

# The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXVII.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1915

1922

## The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1915

### NOT DOWNHEARTED

Like the poor, the pessimist is always with us. We have no means of interning him—the most detestable of our country's unconscious foes. The men and women who are "all nerves" and enjoy their own tremors are to be met with in small numbers in every rank of society. We are not without our croaking critics and apprehensive askers for trouble who expect to hear a Zeppelin over their own particular house at any minute: the thoughtless busybodies who see a spy in every unfamiliar face; the people who claim to be most patriotic yet have never understood in the least what patriotism stands for in the moral economy of the world and who would initiate on innocent and helpless people at home the worst excesses of the German policy of terror.

We have these people, and they are not ashamed to show publicly their nervelessness or futile passion: but fortunately they are very few. In an overwhelming degree the whole nation has proved itself to be superior to panic, steadfast, sensible, and possessed in a wonderful degree of the power of seeing facts in their just proportions, and the spectacle and exercise of these powers is a great national gain.

### RIGHT VISION

Modern research has established the fact that there are inherent defects in some natures which account for a gloomy outlook upon the world. It seems that there is an idiotic area in some minds which corresponds with the blind spot in the human retina. As the optician corrects the defect in the eye, so a wise counselor seeks to amend a pessimistic point of view which distorts facts and brings unhappiness with it. Oliver Wendell Holmes has a suggestive paragraph in one of his works about squinting brains. More or less most of us are liable to squint mentally, but some habitually see things very much out of focus. Double refraction or color-blindness besets certain natures: in troubled times they often sink into a state which makes them objects of pity to sane observers. In extreme cases the problem of plural personality presents itself. Stevenson's story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde illustrates the outrageous results that may follow. Short of this, many varieties of obliquity occur in daily life. In one it takes the form of general listlessness; inability to care greatly about anything, working or playing mechanically, taking but a languid interest in the most important matters. These may almost be said to be only half alive; when they disappear their only truthful epithet would be "Died of inanition." Others there are who fritter away time and strength in vain attempts to make life interesting and profitable, never realizing the great truth that the heart sheds a warm glow over even dull days and monotonous tasks when it is engaged unselfishly, giving and receiving as living members of the great society to which they consciously belong. These do not shrivel up in the noon-tide heat, or freeze within when icy winds and cold weather signals test their power of endurance. The triumph of this manifold nature of ours appears in a prepared spirit, one which accepts if it cannot welcome losses and trouble. We like that story of St. Teresa, when she went to found her convent at Salamanca. A partly ruined house served for the first night's lodging; her companion grew nervous, and in the small hours addressed the saint in these words: "I am thinking, mother, if I should die here: what would you do alone?" The reply came swiftly: "When that event happens, sister, I will think what I ought to do. For the present let us sleep."

### NOT INEVITABLE

One of the pernicious notions that confuse the thinking of many who cannot be classed as ignorant, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, demands close attention. It is the one which regards war as inevitable from time to time. This implies that brute force can achieve benefi-

cial results which are denied to reasonable negotiation; that while Law, backed by magisterial authority, suffices to regulate the affairs of communities, it must needs be ineffective to settle international disputes. Now, as a matter of fact, hundreds of cases are on record wherein arbitration ended in peaceful settlements. There is no ground for the notion that periodical bloodshed is Nature's only device for composing differences between either individuals or nations. As the duel has been banished from citizen life, so war will at length disappear—the last relic of racial barbarism and "the sum of all villainies."

### WOMEN'S PLACE

Of late years women's place and special function in the body politic have been much discussed. Owing to the bitterness displayed by extremists, prejudice has obscured the chief issue, wild assertion has been met with harsh repression, and the sober claims of social reformers, who have felt the need of a wider association between men and women in the ever expanding machinery of public life, have not gained full recognition. It would appear as though this whole matter were now being set forth afresh, not so much by argument as by fact and deed. Woman's stake in the country: her tremendous importance at a great national crisis: her power for good when evil and wrong seem to be almost triumphant—these unquestionable factors need to be surveyed in all their magnitude and variety that our confidence in the issue of this blinding storm may be strengthened. It is always well to allow for mistaken developments, and few reasonable advocates will deny that speculative error and exaggeration have marred much well-meant propaganda in recent years.

### TO BE REMEMBERED

Pleas for independence of action and equality of reward have often ignored national distinctions. Marriage has been caricatured as though it were a general failure, yet the normal true woman has never abnegated her right to suffer and endure. In her changeless constitution it is written in characters that stand out evermore clearly that she is par excellence the honored burden-bearer in the House of Life. Her fitness for routine toil has doomed her to undertake services which offer little spectacular attraction and entail few rewards of the more showy kind. Fame and luxury have fallen to the lot of few women, and they not always of the highest type. In decadent societies they have sometimes played the sinister part. Not their virtues but their beauty and complaisance, alas! made some of the women of history famous. It is not to the credit of the "lords of creation," that they have exploited their vanity and weakness. Nevertheless, the silent record of woman's work in the shaping of human character will at least bear comparison with the more sensational accounts of masculine achievements.

### THE RACE FASHIONERS

It is no question of contrasted qualities in public life: they who dwell upon these to praise or blame leave the common claim to fairer judges. If few great female painters, poets, philosophic reconstructors have been canonized, what of that? Woman's vocation has meant far more to the race than all the recreational arts. She has made them possible and largely supplied them with their best subjects. Apart from her influence they would soon languish. It may truly be said that the inspiration of the highest in art has been breathed forth from feminine hearts and lives. Sad indeed it is when face and form are but a false index to the soul behind! But an awful crisis often hastens the growth of womanly character. Are we not now witnessing a marvellous display of energy among all classes?

### THEIR EPLENDID WORK

Women have not waited to be set to work. They have framed schemes of effort and disclosed powers of organization which have surprised their male friends: their paradoxical qualities have blended in new and

intensely practical ways. From the queue down to her lowliest sisters hands and hearts have been joined in tasks of vast and varied import. As far back as the days of Homer woman has been a helpless victim when men have been at strife, but the fair sex are coming to the front in this time of national stress. If she cannot fight with carnal weapons, she has a rare armoury upon which to draw when the need is sorest. Mothers have given up their sons, wives their husbands to bear the brunt of battle, and they have themselves undertaken lowly duties in camp and hospital. Sewing and knitting centres, relief committees, Red Cross Circles, and other branches employing thousands of enthusiastic helpers form a net work of active toil on behalf of the countless sufferers thrown upon the nation's hands. It is an inspiring spectacle: who can rightly estimate its moral and social worth? And still woman retains her peculiar place as the typical burden-bearer: it is her cross and crown. She touches the topmost heights and sounds the lowest depths of emotional being. Nevertheless, the Mater Dolorosa represents only one side of her calling. She is discovering her hidden powers, her capacity for sustained toil and endurance. Her sphere of effort far outstretches the domestic circle. Men have to fight and women have to sustain them in a hundred ways. They are, when all is said, the great national reserve. The force they wield is finer and higher than the one that battles for victory or ends in defeat.

## INVASION OF BELGIUM CONDEMNED BY POPE

CONDEMNATION INCLUDED IN THE GENERAL CENSURE OF INJUSTICE, SAYS CARDINAL GASPARRI

In a letter of Cardinal Gasparri, Papal Secretary of State, to the Minister of Belgium to the Holy See, the invasion of Belgium is referred to as follows:

As regards the question of the neutrality of Belgium, first I must say categorically once more that the Holy Father did not give M. Latafis the answer which he dared to put into his story of the audience. Here is the literal truth: The Chancellor of the German Empire, von Bethmann-Hollweg, declared openly in public Parliament on August 4 that Germany in invading Belgium was violating its neutrality contrary to international law. While then, in the present conflict, as a general rule one side accuses and the other denies and the Holy See consequently, being unable to conduct an enquiry and find out the truth, cannot make any pronouncement by means of which the German Chancellor himself recognized that in the invasion of Belgium a violation of neutrality was committed, contrary to international law, justifying it simply on the grounds of military necessity. "It follows that the invasion of Belgium is directly included in the words used by the Holy Father in the Consistorial Allocation of January 22 last, when he condemned openly every injustice by whatever side and for whatever motive committed. It is true that in the meanwhile Germany has published some documents of which she claims to prove that previous to the war Belgium had failed in the duties of neutrality which, therefore, at the moment of invasion did not exist any longer. It was not the business of the Holy See to decide this question of history nor, for its purpose, was there any necessity for a decision. For the reason that, even admitting the German point of view, it would always remain true that Germany, on the confession of her own Chancellor, penetrated into Belgian territory with the consciousness of violating its neutrality and therefore committing an injustice; and that sufficient directly in the words of the Pontifical Allocation.

THE MERCER CASE  
As regards Cardinal Mercier M. Latafis attributes to the Holy Father the following words: "Now I am going to surprise you: Cardinal Mercier was never arrested; he can pass to and fro as he likes in his diocese." If M. Latafis had wished to be exact this is what he should have said:

Cardinal Mercier was not as a matter of fact arrested,—if to the world is given its true meaning. The Holy See was brought to believe so, and for that reason hastened to protest in an official Note to the Minister of Prussia to the Holy See for Germany last; but it had to recognize, later, that there was no foundation for such protest as far as

regards the arrest, properly so called, of His Eminence.

But was, at least, Cardinal Mercier detained or retained, garde a la maison, sentinelled, in his palace? On the morning of January 4th last von Stempel, Aide-de-Camp of the Governor General of Brussels, brought a letter from the Governor to Cardinal Mercier; he had orders to wait for a reply. His Eminence, very justly, reserved his reply until later, towards evening, in order to have time to reflect, and the officer, in consequence given him by the Cardinal to go away and come back for the reply remained on the ground floor of the Archbishop's palace, his motor waiting in the courtyard. He went into the city for lunch, returned in the afternoon, took the letter and went away. This is, more or less, what happened. If it is desired to call it detention, retention, sentinelling, the Holy See makes no objection. What is certain is that the Holy See, as soon as the occurrence had been brought to its knowledge, did not fail to make its observations to the Minister of Prussia.

In any case it cannot be denied that the regard due to a Prince of the Church was not always paid to Cardinal Mercier, he was not always allowed that liberty in the exercise of the Episcopal ministry to which he had a right; and the Holy See, jealous guardian of the honor and rights of the Episcopate, and in special manner of the members of the Sacred College, did not fail on each occasion to call the attention of the German Government to the fact, in the way best suggested by the circumstances, all the more in that it was a case of so holy and learned a Cardinal as the Archbishop of Malines.

In this regard it is opportune to recall how, on the morning of January 3rd last, a Sunday, a telegram from the Governor invited Cardinal Mercier not to go that afternoon to Antwerp where he was to preside at a religious function in the Cathedral. His Eminence had already decided not to go to Antwerp, but he justly considered the invitation received as an act which impaired the liberty of his pastoral ministry. To the remonstrances of the Holy See the Minister of Prussia replied that the invitation or prohibition was due to the reasons of public order in the particular circumstances of the moment.

Furthermore it is to be noted that all the Bishops of Belgium outside the war zone could pass to and fro freely in their dioceses, but to His Eminence Cardinal Mercier, by reason of his high dignity, was given a permit for free circulation even outside his diocese, except in certain points specified as zones of military operations for which everyone, even members of the diplomatic corps, had to have a special permit. As Cardinal Mercier's permit had been taken from him the Holy See made a claim to the German Government which gave back immediately to His Eminence the privilege of passing to and fro as before.

And while speaking of the Archbishop it will not be out of place to recall that the Holy See has taken the keenest interest in the lot of the Suffering Bishops of Belgium. In order not to make too long a story it is enough to say that the Apostolic Nunciature protested to the Governor General against the treatment to which the Bishops of Namur and Tournai were subjected; after the fall of Antwerp it asked for special and benevolent protection both for Cardinal Mercier and for the Bishops of Ghent and Bruges; and several times the members of the Nunciature have visited various cities and asked the Bishops if they had need of anything. These visits helped to gain for the Bishops of Namur and Liege and their Vicars General the permit of free circulation in their dioceses, to the order for the military ambulance to evacuate the diocesan seminaries of Tournai, and towards several other advantages of no light character which for the sake of brevity I omit.

Finally, as regards the shooting of priests, the destruction of religious and scientific edifices, the sufferings of the Belgian people, not only has the Holy See remained in no way indifferent, not only has it keenly deplored them, but more important than that, it has always worked with every means in its power that they should be avoided or at least mitigated.

### CARDINAL GIBBONS SPEAKS

Interviewed on the anniversary of the war, His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons said: "How long is this terrible assassination of our human lives to continue? Violent things are of short duration, and certainly the war has reached a most violent state. The result of war is not only a loss of life, but a partial paralysis of trade. The continuance of the differences will mean an extension of the commercial damage until it encircles the globe. I am praying for peace every day, and praying that this country shall not be plunged into the conflict. It would be pity, indeed, and I trust that every means will be used to prevent such a calamity."—Sacred Heart Review.

## APOSTOLIC DELEGATE ON SENSATIONALISM

In an interview, given to a representative of the Catholic Monitor of San Francisco, Most Rev. John Bonzano, D. D., Apostolic Delegate to the United States, decried the sensationalism of the secular press of the day. His Excellency was asked:

"Do you believe the world is growing better or do you think it is growing worse?"

"That is a complicated subject. If you mean materially, my answer is yes. We are living better than at any time in history. The poor are better fed, clothed and housed. Relatively, matching this age with those which are past, there is great prosperity everywhere. Railroads and telegraph and telephone wires make communication cheap and easy.

"But if your inquiry relates to spiritually, then I would hesitate to give you an answer. We say the world is kinder than it used to be. Furthermore it is more just and peaceful. I think God it is so. But we must not confuse external man with internal man. I have known pagans who were benevolent, obliging, and merciful. Still that is not enough. Our Saviour said: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.'"

"What are some of the faults of the twentieth century?" was another question asked.

His Excellency replied: "The love of luxury is one of them. Bad books and bad newspapers are another. The press is a great uplifting force and promotes honesty, justice and liberty, but many newspapers seem to make a specialty of articles about crime. Such articles are debasing to everyone, and by what is called the process of suggestion often lead the ignorant and the weak into wrong thinking and acting. A good man by his example sweetens life around him. A bad man does harm to others by the manner of his conduct and conversation. It is exactly the same with newspapers and books. I believe in the freedom of the press, but I also believe in the moral accountability of writers and publishers."

Regarding the opposition of Catholics to Socialism, His Excellency remarked that Socialism is irreligious. "Socialists say they are attempting to establish a paradise on earth. They are not interested in the life that is to come. Scolding at things of the spirit, they dwell wholly in the present. They are anti-Christian, and in Europe practice the hideous doctrine of free love, thus striking at the home and at the very foundation of civilization. Socialism is ceaselessly materialistic. It destroys human character."

"Catholicism protects the home and upholds the character. Moreover, Socialism attacks property, not alone the mills and factories of the rich, but the cottages of the poor, which were raised up by thrift, industry and self sacrifice."

### CONVERTS INCREASING

"Hardly can we glance at a Catholic paper but that we read of conversions. What does it mean? Perhaps God is bringing about an era of conversions to be long marked and remembered in future generations."

Such is the language of a dear friend of ours. Father Hecker felt very strongly that way. Most if not all active missionaries to non Catholics have that encouraging outlook. Many parish priests are enthusiastically of that opinion. They often have made the drawing of non-Catholic enquiries into intimate communication with them a stated feature of their parish work; their weekly enquiry class, following up their Sunday evening question box, keeps up a steady stream of conversions, in some cases forty or even fifty a year being registered.

Only a scanty fraction of conversion to the faith is announced in the Catholic press. Multitudes—taking the whole country together—are made Catholics in public and private hospitals, and are wholly unrecorded except in the parish register, in the book of life, and in the tender memory of the Catholic Chaplains. Something of the same sort may be said of the prisons.

The Apostolic Mission Houses had something to do with this ingathering of the "Good Shepherd's" harvest—perhaps rather as an effect than as a cause. The same is to be said of the diocesan apostolates, and of the eager zeal of several of our missionary orders. But surely a deep and powerful apostolic grace is stirring the Church in America. Our laity are, if anything, in the lead of the clergy in bringing in converts. This is shown by their vastly increased earnestness to bring souls to salvation among the simpler classes of our Catholic people; our converts are by a large majority members of the class of wage earners. And everybody is edified by the organized missionary activity of our great and little Catholic societies.

Meanwhile it is surely from the prayers of devout Catholics, whether

living in the world or in communities, that we must mainly attribute the rising tide of conversions. Secret graces come from secret prayers and personal sacrifices, from Communions and Masses; and secret graces are what stir non-Catholic men and women to give the first glance towards God's Church; and that is often quickly followed by enquiry and conversion—or by taking the final steps, so greatly dreaded, often so long delayed.—The Missionary.

## STARTLING FIGURES

Here are some figures which show approximately the results obtained by our missionaries in pagan lands during the last 100 years.

In Asia they have spread the Faith among 3,000,000 souls. This includes baptisms of adults and children who were brought into the Church at the point of death.

The Catholic population of China has grown in 100 years from less than 250,000 to nearly 1,750,000. In Indo-China we have close to 1,000,000, and this corner of the vineyard is being zealously cultivated with splendid promise.

Japan has added over 30,000 to the Catholic population it had twenty-five years ago.

At the close of the persecutions in Uganda, British East Africa, there were only 1,000 baptized Christians. Today there are 118,000 Catholics and 123,780 preparing for baptism. The persecutions took place in 1885, so this remarkable work was done in the short span of thirty years. In all Africa there are 2,000,000 Catholics.

A hundred years ago Australia and New Zealand had no missionaries and few Catholics. To-day both have grown so rapidly as to rival the most flourishing parts of the Church in civilized lands. Under God, of course, the most helpful agency in this magnificent work has been the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. This glorious cause must be supported, hence the consistent and constant appeal for money, this year especially.—The Missionary.

## IMPARTIAL JUDGE

In discussing religions it is rare to find one who will give an unprejudiced decision of the honest convictions of those who may differ from him. Hence the general rule is to condemn without a hearing solely on the misrepresentation of the opponent's religious convictions. There are, however, honorable exceptions to this manner of propagating Christian ethics, truth and charity. Rev. T. B. Thompson, Plymouth Congregational Church, Chicago, is one. Referring to the Catholic Church recently, he said:

"When Protestant ministers speak of the Roman Catholic Church it is to perforce to speak in condemnation of her. I propose to assume the unprejudiced attitude by saying some things in the way of respect and veneration for her wonderful ministry to the centuries of human life. There are undoubtedly some facts about this Church that we as Protestants cannot commend. But in all fairness it must be admitted that popular ignorance, superficial knowledge and malicious slander have misrepresented her teachings in many instances."

"To contemplate her history is to admire her. Reformation, wars, empires and kingdoms have been arrayed against her. After all these centuries she stands so strong and so firmly rooted in the lives of millions that she commands our highest respect. As an illustration she is the most splendid the world has ever seen. Governments have arisen and gone to the grave of the nations since her advent. Peoples of every tongue have worshipped at her altars."

"The Roman Catholic Church has stood solid for law and order. Her police power in controlling millions untouched by denominations has been great. When she speaks legislators, statesmen, politicians and governments stop to listen, often to obey."

"In the realm of worship her ministry has been of the highest. In employing beads, statues, pictures and music she has made a wise and intelligent use of symbolism. Her use of the best in music and painting has been the greatest single aspiration to those arts, and her cathedrals are the shrines of all pilgrims."

"The love and veneration of the Virgin Mary plays an important part in the ritual of the Church. I find no difficulty in appreciating the attitude of the Catholic worshipper toward the Mother of Jesus. Jesus is the love of God made manifest. But Christ Himself has often been made so austere and so unapproachable that a mediator between Him and man has become an insistent necessity. What is more natural than to worship Him through the gracious influence of the Mother? If I felt myself compelled to worship the Jesus of some creeds I should feel that the only way of nearness to Him would be through some mediator, of Mary or of some saint."

—Intermountain Catholic.

## CATHOLIC NOTES

Great pilgrimages are going to the shrines of St. Teresa in Spain this fourth centenary of her birth.

The Bishop-Auxiliary of Brooklyn is said to have confirmed 50,000 children in the last two years.

The picture gallery of the Vatican is to have a life-size portrait of the late Cardinal Rampolla, painted by the Milanese painter Cavagnoli.

It is estimated that the Catholic schools of New York City, educating 124,000 pupils, are saving the taxpayers \$7,000,000 a year, and \$15,000,000 in school buildings.

The Vatican of Lucerne, states that a Council of the Orthodox clergy of Bulgaria will be held next month to discuss the question of union with Rome.

Catholic societies of Anamos, Ia., have completed negotiations for the purchase of the fine Presbyterian church which has languished for some time without a pastor and was recently put upon the market.

New York State Council has established nine Catholic College free scholarships for Knights of Columbus, their sons or brothers who could not otherwise secure a college education.

In commemoration of the six hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Dante which occurs this month a Dante society has been organized under the auspices of the Catholic University of America.

At the commencement of Fordham University on June 14 the degree of doctor of laws was conferred upon the Rev. William Henry Ketcham, director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, Washington, S. C.

Governor McDonald, of New Mexico, named the Rev. A. Mandalari, S. J., of Albuquerque, as a delegate to the national child labor convention, which was recently held in San Francisco.

A deal which eventually means the establishment of a big Catholic school in Perry, Iowa, was closed recently when the Unitarian Church was purchased by St. Patrick's congregation.

Mr. Ernest Tocci, until recently a student in the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Bloomfield, N. J., has been received into the Catholic Church by the Rev. James Maturo, rector of the Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, Newark, N. J.

According to statistics, which are kept very carefully as regards foreigners, there are 800,000 Italian reverts in the United States. The majority of them are expected to rejoin the colors, and Italian Consuls are very busy arranging for transportation.

Another cross to mark the place where Para Marquette and Louis Joliet landed in 1673 on their way to discover a passage to the Gulf of Mexico was unveiled on Sunday afternoon, May 16, in Chicago. The first cross on the spot was sawed down and carried away by vandals the night of August 11, 1914.

The oldest church in England is St. Botolph's at Boston. It is called the Almanac Church, having 365 steps, 12 pillars, 62 windows and 7 doors. A side porch has 24 steps, representing the hours of the day, and on each side of the choir are 60 steps, denoting the seconds and minutes.

Japan has at least 300,000 lepers, who, until the last few years, were at liberty to wander about the country, begging the means to sustain their miserable lives. The first Catholic leper asylum was founded in 1899. Catholic missionaries take full charge and assist in every way to brighten the lives of the poor lepers.

The Rev. Henri Laurent, of the archdiocese of Malines, was ordained by the Bishop of Portsmouth in Portsmouth Cathedral, recently. The young man had been a refugee in the New Forest, all winter, living with his father and brothers, and is now a stretcher-bearer in the Belgian army. Cardinal Mercier gave his consent to have the ordination take place in Portsmouth.

On Saturday, the 31st July, the pretty little church of St. Martin of Tours, Glen Robertson, Ont., of which Rev. Duncan Macdonald is pastor, was completely destroyed by fire. What makes the loss more severe is the fact that it had been renovated and decorated a year ago, and then was considered to be one of the neatest churches in Eastern Ontario. With the help of generous friends it is to be hoped that the sacred edifice will soon again be constructed.

Charles Phillips, editor of the San Francisco Monitor, has just received the degree of Master of Arts from St. Mary's College, Oakland, California. The degree was conferred by Archbishop Hanna, and was the first recognition of its kind ever given a Catholic journalist on the Pacific Coast. Mr. Phillips' standing as a poet has already been recognized by the University of California, in the publication of his sonnet on the Antigone of Sophocles in the official program of the University's production of Greek dramas.

CARDOME

A ROMANCE OF KENTUCKY

BY ANNA C. MINOQUE CHAPTER XIII

It was early afternoon of the second day of March, 1861. For an hour Judge Todd had been walking the veranda of the office. At intervals he would pause and look toward Georgetown, now clearly seen among its leafless trees. Twice the clatter of a horse's feet on the white road had stopped him; each time as the sound went past Cardome's gate, he resumed his steps with a sigh of disappointment. Sometimes he would lift his eyes and fix them on the red-walled house crowning the sloping lawn, whose green was beginning to show the gold of the crocus and the purple of the rosette; then, he would draw his Breckenridge cloak across his breast as if the chill that would come with his thoughts were caused by the coolness of the day. His two dogs slept in the sunshine which lay thickly on the porch floor; at times a negro would cross the lawn; but except these, no sign of life was seen about the place. The boisterous wind that lifted his white hair and whistled blithely around the corner of the office swayed the long, sweeping branches of the pine trees, and their voices seemed to fill the place with melancholy. Overhead was a clear, piercing blue sky, across which many fleecy, grayish-white clouds scudded like a phantom fleet. For the third time the Judge heard the sound of hoofs. As these ceased at the gate, the sound being lost in the sand-drift, something like a smile dispelled the shadow which had lain all day, and for many days, in his eyes. In the next minute the horse came around the curve and Phil McDowell swung himself from the saddle. The Judge threw open the office door, and as the warmth of the wood fire reached him, Phil exclaimed: "This is pleasant! The wind is blowing rather unaccountably today." He advanced to the hearthstone, and drawing off his riding gloves, held his hands toward the red blaze. "I am afraid we are going to have another fall of snow," remarked the Judge, as he went to a small cupboard and took out a decanter and glasses which he placed on the table, to which he drew two chairs. Phil removed his overcoat and seated himself. The Judge passed the decanter and the young man filled the small glass half full of the clear, amber liquor, whereat the Judge laughed his remonstrance. "You will find it good," he added, looking critically at each other's throats. "Peace? We will have peace, but not until we have spilled rivers of blood!" "All the light left the face under his gaze; the very lines seemed to grow deeper. "Ah!" The exclamation broke from the pale lips; then he said sorrowfully: "I had hoped for much from this Peace Conference, Phil. I had hoped Virginia again would save the country."

"Virginia was sincere in calling upon her sister States," said Phil. "But before she will yield one iota of her rights she is ready to follow Southern Carolina. I was in Washington from the 15th until the close of the Conference, and I declare to you that every effort put forth by the Southern States for a peaceful solution of our difficulty met, at some turn or corner, the fiercest opposition. The North will have her way, though that way must lead over battlefields. If Lincoln attempts pacific measures, his impeachment is sure to follow. The North abhors slavery; the North is opposed to any restriction of territory—such were the phrases hurled at the South in the Peace Conference. 'Such restrictions' declared Massachusetts through her representative, 'are unnecessary, and the time may come when they would be found troublesome. We may want the Canadas. Ah! Imperialism!' he went on, 'lust of territory; an empire! This is the Old Bay State for you! She would have this if it must be purchased by the blood and liberty of a people—a worthy child of her mother, England!'" "And yet," said the Judge, "it was Massachusetts that fastened slavery upon us. When Virginia would have closed her ports against the importation of slaves, Massachusetts rose in her might and forbade it. The South heard the royal command and obeyed. But when she found it unprofitable to herself, New England abolished slavery, and now demands that the South shall do the same."

"And if the South does not," interrupted Phil, "listen to New England's verdict, as uttered by her mouthpiece, Massachusetts? The South must give up what she considers her right. If the South persists in the course on which she has entered, we shall march our armies to the Gulf of Mexico! That is how New England wants to settle our difficulties! The grim old Puritan spirit that burned women and mutilated men for holding different convictions would in the same spirit deprive us of the most sacred right of freemen, or exterminate us!" "And what did the South say to that?" cried the old man, every nerve quivering with indignation. McDowell rose to his feet, his face beaming with the exultation of his heroic soul. "Kentucky answered for the South," he said, proudly, "and when Kentucky speaks, men have learned to listen to her words."

"Guthrie?" asked the old man. "Yes, it was Guthrie," returned McDowell, "who threw down the glove, and I seem still to hear his ringing voice as he said: 'We ask for our rights under the Constitution. The gentleman from Massachusetts says he will not give them; that his State will not yield. Well, if this is so, let us go to the ballot-box. If the question is decided in the gentleman's favor, we know how to take care of ourselves.'" "A noble answer, nobly spoken!" cried the Judge. "A wise one, too," he continued, thoughtfully. "Let the question go to the ballot. Let the people be asked plainly whether they want war or not—whether they wish to ensanguine their hands with the blood of their countrymen, or live with them in peace and love, and we can not doubt which way the matter will be decided."

"Phil shook his head. 'We have gone too far,' he said. 'or, rather, we of the South have been pushed too far. We have lost faith in the government; we have no security; our rights are ignored; our property subject to the confiscation of every fanatic. Means of redressing ourselves we have none. Can you, Judge Todd, contemplate for the South the fate of Hungary?'" "God forbid!" exclaimed the Judge. "Neither can I contemplate the dissolution of the Union that was forged by the blood of our fathers. For Liberty and the Union, they died," corrected McDowell, "and the terms are not necessarily and imperatively synonymous. However," a smile lighting up his fine countenance, "I know and respect your convictions, and we must have a repetition of the Peace Conference here!" and his eyes travelled, with tender remembrance, around the little office, with its high book-cases, its many busts and pictures of Kentucky's great and glorious dead, until they rested on the portrait of the Great Pacificator. "Yes, if he were here!" cried the Judge, reading the young man's thoughts, "he might save us, as he did once before. And yet," he continued, "I have sometimes thought that it would have been better if the dispute had been earlier decided by swords. If when South Carolina hurled her first gauntlet of defiance at the government in 1862, they had then picked it up and fought to the issue, we should have settled our difference forever. And we had men then! We had a chief as just as he was courageous, while on either side were supporters, whose views were broad, generous, liberal; statesmen, not politicians, and the like of whom our country shall not see again. They were the leaders for a people to battle under against each other, leaders who could be generous and just to an enemy, and who, when the fight was over, would clasp the hand of friendship over sheathed swords. Now, instead of statesmen we have demagogues; instead of leaders we have fanatics; instead of justice we have chicanery; instead of generosity we have party hatred. If we have war, it will be a war of vengeance, of flaming wrath, of desecration. May God save the country, for He alone can!"

"A full minute's silence hung between the two men. Then the Judge, turning his eyes from the yellow flames licking around the beech logs, said: "I have waited impatiently for this day, Phil. Tell me all."

"The Kentuckians conducted themselves well throughout," began McDowell again. "Morehead was able in his demands for all the rights of the South, and into the midst of those Yankees eager for war threw his belief that they will have war. He had been travelling in the South, and said that while he found devotion to the Union strong, he found far stronger the determination that the Union will be sacrificed before the rights of the people. Clay appealed for the Crittenden Resolution, but Guthrie's was the voice that was heeded. His address on the tenth day of the Conference possessed all the boldness of truth. While the air was heavy with imprecations against Secession, he stood up boldly and said that the action of the Southern States is not secession but revolution, the right of which we established when we gave to the world our splendid form of government. That was the first precedent, and it will stand for all times and will always be acted upon when a people have lost faith in their government. 'I hate that word secession,' he cried, 'because it is a cheat. The Southern States have formed another government; they have originated a revolution. It is the right of self-defence which every man may exercise.' Now, we can no longer doubt the sentiment of Kentucky. She recognizes the right of the States to revolt. She will bring them back from that revolt by reason, if she can; but before she will admit that the government has the power to force them back by the sword, she will join with them in their revolution."

"What of Maryland?" asked the Judge. "She is a craven!" cried Phil. "There she stood wringing her hands and whimpering, like a child in expectation of a punishment. Maryland, with her glorious past! how we blushed for her, who divided honor with Virginia in founding Kentucky. Upon Maryland's appeals to the North for pity and forbearance, Virginia was not slow to make stinging comment. Virginia appeals not for forbearance, asks not for pity, but demands her rights and justice. 'Virginia comes forward in a great national crisis,' proudly proclaimed Seddon. 'When support after support of this glorious temple of our government has been torn away, she comes—proud of her memories of the past, happy in the part she had in the construction of this great system—she comes to present to you calmly and plainly the question whether new and additional guarantees are not needed for her rights, and she tells you what those guarantees ought to be. We hold as the soul is to man, so is honor to a nation. We must have our rights. We must have the same protection as the States of the North. Our honor demands it! Then in their faces he hurled the unwelcome truth that it was under English instigation that the abolition feeling began. 'Think you,' he asked, 'the English authors of this instigation had any purpose but to disrupt this Republic? They professed to regard slavery as an evil, a sin. The fruits of this action were first manifested in the largest churches in New England, in the Presbyterian or Congregational churches; next in the Methodist, then the Baptist, and finally the venom spread so widely its influence separated other churches. The moral influence of this power has made the abduction of slaves a virtue.'" "It was well said," commented the Judge, "and was for our country in that hour when England's views or England's words begin to dominate us! Has she ever worked anywhere but to make more secure her own power? She tried to force it here first by her armies on sea and land, she bought Hessians and savage allies; falling in that, she now tries to disunite us. And mark my words, friend of the North as she now pretends to be, she will become the supporter of the South, if our trouble comes to the arbitration of the sword."

"Among those men," resumed Phil, after a thoughtful pause, "you should have seen the majesty of the venerable Rutin of North Carolina. Ah! never shall I forget the picture that old man made, as he rose in that assemblage and, stretching out his hands, cried in tones trembling with emotion and full of the quaver of age: 'I came to maintain and preserve this glorious government. I came here for the Union and peace! As for me, I am an old man. My heart is full when I look upon the present unhappy and disturbed condition of our affairs. I was born before this present Constitution was adopted. God grant that I may not outlive it! It was as if a prophet stood in our midst. And who prophesied his words? Who yielded because a man born before the Constitution was adopted pleaded with his countrymen not to force a State, which from the first has been one of the pillars of the Republic, to depart from under its government, as she must if her God given rights are withheld? Words, words, words,' continued the young man sadly. "And their only result, to demonstrate more conclusively that the North will not yield, the South can not. A petition was finally agreed upon which they sent to Congress. It was introduced into the Senate by ex-Governor Powell and was laid upon the table for discussion yesterday."

"Do they take it seriously?" questioned the Judge. "I anxiously think so," returned Phil. "When the announcement was made in the Senate that the petition from the Peace Conference would be discussed on the morrow, and Mr. Collamer suggested that it should be adopted by three-fourths of the States on the next day, there was much laughter."

"What is the sentiment in Washington?" "Warlike. They say the President's inaugural address will hardly be spoken until he issues a proclamation of war against the Southern States."

The Judge leaned his head upon his hand: "Has it indeed come to this? Must we take up arms against our brothers?" "The young man folded his arms and remained silent, his eyes on fire. After a time he looked on the bowed face of his companion and said in level tones, for in that silence the habitual fatalistic philosophy had reserated itself. "If war is ordained for us, it will come."

The Judge raised his head and fixed his sad eyes on the speaker: "You say that calmly; but," brushing back a white lock that had fallen over his lined forehead, "that is because you never saw a battlefield."

"It is part of my philosophy of life to accept calmly what I am powerless to avert," returned Phil. Then he asked, quickly: "But do you not know in which direction my sentiments run? Do you not know that the man who at this very hour are perfecting for the South a new form of government, are not more just than I of the right and justice of the cause that has made this procedure necessary? Yet have I not, at your advice, striven faithfully to keep my personal feelings in the background, while my words have been for peace? What has my course brought me? The hatred of the Northern supporters because, in

spite of threats and bribes, I would not come out for them; the condemnation of the Southern sympathizers. Yet I am for peace still, if it can be secured without dishonor. I do not believe it can. I do not believe a pacific course is possible now. I realized that in Washington and came home with the determination that henceforth the support of the Herald should go where it belongs, to the South. But I found that during my absence at the Peace Conference," and the irony of the voice made the two words sharp as steel. "Northern gold has done its work. A neutral course was outlined for me. I saw through the scheme. Neutrality for Kentucky is a blind, pure and simple. It will tend to remove the first anxiety and alarm of our people, deceive the South and give the North's allies here time to perfect their plans. I refused to lend myself to work like that. I tried to bring my former colleagues back to the one honorable way left us; but there is a mightier power than honor to which they have sworn allegiance. So I tendered my resignation as editor. It was accepted." Phil walked to the mantelpiece and, leaning an elbow on it, turned and looked at the surprised Judge.

The old man straightened himself up in his chair and all the stern lines deepened on his face. "You have done this!" he exclaimed. "And what is this talk of Northern gold and influence? Have you forgotten, sir, that I am in sympathy with this plan of neutrality for Kentucky, in as far as it is consistent with my adherence to Union principles?" "I have not forgotten it," returned Phil, calmly. "And I am sorry that you, and men of your known probity and honor, have been persuaded into the belief that this neutral position will spare Kentucky the horrors of war. Would the government respect that position? When she starts out to conquer, will she see the barrier Kentucky puts in her way by this neutrality? And this very declaration of neutrality by the Unionists is to me as much an act of defiance against the government as is the Southern States' revolution. It is virtually a condemnation of the action of the government. 'He that is not with me is against me.'"

"Kentucky by her neutrality would not deny that the government has the right to proceed to the harsh measures of war for the preservation of the Union," corrected the Judge. "It rather indicates a belief in that right. In it she assumes the beautiful character of peace-maker for she would spare her sisters the punishment attendant upon their rebellious conduct. With the dignity and wisdom with which she has met every issue of her own and the nation's history, she will come forward to act as mediator, and to the latest hour will not cease lifting her voice for unity and peace. If in the end she finds that her words are unavailing, it, as ordained to your philosophy, war is according for us, then Kentucky will summon her sons around her and take her place under the banner of the Union. In the days of her infancy, neglected by the government, exposed to the dangers of Indian ferocity and European perfidy, not all the alluresments that Spain so well knew how to offer, nor the knowledge of what she might expect from that relentless nation for her refusal, not treachery from without and desertion from within, could induce Kentucky to break from the bond which held her to the unity of the States. That loyalty of hers helped to shape the destiny of the nation; and it will defend it now. Oh, Phil," he broke off, "you will not be the first McDowell to separate yourself from the standard of Kentucky—the standard your forefather and mine, in those perilous days, gave into her infant hands?"

"I deny that the Union against the South is her standard!" returned Phil. "It may be raised in her name and there may be those whose convictions will lead them into arraying themselves under it; and the honest conviction of a man, I am the last to question or censure. But admitting that it were her standard, as I hold that a man must be true to his belief, then among the sons Kentucky would call traitor will be Phil McDowell! Better that name be broken off, than that all men, for all time, should be so wrong, than for one hour I should stand condemned by my own conscience."

The Judge sighed and a pained expression crossed his face. He had fought with Phil McDowell's father at Buena Vista; and when that gallant soldier fell before that hail of shot which covered the Mexican field with the flower of Kentucky's manhood, it was in the arms of Judge Todd he breathed his last. To him the dying father commended his son and only child. The sad day's thoughts went back to that sad day, and to the grave in the Frankfort Cemetery, guarded by the noble monument Kentucky erected in honor of her fallen heroes. To the flag the father had died under was the son to become an enemy? As he was unclosing his lips to give expression to those bitter thoughts the knock of gloved fingers sounded on the door. When it was opened, Howard Dallas stepped across the portal. After greeting the Judge he advanced and shook Phil's hand, saying, "When did you get back from Washington?"

"Yesterday evening," replied Phil, "making room for him at the little table. Mr. Dallas accepted the Judge's proffered hospitality, filling his glass to the brim, and then, with

him, the other gentlemen finished their drink. "Has Mrs. Todd returned?" he asked of the Judge. "Not yet. I hardly look for her before the middle of this month. Alabama is most pleasant now, she writes me, and Cousin Alice insists that she shall remain there until Kentucky has lost the frostsiness of early spring."

"Will Mrs. Dupont accompany her home?" carelessly questioned Mr. Dallas, refilling his glass. "I scarcely dare hope for that pleasure," replied the Judge. "These are times when the owners of large plantations feel it is their duty to remain at home."

A momentary silence followed. The Judge's high-bred face wore its habitual composure, but Phil's eyes sought the fire with a troubled expression. "Have you seen Virginia since your return?" the Judge asked. "She is still in Frankfort, you know."

"I called to pay my respects before coming over," replied Phil. "She bade me to tell you that you really must send the carriage for her or she will come home on the stage."

The Judge smiled at the threat. "She thinks I am lonely," he said. "Nearly every day I've had a letter from her telling me that she wants to come home, but as I know she anticipated much pleasure from her visit, I have not obeyed her commands."

"I should think Miss Castleton would find Frankfort rather dull," put in Dallas, toying with the slender stem of his glass, "now that the Legislature has adjourned."

"The society of Frankfort," replied Phil, leaning back in his chair and treating the speaker to a long glance, "does not depend for its life upon the Legislature."

"And yet you will admit," said Dallas smiling, "that it brings additional gaiety to the old town?"

"I do not know that I shall," returned Phil. "Few of the members are accompanied by their families; others are men who care little for society, while there is not a small number for whom the society of Frankfort does not care."

"A friend of mine who attends social doings in your city," went on Mr. Dallas, studying attentively the delicate glass which he was now holding between his forefinger and thumb, "told me that Mr. Clay Powell was the most sought after young gentleman in Frankfort this past season."

"But that was not because Mr. Powell is a member of the Legislature," remarked Phil.

"No? Why then?" The insolence of face and voice was exasperating.

"Because he is Mr. Clay Powell, I should judge," answered Phil, coolly. "Is that the only reason?" pressed Dallas, now raising his eyes to the other, while a smile partially showed under the long silks brown mustache.

"Is that not a sufficient one?" questioned Phil. "Then, I may add that the nephew of Governor Powell and the cousin of Henry Clay could not be other than an honored guest in the capital of Kentucky."

"He is not in Frankfort now, I believe?" remarked Dallas.

"I believe not," answered Phil. "I hear that he is again at Willow-wild?" questioned Mr. Dallas.

"I have heard so, too," quietly said Phil.

"Judge," began Dallas, the smile growing more pronounced, making the beauty of the face almost fleshly, while the sibilant, slow tones awoke in Phil McDowell a fierce desire to thrust the words back into the black heart, "despite Mr. McDowell's protestations, I think that Miss Castleton is sincere in her wish to return to Cardome—as sincere as her friends who are not privileged to spend a part of their time in the capital are in their desire to have her with them again. The loyal citizens of Georgetown are going to celebrate Lincoln's inauguration by a ball—you may remember what such an occasion is to her subjects when their queen is absent?"

The Judge, like many old men, made frequent mistakes in his appreciation of his young acquaintances; and as he entertained an honest affection for Howard Dallas it blinded him to the real character of that gentleman. He comprehended none of the meaning that lay under the pleasantly spoken words, as he could not have been brought to believe the sentiment that prompted them existed.

"I cannot risk bringing upon myself the displeasure of my young friends," he said, smiling. "So tell Virginia, Phil, that I'll send the carriage for her to-morrow."

The conversation touched on different subjects, to come again to political affairs, when Phil arose and announced his intention of returning to Frankfort, as the afternoon was waning.

"I, too, have overstayed my time," said Dallas; "so if agreeable to you," he added to Phil, "I shall be with you as far as the Frankfort road."

"I should be glad of your company," he replied, "but I am returning home by the other way. I want to drop in at Willow-wild," he explained, his glance passing from Dallas to the Judge, but not before it had caught the smile that dawned in the light hazel eyes at his answer.

"Be so kind as to convey my respects to Clay Powell," said the Judge, "and tell him I shall expect him to fulfill the promise he made me last summer and spend a few days at Cardome."

Then he shook hands with his guests and they rode off, leaving him standing between his dogs on the narrow veranda. At the white gateway, Mr. Dallas said: "We part here. Please convey my warmest congratulations to Mr. Clay Powell."

"For what especially do you congratulate him?" asked Phil, something like a glitter in the blue eyes as they met the light hazel ones. "For the success that he met with in Frankfort," answered Howard Dallas, dropping the words in his slowest tones; then he added, as if with after thought, "Likewise, for his good fortune in having you for his friend." And with a grace few men possessed, he leaped slightly forward in his saddle and extended his unglazed, white hand. But Phil's touch on the fingers was brief and cold. So they separated; but the one who rode toward the setting sun wore a troubled expression in his blue eyes, while he who turned to the east had a smile on his handsome face.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE PRIEST OF THE SACRED HEART

In one of the poorest districts of Rome, attached to a little new church dedicated to the Sacred Heart and St. Dominic, erected by himself, there dwells a twentieth century saint. His days are passed in the service, both spiritual and corporal, of his neccessitous and occasionally ungrateful neighbors. The children love him; there is no good work that does not gratefully acknowledge the benediction of his earnest interest, but before and above all he is known solely and simply as "The Priest of the Sacred Heart."

For the love of the Incarnate Love is his life's great passion. And this title is at once his dearest treasure and his greatest humiliation. For he was not always a "vessel of election," rather his vocation is one of the victories of the Sacred Heart, "one of the miracles of its mercy" as he himself has been heard to say. And, years ago, thus it was that he occurred. Padre Domenico's eyes were full of tears. And his heart was sorely agitated. He paced his little, austere room, with its scholarly though few and unpretentious rows of neatly kept book shelves. With out the wind was howling dimly, and the rain dashed with dreary violence upon the window panes. The night was dark and cheerless. His solitary candle, flaming at the foot of the image of the Crucified, flickered fitfully in the strong gusts of wind that ever and anon swept the draughty apartment. "Oh! poor, poor blinded soul!" he exclaimed aloud at last, repeating the words in a voice broken with emotion. Suddenly retracing his steps he cast himself before the sombre cross with its meek, compassionate figure, which dominated the severely simple room that seemed no unfitting shrine for its unearthly majesty. "Lord," he cried, fixing his streaming eyes upon the gentle face that appeared to bend towards him in pitiful condescension as he prayed, his amekated hands clasping closely a cherished, little image of the Sacred Heart. "Ah! gentle Lord, Heart of Love, Who cometh from heaven to this our desolate world to seek and to save that which was lost, behold! behold! I, an unworthy shepherd of Thy flock, cast myself upon Thy pitiful mercy. See, Lord, I can do naught for him, this poor one for whom I plead and pray. Thou knowest I have indeed striven my best to bring Thee back Thy wandering child! And woe, ah! woe is me! I have failed! I have no hope but in Thy mercy. Save him, who alone canst, save him from utter, endless misery! I can but weep before Thee; I am an unprofitable servant; save, Thou this soul, and Thine alone, O Heart of my God, shall be the glory!"

And as he wept and besought, there came suddenly over the holy priest a strange hush and calm. Before him rose, so clear and beautiful he knew not whether it was with the mind's eye he beheld it or whether in very truth the blessed vision glimmered on the dimness of the faintly illuminated apartment; the tender figure of the Saviour even as he greeted the holy Visitation in her convent chapel years ago. And as he gazed upon that glowing Heart, "the hope of all who mourn," the Heart of the Eternal Shepherd, there fell, as it were, a balm and a strange sweet gladness as of paradise upon his wounded spirit. For within the arms of the Redeemer, clad in the shining radiance of a vested priest, there smiled upon him the soul for whom he had spent himself in midnight vigils before the Eucharistic heart of God, in austerities and in ceaseless exhortations and pleadings—the soul for whom even then he was in anguish. And the voice that had charmed thousands on the hills and plains of Palestine fell like a silver bell on his enraptured ear: "Domenico, wouldst thou gain this soul for Me? It is a pearl of great price, and he who would buy it must needs pay highly for it. What wilt thou offer for his sheep?" "Willingly I offer Thee my life; it is all I can, and less I cannot."

And the gracious answer came sweet and soft, like the refreshing sparkling of a fountain in a parched desert, to his weary soul: "The gem

CONVERTS AND PERVERTS

"He always endeavored to keep on the best of terms with his old friends." That is one of the tributes which the Oxford Magazine pays to the memory of the late Father Maturin, one of the notable converts which that famous university has given to the Catholic Church. "The war," it says "has lately taken its victims from the old as well as the young, and Oxford is the poorer by the loss of Father Basil Maturin, do you remember him? Never could it be said of him that he was a bitter or unsympathetic controversialist. "That brilliant convert, the late Monsignor Benson, often praised the sincerity and piety of clergymen belonging to the Anglican Church which he had quitted at the call of conscience, and never abused any of them. "That is usually the way with converts to the Catholic Church. How differently most of the converts from her household are! How maliciously they slander and malign their former brilliant mother!" — Pittsburgh Observer.



**The Catholic Record**

Price of Subscription—\$1.50 per annum  
 United States & Europe—\$2.00  
 Publisher and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey, L.L.D.  
 Editors { Rev. James T. Foley, B.A.  
 Thomas Coffey, L.L.D.  
 Associate Editors { Rev. D. A. Casey,  
 H. F. Mackintosh.  
 Advertisements for teachers, situations wanted,  
 etc., 50 cents each insertion. Remittance to accom-  
 pany the order.  
 Approved and recommended by Archbishops  
 Falconio and Sheer, late Apostolic Delegates to  
 Canada, the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston,  
 Ottawa and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London,  
 Hamilton, Peterborough, and Ogdensburg, N. Y.,  
 and the clergy throughout the Dominion.  
 The following agents are authorized to receive  
 subscriptions and copies for the CATHOLIC RECORD:  
 General agents: Messrs. P. J. Nevens, E. J. Broder-  
 ick, M. J. Haggerty, and Miss Sara Hanley, Resi-  
 dent agents: D. J. Murray, Montreal; George B.  
 Stewart, Regina; Mrs. W. E. Smith, Halifax;  
 Miss Brides Saunders, Sydney; Miss L. Heringer,  
 Winnipeg; Miss Johnson, Ottawa and J. A. Har-  
 nahan, Quebec.  
 Obituary and marriage notices cannot be inserted  
 except in the usual condensed form. Each insertion  
 50 cents.  
 Subscribers changing residence will please give  
 old as well as new address.  
 In St. John, N. B., single copies may be purchased  
 from Mrs. M. A. McCulloch, 249 Main Street, John J.  
 Dwyer and The O'Neill Co. Pharmacy, 105 Brunsell  
 Street.  
 In Montreal single copies may be purchased from  
 Mr. E. O'Grady, Newsdealer, 105 St. Viateur street,  
 west, and J. Milloy, 241 St. Catherine street, west.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1915

**THE OLD CHURCH AND THE  
 NEW BARBARISM**

Though by the grace of God Pope Benedict's appeal to the warring nations of Europe may produce some result that cannot be foreseen at present in the gathering clouds of the coming conflict in the west, present prospects of peace are remote, to judge by reports from the leading European capitals. The issuing of the Pope's appeal was practically synchronous with a manifesto from Emperor William in which that ruler repeats that Germany did not desire the war nor bring it about. In Great Britain the determination to pursue the war to a victorious end is stronger than ever. "The duty of Britain," says Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, the British Premier, "is to continue to the end in the course which we have chosen." Russia declares itself ready to pursue the war for years, till the enemy is completely crushed. France is equally forceful in her martial resolves.

Meanwhile the prayers of Christians ascend to God that into the darkness of hate and widespread carnage in Europe, He will send the spirit of peace and good will, so that man who was made in God's image may once more follow the purpose of His Maker and obey His will in the path to eternal life. To attain eternal life—that is all worth living for that life can offer. Everything that detaches us from this world and draws us nearer to God is really a blessing. The whole history of God's Church from the first is one of trial and discipline, yet of perpetual power to survive all human forces. When His chosen people grew faithless they were afflicted by enemies. Egypt, Assyria, Babylon arose to overthrow the earth, and passed away like a dream. Greece, Carthage, Rome, followed and flourished and were gone. Proud cities of the past are dust and ruins. In time nothing abides. Attila arises, with his Huns, and the world is threatened with blood and desolation. Yet the picture passes like a phantom and he and his fierce-eyed followers are hushed in the sleep of death.

All through the ages the Church of Christ has been faced by a world of alien ideals. Her work has been to take "the wilderness and make it blossom like the rose. She saw the destruction of the western Roman Empire, and the settlement of the northern barbarians on its ruins. Of the Europe which confronted the Catholic Church at that period, Birkhauser gives a graphic picture. "Over the vast extent," he writes, "of the once flourishing, wealthy, highly civilized and Christianized provinces of the empire, there was nothing but ruined cities, deserted towns and villages, large tracts of once cultivated land becoming wild, a thin population composed of miserable, trembling slaves, and rude, arrogant and merciless barbarian masters. The churches and religious houses had been demolished or plundered, the schools had disappeared, the liberal arts despised and neglected, the domestic arts, except a few, were lost or forgotten, war, pillage, general insecurity, misery and want had loosened moral restraints. The barbarian conquerors, moreover, were not all even nominally Catholic. Many of them were Arians, more of them were pagans, still adoring their old Scandinavian or Teutonic deities, and looking with proud disdain on the Christian's faith and the Christian's worship. Ireland alone, at this period, was a Catholic oasis in the immense desert of heresy and barbaric infidelity."

That the above picture would in any way have its counterpart in

Europe to day would have been deemed almost incredible fifteen months ago. Peace and progress were on all men's lips. To-day ruin and devastation are reigning in eastern Europe. New depths of human cruelty have been revealed in this war. It is as if Satan and his satellites had been let loose, with a malicious purpose beyond all past iniquities. What will the end be? One thing is certain. Nothing can prevail against Christ's Church. Armies will wax and wane, and the greatest victories will leave behind their traces of hate and horror. Only by supernatural means can mankind recover the lost spirit of love and humanity and brotherhood. Like another Frankenstein, the world to day is faced with a monster of her own creation. That monster is militarism. To face this new barbarism must be the task of the Catholic Church. To the Church it will be nothing novel. She saw the conversion of Clovis from paganism to be the first Catholic monarch of France. She saw the conversion of Ethelbert of England and one of his subsequent successors, Edward the Confessor, in the role of her saints. She saw the triumph of the gospel in Germany through the labors of St. Boniface. Now she faces the infuriated hosts of a deluded Europe, and her weapons are prayer and devotion to the God who has promised to be with her to the end. With her are the angels, watching and waiting for their Master's word to still the raging of the nations. With her is her Lord, hidden by the sacramental veil, but infinite in power to change the fiercest human will till they be one with His everlasting plan. God has given the Catholic Church some special work in every age. To day He gives her the work of restoring peace to Europe. Never did the world need the power of Christianity more than to-day. Never did the Church face a vaster task. On the one side is the world spirit and all its forces of destruction, on the other, the supernatural life and powers of Catholic Christianity. In the contest every man must take a definite stand. There is a vast issue to be settled. Which is to dominate mankind—the world spirit or Christ?

**WAS GERMANY RIGHT TO  
 INVADE BELGIUM?**

There are questions which admit of only one answer, and there are times that demand such answers. There are questions too, to which it is difficult to give a brief or direct reply. From the existence of such questions, it may be, arises that curious philosophic attitude which declines to take a definite stand upon any possible question. There is no need to mention names. Such shrinkings of vital issues are comparatively few, but conspicuous. Sometimes they are men of genius, who miss a niche in history merely through this nebulous propensity. When they write for the newspapers, which are connoisseurs in genius, they leave the impression with their readers that as regards the present European War there is really nothing to choose between the causes of the combatants. Such philosophers tell us in their crisp phrases that the militarism of Germany is counterbalanced by the mammoth worship and commercialism of Great Britain, and as a reason for declining to take sides they express the opinion that all parties to the quarrel are probably equally immoral.

To men who can never make up their minds upon any subject under the sun the above philosophers will, of course, appeal. Such men are often to be found in the ranks of those who decline to go to Church on the ground that all religious denominations are probably equally mistaken. Yet an earth without a definite centre of truth is unthinkable to believers in the wisdom of God. And that there is not a righteous cause and an unrighteous cause in this great European war is equally unthinkable.

There is no need to discuss the respective morality of the warring nations at the present moment. Such a theme would be beside the issue. The question which concerns all citizens of the British empire is this: Did Great Britain declare war upon Germany unjustly? We know that the reason Great Britain declared war was because Germany had threatened to violate Belgian territory to guarantee the independence of which Great Britain was bound by treaty obligations. Britain's ultimatum of warning to Germany was followed by the German invasion of

Belgium. By this act of invasion, Germany stands or falls at the bar of Christian conscience.

It is important to note this point, for this almost worldwide war, with its unparalleled sorrows for the homes and hearts of thousands, is too big an issue for any man to lounge in an arm-chair and lightly assert that all the parties to the struggle are probably as bad as one another. This is a case where the issue is clear. By her invasion of Belgium, Germany morally stands or falls.

It is a question that should be definitely settled by every Christian, for the Christian Church was not intended to be a mere religious machine, with a thinking head and intelligent assistants, and countless cogs who never think at all. The Church is composed of living members, and every member should think or try to. It is mankind's duty to be clear as to the occasion of this war, and as to the conduct of the belligerents from the first. Was Germany in the right in invading Belgium?

It is a simple question, and Germany herself has answered it. The German Chancellor Dr. Von Bethmann Hollweg, in the German parliament, on August 4, last year, stated that the invasion of Belgium by Germany was in violation of international law and merely dictated by military necessity.

Even more interesting from a moral viewpoint is Cardinal Gasparri's statement in a letter to the minister of Belgium to the Holy See, quoted at greater length in another column. After referring to the German Chancellor's admission that the invasion of Belgium was in contravention of international law, Cardinal Gasparri writes: "It follows that the invasion of Belgium is directly included in the words used by the Holy Father in the Consistorial Allocation of January 23 last, when he condemned openly every injustice by whatever side and for whatever motive committed. It is true, writes the Cardinal, that in the meanwhile Germany has published some documents of the Belgium General Staff by means of which she claims to prove that, previous to the war, Belgium had failed in the duties of neutrality, which, therefore, at the moment of invasion did not exist any longer. It was not the business of the Holy See to decide the question of history, nor, for its purpose, was there any necessity for a decision, for the reason that even admitting the German point of view, it would always remain true that Germany, on the confession of her own chancellor, penetrated into Belgian territory with the consciousness of violating its neutrality and therefore committed an injustice; and that suffices for Germany's action to be comprised directly in the words of the Pontifical allocation."

This plain statement of facts may astonish the waverers who would reduce the Pope and the papal court to a worldly level of silent double-minded diplomacy. But delicacy is a fatal handicap in talking to nations at war. There are moments in the world's history when silence can only be kept at the expense of character and reputation. It is true that the Pope as the spiritual father of Christendom, must have an equal love for all nations, and be free from all national antipathy. But that does not involve an obligation on the part of the Pope or his representative to refuse to differentiate in a clear case of right and wrong. There is a hesitation and a silence that are contemptible when truth is at stake. There are occasions when anything but the open truth would be a scandal and treason to morality. The German chancellor had already admitted that the invasion of Belgium was unlawful and merely dictated by military necessity. Cardinal Gasparri, faced with the question whether the invasion of Belgium had been included in the condemnation of injustice, as reported last January, might have taken the orthodox lines of diplomacy and have begged to decline an opinion as to whether the Pope had included it or not. But Cardinal Gasparri grasped the occasion in a manner that showed him at once a statesman and a Christian. He knew that when a nation commits a crime and confesses it, there is a moral certainty that that nation's guilt. No military "necessity" can serve as an excuse for crime. He knew that Christ's Church with her divine authority, had no need to trifle with facts or to veil her mind with ambiguities. He knew that Pope Benedict had actually intended to condemn the invasion of Belgium by Germany, and that for an honest

man there could be no two opinions on the matter. It was an occasion when a mediocre man might have hedged himself into obscurity. Cardinal Gasparri took the bolder course of simply telling the truth.

**THE LOST ART OF PERSONAL THRIFT**

Among the habits that seem to have disappeared, to a vast extent, during the past generation is that of personal thrift. Yet thrift is a habit that cannot be dispensed with like an old garment. It plays a valuable part in the development of character. It may develop into a vice, it is true, but there is little danger to-day of this being a common occurrence. Money is earned and spent nowadays with a facility that would have astounded our forefathers. They were, for the most part, a careful, saving race. High and low in mid-Victorian days spent far less than they do to-day. They had a degree of self-control in the spending of money which is rare in the world to-day, so far as concerns this continent. How rarely our ancestors went to the theatre. How seldom they sought for evening amusements away from their homes. Their love of home was another of their notable virtues. They had a capacity for deriving enjoyment from simple pleasures. The men played checkers or read; the women had their knitting or crocheting; the children played by the winter fireside or listened to the reading of a story. There were mothers in those days with a wonderful capacity for making homes happy. We remember these gifted women, and the spirit of home-peace that hovered around their presence. In the evenings often they would read, while the children gathered to listen. They knew the most marvellous fairy stories and could tell them with the proper atmosphere. They introduced us later to the tales of Scott and Dickens, and taught us to love the poets. When they passed from our lives, the world, in contrast, seemed commonplace and cold, but their memories lived, and the things we learned from them are blessing some of our lives to-day.

Love of home and a habit of thrift are two of the best possessions that any man can wish for. The habit of saving a little every week is one of the great steps to prosperity and self-respect. The way to save is to reduce expenditure in amusement and needless luxury. The last directions in which retrenchment should be made are charity and the cause of God. To help the poor is to ensure blessing. To contribute to the cause of God is to lay up spiritual treasure and oftentimes to increase temporal prosperity. "Honor the Lord with thy substance," says the book of Proverbs, "and give Him of the first of all thy fruits."

Though we have no desire to appear unduly critical, we feel that it is our duty to lay stress on the need of thrift. We know from experience that many people on this continent are living "from hand to mouth," as the saying is, and that though they may be earning salaries or wages such as their forefathers never dreamed of, the end of each year finds them financially as poor as at the beginning. For every man is poor who does not save. The man who earns \$10,000 a year and spends it all, is merely a poor man. Of course, there is not equal reason for saving among all classes. Few Christian priests would desire to die rich. Cardinal Newman when he died was practically at the end of his resources. But for the layman it is far different. The married man, for example, is bound to save money in duty to his wife and children. To leave a family penniless is unworthy of an honest man and is often due to gross carelessness and refusal to provide for the future. If a married man's salary be not large enough to enable him to save, he should use every effort to increase it by reading and studying and obtaining technical knowledge of his trade, so as to increase his earning capacity. Young men particularly should take care to qualify themselves for good situations, by attention to their duties and by the constant resolve to increase their usefulness.

Suppose, for example, through war or other causes, work were to grow scarce in certain lines of industry, what would become of the worker in that time who has never saved a cent? He is at the mercy of circumstances. But how can I save on a small salary? asks some man, with a wife and family. It is not an easy matter, but it is true that there are men who have kept their wife and family on

\$15 a week and yet managed to save. Roomers were taken, and unnecessary waste was eliminated. Waste in the crime of this continent. In food and clothing there is often a considerable waste. Socks and stockings are abandoned as soon as they show signs of wear and new ones bought. The past generation would have darned them and prolonged their wear by half a year at least. Once a man, woman or child has learned to eliminate waste, prosperity is practically certain.

**THE LATE MGR. McCANN**

In the passing of Mgr. McCann, Vicar-General of Toronto archdiocese, the Catholic Church loses one of her oldest and most worthy servants in Canada. Forty-eight years of his life had been spent in the priesthood, his ordination having taken place as far back as 1867. Since then his career had been one of constant usefulness in successive pastorates at St. Catharines, Gore parish, County Peel; St. Paul's Church, Toronto, Whitby and Oshawa. He had been twice rector of St. Michael's Cathedral, and was chairman of the Separate School Board of Toronto.

Like so many other distinguished men in the Catholic Church on this continent, the late Mgr. McCann was of Irish parentage. His father was a native of Dublin and came to Canada in 1834, when William IV. was on the throne of England. Ten years afterwards, the future prelate was born at Port Hope. He was educated for the priesthood by the Sulpician Fathers at the Grand Seminary, Montreal.

In view of his many gifts and valuable work for the Church, there was much rejoicing among his many friends when he was created a Roman prelate, with the title of Monsignor in 1909, and his appointment, two years later to be administrator of the Archdiocese of Toronto was also welcomed as a fitting honor. His death came at a ripe old age, for he had passed his seventy-first year. Some months ago sickness had seized him and for the past three weeks he had been obliged to keep to his bed. When the news came on Saturday morning, August 14, that Mgr. McCann had passed away at his residence the night before, there were many expressions of sorrow from those who were familiar with his kindly and venerable figure. His loss will be especially mourned in Toronto, where so much of his good work had been done. R. I. P.

**THE PROTESTANT TRADITION**

We have often wondered why even educated Protestants are so ready to believe anything and everything that seems to tell against the Catholic Church. Let some renegade Catholic, or pretended ex-priest or ex-nun give utterance to the most absurd calumnies against Catholicity and not only the ignorant and unthinking masses, but even men prominent in social life, swallow it unquestioningly. Dr. James J. Walsh gives the explanation. Writing in the Catholic World he attributes this astonishing mental attitude to the old Protestant tradition that Catholicity was wholly evil. And, he adds, that Protestant tradition still survives, and practically all of the Protestant opposition to the Church is founded upon it. Our readers need but to look around them to see confirmation of this extraordinary belief. All the sects are good, but Catholicism is accursed. Hence we see many instances of parents who make no protest against their children changing from one sect to another, but let a child express a desire to embrace Catholicity and immediately every possible objection is raised, and every possible difficulty is placed in the way.

After making all possible allowance for the existence of this unreasoning prejudice we are entirely within our rights in protesting against the elected representatives of the people fostering this bigoted attitude towards Catholicity. To take a case in point, the Public schools of Ontario are supposed to be un denominational. Glances at the advertising columns of The Globe would lead one to believe that they are Protestant. If they are Protestant why not have done with presence and own up to it? If they are un denominational by what right do school trustees advertise for "Protestant" teachers? If Catholics are not good enough to teach in a Public school why do the trustees accept Catholic taxes towards their maintenance? It is about time we took a firm stand upon this question and had it decided once for all whether the Public schools of the Province are un denominational or Protestant.

Advertising for a "Protestant" teacher for a school that is supposed to be non-sectarian is bad enough, but the other day we happened upon a still more glaring insult to the Catholic body. An advertisement in the Bracebridge Gazette for a teacher for a school in Vankoughnet, Muskoka, brazenly stated that "no Catholic need apply." Truly the Protestant tradition of which Dr. Walsh speaks dies hard. Long ago, in the flowery days of Irish Protestant ascendancy, the lord of Bandon town, in the county of Cork, had placed above its gates this inscription, "Turk, Jew or Gentile may enter here, but not a Papist." The lord of the soil and the ancient gates have alike mouldered into dust, but the Papists of Bandon are still very much alive. They have entered into their own. But not so in Vankoughnet, Muskoka. And this in the year of grace 1915, when Protestant and Catholic are fighting side by side under the same flag, in defence of the same Empire? Were Galileo a resident of Vankoughnet we think he would revise his famous dictum that the world moved. How much longer are we going to allow ourselves to be thus insulted and discriminated against. COLUMBA.

**NOTES AND COMMENTS**

ACCORDING to the daily papers the Rev. Canon Walsh of Brampton told the Black Chapter of the Royal Orange League, assembled in convention at Windsor last month, that under given circumstances Orangemen are a "crowd of hoodlams," and "should take off their regalia and go home." As the reverend gentleman is Grand Master he ought to know.

DR. JAMES WALSH of New York, than whom no publicist of to-day speaks with fuller knowledge, gives it as his opinion that if good women who would rightly scorn any imputation on their respectability, would tomorrow stop once and for all reading lascivious sex stories, we should have an end of that sort of fiction within a year. These stories, being written solely for the money that is in them, would, under such conditions soon cease to have attractions, for their purveyors, Dr. Walsh's suggestion implies a rebuke to a class of "respectable" women. Well would it be for the world at large if it were duly heeded.

THE CATHOLIC priesthood of Ontario is becoming prolific in woovers of the muse. Father James Dollard's reputation as a poet is the common possession of two continents; Father Casey ("Columba") is the author of a book of verses which has already made for itself a place at many firesides; and now comes Father Andrew O'Malley of Toronto (already well known as a preacher and lecturer) with a volume entitled "Sonnets of a Recluse," which were written, as he tells us in his Foreword, "by way of apprenticeship for a much more pretentious work." What this more pretentious work is he does not reveal to us, but if we may judge from the character of some of these sonnets, he must aspire to rank among the immortals. The sonnet is, in the words of Dean Harris, "the most trying and laborious form of poetic art." That Father O'Malley has not been unsuccessful in his use of it, and here and there even rises into its higher reaches, must be apparent to any reader qualified to appreciate it.

MANY CANADIAN Catholics will read with melancholy interest of the death three weeks ago, in Edinburgh, of Father William Kenny, S. J., a native of Halifax, N. S. Father Kenny was one of three brothers, sons of Sir Edward Kenny, who dedicated themselves to the service of God in the Society of Jesus. The eldest, Father George, entered the Society at Montreal, and always remained attached to the Maryland-New York or Canadian Provinces. The younger, Fathers William and Joseph, received their education at Stonyhurst, and, entering there, became permanently incorporated to the English Province of the Order. Father George, whose gifts as a preacher made him famous throughout the United States and Canada, spent the last years of his life in Guelph, where he died a few years ago. Father Joseph, who until recently was rector of St. George's, Worcester, still survives, and as we learn from English exchanges, was in attendance upon his brother at Edinburgh during his last illness.

OF FATHER William Kenny, who had reached the age of seventy-one,

all accounts agree that the saintly death which was his was the fitting crown to a laborious and well spent life. Born on 12th, of April, 1844, he went to England in his youth, found his vocation in the Society under whose auspices he was educated, and was ordained priest in 1881. He was for many years Father Minister at Mount St. Mary's College, Derbyshire, and later filled the same office at Manresa House, Rothampton. He had been in Edinburgh just about a year, but in that time had established himself firmly in the affections of the congregation of the Church of the Sacred Heart, to which he was attached. He was especially good to the poor, among whom we are told, his happiest hours were spent. The memory of his gentle words and kindly deeds will remain lovingly in their memories while life lasts. "Goodness" and "gentleness" are the two characteristics which appear to have distinguished this saintly priest throughout his life. That he may rest in peace will be the heartfelt prayer of those who knew him.

THE ANGLICAN Bishop of Bombay referring to the "fine organization and self sacrificing work of the Roman Church in India," wound up by saying it impressed him nevertheless as being, "for some reason or other, unprogressive and unmissionary." The Rev. Mr. Holmes, of the Oxford Mission to Calcutta, on the other hand, speaking in London on June 1st, pointed out that thirty years ago, almost the whole of the domiciled community in Calcutta belonged to the Anglican Church. But now, he added, every census showed that the time was coming when only a very small proportion would remain with them. There was a constant stream of people, he affirmed, "going over" from the Anglican to the Roman Communion. "In another thirty years," he believed "at least seventy per cent of the Eurasians would belong to the latter." That, no doubt, is why the Bishop of Bombay thinks Catholics in India "unprogressive."

THE FOLLOWING story is told of a visit paid by the Queen of Belgium to the trenches. The soldiers did not at first recognize her, and one man said: "Come along, Madame, make yourself at home." Another reminded her that the trench was dangerous. "Not for me," replied the Queen, "I am so small." One of the men produced a sack, upon which her Majesty sat, and distributed chocolates and cigarettes among the men. Presently a soldier recognized her, and exclaimed: "Oh, the Queen!" All the soldiers then of course arose and stood at attention. After the Queen's departure the soldier to whom the sack belonged was asked if he would sell it as a souvenir. "Not for one hundred thousand francs," was the reply.

**ON THE BATTLE LINE**

That the early fall of the Dardanelles before the Anglo-French forces is presaged by recent gigantic cancellations of wheat orders in America is the opinion of certain financial circles, where it is pointed out that the fall of the straits would facilitate the transport of wheat from Russia.

**WESTERN FRONT IS QUIET**

Although occasional press despatches hint at great events to come, the western front, where at least four and a half million men are face to face in battle array, is almost as quiet as a churchyard at midnight. The official report from Paris tells a waiting world that "the day was comparatively calm," or Sir John French states that a mine was exploded by the enemy without doing any harm. Occasionally the official report like that of last night mentions an attack by the Germans at Nieupoort or some other point where there was hard fighting months ago, but the entire western front, save in the Argonne and the Vesges, reminds the bystander of an extinct volcano. Will it come to life again, if so, where will the lava begin to flow?

**GERMANS WAIT FOR GAS**

The Amsterdam Telegraaf, which has been printing scare stories for a week about a coming great German offensive, announces that gas-waiting bomb factories are being established at various points in Belgium. Most of the successes of the Germans on the western front since April have been won by the free use of poisonous gas in one form or another, and it would not be at all surprising were they to go into the gas business on a wholesale scale. At present it would seem that both sides in France and Flanders are indulging in a "wait and see" competition. There is every reason to believe that many of the soldiers of Kitchener's army who thought they

were going to Flanders when they left British ports...

RUSSIANS INFLECT BIG LOSS

Somewhere in the triangle lying between Warsaw, Siedlce...

SINK AUSTRIAN SUBMARINE

The Italian Ministry of Marine announces the sinking of an Austrian submarine...

ITALIAN FLEET SUPERIOR

The Austrians have been bombarding Italian towns along the Adriatic...

LOSS OF SHIPS IS SMALL

Engineering states that the British losses of merchant ships of over 300 ton burden...

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH WILL DRAW ALL U. S.

PROTESTANT WRITER SAYS IT IS THE ONLY CHURCH THAT CAN APPEAL TO COSMOPOLITAN NATION

H. D. Sedgewick (it is evident from the tone of his article that he is not a Catholic)...

ing Church, prudent and bold, will have great opportunities. Most of the German element will be Protestant...

"In the past the Roman Church has achieved her greatest victories in the face of the greatest powers of the world. First she subdued the Roman Empire...

"There have been great crises in her history. She might have been destroyed when the barbarians overran Italy...

"The Roman Church has always been cosmopolitan. There have been Popes from England, Holland, Germany, France, Spain and Italy...

"The following account of the heroic death of Father W. Finn, of Middleborough, an old Ushaw student...

SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT WAR

A CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN'S DEATH

The following account of the heroic death of Father W. Finn, of Middleborough, an old Ushaw student...

Father Finn, the Catholic chaplain, who was so well liked in English circles here, was one of the first to give his life in the landing at Sedd-el-Bahr...

IN THE FIGHTING LINE AND AT HOME

The following moving extract is published by the Times from a letter lately received from an officer at the front:

I buried one of my poor boys last week. There was no parson handy, and as I lacked a prayer book I read the chapter in Corinthians (3)...

OB. I wish I could come back to England and tell the men who are doing nothing of the tragedy of this land...

little children, the ruined homes, the thousands of Englishmen of all ranks and sorts and ages who daily and nightly go up to the trenches not knowing if they will ever come down the road again...

We are so sick here of our reading—the tramway strike, the cry for more money, the lack of ammunition, the short hours on army work...

A CHAPLAIN AND THE RETURN TO RELIGION

A military chaplain belonging to the diocese of Coutances, after telling of the anxiety shown by the soldiers to receive rosary beads...

It would, of course, be an exaggeration to conclude or say that every thing is perfect among the troops from the point of view of religion...

A SOLDIER'S LAST WISHES

A French soldier, Pierre d'A., wrote as follows to the sister of a dead comrade:

Before leaving for an unknown destination I have a charge to fulfill to send you, at his earnest request, the last wishes of your half brother...

WHY THE CATHOLIC SCHOOLS OUGHT TO BE CHOSEN

OTHERWISE IRRELIGION MAY BE IMPLANTED BY DANGEROUS TEXT BOOKS

The main reason, says a writer in the Denver Catholic Register, why Catholics should send their children to Church academies and colleges when the youngsters have completed the parish school course is that modern text-books often contain things which are incompatible...

The work is by Philip Van Ness Myers. He is admitted to be one of the best historians of our times, but his work is extremely dangerous in the hands of a student who does not have a well informed teacher with the liberty to set things right in the mind of the child along religious lines.

On page 15 of the work, the first sentence is: "We assume the original unity of the human race." The way this is written, a student might naturally conclude that there is at least some doubt about the unity. The fact of the matter is, science is almost entirely agreed, reasoning absolutely independently of revealed religion, that the human race is sprung from one man and one woman.

On page 44, in paragraph 45, appears this: "As we should naturally suppose, it was in the sphere of religion that Egypt's request to us was largest. Thus, for instance, the doctrine of immortality which entered the Western world with Christianity, stands in close relation to the Egyptian doctrine of a future life."

A child, reading this, and not having the benefit of a teacher's explanation, would naturally jump to the conclusion that belief in immortality was a growth among men, and that the superstitious paganism of ancient Egypt gave the world its beautiful doctrine...

I do not believe that Mr. Myers, the writer of this history, is an unbeliever. He seems to hold high regard for Christianity. Possibly he does not mean things precisely as he says them in regard to the original unity of the race and the doctrine of immortality. But a child can take no other meaning out of them.

I know of at least one Catholic college where Myers' histories are used. In these places, when a statement like the two I have quoted occurs, the teacher, unfettered in speaking about religion, is able to give the true Catholic doctrine.

GERMAN WAR ETHICS

ARRAIGNED BY THE TABLET

The following remarkable analysis entitled "German War Ethics" appeared in a recent issue of the London Tablet, and purports to set forth their motives behind the present European situation.

LETTER FROM FATHER FRASER

Taichowfu, China, July 8, 1915.

To the Editor CATHOLIC RECORD: Dear Mr. Editor,—I have just sent my annual report to the Bishop. I find that during the past twelve months I have baptized 180 adult converts so that now I have over a thousand Christians to minister to; 745 others are preparing for baptism.

A DESTRUCTIVE PHILOSOPHY

It is of the highest importance to realize in the foundations of the struggle the colossal fact that civilization itself is in large measure what we have understood it for two thousand years, is at stake through the attempted propagation by force of a destructive philosophy that has been slowly evolving during a century and gradually corroding a whole people.

ORIGIN OF THIS PHILOSOPHY

This philosophy has its origin and development chiefly in Germany, and it is among the German people that this new spirit to which it has given rise finds its fullest expression.

For fifty years German, and particularly Prussian, professors, teachers and writers have jointly exercised a destructive influence on the old moral and mental life of nations, and have been known not merely as centers of liberal freethought, which in itself only affects the individual, but as intolerant propagators of a materialistic theory of life which is to be forced on the world at large.

RELIGION OF THE SUPERMAN

Whatever German "kultur" may have meant in the past, it undoubtedly signifies to-day a view of life professedly superior to that which is the legacy of undivided Christendom to disunited Europe.

The clash of arms and the political and diplomatic considerations which for the greater part of the world are the dominant features of the present European situation tend to obscure the grave moral and spiritual issues of the great conflict that is in progress.

LETTER FROM FATHER FRASER

Taichowfu, China, July 8, 1915.

To the Editor CATHOLIC RECORD:

Dear Mr. Editor,—I have just sent my annual report to the Bishop. I find that during the past twelve months I have baptized 180 adult converts so that now I have over a thousand Christians to minister to; 745 others are preparing for baptism.

QUEER ANTI-CATHOLIC FREAK

The anti-Catholicism of the Mayor of the City of Oakland, Cal., expresses itself in a curious way. According to our California exchanges, this official has announced his intention to remove from the wall of the Mayor's office in the City Hall in Oakland a mural painting by Frank Van Sloun, part of a lunette which decorates that room, and which has for its subject matter aspects of early California history.

P. A. movement, objects to this picture and proposes to substitute for it a copy of "Washington Crossing the Delaware"—no doubt a worthy and historical painting in its own place, as Michael Williams, author and art critic remarks, but having little relation with the particular chapter of American history which the Friars wrote in blood and spirit in early California.—Sacred Heart Review.

A NOTABLE INCIDENT IN BUFFALO, N. Y.

The Echo of Buffalo, N. Y., brings to our notice an incident in that city which deserves the utmost publicity. Recently a public statement was issued signed by prominent Protestant ministers as well as by Catholic priests, and by an imposing number of laymen, both Protestant and Catholic, deploring and condemning religious intolerance and misrepresentation and vilification of another's religion...

We, the undersigned citizens of Buffalo, desiring to remove all religious intolerance from our city, believe the task of overcoming such a malice toward none and with charity for all.

We must constantly keep in mind that our national constitution provides that "no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States," and that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, March 22, 1915.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD:

Yesterday (Passion Sunday) I laid the corner-stone of the church in Taichowfu. The former church was too small for the crowds who are being converted in the city and neighboring towns.

YOUR GRATEFULNESS IN JESUS AND MARY

J. M. FRASER.

Previously acknowledged... \$6,054 37

Mrs. J. J. Hayes, Seattle..... 5 00

A Friend, Douglas..... 5 00

A Friend..... 1 00

A worthy and devout Communion increases our treasure of sanctifying grace.—Father Russell, S. J.

Merchants' Bank of Canada ESTABLISHED 1854 Paid-up Capital \$7,000,000 Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits 7,245,140 GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS 209 Branches and Agencies in Canada Savings Department at All Branches Deposits Received and Interest allowed at best current rates Bankers to the Grey Nuns, Montreal; St. Augustine's Seminary, St. Joseph's Academy, and St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto.

Capital Trust Corporation, Limited Authorized Capital \$2,000,000.00 BOARD OF DIRECTORS: President: M. J. O'Brien, Montreal. Vice-Presidents: Hon. S. N. Parent, Ottawa; Denis Murphy, Ottawa; R. P. Cough, Toronto; A. E. Corrigan, Ottawa. Hon. R. G. Beazley, Halifax. Hon. P. O'Brien, Montreal. Hon. F. Fabre, Montreal. Hon. J. J. Lyons, Ottawa. Hon. W. J. Poitras, St. M. P. Montreal. Hon. J. J. Lyons, Ottawa. Hon. G. Grant, C. E. Ottawa. Hon. W. McDonald, Cape Breton. Hon. E. Cas, Winnipeg. Offices: 29 Sparks St., Ottawa, Ont. Making Director: R. G. Connolly, Assistant Manager: E. T. B. Pennefather. Make Your Will The importance of providing for those depending on you is obvious. Do not deprive them of the protection a Will affords. Above all, select an Executor, such as the Capital Trust Corporation, competent to carry out the provisions of your Will. We invite correspondents and will send on request our special booklet on Wills.

Thornton-Smith Co. Mural Painting and Church Decorating 11 King St. W. Toronto

energy in fostering among us a spirit of true loyalty and devotion to our city's welfare.

The signatures of more than one hundred prominent Catholic and Protestant clergymen and laymen are appended to this appeal. Twelve Protestant ministers, representing the Presbyterian, Unitarian, Baptist, Episcopal and Congregational churches, are among the signers, and an equal number of Catholic priests, including the Right Rev. Monsignor Nelson H. Baker, administrator of the diocese. The remaining names on the list are those of prominent Catholic and Protestant laymen.

The credit of having inspired this movement belongs to a Protestant minister, the Rev. Mr. L. O. Williams of the Church of the Messiah. Some time ago he preached a sermon deprecating religious bigotry, which was so much in evidence at the present day. A meeting of prominent Protestants and Catholics in one of the assembly rooms of his church was subsequently held. The Rev. Mr. Williams was elected chairman. At a second meeting, at the Hotel Stabler, on Tuesday, July 6, it was determined to direct an appeal to the public on the matter of religious intolerance, said statement to be signed by representatives and Catholics.

At a meeting on Thursday evening, July 8, likewise at the Stabler Hotel, a committee submitted a draft of the proposed statement. It was unanimously accepted, and those present immediately attached their signature. "The document published by this body will, no doubt, make a profound impression on the public of Buffalo," says the Echo, "and stamp out bigotry in a community where this un-American spirit has developed more force than in any other city in the country." It is safe to say that it will establish a precedent for other cities, and that it marks the beginning of a nation-wide movement in which Protestants and Catholics will unite their efforts toward putting an end to this un-American and un-Christian campaign of bigotry.—Sacred Heart Review.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, March 22, 1915.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD:

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

Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary,

J. M. FRASER.

Previously acknowledged... \$6,054 37

Mrs. J. J. Hayes, Seattle..... 5 00

A Friend, Douglas..... 5 00

A Friend..... 1 00

A worthy and devout Communion increases our treasure of sanctifying grace.—Father Russell, S. J.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. P. PEPPER
THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER
PENTECOST

Jesus answering said: "Were not ten made clean?"

By asking what had become of the nine who did not return to thank Him for curing them, our Lord showed plainly His displeasure at their ingratitude.

If we wish to be truly mortified, we must wage war incessantly upon the egoism to which we are so prone, and upon every form of selfishness for this is one great reason why we fall into sin.

In all these ways does selfishness manifest itself; it often lurks behind specious pretenses and alleges motives that seem excellent, but in reality a selfish man aims only at the gratification of his own tastes.

An egoist idolizes self; he considers nothing but his own tastes, which guide him in all his actions and stand between him and God.

He who seeks nothing but himself will only find evil on his way through life; and even on his deathbed, when it is too late, he will have only himself, and a knowledge of his own heart.

He that loveth his life shall lose it. (John xii, 25). A selfish man is happy in this world; he may be successful in all his undertakings and perhaps consider himself happy, but no one with higher thoughts and aspirations would agree with him.

One who is completely self-centred, and concerned only with earthly pleasures, loses all taste for what is noble and honorable; in course of time he forgets God altogether and cares for men only in so far as he can use them for his own advantage.

He who alone can never deceive or abandon him; he is embittered against God, himself and the world, and suffers from the deception for which he is to blame.

HE STRUCK IT RIGHT AT LAST

After Suffering Almost Two Years, "Fruit-a-tives" Brought Relief.



MR. WHITMAN, 382 St. Valier St., Montreal.

In 1912, I was taken suddenly ill with Acute Stomach Trouble and dropped in the street. I was treated by several physicians for nearly two years. I was in constant misery from my stomach and my weight dropped down from 225 pounds to 160 pounds.

Several of my friends advised me to try "Fruit-a-tives" and I did so. That was eight months ago. I began to improve almost with the first dose. No other medicine I ever used acted so pleasantly and quickly as "Fruit-a-tives," and by using it I recovered from the distressing Stomach Trouble, and all pain and Constipation and misery were cured.

I completely recovered by the use of "Fruit-a-tives" and now I weigh 208 pounds. I cannot praise "Fruit-a-tives" enough. H. WHITMAN. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

TEMPERANCE

THE DRINK QUESTION

In just over a hundred pages of distilled wisdom, under the title "The Drink Question," Father Keating, S. J., the able editor of the Month (London), has written an admirable manual, at once informative, illuminating and uplifting, respecting the problem which more perhaps than all others calls for enlightened, unremitting and enthusiastic Catholic effort.

Father Keating's manual, as befits his theme, is remarkably sober, free from over-emphasis and from the slightest tinge of prejudice. In six lucid, well-arranged chapters he discusses the nature of the question, the history of state intervention, the various voluntary efforts made to deal with it, the ethics, the economics and the solution of the problem.

He ought to try with all our might to rid ourselves more and more of self-seeking; and the way in which this may be accomplished is stated very simply but forcibly by Thomas a Kempis (Book I, ch. 8): "He to whom all things are one, and who refereth all things to one, and seeketh all things in one, may be steadfast in heart and abide in God at peace."

This then ought to be our aim—to keep in view the one thing for which we live and move and are, namely, God's holy will. All that we do or avoid, all our joys and sorrows, must harmonize with His will, which we ought to see in all things, so that it becomes the guide of our actions, the reward of our exertions, encouragement to suffer and hope of compensation. In this way we shall always be at peace with God.

could find a sentence in the book calling for dissent. In the first and longest of the chapters, that dealing with "The Nature of the Question," Father Keating has crowded a great deal of valuable matter, and it is pleasant to notice his insistence of the importance of liberty.

As he well says, "Liberty, self-determination, freedom of choice, is a real good, a treasure to be jealously guarded as the highest prerogative of man and necessary for the accomplishment of his end. Unless there is freedom to choose, there is no merit in choosing aright; were there no temptations to excess there were little credit in being moderate; if the penalties of wrong-doing were immediate and overwhelming, then virtue would be practically compulsory."

Naturally, therefore, the writer's contentions move steadily towards a plea for individual self-control and self-restraint rather than towards absolute prohibition by the state.

He states the question as to alcohol being a food or not very fairly, the statements of the various physicians and bodies of physicians are set down, but the point is made with overwhelming force that alcohol is not a food and that even the moderate use of it under ordinary conditions of health is not advantageous to physical well-being.

Hence the existence of the question. For undoubtedly many of the more palpable evils of excessive drinking are diminishing. Social habits are changing slowly, and drunkenness is now very differently regarded than it was in days when it was a gentlemanly thing to drink oneself into physical incapacity.

But the nation's "drink bill" still shows increase rather than otherwise, and the fact that the expenditure on alcoholic refreshment (!) would almost pay for the expenditure necessary for army, navy, education, law, police and other national charges is sufficient to answer any critic bold enough to question the need for stupendous reform in the matter.

Such reform should spring primarily from personal conviction leading to habits of abstinence and self-control and from an enlightened public opinion leading to due and proper restrictions on the part of the state.

Father Keating recognizes that drink intensifies all the other evils we deplore, but it is not the cause of them all. Sweating, bad housing, insufficient food, imperfect education, excessive facilities for excess, adulterated liquor even—all the dehumanizing elements that disgrace our industrial system enter essentially into the drink question, and the remedies for all, to be effectual, must be sought simultaneously.

The chapter on the Ethics of the Question is absorbingly interesting. The author ranges with ease over the whole subject, from a consideration of Manichean heresies relative to matter, to an exposition of the obligations attaching to the "pledge," and the ethical plea for total abstinence is a little masterpiece of adopt reasoning most lucidly and cogently expressed. A review of the various methods of attempting to solve the question of the drink evil leads the author to the opinion that no solution can be found in mere legislation.

THE CONVENT SCHOOL

A NON-CATHOLIC TELLS WHY HE SENDS HIS DAUGHTERS TO ONE

I am not a Catholic. As far as I know, no one in my family for at least three generations has been a member of the Catholic Church. My father was a Presbyterian elder in the Ohio town where I was born. I myself went for a time to a Presbyterian college. Afterward, at the university where I studied law, I ceased my own church attendance.

I took it up again after my marriage, going to the Episcopal church with my wife, who was a graduate of the state university. While we lived in the East we were fairly regular attendants at Sunday services. After we came West we drifted out of the way of going to church. Since my wife's death I have not been inside a church of any kind.

As I am the judge of the United States District Court, and live in a town of less than ten thousand people, my habits are fairly well known to my neighbors. It is because of them, I fancy, that I am so often the recipient of the question, "Why do you send your daughters to a convent school?"

And because the reason involves some vitally important phases of American life, I am setting down the evidence that influenced my decision to send my two girls to an educational institution of religion to which I do not subscribe.

I came from a town that believed ardently in the Public School system of America. I remember that my first orations were fornications in defense of this system. Afterward, my two years in a sectarian college tempered my belief in Public Schools a little. I realized that I received something from my religious instructions that, rebel though I was in most matters of doctrine, impressed me and set me in certain standards that have upheld me through many a moral crisis.

University years seem, from this standpoint of distance, like sand sliding from the rock of my earlier home and college training. My wife, who had taught in a girls' school in Pennsylvania before our marriage, often made the same remark to me about the relative value of her own university education. In addition to this, she had brought out of the state university a violent prejudice against coeducation. She herself had been an observer rather than a participant in the social life of the university. "The best most girls get out of it is heartache," she would say, "and the worst, heartbreak."

It was the first time I had ever heard any one suggest that Catholic convents held any standard of education that non-Catholics should emulate. That my wife, who was one of the keenest students I have ever known, should make the remark, impressed me at the time. The memory of it impressed me again when I was struggling to think out the problem of our daughter's education, for my wife's death when Ethel was thirteen, and Abigail eleven, left me helpless to determine the best course for the girls. I had already put Frank, our only son, in the preparatory school of the Presbyterian college in which I had been educated. But I could find no similar school for the girls that satisfied my ideas of moral propriety and educational broadness.

True, there were excellent institutions of sectarian bias; but they had, I noted, a narrowing tendency that I have always deprecated. On the other hand, there were educational institutions without any sectarian, in fact, any religious, tendency. But my years on the bench have convinced me of the need of definite religious training. With the problem left entirely to me I was frankly baffled. It is a strange commentary on American education that the men and women most familiar with various educational systems, public and private, in the country, should be the ones who are hesitant about sending their sons and daughters to the very schools in which they were educated. My wife had consistently opposed coeducational universities and ordinary girls' schools for our daughters. She had, I think, an idea that Ethel and Abigail would eventually go to one of the women's colleges of the East. But in the meantime I had to fill four years for Ethel and six for Abigail.

IMPROPER DRESS

Among social workers the past few years the question frequently has been raised as to whether improper dress has anything to do with delinquency.

Some persons fail to see any logical connection between dress and morals. There is, however, a very close, even if indirect, connection. The matter has been summed up neatly by Mrs. Long, head of the probation division of the Juvenile Court of Chicago.

"Some one has asked," she says, "if the present mode of dress has a bearing on delinquency among girls. I believe it has much to do with it. The great trouble of today is that our girls are jumping from the kindergarten into the world."

"Where is the old fashioned school girl of yesterday, the girl with the long braid and white pinafore, the girl with the old fashioned mother who considered her little girl a school girl until the time came when she was ready to assume duties and responsibilities in her own home; the mother who selected her daughter's clothing, and who knew just where and with whom she went? I am not advising a return to those old-fashioned primitive days when our grandmothers sat at the spinning wheel, but I am strongly advising the mothers of to-day to follow the teachings of our grandmothers in protecting the morals of our young girls."

Parental discipline is very much on the wane, as any one familiar with school or college work can easily attest. Many parents have the idea, and act upon it, that the child or youth is fully able to decide between right and wrong; that the youthful mind and moral perspective are sufficiently matured to enable the boy or girl to choose that which is absolutely proper. They fail to realize that on the one hand experience is lacking to these young people, and on the other, budding passions, desires, proclivities, and general inclinations are all based more upon sentiment, egotism, and love of pleasure, than upon sound reason and common sense. It may not be too broad a statement to assert that in the average family of to-day the boys and girls assume practically all responsibility for their actions, without relation to the parental desires or mandates. The result is that later on propriety and convention take the place of moral standard; an action is wrong not in itself, but because it is bad form to be caught at it.—St. Paul Bulletin.

Recipe to Stop Dandruff

This Home Made Mixture Stops Dandruff and Falling Hair and Aids Its Growth

To a half pint of water add: Bay Rum.....1 oz. Orlex Compound.....a small box Glycerine.....1/2 oz. These are all simple ingredients that you can buy from any druggist at very little cost, and mix them yourself. Apply to the scalp once a day for two weeks, then once every other week until all the mixture is used. A half pint should be enough to rid the head of dandruff and kill the dandruff germs. It stops the hair from falling out, and relieves itching and scalp diseases.

Although it is not dye, it acts upon the hair roots and will darken streaked, faded, gray hair in ten or fifteen days. It promotes the growth of the hair and makes harsh hair soft and glossy.

That's Our Offer on This Superb Player-Piano! The Sherlock-Manning Player-Piano contains every recognized attachment and all the latest features for the proper rendition of compositions by the great masters. It has devices for controlling the tempo, for varying expression to suit one's own interpretation, for subduing the accompaniment or the melody as desired. Its Selector Button causes the roll to run silently when the performer wishes to omit any portion of a selection.

SHERLOCK-MANNING PIANO "Canada's Biggest Piano Value" is so named because while in quality it is the best that can be made, it sells for \$100 to \$150 less and we are not afraid to put it in your home under a straightforward ten year guarantee. We want to send you proof. Write Dept. 3 for handsome Art Catalogue M, today. A postal will do.

Sherlock-Manning Piano Company, LONDON (No street address necessary) CANADA 77

TORONTO'S Two Famous Hotels

WALKER HOUSE "The House of Plenty" HOTEL CARLS-KITE "The House of Comfort" Both these Hotels are situated conveniently to the Union Station and Steamboat Wharf, overlooking Toronto Bay and Lake Ontario, and are delightfully cool in summer. Operated on the American and European Plan with a rate of \$2.50 per day and upwards, American Plan \$1.00 " " " European Plan Everything is done at these Hotels to make your stay pleasant. Special attention paid to the comfort of Ladies and Children.

Meet me at the Tuller For Value, Service, Home Comforts

New HOTEL TULLER Detroit, Michigan Center of business on Grand Circus Park. Take Woodward car, get off at Adams Avenue. ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF 200 Rooms, Private Bath, \$1.50 Single, \$2.50 Up Double 200 " " " " 2.00 " " 8.00 " " 100 " " " " 2.50 " " 4.00 " " 100 " " " " 3.00 to 5.00 " " 4.50 " " Total 600 Outside Rooms ALL ABSOLUTELY QUIET Two Floors—Agents' Sample Rooms New Unique Cafes and Cabaret Exquisite

WILLING WITNESSES

DAY by day we are receiving enthusiastic testimonial letters from policyholders whose Endowment contracts are now maturing.

These are our willing witnesses who come voluntarily into court and testify to the good faith of The Mutual of Canada.

No wonder! For they are receiving from \$10.00 to \$100.00 for every \$100.00 invested in premiums, to say nothing of the protection they have enjoyed.

The amount of the return, of course, varies with the term of the Endowment. Don't speculate! Take an Endowment policy and share in the prosperity of THE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA WATERLOO, ONTARIO

FITS CURED

By Trench's Remedy Recommended by Clergymen of all Denominations. Thirty Years' Success. Over 1000 Unsolicited Testimonials in one year.

Convincing Testimony Has been given by people in every walk of life. Those interested should write at once. Pamphlet containing proof positive sent free from TRENCH'S REMEDIES Limited 415 St. James' Chambers, TORONTO Sole Proprietors, Trench's Remedies Limited, Dublin, Ireland.

ABSORBINE

Reduces Strained, Puffy Ankles, Lymphangitis, Poll Evii, Fistula, Boils, Swellings; Stops Lameness and allay pain. Heals Sores, Cuts, Bruises, Blisters, Chafes. It is an ANTISEPTIC AND GERMICIDE (NON-POISONOUS) Does not blister or remove the hair and horse can be worked. Pleasant to use. \$2.00 a bottle, delivered. Describe your case for special instructions and Book 5 K free. ABSORBINE, JR., antiseptic liniment for mankies reduces Strain, Painful Swellings, Swollen Veins, Milk Leg, Gout. Concentrated—only a few drops required at an application. Write for \$1 per bottle at dealers or delivered. W. F. TOLINE, F. H. B., 239 Kansas Bldg., Montreal, Can. Absorbine and Absorbine, Jr. are made in Canada.

The Catholic Record's SPECIAL

Combination Offer

FATHER LASANCE'S "My Prayer Book" The most popular prayer book in the English Language With Rolled Gold Chain Rosary AND Rolled Gold Scapular Medal All for \$3 Prayer Book in leather binding (American Seal) gold edges. Rosary solid rolled gold chain, with imitation stones—Carnet, Amethyst, Topaz, Crystal, Emerald, Sapphire, Opal, Turquoise, Jet.

USE THIS FORM IN ORDERING THE CATHOLIC RECORD: I wish to take advantage of your Special Combination Offer, and enclose \$3 for which please send me, prepaid, Father Lasance's "My Prayer Book", the Rolled Gold Rosary with state whether you want (Stone (please state whether you want, Amethyst, etc.) And the Rolled Gold Scapular Medal. NAME ADDRESS

Stammerers

The methods employed at the Annot Institute are the only logical methods for the cure of stammering. They treat the CAUSE, not merely the habit, and issue NATURAL SPEECH. If you have the slightest impediment in your speech, don't hesitate to write us. Cured pupils everywhere. Pamphlet, particulars and references sent on request. THE ANNOT INSTITUTE, Berlin, Ont., Can. Church of the Holy Spirit Bells Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bells and Bells Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Clean Floors with Old Dutch Sanitary Cleanser

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

TAKING CHANCES

I shot an arrow in the air; it fell in the distance. I know not where, till a neighbor said that it killed his cat, and I had to pay him six and a half dollars.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BE HONEST BOYS

Sit down and think about it boys. Do you really want to be honest men? Men who can be trusted anywhere? And with any amount of money? Then you must begin by being honest now.

God loves honest boys, and he loves honest men. He says that the man or boy who is faithful in little, will also be faithful in much.

Once there was a Little Lie flying through the air. It came to a child's heart and said, "Let me in."

The child said, "I will not let a lie come into my heart." But the Little Lie said, "I'm a Little White Lie. No one would ever think I was a Lie at all because I'm so different from every other Lie."

Do you know what happened? Do you think one lie can be any different from another lie?

I will tell you what happened. That Little Lie, when it had come into the child's heart, opened the door to every other Lie, big and little, black and white.

This was all because the child let that first Little Lie come into its heart. Let us learn a lesson from this and shut our hearts up tight when a Little Lie knocks and says, "Let me in."

THE OAK AND THE CONVERSION OF THE GERMANS

There are few children who have not heard of the part that the little shamrock played in the conversion of Ireland to the Catholic faith, but the story that the importance of the oak had in the conversion of the Germans is not so well known.

When St. Boniface preached the Gospel in the forests of Germany the pagans worshipped the oak tree, which they called the "Tree of Thor, the Thunderer."

St. Boniface told them that the tree must be destroyed. "Such idolatrous superstition will ruin your immortal souls," he assured them.

"But we would not dare to destroy the Tree of Thor," they answered, "for whosoever touches it will be avenged by Thor himself."

"All Nature belongs to the one true God," St. Boniface said. "Will you believe in Him if I destroy this tree and no blight falls?"

And they assured him they would. So the saint took the ax, and hewed mightily at it, in the meanwhile fervently invoking his patrons, the Blessed Virgin, beseeching her to intercede that her Son would lend him aid.

The pagans stood not far off in fear and trembling—when, lo! a stroke of lightning flashed out of the heavens and threw the tree to the ground.

"It is the bolt of Thor the Thunderer!" they cried, "see how he punishes the profaner!"

But St. Boniface was not disturbed. Saints are not easily disturbed. He waited until the excitement had subsided, and then, touching the tree, he called their attention to it. It lay there a three huge pine-shaped pieces, wide apart, like a flower.

HOW IRISH NUNS CAME TO BE LOCATED IN YPRES

The thrilling narrative of the marvellous escape of these Irish daughters of St. Benedict from their beloved, bomb-riddled Belgian home affords a fresh confirmation of the sage:

"The best laid schemes o' mice an' men Gang aft agley."

The community should have celebrated its 250th anniversary this year, and now their historic abbey is a sightless ruin; an empty shell.

How these Irish nuns came to be at Ypres at all we learn from Mr. Radmond's brief, but clear introduction to "The Irish Nuns at Ypres: An Episode of the War." By D. M. C. O. S. B. (member of the Community). Edited by R. Barry O'Brien, LL. D., with an introduction by John Radmond, M. P.

An abbey of English-speaking Benedictine nuns, founded at Ypres in 1665, elected in 1682 an Irish abbess. This appointment was followed by a legal concession of the house of Ypres in favor of the Irish nation, which had no other recognized place for religious in Flanders. Gradually Irish nuns from other houses were drafted into Ypres Abbey, which thus became, so far as the majority of its members are concerned, an Irish community.

Under James II. the Lady Abbess of the day, accompanied by some of the nuns, came over to Ireland, hoping to found a house of their Order in Dublin, but the Revolution frustrated their pious intentions; William's soldiers broke into and pillaged the Irish ladies' temporary home, and they were compelled to rejoin their Sisters at Ypres, where the community has remained until the present year.

THE ENEMY'S APPROACH

It was towards the end of last September that vague rumors of the enemy's approach began to disturb the nuns. On October 7 the Germans were in possession of the town but the Abbey was saved for a time from their unwelcome presence. Just one week after the coming of the Germans the troops of the Allies poured into Ypres to the number of 21,000. A famine took the edge off the joy felt by the Irish nuns when they heard the song of their British deliverers. The bakers could not supply the immensely increasing demand for bread and it required all the resourcefulness of the nun's old servantman, Edmund, to secure a few loaves for the religious. Prayers went up to God unceasingly in the Abbey as well as in the town. The nuns also found some alleviation of their painful anxiety in making badges of the Sacred Heart for the soldiers. This work gave rise to an incident which will afford us an opportunity of showing how charmingly Dame Mary Columban can write.

CHILDREN AND THE "LITTLE HEART"

"Even the little children in the streets came to ask for a 'little heart' until the poor Sister at the door was unable to get through her other work owing to the constant ringing of the bell. In despair, she laid her complaint before her superior, saying that a troop of children were there again, of whom one had come the first thing in the morning for a badge. On receiving it she had gone outside, where, exchanging hats with another child, she promptly returned, pretending to be someone else. The Sister who had seen the whole performance through the 'guckiet,' had smiled at her innocent trick and given her another. But now here she was again this time with some one else's apron on, and bringing half a dozen other children with her. Mother Priorress then saw the little girl herself, who, nothing abashed, put her hand, saying, 'Des petits coeurs s'ill vont plus, Ma Soeur!' This was too much for Mother Priorress's tender heart, and,

instead of scolding, she told them there was nothing ready then, but for the future, if they came back on Mondays, they might have as many 'petits coeurs' as they wished. The little troop marched quite contentedly out of the door, headed by the girl who could not have been more than seven years old—and diminishing in size and age down to a little mite of two, who toddled out hanging on to his brother's coat. The devout procession was brought up by a tiny black dog, which seemed highly delighted with the whole proceeding."

GERMAN SISTERS LEAVE

Meanwhile the danger was steadily increasing for the brave little Flemish town. Crowds of refugees, from places in the firing line, invaded the streets. The rigours of a martial law were felt even in the Abbey, from which four German nuns, all over twenty-five years in the convent, had to depart for Holland. The sound of hostilities came ever nearer and nearer. Roulers, Warneton, Dixmude, and finally Bruges fell into the hands of the invaders, who had come by thousands, were up against a million of Germans. Frightful losses were sustained on both sides, by those defending Ypres and those attacking it. The ambulances came continually brought in the unfortunate victims from the battlefield, and the nuns gave up all the time at their disposal to the "rolling" of bandages, for which were sacrificed sheets and veils, and in fact anything that could be of service to the wounded.

FLIGHT FROM BOMB RIDDLED CONVENT

Despite the danger and anxiety the regular observances of the house went on at the usual hours. But on Wednesday, October 28th, the bombardment of the town began, and it was judged advisable to send away some of the nuns with their paralyzed Abbess to the Poperinghe. A few days later, acting on the advice of French and English officers, the remaining nuns, with heavy hearts, started from their old home under a hail of shells, for Oulton Abbey, Staffordshire, where they had been offered an asylum by nuns of their Order.

A THRILLING JOURNEY

The pathetic story of their flight is graphically told, and no one that takes up this plain, unvarnished recital of their perilous adventures will be tempted to lay the book down unfinished. The hairbreath escapes of the nuns and their passage through a red sea of human gore, by tottering buildings and the white, emaciated faces of starving crowds are relieved at intervals with acts of courtesy on the part of the Belgians, pleasant and unexpected meetings with Irish soldiers, who seemed to spring up from the ground just when discouragement or powerlessness threatened to swallow up the little band of defenceless and frightened women. Here is one instance out of several that might be quoted.

THE GOOD IRISH SOLDIERS

"As we were nearing the Rue de Lille, where the shells were falling thickly, two soldiers came forward to help us with our packages. We chatted a few hurried moments, stopping every one or two minutes, to avoid a shower of bricks, as we heard a shell hiss over our heads and fall on one of the houses by us. One of us remarked to the soldiers: 'It is very kind of you to help us.' To our delight they answered: 'It is our same religion, and our same country.' They were both Irish Catholics—one from Kerry, the other from Belfast. When we reached the outskirts of the town they were both obliged to turn back, not having leave to quit Ypres. The Kerry man left us hurriedly; but our man from Belfast ventured a little farther, though in the end he thought it wiser to return to his regiment. So we shook hands with him, and thanked him heartily, wishing him good luck and a safe return to dear old Ireland! Our good Mother Priorress had a bag of pears in her hand, so she said to him: 'Here, take these pears, and eat them, and we will pray for you.' But he turned away, and said, 'No, no, keep them for yourselves.' Here the poor fellow broke down, waved his hand and wished us 'Godspeed.' The famous blue flag, the great historic banner of the Irish Benedictine nuns, has some pages devoted to its history. Means were found, it seems, to save it from the Germans.

CHANGED

But a few years ago France, or rather the French government, deemed the priests and nuns unworthy a place in the sun; these good people were driven beyond the confines of Masonic jurisdiction, they became exiles without reason. Now, the same French government has discovered that these holy persons had in them the stuff that makes

WHEN BUYING YEAST INSIST ON HAVING THIS PACKAGE



DECLINE SUBSTITUTES

heroes and heroines. It has bestowed its highest decoration for bravery, the coveted "Legion of Honor," upon sixty seven priests and one hundred and twenty-seven nuns, who distinguished themselves for valor on the firing line. Will these heroic personages be back into exile after the war?—St. Paul Bulletin.

SOME FRENCH HEROINES

Mr. Philip Gibbs, war correspondent in France, for the London Daily Telegraph, paid tribute to the courage of the French women, in these words:

They are very patient, these women of France, and immensely brave. I have seen them walking very quietly and calmly away from villages burning under shell fire, or threatened by an advancing enemy, where they have left all that made up the wealth of their life, even though it were a grinding poverty. I have traveled with train-loads of these refugee women, with their children about them, and often, when I have heard their conversation, and seen the tranquillity of their faces, I have said to myself: "They are wonderful, these French women."

Sister Gabrielle, a daughter of St. Vincent de Paul, is named among these heroines. Mr. Gibbs relates an instance of her brave conduct. She refused to leave the town of Clermont-en-Argonne when the inhabitants fled before the enemy. With three of the nuns she remained to care for the forty two old people in their charge, who could not be removed. The town became a torch about her and the Germans entered the convent. Sister Gabrielle's heroism and fearlessness won the respect of the officer, and he preserved the convent from fire and the soldiery. To his credit be it told he kept his word that no harm should befall the old people.

CATHOLIC READING CIRCLE

We are being vilified, abused and insulted daily. Through the press, from the pulpit and the lecture platform, still more from the undignified soap box, irresponsible and unscrupulous calumniators pour forth vials of filth and abuse against things Catholic. We have been patient and forbearing under most galling circumstances; and we must continue to be patient, but let us not be apathetic lest our inactivity and silence be construed against us. Let us arouse ourselves from our lethargy and become active, under this gall-ing fire, let us organize an intelligent body, let us organize as able defenders our cause, and thus lend to the clergy and to the Catholic press the support which is their due. The remedy, an effective antidote for all this bigotry and calumny—so say venerable churchmen who have weathered more than one such storm—is intelligence concerning our Church, her teachings and her history. The Church has an answer for every question which may be propounded, an explanation for every doctrine she teaches. What, then, is there for us to do? Simply and earnestly to inform ourselves, that we may give the necessary answers and explanations when confronted by the honest inquirer whose curiosity has become aroused by the ceaseless activity of abuse. And this most beneficent result may be accomplished through the medium of the Catholic Reading Circle. Were we to see a flourishing Reading Circle in each city and town throughout the land, intelligently directed and affiliated with some central organization, I venture to say that the ghost of bigotry would be speedily laid at rest again, for it would be a reflection upon the intelligence of our fair-minded non-Catholic fellow-citizens (and, thank God, the great and overwhelming majority of them answer to that description) to suppose that calumniators, whose only weapons are lies and filth, will continue to find an audience once the facts have been placed at their disposal.

And how can the truth be more quickly and effectively brought home to them than through the instrumentality of the intelligent Catholic layman, with whom they come in daily contact in business and social circles?

It is then for us, the Catholic laity, to rouse ourselves from our attitude of indifference, and to respond readily and heartily to the call which has come to us above the tumult; and it is little indeed that our leaders ask

of us. Would we brook the charge that we are not loyal sons of the Church? Are we then prepared to state to the questioner the reasons why we are loyal to the Church? Are we familiar with the doctrines which the Church teaches, with her history and her attitude generally? Are we prepared to refute calumnies, to explain matters concerning our Faith which may be called in question? Scarcely any of us are thus qualified. We must acknowledge our deficiencies in these respects. We are convinced that the position of the Church is unassailable, but have we the facts and the arguments ready at hand when we need them? Are they immediately available to us? Do we even know where to find them? Or must we refer the inquirer to our clergy, with regard to whom we maintain a respectful distance? We need not be theologians, nor highly skilled logicians, but we do need to be solidly educated in at least the fundamentals of Catholic knowledge, and alive to the arguments in behalf of the religion we profess, if we would escape the charge of ignorance and hope to combat the influences which are at work against us.—Catholic World.

MORE ROMAN THAN THE ROMAN—IN DRESS

The Bishop of London (Anglican) when at Rouen—during his recent visit to the front—courteously called upon the Archbishop of that ancient city. Out of respect the visitor was arrayed in purple. The dress was unusual, as in the Catholic Church purple cassocks are rarely used in social functions. The London Tablet, narrating the incident, tells what came of it—as follows:

A bishop, archbishop, or even a cardinal would not think of paying or receiving visits save in plain black or red-seamed cassock. . . Hence the archbishop, who is nothing if not witty and genial, must have been somewhat taken aback at the contrast between his visitor—in purple and himself in his simple but correct black cassock. With ready French courtesy he sought to cover the mistake, and even to turn it into a subject of indelicacy, by thanking the Bishop of London not only for his visit, but for his kindly wish to do him honor by coming to him in an attire which in magnificence was so much greater than his own—greater, in fact, than that of a cardinal. It seems hardly credible, but certain organs of the Anglican press, on the strength of the archbishop's playful compliment, have gravely assured their readers that the Archbishop of London was "greater than a Cardinal." The ingenuity of misreporting could hardly go farther.—Sacred Heart Review.

WHAT SHE WOULD DO WITH HER LEGACY

Here is a little story that shows what strength of purpose can accomplish, when supported by grace. We quote from the Missionary, Washington, D. C.:

We lately had a visit from our old friend, Father Martin Blank. He told us of a little family of pious Methodists in his parish, whose peace was broken by the young daughter—their only child—announcing that she was being instructed for reception into the Catholic Church. Days of arguments and of protests followed, and sleepless nights of bitter chagrin. But the girl stood firm. At last the father, a well-to-do merchant, said to her: "My daughter, you are my only child, and I have always intended to leave you all that I have; I will do so if you stay where you are, in our dear old Methodist Church. But if you join the Catholics, I will cut you off with a dollar and one cent." The girl's eyes sparkled, and she answered: "Papa, I trust you will not die for many years. But when you do and I get that legacy I will put the dollar and one cent in Father Martin's collection plate and pray hard for your soul." She came into the Church and her father forgave her. The mother is now under instruction and there are hopes of getting the father.

IF WE LOVE GOD

In a recent issue, the Toledo Record said: "One recommendation of the Catholic Educational Convention is deserving of more than passing notice. Several of the delegates, cleric and lay, suggested the idea that the Catholic laymen could do much to put the Church in the proper light before our non-Catholic brethren. No work is more worthy of the zeal of a Catholic. There are millions of non-Catholics in our country who would embrace the faith did they but understand it. The clergy are doing great work in this line but the laity can do more. It is hard for the priest to get a hearing. The non-Catholic people will not come to him. They will not of their own choice go to a Catholic church to hear sermons, nor will they read Catholic literature to any great extent. The laity meet them day after day, in business and social life. They have their confidences and have many opportunities to discuss religious questions with them. Convert one soul, pray for one particular non-Catholic friend. Urge him to study the Church. Give him Catholic literature. Bring him to the Church. If that one soul be brought to God through your ministry, God will not forget it."

THE CATHOLIC LIBRARY

50c. Each POSTAGE FREE

Novels and Religious Books by the Best Catholic Authors

NOVELS

ADDITIONAL TITLES NEXT WEEK NUMBER TWO

THE SISTER OF CHARITY, by Mrs. Anna H. Doney. The story of a Sister of Charity who, as a nurse, attends a non-Catholic family, and after a shipwreck and rescue from almost a hopeless situation, brings the family into the Church of God. It is especially interesting in its descriptions.

FABIOLA, by Cardinal Wiseman. This edition of Cardinal Wiseman's tale of early Christian life is much more modern and decidedly more attractive than the old edition.

TYRANIS, by Rev. John Joseph Franco, S. J. An absorbing story of the persecutions of the fourth century, and the attempt of Julian the Apostate to restore the gods of Rome and Virgil.

THE SOLITARY ISLAND, by Rev. John Talbot Smith. As mysterious and fascinating in its plot as either of the sensational productions of Archibald Claveling Claveling, which would not shame the brush of a Tuckey or Dickens.

THE TWO VICTORIES, by Rev. T. J. Potter. A story of the conflict of faith in a non-Catholic family and their entrance into the Catholic Church.

THE MINNIE DAUGHTER, by Cecilia Mary Caddell. A story of the adventures and final conversion of a miner and his family through the selfless labor of his daughter. In this book every part of the Mass is explained in a simple and clear manner.

THE ALCHIMIST'S SECRET, by Isabel Cecilia Williams. This story is not of the sort written simply for amusement; the author's simple, direct teaching, and they lead us to think of and to pity sorrows and trials of others rather than our own.

IN THE CRUCIBLE, by Isabel Cecilia Williams. A story of a high school of the patient bearing of pain, the sacrifice of self for others, and a key to the divine truth story of Him who gave us all for us and died on Calvary's Cross (Sacred Heart Review).

TEARS ON THE DIADEM, by Anna H. Doney. A novel of the inner life of a young girl, interesting that the reader will be loathe to lay it down before finishing the entire story.

"DEER JANE," by Isabel Cecilia Williams. A sweet, simple tale of a self-sacrificing sister whose ambition to keep the little household together is told with a grace and interest that are irresistible.

LOUISA KIRKBRIDGE, by Rev. A. J. Theobald, S. J. A dramatic war of exciting narrative infused with a strong religious moral tone.

THE MERCHANT OF ANTWERP, by Hendrick Conscience. A novel of compelling interest from beginning to end concerning the romance of the daughter of a diamond merchant, and Raphael Banks, who, through the uncertainties of fortune, gains the parental approval of their marriage, which had been withheld by her maid, Kitty in social position.

MARIAN ELWOOD, by Sarah M. Brownson. The story of a beautiful girl who, through her sister's influence, is converted to the Catholic faith, and whose life is a series of noble and religious sacrifices.

CONSCIENCE TAKES, by Hendrick Conscience. Thoroughly interesting and well written tale of a Finnish life, including "The Recruiter," "Mina Hoek," "Blind Rosa," "The Poor Nobleman."

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY, by Anonymous. An exceedingly interesting and well written adventure during the exciting times of the French Revolution.

THE COMMANDER, by Charles D'Estienne. An historical novel of the French Revolution.

BEECH BLUFF, by Fanny Warner. A tale of the South before the Civil War. Two other stories are contained in this volume: "Agnes," and "For Many Days."

CAPTAIN ROSCOFF, by Raoul de Naveron. A thrilling story of a young man's adventures in the Civil War, full of exciting narrative infused with a strong religious moral tone.

CATHOLIC CRUISE, by Rev. W. H. Anderson, M.A. The adventures of Owen Evans, Esq., Surgeon's Mate, who with his family and adopted sister, Francis Macdonald, furnish the interesting events and the secret history of which Agnes Falkland is the innocent sufferer.

HAPPY-GO-LUCKY, by Mrs. C. Crowley. A collection of Catholic tales, including "A Little Heroine," "Ned's Baseball Club," "Kerry and His Friends," "The Boys at Balton," and "A Christmas Stocking."

MERRY HEARTS AND TRUE, by Mrs. C. Crowley. A collection of stories for Catholic children, including "Little Heroine," "Ned's Baseball Club," "Kerry and His Friends," "The Boys at Balton," and "A Christmas Stocking."

THE AFRICAN FANTASY, translated by St. Rev. Mr. Joseph O'Connell, D.D. The story of the life of St. Perpetua, who suffered martyrdom together with her companions, and who died in the year 203. One of the most moving in the annals of the Church.

HAWTHORNDEN, by Clara M. Thompson. A story of American life founded on fact.

KATHLEEN'S MOTTO, by Genevieve Walsh. An interesting and inspiring story of a young lady who, by her simplicity and honesty, succeeds in spite of discouraging difficulties.

ALIAS KITTY CASEY, by Marie Gertrude Williams. Kitty Casey is in reality Catherine Casey, a girl threatened with marriage, who in an endeavor to secure herself, and at the same time enjoy the advantages of the country in summer time, accepts a mental position in a hotel, taking the position of a nurse, and under the name of Kitty Casey, the story is well written, and a romance of the highest order.

LATE MISS HOLLINGFORD, by Rosa Mulholland. A simple and delightful novel by Miss Mulholland, who has written a number of books for young ladies who are interested in the life of a large estate in Devonshire, England, the home of Agnes Falkland, who with her family and adopted sister, Francis Macdonald, furnish the interesting events and the secret history of which Agnes Falkland is the innocent sufferer.

THE ORPHAN SISTERS, by Mrs. A. Hoffman. This is an exceedingly interesting story, which some of the doctrines of the Catholic Church are clearly defined.

ROSE LE BLANC, by Lady Georgiana Fullerton. A thoroughly entertaining story for young people by one of the best known Catholic authors.

THE STRAWCUTTER'S DAUGHTER, by Lady Georgiana Fullerton. An interesting Catholic story for young people.

LADY AMABEL AND THE SHEPHERD BOY, by Elizabeth M. Stewart. A Catholic tale of England, in which the love of a humble shepherd boy for the daughter of a noble English family is recounted. In the course of time various opportunities present themselves which bring him before her parents in a more favorable light, and finally results in her marriage.

MAY BROOKE, by Mrs. Anna H. Doney. The story of two cousins who are left in the care of their very wealthy but eccentric uncle, who professes no religion and is at odds with all the world. It shows them through their many trials and experiences, and contrasts the effect on the two distinct characters.

AUNT HONOR'S KEPSAKE, by Mrs. James Sadler. A chapter from life. By Mrs. James Sadler.

BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT, A tale of "Early Kentucky," by Anna C. Minogue.

BLAKES AND FLANAGANS, by Mrs. James Sadler. This book is the author's masterpiece.

CARDOME, A spiritual tale of romance and adventure in Kentucky, by Anna C. Minogue.

CINEAS, or Rome Under Nero. A strong novel of early Christianity, by J. M. Villiers.

FOUR GREAT EVILS OF THE DAY, by Catherine Manning.

OLD HOUSE BY THE BOYNE, by Mrs. J. Sadler. Picturing scenes and incidents true to life in an Irish Borough.

ORPHAN OF MOSCOW, A pathetic story full of interest for young readers arranged by Mrs. Sadler.

PEARL OF ANTIOCH, by Abbe Bayle. A charming and powerfully written story of the early age of the Church.

THALIA, by Abbe A. Bayle. An interesting and instructive tale of the Fourth Century.

THE WATERS OF CONTRADICTION, by Anna C. Minogue. A delightful romance of the South and Kentucky.

ALVIRA, by Rev. A. J. O'Reilly.

AILEY MOORE, A tale of the times, by Richard Baptist O'Brien, D.D. Showing how evictors, widows and such persons, who were administered in Ireland, together with many stirring incidents in other lands. The story tells of the heroic lives of our Irish grandfathers and grandmothers. There is no lack of incident and accident. For those of our Irish grandfathers and grandmothers. There is no lack of incident and accident. For those of our Irish grandfathers and grandmothers. There is no lack of incident and accident. For those of our Irish grandfathers and grandmothers.

THE CATHOLIC LIBRARY

LONDON, CANADA

"Cool as a Cucumber"

You can't hope to be as cool as a cucumber in the hot, sultry days, but you can keep your body at a comfortable temperature by eating the foods that make healthy tissue without heating the blood. Cut out meat for a few days and try

SHREDDED WHEAT

with berries, sliced peaches, sliced bananas or other fruits, with milk or cream. It has all the body-building material in the whole wheat grain made digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking. It is ready-cooked, ready-to-serve. A complete, perfect nourishing meal for the sultry days.



MADE IN CANADA

WHEN USING WILSON'S FLY PADS READ DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY AND FOLLOW THEM EXACTLY. An advertisement for fly pads with an image of a fly.

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' TRAINING COLLEGE

The training college of the Ontario Province of the Christian Brothers, known as the De La Salle Training College, Toronto, offers a splendid opportunity to boys and young men who desire to devote their lives to the great work of Catholic education in Ontario.

The object of the De La Salle Training College is to train boys and young men to become qualified teachers and worthy members of the Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

The Junior Novitiate is for boys from thirteen to seventeen years of age. The course of studies is that of the High Schools of Ontario and the students are prepared for the academic examinations required of teachers by the Department of Education.

The Senior Novitiate is for those who have completed their Junior Novitiate, and for young men who enter from the age of seventeen to twenty-five years.

The Scholasticate is for those who have completed their Senior Novitiate. They continue their academic training and, having passed the examinations required by the Education Department, follow the course of professional training at the Provincial Normal School or the Faculty of Education.

Qualifications for admission: The qualities required in those who apply for admission to the De La Salle Training College are: good health, ability to make the required studies a suitable disposition, and a desire for one's spiritual advancement.

During the past year there were sixty students in the different departments and a still larger number will be enrolled for the opening term in September.

Application for admission should be made to Rev. Brother T. Edward, Provincial, 28 Duke Street, Toronto.

A NON-CATHOLIC TRIBUTE

In a recent number of the Saturday Evening Post, Mary Roberts Rinehart pays a worthy tribute to the French and Belgian priests whom she had seen in the war zone.

"No article on the work of the Red Cross in France can be complete without a reference to the work of these priests, not perhaps affiliated with the society, but doing yeoman work of service among the wounded. They are everywhere, in the trenches or at the outposts, in the hospitals and hospital trains, in hundreds of small villages, where the entire community plus its burden of wounded turns to the curé for everything, from advice to the Sacrament.

"In prostrate Belgium the demands on the priests have been extremely heavy. Subjected to insult, injury and even death during the German invasion, where in one diocese alone thirteen were put to death—their churches destroyed, or used as barracks by the enemy—that which was their world has turned to chaos about them. Those who remained with their conquered people have done their best to keep their small communities together and to look after their material needs—which has, indeed, been the lot of the priests of battle-scarred Flanders for many generations.

"Others have attached themselves to the hospital service. All the Belgian trains of wounded are cared for solely by these priests, who perform every necessary service for their men."

Mrs. Rinehart is not a Catholic, but she can appreciate heroic unselfishness, and devotion to duty. Will the governments that outlawed priests who were religious, and then welcomed them back in the shock of war, make their home-coming permanent?—America.

"Why, bless my heart, Susie!" Granny's Experiences. No. 1. It's a treat to see your dear face again—and this is your husband—glad to see you, Jack. Now Susie, take off your hat and coat, and come out to the kitchen with me—Jack can go out into the garden and smoke for awhile.

HUNT'S DIAMOND FLOUR. "Always the Same". Established 1854. 1663. HUNT'S BEST. DIAMOND FLOUR. HUNT'S BEST. LONDON-ONT.

the City Hospital by the genius, love-liness of character and the great humanity of Sister Regina, long time the head and the inspiration of the City Hospital, and also in behalf of themselves, the Commissioners of Mobile now here make a permanent record upon the minutes of the board of their appreciation of the supreme excellency of Sister Regina Kenny as a devoted friend to the afflicted and servant to the poor, and splendid organizer and administrator of the city's chief charity, in which she gave us cause to feel great pride, and of her beautiful and amiable character.

THE QUESTION BOX

In reply to a Saskatchewan correspondent who asks us whether conversions to the Catholic religion have ever been made by a certain well known non-Catholic revivalist, we would state that we can with difficulty understand how a direct conversion to the Catholic Church could be accomplished by a non-Catholic preacher, for this would involve a simultaneous support of and opposition to the Catholic position. It is, however, true that an unbeliever may sometimes gain the unblemished Christianity of a non-Catholic source, and subsequently, by the grace of God, be converted to the Catholic Church.

LIFEBUOY HEALTHY SOAP. A beautiful complexion—how to insure it—The regular use of Lifebuoy Soap insures a healthy, clean glowing skin. And because it is healthy, your complexion will be clear and velvet like.

A man would not go very far wrong if he could learn to treat his case as if it were his neighbor's and then take the advice he would give to his neighbor. The tendency to preserve, to persist in spite of hindrances, discouragements, and impossibilities; it is this that in all things distinguished the strong soul from the weak.—Carylle.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. In reply to an anonymous correspondent who sends us a clipping from a French paper, of which the title is not given, we must state that correspondents must give their name and address, and also send the copy of the newspaper to which their questions may happen to refer. We cannot express opinions upon unidentified clippings.

Learn Railway Operating and Transportation Business at Shaw's Telegraph and Railroad School, Toronto. Station work complete. Start by Correspondence and finish at School if you wish. Good positions available when you know your work. Endorsed by all leading Railway officials. Particulars free. T. J. Johnston, Principal, W. H. Shaw, President.

DIED. KEARY.—At Bessemer, Mich., on Sunday, Aug. 8, Catherine McConnally Keary, aged eighty-four years. Funeral Tuesday morning to St. Peter's Cathedral, this city. Requiem High Mass at 9 o'clock. Interment at St. Peter's cemetery. May her soul rest in peace!

BUILT FOR YEARS. This is not an organ simply built to sell. A. Karn Church Organ. built-to-day will give equal satisfaction years hence. Is not that the kind you want for your church? Let us estimate for you.

This Man Tells FREE How He Was Cured of Catarrh. This Chicago Business Man had been a CHRONIC CATARRH SUFFERER FOR YEARS. He endured every torture and humiliation that the worst catarrh-ridden man or woman sufferer could experience.

HYSLOR BROTHERS, Limited. RIDER AGENTS WANTED. THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS FOR SALE his farm at Antigonish Harbour, 6 miles from Antigonish, C. N. 100 acres, 24 of which are in good state of cultivation; pasture well watered; hard and soft wood timber on rear; large buildings in good repair; public and picturesque situation in summer resort; telephone; daily mail; one-quarter mile from school; in cathedral parish but equally convenient to churches of three other denominations; 1 mile from Bay where fish is collected, and where Salmon, Lobsters and Mackerel are taken; game plentiful; especially wild geese; an ideal country location. Further particulars with photos sent on application to A. Macgillivray, Box 14, Antigonish, N. S. 1912-11.

FINNEY & SHANNON'S COAL. The Coal of Quality. Domestic Soft—Cannel, Pochabonts, Lump. Steam Coal—Lump, Run of Mine, Slack. Best Grades of Hard Wood.

A REMARKABLE OFFER. This Man Will Now Tell FREE How He Cured His Catarrh. Write To Him. This man says: "I tried everything I could learn of, I tried lotions, creams, jellies, douches, sprays, chemicals in atomizers, chemicals that I smoked that I burned and inhaled. I tried electrolytic treatments. I tried electricity. I tried all kinds of apparatus. Nothing helped me. Then one day I found something NEW. It was so SIMPLE, INEXPENSIVE and PLEASANT that I could hardly believe it would cure me. But I tried it and now I AM CURED. I gave the secret to my friends. They were cured. I told hundreds, thousands of others, and every day I get letters saying they are cured and thanking me to the skies for telling them how to cure themselves. I will be glad to tell any sufferer FREE all about this remarkable method of treating this horrible disease. HOW I CURED MYSELF and how thousands of others have cured themselves. All they have to do is write to me. Don't send me any money, just send me their name and address and I'll send this information FREE."

St. Joseph's Academy. Lindsay, Ont. Under the patronage of the Right Rev. M. J. O'Brien, D.D., Bishop of Peterborough. Conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph. A Home School for Young Ladies and Little Girls distinguished for its refining influences and educational facilities. Healthful location, and beautiful grounds. Courses—Collegiate—Academic Commercial, Preparatory. Pupils prepared for all the Departmental Examinations. Exceptional advantages in Music and Art. Music Department affiliated with Toronto College of Music. For Prospectus, apply to the MOTHER SUPERIOR.

BELLS, PEALS, CHIMES. Send for catalogue. Our bells made only of best selected metal, uniform and durable. Guaranteed. All Family Bells, Peals, Chimes, and Bells for Churches, Schools, and Public Buildings. (Established 1837) 602 E. Second St., CINCINNATI, O.

HOTEL CUMBERLAND. New York. Broadway at 54th St. H. P. STIMSON. Formerly with Hotel Imperial. MEMORIAL WINDOWS. STAINED GLASS. J. J. M. Landy. EVERYTHING IN Catholic Church Supplies. First Communion Veils and Prayer Books. MISSION SUPPLIES. A SPECIALTY. AT 405 YONGE ST. Long Distance Phones Main 6556 and 5499. College 482. Toronto, Ont. O. M. B. A. Branch No. 4, London. Meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month at eight o'clock at their Rooms, St. Peter's Parish Hall, Richmond Street. Frank Smith, President.

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA. ORIGINAL 1854 CHARTER. BRANCHES AND CONNECTIONS THROUGHOUT CANADA. JAMES MASON, General Manager. There are many hundreds of substantial savings accounts with the Home Bank that were started years ago with a deposit of one dollar. Your dollar is always welcome. Full Compound Interest Paid. LONDON OFFICE 394 RICHMOND ST. W. J. HILL Manager. BRANCHES IN MIDDLESEX COUNTY. London, Melbourne, Kamoka, Thordale, Delaware, Ilderton, Lawrence Station.

"SAFETY FIRST". "Safety First" Consists in Avoiding Risks. There is the Risk of your death and the resulting stoppage of your income. You can provide against that by the ordinary forms of life insurance. But there is the risk of your income being cut off or reduced through old age. And there is also the further risk that insurance moneys paid at your death to inexperienced dependants will be lost. The ordinary insurance policy will not protect you against these.

The Capital Life Assurance of Canada. Head Office - Ottawa.

Record Juvenile Library. By the Best Authors—Each Volume with Illustrated Jacket. Copyright Books. Neat Cloth Bindings. Free by mail, 35 cents per volume. LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO THE REV. CLERGY AND RELIGIOUS. The Best Series of Catholic Story-Books Published. The Ups and Downs of Marjorie. Mary T. Waggaman. In Quest of Adventure. Mary E. Oldham. Little Lady of the Hall. Nora Rye-man. Miralida. Mary Johnston. The Mad Knight. From the German of O. V. Schachinger. The Children of Cupa. Mary E. Mannix. The Violin Maker. Adapted by Sara Trainer Smith. The Great Captain. Katharine Tynan Hinkson. The Young Color Guard. Mary G. Bonesteel. The Haldeman Children. Mary E. Mannix. Two Little Girls. Lillian Mack. Mary Tracy's Fortune. Anna T. Sadlier. The Beckleys. Emma Howard Wright. Bob O'Link. Mary T. Waggaman. Bunt and Bill. Clara Mulholland. The Little Apostle on Crutches. Henriette E. Delamare. Little Missy. Mary T. Waggaman. Seven Little Marshalls. Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. As True as Gold. Mary E. Mannix. The Golden Lily. Katharine Tynan Hinkson. For the White Rose. Katharine Tynan Hinkson. The Dollar Hunt. From the French by E. G. Martin. Recruit Tommy Collins. Mary G. Bonesteel. A Summer at Woodville. Anna T. Sadlier. The Mysterious Doorway. Anna T. Sadlier. The Captain of the Club. Valentine Williams. The Countess of Glosswood. Translated. Drops of Honey. Rev. A. M. Gruss. Father de Lisle. Cecilia M. Caddell. The Feast of Flowers and Other Stories. Selected. The Lamp of the Sanctuary and Other Stories. Cardinal Wiseman. The Little Lace-Maker and Other Stories. Miss Taylor. Lost Genevieve. Cecilia M. Caddell. The Little Follower of Jesus. Rev. A. M. Gruss. The Miner's Daughter. Cecilia M. Caddell. Nanette's Marriage. Aimee Mazergue. Never Forgotten. Cecilia M. Caddell. One Hundred Tales for Children. Canon Christoph von Schmid. Oramika, an Indian Story. Translated. Nan Nobody. Mary T. Waggaman. Old Charlton's Seed-Bed. Sara Trainer Smith. Three Girls, and Especially One. Marion A. Taggart. Tom's Luck-Pot. Mary T. Waggaman. An Every-Day Girl. Mary C. Crowley. By Branscombe River. Marion A. Taggart. The Madcap Set at St. Anne's. Marion J. Brunow. The Blissylvania Post Office. Marion A. Taggart. An Heir of Dreams. S. M. O'Malley. The Peril of Dionysio. Mary E. Mannix. Daddy Dan. Mary T. Waggaman. Jack, Religious of the Society of the Holy Child. Tooraluddy. Julia C. Walsh. The Little Girl From Back East. Isabel J. Roberts. The Bell Foundry. Otto von Schachinger. The Queen's Page. Katharine Tynan Hinkson. The Sea-Gulls' Rock. J. Sandeau. Jack-O'-Lantern. Mary T. Waggaman. Pauline Archer. Anna T. Sadlier. Bistouri. A. McLandri. A Hostage of War. Mary G. Bonesteel. Fred's Little Daughter. Sara Trainer Smith. Dimpling's Success. Clara Mulholland. An Adventure With the Apaches. Gabriel Ferry. Pancho and Panchita. Mary E. Mannix. Cupa Revisited. Mary E. Mannix. A Pilgrim From Ireland. Rev. M. E. Mannix. Carnot. Translated by M. E. Mannix. Our Dumb Pets—Tales of Birds and Animals. Selected. The Orphan of Moscow. Mrs. James Sadler. The Prairie Pot. Rev. John Talbot Smith. The Pearl in Dark Waters. Cecilia M. Caddell. The Queen's Confession. Raouf de Navery. Rosario. Translated by Sister of Mercy. The Rose of Venice. S. Christopher. Seven of Us. Marion J. Brunow. Sophie's Troubles. Countess de Segur. Stories for Catholic Children. Rev. A. M. Gruss. Tales of Adventure. Selected. The Two Cottages. Lady Georgiana Fullerton. The Two Stowaways. Mary G. Bonesteel. Uriel. Sister M. Raphael. Virgus and Defects of a Young Girl at Home and at School. Ella M. McMahon.

The Catholic Record, London, Ont.