

The Catholic Record.

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

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THE OLD SOLDIER

Grant's "Romance of War," with many popular military memoirs and biographies, treats the common soldier as a negligible item in combined strategic operations. Only in the mass did his simple qualities count in the result. Even Kipling's "Soldiers Three" only reveals a temperamental difference, chiefly due to national bias. As for the spokesmen of the barracks and the cantonments, they are mostly concerned about the small inconveniences and pleasurable excitements of foreign service. In the canteens in loose array; doing penance in the cells "for a thundering drink and blacking the corporal's eye"; routing, marching under a sweltering eastern sun; or toasting the "Widow at Windsor" who "paid the poor beggars in red" at the rate of a shilling a day—always Tommy Atkins is a cheaply-hired fellow, no plaster saint, but just one of the poor, dull average whose necessities have driven him into the Army. Extremes marked the regimental tradition—tracts in peace-time, qualifying guard room discipline, and profuse laudation when "the drums begin to roll." As for the young recruit who went out to the East—

"E acts like a babe an 'e drinks like a beast."

Allowing for exaggeration, this general estimate of the British warrior showed him to be in the main a creature made by the drill sergeant, a cog in the military machine, as the Germans still are, but lacking their scientific training. That, being what they were, they should have achieved so much, has established their reputation for pluck and resource, making them the wonder of the world for staying power and unconquerable courage on a hundred well-fought fields.

How differently manned and officered these armies of ours are now! Today the brightest minds and the freshest young blood of the three kingdoms, with the best Colonial brain and brawn, are face to face with the conscripts of the Central Empires and their half-civilized allies. Now and again indeed a Teuton may exhibit much the same essential traits as his British foe; but though chivalry is not the monopoly of any nation, it has been so starved under the repressive discipline of the Prussian system that it only appears in isolated cases.

A Russian author has published a collection of soldiers' letters, from which we quote the following:

"Never have I felt so vividly the British soul as in the soldiers' scrawls. Even in the books of Ruskin, Tennyson and Browning it was not presented so clearly. It is only necessary to read these letters en masse without selection, without criticism, humbly permeating yourself with their spirit, and then, just as upon a screen before you, will arise the collective image of Tommy Atkins. You will understand that before you is not an army, but a nation; not a caste, but an entire people; the quintessence of the popular element. In these letters is incarnated not the military, but the popular ideal. 'We do not require Homers or Tassos; we will be our own Homers!' have said these millions of people, and with a million pens upon a million scraps of paper they are writing their *Iliad*."

In what better words could a eulogy of the British fighting man be set forth? Goethe's line comes to mind—"We murder to dissect." Life is complex. Our life has grown by selection from various stocks under liberal conditions. Our nature lays firm hold of concrete realities. It is not subjective like the Russian, or quickly responsive to ideas like the French, or passionate and flexible like the Latin races of the South. Though lacking in freely imaginative flights, Tommy Atkins is planted firmly on the solid ground of observed fact. No war correspondent is needed; in his letters the man in the trenches supplies a veracious chronicle of events. An atmosphere of genuineness surrounds his brief jottings about advances and retreats; while the Comic Muse tinges his outlook upon the doings and sayings of the foe. Wounds and death do not

quench his ardour or turn the edge of his caustic humor. The spirit of Hood and Dickens survives in those men who have responded to their country's call and whose hearts and souls are possessed—not by a mechanical tradition tyrannically fostered from the cradle onward—but by a self-conscious surrender to an ideal of universal freedom, the harbingers of which have bound together and gladdened the members of the living body which flourishes under every sky. The censors through whose hands these human documents pass must have a very definite view of Tommy Atkins in his whole being and outlook. So have the chaplains, the ambulance bearers, and the nurses who attend upon him in his hours of pain and weakness. His "grousing" is half grim humor. His ironic sense never deserts him.

With such fighters war takes on new aspects and will breed new effects. When our soldiers come back from the foul and lurid scenes of their trials and triumphs they will not verify Kipling's or any other account of their essential qualities and aims. A developed consciousness of the nation's true need, with an enlarged power of visualizing the greater destiny of mankind, will lift them above the narrow fears and hopes of people still in thrall to militarist ambitions. They at least will weigh more justly the deal which only assured peace can bring to fruition in the long desired period when the ploughshare shall be honored more than the sword and Humanity speaks its final word of sublime good will. To that end our brave troops will have contributed; and, though they do not always conform to ecclesiastical expectations, they are not without an inborn reverence, often rising in crises to heights of moral heroism that tell of some supernal influence.

THE WATCHWORD—ECONOMY

Now, at all events, we are practically compelled to live by the day. In all the minutiae of household affairs we are getting to resemble a besieged race. "Taking thought for the morrow" in the old precautionary sense is checked by the terrible necessity of husbanding our resources for immediate requirements. "What shall we eat, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" can no longer be deemed an idle or irrelevant query, save where thoughtless extravagance stands out boldly among the classes whose enrichment by the general misfortune is palpable and gross. Economy is easily preached but painfully practised, we know, yet, in such an emergency, how can people with feeling hearts refuse to do their part in helping all vital provision for the common want to go round?

ONE DAY AT A TIME

Turning from these matters that lie upon the surface to those deeper and less obvious things of the spirit which ultimately fix our real status, can we not see that "one day at a time" is an important rule for such beings as we are? As children we need not walk among mists and rainbows, cherishing bright dreams and giving a ready go-by to realities. It is when we become wayfarers on our own account that we need to pause frequently, observing the turns of the road, noting the sign-posts and milestones which have been set up by pioneers or pilgrims who have gone before. Thus everything is reckoned—not in money or trouble expended merely, but in terms of real estate. Our personality is our supreme asset. The cost of this, that, or the other is the amount of life-force which has to be spent in its acquirement, either immediately or in the long run. Quality is the prime consideration, cheapness quite secondary. All honest work can be made to train out the faculties healthy; but if legitimate profit is to chime with the inward thirst for satisfying joy it must be balanced by well-planned leisure. It is the special aim of the artist; but in truth life on whatever plane may be raised to a higher power and beautified by the consecration of means to good ends. So man looks on hopefully to a fresh trial and new opportunity, praying that a firmer fidelity may equip him for better service.

"Fortuna, good or ill as I take it," wrote Thackeray, "does not change men and women. It but develops their characters."

PRIESTS OF WINDSOR

ISSUE STATEMENT BEARING ON FORD APPOINTMENT

The annual conference of the deanery of Windsor was held in the vestry of St. Alphonsus Church, Windsor, Ont., Thursday, Oct. 25, 1917. The conference opened at 10 a. m., the Very Rev. Dean Downey presiding.

A history of the parish of Sandwich was first read by Rev. Father Cote, C. S. B., pastor of Sandwich. This paper proved both interesting and at the same time instructive.

Upon the conclusion of the reading of this paper Very Rev. Dean Downey arose and asked permission to make a few remarks regarding certain matters of great importance to the priests of this deanery and the welfare of the Catholic Church in general, namely, the recent scandals at Ford City.

At this juncture the Right Rev. Bishop arose to retire, as he stated he had done at the London and Stratford Conferences, whilst this matter was being dealt with by the clergy.

Father Forster requested the Bishop not to leave the assembly, saying that upright priests have no secrets from their Bishop, and in a matter where fundamental Catholic principles are involved there can be no difference of opinion between priests and Bishop. Having put his suggestion in the form of a motion it was seconded by Father McCabe of Maidstone, who remarked that it was not fitting that the Bishop should be present, as his honor and character had been publicly attacked. He should know where priests, at least, stand on this matter. The motion was put to a vote and carried.

The Bishop acquiesced in the desire of the clergy and remained throughout the discussion. The Very Rev. Dean Downey, continuing his remarks, stated that he would read what he had to say to prevent misrepresentation, whether intentional or otherwise. He gave his reason for so doing, that his remarks to the congregation of St. Alphonsus regarding the Ford scandal had been unscrupulously distorted and falsified.

He read as follows:

"Section 449 of Canon Law is as follows: 'At least once a year the vicar fororal or dean should render an account of his deanery to the Ordinary or Bishop, setting forth not only those things which have been well done during the year, but also the evils that may have crept in, the scandals that may have arisen, the remedies used to repair them, and what he thinks should be done to eradicate them entirely.'

"As you are well aware, gentlemen, within the limits of the Deanery of Windsor has arisen a scandal which would be regrettable, deplorable, even if confined to those immediately affected by it, but which has been immeasurably aggravated by the dissemination through the press of exaggerated reports of scandalous proceedings.

"I need not speak of the pain, the sorrow and the humiliation which this reckless press campaign has brought to every loyal and self-respecting Catholic in Canada, nor the joy with which it has been acclaimed by the enemies of Holy Church, by the enemies of all religion.

"In the discharge of these duties, which are indicated by the Canon law just quoted, I should like to feel that I am not merely giving my own personal opinion, but rather that I am reflecting the opinion of the priests in this part of the diocese. Hence not only my suggestions be welcome, but I urge you to give me your opinions.

"During the rather limited time we can give to the subject today I will ask you to consider the advisability of placing ourselves on record in regard to the scandalous conditions which still more or less obtain within that part of the diocese included in this deanery.

"Any action you may take must be the result of your own free deliberation and decision.

"I think, personally, the fact that the priests of the other two deaneries (Stratford and London) have already taken action, makes it doubly incumbent on the deanery of Windsor to deal with the matter.

"The question is now open for discussion."

Father McCabe arose and said that it was a well known fact that he had always had the greatest regard for the late Father Beaudoin. He regretted for the sake of the latter's memory that such a scandal should have occurred at Ford City whilst his funeral was taking place in Quebec. If this scandal and all the scandals which followed could be done away with in any way, Father McCabe would be the first to lend his cooperation.

Father James, of Chatham, said that he would preface what he had to say on the subject by reading a carefully prepared Statement which in his

opinion covered the whole ground.

THE STATEMENT

We the undersigned priests of the deanery of Windsor, comprising the counties of Essex and Kent, in the diocese of London, assembled for the annual conference, take advantage of the occasion of this meeting to place ourselves on record with regard to the notorious scandals which have brought to this district discredit and reproach.

For the sake of those less closely in touch with the situation than we are it may be useful to state plainly the facts of the case.

THE FACTS OF THE CASE

To the parish of Notre Dame du Lac, Ford, rendered vacant by the death of the late Rev. L. A. Beaudoin, the Right Rev. Bishop of the Diocese of London, Monsignor Fallon, appointed the Rev. Francois Xavier Laurendeau, Father Laurendeau a native of the diocese of French-Canadian parents, educated in St. Therese a French college in Quebec, capable of exercising the ministry in both French and English, of blameless private life, with fourteen years of earnest and fruitful service as a priest in various charges in this diocese; in short, Father Laurendeau is a priest eminently qualified to fill the position to which he has been assigned by him on whom devolved the right, the duty and the responsibility of naming the parish priest of Notre Dame du Lac—the Right Reverend the Bishop of London.

It is particularly worthy of note that in the whole campaign of reckless assertion carried on by an unscrupulous faction not one of these qualifications was denied or called into question. No single disqualification for the position was alleged, no objection, canonical or otherwise, was urged or suggested, other than the fact that Father Laurendeau had held himself aloof from any factious opposition to Bishop Fallon in his administration of the affairs of the diocese.

On the occasion of the Requiem Mass in the parish Church of Notre Dame du Lac, while the funeral of the late pastor was taking place in Montreal, a score or more of priests, including the Rev. Father Laurendeau and the Right Rev. Vicar-General O'Connor, (who sang the Mass), were present to pay their last tribute of respect to their deceased brother priest, Rev. Father Beaudoin. With unparalleled effort, outpouring the decencies and amenities of civilized life, a crowd of men, women and children took possession of the presbytery and thrust the belongings of the visiting priests out of doors where they were obliged to divest themselves of their choir dress and don their street clothing.

NO WORD OR ACT PRECEDED THIS COARSE DEFIANCE

This gross discourtesy, the first overt act of coarse defiance of ecclesiastical authority, was preceded by no representation, spoken or written, of their desires on the part of the malcontents or their dupes. From that moment it became imperative for ecclesiastical authority to assert the basic principle of Catholic Church government. No alternative could be considered. The agitators could not be allowed to subvert Catholic principles and establish an anarchistic administration of ecclesiastical affairs in portions of Essex and Kent.

SHAMELESS AGITATION

Since that time an agitation has been carried on which, according to the uncontradicted reports in the newspapers, has been restrained by no considerations of truth or decency, much less by any Catholic consideration whatsoever.

CATHOLIC PRINCIPLES

Incorporated into the Catechism, which we learned as children, and which we regard as one of our most sacred obligations to teach, are these words of the inspired writer: "Let every soul be subject to higher powers; for there is no power but from God; and those that are, are ordained of God. Therefore he that resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God, and they that resist purchase for themselves damnation." (Rom. xiii. 1.) This doctrine of the divine origin of authority dignifies and ennobles Christian obedience, removing it far from the spirit of servility on the one hand and from that of anarchy on the other. Yet the Church fully recognizes that authority may be abused, or that with the best of intentions it may be mistakenly exercised. Guided by the Holy Spirit of God, rich in the wisdom garnered from nineteen centuries of experience, Holy Mother Church provides in the amplest measure for the assertion of every right, for the redress of every grievance. If our misguided friends instead of giving way to passion, disorder and rebellion, had asserted their supposed rights or claimed redress for their fancied grievances, decently and in order, their action, whatever the outcome, would not have caused a ripple of excitement or a breath of scandal amongst Catholics.

REPROBATION OF TURBULENCE AND SLANDER

In the actual circumstances, however, we feel called upon to deplore

and condemn the spirit of insubordination and lawlessness which found expression in the disorderly, disgraceful and scandalous conduct of a section of the parishioners on the occasion of the Requiem Mass for the late Rev. Father Beaudoin, and again at the installation of the Rev. Father Laurendeau, the duly appointed parish priest of Notre Dame du Lac.

We desire, further, to express emphatically our unreserved reprobation of the ensuing campaign of turbulence, slander and sedition.

EPISCOPAL AUTHORITY

No Catholic—unless dead to every Catholic instinct—fails to recognize his duty towards those whom the Holy Ghost has placed as bishops to rule the Church of God. (Acts xx. 28.) We priests, on the day of ordination, solemnly promised to the bishop and his successors obedience and reverence. That duty we owe to the episcopal office regardless of the personality of the incumbent. But we desire to express our admiration for the strong and forceful personality of our own beloved Bishop Fallon, to give expression, also, to our appreciation of the zeal and great ability as well as the conscientious care with which he fulfills the onerous duties of his high office to thank him for the great work already accomplished, and to pledge him our love, our sympathy, our cooperation and our unwavering loyalty. We pray that God may bless him and his undertakings that the Holy Spirit of God may guide and direct him.

"Stet at pasciti fortitudinis tua, Domine, in sublimitate nominis tui."

After a lengthy and spirited discussion, a summary of which is given below, the foregoing statement was adopted, signed in duplicate, to be sent to His Lordship Bishop Fallon and to His Excellency The Apostolic Delegate to Canada. It was decided, also, that a copy be given to the press.

Following are the signatures of the priests:

D. J. Downey, Dean of Windsor, Pastor of St. Alphonsus, Windsor, Ont.

Father James, O. F. M., of Chatham, Ontario, Pastor of St. Joseph's.

Rev. A. J. Cote, Pastor of Sandwich.

V. J. Donnelly, C. S. B., of Amherstburg.

M. J. Ryan, C. S. B., Pastor of Amherstburg.

H. S. Bellisle, C. S. B., Assumption College, Sandwich, Ont.

T. V. Moyian, C. S. B., Assumption College, Sandwich.

Chas. E. Coughlin, C. S. B., Assumption College, Sandwich, Ont.

J. P. Gleeson, Wallaceburg, Ontario.

J. B. Walsh, C. S. B., Assumption College, Sandwich.

E. T. Burns, C. S. B., Assumption College, Sandwich.

W. C. Sharpe, C. S. B., Assumption College, Sandwich.

J. P. Brennan, Pastor of La Salette.

D. Forster, Pastor of Ridgeway.

L. M. Forristal, St. Alphonsus Church, Windsor.

J. R. Quigley, St. Francis, Tilbury.

F. J. Cowski, Parish Priest, Port Lambton, Ont.

Father Prosper, O. F. M., Chatham.

John Capistrano, O. F. M., Chatham.

J. J. Young, Windsor, Ont.

M. J. Brady, Parish Priest, Wallaceburg, Ont.

Jas. B. Neville, Pastor, Walkerville, Ont.

J. D. Pinsonneault, McGregor, Ont.

Charles Collins, Assumption College, Sandwich, Ont.

John Andrewjeski, Windsor, Ont.

R. H. Dignam, Assistant, Windsor.

Joseph Emery, Assistant, Ford, Ont.

D. L. Brisson, St. Mary's, Windsor.

C. A. Parent, Tilbury, Ont.

Theo. Martin, St. Peter's, Ont.

H. N. Robert, Immaculate Conception, Windsor, Ont.

A. E. Goodwin, Pastor, Raleigh, Ont.

J. J. Parcell, C. S. B., Assumption College, Sandwich, Ont.

P. McCabe, Pastor, Maidstone, Ont.

J. A. Rooney, Pastor Our Lady of Prompt Succour, Windsor, Ont.

J. T. Finnigan, C. S. B., Assumption College, Sandwich, Ont.

J. A. Loiselle, St. Joseph, Windsor.

G. P. Pitre, Pastor, Stony Point.

Thos. J. Ford, Woodlee, Ont.

Father Haydon, Sandwich College, Sandwich, Ont.

S. A. Rocheleau, Hotel Dieu, Windsor, Ont.

Father Placid, O. F. M., Chatham.

THE DISCUSSION

Having read the statement Father James asserted that the document contained a plain statement of facts, and if the people were put in possession of the truth as to the facts it would go far to repair the scandal caused by recklessly untruthful accounts. He deplored the fact that certain persons were tearing down by yards, in things spiritual, what the zealous priests and faithful laity had built up inch by inch. He therefore moved that the statement as read be adopted and signed by the priests in the interests of truth, justice and religion.

Father James' motion was seconded by Father McCabe.

Dean Downey commenting upon the written statement which Father James had read, characterized it as a plain statement of facts, a statement of Catholic principles and the application of these principles to the facts. He could see, therefore, no

room for controversy in the matter. We all know the facts, the principles are incontrovertible, and their application is self-evident.

Father Loiselle asked for a second reading of the Statement and also for time for reflection before signing. He stated, moreover, that he regarded himself as a friend of Father Laurendeau and had been his neighbor in the northern portion of this diocese. At the lamentable occurrence at Ford City he had tried his best to dissuade the people from their unjustifiable opposition to Father Laurendeau.

The Bishop then said that Father Loiselle's point was well taken and that a document of such importance should be dealt with clause by clause. Continuing His Lordship deplored the indignity, the unheard of indignity, put upon the priests on the day of Father Beaudoin's funeral Mass. If priests countenance this treatment of their pastor they will find that sooner or later their own people will rise up against them. These scandals are making your people lose their faith.

Father Donnelly, of Amherstburg, said he wished to know whether Father Laurendeau spoke French and was capable of preaching in French.

Father Laurendeau answered that he both spoke and preached French.

The Bishop asked whether Father Laurendeau refused to hear French confessions as had been stated.

Father Laurendeau answered that he had never refused to do so.

Father Loiselle stated that he had opposed the meeting held in his parish and that he was out of sympathy with these meetings.

Father Langlois, of Tecumseh, said he had worked for thirty years in this diocese. He thought that an attempt was being made to force him to sign this document. "You cannot force me to sign," he said. He stated he did not know the agitators were going to hold a meeting at Tecumseh.

The Bishop remarked that Father Langlois had not raised his voice to protest against the meeting.

"In view of this fact," asked His Lordship, "am I to be blamed if the suspicion entered my mind that this agitation met with your favor? In fact the London Free Press stated that the insurgents at Ford proposed to go to St. Anne's Church, Tecumseh, because the pastor there was in sympathy with them."

Father Langlois then replied that whether newspaper reports were in his favor or against him, he had paid no attention to them. He declared moreover that he had no objection to the appointment of Father Laurendeau to Ford, having been his friend from boyhood.

The statement having been thoroughly considered a second time, was signed by forty out of the forty-four priests of the Deanery.

Those who declined to sign were: Rev. P. Langlois, Tecumseh; Rev. A. D. Emery, Painscourt; Rev. L. Landreville, Big Point; Rev. P. L'Heureux, Belle River.

Of the twenty-three French Canadian priests in the diocese of London only the four above mentioned could not see their way clear to join their brother priests in their official denunciation of scandals so deeply deplored.

Father D. Forster rose and proposed, seconded by Father M. J. Brady, that the Conference express its supreme regret that any priest, having at heart the honour of the priesthood, should decline to subscribe to the Statement read by the Rev. Father James. He said that in the face of the present deplorable scandals every priest must be for the Church or against her.

His Lordship the Bishop joined Rev. Father Cote in requesting the mover and seconder of this motion not to press it. The Bishop advised that the matter be left to the conscience of the priests in question. So far as he was concerned himself he proposed to visit the various parishes in which these objectionable meetings were held. He would permit no one to exclude him even from the most remote corner of his diocese. He was far from believing that any portion of his French Canadian flock would refuse to listen to reason, after hearing an unprejudiced statement of facts. He had preached in French in every French Canadian parish in his diocese, he had catechized the children in French, he had ordained or had ready for ordination more French Canadian priests than any of his predecessors in the See of London, and he had replaced every French Canadian parish in the diocese of London in charge of a priest of that nationality. He had full confidence, therefore, that malicious slanders would fall to the ground and that truth would ultimately prevail.

The Conference then took a noonday recess and in the afternoon reconvened to discuss the various theological questions proposed by the examiners.

Do not judge the conduct of others; be indulgent. Do not think it enough to be good; you must also be amiable in that kind and sympathetic manner which we learn from the motto of meek and lowly Jesus.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Four States in the United States having a Catholic population of over one million are: New York 2,962,276; Pennsylvania, 1,865,000; Illinois, 1,406,918 and Massachusetts, 1,263,175.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 18.—A register of all former students of Georgetown University now in the U. S. military service, is being prepared. Already about fifty of last year's pupils are now with General Pershing in France.

As a member of the Church in his diocese could not conveniently be reached by the Knights of Columbus collectors, the Right Rev. D. J. Scollard, Bishop of Sault Ste. Marie, ordered a diocesan collection for the Catholic Army Huts, the proceeds of which \$2,100, have been forwarded to one of the chaplains in charge.

Very notable progress has been made by the Marist Brothers in Japan. Their primary school and lyceum at Toyo count 850 pupils; Osaka has 760 pupils, of whom 625 are following the catechetical instructions. There are 7 Japanese lay teachers engaged at this institution, all of them converts and deeply interested in the work for souls.

"We must oversubscribe the second Liberty Loan," says Cardinal Gibbons. Writing to the governor of Maryland His Eminence declares: "The campaign now instituted for raising Maryland's share of the new Liberty Loan is of deepest concern to us and will have my hearty cooperation. We must oversubscribe the amount that is expected from us."

On the 17th inst., in the mother-house of the Sisters of Charity, of Nevers, the process for the Beatification of Sister Marie Bernard Sourbions, the peasant girl to whom the Blessed Virgin appeared at Lourdes, was opened by the Bishop of Nevers, who nominated a tribunal to examine into the case.

A movement for the erection of a memorial church to Father Ryan the poet-priest of the South, has been started by the pastor of St. Mary's Church, Mobile, the Rev. T. J. Eaton, among the Hibernalians of the country. It is hoped that \$100,000 will be raised to carry the undertaking to a successful issue.

The Catholics of the Danish West Indies, which lately came under the Stars and Stripes are part of the English diocese of Roseau. This diocese is a suffragan of the archdiocese of the Port of Spain, Trinidad, which is also a British possession. The present head of the diocese is Right Rev. Philip Scheffhaut, C.S.S.R. There are about 7,000 Catholics on the islands.

The Diocese of Panama dates from February 11, 1534. It has 6 vicariates and 59 parishes and about 420,000 Catholics. The Christian Brothers have colleges in Colon and Panama. The Salesian Fathers have a boys' orphanage, and the Sisters of Charity a boarding school.

After making special studies of Oriental languages in many of the countries of the Far East, Rev. Thomas A. McCourt, S. J., has made his way back safely to the United States from Beirut, Turkey, where he was last stationed. On the outbreak of the War, the College of Beirut, which is under the supervision of French Jesuits and protected by the French Government, was immediately involved in difficulties. After fruitless efforts by the American Consul to save the college it was at last handed over to the Turkish officials.

Bishop de Saune, of Madagascar, feels very proud of the fact that the Malagasy Catholics who have gone to the War have edited all by their strict attention to their religious duties. Many of them speak French, and for those who do not the bishop has prepared a little leaflet containing a list of sins and method of confession in the native tongue and in French. The penitent places his finger on the line needed and the priest, reading across, finds its counterpart in French. This method has been found very satisfactory.

In addition to the centenary of the great Jesuit theologian, Suarez, another centenary of a great Spanish celebrity is to be celebrated this autumn—the fourth centenary of the death of Cardinal Ximenes, regent of the Kingdom in its most flourishing days, founder of the University of Alcalá de Henares (in which was one time incorporated an Irish College) and author of the famous polyglot edition of the Bible. Active preparations are already being made in Alcalá for the worthy commemoration of such a glorious son and benefactor.

Twenty-four students of St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoody, forming the class that was to be ordained in June, 1918, returned to the seminary on July 16, in order to prepare for their ordination. The young men had a three weeks' vacation during the time that the priests' retreat was held at the seminary. The ordinations took place in September in order to supply the places of the scores of priests who will be called from this city to act as chaplains in the Army and Navy.

A DAY'S FISHING

It was Easter Sunday and the clocks were striking six when two men met each other in the street.

"Hallo! Good morning to you! You are up early."

"Yes, I am going out fishing, as you see by my rod. My bait and tackle are hidden away in here," tapping his knapsack. "But you? What brings you out at this time of the morning?"

"I am going to Mass."

"What! To Mass? You?"

"Yes, I. The truth is that my wife made me follow the retreat that has just been preached in our church."

For peace sake I gave in, but the preacher—he is the right sort, if you like. You should have heard the way he stirred me all up. Death, judgment—hell for those who have not repented. I tell you, his sermons made one think a bit. Then I went to see him. Not to go to confession! Oh, dear no! I had no intention of doing that, you may be sure. I only just went in to talk to him."

"And what did he say?"

"He asked me about myself. He evidently knew—well, the sort of life I led."

"And he was nice about it?"

"So nice, that after we'd been talking for a bit, he said to me: 'You thought you'd be afraid of going to confession? I thought so. But do you realize that the thing is done? All you have to do now is to kneel down and tell Almighty God you are sorry for the things you have been telling me.'"

"And did you kneel down?"

"Certainly I did; and he said the words that wipe the sins away. Now you see me, a new man, beginning again with a clean sheet."

The fisherman had almost dropped his rod and basket in his amazement, as he stared, wide eyed at his friend.

"Well," he ejaculated, "I must say I admire you."

"It would be more to the purpose if you imitated me. You wouldn't regret it, I assure you. If you only knew how I feel! For twenty-six years I've been living like a heathen, like a dog. It was about time for me to become a Christian again."

He stretched out his hand as he moved to go on his way.

"Well, I must go, for Mass will be beginning in a moment. Good-bye for the present, and good sport!"

The fisherman stood watching him as he strode away down the street. He had known the man for years, but there was something buoyant in his walk this morning that he had never noticed before.

"What an extraordinary thing?" he murmured to himself. Then, trying to shake off the impression his friend had made upon him: "After all, it is only one more caught in the web of clericalism. For myself, I prefer liberty."

And slipping his rod on to his shoulder he started off quickly in the direction of the station.

A few minutes later the train was moving through suburban ways out towards the open country. It was a glorious morning. The sun was already shining and the greenery of spring-time showed on every side.

The fisherman sat with his eyes on the moving panorama, looking on the brightness of the April world without, yet with a shadow that he hardly understood overlounging his mind. The thought of his friend haunted him, and he could not help dwelling on what he had heard.

"He's done it. Well, I suppose our friendship will be at an end now. What a fool! Actually to go to confession! Of course, if he really believes, if he has the Faith—"

Vainly he tried to think of other things, to fix his mind upon his day's sport, but it was useless. He could not forget the meeting with his friend, and his parting words rang over and over again in his ears: "It would be more to the purpose if you imitated me. You wouldn't regret it. I assure you."

And then the remembrance of his friend's evident happiness forced itself upon him, till he had to press his hands to his eyes as though to shut out some painful sight.

"Imitate him indeed!" he muttered; "not likely! I can't see myself kneeling before a priest and confessing my sins. Not I, indeed! For women it's all right—or for men when they are dying."

Now he turned to the window, trying to fix his mind on the growing beauty of the landscape.

"Yet one can't deny that there is a God. The country out there never made itself; and if there is a God there must be a religion, and if the religion is His—well, I suppose one ought to practice it."

Then impatiently he changed his train of thought.

"Why, if I go on like this I'll soon be a devotee myself. I'm no better than a magnetic needle, always pointing in the same direction. But no; the needle of a compass has not got liberty as I have. I am free, and I will never give up my freedom."

The train was going at full speed now, dashing along between two high banks on which the flowers only showed as a blur of color, and the carriages creaked and rocked as they sped along.

"Fancy, if there was an accident! Supposing I were killed; what would I see on the other side? He shuddered even as he questioned himself. "What, I wonder. Nothing? No, no, that's impossible! There must be something. For me it would probably be—hell!"

Quickly he reckoned up the passing of time: "Twenty-two years of ungodliness!"

The banks seemed to be flying past the windows, when the grinding of brakes and a sudden slackening of speed caused the carriages to rock uneasily for a moment. What had happened? For an instant the fisherman's heart ceased beating; then, as the train slowed down still more and more and stopped beside a platform, he pulled himself together angrily.

"What a fool I am! What a fool one makes of oneself thinking about such things—old, worn-out superstitions! It's only a station—my station, so I have arrived safely at my journey's end after all."

The road from the station to the river ran towards a pretty little town. The country air was keen enough to sharpen the traveller's appetite, for he had eaten nothing since the previous night.

"I will have some breakfast at the inn," he thought to himself, looking down the road that led to the town. There were people on it, both before him and behind—peasants in their Sunday frocks, and their wives in gay apparel, with floating head-gear.

"Going to Mass," commented the fisherman to himself; and as the sound of the church bells floated softly to him, making itself heard above the songs of the birds in the hedgerows: "Church bells," he murmured; "Easter-day bells. Ah, well, let those who wish to go to church follow their inclinations, and I will follow mine. They hear their Mass in the church; I hear mine by the river!"

Then the remembrance of his friend came back to him, and his face grew grave.

"He is making his Easter duty now, away at home, and these people here they are doing it too. I had no idea so many people still kept up the old custom. After all, there would be nothing to find fault with in it if one had not to go to confession."

He walked on, forgetful of the country round him, his thoughts full of unquiet things.

"What can be the matter with me this morning?" he thought to himself. "I feel depressed, as though there was something on my mind. I wish I had never met that fellow! He and his Easter duties!"

As he drew near the town the people on the road became more numerous, and as he reached the crossroads he found himself surrounded by church-goers, and, with a feeling that was half remorse, half curiosity, he let himself be carried along with the stream.

"Supposing I went in," he thought—"just for a moment, to see what is going on."

The crowd pressed together at the doorway and then fell apart in the nave, and the stranger found himself alone, and uncertain what to do.

"Where ought I to go?" he wondered. "I don't know the ways of these places."

A confessional was standing conveniently near and he slipped into its shadow, and stood there looking at the scene before him. It aroused a memory of bygone days that for years had never come to him, of things he had long forgotten, yet which now, at sight of the old church, sprang into life again.

"Until I was fifteen I, too, used to go to Mass," he said to himself with a sigh. "It was only at my mother's death, when I had no one to go with, that I gave it up. If she can see me here today, she will be glad I know."

He pulled a chair towards him and laid down his rod and fishing-tackle, and then, standing upright again, he crossed his arms.

"After all, it is Easter Sunday. Now that I am here, I may as well stay. It is only giving up half an hour of my day, and I shall feel less of a heathen."

The priest, a man still in the prime of life, had just begun Mass, and all the people in the church were saying their prayers. "They believe," thought the onlooker. "They are lucky; they have the Faith."

His eyes were on the altar, but his thoughts were still bused with his neighbors. After all they have reason on their side. At least they are logical. They are thinking of their souls; they are preparing themselves for eternity—and I? When I have had my breakfast and done my day's fishing, shall I have any less reason for fearing death than I have now?"

There was a movement in the church. Chairs were pulled forward and turned, and the people sat down to listen to what the priest had to say.

He reminded his hearers that Jesus, risen again, can never die; that unbelievers and freemasons were as powerless to destroy the Church as Pilate and the Jews had been.

"The Church is certainly living still; and his priest, these people, all this around me proves it! For twenty centuries she has been living! A fine lease of life, that!"

The fisherman's attention strayed away from the preacher. "Then, why is it that the newspapers are always saying it is dead? Ah, they are liars! After all, the other is logical; only confession always stands in the way."

He noticed, even whilst Mass was going on, that people continued passing in and out of the confessional near which he stood. "It is like a mouse-trap," he thought to himself. "The clerical snare into which the unwary put their heads."

Then the bell recalled his attention to the altar, and as all about him fell on their knees for the Eleventh, he almost unconsciously, did likewise. It was years since he had knelt in adoration, in humility, and

he did not understand the feelings that crowded over him. A desire for something, he knew not what; a feeling of remorse, of regret; an entropy that he could not put into words.

"My God!" It was not an exclamation. For the first time in years it was a prayer he believed again, in spite of years of doubt and neglect of duty, and kneeling, although he could not pray, he felt his heart raised up to God in sorrow and in love.

Again the altar-bell sounded; this time it rang thrice, and men and women alike—yes, men, almost all who were in the church—went forward to the altar.

The fisherman watched them in speechless wonder. The day of his own First Communion came back to him. He had knelt by his mother's side, and even still he could recall his happiness. Then his friend's words of that very morning came back to him: "Why don't you imitate me? . . . I am happier than I can say. . . it is not really hard to go to confession . . . and then all is wiped: one is clean—free."

He remembered this, but he also remembered his own prejudices, strong and bitter, and there was conflict within him that he could not overcome. "Why not do what is right?" an inward voice kept asking. "Pluck up your courage and be a man!"

He bent forward and looked at the confessional. A woman was just coming out, and there was no one to follow her. After a moment of waiting, the priest opened his door and stepped out. As he did so, his eyes fell on the fisherman and he stayed the hand that was taking off his stole.

"Are you waiting for confession?" he asked.

The fisherman tried to say that he was not waiting, but his voice made no sound and before he had time to make another effort the priest had sat down again and drawn open the slide.

There was another agonizing moment of hesitation.

"I must go in," he muttered to himself. "He is waiting. I must tell him I am not going to confession."

He plunged into the semi-darkness. The curtain fell behind him and he could see a white image of the Crucified Savior . . . Again his tongue refused to obey him.

"Father, give me your blessing, for the grace of God has overcome the devil."

Five minutes later he was kneeling in the church again. The dreaded ordeal was over. He had been to confession. There was no word to express how he felt. Light, happy relief, a little of all, but oh! so very much more! Twenty-two years all wiped out and forgiven in five short minutes!

"Why on earth didn't I think of it sooner?" The thought flashed through his mind; and then he gave himself up to prayer, to thanks and adoration.

The priest at the altar-rail was still giving Holy Communion, but now the crowd who had pressed forward was thinning, and the last penitent joined their ranks.

Twenty-two years! Was it to be wondered at that, as he left his place, his eyes were dim. Twenty-two years, and now once again the Son of God had come into his heart!

An hour later, a man was fishing on the riverbank, half hidden in the reeds and bushes that edged the stream, the sky blue above his head, the water rippling at his feet. It was an ideal day, not perhaps for fishing, but for enjoying life. The birds were singing, and nature was rampant with the joys of spring.

But bright and beautiful as was the day, it was nothing compared to the peace and beauty in the fisherman's soul. As he watched the float on his cast bobbing idly on the water, his thoughts flew back again and again to scenes and acts of the last few hours.

"I have found a fisherman far cleverer than myself," he murmured. "He has induced me to swallow His divine bait. I shall certainly never forget this day's fishing, and for all eternity I shall thank God for it!"—Alicia Denase.

THE SOURCE OF CONSOLATION

A priest was recently approached by a Protestant woman, who asked for some religious keepsake for her son, leaving that day to join the colors. She could have given him any number of tokens, she said, but preferred something which would have a religious significance. The crucifix satisfied her, and it delighted the son. It proved to him a real reminder of God, and it was a consolation to the mother's heart to know that her son would thus be given thought of God. Yet in that reminder and consolation the mother and son were sinning greatly against Protestantism which they belonged to. The crucifix with the worship of idols, and condemns the Catholic Church for countenancing such a practice. To a Catholic the above is only another instance of the heart craving to satisfy its own yearning for God, disregarding for the time being the unnatural, artificial prohibitions of Protestantism, the dreary spirit of which is emphasized by many similar incidents during these troubled times.—Catholic Transcript.

JIM

By Mary Hayden Harkins

The Avenue that afternoon in the brilliant autumn sunshine was like a many-colored kaleidoscope, with its ever shifting currents of well-dressed humanity, its endless lines of splendid motor cars, its gorgeous shop windows with their display of the accumulated treasures of the world. But through the gay throng Kathie Ward threaded her way with unseeing eyes.

She was a lithe, graceful girl in the early twenties with eyes of Irish blue, a sunny tint in her brown hair and a peculiar sweetness in her pale, set face. As she passed the public gardens her gaze for a moment wandered to the flowers, brilliant patches of white, scarlet and yellow—then she turned her glance away, lost once more in her own sad thoughts.

"Yes," she murmured to herself, "I know I'm not good enough for Jim, but I want him just the same. I wonder if any one else ever loved me as I love him—and lost him?" The pain in her throat sank deeper and settled with agonizing keenness around her heart.

Suddenly, the girl quitted the fashionable district, and turning into a side street soon faced the kind of throng that makes a cosmopolitan city—before a brick dwelling she finally paused and, obeying the sign on the door, walked in. Her breath came at quick, uneven intervals as she ascended a steep flight of stairs. Involuntarily she heaved a sigh of relief when the chapel was reached and she sank on her knees at the altar-rail. Her bowed head rested upon her thin hands, and the tears stole down and ran across her long fingers. Her brief expressionless prayer was ended, she rose and went out quietly.

At the foot of the stairs she lingered a minute, watching the candles that burned brightly before St. Anthony's statue. Kathie went over to the turn and hesitatingly pressed the bell. Its peal echoed loudly through the silent doorway of prayer. She listened to her own heart-beats until she heard the flapping tread of sandals feet across bare floors and a voice greeting her.

"Sister, will you pray for a young man who was injured at his work?" asked the girl, timidly.

"We will." The wooden slide turned, and there on the concave reverse lay a printed slip. "Here is a little prayer to say for him."

"Thank you, Sister." The girl opened the bag that swung on her arm and dropped the slip into it. As she did so, her eye fell on one lonely dollar there. She hesitated—she needed it—then it lay upon the turn. Suddenly, she became conscious of the nun's voice inquiring:

"Has he been prepared for death? Is he seriously injured?"

"Yes, Sister, he is dying." The girl's eyes filled, and she made her way towards the door. She had said it herself: Jim was dying!

Out on the street the elevated roared past her, and its whirling, grinding sound seemed the echo of her own words—dying—dying! "Suppose Ma will be drunk again to-night," she thought bitterly as she hastened along.

Kathie Ward had never envied any one. This world had given her little but she had asked for less. The insolent display of wealth made by the fashionable women whom she served each day aroused no feeling of discontent or resentment. Madame's shop was a busy place, although distinctly exclusive. Even when it was not busy, Madame's tongue and temper made it interesting. Yet Kathie accepted all things in stoical silence and was always the consoler of the girl who was battling to please Madame.

But to-night, for the first time in her life, rebellious upheaval surged through her heart. "Drunk—mornning, noon and night," she muttered; "I'm sick of it!"

Kathie could just recall her father, a decent man, and her mother—a different mother—then—certain pleasant holidays—never forgotten memories! But that was all so long ago! Nearer, torturing memories were of herself—hungry, shivering, with head bent while she—when she sprang from some innate source she knew not whence—clinging to the unsteady hand that guided her along and turning her childish face away from the pitying glances cast upon her.

There were worse women in the world than her mother, Kathie knew, but the knowledge did not make her less better in her portion.

But Jim's coming had brightened all this sadness and colored the gray till it gleamed like gold. Kathie knew what people had said—that Jim was a fool to be looking at her, even if she had a pretty face, for he had a great head and would be a big man some day. The girl choked back the sobs. Now a light in her life was going out. Jim must die. A ray of hope flickered; perhaps he would live. Weren't the Poor Clares praying for him?

"No," Kathie murmured; "he will die, and other people no good to themselves or the world, will live!" Kathie drew a long, hard breath. "Jim is so good! Now, there is mother—if she died instead of Jim—"

The dreadful meaning of the words she had spoken frightened her nervously, she raised her hand to her brow and blessed herself hastily.

At last, the girl halted before a tenement house, ascended one flight of stairs and then another, paused before a door, unlocked it and entered. Kathie began at once the preparations for the evening meal.

Soon her mother came in. She was a large, hollow-eyed woman and much the worse for drink to-night. Heavily she sank into a chair in front of the table, and in silence Kathie placed her supper before her. The girl then went over and sat by the window, resting her head on her hands—thinking. In a few minutes the woman rose unsteadily from the table.

"Don't go out again to-night, mother," the girl coaxed, and her tone was very kind.

Grumbling the woman made her way toward an inner room. Kathie cleared the dishes from the table, and when her work was finished again took up her position at the window. The spring evening was warm and mild and the girl longed to be out of doors. Soon sounds of heavy breathing came from the inner room. The girl rose, quietly lighted the lamp and placed it in the bracket above the table.

At the door of the sleeper's room, Kathie paused and listened. "How long will she sleep? Past closing time for the shop at the corner!" the girl hoped fervently. Then she tiptoed softly out.

"I'll just go as far as the Immaculate and say the Rosary and come right back," she murmured. How often she and Jim had dropped in to pay the heads together! It eased the pain in her heart to think that she was going to do something to help him now. She wondered how he was to-night. But she must wait until morning would bring news of him!

As Kathie stepped into the lower hall, on her way back, she heard a dull thud and then the sound of hurrying feet. With an instinctive fear she rushed up the first flight.

The people on the second floor, aroused by the noise, had thrown open their door and a stream of light played on the narrow landing. It caused the dark heap at her feet Kathie recognized at once as her mother's form.

"I think she's hurt!" exclaimed the girl, fearfully, stooping over her.

"Devil a hurt on her miss," the man replied. He was a big, brawny giant who worked down on the wharf. His wife, a small, black-eyed woman, clasped her hands and ejaculated piously: "Thanks be to God it wasn't the lamp she was carrying! Sure, I heard her come in only a little while ago!"

Never saw any one hurt when they fall with the drink in," the man continued, ignoring his wife's exclamations.

Despite the man's reassuring words Kathie shuddered and feared. There was a queer look—pale and livid—that she had never before seen in her mother's face, and the eyes that rolled upwards and closed again were glazed and expressionless.

"Beat her face a bit, miss. Get some water, Maggie," the man commanded. "I'll give you a lift to get her upstairs."

Yet all attempts to force consciousness upon the woman were without effect.

"Help me, will you please, to get her upstairs. But I think she's hurt this time," said Kathie tremulously.

"Come here, Tim," the wife called, as she walked the floor of Kathie's kitchen a few minutes later. "The girl is right. There is something wrong with the woman. Indeed 'tis the ambulance you ought to be after looking for."

"You think so?" Kathie had come from the inner room, and faced the longshoreman and his little wife.

"I guess the wife is right," the man said unseeingly. "I'll get the ambulance, if you say."

"Oh, I suppose so, but I don't know what to do." The girl wrung her hands—and her heart seemed to have stopped beating.

Kathie hung over the narrow hospital bed, and felt that she must shriek with the despair which was flooding her soul. "Oh, if Ma would only speak!" she thought. "If she could only make her confession! If she dies, I've killed her—murdered her!" It was only a few hours before that Kathie had wished that Jim might live and had wondered why her mother did not die. Now, she shivered under the weight of her guilt and remorse.

"O God," she whispered, "spare my mother! Don't take her in her sins. Dear God, I didn't mean it! I don't want my mother to die. I take it back if I did. Hear me, dear God—let Jim die—I give him up."

Something of the silent torture the girl was enduring was written on her white face and revealed in her troubled eyes. The brusque, bunty doctor perceived this, and kindly held out a little hope that her mother might regain consciousness.

"Oh, if she could only speak—then I could get a priest," said Kathie, wistfully.

"The priest is down at the other end of the ward now. Why don't you speak to him?" the doctor suggested.

"Thank you, sir," the girl answered. Then she made her way down a narrow aisle between two long lines of white beds.

Before the kind eyes of the old priest Kathie did not shrink or falter. Sentimentally she told her story.

He listened to the end. "Where is she child?"

"Down this way," Kathie led him to her mother's bed. There the priest stood for some minutes, then he raised his hands and his lips moved in prayer. Turning to the girl, who with tears standing in her eyes was waiting for him to speak, he said gently:

"I'll watch her, child. I'm in here often—sometimes a couple of times a day." The soft cadence in his voice

had a soothing power.

"Thanks, Father," the girl replied gratefully.

Kathie cast one more glance at the still form on the bed. Then she turned and passed out into the night with its unheard shrieks, its stifled sighs and its eternal stars.

Her mother had regained consciousness: she would live—an invalid for the remainder of her days. To Kathie this was not unbearable; it simply meant that never again could she go back to the old life. But Jim was dead, and Kathie's stricken heart was bursting with dumb despair.

Then with a sudden fierce tenderness she realized that he was still here in death. Faith came to stay her and slowly the tumult of her heart abated.

Patently the girl lifted again her life burden and turned her face towards the dawn—awaiting the sunshine of the eternal day.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR NOVEMBER

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.

THE CONVERSION OF CHINA

The interests of the Church in China have, at various times during the past seventy years, been recommended to the prayers of our members throughout the world. The Sovereign Pontiffs, in their zeal for the spread of the true faith in that vast Empire, have often appealed to us in their General Intentions to pray for the conversion of hundreds of millions of Chinese sunk in superstition for centuries. It may be that God has listened to all the prayers that have been offered for the Intentions, for, since the treaty of Peking opened up China to the outside world in 1842, our missionaries have been gathering millions of souls into the Catholic fold. At the present time there are in China about 1,800,000 converts, all exemplary and devoted heart and soul to our holy Faith. One may be tempted to say, however, what a small return this is, less than 2,000,000, after so many sacrifices, even of blood—for China has had her martyrs—and how insignificant is Catholic influence in an Empire of 400,000,000 souls! And yet, notwithstanding the obstacles placed in her path by paganism and rival missionary effort, the Church is making her way slowly but surely in that country. Thanks to the encouragement given by the Holy See and to the generous help rendered by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, the Holy Childhood, and other agencies, the work of Chinese evangelization is well-organized and active. It is in the hands of fifty Vicars-Apostolic, controlling fourteen hundred European priests, mostly French, and eight hundred native priests. There are besides, many Sistershoods laboring in Chinese schools and hospitals and winning spiritual victories which are known to God alone. A pleasing feature of the work at the present time is the gradual increase in the number of the native clergy. According to recent statistics there are eighteen hundred young Chinese studying for the priesthood in the junior seminaries and nearly six hundred in the senior seminaries. Letters from China inform us that this element is becoming an important factor in missionary work, but it is not strong enough yet to assume larger responsibilities, and the Church in that country will undoubtedly have to depend mainly on European and American recruits for many years to come. Unhappily, the present War is drying up many missionary sources in Europe, especially in France, a land which from the beginning has been sending its heroic sons and daughters to work for the conversion of China. France in the future, leans of its own to face in the future, and the Far East will have to look to other countries for her apostles.

It would seem that God is making provision to meet the needs of the Church in China. The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, founded only six years ago, is on the eve of sending missionaries to China; its founder is now in that country preparing the way for the entry of his priests. One of the most promising signs of the times is the activity displayed during these months in Ireland in favor of the Chinese missions. In October, 1916, a memorial was presented to the Bishops gathered at Maynooth, in which it was stated that the time had come for Ireland to take a "large organized share in the conversion of China," and in which permission was asked to raise funds for the endowment of a college for the training of missionary priests for China. The project was approved by the Irish Bishops and commended to the generous support of the Catholics of Ireland, and has since received the blessing of the Sovereign Pontiff. A letter from the Prefect of Propaganda informed the Bishops and promoters of the project that His Holiness learned with the deepest pleasure that a college was to be established in Ireland for the training of Chinese missionaries.

Meanwhile the promoters of "the Irish mission to China" have not been idle. Although only one year has elapsed since the project was made public, the sum of \$100,000 has been collected in Ireland, and much more has been promised. But as the building and endowment of the missionary college at Thurles will need at least half a million dollars, an

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appeal is being made to the Irish race throughout the world.

This admirable project will mean much for the future of the Catholic Church in China. It will mean that large contingents of the Irish clergy who have heretofore been absorbed in the English speaking populations of England, Australia, Africa and America, will find an outlet for their zeal among the millions of the followers of Confucius. Besides, the circumstances are so favorable to the success of this new Apostolic mission that the opportunities are not going to be lost. A writer in the London Tablet tells us that "English is the commercial language of the East," "that the real battle between paganism and Christianity in China will be fought in the schools," "that English must be taught in the schools and colleges if Chinese pupils are to be attracted to them."

Unhappily, up to the present time the teachers of English in China have almost exclusively come from the Protestant Missionary Societies of England and America. If they are not opposed, the Tablet writer assures us, "it will mean, humbly speaking, the ruin of Catholicism in China." The arrival of Irish missionaries will offset this rather disheartening prospect. Again, the political and commercial prestige of a nation to which missionaries owe allegiance is a factor that counts in foreign fields. This circumstance, admitted by mission chroniclers, will militate in favor of the Irish missionaries when they settle down to work among the Chinese. The prestige that a political and commercial language, such as the English tongue undoubtedly gives, is recognized as important, and it must therefore be employed to further the interests of the Church of God.

And yet other elements will be needed to ensure success in the conversion of souls. Judging from the work that has been done and the results obtained in China during the past seventy years, it must be admitted that the holiness of life, the zeal and self-sacrifice of the missionaries from France have also counted in the divine councils. Meanwhile the harvest is ready for the sickle and the reapers are few. China is opening up her heart more and more every day to the Catholic faith. Nowadays conversions do not come one by one, or in scattered families, as formerly, but by entire villages and districts. A missionary writes us that in places where the name of the true God was not even known a few years ago there are now large Catholic communities, and that the thousands of recent converts are like so many apostles working for the conversion of their own families and their pagan neighbors.

An apostolate of the loftiest charity is this month appealing to us for our suffrages. Let the members of our League offer their prayers, sufferings and good works for the conversion of pagan China and for the prosperity of the Church in Europe. There is no more consoling thought than that some prayer or suffering or work of ours, offered for this purpose, may bring the light of faith into the soul of a poor pagan in the Far East. How easy therefore to exercise our zeal!

E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

to be overlooked. Believing, as he does, that religion is an essential part of education, he cannot subscribe to a theory the natural consequences of which are the gradual but certain destruction of active religious convictions. Consequently, he must in conscience provide for his children an education that includes systematic, orderly training in the truths and practices of religion.

"Far from being a novelty in educational theory, this stand of the Catholic citizen for religion in education was the position held by the great majority of the American people before the modern Public School policy was developed. And, as we read in the history of the establishment of free Public Schools in the various States, even when the majority of the people finally decided to sacrifice religious training in order to enjoy the advantages of a Public School system, there still remained a large and influential element who continued their opposition because they were unwilling to divorce religion from education."

"Nor was this opposition chiefly from Catholics. Wickoresham in his 'History of Education in Pennsylvania' (pp. 318, 319,) says: 'The Catholics and Episcopalians, who have in later years most favored parochial schools, were then too weak and too much scattered to make effective opposition; but the Friends, the Lutherans, the Reformed and the Methodists, where-ever sufficiently numerous to form congregations, very generally united in voting against the free school law and the taxes for free schools. What went hardest with most of them was to sever a tie that had bound them in one church and school, to divorce what in their view God had joined together, to secularize the school and be compelled to educate their children where they could receive no positive religious education.'"

"Although the Public School idea carried the day, there was no intention to put aside religious instruction, for the civil authority believed that religion was a vital element in education and should be retained in the curriculum of the schools. Even the National Government, reflecting undoubtedly the public opinion of the times, clearly manifested the value it placed upon religious training in the law passed July 13, 1787, by which certain large tracts of Government land (known as the Northwest Territory) were dedicated to school purposes. The ordinance contained the following declaration: 'No apoplexy is or should be offered for the existence of our Catholic system of education. The right of the Church to establish her own schools, provided always they are in conformity with the just and legitimate requirements of the State, is a right guaranteed by all laws both national and State. Liberty of education is an established principle and fact in America.'

"The Catholic citizen makes no apology for his attitude toward the Public School system. All citizens have a right to enjoy the services of the State and to be educated in any public institution. The non-existence of that right neither destroys, nor impairs it in the slightest degree. Every citizen has a right to condemn, approve or disapprove of any institution created by the State and supported by taxation upon all citizens alike. The Public School system being a creature of the State has no claim to exemption from the criticism of the humblest citizen. If in the estimate of any citizen the Public School system fails to afford facilities for the acquisition of the highest virtue, he has the liberty to criticize that want, especially when he provides means for supplying that want.

"Catholic citizens are by themselves alone quietly and unostentatiously building and maintaining their parish schools. These same citizens are at the same time paying their share of the taxes for the Public School. Hence they are doing today for popular education more than any other body of citizens. In spite of the hardships which this entails, Catholics are not disposed to stir up strife and engage in controversy on a question that has but one fair solution—the placing of all citizens on an absolute equality. The antipathies of the past, born of religious and racial differences, have long since faded in the great mass of Americans desire to live together in peace and harmony. Catholics welcome this era of toleration and will do their part in mutual forbearance and avoidance of antagonism. But should the self-constituted guardians of the nation's interests, who speak of our 'Public Schools, with the implied exclusion of more than 16,000,000 Catholics, ever translate their arrogance and impertinence into action they will find Catholics strong and united in the conviction of their equality before the law, 'fearing no enmity and creating none,' but unalterably determined to resist every invasion of their religious, educational and civic freedom."

"The Catholic citizen holds that the present system of state education is an American in principle and is based on class legislation. The Public School system claims to be non-sectarian and therefore fair to all classes of citizens. But a system of education based on the principle of the exclusion of all religious teaching is really sectarian, because it has its inspiration in the belief that religion either is not necessary or that it should be taught in the church and the home, not in the school. This belief is itself a creed, because a creed is a statement of a belief, even

a statement that one believes in nothing is a creed. Hence the creed of the secularist is no less sectarian than that of the most ardent believer in the need of religion in education."

"The present Public School system is an American because it violates one of the fundamental principles of liberty for which the founders of the nation fought: 'No taxation without representation.' The true spirit of all American legislation has ever been to protect the rights of minorities and to guarantee the absolute equality before the law of every citizen, no matter what his faith, creed or condition."

"At this present moment between fifteen and twenty millions of Catholics in the United States are taxed to support a system of schools from which they receive no benefit—a glaring illustration of a thoroughly un-American policy."

"The present Public School system is based on class legislation in evidence from the fact that the State in providing, from a taxation upon all its citizens, a school that suits the educational theories of only part of its citizens, of mere secularists, actually penalizes the positive religious belief of one class and favors the negative religious belief of another class, though both classes are absolutely equal before the law."

"The Catholic citizen moreover, denies the superiority claimed for the Public School system over private schools, Catholic or non-Catholic. He claims that neither efficiency nor economy has been a marked characteristic of education by the State, whether in the elementary school or in the university."

"As to efficiency, he quotes the facts presented by the Commissioner of Education in his report for the year 1912: 'The lack of preparation of teachers is one of the greatest evils of our school system. In no other country that pretends to provide an opportunity for universal education is the condition in this respect so bad as in the United States. Not more than one in five of the teachers actually employed is professionally trained, even on a minimum basis. There are many parts of the United States where the average education of the teachers is not above the seventh grade.' (Report of Commissioner of Education, 1912, Vol. 1, pp. 11, 17 and 18.)"

"The question of economy, he notes that whereas the school population of the United States increased between the years 1870 and 1911 only 140%, the cost of education during the same period rose by 595%. In Pennsylvania the school population increased 58%, and the cost of education 401%. In California the school population increased 369%, and the cost of education 1,299%; in Massachusetts the school population increased 99%, and the cost of education 893%. And like statistics can be found in regard to education in the other States of the Union."

"These facts the Catholic citizen points out not for the purpose of discrediting Public Schools, but merely to protect parish schools from unjust and false charges founded on comparison with another, supposedly more efficient and economical system."

"The Catholic citizen likes not the theory of government monopoly of education. He believes that it would be not only a gross violation of freedom which every citizen should enjoy, but also an irreparable injury to education itself; that it would restrict the growth of new ideas, hamper individual initiative, discourage experiment and impose upon us a crippling uniformity of regulation."

Catholic principles can aid in creating a sounder and healthier public opinion on the great questions that concern the welfare of all the people, and a knowledge of Catholic effort in social and educational work would tend to arrest some of the discrimination against Catholic education which arises partly from ignorance and misrepresentation."

"As to the desirability of State aid for our schools and of State supervision, which logically follows that help, Catholic citizens are not unanimous in opinion. There is clearly a feeling among many that State aid would not be an unmitigated blessing. Furthermore, since the righting of the injustice would mean a contention in which politics, religion and other elements would be so commingled that strife, bitterness and resentment would result rather than justice and truth, it is better to bear the ills we have than to fly to others we know not of."

"But this feeling does not mean that we are willing to tolerate that our law makers, the servants and representatives of all the people, should give no consideration in any educational legislation to the views or the constitutional rights of more than 16,000,000 citizens who profess the Catholic faith."

"The wise policy on the part of the State would be to co-ordinate all the various educational elements at work in the country. Our legislators should see that the welfare of all the people demands a kindly disposition toward the work Catholics are doing for education. We are a large and important part of the population. Our fathers wrought and fought and died to make this country what it is. We are here to stay, we are unalterably committed to the principle of religion and education, and nothing short of revolution could end our system of education. A condition, not a theory of our law makers and as long as they recognize this condition and deal with it justly and equitably, not endeavoring to hamper or interfere with it, the Catholic school system, founded as it is on sound and logical principles and upheld by the devotion and self-sacrifice of the great Catholic body, will prove a bulwark of strength for religion and morality among the people and one of the staunchest supports of our welfare and free institutions of our country."—Providence Visitor.

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WRITE FOR OUR CATALOGUE

November is the month of the Holy Souls. Countless unseen hands are constantly stretched out to us in appeal for our prayers, imploring us to say a rosary, or to have a Mass said for them to relieve them from their sufferings. Shall we neglect their appeal? Some day we may be suffering the pains of Purgatory for our transgression. More than likely most of us shall—there are few saints among the average men and women—and how grateful we should be if our friends on earth pray for us. How glad it must be for the suffering souls who have no friends to think of them! We should make it a point while we have the opportunity always to remember the souls who have no one to pray for them and to say an extra prayer for them, so that when it comes our turn to die we may have intercessors among the radiant choirs of angels who pray ceaselessly for the Great White Throne.

Yes, it is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins. In the hurry and turmoil of everyday life we sometimes forget to pray for the "Holy Souls." We seem to have time only to hear Mass on Sundays or holidays. Many of us seldom pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament and still fewer of us have Masses said for the dead. The truth is we are too selfish, too much engrossed in schemes for our own welfare to think of anything else. But there will come a day when we shall regret it—and shall cry *Mela Culpa*, perhaps in vain. So, while we have time, don't let us neglect the Holy Souls.

In reading the big dailies it did never strike you when glancing over the long list of obituaries that perhaps your name would be in the next. There is no telling, for we know not the day or the hour. On the other hand the good Catholic can read this list with equanimity. He or she is not afraid of death. They may have the natural sorrow of leaving a beautiful world but it is soon lost in the thought of the still more beautiful land toward which they are drifting after a well spent life.

Yes, Heaven is the prize
Too much can not be given,
And he alone is wise
Who gives up all for Heaven."

"During life all we could live up to these lines we would not have much to fear—the future would spread out before us only as the road to Heaven and no temptation, however great, would drag us from the straight path which leads to eternal happiness."

"One of the best preparations for a happy death is to remember the poor souls in Purgatory in our prayers, particularly during the month of November. We shall gain many benefits both in this world and in the next. Every priest has the privilege of saying three Masses on All Souls' Day. The Church is making efforts to arouse our people to a greater love for the Holy Souls. Don't neglect your opportunity to do something to relieve the sufferings of those who will be so ready to help us when we ourselves are suffering.—Shiela Mahon, in The Tablet.

FAITHFUL IN PRAYERS
PROMOTED TO SERGEANT
Does it pay to pray in the army? There are seven lads, at least, at Camp Meade who think it does now. There is a certain little fellow in camp who dropped to his knees every night before he got under the covers to "square himself" with God before he passed into slumberland. And in the morning, when reveille was sounded, he swung over the side of his cot, landed on his knees and thanked the Great Maker again for His country and asked Him to guide his footsteps during the day. Strange as it might seem, this little fellow was the object of criticism and "boots" from seven of his comrades who had cots near his in one of the barracks. It was the same story every night and the same story every morning for a while.

"Where do you get that stuff?" "Ask him to get you exempted." "Cut it out."
These were some of the many things jeeringly shouted at the little fellow every night and every morning. He only smiled, and instead of being discouraged, as one might suspect, the little fellow added a prayer for those who mocked his faith in God.

The captain of the company heard of the affair and he made it his point to watch and listen. For three nights he observed the same condition of ridicule in which the little fellow was placed. On the third night he broke in upon them.

The seven were told a thing or two, deprived of all liberty for thirty days and given extra duty as a punishment. Turning to the little fellow on his knees, the captain said: "I shall recommend, Private Eckhardt, that you be made the first sergeant of this company," and he walked from the barracks.

The regimental commander approved the recommendation and the little fellow is now the "topper."

Little things: Life and Death, misery and joy, happiness and disaster, hang upon little things; they are like the linch-pin to the wheel, on which depends the safety of the vehicle; they are like the rudder to the vast mass of the bulks; like the slender nerves to the bulky muscles. —George Augustus Sala.

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Agatha's Hard Saying, by Rosa Mulholland. A study in heredity, not obscured in a dry scientific way, but overlaid with all the romance of "the love men and women when they love their best."
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Approved and recommended by Archbishop Sarto and Cardinal Gasparri, late Apostolic Delegates to Canada, the Archbishop of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough, and Ogdensburg, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOV. 3, 1917

THE FORD IMBROGLIO

Elsewhere in this issue we publish the text of the official pronouncements in Conference of the priests of the diocese of London on the Ford scandals. In the denarities of Stratford and London, though the denunciation of the perpetrators of the scandals was vigorous and outspoken, still as there was absolute unanimity on the subject the resolutions themselves, without a report of the discussion, may be taken as the full expression of the sentiments of the priests who signed them.

The parish of Ford is in the deanery of Windsor, as are the other parishes where the meetings were held at which the fomenters of sedition posed as champions of "the cause," until, the novelty wearing off and curiosity cooling, the thing petered out. While it lasted, however, it had a very active and successful publicity agent who must have been a graduate of the P. T. Barnum school of advertising. The priests of the Windsor deanery, then, were dealing with facts and conditions with which they were thoroughly conversant and with persons well-known. Not only is the document signed by them, as given in another column the text of their official statement, but it is important to note, also, that the summary of the discussion which preceded its adoption is taken from the official record of the secretary of the Conference and was transmitted to us by Bishop Fallon for publication. These considerations and the fact that the sentiment of this Conference was not entirely unanimous, give to the deliberations and pronouncements of the priests of the Windsor deanery special interest and importance. To readers far removed from the scene of the trouble we commend their careful perusal if they would understand a situation which no doubt distressed many good Catholics.

Let us emphasize some of the salient facts.

Father Laurendeau's fitness for the position from every point of view—language, nationality, experience, ability, or unblemished record in the ministry—was unquestioned even by the four priests who refused to sign the document with the others. And let us bear in mind that this document was considered and discussed statement by statement.

The gross violation of order and decency at Father Beaudoin's Hogtown Mass, the outrageous affront to episcopal authority in the person of Vicar General O'Connor, and the indignity put upon all the priests present, preceded any other manifestation whatsoever of their desires, reasonable or unreasonable, on the part of the parishioners of Ford with regard to the appointment of a successor to the late Father Beaudoin. This, too, was unquestioned by the priests of the Windsor conference who refused to sign.

The Rev. Father Langlois, whom the aforementioned publicity agent declared to be in sympathy with the agitation, admitted during the discussion that he "had no objection to the appointment of Father Laurendeau." If this is not exactly enthusiastic approval of the Bishop's nomination, it is an extraordinarily important admission from so strong, so ardent an advocate of "the cause." As the whole disgraceful campaign of slander and abuse had for its sole basis the alleged injustice of this appointment it is difficult to see how the aggressive champions who boasted in the public press of his sympathy and approval can regard Father Langlois's declaration otherwise than as a repudiation of their base and baseless campaign; from the point of view of the vast majority of the clergy and laity of the diocese only a half-hearted repudiation it is true; but from theirs, repudiation which they might characterize in stronger terms.

Father Langlois denied all antecedent knowledge of the meeting held at his church in Tecumseh. Again the majority will consider this a very mild disclaimer of all respon-

sibility for the scandalous proceedings there; but the rebel leaders on the other hand can find here no endorsement of their claim that Father Langlois sympathized with them and approved their action.

Confronted with this very newspaper assertion Father Langlois said that he paid no attention to newspaper reports whether for or against him. The philosophy of this generalization is admirable; but it is beside the mark. The question in issue is that an uncontradicted newspaper report positively asserted that he approved of the action of those who offered forcible and violent resistance to episcopal authority, an offence which incurs not only episcopal displeasure, but ipso facto excommunication. The philosophy which rises superior to newspaper references may be admirable; but the silence which seems to consent to an uncontradicted assertion of such grave and serious import can hardly be considered a virtue. This vague and irrelevant declaration of Father Langlois with regard to newspapers may be regarded by the great majority as a shifty evasion.

However, they might be quite wrong. The pastor of Tecumseh may have intended a particular application of his professed indifference to newspaper reports. His remark perhaps may be interpreted thus: "I know the reports referred to, but I also know the reporter and therefore I pay no attention to either the one or the other." And this the organizers of the agitation may consider the unkindest cut of all, for they, as well as many other people, know how well it is deserved.

When Father Langlois complained that he was being "forced to sign" he misinterpreted, we are positively assured by those present, the insistence of his brother priests on an intelligible reason for refusing. With the admissions, professions and disclaimers of their spokesman, with the failure to controvert a single statement in the document dealing with the situation, many find it puzzling to assign any reason for the refusal of the four priests to join their brother priests in condemning what no one dares defend.

Some suggest that a solution to the puzzle may be found in a letter signed by one of the rebel orators and published the day following the publication of the resolutions of the Stratford Conference. The letter is rather a silly effusion, but out of the rant emerges one intelligible demand: We expect that at the Windsor conference to-morrow the question of Father Laurendeau's appointment will be fully discussed.

Well, the Windsor Conference has come and gone, the question was fully discussed, and the result may be read and studied in the published reports of the proceedings. In the eyes of the public the agitation has shrunk to its true proportions; and the agitators will have to be considerably more accurate and truthful in their press reports henceforth if they care even for the appearance of credibility.

It is quite unnecessary—it might even be resented—to praise or congratulate the nineteen French-Canadian priests who ranged themselves on the side of order, truth, justice and religion with their English-speaking confrères. If we note the fact it is for the sake of a wholly mistaken impression prevalent amongst those too far distant to know the actual facts and conditions.

SINN FEIN

According to somewhat vague but persistently gloomy despatches cabled from London or from Castle sources in Dublin, Ireland is seething with sedition and on the verge of armed rebellion. So little real information does the rigid censorship allow to reach us from Ireland that it is impossible to form any well-grounded opinion in the premises.

Sinn Fein is the term which is for a great many people an evil omen and an argument in proof of the most pessimistic predictions. Everyone knows that the English of Sinn Fein is "ourselves alone," or "ourselves for ourselves," or some other emphatic form of "ourselves" which connotes separation from "others." Everyone knows, too, that the Easter rising in Dublin last year is called the Sinn Fein Rebellion; though as a matter of fact two-thirds of those who took an active part in that chimerical undertaking were soldiers of James Connelly's Citizen Army, an organization which

was the outgrowth of the resentment of labor unions at the brutal repression of the Dublin strikers four or five years ago.

Few know the high ideals of unselfish patriotic service that animated its founders, nor of the earnest study of Irish problems in the endeavor to reach intelligent solution that characterized the early stages, at least, of the movement. Judge John W. Goff, of New York, in an introduction to a recent work says:

"Fostered by misrepresentation, and aided by lack of correct information, ignorance regarding Sinn Fein has assumed amazing way. Even people of a high order of intelligence have been misled by rumor and 'cable hearsay' to form the most grotesque opinions concerning its nature and purpose. The prevailing view is that it was a secret oath-bound society with revolution as its object and dark deeds its means. No doubt it will surprise many to learn from the clear definitions given in this book that it was not a secret oath-bound society, and had no relation to plans or schemes for revolution. No doubt that many Sinn Feiners were revolutionists in spirit and act, and equally so there were Sinn Feiners opposed to revolution by force. Of itself, the movement might be termed patriotic political economy, and for unselfish aims coupled with patriotic purpose has not had its equal in modern times."

As outlined by those who initiated the movement, its policy and purpose were:

"National self-development secured through the recognition of the duties and rights of citizenship on the part of the individual, and with the aid and support of all movements originating from within Ireland, which, instinct with national tradition, do not look outside Ireland for the accomplishment of their aims."

For some years its membership was small, confined for the most part to serious, thoughtful, educated men. In happier conditions, in any enlightened self-governing country, the services of such men would be welcomed and utilized. But there was no recognition for such service, no place for such men, in the atmosphere and environment of an outworn and discredited as well as alien Irish Government.

Supervened the break down of the constitutional movement and the bankruptcy of parliamentary government. Patiently, persistently, heroically, the united Irish people had struggled within the limits prescribed by constitutional methods until the greatest achievement of constitutional agitation was accomplished, the greatest victory in parliamentary history was honestly and honorably won. Not Sinn Fein, not Irish Nationalists, but Carson and Carson's armed rebels flouted the authority of King and Parliament; and the incitement to rebellion, and the preparation for rebellion, which the British Government now tells Parliament must be sternly repressed, were for years condoned in Ulster, and openly, defiantly supported by the powerful Unionist party and half the electorate of England. This cynical bad faith and shameless treason to constitutional principles did not at once alienate the Irish people. They recognized that it was the desperate political expedient of the party of privilege and not the voice of the British people with whom they had been for years allied in the struggle for freedom from oligarchic rule.

Shooting down in cold blood of sympathizers with the Nationalist gun runners on Bachelors' Walk was in dark, invidious and bloody contrast with the shouts of exultation which greeted the successful gun-running of Carson's Volunteers. Even this did not prevent enthusiastic Irish co-operation at the beginning of the War. It took the "stupidities and malignities" Lloyd George openly deplored in Parliament to do that. Last Easter week the great majority of the people of Dublin, and of Ireland, were opposed to the Rebellion; it took the Prussian butcheries of Maxwell and the murder-lust of Bowen-Colthurst to kill forever Irish respect for British military service, and faith in the sense of even-handed justice of British rule in Ireland. And these are only the broad outlines; an infinitude of detail worked its inevitable result with the high-spirited people whose loyalty was insulted by the alien Government whose official record in the War Office deprecated the encouragement of the enlistment of Irish Nationalists lest opposition to Home Rule should vanish.

In this unwholesome atmosphere Sinn Fein has grown away from the control as well as the high ideals of its founders and into an intense and narrow nationalism—singularly like

that with which we are familiar in Canada. It is now—perhaps only apparently—dominated by the spirit of the crowd and swayed by appeals to national resentment, to ranking sense of injustice, and to hopes inspired by the conditions brought about by the world-war.

Conditions in Ireland may be as dangerous as they are represented to be; or they may be grossly and wilfully exaggerated.

In any case, who with any sense of fairness and justice will place the entire blame on the perversity of the people of Ireland?

THE WESTERN LAYMAN

We conversed with just one man in St. Paul. It was a brief conversation; for our stay between trains was very limited. He was a good natured Irish policeman. We asked him to direct us to the new cathedral, which he did very willingly and very courteously. On our return to the railway station he came over to us and said, "Well Father, what did you think of it?" We assured him that it was very grand indeed, and that it would seem that there was an effort to eclipse St Peter's in Rome. "Ah!" he replied, "I think we have it beaten."

It strikes one that in some parts of our Canadian West there is not the same spirit. There is a lack of religious enthusiasm. One is not asked: "Did you meet our pastor?" or "What do you think of our church?" On the contrary the conversation turns on crops, climate, and real estate. Of course there is everywhere a godly number of not only practical but zealous Catholics; but the impression left upon a stranger is that in many places there is an absence of pride in local church institutions. We submit our diagnosis of the cause of this not with the assurance that we have solved the problem, but with the hope that we may arouse interest in a matter that is of vital importance.

One reason why the layman does not point with pride to his parish church is that, with a few notable exceptions, it is not a thing to be particularly proud of. This is especially true of those towns and cities where the State institutions make the Catholic churches appear to such poor advantage. It is true that the State has been recklessly extravagant in erecting magnificent and up-to-date structures, but one cannot help feeling that religion would not have suffered if the great Church of the West had been made more impressive in a material way. It must be that there is a lack of organization; for, whatever faults Western Catholics may have, they are not wanting in generosity.

It must be remembered that, as far as the bulk of the English people are concerned, the West is a new country. We realized this when, on enquiry, we found that of a large fourth book class in a certain city only two pupils were born in that place. The great majority of the clergy, up to very recent times, were French Oblates or members of some other community. The greater number of these had devoted their lives to ministering to the spiritual needs of the Indians and the few pioneers who had settled around mission centres. The first English speaking settlements in Manitoba and Eastern Saskatchewan were for the most part Protestant. These, by their unjust treatment of the half breeds and by the arbitrary and coercive educational policy that they fathered, were brought into conflict with the black-robes who espoused the cause of justice and religious freedom. That antipathy to the clergy has extended farther West and has not abated, as is evidenced by the fact that in the recent trial of Eskimos, accused of murdering two Oblate priests in the far north, it was impossible, as was attested by the crown prosecutor, to secure a just verdict in the city of Edmonton. The great bulk of young Protestants, coming from Eastern Canada and the United States, are not bigoted. In fact many of them are not interested in religion at all. There is, however, sufficient of the leaven of the survivors of old feuds and professional bigots to create an anti-Catholic atmosphere.

The wearing of the soutane in public, which is still *de rigueur* in some parts of the West, creates a still further obstacle to more intimate relations between the English-speaking element and the clergy. The authorities have, no doubt, good reason for perpetuating the custom. It is easy to realize their point of view. For more than a century the black-robe has been honored by

Indian warrior and civil ruler. It has been to the red man the only recognized uniform of the clergy.

But there is no gainsaying the fact that English-speaking people, who now constitute the great majority of the population and who have always associated the cassock with the presbytery and the church, do not take kindly to its appearance on the market-place. The fervent and staunch Catholic is in no way affected in his attitude to the clergy by a matter of language or custom; but there is a large and not over zealous element that of necessity are thrown into association with Protestants, and who would be much more accessible to the priest if he could approach them in less conspicuous attire.

It would seem that the great need in this new land is that the priest take an active part in all that affects the people, that he be dependent upon them, and that his interests be closely identified with theirs. In old settled districts social work may be neglected with impunity; but in a country like the West, that is passing through its formative period, the priest, who is usually the best educated man in the place, can lessen or avert many legislative evils, reduce the number of mixed marriages, remove many obstacles in the way of prospective converts, and strengthen the backbone of timid Catholics by getting into more intimate touch with the community and interesting himself in civic affairs.

THE GLEANER

NOTES AND COMMENTS

AN INTERESTING chapter might be written on converts of eminence who having for years gradually drifted towards the Church, had the great grace of reception into her bosom on their death-beds. Several instances occur to us at the moment—all of them clergy of the Church of England—and the list might be extended almost indefinitely. One notable example was the Rev. Frederick George Lee, Vicar of All Saints, Lambeth, who having accepted almost the whole cycle of Catholic doctrine, including even recognition of the Pope's spiritual supremacy, was for many years a consistent advocate of "Corporate Reunion," and, in the end, in his own person, made good his profession by asking admission into the True fold. Another example that occurs to us is the Rev. Thomas Wimbler Mossman who, as an Anglican translated into English the Great Commentary of Cornelius Lapide. He, too, had the grace of conversion in his last days.

BUT PERHAPS the most interesting example in our time of a death-bed conversion was that of Robert S. Hawker, Vicar of Morwenston, a lonely community made up of five or six scattered hamlets in "Far Cornwall," to whom has fittingly been applied the *sobriquet*—the "Sailor's Friend." For forty-one years Hawker lived a life of isolation from the world in this out-of-the-way parish on the Atlantic, and devoted himself to the welfare of his simple, sea-faring flock with a singleness of purpose and disregard of personal comfort that recalls the best traditions of humanity. His parish, occupying the northernmost corner of Cornwall, had as its seaward boundary five miles of rugged and precipitous coast, the shore piled high with rocks and boulders, with long reefs running out into the surf, their jagged points appearing here and there among the breakers. It is just such a coast as seamen dread in stormy weather, and as the scene of frequent wrecks, it gave Hawker every opportunity for the exercise of that helpfulness and practical benevolence, which, throughout a long forty-one years characterized his relationship to his people.

MORWENSTON is not only on a bleak and rugged coast but from its remote situation (being, in Hawker's time twenty miles from a railway) is, for a densely populated country like England, a spot of peculiar isolation. In that wild place the ocean was the Vicar's one never-failing companion, and it is not to be wondered at, says one of his biographers, that its turbulence and changefulness became a part of his being, or that a strong and vivid personality, cast in these surroundings, should develop on peculiar lines. To this fact, therefore, it is due that, amid the sameness and conventions of the world, Hawker stands out as an unique and strangely fascinating figure.

FOR ROBERT STEPHEN Hawker was not only a devoted pastor, but he was a poet of high distinction as well. Morwenston, though a lonely spot, is rich in historical and antiquarian interest, and its legends and traditions became part of the Vicar's being. Hawker had, in 1823, married a woman much older than himself, to whom, however, he became deeply attached, and who was his ever congenial companion. Her death, childless, in 1853, was a great grief to him. He felt her loss bitterly. "Tis held," says Tennyson, "that sorrow makes us wise." In certain notable instances it has also made men poetic, and it had this effect upon Hawker. He was already well-known as a poet and antiquarian. He had, in 1827, won the Newdigate prize at Oxford with his poem "Pompeii," and this had been followed by numerous effusions which won him a measure of fame. His best known ballad is unquestionably "The Song of the Western Men," which has, indeed, won much greater fame than its author. Who that cares for poetry at all is not familiar with the famous refrain:

"And shall Trelawny die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!"

It was the death of his first wife, however, that inspired his greatest poem. As he brooded over his grief, his mind wandered back to the scene of their honeymoon, which had been spent amid the ruins of King Arthur's Castle at Tintagel, and to the legends with which he had then become familiar. In the "Quest of the Sangraal" he found an outlet for his most sacred feelings, and at the same time gave to the world one of its most magnificent poems. The "Quest" is, however, but an introductory portion of what he intended to write. It tells only of the origin of the Quest, not of the Quest itself. Would that he had been able to complete the other four chants which he had projected! Had he done so we should have had an epic eclipsing Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." As it is, the "Quest," in its uncompleted state, is in a higher vein than the "Idylls," and that it should stop where it does must, it has been well said, rank among the regrets of literature.

IT IS WITH Hawker's spiritual struggles, however, that we are most concerned. Although full of humor in conversation and one of the most jovial of men, when alone his thoughts turned to religion and to the more serious things of life. His library, we are told, was limited, and his chances of increasing it few. He became, as he often calls himself, "a man of one book," and that book was the "Summa" of St. Thomas of Aquin. This book, as his letters show, had a paramount influence on his mind, and no doubt was the guiding influence that led him in the end to his true home. He also prized Greaser's "De Sancta Cruce," of which he has left an analysis in English. Either in his church or in a little hut which he had built of wreckwood in the face of the cliff, he spent long hours in meditation and prayer. Had he but had Catholic companionship occasionally he might have reached the Haven sooner than he did.

HAWKER was always a man of striking originality. He did things in his own way, and despised conventionalities. He wore a fisherman's blue jersey instead of a waistcoat. A little red cross was knitted in the side, where the centurion's spear pierced Christ's side; he carried a broad carpenter's pencil in memory of the Carpenter of Nazareth; his walking-stick, which he called his "pastoral staff," had a cross-shaped handle. Further, what was unusual among Anglicans then, he delighted in old wayside crosses, and had an old Cornish one brought from the moors and set up in his churchyard. Another small one he placed over the Piscina which he had discovered in the old Norman church under his charge.

AS YEARS drew upon him he gave his mind more and more to religious reflections. He had been an ardent Tractarian in his younger days, and the Catholic sentiments he then imbibed grew with his growth and deepened with the years. He was appalled by the inroads of rationalism in the Church of England, and his mind was irresistibly turned to the Church which history and tradition told him was that of his countrymen universally in the old far off days. His reception into the Catholic Church, therefore, at the close of his life

though it was, was a fitting crown to that life's aspirations. And among the galaxy of notable converts of the nineteenth century there were few more notable than he.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

FRENCH FORCES are continuing their successful advance beyond the Aisne and are within sight of Laon. They have captured several thousand additional prisoners, the aggregate of the offensive up to noon yesterday afternoon being over 12,000, while 120 big guns and many of smaller calibre have been taken. The Germans are paying the price for the aid they are giving to Austria in the drive on the Isonzo, and for their adventure in Russia. No temporary victory gained in other areas can compensate for the losses they are now sustaining in the West. In the latest communication from Paris there is enough to warrant a repetition of the belief that the enemy must soon make a considerable retreat in France and Flanders whether he will or no, or suffer disaster.

THE GERMAN military view of the situation is exemplified in the un-censored statement of some of their critics foreboding a big retirement, and explaining that this is part of the prearranged plan.

ON THE ITALIAN FRONT things are not going well for our Allies. Berlin now claims that over 30,000 prisoners and 300 guns have been taken; that fighting is progressing at many points on Italian soil, and that the advance of the Teutonic forces is continuing. The offensive is being made with huge forces, backed by a great aggregation of artillery. On the northern end the Italians have been driven back, and have, as a result, been compelled to abandon the Bainsizza Plateau farther to the south. This is a most important position, and its conquest some time ago opened the way to a thrust which bade fair to put Austria out of the running. It is most important now that the Italian withdrawal on the north should be halted in order to allow the rectification of the line farther to the south without involving the destruction or cutting of the main line of Italian communication for this territory, which would involve our Allies in a disaster of magnitude. It is obvious that the Teutonic forces are making a great deal on checking Italian aggression, and on the hope of striking a body blow to the Italians from which they would not recover. British and French artillery are assisting the Italians, who must not be considered as being beaten because of the enemy's really great initial success. Much of the fighting on the southern part of the front attack is on Austrian soil, and as the Italian army has plenty of men to draw on it can be reinforced in the hour of need.

BRAZIL is now an active participant in the War on the side of the Allies, the Deputies and Senators having almost unanimously sanctioned a proclamation of way by the President. The Brazilian navy will be of considerable assistance in aiding the Allies and the patrol and blockade work. It includes three dreadnoughts, two old battleships, five protected cruisers, a dozen or more destroyers and several submarines. With its population of about 22,000,000, and its immense natural resources, particularly in woods, Brazil will be no mean addition to the Allied forces, and could raise a formidable army if the Allies want more land forces.

THE BEST news from Russia to-day is a statement that official reports from the General in command of the armies on the Northern front to the effect that the position of the Russian forces is improving.—Globe, Oct. 27.

ENGLISH EX LORD CHANCELLOR PRAISES POPE'S CIRCULAR

In an article headed "The Pope's Circular," in the current issue of "Common Sense," Lord Loreburn, who was Lord Chancellor in Mr. Asquith's Government before the formation of the Coalition, says:

"Up to the present moment our Government has not said and could not be expected to say more in regard to the Pope's appeal for peace than they will give it serious consideration. What is important in that appeal is not the particular terms the Pope suggests, which obviously are a mere sketch, but the fact that a fresh invitation has been addressed to the belligerents from a disinterested quarter of high authority."

"It was said long ago that weak men make war and strong men make peace. We cannot suppose that our Ministers are unaware of what is at stake. The future destiny of mankind is at stake. We cannot assist in creating an atmosphere which will help them in doing what Lord Cecil said they were doing, namely, aiming at a sound and satisfactory peace resting not on conquest and domination, but on the spirit which matters. And the proper spirit surely is not to base our future relations with other countries on the basis of lasting hatred. No human relations based on lasting and irreconcilable hatred between nations have ever proved beneficial in all history or ever will. If the Pope makes us realize this a little sooner rather than a little later the difference may mean the saving of millions of young lives."

ANNUAL CONFERENCES

PASS RESOLUTIONS DEALING WITH FORD SCANDALS

For the sake of our Catholic people who may have been deceived by reports appearing in the newspapers during the past six weeks and out of consideration of any others who may harbor the least suspicion of the attitude of the Priests of the London Deanery in reference to the recent events which have been the cause of grave scandal and because we feel that the occasion demands an expression of our mind on the matter.

Whereas on the occasion of the appointment by our Right Reverend Bishop, of the Reverend F. X. Laurendeau, as Pastor of the parish of Ford City, made vacant by the death of the former pastor, the Reverend L. Beaudoin, some of the parishioners of Ford City and other persons made a most violent and disgraceful attempt to prevent the representatives of the Bishop, the Very Reverend D. O'Connor, V. G., and the Reverend F. X. Laurendeau, from carrying out the instructions of their Superior, and

Whereas these same persons showed the greatest disrespect and contempt for ecclesiastical authority by preventing the representatives of the Bishop from entering the Parish House, by trespassing on church property and by making hostile demonstrations, thereby obliging the Vicar General and Pastor of the Parish to make use of the assistance of the officers of the law to gain admittance to the parochial residence, and

Whereas there has been directed against His Lordship, the Bishop, and his representatives, a campaign of slander and abuse, consisting of grossly insulting and false statements made and repeated at meetings held weekly and reported periodically in the columns of newspapers, and

Whereas, by the actions of their leaders, who manifestly have not the interests of religion at heart, many otherwise devout and well meaning people have been deceived into maintaining a position of opposition to the regulations of the Bishop, and

Whereas these parishioners have publicly signified their refusal to attend Mass in their parish church and to permit their children to receive the Sacrament of Confirmation at the hands of their Bishop, and

Whereas, in this matter as in every other, the Bishop has acted as a good Pastor and Father for the spiritual interests of his flock and his representatives have faithfully carried out his regulations and all have acted in the strictest accordance with the laws of the Church and the civil law, and

Whereas the situation, created by the persistent disobedience of these opponents of episcopal authority, is the source of great injury to religion and grave disedification and scandal; We, the Priests of the Deanery of London, form the resolution that we believe that the Bishop, in appointing Reverend Father Laurendeau, whose ability to minister to all the needs of the parish requires no comment, was acting for the good of the parishioners and that His Lordship and the Vicar-General were perfectly justified in all the actions made necessary to establish Reverend Father Laurendeau in his parish.

We very much deplore the feeling which makes any of our Catholic faithful see aught but their own interest being cared for, and especially when it leads them to such unseemly, un-Catholic and lawless measures.

We vigorously protest against the disrespectful, insulting and untrue statements which have been insistently appearing in the newspapers, as also against the invidious spirit of certain gatherings of the people.

We deprecate the conduct of those unprincipled agitators who are leading the people astray, the more so because as they call themselves Catholics, they must know that they would have to tear the most important chapters from the Catechism before they could square their conduct with its teachings.

We wish to assure our loyalty, respect and cheerful obedience to the constituted authority and to assure His Lordship of our complete sympathy of mind and heart in the trying situation which has confronted him in the performance of his conscientious duty.

The resolution was signed by Right Rev. Msgr. Aylward, D. P. Sarnia, Ont.; Very Rev. Deann McKeon, St. Peter's Cathedral, London, Ont.; Rev. T. West, Holy Angels' Church, St. Thomas; Rev. J. Kennedy, St. Mary's Church, London; Rev. J. V. Tobin, St. Martin's Church, London; Rev. J. Hanlon, St. Michael's Church, London; Rev. A. Stroeder, Zurich; Rev. P. Quinlan, Strathroy; Rev. J. Campana, Petrolia; Rev. A. B. Roy, St. Peter's Seminary, London; Rev. J. J. Mahoney, Bothwell; Rev. C. Nagle, Simcoe; Rev. T. Valentine, St. Joseph's Hospital, London; Rev. J. G. Labelle, Corunna; Rev. E. L. Tierney, Mt. Carmel; Rev. A. A. Ron-dot, Drysdale; Rev. J. Hogan, Lucas; Rev. J. T. Foley, editor CATHOLIC RECORD, London; Rev. F. J. Brennan, St. Peter's Seminary, London; Rev. J. Harding, St. Peter's Seminary, London; Rev. W. Langlois, St. Thomas; Rev. V. T. Corcoran, London; Rev. A. Finn, St. Peter's Cathedral, London; Rev. J. Bell, Sarnia; Rev. H. Richards, St. Mary's Church, London; Rev. F. McCarty, St. Thomas.

THE DEANERY OF STRATFORD On the occasion of the Annual Conference, October 23rd, the priests of the Deanery of Stratford, Diocese of London, put on record their

THE PROPAGANDA OF PAGANISM

Dudley G. Wooten, in the Catholic World

The modern Paganism holds no such prospects. Stripped of its specious sophistries and incredible presumption, it is a sordid and unsatisfying creed of lawless negations, affected with all the imperfections and possessing few of the sincerities of the ancient faiths of the non-Christian era.

There is in reality nothing novel or untried in most of the proposed innovations of the present propaganda. Its utilities are as old as that primeval experiment on the plains of Shinar, that begot the dispersion of races and the confusion of tongues; its dominant fallacy is denounced in Christ's warning to the multitude: "Which of you by taking thought can add to his stature one cubit?"

But considered as a system and in historical sequence, this paganism propaganda is exactly four centuries old in this year of Our Lord. A considerable number of good people are preparing to celebrate the quadricentennial of its inauguration, although to thoughtful students of history a formal festival is unnecessary and somewhat belated, besides being totally inadequate to attest the colossal consequences of the event.

Already, for almost three years past, the logical results of the movement have been in process of celebration amid the roar of the world's guns and the slaughter of European civilization, while the final tragedy of its consummation threatens to envelop all humanity in the awful cataclysm.

Prior to the Lutheran defection, the relations between Church and State throughout the Christian world had been well defined and mutually beneficial. The first Christian emperor, in the fourth century, had declared that the ecclesiastical authority had the right to decide all questions between sovereign rulers and between each ruler and his subjects; but the Church declined to assent to this sweeping concession of Constantinian or to assume the responsibility of so wide a jurisdiction.

She preferred to stand upon the canon of her Divine Founder, rendering "unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's." Two centuries later Gregory the Great reaffirmed this position of the Church, and thereafter, for nearly a thousand years, the fundamental tenet of both the Papal and the imperial governments of Christendom demanded the absolute separation of the secular and the ecclesiastical powers, each independent and supreme in its own sphere, but coordinating and cooperating with each other in their respective fields of authority.

That was the original Catholic conception, and after the lapse of all the centuries that have rolled between, that is today the attitude of the Church in her relations to our own government and to all other temporal sovereignties. In the exigencies of certain crises in the affairs of Europe and under the peculiar circumstances of individual rulers of both Church and State, there have been infractions of this established rule, and the disciplinary intervention of the Papacy to correct or to restrain flagrant abuses has sometimes been invoked; but the historic and accepted standard of action on the part of the Church has not changed since it was first proclaimed in the infancy of the struggle between civil and religious jurisdiction.

We, the undersigned priests of the Deanery of Stratford, in the Diocese of London, assembled together in the city of Stratford on the 23rd day of October, 1917, have drawn up the following resolutions:

- 1. That we believe His Lordship the Right Reverend Bishop in the appointment of Rev. Francois Xavier Laurendeau as pastor of Our Lady of the Lake parish, Ford City, acted in the best interests, both spiritual and temporal, of the parish.
- 2. That we deeply regret and denounce as un-Catholic and scandalous the action taken by the parishioners of Ford City and their supporters, sympathizers and leaders in refusing to accept the pastor nominated to the vicar general of the Right Reverend Bishop, and in attempting to forcibly prevent him from taking possession of the parish.
- 3. That we reprobate and condemn this campaign of falsehood and slander, given utterance to in inflammatory speeches, scurrilous pamphlets and newspaper articles against the Right Reverend Bishop and Very Reverend Vicar General.
- 4. That we pledge our loyal support to His Lordship the Right Reverend Bishop in all measures which he may take to effectively repress this scandal, and to maintain the dignity and authority of the episcopal office.
- 5. That copies of these resolutions be sent to His Lordship the Right Rev. M. F. Fallon, D.D., Bishop of London; Very Rev. D. O'Connor, V. G.; His Excellency Most Rev. Peregrine Francis Stagni, O.S.M., D.D.; apostolic delegate, and the consistorial congregation.

WOMAN'S "WIDER FIELD"

There are plenty of men in New York, Chicago and Big Springs, Kentucky, who would make admirable city clerks or tax collectors in their respective municipalities. But very few would be capable of "keeping house." That is a task which calls for the patience of Job, the wisdom of Solomon, and the loving watchfulness that Almighty God Himself has chosen as the nearest type of His love for man.

It is not that we have not been calling our women-folk to be mayors and city clerks, our reluctance is not based on any misgivings as to their fitness. Rather, it is because we have felt that they are set aside for an office infinitely higher and holier than any within the gift of the electorate. Mere men can fulfill the duties of these lower occupations with satisfaction. But only a woman can make a home, and what every community now needs is not more voters, but more home-makers.

It need hardly be insisted that a woman who votes may be a devoted mother; but not the woman who puts a life in public strife, regarding it as "a wider field of usefulness."

Somewhere there are those who think that to bring up a child in the fear of the Lord, to make him a good citizen and a good Christian, is a far nobler achievement than to build a Parthenon. It was Abraham Lincoln, a man whose civic ideals were trying to recall in these days, who said that all that was good in him was due to his mother, a simple, unlettered woman who tried to set the boy on the way of righteousness.

In all probability the world will always have physicians in fair abundance, more lawyers than it needs, and politicians in sad profusion; but that it will ever be blessed with too many Christian mothers is by no means certain, or even probable. Young women in search of a career to be spent in

THE STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM

COLUMBUS DAY LECTURE OF ARCHBISHOP HANNA

Rome, Oct. 18.—In regard to the report that Pope Benedict intends to hold a consistory towards the end of November, at which he will deliver an important allocution and create several Cardinals the Rome correspondent of the Catholic Press Association has been informed that it is unlikely that he has any such intention.

The Sacred College contains sixty-six members now, including two Cardinals "in pectore," and it had sixty-seven after the last Consistory—the nearest approach to the full seventy that it had for many years.

NO NOVEMBER CONSISTORY

SACRED COLLEGE HAS NEARLY FULL COMPLIMENT

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THE STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM

COLUMBUS DAY LECTURE OF ARCHBISHOP HANNA

Sacramento, Oct. 18.—Representatives of all the Allied Nations gathered at the State armory yesterday afternoon and last night and paid homage to the memory of Christopher Columbus. His immortal feat was praised by word and song. Special emphasis was laid on the fact that the new land discovered by the unhappy mariner four hundred and twenty-five years ago, stands as a potent power in the world and the savior of justice and liberty among the civilized nations.

As one of the speakers representing the United States, Archbishop Hanna, said in part: "Four hundred and twenty-five years ago Columbus landed and discovered this great land. To day this land holds the destinies of civilization within its grasp."

"It is fitting that on this day we gather here for patriotic purposes. It is fitting that we gather here in his name to fight in defense of liberty. In the most momentous crisis of the world we gather here to pay tribute to him in keeping with the traditions of our destinies.

"The allied nations had almost lost patience with us for we thought because of the isolation of this country from the scene of the conflict the waves of blood would not touch our shores. But in vain.

"Finally those who guard our destinies said we must throw our lot with France, England and other allied powers and help to preserve liberty and democracy. And to day we are the mightiest of all. The present conflict recalls the days of Washington, Lincoln and others who battled for liberty and democracy.

"And to day these liberties for which they fought are now in the balance. And if in this mighty conflict we win not, our liberties are at an end.

"In tracing the downfall of democracies of the world we find that the cause of their downfall was always the same. Greed and love of luxury and the poverty that accompanies these frailties have been the reasons. And the history shows that where men have lost their liberty it has been where greed and luxury ruled and men forgot the higher things of life.

"And the danger was that we, too, in this land would forget those who had died to make us free. There can be no democracy unless the men are willing to give up all that is dear—even their lives.

"We have entered this conflict and pledged our lives and the lives of our children to secure a victory and liberty, without which life is worth nothing. You ask what is the matter with the world and what brought us into the conflict. In the last few years men have been dreaming dreams they never dreamed before. They told us the day was coming when all would be united in one brotherhood, and that it would bring with it eternal peace.

"fields of wider usefulness," should be encouraged to fit themselves to become home-makers. That field is not overcrowded; none is "wider;" but none calls for more initiative and constructive thinking. Many a girl who can talk politics, spell with some consistency, discuss the fashions, and dabble in psycho-analysis, is as ignorant of home-making as a Digger Indian. A good mother is worth more to the world than any philosopher, scientist, or poet that ever lived. For she is in fact the world's greatest poet, the "creator," in whose bosom are nourished the men and women who will make this dwelling-place of ours more like the lasting City of God, toward which time bears us on with unrelenting energy.—America.

Away back in our sophomore days the world was agog over the discussions precipitated by that romantic arraignment of Anglican churchdom—Mrs. Ward's "Robert Elsmere." Not so well known, but much in the same spirit we had, a decade later, a violent assault on established religion in "The Seeker." Churchill's "The Inside of the Cup" is still more recent, but though it enjoyed ephemeral popularity, it is even now, after two years, forgotten. But the waters have been stirred again.

Well, says "Mr. Britling Through," so now he has leisure to turn thought to the reformation of ecclesiastical foundations, at least, such as he knows them. He has written about a Bishop's soul, but when all is said and done, he had no bishop, and even though we admit that he came in touch with a near-bishop, that gentleman really had no soul, at least from a Christian point of view.

In all these books, dealing with what is euphemistically called the Christian apostolate, there is the same pathetic note which, while it saddens, should bring consolation to the members of the true Church. These outside observers of ecclesiastical affairs come in contact with some form of ritualistic religion and taking the outer covering for close inspection they begin to weave a philosophy of religion. The functions at which they assist are artistically pleasing, they are ready to admit that the vestments worn by the church dignitaries are not in themselves offensive; the gesturing and posturing as the ceremonies are solemnly conducted might appeal to the esthetic sense, but what is the use of it all when folks are starving and people crying for enlightenment on the mysteries of life? It is all wrong, they conclude, and in order to abolish the foolish business forthwith the authors rear some rebelling cleric, strong of will and indomitable of purpose, who sets forth to cleanse the sanctuary. Usually that heroic figure winds up in the arms of a heroine and forgets all about his former high and nobler ambitions.

Whatever may be the intention of the writers who seek to cast ridicule upon the empty forms of faith the fact remains that they drive home a lesson which might not be lost on some who dwell in the household of the Lord. We forget the good fortune which divine bounty has showered upon us Catholics. Let us grant that the novelists are sincere and earnest seekers after the true religion. They find some form of faith merely a simulacrum—it is an empty shroud—having the outward form but not the inner substance. Instead of rejecting what may be partially true, or what might offer indication of where the truth is to be found, such writers prefer to play upon imagination and constitute themselves churchfounders, giving their idea of what a Christian church should be. They never pause to mention other instances of equal substitution which, while possessing the outer shape, has not also been endowed with the living spirit. They dissect a corpse: not finding life, they pretend there is no life, while all the while a radiant, joyous creature exuberant in the divine life infused by the Almighty stands smiling by their side. Dismissing Anglicanism does not prove that there is no established form of Christianity, as the light dismissal of a painted blaze would not justify one in thrusting the world into a raging fire.—The Guardian.

FIGHTING WINDMILLS

THE CRUCIFIX REMAINS

Frequently during this War it has been noticed, in Belgium and France, that where churches or wayside shrines have been injured, crucifixes have remained unharmed amid ruins. Mr. Philip Gibbs, writing in the New York Times of Sept. 18, says of the result of the bombardment of Armentieres: "The fires were out when I walked there yesterday, and the Church of St. Vaast was surrounded by its own ruins—great blocks of masonry hurled from its dome and buttresses amid a mass of broken glass. Inside there is tragic ruin, and rows of cane chairs lie in wild chaos among broken pillars and piled stones. The pipes of the great organ have been flung out of their framework, but, curiously, the side altars with figures of apostles and saints and the central figure of the Sacred Heart have hardly been touched and stand unscathed amid this great destruction.

There must be something preternatural in this security of the figure of Christ amid surrounding wreckage. It has occurred so often and has been so unaccountable, in view of the number of the shells fired and the completeness of the havoc otherwise wrought.—Catholic Columbian.

THE MAN WITH THE HAMMER

The blows of the hammer which nailed to the old oak door of the Wittenberg church, four centuries ago, the theses of the Reformation are still resounding in the world today. As the haze of centuries myths is slowly lifting the man who wielded the hammer is now standing forth more clearly than ever in the light of history. He is no longer the saint of pious fiction. In the very midst of its eulogy the Epworth Herald pauses to say there was plenty of Christian conscience against a plurality of wives, and Luther laid himself open to the charge that he was defending in one of high station what he would have condemned in one of humble position. It was a foolish as well as a sinful thing for him to do.

Nor is this the only serious fault to be found with Luther. Protestants should realize that sanctity is incompatible with the moral delinquency of a man who granted the luxury of polygamy for the sake of princely patronage; who justified prevarication of the most serious nature for the good of his New Evangel; who gloried in taking upon his head the blood of the thousands of poor, misguided peasants whom his own incendiary words had driven into revolution; who, in fine, established a State tyranny of religion wherever he believed his self-invented doctrine could be enforced by the power of the sword. Needless to mention other instances of equal gravity, for all of which text and page can be cited from Luther's own writings.

But it is not so much the saint we are asked to glorify in him, as the work which he accomplished. He was indeed "the man with the hammer." Yet it was not in the task of upbuilding that this hammer was used, but in the work of destruction; nor was it against evil alone that its blows were directed.

Surely there was evil enough in the world of that day. Owing to the constant intrusion of the State into matters of religion the Christian ideals of men had greatly suffered. A new John the Baptist, a St. Francis or a St. Dominic were needed, but not a proud, imperious creature like Luther. His blows, though at times true, were in the main misdirected. Too often they were struck with spiteful and titanic hatred against the rock on which Christ had built His Church. He had blinded himself to the one obvious truth: that if the Church of sixteen centuries, as it then existed upon earth, the only Church which dated back to Apostolic days, could have taught a single falsehood, the promise of Christ would have been false when he said that He would abide with her forever. All Christianity would then be nothing more than one gigantic delusion. Reformation of the lives of men according to the inflexible doctrine of the Church, and not reformation of the doctrine itself was the great need of the day.

It was a simple thing to destroy imaginary doctrines which the Church herself abhorred beyond all words; the supposed sanction of the sale of indulgences, the dishonor said to have been cast by her upon holy Matrimony, the alleged Divine worship rendered to the Blessed Virgin, to the Saints and their relics, the feigned withholding of the Word of God from the people, and the absurd belief ascribed to her that heaven

or, as they are called in Italy, the Lazzaristi. Not long after the recurrence of the jubilee of St. Paul of the Cross the Church will have a treat for him, if I may use the expression, viz., the canonization of one of his order, Blessed Gabriel Possenti, who has been well called "the Wonder-Worker of the Age." Persons living near the tomb of the young Passionist in South Italy inform me that Blessed Gabriel's grave has become a place where cures that are considered miraculous are of almost daily occurrence. And every day brings a fresh stream of pilgrims, the lame, the blind, the unfortunate,

might be gained by external works alone without true repentance for the sins committed and the reformation of life. But the great pity of it all is, that even to the present day these and other similar absurdities are still ascribed to her in Protestant literature. The work of Luther has been well done; but better for him and for all mankind that it had been left undone. The blows of his hammer still resound; but its only task has been to destroy, so far as lay in its power that unity for which Christ prayed, and which today and forever remains the mark of His one true Church, whereby all men may know it to be the Church He founded upon Peter.—America.

RETURN TO CHURCH

In the presence of a large congregation at the Ruthenian Catholic Church of St. John the Baptist, Newark, N. J., on Sept. 29, impressive ceremonies marked the restoration to the Faith of Very Rev. Theophanes Oubskewich, who had been an archpriest in the Russian Orthodox Church for some years after having left the Ruthenian rite. In the Russian Church the clergyman was entitled to wear the mitre, and he had been the recipient of special honors from the recently deposed Czar Nicholas of Russia. He returned his mitre to the Russian Archbishop of New York after deciding to rejoin the Roman jurisdiction. The former prelate is seventy-six years of age. His return to the Church in which he originally was ordained was observed according to the ritual of the Catholic Church, which requires a public recantation. This was received by the Very Rev. Paul Poniatishin, rector of the local church.—St. Paul Bulletin.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

THE RUTHENIANS

THE CATHOLIC EXTENSION SOCIETY is aiding the Ruthenians to preserve their Faith. They are harassed by the Protestant Missionary Societies. Some measure of success has been already achieved by the Sects in their work of Proselytism. It is not to be wondered at when there are so few priests among the Ruthenians—26—or about one priest for ten thousand. Then again the Protestant Missions spend large sums among these foreigners.

The Annual Reports of the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches show that during the year about \$800,000 were spent in CANADA, FOR HOME MISSION AND SOCIAL WORK. A large part of this vast sum was spent in attempting the EVANGELIZATION of Catholic Foreigners.

Last year the CATHOLIC EXTENSION SOCIETY, THE ONLY CATHOLIC HOME MISSION SOCIETY IN CANADA, received and distributed about \$80,000 among the Archbishops and Bishops of the missionary parts of Canada. This was all we had to give. Catholics are over 40% of the population of Canada but unlike the Protestants, the majority do not consider that they have any obligations outside their own Dioceses. The result of this UN-CATHOLIC attitude is the loss of thousands of souls.

THE CATHOLIC EXTENSION SOCIETY must receive the cooperation of every diocese in Canada, if we are to save our foreign population from Protestantism. We want YOUR help and we want it NOW, more than ever, because conditions are daily becoming more alarming. Send your contributions to our HEAD OFFICE, Catholic Extension, 67 Bond St., Toronto.

T. O'DONNELL, P. P. PRESIDENT.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Nov. 26, 1916. Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: That your charity towards my mission is approved by the highest ecclesiastical authorities of Canada let me quote from a letter from His Excellency, The Most Rev. Peregrine F. Stagni, O. S. M., D. D., Apostolic Delegate, Ottawa: "I have been watching with much interest the contributions to the Fund opened on behalf of your missions by the CATHOLIC RECORD. The success has been very gratifying and shows the deep interest which our Catholic people take in the work of the missionary in foreign lands. . . I bless you most cordially and all your labors, as a pledge my earnest wishes for your greatest success in all your undertakings." I entreat you to continue the support of my struggling mission, assuring you a remembrance in my prayers and Masses.

Yours faithfully in Jesus and Mary J. M. FRASER

Previously acknowledged: \$11,815 70 E. M. Denver, Col..... 1 00 John Dougan, Peake, Sta..... 2 00 E. C. J. Allison..... 2 00 A Reader of the RECORD..... 2 00 Kinkora..... 2 00 Mrs. P. J. F., Winnipeg..... 1 00 R. J. Macdonald, Fairfield J. A. Macdonald, Souris..... 1 00 Mr. and Mrs. Robt. McCrudden, Galt..... 5 00 John Dray, Little Bona..... 1 00 In honor of Our Blessed Lady..... 25 00 Mrs. J. M. McNeil, Glace Bay..... 2 00

THE MODERN WONDER WORKER

Rome, Oct. 18.—In all the Passionist churches of the world the golden jubilee of the canonization of St. Paul of the Cross, founder of the Order of Passionists, will be celebrated on Oct. 18. In the mother-house, Rome, where the founder lived and died, the anniversary will be observed with special solemnity. Here the room in which he breathed his last, the adjoining one in which he offered up the Holy Sacrifice every morning, the hair shirt which he wore, the whips with which he chastized his flesh, various articles of clothing, the sacred vestments which he wore at the altar, his spectacles, large and with rims of horn, the walking-stick which he used on the many leagues he walked in the interests of souls, the originals of letters written to friends, all these and other relics of the great servant of God make a visit to St. Giovanni a Paolo one of interest. It is in this monastery, I may add, many of the clergy of Rome make their annual retreat, which the Passionist Fathers conduct. Other religious houses which are officially recognized by the Vicariate as places of retreat for the Roman clergy are those of the Society of Jesus and of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul,

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. F. P. HICKRY, O. S. B. TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

GOOD DISPOSITIONS

"If I shall touch only His garment, I shall be healed." —Matt. ix, 21

The miracle of the woman, who touched the hem of Christ's garment, is narrated three times in the Gospels. Evidently, then, there is some special lesson in it that we should learn.

Jairus, a ruler in the synagogue, came and fell at our Lord's feet, and besought Him to come to his daughter, who was at the point of death.

There are crowds often in our churches, and He, the same Master, is here, and there is love enough in Him, Who dwells in the Tabernacle, and power enough, and we are all near enough to speak to Him, and not only to touch His garment, but to receive His sacred Body and Blood.

For want of the proper dispositions, that woman was conscious of her disease; she had been trying to be cured for twelve years.

She had faith in Christ, Humble faith—"If I shall touch only His garment I shall be healed."

And she made an effort to approach Him. Think how everything was against her. There was a crowd that thronged Him, and yet she was the weakest in the crowd, and yet she won her way to get to Him.

There are diseases troubling our souls, perhaps for longer than twelve years. And are we anxious for them to be cured? If we are not humble and fearful about the state of our souls, our danger is great.

Such were the dispositions of this afflicted woman, that earned the working of the miracle. She was conscious of her infirmity, and longed to be free from it. She had full faith in the power and love of Christ to hear her. She had the good will and earnestness to make the effort to get near Him. Nothing kept her back—neither the crowd, nor her weakness, nor the hurry of our Lord.

anxious to be saved! Give us, then, the dispositions that touched Thee in this poor woman's case—to be conscious of our misery and sin; to have faith in Thy power and love; the good will to make the effort to approach Thee."

TEMPERANCE

A WOMAN'S WARNING CRY

There is a pathetic story in a New York newspaper about an actress dying in the city hospital on Blackwell's Island. The object of charity and the victim of intemperance, it is stated, is the young and formerly popular actress, Mabel Bouton.

The wall which comes from those who have gradually approached and finally have fallen over the precipice of intemperance should make others fear to either touch or taste that which is so potent in its fearful destructive powers.

Fortitude is the virtue that not all possess. Some are not inclined to battle against adversity and too easily succumb to trouble. Mabel Bouton tells us that she had the "blues" owing to a difficulty of obtaining a theatrical engagement.

The engagement came but the stimulants were not discarded. People who are color blind cannot read the danger signals.

The victim in Blackwell's Island is writing for those of her own sex, but all can learn a lesson from her ruined life. We quote from her eloquent plea the concluding words of her letter:

"Take me as an example. Remember my story when you are tempted to take that first glass because you are tired or blue, or because some one says, 'It will make you feel better.'"

"Oh, how easy it is to begin a bad habit, and oh, how hard it is to stop! Learn to conquer trouble within yourself. Conquer it by work, by philosophy, by religion, through love—anything but drink. For as sure as I am lying here waiting, helpless, for my release, in the end drink will conquer you."

The sister of Mabel, Madeleine Bouton, two years ago married a count. But the countess was no more beautiful and no more talented than her unfortunate sister.

Women, as well as men, are found on that highway and too many are entering upon it almost imperceptibly. When once a woman is branded as a drunkard, her race is run, her good name is blasted, and the grave will not hide the shame and disgrace of her life.

"And they so perfect in their misery, Not once perceived their foul disfigurement. But boast themselves more comely than before, And all their friends and native home forget, To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty."

AMERICAN BISHOP MAY BE CANONIZED

On March 28, 1811, there was born in Praekatz, Bohemia, a babe who was baptized John Nepomucen. His parents were of the family Neumann of Bohemia. In early childhood his piety was noticed, and when old enough (1831) he entered the seminary of Budweis.

FAMILY DOCTOR'S GOOD ADVICE

To Go On Taking "Fruit-a-tives" Because They Did Her Good

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JAN. 14th, 1915. "I suffered for many years with terrible indigestion and constipation. I had frequent dizzy spells and became greatly run down. A neighbor advised me to try 'Fruit-a-tives'. I did so and to the surprise of my doctor, I began to improve, and he advised me to go on with 'Fruit-a-tives'."

America by reading or hearing read letters from Bishop Baraga, of Northern Michigan. On June 2, 1886, he landed in America, and on June 25 of the same year, he was adopted into the diocese of New York, and afterwards became a Redeemerist.

FAR REACHING DECISION

CONVICTION OF SLANDERERS AFFIRMED BY OKLAHOMA COURT OF APPEALS

It is to be regretted that the statute does not prescribe imprisonment in the penitentiary as the punishment for this class of crime, were the words used by Justice Armstrong of Oklahoma in a recent decision affirming the conviction of Roy Crane for criminal libel.

THE CAUSE OF HIS REGRET

One of the regrets recorded by Cardinal Newman was that in his early life he did not properly observe the Lord's Day, recalls the Sacred Heart Review. Writing to a young sister, he reproached himself for having "profaned Sunday," while he was an undergraduate, by "reading newspapers" on that day.

INCREASE IN CATHOLIC COLLEGES

The attendance at Catholic colleges and universities increased from 60,259 in 1890 to 190,278 in 1915, a growth of more than 300% in twenty-five years. Nine of our universities had last year more than 1,000 and several nearly 2,000 students.

contradictory to the facts testified to by witnesses on behalf of the state. Crane himself, although publishing a sworn statement that the matters set forth in his book were true and holding himself out as the author of a document of unimpeachable verity, testified to no facts in support of his statements, and clearly disclosed by his own offer of testimony that his published statements on these propositions were based on hearsay of unworthy origin.

REGRETS INADEQUACY OF PUNISHMENT

"It is to be regretted that the statute does not prescribe imprisonment in the penitentiary as the punishment for this class of crime in order that such characters as this record discloses plaintiff in error to be should receive the judgment which this author in this book says would be proper if his statements are untrue. That they are untrue and false in toto the proof offered in this case overwhelmingly establishes."

"The fundamental law of both the state and the nation guarantees to each individual the right to associate himself with any religious creed of his own selection, and no person of any other faith has the right to interfere with or publish false statements against the individual or organization nor its lawful mode or method of religious worship."

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Kentucky, writes Father Deppen, in the Louisville Record, is the cradle of the Dominican Fathers, the Dominican Sisters, the Trappists, the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, the Sisters of Nazareth, the Sisters of Loretto, and the Xaverian Brothers.

An Important Discovery Swollen Veins Relieved

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

FATHER

Used to wonder just why father never had much time for play.

Father didn't dress in fashion sort of hated clothing new.

All I knew was when I needed shoes I got 'em on the spot.

Father set a store on knowledge, if he'd lived to have his way.

Now and then he used to say he'd done his earthly mission on my graduation day.

—EDGAR A. GUEST.

VALUE OF POLITENESS

A president of the Chemical Bank, New York City, was once asked, "What conduce to your success from the start?"

His reply was "politeness." When I became assistant paying teller I at once recognized the necessity of uniform courtesy to all.

It is easy for boys to think that it makes little difference whether they are polite or not.

OVERLOOKED BEST THINGS It is good always to look up, says The Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Some of the great American railroads issue bulletins to their employees with such items as these:

ECONOMY AND SAVING One of the great American railroads issue bulletins to their employees with such items as these:

There could hardly be a more effective way of showing the economic importance of little things.

Suppose we replace the railroad bulletin with some such list as this:

"One lost lead pencil equals car fare home."

"One newspaper, bought and not read, equals a box of matches."

"One necktie never worn, equals a Sunday roast."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS WHO'S "IT" "On-ery, u-ery, ickery, Ann, Filley, folley, Nicholas, John."

Down in the meadows, the children at play Tell their quaint numbers the old-fashioned way;

All in a row, while the counting is done, Lips tightly closed, but with eyes full of fun,

Grandma smiles for grandmas know The funny old counting they said long ago.

And she will tell, if you ask her, the way She and her playmates the queer words would say.

Playing at tag the land over, they know The counting our grandama said long ago.

THE BOASTFUL BOY "Did Harmon tell you that? Don't mind a word that fellow says. He is the biggest brag in Boston."

Uncle Jack wondered if anyone would say a good word for the boaster, but no one did, and presently, when their stop was reached, the boys rushed off.

Granted, little girl. It is uncharitable and unkind, also mean, to say things against another person, but the boy or girl who has the foolish habit of bragging has very few friends.

Uncle Jack read a story the other day about a boy who had Harmon's fault. No matter what feat a comrade performed, John would shout:

"That's nothing! Who couldn't do that!" Even at home he bragged, until at last his family put their heads together to cure John of his very bad habit.

He had been particularly boastful and rude one evening, snubbing his brothers and sisters and making them very unhappy by sneering at their work and boasting of how much better he could do things.

His father was pretending to read, but was quietly studying John. The boaster went upstairs to get some books, and when he came back everything seemed to be very busy.

"At last I have finished the second sock," said grandma, holding it up proudly.

"Pooh!" said John's mother, scornfully. "That's nothing! I could do two pairs to your one."

The children looked up, greatly surprised, but grandma and mother were smiling at each other.

John was thinking quickly. "Father are you laughing at me?" he asked presently, and his voice sounded so oddly that father stopped laughing at once, and said kindly:

Not at you, exactly, my boy. We wanted to make you realize how boasting sounds, and how unpleasant it is. But mother spoiled our plan."

Perhaps mother thought that John had been tried enough. And perhaps he had. He wondered if he had been as disagreeable when he boasted, and he determined to overcome the habit.

So the lesson was not wasted. Uncle Jack hopes that if any of his young people are inclined to brag, that they will take themselves to task seriously, and begin at once to curb this ugly fault.

Father Ryan, the poet-priest, who said, in one of his poems: "Great hearts beat never loud?"—Sacred Heart Review.

CONFESSIO If there is anything that men value in life, if there is anything that men seek for, if there is anything in whom they may confide. There are times when it would seem that men prefer even death itself to being longer compelled to dwell alone with some secret in their hearts.

Do we not often hear of men giving themselves up to justice and severe punishment, preferring anything rather than the suffering and anguish which their secret entails? Is it not the greatest sign of love and affection when one confides to another the secret story of his life, good and bad as it is?

He will find many who wish to be considered friends. The world is full of those who smile and salute you, but you know that there is in their hearts no real sympathy for you. You look around for some one who will listen to your story, who will understand, who will help you; where is he to be found? Who cares for you enough to waste his time hearing your sorrow or shame?

Are you sure that if something happened tomorrow to turn this friend into an enemy your own secret would not be published to the world as a testimony against you? We all know that in the world even the fastest friends do not confide their secrets to each other, especially those very secrets which weigh most upon them and which they desire most to share with another.

In the midst of all this shallowness and fickleness is the poor sinner to be allowed to yearn in vain for a true friend? If Christ loved sinners so much, surely He must have provided for this great want which every repentant sinner feels. And so He has. Turn to the confessional. There you will find the friend you seek.

By God's grace, too, he not only hears you patiently, yet eagerly, but with true sympathy. For the grace of his ministry aids him to place himself in just rapport with those who seek his confidence.

If it be an Augustinian who sits in the confessional, he sympathizes with the penitent, seeing in the confession of the poor sinner at his feet only a repetition of his own weakness, his own former shortcomings, from which by God's grace he has been permitted to arise a conqueror.

If it be an Aloysius pure and unspotted from contamination with the world, then again he sympathizes because he knows full well that were it not for God's all-saving grace he, too, would lie where the sinner now is, and deeper. In the confessional, then, the sinner finds patience and sympathy.

But more still, he is sure of eternal silence; of a silence that from its unbroken observance seems to be an argument itself of the divinity of this Sacrament. For in all the history of the Church it has never been known that a secret revealed in confession has been betrayed. There have been Judases who have betrayed their Lord and His spouse, but never has one of them been known to open his lips to divulge a secret guarded by the vow of perpetual silence.

This it is that begins the great work which this Sacrament was instituted to accomplish. The first step toward conversion is the knowledge of our own wickedness, and the willingness to acknowledge it. Add to this the deep sorrow which fills our souls, the sense of utter unworthiness which follows at the sight of our own enormities and which, directed by the experienced wisdom of the confessor, fits us to receive the pardon of God.

Then the encouraging words of the priest who tells us of the great love that God bears us, and narrates to us again the story of the penitent Magdalen, and recalls to our minds the cross upon which Christ, the Savior, died for us that we might live; fill our hearts are filled at once with deepest sorrow for the past, and firm resolution for the future, and

together penitent and confessor mingle their prayers to heaven, and finally are heard the consoling words of pardon which are ratified in heaven and give joy to the angels of God. "I, by the power committed to me as a priest of God, absolve thee from thy sin."—From the works of His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell.

THE BIBLE

NORWAY'S FIRST PROTESTANT BIBLE WAS PRINTED NEARLY 300 YEARS AFTER THE REFORMATION

We shall probably hear within the next few months not a little about the aversion of the Church to the spread of the Bible among the faithful of pre-reformation times, about its chained inaccessibility to the masses and incidentally how marked a change was wrought by the religious liberators, the four hundred years' anniversary of whose chief is commemorated this year.

So it cannot but be both timely and interesting to hear what the Norwegian Catholic Weekly, "St. Olaf," has to say concerning the telling facts in this question. Reporting a discourse delivered by the Protestant Bishop Dr. Bang in Christiania on the activity of the British Bible Society, the article in question tells us that the bishop in his address spoke of the attempts made prior to the activity of the Bible Society to spread broadcast the sacred book. These, according to him, met with very little success. And even these attempts were confined to securing of each minister and church a copy; since the cost was so prohibitive as to make its spread among the people impossible. Two hundred years ago a Bible in Norway cost as much as a good horse.

Strange, indeed, in face of this fact, that our carping critics expect the Catholic Church even one thousand years ago to have a Bible in every home. It is quite sure, however, that when once the Scriptures were gathered into one book, in the fourth century, every church and every priest had a copy.

Bishop Bang in his discourse was frank enough to inform us that: "The activity of the British Bible Society was, in the beginning, very limited. Only in 1854 were they in a position to print the entire Bible. The first Norwegian New Testament was printed in Groendahl in 1819." But the reformation was introduced into Norway in 1536. A little arithmetical figuring cannot but lead to a very obvious conclusion.

Truth is always very interesting, more so very often than fiction. Our own people miss a great deal of what is interesting by not equipping themselves strongly enough with helpful antidotes to folly and mental and spiritual turmoil. We cannot be too well equipped to meet errors, trite but for all that reshaped to surfite. —C. B. of C. V.

LAYMEN AND MISSIONS

We Catholics can well maintain that we have nothing to learn about the manner of preaching the Gospel. The Catholic Church alone received the divine commission to go forth and teach all nations. We have been doing that from the beginning. And thanks to the grace of God we have been doing it well. In every land under the sun our good, devoted missionaries have been laboring. It is an old work in the Church. It is a truism that all the present civilization in the world is due to the Catholic missionary. As that is true of the past, so will it be of the years we are facing.

The Catholic Church, indeed, is the only power of whom permanent success in the missions can be expected, for it is she alone that has the authoritative voice of yea and nay. Some Catholics are at times apt to forget that fundamental fact. They are inclined almost to fear that the Church is not facing the present situation as she faced the vital issue of converting the Romans and the Celts to the Christian faith. Today in the missions to the peoples not yet made Christian. It is however, the same faith and the same power and it will produce the same results in God's good time. That thought should give us confidence in the apostolicity of the Church. It is a thought that is somehow needed in an age that is so largely material. Some Catholics even lose heart as if the final victory were to go to those that are the better masters of finance. Our age attributes so much to the power of money; it is inclined to make that power omnipotent. Where the most money is, there, it is assumed, will be the greatest success.

And that thought has been suffered to invade the spiritual realm. An instance is found in the missions. It is known, for example, what a vast amount of money is annually contributed to the Protestant missions. Commercialism is writ all over them. Success is hoped for in proportion to the dollars contributed. It is a blind way to look at things. To understand that, we have but to weigh the results of the missions relatively. In mere money the Protestant missions are to an untold degree superior to the Catholic missions. Hundreds of millions of dollars have been contributed to the former, so much, that in proportion the offerings to the Catholic missions

seems, though great, trivial. The Protestant missionary societies have superabundant means to build and endow schools, hospitals, Bible presses, whereas our missions are continually in need of help. Yet who does not know that the results from this financial outlay are not proportionate. Our Catholic missions, with far less of this world's goods at their command, have accomplished more than all the other missions put together. It is all the difference in the world, the difference between the Divine and the human, between the power of the spirit of God and the power of mere money. Anyone can plant, but God must give the increase.

We have, then, no reason to fear for our missions, or to dread their being overwhelmed by finance. It is our faith that the Church will not fail, and that means the Church in pagan lands as well as in those lands now Catholic but once pagan also.

And to that end we all, laymen as well as priests, must work. And sometimes the consideration of what those outside the Church are doing in their own misguided zeal for their missions is beneficial as a spur to us.

At a recent Protestant mission congress the notable feature was the presence of so many laymen. They were not what are strictly called mission or church workers. They were men from the business world, heads of great business corporations, busy men of the world, yet they found time to come together and consult as to what means should be employed to make the foreign missions of their particular sect more successful. They have taken an aggressive attitude. They have not left the work to be done by chance missionaries, but are prepared to give their time and money to cooperate with those actually engaged in foreign fields.

Is there not in that a hint to our Catholic men? Our missionaries need our help. Money is not the all essential. But our missionaries could do more if they did not have the worries about the material part of their work. To help them in their Christly labors of saving souls should be the pleasure as it is the duty of every Catholic.—Sacred Heart Review.

ALL SAINTS AND ALL SOULS Thursday, November 1st, Feast of all Saints, is a holy day of obligation—that is, it is obligatory, under pain of mortal sin, for every Catholic who can do so, to hear Mass on that day just as on Sunday. Of course, as on Sunday, there are exceptions to this—such as persons who are sick or who are so circumstantiated as to render attendance at Mass impossible. Such persons withheld from Mass should make a remembrance of the Mass by reading the prayers at Mass in their prayer-books, by saying the Rosary, or performing some other devotion. In this way they will participate in the Church's celebration of the glories of All Saints.

Friday, November 2, All Souls Day, is not a holy day of obligation but it is a holy day of devotion, and one that is faithfully observed by Catholics everywhere. This is the day on which the Church bids us especially to remember the souls of the faithful departed. According to the Church's teaching the souls suffering in Purgatory, unable to help themselves, may be helped by those who constitute the Church militant on earth. We Catholics in our religious life are constantly reminded by the Church of the claims of the souls in Purgatory on our prayers and works of charity; but on this day particularly the Church presents the case of the poor souls who depend on the suffering souls upon their friends on earth is very real indeed, and she bids us to have them remembered in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

Therefore, on this day every Catholic should attend Mass if possible to show his desire to befriend the poor souls suffering in Purgatory. The day, as we have said, is not a holy day of obligation, but there are few holy days of the year of more deep and tender import, there are few whose significance comes home so surely to the pious Catholic heart.—Sacred Heart Review.

"SPEAK YE THE TRUTH" "Putting away lying, speak ye the truth every man with his neighbor." Such was the counsel given by St. Paul to the Ephesians. It is needed today. For alas! men still deceive one another, misrepresent, calumniate one another. The lie comes easily to the lips of many. They do not hesitate to trifle with truth, to give the wrong impression, to lie outright if lying will serve their purpose.

Children learn to lie through their parents' bad example; employees are forced to lie in their employers' interests; newspapers lie because their readers demand sensations and are not scrupulous as to a basis of fact.

What a mean, contemptible fault this lying is! What a grievous sin it becomes when it maliciously destroys a man's reputation and ruthlessly injures him in his material affairs!—Sacred Heart Review.

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K. C. WAR ACTIVITIES

Washington, D. C., Oct. 27th.—Another great step in advance has been made by the Knights of Columbus Committee on War Activities, which, as the representative of the Catholic people of this country is conducting a social, recreational and religious work among the soldiers of Uncle Sam's army. During the past week several new recreation buildings were completed and either formally or informally opened to the men. Those informally opened will be officially dedicated at a later date, when prelates and prominent speakers will be enabled to lend their presence to the event.

This work is now in full swing, and that it is measuring up to all expectations, is not exceeding them, may be gleaned from the impression it has made upon the enlisted men themselves, for whom it is primarily intended. From all sides the Committee is receiving letters of commendation and one of the most gratifying things about it all is the fact that fathers and mothers who have been compelled to give their sons up for army service are being enabled to bear the great burden by reason of the knowledge that these young men are surrounded by certain comforts and conveniences through the Knights of Columbus work, which it would be impossible for the government to give and that in addition, they are being enabled to enjoy all the consolation of their religion.

That the secular newspapers of the country appreciate the value of this work has been attested by editorials which have appeared in all the leading papers. Editorial writers have found that the Knights of Columbus is rendering a tremendous humanitarian service to the soldiers, and that their work is patriotic in the highest sense of the word.

There has been scant support given those who would impugn this work and who have asserted that the Knights of Columbus is acting as a secret society and using the buildings which it has secured for meetings where secret meetings are held. This was of course, officially denied by Col. P. H. Callahan, Chairman of the Knights of Columbus Committee on War Activities and the daily papers, as well as the Catholic press, gave wide circulation to this denial.

The Knights of Columbus field secretaries have been ordered into uniform. This is in accordance with the wish of the War Department which desires that every man stationed in an encampment or cantonment wear some distinctive dress which will facilitate the work of those assigned to the task of preventing unauthorized persons from making free use of the camps. Hereafter all Knights of Columbus secretaries on field duty will wear a uniform which in general form and color will resemble that worn by the army officers, but which will bear certain distinctive marks which have been approved. The uniforms will have roll, instead of standing collars, and the Knights of Columbus insignia will be prominently displayed on both collars and sleeves.

Wednesday, Oct. 24th, designated by President Wilson as "Liberty Loan Day," was observed in all the Knights of Columbus Recreation Buildings. This was done by order of the Committee which is anxious to co-operate with the government in all its undertakings. The buildings were appropriately decorated and Liberty Loan posters were prominently displayed. Liberty Loan literature was also distributed and in many places entertainments were arranged at which a speaker called attention to the advisability of investing in Liberty Bonds. According to government officials, subscription to these bonds from the men in service has exceeded all expectations and the Treasury Department expressed itself as being delighted with the part which the Knights of Columbus have done in propagating this work. The order has also invested a quarter of a million dollars in Liberty Bonds, the subscription having been made Thursday, October 19.

The provision of proper entertainment for the men is now receiving special attention from the Committee on War Activities. Mrs. Ernestine Schumann-Heink, the celebrated grand opera contralto, is one of the famous artists who has given her services to this work and Mrs. Schumann-Heink has appeared at Knights of Columbus buildings in several cantonments. Mrs. Schumann-Heink is without doubt the world's greatest contralto and she is also a practical Catholic. Despite the fact that she is of German birth, she is thoroughly American, having taken out naturalization papers several years ago and at which time she declared her intention of making this country her permanent home. She has two sons in the United States Army.

Boxing bouts are proving to be favorite forms of amusement among those men who enjoy athletic events, and Tom Cassidy, president of the American Athletic Union has taken charge of the work of arranging these events at the Knights of Columbus buildings. Under his direction several interesting bouts were recently staged at Camp Dix, Wrightstown, New Jersey, and were attended by 8,000 spectators.

One of the most important additions to the Knights of Columbus list of educational lecturers is Dr. Thomas P. McNulty, of New York City, one of the most prominent dental surgeons in the United States. Dr. McNulty is in constant demand for clinical lectures at meetings of the various state dental associations and is an absolute authority on dental hygiene. He has volunteered to visit the camps under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus and to deliver hygienic lectures to the men. It has been discovered that this is one of the most valuable precautionary measures yet introduced into the army and to the Knights of Columbus belongs the honor of being the pioneers in this field. Dr. McNulty is a Catholic and a prominent member of the order.

Ever since the earliest days the Mass has had its own peculiar significance for all times, those who affected to believe that after all there was not much difference between the religious situation in England after the Reformation and before it. Augustine Birrell, late chief secretary for Ireland, thought there was, and he proved it by the attitude towards the Mass of those Englishmen who thought they did nothing but disown the authority of the Pope in England.

Catholics are as interested in the Mass from a devotional as they are from a dogmatic standpoint; in fact the dogma here as elsewhere in Catholic teaching, is the foundation of devotion. Once it was our peculiar experience to learn in a dramatic sort of way in what esteem the Irish people hold the Mass as an act of worship and devotion. Whilst engaged in preaching during the course of a service which we improvised on a steamer, a vigorous son of Erin interrupted with the significant query: "Why can't we have Mass?" and we were so edified at his faith, that we forgot his rudeness.

The Mass is now so well known as a means of worshipping God on His own special day, that the Catholic who knowingly and willingly fails to attend it may be consigned to the ecclesiastical discard, and every zealous priest is endeavoring to foster a love and desire for daily Mass among his people. His Eminence, Cardinal Farley, Archbishop of New York, has established "The League of Daily Mass" in his jurisdiction, and this is the way one of his most active and successful priests conveys the news to his people

demanding the serious attention of every mother and father. I have countless cases of wayward girls brought before me.

"Again the trouble reverts to the home. The girls are not bad, only careless. Unless cared for they become bad girls. The parent must be shown the danger, and if they will not give the girls the proper home life and keep them from the streets then I will send them where they will get the nearest thing to a good home influence.

"I am a great believer in a good spanking. I am watching many urchins who were real highway bandits in their neighborhood slowly growing into the right boys because I have reached the fathers and told them that if the boys were not spanked the fathers would either be fined or sent to jail. After all, the old-fashioned 'licking' of our own boyhood days is still pretty effective medicine."—Sacred Heart Review.

"IT IS THE MASS THAT MATTERS"

It is the Mass that matters," when he desired to overwhelm an argument for all time, those who affected to believe that after all there was not much difference between the religious situation in England after the Reformation and before it. Augustine Birrell, late chief secretary for Ireland, thought there was, and he proved it by the attitude towards the Mass of those Englishmen who thought they did nothing but disown the authority of the Pope in England.

RECOMMENDS OLD REMEDY

Some months ago we recommended to parents of wayward boys the method employed by a down South "Auntie," whose well-mannered boys elicited praise from the mistress. "How did you raise them so creditably, Aunt Sally?" she asked. "Ah! I tell you, mister," said Aunt Sally: "I raised dem boys with a barrel stove, an' I raised dem frequent."

A contemporary found fault with us for finding anything to approve in Aunt Sally's discipline. "Moral suasion was much better; reach the heart of the child," advised our critic.

Now comes a Boston judge, to uphold the firm and heavy-hand theory, Judge Brackett of the West Roxbury District Court. Ten boys were brought before him recently, charged with raiding gardens and stealing fruit. The judge summoned the ten fathers, and ordered them to administer a sound whipping. Being questioned as to his reasons, the judge replied, as reported in "a daily paper:

"Spare the rod and spoil the child. The cause for the delinquent child reverts back in every case to the parents. We cannot establish a court spanker, but we can see that the parent gives the spanking. The best way to reach some parents is through their pocketbooks. When I find a parent who will not take his boy home and give him what the law calls 'an awful licking,' then I call that parent into court and make him pay for his boy's mischief. Invariably when this man goes home conquered he gives the boy the whipping. He must take his money loss out of someone and that someone is the boy.

"No father has a deeper love or interest in children than I, and it is a tax upon my sympathies to have children brought into court. I have made a special study of the juvenile law breaker and I'm working out plans to help the child I find we must reach the home. I do not favor reformatories."

The problem of wayward girls also has received much thought from the judge. If home discipline does not restrain the wayward girl, or "if the home is not what it should be," he continued, "I advise placing her in the House of the Good Shepherd if she is a Catholic, or in some good institution for the care of girls if she is not a Catholic.

The young girl problem today

through his little Church paper: "It is with the greatest pleasure that we comply with the command of His Eminence to establish a branch of The League of Daily Mass in our Parish."

No well instructed Catholic will be surprised at the effort of the Church to interest her children in what they all know to be not only the great act of worship, but the supreme means of obtaining grace. Hilaire Belloc, who is one of the busiest of men, goes daily to Mass, and his one annoyance on a trip which he once made on foot in France, was that he was deprived of the privilege. He realized apart from "the grace and influence belonging to such a custom" the pleasing sensation of order and accomplishment which attaches to a day one has opened by Mass.

What an immense gain to religion if every Catholic would imitate that distinguished Englishman by making the most of the Mass; by hearing it not only Sunday, but daily, and this month of October would be an excellent time to begin to lay the foundation for the habit. We are praying during this month for the intention of the Holy Father and the triumph of the Church. We ought to share the solicitude of Pope Benedict XV., for we know what is uppermost in his mind during every waking hour, and it has been well said by some one—possibly—the late Bishop Hedley, who wrote so entrancingly of Mass. "If Mass in war time makes every one of us a more real and earnest Catholic, peace will be all the sooner restored."—The Guardian.

AN UNKNOWN HERO

The Calamianes Islands, as you are probably not aware, considered ecclesiastically, are in the Prefecture Apostolic of Palawan. That division comprises the Palawan, Iwagih Penal Colony, the Culin Lepar Colony, the Cuyo and Calamianes Settlements, a motley grouping, fit to delight the heart of its apostolic bishop. For further information, one may thumb a very large geographical lexicon; but even in the latest and most extensive, the curious seeker will find no information such as is printed on page 798 of that very sober volume, Kennedy's "Catholic Directory for 1917":

Calamianes Islands, Culin (Lepar Colony). Rev. Felipe Milan, S. J., Rev. Joaquin Tarrago, S. J., One Lay Brother and nine Sisters of St. Paul (Father Tarrago, in his service as chaplain, became infected with leprosy and is now confined inside the colony. His previous efficient work is now increased greatly.)

The simple heroism of a man who welcomes leprosy because it draws him nearer to the afflicted, in striking and literal accord with St. Paul who would make himself all things to all men that he might win all for Christ, brings out the shame of our sordid self-seeking. Yet it makes us proud of the sublimity to which this poor nature of ours can attain. In most civilized countries, physical ill health is held a cause that fairly justifies retirement from active service. Not so it is with the Catholic missionary. When he leaves civilization for Christ's dear sake, he leaves all those conventions of civilization that make

for personal comfort; often like another Paul or Francis, he bears about in his body the marks of the wounds of Christ. The world knows nothing of Padre Tarrago and his life of martyrdom; but assuredly the Angels of God look down with joy that that brave man laboring in his lopsided leper colony on a barren island, set in the lonely waters of the far Eastern seas. His are the scarred hands of a warrior, and his name will be written in God's great book as one who greatly dared, and died, fighting in the service of his King—America.

DIED

BURROWS.—On Thursday, Oct. 18, 1917, at 421 Lisgar Street, Ottawa, Mary A. Burrows, in her eighty fourth year. May her soul rest in peace.

KING.—In Mitchell, Ont., Oct. 19th, 1917, Mrs. Michael King, aged seventy-two years. May her soul rest in peace.

MEANEY.—At Humbermouth, Nfld., Oct. 3rd, 1917, of infantile paralysis, Edward Gordon, darling son of Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Meaney, aged five years and four months.

A NOVEL CHAIN

The consecration of Bishop Bunz, O. M. I., took place at the Pro-Cathedral of the Holy Rosary in Seattle on October 18, the consecrating prelate being Most Reverend T. Casey, D. D., Archbishop of Vancouver and Metropolitan of the province. Bishop Bunz will preside over the recently created see of Prince Rupert, Canada.

An interesting feature of the consecration was that the episcopal crozier, carried by the Bishop-elect, was the one used by his old friend, the late Bishop Durieu, which has been presented to him as a sacred Oblate relic of one of the province's greatest missionaries. The pectoral cross, which is worn by the Bishop, is the gift of the Catholics and citizens of Dawson City, and is, perhaps, the only one of its kind in the Catholic world, the chain being entirely composed of local gold nuggets.—St. Paul Bulletin.

The first to contribute in a campaign started in Tulsa, Oklahoma, by the Sisters of the Sorrowful Mother to raise funds for the erection of a hospital, were two Hebrews, Messrs. L. E. Aaranson and M. M. Travers, who donated \$10,000.

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If you would fall into any extreme, let it be on the side of gentleness. The human mind is so constructed that it resists rigor and yields to softness.—St. Francis de Sales.

They who die rich in character leave a great debt that was not there when they came; they have something to take with them as well.

Children for Adoption

The St. Vincent de Paul Society of Hamilton has nine children for adoption—five girls and four boys. The boys are aged from two to seven years, and the girls are two years and nine months. Full information may be had from Mr. M. J. Forster, agent of St. Vincent de Paul Society, 255 Walnut St., South, Hamilton, Ont. 2035-4.

TEACHERS WANTED

QUALIFIED CATHOLIC TEACHER ABLE to teach French and English, for St. S. S. S. Dover. Duties to commence Nov. 1st Salary \$500 per annum. Address to E. Larocque, Sec. Treas., R. R. 2, Bear Lake, Ont. 2035-1.

QUALIFIED TEACHER WANTED FOR DUTY to commence at once. Apply, stating experience to John Hayes, R. R. 3, Parkhill, Ont. 2035-2.

TEACHER WANTED FOR CATHOLIC

Separate school, No. 8, Morley. Must know both English and French as well. Salary offered \$500 per annum. Address to E. Larocque, Sec. Treas., Pinewood, Ont. 2035-3.

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED

WANTED HOUSEKEEPER FOR A PRIEST in one of the cities of the Detroit, Mich. diocese. Must furnish references as to character. Address, The Catholic Pastor, Reding, Mich. 2035-4f

DOCTOR WANTED

THE CITIZENS OF BARRY'S BAY AND surrounding townships are in urgent need of a medical doctor who resides in Barry's Bay. Nearest doctor is fifteen miles away. Address communications to S. F. Smith, Tel. Clerk, Barry's Bay, Ont. 2035-4

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CATHOLIC INSTITUTION, Holy Face of Jesus Christ, on heavy raised grained paper. Size of picture 16x20 inches. It is a beautiful conception, and will be appreciated in every Catholic home. Address Catholic Supply Co., Publishers of Religious Pictures, 46 St. Alexander St., Montreal, Que. 2035-4

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CATHOLIC CHILDREN FOR ADOPTION

FOUR CHILDREN, TWO BOYS, AGE SIX and three years, and two girls, age seven and four years. These children are brothers and sisters, and it would be most desirable to have them placed in pairs if possible. They are extremely healthy, bright, and fond of school. Application received by Wm. O'Connor, Children's Branch, 149 University Ave., Toronto. 2036-4.

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NOVEMBER 10th.

Last Day for Reporting for Service or Claiming Exemption.

Only one week remains for the men in Class One to respond to the call under the Military Service Act. In order that every man may fully understand and fulfil his obligations, the following questions and answers are given.

Who is in Class One?
All Males British subjects, ordinarily or at any time since the 4th day of August, 1914, resident in Canada, who had on the 13th October, 1917, attained the age of 20 years, who were born not earlier than the year 1883, and were on the 6th day of July, 1917, unmarried, or are widowers, but have no child, etc.

Exemptions.
1. Members of Our regular, or reserve, or auxiliary force, as defined by Our Army Act.
2. Members of Our Military forces raised by the Governments of any of Our other dominions or by Our Government of India.
3. Men serving in or Royal Navy, or in Our Royal Marine, or in Naval Service of Canada, and members of Our Canadian Expeditionary Force.
4. Men who have since August 4th, 1914, served in Our Military or Naval Forces, or in those of Our allies, in any theatre of actual war, and have been honorably discharged therefrom.
5. Clergy, including members of any recognized order of an exclusively religious character, and ministers of all religious denominations existing in Canada at the date of the passing of Our said Military Service Act.
6. Those persons exempted from military service by Order in Council of August 13th, 1873, and by Order in Council of December 6th, 1898."

How should Report for Service be made?
Men who do not desire to claim exemption will report for service either by mail or in person.
Forms of report will be found in all post offices, and will be transmitted free of postage.

What is the next step?
The man who has reported for service will be advised by Registered Letter as to anything thereafter required of him. He will not be required to report for duty or be placed on active service earlier than the 10th day of December, 1917.

How should claim for exemption be made?
Claim for exemption may be made by any man in Class One, by his employer, business associate or near relative, but it is desirable that not more than one claim be made for any one man. Forms of claim for exemption will be found in all Post Offices and will be transmitted free by the postmaster to the Registrar.

What are the grounds for Exemption?
(a) That it is expedient in the national interest that the man should, instead of being employed in military service, be engaged in other work in which he is habitually engaged;
(b) That it is expedient in the national interest that, instead of being employed in military service, he be engaged in other work in which he wishes to be engaged and for which he has special qualification;
(c) That it is expedient in the national interest that, instead of being employed in military service, he should continue to be educated or trained for any work for which he is then being educated or trained;
(d) That serious hardship would ensue, if the man were placed on active service, owing to his exceptional financial or business obligations or domestic position;
(e) ill health or infirmity;
(f) That he conscientiously objects to the undertaking of a combatant service and is prohibited from so doing by the tenets and articles of faith, in effect on the sixth day of July, 1917, of any organized religious denomination existing and well recognized in Canada at such date, and to which he in good faith belongs.
(g) That he is exempt from combatant service because disqualified under the War Times Election Act.

What is the last day for Reporting for Service or Claiming Exemption?
NOVEMBER 10th, 1917.

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