

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXVIII.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1916

1945

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WHY

We do not wish to impute unworthy motives to our antagonists; but it is difficult at times to understand why they champion directly or indirectly charges that are as idiotic as they are baseless. We are of the opinion that if they refused to countenance clerical ranters perpetuation of prejudices would cease to be a profitable occupation. They have but to say a word—and the insane perversions of history that provoke the merriment of the unbeliever, and the calumnies that make us wonder at the moral and mental equipment of the utterers would no longer be the disgrace and reproach of this generation. The thoughtful non-Catholic must marvel at our patience. And we are patient, and for many reasons.

Revelation is no new thing to us. We heard it on Calvary and down the ages. Truth has been ever on the Cross, and the bitter-minded have always poured out in book and harangue, their hatred. But is it not strange that in these days there are still a few divines blaspheming what they know not, and execrating a monstrosity born of a crooked mentality, which they call the Catholic Church?

WIDE OPEN

Our readers know that when Leo XIII. threw wide open the doors to the Archives of the Vatican he gave a great impetus to the development of historical science.

"We desire nothing," says Leo XIII., "save to bring about a reformation which is due to the honour of the Church and which favors the progress of true science." We know how ardent in historical research are the men of our time, and how eagerly they strive to reach the hidden cause of events. Nor are we ignorant that the enemies of religion have abused these tendencies to obscure the light of history, giving credence to inventions the most false, calumniating the innocent, and casting hatred and obloquy on men worthy the admiration of all posterity. To destroy such falsities nothing is more proper, nothing more efficacious than to bring them face to face with the truth itself as revealed in the irrefragable testimony of texts and documents.

Due to the action of Leo XIII. blind apologies as well as fanatical calumnies have been rejected. Legends that masqueraded as truth have been relegated to the domain of the fairy-tale. Rationalist, sectarian and Catholic are delving into the historical mines of the Vatican with profit to the Church, which shines with such a brilliancy of truth, of beauty, and of goodness that the shadows of human imperfections cannot harm it.

SOCIAL SERVICE

We have the greatest respect for science. Within its proper domain it shows forth the glory and beneficence of God: confronted with the problems that transcend the powers of the microscope it avows its inability to solve them. The pseudo-scientist however mocks at them as puerilities and drags in science at every turn to sponsor his exhibitions of ignorance and impudence. He seems to believe that a verbal pontifice applied to social wrongs and misery, by one who has had a scientific training, is the passport to social health. He views with pitying condescension the efforts of the untrained, and seeks through "Social Bureaus" to make them more efficient and to solve our great social problems by ignoring God. But words will neither cut out the ulcer of unrest nor give hope to the many who are not guided by the light of eternity. They will not take off the crown of thorns from the brow of humanity. Nor can they turn the world into an earthly paradise. The poor need more, of all justice and charity: the manifestations of the spirit that can unite all classes of society in fraternal sympathy.

The Church does not allow us to forget our duty in this matter, and reminds us that efficient social work means character and that the efficient

social worker must be a deeply religious man.

We should have that saving sympathy which touches with love poor human bodies bruised from contact with the stones of life. Tabulating statistics, and investigations are useful and necessary, but the chief factor in social work that heals and strengthens and uplifts is the charity of Christ Who made Himself one with us all in order to save all.

THE REMEDY

Carlyle was not wrong when he said that the beginning and end of what is the matter with society is that we have forgotten God. Man's highest good is not a mere earthly end to be attained in this life. Riches are not the passport to happiness: poverty is compatible with a virtuous life and the highest moral excellence.

"What motives will you propose to make the rich man to lift up his weaker brother, the poor man to stand by the other's side feeling neither abject nor envious. There is only one philosophy on earth capable of this transformation, and that is the divine philosophy of the Crucified. Take away this, and what motive can you propose to stay the hands of the masses excited to fury by the harangues of misguided leaders and conscious of their power."

"Religion alone," said Leo XIII., "can destroy the evil at its roots. All men must be persuaded that the primary thing needful is to return to real Christianity, in the absence of which all the plans of the wisest will be of little avail. The social problem is more a question of morality and religion than it is of political economy. The time will never come when all inequality of social conditions shall disappear: but it is well to remember that inequality of wealth, of talent, of station is a mere trifle compared with these things in which the poor and the rich are equal before God and man—that a man's moral conduct is the all important thing, and this is not determined by the quality of his clothes or the hardness of his hands."

PRIESTS IN ITALIAN ARMY

Priests in the Italian army number at present between 17,000 and 19,000. The exact figures are not available. The total number of chaplains is about 1,000. How many of these are at the front or in base hospitals or in hospitals throughout Italy is a military secret. Its revelation would make known the number of troops, and, because each regiment and each hospital has a chaplain. In the fleet there are eight chaplains.

All chaplains are appointed by the Episcopus Castrensis, Mgr. Bartolomei. His designation is communicated to the military authorities, who then nominate the chaplain in question. A regiment or hospital in need of a chaplain must first specify that need to the War Office before the Army Bishop can act. It is not the practice to appoint volunteers. Preference is always given to priests bound to serve in order that as many as possible of these may be employed in work suited to their calling. Once appointed to the front chaplains cannot be removed without a medical certificate declaring them unfit for the fatigues of war. At least such were the orders originally in force. Recently a concession has been granted. A chaplain who is in need of rest may arrange an exchange with the chaplain of a base hospital.

Chaplains have the rank of lieutenant, and are consequently paid 180 lire per month. Each is allowed an orderly. They are recommended to choose their ordies from among the ecclesiastics on active service—that is ecclesiastics who are neither priests, deacons, nor subdeacons. In military matters chaplains are subject to the military commanders, and may be punished by them. In spiritual matters they are under the jurisdiction of the Army Bishop, who can change them if they do not do their work satisfactorily. Priests, deacons, and subdeacons who are bound to serve and are not chaplains belong "in fact" to the sanitary department, and have not to fight. Parish priests over thirty-two years of age are entirely exempted. An unsuccessful effort was made to get this exemption extended to all parish priests.

So far, five chaplains have been killed, one being the naval chaplain on board the Benedetto Brin. The first official list of distinctions published last October and covering the first half of June contained about 150 names. Two chaplains were

mentioned, and received the silver medal. This means more than appears at first sight, because awards are few and carefully chosen in the Italian Army. So far only one gold medal has been granted. The recipient was a lieutenant, a good Catholic who, in the act of receiving the last sacraments in the hospital, "raised himself painfully on his elbows, commanded the soldiers to salute Jesus, then communicated and died, exclaiming with the last breath: 'I die in the holy name of God, in the hope of a better life!'"

There are two fortnightly publications connected with the war—"Il Prete al Campo" (for priests) and "La Stella del Soldato" (for all). The latter is edited by Father Goretzki, S. J., of the Gregorian University, and is supported by the congregations of the B. V. M. It contains edifying stories, anecdotes, spiritual exhortations, etc. "Il Prete al Campo" is of a more practical character. It publishes articles on first aid, religious and military documents bearing on the work of chaplains, homilies on the Sunday Gospels, apologetic notes, pious exhortations, suggestions on good books for soldiers, etc. It is the official organ of the Army Bishop. Though not subsidised, its price is only 3 lire per annum.

There are several Catholic societies engaged in helping soldiers and chaplains. The most important is the "Comitato nazionale per l'assistenza religiosa nel l'esercito." It supplies through the Central Office of the Army Bishop portable altars to all chaplains at the front and to many chaplains in hospitals. It also supplies whatever is needed for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass—wines, hosts, and candles, etc. For these and for pious objects an adequate offering is expected from the chaplains, but not for the portable altars. "L'Unione nazionale per il trasporto dei malati a Lourdes" is being obliged to suspend its ordinary labors this year, has directed its energies to the soldiers. One of its present works is the supply of good books. It has arranged with many publishers for a reduction of 50 per cent. on the cost price, so that people who wish to send books to soldiers may forward the same to this society, and thus make it go farther. The Gioventu Cattolica proposes to supply little libraries of 25 volumes of standard Catholic works at a cost of 45 lire.

Many of the satisfactory arrangements which render the position of priests in the Italian army superior to that of their brethren in other conscript countries are due to the work of the Episcopus Castrensis, Mgr. Bartolomei, who is enabled by his position to arrange everything promptly with the civil and ecclesiastical authorities. He has two offices, one at Rome in the Capranica College, the other at Treviso in the war zone. He is helped and represented (when absent) in Rome by Mgr. Cerrati, and in Treviso by Mgr. Maritano. Mgr. Cerrati has a head secretary and eleven soldiers (all ecclesiastics) under him. They have few idle moments.—Rome.

CARDINAL MERCIER

IS GIVEN OVATION IN ROME

Cardinal Mercier, primate of Belgium, arrived in Rome recently, and was received at the station by the Belgian minister accredited to the Vatican, Sir Henry Howard, British minister to the Vatican, Mgr. Desanpers, Papal Master of the chamber, and a large number of the Belgian colony. A large crowd of Italians also greeted the Cardinal, crying "Viva Mercier! Viva Belgium!"

accompanying him along the streets to the Belgian college, where he is stopping. In the municipal council Prince was received at the station by the members of the council, welcomed Cardinal Mercier in Rome and greeted him as "the man representing the tragic and heroic history of civic virtue and of unshakable faith." The speakers also expressed sympathy with Belgium, "momentarily crushed," and admiration for the Belgian army, the Belgian people and King Albert and his queen.

"What I have done was simply my duty," Cardinal Mercier said later in the evening, while the people of Rome, comprising all classes, received him as they have no Cardinal of any nationality since the fall of the temporal power. The Cardinal's secretary said that the Cardinal was most gratified at the welcome accorded to him. The tribute was paid, the secretary said, not to the Cardinal personally, but to Belgium, hence he appreciated it most keenly. Cardinal Mercier, who was accompanied throughout his journey by his Vicar General, Mgr. Vanroy, is healthy, smiling and pleasant in manner. He intends to remain in Rome for a fortnight, but does not wish to be interviewed or to make statements or communications of any kind to the press, not because he gave any official promise in this regard to the German authorities, but because he considers that he is bound by honor to be silent. In spite of this, he spoke in high praise of the American generosity in helping the desti-

tute Belgians, and of the immense debt of gratitude felt by his people toward America, adding: "The Belgians feel very much their humiliating position, but they need to accept charity."

The situation of the unfortunate nation, the Cardinal explained, was not so terrible now as it was immediately after the occupation. Some Belgians were gradually returning to their homes and resuming work. One of the most striking features in the scarcity of coal and its high cost, while Belgium now has more coal than ever before because there are practically no railways running or factories working.

When asked for his opinion on the probable end of the war, Cardinal Mercier raised his arms, and, lifting his eyes to heaven, exclaimed: "Long yet—perhaps this time next Winter." Cardinal Mercier all day was the recipient of the greatest manifestations of homage and sympathy. Letters, telegrams, addresses and cards arrived by the thousand, while his modest apartment in the Belgian College was filled with flowers, many coming from unknown donors. Dispatches recently said that Cardinal Mercier was received in private audience by the Holy Father. The dispatches added that Cardinal Mercier was fully assured by Pope Benedict of the Pontiff's favorable sentiment toward the Belgians and for the French population in the invaded territory, according to information received in well informed quarters.—Buffalo Echo, Jan. 20.

ONE BLESSING FROM THE WAR

The Russian Orthodox American Messenger quotes from an interview in the London Times with the Anglican Bishop of Birmingham, who had gone to the scene of battle, as follows:

"It is strange to see how religious emblems appear to have been proof against shell fire. Constantly you would see a church almost totally destroyed and yet the crucifix untouched." This leads the Bishop to the consideration of the religious condition of our troops as affected, first, by the churches and worshipers of France, and, secondly, by their own experiences in the war. More than one mentioned the pleasure felt at the side of the little wayside shrines which they had passed on their march. What his experience of war is doing for the soldier in regard to religion impressed the Bishop as remarkable. What struck one very much was the desire for the understanding of a few central truths and the evident keenness for dogmatic statements as to great matters.

THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE

That the Catholic Church will control the religious life of the majority of the American people, when the United States shall have reached the zenith of prosperity and power, was the prediction made by a non-Catholic writer, Mr. H. D. Sedgwick, in the Atlantic Monthly during the past year. His argument, based upon purely natural reasons, was drawn from the fact of the Church's cosmopolitanism, or as we should more simply call it, her Catholicity. The United States, he reasoned, will be made up mainly of descendants of English, German and Irish stock, but there will likewise be many other races. So it will be the one great cosmopolitan country of the world. Since there is but one cosmopolitan church, he continued, it is evident that the Catholic Church, which always wisely reads the signs of the times, will meet with her most favorable opportunities and will duly avail herself of them. The writer of the article thus concludes:

"The Roman Church has always been cosmopolitan. There have been Popes from England, Holland, Germany, France, Spain and Italy. Her churches lift their spires from Norway to Sicily, from Quebec to Patagonia. Her missionaries have sacrificed their lives all over the world. Her strength has been that she is the Church Universal. England recognizes the King as head of the Anglican Church; Russia, the Czar as head of the Greek Church; but the Roman Church has never been bounded by national boundaries; she alone has been able to put before the western world the ideal of a church for humanity. This has been the source of her peculiar attraction; and in the next century, when the national barriers broken down, her claim to universal acceptance and obedience will be stronger than ever. Americans cannot kneel to an English king nor prostrate themselves before a czar of Russia, but many will do both before Him Who has the only claim to be considered the High Priest of Christendom."

We gladly accept the prediction here made and hope that its verification will soon follow. But there is an essential defect in the argument. The cosmopolitanism, upon which it is based, would be the very reason for the Church's undoing and not

the cause of her success, were we to argue from an exclusively natural point of view, as the writer does. Were the Church a purely human institution and not of Divine origin, Christ Himself, the world, within the course of even a single year, be split into as many creeds as there are races of men or as there are Protestant denominations to day. The triumph of the Church through the centuries, and her hope in the present is founded upon her Divine origin, her Divine mission to teach all nations and the promise of Christ that the Gates of Hell shall not prevail against her. It is for this reason that the Church, as he writes, has in the past achieved her greatest victories in the face of the greatest powers of the world, and has succeeded in adapting herself to the varying needs of men for nineteen hundred years.—America.

GALLANT PRIEST—CHIVALROUS ENEMY

A gallant act by a Catholic chaplain is recorded by a correspondent of The Central News now at the British front.

It is the story of a bombing party of eight that went out in the night and never returned. When morning came the regiment wounded and dying in the mud and the slush and the decaying corn. If they could only know for certain what had happened, it would be relief of a sort. But how to know?

It was broad daylight; the German snipers were in position; even to put one's head over the parapet meant certain death. While they were still discussing what appeared to be a hopeless situation, a Catholic chaplain attached to the regiment, came up to the firing line and asked to be allowed to go out in front and try and find the bodies.

After some hesitation, his request was granted. Wearing his surplice and with the crucifix in his hand, the priest advanced down one of the saps and climbed up into the open. With their eyes fixed to periscope, the British watched him anxiously as he proceeded slowly towards the German lines. Not a shot was fired by the enemy. After while the chaplain was seen to stop and bend down near the German wire entanglements. He knelt in prayer. Then with the same calm step he returned to his own lines. He had four identity discs in his hand, and reported that the Germans had held up four khaki caps on their rifles, indicating that the other four were prisoners in their hands.—N. Y. News.

ASSAILING THE CHURCH

SECULAR PAPER PAYS RESPECTS TO HER SLANDERERS

"Everything," published in Greensboro, N. C., says its issue of December last:

"The Catholic Church is one of the biggest institutions in this world, and it is going to grow as the years come and pass. There are men who have assailed it only to put money in their own coffers—unprincipled and conscienceless rascals who should serve long terms — if there are others who go after it 'because they fear its results.' But with all the abuse and all the slander the Catholic Church does great good. It attends to its own business—reports to the contrary, notwithstanding—and it is one organization well worth while. If it grows and prospers and leaves other religious organizations behind, it is because it has the 'punch,' because it has system, because it means business and does business. We have always found much good—great good in the Catholic Church, and some of our best and most appreciated friends belong to it. Watson will go on slow gear hereafter, and if the Menace is put out of business the world will in no way be a loser.

"Our idea is to let all churches have their way and away. There is no organization that teaches the 'Word of God' but that will do some good in this fallen world. When men see God they are better men. And no man can see Him unless he hears about Him and learns to look for Him."

THE PRIZE OF VIRTUE TO NUNS OF THE BATTLEFIELD IN FRANCE

Signs multiply of the return of France, "the eldest daughter of the Church," to her old time religious allegiance. At the annual meeting of the French Academy, at which the "Prix de vertu," also sometimes called the Montyon prizes, from the name of the celebrated philanthropist who founded so many of them, there were nuns as well as secular nurses, all members of the Red Cross Society, among the recipients.

M. Gabriel Hanotaux, the eminent historian, made the address, and warmly eulogized the Red Cross, which has saved thousands of precious lives since August, 1914, and whose members have never hesitated to risk their own for the love of God and country.

This day of awards brought to light the heroic deeds of the nuns at Rheims. Here five religious and two secular nurses lost their lives. The religious communities to which the former belonged have been recognized by generous money prizes. Edith Wharton, in her articles on the invaded districts of France in Scribner's Magazine, has told many delightful incidents in the lives of the nursing Sisters elsewhere.

These heroines, like the valiant soldiers of Joffre's army, are rebuilding the edifice of faith and patriotism and cementing its stones with their blood.—Boston Republic.

NO MEXICAN PEACE UNDER CARRANZA, IS NOW THE BELIEF OF CARDINAL GIBBONS

According to a secular press dispatch from Baltimore recently, Cardinal Gibbons is quoted as saying:

"They will never cease fighting in Mexico under Carranza. I have no confidence in the man."

The Cardinal expressed his opinion of the situation when talking to a delegation of prominent San Antonio business and professional men who were in the city in the interest of the bi centennial of the Texas city in 1918.

The Cardinal had listened to an eloquent appeal for his presence at the three-day jubilee in San Antonio in the interest of the jubilee two years hence and after explaining his utter inability to be present, he thanked the Texans for their hospitality to the refugees of Mexico who are being cared for in San Antonio and other Texas cities.

"The situation there," said the Cardinal, "is a crime against civilization. We have tried in every way to get help to those suffering from the warring factions in Mexico, and even now have \$20,000 in hand to help them, but we cannot send it to them. We communicated some time ago with a banker in the city of Mexico in the hope that some of the funds could be properly distributed, but found that nothing could be done."

The Cardinal straightened in his chair and launched forth in his denunciation of conditions in the war-ridden country. He spoke with unusual vehemence and held his hearers spellbound with his earnestness. "I have no confidence in the man," he repeated, his eyes flashing and both hands gripping the arms of his chair.—Church Progress.

"CENTURIES BEHIND THE CHURCH OF ROME"

A project calling for the purchase of an available site close to the University of Pennsylvania and the erection of a set of buildings for the Divinity School of the Episcopal Diocese of Pennsylvania now located at Fifth street and Woodland avenue, has been launched, and pamphlets explaining it have been issued by a committee of the boards made up of Chairman Edward H. Bonell, George C. Bartlett, Morris Earle, S. F. Honston, Lucius S. Landreth, Roland S. Morris and T. Duncan Whelen.

A striking statement of the pamphlet is the following: "As to theological learning, it is held by the committee that the Church of England is and always has been wiser in this respect than we. It has bred its teachers and scholars. In these later days it continues to train men of profound learning. We ought to take a lesson from the Church of Rome no less than from the Church of England. It is probably true that the average Roman priest is even less of a scholar and a thinker than the average priest with us; but he does not need to be other and more than he is. By a practical training greatly more protracted and more detailed than anything we can boast, he is schooled and drilled to the highest efficiency as a captain in the ranks. The field officers in that religious body, the men who are to be its specialists as preachers, as organizers and as educators, and prepared in very different schools and are trained by a singularly laborious, wise and exacting course for the posts of leadership for which their native gifts fit them. In all this we are centuries behind the Church of Rome. And if there is anything in the cry that alarms us now and again, that the Church of Rome is threatening to capture the first place in influence in our land, it is chiefly due to the admirable skill and wisdom which she shows in picking and preparing men for leadership in her ministry. Without being alarmists, we might well borrow a leaf from this book."—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

CATHOLIC NOTES

In the Louisiana leper home heroic Sisters of Charity care for 140 patients.

We swallow at one draught the lie that flatters us, and drink drop by drop the truth which is bitter to us.—Diderot.

The chapel of St. George in Westminster Cathedral, London, will be completed at a cost of \$40,000 as a memorial to the Catholic soldiers and sailors fallen in the war.

Monsignor Laudreux, archpriest of the Cathedral of Rheims, has been appointed Bishop of Dijon. He has long been Vicar General of the Rheims diocese and is a distinguished writer. Angelo Sarto, only brother of the late Pope Pius X., is dead at the age of seventy-nine years. For years he was the postmaster of the village of Graze.

Father Sutherland, the Superior of the Salesian School, Farmborough, stated at the Don Bosco Centenary Celebration that over 2,000 Salesians, priests and clerics were fighting for the Allies.

The Rev. E. D. Croisier, O. M. I., formerly stationed at Duluth, Minnesota, and well known in Western Canada as a missionary, was recently killed by a hand grenade in the first line of trenches in France. He was serving as a chaplain.

Under the late Bishop Conaty the Catholic population of Los Angeles diocese is estimated to have risen from 58,000 to 145,555 but more gratifying than all else, the attendance at the Catholic schools has risen from under 3,000 to over 10,000.

Little Holland seems to be doing her best to fill the gaps caused by the terrible war. While all the other European missionary seminaries are depleted, word comes that her seminaries can accommodate no more students, so great has been the increase in missionary vocations.

Patrick Cudahy, founder of the big packing business of Cudahy Brothers in Milwaukee and other western cities, who recently retired from active business, has set aside a fund of \$125,000, the interest on which is to be devoted to charitable uses in Milwaukee.

The new organization, the Catholic Boys' Protective League, popularly known as the Catholic Big Brothers, is already reported to have made splendid progress in New York, where four branches have been inaugurated, comprising in round numbers about forty parishes.

The Right Rev. Richard Scannell, Bishop of Omaha, died of pneumonia on Jan. 8, at the age of seventy-one years. He was born in Cloyne, County Cork, Ireland, and was educated at a college in Middleton and at All Hallows, Dublin. He was ordained February 26, 1871, and came to the United States in 1873.

When Father Madeo, in his cassock was decorated by General Joffre of France, King George of England, who was present, asked why. "Because," he replied, "of his splendid bravery under fire." The king remarked: "Ah, they are very fine on the battlefields. I have decorated several of them myself."

An excellent move in the direction of higher education is reported from Seattle, Wash., where 7 of the city parishes have united in the establishment of a Catholic High School, in which a complete course of higher branches, together with domestic science and manual training will be taught.

The Rev. Alan Ureling Smith, late curate of Buxton, Derbyshire, was received into the Church recently. He was ordained to the Anglican ministry in 1889, and has filled curacies at St. Dunstan's Edge Hill, Liverpool, and at St. Luke's, Southampton. This makes the nineteenth conversion from the ranks of the Anglican clergy in England alone during the last five years (1910-15).

Brother Severin, C. S. C., business manager of the Ave Maria, died suddenly on Dec. 25, from a stroke of the apoplexy at the community house, Notre Dame, Ind. He had been in poor health for several years. Brother Severin was known to thousands of young men throughout the Middle West, having taught languages for a number of years, and held the position of prefect in Brownson and Carroll Halls, University of Notre Dame. For some time he was also a teacher at Holy Cross College, Cincinnati, and at St. Edward's College, Austin, Tex.

We are told that rehearsals are under way in Pittsburgh, Pa., for the production of a Passion Play called "A Drama of Christ's Passion," which will be staged at the beginning of Lent, March 8, 1916. There will be 20 principals and 100 in the chorus. The late Monsignor Benson is the author of the play. Father Coakley, secretary to Bishop Canevin says of it: "It is not a show nor a play, but a religious drama. We will allow no applause, no flowers, no recognition of the portrayals of the different characters. The cast will be a professional one, under professional direction. It will be the first thing of this kind that has been given in Pittsburgh, and will be a drama of merit."

A FAIR EMIGRANT

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND
AUTHOR OF "MARCELLA GRACE: A NOVEL"
CHAPTER IX

ENEMIES
"What a nice sort of hotel this steamer makes!" said the brown-faced, dark-eyed man who called himself Somerled. Again it was early, bright morning, and he was sitting idly watching Bawn's white hands playing their knitting needles. "I should have no objection to go on as we are going for ever, or at least for ever so long—that is, if we could only stop at some port now and again and have a good walk. A man wants to stretch his legs occasionally, but otherwise—"

He broke off abruptly, and, as Bawn did not answer, began to whistle softly an air which she knew well, one of the Irish melodies with which her father had early made her familiar. As the strain stole across her ear, memory supplied the words belonging to it:

"Come o'er the sea,
With an' with me,
Mine through sunshine, storms, and snows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same where'er it goes."

"Are all American steamers as nice as this one?" asked Bawn, interrupting the whistling at the end of the first part of the melody.

"Well, the only other one of which I have had any experience was not at all nice. It was an emigrant ship, and perhaps you do not know all that is included in those two words."

"You came out to America in an emigrant ship?"

"I have succeeded in getting you to ask me a question at last," said the Blue Cap, smiling genially.

"You need not answer it unless you please. My organ of curiosity is not a large one."

"I have noticed that you are a remarkable woman. But I am willing to be questioned. I have been hoping you would ask me many questions about myself."

"I cannot do that because I am not anxious to make confidences on my own part."

"As I have said, perhaps more than once, I am well aware of it. At present I am not disposed to molest you. I own I should be glad (as, I think, I have also said before) if a large amount of confidence on my side were to purchase even a small scrap of yours. But that shall be just as you please. It is a breach of good-breeding to ask personal questions, nevertheless I tell you plainly I shall not be willing to shake hands and say good-bye to you when this voyage is over without knowing where and by what name I am to find you again. I do not make friends and drop them so easily as that. I should not say so did I not perceive that you have made up your mind that I am a gentleman."

"Were I not satisfied on that point, I should not sit here day after day talking to you."

"Then, having accepted me as a friend, why be so exceedingly reticent with me?"

"You always speak of our being friends, while in reality we are only chance acquaintances."

"But life long friendships are begun in this way."

"Must I tell you downrightly that there are reasons why we can never be friends after we leave this vessel?"

"I will not believe it without explanation," he answered after a slight pause, and in a low voice whose earnestness contrasted with his hitherto gay, careless manner. A slight flush had risen on his brown cheek. Bawn grew a little paler, but silently continued her work, her heart throbbing with the consciousness that the thing she most dreaded had happened.

She had drawn on herself the notice of a person who might want to know too much about her, and thus increase the difficulties in her way. Reflecting on her curious position, she asked herself why she could not tell him the little tale about herself which she had prepared for the enlightenment of those with whom she must come in contact after reaching her destination—inform him that she was the orphan daughter of an Irish emigrant, who was bringing her father's savings to Ireland to invest them there in a farm, which she intended to work by her own exertions? Why could she not narrate this little story to one who was at once so interesting to, and so greatly concerned about, her? Partly because she found it easier to annoy than to deceive him explicitly in words, and partly because she would not be driven into laying her future open to an interference which might possibly thwart her plans. As she quietly reviewed her position and strengthened her resolve to remain unknown, the Blue Cap's look of disturbance gradually disappeared, and, quitting her side, he walked away to a distance and leaned over the vessel's edge. Presently she heard him whistling the second part of the air which she had interrupted, and to which her memory again supplied the words:

"Let fate love on,
We love and part not;
'Tis life where thou art,
'Tis death where thou art not."

Then he went and talked to one of the sailors, and half an hour passed before he returned to her. "You have not told me yet about the ship," said Bawn, with a conciliatory smile. "I wish to know how you came to be there, and I am willing to pay for the information with

any little experience of my own that you will think worth listening to." "Good!" said Somerled. "That makes me feel better. I have been savagely cross for the last half hour. How I wish I had a longer story to relate to you! It will be told too soon. I simply went out to America with some hundreds of emigrants, that I might know by experience how they are treated on the way; we hear so many complaints of the sufferings of the poor on their voyage out to the New World. And I had reasons for wanting to know."

"I see; reasons like mine, that are not to be told."

"Exactly. Not until I see my way more clearly towards selling them at a profit."

"I can guess your easily enough. And so you made common cause with the poor. Mr. Somerled, I will shake hands with you without waiting for the moment of leaving the ship."

"Even though we are only chance acquaintances," he said, with a brilliant change of countenance, taking the firm, white hand that had suddenly dropped the needle and outstretched itself to him. Bawn's eyes were turned full on him, glistening with moisture and overflowing with a light he had never seen in them, and though he had never seen anywhere, before.

"I shall always remember you as a friend," she said, carried away by enthusiasm, and with a kind of radiant solemnity of face and manner.

"Will you? Perhaps among your dead?"

"If you knew how precious are my dead," she answered, with a sudden darkening of all her lights, "you would be proud to be admitted into their company."

"That may be, but I would rather be in the company of your living," he said, dropping her hand which he had held. And Bawn, wishing she had been less impulsive, picked up her needles again and became busier than usual with her work.

"I want to hear more of your emigrants," she said presently, as serenely as ever. "How were they and you treated, and what have you been doing for them?"

"To the first question I answer, 'Badly.' To the second I must admit, 'Not much.' I hope, however, to be able to say something about the matter in Parliament one day."

"Are you in the English Parliament?"

"You are surprised at the suggestion that so dull a fellow could hope to get admittance there. But sometimes it is easier to please a nation than a woman."

"Do you expect to please a nation?" asked Bawn, elevating her eyebrows slightly.

"Not exactly, perhaps, though I hope to get on pretty well with that small section of one which will be made up by my constituents."

"And the nation will go down before you afterwards?"

"Perhaps less than that may content me, though I have my ambitions. However, I am not in Parliament yet. And now, having confessed so much, it is time for me to receive some small dole from your hands."

Bawn's face fell. "What can I tell you? I have seen a prairie on fire; I have spoken to an Indian chief."

"All my experiences pale before adventures like those," said the Blue Cap, trying to read the changes in her face.

A great change had come over her, for, in thinking of her past, events of one and year had suddenly arisen before her mind.

"I have aroused painful memories," said Somerled, gazing remorsefully at her colourless cheeks and troubled eyes.

"You would drive me back upon them."

"Do you mean that you have experienced nothing in your past but what is painful?"

"I do not say that," she said, brightening up again. "But what is there in the company of happy days? They slip through our fingers like soap bubbles, glistening with all the colors of the rainbow. How can we tell what has made the days so happy or the soap bubbles so beautiful? Common things—mere 'suds,' as the washerwoman calls them—catch a glory from the sunlight and vanish. And when they have vanished, what has any one to say about them?"

Somerled sat gazing at her with a slight frown, observing how cleverly she always contrived to give him a ready answer without enlightening him at all, to talk so much and convey to him so little. Without saying more he got up and walked away, and after a while she saw him down at the other end of the deck playing with some children, hoisting the little ones on his shoulders and setting the bigger ones to run races along the deck. She heard his merry laugh among theirs, and noted the fact that her disoblighing had not the power to annoy him. Why, she asked of her common sense, should she allow herself to be bullied or wheedled into running risks for the sake of momentarily gratifying the curiosity of an idle and inquisitive fellow-traveller? She would do it. Let him stay among those children and their lady relatives (there were one or two pretty girls among them) His doing so would certainly be an unexpected relief and advantage to her.

Having finished playing with the children and conversing with their mother and young aunts, the Blue Cap pulled a book out of his pocket and threw himself on a bench to read. What he read was a very unsatisfactory chapter, and all out of

his own head. He did not like that girl, after all (his reading informed him). There was too much mystery about her, too deeply rooted and watchful a reticence for so young and apparently simple a woman. She must have some strong, almost desperate, reason for closing her lips so firmly when he tried to beguile her into speaking, for changing colors so rapidly at times when he pressed her, as if she feared he would perceive the very thought in her mind.

He turned the pages of his book impatiently and owned that he would give much to see the thoughts lying behind that wide, white brow, which seemed expressive at once of the innocence of the child and the wisdom and courage of a woman experienced in life. What was the story, what were the scenes in the background of her youth which were accountable for that sad look starting so often unawares into her eyes? With what sort of people had she lived, and whether and to whom was the traveling now in the great, giddy world of Paris? Well, what did it matter to him? He had no intention of falling in love with her. He had never fallen thoroughly in love in his life, and he was now thirty years of age. Two or three fresh, pretty faces of girls he had known floated up from his past and smiled at him as he made this declaration to himself, and yet he persevered in the avowal. He had liked them, flirted a little with them, been very near falling in love with them, but either he had been too busy setting his little world to rights, or they had lacked something that his soul desired, for he had not cared to give them the whole heart of his manhood into the keeping of any feminine hands.

As yet he had not seen the woman to whom he could give up his masculine liberty; and still, while he emphatically stated this to his own mind, he distinctly saw a vision of Bawn sitting knitting at his fireside, the light of his heart shining on her fair face, into which colour and dimple would come at the sound of his voice, and his care and protection surrounding her with a paradisaical atmosphere. When at the end of his chapter, he found this picture before his eyes, he flung away his book in something like a passion, and got up and tramped about the deck.

No, he was not going to fall in love with a nameless, secretive, obstinate, temperamental, wilful woman. His wife must be open as the day, transparent in thought, and with all her antecedents well known to the world. She must be of a particularly yielding and gentle disposition, and have exceedingly little will of her own.

CHAPTER X MISLEADINGS

"Do please tell me more about Paris," said Bawn, with a sweet beseechfulness in her eyes and voice, and her lips curling with the fun of leading him further and further astray in his speculations concerning her. "If you knew how impatient I feel to see it!"

"Which is true enough," she thought, "only I am not at all likely to gratify my desire."

"It is not the place for a person of your disposition."

"How is that?"

"The French are a nation not remarkable for frankness."

"And you think my natural reticence may increase in Parisian society! Now, that is not kind. I have heard the French character charged with untruth rather than reserve. I have told you no falsehoods, and I might, if I would, have satisfied your curiosity with a dozen."

"True. That is something. How many days have we yet got to live?"

"On board? Four, perhaps, or five, I think."

"Four will finish the voyage for those who land at Queenstown."

"In what part of England is Queenstown?" asked Bawn, demurely.

"It is in Ireland—the first British port at which we touch. But for you and me, who are going on to Liverpool, their remain five whole days to enjoy each other's society."

"Do not let us quarrel away our time, then," said Bawn, persuasively. "Five days would be very long if we were to keep making ourselves disagreeable to each other all the time."

"Five days are but a short space for happiness out of a lifetime," said Somerled, brusquely, with an ardent, angry glance at her downcast eyelids.

"Yes, they would be," she said quietly, "but let us hope that few lives are so unhappy as not to possess a larger share of happy days than that."

She heard him shift in his seat impatiently, but, being busy with a dropped stitch, she naturally could not see his face.

"Do you intend to travel on to Paris alone? I hope there is no offence in a gentleman's asking such a question as that of a lady. The journey from Liverpool to Paris will be a troublesome one. Perhaps you will allow me to give you some hints for its safe accomplishment."

"Certainly," said Bawn, raising her eyes and looking at him straight, while she controlled the corners of her lips with difficulty. "There will be no one to meet me at Liverpool."

"I will write out a little memorandum of what you are to do after you have got out of my reach," he said.

"I suppose, as we shall both be going on to London, you will allow me to see you so far."

"If I step into one car there is no reason why you should step into another, unless, indeed, you want to smoke."

"We call them carriages in England."

"That's nicer. Carriage sounds so much more like a private conveyance."

The Blue Cap was silent. His imagination played him a sudden trick, and showed him a certain well-known private conveyance drawn by certain favourite horses, within which were seated a man and a woman, and the man was taking the woman by a certain well-known road to his home as his wife. The man who held the reins was himself, and the woman was this golden tressed, aggravating unimpressible Bawn.

"In London I shall certainly have to bid you good-bye," he grumbled. "Until we meet again in Paris?"

"So likely that I should find you!—asking about the streets for a person of the name of 'Bawn.'"

"In Paris as nice a place as they are for buying pretty things—clothes and jewellery I mean?" said Bawn, in the most matter of fact manner.

"Oh! yes; first-rate for all that kind of thing. And so this is what your mind has been running on for the last ten minutes?"

"Why should it not?"

"Why, indeed? For no reason. Only I fancied you were not the kind of woman to let your mind get totally absorbed by clothes and jewellery."

"Men are never good judges of the character of women."

"Probably not."

"In my case, you have had ample material from which to form your conclusions. Why should a young woman come all the way from New York to Paris, if not to attend to her wardrobe and general personal decoration? Have you not heard that American women pine for this opportunity from their cradle upwards? Now, I feel sure that the very first morning I awake in Paris" (she paused, thinking that such a morning would probably never dawn, or that, if it did, the hour was so far away as to be practically nowhere in her future). "I shall make a rush to the shops before breakfast, just to see what they have got for me. And I shall probably spend the half of my fortune before I return to my hotel."

"I am really disenchanted by him now," she thought. "How disgusted he looks."

"Your hotel! Do you mean to say that you intend to stay alone at a hotel?"

"I certainly did not intend to tell you so. You betray me into forgetting myself."

The Blue Cap looked pale and displeased, and Bawn bent over her knitting and bit her lip, thinking with a sting of regret, that she would rather he had not obliged her to shock him so much.

"Do you not know," she said, "that American women go where they please and do what they have a mind to?"

"I have heard a great deal that I do not like about certain females of your nation. But I did not expect to see them looking like you."

"Why?"

"Why? why? Your face, your manner, your gestures, your slightest movement, all express a character directly opposite to that which you are now making known to me."

"It is always so with us," said Bawn, gravely. "Our appearance is the best of us. We are not half worth what we look."

"So it seems, indeed. With your peculiar brow and eyes and glance, I did not expect to find you harbouring the sentiments of a French grisette."

"My stepmother was half French," exclaimed Bawn. "Your stepmother! That does not give you French blood, I suppose," he said impatiently.

"Neither does it, when I think of it. But might it not have taught me French ways?"

"And opened up the path to Paris for you?"

"You are so quick at guessing that I need to tell you nothing."

"And so you have been dreaming all the time about clothes and jewellery," he reiterated contemptuously.

"When you were sitting looking out to sea, as I first saw you, with a peculiar expression in your eyes which I had never observed in any eyes before, and yet seemed to recognize when I saw it, I must conclude now that you were merely pondering the fashion of a new necklace or a gown."

"You recognised the expression of all that?" said Bawn, in a tone of keen amusement. "This leads me to think you have sisters, or cousins, or a wife."

"I have no wife" (crossly).

"How fortunate for her! A man who would fly in a passion because a woman gave a thought to her dress would not be a pleasant husband."

The Blue Cap scowled. "I hope you may get a better one, madam."

"I devoutly hope so—if ever I am to have one at all, which is doubtful."

"I dare say you would rather continue to go shopping about the world alone."

"I admit that I find liberty very sweet."

"So I have concluded. Do not imagine that I could desire to deprive you of a fragment of it."

Bawn laughed gaily. "Oh! no," she said. "Your ideal woman (who lives in the clouds, by the way, and will certainly not come down to you) will never know the colour of the gown she has on. But seriously, Mr. Somerled, why have you changed so much for the worse since you first began to talk to me? You spoke of the pleasure of meeting me in the gay salons of Paris, and you did not

suppose I should walk into them in my travelling dress?"

And seriously, madam, why have you changed so much for the worse since you first allowed me the privileges of talking to you? Then you had the face of an angel, with the thoughts of an angel behind it. You have still the face—"

"But the thoughts, translated into words, have proved to be the thoughts of a—"

"Milliner."

"I thought you were going to say 'dread,' but it is the same thing, since bonnets and gowns are anathema."

"How shall I make you feel that you have bitterly disappointed me?" he said, looking at her with a mixture of anger and tenderness.

"It is," said Bawn, gravely, "silly in a man to expect to meet an ideal woman—that is, an angel—in every female fellow-traveller he may chance to encounter."

While she said this her grey eyes took an expression he failed to read, and a pathetic look which he could not reconcile with her late conversation crept over her mouth. Perhaps the thought arose almost unconsciously in her mind that, under other circumstances, she would have been pleased to have encouraged that delusion of his with regard to the angel that might possibly live in her.

Yet when she lay down to sleep that night she congratulated herself on her success in lowering the inconvenient degree of interest which this stranger had so perversely taken in her. Why could he not have devoted himself to the children and their pretty aunts, who always seemed so interested in her, and so saved her the trouble of baffling his curiosity? For that curiosity alone was the cause of his devotion to her she was resolved to believe, electing to herself that any genuine liking for herself strong enough to influence him could have sprung up within the limits of so short an acquaintance. And then certain looks and words of his which grieved her, she believed occurred to her memory, insisting that there was a good man who was waiting to love her if she would let him. If such was indeed the case, then had she so bound herself to a difficult future that she could not turn her steps and allow herself to be carried on to a happier destiny than she had dreamed of?

Ah! of what was she thinking? Forget her father and her determination to clear the stain of guilt from his beloved name? Confess the whole story to this stranger, merely because he had assumed the position of her guardian for the moment; because he had eyes that could charm, now by their grave tenderness, and now by their electric flashes of fun, and was also the owner of a sympathetic voice and a thinking forehead? Was she to own that by merely putting forth his great powers to attract, he had been able to overturn all her plans, and that she was ready to wait his disposal of her heart and fortune? Oh! no—not even if he, being the gentleman she took him to be, could continue to interest himself about her, once he knew of the cloud that rested on her father's memory.

TO BE CONTINUED

ON THE STROKE OF THE HOUR

One summer morning, at so early an hour that few save the poor were abroad, a man, whom the most casual observer would have dubbed both rich and distinguished, walked distractedly through the streets of Chicago, drifting at length into one of the most squalid of its many squalid quarters. On every side of him were evidences of extreme poverty; huddled, dirt-rags, misery, ill-dressed, half-intoxicated men brushed against him; ill-kempt women scurried past him, some scolding; others, tired and meek, hurrying silently to a long day's work; sickly babies whimpered in the arms of too little older than themselves; boys quarrelled, swearing, in the gutters. Unfamiliar as such surroundings were, the man was hardly conscious of the dirt and sad humanity until, at last, sheer fatigue forced him to pause in his mad walk. Then, only, did he look about him. Sym pathetic but aloof, he stared at the people and at the wretched buildings. The world in which he found himself was not of his world, and he had begun to feel strangely out of place, when a glance to his right revealed the fact that he was standing at the door of a small Catholic church. He seemed startled, and his white face became, if possible, whiter that before; but after a moment of indecision, he entered it genuflected awkwardly, as those do who are not "to the manner born," and sank into the nearest seat. At that instant the clock in the tower of a nearby school building was striking 7.

Mass was about to be said. Scattered here and there in the semidarkness were men and women, shabby and toll-worn, but reverent, and children whose grimy faces were sweet and innocent, as well as reverent. Intense stillness reigned there; deep peace. It was hard to believe that a few yards away fumed the turmoil of rebellious poverty. The silence and the calm rested the man's tired body and soothed his weary soul. As the Mass proceeded, solemn, awesome, for him the things of earth faded into insignificance and heaven showed her face; and there in that old church, among the poorest of God's poor, he reached his goal after years of reluctant journeying toward it.

The last prayers had been said, the lights extinguished, the last worshipper had limped away long before search of a priest. He found the parochial house with little difficulty, a tiny place, only less dilapidated than its neighbors, and after he had waited for a few minutes in a bare parlour, the pastor came to him.

Father O'Malley had for many years lived among the wretchedly poor, close to their hearts, working for them, protecting them, loving them as his children, and had, all unconsciously, grown to think the rich frivolous, proud, selfish; so, though the kindest man in the world, his manner was gruff and intolerant towards men of the upper classes on the rare occasions that any such crossed his path.

When he appeared his visitor rose, saying courteously, "I ventured to call, Father, though I have no right to infringe on your time. I am—"

Father O'Malley interrupted him with a gesture which signified that his name mattered not at all, and seating himself, he motioned his guest to the best of the chairs, asking in a business-like way, "What can I do for you?"

The man was taken aback and a little humiliated. Under any circumstances he would have found it difficult to state his case; it was doubly so now; nevertheless, he replied, haltingly:

"Well, Father, I—to begin at the beginning—I was raised with no religious faith except a shadowy belief in a far away God. After I had grown I lived much in Vienna, and there fell into the way of going to your churches; not that I believed, only because their grandeur and the beauty and solemnity of your ceremonial attracted me. I heard sermons; often they were learned, sometimes eloquent as well. I was interested and—am entertained. I admired the evident faith and sincerity of the preachers, but marvelled that they could believe it all!"

He paused, not knowing how to explain what must come next. All this time Father O'Malley had been gazing out the window, feeling little interest and showing less. His visitor, glancing at him, found no encouragement. Had he not been so deeply in earnest he would have cut short the interview and gone his way with his story untold; as it was, before his tale had grown long, he found courage to continue:

"So much is simple enough. I hardly know how to make clear the rest. I want to be a Catholic, Father. I have fought against the light month after month, but it's no use. I made up my mind at Mass this morning. You see—that is, Father, during the past three years I have been pursued—hounded—by thoughts about the Catholic Church. Proofs of its truths have forced themselves upon my mind, and into my heart have come longings, intense longings, for its sacraments, especially for the greatest of them all."

He stopped again, caught his breath sharply, and stammered: "Father, I know you will think I have been imagining things. I have often tried to think so myself, though all the time I have known, in my heart, that it was not so; but—it has been happening now for nearly three years that these inspirations come to me exactly on the stroke of the hour. Often—literally, in hundreds of instances—when I have heard no clock chime, and have not known the time, a holy thought has crowded itself into my mind, and looking at my watch I have found, invariably, that it was exactly 2 o'clock, or 6, or 10. Day and night it has been the same. I—I can't explain it. I can't imagine an explanation. I know that it sounds like an hallucination, but it is the simple truth!"

Again he found courage to glance at Father O'Malley, expecting to meet an amused smile. Instead he saw that the priest's rugged face, still turned toward the window, had softened into wonderful sweetness. After a moment he looked directly at his visitor.

"You say that it has been on the stroke of the hour that God's grace has come so forcibly, so tangibly?"

"Yes."

Father O'Malley beamed on him now, as warmly as if he had been the dirtiest and most disreputable of his parishioners. "Then—then you are Jacques de Roux!" he exclaimed. Jacques de Roux was world famous, acknowledged to be the greatest singer of the age.

"Yes, Father, I tried to introduce myself in the beginning. You gave me no chance. But now—"

The priest cut short his query to ask him a few questions on points of Catholic dogma and practice, all of which M. de Roux answered easily. He was silent, then, for a long minute, during which he once more stared at the dreary panorama outspread before his window. The smile still hovered about his lips, and his eyes were shining, but suddenly, with hardening face, he turned sharply.

"No doubt," he said, "no doubt, you think this great grace has come to you because you have led a life rather better than that of many who, like you, are surrounded by temptation."

M. de Roux blushed. He was always frank, and so he answered, "Some such thought has occurred to me. I have kept straight, Father."

Father O'Malley sneered slightly. "Keeping straight" is all well enough. You have merited no miracle of grace!" "Come! I am going now to see a poor child who will soothe in heaven. I want you to come with me."

Meekly M. de Roux followed him into the street, through an alley-way,

up numberless rickety tenement-steps that creaked under them. Afterward, he was astonished that he had obeyed; at the time he did not hesitate for a second, although he considered the priest a little erratic.

On the fifth floor of the building Father O'Malley knocked noisily at one of the doors, and when a sweet little voice called, "Come in!" he entered the room, motioning M. de Roux to follow him, and well inside, with another gesture, bade him sit on a chair in the corner. He himself then went to the side of a girl who lay in a narrow bed near the only window. She was fifteen years of age, but looked younger, being very small, and her white face very childlike. To the most inexperienced eye it would have been evident she was slowly dying.

"I knew your knock, Father," she said, faintly but brightly.

"That's a sign, Mary, that I come often to see you, so don't scold me because I didn't get here yesterday!" he rejoined laughingly, and added, "I brought a friend with me to day."

Mary seemed not to understand that there was a stranger present.

"I'm very glad you came! Grandma has gone to the grocery, but she'll be back soon," was all she said.

Father O'Malley talked to her for a minute or two, gently and kindly, and she lay among her pillows and smiled up at him quite content. At last, speaking more seriously, he asked, "And what did the doctor say yesterday?"

"The girl's face grew red and hot."

"O Father, such good news! He said that I can last two or three days more!"

It seemed to M. de Roux a full minute before Father O'Malley broke the silence that fell between him and the child.

"And Mary, that is not all. I, too, have a joy for you!"

She laughed softly.

are out of our reach. But could not other means be substituted for these?"

"Yes, Your Excellency, it might be the rod in one case, seduction in another case, or an appeal to the child's self love and personal interest in other cases, but in most cases with such children as we generally have here it would have to be dismissed from the school."

REVELATION NECESSARY THEORY OF MODERNISTS AS TO REVELATION

Most of us are well acquainted with the principle of Modernism which lays it down that, when man reaches the stage of self-consciousness, or, if you like, the age of reason, God reveals Himself directly to each individual. This is what is known as the theory of "vital immanence," and means, really, that the revelation of God is potentially inherent in the human heart, just as mother love is a quality which poses itself, in most cases upon the heart of woman who has mothered a child. The idea of God, according to Modernists, does not, therefore, differ very much from (say) such ideas as the will to get on in life, or the quality of affection, or love—which a Modernist, as he logically should, regard as a kind of metallic or polar attractivity, or something which is independent of his own volition. The clear result of this Modernist notion about God is, that since God reveals Himself to the heart of man, there is no need whatever of a teaching body (e. g., the Catholic Church) which claims to hold the deposit of Revelation. Each individual becomes a perfect law unto himself, and the question of Private Judgment cannot be carried to any further limit. The next step beyond this new Modernist notion cannot be anything else but Atheism, as a little thought will show.

Father Sharpe, M. A., the eminent convert from Anglicanism, deals with the question of Revelation in a brochure entitled "The Principles of Christianity." Revelation, he tells, is direct communication made by God to man in regard to facts which are beyond the scope of human reason; an unveiling of that which is naturally and normally veiled. As such, Revelation is sharply distinguished from the conclusions of reason. Revelation (says Fr. Sharpe) is not antecedently impossible; it is not even improbable, since man has been so constituted by divine creation that he wishes to know his Creator. There is, therefore, no improbability that God should impart to His creatures some knowledge of Himself beyond that which their unassisted powers can obtain for them. It would, indeed, be rather strange (says Fr. Sharpe) if He had not done so.

It must, however, be admitted, the priest continues, that the probability of His having revealed Himself is no evidence at all in favor of His having done so. Apart from what a supposed Divine Revelation may contain, it is certain that there are certain things which a Divine Revelation cannot contain, says Fr. Sharpe. It cannot, for instance, contain anything which is contrary to reason; for, if it did God, Who is the Author alike of reason and revelation, would thereby contradict Himself. Reason must, however, lead us to certain necessary truths in regard to both religion and morals, though of course it does not follow that a mere accordance of revelation with reason proves the former to be genuine.

Now, with one exception, all religions claiming to hold the deposit of true revelation, have (says Fr. Sharpe) all contradicted more or less the infallible conclusions of reason in regard to either religion or morals, or both. A multi-theistic religion cannot, for instance, be divinely revealed, since reason tells us there cannot be more than one Infinite Being. It is obvious that the Christian religion (which embraces the Jewish) alone does not transgress either the law of reason or that of morality, although no one can say that many other religions do not contain within them much that is real truth.

In regard to the claims of the Christian Church to be the depository of divine revelation, Father Sharpe argues that there are certain facts in its history which have no parallel or analogy in the experience of mankind: (1) The vigorous persistence of the Church throughout every variety of revolution, social, intellectual or moral. Other institutions have fallen but the Church has remained as a Rock. (2) The remarkable way in which the Christian religion has adapted itself, without essential change, to every variety of national and racial character. It arose in the East and has won its greatest triumphs in the West. (3) The moral system of Christianity would seem from the very first to have touched the limit of possibility in this direction. At any rate, nothing in the sphere of morals has yet been discovered which has not found its basic principles in the Christian code.

The reason of all this is that the Christian religion deals with essential humanity, not with its accidents; it applies and appeals all round to all and everything which is essentially and unalterably human. It is human wisdom carried to its extremest

limit, and until a new type, or types, of human being come into existence, it is the only philosophy which can be adapted to mankind as we know mankind. Therefore, the intelligence which has adapted Christianity to all times and to all possible circumstances and characters, can only be that of its Creator. It is the only system which teaches as a fundamental doctrine that to every being is given full freedom of will to accept or to refuse the influence of divine grace. Again, it is essentially exclusive: it has fought every secular tyranny which has sought to bring its functions within the scope of the secular power, to do that power's bidding. Had it consented to obey, it would have avoided persecution and suffering. It chose trial and poverty when it might have lived in luxury and power. It was born in suffering; it has thriven in suffering and its Master and prophets have foretold that it must suffer to the end of time.

Taking the evidence of the Scriptures and the Holy Books, the unanimity of acceptance given to doctrines and tenets which were (in many respects) the reverse of acceptance to human nature, the lessons of its vast martyrology and the fact that its endurance and capacity of enduring seem to increase as the Church itself grows in age and (says Father Sharpe) we are forced to conclude that the Church's account of its own origin and early history must be accepted as the true one. Had it been false, it could not have endured.—Luterantinn Catholic.

A HEROIC CURE

It is one of the consolations of this time of trouble to note how old religious animosities are dying down in the face of suffering on the one hand and devoted heroism on the other. The Central News correspondent in Paris declares that the "cool heroism of the chaplains" at the front is "one of the outstanding features of the present war." None will ever forget the magnificent devotion of the Belgian clergy during their country's agony; while the most bitter anti-clericalism in France are being forced into admiration of the splendid deeds of the clergy of France. Many of our own chaplains, both Catholic and Protestant, have been mentioned in despatches, and the difficulty is to keep them going right into the firing line to give their help to those who need it.

The same correspondent records a grand act of courage and self-sacrifice on the part of one of the French parochial clergy. He writes: "The former curé of Vaumoise, a pretty little town in the Oise Department, is one of France's village priest heroes. The German invaders brought the battlefield to his very doors and he rose nobly to the occasion. At Etavigny he succeeded in rescuing eight French soldiers who were actually within the enemy's lines. He was afterwards captured shortly after the battle of the Oise and sentenced to death by the Germans, but he managed to make his escape and regain the French lines. The French Academy, to mark its appreciation of his courage, decided to award him the Charles Blomet prize, an honour carrying with it a not inconsiderable sum of money, but this week the Abbé Jolias, for such is the curé's style and title, has written to the Secretary of the Academy modestly declining to accept it. He asks that the prize may instead be entrusted to M. Dupont, Senator for the Oise, in order that it may be handed by him to General Gallieni for the benefit of the War Orphans' Fund. The good Abbé remarks: "The gratitude of the eight soldiers whom I had the consolation of saving on the battlefield of Etavigny in the enemy's lines is my joy. Slaughter brought me this honour, let the value of it go to the little ones who are the innocent victims of that slaughter."

Such deeds as this compel even men who repudiate all religion, to honour faith and its marvellous fruits.—Edinburgh Catholic Herald.

MAKERS OF CRIMINALS

Rev. Albert Muntch, S. J., in our Sunday Visitor. Every winter season, with its accompanying problems of slack work and unemployment, leads to lawlessness of some kind and to attempts against life and property. But economic stress and industrial depression should not necessarily produce a lengthening of the crime wave. It was a sad comment indeed on our entire social fabric were there a vital and necessary nexus between them. If there were such a connection, there would seem to be some reason to adopt the wild schemes of Socialism.

Instead of looking only to unemployment as one of the main causes of criminality, we should like to consider factors of a moral and spiritual kind. What sort of books do we find in our public libraries? Sometimes they are works which preach open rebellion against what their authors are pleased to call the "conventional morality." They incite the reader to view with contempt all authority, both human and divine.

There are other factors of the same kind, which it would not be wrong to associate more closely and intimately with the increase of depravity, especially among juveniles, than economic pressure or industrial stagnation. One of them is the sensational magazine with its sometimes

open ridicule of religious practices and of principles of Christian morality. The Sunday Supplement has often and rightly been accused of making parental authority seem ridiculous to the younger. The newspapers freely offer their columns to him, who can turn the neatest phrases, and most catchy epigrams, though they contain sarcastic flings at revealed truth. And what shall we say of the popular lecturers and sensational preachers of "new doctrines" who go about disseminating error and falsehood, and doubt and discontent, under the guise of ethical teachings? It is not then the general industrial depression, often occurring during the winter months, which should be held entirely responsible for the vice and lawlessness in the great cities during the last five or six months. An actively contributing cause may be found in the pernicious ideas set afloat by writers who are now loudly advertised in the magazine and whose works are readily obtainable from some of the libraries. These ideas are, in turn, taken up by the shallow and sensational lecturer, who gains the approval of an unthinking multitude with his "up-to-date message"—a message which often contains a latent justification of violence and anarchy.

THE CONVERT-PRIEST IN THE CHURCH

By Rev. Henry H. Wyman, C.S.P., a Convert. Nearly fifty years ago Father Hecker remarked: "There are two opposite tendencies in the religious thought of our country—one toward rationalism, the other toward Catholicism." Time has shown the truth of this observation. The history of the leading Protestant denominations since 1865 has been marked by a most acute internal strife over what their founders held as essential beliefs for salvation, and the very raison d'être of their formation as separate church organizations. As long as each denomination had its own special apologetic and a common belief in the inspiration of the Bible, many sincere and earnest souls among them enjoyed comparative peace, but since doubt and dissension have disrupted their rules of faith the majority of their members have drifted into liberalism or indifference in matters of religion.

Now, in spite of this great movement away from supernaturalism, there is a large number of sincere and devout souls, both in and out of these various sects, who are praying and looking for the unchangeable Truth which they are certain is somewhere to be found. Among the students in Protestant and secular colleges and seminaries, especially those who are preparing for the ministry, the Bible and church history are eagerly studied in the hope of finding the key for the solution of the religious problems which are vexing souls in our age more than in any other. And there is where we look for future convert-priests. But we must never forget that what seems to be very clear to the instructed Catholic is most obscure to the minds of these people. Prejudice and false tradition have so distorted their view of the Church that an extraordinary grace seems necessary for their enlightenment. The majority of convert-priests, so far as I am personally concerned, believe that their conversion was the result of a special and extraordinary grace, because most of them have had intimate friends and companions, apparently just as sincere as they were, who never accepted the Faith; they either constructed for themselves an ideal theory of salvation, or have kept on groping, as if it were a normal state of the mind to only seek, but never to find, religious certainty in this life. The convert-priests who have become distinguished, as a rule, have entered the Church after their reputation as scholars was already established. One whom I now call to mind, the Rev. James Kent Stone, enjoyed fame as a Protestant, but is now living and almost forgotten. At the time of his ordination, he said to me: "I hate vainglory; I had my fill of it in the Episcopal Church (he had been the president of three colleges). I dread nothing so much as publicity." He afterwards became a Pastorist, and if he has since attained any eminence it is known only to his religious brethren. A few years ago I heard that he had been sent to establish a mission of his congregation in Brazil. So far as I know, there are no statistics giving the number of convert priests in this country. They have fallen into line and are not publicly known as such. Thank God for this; it is a sign that their lives are "hidden with God in Christ." If we were to give the number of convert priests living today as a hundred, I believe no exaggeration can be charged against us. In the work of missions to non-Catholics, the convert-priest should find his choicest field. It is hard and trying work, but "the harvest is great and the laborers are few." It is not ostentatious; neither the missionary nor his converts will be applauded by the world; the results will be known only on the last day.

And let me say that prayer, more than work, is needed to bring the happy result that we anticipate. The sacrifices that convert-priests will have to make will be great and lifelong. Their nearest and dearest relatives and friends will be likely to remain outside the Church, unless the prayers of the faithful for them become irresistible with God.

I wish I could picture to you a young convert who has left a Protestant college or seminary and aspires to the holy priesthood. If his family is prominent and he has wealth, in the eyes of his family he is unworthy of assistance. He has to go penniless to a bishop or superior of a religious order and ask for a shelter on probation. Or, perhaps he is harassed by a debt to a Protestant clergy society which has already paid for a good part of his education. If he should choose a secular vocation the debt would be forgiven, but if he is to study for the Catholic priesthood, payment is demanded. He is denounced as a fraud for changing his religious opinions by those who profess to think that he should change them whenever conscience tells him to do so.

Catholics often wonder why so many converts have a vocation to the priesthood, but when we read or hear of their education, we find that the practice of the counsels of poverty, chastity and obedience, sanctioned by the Church, attracted them to her more than the other marks of her divinity. They often, like Cardinal Newman, were interiorly attracted to a single life before they knew the Church. Protestants have not failed to notice St. Paul's recommendation of celibacy. Rev. Dr. Kirk, a celebrated Congregationalist minister of Boston, fifty years ago stated that his conversion came with his call to the ministry. I heard of this when a boy of sixteen and thought it sublime; he became in my eyes the holiest man living, and he died a Congregationalist, thinking, doubtless, that he belonged to the true Church.

In old-fashioned, orthodox Protestantism there were deep religious and moral principles which would have made conversion easy if their adherents had only known as much about the Catholic Church as every well read man to-day has to know about her. Before unbelief completely sweeps away every vestige of supernatural belief from Protestantism, it is probable that, even more than in the past, chosen souls will tire of a fruitless ministry and come knocking at our doors.—Extension Magazine.

APOSTOLICITY

The Church, writes the Right Reverend Dr. Gilder, in an article on "The Apostolicity of the Church," is Apostolic as to her doctrine. There is not a single doctrine taught by the Apostles which the Catholic Church has not constantly advocated and insisted upon; there is not a single doctrine taught by the Catholic Church, which is not contained in the original deposit of faith which was entrusted by the Holy Spirit to the Apostles. In other words, the Catholic Church teaches all that is contained in the Word of God and nothing that is not contained therein. This does not mean that all the doctrines of the Catholic Church are to be found formally enunciated in the Scriptures. What is meant, is that they are all contained in the Scriptures, the Written Word of God, or in Divine Tradition, the unwritten Word of God.

Writing over fifteen hundred years ago, St. Basil said: "There are many doctrines preserved and preached in the Church, derived partly from written documents, partly from Apostolical Tradition, which have equally the same force in Religion, and which no one contradicts who has the least knowledge of the Christian laws (Lib. de Spirito Sancto, c. 27)." The Protestant admits no Word of God saving the Scriptures or Written Word. But this position of theirs is (a) non-Scriptural. There is absolutely no warrant for it in the Scriptures. It is (b) anti-Scriptural, for we learn from the Scriptures that just as Our Lord Himself taught, not by writing, but by word of mouth, so when commissioned His Apostles to carry on, propagate and perpetuate His work, the means that He selected was preaching. The Apostles obeyed this divine command to "preach the Gospel to every creature," not by writing, but by preaching. Indeed, several of the Apostles wrote nothing at all; when they did write, their works were called forth by special circumstances and were usually addressed to private individuals.

St. Paul wrote to the Thessalonians: "Therefore, Brethren, stand fast, and hold the traditions which you have learned, whether by word or by our epistles," and again to Timothy: "And the things which thou hast heard of me by many witnesses, the same do you command to faithful men who shall be fit to teach others also." The Protestant position is (c) inconsistent with Protestant practice; for Protestants use and are forced to use Tradition to determine the number of the Canonical Books, and to fix the sense of the principal mysteries of the faith. It is only by Tradition, again, that they can prove the obligation of sanctifying the Sunday, the lawfulness of infant baptism, the validity of baptism when conferred by heretics.

"Without Tradition," wrote Henry VIII. in his reply to Luther, "you would not know that there are Gospels. Had not the Church taught us the authenticity of St. John's Gospel, how could we have discovered it? Why, then, will you not believe the Church, when she declares to hold her authority from her divine Founder?" Then, to exclude Divine Tradition is (d) unreasonable; for this exclusion makes unity of faith impossible.

How shall we know the true sense of the Scriptures, if there be no Divine Tradition, no Infallible Living voice? All the doctrines of the Catholic Church are contained either in the Scriptures, or in Divine Tradition, the unwritten Word of God. The Church from the time of the first General Council till the present day, has from time to time, and as occasion required, solemnly proclaimed and explicitly defined some doctrine which was contained only implicitly in the original deposit of faith. But to that deposit she has never made an addition. On the contrary, she obliges all to believe, under pain of anathema, that the Revelation of God was given whole and entire on the day of Pentecost.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

AFRICAN MISSIONS

TWO DOLLARS FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENT TO LITTLE DARKIES IN AFRICA

To say that three children of a St. Louis family clubbed together and gave \$2 to buy a Christmas present for the Little Darkies over in Africa, does not seem anything out of the ordinary. When we are told that the father of these children is a poor laboring man and that the children seldom or ever have a penny of their own, we begin to wonder. But on learning that these young apostles accumulated the \$2 since September by selling rags and old newspapers they had gathered in the neighborhood and tin foil they had gotten from the men in the rear by factory, our curiosity turns to Christian admiration. The eyes that grew moist with divine regard at the sight of the widow's mite, must have smiled benignantly on such infantile zeal and sacrifice.

LIKE BEING TORPEDOED. Father Bouma of St. Boniface Mission, Uganda, writes to Countess Ledebowska: "Yesterday I had the great good fortune of receiving your handsome donation. I felt like a ship being torpedoed without warning. But in this case the torpedo filled a hole, instead of making one, and the result was safely no destruction. I cannot thank you enough for the generous check. I immediately told the good news to our school boys and asked them to pray especially for the kind benefactors, particularly yourself. Our Blessed Lord will know how to reward both you and the boys for gladdening the hearts of his poor servants. I have asked my two assistants to remember you at the altar.

Some time ago I urged by dire necessity I wrote out several appeals and addressed them to persons I thought most likely to respond. You recollect the story of Gedeon in the Old Testament. God objected to his recruiting a large army, to fight against the Medianites, lest the children of Israel should glory and that they conquered by their own strength." This suggested to me the idea of asking Almighty God to show His pleasure with my efforts to obtain relief by inducing kind-hearted people to send money before my appeals could take effect so that I should not be able to glory and say that the money came in through my appeals. And behold, yesterday I received your check and 90 crowns from another source for Mass intentions.

Address subscriptions for the "Echo from Africa," 60 cents a year and the "Negro Child" 25 cents a year, cancelled stamps of rare denominations (3, 4, 6, 7, 8 etc.) tin foil, old jewelry and other donations to American Headquarters of the Sodality of St. Peter Claver, for the African Missions, Fullerton Bldg., 7th & Pine Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

THREE DAYS

One of the days we never worry about changing is yesterday, simply because we cannot change it if we would. If we did the best we knew how yesterday—but even if we had not—what is the use of crying over spilled milk? Yesterday was ours; it is now God's. Another day we ought not to worry about is tomorrow. It is bound to come, and if we dread it we are simply weakening ourselves when it arrives. The best plan is to prepare ourselves for the future by improving the present, and then when it comes we shall be ready for it, and it will be eager for us.

If we do not worry about yesterday or tomorrow, why should we worry about today? Why worry at all? Let us make it our practice to live one day at a time and see how finely it works out. Any man can say to no temptation for just one day. Any man can bear his burden for a day. If he does that he will find himself able to do it every day and be the winner in the end. If we try to live two or three days at a time, one of them will surely upset us.

Let us look backward for inspiration; let us look forward for progress; let us look around us for stepping stones to higher things, and never despair. A man's house should be on the hill-top of cheerfulness and serenity; so high that no shadows rest upon it, where the morning comes so early and the evening tarries so late that the day has twice as many golden hours as those of men down in the dark valleys of worry. He is to be pitied whose house is in the valley of grief between the hills, with the longest night and the shortest days. To force trouble and get ready for it is not to borrow trouble. The

foreseen trouble actually comes to us; the borrowed trouble is unnecessarily added. At this time of strife and high living, when so many are unable to borrow money on what would ordinarily be considered good security, every man finds himself able to borrow trouble without putting up any collateral. Trouble is to be had in every market, and every man can take as much as he chooses. The more he borrows, however, the less likely will he be able to deal with what actually comes to him. It is a fact of experience which we are slow to learn, that the trouble

we borrow never would have been ours in any other way. We appropriate what would never come to us otherwise. The real troubles of life are numerous and hard enough, but they constitute a very small proportion of its trials in comparison with imaginary troubles. To deal successfully with the real troubles we must refuse to consider the imaginary ones. The great lesson we have to learn in this world is to give it all up; it is not so much resolution as renunciation, not so much courage as resignation that we need.—The Missionary.

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The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$1.50 per annum... United States & Europe—\$2.00

Published and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey, L.L.D., Toronto, Ont., Canada

Rev. James T. Foley, B.A., Editor

Rev. D. A. Casey, H. F. Mackintosh, Associate Editors

Advertisements for teachers, situations wanted, etc., 50 cents each insertion

Approved and recommended by Archbishops Palumbo and Sheehy, late Apostolic Delegates to Canada

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1916

RECRUITING IN IRELAND TO-DAY

In the current number of the The Nineteenth Century is an interesting article on "Recruiting in Ireland To-day," by the well-known humorous Irish writer, the Rev. Canon Hannay. Canon Hannay, it need hardly be said, is neither Catholic nor Nationalist. He is Irish nonetheless; his countrymen have never, thank God, made the fatal mistake of identifying race and religion. Many of the names that brighten the pages of Irish history and are enshrined in the affections of Irish Catholic hearts are names of Protestant Irishmen. Some Irish Catholics there are who may be disposed to resent the free play of George A. Birmingham's (Canon Hannay's pen-name) thoroughly Irish humor and, at times, somewhat caustic wit over phrases of Nationalist Irish life. In extension we most remember that, generous as nature has been to the race, there are individual Irishmen deficient in the saving grace of humor.

We do not intend to summarize the Nineteenth Century article nor to deduce from it any particular conclusion as to the status of Ireland in war time. A few extracts, taken here and there, besides their own interest as reflecting the observation of the keen-witted Irish Canon, may give such glimpses of Irish conditions as to aid the Irishman abroad to appreciate the situation.

Many who read the papers have the impression that Lord Derby's recruiting campaign added millions to the British Army. As a matter of fact the essence of Lord Derby's plan was "deferred enlistment." In the course of time these recruits may be called on for training and will probably, if the War lasts long enough and the situation demands it, form a part of a potential future British Army. Lord Derby's scheme does not apply to Ireland, and Canon Hannay remarks:

"No one has ever fully explained why Lord Derby's scheme was not tried in Ireland. (Though the Registration Act was not enforced here, we have a very good list ready to hand. . . . Our efficient police knew every man of us, our ages and occupations.")

"It was urged that we did not try Lord Derby's scheme because our Irish regiments were so immediately in want of men that we could not afford to adopt a system of postponed enlistment. This was good reason for taking all the men we could get at once; but no reason at all for not also securing promises which would fall due for fulfillment at a later date."

The ironical suggestion which follows is worth quoting:

"The fact probably is that it was no use trying us with a system of deferred enlistment dependent for its attractiveness on a pledge given by a statesman. We are an intelligent people, and we have taken an interest in politics for years."

The unpardonably acute English interest in Irish emigration which developed some months ago is thus referred to:

"An unfortunate incident marked the opening of the new (recruiting) campaign. A few Irish emigrants were hoisted and jeered at in Liverpool while trying to get on board a steamer bound for America. The stokers, themselves presumably of military age and eligible for enlistment, went on strike and refused to shove off until the emigrants were allowed on board. The newspapers had a bad fit of hysterics over the incident, and the Irish people were called nasty names. We were with less than justice. The crime of these peasants from Connaught was not cowardice, but a simple failure to realize that the War had altered the normal course of life. They were still living under the delusion that it is possible to conduct 'business as usual,' which for them meant emigration as usual. They

were doing what they would have done if there had been no War, behaving precisely as the English behaved this time last year. Facts get slowly to Connaught. That is the real meaning of the incident. But it was unfortunate that it occurred. The abuse which was showered on us did not drive our young men into the Army. They would really have been cowardly if it had. It created a feeling of sulky resentment which made the work of the new Recruiting Committee more difficult than it need have been."

There are some light Irish touches of delicate irony here that should not be lost even on Scotch-Irish-Anglo-Saxon Irishmen.

About his hyphenated fellow-country men the Canon quietly tells the truth however unpalatable it may be to the vociferous loyalists of the North.

"The work of the recruiter was by no means so easy in the North as might be expected by anyone who took Ulster's boast of singular loyalty at its face value."

To the Canon's contemptible blue-pencilling—until recently—of all official references to Irish gallantry and heroic services on the field, Canon Hannay thus refers:

"We have heard too little—till lately we have heard almost nothing—of the deeds of our Irish regiments. We read long casually lists and mark in them the names of friends. But what do we know about the way they fell? For all we were told they might have perished as cowards perished, and though we refuse to believe this there came to us no inspiration from the lists of names. Yet we are a people not deaf to the voice of honor, not blind to the glory of great deeds. It stirs the dullest of us to find the names of those we know blown backwards to us from the lips of fame. Here we come up against the weary wrangle about the Canon's ship, its necessity, its limits. Is there any use discussing it further, suggesting that some allowance must be made for human emotion, that the management of a democracy at war is not the same thing as the drilling of a squad of recruits? There, no doubt, but to do and die. But ours? We must know what we are to do and how our sons are to die. Lately we have had less to complain of. Of our Dublin and Manchester, Connaught and Inniskilling in Serbia we have heard something. There would be more of these men if we had heard more of what they do."

"SEPARATISM," BILINGUALISM AND THE DAILY NEWS

In its issue of the 10th inst. the Toronto Daily News has a characteristic editorial on "Saskatchewan Schools," characteristic, we readily admit, in its honesty as well as in its assertions, assumptions and omissions; and not less so in the latent—perhaps unconscious—political bias which unfortunately mars somewhat its otherwise useful and able contributions to the discussion of important questions of this nature.

A paramount consideration, we quite agree with The News, is that on leaving school English must be the common language of the children of the strangers within our gates if we hope to fuse the ever-growing heterogeneous foreign elements in the crucible of Canadian nationality.

But in the very opening sentence there is the suggestion that Separate schools tend to defeat this very desirable, indeed, imperatively necessary educational object:

"Trouble over separatism and bilingualism in education has developed in Saskatchewan."

And this assumption is emphasized later on:

"There are many foreign groups in Saskatchewan, Germans, Austrians, Poles, Rumanians and others have colonies of more or less importance. Five years ago the Germans and Austrians alone numbered 110,279, as against 251,010 of English speech. In addition there was a group of French Canadians, numbering 23,251. Demands for Separate schools began to come in—not so much because of the religious idea, but for the reason that public money might be used to perpetuate the language and ideals of these strangers."

That separatism and bilingualism (with its too frequent consequence, inefficiency) are closely akin if not actually related as cause and effect is an assumption not only baseless but misleading and mischievous. English-speaking Catholics (and with them we may group all those who sincerely and earnestly desire a thorough English education for their children) are deeply attached to Separate schools and appreciate the inestimable value of the religious atmosphere which pervades Separate school life. Nevertheless in their loyalty to the Canadian national ideal as opposed to the perpetuation of foreign languages at the expense of English, and of foreign ideals at the expense of the Canadian ideal, they step aside for no Public

school advocate—not even for the Daily News.

The question of English in the schools is entirely distinct from that of religion in the schools. There is not the slightest necessity for confounding them. To do so is to force into a false position if not into the enemy's camp many who would otherwise be sympathetic, useful and active allies in the great work of nation-building which confronts Canada in the present and in the future. In so far as this great work depends on the assimilation of the immigrants through the schools there is no reason in the world why it should be less successfully accomplished through Separate schools than through Public schools. Indeed these have obvious advantages in certain conditions; they remove all reason for suspicion on religious grounds.

Not religion but politics is to blame for undesirable conditions in some places. Bearing directly on the point at issue between us and The Daily News is the Ontario election campaign of 1886. Recent as that event is, the facts seem to be completely forgotten and their lessons relegated to political oblivion. It is worth while to recall the facts and let them point their own moral.

About the year 1885 the reading public of Ontario was first seized of the fact that many schools in Eastern Ontario were quite as French as those of Verchères or Montigny. To quote from the Report of the Commission of Inquiry:

"It would appear that till the year 1885 the teaching of English in the Public schools (mark the term, in the Public schools) of French districts was left to the judgment of the trustees and teachers, and as a result the English language was never used or taught in some of these schools."

In passing, this ought to point a moral for some of the hysterical declaimers against Ontario Prussianism. It was only after this gross abuse of generous treatment that the Department of Education issued the first mild Regulation (approved Aug. 25th, 1885) by which the use of the Ontario Readers was required in the schools of the French and German districts in addition to any text-books that might be used in those schools.

But the all-important point we wish to impress on the Daily News is that this state of affairs developed in and through the Public schools of Ontario. Separate schools had nothing to do with it.

And yet, in the General Election of 1886, when this question of English in the schools became the paramount issue in the campaign it was allowed to degenerate into a mean appeal to racial and religious prejudice and passion "to abolish Separate schools altogether."

Had that campaign, thirty years ago, been honestly and reasonably conducted and not marred by the erroneous and unreasonable assumption of which we complain, the present bilingual trouble in Ontario would be non-existent.

It is true that most of those schools have since become Separate schools largely because of the mistaken impression that as Separate schools they would be free from government control.

But it remains true that it was under the Public school system that the counties of Prescott and Russell were, to use the terms of *Histoire d'Église Catholique au Canada*, "invaded" and "conquered."

We do not question the honesty of the Daily News, and we know that herein it reflects a large body of honest opinion; but that makes it all the more emphatically true that its assumption either that "separatism" begets bilingualism or that the abolition of Separate schools would facilitate the anglicisation and assimilation of the foreign elements in Canada, is one that is not only baseless in fact but mischievous, and apt to complicate the very problem that requires for its solution the cordial cooperation and good-will of all true Canadians irrespective of religion.

AN INSULT

We do not know whether the calendars that are distributed by the local managers of our banks are selected by the head office, or whether it is left to the pictorial taste of the local man to decide what work of art shall decorate the homes of his patrons during the space of twelve long months. But we do know that the calendar issued by a certain branch of the Bank of Ottawa this year is an insult to every man with a drop of Irish blood in his

veins. The one-time familiar Paddy and his pig is the subject selected to popularize the Bank of Ottawa with would-be investors. Paddy is depicted in the regular stage Irish make-up, and to give it the genuine Irish flavor a nice fat pig is portrayed attached to his leg. In addition there is an "Irish" colleen, with enough brass in her face to supply the Kaiser's armies with that much needed commodity in *seculum seculorum*.

As we have already stated, we do not know if this pictorial insult is peculiar to the particular branch of this bank that we have in mind. If it has been issued with the sanction of the high officials of the bank it only makes the insult more pronounced. But even if this one branch is the only offender it is surely necessary to register a vigorous protest. It is an insult to Irish-Canadians, and a disgrace to the Bank of Ottawa, or at least to its branch at Bracebridge, Ontario. We think it is high time that "Paddy and his pig" was banished from the boards as representative of the Emerald Isle. All decent people should resent this attempt to belittle an entire people. Caricatures of the Irish, whether calendars, post cards, or so-called "Irish" plays, should be relegated to the limbo of discarded things. It should be brought home to the offenders that this sort of thing is neither good business nor good manners. COLUMBA.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

WHILE SECTARIAN pulpits continue to talk of unity among Christians in face of the common enemy, sectarian papers continue to dish up stale calumnies against Catholics for the delectation of their readers, thus giving a new type of illustration of the old copy book maxim "Example is better than precept."

ATTENTION was called in one of the Toronto papers a few days ago to the share of the War burden assumed by the Macdonell family of that city. Brigadier General Archibald Cameron Macdonell, C. M. G., D. S. O., of the Strathcona Horse, who bore an honorable part in the South African War, is well to the fore in the present struggle. His first cousin, Col. Archibald Hayes Macdonell, D. S. O., of the Royal Canadian Infantry, also a South African veteran, is in the thick of the contest, while Lieuts. James Harold and Hugh Macdonell Wallis, nephews of the Brigadier, enlisted at Winnipeg in the "Canadian Scottish," and for gallant conduct at Ypres were promoted. The elder of these two brothers, James Harold, was severely wounded at Festenberg, and is still in hospital. The younger is now aide-de-camp to his distinguished uncle.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

THE STRAIN AND THE DRAIN OF WAR

The strain upon Austria Hungary approaches the breaking point. An official statement announces that the Government of that country, in order to replace the territorials sent to the front, has decreed that the age limit for service during the course of the war will be fifty years. Those who are between fifty and fifty-five will do service only for six weeks, and only in districts outside the war zone. What would Canadians think of the outlook were every youth and man between the ages of eighteen and fifty-five put into a uniform and withdrawn from productive occupation? The economic condition of Austria-Hungary must be indescribable.

It would be a mistake to suppose that the Allies are not also feeling the strain. The Premier of Italy yesterday said that Italians thought the war in which they are engaged would be short and easy, but it had become a long and hard one. The nation would persevere, however, until the victory was won. Italy's troubles are probably due to disarrangement of business and the cessation of the tourist traffic rather than lack of men or war material. She has almost a million men under arms, and has lost only 31,000 killed in action, and probably 20,000 more permanently disabled. France has been far more seriously drained of her manhood, but there is no sign of irresolution in that country among the fighting men. General Joffre spoke for 3,000,000 Frenchmen under arms when to a labor deputiation he said yesterday: "If only the civilians will hold firm that is the essential thing. If Frenchmen keep steady we shall have victory; not immediately, or even soon, but eventually."

The responsible leaders of the allied nations and armies are no longer talking of ending the war by a series of great battles intended to break up and disorganize the German armies and send them reeling back to their own frontiers. Ivanoff, in Bessarabia, is illustrating the new program. He concentrates a big force against some vital part of the enemy's line and makes a lodgment in it at great cost to his own troops. Then the enemy, rather than withdraw his entire front, counter-attacks with equal violence, and loses terribly in recouping the vital trenches. Several times during the past month the Russian leader in Bessarabia and Galicia has fought actions of that sort. He does not care whether he gains ground or loses it so long as day by day he is able to reduce the number of his adversaries in the same proportion as his own ranks are thinned. He knows that Russia can supply men in practically inexhaustible numbers, and that Germany and Austria cannot. Ivanoff is working out the most tremendous mathematical problem in the world's history—the subtraction of the Teuton from the Slav.

AUSTRIAN REPORT

An Austrian official report states that as a result of the enormous losses they suffered in Wednesday's

created by an "Old Catholic" bishop in Holland and returning to England set himself up as the "Head" of that ill-starred schism there. Later, evidently becoming disaffected with his progress, he cut loose from that affiliation, proclaimed himself an "Independent," sacrilegiously consecrated two or three excommunicated priests as bishops, and gave himself the title "Archbishop of London." Now, realizing probably that he has a soul to save, he has made his submission to the Holy See and withdrawn from the public gaze. The Canadian Churchman rather ironically remarks that he and his immediate followers have reached their "natural home." It is something to the wanderer at least to realize at length that he has a home.

SOME CORRESPONDENTS of the Toronto Mail and Empire have been disputing as to the merits or demerits of Sir Edward Grey, and heaping maledictions upon his devoted head for the "humanity" of his conduct of the Foreign Office. Whatever opinions may exist as to the wisdom of Sir Edward's course as a statesman and diplomat, the time has not come to weigh the evidence in the balance or to pronounce judgment. If he has erred (and Sir Edward Grey would be the last man to claim inerrancy for himself) his errors have been those of a Christian gentleman and a champion of civilization. The burden of the complaint against him on the part of these anonymous scribes is that he is really too civilized to have a part in carrying on a war. That is a complaint which in the long run will redound to the honor of the Foreign Secretary's name. And we are of those who believe that when history takes account of the events of today the name of no statesman or soldier connected with it will stand higher than that of Sir Edward Grey. Britain no less than Sir Edward can well afford to await that verdict.

IN THE CAUCASUS

The Russian victory in the Caucasus was far more complete than at first stated. An official Petrograd report says that the Russians pursued the fleeing Turks as far as the forts of Erzerum, capturing them and taking as prisoners 1,500 men. The Turks, no longer protected by the Erzerum forts, are retreating precipitately in all directions, abandoning their guns and supplies. The investment of Erzerum is certain to follow this surprising victory, for the Turks cannot bring up reinforcements quickly.

THE SUBMARINE IN A NEW FIELD

The Germans are rejoicing over the success of their submarines in destroying British shipping. In December, it is asserted, 24 vessels, among them a British auxiliary cruiser and two transports, were destroyed by Austro-German submarines, the tonnage loss being 104,764 tons. This is about double the normal monthly addition to the tonnage of British shipping through the launching of new vessels. Most of the vessels were sunk in the Mediterranean, where the enemy submarines driven from the Atlantic are finding a new field. It is now stated that Corfu and the adjacent channels on the mainland were bases for the enemy's undersea craft, and that the seizure of that island and of other Greek territory in the vicinity was due to the continued use of the Corfu base by submarines which preyed on the ships of the Allies in the eastern Mediterranean. The activity of the enemy submarines has lessened notably, probably because their oil supplies are no longer available. Britain is taking a hand in submarine operations in the Adriatic. A novel encounter is that reported between a British submarine and an Austrian hydroplane and torpedo-boat. The submarine sank both and captured their crews.—Toronto Globe, January 22.

filled with great dexterity, is now a minister at large, with no salary, and no department for which he is responsible. He occasionally stands up, especially when the ministry is in a tight place and subject to severe criticism. Lord Lansdowne is an interesting figure in the public life of England. Though he is half English and half Irish, through centuries of English and Irish history, he inherits from a French mother some of the qualities of that race. He is the one man in public life who speaks French exactly like a Frenchman. It used to be related of him that on one occasion when he had to address a meeting of French-Canadians as Governor of Canada, there was eager expectation to hear his first words; but when they came out with the perfect accent and tone of a born Frenchman, every man of French blood was delighted and recognized in him one of their own kind. The somewhat lean figure, the lean, clear-cut face, indicates the French origin, although the imperturbable tranquillity of the face shows that British phlegm still forms the basis of his character.

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T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

Special Cable to THE CATHOLIC RECORD (Copyright 1916, Central News)

London, Jan. 22.—Very little is doing at any of the fighting fronts. Both sides are making time and preparing for big operations in the spring. These will take the form of a great offensive movement by the Allies if the Russians can complete their reequipment in time. It will probably mark the beginning of the end of the war.

Every week sees the increase of the Allies' superiority on the Western front. A friend just back tells me that the French and British are now firing two shells to the German's one. The greatest impression prevails that when the next advance is undertaken the German line must break. Until the Russians are prepared to cooperate however, it is obviously foolish to waste the strength, which if applied simultaneously would have infinitely more effect. Russia's new armies are now fully ready. Their equipment is steadily progressing, but no general move will be made until sufficient reserves of munitions are collected to ensure that the advance, once it commences, can be held home. This entirely depends on the rapidity with which the American and Japanese factories can deliver their products.

The forward movement in Bukovina, which has been temporarily suspended owing to the condition of the roads, has given the greatest satisfaction to the Russian commanders, convincing them of their ability to roll the enemy back when the proper moment comes. The domestic situation here continues perfectly sound. The readiness wherewith the country accepted the compulsory service bill has intensified the confidence wherewith the whole nation looks forward to victory. The feature of the compulsory bill debates has been the tributes enthusiastically paid by Mr. Balfour, Mr. Bonar Law and other Unionist leaders to Ireland's magnificent services in the war. Mr. Redmond has not only secured Ireland's exclusion from the bill, instead of the British public, they freely make allowance for the special circumstances dictating it, and are content that she shall make her contribution in her own way.

This is a sound policy, and Ireland will repay this practical measure of home rule by increasing her voluntary efforts in the struggle for human liberty.

One of the results of the condition which probably observers are scrutinizing with closest attention, is the gradual difference it is making in the personal positions of so many of its members, and especially of those who are taken from the Conservative party. So far as most of these Conservatives are concerned, they have quietly dropped into the positions of silent heads of departments. Lord Lansdowne, instead of being the spokesman of the Unionist majority in the House of Lords, a position he

filled with great dexterity, is now a minister at large, with no salary, and no department for which he is responsible. He occasionally stands up, especially when the ministry is in a tight place and subject to severe criticism. Lord Lansdowne is an interesting figure in the public life of England. Though he is half English and half Irish, through centuries of English and Irish history, he inherits from a French mother some of the qualities of that race. He is the one man in public life who speaks French exactly like a Frenchman. It used to be related of him that on one occasion when he had to address a meeting of French-Canadians as Governor of Canada, there was eager expectation to hear his first words; but when they came out with the perfect accent and tone of a born Frenchman, every man of French blood was delighted and recognized in him one of their own kind. The somewhat lean figure, the lean, clear-cut face, indicates the French origin, although the imperturbable tranquillity of the face shows that British phlegm still forms the basis of his character.

Lord Curzon, keen, restless, ambitious, with something of the splendor still remaining to him of his arrogant, youthful self-confidence and of his glory as the Viceroy of India, is supposed to be one of the keenest and most intelligent of the apostles of Conservatism but he is also without a department and his appearances before the public are rare. And thus both these prominent and distinguished members of the House of Lords are perhaps rather more obscure so far as the public is concerned than they were when they appeared before the war, when they were the constant and sometimes vehement exponents of their party creed.

Mr. Austin Chamberlain has always been known to be an assiduous and energetic head of a department. He is one of the men who was carefully trained for political life from his boyhood upward. His energetic and brilliant father, once he had made a fortune in business never took much interest in anything but politics. Politics were the only subject discussed at his dinner table, and to politics therefore his son was devoted from his earliest days; and he was still a stripling when he became a member of the House of Commons. Chamberlain in manner, handsome in appearance, with a singular resemblance to his father, and yet with the softer lines that came from the maternal side, he has always been personally a popular figure in the House of Commons, and has never excited the violent antagonisms, which the sharp tongue and dominant personality of his father so abundantly created. But he also seems, in the affairs of his great department, the government of India, to face every moment of the day with difficult and perilous problems, has hidden himself from the House of Commons in his splendid offices in Parliament street, and rarely appears in the House, except to give an answer with regard to some of the incidents of the Eastern campaign.

Mr. Walter Long, another prominent Unionist figure in the past, has had to carry some bills in the House of Commons, and has been able to do so as adequately as any other minister by a blunt frankness and good nature that disarm all opposition, as well as a readiness to listen to suggestions from all quarters, he also, however, has a tremendous amount of departmental work to do, and does not figure prominently in the House of Commons.

The two ministers of the Unionist party who are forced to the front are Mr. Bonar Law and Lord Robert Cecil. For some days Mr. Law took the position of Leader of the House. I do not know whether it is a permanent arrangement or not, but for the time being it worked very well. The Leader of the House, whatever his disinclination to speak, is forced by his position to speak frequently. Practice makes perfect, and that applies to speaking in the House of Commons as well as to anything else. I have seen many members of the House who have begun by being scarcely able to mutter few sentences, become quite fluent speakers, by the very fact of having to do so as adequately as any other minister every night of the session. Mr. Bonar Law certainly rose to the opportunity which fortune had thus placed at his disposal. He certainly has the admirable quality of knowing the use of language. Facility, distinction, and above all the tactfulness of expression, are his natural gifts. In many respects he would be an ideal spokesman of a department like the Foreign Office. All these qualities were required when he had to defend the government and to defend himself against the assaults made upon both by the extremists of his own party whose strong idea was to destroy the Purl Voting Bill. Everybody who heard the speech was delighted with it, partly because it put his own position and partly because it put the position of the government with extreme lucidity and candor. All the prejudices against Mr. Bonar Law for his strong utterances during the Irish struggle were forgotten, and people recognized—as those personally acquainted with Mr. Bonar Law already knew, that he was essentially a frank and a sincere man.

Of course Mr. Bonar Law is somewhat new to the parliamentary trade, for he had spent the greater part of his life in business before he entered the House of Commons, and he never held high office until the present ministry; but he has very considerably advanced his position

of the House of Commons, and has never excited the violent antagonisms, which the sharp tongue and dominant personality of his father so abundantly created. But he also seems, in the affairs of his great department, the government of India, to face every moment of the day with difficult and perilous problems, has hidden himself from the House of Commons in his splendid offices in Parliament street, and rarely appears in the House, except to give an answer with regard to some of the incidents of the Eastern campaign.

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In the House of Commons, both from the political and the personal point of view.

Lord Robert Cecil is one of the surprises of the new Government. Everybody knew of course, that he was a man of great ability and of great parliamentary gifts.

John Bright, who never made a speech without great travail of spirit and who accordingly rarely spoke and towards the end of his life never spoke at all if he could avoid it, used always to half humorously complain that the clericalism of the barometer had a great advantage over the parliamentary in the fact that speaking was so much a part of their daily life that they could always get on their feet without hesitation or trepidation.

CARDINAL GIBBONS ON UNIVERSAL CHURCH

Baltimore, Jan. 28.—Cardinal Gibbons celebrated Pontifical Mass in the Cathedral yesterday and preached. Many of Baltimore's most prominent non Catholics were present, and there were fully seven hundred callers at his residence after the Mass to tender him New Year's greetings.

There is a name which thrills the soul with delight, which arouses a holy enthusiasm; a name which has been a watchword down the ages, through honor and dishonor, through evil report and good report—it is the name of Catholic in which you glory.

It obliterated all State lines and national boundaries, and makes us one with our Christian brethren all the world over.

"The universal diffusion of the Church of Christ was foreshadowed by the ancient prophets: All the ends of the earth," says the royal Psalmist, "shall be converted to the Lord and He shall have dominion over the nations."

"When Our Saviour commissioned His Apostles to preach His Gospel He assigned to them the whole world as the theatre of their labors and the entire human race as the audience to whom they were to preach: 'Go ye therefore and teach all nations,' 'Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature,' 'Ye shall be witnesses to Me in Jerusalem and in all Judea and Samaria, even to the uttermost part of the earth.' These prophecies may not seem to us very extraordinary, living as we are in an age when we are connected

with the most remote countries of the globe by facility of travel. But their startling character will be manifest when we remember that they were uttered in an obscure corner of the earth which had very little relations with the outside world.

"We know how the prophecies have been fulfilled. The Apostles scattered themselves over the Roman Empire, preaching the Gospel of Christ. Within less than thirty years after Our Saviour's crucifixion the Apostle of the Gentiles was able to say to the Romans: 'I give thanks to God through Jesus Christ that your faith is spoken of in the entire world,' and spoken, of course, by those who were in sympathy and communion with the faith of Rome.

St. Justin Martyr was able to say about one hundred years after Christ that there was no race of men, whether Greeks or barbarians, among whom the name of Jesus Christ was not invoked.

"And St. Irenaeus, writing at the end of the second century, makes the same observation, and he is careful to tell us that the religion which he preached was not a vague and hybrid Christianity, but a uniform code of doctrine, and that as the light of the sun is always and everywhere the same, because it comes from the same luminary of day, so was the light of faith everywhere identical, because it proceeded from the same sun of justice.

"What a striking illustration of the universal diffusion of the Catholic Church in our own day is furnished by the Ecumenical Council held in Rome in 1869. I was the youngest member of that council, and I am to-day almost the only surviving prelate. There were present nearly one thousand Bishops, the others being unavoidably absent.

"The Bishops assembled from England, Ireland and Scotland, France, Germany, Belgium and Switzerland and from almost every nation and principality of Europe. They met from the United States, Canada, Mexico and South America and from the islands of the Atlantic and of the Pacific. They were gathered together from the different parts of Africa and Oceania. They were met from the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates, the cradle of the human race, and from the banks of the Jordan, the cradle of Christianity. They traveled to Rome from Mosul, built near the ancient Nineveh and from Bagdad, founded on the ruins of Babylon. They flocked from Damascus and Mount Libanus and from the Holy Land, sanctified by the footprints of Our Blessed Redeemer. Those Bishops belonged to every form of government under the sun, from the most independent republic to the most absolute monarchy. Their faces were marked by almost every shade and color that distinguish the human family.

They were strangers to our country, strangers to our customs, to our language and to our political institutions. Every object that met their view sadly reminded them that they were far away from their fatherland. But when they saw the cross-crowned spire in the distance they hastened toward it with a joyful step. I heard from their deep emotion, entering the sacred temple, they felt that they had found an oasis in the desert. They felt once more at home. They found one familiar spot in a strange land. They stood in the church of their fathers and in the home of their childhood, and they seemed to exclaim, while tears rolled down their sun-burned cheeks: 'How lovely are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts; my soul longeth and fainteth for the courts of the Lord. My heart and my flesh have rejoiced in the living God. For the sparrow hath found herself a house and the turtle dove a nest. Thy altars are my home, my King and my God.' Looking around them, they observed the paintings of the saints and of the Lord of saints, whom they were accustomed to venerate at home.

"They saw the baptismal font which reminded them of the sacred font where they were regenerated in baptism in the days of their baptismal innocence and the words of the Psalmist rush spontaneously to their minds: 'I will go to the altar of God, to God Who rejoiceth my youth.' They see the confessionals which remind them of the place where they were accustomed to kneel at the feet of the Lord's anointed and to hear those saving words, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee.' They behold the altar railing where they were accustomed to partake of the holy of holies, and the altar ablaze with light. They contemplate the priest clothed in his sacred robes, those quaint old garments so strange to those out of the household of faith, but to these exiles as familiar as their mother's face.

"They hear the sound of the organ and the chant of the choir singing the plaintive notes of the Kyrie Eleison, the voice of a contrite heart pleading for mercy; the joyful 'Gloria in Excelsis' and the words of the immortal Creed. They listen to the song of the Preface, that masterpiece of musical composition, so simple, yet so sublime, so familiar, yet so soul-stirring. They observe a multitude of kneeling worshippers like themselves, and they feel in their heart of hearts that they are in the presence of brothers and sisters who have with them 'one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, Who is above all, and through all and in us all.'

"Although those strangers did not understand a word of our language, everything they saw and heard spoke

to them intelligently with a hundred tongues.

"It spoke to their intellect, their memory, their imagination; it appealed to their hearts and affections and their emotional nature. It preached to the whole man as God has made him, so that every faculty of the soul and every fibre of their frame was swayed by the sweet and captivating influence of religion.

"God forbid that I should speak in a vaunting and boasting spirit of the numerical strength of the Catholic Church, for God estimates men not so much by their numbers as by their intrinsic worth. It is no credit to us to belong to the body of the Church Catholic unless we are united to the soul of the Church by a life of faith, hope and charity.

"It will avail us nothing to be citizens of the kingdom of Christ, which encircles the globe, unless the kingdom of God is within us by the reign of Christ in our heart.

"One righteous soul that reflects the beauty and perfection of the Son of Justice is more precious in His sight than the mass of humanity that would have no spiritual life and would be dead to the inspiration of grace.

"The Patriarch Abraham was dearer to Jehovah than all the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah. The little band of the Apostles with the one hundred and twenty Disciples assembled in the chamber at Jerusalem, were of more value in the sight of the Lord than the great Empire of Rome that was seated in darkness and the shadow of death.

"While we humbly rejoice, then, as we ought, in the name of Catholicism, let us rejoice still more in the comforting hope that by a life of holiness and self-denial we may be found worthy of having our names written in the Book of Life.

"God grant that after being members of the Church militant on earth we may deserve to be incorporated with the Church triumphant in heaven, and that we may be united with the great multitude described by St. John, whom no man could number, of all nations and tribes and peoples and tongues standing before the throne and in the sight of the Lamb, and that we may sing with them: 'Benediction and glory, wisdom and thanksgiving, honour, strength and power, to our God forever and ever. Amen.'

CATHOLIC EDUCATION AND SUCCESS IN LIFE

Doctor Emil Reich writing on "Success in Life" pays a tribute to Catholic education which is of interest as showing what a modern philosopher, who follows no accepted religion, is broad-minded enough to say of a system of education which is more often condemned than praised by non-Catholics. It is satisfactory to hear from him that success in life is rarely, if ever it can be shown to have been, dependent on what is termed luck. On the contrary, we are told, everything is so well balanced in our world that provided a man have the energy, he will be certain to find his reward at some time or other in his life.

Journalist Doctor Reich defines as the only international university; success in this department of life depends on a great respect and love for the profession, constant and diversified reading, a knowledge of history and economics and observant travel. As to the question of education, here is what he has to say:

"The immense power of education is rarely realized by people in non-Catholic countries. Whatever opinions one may or may not have of the dogmas and liturgy of the Catholic Church, one thing remains quite certain, he says, that that Church has at all times been able to raise efficient men and women for the ends it pursued, and so it has undoubtedly come to be, to the present day, a success of the most marvelous kind. In fact nothing but wilful blindness can prevent one from saying that, as a mere matter of success, the Catholic Church is absolutely unique in history. No other organization of men and women, no other polity or body politic of the same high order, has ever been known to survive nearly twenty centuries of European history.

"It is scarcely necessary to prove that at the present day as well as fifteen hundred years ago, that Church wielded an immense power and influence.

"Such an unprecedented success must necessarily imply some fruitful lessons for individual candidates for success, too. Now, leaving aside all historical and theological considerations, it is quite clear that the wonderful success of the Catholic Church, with its 300,000,000 adherents, is owing very largely to a peculiar system of education carried to its perfection. This can be studied in no organ of the Catholic Church with greater facility than in the way in which the mightiest of Catholic Orders, the Jesuits, has prepared its individual members for a career of success such as no single family or class in Europe has ever achieved. It is well known to any serious student of history that the Society of Jesus has repeatedly been supreme in the affairs of the world.

"If one stop to think that man who as a matter of fact did not possess any capital to speak of, have succeeded in building in thousands of towns in Europe and America, vast edifices, carrying on very large institutes for instruction and education, and allowing thousands of their members to devote themselves entirely to academic pursuits of theo-

retic studies in all the sciences—when one considers only this side of their immensely successful career, one cannot but admire a system that has these three hundred and sixty-six years, enabled members of that Order to achieve a most remarkable success in all the countries, in different times and under the most varying circumstances.

"The central and fundamental reason of the success of a Jesuit's education Doctor Reich continues, is this, that St. Ignatius took the greatest care to develop in each disciple the two strongest engines of success, namely, intellect and will-power. He avoided falling into the fatal mistake of some teachers and of a number of nations, who strengthen the will-power and character of the pupil at the expense of all the other faculties of the mind and heart—as is the British method. The Jesuit novice goes through a course which, when completed leaves him with a tenacious will and an intellect subtle enough to cope with every move of his opponent. This combination of intellect and will-power is much more frequently met with in America than in England. Above all, Doctor Reich insists that religion is an absolute essential of lasting success. Religion teaches man that egoism is not only not right, but that it is of no use in the end. It teaches us that humility helps us more than anything else. Respect for others, husbands for wives, children for parents, employers for employees and vice versa, this can only come from religion.

"As Mr. Gladstone used to say, he had never seen a man engaged in active politics who was not inclined at least to credit religion with a great deal of truth.

"The French disasters of 1870 and 1871 are to be put down to the fact that their religion had been forsaken by the people, says the Doctor. 'They have not been able to muster courage to repair the deep injury inflicted on their national honor and in that miserable state of irresolution and shame arising from their culpable lack of national courage they again throw belief and religion overboard.'

"The Bible Doctor Reich discusses with his usual effectiveness. In his opinion all the attacks made upon it by the 'higher critics' have only had the effect of stultifying themselves and their originators. Some of the passages in which he deals with this subject deserve to be quoted.

"The Bible has been written in tears and not in ink; in burning enthusiasm and not copied from books; it seethes with life real and overflowing. Life wants life to explain it and armchair scholars can not explain or criticize the Bible. In reality the higher criticism proves nothing. The effect alone of the Bible proves its own authenticity. If the prophets did not write the books ascribed to them; if these books were forged by some obscure scribes hundreds of years after the death of the Prophets, then we stand before a miracle far greater than any other."—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

STOP TRAIN FOR MASS

A demonstration of true Catholicity was witnessed in Trinidad, Colo., on Sunday morning, Oct. 8, says the Catholic Register, of Denver. A special train chartered by citizens of Lawrence, Mass., including city officials, members of the Chamber of Commerce and prominent business and professional men, and en route to the San Francisco exposition, stopped in Trinidad for two hours to allow the Catholics on the train to attend Holy Trinity church before 6 o'clock, and when they were told that the first Mass would be at 7 o'clock, asked permission to have a Mass of their own. A priest who was with them said the Mass and one of the party went into the sacristy, where he found a collection box, which he passed. The party, after taking breakfast, departed much pleased that they had been able to assist at the Holy Sacrifice.

PROTESTANT PAPER PRAISES CATHOLIC POLICE CAPTAIN

The Christian Work for January publishes a picture of Captain Dominick Henry, of Precinct 88, New York Police Department, and says: "The New York Evening World of November 18, 1915, told of how Captain Dominick Henry had induced his whole command of 118 men to forewear alcoholic drinks. The story attracted the attention of many religious and temperance men, some of whom feel interested in having him better known about for society's sake. He was born in County Derry, Ireland, forty-eight years ago. His father, Daniel Henry, with his family, came to the United States when Dominick was twelve years of age. He was educated in parochial and public night schools of New York City. He became patrolman December 8, 1890; sergeant, 1900; captain, April, 1908; and was put in command of the Sixteenth Precinct, Mercer street, the Botany Bay of the department, where the patrolmen who were looked upon as helpless by reason of drink or other things were sent. In the five years he was there he saved dozens of men, turning them to brighter and better lives. Many a derelict not on the police force was saved by him. In public speeches Police Commissioner Baker

CONVERSIONS

The possibilities of affecting conversions to the Faith in our country are forcibly brought home in a letter to the Catholic Convert by the Reverend John Duffy, of Sheridan, Wyoming. Twenty-five per cent. of his congregation of five hundred souls at Holy Name Church are converts, and the same situation exists in other parts of his district. "It would be a source of much surprise and disappointment to me," he says, "if a like situation were not frequently met with in very many parishes throughout the country." In this work of the conversion of souls, as he points out, the laity are the most powerful auxiliaries.

"If the faithful in my various charges had more actively interested themselves in their non-Catholic neighbors, the number of converts received could easily have been multiplied three fold. Our people are not sufficiently awake to their tremendous opportunities, and are not duly interested in the conversion of their fellow-citizens to the truth. If they were, converts would enter the Church in every parish and mission in the country.

"The laity may often exert a greater influence than the priest, and have access where he cannot gain it. The editor remarks upon the letter: "Here is one Wyoming priest who has baptized four hundred and fifty adult converts and who has a congregation now, one-fourth of whom are

and Deputy Police Commissioner Hanson exalted him. He was in command of the Thirty-first Precinct one year, and while there led 118 of his men to a Holy Name service, and that day joined the society. He points the way upward in public service and private life. For the sake of our city, State and country, the more men like Captain Henry we have the better for our public life. Of athletic physique, a magnificent record as an officer and generous and sympathetic manhood that leads him to reach down to help the weak, he makes a fine figure in the civic life of the metropolis.

A GREAT SCIENTIST'S FAITH

In the latest issue of the National Geographic Magazine (Vol. xxviii, No. 5), in an article on "The World's Debt to France," we read the following:

"It was her Pasteur who established the germ theory of disease and through whom the wonderful miracles of saving human life that have characterized the past third of a century have been wrought. The normal death rate of civilized countries before the days of Pasteur was about 30 per thousand of population. Today it is about 15 per thousand in the more progressive nations. Think what the saving of 15 lives a year for every thousand of population means when applied to half the earth! It means the averting of 12,000,000 deaths annually. It means more than 20,000,000 cases of illness avoided. It means health and happiness to 20,000,000 homes rather than disease and distress. Who can estimate the benefits to humanity of the wonderful discovery of Pasteur?" (p. 601)

The press bulletin of the Central Bureau of the Central Verein points out that this accomplishment to which reference is thus made was the crowning achievement of the many brilliant works of a man who received more recognition perhaps than any scientist in his lifetime ever has, and yet who ever found in his studies and investigations the deep and overwhelming proof of the faith that was his. The fidelity of Louis Pasteur to the Catholic Church and his firm belief in God were but strengthened by the science into which he delved. "The more I know," he declared in a phrase which has often been repeated, "the more nearly is my faith that of the Breton peasant. Could I but know all I would have the faith of a Breton peasant woman."

Alas! how much is it to be regretted that the country from which Pasteur came has not heeded the example of its great son. The men in control of its destinies have systematically set about to destroy religion. Thirty-six years ago one of its false leaders pointed to "clericalism" as the enemy to be crushed, and a short time ago, at the end of a long series of unjust legislative acts against the Church, the man who but lately held its chief place on "The Beauties of France" in the same magazine from which quotation has been made. Her shams has been the rejection of her Catholic traditions, her bitter warfare on the Church, and the acceptance of that false morality which has stamped her as the child less nation of Europe. Perhaps in the hour of her pain, she may finally decide to cast aside the false prophets who have misled her and to turn once more to the Church for the regeneration of her children.—N. Y. Catholic News.

NO LONGER PROUD OF UNBELIEF

It is sad to have lost faith in God, but it is sadder to be proud of such loss. It is sad to have fallen from the pure standards of the Decalogue, but it is sadder to be proud of one's sins. The loss of faith almost inevitably involves the loss of ordinary natural virtues, for why should a man refrain himself from any evil desire, if he is amenable to no law, subject to the chastisement of no higher Power? "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die."

But there was a time when men boasted of their infidelity. Some remember an American infidel, well known and popular among certain classes for his daring challenges to revealed religion, who stood on a platform in Boston and defied God to strike him dead. He came out of the hall immune, but he died with tragical suddenness, and without a challenge, a few years later.

This performance will never be repeated, not perhaps, because there is more faith in Christianity, but because there is much more doubt about the soundness and safety of the infidel's position. Many men doubt the mercy of God; but few His justice. Many men are a little skeptical about Heaven. Down in the hearts of most men, however, is a very uncomfortable fear that Hell exists. A striking proof of this came a few years ago in a popular novel, in which the hero, a professional man, having been pinned down under an automobile and unconscious for some hours, began slowly to recover himself. "He saw red," says the novelist; and he was afraid to open his heavy eyes lest he should see flames.

He had no doubt of his punishment and its essential justice; but as he was trying to pull himself together and "meet it like a man," he suddenly felt the blessed air of morn sunshine, and opened his eyes on green fields and sunshine.

The Ave Maria well says: "The infidel, by whatever name known, belongs to a past generation. The type is perishing. There are thousands of men and women of little or no religious belief today, but they are a different sort of people. They do not boast of their doubts, or of their rejection of religious teaching; and they are not defiant. Perhaps there is fully as much neglect of religion now as ever there was, but undoubtedly there is a great deal less hatred of religion than formerly."

Also there is a growth of refinement. It is bad form to boast of

Your Savings
The War has already brought great changes. National leaders in all countries are urging the practice of Thrift. The Prime Minister of Great Britain said recently: "There remains only one course . . . to diminish our expenditure and increase our savings."
What are you going to do with YOUR SAVINGS? You cannot keep your cash in a stocking. You must either put it in a Bank; invest in a Bond or Stock; or purchase Life Insurance with it. Some men will do all three.
By Putting YOUR SAVINGS INTO LIFE INSURANCE
You will be practising Thrift in its best form. You will be making definite provision for your family. In the event of your early death, they will receive many times more than you have paid in. If you live, you will be adding each year to the value of your security.
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Head Office - Ottawa

converts to the Faith. Father Duffy does not say and cannot say that the essential factor in this great work is a priest with the self-sacrificing missionary spirit and untiring zeal for souls. What he does emphasize is that conversions in his section could have been trebled had Catholic laymen done their part.

To effect the conversion of our country the zeal of the priest and the zeal of the laity must combine, and convert themselves can, and frequently do become most fruitful missionaries in this glorious apostolate.—America.

THINK

How often is life almost crushed out of some poor heart already weighed to earth with it, may be secret sorrow; by a cold, sarcastic word or look? How often does a disparaging remark, a prediction of failure, quench hope and courage in the breast of some one who is struggling to succeed? It is a sorry reflection for any of us that we have given pain to a fellow creature, made the burden of life heavier, driven the sword of sorrow still deeper into the poor heart already sorely wounded. Even with the not wipe away the tears of sorrow at least we can act so that we may never cause them to flow; that never shall the tears, the blood of the soul of any fellow creature be laid to our account.—The Irish Messenger.

FATHER FRASSER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowwa, March 22, 1915, Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: Yesterday (Passion Sunday) I laid the corner-stone of the church in Taichowwa. The former church was too small for the crowds who are being converted in the city and neighboring towns. Even with the addition of forty-eight feet and a gallery it will be too small on the big Feasts. May God be praised Who designs to open mouths to His praises in the Far East to replace those stilled in death in Europe. And may He shower down His choicest blessings on my benefactors of the CATHOLIC RECORD, who are enabling me to hire catechists, open up new places to the Faith, and to build and enlarge churches and schools. Rest assured, dear Readers, that every cent that comes my way will be immediately put into circulation for the Glory of God.

Your gratefully in Jesus and Mary, J. M. FRASSER.
Previously acknowledged: \$6,540 75
Friend, North River, Nfld. 1 00
M. Hickey, Kingston. 2 00
Miss N. Callaghan, Hamilton. 75
K. A. F., Kinkora. 1 00
A friend, St. Peter's Bay. 50

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"THE MAKING OF A WILL is one of the most simple and at the same time one of the most important duties of every man and woman. There are reputable lawyers and trust companies who will see that a will is properly made and that an estate is properly administered. Endless troubles and worries are caused by neglect to make a will. It is a matter for to-day."—Judge Lennox.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. F. PERRETT
SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY

"Go you also into My vineyard." (Matt. ix, 4)

God's chosen people had been compared even by the prophets to a vineyard, which God had treated most carefully, and which still did not prosper, because the Jews did not cooperate with His grace. Through the prophet Isaiah God complained of this, saying: "What is there that I ought to do more to My vineyard, that I have not done to it? Was it that I looked that it should bring forth grapes, and it hath brought forth wild grapes?" (Is. v, 4). Our Lord followed the same line of thought in two of His most impressive parables, where He compares the Jews with a vineyard to which the owner sent many servants and finally his own son, but all were killed by the wicked, disloyal workmen.

The vineyard was, therefore, the Jewish nation, and, in a wider sense, all mankind, who ought, in accordance with God's will, to attain to everlasting salvation and eternal life. Because the vineyard represents the whole of the human race, we may say that it represents also each individual soul, since the race is made up of individuals. If each one diligently cultivated his own vineyard, i. e., his own soul, the whole human race would be sanctified and saved. In today's gospel our Lord says that the householder sent laborers into his vineyard, but He does not only mean that we ought to be diligent in saving the souls of others in His Church, but that we ought to be zealous, primarily, for our own salvation. Nothing is more common than for people always to be criticizing the words and actions of others, and judging their disposition from what they do and say, inferring that in one way or another they are not zealous enough in working out their salvation; nothing is more common than for people continually to be anxious about the souls of others and to neglect their own. This so-called anxiety for the salvation of others is often nothing but a sinful love of criticism that delights in discovering the faults of others; it is a kind of spiritual pride, making us think ourselves better than other people and exalting ourselves above them. Beware always of forming unnecessary opinions regarding others under the pretext of lamenting over the neglected vineyard of their souls. Thousands of sins are committed and thousands of unkind remarks are made under the specious pretext of being anxious for the salvation of others.

If you want to find out whether you really care for the souls of others in the way that Jesus desires, ask yourselves whether you really take pains every day to improve yourselves, to learn what is right and to do it, to uphold evil by strict self-denial, etc. As long as you are not careful about these things, there is reason to fear that your criticisms of others, which you fancy are the result of your anxiety for their salvation, are really sinful, and in the end it is quite possible that many a vineyard, whose neglected condition you have often deplored, may prove to be more beautiful than the vineyard of your own soul. When Martha complained of Mary, our Lord said: "But one thing is necessary, and Mary hath chosen the best part" (Luke x, 42). What part had Mary chosen? Was she like Martha, full of energy and activity in her house-keeping, but nevertheless able to find time to criticize her sister, and wonder why she did nothing to help, maintaining that this was not right and that our Lord ought to rebuke her? Martha, pious as she was, tended to err by reason of her excessive care that others should do their duty. But what of Mary? Did she think perhaps that Martha cared little for her salvation and was too much interested in worldly affairs? No, she sat at our Lord's feet and drank in His words; she was anxious about her own salvation, and it was for this that Jesus praised her; for He knew that only those who are careful for their own salvation, who truly attend to His teaching and struggle after virtue in their own hearts, will ever be able to promote the salvation of others. He seems to have rebuked Martha for judging too hastily, and to have meant: "You are troubled because your sister is not quite doing her duty and acting in accordance with my teaching, which would have her work as well as pray; but do not be disturbed. By listening attentively now she is promoting the welfare of her own soul, and making herself fit to do a great deal in future for the souls of others." It is of course our duty as Christians to help others on the way to salvation, as far as we can, and especially if it may be important for you to be able to counsel and guide others. If you wish to be capable of doing this, it behooves you in your youth to sit attentively at our Lord's feet, learning and doing what is expedient for your own salvation. The more careful you are now about it; the more zealously you learn to control your evil inclinations, to cure your faults, to practise virtue, and to prefer God and His holy word to all worldly pleasures, the better will you be able eventually to show others the way to be saved.

Care for our salvation is necessary if we are to practise properly charity towards our neighbor, and we cannot truly love God unless we take care to be saved. Why should we be ungrateful to Him? Does God suffer any loss if we do not attain to salvation? Is He less happy if our souls

A LIFETIME OF SICKNESS

Worn Out, Thin and Miserable Until She Took "Fruit-a-lives"

PALMERSTON, June 20th, 1914.
"Stomach Trouble and Distressing Headaches nearly drove me wild. Some time ago, I got a box of 'Fruit-a-lives,' your famous fruit medicine, and they completely relieved me. To-day I am feeling fine and a physician, meeting me on the street, asked the reason for my improved appearance. I said, 'I am taking Fruit-a-lives.' He said, 'If Fruit-a-lives make you look so well, go ahead and take them. They are doing more for you than I can.'"
Mrs. H. S. WILLIAMS.
Box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

are lost? No one is so foolish as to think this; but when a man does not work out his salvation, he frustrates God's loving purpose of making him happy forever, and so he defeats the object which he had as one of God's creatures, and which is that of all those who serve Him.

He who is not zealous for the salvation of his own soul is ungrateful for all the mercies of God's grace bestowed upon the human race from the time of Adam to that of Christ. If you read the Old Testament, and all the wonderful miracles and prophecies; if you considered in how marvellous and loving a manner God prepared the Jewish nation for the coming of the Redeemer, your hearts would always be moved by the thought: "God did all this for my sake; for thousands of years He was caring for my soul, in order that I might reach heaven. Yes, God has done so much for me, and shall I be unwilling to do anything for myself?"

But if we read the New Testament, how can we possibly see what Jesus taught, and consider His miracles, without feeling how deep would be our ingratitude, if we allowed all these results of His infinite love for us to be wasted? Let us often think of Him, and the gentleness, goodness and wisdom with which He has taught us, and let us promise to be obedient to His will in every detail. If ever our own comfort, our frivolity or any other temptation tends to lead us astray, and make us careless about our salvation, let us look at the Crucifix and renew our resolution to bear the Cross of self-conquest for love of Him who laid down His life for us.

Finally, if we look back at our own lives, we shall see plainly how lovingly God has cared for the welfare of our souls. He gave us strength to rise higher, reason and free will; but, besides all this, in His infinite mercy He has given us opportunities of learning better than many others what is conducive to our souls' good; He has lavished upon us His grace, making for our salvation. How often has He strengthened us in our hours of temptation! How often has He preserved us from evil, and forgiven us our sins; yes, He has even nourished us with His own Body and Blood, in order that we may be His children, and be saved. It would indeed be the most horrible ingratitude to cast all these graces aside recklessly, caring nothing for our salvation, for the securing of which He in His incomprehensible love has supplied us with so many natural and supernatural means.

True love of God and our neighbor shows us how necessary it is to care for the welfare of our souls. Genuine self-love imposes this duty upon us all, for nothing but care for our own salvation, and zealous work in the vineyard of our own souls can make us worthy to receive at night the payment promised to all faithful and dutiful laborers.

Let us resolve to-day and often renew our resolution—if hitherto through carelessness and want of thought we have been negligent in attending to the welfare of our souls, we will do better in future, and try to let the good that is in us increase, by the help of God's grace.

How to Get Rid of Dandruff

This Home Made Mixture Removes Dandruff and Stops the Hair from Falling Out

The following simple recipe which can be mixed at home, or put up by any druggist will quickly remove dandruff and stop the hair from falling out.
To a half pint of water add 1 oz. of bay rum, 1 small box of Orlex Compound, and 4 oz. of glycerine. These are all simple ingredients that you can buy from any druggist at very little cost, and mix them yourself. Apply to the scalp once a day for two weeks, then once every other week until the mixture is used. A half pint should be enough to rid the hair of dandruff and kill the dandruff germs. It stops the hair from falling out, and relieves itching and scalp disease.
Although it is not a dye, it acts upon the hair roots and will darken streaked, faded, gray hair in ten or fifteen days. It promotes the growth of the hair and makes harsh hair soft and glossy.

so that we may bring forth forward fruits of amendment and good works. Amen.

TEMPERANCE

TEMPERANCE PAYS

"So essential are, steady hands and bright wits, in our trade that under the rules of our union no drinking man can stay in the organization. The first time a member of the union goes on a job under the influence of liquor, he is suspended for a month and fined. For the second offence he is summarily expelled, without hope of reinstatement. It's pretty drastic treatment, but we have found it the wisest way to deal with the matter."

This plain statement, says the Joliet, Ill., Herald, made in a Philadelphia paper by a constructor of elevators, is as good a temperance sermon as ever was preached. It is practical and goes right to the point. A man doesn't need a "better nature" to be appealed to by such an argument as this. It hits all alike where the nerves are tenderest, in a vital spot.

The building of elevators is by no means the only business in which drinking is a disqualification. The steel mills, the railroads, the telegraph companies and all the other big commercial, industrial and financial organizations are drawing the lines closer and closer every day against the man who drinks.

Why, hard drinking is held to be a disqualification even in the saloon itself. The drinking bartender cannot hold his own against the sober one. No business man on earth knows better than the saloon keeper that sobriety is the first essential of successful business. And the value of the man who "never drinks behind the bar" is at a premium.—Sacred Heart Review.

LIQUOR INTERESTS MISQUOTING CARDINAL GIBBONS

In almost every contest against the saloon in the United States the liquor interests quote Cardinal Gibbons in such a way as to give the impression to many that His Eminence favors the saloon and the drinking of liquor. They do not quote all that the Cardinal said. Cardinal Gibbons gives the pledge of total abstinence to all children that he confirms. The Cardinal is a strong advocate of temperance and also favors local option.

When they were about to vote upon the saloon question in Charles County, Maryland, May 1914, Cardinal Gibbons expressed the wish that the people would banish forever the saloons from the county.

It is true that Cardinal Gibbons is not in favor of National prohibition or prohibition that would extend to a large city like Baltimore. Before any radical prohibitionist criticizes Cardinal Gibbons for this stand let him first study Baltimore.—John F. Canneen.

IN CASE OF ACCIDENT

"One day I was hurrying to the station at Durand, Michigan," says a priest writing in the Liguorian, "to catch a train. I noticed a crowd gathering on the railroad track, and, thinking someone might be in need of priestly help, I hastened to the spot. My fears were not unfounded. There lay the mangled body of a poor young brakeman, who had just been run over while coupling cars."

"Was he a Catholic?" No one knew. I stooped over him, and said: "I am a Catholic priest," in the hope that I might receive some sign of recognition. But all to no use. Just then I saw protruding from the open neck of his shirt a small red cord. I drew it out eagerly. It was a scapular. Then I knew. I knelt by him as he died, and had the consolation (there is none greater for the priestly heart) of seeing him regain consciousness long enough to make his peace with God, and die full of childlike trust in the mercy of his heavenly Father. Truly the scapular had been for that poor fellow a badge of salvation."

There are many such cases, where the securing of the last Sacraments is due to some Catholic symbol or sacramental on the person stricken, by sudden fatal illness. In the West Australian Record of Nov. 6 just come to our table we read of just such a case. "Sunday morning last," says the report, "a soldier, who subsequently was found to be Private William B. Uze, was taken suddenly ill, and was seen to fall down in Wellington street. Fortunately, he was seen by a little girl, Miss Kathleen Hanvin, who at once ran for her parents. When the parents arrived and were rendering first aid, they discovered a badge of the Sacred Heart sewn inside the collar of his tunic. Before he lost consciousness they asked him if he'd like to see a priest, and from the only indication he could give they decided it was his wish to have the last Sacraments. Mr. Hanvin at once rushed for the Archbishop's to summon a priest. Meanwhile the dying soldier was being taken to the hospital where the priest administered to him the last Sacraments. So sudden was the collapse that had it not been for the manifestation of the Catholic Faith by the badge of the Sacred Heart, a priest could certainly not have been summoned.
The moral is clear. Every Catholic should wear a scapular, a medal, or a badge of some kind to indicate his membership in the Catholic Church. We have heard of traveling men carrying a card on which is clearly

printed the words: "I am a Catholic. In case of illness or accident, please send for the nearest priest."

Truly, we know not the day or the hour of danger; and we should have on our person some thing to show that we are Catholics.

LACK OF BIBLE KNOWLEDGE

There is a discussion going on in some of the non-Catholic papers as to whether the dissemination of Bibles is bringing the desired results. It is being contended that the people do not read them after they get them. It is asserted that Bible reading is a matter of one's early training, of one's environment, just as a virtuous life, and hence the way to encourage Bible reading is to begin down in the child life, where the taste for it may be created, and the habit of regular perusal may be formed.

Some years ago, Dr. Thwing, President of a Protestant college in Cleveland, preached a sermon to college boys and girls, in which he made twenty two quotations from Tenneyson, relating to the "crown of thorns," "manners in the wilderness," "Moses striking the rock," "Joshua's moon," "Jonah's gourd," "Ruth in the field of wheat," "Ezekiel's hands," "Joseph's coat of many colors," the fate of Lot's wife, "the Church on Peter the rock," the "serpent and Eve," the "miracle of the wedding of Cana in Galilee," "Jacob's Ladder," etc., etc.

President Thwing afterwards questioned the class about these references, and found that 50 per cent. knew nothing about them. Nine boys and eleven girls never heard of "the crown of thorns." Seventy-one of the class of eighty five were wholly ignorant of what became of Lot's wife. Only twelve out of the thirty four boys could tell about Eve and the serpent. The girls were better off in this important knowledge than the boys, for, out of fifty one, thirty-seven could tell the story of the Garden of Eden. It was found on inquiry that all these students had "enjoyed" the usual experience of Sunday-school training, but that does not answer. Bible study has less of intellect than spirit in it. It may be a strange thing to say, but one must feel the truth before he thinks of it; faith comes before knowledge.—The Missionary.

SIGN OF THE CROSS

When'er across this sinful flesh of I draw the Holy Sign; All good thoughts stir within me; and renew Their slumbering strength divine; Till there springs up a courage high and true To suffer and to do. And who shall say, but hateful spirit's sound, For their brief hour unbound, Shudder to see and wall their overthrow; While on far heathen ground Some lonely saint hails its fresh odor, though Its source I cannot tell.—CARDINAL NEWMAN

PARENTAL ASTIGMATISM

Every true mother feels that the best in every department of life is none too good for her child. She spares no pains, no labor, to make him happy. She would give her all to be able to guarantee for him a bright and useful future. All her days she plans how best she can assure him an abiding success in life.

Success in life! But what is the true success—the success that alone matters? Is it material, or physical, or intellectual? Or is it not primarily and essentially spiritual? And if the latter, then surely all the mother's planning may, even all her praying, should be for the spiritual growth and spiritual development, and spiritual rounding out of her child. To a Christian mother all culture is hollow unless it refines the soul; all education is a mockery unless it disciplines the spirit; all progress is empty unless it be the conscious going forward, step by step to a closer union with God.

These are such undeniably basic principles of true Catholic mother-philosophy that they deserve to be held up before the eyes of the world to-day. For worldly mothers in our time have set quite another goal for their children. Even the secular magazines have awakened to a realization of the appalling indifference of the modern mother to the best—because the spiritual—interests of her offspring. From one of them we quote the following arraignment of the parental astigmatism which obtains in contemporary society: "Parents often seem to care more for the bodies of their children than for their minds and morals. Money is lavished on food and sparingly spent on books and papers. Fine clothes are provided to protect and adorn their bodies, but church and Sunday school are neglected. They are encouraged to train their nerves and muscles, but spiritual culture is not suggested. Conversation turns on sports and society rather than on history and adventure. The vulgar, demoralizing 'funny' paper is furnished and beautiful, uplifting pictures are withheld. The making of money is emphasized, but the proper spending of it is not discussed. Parents who sorrow over wayward and worldly children wonderingly

ask pastors and teachers how to save these untalented, misguided youths, strangely forgetting that almost all of the active influences of the home have tended toward worldliness. Theoretically they desire their children's welfare, but practically they have failed to cooperate with pastors and teachers, and too late realize their folly. Rarely do children overcome the paralyzing power of spiritual parental poverty. Many modern homes need old-time religion and old fashioned common sense."—The Rosary Magazine.

CROCIFIXES UNINJURED

The curious fact that crocifixes and statues of Our Lady seem to be immune from the general destruction in France and Belgium makes a great impression upon the British soldiers. One of them, Lance

Corporal J. H. Morgan of the East Lancashire regiment, writing home says: "It is very queer that when the Germans shall these Catholic churches the crucifix and the Virgin always remain safe."

Father Van Laeren, O. S. P., who is working among the refugees in the Exeter district, tells of a marvelous escape of a crucifix in a presbytery near Alost. One morning after Mass the villagers were alarmed by the booming of canon on either side of them—the place being between the conflicting armies. Father Van Laeren found shelter in a cellar. After his incarceration he discovered that a shell had struck the presbytery wall, entering the priest's bedroom, where it exploded. Although the mantelpiece and the other contents of the room were completely wrecked, a crucifix which stood upon the mantelpiece remained undamaged.—Intermountain Catholic.

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PUREST-CLEANEST MOST RELIABLE GET CATALOGUE AT BEST DEALERS OF DISTRICT TORONTO - MONTREAL WINNIPEG - VANCOUVER.

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Are promptly relieved by applying Absorbine, Jr., the antiseptic liniment. It is soothing, healing and invigorating—puts vim and energy into jaded muscles. One of the many enthusiastic users writes: "I received the trial bottle of Absorbine, Jr., all right and at that time was unable to walk without a cane, just around the house. I used it freely and inside of two days could walk without limping, something I had not done in two months. I went to the drug store and procured a \$1.00 bottle and to-day can walk as good as ever. I'll never be without it. I am recommending it to everyone I can, for I am a living witness."
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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

WHAT PERSISTENCE CAN ACCOMPLISH

A striking example of what courage and perseverance can do is afforded in the person of the Hon. David Moylan, elected Judge of the Municipal Court, Cleveland, Ohio.

sensual enjoyment. In a word, the greatest man will be he who most abounds in wealth and luxury.

But this life is not our only life, and our destiny is not accomplished here. The grave is not our final doom; this world is not our home; we were not created for this world alone, and there is for us a life beyond this life.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BE HELPFUL

Look out for others. If you are strong, so much the more should you keep an eye out to see where and when you can help one less favoured than yourself.

A number of robust, active boys were busy in playing baseball, while a little lame fellow, about twelve, pale and sickly, stood leaning on his crutches, evidently very sorry that he was not able to take part in the exciting game.

TWENTY GOLDEN MAXIMS

- 1. He does not really believe who does not live according to his belief. 2. Tell not all you know, believe not all you hear, judge not all you see, do not all you can.

A BRAVE LITTLE SOLDIER

A great surgeon from across the sea was visiting in a small southern city, and because he knew so much about some kinds of disease all of the hospitals and doctors within reach wanted his help.

INTER-CHURCH CONVERSIONS

A few weeks ago an Episcopalian weekly printed a leader under this heading. Its purpose was to contrast the difference "between the Anglican and the Roman spirit in the treatment of converts."

TRUE GREATNESS

No man is truly great who neglects his great ends, says Bishop Ward, of Leavenworth, Kansas, nor can one be said in truth to approach greatness any further than he fulfills them.

show that a conversion to the Catholic Church is radically different from a defection from it. In the second place, we can point out that the feeling that Catholics have about their converts is generally different from that which Anglicans have about theirs.

ATTACK ON EUGENICS AND BIRTH CONTROL

BISHOP DOWLING STRIPS EU-PHEMISM FROM MODERN SINFUL FADS

Birth control, eugenics and other modern fads, which are leading people through their euphemism to a disregard for human life and a contempt for the commandments, were vigorously denounced in a sermon in the Cathedral by Rev. Austin Dowling, Bishop of Des Moines, Iowa.

COMMUNITY VIEW CHANGING

"I linger on these obvious observations because of the rapidly changing point of view of our community. There is a great horror of indecency everywhere—a general hysterical willingness to throw over what are called the traditions and conventions of the past in the interest of liberty and to establish a code of ethics on the ground of personal comfort."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"The Christian must be on his guard against such novelties. The taking of human life is just plain murder though it may be called birth control. Sexual indulgence even in the marital relation is just coarse immorality, no matter who has advised the use of contraceptive methods."

ANGLICANS AND CATHOLICITY

There appeared in a recent issue of the London Church Times an article signed "Walter J. Carey," which effected an insight into Anglican ideas of Catholicity and is enlightening as to the present condition of the Church of England.

LIVES OF SAINTS

ST. ALOYSIUS GONZAGA of the Society of Jesus, by Edward Healey Thompson. ST. ALPHONSUS M. LIGUORI, Bishop of Agathangeli, by Rosa Mulholland.

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CANADIAN PATRIOTIC FUND

SECOND APPEAL

Somewhat over a year ago, as President of the Canadian Patriotic Fund, I made an appeal to the people of the Dominion for funds to assist the families of the gallant men who were going to the front. Through anticipatory a generous response, I was hardly prepared for the magnificent manner in which the call was met. Monies have poured into the treasury of the Fund until the total contributions have reached and exceeded six million dollars.

Large, however, as this sum appears, it has not greatly exceeded current demands and, if peace were declared in the immediate future, the entire surplus on hand would be required before all the men of the Expeditionary Force could again return home.

To-day there are 25,000 families, comprising, it is estimated, 80,000 individuals dependent upon the Patriotic Fund. With further recruiting the demands upon the Fund will, with each succeeding month, continue to grow, so that it is estimated that, should the War continue during 1916, a sum amounting to some \$8,000,000 and probably more will be required.

In spite of all the various calls that have been made for funds to aid our soldiers and sailors and the magnificent response that has been made in each and every case, I still feel assured that the warm hearts of all Canadians will respond to this further appeal to enable the Patriotic Fund to continue its splendid work during 1916 and take care of the families of those who are fighting for their Sovereign, the Empire, and the Dominion, on the battle fields of Europe and on the High Seas.

(Signed) ARTHUR President, Canadian Patriotic Fund, Government House, Ottawa, 1st January, 1916.

A MILITARY KIKUYU

Writing in a recent "C. T. S." pamphlet on "Anglicanism at the Front," Mr. James Britten gives a sympathetic description of the spiritual privations English Ritualists who have volunteered for the war are now enduring in France. For the British army seems to be fostering a sort of military Kikuyu. Low Church views prevail in the clerical administration of the forces, and most of the chaplains are men who cannot and will not bear "confessions." But worse still, combined services of the Kikuyu stamp have been held by Wesleyans in which Anglican clergy have taken part, a "dissenting chaplain celebrated the Anglican communion service vested in surplice and stole," and "at one camp recently the communion service was conducted by a United Free Church of Scotland minister, a church of England chaplain, and a church of Scotland minister."

Such proceedings as these naturally cause great distress to soldiers who hold pronounced High Church views. One young man complained bitterly that "although Roman Catholics were permitted to go to Mass, he was compelled to attend church parade, and that at a Wesleyan chapel;" other Ritualists bewail unceasingly the lack of opportunity for shrift at the front, for the Low Church clergy do not consider hearing confessions part of their work and decline to undertake it, though one well-meaning chaplain advised an anxious penitent to mail his confession to his director in England. "Abolition," presumably, was to come by return post.

Regarding the effect produced on these High Church volunteers by what they see the French clergy doing, and by the behavior of their Catholic fellow-soldiers, Mr. Britten quotes interesting testimony. An officer in Kitchener's army writes: "It is a pity the Church of England cannot take a leaf out of the book of the Roman Church. In my last billet we had not been in it three days when the Roman priest came down and asked what men in my company were Roman Catholics. I gave him every facility to visit them, and I have given the men every facility to go to Mass. When I think of these Roman priests, ill-paid, ill-fed, poorly clad, going about carrying out their Master's command, French the gospel to every creature," I wonder how the priests of the English Church dare to be so self-satisfied.

And an Anglican chaplain pays this tribute to the well-instructed piety of England's Catholic troops: "A Roman Catholic soldier knows at once what to do: he asks you to get him a priest; he wants his Communion or to make his confession. He knows the Gospel of Christ; he understands about repentance, about grace, about the presence of the unseen army of saints and angels. Our poor Tommy, not from any fault of his own, but from our neglect, is quite unconscious of most of this as a reality. . . . Here we have churches crammed day by day with Roman Catholics doing just the same work as we are doing. They find time to pray, to make their confessions and Communions. Why do

not we? Why do we not want these things?" The daily experience of sights like these, the difficulty found in securing the kind of spiritual comfort the Ritualist craves, and his strong opposition to the prevailing Kikuyu principles of the army chaplains are forces, it is reported, that are turning many Anglican soldiers toward Catholicism. "Men are seeking admission to the Church," writes Mr. Britten, "where they can claim as a right, privileges which have been denied them even as a favor." The opportunity of receiving the Last Sacraments if they were mortally wounded "being the special motive that is making Catholics out of a number of Anglican soldiers now fighting in France. Like many others before them, these men realize that the only religion to die in is Catholicism.—America.

GOLDEN WEDDING

A golden wedding of unusual interest was celebrated in Toronto on 8th January, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Flannery having on that day completed the fiftieth year of their wedded life. The commemoration of the event was characteristically Catholic. Mrs. Flannery having been an invalid for some years and on that account unable to leave the house, was by gracious permission of the Archbishop of Toronto accorded the rare privilege of having Mass celebrated in the home. This Mass was said by Rev. Father Begley, C. P., of St. Anthony's Church, who has been Mrs. Flannery's devoted attendant during her illness. All the surviving children of Mr. and Mrs. Flannery were present, including Sister Mary Anselm of the Sisters of Mercy, Buffalo, their youngest daughter. At the dinner which followed later in the day there were present several relatives and friends, among them Mr. Joseph Hoffmann of Guelph, who had been groomsmen at the wedding fifty years before. Mr. Flannery, who is a native of Boyle, Rescommon, came to Canada when a young man and settled in Guelph where he met his future wife, Miss Annie Heffernan, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Heffernan, one of Guelph's most prominent citizens in the early days. The couple were married by Rev. Father Archambault, S. J., in old St. Bartholomew's Church, on 8th January, 1866. Since then Mr. and Mrs. Flannery have lived in Toronto, Chatham, and St. Thomas, where they were active in every good work. They returned to Toronto some years ago where they have since resided. The CATHOLIC RECORD joins with their many friends in wishing them yet many years of happy wedded life. Deo Gratias.

THROUGH THE YEAR

God be with you in the springtime, When the violets unfold, And the buttercups and cowslips Fill the fields with yellow gold, In the time of apple blossoms, When the happy bluebirds sing, Filling all the world with gladness— God be with you in the spring!

God be with you in the summer, When the sweet June roses blow, When the awbolls are laughing, And the brooks with music flow, When the fields are white with daisies, And the days are glad and long, God be with you in the summer, Filling all your world with song.

God be with you in the autumn, When the birds and flowers have fled, And along the woodland pathways Leaves are falling, gold and red; In the evening of the year, God be with you in the autumn, Then to fill your heart with cheer.

God be with you in the winter, When the snow lies deep and white, When the sleeping fields are silent, And the stars gleam cold and bright, When the hands and heart are tired, With life's long and weary quest, God be with you in the winter, Just to guide you into rest.

—JULIAN S. CUTLER.

BIGOTRY AT ETON

The question of bigotry at England's leading Public school, Eton, has been carried to the House of Lords. Lord Braye, who, it will be remembered, generously gave a site and the building for a Catholic church in Eton itself, has asked a series of questions regarding the refusal of Dr. Lyttelton, head master, to permit the Catholic scholars of Eton to attend this church on Sundays or week days, forcing them to go a long distance to Windsor, a journey which can only be accomplished on Sundays. Lord Braye suggests that the head master is acting ultra vires in placing the new church at Eton out of bounds, and asks whether the governing body sanctions such a proceeding. He desires also to know in whom is vested the power of rejecting any scholar who does not profess the Anglican religion, and whether King Albert of Belgium was informed of the embargo on the local Catholic church before he placed his son at the famous school.—N. Y. Catholic News.

THE REAL ISSUE

With all respect for the genuine good-will of the delegates to the recent North American Preparatory Conference, the deepest wisdom which that body has yet given the public is to be found in a remark by a Presbyterian member, the Reverend Dr. Roberts. "I wish right here," interposed Dr. Roberts, when reference to "the sin of schism" was made, "to object to any such expression as the 'sin of schism.' We Presbyterians have no apologies to make for the Reformation."

Dr. Roberts points the issue sharply. How can unity be secured if essential differences are ignored? Dr. Roberts believes that an act which the Catholic Church deems schism, may be an act blessed by God. The Catholic Church believes that the act which she terms schism is under all circumstances an act of itself meriting eternal damnation. The Conference, however, compromised by substituting the words "the fact of schism," for the offending phrase, or, in other words, calmly ignored the very point at issue. It is not possible to agree with a man's opinion, or to dissent from him, if you do not know what these opinions are. But many Religious

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children's eyes, children know that they are to receive once more their parents' caresses, friends are confident that soon they will meet their friends; and all in a tender Father's home. No, it was not St. Paul that grieved the heart of Mr. Huxley, but his own lack of faith, for St. Paul so softens death as to make it a happy release, a passage to union with the Friend of Friends.

REPLACES FATHER O'GORMAN

An Ottawa boy, in the person of Rev. Father Philip C. Harris, will replace Rev. Father J. O'Gorman as rector of the Blessed Sacrament church, the latter's absence as chaplain with the Canadian troops. Announcement to this effect was made by Rev. Father O'Gorman during service yesterday morning. Rev. Father O'Gorman will probably give up his duties this week.—Ottawa Free Press, Jan. 17.

THE SANCTITY OF THE MASS

A recent press dispatch declared that on January 4, St. Peter's at Rome was closed and would not again be used until it had been reconsecrated, because human blood had been spilled in the Basilica, in an attempt at suicide. The term "consecrated" is inaccurate. It is "reconciliation," not reconsecration, that ecclesiastical discipline demands in cases where a church has been polluted. Consecration means a special dedication to the Divine Service. Thus a man is consecrated by ordination or by religious vows, a chalice or an edifice, by religious rites. Both one and the other may be defiled by sin, but they do not thereby lose their sacred character. It still remains true that they are set apart in a special manner for the service of the Creator. Once consecrated, the con-

secration endures unless explicitly revoked. Thus the churches in Mexico which have been polluted by the wickedness of men are still, in spite of all, things that have been solemnly devoted to God's service. And yet they are not wholly pleasing to Almighty God. Like the blood of a Babel in the sanctuary of Canterbury, the sins committed in the Mexican temples cling, as it were, to the stones, guiltless though they be. Therefore, just as a sinner before he can be the object of complacency to God, must be restored to favor by the sacrament of reconciliation, or by its equivalent; so, too, certain stains that invest an edifice must be washed away by symbolic ceremonies and propitiatory prayer, before God is reconciled to service within its walls. According to canon law, some crimes, although they do not import the necessity of reconsecration, do nevertheless so contaminate the building that they carry with them an interdiction forbidding under grave sin the celebrating of the Holy Sacrifice until the stain has been washed away. All this emphasizes the immaculate purity with which the Church surrounds the Mass. Only on spotless linen may the Sacred Host be laid; only by priestly presence, sinless as far as human weakness permits, may the bread and wine be changed into the Body and Blood of Christ; only in places free from taint of sin may the words of consecration be spoken. The Church no longer excludes heretics from the Divine service, nor does she now insist that "inquiries" and catechumens and penitents withdraw, before the "Mass of the Faithful" begins; but this extension of privilege results from the greater freedom she has enjoyed since the days of persecution, rather than from any relaxation on her part in regard to the personal and material purity which she requires of all that touches even remotely the august Sacrifices of the Lamb of God upon her altars. Purity in men and things is her insistent demand in all that is concerned with the mystical slaying of the Holy One of God.—America.

AMERICAN CONVERT FOUNDS NEW TEACHING SISTERHOOD

Several years ago, Episcopalians were startled when Miss Marion Frances Gurney, founder and head resident of the Church Settlement House, New York, and a graduate of Wellesley, became a Catholic. Miss Gurney, shortly after her conversion, founded St. Rose's Settlement House. She has now founded a new Sisterhood, to be known as the Sisters of Our Lady of Christian Doctrine, with headquarters at 171 175 Cherry Street, New York. The objects of the new institution are to give instruction and training in the doctrines of the Church; to render aid to poor families; to provide for the spiritual care of needy children, and to engage in other charitable work. The following are the trustees: Mgr. Mooney, Mgr. Lavalle, John Whalen, Jeremiah P. Murphy, Sister Marion Frances Gurney and Sister Elizabeth Frances Lamners.—N. Y. Sun.

ONE OF MANY EVIL EFFECTS

One of the evil effects of the agitation kept up by the Guardians and other A. P. A. bigots in this city and country is demonstrated in the following report which was published in two of the Pittsburgh papers recently: "You are not fit to serve as a juror." Judge John A. Evans told William S. Stewart, of Charities township, in the Common Pleas Court when he begged to be excused from service for the next two weeks. "The denunciation of the court was brought by Stewart's statement to Judge Evans that: "I am a Protestant, and if a Catholic came before me in a case I could not give him a fair deal."

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MARRIAGE

LEGER MCGUIRE.—At St. Paul's Church, Saskatoon, on Monday, January 17, 1916, Mr. J. T. Leger, Barrister, of North Battleford, Sask., to Miss Nellie McGuire, of New York City, formerly of London, Ont.

DIED

COLE.—At Hotel Dieu, Windsor, Ont., on Jan. 6, 1916, Mr. Charles T. Cole. May his soul rest in peace.

COYNE.—At Portage du Fort, Que., on Sunday, Jan. 9, 1916, Mr. Patrick Bernard Coyne, aged sixty four years. May his soul rest in peace.

O'NEIL.—At Pasadena, California, on Tuesday, Jan. 18, 1916, Mr. E. J. O'Neil, of Guelph, Ont., formerly of London. May his soul rest in peace.

DUFF.—At his late residence 94 Albert street, Ottawa, on Dec. 27, 1915, Mr. Alex. Duff, aged eighty three years. May his soul rest in peace.

SULLIVAN.—At his home, "Oakdale," Garry Hill, Ont., after a short illness, Mr. William Sullivan, in his eighty-seventh year, with all his children, together with his nephew, Rev. Father Gallagher, at his bedside, as his soul passed to its eternal home. May he rest in peace.

BLAKE.—In Toronto, Monday, Jan. 10, 1916, Grace Angela McCannell, aged twenty-seven years, beloved wife of W. J. Blake (of W. E. Blake & Son, Limited). Funeral took place from St. Francis' Church to St. Michael's cemetery on Wednesday, Jan. 12. The funeral Mass was celebrated by Rev. A. Staley, R. I. P.

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