

The Catholic Record.

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

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FROM THE ROBE OF CHRIST

At the foot of the Cross on Calvary
Three soldiers sat and dined,
And one of them was the Devil
And he won the Robe of Christ.

When the Devil comes in his proper
form

To the chamber where I dwell,
I know him and make the Sign of
the Cross,
Which drives him back to hell.

I saw him through a thousand veils,
And has not this sufficed—
Now, must I look on the Devil robed
In the radiant Robe of Christ?

He comes, and His face is sad and
mild,
With thorns His head is crowned,
There are great bleeding wounds in
His feet
And in each hand a wound.

How can I tell, who am a fool,
If this be Christ or no?
Those bleeding hands outstretched
to me!

Those eyes that love me so!
I see the Robe—I look—I hope—
I fear—but there is one
Who will direct my troubled mind:
Christ's Mother knows her Son.

O Mother of Good Counsel, lend
Intelligence to me!
Encompass me with Wisdom,
Thou Tower of Ivory!

"This is the Man of Lies," she says
"Disguised with fearful art";
He has the wounded hands and feet,
But not the wounded heart."

Beside the Cross on Calvary
She watched them as they died
She saw the Devil join the game
And win the robe of Christ.

—JOYCE KILMER.

THE IRISH QUESTION

THE GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF ITS SOLUTION

There are three factors which must be reckoned with in any attempted solution of the Irish Question. These are, in order of precedence,—1. The Irish Nation, 2. The British Empire, 3. The Irish Protestant ascendancy party. Those who would decide the Irish Question by the third and least important of these three factors, adopt the County solution—Irish and should remain a group of British counties. Those who consider the Empire as the sole determining factor, adopt the provincial solution—Ireland is to be a province of Great Britain, as Manitoba is a province of Canada. Those who take their stand upon the undoubted fact that Ireland is a nation, and has consequently all the rights of a nation, and who ignore the other two factors, adopt the republican solution—Ireland should be a free republic. A combination of the first and second group uphold the mixed solution that four-fifths of Ireland should be a province, and six counties be British counties. A proper harmonization of all three factors—Irish, the Empire and the Orangemen—can result in only one solution: Ireland should be granted complete national autonomy within the Empire that is, should have a form of Dominion Home Rule which is compatible with the security and integrity of the Empire.

This will become increasingly evident from a brief historical consideration of the three determining factors.

1. The Irish Protestant Ascendancy Party. This party was introduced into Ireland as "England's faithful garrison," by the Jacobean and Cromwellian plantations. It became at once the ascendancy party, and secured control of the land and the government of Ireland. It was driven to Hell or Connaught to make way for them. They, even more than the English Parliament, were responsible for the Penal Laws of the 17th and 18th centuries, the worst system of religious persecution and state tyranny in the annals of Christendom. They in turn were disregarded by England, for all Ireland, Protestant as well as Catholic, was deprived by English laws of the right to trade with foreign countries, with the colonies, or even with England herself. When the American colonies were obtaining their independence, however, the more intelligent of the Irish Protestants realized that Ireland was a nation and that they were part of it, and obtained freedom of the seas for Irish trade and an Irish Parliament. They were about to emancipate their fellow Irish Catholics, who would then under a democratic constitution have obtained a majority in Parliament; but the religious fanatics and ascendancy party, organized the Orangemen, goaded some of the Catholic peasants into rebellion (98) and combined with English statesmen to defraud Ireland of its Parliament (1800). Catholic Emancipation was finally granted (1829), but the Irish Protestant minority, by means of the Protestant majority of Great Britain, continued to rule Ireland and to maintain a social and commercial ascendancy. A series of systematic evictions and of famines in the nine-

teenth century strengthened its hold on the land of Ireland, though in the last generation this has been remedied to a great degree. However, practically all the big political and judicial appointments, and practically all the leading positions in the banks, railways and Belfast concerns still remained and remain in the hands of the Protestant Ascendancy Party. This party by no means comprises all the Protestants of Ireland; a large proportion of the Protestants are at one with the main body of the nation in demanding democratic and national liberty. In the words of a Grattan they are not a Protestant settlement but an Irish nation. Even the ascendancy party, of which the Orangemen are the most characteristic development, is thoroughly Irish, whatever its remote racial origin. It forms an integral part of the Irish nation, and is as thoroughly Irish as English Catholics are English or Huguenots are French. Up to the present this Ascendancy Party has had the final word in all attempted solutions of the Irish question. It destroyed Gladstone's Home Rule Bills by its ally, the House of Lords, and aided by the English Unionists it destroyed Asquith's modest Home Rule Bill, by means of its threat of and preparation for Civil War. It thus determined constitutional agitation and paved the way for Sinn Fein. It has a blind unreasoning hatred of its fellow Irish Catholic citizens. On the other hand, it is on the whole a prosperous community, and apart from its fanaticism, possesses fine natural qualities. It is generally believed that if this body could be got to try out Home Rule for five years, its suspicion and hatred of Catholic Ireland would soon be confined to but few of its members. In any case, even if its fanaticism and bigotry are permanent, it cannot be allowed to stand any longer in the way of a just and democratic solution of the Irish Question. It has a right, however, to demand adequate safeguards which will obtain for it justice under an Irish Parliament. It has, on the other hand, absolutely no right to what the majority report of the Irish Commission, in its great generosity, was willing to promise, namely, two votes to a Protestant and one for a Catholic (for that is what the extra "Unionist" representation would amount to). The proximity and power of Great Britain renders absolutely chimerical the possibility of religious persecution by Irish Catholics in any case, even if they have never wished so. However, under a democratic national government, the ascendancy of Irish Protestants would cease. They would have that share in the government of Ireland to which their numbers, wealth and position entitles them. They should be ashamed to ask for more.

2. The British Empire. The British Empire, and not England, is the second factor in the Irish Question. For long centuries the Irish Question was a struggle between an Ireland, determined to govern herself, and an England determined to conquer her. To day the question is: How to reconcile Ireland's undeniable right to a national autonomy with the security and integrity of the Empire. Those who approach this question from the standpoint of the Empire alone, offer Ireland a provincial status, under some form of federal devolution. This denies the evidence both of history and geography, for Ireland is a nation, not a province. Any solution which does not respect that fact must inevitably fail. Our Imperial federalists start on the problem from the wrong end. Nations exist before Empires, during them and after them. We must start with the fact of the Irish nation, not with the fact of the British Empire. The British Empire is of vastly more importance than the Irish nation. Yet the British Empire is an artificial, man-made, temporary organization. The Irish nation is a natural, God-made, permanent body. Empires are greater than nations; yet Empires are composed of nations, and are a benefit to humanity, only when they are a combination and not a destruction of nations. Whole some empires are maintained, when the prior and inalienable rights of the constituent nations are primarily considered. A nation bears somewhat the same relation to an Empire, as the family does to the State. A State is composed of families. A family is much smaller than a State, and its rights in its own sphere are prior and more important. An individual is a member of a family before he is a member of the State. A State which ignored or denied the prior family rights would be a slave State. An Empire which ignored or denied the prior rights of its constituent nations would be a slave Empire. Ireland is a nation, and must therefore have a national and not a provincial status. The only political system yet invented, which accords national autonomy in the British Empire, is Dominion Home Rule. Hence this is the solution which must be adopted.

An objection must first be answered. Scotland and Wales are nations; yet they form part of the United Kingdom of Great Britain, and are satisfied with that arrangement. The answer is that England

and Scotland and Wales are all part of the same island, and, though separate nations, have voluntarily decided to live together as parts of a British nation, Great Britain. Ireland refuses to become West Britain. There remain then "Great Britain and Ireland." Ireland must have its own government, determined to conquer the sea and their Continental trade, but has maintained their religion. James I. planted Ulster with Protestants from England and Scotland. The Irish nation determined to fight henceforth, not for independence, but for autonomy and liberty under the British Crown. Hence they fought for Charles I. and James II. As a result of this fight for Charles and religious liberty, they brought upon themselves the curse of Cromwell and the land confiscations of the ungrateful Charles II. Their devotion to James II. brought them a century of inhuman penal laws. Yet during the whole 18th century, as a study of the prolific Irish (that is, Gaelic) poetry of the period shows, Ireland was still intensely national, and looked forward to liberty under the rule of a Stuart King—autonomy within the Empire, to speak in modern terms. The rebellion of '98, as far as Catholic peasants were concerned, was merely an act of self-defence against Orange yeomanry and hired German soldiers. Those who fought for an Irish Republic were Ulster Presbyterians. The Irish Protestant Parliament, won by Grattan and his Protestant volunteers, was induced by bigotry and bribes to agree to the Union. For the next half century O'Connell dominated Irish life. He adopted the English language, English civilization and English political institutions, and sought liberty and autonomy within the Empire (the Repeal agitation, and the Great Famine (an artificial famine, for only the potato crop failed, made possible by the inhuman land system the English had forced on Ireland, and unrelieved owing to the stolid stupidity of the English Parliament), with its consequent starvation, fever, and emigration, got rid of 3,000,000 of the Irish nation. The National Schools had already begun their work, and, though they failed to make Ireland Protestant and English, as they were intended, they made her English-speaking. Ireland was, in the main, an Irish speaking nation till the Great Famine. Today only one sixth of Ireland knows Irish, and hardly more than 3% of Ireland uses Irish as its ordinary means of intercourse. Though Ireland, through force of circumstances, lost much of her native culture (including much that was good to lose—such as the Clan system—and much that it was a pity to lose), she remained an intensely Irish as ever. Young Ireland, Fenianism, the Irish Party, the Land League, the Gaelic League, and Sinn Fein are all eloquent witnesses to the undying force of Irish nationality. Even the Irish language, a quarter of a century ago despised and dying, has taken a new lease of life, and, side by side with English which will remain, is again becoming, in parts of Ireland, the language of prayer and play, of study and industry, of love and literature. The recent successful refusal to accept conscription from a British Parliament, whatever else may be thought of it, is an undeniable proof that Ireland is a nation, and is determined to exercise the rights of a nation. Neither coercion can destroy it, nor cajolery undermine it. Whether you like it or not, the Irish nation is a fact.

3. The Irish Nation. The most important factor in the solution of the Irish Question is the Irish nation; for it is precisely the future of the Irish nation which is the issue. With those who deny the existence of the Irish nation, there can be no argument. Both geography and history proclaim it. There is no European nation whose boundaries are so clearly outlined by geography as Ireland. Ireland is an island, and its boundaries are God-given. The teaching of history is equally emphatic. A few words may serve to recall the historic perspective. Ireland was a nation with a national self-consciousness and memory at the beginning of the Christian era before the Roman had established his Colony in Britain. The *Tain* gives us a picture of a Pagan Ireland about the time of Christ, with its native language, customs, government, laws, religion, literature, music and art. From King Conor to Brian Boru stretch ten centuries of intense national life. As Keating, with great historical insight put it—Irland was a little world by herself; a world by herself, but not for herself—for her saints and her scholars worked in the building or rebuilding of a Catholic civilization, from Ireland to Italy, and from the coasts of Brittany to the banks at the Danube. The death of Brian at Clontarf, after he had saved Ireland (an incidentally England and Scotland) from being permanently conquered by the Pagan Danes, left Ireland without a strong central government. Yet the Middle Ages,—which extend for Ireland from Brian Boru to Henry VIII—saw an Ireland, politically divided, and only partly free, yet profoundly national. The Anglo Irish Pale dwindled almost to insignificance, and in spite of they local wars, literature, architecture, music, metal and manuscript work

flourished, and an important Continental trade was maintained as in ancient times. The incessant fights between Norman lords and Irish chiefs, and between one Irish chief and another, loom up much more in books than they did in the actual life of the Irish nation. Henry VIII, however, determined to conquer Ireland. He assumed the title of King of Ireland, and introduced by force the Protestant religion into that country. For some sixty years—till the death of Elizabeth—the Irish princes fought for political and religious liberty. By 1603 they were conquered politically and half annihilated, had lost the freedom of the sea and their Continental trade, but had maintained their religion. James I. planted Ulster with Protestants from England and Scotland. The Irish nation determined to fight henceforth, not for independence, but for autonomy and liberty under the British Crown. Hence they fought for Charles I. and James II. As a result of this fight for Charles and religious liberty, they brought upon themselves the curse of Cromwell and the land confiscations of the ungrateful Charles II. Their devotion to James II. brought them a century of inhuman penal laws. Yet during the whole 18th century, as a study of the prolific Irish (that is, Gaelic) poetry of the period shows, Ireland was still intensely national, and looked forward to liberty under the rule of a Stuart King—autonomy within the Empire, to speak in modern terms. The rebellion of '98, as far as Catholic peasants were concerned, was merely an act of self-defence against Orange yeomanry and hired German soldiers. Those who fought for an Irish Republic were Ulster Presbyterians. The Irish Protestant Parliament, won by Grattan and his Protestant volunteers, was induced by bigotry and bribes to agree to the Union. For the next half century O'Connell dominated Irish life. He adopted the English language, English civilization and English political institutions, and sought liberty and autonomy within the Empire (the Repeal agitation, and the Great Famine (an artificial famine, for only the potato crop failed, made possible by the inhuman land system the English had forced on Ireland, and unrelieved owing to the stolid stupidity of the English Parliament), with its consequent starvation, fever, and emigration, got rid of 3,000,000 of the Irish nation. The National Schools had already begun their work, and, though they failed to make Ireland Protestant and English, as they were intended, they made her English-speaking. Ireland was, in the main, an Irish speaking nation till the Great Famine. Today only one sixth of Ireland knows Irish, and hardly more than 3% of Ireland uses Irish as its ordinary means of intercourse. Though Ireland, through force of circumstances, lost much of her native culture (including much that was good to lose—such as the Clan system—and much that it was a pity to lose), she remained an intensely Irish as ever. Young Ireland, Fenianism, the Irish Party, the Land League, the Gaelic League, and Sinn Fein are all eloquent witnesses to the undying force of Irish nationality. Even the Irish language, a quarter of a century ago despised and dying, has taken a new lease of life, and, side by side with English which will remain, is again becoming, in parts of Ireland, the language of prayer and play, of study and industry, of love and literature. The recent successful refusal to accept conscription from a British Parliament, whatever else may be thought of it, is an undeniable proof that Ireland is a nation, and is determined to exercise the rights of a nation. Neither coercion can destroy it, nor cajolery undermine it. Whether you like it or not, the Irish nation is a fact.

There is a political body in Ireland today, which, since its proclamation during Easter Week (1916), has worked for the establishment of an Irish Republic, independent and separate from the British Empire. This party has now assumed as its name the, in itself, splendid phrase *Sinn Fein* (Ourselves). Their claim is based on the following argument. Every nation has a right to choose its own form of government. Therefore, Ireland has a right to a Republic if she choose. But, and this fact is innumerable, the majority of the Irish nation do not so choose; and, even if the majority so chose, the British Empire would support with its world strength the Irish minority which wished to maintain union with the Empire.

If Ireland were to next door to England, if she and England, in spite of bitter memories, were not united by inseparable commercial and cultural ties and by bonds of kindred interwoven throughout the Empire, if the greater amount of the energies of Irish exiles had not been spent in building up the British Empire, and its English speaking ally, the United States, if, in a word, the history of the last hundred years could be blotted out, and geography could be rearranged, an Irish Republic might be an excellent thing.

In the present world, it would be a much greater evil to Ireland than even to England. Ireland will have far greater security, development, and opportunities, as a free, self-governing nation, within the greatest Empire in the world, than as a third rate Republic like Switzerland or as cock-pit kingdom like Belgium. A large proportion of the Irish people, at the present moment, goaded as they have been into anger, may not admit the force of this argument. A month of Dominion Home Rule would, however, convince them. Canada and Australia, in size and possibilities, are among the greatest nations of the world. Their national self-consciousness is as well developed as that of the oldest nations of Europe—such as Greece or Ireland. If they consider the Dominion status preferable to that of a Republic, then certainly Ireland would. If, however, England should prefer to rule Ireland by coercion, and through religious bigotry refuse Home Rule, Sinn Fein will continue to develop; and it will be Sinn Fein of the revolutionary type, the type that will benefit neither Ireland nor the Empire.

It is important to bear in mind however that the essential strength of Sinn Fein lies not in its devotion to the ideal of an Irish Republic, nor in its eminently practical opposition to conscription, but rather in its doctrine of self respect, self reliance, and self-development. This does not, to any great degree, result in particular, insularity, as some critics imagine. Sinn Fein does not mean "Ourselves Alone." The movement aims at developing what has come down from Ireland's national and Catholic past into a powerful nation for the benefit of humanity. One of the most national movements in Ireland to-day has as its object the conversion of the Gaelic in the fundamental non-political sense, all Ireland, that is not Anglicized, is for Sinn Fein. There is no opposition between Gaelic or Irish culture and European civilization; nor between the most intense national movement in secular matters and catholicity of interest and endeavour in religion; nor need there be any *British statesmen are not*, any opposition between national loyalty and imperial policy. Political sanity and justice on England's part will be rewarded by the most generous, forgiving and even reckless unselfishness on the part of the Irish nation. The one hundred thousand Catholic soldiers, who during the first two years of the War, left Ireland's shores to fight for the Allies, show how Ireland forgives. If this response was made after the mere vain promises of a modicum of Home Rule, what a response even yet the actual granting of Dominion autonomy would evoke.

A MORE PERFECT DOMINION HOME RULE

The type of Dominion Home Rule granted to Ireland need not be the same as that granted to Canada in 1867. We have advanced some in fifty years. The need of supporting imperial defence is a principle recognized today, which would have to be incorporated into a new Dominion Home Rule Bill. The Irish Government should, of course, have control of the Customs and Excise, though, here again, the modern ideas of Imperial Trade Preference must be kept in mind. Ireland's Home Rule should be substantially as complete as Canada's, but should be more perfect from an Imperial standpoint. A perfect solution of the Irish or of every other mundane question is impossible. But a prudently conceived measure of complete Dominion Home Rule would in a few short years satisfy all Ireland, save a few Orange bigots and utopian republicans. The Irish Nation, enjoying Canadian autonomy, would consider such bigots and republicans, as the harmless heritage of a troubled past.

JOHN J. O'GORMAN
London, June, 1918.

SURPRISED TO KNOW OF NUMBER OF CATHOLICS IN ARMY AND NAVY

(Catholic War News Service)

London, July 13, 1918.—On the Saturday following the Fourth of July, His Eminence, Cardinal Bourne blessed the foundation stone of a Knights of Columbus Club, which is to be erected near Westminster Cathedral for the use of American troops, and particularly those employed at American headquarters in London.

As an item of news the incident has but a passing interest. But it has served a very happy occasion for the secular press to say something about the Knights of Columbus, as well as about the Catholic strength of American enlisted forces.

The secular papers continue by stating that the order has carried out much good work on behalf of American troops. It states further that 40% of the United States Army and 52% of the United States Navy are Catholics. Hitherto this information has been limited to the readers of Catholic newspapers who are a minority, and an announcement of this kind will do a very

great service by conveying to the general public the superior organization of Catholics in America, and their preponderant representation in the enlisted forces of their country.

Coming at such a time when not only London but the whole of Great Britain has fresh in its mind the infusion of a new ideal of brotherhood and fraternity, arising from the unprecedented enthusiasm of the celebration of the Fourth of July, this knowledge of the overwhelming Catholicism of the American forces will cause the average Briton to pause when next arises another attempt at a No Popery program. It will be a hard matter for even the most determined anti-Catholic to breathe his sentiments in the face of such a convincing statement of Catholic loyalty to the Allied cause.

THE LESSON WAS NOT DEAR

A story is being quoted from the Stars and Stripes, the paper edited by our forces across the sea, which has to do with the sermon of a certain French pastor, some of whose parishioners had been over-charging their American soldier customers. "On Sunday, in his church, filled one half with his own congregation and the other half with American soldiers, he proceeded to read the former the riot act. In accents strong and French, he laid down the law 'Vous demandez cinq francs quand vous droit a un franc seulement' (You are asked five francs when you are entitled to only one) and when he pointed his finger at each and every one of them. So when M. le Cure started down the main aisle right after the beginning of the Credo to take up the collection he was fairly swamped with five-franc notes. Every O. D. blouse was unbuttoned and from every one came the little blue paper, the equivalent of a dollar bill. By the time he got down the main aisle and was going to turn up the side aisle, they had so exhausted the collection basket's capacity that he had to make an apron out of his cassock. And he couldn't understand it at all. On learning the cause of the generous contribution, the cure explained to the regimental chaplain that he felt bound to return the soldier's money. 'No need,' said the chaplain. 'I told the boys all about it and they say the lesson in French was cheap at the price. Moreover your sermon hit home so hard that the soldiers here more than saved five francs apiece this last week in town.'—Catholic Transcript.

The Rev. Thomas J. Glynn of Beaver Falls, Pa., was presented with a handsome gold cross by special Officer George B. Ford at Atlantic City, New Jersey. The decoration was awarded Father Glynn for the heroic rescue of Officer Ford from death by drowning. Ford was swimming when he was seized with cramps. His cries attracted the attention of the priest, who went to his aid, and held his head above the water while he called to another priest who helped him to bring the drowning man to shore.

Richard Dana Skinner, associate editor of the Boston Transcript, and a Catholic, is now in France with the Lafayette Escadrille. Mr. Skinner comes of noted American stock: he is a son of the well known convert novelist, Henrietta Channing Dana Skinner. His maternal grandfather, Richard H. Dana, wrote "Two Years Before the Mast," and his great-grandfather was the founder of the North American Review, a great-grand-aunt was the wife of the founder of Brook Farm, while his uncle married a daughter of Longfellow.

Anna Held, noted actress, who died recently in New York City, was originally of the Jewish faith, says the Sacred Heart Review, but embraced Catholicity some ten days before her death at the earnest solicitation of her daughter, Miss Lianna Held Carrara, and the last Sacraments were administered shortly before she lost consciousness. The funeral was held in New York. The casket was placed in a vault in Woodlawn Cemetery, and at the end of the war the body will be taken to Paris for burial.

The highly complimentary letter from the president to Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, on the resignation of his post in Denmark, says the St. Paul Bulletin, has been followed by the announcement that he is to receive the Order of Commander of the Dannebrog from the King of Denmark. The Danish press, which might be expected to make unfavorable comments on the career of the late minister because of his important part in the buying of the West Indian Islands, is unanimously regretful. It is evident that being a Catholic is no bar to diplomatic success in a Protestant country.

New York, Aug. 20.—A cable from Gen. Pershing received yesterday by James A. Flaherty, Supreme Knight, Knights of Columbus said: "I wish on behalf of the troops under my command to thank your organization, not only for its generous and inspiring message, but for the substantial service it is rendering the army in France." The cablegram was in reply to one sent to Gen. Pershing August 6 when the K. of C. opened its "Victory Convention" at the Waldorf, conveying the good wishes of the organization and the assurance that each of the 420,000 members of the order were behind an American flag abroad and were pledged without qualification to back the army to the limit.

How slow men are to go to the front—in a crowded street car.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The New York Herald states that there are 15,000 Sisters of Charity in active duty at the front in France.

Cardinal Bourne says that one-ninth of the British priests are serving in Army and Navy.

In the First New Hampshire Regiment, says the Sacred Heart Review, 8,200 of the 9,500 men are Catholics.

There died recently in China a missionary Sister who for twenty years had labored there in hospital, school and orphanage: She was Sister Claire, formerly in the world, Lady Fielding, of England and sister of Lord Denbigh.

The Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris has offered to the Knights of Columbus the free use of any school buildings they may need in any part of France for the furtherance of the social, religious and other war work.

According to a despatch, says the Sacred Heart Review, the new provincial, Very Rev. Joseph H. Rockwell, S. J., has offered the Government for use in connection with the war all the buildings in the Maryland, New York Province of the Society of Jesus and the services of 1,000 Jesuit Fathers.

Right Rev. Dennis M. Lowney, auxiliary Bishop of Providence, R. I., died on Tuesday, August 13, after a brief illness. Bishop Lowney was consecrated on October 23 last, and is the second auxiliary Bishop to die there within the last three years. Right Rev. Thomas F. Doran died on January 8, 1916, only nine months after his consecration. Bishop Lowney was appointed to succeed him as auxiliary to Bishop Harkins last year.

The Rev. Father John De Valles, of New Bedford, Mass., and the Rev. Father Osmar Toucher of North Windham, Mass., Knights of Columbus chaplains, to whom the French Croix de Guerre was given recently for heroism at the second battle of the Marne, have been commissioned chaplains in the United States Army, according to a cable message received this week at the Knights of Columbus headquarters in New York City.

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THE RETURN OF MARY O'MURROUGH

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND
Author of "The Tragedy of Chris," "Nanna," "Onora," etc.

CHAPTER XI
"WHAT'S LEFT OF HER"

Mrs. Dermody left the stranger resting on her own bed, and went out to meet her daughters, who had been attending to the animals in the yard, and driving home the hens from the field.

"You'd never guess who's in the house," she said. "I often heard tell of Mary O'Murrough. Well, she's home, an' Father Fahy has brought her to us for a lodgin'."

"It'll be hard on her, the way she'll find Shan," said Bess. "I thought she wasn't to come for another while."

"She's here, anyway. An' it'll be hard on Shan, too, to see her—what's left of her. If her own mother was to come back out o' the other world to meet her, she wouldn't know her. The beauty she's worn out of her, an' she's gone an' that's yer American for y', that yer talkin' about goin' to."

"I don't want to go to America," said Bess. "not unless I go with Miles. I'm sorry for poor Mary O'Murrough, if that's the way with her."

Mrs. Dermody was too much shocked to take any notice of the mention of Miles. The tragedy of the parting of lovers had taken life and shape before her eyes, for the moment.

"Don't take any notice when you see her," she said. "Her long white face is not what anyone expected to see with her name to it, an' every body praisin' the beauty of her when they mentioned her. You mustn't be lookin' at her strange, as if y' were missin' the round cheeks an' the rosy colour of her, an' the laughin' mouth an' the dimples. She's down enough, poor crature, without seein' the whole of her loss in other people's faces!"

Anne Bridget had been listening attentively, and the stranger's case appealed to her even more forcibly than it did to Bess. Happiness foregone had taken the light out of her own eyes early, and it moved her to hear that the much-lauded Mary O'Murrough had come home at last to her lover, and was beautiful no longer.

Margerton was mulling his head in night clouds before the three Dermody's returned to the house, and found the stranger sitting alone at the fire.

"There now, I was tellin' them that a good rest y' were gettin'!" said Mrs. Dermody reproachfully.

"I couldn't rest," said Mary, looking wistfully at blooming Bess and fading Anne Bridget. "I'm sure the girls won't remember me. Kitty Casey didn't."

"Oh, I do remember you, a little," said Bess, eager to give comfort with words, but betraying her pity and dismay by her eyes.

"It's me that remembers you," said Anne Bridget, "an' I'd have known you out of a thousand. Bess wouldn't mind so well, because she's a good deal younger. Sure you're not so much changed, except that you're a bit thin, and tired-lookin'."

"An' no wonder, with the trouble that's before y' on Shan," said Bess.

"Now, don't be talkin' about that," said Mrs. Dermody. "Sure it'll all be over ather while. An' Mary'll be as happy as a cricket here wid ourselves, an' goin' to see him, an' watchin' for him to come out."

So did the kind creatures strive to solve the wounds in a heart that the return wave of an ever outgoing ocean had washed over their threshold.

It was agreed that Mary could be lodged in the little loft over the kitchen, which was accordingly prepared for her; and Bess went down to the forge in the evening to see if there was 'er a passin' cart would call at the inn at Ballyorlin' for her trunk. Miles was there to meet her, and Bess announced her news.

"Mary O'Murrough's come home, an' nobody would know her. Her good looks is all wrecked, an' she's nothin' but a shadda."

The men were silent and shocked at the girl's words and her tone of calamity.

"I was fearin' that," said Tom. "I knew Mary would come the minute she was bid. Pity it wasn't sooner. I'm sorry for her looks. A woman has beauty, an' so has a flower. It won't stan' time and roughness. Y' better take warnin' yerself, my girl, an' marry before it happens to y'."

"Aye, Bess!" said Miles, watching the changes in her usually bright face on the red light of the forge smoke on it.

"What will Shan say? How will he bear it? He was always talkin' of the beauty of Mary, whenever he mentioned her. It'll break her to pieces if he doesn't be glad to see her."

"If he's a man, he won't mind," said Tom. "Look at my Meg. D'ye think she's the same girl that she was when I courted her? Why need I care if her beauty's gone? Was she any wise woman, an' as good a wife, in the beginnin' as she is at the end?"

Shan will care," said Miles. "A young man will care. It's a differ of a thing with you, father, that has your wife through all the changes."

"Oh," said Bess with sudden tears, "if we have to wait long enough, it's

little y'll be wantin' me whin the time comes."

"Now y've done it, my boy!" said the blacksmith, lifting his hammer. "Take her away for a walk y' great boshtoon, an' make up for yer impudence!"

"Come on, Bess," said Miles. "Y' know well I didn't mean it. Y' know I'd want y' if yer two eyes was put out. I only want to say that I'd rather have y' as y' are."

When Mary lay down that night in her little loft on her bed of fresh straw that still smelt of the wheat, and her pillow stuffed with the down of the bog-blossoms, sleep did not come to her at once, tired as she was.

Her senses were keenly alive to the presence of things long unknown to them, but familiar to memory. Resting in body and with closed eyes, she heard the murmur of subdued talk rising from the fire-side of the kitchen below. A little light from the turf blaze shone upward between the chinks of the slightly-boarded floor. The smell of the burning turf, the intonation even in murmur of the old sweet brogue, and many another small sound contributed to the assurance of home.

In such a loft she had slept as a child, with a sister who was taken out of it by angels, in a hungry year. So had she lain on the fresh straw and the bog-blossoms, listening to the murmurs of the talk of her elders from the fire-side below. Were they really all gone, and had she ever been in America? What was the dream, past or present, each looking so like the other as they lung round her, hand in hand, winged, and with loving faces. Father, mother, brothers and sisters, were with her now. Shan had no part in this experience of the life of the child soul, wonderingly convinced of ancient things, undoubtingly satisfied with the security of visible surroundings, and the infallible and boundless power of mortal protectors. An the sounds from below ceased, and silence fell on the little household, the hours were still full of life for Mary, and rustling with intelligible whispers as they flitted past her.

After midnight a rising wind started her with other suggestions, begot of moaning and threatening; and she fell on her ears like the sound of her mother's weeping. Out of the storm came Shan's face, lighting up the world; and then the clouds again, and the separating sea, and the years among strangers, some of whom had grown to be friends, and were left behind now and forever.

As the early hours of morning wore on, present circumstances re-asserted themselves in all their nakedness. The hurthing of the wind, the cry of the anvil, the fowl out of its sleep, were as echoes of painful thoughts. Once she got up and peered through the small window across the murky night landscape, in the direction of Shan's farm, which, in the darkness, was not to be seen. Later, as the sky cleared, she saw in the faint star-shines under the slanting eaves, in it scrip for three hundred pounds—her earnings for Shan, and the price of his future welfare, of her lost beauty, and of her youth outlived. Afterwards, all other thoughts were swept away in a great wave of grief that ran towards an unknown distance, through clouds and winds, and over fields and hills to the lover of her youth in his prison, suffering for some other man's wickedness, and dreaming of the young sweetheart he was never again to see eyes upon.

When grief took so risen to its climax sleep took pity. Anne Bridget creeping up the little ladder to the loft, found Mary in a sound slumber, and went creeping down again.

"I wouldn't say but it's in her first sleep she is, was her remark; and motherly and laughers moved about quietly, fearing to recall the creature, God help her!" too soon to her sorrow.

She had scarcely eaten her breakfast, when Father Fahy appeared to tell Mary that he was on his way to see Shan, to inform him of her arrival, and endeavour to make arrangements for a visit from her to the prison at the first available opportunity.

"Mayn't I go with you now," Father? pleaded Mary.

"No child, you're too tired, and besides, Shan isn't expecting to see you. We must prepare him for a surprise."

"Surprise enough!" muttered Mrs. Mulglin, who had come early to see the returned exile, and whose bitter thoughts about America were not softened by the sight of the ravages made by time and rough toil in the person of Mary O'Murrough.

Mrs. Dermody frowned at her, at the same moment shouting at an intrusive hen, in order to drown her neighbour's thoughtless murmuring.

Mary was obedient, and when the priest went his way, she sat down at the fire-side, picking up a half knitted stocking which Mrs. Dermody had laid down, and making the needles fly between her fingers.

"Can't y' be at peace, an' rest yer self?" protested her hostess, looking up with admiration.

"You'll have to give me work," said Mary. "I'm used to it, and I couldn't live without it."

"Oh, then, we can give y' plenty," said Anne Bridget. "I wish I could knit as fast as you do."

Many friends dropped in that evening to see if it was true that Mary O'Murrough had come home to Killelagh. That, after all the years, she should have returned to find Shan in prison was recognised as a painful fatality, a tragic chapter in a story of patience and constancy.

The change in her appearance and her health gave an added touch of pathos to the situation, and, spite of good natured efforts to conceal it, the general impression of dismay was visible in every countenance.

Mary saw it all with a pale smile, grateful for, but uncomforted by the warmth of the welcoming that was poured out on her. Tom Donohue the blacksmith and his gentle motherly wife sat on each side of her, and talked to her about Shan.

"There isn't such a man in the county of Kerry," said Tom; "clever at his business, an' keepin' a hold on everything, an' a good son, with the bleessin' of his dyin' mother; humourin' that quare old father o' his, an' never as much as lookin' the way a girl went, because she wasn't Mary, an' her in America! D'ye mind, Meg, the way he used to talk to you an' me about his Mary O'Murrough?"

"Sure I do that!" said Meg. "I love the ground she walks on, Mrs. Donohue," he says to me, 'though it's American ground, to my sorrow!'

"Wait a bit, Shan," says I. 'It won't be always American ground.'"

"It's true for you, Mrs. Donohue," says he, 'for she'll be comin' with the spring flowers,' say was, an' n'er a one of them same to compare with her," says Shan, says he.

A little faint rose grew on Mary's cheek listening, and she gathered up these and other sweet words repeated to her, and hid them in her heart with fear and gladness.

CHAPTER XII
"WHY WOULDN'T IT BE A COMFORT TO HIM TO SEE HER?"

In a gleam of wintry sunshine Mary walked across the fields and through the gaps, to the ruin of the cottage where she had been born.

Scarcely a bit of the old roof remained, only wrecked walls, broken window sockets and an entrance without a door. Nettles were growing beside the hearthstone, the black stain behind it showing where the home fire had warmed father, mother, and children; a little crowd with laughter and prattle, song and prayer, gathered round it.

She sat on a fallen fragment of the wall and closed her eyes, and lived in the old scenes, seeing the faces and hearing the voices. Surely the loving spirits would come round her now; her years of heaven would not make them forget her. Time was nothing where they were, nor place, nor were there any conditions of limitation. Of all that she had been well instructed and long assured. If they could have forgotten her, had not her prayers to God in their name forged links to bind their memory? In whatever language Mary might have formulated these thoughts, if called on to utter them, such convictions, expressed or unexpressed, were as absolute to her as her own identity.

A footstep roused her, and Father Fahy appeared in the broken doorway.

"Now Mary O'Murrough, my poor child, what are you doing here, God help you?"

"I couldn't but come to see my own, your reverence." "Isn't heaven all round you; and why can't you see them any minute, everywhere, without coming to break your heart, and their hearts too, going back on troubles that they're laughing at long ago?"

"You never taught us to think they could break their hearts in heaven, Father!"

"Now, don't catch me up, Mary! You know what a mean they wouldn't like to see you frettin'."

"When am I to go to see Shan, Father?"

"Come out of this, child, and I'll walk across the fields with you."

Mary obeyed.

"When are you going to see him, Father?"

"I have been to see him, Mary. He's brave and well."

"When am I to see Shan?"

"You're in a great hurry child. Why are you in such a hurry?"

"I am in a hurry. I want to see Shan."

"Of course, of course. And you will see him—after a while."

"Does he not want to see me?" said Mary, with a sudden chill to the heart.

"Well now, Mary, he does want to see you. But he's proud, the poor fellow, and he can't bear to think of you seeing him in the prison."

"Oh, Father! He couldn't mean it! Am I to wait all that time? After comin' from America, an' him never to set eyes on me? What do I care about the prison when I want to see Shan?"

"You're a brave girl, and I told him so. And he said 'needn't tell him that the sun was warm, and the grass was green; and a few more things like that. One small bit of praise he gave you was—only that you were an angel. But we must allow that Shan's a little proud and stubborn when he takes a notion. And he's full sure that it would only make him ten times more miserable if you were to see him first, after all the years, in the dress and in the position of a convict.'"

Mary was silent under this fresh blow. Her lips were paler than ever when she said at last: "It's hard, Father."

"It is hard, Mary. I don't deny it. But we've got a man to deal with who has a good share of trouble on his back, and we must humour him. You can write to him, and I'll take your messages. You have come through plenty that has taught you patience, and you've only got to be patient a little longer."

"What does he want me to do?" asked Mary, after another silent appeal to her courage.

"He wants you to amuse yourself and be happy, so he does, poor Shan."

"Amuse myself, an' him in prison? Is it a foolish young girl he thinks me still, Father?"

"You never were that, Mary. But he wants you to make the best of it. An' when he meets you, it'll be in his own clothes and walkin' in the fields of Killelagh. That's about what he means in it, and if I know you at all you're not the girl to contrary him."

"What am I to do with myself here in the meantime?"

"Well now, one thing you could do, if you're the angel Shan takes you for. There's poor old Owen, Shan's father, a miserable sick an' sorry old man, and one that is to blame for the long separation of the pair of you. He's gone near blind and near deaf with grief about Shan's misfortune, and still God's not taking him yet, and he's lonely, and every way unhappy. If you would set your mind to it and look after him a little, it would be as great a charity, as ever a woman put her hand to."

"I'll do anything I can for him," said Mary.

"God bless you, and do. I'll go up and speak to him, and tell him you're comin' to see him."

Long accustomed to patience, Mary made no further complaint. In a meeting in prison, their first meeting after so many years, would fill his cup of bitterness to overflowing, then she must not think of seeing Shan. She must wait at least for some change in his mood, and meanwhile let her faithful letters and her messages through the priest assure him of her nearness and her sympathy.

Old Owen was sitting in his straw chair at the fire when Mary came in to him.

"Is it you, Mary? Father Fahy said you would come, but I thought you wouldn't. We kep' you away too long, waitin' for the best, an' now all's at the worst. Come a bit nearer to me, for I'm that blind I can only see a sketch of you that might be anybody at all, an' the shape of some kind of a face is all that's plain to me."

"I'm glad to see you—I'm glad to be home again," said Mary. "God's good, an' things'll be better by and by."

"Oh, that's Mary that said it," said the old man delightedly. "Sure I'd know your voice anywhere, acushla. Not a bit changed is it. Mary's voice is the blackbird in the spring morning before the light's in the sky," Shan used to say to me. An' so it is still, Mary, an' it's good o' you to be comin' to see the like o' me, a poor miserable old creature that's not long for this world; an' sorry I am to be leavin' it with things not the way I would like them to be."

"You're not leavin' it yet?" said Mary. "Shan will soon be comin' back to you, and then we'll all be happy."

"The pair o' y' 'll be happy, I hope an' pray. But I'd not live to see it, I'm feared! 'Deed an' y' will,' says Father Fahy, says he to me, 'an' if you don't see it sittin' there in your old straw chair,' says he, 'sure y'll get a better view from where y'll be. For you're sorry for any sins y' iver done, Owen,' says he, 'an' you're bein' yer sickness well,' says he, 'an' the Lord wants no more than that, for He done the rest Himself long ago,' says his reverence, says he."

"I'm glad you're that comforted," said Mary in her sweet mellow tones, answering, tearfully and heartily, to Shan's lover-like words about them. "It's Father Fahy who knows how to put hope and heart into a body. A' twas him that sent me here to talk to y', an' nurse y' up a bit."

"Aye, aye, Mary, an' 'twas you who done the good nurse to your own mother; and God bless you, an' they to hold me together till Shan comes back, for, if it was plazin' to His Majesty, I wouldn't like to die without settin' my two eyes on my little boy's face wanst more. Not that I can see a dale of features in anyone now, but I'd know it was himself whin he'd say, 'Father, won't y' give us yer bleessin'?'"

TO BE CONTINUED

THE BLESSED VIRGIN'S BIRTHDAY

On Sunday, Sept. 8, the Church celebrates the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin. The earliest document commemorating this feast comes from the sixth century: St. Romanus, the great ecclesiastical lyricist of the Greek Church, composed a hymn for it. This saint was a native of Syria, and wrote his hymns between 530-550. The Catholic Encyclopedia tells us that the feast may have originated in Syria or Palestine in the beginning of the sixth century, when devotion to the Mother of God was greatly intensified. St. Andrew of Crete preached several sermons on this feast in the beginning of the eighth century. There is a legend in Angers, France, that the feast was instituted there by St. Maurilius, in consequence of a revelation made about 430. On the night of Sept. 8, a man heard angels singing, and asking why they sang, he was told that they were rejoicing because the Blessed Virgin had been born on that night.

The feast is a double of the second class, with an octave. In the Mass

for the Nativity we find this beautiful prayer:—

Impart to Thy servants, we beseech Thee, O Lord, the gift of Thy heavenly grace; so that we, for whom the bringing forth of Thy Divine Child by the Blessed Virgin was the beginning of salvation, may, on this joyful festival of her nativity, be blessed with an increase in peace of heart.

DOLCE FAR NIENTE

Anna Blanche McGill in Rosary Magazine

If the melodious phrase, "dolce far niente," were not in existence, it should have been invented for Tony Domenico's ideal of life. Sitting outside his delicatessen shop beside his fruit stand—row on row of golden oranges, lemons, bananas, rosy apples, crisp green edibles arranged with the consummate art of the Italian fruit-vender—he might have served as a model for the spirit of ease and plenty. His face and figure added to the impression—well-covered bones and flesh betokening the abundant presence of olive oil and succulents in his diet. If there were any doubt that he loved his ease, that doubt would have been dispensed by his leisurely mode of serving his customers, chiefly students and teachers of the neighboring university. Then, too, there were his avowals.

"These New York-people, they go too fast! 'Prestamente,' always 'prestamente!' Knock-a you down knock-a each other down—'perche?'—then nobody care a there so quick after all! Shove and poosh and come-up particular down-town. So, I come up here where not so much noise and poosh."

One might have wondered why he chose to remain within the precincts of a city so unregenerate in manners, so blighted in philosophy of comfortable living. Meanwhile it was not for me to regret his presence in the wretched place—his fruit was so delicious, his prices were reasonable. Moreover, I half agreed with him; often after a day downtown in the conditions he so aptly described I found his comments amusing and refreshing. Criticisms of local abuses and affairs alternated with references to his bella Italia. That dear land divided his ardor with another subject—his son, thus informally introduced to me one day: "You not-a know my boy, Guilio? Good boy. Not live here since you come—he down in Pennsylvania!"

Here another customer interrupted my acquaintance-by-hearsay with Guilio—but I had visualized him immediately. His father's glowing words and expression had conjured a tall, strong lad, likely holding a good position somewhere in the neighboring State, enjoying the good fortune that often awaits the second generation in America. Anybody with any logical faculty and a few sociological theories could have deduced such a natural evolution as I supposed Guilio to be. Brief as the father's words had been, they had left no doubt as to his satisfaction with his offspring. I must ask Maria, Tony's wife, about the boy—the maternal doting would likely be even fonder than the paternal, though Maria was less expressive than her husband. She was quieter in temperament, a somewhat dignified figure and not without a certain beauty; in her dull wine-colored skirt, her dark-blue handkerchiefs pressed above her forehead, she reminded me of the models for some of the Madonnas painted in her native land. The Madonna was indeed her devoutly honored patron; I had noted the silver medal worn on a bright ribbon around her neck, symbolizing her piety—a very different thing from Tony's. I had never credited Tony with much piety; as a matter of fact, he never seemed far remote from the care-free, pagan of antique Italian days. For all the liking he inspired, there was no denying his materialistic strain; he was one to whom the things of this world are very dear—yet who was I to censure him severely, I who had frequently and luxuriously feasted upon his toothsome fruits?

Pagan, however, as I mentally catalogued him, he had certain close Christian affiliations, as I was to learn when next his disconcerting returned to the subject of his son.

"You never see my son—non? He a priest, you know. You see him some day when he come; maybe hear him preach—he preach fine English—and Italian, too, if they want."

I nearly dropped my bag of fruit, my surprise equalled by displeasure at my family deductions. I had fancied the youth as a clerk in a wholesale fruit store, as head perhaps of a fruit-stand of his own, but I had never suspected him of occupying so exalted an office as that his father had mentioned. Meantime my surprise had not been noticed by Tony, who, when launched upon the tide of his garrulity, usually proceeded in his Latin urbanity assuming the interest of his hearers.

"Yes, a priest, and a good priest, I tell you! And smart, everybody say. And he's lucky boy, too—have-a it fine down there in Pennsylvania; big mines there and he chief priest. Little town it is, but plenty rich men—they like him piety; make his church over new; build him nice house. I show you picture some day, and you see how fine he have it. Nice grassy yard; and back ones, garden—flowers and vegetables. All turn out just like I say when he leetle boy. I say: 'Piccolino, when you grow up, you be priest and have nice house and nice time—everybody think you a fine.'"

"But he like it ennyhow bein' priest—pious boy he was, like his

mother. I see he was going to church much, acolyte long time—I say: 'That's right, Guilio, be priest and have good life and not work so hard like your papa and mama. Long years you work verra hard signoria; up early in the sunrise many years. Hard, sure, it was in early days when we have first one cart, then two cart, then after while a little stand, then this big one and the shop. Three more children we had besides Guilio—the girls—and they eat much and wear much before they marry. Now they got nice leetle—what you call—'dats?' Merry well, the three girls—but Guilio be do best of all; he only one with real house, real home all his own. Do as please there—say his Mass, sit in garden and smoke good cigar. Ever' body like him. Maybe have automobile some day. Mo and Maria, we go down see him next week. I tell him about you leetle, to speak Italian out of book. Maybe I bring new picture of him—he look better now than when he was studying so hard to learn to be priest—he learn many books before they say he can be priest. He still learn books—always bring 'em in suitcase when he come home to see us; but he not-a have to work so hard to learn so much now; he know so much he jus' sit on portico and read newspaper and book."

Another customer appeared—and I was glad, for I was thoroughly shocked by Tony's materialism. Scarcely a word about any side of Guilio's career except the physical comforts secured! How accurate my analysis of Tony as a pagan! Yet as he happened to be living in a Christian era and country, where had he acquired such notions of a priest's life? To do him a little justice, perhaps in some small Old World town or countryside he had observed a venerable padre passing his days in a routine apparently idyllic, yet doubtless composed of diligent labors, constant solicitude about his flock, austere unimagined by such as Tony. What disapproval Guilio would feel—at least I sincerely hoped so! I walked along in distinct impatience with easy-going, hedonistic Tony.

As I walked, a few of his countrywomen and their bambini crossed my path, and gradually my wrath began to subside; for after all, Tony's point of view did not differ widely from that of many high-minded fathers and mothers of my more intimate acquaintance, intent upon the well-being of their children. This dream of a happy life for one's child—was it not a natural human desire? The most sophisticated of us are glad to have our dear ones pledged to noble and exacting causes, yet what a satisfaction to know that they have enough to eat and other necessities; a luxury or so, we suspect, could do them no harm. Perhaps I was too hard on Tony—I tried to feel more tolerant. Yet for the sake of the son's high calling I trusted that he had inherited more from his mother than from the mundane spirit of his father.

Toward the end of the following week I made my way to Tony's shop with some misgivings. Loyalty and assurance of choice, I perhaps more materialistic fruiterer. And yet I felt I could not bear to hear Tony emphasize Guilio's ease at the expense of more fitting details of his sacerdotal career. However, trying to keep my voice cordial as usual, I said:

"Buon giorno, Tonio, glad to see you home again!"

"Buon giorno, signorina! Come sta?"

"You must tell me all about your visit. I'm sure you and Maria enjoyed every day of it!"

"Si-si," responded Tony, but somehow with less conviction and expansiveness than I had expected. "What had happened to leave any shadow was not Guilio as comfortable as the father had said? Were the front porch and the garden after all, not so beguiling? I actually began to have sharp regrets if they weren't—somehow I, too, now wanted the youth to have a good home and good food so he could go forth as a young David every day to slay the Philistines. Was his charge difficult? All along I had had suspicions that his path was not all roses, even if he did have a good bed to rest in and wholesome food and the support of the worthy people of his neighborhood. I became deeply concerned; I must hear the worst."

"And Padre Guilio—he is well? And wasn't he glad to have you?"

"Si, si; yes, verra glad!"

"This simplicity of the statement, this lack of elaboration was so unlike Tony—just what was the flow? Relentless analysis pressed for the facts.

"And his home is nice and comfortable, all you told me?"

"At last I had struck fire. "Si, comfortable home—but what good it do Guilio? Eat there, sleep there—non, not always eat there and sleep there! Peoples gettin' sick an' hurt in middle of night, callin' him out to go see them! All day ever day he go here, go there—what good nice home to him? Nice porch yes; fine garden—might as well be somebody else."

I drew a deep breath of satisfaction.

"So his flock keeps him busy?"

"Busy? So busy, Maria and me don't have time see him when we go down a visit, his!"

"Well, now, that's too bad!" The tone of sympathy provoked further confidences:

"We got there Saturday afternoon, you know; Guilio, he meet us—all verra nice—he look fine. Maria and me fix ourself for nice visit. He carry us home, we have fine lunch—

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good cook he have—old Italian woman. Soon we finish lunch we go sit on front porch and smoke. Veria nice we think, but after while Guilio say: 'Now, make yourself at home. I mus' go hear confession. Nice park down there—maybe you like to go walk and see lake after awhile?' Veria well, veria nice; we do as he say—park veria pretty—not grand like Napoli—no matter, pretty park and we walk around and go home to supper. Guilio come, eat supper. After while, he say again: 'I mus' go hear confession. You tired, go to sleep; don't wait up for me, because the men, they sometimes come talk about somethings after confession.' That's all right Maria and me say; we know he cannot stop a his work for us—we tired sure 'nough anyhow; we have nice time to-morrow.

Tomorrow we go to Mass—veria handsome, Guilio in vestments—fine vestments he have, too. We go home; he come eat breakfast; while we eat, telephone ring and say 'Accident down road and can be come quick?' Guilio say 'Yes.' He come tell us and say he come home soon maybe, maybe not. Give us New York paper to look at, say have nice time, sit on porch in sunshine, walk down to park, go where you want. Ever'body call us way home—no danger gettin' los'. Company come see us some time soon, he say; then go off to where accident is. Cook, she get mad—'Always accidents,' she say. 'Don't let the Padre have three meals a day in peace!'

'So we do as we please; after while dinner time—cook she say: 'We no wait for Padre—he come when he come—they give him dinner, maybe, if had accident, maybe he come some all day.' Sure 'nough, no more Guilio till supper time. Maria, she think it fine he go off to help hurt people. We take sista and after while company come see us—nice a people, some of them from Italia. Guilio come home before they go and we have supper and go to bed—ever'body tired—Guilio tired, helping people in the accident all day, and Maria and me tired walkin' around and havin' company.

'Next day, Monday, we have nice a time. Guilio, he take us roun' town and we stop to see some peoples he know well and they say we must eat lunch—but Guilio he say he mus' run down to mines to see how hurt peoples gettin' along. Maria and me, we stay to lunch with his friend and have fine 'nough meal and then we go home and have sista—make you tired walkin' roun' all day. Supper time come, but Guilio he not there—cook say: 'I look for Padre when he come.' After supper more friends come to see us—we find out Guilio have plenty friends. We sit on porch and have nice talk; they say how ever'body love him—how he do for ever'body and never get tired. Say he good doctor, and Maria and me we not a know he good doctor. That night we go to bed before he come home.

'Next day we think we have him all day. He start out and take us to nenes' mine after breakfast. All along street we feel proud—hats off ever'where to Guilio. We stop, talk to some peoples; he introduce his papa and mama—all peoples 'crazy' you say?—about him. Veria proud, me and Maria—! At mines, sam' thing—men callin' out to him: 'How do, Padre?' makin' way for us with their caps off, like we was a gran' procession—that's what we feel like, me and Maria walkin' these-away with Guilio—like gran' procession—like long time ago when king and queen come to Napoli. Veria nice it was—but I'm tellin' you the truth, it was almost the las' we saw of Guilio—his good long time we have with him.

'We go home and poor woman waitin' for him—will he go see her sick man? All afternoon he gone—cook say maybe makin' sickcalls. At night after supper we think we have nice time with him—but no, Guilio mus' go to Men's Club—maybe you come, papa? I go to see how he do an' to be roun' where he is. He fine—you ought a hear gran' speech he give. On the sly, men tell me what fine priest he is, what fine man; they say how much he know about ever' thing, about business and how they do in mines and ever'where. I like the Men's Club, but Maria, she not there. Oh, well, we say we see Guilio other nights. But ever'night the same thing—Wednesday night, May Devotions; Thursday night, Holy Hour; Friday night come 'roun' May Devotions again; and Saturday night, confessions. All day long something—telephone ringin' before we wake up—will he go see sick man? When he come back, somebody waitin' for him in the parlor—will he baptize the new baby?

'An' ever' day so it goes—somebody havin' wedding, funeral, baptism, sick-call, or club or sodalities have meeting. Guilio, he so polite, he hate to leave us an' he have whole lot nice a people come to see us and they take us drivin' roun', an' havin' us eat fine dinner at the house an' supper-parties, but Guilio, he can't come all time, an' we get used to havin' him snatched away. It ain't jus' like sittin' on portico with him long time, smokin' in garden.' (Tony always seemed to include Maria in these smoking parties.)

'Maria, she say: 'Tony, I don't want Guilio tie to my apron-string. He fine man now; he pious, good priest; he mus' work for his peoples an' we mus' be glad.' I tell you, signorina, Guilio work harder than' priest than anybody we know do other work. He work harder than Maria an' me work—even in old hard days we have sista; we not a work in evenings; after supper we go sleep

—an' when we go sleep, we ain't jumpin' up ever' leads while runnin' far away to see sick peoples.' My interest in Guilio's career had steadily waxed—indeed, now I began to fear lest his zeal might exhaust his strength, and that would be cause for deep regret, as he was evidently so useful and so good.

'But tell me about Guilio. Is his health good, and does he like his crowded days? Does he look worn-out?'

Tony throw back his head and laughed at the suggestion.

'Worn out? Non, non! He's gran' big strong boy! He happy as lark! He say he like clock—wind him up once a day an' he run all day and all night, if anybody want him.'

I drew a breath of relief—Guilio had evidently inherited his mother's sincere piety and he was unsparringly giving himself to the service of his Lord. This was a different routine from that Tony had anticipated, yet I could see he was genuinely, yet I could see he was genuinely, almost fatuously, fond of his clerical son and actually proud of his toil—however, I could not resist a thrust:

'Then he does not in the least hold it against you that you picked out such a laborious life for him?'

'Ma, mon, signorina! I tell you he like it like I like it! He say 'Mericans call 'crazy' about it! And he so pious, you know, like Maria! But, signorina, I tell you something—I learn something—you learn, too—if you want your sons to have nice a easy life, not work a hard, don't make 'em go be priest. Guilio, he say it just the way he want it to be—no not sorry. Me, I'm not sorry when I see he like it so well—but, signorina, I learn sure 'nough what might hard work it is—I learn that sure! Maria and me, we naturalmente never stay right in priest's house before, so we not a know—I not a know. But now, I know sure! An' I tell ever'body how hard he work.'

The final declaration gave a finishing touch to my reassurance for who could tell what false notions about the ecclesiastical life—indeed, what scandal—easy going Tony might have disseminated, all the more to be regretted because, for all his materialistic strain, Tony was good and was not a heretic. Now he was to be a witness on the other side—a witness all the more eloquent because his late experience had so definitely changed his opinions. His pride in Guilio's zeal would be fairly impressed. Could Guilio himself ask more? As for me, I now hoped that the young Padre would not work himself to death and that he had a sense of humor—to share with me some day in talking over his dotting father's volte face.

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GENERAL INTENTION FOR SEPTEMBER

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.

THE BAPTISM OF CHILDREN

Saint Augustine relates the story of a mother whose infant child had died without being baptized. Overcome with grief, she exclaimed: "I am now inconsolable, for I cannot hope ever to see my beloved child again, since he has been taken from me without the grace of baptism, which alone can procure for him the happiness of Heaven." The sorrow of this ancient mother was natural, for God performed a miracle for her and restored her child to life in order that he might receive the sacrament. Saint Augustine tells us that when the ceremony was ended the child died again, and his mother bore him to the tomb as if she were carrying an angel into heaven." Although this incident happened many hundred years ago, the example will ever remain a warning to all Christian parents. The lives of new-born children are frail; it takes little to quench the vital spark which animates their bodies, and if they die without having received the essential sacrament of baptism their parents will not meet them in Heaven. Parents cannot hope that God will renew in their favor the miracle He wrought for the Egyptian mother.

True, the souls of unbaptized children are not lost in the sense usually attached to this word, but they are shut out from the graces of Heaven and shall never see the face of God, the vision which is to be the happiness of the Blessed. What, then, are we to think of those Catholic parents who risk the souls of their little ones by putting off their baptism for days, sometimes for weeks? Is it because their faith is weak? Or because human respect has its grip on them? Or is it because they do not know what baptism means for the human soul? All who have the spiritual responsibility of children should study the doctrine of the Church on this important question. Their catechism will tell them that baptism is the foundation of the other sacraments; it constitutes for all mankind, as the new Code of Canon Law tells us, "a necessary means of salvation either in actual reception or, where this is not possible, at least by desire." (Canon 737.) That baptism is the door that opens the way to Heaven, is practically the assertion of Our Lord. He declared the necessity of this sacrament when He said, "Unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God." The Church, on her side, enters more deeply into doctrinal details and teaches that baptism should be conferred on children

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as soon as possible after birth, because this sacrament cleanses their souls from Original Sin, because it makes them Christians and children of God, because it assures them the heirship of the Kingdom of Heaven.

All this may seem very elementary but sometimes the truth is not as well known as it should be. We are taught that when Adam, the moral and juridical head of the human race, sinned by disobeying God, his sin became hereditary and was transmitted to all his descendants. Consequently every child entering this world brings with it the stain of Original Sin on its soul. Mary, the immaculate Mother of God, was an honorable exception to this universal law, but she was the only one. When Original Sin has been cleansed from our souls by the waters of baptism we become the adopted children of God—Christians not only in name but in truth and reality. This made Saint Charles Borromeo exclaim in his colloquies with God, "How happy I am when I call to mind that Thou art my Father and that I am Thy own child, that Jesus is my Brother, and that His Mother Mary is my own dear Mother, too!"

When God adopts us as his children He bestows on us the gift of faith and makes us members of His one true Church. Faith is a wonderful gift; it is a precious possession, one that we should guard jealously lest we lose it and then expose our souls to be lost in turn. No worldly misfortune can equal the loss of faith; rather than renounce it the martyrs and the confessors of old were willing to undergo tortures and death. "We are Christians," "we are children of the true God"; "we have been baptized," millions of them exclaimed triumphantly while they were being led out to death.

But filial adoption, Christian faith, and the rest of it, are only steps towards the final goal, which is eternal bliss. Baptism prepares little children for their heavenly home; if they die in their innocence after having received the sacrament, they will surely go to enjoy the vision of God forever.

However, while baptism is an essential condition of heirship to Heaven, those who survive the critical years of infancy and reach the age when they can distinguish between good and evil have other responsibilities to bear, other obligations to fulfil, and the legacy of Heaven will be theirs only on other conditions. "The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence and the violent bear it away" (Matt. 11-12), is Our Lord's graphic way of sending home the plain truth. While the sacrament of baptism takes away Original Sin and confers super-natural gifts and graces, unhappily it does not entirely do the effects of Original Sin, nor does it restore to souls the integrity which Adam possessed before his fall. There remains the incentive to sin, or concupiscence, as a sad legacy to remind everyone coming into this world that struggle must be the law of his life. The Church reminds us of this during the ceremony of baptism. "I renounce Satan with all his works and all his pomps, and I will belong to Jesus Christ now and forever," is a solemn promise each of us made at that moment, the record of which is kept in Heaven. The sponsors make it for the newly-baptized Christian, but himself is the one who shall have to keep it. If he is not faithful to his baptismal promise he cannot be disappointed if, in the end, God disappoints him.

THE SILVER ANVILS

There was a rath I used to love, in Ireland long ago, An ancient dun in which they dwelt—the Fairy Folk, you know. All belted round with hawthorn was this Rath of Clocharin, And one could hear, when straying near, their silver anvils clink!

O, clink, clink, clink—hear the fairy hammers go; Clink, clink, clink, in their caves of gold below! What were they a forging in the dun of Clocharin? Upon their silver anvils tapping—clink, clink, clink?

When all the thorn was blossomed white, and yellow was the furze You'd hear them in the noonday sun, when the meadow's innocent, You'd hear them in the evening when the sun began to sink And purple glory flushed the hills that smiled on Clocharin.

O, clink, clink, clink, hear the fairy hammers sound—Clink, clink, clink, in their forges underground; What were they a patterning, the Sidhe of Clocharin, With all their silver anvils sounding—clink, clink, clink?

What were they a fashioning—a crown for great Queen Maive, A helmet for Conchulainn, or a shield for Lugh the Brave?—

which may be learned from the present month's Intention. We members of the League will do our share if we pray for the spread of the sacrament of baptism throughout the world. May our prayers help to multiply the number of true children of God on earth.

E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

THE POPE'S WORK FOR PRISONERS

The Rome correspondent of the Western Watchman gives particulars of the Pope's work for prisoners of war. The Prisoners' Bureau of the Vatican is a very useful institution. Needless to say, the conspiracy of silence which suppresses systematically almost all facts which reflect credit on the Pope, has hidden the facts concerning this work. As early as 1914, the Holy Father was frequently appealed to to discover the whereabouts of prisoners of war. The number of such requests grew so large that the Pope decided to organize a special bureau to receive applications for information and to discover the facts. The magnitude of the war required that the work was done on a large scale. Mr. Bellamy Storer, former American Ambassador at Vienna, was then living in Rome; and to him His Holiness confided the direction of the work. This gentleman continued this work for some time. In January, 1915, the Pope instituted at Paderborn an office to conduct the work in connection with the office of the Vatican in Rome; and soon afterwards established another at Lyons, in France. Owing to difficulties raised by the infidel rulers of France, the Lyons office was not a success; and the Holy Father then opened an office in Fribourg, in Switzerland. In April, 1915, Mr. Storer returned to America; and his place was taken by Very Rev. Dominick Reuter, also an American, who with his brethren, have devoted himself energetically to the work ever since. In May, 1915, when Italy entered the war, an office was opened for the benefit of Italian prisoners, under the Deputy of the Papal Secretary of State. An office was also opened in Vienna for the benefit of Italian prisoners in Austria. Under these main offices there is an immense network of sub-offices stretching from London to Constantinople, and from Palermo to Stockholm. The deep gratitude of thousands and thousands of families in Europe and in North America has gone out to those in charge of these offices.

The work is assisted by the members of several religious orders, male and female. Of the latter, six or seven orders are at work. Laymen also, in large numbers, take part. So far, over 400,000 applications have come to the Vatican, forwarded by Cardinals, by Bishops, by associations, Catholic and secular, all asking for missing soldiers to be traced for them. Of these, the vast majority have been discovered and put in communication with their families all over the world. The bureau is in daily communication with France, Germany, Austria, Holland, Italy, England, Scotland, Russia, Switzerland, Sweden, Turkey and Bulgaria. There is no charge what ever. Letters to the bureau should mention the full name, rank and regiment of the missing man; when he is supposed to have been taken prisoner; and any other detail the writer may think useful. No cost. The Vatican has twice warned the public against fakirs who seek to charge for putting their case before the bureau. No such charge is authorized by the Pope or the Bureau. Any priest or well-informed Catholic layman will undertake the sending of any such case for nothing. Applicants may depend upon it that all letters addressed to His Holiness Benedict XV, or to the Cardinal Secretary of State, at Rome, will reach the bureau.—Antigonish Caskeet.

A scabbard for the Sword of Light that flames on danger's brink, A jeweled torque for Angus who is king of Clocharinik?

Clink, clink, clink, like a harp note, sweet and low, Clink, clink, clink, and a big moon climbing slow! Though youth is far from me tonight, and far is Clocharinik, My senses thrill to hear it still, that clink, clink, clink!

—REV. J. B. DOLLARD

MUTES AS AIR FIGHTERS

FLYING SERVICE OFFICERS NEW FIELD FOR DEAF

Army officers of the Mineola aviation field believe that the ideal air fighter has been found—the deaf-mute. As a result of tests made with recent graduates it is believed that the war department will soon authorize their enrollment in the flying service and that a new field of endeavour will be opened to thousands of young men all over the country.

Curiously enough it has been discovered that deafness eliminates one of the most dangerous factors in the training of military aviators. The man who was born normal, but who has lost his hearing, has no sense of

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motion. As a result, he loses the fear and the feeling of dizziness which a great altitude often causes in the normal man.

Added concentration is obtained by the deaf aviators because of their inability to hear the engine explosions, it was explained, and a lack of dizziness renders them particularly intrepid almost immediately they take to the air.

The idea of trying a deaf mute as an aviator is said to have originated at the war department, and a young man named Radcliff was first experimented with. The result was so successful that others were taken to Mineola, and in every instance deaf fliers astonish their instructors.

—Catholic Union and Times.

He that gets the name of early rising may lie in bed late.

Sherman evidently was right—it seems that we'll never get out of it.

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London, Saturday, Sept. 7, 1918

ANNO DOMINI 1938

"If the War is taking out of the Dominion and this province so many educated men, and if it continues to thin our ranks, it is all the more important that we who remain here should take an added interest in the always grand question of education.

So says La Tribune, of Sherbrooke. We shall hear all kinds of voices dinning into us the importance of education during the next few years. Governments will force us to keep our children longer at the primary school. But Governments will not force us to give our sons and daughters higher education in colleges and universities.

Yet in face of the verdict of this greatest of sociologists, there are professors of social welfare in Canada who would banish religious instruction from the schools of this country!

A NECESSITY, NOT A LUXURY

When President Wilson gave his long delayed consent to American intervention in Siberia he was careful to insist that the expedition would be sent to aid the Russian people and not to fight them.

"SOCIAL WELFARE"

The Social Service Council of Canada announces the publication of a new monthly organ to be called "Social Welfare." The Social Service Council itself is an important organization because by means of its congresses and other activities it exerts a powerful influence on the social legislation of Canada, or rather of the different Provinces, for the most important social legislation is not federal.

An effort was made about a year ago to bring the Catholics of Ontario and Quebec together in a social service congress that would have done something to form public opinion as to social questions on Catholic lines.

THE LAW OF NATIONS

The Social Service Council of Canada, which is referred to in another article, includes "International Law" among the social questions that it assumes to be within its province.

"I have been connected with a number of poor families that I have studied in every detail during several years and I have asked myself how to assure their well-being. I have seen that the progress of their well-being depended on a moral progress, and the moral progress depended on religious progress.

Like the parents who delegate others to teach their children their prayers, these unfaithful, and we might even add unnatural children, do an injustice to themselves and to their parents.

LAYMEN'S RETREATS

For the first time in the history of Loyola College, a retreat for laymen was held there last week. Let us hope this is the little end of a very big wedge!

is the recognition of their spiritual value which will, we hope, induce Catholics throughout Canada to render the coming Knights of Columbus campaign a magnificent success.

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renewal of Confirmation and something more than a renewal of his first Holy Communion, because that can be said of every Holy Communion he receives after his first.

In Quebec laymen's retreats are a long-established success but only small beginnings have been made among English-speaking Catholics.

SOCIALISM IN THE FAMILY

We remember reading an article in the Ecclesiastical Review in which the writer, referring to the modern tendency among parents of leaving to the priests and the sisters the work of teaching their children not only their catechism but also their night and morning prayers, branded it as a species of Socialism.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

The now familiar "Somewhere in France" receives elucidation at the hands of a British soldier after this fashion: "I am sorry I cannot tell you where I am, because I am not allowed to say."

THE TREMENDOUS STRAIN

placed upon the German people by the submarine campaign, (not to mention their other burdens) may be estimated by the cost of a single U-boat of the first class.

AT A COST

from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000 each, according to size and equipment, it may be seen that the aggregate invested in this branch of the Hun War machine is truly prodigious.

ON THE OTHER HAND

It transpires that the leakage in the egg-production through spoilage and deterioration is prodigious. "Enough eggs are lost in this way," it is stated by the Illinois Department of Agricul-

ly failed to achieve the great ends for which the unrestricted campaign was embarked upon—the starving out of Great Britain and France, and the prevention of transportation of troops from the United States.

THE PASSING OF THE NEW YORK FREEMAN'S JOURNAL is a distinct loss to Catholic journalism in the United States, less, perhaps, from its recent history than from its distinguished and historical past.

TO JAMES A. McMASTER

In particular the Freeman's Journal owes the influence which it exerted a generation or more ago. A convert like Brownson, and like him imbued with unselfish zeal for the good of the Church and the welfare of her children, he brought to the editorial office at a time when it meant something to be a Catholic editor.

TO A STRONG PERSONALITY

like McMaster, who had to be himself in everything that he did, a certain amount of opposition and misunderstanding was inevitable. All had not the same keenness of vision or intensity of conviction that he had, and, given those qualities, it is not to be wondered that he sometimes expressed himself in language less vigorous than conciliatory or pleasing.

AMONG NOTABLE WAR-TIME DEVELOPMENTS

is the manufacture of paper from saw-dust. With a view to easing the paper situation in Britain interesting experiments to this end have been recently carried on at the paper mills of Aberdeen with, it is announced, fairly satisfactory results.

ANOTHER WAR-TIME DISCOVERY

is the wealth lying hidden in corncocks. The United States Bureau of Chemistry has devised practical and probably commercial methods whereby 37% of the substance of these coaks can be converted into glucose, 30% into mucilage, 5% into xylene, much new baking-powder material, a large quantity of acetic acid, with probably other valuable by-products yet to be discovered.

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG'S REPORT

for the first time since the battle began, has the note of triumph in it. The enemy, he says, is retreating all along the line, and is suffering great losses in men and war material.

HE THAT NEITHER WORKS NOR PUSHES

Won't find food among the bushes. With the capture of Bapaume, and its evacuation by the enemy, the capture of Noyon and the approach of the French to Guiscard and Ham the third great battle of the Somme nears a triumphant end.

YESTERDAY'S TRIUMPHANT MARCH

of the British and French armies toward Cambrai, St. Quentin and La Fere marks the end of the Great Adventure. The Germans are back within ten miles of St. Quentin and La Fere, and are desirous of nothing so much as evading the pursuit of the Allied troops until they can reach what they hope will prove the safe shelter of the Hindenburg trench system.

THE GERMAN CAPTURED ALMOST A HUNDRED THOUSAND BRITISH AND FRENCH SOLDIERS

—a large part of them wounded men—during the battle of St. Quentin. The Allied armies have captured over 116,000 Germans since the opening of their counter-offensive of July 18 on the Marne. The number of guns taken is much greater than the number captured by the Germans during all their offensives of the present campaigning season.

ture, "to supply two eggs a day to an army of 4,988,904 soldiers, and the value of these eggs that are going to waste amounts to \$122,735,500. These figures were worked out at a recent conference in Washington called by the Federal Bureau of Chemistry, and the U. S. Food Administration for the purpose of adopting plans for cutting down egg losses.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

WITH THE CAPTURE OF BAPAUME, and its evacuation by the enemy, the capture of Noyon and the approach of the French to Guiscard and Ham the third great battle of the Somme nears a triumphant end.

TO JAMES A. McMASTER

In particular the Freeman's Journal owes the influence which it exerted a generation or more ago. A convert like Brownson, and like him imbued with unselfish zeal for the good of the Church and the welfare of her children, he brought to the editorial office at a time when it meant something to be a Catholic editor.

TO A STRONG PERSONALITY

like McMaster, who had to be himself in everything that he did, a certain amount of opposition and misunderstanding was inevitable. All had not the same keenness of vision or intensity of conviction that he had, and, given those qualities, it is not to be wondered that he sometimes expressed himself in language less vigorous than conciliatory or pleasing.

AMONG NOTABLE WAR-TIME DEVELOPMENTS

is the manufacture of paper from saw-dust. With a view to easing the paper situation in Britain interesting experiments to this end have been recently carried on at the paper mills of Aberdeen with, it is announced, fairly satisfactory results.

ANOTHER WAR-TIME DISCOVERY

is the wealth lying hidden in corncocks. The United States Bureau of Chemistry has devised practical and probably commercial methods whereby 37% of the substance of these coaks can be converted into glucose, 30% into mucilage, 5% into xylene, much new baking-powder material, a large quantity of acetic acid, with probably other valuable by-products yet to be discovered.

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG'S REPORT

for the first time since the battle began, has the note of triumph in it. The enemy, he says, is retreating all along the line, and is suffering great losses in men and war material.

HE THAT NEITHER WORKS NOR PUSHES

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AT JOYCE KILMER'S GRAVE IN FRANCE

COMRADE DESCRIBES VISIT TO POET SOLDIER'S LAST RESTING PLACE

A visit to the grave of Joyce Kilmer, the soldier-poet and member of The New York Times staff, who was killed on July 30, in France, is thus described in a letter to a friend in New York by Alexander Woolcott, who left his post as dramatic critic of The Times to serve his country abroad and is now a Sergeant attached to The Stars and Stripes, the newspaper of the American Expeditionary Force:

"I want to report to you and to other friends of his on the ninth floor that three days after the tide of battle had moved on toward the Vesle I made my way across the sloping meadow just above the Ourcq and, in the name of all of us of The Times family, placed a spray of cypress on Joyce Kilmer's grave. Grantland Rice and I searched till we found it. He lies buried beside Lieutenant Oliver Ames at the edge of a little copse that is known as the Wood of the Burned Bridge, so close to the purling Ourcq that, standing by the graveside, you could throw a pebble into its waters. Straight to the north, perhaps ten minutes' walk up the unforgettable hill, lies what is left of Seringes, the tragic, half-obliterated village that Yankee troops captured the night before Kilmer was killed.

"He was killed at the height of the great battle, killed in the climax of what I suppose was the mightiest week his regiment had ever known. Two days before, at the dawn of a misty Sunday, they had made a most gallant and irresistible charge across the river and up the hill, charging in the face of machine gun fire that was withering, charging to all the wild batteries they know from 'Guts and bayonets, boys!' to 'Heaven, Hell or Hoboken before Christmas!' Then followed the five-day fight for the mastery of the heights, and it was in that fight that Kilmer fell.

"He was at the very front and he was there not because he had to be but because he wanted to be. He had been working as a Sergeant in the regimental intelligence section, working under the regimental intelligence officer, who thought the world of him. It was work that gave his excellent mind plenty to do and he loved it. He had relished so much the chance for service it gave him during the first days of the offensive in Champagne that, later, when his regiment was crouching for the attack across the Ourcq and he found his own battalion would not be in the lead, he asked and received permission to offer his services to the battalion that would be in the lead.

"So it happened that he was close to the Major's elbow when the battalion adjutant was killed and, in the emergency of the battle, without commission or appointment, he was serving as a sort of aid to the battalion commander, when a machine gun bullet dropped him. That commander is one of those who feel that there are times when the temper of the line and the pitch of the battle call for the Major's presence at the very front; that, no matter what the books and the orthodox tacticians may say, there are times when the old man must be near in front of his troops. When the Major went, Kilmer went too, and it was thus he was killed.

"I wish I could find words adequate to tell you how deep and genuine was the regiment's sense of loss in his death. I was with them in the woods the day they came out of the line to catch their breaths, and the news of Kilmer's death greeted me at every turn. The Captain, under whom he had been serving for several months, the Major at whose side he fell, straggle cooks, doughboys, runners—all shook their heads sorrowfully and talked among themselves of what a good soldier he had been and what an infinite pity it was that the bullet had had to single him out. And in such days as these, there are no platitudes of polite regret. When men, good men and close pals, are falling about you by hundreds, when every man in his regiment has come out of the fight the poorer for the loss of not one but many friends, there is no time to say pretty things about a man just because he exists no longer. Death is too common to distinguish any one. So the glowing praise and admiration I heard for Joyce was real—every word of it should be proud if any one ever talked of me as I heard dozens talk of him.

"I gathered that his stock among men of all ranks had been climbing steadily from the first days when many of them, including myself, felt that he was out of his own element in a rip-roaring regiment. As the regiment's laureate, they all knew him, and they knew too, that he was at work on a history of the regiment. He had become quite an institution, with his arms always full of maps as they used to be full of minor poetry, and his mouth always full of that imperishable pipe.

"They all knew his verse. I never got over my surprise at finding that all soldiers read verse, and most of them write it. Most of them carry a little notebook in which they set down their own couplets and also copy off any poem that has touched or amused them.

"I found any number of men who had only to fish about in their tattered blouses to bring out the copy of a poem Kilmer wrote in memory

of some of their number who were killed by a shell in March. I made my own copy from the grimy pages of one proffered diary, and I put it in for you to see, though it occurs to me it may have been published in the States long since. You will see that there is a refrain which calls for bugle notes, and I am told that at the funeral services, where the lines were first read, the deplorably sad notes of 'Taps' sounded faintly from a distant grove when the refrain invoked them. The lines were read by Joyce's own beloved Father Duffy, and those who were there told me the tears streamed down the face of every boy in the regiment. They just blubbered.

"I have put aside among my papers a detailed, small-scale map which shows the Ourcq battlefield and has Kilmer's grave marked on it. Some day, when I may forward such a document, I will send it to you and you can send it to Mrs. Kilmer, if you think it would please her to have it.

"I wish I could reconstruct for you that rainswept battlefield as I saw it. After we had turned our backs on that pitiful ruins of Seringes, there was nothing to remind us of war save the boom of the cannon heard faintly from the direction of the Vesle and there on the horizon the sentinel balloons swaying ever so slightly in the wind. You must remember that all this countryside had been quite outside the blasting path of the armies only ten weeks before, so that only its villages and the forests that have received a concentration from the big guns are really deeply scarred. This is not the bleak, blasted heat of a veteran front as the Chemin des Dames, but rather such a fair, rolling country as our own Berkshires, with fields still golden with unharvested wheat. For Kilmer's grave I might have gathered poppies from the field or an armful of Queen Anne's Lace, but as I picked my way through the unappealingly foul and battered streets of Seringes, it occurred to me to crawl over the shell-wrecked churchyard wall and get a branch from the cypress tree.

"Then, when I found the grave, I say I need not have brought anything, so eloquent was the grave itself of affection in the making of it. The sod was so trim, the green cross of sod across its surface shined and patined with such painstaking care. It was marked, of course, by a wooden cross, and on this was written 'Sergeant Joyce Kilmer.' Then, after his company and regiment were inscribed, there was just the line, 'Killed in Action—July 30, 1918.'

"That's all there is to my story, and I have sat up late to write it because, while I myself did not know Kilmer well, I know there were many in the shop who knew him well and that they will want to know."

"The poem by Kilmer mentioned by Mr. Woolcott is in the September number of Scribner's Magazine, and is as follows:

ROUGH BOUQUET

In a wood they call the Rouge Bouquet

There is a new-made grave today,
BUILT BY MINE, BY A SPADY NOR PICK
Yet covered with earth ten meters thick.

There lie many fighting men,
Dead in their youthful prime,
Never to laugh nor love again
Nor taste the summertime.

For Death came flying through the air

And stopped his flight at the dugout stair,
Touched his prey and left them there,
A Clay to clay.

He hid their bodies stealthily
In the soil of the land they fought to free

And fled away.

Now over the grave abrupt and clear
Three volleys ring and roll
And perhaps their brave young spirits hear

The bugle sing:
"Go to sleep!
Go to sleep!"

Slumber well where the shell
Screamed and fell.
Let your rifles rest on the muddy floor,
You will not need them any more.

Danger's past;
Now at last,
Go to sleep!"

There is on earth no worthier grave
To hold the bodies of the brave
Than this place of pain and pride
Where they nobly fought and nobly died.

Never fear but in the skies
Saints and angels stand
Smiling with their holy eyes
On this new-come band.

St. Michael's sword darts through
The air

And touches the aureole on his hair
As he sees them stand saluting there,
His stalwart sons;

And Patrick, Brigid, Columkill
Rejoice that in veins of warriors
Still

The Gael's blood runs.

And up to Heaven's doorway floats,
From the wood called Rouge Bouquet.

A delicate cloud of bugle notes
That softly say:

"Farewell!
Farewell!
Comrades true, born anew, peace to you!

Your souls shall be where the heroes
Lie

And your memory shine like the
Morning star.

Brave and dear,
Shield us here,
Farewell!"

A COARSE SLANDER AND A DIGNIFIED REBUKE

At a meeting of the Catholic hierarchy in Maynooth College on Tuesday, June 25th, at which Cardinal Logue presided the following statement was adopted:

"Lord Curzon is reported to have stated in the House of Lords on June 20, 1918, that the Irish Catholic clergy in Ireland . . . advised their flocks under pain of eternal damnation to resist conscription. The context and the comments of journals like The Times and The Irish Times seemed to show that he spoke of the action of the Irish Bishops in connection with conscription. We protest against this grave calumny, rendered all the more grave inasmuch as he spoke in the name of the Government, who no less than private persons are bound by divine precept not to bear false witness against their neighbor."

London Times, June 27, 1918.

EDUCATION

The Catholic press is in the habit of paying special attention to educational matters at this time of the year, just before the schools and colleges re-open their classes. This year, it seems advisable to give even more attention than usual to this question, owing to the public conditions in which we find ourselves and to the probability that the end of the War will bring urgent and complex public problems to be dealt with. That this War will have marked effects on public society throughout the world seems certain; and preparedness, (to use a word somewhat of late), is a wise and sound policy. Competition in brains, and in what brains can do, will be kept after the war; at least when the violent reaction which will immediately follow the War shall have given place to the vast exertion which will be necessary in the reconstruction of a partially ruined world.

At the recent diocesan conference on education, held at Antigonish, Right Rev. Monsignor McIntosh, Vicar-General, delivered an address, of which we have obtained a report; and we cannot do better, for what we want to say today, than make his words our own, and quote him verbatim. Monsignor McIntosh has had long experience as a parish priest, and is known for his moderate views, and his thoughtful consideration of all questions in which he takes an interest. We ask our readers to read and consider carefully his words, which are as follows:

It is of vital importance and at the same time a patriotic duty at the present time to encourage parents to make strenuous efforts to send their children, boys and girls, young and old, to the common schools, the high schools and the colleges. This is absolutely necessary in order to provide men for the future who will take the place of the young men who have gone and are going to the War. Where will our priests of five or ten years hence come from, for instance, if a strenuous effort is not now put forth to get our young boys in line, particularly those doing high school work? Would it not be possible to get at least one boy from every parish to enter college next winter? Our Colleges will not have many advanced pupils, and consequently the college professors should make a strenuous effort to fill up the colleges with younger students to whom they would give their attention during the next few years. If such boys can get high school work at or near their own homes, well and good, if not a very special effort should be made to get them into the colleges.

Take again our young girls. Even before the War it was hard to get young women in sufficient numbers to do our teaching, and harder still to get competent ones. Education for the next five or ten years in the common school and in high school will be almost entirely in the hands of women. If the supply was short before the War, what will it be in the future unless a special effort is made to bring home to women their responsibilities in this matter. Nursing, stenography, banking, etc., are attracting multitudes of women. The matter of education ought to be put before our women as a patriotic duty. Moreover, we are talking teachers. All of which means that we shall need more women teachers and better educated than formerly. Where there are convents in close proximity to colleges, college professors ought to take this matter up and devote more time to the preparing of these women. Our priests should therefore encourage young women to take up teaching in order to bridge over the chasm that has been opened up by the enlistment of so many of our young men.

It is generally felt by the unthinking that the colleges will have few students next year. It is my opinion that if the situation were put squarely before our people there would be more boys in our Catholic colleges this year than ever before. They would be younger than usual but that would make little difference. Then there is the returned soldier, many of whom would make very desirable students. There will be great openings in all the professions for the next ten or fifteen years at least, and any young boy who has brains or ability will be grabbed up as soon as he can get through any of the professions.

Think of all the priests who have been killed in this War and of the young men who would have studied for the Church if they had not gone

to the War. A few will eventually return to the seminary, but military life is a very poor preparation for the priesthood. France sent thousands of missionaries over the world, she even sent them to Canada. It will take France generations to get enough priests to look after her own spiritual wants. Should we not exert ourselves to make up this shortage and to send to College every boy who may possibly have a vocation for the priesthood. We hear much about reconstruction. The best reconstruction we can advocate is the mental training of every available young man and woman, so that we may have leaders of the people and men and women capable of stepping into the breach caused by this terrible War.—Antigonish Gazette.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

CHARITY

There is no virtue so constantly and insistently urged by God on man as the sweet virtue of Charity. Charity is the Queen of all virtues. Without it all taking into consideration the sacred words of St. James, we are compelled by the common belief of men, to hold that religion without charity is no religion. The very pagans led on by reason reached the conclusion that in the world there was nothing so noble as love, pregnant with mercy, on behalf of suffering humanity.

Illuminated with the light of faith Catholics know and believe that whatever is done for sweet charity's sake is done for Jesus Christ. How well this is exemplified by the legend of St. Martin of Tours! A poor beggar shivering with the cold encountered the noble Martin, filled with compassion the Saint-to-be divided the cloak that covered him and gave the half to the poor miserable creature. That night Christ appeared wrapped in Martin's divided garment

and blessed the generous giver, and said: "Because you did it to the least of Mine you did it unto Me."

The words of the Prophet Isaiah on the subject are compelling and unforgettable words:

"Deal thy bread to the hungry and bring the harborless and needy into your house; when thou shalt see one naked cover him and despise not thy own flesh. Then shall thy light break forth as the morning and thy health shall speedily arise and thy justice shall go before thy face and the glory of the Lord shall gather thee up." What wonderful words and what an incentive to Catholics to practise holy Charity!

In this life we know on the word of Christ Himself that as a reward the charitable shall have their sins blotted out; that graces innumerable shall be their portion and that the mercy of God shall have so great a compassion on the merciful that "mercy shall be exalted above judgment."

The Catholic Church Extension Society is an association of charitable Catholics. Its objects are not to clothe the naked and fill with food and drink the hungry and thirsty, but rather to cast the mantle of grace over souls forgetful of God. To seek out the wanderers from the fold and return the bruised and famished sheep into the keeping of the Good Shepherd and to feed with the bread of life the starving children of the Church, crying out for the strong food of Jesus Christ. It is, in a word a Missionary Society for the propagation of the Faith. How great shall be Christ's reward to those who aid Him in the work of Redemption! How merciful shall He show Himself to the mercifully inclined, who by their generous offerings, aid in the education of other Christians and in the building of Churches for His service!

Donations may be addressed to:
REV. T. O'DONNELL, President,
Catholic Church Extension Society,
67 Bond St., Toronto.
Contributions through this office

should be addressed:
EXTENSION,
CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE,
London, Ont.
DONATIONS
Previously acknowledged..... \$786 60
J. J. F., Niagara Falls..... 5 00
A Friend in the North..... 2 00

THEY'RE GETTING TOO PROMINENT!

More or less uneasiness is likely to be caused in the camps of the Guardians of Liberty if the Jesuits continue to attain prominence in the running of this War. "Twere not enough that Marshal Foch has a brother among the sons of St. Ignatius; now comes the news that Lieutenant-Colonel Hugh A. Drum has been appointed by General Pershing to the important post of chief of staff of the First American Field Army, and he, too, is likely to be open to Jesuit influence, inasmuch as his brother, the Rev. Walter Drum, is a prominent member on the staff of the Jesuit College at Woodstock, Md. What's to be done, if these relationships continue to multiply?—Catholic Transcript.

Before Europe knew anything about the arts of printing and journalism, says The Missionary, a Chinaman named Gong-Chun invented a means for making type out of a composition of lead and silver. In the year 400 A. D. the first issue of the newspaper King-Bao, printed on sheets of yellow silk, made its appearance. For 1,500 years thereafter it undertook to supply its readers with the news of both China and foreign countries, being issued regularly until a few years ago, when Yuan Shi Kai, then President of the new Chinese Republic, suppressed it. Another venerable publication is the Tsing Pao, or Peking News, which made its maiden appearance before the Chinese reading public some 1,400 years ago. The story runs that in order to encourage accuracy and

keep the paper's pages reasonably free from errors, it was the custom until only a few years ago to punish a printer guilty of a mistake with instant death. The Kin Pan, another Chinese newspaper, has attained the age of 1,000 years.

How much sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to sit at the window of your room in the porch and to see your son or daughter whizzing by in a twin-six automobile.

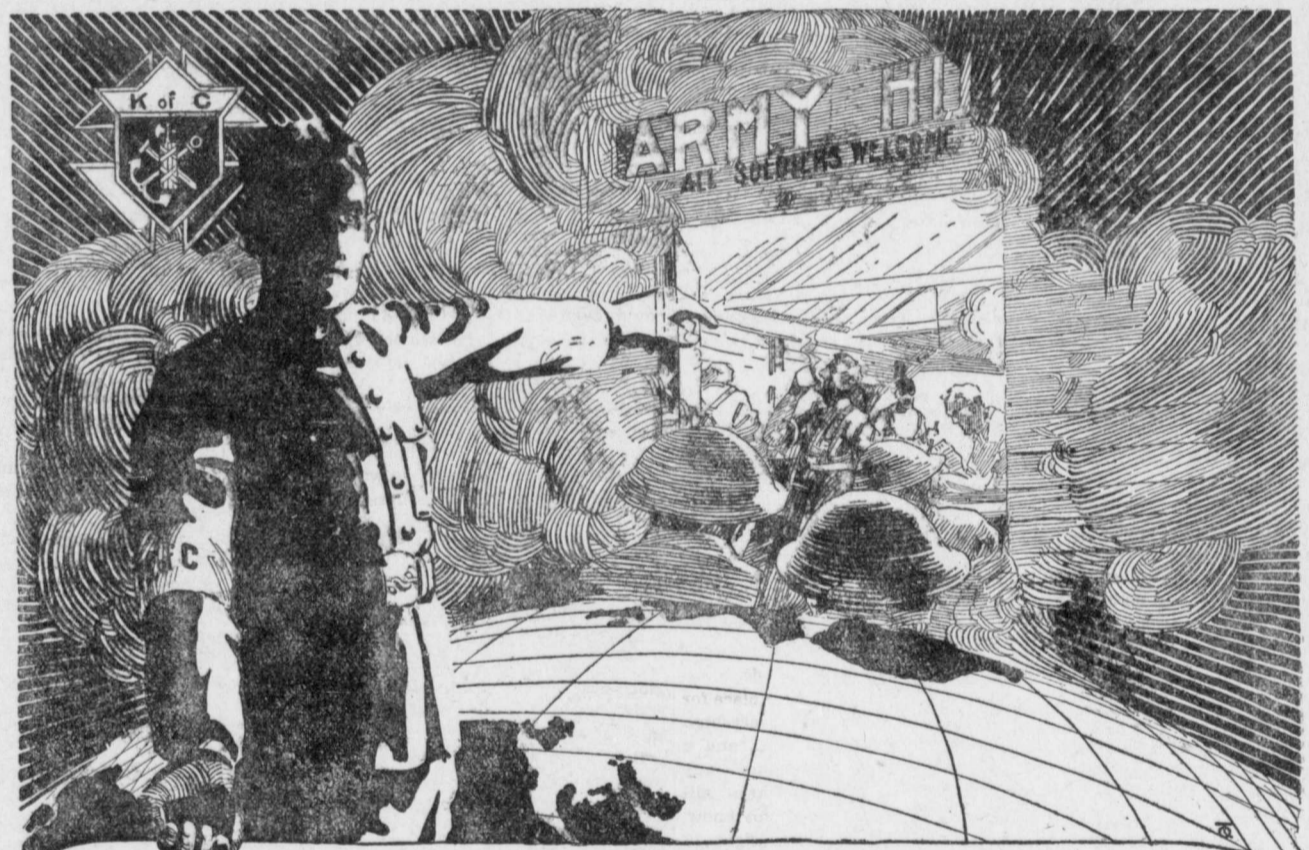
FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Nov. 26, 1916.

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

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

Previously acknowledged	\$18,148 78
J. J. F., Niagara Falls.....	5 00
Thanksgiving, Kirkland	— 4
Lake.....	2 50
Mrs. J. C. L., Pembroke...	2 00
For Souls in Purgatory, Sydney Mines.....	2 00
Offering to St. Anthony for Souls in Purgatory, Sydney Mines.....	2 00
A Friend in the North.....	1 50
Mrs. W. D., Lanigan.....	1 00



GIVE!

WON'T you help make it possible for all the boys to be inside? YOU—EVERYBODY—can give something. Put your fighting dollars behind our fighting lads. Give them your loyal support, the help, comfort, care and consolation you would want if you were there.

THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NO DISTINCTION OF RACE OR CREED
ALL SOLDIERS ARE ADMINISTERED TO ALIKE

\$500,000.00 is needed quickly to keep pace with the wants of our boys who are wearing down civilization's most savage and "bloodthirsty" enemy. The increasing demand for more huts and supplies is great—far greater than our finances at present can maintain. So won't YOU help us "carry on" this angelic work?

"Stand behind the boys behind our guns"

GIVE AS MUCH AS YOU CAN



Headquarters for Canada Knights of Columbus, 95 Laurier West, Ottawa, Ont.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

THE BEST OF THE COMMANDMENTS

The rest of the Commandments, my dear brethren, are safeguards against our own selves. We are all prone to evil.

As pride leads us to disobey God and refuse honour to our parents, so by anger and envy we break the Fifth and Eighth Commandments;

What little beginnings of carelessness lead to disastrous results! A murderer, on the scaffold now, was once innocent, nursed and fondled by a mother.

Thus, "Thou shalt not kill" forbids also those sins that might lead up to murder. And they likewise can be mortal sins; as anger, hatred, revenge, and their sequelae, quarrelling, fighting, and doing injury.

This is how the Fifth Commandment is broken; but to keep it we have to be men of peace, for they "are called the children of God."

We know to what depths of shame the violation of the Sixth Commandment will lead those who give themselves up to it. With this, especially, it is necessary to resist the beginnings. You must be on the watch against, and at enmity with, avarice and intemperance, and your own inclinations and passions.

There are many, thank God, who never felt tempted to break the Seventh Commandment, "Thou shalt not steal."

When the war began and Mr. Hoover asked us to economize on wheat for the starving Belgians we thought that the privation of wheat was a national misfortune.

But who shall say that he never breaks the Eighth Commandment—"He that sins not in word, the same is a perfect man?"

would like others to do to you. Then their good name would be safe, and you would bid fair to be a perfect man.

The Ninth and Tenth Commandments probe our very heart's core. Our Blessed Lord has said: "From the heart come forth evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false testimonies, blasphemies." (Matt. xv. 19.)

This is our lifelong work: "Keep the Commandments." Be not faint-hearted. In every command from God there is a promise of help, if we attempt it; a sure reward, if we fulfil it.

DISGUISED BLESSINGS

Undoubtedly food restriction among us has occasioned inconvenience, but there is no evidence that it has been harmful to health; in fact it has been a benefit.

While natural appetite and thirst are ordinary signs that food and drink are needed, the specific food and drink desired by the individual are an acquired not a natural taste.

In many parts of Europe meat is hardly ever seen on the table of the poor man and is sparingly used even by those who can afford it.

Candy is a luxury reserved for rare occasions and the unlimited sweets so much sought by us are unheard of. Yet the people thrive; more than this, they are exceptionally healthy.

It will be recalled that the great Irish famine in the early part of the nineteenth century was caused by the failure of the potato crop. The potato was the food staple of Ireland.

A few years ago when the era of street railroads began in this part of the country thousands of Italian laborers were imported for work on these roads.

This does not militate at all against the fact that people accustomed to these foods missed them sorely when they were withdrawn. A man accustomed to alcohol feels its withdrawal keenly even after the physical longing for it has died away.

All this goes to show that a very large number of us were unreasonably addicted to certain food and drink habits that were doing us positive harm.

When the war began and Mr. Hoover asked us to economize on wheat for the starving Belgians we thought that the privation of wheat was a national misfortune.

A few years ago the laboring man believed that he had to have meat three times a day. His father and grandfather who in their day had worked at least as hard as he, could have told him this was a mistake.

NO MORE KIDNEY TROUBLE

Since He Commenced to Take "Fruit-a-lives"

78 LEAS AVENUE, OTTAWA, ONT. "Three years ago, I began to feel run-down and tired, and suffered very much from Liver and Kidney Trouble. Having read of 'Fruit-a-lives', I thought I would try them. The result was surprising. I have not had an hour's sickness since I commenced using 'Fruit-a-lives', and I know now what I have not known for a good many years—that is, the blessing of a healthy body and clear thinking brain."

WALTER J. MARRIOTT. 50c. a box, \$ 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

find they work as well if not better than they did before, though they are eating far less meat. There can be no doubt on the point that the prevalent excess of meat eating produced or aggravated various common diseases.

The candy shop are an attractive feature of city life. But when one found candy of all sorts on sale, not only in shops devoted to it especially, but in the great majority of stores, not to mention the slot-machines, he would be likely to conclude that candy consumption was being unduly promoted.

Children need sugar and it is necessary for adults, within reasonable limits, but the analysis of some of the candies of the cheaper sort shows that candy-buyers were consuming many other things under the impression that they were forms of sugar.

The food restrictions occasioned by the war have been a distant benefit. They have corrected bad habits and shown us the way to sane living, and the chances are that otherwise we would never have undertaken the matter ourselves.—A Looker-On in The Boston Pilot.

These instances show that meat, sweets and bread made from finely ground and bleached flour are by no means as necessary to human comfort as many of us appear to believe. They were an acquired American taste.

It would be hard to keep count for such a mother. "Mother always says 'no.' What's the use of asking her?" say her boys and girls. After a while they do not ask her, observes the Sacred Heart Review.

As soon as they are old enough, they go out for their pleasures. Mother never allowed them to bring friends home, so they have no social circle to welcome them. But there are lots of public places where one can have a good time, Alice discovers. Among these places is the public dance hall, possibly. If Alice loves dancing she may drift to where she can dance all she likes—at the risk of harm to body and soul. Tom never could ask the neighbor's boy in for a frolic, and you can't always go to other fellows' houses and never pay back." So grown up Tom's cheerless on the public places of entertainment—the poolroom, the movies and the saloon. A day comes when mother has her spotless house all to herself. It was too neat for the children's comfort. The furniture is as good as when it was bought, but the children have paid a heavy price for its excellent condition.

"Mother kept house just for the furniture," Margaret complains. "We never had the use of it." A New England writer described the woes of a hard-working man, whose wife went before him strewing papers for him to walk upon when he came from work. The children were trained to jump from paper to paper, lest their little footprints might injure the white boards. They jumped clear of their cheerless home when they came of age and mother never could understand why home had no hold on them. And she never will understand—for women of that type are hopeless persons.

A good wife and mother needs to be a good deal more than an automatic housecleaner. She must know how to make a home which to husband and children is the dearest place on earth—a place of love, mutual service and sacrifice, and a common interest in everything going on in the family circle.

The Rev. Reynold Kuehnel, in his Conferences in the Homiletic Monthly, gives an excellent bit of advice to parents which we gladly pass along. "Be with your children, and of them, right on their own level," he urges. "Do not fear for a moment

that in this manner you will lose any of your parental authority or love or reverence. You will only add to it. Your children will love you all the more for it. We have only to look at our relationship with God to understand this. Our obedience towards God is far more praiseworthy and remunerative if we obey for fear of love than if we obey for fear of punishment. Stay young with your children, and for your children, and enter into the very spirit of their pastimes. This will not only add to the happiness of your children, who want to see you young, but it will increase your own usefulness and add several years to your life. There is plenty of time to grow old; therefore, stay young as long as you can. And nothing will help you as much to remain young at heart and in spirit than when you enter into the pleasures and games of your children. Recall the days when your child was three years old and you played hide and seek with him or her. How happy both of you felt, and how the child loved you for it, and would do anything you asked for. It is much the same when children grow up and you have retained their charm all along. They will then be more likely to follow your command and counsel than, if you would choose to rule by severity."

sympathy, or simply to unload the soul, and there is no one to whom it is more becoming they should turn than a sincere and honorable minister of Christ. For one thing he knows more of life, if he has been a receptive person, than even a lawyer or a doctor, and he is bound by every sacred consideration to absolute secrecy. During the course of his life he has become the depository of many hidden sorrows and family tragedies. He has been with people through many a cruel trial of which the world knows nothing, and has suffered with them in ways even his nearest friend does not suspect."

If you propose to tell nothing but the truth, don't talk too much.

Dangerous Antiseptics and Germicides Are Unnecessary

A dependable antiseptic has come to be considered a necessity in most homes. Especially is this true since Absorbine, Jr., has had such a wide introduction, because this liniment is not only a powerful antiseptic and germicide, but it is absolutely safe to use and to have around the house. It is not poisonous and it cannot do harm even if the children do get hold of it. That is a big point to consider.

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PRAYING TO THE SAINTS

It is well known that one of the tenets of the sixteenth century reformers was a denial of the power of saints to help us. This led, likewise, to the doctrine which forbade prayers to the saints. Within recent years, however, it is noticeable that old Catholic practices have been subjected to analysis by some Protestants, and have been admitted as consonant with Christian teaching.

Recently a prominent Anglican layman asks, "Whether there is anything in the practice commended for these sections of Christendom, which precludes their reconsidering the judgment passed in this matter by the sixteenth century reformers." He answers that the Catholic view is a logical consequence from even the Protestant theory of Christ's mediocrity.

Some Protestants now contend that the position of our Lord as Chief Mediator does not necessarily do away with the power of saints as secondary factors in the matter of intercession. As a matter of fact, even Protestants must admit that intercessory prayer is mentioned and approved in the New Testament. Hence, it is encouraging to witness a revival of sincere investigation on the part of non-Catholics, since we have little doubt that the Protestant lady—whatever may be said of the ministry—as a body, is and wishes to be sincere in its beliefs.—St. Paul Eulletin.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

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Let me do my work from day to day
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WHY THE DECISIVE MAN WINS OUT
By George M. Reynolds in The American Magazine

A country boy decided, before he was twenty years old, that he was going to become a great banker.

I believe that Decisiveness is the most vital element in life, whether it is in business, in politics, or in every-day social affairs.

The reason is he has a definite goal that he is trying to reach. The very fact that he has picked out a goal means that he wants to reach it.

The power of decision when backed by industry and observation, is practically certain to bring success—er, rather, to bring a man to success.

But if he goes ahead, without deciding whether he is going to be a general, or a statesman, or a merchant, or some one thing, his inner convictions of his ability won't help him much.

There is pretty sure to be something wrong with a young man who has reached the age of twenty-one without having decided what he wants to do.

Any boy can be trained in decisiveness. Even little children can be taught to decide things. They should be made to settle the small problems of their daily lives.

My ambition was taken seriously and I was encouraged in it. I realized that there were many things I ought to know, even as a banker in my little home village, and I decided upon a plan to inform myself: I read the newspapers; I studied the market, the financial and business pages,

and tried to discover what our leading men in business and finance were doing and thinking.

Everything that I heard, or read, or saw, I tried to apply to my own case. This became a habit: it is surprising to discover how much information can be accumulated by careful reading of the business and financial pages of the newspapers.

When I was a boy, working in a country bank, and when my first convention of bankers. A thing that impressed me greatly was that many of the delegates, after traveling long distances to attend the meeting appeared to pay little attention to what was going on and made the convention a pleasure outing.

I do not advocate that a boy's education be specialized to the point of narrowness. And when I say education, I mean the "education" he digs up for himself quite as much as that he receives in schools and colleges.

Every boy, every man, should form the habit of working out and deciding upon this great central purpose, or will to do a definite thing. His rules for success will come to him from many sources; from books and from the advice of others.

But many will come to him through observation, which seems to me the quality next in importance to decisiveness. An office boy, or a clerk, or a stenographer, has opportunities to study his employer, his father, his father's friends, and the men in the office or other establishment where he works.

A sea-captain who left port without knowing whether he was bound would wander around indefinitely without getting anywhere. And if, when he was among reefs, or over dangerous shoals, or threatened with a collision, he backed and filled and turned his wheel one way and then the other, he would wreck his ship.

There never has been a time in the history of the human race when the cultivation of the power of decision and of the power of observation was as important as it now is. The men who are leading in war, who are directing Governments, who are grasping the great world problems, are decisive men, and men eager and quick in observation.

Rules for success are everywhere. What most of us need is to cultivate that keenness of perception which will enable us to recognize them as of value to ourselves. Read to get something out of the book, magazine or newspaper that you can adapt to yourself. Observe people with the idea of obtaining something applicable to your own career.

Decide, among the first things, who your friends shall be. The entire fabric of society, politics, and more than either, business, is built upon friendship. One of the most untrue of sayings is that friendship ceases when business enters. It is at that point that friendship of the best sort begins and where it has its greatest test.

to men, and even more so to boys: first, for the influence friends have upon the character of any human being, and second, for the greater influence they have upon the reputation of any man.

To become a learner, is to become a failure. To rely upon friends is not only the most certain way to stunt your own growth but a practically certain way to lose the friends themselves.

Not only is decision itself more important today than it has ever been, but it is more essential than ever to decide more. There always is a place open to the boy who is prepared to fill it.

After all it is personality that counts, and your personality is very much what you decide early in life it shall be. Personality embraces the qualities of neatness, cheerfulness, courtesy, alertness, patience, unselfishness and appreciation of human nature.

Practice diplomacy—it smooths the rough spots and gives you the advantage on the next move. Cultivate cheerfulness, to enable you to carry the necessary and throw off the unnecessary burdens.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS
SHORT SKETCH OF LIVES OF SAINTS OF THE WEEK
SEPTEMBER 1.—ST. GILES, ABBOT.

St. Giles, whose name has been held in great honor for several ages in France and England, is said to have been an Athenian by birth, and of noble extraction.

SEPTEMBER 2.—ST. STEPHEN, KING
Geyes, fourth Duke of Hungary, was, with his wife, converted to the Faith, and saw in a vision the martyr St. Stephen, who told him that he should have a son who would perfect the work he had begun.

Decision as to the kind of friends you are to have is vitally important

begging him to appoint bishops to the eleven sees he had endowed, and to bestow on him, for the greater success of his work, the title of king.

Stephen was about to die, he summoned the bishops and nobles, and gave them charge concerning the choice of a successor. Then he urged them to nurture and cherish the Catholic Church, which was still as a tender plant in Hungary.

St. Rosalia was daughter of a noble family descended from Charlemagne. She was born at Palermo in Sicily, and desiring in her youth worldly vanities, made herself an abode in a cave on Mount Pellegrino, three miles from Palermo.

St. Rose of Viterbo, who is honored on this same day, was born in the spring of 1240, a time when Frederick II was oppressing the Church and

many were faithless to the Holy See. The infant at once seemed filled with grace; with tottering steps she sought Jesus in His tabernacle, she knelt before sacred images, she listened to pious talk, retaining all she heard, and this when she was scarcely three years old.

SEPTEMBER 5.—ST. LAURENCE JUSTINIAN.
Laurence from a child longed to be a Saint; and when he was nineteen years of age there was granted to him a vision of the Eternal Wisdom.

SEPTEMBER 8.—THE NATIVITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
The birth of the Blessed Virgin Mary announced joy and the near approach of Salvation to the lost world.

SEPTEMBER 11.—ST. MARTIN
St. Martin was born in the year of the jubilee, 1025, under Pope Urban VIII, and was translated into the metropolitan church of Palermo, of which he was chosen a patroness.

SEPTEMBER 14.—ST. PATRICK
St. Patrick was born in the year of the jubilee, 1025, under Pope Urban VIII, and was translated into the metropolitan church of Palermo, of which he was chosen a patroness.

SEPTEMBER 17.—ST. AUGUSTINE
St. Augustine was born in the year of the jubilee, 1025, under Pope Urban VIII, and was translated into the metropolitan church of Palermo, of which he was chosen a patroness.

SEPTEMBER 20.—ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST
St. John the Baptist was born in the year of the jubilee, 1025, under Pope Urban VIII, and was translated into the metropolitan church of Palermo, of which he was chosen a patroness.

SEPTEMBER 23.—ST. SEBASTIAN
St. Sebastian was born in the year of the jubilee, 1025, under Pope Urban VIII, and was translated into the metropolitan church of Palermo, of which he was chosen a patroness.

SEPTEMBER 26.—ST. ANDREW
St. Andrew was born in the year of the jubilee, 1025, under Pope Urban VIII, and was translated into the metropolitan church of Palermo, of which he was chosen a patroness.

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giving for the great mercies He has shown in her, and imploring her meditation with her Son in our behalf; Christ will not reject the supplications of His mother, whom He was pleased to obey whilst on earth.

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THE HOME-COMING OF RONALD A. KNOX

Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P., in the September Catholic World

The Spiritual Friend of Mr. Ronald Knox, the son of the Anglican Bishop of Manchester, will give the Catholic reader a perfect insight into the various schools or tendencies of modern Anglicanism, and best sympathy for the sincere though ill-logical souls who are trying to seek God's truth in a human society, State-made and State governed.

Mr. Knox lost his heart to Virgil, while lecturing on the *Aeneid* at Trinity in the fall of 1912. It was his constant companion during the retreat he made before being received into the Church. He took more than a merely literary delight in the poem, for a text of his making the sixth book a treatise on penitence in purgatory before his amazed pupils. He makes the *Aeneid* motif run throughout his volume. He himself gives us the key of the allegory: "Troy is undisturbed and in a sense unreflective religion; in most lives it is overthrown either to be rebuilt or to be replaced. The Greeks are the doubts which overthrow it. The miniature Troy of Helenus is the effort to reconstruct that religion exactly as it was. Carthage is any false goal, that, for a time, seems to claim loyalty. And Rome is Rome."

Still, strangely enough, except for a six weeks attack of "Roman fever" in 1910, Mr. Knox for many years had no idea of making his submission to Rome. It was only on the occasion of his brother's "first Mass" that he began to question seriously the validity of Anglican orders. Perhaps he said to himself "neither he nor I was a priest, nor was this Mass, nor was this the 'Saving Host.'" He adds: "There is no such bully as a logical mind. My intellect, peeping down the vistas of a mere doubt, forced my eyes open to the mockery it involved." He wrote at once to his father, the Bishop of Manchester, opening to him his doubts about the Anglican position; he discussed the problem with his many friends; he "read round" the subject of the Papacy and the Reformation; he sought the advice of experts on both sides.

Grace finally triumphed during a retreat at Farnborough Abbey, and he entered the Kingdom of heaven as a little child. It was as if I had been a man looking and needing shelter, who first of all had taken refuge under a shed at the back of an empty house. Then he tried the back door in the building itself and found it locked. . . . And then he tried the front door, and found that it had been open all the time.

MAN-POWER

The bill, now pending, to draft all men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five is undoubtedly the most general topic of conversation at present. The tentacles of the war octopus are reaching out further and further to draw more and more victims into the deep and dangerous waters of strife. 'Twas sad, indeed to see our young men, just returned twenty-one, drawn into the sea of carnage. To the Nation they were men; to their mothers, they were boys. And now the stern decrease of the demand for services and, if need be, the lives of those still in their tents. Those who have but graduated from boyhood to young manhood, must take up the supreme duty of men in time of war. They must leave home and native land, and come to death-grip with a foreign foe.

The mother's heart will be torn with anguish at parting with her Benjamin, her youngest son, her most cherished one. She stifled the cry of her heart and cheerfully, it seemed, gave her oldest son to the cause. While they always had, and ever will have, their place in her heart, she felt that their place was in the ranks with their fellow countrymen. But now, like the mother of the Maccabees, she will be bereft of all her sons, even the youngest one. She is asked to imitate the stoicism of that valiant mother in encouraging her offspring to the great act of sacrifice. And where is the strength for this heart-rending duty. She looks about for a friend to lean upon and all about her are as weak as she, weighed down by a similar burden of grief. She seeks a word of comfort, but what words can assuage such grief. She can only look to the Crucified Saviour, and consider His sacrificial resignation. His supreme sacrifice and ransom, that He, too, had a mother; that He was her only Son. Catholic mothers know, from their blessed faith, that the great duty of Christian motherhood is to raise their children to be future citizens of Heaven. Other prizes and ambitions they may have for their offspring, but all these are but secondary to this one great aim, the man-power of Heaven. From war, with all its circumstances, horrible and heroizing, cannot thwart this great and noble purpose of motherhood. Their prayers and petitions may not keep their boys with them, may not save them from wounds and death, but they will serve to keep them from an unprovided death, from losing their right to citizenship in the Kingdom of God. And so in time of war as well as in peace, the supreme purpose of Christian motherhood may be accomplished, though under circumstances that cause their nobler souls to writhe.

Oh! Catholic mothers! in this, your hour of grief, remember your high calling, your sacred mission. You have nourished the faith and the friendship of Jesus Christ in your sons' hearts; that, living, they may serve Him; dying, they may know Him, and thus enter into the eternal kingdom, upright and honorable citizens.

The Man-Power bill of the Nation, a war time measure, calling all men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, will, indeed, bring grief and pain and anguish. The man-power bill of Heaven, a measure for all time, whether peace or war, and embracing all ages and conditions, is designed to bring real resignation, pure joy and true peace.

To this end, do we direct all our prayers and petitions; to this end do our chaplains toil in field and trench that the man-power of Heaven may be increased.—Brooklyn Tablet.

ONLY REWARD IS SCANT NEWS ITEM

DEEDS OF SEAMEN'S DARING PASS UNNOTICED

The fame of the Mercantile Marine will never be written as it deserves to be written, and the recompense due will never be paid to its courageous and devoted members. The ships of the Merchant Service are solitary wayfarers, scattered units on a waste of water, fighting a lone fight with the perils of the deep, far from the appreciative eyes of those who see and have the genius to portray heroic deeds in vivid spirit.

The deeds of our seafarers are too multitudinous to be enclosed between the covers of a handbook. There is a monotonous sameness about many of these tragedies of the sea, epic though they are, and worthy of reproduction on canvas and on paper. A hero today has for his Valhalla a newspaper paragraph, and many legends of shining acts remain unsung. The unit is merged in the magnificent total, and forms a wonderful series, silent tribute to the Merchant sailors who have upheld the long incomparable tradition of British seamen and seamanship.

The service of the men of the Mercantile Marine has been generous, and it is hoped that in the days to come, "Sailors Week," September 1st to 7th, the people of Ontario will, through the Navy League of Canada, pay tangible tribute to Britain's splendid Merchant sailors by subscribing \$1,000,000 for the dependents of those who have died.

"ANGELS OF MERCY"

When the history of the present European conflict is written no mention may be made of the heroism of the Catholic Sisterhoods, but in the hearts of thousands of the soldiers will be an appreciation of the valor being shown by the "Angels of Mercy." Neither will the courage of the priests be forgotten. Biking shot and shell, nuns and priests are bringing comfort to the injured and dying soldiers. Danger is forgotten by these workers of God, even though it is but occasionally that the name of a Sister or a priest is cited in orders of the day.

"Recently, while returning from South America," writes Frank B. Lord, "I met Father Edmund Monsarrat, S. J., an ocean traveling companion. He had served as a chaplain in the war. Father Monsarrat is a Belgian. He was with the Allies along the River Yser. He would not talk of himself, but he told of his fellow-workers—and of the nuns. The frightful slaughter and the uncertainty of death, on the battle fields, has revived the Catholic faith all throughout Europe, says the priest. Although there are many soldiers of the opposite faith in the war the one religion in common is the Catholic. The wonderful faith displayed by the Catholics has brought many into the fold. Now it is a common sight to see soldiers in the trenches kneeling at the rosary services.

"Father Monsarrat, himself gave his crucifix to a dying rabbi, and in a trench he received into the Church an English colonial. While Father Monsarrat and the rabbi were rushing from one end of the trench to the other, administering to the wounded the rabbi was mortally wounded. At the time he was near Father Monsarrat. The latter was attending to a soldier. Another soldier rushed to the rabbi's side to carry him back for medical attention. As he was about to pick him up, the rabbi asked for Father Monsarrat, who hurried to his fellow-clergyman when summoned and knelt beside him. As he did the rabbi said, 'Father, hand me your crucifix, and as it was placed in his hands he whispered: 'Father, I now die happy.' Before he could utter another sound his soul had departed. A few months later, when soldiers were being killed and wounded in large numbers, Father Monsarrat was called to comfort many. The English colonel looked on with his hat in hand. Father Monsarrat was about to depart when the colonel said: 'There is another here, Father. This time a well man. I mean myself. After what I have seen that is the wish for me, I wish to be a Catholic.' And he did—there on the battlefield!"

Priests are allowed to remain in the first line trenches only a week at a time, and are then sent to the rear to recuperate.

Mass is said every day in the trenches, the soldiers have erected altars under the surface of the earth, and services are well attended. The altars are crude, but beautiful, according to the description of the Jesuit Father. Early in the war it was a common thing for a priest to be standing up to his knees in water while saying Mass, but later the soldiers procured sand bags, on which the priests now stand while celebrating Mass. The rosary is chanted every night. When peace is declared it is predicted there will be more Catholics than ever.

Thousands of Sisters have volunteered their services, and only one is known to Father Monsarrat to have been shot on the battlefield. One Sister was rewarded seven times for bravery by President Poincaré, of France, in Paris, before a large multitude. Many priests also have received medals.—Catholic Transcript.

CONFIDENCE IN IRISH BISHOPS

HOLY FATHER RELIES ON THEIR LOYALTY TO THE PAPACY

Rome, Aug. 22.—Pope Benedict has written to the Irish Bishops in reply to their letter thanking him for having approved of the decree of the beatification of Archbishop Oliver Plunket, who was martyred by the English, for the publication of the new Code of Canon Law, and for all that he has done to alleviate the suffering of the victims of the War. In his letter to the Holy Father recalls the leading incidents in the life of Oliver Plunket, who died a martyr's death in defense of the faith, and alludes to the fervent faith of the Irish people and their unflinching loyalty to the Holy See, with which it is now more than ever necessary to be united. "We know," he says, "all the difficulties that at present surround the bishops and clergy all over the Catholic world; but we are confident that, with the Christian fortitude of Oliver Plunket, combined with the wisdom, prudence, and moderation which the apostolic ministry itself demands, especially in very grave conditions like those of today, they will nobly carry out their sacred mission."

The bishops of the Holy Father are confident that, with the Christian fortitude of Oliver Plunket, combined with the wisdom, prudence, and moderation which the apostolic ministry itself demands, especially in very grave conditions like those of today, they will nobly carry out their sacred mission.

SERBIANS HONOR BRAVE IRISH NURSE

(Special Service)

London, Eng.—The Serbian government has decorated a brave Irish nurse who is serving with the American Red Cross. Nurse Kerrigan, daughter of John Kerrigan of Dower, County Cavan, served in Serbia with an American Red Cross detachment from September, 1914, to June, 1915. When the town of Belgrade fell she was a prisoner in the hands of the Austrians for ten days and for her conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty has been decorated by the Serbian government. After the fall of Belgrade Nurse Kerrigan contracted typhus, and was invalided home. On her recovery she joined the American Red Cross for duty in France, where she has served from 1915 to the present time. She has been decorated by the French government with Les Palmes.

THE RUSSIAN CHURCH AND THE REVOLUTION

F. Anselmi Palmeri, O.S.A. D.D. in the September Catholic World

The "patriarchalism" of the bishops was clearly revealed at the meetings of the Preliminary Synodal Committee held to consider the summoning of the Russian national council. To that Commission may be traced the movement for the restoration of the Russian patriarchate. The debates in the Preliminary Committee in 1906 and 1907 being the literary apparatus of the decision of the Russian National Council of 1917. In many cases, the Fathers of the Council approved and sanctioned the resolutions of the earlier body. In spite of their logical deficiencies the patriarchalism won the victory. The Russian Church could not withstand the storming waves of revolution without the assistance of a visible head. All the rusty weapons of controversy, polemics against the Catholic Church were thrown aside. In the face of danger, the Russian Church realized that the theory of an invisible head for a visible Church, however fascinating it might appear, is not in keeping with the realities of life. The restoration of the patriarchate in Russia is the natural and logical evolution of the Catholic idea of the Constitution of the Church of Christ. The difference between Russian Orthodox and Catholic consists in this, that the Russians apply these principles to their own national Church, and the Catholics realize them in the Universal Church. If the national Church of Russia, in spite of Russian national councils, cannot get along without a constant visible head, the Universal Church of Christ cannot also fulfill her universal mission without a supreme visible head. So long as logic exists as a science, or an art, drawing correct conclusions from correct premises, the Russian anti-Catholic polemicists will not be able to deny the inference we have drawn from their own principles. If they have applied—with whatever authority—to the Metropolitan of Moscow the words of the Gospel, let us confer on Peter and his legitimate successors an indefeasible supremacy over the whole Church, so much the more are we right in sustaining, with all

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