

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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The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1916

1952

A GREAT ENEMY

There is one enemy that the house-hold should guard itself against—the pestilent newspapers which ignore the moral rules of conscience regarding impure suggestions, evil example and defamation of character. Printing objectionable matter on the ground that the readers want it is an utterly immoral plea. This is well understood by the editors, but they seem, by allowing their columns to be filled with the flotsam and jetsam of the seamy side of life, to have as much respect for the intelligence and taste of their readers as for the law of gospel. When we hear some of these newspaper men advocating honest journalism we have a suspicion as to their mentality. There are a few who can write dispassionately on debatable subjects, and can discuss "politics" without impugning the motives of opponents, but the individuals we have in mind mistake personalities for arguments, and to antagonists give nothing that has even a bowing acquaintance with the canons of social amenities. Perhaps they cannot help it. The saddest feature is that the phrases, assertions and statements of this kind of newspapers mould the thought of the many who are diseased politically; and then we have the "intelligent constituents" marching to the polls, destitute of an independent opinion, and showing themselves well advanced in the art of invective and vituperation.

THE WISE DIRECTOR

St. Francis de Sales was unwearied in reminding us: "To each soul it is said: God's will is for you to be here, exactly in such a place with certain strict duties antecedent to all other duties, with certain work to do, certain burdens, certain means. This is the grand truth: we must look at what God wants and when we know it we must do it gallily; and not only that, but we must love this will of God and the obligation which comes from it to keep pigs all our life, and do the most abject things in the world: for in what place God puts us it should be all one: this is the bull's eye of perfection at which we must all aim." He admonishes us not to ignore the little virtues—simplicity, gentleness, mortification of humours, fidelity in small things, owning faults, readily bearing the defects of ourselves as of others, tenderness and minute condescension for others, accommodating ourselves to them.

He would have devout people eminently reasonable and social, neither contemning nor dreading innocent joys. You must not only be devout and love devotion, but you must make it amiable, useful and agreeable to everyone. The sick will love your devotion if they are charitably consoled by you; your family will love it if they find you more careful of their good, more gentle in little accidents that happen, more kind in correcting and so on: your husband if he sees that as your devotion increases you are more devoted in his regard and sweet in your love for him: your parents and friends if they perceive in you more generosity, tolerance and condescension towards their wills when not against the will of God.

THE TEST OF A GENTLEMAN

Anybody can give; few only can receive. To receive favor gracefully, that is the supreme test of the gentleman. The reason of this is that accepting a favor in the right way calls for the rarest flower of good breeding: humility. We are born proud, self-seeking and sensitive: the task of culture is to change these attributes into humility, service and self-effacement. We exalt the man whose aim is to help people, to do something for somebody; but the very finest quality of service consists in allowing others to do something for us. To make a friend feel that you need him: the poor, that they have power to serve; the rich, that their personality means more to you than their money; the learned, that they teach you; and the ignorant that they inspire you—this is perhaps the highest form of service.

REDEEMING TRAITS

The redeeming trait is to be found in everyone—if we only look for it. Just so a single commendable element of character may offset lamentable shortcomings.

When they can say nothing else that is good of a politician, people assert that he is good to his mother, and in the eyes of many that pardons manifold obliquities of precept. That one strong point abolished a multitude of minor evils, it redeemed him for useful service.

KEEP WORKING

Large numbers of people seem to hold that they have a right to expect the world to provide them with an easy life. Many mean to take it. It becomes for them a distinct object of existence and they view it as a sort of final triumph. They are satisfied with satisfaction when they arrive at a period which enables them to "take things easy." We venture to suggest that in fostering that feeling they are making a grave mistake, the outlook for them is rather dangerous than inviting, for the ultimate effects of the easy life have a tendency towards deterioration, and should be guarded against rather than welcomed. The demand for effort covers the whole range of civilized life, unless men deliberately surrender themselves to the slow decay of their mental virility, for it is only through a spirit of enterprise that they can escape deterioration of character. They may change their form of work as life progresses and its interest broadens, but the need for application, for earnestness, for strain in pursuit of new ideals remains until they are through with life. We only live as long as we strive and the rest is a slow decline.

The world gives no promise of salvation to any one who lies down to rest in a by path meadow. If this be true what a poor aim it is to live a life of ease! It is equivalent to giving up playing the game and leaving the field of joyous exertion for ever.

A DESERVED REBUKE

The Public school teacher who attempts to be funny at the expense of Catholic doctrine or Catholic practice is still to be found. In Taunton, recently, there was a case of this kind which was publicly rebuked by the Rev. James Coyle, LL.D., pastor of St. Mary's. "Our schools are supposed to be non-sectarian," said Father Coyle, "and we pay taxes to have facts taught the pupils and not the individual opinions of the teachers on matters of religious faith. When a teacher of the pupils pretends to insult the religion of the greater part of the people of this city not only should a reprimand be given but an apology demanded as well. We venerate the relics of the saints as we venerate the sword of Washington and we accept the forgiveness of sin by man as a divine commission from God. We follow the teachings of St. Thomas, St. Basil, St. Augustine, and when such profound intellects as Manning and Newman and Wilberforce accepted and preached it, and a teacher in the Public school offers insult to those who believe it, there ought to be something done about it."—Sacred Heart Review.

FIRST ARCHBISHOP OF WALES CHOSEN BY THE HOLY SEE

CARDIFF MADE CENTRE OF NEW ARCHEPISCOPAL SEE, FIRST SINCE THE DAYS OF THE REFORMATION

Catholic Press Association

London, Feb. 14, 1916.—The important news just received in London from Rome testifies anew to the strides which the Catholic Church is making in the reconquest of Great Britain. There is no greater stronghold of Dissent in the British Isles than Wales, and yet the time has now arrived when this country can be constituted a new province of the Catholic Church. For the Holy Father has raised to the dignity of an archiepiscopal see that of Newport, recently adorned by the late Bishop Hedley, O. S. B., and has appointed the first Welsh Archbishop since the Reformation in the person of Rt. Rev. James Bilsborrow, Bishop of St. Louis, Mauritius. Some people are surprised that one of the bishops of the province has not been placed in the new command, but Rt. Rev. Dr. Bilsborrow is a Lancashire man and has shown himself a wise and able administrator during his five years in Mauritius. Great interest has been taken in the news. For a long time the probable formation of a fourth archiepiscopal see, under the primacy of Cardinal Bourne, like those of Liverpool and Birmingham, has been discussed, but it was thought the matter would not now mature till after the war. The seat of the new see is removed from Newport to Cardiff. In that city, which is the commercial capital of Wales, the second richest and most powerful Catholic noble in Britain, the Marquis of Bute, has wide interests. It is said that he has made generous contributions towards the endowment of an archiepiscopal see and the ultimate building of a worthy cathedral. The ultra-Protestants are furious at what they term this new incursion of Rome.

TWO NEW IRISH BISHOPS

The Holy Father has been pleased to make two other important appointments this week also, this time to

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Advocate Socialism, demand the abolition of Christian marriage, attack religion, preach anarchy and revolution, but wherever you turn you will find the Catholic Church standing across your pathway, her priesthood fighting as one man to protect the institutions which you seek to destroy.

Could civilization, can the American public, afford to have this mighty fortress of righteousness discredited and destroyed?

Only the ignorant and bigoted will deny but what the Catholic Church is wonderfully wise in its dealings with the faults, sins and failings of mankind. Its institutions are based upon the experience and wisdom of the ages. They were designed to meet great needs in human life, to foster virtues and conserve the treasures of mind and heart.

Judged by its service to man in this present world, measured alone by the life that now is, Catholicism has justified its existence, merits success and perpetuity. — Brann's Iconoclast.

SOME POINTED PARAGRAPHS

PENNED BY A NON-CATHOLIC FOR CONSUMPTION BY HIS FRIENDS

The idea that Protestants can afford to contest the principal claims of Catholicism is a capital delusion. The notion that it is their duty to destroy the religious of millions who put their faith in this great Church is a ridiculous assumption, a fatal fallacy.

It is not an easy thing for a Protestant to become a Catholic, but it is a thousand times more difficult for an intelligent Catholic to become a Protestant. It seems utterly absurd for him to abandon the oldest Church and join one whose history can be traced only a few years, or, at most, a few centuries.

When an honest intelligent Catholic rejects the root and stock of the Christian tree, he refuses to cling to any of the branches. With him it is Catholicism or nothing.

If the crusade against the Catholic Church should succeed—if Watson and Walker had their way—they would convert 300,000,000 Catholics into agnostics or infidels, and thus uproot the very foundation of the Christian religion, leaving the ruins to be defended by the warring sects of Protestantism.

In view of this fact the movement fostered by the Menace, and encouraged by many radicals who have not stopped to think, is a greater menace to the Christian religion than all the agnostics and infidel societies on earth.

If the enemies of Christianity had to deal only with the contradictory and conflicting creeds of Protestantism the struggle would soon be over.

If the forces of evil in this world met no obstacle except the barriers raised by anti-Catholics, they would sweep over the earth like a deluge.

No honest person who thinks, and is unprejudiced, can deny but what Catholicism in every land stands like Gibraltar against the vices, sins and crimes of mankind.

One must be a twisted, distorted malicious ignoramus to deny that Catholicism affords a refuge for millions of men, women and children in their warfare against the Prince of Darkness.

Live a sordid, sinful, selfish, wicked life, if you will—reject the inspiration of the Bible, doubt the existence of God and deny the divinity of Christ but unless you are mentally blind you must admit that when the Catholic Church sends forth the "Little Sisters of the Poor" to share the sorrows of the afflicted, administer to the dying, console the bereaved, care for the helpless, clothe the naked and feed the starving, she is doing grand work for humanity.

You may laugh at the mince of hell, deny the existence of heaven, and believe that death ends all, but unless you are totally depraved you must agree that when Catholic priests and Sisters gather into orphan asylums abandoned children from the streets, educating and training them for the battles of life and thus saving millions from the vortex of misery and crime in this world, they are doing work worthy of gods.

The Archbishop said that he could, single-handed, grapple with the problem, and probably solve it; but he wanted, he said, the cooperation of the laity. "We will put up a home outside the city," he said, "where the air is good, where the surroundings are healthy, where the supervision is parental and kind, rather than corrective; this institution, or rather its governing board, to be appointed a probationary officer of the court, and to receive first offenders from the Juvenile Court, who are placed on probation, who have not been marked with conviction for any crime, and who will come to us for the very same reason that the State isolates those who have been exposed to contagion. If our Catholic laymen who are members of your order will cooperate, I believe we will succeed where others have failed; if you will furnish the building, I will provide the Brothers to carry on the work."

"It will be a difficult task," continued the Archbishop, "it means much care, the expenditure of a large sum, but if you succeed, and I believe we will succeed where others have failed; if you will furnish the building, I will provide the Brothers to carry on the work."

There are fourteen Catholic High schools in Colorado.

The religious census of Canada shows that one-third of the Dominion is Catholic.

The fine new Cathedral of Omaha will probably be dedicated next Easter.

St. Patrick's Seminary, at Menlo Park, Cal., is to have a new chapel to cost \$100,000.

The Hon. Frederic Courtland Penfield, our ambassador at Vienna, is a convert to the Church. His wife is a marchesa of the Papal court.

The Sisters of Mercy, who conduct Montsalvat Sanatorium in Manitou, Col., have decided to transform the institution into a home for the aged.

Angelo Sarto, seventy-nine years old, only brother of the late Pope Pius X, is dead. For years he was postmaster of the village of Grazie.

Recently the Holy Father visited the little chapel of St. Pellegrino of the Swiss Guards in the Vatican, and also gave it a beautiful ciborium.

King Ludwig of Bavaria has given a contribution of 10,000 marks for the erection of a Catholic church at Nürnberg as a war memorial.

The Austrian Bishops have just held their autumn conference under the presidency of Cardinal Skrbensky, of Prague. Seventeen Bishops were present.

The huge copper roof of the Cathedral at Bremen is being stripped and everything of copper in other parts of the edifice is being placed at the disposal of the military authorities.

The Right Rev. P. J. Donahue, Bishop of Wheeling, announces that the Catholics of Charleston, W. Va., would put \$50,000 in a new hospital there, work to begin in April.

Nearly \$68,000 for the Catholic boys' orphanage of Minneapolis—this is the result of the whirlwind campaign recently conducted for that institution.

It is announced from Holland that Vanispen Tot Sevenster, ex-president of the second chamber, will succeed M. Regout at Rome as minister of Holland to the Holy See.

The first diocesan synod in this country was that of Baltimore in 1791. Twenty priests constituted it. The first provincial council of Baltimore was held in 1829. Six Bishops constituted it.

Theodore Maynard, the British poet, whose poems have just been issued in London with a preface by G. K. Chesterton, has entered a Dominican monastery to study for the priesthood.

The College of Cardinals is made up of four North American Cardinals, five Spanish, two Portuguese, six French, one Belgian, three British, five Austro Hungarian, two German, one Dutch, one South American and twenty-five Italian.

Not to be outdone by other cities the Knights of Columbus of Greater Boston are to erect a beautiful club-house, intended to be a leader among the Catholic social centers of the United States.

Mr. P. J. Coleman, the poet, has joined the Catholic Columbian staff. For sixteen years in London, Dublin and many of our American cities, Mr. Coleman has won distinction in his chosen field of journalism.

At Nazareth, in the Holy Land, there are about sixty-five boys in the orphan asylum. A remarkable fact connected with the orphanage is that for the last four years no physician was needed by the orphans.

The French Ministry of Public Instruction have cut out that, since the beginning of the war, fourteen months ago, 2,000 French Public school teachers have been killed on the battlefield, and 8,000 have been put out of service.

Lima, Peru, is one of the strongholds of the Church. It is said that Toledo, Spain, is the only other city in the Catholic world which has more houses of worship per capita than the capital of Peru.

Many priests and priests participated in the exercises attending the blessing of Shavuot Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y., erected at a cost of \$80,000. The new building will be the home of the nurses of St. Mary's General Hospital.

Most Rev. John J. Glennon, D. D., has appointed the Catholic Women's Association of St. Louis as custodian of the Catholic Free Library, willed to the Archbishop by Prof. George Wright, who died in 1909.

The late John Henry Joyce, of Foleskstone, England, left by will the sum of \$60,000 for the marble decorations of Westminster Cathedral, and the residue of his estate, valued at over \$200,000 to the Bishop of Southwark, to establish and maintain new missions.

Dr. James Sullivan, principal of the Boys' High school, Brooklyn, has been appointed State historian. The appointment carries with it the added designation of director of archives and history of the university of the State of New York.

A FAIR EMIGRANT

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND
AUTHOR OF MARCELLA GRACE: "A NOVEL."

CHAPTER XXI

BETTY SPEAKS

At last one day the wind ceased to blow, the rain dripped and stopped with many a wild sob, and late in the evening the clouds opened overhead, and a great, broad burnished moon looked over at Bawn from The Rath side of Glensmulligan.

Never before had night appeared to her in such lovely and romantic guise. She went out and walked up and down before her door, trying to fathom the overshadowed glen with her eyes which magnified the height of the dark mountain ridges against the moon-illuminated sky; to measure the depth of the apparently bottomless valley, the bottom of which seemed to have been swept away into the bowels of the earth. She was in a new world, as new to her as the ocean had been, with the worshipping lover it had brought to her feet and carried away with it again into infinite obscurity.

Do what she might, this reality would not seem real. This promised land which she had striven to reach, and had touched, would not feel solid under her feet. Something had risen to make mischief between her and herself of a month ago. "Is cannot be that this will last!" she thought. "If it should last, what is going to become of me? Does one's own imagination ever fail one, even after every tangible thing has failed?"

All her romance had been born with her and was of a well-braced, close-knit fibre, quite opposed to weakly sentimentalism. It was so well disguised from herself that she neither fostered it nor was afraid of it, and only knew it under the name of common sense.

Her father being her hero, and his troubles and wrongs having always been sufficient to feed the flames of her young enthusiasm, she thought herself the least likely woman in the world to fall at the feet of any other idol, to concern her whole being about any mere beginner of a man whom she should be all in the future instead of in the past.

That women with purposes will make tools of themselves by hurling their whole souls into the identity of some masculine creature, losing their individuality of heart and intention, she was not unaware, but she had not clasped herself with the women who so act. Having triumphantly escaped from her importunate fellow-traveller, she had proved herself self-contained and not easily interfered with; and now because of a week of loneliness shut up with a tempest, her will seemed to have gone off its wheel, her imagination was playing her wild tricks. Was she even seeing ghosts, or what the Irish call "fetishes"?

For, turning sharply to take a fresh turn on her rude terrace above her fields, she thought for an instant that she saw Somerled of the steamer coming swiftly along the path to meet her.

There he was, his height, his gait, his brown face looking pale in the moonlight now grown dim behind a cloud veil, his deep-set eyes darting anger. She thrust out her arms before her to push away the vision, and as she did so a thought of her father and Roderick Fingall on Aura flashed across her mind. Was it a man who had passed so near her, or had she really gone crazy and fancied that one of the gnarled old apple-trees had moved? She stepped quickly inside the open door and nearly stumbled over Betty and Nancy, who were sitting on three-legged stools by the threshold, bent, like herself, on enjoying the sudden beauty of the night.

"Mistress, what's the matter with ye? Did you see a ghost?"

"Have people the right to come past here at night, Betty?"

"They haven't the right, but they take it—makin' foot-pads and short-cuts up the glen."

Bawn came forth again and began resolutely to think of her work as she walked. To-morrow she would begin to make butter, comparing ways and methods of her own with those of her handmaids.

"Nancy," said Betty's voice, coming distinctly to her across the silence of the night. "It was the banns I heard a minute ago I wouldn't wonder. Many's the time this week I thought of the cold Hollow creatures. How much of the roof fell in, d'ye think, this when o' days back? I always know by the banns when one o' them's gone. Sigh a screech as she let the night the poor gentleman died in the phooshore! An' small blame to her to be mad at the disgrace. But there was such squeals in the storm itself all this week back I couldn't tell whether she was cryin' or not."

Bawn listened. The "ould Hollow creatures." The "Hollow Jokes" of Betty's letters written so long ago to Desmond in Minnesota; this very Betty, sitting here so tranquilly on her three-legged stool and mauldering about the banns! How was it to be believed? In what way was she to join these broken fragments of life past and present, and patch them into any whole thing and make them hang together? The woman must be speaking of the Adares of Shane's Hollow. Some of them were alive, as Bawn had learned, and still living in the ruin of their home over yonder behind that black ruggedness of mountain, not so far away either when you consider "foot-pads" and "short-cuts."

"Was it not to make the acquaintance of these crumbling remains of a rotten humanity, to wring their secret, if they had a secret, out of their faithless souls, that she had crossed the sea? If they had a secret? Of course they had a secret. Bawn threw up her hands and pushed the ruffled gold hair away from her feverish forehead. If they had not a secret, or if Luke Adare should be dead—should the banns have already screeched for his soul's flight from its long purgatorial imprisonment behind yon mountain—then, again, she must ask herself why in the name of Heaven had she been so mad as to come here, wandering over the ocean to search a casket that had already been rifled, disembarking secretly at Queenstown, stealing away from a friend like a thief in the night—

"Betty," she said abruptly, "you are always talking about 'hollow people.' Do you mean people hollow inside like a penny whistle? You make me exceedingly curious."

Hitherto she had been afraid to ask questions of Betty. Many good opportunities she had deliberately lost during the past week, always fearing that her time would come, and fearing to do anything rash. Now she spoke with what she considered extraordinary cunning.

"Lord love you, mistress, they're hollow enough, I'm feared, if you mane empty. But Hollow's the name of a great old place that wan't was. A great, grand family in their time, miss. Nancy and me were talkin' about them."

"And why are they hollow, if it means empty?"

"I was manin' hunger, mistress, sayin' your presence."

"Tell me about them, Betty; I want to hear a story."

"Och! I'm misthress dear, sure you're young an' hearty wan'll do to do yourself, an' you little know what it is you're axin' about. It's an old story, an' badness is the best of it. They were great an' grand, but cracked with pride; and pride always gets a fall, I'm thinkin', from Lucifer down to Luke Adare. Sure the father of them wouldn't take money from the tenants, wouldn't touch it with his fingers, till his steward had washed it in a basin before his eyes. No good comes of insultin' the poor o' God. Then the sons had the curses o' women draggin' round their feet, an' where could their road go to but down hill, anyway? It's at the bottom they are now an' sure enough. They're shut up in the trees yonder so long by themselves that the very dogs have forgotten them. Nobody but Peggy an' the banns takes any heed o' them. The world's that set away from them that I would walk over there to look after them a bit myself, only for the rheumatis an' a grudge I have against them. Maughe a grudge is against them. What did the young lady do after he was gone?"

"Just fretted herself into an old woman, she did; wouldn't look at man o' mankind, but sat in a corner like a dummy, while her brothers was sportin' an' spendin' about the world, an' up an' down the country, pickin' up all the curses that money could buy. For owd Barbadoes, he left Luke his fortune. Roderick and Arthur were both out of the way, and to be true to his word he was bound to leave everything to Luke. But little good it did the Adares; they only sunk it in more sin and sorrow. It ran through their fingers like sand; an' before many years was out there were as pinched as ever they were before. There they are now, beggars that's too proud for the pothouse. It's a'most enough to make a body forgive them, so it is, in spite o' their sins; though wan would need to be nearabout as good as God himself to do that same. Och! dear, sure if the poor's poor, it was the Lord that made them poor, an' that's their comfort; but when the rich makes themselves poor with wickedness, there's no oil at all can be got out o' that crule rock o' desolation."

Bawn gazed on the picture which at Betty's suggestive words had sprung up in vivid colours before her eyes. It seemed there were other tragedies in the world besides Arthur Desmond's. The Adares of Shane's Hollow would not appear to have fatten on their ill-doing. But what about Betty's well-treasured grudge against them? Come, now, let her be bold and probe for Arthur Desmond in an old woman's memory.

"What is your particular grudge?" she asked carelessly. "Did they turn you out of their house, or anything of that kind?"

"Och! dear, no. They never were my landlords. Little land they've held these long years back; it all went from them: too many graves they put in it. But they were sore an' hard on wan I had a regard for, long before you were born, mistress. An' I could never forget it to them, though it was none o' my business."

"Tell me about it, Betty. I love to hear tales about long ago."

"Well, it's such an old story, mistress, an' most people forgets about it, an' wants to forget it, too, on account o' the Fingalls. You're a stranger here, an' I wouldn't like you to be talkin' about it."

"I have nobody to talk to; and, as I am a stranger, I feel curious."

"Surely, surely. An' why shouldn't I tell you about poor Misster Arthur—God be good to him?"

"Poor Mr. Arthur!" Bawn's heart thrilled and her eyes grew moist.

She had touched the link that connected that she knew with the tragedy of his youth, had heard his name familiarly pronounced by one who had spoken to him in the day of his trial. There was that in the old woman's tone pronouncing those three words which hinted of unforgotten sympathy. Bawn hardly restrained herself from throwing her arms round Betty's neck and crying.

"Faithful heart! tell me about my father." But she was learning to place a bar between her actions and her impulses.

"Who was he?" she asked, as soon as she could attire her voice to the tone of a mere gossip.

"He was a young gentleman from Minnesota; this very Betty, sitting here so tranquilly on her three-legged stool and mauldering about the banns! How was it to be believed? In what way was she to join these broken fragments of life past and present, and patch them into any whole thing and make them hang together? The woman must be speaking of the Adares of Shane's Hollow. Some of them were alive, as Bawn had learned, and still living in the ruin of their home over yonder behind that black ruggedness of mountain, not so far away either when you consider "foot-pads" and "short-cuts."

"Old Barbadoes," thought Bawn.

"With a dale o' money, that was thought to be goin' to lave all he had to the pair. But, ochone; to think o' the muddle that everything got into with them. Roderick Fingall, away at Tor (here Betty dropped her voice), 'he was for Miss Mave too,' he was for Miss Mave, too, an' went cleane mad because she took up with Mr. Arthur Desmond; an' he was a bullyin' fellow, though good-natured enough when he was at himself. The long an' the short of it was that the two young men were both walkin' on Aura was evanin', an' somethin' took place, an' Roderick's dead body was found at the bottom of a precipic. It got whispered about that Arthur murdered him to get him out of the way, partly on account of Miss Mave, and partly bein' awestruck old Barbadoes would lave him the money; for there was always great talk about which of the three he would rouse."

"It's a story that would pain any one," said Bawn, trying to control the passion that Betty's recital had aroused in her.

"Och! dear, it pained many's the wan; but a stranger like you oughtn't to feel it so bad."

"No," thought Bawn; "she is right. A stranger like me oughtn't to feel it so bad. If I show feeling about it I shall attract attention."

"We turned her back on Betty and gazed over at the black mountain behind which lay Shane's Hollow with its sins and secrets, and then suddenly wheeled round on the old woman with a smile.

"At all events you have told me a story," she said—"just what I wanted. You see we Americans have a way of wanting to know about everything. My father was an Irish farmer—an emigrant as I told you before—and all the old stories of the hills and the people interest me. I'd like to hear more about the Adares, and Fingalls, and Arthur Desmond; but it is late now. Another time you must tell me more."

"Nancy," said Betty Macalister to her daughter that night in bed, "the mistress has a good heart. There was in a red-hot passion, all about poor Mr. Arthur was hunted out of the country for the murder; even Miss Mave—Heaven forgive her! she has put in her purgatory since she believed the lie against him."

"Was it a lie?" asked Bawn sternly.

"Faix, I don't know what way to tell you about it. It would take bigger words nor I know how to use. Poor Mr. Arthur was hunted out of the country for the murder; even Miss Mave—Heaven forgive her! she has put in her purgatory since she believed the lie against him."

"It was a lie?" asked Bawn sternly.

"Deed an' nobody would a fool would ask the question. I beg your pardon, mistress. I forgot you were a stranger an' not born at the time. Anybody that ever known him would know it was a lie."

"But these people knew him—the Fingalls and the Adares."

"Ay; an' it be to be the devil that bewitched them. Some people praised them because they wouldn't lay han's on him; though may be it was better than better they had, for then he could ha' spoke up for himself. They could ha' spoke up for himself. All the old stories of the hills and the people interest me. I'd like to hear more about the Adares, and Fingalls, and Arthur Desmond; but it is late now. Another time you must tell me more."

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"It was a lie?" asked Bawn sternly.

"Just fretted herself into an old woman, she did; wouldn't look at man o' mankind, but sat in a corner like a dummy, while her brothers was sportin' an' spendin' about the world, an' up an' down the country, pickin' up all the curses that money could buy. For owd Barbadoes, he left Luke his fortune. Roderick and Arthur were both out of the way, and to be true to his word he was bound to leave everything to Luke. But little good it did the Adares; they only sunk it in more sin and sorrow. It ran through their fingers like sand; an' before many years was out there were as pinched as ever they were before. There they are now, beggars that's too proud for the pothouse. It's a'most enough to make a body forgive them, so it is, in spite o' their sins; though wan would need to be nearabout as good as God himself to do that same. Och! dear, sure if the poor's poor, it was the Lord that made them poor, an' that's their comfort; but when the rich makes themselves poor with wickedness, there's no oil at all can be got out o' that crule rock o' desolation."

"Spake for yourself," said her mother. "I'd rather have the rheumatism in owd Ireland than wear a parasol in America. An' I'm thinkin' America has done well enough for us when it sent us a mistress like me."

"If that would be too great an honour, Miss Fingall. I think I shall be comin' here every day," said Shana. "devouring your produce. But please, Miss Ingram, allow us to wait upon ourselves."

"That would hardly be proper," said Bawn demurely. "I shall be happier if you will allow me to keep my own place."

Shana looked at her with a puzzled expression. Nothing could be better assumed than Miss Ingram's air of humility and accustomedness to service, and yet to the shrewd girl observing her there was something unreal about it. A thought passed through her mind somewhat like Betty's conclusion on the same matter—a reflection that, in well-to-do country like America, where education is cheap and prosperity widely spread, the people of lowly station may be more highly civilized than with us. But Shana, who was fascinated by the stranger, and eager to be friends with her, was not inclined to magnify the distinctions of birth between them. A certain marked difference it must make, of course, for Shana, with all her liberality, was a Conservative; but it need not go so far as to keep Miss Ingram standing like a servant while she poured delicious cream into Shana's cup of tea.

TO BE CONTINUED

CHAPTER XXII

VISITORS

The sun shone, and Bawn was her self again.

Never had she risen from sleep more serene, fair, and healthful in mind and body than on the morning after her first sifting for treasure-trove in the dust-heaps of Betty's memory. The jewels of faith and mindfulness so easily turned up there lay in her palm and beamed in her eyes. With Betty at her side, un-consciously to guide and warn her as she proceeded with her enterprise, she was in a better position than she could ever have hoped for as a stranger here. She would make Betty's recollections her chart and compass as she steered her way through the difficult waters which, in her cockle-shell boat, she had so daringly undertaken to navigate.

Bawn stepped forward suddenly with a wild glance at the talking old woman.

"Anything the matter with you, mistress?"

"I am only horrified at this story. Don't mind me, but go on. Was there no one in all the place to take his part?"

"Nobody but Luke Adare. I raged an' swore myself; but quelled my poor body like me. It was said that, only for Luke, Arthur would ha' been laid han's on an' hanged. It was the only good turn I ever heard o' Luke—"

"The villain!" burst forth Bawn. "He knew that if Arthur Desmond had been put on trial he might ha' had a chance; but whispered guilty's the hardest to get shut of. He was too proud to defend himself from what he was not openly accused of. He held up his head as long as he could, but when he saw Miss Mave was gone against him like the rest I think it crushed him like. He got a down, melancholy look, an' the people said it was guilt that allied him. You see there was Roderick Fingall's mother an' brothers, an' whatever was the reason, they were firm set on believin' that Arthur had murdered Roderick. They were that mad they could hardly be kept from tearing him in pieces—

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it, if not her life, at least the power of her faculties, and with Mary's name the last that she had spoken, the poor, tired wanderer was at rest from pain.

Outside the sand-pit the rain had blown away, and a solitary black-coated figure closed its umbrella and pressed forward quickly along the Common path. It was one of the priests belonging to a city parish who, having been summoned to a sick call in the suburbs, was gladly taking the way that would lead him the quickest to his dying parochian. He had reached the middle of the Common, its most solitary part, as he would have thought, when suddenly he felt there was something brushing against his leg, and looking down, he saw to his astonishment—a tabby cat.

He had scarcely time to wonder where on earth the animal had come from when it disappeared from sight behind some bushes, but when he would have turned away to hurry on his errand, the cat came out again, uttering a troubled cry, as though asking for help.

He had not time to spare, yet no cry of little children or of animals were ever left unheeded by him, and he stopped again.

"Poor Pass," he said, gently, "poor Pussy, I'll look in on you when I'm coming back."

But stooping, he saw there were fresh footprints in the mud, leading towards the very opening in the bushes through which, a second time, the cat had disappeared. An unreasoning impulse made him move a little nearer and peer into the gloom of what he saw was a disused gravel pit. Then as his eyes grew accustomed to the dark, he knew that his impulse had been an inspiration, that the cat had been a heaven sent messenger.

A woman was lying unconscious on a heap of bracken, but the touch of the priest's wet handkerchief, moistened in a muddy pool close by, made her move and moan, and after he had wiped the blood stained lips and bathed her head again, he saw that she was coming to herself. He would not let her speak, fearing a return of the bleeding, but bade her press his hand if she understood what he was saying.

Asking then if she were a Catholic, her eyes answered "Yes" and "Yes" again when he asked if she had been wishing, praying for a priest.

"I must speak," she whispered, so low that he could hardly catch her words. "It is eight years since I've seen a priest, but I've prayed and the Mother of God has got me what I asked."

Painfully, she made her confession, and he gave her absolution and the last anointing.

He was carrying the Blessed Sacrament to the other invalid, and when he left the dying wanderer, he left her with her Saviour in her heart.

Then hurriedly he had to go his way, promising to send her help and to return himself to the gravel pit. Gravel-pit? Nay, rather now it was the ante-room of heaven.

Reaching the house that had been his destination when he first set out, he redeemed his promise quickly, but when those whom he had sent to help reached the gravel pit upon the Common, the woman, lying on the bracken heap within, was dead.

They buried her in a nameless grave in the Catholic corner of a great city cemetery, and after the poor funeral was over the priest inquired if any one had seen a cat upon the Common, but no one had happened to notice if it was there or not.

Probably, frightened by the strangers, Our Lady's messengers had sought another refuge.

But ever since that day the priest has owned to a feeling akin to respect for every tabby cat he meets.—Alice Daws in English Messenger.

AN ESSENTIAL FACTOR

In the matter of education the Catholic Church takes her stand on the basic principle that religious training must not be separated from, but must go hand in hand with training in secular knowledge if we are to have any result worthy of the name of education, says Rev. Father P. J. Sheehy of Sydney, Australia. From the moment when she was in a position to address herself to the problem of education she has insisted that the child's opening mental life should be trained in religion, and she has ever refused to divorce this training from secular studies.

The reason is clear and simple. Education is defined as a preparation for "complete living." Now, man is not merely an intellectual but also a moral being; and you cannot make a man moral without teaching him religion—morality's source of sanction. Therefore do we say that secular knowledge must be baptized into Christianity; it must have higher knowledge and training, so that the progress and elevation of the child's mind may be a movement in the right direction—towards its last end—God.

RELIGION IN ITS BROADEST SENSE

And here I take religion in its broadest sense. I take it as embodying the existence of God; His sovereignty over us, and our dependence on Him; His infinite power and knowledge; His providence over us; the recognition of a Divine law; man's freedom and responsibility; the distinction between right and wrong; the duty of rendering homage to God, justice and charity to our neighbor; the obligation of keeping ourselves from sin, even in the secret chamber of conscience; and,

finally, the recognition of a future state, where a Supreme Legislator will reward the good and punish the wicked.

And by training in religion I do not mean merely the learning of the abstract propositions as they are elaborated in the Catechism. I mean further, that these great truths shall be branded into the conscience, elevated into standards of action, and habitually applied to circumstances as they arise. Thus, the religious training I postulate should result in religious character—that is, in life dominated by Christian principles, as opposed to life dominated by mere impulses from within and mere circumstances from without.

THE SOCIAL BODY

The social body is composed of individuals who have constant relations with one another. These relations involve various and complex duties, various and difficult virtues. Consider for a moment what society demands of you as citizens. It demands that you be loyal to your country, zealous in her defense, obedient to her laws, conscientious in the payment of her imposts, scrupulous in your oaths and vows, just in your contracts, honest in your dealings. Society demands that you be respectful to your superiors, courteous to your equals, faithful to your friends, affable to your inferiors, merciful to the poor and oppressed.

It demands conjugal fidelity of the married couple; of parents it asks provident vigilance; of children filial love and reverence. For discharge of these virtues of citizenship, strong incentives are necessary.

They must be strong, for we have

strong passions to overcome; they must be universal, for they bind all; they must be permanent, for they apply to all times and places. And there is no other motive, religion apart, which possesses sufficient strength, universality, and permanency to ensure the discharge of those virtues without which society topples down, and disintegrates.

It teaches the sacredness of life, the dignity of work, the beauty of chastity, the sternity of justice, the honor of truthfulness. It is stronger than passion, more awe inspiring than the sword, more universal than honor, and conventional, more active than patriotism. It is the curb of the strong, the defence of the weak, the comfort of the afflicted, the covenant of the infinite God with mortal man. It is the basis of public and private morals; the surest guarantee rulers can have of the loyalty of their subjects, or that subjects can have of the justice of their rulers.

"UNLESS THE LORD KEEPS THE CITY"

Every philosopher and statesman who has seriously discussed the subject, agrees with our principle that religious training must go hand in hand with teaching in secular knowledge. Plato says, "He who destroys religion overthrows the foundation of human society." Long before Plato, the Royal Prophet said: "Unless the Lord keepeth the city, he watcheth in vain who keepeth it." The prophet Isaías says: "The nation and the kingdom that will not serve Thee shall perish." The historian Hume says: "If you find a people without religion rest assured they do not differ much from the brute beasts." Even Voltaire says: "It is absolutely necessary for princes and people that the idea of a Supreme Being, Creator, Governor, Rewarder and Avenger, should be deeply engraved on the mind." Legislators and founders of states and empires—whether pagan or Jewish or Christian—have ever made religion the enduring basis of social order, and Viscount Bryce says: "History . . . tells us that hitherto civilized society has rested on religion, and that free government has prospered best among religious peoples."

THE BASIC EDUCATIONAL PRINCIPLE

This, then, is the basic educational principle on which the Catholic Church insists so strongly. It is the principle that built up all Christian civilization. Sound philosophy, the teaching of history, the lessons of personal experience, all go to confirm it.

It is the principle underlying our Catholic schools. For there is no other way of training up good citizens except through the teaching of the faith once delivered to the saints. All other methods are inadequate. Man must learn to bear the yoke of morality from his youth, and the process of subjecting the intellect and will of man to the higher law cannot be accomplished by any means which has not the sanction and the authority of religion.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

READING THE WORD OF GOD

The prayerful study of the Word of God cannot be too strongly recommended to the Catholic laity, resulting as it always does, in increased devotion and spiritual life. The Protestants have carried to an extreme their worship of a mere book, making it a sort of fetish among the laics and penates of the household, but the Catholic will be on safe ground when he pursues his study of the Bible under the careful guidance of the Church divinely ordained to be its interpreter. Cardinal Gibbons says:

"The perusal of one sermon on the doctrines of the Catholic Church, to my knowledge in a certain community resulted in bringing three hundred members into the Church. Read the Holy Scriptures, especially the New Testament. When I was a student we always carried a copy of the New Testament in our pockets, and each day we would read one chapter at least on bended knee. Always before retiring to rest devote a little time to the reading of the Word of God."

WHEN THE CHILD COMES INTO THIS WORLD

There is then no other motive or restraint or foundation capable of sustaining the fair proportion of morality, except strong religious convictions, implanted by religious training. The child comes into this world with a bundle of selfish, sinful inclinations, and, if it is not to become pest to society, these tendencies must be curbed and opposite habits induced. Religion alone sup-

plies the meaning and the direction of such training.

If that child asks, "Why should I be moral?" it is useless to point to the policeman; it is childish to say that morality is the decent thing, the lawful thing, the useful or polite thing. All these considerations will be swept away like a mud bank before a torrent; and passion, pleasure, self-interest, ambition will, in turn, become the guiding standards of conduct. Take away religion from the schools, and youth will grow up into ignorance of most important moral factors, and manhood will laugh to scorn the pale-faced motives your materialist suggests to induce it to virtue.

On the other hand, convince the child from its earliest years of mental life that there is an incorruptible Judge who will, in a future life, render to every man according to his works—punishing and rewarding—a Judge, too, who knows all, and is no respecter of persons—and then you place before it a monarch who impels it to virtue without regard to gain or fame, who restrains it from vice without regard to civil penalties, who follows it in its every thought, word or action, in darkness, and in light, in the sanctuary of conscience and of home, as well as in the arena of public life.

WHAT RELIGION TEACHES US

Religion teaches us that we are all children of the same Heavenly Father, brothers and sisters of the same Redeemer, members of the same family. It is thus the fostering mother of charity, the guardian of civility and good manners. Religion has stern admonitions for master and servant; it has elevated counsels for the rich, and sweetest consolations for the poor and the sick. It teaches the sacredness of life, the dignity of work, the beauty of chastity, the sternity of justice, the honor of truthfulness. It is stronger than passion, more awe inspiring than the sword, more universal than honor, and conventional, more active than patriotism. It is the curb of the strong, the defence of the weak, the comfort of the afflicted, the covenant of the infinite God with mortal man. It is the basis of public and private morals; the surest guarantee rulers can have of the loyalty of their subjects, or that subjects can have of the justice of their rulers.

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THE BASIC EDUCATIONAL PRINCIPLE

No; civil sanction is not fundamental. It is through God that kings reign, and His judgment seat

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Every Catholic layman could make an "Office" for himself, selecting for daily perusal such passages from Holy Writ as would prove edifying and instructive, and would keep him in a holy and contented state of mind. For ourselves (and we are of the laity), we have found the practice of reading a chapter of an epistle in the morning and one out of a gospel in the evening very helpful, coupling these with the rosary and morning and evening prayers, and sometimes meditating upon the Psalms of David, carried always in a tiny volume in the vest pocket. Any plan of Scripture study is good, providing it be made good.—The Missionary.

priest's place," said Father Finn, when the Turkish shells were shrieking over the bloody beach of Sod-el-Bahr, "is with the dying." And with a bullet in his chest, and another in his thigh, he dragged himself from soldier to soldier, until a bursting shell stilled the sublime words of salvation on his lips. Coming nearer home, we find another realization of this priestly devotion. "Helping the injured, and administering the last rites of the Church to the dying," reports a New York newspaper, detailing the great New Haven wreck of last week, "were Father O'Connor and another priest. A look of happiness came into pale and bloody faces as the priests approached."

It is all in the day's work. A hunter of souls, you find the Catholic priest on sea and land, with lepers and outcasts, with broken men and stricken women, whose sole credentials are that they are in great need. He looks for no earthly reward, for he has renounced all that the heart can love. His only ambition is to continue the work begun in the shades of Calvary, when the Divine Lips cried infinite mercy upon sinful men, "for they know not what they do."—America.

MODERN CONDITIONS AND PARENTAL LAXITY

Modern conditions and parental laxity have changed the routine of home life, have banished many holy and beautiful customs. There are children growing up today in so-called Catholic homes who never kneel with their parents to say the Rosary in Lent. There are young men who frequent poolrooms and saloons as regularly in Lent as at any other time of the year, and suffer no qualms of conscience. Their fathers made an effort to break away from evil influences out of respect for Lent, and often their efforts were rewarded by the grace of perseverance in good living. There are young women who no compunction in attending dancing parties, suppers, theaters, etc., though they have been taught the meaning of Lent. The practice of observing it was not kept before them. They have not had the example of Christian living in the home life.

The Christian home will not allow anything to interfere with the practice of religious duties. Christian parents will impress on their children's minds that there is no more urgent business in life than the saving of their souls, no greater pleasure than in serving and honoring God.

Children so trained will become imbued with the spirit of holy living, of penance and prayer.—Sacred Heart Review.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITIES

It was the genius of Catholic Christianity that founded the university system of education, and it has been the most powerful factor in the upbuilding of our civilization.

When, in the early Middle Ages,

hordes of barbarians swept down on the decaying Roman Empire, they trampled over every vestige of the older order. The Church alone came forth from this tremendous upheaval. Patiently she set about the work of reconstruction. Her monastic and cathedral schools were the means she employed to tame the wild fierceness of the invader, and with the development of these schools, came the first universities. Kings, noblemen, Bishops, and above all, the Popes, were the organizers and benefactors of these universities.

Prior to the Reformation there were 81 universities established in Europe, and no fewer than 53 of these were founded and largely endowed by the Papal charter. But more remarkable still was the enthusiastic support given to the universities by the ordinary people. The modern feeling that a university and its interests are something altogether outside the concerns of the average man was quite unknown then. The making of a last will and testament was a religious act, and poor as well as rich considered it their privilege to make pious bequests to the Church and to the university.

THE BASIC EDUCATIONAL PRINCIPLE

The Mass is the greatest act of worship that earth can offer its Maker. It is the King's Highway that united heaven and earth. For the Mass is a sacrifice, and in sacrifice the best that earth has given to heaven. In the Old Law the first fruits and the choicest animals of the flock were offered. In the New Law, how infinitely greater is the Victim! The Son of God is offered to His Heavenly Father every moment of the day, "from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof;" for Mass may be offered as soon as it is dawn, and it is always down somewhere. So the Mass is Christ's daily apparition. To be indifferent about the Mass is to be indifferent about the presence of Christ among us.

THE LITTLE LOST LAMB

The wages of sin are swiftly exacted from a young girl who finds too late that men despise. The suddenness, the "tragedy" of her taking off,

furnishes the newspapers of the country with a text for sermonizing, and a pretext for rehearsing similar sad and sordid stories, written by man's perfidy and woman's weakness during the last decade. There is a likeness in the stories, a familiar ring in the sermonizing, for they embody the commonplaces of Catholic thought, rejected by a cynical world, forgetful of the great Tomorrow.

Here are a few wise statements which Catholics have been teaching these many years, but which to a Hearst newspaper are so novel as to merit the publicity of display types:

Cases of this kind are made possible by: (1) The easy morals of many fathers and mothers today, asped by their sons and daughters;

(2) The tendency to forget the holiness of love, and to consider marriage nothing more than a "legal form";

(3) The light, burlesque manner in which problems of sex are treated by present-day drama and literature;

(4) The dangers that surround a girl in her life at the modern high school or college. Professors today can openly profess agnosticism and even atheism. All these things have their reflections in the lives of the young.

A very Solomon is come to judgment. Four points of Catholic teaching are here set forth by a secular paper: the duties of parents to their children, the inviolable sanctity of marriage, a decent stage and a clean press, and schools dedicated to Jesus Christ.

Nothing less than fearful calamity will convince even some Catholics, that in her insistence upon these four points, the Church is neither prudish, narrow, nor intolerant. The lesson is learned when the crash comes, but then it is too late. She triumphed over innocence, hell has another soul for whom Christ died in vain, the world's nine day's scandal, and in some desolate home a mother weeps for her little lost lamb.—America.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1916

PROHIBITION AND PERSONAL LIBERTY

Our esteemed contemporary, The Catholic Register, is a bit nettled over our reference to its attitude on Prohibition. Let us say at the outset that THE CATHOLIC RECORD is genuinely pleased with the gentlemanly tone and scholarly articles of the Catholic Register under its new editorial management. We may sometimes disagree with our colleague in the great work of Catholic journalism but we may hope, even then, to preserve very friendly relations.

Perhaps we were wrong in assuming that our esteemed contemporary had in its issue of the 24th ult. the pronouncement of the Bishop of London in mind.

"When the latter," says the Register, "as he had a perfect right to do, since gave utterance to those opinions in this city, we reported them in common with other newspapers here, and exercised, our undoubted and unquestioned right of expressing with all the courtesy and deference at our command our partial dissent from them on a question of present and pressing public policy."

While agreeing with our contemporary's main contentions we may be permitted to recall the fact that the Bishop of London had already given expression to his opinions on Prohibition and that these opinions had been very widely published in the press. "In this city" of Toronto Bishop Fallon merely repeated what the press had already announced were his opinions on the question in issue. This we plead in extenuation of our assumption that the Register was answering Bishop Fallon as well as the Personal Liberty League. It may be worth while, in passing, to note that the RECORD refused to accept this advertisement of the liquor interests.

When the Register says that we "place a chip on the shoulder of the Right Reverend Bishop of London and virtually challenge his brethren in the episcopate to dislodge it" we think "in its calmer moments" it will regret a statement so utterly unwarranted.

We are sorry that at the moment of writing we cannot quote the exact words of the Register; but, if our memory serves us right, it assumed that in opposing Prohibition Bishop Fallon was in favor of the present license system. While we cannot presume to speak for the Bishop of London in the premises, we hold that the inference is unwarranted. The present license system is not the only alternative to Prohibition.

Another esteemed contemporary—and taking into account its point of view the time honored term is not a misnomer—The Christian Guardian, goes further:

"We regret that a man like Bishop Fallon should have taken up the cudgels for the liquor traffic."

This is neither honest nor decent.

Our Methodist contemporary will admit that the Bishop might have taken the other side and gained a great deal of evanescent popularity. He did not do so. He is not that sort of man. And even our Methodist friends, in the bottom of their hearts, respect him all the more for the stand he has taken.

We believe that Prohibition will carry in Ontario by an overwhelming majority, but nevertheless we are without qualification opposed to the principle for the reason laid down by the Bishop of London:

"I regard the present agitation in Ontario a dangerous invitation to the State maddeningly to interfere with the rights of the citizen and an equally dangerous attempt to regulate all human conduct by statute. It is a return to the pagan idea of the

omnipotence of the State, whereas the Christian ideal is the responsibility of the individual.

"The action of the State marks the limits of the free action of the individual, and the question how far the State ought to control the individual is the fundamental question of personal liberty. We are threatened with a multiplication of the functions of the State that will grievously narrow the circle of individual rights."

The result, we admit, may be good, but the principle involved that the State may determine what is right or wrong is essentially bad. The prohibitionists in Arizona have only carried their principles to their logical conclusion even though they interfere radically with religious liberty.

Some of the members of the State Congress of Arizona may have voted for the rigid measure of prohibition passed by that legislative body without realizing that no provision was made for excluding wine for sacramental purposes. But if the spirit of intolerance were not behind the zeal for legislative morality an amendment would before now have been introduced and passed which would remove from the statute books this evidence of rabid anti-Catholic bigotry which hides itself under cover of zeal for public morality.

THE HOLY SEASON OF LENT

Cardinal Newman has written some things about Fasting that are peculiarly appropriate at this holy season which the Church sets apart to be devoted in an especial manner to prayer and mortification of the sensual appetites.

"The objection," he writes, "that devotional practices, such as prayer, fasting, and communicating, tend to self-righteousness, is the objection of those, or at least is just what the objection of those would be, who never attempted them. Men speak as if it was the easiest thing in the world to fast and pray, and do austereities, and as if such courses were the most seductive, easiest, pleasantest methods of attaining heaven."

"We fast by way of penitence, and in order to subdue the flesh. Our Saviour had no need of fasting for either purpose. His fasting was unlike ours, as in its intensity, so in its object. And yet when we begin to fast, His pattern is set before us; and we continue the time of fasting till, in number of days, we have equalled His."

"There is a reason for this;—in truth we must do nothing except with Him in our eyes. As He it is through Whom alone we have the power to do any good thing, so unless we do it for Him it is not good. From Him our obedience comes, towards Him it must look. He says, 'Without Me ye can do nothing.' No work is good without grace and love."

"Vain were the deeds of the Law, because they were not attended by the power of the Spirit. But God hath reserved some better thing for us. This is what it is to be one of Christ's little ones,—to be able to do what the Jews thought they could do and could not; to have that within us through which we can do all things; to be possessed by His presence as we live, our strength, our merit, our hope, our crown; to become in a wonderful way His members, the instruments, or visible form, or sacramental sign of the One Invisible Ever Present Son of God, mystically reiterating in each of us all the acts of His earthly life. His birth, consecration, fasting, temptation, conflicts, victories, sufferings, agony, passion, death, resurrection and ascension; He being all in all,—we, with as little power in ourselves, as little excellence or merit, as the water in Baptism, or the bread and wine in Holy Communion; yet strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. These are the thoughts with which we celebrated Christmas and Epiphany, these are the thoughts which must accompany us through Lent."

"We regret that a man like Bishop Fallon should have taken up the cudgels for the liquor traffic."

This is neither honest nor decent.

Our Methodist contemporary will admit that the Bishop might have taken the other side and gained a great deal of evanescent popularity. He did not do so. He is not that sort of man. And even our Methodist friends, in the bottom of their hearts, respect him all the more for the stand he has taken.

We believe that Prohibition will carry in Ontario by an overwhelming majority, but nevertheless we are without qualification opposed to the principle for the reason laid down by the Bishop of London:

"I regard the present agitation in Ontario a dangerous invitation to the State maddeningly to interfere with the rights of the citizen and an equally dangerous attempt to regulate all human conduct by statute. It is a return to the pagan idea of the

well furnished homes, the pleasures of sense, the feeling of security, the consciousness of wealth,—these and the like, if we are not careful, choke up all the avenues of the soul, through which the light and breath of heaven might come to us. We must, at least at seasons, defraud ourselves of nature, if we would not be defrauded of grace. If we attempt to force our minds into a loving and devout temper, without this preparation, it is too plain what will follow—the grossness and coarseness, the affectation, the effeminity, the unreality, the presumption, the hollowness, in a word what the Scripture calls hypocrisy, which we see around us; that state of mind in which the reason, seeing what we should be, and the conscience enjoining it, and the heart being unequal to it, some or other pretense is set up, to have awakened to the reality at all.

BUT THIS, after all, is but a veil to the real objects of the League which as revealed in the body of the circular is but to play second fiddle to the famous Orang organ which for a generation or more has devoted its every effort to the fomenting of religious discord in Canada, and to the dissemination of every vile species of slander and vituperation which hatred could suggest against the only steadfast witness to the vital doctrines of Christianity which the world possesses—the Catholic Church. That this is the essential purpose of the Protestant Publicity League the circular before us does not leave any doubt. And the Catholic Truth Society may take some umbrage to its soul in the assurance therein revealed that its work in distributing accurate information about the Church and its teaching has not been without effect in Canada. "It should be remembered," says the circular, "that the Catholic Truth Society has flooded the country with Roman Catholic literature, explaining in subtle, and sometimes convincing ways, the doctrines and the authority of the Church, and the arguments for the supremacy of the Pope." They could not very well be more than "convincing," and the admission of even such a motley association as the Publicity League to that effect is evidence that the thinking portion of the public is not found, after fifty years or more of Lodge propagandism, to be in harmony with the misty and perverted ideas of religious truth represented by its promoters.

AND—ANOTHER thought occurs to us on this subject—must it not be construed as a most humiliating confession that a whole century of Protestant religious effort in Canada, and no less a period of sectarian vituperation has succeeded in producing only "ignorance as to the vital doctrines of Christianity," and a "deplorable lack of knowledge of the vital principles of Protestantism;" that among its signatories is an ex-Mayor of Toronto, who also enjoys the distinction of being the editor of the official organ of Orangism in Canada, but some of its paragraphs are too ingenuous and too diverting to be passed over in that summary fashion. The larger its circulation, we should say, the more it will tend to advance the Catholic cause.

THIS RATHER entertaining production begins by bewailing the "deplorable lack of knowledge of the vital principles of Protestantism," and the neglect of its "essential doctrines," on the part of the Canadian Protestant public—an ignorance and a neglect which has "reached upon the vitality of the churches" to such an extent that "men to day hold their religious convictions much more lightly than in former times." Consequently, "there is a real need in the Dominion of Canada for a wider distribution of literature for the purpose of stimulating Protestant sentiment;" and this in the judgment of the promoters of the Protestant Publicity League, can be best effected by the distribution of "Protestant literature" in the form of pamphlets issued by "one thousand men in Canada," whose names are to be kept secret, but who will, out of the depth of their Protestant enthusiasm, contribute to the fund the modest sum of \$10 a year for five years. This would give the Toronto committee the snug sum of \$10,000 per annum wherewith (after deducting 15 per cent. for administration) to diffuse "accurate information on the vital doctrines of Christianity," and at the same time to slant-whang the Pope, and to expose the "various movements of the Roman Catholic Church designed to secure dominance in Canada."

NOW, we would be the last to quarrel with the Protestant Publicity League in its ambition to diffuse accurate information on the vital doctrines of Christianity, had we any assurance at all that either the promoters of the movement or the Protestant people of Canada generally had any clear idea of what those doctrines are. Is there any Protestant body in Canada that in its membership is agreed on what constitutes the authentic creed of Christianity?

NOTES AND COMMENTS

LORD ROSEBERRY, speaking recently on the War, expressed the opinion that unless Prussian Germany is utterly ruined, there will be no hope for Christianity. Which *obiter dictum* leads the Canadian Churchman (Anglican) to affirm that the Christianity professed in Prussian Germany is essentially no Christianity at all. And yet, what is represented at the scholarly section of the clergy of every Protestant denomination has for twenty-five years been sitting at the feet of such teachers and making the principles there learned the essential basis of their theology. It is perhaps late in the day to have awakened to the reality of this, but 'tis certainly better than not to have awakened to the reality at all.

On the contrary, is it not the boast of every one of them that they are not now confined within the narrow limits of dogma, but that every man is the arbiter of his own creed, and that even disbelief in the divinity of Christ, the foundation rock of Christianity, need not debar a man from communion in any one of them?

BUT THIS, after all, is but a veil to the real objects of the League which as revealed in the body of the circular is but to play second fiddle to the famous Orang organ which for a generation or more has devoted its every effort to the fomenting of religious discord in Canada, and to the dissemination of every vile species of slander and vituperation which hatred could suggest against the only steadfast witness to the vital doctrines of Christianity which the world possesses—the Catholic Church.

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Such was and such remains the only way of settling the monstrous conflict according to the rule of justice and for arriving at a peace which would be advantageous not alone to one of the parties, but all, and which would be just and lasting.

The Father of Christendom exhorts all the faithful, especially during this season consecrated to penance, to more fervent and more assiduous prayer to God that the horrible fratricidal war may be terminated by a just and lasting peace.

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ON THE BATTLE LINE

The tremendous series of battles for the possession of the great fortress of Verdun continues with incredible intensity, and holds the world's attention to the practical exclusion of all the other theatres of the war. Yet important events are taking place elsewhere.

Confidence that the Germans had shot their bolt in the Verdun attack was disturbed by the midnight French official statement, which announced that "during the day the Germans made fierce assaults on our positions in the Corbeaux Woods. Numerous attacks were repulsed in succession by our artillery, infantry and machine gun fire, which wrought great havoc in the German ranks. Despite losses out of all proportion to the objective sought, the Germans launched a final assault with effectives of at least a division—12,000 infantry—in the course of which they were able to occupy only part of the Corbeaux Wood which we recaptured from them on Wednesday.

The reports of the fierce fighting in the Corbeaux Wood early in the week indicated that on Tuesday the Germans penetrated the wood and held the greater part of it. Next day the French regained so much of the lost ground that their official report stated that the Germans retained only a fringe of it. The enemy now will be able to organize within it a force for the assault on the Heights of Cumières, which will inevitably follow. These heights are absolutely essential to the Germans if they propose to mount heavy guns on the west bank of the Meuse with which to menace Verdun, and the Crown Prince still stands prepared to pay a price "out of all proportion to the objective sought" the gun positions west of the river.

East of the Meuse the French lines are held firmly. Twice the day the enemy attacked the trenches west of Douaumont, and on both occasions they were stopped by French artillery and machine guns, and were unable to penetrate the French lines at any point. The Germans at Vaux prevented the French from launching an attack in preparation there. Confirmation is officially given of the statement that at Vaux on Thursday the Germans made heavy sacrifices during their unsuccessful attack. There is evidence that they are preparing for a fresh assault around Bix and Moulinvillers, to the east of Verdun. The artillery fire there yesterday was intense.

General Aylmer is having a hard time in his endeavor to revive Kut-el-Amara. The War Office announced last night that his column, which was operating from seven to eight miles from the right bank of the Tigris when the action of Wednesday was fought, has been forced by lack of water to fall back on the river after having removed all the dead.

The Turkish War Department announces that in the unsuccessful attack upon the Turkish positions on Wednesday the British left 2,000 dead in the Turkish trenches, which were captured during the action, but from which the British were ejected before the close of the struggle. This report is undoubtedly meant to revive the drooping spirits of the people at Constantinople. General Aylmer's statement that his losses were not heavy can be accepted with the utmost confidence.

Some of the readers of the Summary hope for even greater things from the operations in the Near East. The suggestion is made by a correspondent that the deadlock on the western and Russian fronts may be broken and final collapse of the Germanic powers may come through "the junction of the Russians and British in Mesopotamia and the sweep through Asia Minor to Constantinople. If it is true the Turks are in extremis and clamoring for peace, and that the Germans and Austrians have been withdrawn from the Salonic front, does it seem improbable that, first Turkey, then Bulgaria, will quit, and the Russians and British, together with the Allies at Saloniki, may combine in a grand move through Serbia on Austria from the south, supported as they would be by the Servians and Italians, and also the neutral armies of Greece and Roumania?" There is no doubt at all that the Danube line is far more vulnerable than that of the Rhine, but an advance into Hungary by the Russians and Roumanians is still a possible means of breaking the deadlock. Russia has the men if the Allies can arm them for her. To reconquer the Balkan Peninsula will not be child's play and would take much more time than a drive across the Carpathians into Hungary.—The Globe, March 11.

SAY THE ROSARY

Say the Rosary every night in Lent, and say it with your family about you—as it used to be said in your own parents' home. This beautiful, practised if falling into disuse in too many Catholic families. And for what poor, flimsy reasons? "No time;" "Can't get the young folk together;" "So many things going on

notice I found on several offices and outside several shops, that they were closed for the lunch hour. If there was anything on which the Englishman prided himself as being different from the less active foreigner, it was that his business never stopped during business hours, and that lunch was never allowed to interfere with business. But shortness of hands was plastered all over the town as the explanation of this extraordinary new departure. It was noticeable also, that there were no young men to be seen in the streets, except those who wore the armlet. Bath has become a city of women and old men; and the same is true of almost every town in the country.

The Germans certainly are giving us plenty to do, as I discovered when I went outside to one of the breezy heights that surround Bath. I find myself in a gigantic building called Prior Park, with a vast park. The building has a curious history. A Bath citizen, Allen by name, who began life in humble circumstances and then attained wealth, conceived the ambition of showing what splendid building material there was provided in the stone in which Bath is so abundant, conceived this lordly pleasure house built with somewhat regal manor amplitude, with the result that there is a big pile with vast halls, tremendous basements and two or three chapels, one of them a perfect gem. There is also a theatre, one of the daintiest I have ever seen. The building was once used as a Catholic boarding school and several high ecclesiastics lived and died and are buried there. No school, still less an individual, could keep up a building so enormous; so for the last fourteen years the place has remained untenanted. Now comes the war, and carpenters, plumbers, builders are engaged in turning it into a reception mainly for Canadian soldiers. The chapels are spared, but every other nook and corner is filled with beds for the wounded, the convalescent, the discharged men gathered here before starting for their homes in Canada, there to confront life with wounded bodies and souls. From one of the Canadian officers in charge I heard thrilling stories of the sensations of the battlefield, spoken of by all returning soldiers with still vivid horror of its ghastly accompaniments, and especially of the indescribable suspense and mental torture of lying for hours under the hell storm of shell fire. The story thrilled me with awe.

And then I went back to Parkwood, the country house where my friends, the Henrys, dwell. Like the good people they are, they are finding some relief and consolation for their own loss by attending to the griefs of others; and they have turned a beautiful house in their grounds into temporary hospital. Here for the last eighteen months of the war the wounded have found a refuge, and I have paid a visit every time I was at Parkwood to this asylum. If I could honestly have avoided talking to the poor fellows I would gladly have done so; for every time I have paid a visit I have gone away with a lump in my throat. Pathetic these wounded soldiers are. You might imagine you were visiting a public school, where football was the nearest approach to encounter, in stead of an asylum for lads who had already stood the test of the unspeakable agonies of modern warfare. Some of them were in bed; but the majority were at the graphophone, or singing loudly choruses to the ragtime music played by a young lady who came to entertain them; and many of these were laughing and talking as though they had never confronted death. But if you talk to them and study their faces, you see underneath the ineffaceable mementoes of the agonies through which they have passed. There is a strained look in most of their eyes. Those who remain in bed look, of course, still more pathetic, for they have their moments of acute suffering and you hear of ghastly wounds on the body, in the legs, on the head, all borne with patience, not much referred to, and when spoken of, the lad always adds something about making the best of things. And then I thought of the handsome lads I had seen in Paris with either a leg or an arm gone, and compelled to limp through life thus mutilated. And then on top of that rose the gigantic visions of hundreds of thousands of such lads, walking through the streets of nearly every town and village of the Europe of today.

Now and then you saw not a youth, but a man approaching the forties; with bald patches already on their heads; without the glowing and unconquerable hopefulness of youth. And yet these men had gone forth to do battle for their country—unashamed, uncoerced, simply because of their love for their soil. Quieter, of course, in manner, less jubilant, more resigned than the youngsters, these middle-aged men made a profound appeal to my feelings.

And then to complete my experience I returned to Parkwood and there found a young officer—a nephew of Sir Charles Henry—who had been allowed to return for a week from the trenches. I remember the night after the declaration of war seeing this lad pursuing his father—whose only son he is—begging to be allowed to go and fight for his country; he was not more than a month or two over eighteen at the time. His poor father looked worried and the mother even more worried; but the lad persisted and he had to go. And now I found him after eighteen months of war still a child in some things, but how much also of a man. I stopped up half the night listening to this

boy's tale of his adventures. The language of the young soldier is quite a vernacular of its own. Its main difference from the language of the ordinary man in civilian life is that it describes the ghastliest things in language of almost studied—except that it seems so unconscious—frivolity.

"One day," says the boy, "you'd have died with laughing," and then he describes as a laugh provoking achievement some horrible moment when every officer and every man were face to face for some minutes with death. As for instance the final approach of the mine which the Germans had been preparing for days; the thud-thud of the approaching miner; then the firing of the charge; then by some miraculous chance its failure to explode, and the loud and laughing mockery of the saved Tommies at the failure of their enemy.

A curious feature I noted in this lad's conversation—as in that of most of the lads from the trenches—was a complete absence of personal feeling. They almost seem to love the Germans who are trying to kill them and whom they are trying to kill every moment of the twenty-four hours. So much is this the case that there have to be the strictest orders against any fraternizing between the troops. Are these orders carried out?

I asked. "Certainly," said little Clarence Henry—that is the name of my young soldier friend—"I saw a sergeant degraded and given two years' imprisonment because he palled up with a German soldier." Once only did I see the face of the boy become overcast, and that was when he described seeing two spies caught; one in a church tower from which he had been signalling by moving the hands of the clock; another who had been showing lights. "It was dreadful," said the lad, with something like a thrill in his voice, "to see two men young and robust and to know that in a couple of hours they would be corpses." And then he wound up by the characteristic of the soldier to the politician. "We don't hate each other; we don't want to fight each other—we could shake hands to-morrow if it weren't for you politicians in London and Berlin."

I was a bit shocked at the responsibility for all that dread carnage that was thrown upon my shoulders as upon those of others; but then I read some passages from Treitschke and Bernhardi, and my purpose was strong again. It is they and men like them—the Crown Prince one of the worst of them—who have proclaimed that war is the highest, the best, the most enduring of human pursuits; and I felt strong again. We must war to the end; for thus only can we destroy now the gospel of war.

SOME YOUNG MEN OF FRANCE

Comte de Courson in the Catholic World

Only a few months ago, in a thoughtful and accurate paper, The Catholic World made its readers acquainted with "the Catholic Renaissance in France," an evolution that those whose lot is cast among French people have watched for years past with passionate interest and heartfelt gratitude. The world at large was slower to recognize the movement and, as M. Charles Baudouin judiciously observes, not unnaturally, judged French morality by the indecent plays and novels that are shed broadcast on the markets abroad, but that, in reality, only appeal to a small minority among the people of France. It also was inclined to identify the nation with its anti-religious Government, and to conclude, without sufficient knowledge of the thousand complex causes that dominate the interior life of a people, that the French Catholics were in some measure to blame for the Government's arrogant irreligion. That they may have favoured its action unwittingly by their political quarrels is probably true, but it is a fact that whatever may have been their errors of judgment in the past, they have—especially within the last twenty years, proved themselves truly alive to the peril ahead, and ready to give their time and their money to the social and religious works that played a considerable part in the "Catholic Renaissance." The war, from which we in France are all suffering more or less at the present moment, has fanned into flame the religious reaction that had been steadily at work for the last quarter of a century. One of its characteristic features is full of hope for the future: this revival is perceptible chiefly among the young, and has manifested itself for some years past in the action of the guilds, leagues and Associations founded by young Frenchmen on the principles of religion. They realize that an older generation failed, through its lack of union, in stemming the tide of atheism and sectarian tyranny, and they steadily built their work upon a wider basis, that of religion, irrespective of politics.

Another characteristic of the present generation of young French Catholics is their wish to know; they are more reasonable than sentimental in their attitude towards the Church, and they make no secret that their object is to understand their religion, to realize it in their conduct, and to extend to the Church a tribute of enlightened and heartfelt obedience. This obedience controls their activities on all the burning questions that before the war absorbed their attention; the social problem, for instance, was studied in the Catholic Associations of young men in a

spirit of justice and charity, happily and wisely influenced by the teaching of Rome.

Those who live in France at the present moment are able to judge of the bracing and elevating action of the Great War upon the young men of France; not a day passes without the fact being brought under their notice, and if anything can diminish the horror of the tragedy that is making so many homes desolate, it is surely the knowledge of the spiritual forces that are at work behind the scenes.

NOTED SCIENTIST DIES A DOMINICAN FRIAR

NATIVE OF SWEDEN, CONVERT WRITER, AND POLAR EXPLORER

Washington, D. C., March 1.—Clothed in the simple tertians habit of a Dominican friar, Carl L. Sandin, former scientist and author, was buried from the college of the Dominican Fathers, in Washington, last week. Following the solemn chanting of the office of the dead by a community of eighty friars, a Requiem Mass was sung by the Very Rev. M. A. Waldrum, O. P., prior of the convent. In the sanctuary, besides the Dominican Fathers of the convent, were present members of the Franciscan, Paulist and secular clergy.

Mr. Sandin was widely known among the Catholic converts of America. He came from Sweden at the age of twenty seven to the General Theological Seminary of New York. He had been received into the Anglican communion some years previously. After five years failing to find that peace of mind for which he sought, he paid a visit to Italy with a view of studying the Catholic Church. Remaining there two years, he returned to America and entered Princeton University to prepare himself for a literary career. When the first Baldwin-Sieger expedition was equipped for polar exploration he offered his services to the promoters and was accepted as a member of the scientific staff of the party.

The first expedition was a failure, but it was the occasion of great gain to Mr. Sandin. To quote his own words from "Beyond the Road to Rome": "At the North Pole I lost my bearings and found my soul." During the long night of the Arctic regions many of the crew were reduced to a state of despair. They prayed, asking God to send them the light of the sun. When at last the glory of the aurora borealis burst upon their sight "we fell on our knees (he says) mute and almost blinded in the splendor of this glory of God."

After his return to America he entered the Protestant Episcopal monastery near New York to dedicate his life to God in gratitude for his deliverance from the perils of the North. It was but a step to the Catholic Church, which he entered a few years ago, being received by Bishop Cusack. He retired to the Trappist monastery at Lonsdale, R. I., as a guest of the monks. From this institution he went to live with the Bishop of Albany, but the desire for monastic life persisting, he came to Washington in October of last year with a view of joining the Dominican Order. He had been a member of the community since that time, preparing himself for formal reception into the order.

Mr. Sandin died at Providence Hospital, Washington, February 20, where he had been removed after having contracted what proved to be a fatal illness. Besides being a scientist of repute, Mr. Sandin was an expert in the use of five languages, a writer and translator—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

THE FIGHT FOR PURITY

There is a great deal of idle talk expended to day on the question of sex hygiene. Men who have no religion at all are speaking loudly about the best manner of educating the youth of our land to purity. The mere fact that there are so many advocates of this sex education is ample proof of its need. We need only walk through one of the busy streets of our large cities, casting a searching glance at the young people who pass us by, to learn that the great law which cannot be violated without physical penalties is held in high esteem by too many of our youth. Our overfilled insane asylums and neurological institutes are other proofs of this same contention.

Serious people have long since come to the conclusion that there can be no compelling preaching of morality without religion. The only sanction of the moral law is God. If there be no God, there is no reason for observing the law. Humanitarianism, philosophy, health, the progress of the race, self-realization and a score of other shibboleths which have been invented to take the place of God, fail utterly when the hot winds of passion blow from the corrupt heart. But with a race of young men and women who fear God, and observe His law, this question is solved instantly and satisfactorily. And it is well to bear in mind that the only true pedagogy of the heart is taught by the Catholic Church. She alone teaches the true formation of character.

A wise mother, the Church understands the necessity of holding before the minds of the young the

example of great characters whom all the world reveres. During this month of March she puts before our minds the charming image of St. Thomas Aquinas, whom to see is to love. We all like the brilliant, clever, profound thinker, who understands his times, and like a seer, outlines the difficulties of the ages to come. We all admire the man who casts aside honors, riches and preferment for the sake of serving the masses better. Now, all this and a great deal more we find in the life of St. Thomas. A prince of thought, he was still as humble as a child. A man of determination, he was still obedient to the slightest wish of his lawful superiors. Rich and nobly born, he found true nobility in fellowship with Christ. But aside from all this, he shines like some snow-capped mountain for the spotless purity of his life. This is the true and genuine sign of his manliness. For it takes a man to put down the brat within him. Any can indulge his passions. There is no real test of manhood there. The greatest coward in the world is the man who runs away from God. The most disgusting weakling is the "sport" whose highest ambition in life is to have a "good time."

In the fight for purity, which is becoming general throughout the land, there is need to think often on the lessons of St. Thomas' life and to look frequently upon his genuine virility. Catholic parents should make it a point of honor to acquaint their children with the life-story of St. Thomas. For the growing generation there has been instituted a society which is well-named the "Angelic Warfare." Whoso joins this society is, in the full sense of the word, a knight, girt about with courage and determination to hold that pearl which is of greatest price. —Rosary Magazine.

"YESTERDAYS"

Gone! and they return no more, but they leave a light in the heart; The murmur of waves that kiss a shore Will never, I never, depart.

Gone! yet with us still they stay, And their memories throb through life;

The music that hushes or stirs to-day, Is toned by their calm or strife.

Gone! and yet they never go! We kneel at the shrine of time, 'Tis a mystery no man may know, Nor tell in a poet's rhyme.

—REV. ABRAHAM J. RYAN

WILL THE WAR KILL THE PASSION PLAY?

Someone has wondered if the world's war will bring down to destruction the world's famous "Passionspiel" of the Bavarian Alps now over three centuries old. Using the lists of the artists, poets, literary and scientific names on the roll of death, the cathedrals, paintings and works of art destroyed, scholars in neutral countries lament the ruin of all that is fair and fine in art, sculpture and painting. Is the "story that transformed the world" to be included in the general debacle?

Maria May, the Magdalene of 1910, is lecturing in this country, and is reported as having had a pessimistic outlook for 1920. Is the God of Mars really going to make impossible subsequent performances of this soul-stirring tribute to the One True God?

To all of these we answer in a strenuous, emphatic—No.

The boom of cannon and the rain of shrapnel may paralyze the arts, but a masterpiece of religion, which has weathered the conflicts of the world for three centuries, is not going to pieces, even on the rocks of this present gigantic hurricane.

In fact, it was as the indirect result of one of the worst wars a land has ever known that the passion play of the Tyrol was born. The bloody Thirty Years' war left wreckage, death and worse of all, pestilence abroad in the land. Whole families were swept off. In one village only two married couples were left alive. Oberammergau's sequestered position saved the village for a time. But unlucky Caspar Schaeffer, stricken in a neighboring town, could not resist the longing of his heart to see his wife and children. He broke the quarantine—and in thirty-three days eighty-four of the Oberammergau were dead.

In despair, the stricken hearts turned to God, taking their solemn religious vow to meditate the Passion of Christ once every ten years if He would extend His saving Hand.

No matter what an irreligious generation to-day may say, the fact remains that not another victim was recorded.

Faithful to their vow, the Alpine villagers have played the play ever since, despite interruptions. In fact, the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 broke in upon their very rehearsals and Christus May was obliged to come down from his cross to serve in the Bavarian artillery. But he, with his companions, was given permission to wear his hair long, and, at the end of the conflict, returned to his role of the Christ, the Prince of Peace.

In the present case, are our religious sentiments shocked to learn that Lang and his twelve apostles are serving machine guns in the trenches. But are we quite confident that even should Mars claim him and his companions the faithful inmates of Oberammergau will offer again

to the world in 1920 this most striking example of a faith—still extant, than God, in the hearts of the Bavarian mountains.

Indeed, rather are we inclined to believe that more villages than ever before will be turning to God, after this carnage is over, in recognition of His power to appear and soothe, in mute testimony of the fickleness of human beings who can cast themselves at each other's throats in self-destruction.

And if our land shall be saved from similar Black Deaths it will be only because their still burns in the hearts of our fellow countrymen of his, Matthew Arnold, has said that he had never seen the poor in other churches as he has seen them in Catholic churches. In the good things attributed to Christianity by Dr. Barnett the Catholic Church also excels.—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

THE PASSING OF THE SAMARITANS

Philadelphia next Sunday. As you go into the church and down the aisle the deacons and vestrymen will hold a discussion in the corner of the vestibule and the boldest will volunteer to say to the ragged stranger, "Would you like a ticket to the Galilee Mission?" or "Wouldn't you like to take a trip to the Door of Hope?" In so far as this is true in just so far is the church unChristian and therefore unChristian.

Since the poor we have always with us, this test would prove the Catholic Church to be Christian. Dr. Barnett's speeches and writings against it unChristian. A distinguished countryman of his, Matthew Arnold, has said that he had never seen the poor in other churches as he has seen them in Catholic churches. In the good things attributed to Christianity by Dr. Barnett the Catholic Church also excels.—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

LUTHERANS AND THE MOTHER OF GOD

No doubt many readers of the Lutheran were recently astonished to read, in its columns, the following question and answer:

"Does the Lutheran Church Reject the Term 'Theotokos' or 'Mother of God'?" By no means. In the controversy between Cyril, who defended this term 'Theotokos' and Nestorius, who objected to it, Cyril was orthodox, our Lutheran Confession expresses itself on this subject unmistakably. Hence we believe, teach and confess that Mary conceived and bore not a mere man, but such a man as is truly the Son of God; therefore she is also rightly called and is the Mother of God (General Council edition of Book of Concord, page 518). On account of this personal union and communion of the natures, Mary the Blessed Virgin, bore not a mere man, but such a man as is truly the Son of the Most High God, as the angel (Gabriel) testifies; who showed His divine majesty even in His mother's womb, that He was born of a virgin, with her virginity uninjured. Therefore she is truly the Mother of God, and nevertheless truly remained a virgin."

Well known references to this ancient nation are found in the Holy Scriptures in Matt. x, 5: Luke ix, 52; x, 38; xvii, 16; John iv, 9; iv, 39; viii, 48; Acts i, 8; ix, 31: of which the most familiar, perhaps, is that in the eleventh chapter of Luke, when our Blessed Lord tells the rich young man what to do.

A man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, while passing through the deep defile of the mountains in that region, was set upon by bandits, robbed, beaten and left wounded by the side of the road. A number of travelers passed by, among them a priest and Levite, but none of them paid any attention to the sufferer until a Samaritan, an individual hated by the Jews, seeing him, was moved with compassion. And going up to him, he bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine; and setting him upon his own beast, brought him to an inn and took care of him." Our Lord then asks the son of the young lawyer: "Which of these, in thy opinion, was neighbor to him who fell among the robbers?"

This lesson, important for all who are engaged in missionary or charitable work, comes to us with renewed force in these days of strife, and bloodshed, and when the question of true neighborliness is uppermost in the Catholic mind. It is said that the Samaritans who had tried to hold intact their little band of religious adherents on Mount Gerizim, had been forced to fight for the Turks. Many of them have been killed in battle, and others have been left to starve. Even the lepers that were left behind have starved, and so have the women and children. A most interesting race of people, and one closely associated with religious history has been completely wiped out and the "place that knew them will know them no more."—The Missionary.

Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary. J. M. FRASER.

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ship: Firstly, that it represents an endeavor, by underhand methods, to wean Protestants from their various denominations into membership in the Protestant Episcopal Church; secondly, because of the "high church" notions of one of the founders, it is charged with being an attempt to swing unsuspecting Episcopalians into a vague thing called "Catholicism";

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT

"He was transfigured before them." (Matt. xxvii. 2.)
Our Lord was transfigured before His three most highly favored disciples, Peter, James and John, on a lonely mountain whither He had led them. He shows Himself in His glory to those who seek Him apart from the world, in prayer and meditation. He was transfigured before the three Apostles who were especially to bear witness to Him; before Peter, the Head of the Church; James, who as bishop of Jerusalem was the first of the Apostles to die a martyr's death, and John, destined to outlive all the rest, and to preach to the faithful even to the end of the first century, defending our Lord's divine truth against the attacks of unbelievers and heretics.

He was transfigured before them, that His subsequent Passion might not make them waver in their faith. He was transfigured before them, that when afterwards He should hang upon the cross, they might see in Him not a weak, dying human being, but God incarnate, revealing His majesty most gloriously in the humiliation and shame of His suffering. He was transfigured because of His Passion, and His Passion was His transfiguration. The Church points to this truth by ordering the gospel account of the transfiguration to be read in Lent. Suffering and pain transfigure man also, for pain marks a man off from others, and to generous hearts a sufferer is more worthy of honor than a prosperous person. Pain borne with patience gives us the impression of being something great; it arouses our sympathy and draws us near together. Sorrow endured in common has far greater power to unite men than joy. Pain can transform men, and we feel the truth of this fact deep in our hearts, and it is confirmed by a sort of affection, very common at the present time, which aims at imitating pain, and makes people delight in fancied misfortunes and imaginary sufferings, so that they delude themselves and others with the idea that they are lonely and forsaken, hoping thus to make themselves interesting to themselves and others, and to have at least the appearance of being transformed by pain. Of course this kind of imaginary suffering has no transforming effect whatever, but only obscures one's understanding, for a morbid desire of pain, a fancy that one is unhappy, is a proof of want of sense.

Real pain not only transforms us in the sight of others, but a soul that actually suffers is transformed by manifold kinds of experience, dearly bought but very precious, and by a kind of steadfastness and courage derived from pain. This is true of merely ordinary suffering, but it is still more true of that endured by a Christian who strives to follow our Lord's example.

Before His transfiguration on Thabor the face of Christ shone as the sun and His garments became white as snow, and when afterwards He was transfigured by the infinite love with which He suffered on Calvary, His head was crowned with thorns in token of His transfiguration by suffering. To this crown of thorns the Church refers the following prophecy of Holy Scripture: "Glorify ye daughters of Zion (ye faithful souls) and see Solomon in his diadem" (Cant. iii. 11). "Solomon" means peaceful, and we know who is the true Solomon, the real Bringer of Peace, whose head was crowned with the most glorious diadem, even the crown of thorns, marking His transfiguration by pain. It is also the crown of His mercy, for when was divine mercy ever displayed more unmistakably than when our Saviour, being crowned with thorns, suffered for us, when He cried with a loud voice: "It is consummated, Father, into Thy hands I command my spirit!"

At that moment the angels in heaven exulted, crying: "Praise ye the Lord, for His mercy is great, and of His goodness there is no end." But on earth there was a solemn silence as when the spirit of God moved over the waters at the creation, for now the great work was accomplished which should cause a new race to rise from the waters of baptism, from the dreary darkness of sin. Christ's crown of thorns was also the crown of His mercy and likewise of His triumph on earth.

As a crown it reminds us that He who wears it is a King, the King of righteousness, and in heaven it has been changed into a crown of glory. As Jesus on the Cross bent His head, crowned with thorns, many graves of just men were opened; and when He comes as Judge, wearing the crown of glory, all graves will be opened, and all the just will rise again. With joy will they behold the glory of their King, from whose hand they will themselves receive their crown. With what gratitude will they then think of the crown of thorns that obtained such glory for them! In the same way, for the disciples as well as for their Master, all earthly pain will be transfigured in eternity.

Our own crown of thorns will often inspire us with sympathy for the sorrows of others. He who has suffered much himself knows how to comfort and help others, and thus his crown of thorns is also turned into a crown of mercy.

Our Lord's crown of thorns reminds us also of His divine justice, which will one day exact a terrible penalty from those who have been disloyal to their King and have rejected the crown of earthly suffering. A man makes a right use of suffering if he lets it encourage him to practise

Christian justice, and is led on by it to virtue and away from evil. It is better for us to suffer and to be united with God than to live in pleasure and amusement apart from Him. Every sorrow ought to remind us of the justice of God, Who in His love leads us to heaven on a thorny path, in order that eternal suffering may not be our lot hereafter.

Let us, therefore, profit by the thorny crown of suffering, and never forget to live so as to please God, and then our crown will some day obtain for us the crown of glory, transfiguration on His holy mountain, and complete fulfillment of all that He in His infinite love has promised us through Moses and the Prophets and the holy Apostles. Our Lord's transfiguration was effected by suffering, and so is that of every true Christian whose heart gathers strength from suffering, and who is encouraged by it not to swerve from the path of duty, but to go forward bravely until he attains the crown of everlasting glory.

We have looked at Jesus transfigured on Thabor and crowned with thorns on Calvary, and we have learned that pain is intended to transform a Christian; but if it only casts a cloud of discontent and anger, of selfishness and sin over his soul, there can be no transfiguration either on earth or in heaven, but thorns of suffering in both this life and the next. May the crown of earthly pain some day be changed for us all into that of everlasting glory and happiness. Amen.

TEMPERANCE

MILITIA MEN ON LIQUOR-DRINKING

By command of Major General O'Ryan, of the National Guard of New York State, an official bulletin was recently issued giving the results of the prohibition of the use of liquor on two recent occasions in military service, stating facts concerning the relation of alcohol to health and urging officers to lead by precept and example in the encouragement of sobriety. The bulletin from which the following paragraphs are extracts was ordered to be posted for ninety days after its receipt on regimental and company bulletins boards.

In the summer of 1913 the use of liquor in any form was prohibited at the Infantry School of Application at Peekskill, and all student officers, as well as instructors, put on honour to abstain from liquor on or off the post during the school period. So beneficial to the individuals concerned and to the work of the school were the results attending this departure from former custom, and so marked was the sentiment of approval among the officers affected, that a similar regulation was prescribed as Mr. Boothman tells, when the Protestant Bishop of his old diocese (Dr. Legg) went to his old parish in order to introduce the new rector who had come to take his place, on his going over to Rome, that prelate spoke of the severe shock which the congregation must have felt "at the recent unfaithfulness of one who had been sent to administer to them." The Bishop was willing to believe, however, that Mr. Boothman had obeyed the dictates of his conscience.

During the recent field exercises at Fishkill Plains, N. Y., the use of liquor was prohibited by division order at division headquarters and in the organization directly attached thereto, namely, the cavalry, field artillery, engineer, signal and sanitary organizations. In the infantry the subject was regulated by regimental commanders. In several of the infantry regiments the prohibition referred to was prescribed and enforced.

So unanimous and strong has the sentiment against the use of liquor in camp developed among the organizations affected by the prohibition, that the subject is believed to be of sufficient importance to publish the information of the division some consideration in support of a continuation and extension of the present policy in respect to the use of liquor by soldiers.

The decision to prohibit the use of liquor, made in the first instance at the Infantry School of Application in 1913, was not based on a fear that there might be excesses, nor was the decision intended as a movement in support of the moral aspect of the non-use of liquor. But it was known that the course of instruction was such that the student officers would require the application of their physical and mental powers impaired by distracting conviviality, late hours, digestive disorders and superstimulation. It was further realized that the prohibition would furnish opportunity for practical and substantial development of military morals in that it would require a subordination of animal desire to the power of the will. Disciplining being the most important factor in the attainment of military efficiency, and discipline being the result of moral as well as physical training, the rule against the use of liquor furnished an opportunity to test as well as advance the standard of discipline of the officers at the school. That our officers at this and the subsequent schools met this test in a manner leaving nothing to be desired, and that the sentiment among them is strong in support of continued prohibition during the periods of field service, is most satisfactory.

Mr. Boothman retorted, quite politely, by saying that if he had proved "unfaithful" by obeying the dictates of his conscience, then the same charge might be made against St. Paul, whose conversion took place whilst acting under the full "authority" of those whom he was obliged to repudiate; yet St. Paul had been adjudged faithful enough to be placed in the Apostleship, although he had also been "faithful" in the Jewish communion. The Bishop, however, refused to withdraw the offending word "unfaithfulness," and replied to Mr. Boothman, saying "Doubtless I am the Jew and you are the Christian."

The ex-rector goes on to explain the reasons for his leaving the Episcopal Church, always a matter of interest indeed, to all men who are interested in matters of the mind and heart. During his self-imposed silence of three years, many a time he received letters from his friends and even from strangers, asking him why he had left his first Church, and why he had not remained true to it. He was affected by the notion that it was in a peculiar sense supernatural, new hospitals and refuges overspread and monks flocked in multitudes to serve them. . . . This vast and uncontested movement of charity, operating in the village hamlet and in the lonely hospital, staunching the widow's tears and following all the windings of the poor man's grits, presents few features the imagination can grasp and leaves no deep impression on the mind. The greatest things are often those which are most imperfectly realized; and

most cases great personal sacrifices. Their interest demands there should be some substantial recognition by the state of their sacrifice and service, but while awaiting such legislative recognition, there is much that can be done of permanent and immeasurable value to the future of our young men, by raising the standard of moral, physical and mental training applied to them. No greater opportunity in this regard exists at the present time than for the officers of the division, by precept and example, to inculcate in the minds of their men an intelligent knowledge of the subject of this bulletin, looking to their own self-interest, and to spread among them a high conception of the underlying principle of military service—self-denial.—Sacred Heart Review.

Good For Children

Mothers! Physicians agree that flavor and the body building elements of grains fed in the diet are really thrown away. So also do the lime salts which your child needs to harden bones and teeth. Children fed upon coarse dark cereals develop greater resistance. Witness the Bulgars and Serbs. Roman soldiers who conquered the world fed upon two brands of entire grain food a day. Dr. Jackson's Roman Meal is a scientifically balanced ration made from several entire grains. It's delicious, easily prepared in a variety of ways and nourishes better than meat. It's a natural laxative. Most grocers sell it. Made by Roman Meal Co., Toronto, Canada.

THE TRUTH THAT LIBERATES

The motto of this journal is to be seen upon the title page and reads "Veritas liberabit vos—the truth will make you free." The motto is adopted by a distinguished English convert, Mr. Boothman, of Cambridge University, who in a Catholic Truth publication, tells how "after years of thought, examination and enquiry," he made his submission to the Holy See.

For over twenty-eight years, he had been a cleric in the Evangelical Protestant, or Episcopal Church. Mr. Boothman was already the rector of a very large Protestant congregation, when he decided that the Church which he served did not contain all the needful heart satisfying truths which were necessary to his enquiring intellect. He resolved, however, to do nothing precipitately, and when he had resolved that the Church of England was to be his no more, he also decided that he should make no explanation to his ex-parishioners until three years had passed.

The time of silence being over, that of utterance has come, and he has a thanksgiving to make, he says, and also an explanation. As Mr. Boothman tells, when the Protestant Bishop of his old diocese (Dr. Legg) went to his old parish in order to introduce the new rector who had come to take his place, on his going over to Rome, that prelate spoke of the severe shock which the congregation must have felt "at the recent unfaithfulness of one who had been sent to administer to them." The Bishop was willing to believe, however, that Mr. Boothman had obeyed the dictates of his conscience.

Mr. Boothman read the report of the Bishop's introductory address, in a local paper, and wrote to his late superior, objecting to the word "unfaithfulness," to which he said, his conscience would not allow him to plead guilty; he described the word as "ill chosen," since during his pastorate, he had proved a "faithful steward," at least, and the obligation taken at his "ordination"—Mr. Boothman was unkind enough to use quotes in his letter to the Protestant Bishop—had been fulfilled to the letter.

The Bishop replied admitting the use of the word "unfaithfulness," adding that he knew no other term by which to describe a man's repudiation of the faith to which he had once sworn full allegiance.

Mr. Boothman retorted, quite politely, by saying that if he had proved "unfaithful" by obeying the dictates of his conscience, then the same charge might be made against St. Paul, whose conversion took place whilst acting under the full "authority" of those whom he was obliged to repudiate; yet St. Paul had been adjudged faithful enough to be placed in the Apostleship, although he had also been "faithful" in the Jewish communion. The Bishop, however, refused to withdraw the offending word "unfaithfulness," and replied to Mr. Boothman, saying "Doubtless I am the Jew and you are the Christian."

The ex-rector goes on to explain the reasons for his leaving the Episcopal Church, always a matter of interest indeed, to all men who are interested in matters of the mind and heart. During his self-imposed silence of three years, many a time he received letters from his friends and even from strangers, asking him why he had left his first Church, and why he had not remained true to it. He was affected by the notion that it was in a peculiar sense supernatural, new hospitals and refuges overspread and monks flocked in multitudes to serve them. . . . This vast and uncontested movement of charity, operating in the village hamlet and in the lonely hospital, staunching the widow's tears and following all the windings of the poor man's grits, presents few features the imagination can grasp and leaves no deep impression on the mind. The greatest things are often those which are most imperfectly realized; and

bridge his faith seemed (he says) to strengthen in the conviction that the Protestant Church was the true Church. At that time he had no thought whatever of enquiring into the claims of the Catholic Church which acknowledges the Pope—the only Catholic one, in other words. He argued complacently that as the Bay of Biscay is part of the Ocean, so the Church of England seemed to me to be part of the great ocean of the Catholic Church and Faith."

It was not very long, however, before his ship of Faith split against the fatal rock of multi doctrinism, or in other words, against the darkeness consequent on there being no illuminating authority to guide his ship when adverse currents set in to his destruction; and while he noted that many sects which professed to belong to the same "Catholic" Church as himself were teaching different views authoritatively, he also saw that there was only one Catholic Church which everywhere taught in the same way and the same truths.

He also found that when the Episcopal Church broke away from this authority, it lost its own integrity or power of cohesion, and became subservient to the political authorities. He was (he declares) moved to the final step in his conversion, not so much by the difficulties which clerics sought to throw in the way of his teaching the old pre-Reformation Catholic truths, but in reality of a "shocking" oath which the late King Edward VII. found himself obliged (probably against his will) by the English Constitution, to take in regard to the Most Holy Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ. That a monarch, who was to assume the title "Defender of the Faith," could also take the Coronation Oath of England, forced Mr. Boothman into the realization that he really was acting as cleric for a non-spiritual body which was wholly devoid of a spiritual authority.

Mr. Boothman records duly his reason for leaving Episcopalianism, as follows:

(a) I had become convinced of the justice of the claims of the Holy See, and therefore must submit to her authority.

(b) I had become aware of the purely social and temporal character of the Establishment, and had come to look upon it merely as a social club and department of State.

(c) I felt the spiritual powerlessness of the "Episcopate," and consequently the helplessness of the Anglican ministry.

(d) The action of the House of Lords, in refusing to allow Anglican Parsons to teach the Catholic truths that were taught before the Reformation—yet which the Establishment still professed to be teaching—this wrecked all "religious education." (The House of Lords refused to sanction certain religious instruction in 1902.)

I feel, says Mr. Boothman, that I could not conscientiously remain in the Establishment. He cannot, he says, describe how much he rejoices in the freedom of the real Catholic Church. It is, he says, a joy which is not confined to individuals or nations, but is universal throughout all the Catholic Christendom and all who belong to her, realize the blessing of this glorious liberty. It is a glorious privilege to be free—spiritually free; free from wrangling and dissension, doubts, anxieties and questionings; free from State bonds, parliamentary politics, from episcopal commissions and autocracy; free to pray always and at all times for our dear departed—and freed from bondage of materially conceived teachings.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

STUDY TO PLEASE GOD

Many persuade themselves that they have no true sorrow for their sins if they do not practice many and great corporal austerities. Let us learn, nevertheless, that he does a good penance who studies to please God alone, at all times and in all things. This is a very perfect thing and of great merit.—St. Francis de Sales.

THE CHURCH COVERED THE GLOBE WITH INSTITUTIONS OF MERCY

William Lecky (in European Morals)

"As time rolled on, charity assumed many forms, and every monotheistic became a center from which it radiated. By the monks the nobles were overawed, the poor protected, the sick tended, travelers sheltered, prisoners ransomed, the remotest spheres of suffering explored.

The ex-rector goes on to explain the reasons for his leaving the Episcopal Church, always a matter of interest indeed, to all men who are interested in matters of the mind and heart. During his self-imposed silence of three years, many a time he received letters from his friends and even from strangers, asking him why he had left his first Church, and why he had not remained true to it. He was affected by the notion that it was in a peculiar sense supernatural, new hospitals and refuges overspread and monks flocked in multitudes to serve them. . . . This vast and uncontested movement of charity, operating in the village hamlet and in the lonely hospital, staunching the widow's tears and following all the windings of the poor man's grits, presents few features the imagination can grasp and leaves no deep impression on the mind. The greatest things are often those which are most imperfectly realized; and

surely no achievements of the Christian Church are more truly great than those which it has affected in the sphere of charity. For the first time in the history of mankind it has inspired thousands of men and women, at the sacrifice of all worldly interests and often under circumstances of extreme discomfort or danger, to devote their entire lives

to the single object of assuaging the sufferings of humanity. It has covered the globe with countless institutions of mercy, absolutely unknown to the pagan world."

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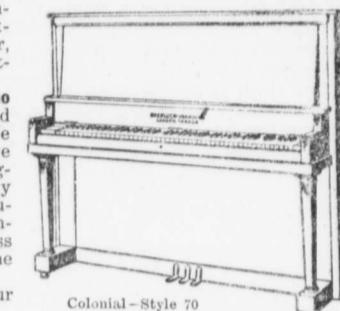
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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

"FOLLOW THE LEADER"

If you are employed by a man or a firm, be loyal to your employer. Don't give away his business secrets. Don't let his competitors find in you a tool. He is your bread and butter, he is the agent of Divine Providence to enable you to earn a living, he is your benefactor. Be loyal to him. Give him a full day's work. Push the business all you can. Put your best into everything you do. Carry out his instructions. Do your duty as he wants it done. Follow his plan until he accepts yours as a better one. Look up to him as one entitled to your gratitude, to your loyalty, to your best service.

You remember that old game, don't you, where the most venturesome lad in the crowd was chosen to lead and you all followed no matter what hidden dangers he might draw you. There was a real thrill and excitement about the game just because of this quality of surprise.

That same lad is probably a leader somewhere in this game of life today for even children are quick to recognize this quality and ready to give way to the masterful spirit with its greater initiative.

It is the aim almost everywhere to find these natural leaders of men and to put them in charge and it is to the intrepid that the more timid look for encouragement and help.

It is when a business man is full of this quality that his business grows and grows. He inspires his men, he is quick to take advantage of every opening for business, he is ready and willing to do anything he would ask of his men and keeps his finger on the pulse of the whole organization—he knows just the sort of medicine each man needs and is ready to administer it.

But—do we follow so faithfully as we did in our boyhood days—fences and ravines, wading through the brook, decking and dodging and pushing everywhere the man ahead goes? If we do then our business organization becomes A No. 1 for, with the right sort of leader, with all parts of the organization harmoniously blended, success is the natural outcome.

THE PLEASANT ROAD

Of course we'd all rather take it, naturally we hate the rough way. We'd like to have the going smooth and easy for our feet—we don't want to toll up steep hills, we'd like to have the path clear before us, the way made plain, then make our leisurely progress toward the goal.

Is it often that any soul has such a smooth way and does such an easy way make for strength, for character? Is not all of life a struggle, from the infant's first cry to the last death rattle of the aged? We fight for breath, we fight for development, we struggle against our own ignorance in an effort for education, and when we get out into the world of business, the struggle simply continues in a larger way. There we fight competition, we fight our own laziness and bad habits so that we may be men of the first grade and able to keep our heads and advance in the struggle, not get drawn under the whirlpool of failure.

Most of us find in our path every sort of obstacle—but there to test our strength, but we can overcome and there is always a way past.

A Pleasant Road? Who has time to think whether it's a pleasant road or not? We are so immersed in our duties, in our efforts to fight the good fight, that we take such day as it comes meet the difficulties as best we may, and if we have done well we realize it's been a pleasant road, for our own efforts have made it so.

The road that ends in success is a pleasant road after it is gone over, no matter how rough it was in travelling. Let us not be concerned about the way. Let us fix our eyes on the goal. Let us go forward and—get there!—Catholic Columbian.

SUCCESS

Bishop Spalding places a man's success where it rightly belongs, in his moral development. And it is reassuring to believe, in spite of the undue stress the world seems to place on wealth and place and material accumulations, that the ultimate judgment of the individual, even in this world, is based upon his character. The supremacy of goodness is still undisputed, and ever will be. The rich man, the man of power, the man of intellect, is not a success, measured simply by human standards, if he is also a moral failure. The world is blind and thoughtless and inconsistent enough, but it cannot get away from the primal love of virtue and the instinct to honor it above all external attainments.—Catholic Universe.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE CHAMPION OF SIR WALTER

Afar off in the days that have long been sleeping, awaiting the sound of Gabriel's trumpet to unfold their many stories of good and of evil, there dwelt in Mervin England a knight who was called Sir Walter. Now, Sir Walter was a knight in truth, for he kept his vow to honor Our Lady and to help the poor and to succor the widow and the orphan in distress, and so he was noble in life and in deed as well as in blood and in name. But though he loved Our Lady, St. Mary, with a good and a fervent love, he was not satisfied with it.

"Methinks," said he to himself, "that I do scarce little to honor Our Lady, and that I could do more for

her glory," and no sooner did he set out to plan how he could give more joy to her heart than an idea came to him; for ideas are not scarce, though the will to execute them often is.

"Saturday," he went on, "is the Blessed Virgin's Day, and on every Saturday from henceforth I will hear Mass in honor of Our Lady, St. Mary. To this do I pledge my word."

And he kept his promise like the true knight that he was. Every Saturday, rain or shine, sleet or snow, saw Sir Walter at Mass in the Abbey church; and, truth to tell, he did not seem to feel any the worse for it, but rather the better.

Nothing runs smoothly in this world save the road to perdition, and even that has its own sorrows, and one Saturday Sir Walter had made an appointment to prove his skill at a tournament. There were to be many knights, noble and brave, who could hurl their lances well, and do credit to any meet, whether it be at the Royal Court of France or in the midsts of the nobles at home, and Sir Walter was a match for any of them.

And so on that day Sir Walter had his squire arouse him even before the sun had ventured to come in from his travels in the East, and together they set out for the Abbey that they might hear a Mass right early and be off for the tournament. The monastery was a strange one, not the one wherein he generally heard Mass, but one on his way to the tourney.

He had but taken out his Book of hours, when a clerk came in from the cloisters and began to say Mass. Sir Walter heaved sighs of relief, glad to think that he would not have to wait. He heard the Mass with attention and the clerk turned to say "Ite Missa est," when another clerk came out and at another altar began to say another Mass. Sir Walter fidgeted.

"Would be bad taste and worse manners to Our Lady, St. Mary, to leave the church while her Son is being offered in sacrifice," said he to himself, and so he stayed and heard the other Mass with as much devotion as he could, though truth to tell he did spend some time wondering how soon he would be able to get away, but suddenly he thought,

"I owe this service to Our Lady, St. Mary," said he to himself, "and, although I may be late for the tournament, still I owe more to her than to man," and thus saying he resigned himself to hear another Mass. No more bad the words left his heart, than another clerk followed the one who had just finished Mass, and Sir Walter found himself listening to a third Mass.

And at the conclusion of the third, a fourth clerk took his place and at the conclusion of the fourth Mass, a fifth Mass began, and when the fifth was finished a sixth commenced, and at its conclusion Sir Walter made as if to go when lo, the Abbot and his deacon and his sub-deacon came: a Solemn High Mass was to be sung, for full well did the monks of the Abbey love Our Lady, St. Mary, and on Saturday for years back had the Abbot been accustomed to sing a Solemn High Mass in her honor.

Sir Walter knelt down again with a jerk; and he stood and knelt and stood again as it was the epistle of gospel or consecration that was going on. At last the Mass was over, and in fact the Masses were all over for the day, for it was about noon by the sun. The Abbot had preached a sermon, which might have been holy but which surely was long, and Sir Walter thought to himself:

"Well, for Our Lady's sake, I have lost the tournament, for right well could I have fought with any knight present." And he and his squire went out of the Abbey.

They had no sooner mounted on their steeds when a party of knights came upon them.

"Art going to the tournament?" queried Sir Walter.

"No, Sir Knight," they answered, "we're coming from it."

"And who won the day?" asked Sir Walter, and he tried to ask it gaily, although his heart was as heavy as though it were stone instead of flesh and blood. And the leader spoke up:

"A right valiant knight, who did throw weapons as though indeed he were aided by unseen hands. None could withstand him. Sir Walter Brentwood was his name." And on they rode.

"Sir Walter Brentwood!" echoed Sir Walter. That, in truth was his own name. He understood it now. Our Lady, St. Mary, had repaid him, and had sent probably no less a personage than an angel from the Heavenly Court to take his place while he heard Masses in her honor. His honor was unsullied before men.

And then Sir Walter blushed, for he remembered full well that he had paid but grudging homage to Our Lady, and both he and his squire knelt in the dusty road and thanked her who would not be outdone in courtesy.—Extension Magazine.

WELL DONE

Our missionaries in pagan and infidel lands are maintaining 6,000 catechists and 18,000 schools. They are instructing 1,200,000 catechumens and educating 800,000 pupils. All these works, and the missionaries themselves are supported and maintained by Catholics, who are grateful for the gift of faith and the fruits of Christian civilization, because little can be obtained from converts in pagan countries, who are almost as poor in earthly possessions as they formerly were in spiritual gifts.—The Missionary.

HOW CATHOLIC SOLDIERS DIE

From the front narratives continue to come of incidents which illustrate the power of the Catholic Faith amidst the ghastly horrors of war, and show of what "splendid metal" the children of the Church are made. Father Collins writes from "somewhere" in Flanders: "I say Mass in the village church every day when the weather permits; and there is no roof to the church and no windows. The Irish Guards heard their last Mass here before going up to the recent fight. Their good chaplain said his last Mass within the walls of this church and was killed that same night in the attack. After their departure I discovered a paper nailed to the door of the church, and on the paper was written the following: 'We protest against the wicked desecration of God's Holy House, and we go into this fight to avenge—with our lives, if God sees fit—the unholy outrage of His Tabernacle.' It was signed by about thirty men of the Irish Guards. The Ages of Faith never saw worthier Crusaders than these."

From France Abbe Watrin writes: "On Sunday I was able to say Mass in a little wood on a hill commanding our vast field of operations. The altar was a stretcher supported by four bundles of rifles, and there was fighting going on in front of us. The shells were dropping at our feet. Many of the men were in tears during the service and with plenty of reason. But oh! how lovely was that chalice, that Host lifted up over those who were dying for their country!" Discussing the effect of the war on religion in France, the Rev. F. A. Cardew, an Anglican chaplain in Paris, expressed the opinion that a much larger proportion of men attend church and adhere to religion in France than in England. A law designed years ago to injure the Church in France has had the opposite effect; it has sent into the trenches and the barracks over 20,000 priest-soldiers whose influence is all for good, and provided them with opportunities of calling back to the fold many a wandering sheep, of strengthening the weaklings of the flock, and of giving the consolations of the Faith. Mass and the Sacraments to those who might otherwise have been deprived of them. Father Yves Saccadas, O.M.I., writes: "The stretcher-bearers had an awful work to do. Four were killed, two of whom were priests, and twenty wounded. . . . One of my strangest experiences during the attack was a night visit to the trenches for the purpose of identifying and burying the dead. I was accompanying an officer who desired a priest by his side. I intended to hold a burial service, but it was impossible. All I could do was to recite the De Profundis for every dead soldier. Shells for every bullet were twisting everywhere." Fathers Anizan, Balme and Gouraud, O.M.I., have been specially mentioned in Orders of the day for their courage and their great services to the wounded. Father Guedon, O.M.I., having recovered from fever and a stroke, and stood again as it was the epistle of gospel or consecration that was going on. At last the Mass was over, and in fact the Masses were all over for the day, for it was about noon by the sun. The Abbot had preached a sermon, which might have been holy but which surely was long, and Sir Walter thought to himself:

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so long prophesied and so deeply desired by the infidel and the Protestant Alliance, seems again to be "indefinitely postponed."—M. C. L. in Edinburgh Herald.

GETTING THE PEOPLE

Says The Brookfield Argus:

"The time is coming when nearly every church will have moving pictures as a feature of the service, and it wouldn't be a bad stunt at that. Illustrated sermons would look good, sound better, be best, and get the people.

There you have it: 'Get the people.'

Yes, some people of a certain sort would go to church on Sundays to see moving pictures, even though they were advertised as "Illustrated sermons," but people who were hungry for religious truth would not do so. And it is amazing how many there are among the so-called worldlings whose hearts long for a heart-to-heart talk with God, for a sermon that will arouse the conscience and bring the inquirer to his knees. The moving pictures will do well enough for a passing form of recreation, but the soul that is burdened with grief, bowed down in shame, convicted of sin, in fear of eternity, will turn towards that Church where Christian truth is certain to be proclaimed and Christian Sacraments administered.

The day has dawned at last when the American public knows where to find comfort and spiritual joy, and as a result Catholic Churches are calling in their adages larger audiences than ever filled them before.

The Missionary.

MINISTER INVITES

CATHOLIC LAYMAN TO FILL HIS PULPIT

Rev. George D. Egbert, Congregational Minister of Flushing, New York City, recently invited W. Bourke Cochran to address his congregation on the subject, "Why I Am A Catholic," and told him not to be sensitive of anybody's feelings, but to "cut loose." Mr. Cochran characterized the occasion as a sign of the approaching day when the Christian churches would unite in the defense of Christianity itself against the rising tide of agnosticism. The famous orator began his discourse by clearing away popular misrepresentations of Catholic teaching. Then he said in part: (We quote from the Flushing (N.Y.) Daily Times, Jan 29, 1916):

"This assemblage and my appearance here both show conclusively that in these days the different Christian sects prefer to examine in a spirit of candid and sincere inquiry the differences that exist between them, rather than to quarrel over them in a spirit of fierce and recalcitrant contention. May we not hope that it is another proof, among the many which have been given to us of recent years, that all Christians are beginning to realize the necessity of combining, of concentrating, of uniting in the defense of Christianity itself, against the rising tide of agnosticism that aims to engulf and extinguish the light of Christian revelation throughout the world?

It is with this spirit and in this hope, at any rate, that I reply to the question: Why Am I A Roman Catholic? Catholics believe that the revelations of the Lord would be incomplete, insufficient and inadequate if accomplished by the mere utterance of the words in which they were first expressed; that the revelations to be revealed required the establishment of an authority, an infallible authority; clothed with all the power of Divine authority to interpret and explain. We believe that authority was instituted by Our Lord Himself not only to exist during the generation he addressed but for all time 'unto the consummation of the world.' This non-Catholics deny, claiming that the interpretation of God's word is a task each man must discharge for himself.

"While I can understand the mental operations that lead a man to reject the Scriptures altogether, except as they are monuments of literature—the very noblest ever raised by human genius, embodying the purest law ever offered for human guidance; that lead such a man to accept so much of them as he considers consistent with reason, that is to say the current of human experience he comprehends it, I cannot understand how anyone who accepts the Scriptures and the rules of law they prescribe for the government of man in this life with the promise of immortal life beyond the grave for obedience, can reject the interpretation placed upon the Scriptures by the oldest Church. Precisely because we Catholics believe in the Scriptures do we accept the interpretation placed upon them by the authority instituted by Our Lord to expound, explain and defend them.

"Can we dispense with authority and still have law? All the experience of man is to the contrary. There never was a law expressed in words that didn't become a source of confusion unless there were an authority to interpret it, and that authority was absolute and final. Our Constitution has been a source of dispute from the beginning. It has produced a library of judicial decisions. The last was recorded yesterday and I haven't any doubt it will give birth to a hundred more disputed which will require a thousand more decisions. Society could not exist unless there was a final authority to interpret the law."

"Methinks," said he to himself, "that I do scarce little to honor Our Lady, and that I could do more for

THE ORIGIN OF THE SHAMROCK

A recent writer reminds us that few pause to reflect that "the chosen leaf of bard and chief" was probably venerated before the coming of St. Patrick. Yet it is certain, he continues, that such was the case; and, moreover, that it was for this very reason that the great apostle used the shamrock to illustrate his forever memorable sermon, his first appeal to the people of Ireland. It, as seems likely, the saint was influenced in his choice of the shamrock as an emblem of the Trinity by the fact that the trefoil was already held sacred by the Irish, it is but one more example of the tact and good sense for which he was so justly celebrated.

It was the emblem of the vernal equinox with the Druids, who were all powerful at the epoch of St. Patrick's arrival there. It is all the more easy to believe that the trefoil was venerated in pre-Christian Ireland, when we reflect upon the antiquity of the Irish race and its Oriental origin; for the shamrock, or its equivalent, was held sacred in the east from the earliest times. Nor is it surprising that this should be so, when we bear in mind that the significance given to the trefoil, even in pre-Christian times, was invariably that of three contained in one, and that the mystery of the Adorable Trinity was worshipped in the Garden of Eden.

It is certain that the trefoil was regarded as emblematic of the Holy Trinity long before the advent of paganism gave any other meaning to it.

And it is possible that in the veneration of the pre-Christian Irish

for the trefoil something was retained of that lost faith in the one true God inherited from their remote ancestors. Indeed, it seems scarcely too much to say that the unanimity with which the Christian significance of the trefoil was accepted by the pagan Irish points not so much to the birth of new belief as to the revival of an old one, that had not been dead, but was sleeping, till at the voice of St. Patrick it awoke in sleep never more.

It was honored as the Irish

national emblem for over a thousand years before the English adopted the rose or the Scotch thistle.

It is an interesting fact that

medieval artists frequently repre-

sented the angel Gabriel as present-

ing a trefoil to the Blessed Virgin.

It is well known that Fra Angelico

was fond of introducing the trefoil

into his pictures of the crucifixion.

The trefoil emblem on the head of

Iris and Osiris, worshipped by the

Egyptians; the triple-leaved palæ,

A FIRST CLASS INSTITUTION

The RECORD publishes to-day a synopsis of the Annual Statement of this popular and prosperous Company. Without any "sound of trumpets" or taking any other course than what is fair, just and honourable, the Excelsior has moved along steadily, yet conservatively, for a period of twenty seven years; and has a business in force to-day of twenty millions. Its annual income almost reaches \$1,000,000; yet it has never gone outside of the Dominion of Canada for business. The wisdom of this course is now being fully demonstrated; as the Company is not being called upon to pay heavy death claims arising from the War; while if they had operated in England, and other places where men have enlisted in large numbers, another story would have to be told. The Company is being congratulated from all quarters by its Policyholders on their wise policy.

The Profits paid by the Excelsior have always been very satisfactory. In one year alone those whose Policies matured insured again in the Excelsior for a Policy three times as large as the original one. No higher tribute than this could be paid to the management of any Company. The two principal sources of profit in a Life Insurance Company are a low death rate and a high interest-earning power. The death rate of the Excelsior for the past five years has only been 40 per cent. of the expected; that is, the Company's Tables provide for 100 per cent. mortality; so that they have saved 60 per cent. The interest to be earned was estimated at 3 per cent.; while the Excelsior has earned over 7 per cent. In order that our readers may comprehend exactly what high interest means in Life Insurance, we may say that one of the leading British Actuaries has stated that "1 per cent. of increased interest on the funds of a Company will, on the average, have as great an effect as a saving in expenditure equal to 10 per cent. on the premium income; while if a company could count on realizing 5 per cent. instead of 3, it might double its profits." This rule applied to the Excelsior places the Policyholders in a position where they may be well proud of the Company to whom they have entrusted the protection of their families in case of their death. No investment is any safer than a Policy in a well managed Insurance Company; and that the Excelsior is well managed is shown from its Annual Report.

SWISS CATHOLICS IN HIGH PLACES

Switzerland is happy in having three Catholics occupying the most important positions in her national affairs at the present time. The President of the Helvetic Senate, M. Python, is a veteran Catholic of the Fribourg canton, which has already given Mr. Collard to the Bishopric of Lausanne and Geneva.

M. Python was largely responsible for the foundation of the University of Fribourg, which has done so much for Swiss Catholics, and which has rendered great scientific and literary services to the world in general.

The Vice-President of the Council of States, M. le Landemar Bueler, who was recently feted at Margraten, is also a Catholic, and the actual President of Switzerland, M. Motta, who comes from the Italian canton of Ticino, is also a Catholic.

Thus the three divisions of the Federal States, the French, the German, and the Italian, are all represented by Catholic exponents in the government of the Federation at the present time.—Church Progress.

THE MYSTICAL BODY OF CHRIST

We have all heard of the pilgrim who walked over the Vosges to Rome. One day this man's thoughts kept running on the Church, and as he was a clever talker and fond of talking aloud to himself, in default of a larger audience, he broke forth in this strain: "The Church will have no philosophies—she will permit no comforts—the cry of the Martyrs is in her far voice—her eyes that see beyond the world present us heaven and hell to the confusion of our human reconciliations, our happy blending of good and evil things. By the Lord! I begin to think this intimate religion as tragic as a great love."

It is an attempt to show that the living Church is worth such a love that these lines have been penned. For, first, the Church comes to us in the garb of Jesus Christ Himself, the Lover of the Ages; and again—in a sense yet to be unfolded—each one of us is absorbed into the Church, flesh of her body, living with her life; equally, truly, we are all one in Christ, yet widely free to choose either heaven or hell; and so, for better or for worse, the glory and the tragedy of His Love go hand in hand.

This doctrine of our life in Christ, through our incorporation with Him in His Mystical Body, has lost some of its hold on the faithful in these latter days. A practical age it is said, cannot be expected to attach a saving value to ideals that hover vaguely over the border-line of the speculative and the fantastic. The good sense of simple Catholics does not stand in need of a shadowy exposition of half truths—still less does it hanker after a dubious initiation into the realms of mystical theology.

Yet the doctrine of our Life in Christ is a fundamental truth of our faith; it rests on the firm basis of revelation; it is intimately connected with our service of God and with our outlook on the spiritual life, and though it may be open to anyone to refuse to consider the meaning of incorporation with Christ or to follow out this truth in its various implications, such an attitude would at least be taken some dignity and want of faith in God, seeing that what He has revealed, and what the living voice of the Church commands, and what has been preached by the greatest saints to simple and learned alike, cannot be a snare or a pitfall to us.—L. E. Bellanti, S. J., in Catholic World.

EMPIRE CREAM SEPARATOR COMPANY

OPENS LARGE OFFICES AND WAREHOUSE IN MONTREAL

The development of the business of the Empire Cream Separator Company of Canada, Limited, during the last few years, has been such that the better to serve their customers in Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, they have found it advisable to open large warehousing offices at 144-146 Craig Street, West, Montreal.

This gives them establishments in Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg, and assures farmers and dairymen throughout all Canada of the most prompt and careful attention in connection with the purchase of Empire labor-saving machines.

Empire Mechanical Milkers, Empire Gasoline Engines, Empire Cream Separators, Baitle Separators and other Empire labor-saving machines are well known throughout Canada. That the Empire Mechanical Milker is used by large dairymen and at the Experimental Farms and Agricultural Colleges is worthy of note. The Company has good reason to be proud of its products.

MINISTER TELLS WHAT OTHERS MAY LEARN FROM CATHOLICS

Rev. G. L. Brown (Baptist), Wichita, speaks thus of the Catholic Church.

There are many who are of the opinion that nothing good comes out of Rome. But if there are no elements of virtue in the Roman Catholic Church it would have long since gone to the "eccllesiastical boneyard."

For a system of religion cannot stand the searchlight of investigation through which the Roman Catholic Church has gone, having no good features in it, no redeeming traits.

The Roman Catholic, when he comes into the house of God, feels that he is in the presence of the Lord and a reverence seizes upon him and controls him from the beginning to the end of the service. If perchance he may have gone into the place with lack of reverence he is policed into reverence.

Our Church thinks too lightly concerning the house of God. The house of God is not taken seriously enough by the people. It would be well for us to go to a Catholic service if for no other reason than for a sort of reaction upon us for good in this direction.

Rome early discovered the wisdom of regularity in attendance upon the house of God. If there is one thing which may be said against Protestants it is the absolute, unqualified lack of regularity in religious worship.

* * * If you divorce secular training absolutely from religious training and give the whole run to the former you'll raise a set of philosophers without grace, a generation of warped men with minds but no souls.

For all her faults, Rome has her virtues and we must not fail to see the virtues.—Wichita Beacon, Feb. 3, 1916.

THE BIBLE BEFORE THE REFORMATION

According to his biographers, Martin Luther, who precipitated the Protestant Reformation, "discovered" the Bible one day while he was ruminating in the library of the Augustine monastery at Erfurt. Way down under inches of dust he found this ponderous tome, all dirty and neglected. It was a long, long while before he knew the nature of his "discovery," because for some reason or other, he had "never seen the book before." Thus narrates Matthew, one of his biographers.

By way of exposing this myth, we will set down the statements of a few reputable Protestant authorities who have investigated the question.

The Atheneum of the date of August 24, 1889, speaking of the number of editions of the Bible printed prior to the "Reformation," says: "Long before the Reformation, every Catholic nation all over Europe had versions of the Bible in the vernacular of the country. Between 1477, when the first edition of the French New Testament was published at Lyons, and 1535, when the first French Protestant Bible was published, upward of twenty editions of the Bible issued from the Catholic Press."

Since Luther appears to have instituted his "reform" chiefly because of alleged suppression of the Bible, it would seem that if he had lived in France instead of Germany, King Henry VIII. would never have had

an opportunity of gaining that well known title of English monarchs "Defender of the Faith." Surprised indeed are we to find that a closer perusal of the authority just quoted brings to light the fact that: "In Germany prior to the publication of Luther's Bible in 1534, no fewer than thirty Catholic editions of the entire Scriptures, and parts of the Bible appeared in the German vernacular."

In Italy, two complete translations of the Bible were published in 1472, and during the stormy days of the Reformation several more appeared. If you have a Protestant friend who is disposed to doubt the truthfulness of these statements, refer him to Dean Maitland's work "The Dark Ages" (London, 1844). This author, in a few pages entitled "Additional Proof of Scriptural Knowledge," says: "The writings of the Dark Ages are, if I may use the expression made of the Scriptures—I do not merely mean that the writers constantly quoted the Scriptures, and appealed to them as authorities on all occasions, as others have done since their day, though they did this, and it is a strong proof of their familiarity with them; but I mean that they thought and spoke and wrote the thoughts and words and phrases of the Bible, and they did that constantly, and habitually, and as natural mode of expressing themselves." (Page 470.)

It is evident that in order to so permeate the literary life of the Middle Ages, the Bible must have been a very common and widely read book.

Karl Pearson writes: "In the fifteenth century it (the Church) certainly did not hold back the Bible from the folk" — we are inclined to think it made a mistake in allowing the masses such ready access to the Bible." (The Academy, August 7, 1886, p. 85.)

Concerning alleged enmity between the Church and the Scriptures in the Middle Ages, Dean Maitland, in the work we have just quoted, says: "I do not recollect any instance in which it is recorded that the Scriptures, or any part of them, were treated with indignity, or less than profound respect."

This is but a small fraction of the abundant evidence which disproves the familiar erroneous contention that the Catholic Church suppressed the Bible and that this sacred volume did not come to its own until the so-called "Reformers" rescued it from oblivion.—"Reformers" rescued it from oblivion.—"Reformers"

SPANIARDS AND TEMPORAL POWER

Spanish Catholics are inaugurating a great campaign for the restoration of the temporal power of the Pope. As onlookers of the great European struggle they feel that the readjustment which will have to be made in Europe after the present conflict will offer a favorable opportunity for such restoration.

Two pastoral letters have recently emanated from Spanish prelates on this important subject. The first was from the Bishop of Vich and the second is from the Bishop of Badajoz. Both point out that the European powers have given an object lesson of the essential character of a temporal independence for the Pope whereby he may be able to exercise without curtailment his spiritual sovereignty, and it is emphasized that his efforts as a mediator with the warring nations would be looked upon with greater respect and favor by those of them which are not Catholic if he was in an entirely independent position.

The Spanish Catholic press has taken up the question, and an effort is being made to approach Catholics, first in neutral countries such as the United States, on the subject, and afterwards in the belligerent nations also, so that when peace terms shall come to be discussed the demand for Papal independence shall come, not only from neutrals, but from the Catholic elements of every nation engaged in the desperate struggle.

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