebec and he is reported in the Globe to have stated in a public lecture that his experience led him to the conclusion that "some lies" have been told about French-Canadians.

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employment of Bavarians on this front indicates that hard fighting is expected in the mountains.

The public appeal of the King of Roumania to the Allies asking that they aid in preventing the Germans from doing to his country what they did to Belgium and Serbia will lead to reinforce the Roumanian army.

ITALY HELPING
Meanwhile Italy is doing everything possible to compel reinforcement of the Austrian army on the Isonzo, thus weakening her offensive power in Transylvania.

THE BULGARIAN FRONT
The Bulgars hold in force the railway on the Struma front both north and south of the point at Prosenik where the British have cut the line.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

AN IRISH SESSION
TO GO WITH CLEAN HANDS INTO A PEACE CONFERENCE ENGLAND MUST FREE IRELAND
Special Cable to the CATHOLIC RECORD (Copyright 1916 Central News)

London, Oct. 14th.—This is going to be largely an Irish session of Parliament. John Redmond will begin his offensive at the earliest possible moment.

Indeed, outside the newspaper offices and die-hard circles that cry no no no.

John Redmond, in the meantime, begins the session in a very different position from which he found himself at the end of the last session.

quite impossible to say as yet. Except Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George, no man of the old or the young generation has added anything to his former position.

This is perhaps partly the reason why Mr. Bonar Law is known to be less powerful with some of his own party than he was before the war.

What was the inner meaning of this? Some people attribute it to something deeper than the mere difference of opinion on the Irish question.

ROUMANIA HAS FEW CATHOLICS

80,000 IN REALM

With the entrance of Roumania into the war it is not without interest to survey briefly the situation of Catholicism in the kingdom on the Danube.

When all is said, however, the Catholic community in Roumania is a small one. But, small as it is, it is satisfactory to be able to add that, generally speaking, it receives fair and even benevolent treatment at the hands of the government.

ARCHBISHOP GLENNON
DECLARES THERE MUST BE SOME LIMITATIONS TO THE GROWING POWER OF THE STATE

The Most Rev. John J. Glennon, D. D., Archbishop of St. Louis, sounded a needed warning on a recent Sunday when he declared in the course of a sermon in his Cathedral that there must be limitations to the growing power of the State.

of politicians. When the contingencies are all discussed and all exhausted, there enters that final factor in the life of such a gambler as every politician is bound to be; and that decisive factor is the great god Chance.

THE CHURCH'S SOCIAL PROGRAM

It is just twenty-five years since Pope Leo XIII. sent out to the Christian world his famous Encyclical letter on the condition of the working man in contemporary society.

The Pope looked the situation squarely in the face. He did not play off the laborer against his employer, or vice versa. He wrote the letter in order to compose the situation, and this could only be done by stating matters truthfully, honestly and candidly, pointing out abuses where they existed, prescribing remedies where these were feasible, seeking to nurture and foster seeds of righteousness and justice wherever they were to be found.

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THE SCEPTIC

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The sceptic sneers away his very soul, And binds in many folds a bandage tight About his eyes, lest a beam of light Might by some chance creep through;

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Dec. 11, 1915.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: It may be a little surprise to you to learn that it takes \$100 a week to keep my mission going.

Previously acknowledged... \$7,948 25 A friend, Judique... 25 A Thanksgiver... 1 00 A friend, Chestnut... 1 00 A friend, Summerstown Station... 1 00

organized, disciplined, prepared, their railroads were built, and controlled by the government, their men were trained to be soldiers, the science both of war and peace was passionately studied.

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achievement and businesslike efficiency, but the world will not, because of it, be brought nearer to Christianity.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

By Rev. N. M. REEDMOND
NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER
PENTECOST

THE DANGERS THAT SURROUND US
But they made light of it, and went their
ways, one to his farm, another to his merchan-
dise. (Matt. xxvi, 5)

Our text seems aptly expressive of
the conduct of the lovers of the
world regarding the life to come.
The alarming point, however,
for consideration, is the sad
fact that they are a large major-
ity of every generation. Hence the
danger is apparent to which we are
necessarily exposed. Though humil-
iating, we are forced to admit that it
is the fashion of our nature to
accept as it mode of conduct what
the majority endorses by word and
act, especially when it harmonizes
with our corrupt tendency. Our
predicament, therefore, is similar to
that of a person caught in a rapid,
mighty tide or torrent. We must
struggle as long as we remain in the
world or perish eternally. The tens
of thousands of the world's votaries
that crowd its cities and highways
teach us by word and act to make
light of the life to come, and to give
all our attention to the present.
The comparatively few that follow
the teachings of the gospel appeal to
us by word and work, for Christ's
sake and for our own eternal wel-
fare, to make the hereafter the great
business of our life. It is needless
to say whom we should esteem as
our true friends. One of the three
capital enemies of God and our soul,
against which we had to solemnly
vow before we could enter the ranks
of Christians, is the world. Even
were we not bound by such a solemn
engagement, the peremptory declar-
ation of Christ and His apostles
should suffice to make us understand
that it is impossible to espouse the
cause of the world and its votaries
without being enemies of Christ and
His doctrine. He tells us that "the
world hates Him;" that "it neither
sees, nor knows, nor can receive the
Spirit of truth;" that "its works are
evil;" that "we must not be con-
formed to the world;" that "the
friendship of the world is the enemy
of God;" whoever, therefore, will be
a friend of this world, is the enemy
of God. And again, "If any man
loveth the world, the love of the
Father is not in him; for all that is
in the world, the lust of the flesh,
the lust of the eyes, and the pride of
life, is not of the Father, but is of
the world." How terrible are these
texts when we consider that
the lives of the great bulk of man-
kind are by them condemned,
when they tell us that the
love of the world and the love of
God are in no way consistent; and
yet, whilst the latter is of absolute
necessity for salvation, the former
is the constant companion of a
large majority of mankind.

With a nature that is always an
invalid and prone to evil, we are
constantly in the midst of those
who are dangerously ill with the
distemper of worldliness. Are we
not, therefore, our whole life long,
in danger of catching the distemper?
We are sick, and the atmosphere in
which we live is rank with the dis-
ease to which our nature inclines.
Viewing our case from another
point, do we not stand in very great
danger of loving that which it is
death for us to love, when almost
all that we hear and see is calculated
to lead us in that direction? "Per-
haps the abundance of the heart the
mouth speaketh," say the Scriptures.
The hearts, therefore, and they are
legion that are love-sick with the
world—furnish unlimited matter in
time, and out of time for conversa-
tion according to their passion.
These conversations are eloquent,
because they are the outpourings of
passion. Hence they are singularly
successful in inclining us to think
and feel concerning them, and thus
the more, since the weakness of our
nature furnishes a responsive ele-
ment. The extent of the danger to
which we are exposed will strike the
Christian with greater force when he
recollects, that had he no other sin
than to love the possession of any
thing in this world more than the
friendship of God, his life would be
a failure. Only the occasion can
prove his preference. Alas! how
often occasions set forth bad
examples, such as our text presents
for consideration. How many in the
past have bartered; how many in the
present are willing, at a
moment's notice, to renounce the
friendship of God for the merest
trifle! Such examples, with which
we are daily surrounded, bear down
upon us with far more force than
even the eloquence of speech. It is,
as we have already considered, the
wont of the great body of mankind
to live according to the spirit and
maxims of the world. Is it not the
case that only the few, the very few,
live according to the spirit and
maxims of the religion of Christ?

Where do we stand? Our name is
worth nothing if our spirit and max-
ims be those of the world—if our
farm or our merchandise is more
dear to us than the practice of our
religion. The occasion is the test,
and this presents itself as often as
religious duty demands us to leave
our farm or our merchandise and
give duty our attention and service.
If, when the demand comes, we
"make light of it and go our ways,
one to his farm, another to his mer-
chandise," it is clear that the love of
things earthly has our heart. This
sin suffices to bring on our eternal
ruin. To put it mildly, a grave sus-
picion that some in his parish are
thus soul-bound, cannot well be
absent from the priest's mind when

he is not infrequently compelled to
speak to vacant pews. The premise
of his suspicion is greatly strength-
ened when, frequently during the
week, he can see around him, those
who on Sundays almost continually
excuse themselves from attending
church on the plea of inconvenience
or distance, and when he perceives
that those of the town, whose pews
but too often proclaim their absence,
are most attentive to every detail of
their worldly business. Besides, he
is not forgetful of the fact that those
of whom he has reason to complain
can find time to run about to hear
stumpers, fanatics and even ridi-
culers of religion. It is painful to
think that such defection should be
found in the ranks of true Christians
notwithstanding their solemn bap-
tismal engagement, and the knowl-
edge that eternal ruin must be the
result of their conduct. They side
with that world which the gospel
reprobates: with that world for
which Jesus Christ did not pray,
and which reciprocally prays not to
Him; which, in fine, makes light of
the future life and is all for the
present. Great God, how foolish
man is to throw his soul away in
such a stupid fashion! His all is his
soul, and your inspired word would
have him fully understand this when
it asks him: "What shall it profit a
man, if he shall gain the whole
world, and lose his own soul?"

THE VEXED QUESTION IN MEXICO
The vexed question in Mexico is
not the agrarian, but the religious
question," said Mgr. Kelly before
the Catholic Federation. "Religion
and religious freedom are the causes
of the whole fight. It is a fight
against the Catholic Church, such as
was waged in Portugal, Italy and
South America, but I believe it found
a climax in Mexico."

Discussing President Wilson's ap-
pointments to the Mexican Com-
mission the speaker said he understood
that one of its members is a Protest-
ant minister.
"The Villistas and the Zapatistas
are not opposed to religion except
that they do not want the priests to
work much among the people, to
have the distribution of charities, or
to have Catholic institutions, such as
schools. These things became
obnoxious to them, and the result of
this was that the freedom of religious
practice became curtailed.
"Now to prove to you that the
Mexican question is not a land ques-
tion I will say there are millions and
millions of acres of land which the
Government is willing to sell to the
people at a couple of pesos an acre if
the people only care to take up its
cultivation.
"The real question—which is the
religious one—cannot be settled
without the United States stepping
in. Mexico cannot live without us."

The speaker told of priests being
put in jail and forbidden to hear con-
fessions. This oppression, he said,
was at the hands of the Socialists in
power in Yucatan.
"The government of Yucatan is
therefore about the same form of
government as that of Russia, except
that at least Russia has a Duma
where matters are taken up and dis-
cussed."—The Monitor.

WHERE SANCTITY IS
SANCTIFIED
Protestants lack spiritual liberty
By the refusal to permit them to
practice early Christian devotions,
full development of their spiritual
life is denied them. This is the con-
tention of the famous German con-
vert, Dr. Albert von Ruyville, pro-
fessor of history at the University of
Halle-Wittenberg. In the story of
his conversion as it is told in "Back
to Holy Church," he writes:

"The Protestants have the most
far-reaching liberty with regard to
their religious services and exercises.
They need not attend any church,
they need not go to Communion, they
need not perform any prayers, and
have altogether no religious duties
unless they lay some on themselves
or unless the law of the State inter-
venes. . . . Towards the positive
side, however, liberty is considerably
limited. A Protestant cannot visit
the church daily or whenever he
likes, because it is locked out of
church time. He cannot attend a
daily service in church. He can
hardly go to Communion according
to his desire, but only on stated and
infrequent occasions. He cannot re-
ceive the true body of the Lord. It
is made difficult for him to go to
auricular confession; and true abso-
lution, as instituted, is not offered
to him. . . . He must not ask holy
persons, not even the Apostles or the
Holy Virgin, for their intercession.
He must not make a vow or institute
orders which are founded on such
vows, be the purpose ever so noble.
. . . Altogether he must do
nothing which is considered specifi-
cally Catholic." —"Back to Holy
Church," pp. 129-30. Longmans,
Green and Co., 1912.

Implicit in the revolt of other
Protestants against Protestantism,
has been the desire to re-obtain the
spiritually developing practices of
Catholicism. Matthew and Benson
entered the Catholic Church because
they found devotional freedom there.
The Reverend R. J. Campbell, in his
present strenuous insistence that
Christians may pray for their dead, is
attempting to reinstitute a Catholic
custom. And the Reverend J. M.
Lloyd Thomas, former Anglican
minister, and now leader in the Free
Catholic Movement, recently and
quite hopefully asserted from the
pulpit of Trinity church in Glasgow:

"There is not a usage, not a liturgy,
not a symbol, not a sacrament, not
one precious thing in the past that
has proved its enduring efficacy. . . .
that we may not adopt." (A Plea for
a Free Catholic Church of Interna-
tional Fellowship, pp. 187-8. Current
opinion, September, 1916.)
"Is it not natural," asks Dr. von
Ruville, "that a truly believing Chris-

need gardeners who will cause the
present sterilizing process of the soil
to stop, and will enrich the surface
by working up into it the rich layers
beneath. In my work-room there is
ever before me the photograph of
Sebaldu's Tomb (model Metropolitan
Museum, New York). This rich
German symbol rose from the invis-
ible in the most luxuriant develop-
mental period of German art. As a
formal product of that art, it is very
difficult to appreciate it as it deserves.
It seems to me as one of the most
wonderful bits of work in the whole
field of artistic accomplishment.
The soul of all the great medieval
period encircles this silver coffin,
wrapping it up into a noble unity,
and enthrones on the very summit of
death, Life, as a growing child.
Such a work could only have come to
its perfection in the protected spaces
of the old Mother Church."

tion enthusiastically fond of divine
matters, who wants to come as near
as possible to his Lord and Redeemer,
and serve Him according to the
powerful longing of his heart, should
feel as if he were in a strait-jacket,

and should abhor this constant
tutoring (of Protestantism to beware
of Catholic practices)? . . . He
wants to act, to serve, to do pen-
ance, to adore, to sacrifice, when and
so often as he desires; and that is

forbidden in the Protestant church."
(Back to Holy Church, p. 130.)—New
World.

The brave find a home in every
land.—Ovid.

The highest duty that ever comes
to a man is not to do a deed of
prudence or win a material victory,
but to endure, suffer and die for
truth and freedom.—John Boyle
O'Reilly.

Thermogene applied
in a case of
Rheumatism or Neuritis

—promotes a genial, com-
forting warmth that per-
meates the affected joint.
Its stimulating
effect quickens the
circulation of the
blood, relieves the
congestion and sub-
duces the pain.
In all cases of pain-causing
disorders of the blood,
such as Rheumatism, Sci-
atica, Neuritis, etc., THER-
MOGENE brings immediate
and unfailling comfort and
relief.
THERMOGENE is a light,
dry, fleecy wadding medi-
cinally treated. Apply it
to the skin just as it comes
from the box. It can be kept
in place by a piece of tape
or any kind of bandage.

—is British made and has won the gratitude
of thousands of sufferers. Its merits have
gained for it the recognition of the British
Red Cross Society, the Royal Navy, Military
Authorities and many hospitals.
Invented by Van den Broeck, the famous Belgian
chemist. British made by the Thermogene Co.,
Limited, Hayward Heath, England.
Price 50 cents from your Druggist or from
Sales Agents for Canada:
Harold F. Ritchie & Co. Limited
10 McCaul Street, Toronto

Look for
the orange
colored box

How many hairs
has a Bear?

Advertisement for Hallam's Fur Style Book. Includes an image of a bear and text about prizes and fur products.

Give and
heal!

Advertisement for the British Red Cross, calling for help during the war. Includes a large red cross symbol and text about the 'Our Day' gift day.

Give and
heal!

Advertisement for the British Red Cross, featuring a large red cross symbol and text about the 'Our Day' gift day.

Make "Our Day" Your
Red Cross Gift Day
Give on October 19th

The Sick and Wounded
Call For Your Help
Give on October 19th

Mr. N. W. Rowell, K.C., Brings a Red Cross Message
"I bring a message of cheer to those who have relatives at the front and who fear they may be wounded. I believe every-
thing human skill can do, that human care and sympathy can
provide, is being done and provided each day and each night
throughout the year by the Army Medical Corps and the Red
Cross. It is a perfect marvel of efficiency."

He gives twice who gives quickly.
Your help is needed NOW!
The Motherland's only direct appeal to us for help in
this great war is her great Red Cross mercy work.
Ontario's response must and will be quick and generous.
Give through the Treasurer of your Local Committee—
or, send your subscription to the Clerk of your munici-
pality—or, make it payable to Hon. T. W. McGarry,
Treasurer British Red Cross Fund for Ontario, Parliam-
ent Buildings, Toronto.
Don't Let Your Stricken Defenders
Call in Vain, but
Give and heal!

Wounded in the Trenches—Official Film, "Battle of the Somme."

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE TEN DEMANDMENTS

Some of our biggest business ideas come out of Chicago. A big business man there has drawn up a list of rules which he calls the Ten Demandments and posted them over his establishment. Here they are:

Rule I.—Don't lie—it wastes my time and yours. I'm sure to catch you in the end and that's the wrong end.

Rule II.—Watch your work, not the clock. A long day's work makes a long day short, and a short day's work makes my face long.

Rule III.—Give me more than I expect and I'll give you more than you expect. I can afford to increase your pay if you increase my profits.

Rule IV.—You owe so much to yourself that you can't afford to owe anybody else. Keep out of debt or keep out of my shops.

Rule V.—Dishonesty is never an accident. Good men, like good women, can't see temptation when they meet it.

Rule VI.—Mind your own business and in time you'll have a business of your own to mind.

Rule VII.—Don't do anything here which hurts your self-respect. The employer who is willing to steal for me is capable of stealing from me.

Rule VIII.—It's none of my business what you do at night. But if dissipation affects what you do the next day, and you do half as much as I demand, you'll last half as long as you hoped.

Rule IX.—Don't tell me what I'd like to hear but what I ought to hear. I don't want a valet to my vanity, but I need one for my dollars.

Rule X.—Don't kick if I kick—if you're worth while correcting, you're worth while keeping. I don't waste time cutting specks out of rotten apples.—The Monitor.

WHY HE COULDN'T GAMBLE

"Would there be any harm in going with my friends and betting a dollar on the horse they pick out?" A weekly paper tells a story about a young woman who asked this question, and about the man who answered it. His answer is worth remembering:

"Well," Mac said slowly, "I can only speak for myself. I couldn't afford to bet even a dollar on the races, for two reasons, and the first one is that it would break my mother's heart."

The woman in the next room nodded, with eyes that were suddenly moist. Mac's mother had died six years before. But Beth's father still listened expectantly.

"The second reason is selfish, or at least, practical," Mac's voice went on. "Since I've been working up my own business I've had search lights turned on me when I didn't know it. The very men who have trusted me with their money began by sending agents round to the office to find out about me. They'd ask the fellows who knew me best, 'Does Bentley drink?' and the boys had to say, 'No.' 'Drinks a little, doesn't he—a glass now and then?' 'No, not a drop.' That's been worth thousands in cold cash to me, Beth, don't you see? And it might be, 'Does he gamble?' 'No, doesn't gamble.' 'Never?' 'Oh, well, maybe a dollar or so on the races.' See? I might as well have risked a hundred, as far as the effects goes. I don't know how it is with Hamilton or his wife, or you, but for myself, I can't afford to do it."

The next minute came the sound of the door closing after Mac and of Beth's step as she went up-stairs. Then the man in the next room nodded with a satisfied smile. "Mac's all right," he murmured. "I'd trust him with anything—even my daughter."—Sacred Heart Review.

YOUNG MEN AND MONEY

If there is anything more pathetic than the man who never had a home or friends, or money, it is the man who had a home and did not appreciate it, friends and could not keep them, money and lost it.

The world is full of derelicts, and every town has its "has-beens" who once were "had and could not keep. It is a sad commentary on human life that men must work and sacrifice and save; practice thrift for years; accumulate a competence, and for one reason or another lose it all, and begin over again worse by far, except for the experience.

Men who were once citizens of affluence will be found in the bread line, sleeping in the parks at night, living on relatives, in the poorhouse, selling shoestrings on Broadway, when by better management they might have been in comfortable circumstances.

There are two principal reasons why men lose what they have acquired.

First, by being an "easy mark," lending to friends and relatives and unable to say "no" to a request for help or an alluring proposition.

Second, the desire to make money fast—not by gambling, but by trying to get a large income from a small principal. The stories of men who have acquired considerable money, and in the desire to make it grow fast have lost it all would fill a book, and no caution is more opportune than this: Hold fast to what you have.

A few basic and common-sense rules will, if persistently followed, save those who heed them many a pang of regret.

First: Do not lend to your friends. Friendship loans are bad; it is a delicate matter to ask for your money.

Second: Never endorse a note for anybody. More losses and business disasters have come through lending one's name to promissory notes than perhaps any single cause. If you want to help a friend and have the money to spare better make a gift outright and forget it than try to deceive yourself that it is loan. If you can't keep your friends without lending them money better lose them; friends are easier made than money.

Third: Put your money in a good bank and leave it there. Experience has proven that the average man can do no better than bank his money, for in making private investments risk attends and loss often follows. There are thousands of good banks, and one is no doubt in your town, and bank books are mighty good investments.

Fourth: If you accumulate enough to warrant private investment be satisfied with 5% and never aim to get more than 6. Danger lies beyond 6%.

Fifth: Experience has again proven the country over that first mortgages on improved property at not more than 50% of a fair market value is the most satisfactory form of investment and yields the highest returns compatible with safety. Savings banks specialize in mortgage loans, and you can follow their lead with safety.

Sixth: Before making any investment ask your banker if it is legal for him and would he make it; and if not legal question it carefully, and if he turns it down refuse it.

Seventh: Never buy land you have not seen. Millions have been lost in buying lots on the installment plan, particularly in large cities. The promoter will make the profit not you.

These rules are simple, safe, and easily followed. You won't go wrong if you heed them. They come out of bitter experience, and why should you pay the same price for knowledge other men have paid?—Catholic Bulletin.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A GENTLEMAN

I knew him for a gentleman By signs that never fail; His coat was rough and rather worn. His cheeks were thin and pale— A lad who had his way to make, With little time for play— I knew him for a gentleman By certain signs to-day. He met his mother on the street; Off came his little cap. My door was shut, he waited there Until I heard his rap. He took the bundle from my hand, And when I dropped my pen, He sprang to pick it up for me. This gentleman of ten.

He does not push and crowd along, His voice is gently pitched; He does not fling his books about As if he were bewitched. He stands aside to let you pass, He always shuts the door, He runs on errands willingly, To forge and mill and store. He thinks of you before himself, He serves you if he can, For in whatever company The manners makes the man. At ten or forty 'tis the same, The manner tells the tale, And I discern the gentleman By signs that never fail.

A TRUE GENTLEMAN

"I beg your pardon," said Harry Elman to a man in passing. "I was rude; I hope I did not hurt you." And he stopped to pick up the can which had been thrown out of the man's hand by the shock of the bump. "Not a bit," said the man, "boys will be boys."

"I'm glad to hear it," and lifting his hat again, Harry turned to join his playmates.

"What did you raise your hat to that old fellow for?" asked Karl. "Don't you know him? He's old Jones, the huckster."

"That makes no difference," answered Harry. "The question is not whether he is a gentleman, but whether I am one. No true gentleman will be less polite to a man because he wears a shabby coat and cries vegetables through the streets."

—The Catholic News.

THE GIRL THAT IS RESPECTED AND ADMIRED

Every girl is made happy by knowing that she is respected and admired, but she will be neither respected nor admired unless she sets up the right kind of a standard and lives up to it. Th- girl of gentle department can travel alone at any time, in any place and under any circumstances, free from unwelcome attentions. Good manners are not the possessions of the wealthy, as many young persons seem to think. Many a simple old soul who goes out to hard work daily, if she would keep body and soul together, is a model of refined speech and deportment. Quiet manners give any girl or woman a certain dignity and the girl or woman who deports herself in the right way—who first of all respects herself—is always the recipient of whole-souled consideration and courtesy.—The Monitor.

THE SWEETEST LITTLE BOY

"Guess who is the sweetest little boy in this town," asked Mr. Travers, as he came to the supper table, with a smiling greeting for his two happy-faced lads, John and Herbert.

"Oh, who, father?"

"Well, you must guess," said father.

"Well," said John, "it is the very rich little boy, who has the pretty pony, and who rides to school every day."

"No," said Mr. Travers, "this little boy is not rich, and has no pony and never rides to school."

"Well," said Herbert, "if it is not that rich kid in the brown house, I do not know who it can be, so I won't even guess."

"Then I will have to tell you," said Mr. Travers.

There was a flock of sheep crossing through the town to-day, and they were so tired, dusty and thirsty. The driver let them rest at the pumping station, and how those sheep did drink. But one poor old sheep was too tired to reach the water, and just laid down on the hot, dusty street. Then I saw the sweetest little boy in town, for, ragged, dirty and touselled, this little fellow rushed from a crowd of companions who were watching the sheep and, filling his tattered straw hat with water, made trip after trip to the tired old sheep, until the poor suffering animal was able to rise and go on with the rest.

Now, I wonder if there is a finer little boy in this town? If there is, I would certainly like to know him, and I hope that if the chance to do a kind act ever comes to my dear boys that they will be as thoughtful as this boy I saw to-day. He surely knows what a blessed thing it is to help, when help is needed. — Intermountain Catholic.

THE VIRTUE OF "PEP"

When one thinks of a saint, he often thinks of a pale, sanctimonious creature, utterly without nerve in face of the physical crises of life. Truth to tell, saints have more courage than ordinary people, for only God matters to them; it is their biographers who make them seem pep-less.

Take St. Teresa as an example of courage:

Once she, as Mother Superior of the Reformed Carmelites, was taking her nuns to Seville in Spain. On their way they found themselves in the midst of an ugly brawl between some soldiers and peasants. The nuns had never seen such a brutal scene before and they trembled with fear—all but Mother Teresa. That stalwart, beautiful woman advanced toward the fighters and said:

"My brethren, reflect that God is present here. He will judge between you."

Catholics all, the fighters retreated at the words of this holy woman, lowered their weapons, and went away.

She was, in fact, a woman strong above others. The year of her death she was already ill when she left for Burgos; the season was severe and the weather frightful. After running great risks from the state of the roads she arrived with her nuns at the banks of the Arlanzon. This river was so swollen that the bridge they must cross could no longer be seen. But Teresa believed that the Lord wished her to finish her mission so she refused to turn back. Smiling, she said to her nuns:

"Let me go first, and if I am drowned, I beg you to about face, and go to the inn."

She rode on in her wagon. As the stream threatened to engulf her, she complained to Jesus Christ:

"How much longer will Thou sow difficulties in the path of Thy servant?"

An inward voice answered her: "It is thus that I treat my friends."

"Ah, Lord," she replied. "That is surely the reason Thou hast so few."

THE ONLY MEDICINE THAT HELPED HER

"Fruit-a-tives Again Proves Its Extraordinary Powers"

ROCHON, QUE., March 2nd, 1915.

"I have received the most wonderful benefit from taking 'Fruit-a-tives'.

I suffered for years from Rheumatism and change of life, and I took every remedy obtainable without results. I tried 'Fruit-a-tives' and it was the only medicine that really did me good. Now I am entirely well—the Rheumatism has disappeared, and the terrible pains in my body are all gone. I hope that others, who suffer from such distressing diseases, will try 'Fruit-a-tives'.

MADAME ISAIIE ROCHON.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

people owe it to their own respectability, not to say education or decency, to let the stage know that it is a long cry from originality to vulgarity. A driving idiot can be profane, but true wit is the thought of genius.

In a Catholic, profanity is detestable. The tongue that touches the Holy Eucharist should never be as an adder's fang tipped with poison. The ear that is filled with the happy promise of Christ's words should not entertain a violation of Christ's name. The heart that is the very tabernacle of Christ's graces should not laugh when the devils are delighted.

The question here presents itself, what should we do when we hear the name of our Lord profaned? One of the readiest and most eloquent rebukes possible is for a man to quietly and reverently take off his hat in veneration and so he will punish the defamer and make ready atonement for the insult given our Divine Master. — Brooklyn Tablet.

"TIPPERARY"

There's a hospital in London—St. Dunstan, Regent's park—where soldiers blinded in battle are being cared for and taught trades suitable to their terrible affliction, so that after the war they may be self-supporting members of society. There are pitiable sights to be seen there. Richard Harding Davis visited the place, and in last Sunday's New York Times gives us an affecting picture of an Irish soldier—a blind Munster Fusilier—singing out the unconquerable lightness and eternal sunshine of his Irish heart. Mr. Davis writes:

A private of the Munsters was weaving a net, and, as though he were quite alone, singing in a fine baritone, "Tipperary." If you want to hear real close harmony, you must listen to southern darkies; and if you want to get the sweetness and melancholy out of an Irish chant, an Irishman must sing it. I thought I had heard "Tipperary" before several times, and that it was a march. But I found I had not heard it before, and that it was not a march, but a lament and a love song. The soldier did not know we were listening, and while his fingers wove the meshes of the net his voice rose in tones of the most moving sweetness. He did not know that he was facing a window, he did not know that he was staring straight out upon the city of London. But we knew and when in his rare baritone and rare brogue he whispere rather than sang the lines:

Good-bye Piccadilly— Farewell, Leicester Square. It's a long, long way to Tipperary —all of his unseen audience hastily fled.

"THEY PASS AWAY AND ARE RECKONED"

In one of John Ayscough's novels there is a description of an old English country house called "The Moat." In the midst of the garden surrounding it there stands an ancient sun dial upon which is carved this terse legend: "Peruent et imputantur"—"They pass away and are reckoned." Contemplating the aged, moss covered bit of stone the heroine of the tale is led to interior questioning: "Her own hours—would they, too, be imputed? What in all her life, had she done with them? Had she not been a mere stroller, a half-bored pilgrim bound for no intended goal, tired with doing nothing, content if no day contained too many tedious hours?"

A Christian is a custodian of time. It is not permitted him to be a dawdler on life's highway; rose-crowned and waiting to welcome with lute and song such strange gods as may pass by. For him, rather, are the burden of the day and the heat; the spending and being spent; the giving of himself in service for God and for his brethren; conscious that he must work while it is day, for soon, all too soon, "the night cometh when no man can work."

It is easy enough to fall into slothful habits, not in the doing of the work that gains us a livelihood—we must persevere, of which we often forget we form that in any case—but in the expenditure of the time which we call shall be called to render an account.—New World.

PROFANITY

Profanity is not an accomplishment, although ignorance has so often grinned at it that some reckless thinkers believe that they do not measure to their full height until they have learned how to pollute their speech.

A gentleman is never profane; for he will not disregard the rights of others by abusing their ears and shocking their sensibilities.

It is said of General Grant that when he was in the field one of his staff officers approached him to quote a volley of half drunken and wholly profane language used by a soldier. The officer prefaced his purpose by remarking: "Are there any ladies around?" "No," said Grant, "but there are gentlemen."

Needless to say the story was like MacBeth's amen—it stuck in the throat of the would be entertainer.

Profanity has become a public nuisance. It crowds the streets. It never strikes itself with the thought that the bark of a mad dog is far more musical than the bray of an ass.

It never considers that it is a trespasser on the sidewalk.

When an officer (as sometimes happens) whose purpose it should be to see that peace is preserved so makes inroads through profanity on the good order of society, a fine should be a promise of a discharge from public service.

When the stage volunteers to insult its patrons by believing that they think profanity to be wit, the

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ST. FRANCIS AND EPISCOPALIANS

(The Protestant Episcopalians are to erect a chapel, dedicated to St. Francis of Assisi, at the University of Wisconsin. The following article, written by Rev. M. C. Stone, chaplain of the University, appeared in the Milwaukee Church Times for September.)

About seven hundred years ago, a young man named Francis knelt before the cross of a little ruined chapel outside Assisi, and there found the inspiration and vision the fruit of which was one of the greatest spiritual revivals Europe has ever known; the inauguration and spread of the Franciscan movement.

The vision was so intense that it seemed as if the figure on the cross lived and that our Lord spoke to him. And the words which gave the spiritual ideal to his whole life were: "Build My Church." Living the life of the Sermon on the Mount, strengthened by the grace of the Sacrament, St. Francis and his little band began that movement which spread in all directions, reaching out to the poor and outcast as well as to the rich, going afar to evangelize the heathen, spreading from town to town and from city to city. And everywhere it went, it won.

No saint is better known and more loved in Christendom. From quite unexpected sources one hears St. Francis' praises sung. I remember at Yale hearing my professor in history say, with all the force of an important announcement: "I should like to say, with all due reverence, that in my opinion St. Francis was the most holy person that ever lived, excepting only Christ Himself." I remember how strongly we all were impressed at the time.

THE IMPORTANCE OF TEACHING THE CATECHISM

One of the first acts of the last Supreme Pontiff of the Church was to write an important encyclical on a matter that at first sight we might think beneath his notice. Pope Pius X. was for many years a parish priest and he knew the needs of the people. His letter was not on grave, social or political questions, but on the teaching of catechism.

He said that many are eager to engage in work that win applause, but do not care to confine themselves to the less showy work of instructing the young in religion. Why is it, asked the Holy Father, that so many fall away from their faith? It is due to ignorance, crass ignorance of the mysteries of religion. There is some chance for those who have been taught their religion returning at some crisis in life, but there is little or no hope for those ignorant of their religion returning to God and the Church.

The Holy Father quoted the prophet Osee, who says: "There is no truth and there is no mercy and there is no knowledge of God in the land. Cursing and lying and killing and theft and adultery have overflowed and blood hath touched blood." Pius X. said there is no work nearer the heart of our Divine Lord than that of instructing the young in religion. So says Pope Benedict XV., and so each parish priest always insists on the great importance and necessity of this work.

It was the mission of our Lord and His apostles to teach the word of God, it is not beneath us. This is largely the work of the priest and of those associated with him, to instruct the young in the mysteries of religion. To do this efficiently is a great work and most pleasing to God and the

Sacred Heart of Jesus. The priest can do little unless parents co-operate and send the children regularly to instructions and impress upon them the importance of studying and attending regularly. The teachers who co-operate with the priest can prepare themselves to do this great duty well and thus be doing a most meritorious work for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.—The Monitor.

WILL BEAR WATCHING

It is surely the height of impudence for one who is familiar with the campaign of slander that has been carried on by anti-Catholic papers and "lecturers" to question the propriety of Cardinal O'Connell's speech at the opening of the Catholic federation convention. The Cardinal answered most forcibly the accusations of disloyalty leveled against Catholics by the "Guardians of Liberty" and their several imitators throughout the country. It left nothing to be desired as a complete refutation of calumny.

But now we are asked by editors who have not themselves descended to repeat these calumnies, but who know well enough that they have been uttered, "Why was it necessary to say all this? Who can imagine a Methodist, Baptist or Presbyterian convention opening with a disclaimer of disloyalty?" Unhappily, we have had to record unfounded accusations made against the Catholic Church by sectarian conventions. The Cardinal's disclaimer was meant for them as well as for the lower class of calumniators.

Yes, if calumnies had not been uttered against the Church it would be unnecessary for anyone to undertake their refutation. If Catholics were to form the bad habit of aspersing their neighbors' loyalty there might be need for Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian assemblies to put on record a solemn protestation of their loyalty. But Catholics are not engaged in the business of maligning those of other faiths. They have a regard for the truth and for the good name of their neighbors. It would be well if as much could be said for those who are inclined to find fault with Cardinal O'Connell's utterances.

We have little respect for calumniators. They are, as a rule, malicious and conscious evil doers. A thief is respectable compared to them. But neither have we a high regard for the carping critic who craftily insinuates an unworthy reason for defending ourselves against false accusations. He may pose as a friend—but we distrust his friendship and his sincerity. He is more than likely a hypocrite who will bear close watching.—True Voice.

A NOTED CATHOLIC MAY RECEIVE WASHINGTON POST

Washington, D. C., Oct. 31, 1916. It is rumored in diplomatic circles that a new Ambassador is to be appointed to represent the Austro-Hungarian monarchy in Washington, in the person of Count Albert Apponyi of Budapest. The appointment would bring to the United States one of the most able statesmen of Europe, an orator of universal fame, and a Catholic gentleman of the highest type.

Count Apponyi, who has long since passed his sixtieth birthday, was the son of Count George Apponyi, leader, in his day, of the Conservative party in Hungary. The present count was educated by the Jesuits in Kalksburg, Lower Austria. In his younger days he was joined to his father's—The Conservative party, which he left in the late '70s for the opposition, and when, in 1905, that party raised objection to the action of the Crown, in making Hungarian the official language of the army, he joined himself to the so-called '48, or Independent party, the leader of which was Francis, son of the famous Louis Kossuth, the patron of Hungarians in the United States. Under the premiership of Alexander Wekerle, Count Apponyi was appointed Minister of Religion and Culture, and it was due to his efforts that the standing of the professors and teachers of religious orders in Hungary, under which direction many of the higher schools are conducted, was made to rank equally with that of the lay teachers, and like compensation accorded them.

As an orator, Count Apponyi has few, if any, equals in Europe. He is not only familiar with seven languages, but has mastered the finer points of each of them, and employs the rare diction and delicate shades of expression that would seem possible only to the native. When several years ago, he was in this country in the interests of the Hungarian emigrants, it was reported that an enterprising American sought to arrange a lecture tour for

him, throughout the large cities of the country. Much of his reputation as a brilliant orator was acquired at the Peace Congress at The Hague, to which he was sent as official representative of his country.

No phase of Count Apponyi's life affords greater interest to Catholics than his deep religious nature. He said that scarcely a morning fails to find him receiving Holy Communion. Throughout all his political life, no official matter of moment was decided upon, until after he had sought the advice and prayers of his confessor.

When he was well on in years, Count Apponyi married an Austrian countess, a Catholic lady of brilliant parts, and their family life is an exemplary one. It is a familiar sight in the capital city of Hungary to see the noble pair, accompanied by their two children, attending public Mass in the Coronation Church, on the hill of Buda.—New World.

PULPIT VULGARITY HOW FAR SHALL PREACHERS GO IN ORDER TO CATCH EAR OF CROWD

To what extent the Church should vulgarize its speech and sensationalize its methods to catch the ears and the eyes of the masses is a question for thoughtful Christians to ponder, writes Rev. Charles E. Jefferson in The Christian Work. He notes the modern craving for the spectacular, the bizarre, and the thrilling; how we take up and throw aside successively the book, the magazine story, the storiotes, and seek refuge in the newspaper, to "skim the headlines, look over the jottings, glance through the squibs." We are bored by long editorials. We do not enjoy long plays, and rush to vaudeville and to moving pictures which give us the sense of rush, and at the same time employ no part of us but our eyes." Dr. Jefferson continues:

To a generation so constituted the Church service is of course somewhat tedious. There is not enough bang and sparkle to it. The anthems are too long, and the prayers lack interest. The preacher is too dignified and he uses only language which good society counts proper. The result is a certain tameness which fails to stir the mind. The pressure upon the Church to adopt the methods of the variety theater is tremendous. Religion, men tell us, must be made interesting, and how can it be made interesting unless you present it in a form which the popular taste craves?

Since many people are vulgar in their tastes why not bring religion down to their level? Since most people use slang, why not translate the New Testament into slang? Since most people are fond of racey stories, why should not theological seminaries teach the art of story-telling? Since the masses of men and women enjoy a drama, why should not a preacher develop his powers as an actor?

These are questions which many good people find it difficult to answer. They are not sure but that the Church of Jesus Christ should, in order to attract the attention of the multitude, make use of every device which the children of the world have found effective. And so we have ministers who work their subjects into fantastic forms, and adopt the methods of the hustling promoters and convert their sermons into theatrical exhibitions, for the sake of making an impression on hearts too indifferent or hard to be reached in any other way.

TO THE POINT

Cardinal Newman wrote in 1851: "What I desire in Catholics is the gift of bringing out what their religion is. You must not hide your talent in a napkin, or your light under a bushet." And again he said: "I want a laity not arrogant, not rash in speech, not disputatious, but men who know their religion, who enter into it, who know just where they stand, and what they do not, who know their creed so well that they can give an account of it, who know

SHORTENING THE COMMANDMENTS

"Back to Paul," and "Back to Holy Church" have been expressions of growing frequency on the lips of those outside the Church. Another instance, though one of minor importance, is now engaging the attention of a commission that is to recommend certain changes to the Protestant Episcopal Church at its convention to be held in St. Louis next month. The suggestions are concerned mainly with the ritual, but there is one that has to do with the Ten Commandments. The new form which the commission plans to have the convention adopt is an abbreviation of the form found at present in the catechism of the Protestant Episcopal Church and one that approximates, in its brevity, to the form found in the catechism of the Catholic Church. A glance at the two places in Holy Scripture, where the Commandments are recorded, Exodus xx : 1-7 and Deuteronomy v : 6-21, shows that the new form, while retaining the Scriptural wording, does not reproduce in their entirety the Tables of the Law given to Moses. It omits the reasons given for the Commandments, and the details of their application and confines the wording to the actual precepts, positive and

negative. The abbreviated form has distinct advantages, especially for pedagogical purposes, for it throws into bold relief the essentials of the precepts, and prevents the confusion likely to arise in youthful minds.

In adopting the Catholic practice, the convention will give another testimony to the Church's practical wisdom.

Will the next step be to return to the classification of the Commandments, which most Protestants abandoned at the time of the so-called Reformation? The Lutherans clung to the old Augustinian division, in spite of the fact that it was used by Catholics, for it had the sanction of centuries of Christian practice, but the other sects almost without exception, in this as in other things, broke away from the traditional "Roman" practice and took up with the less correct and discarded classification of Philo. Certainly long centuries of honored possession ought to weigh strongly in favor of the classification of St. Augustine. Perhaps, however, this is too much to hope for. But it would seem that the Church's teaching that the First and Second Commandments of the Philonic classification are but two aspects, the negative and the positive, of one and the same precept, should commend itself to the consideration of logical thinkers, especially nowadays when it is no longer believed, commonly, at least, that Catholics worship images.

There is a very particular reason for desiring that Protestants should revert to the practice of their Catholic ancestors, because by doing so they would give to the Ninth Commandment, in the Catholic classification, the prominence it needs. Hitherto most of the sects have relegated "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife" to a secondary position, as a part of their Tenth Commandment and it is now proposed to further obscure it in the catechism of the Protestant Episcopal Church by allowing it no other mention than is implied in "Thou shalt not covet anything that is thy neighbor's." This is to be deplored.

If there ever was a time when unruly desires, whose illicit and immoral end is the divorce court, called for explicit prohibition, that time is the present. More, not less, insistence on the sinfulness of adultery in the heart is demanded by the trend of twentieth-century morals. America.

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