

The Catholic Record.

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

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LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1914

1877

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PATIENCE

This is not the time or occasion when historical reminiscence is most welcome. The average reader busies himself with the daily details of military and naval happenings which feed the flame of patriotic excitement. We are very human in days like these, primitive in our passions and narrow in our sympathies. The old Hebrew canon, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy," is the echo of the natural man's instinctive attitude when once words are drawn and guns begin to speak. The harrying of foreigners and all the troubles and annoyances of those who happen to be sojourners in strange lands should arouse our neighborly feelings: we have only to put ourselves in the place of those so overtaken, and the suspicions that rise so readily and often work so violently will be kept under due control. But such feelings are more likely to be chastened by recollections of previous crises. Among these the South African War is vividly present to many of us. We recall the disillusion of the earlier stages, the mistaken and costly rectifications in the later ones, and the happy settlement that followed after the long and heavy trials borne with so much fortitude. We can only hope and pray that the present troubles may be handled as reasonably and alleviated as wisely.

PERHAPS

The popular love for even a monarch like the Kaiser may turn to contempt and hatred. There is an excellent prospect that Germany, Austria and Russia may be temporarily sick of their rulers' part in Welt-Politik. Tottering thrones, which depend on the widely instilled sentiment that real democracy is possible without casting off old dynasties, may face a reaction of revolutionary fierceness. But the field is one for speculation, not prediction, and speculation, too, of a cautious kind.

ON THE FIRING LINE

How can we, the interested spectators of this terrible conflict—sufferers, too, in a multitude of ways, some more tragic than others, but all contributing to a fellowship of sorrow—how can we bear an honorable and effective part in lessening the sum of pain and privation which this war must needs spread, in widening circles, among all the classes who are not raised above the need of actual participation in the conflict or made helpless by its ruinous effects? Those who are charged with the solemn duties of the hour in high places are making abundant provision for every emergency on a scale that should silence faction and raise our people's hopes to the highest pitch. It remains for those of us who stay at home and are permitted to pursue our ordinary avocations to play some useful part in the great work of equipping the community for a hand-to-hand conflict with the dire foes which beset the men, women, and children who are doomed to suffer pangs and to be shaken by terrors that are no less awful than those which haunt the beleaguered fortresses, the devastated towns, and the battlefields where shot, shell, disease and cruelty lay brave combatants low. And the indirect issues, the effects which none can foretell, how can we prepare to meet them, haply to profit by them, though loss and grief be the portion of all, in varying degrees? This war, just and unsought in our view, is still like all wars—it blots out the fruits of progress, robs labor of its hire, quenches the scholar's lamp and the artist's vision, dulls even the pious hopes that sustain us in sorrow and in death. The glories that subsist upon human woe leave behind them a long and bitter trail of hatred: the desolation of fair provinces, the deadly destruction of the best and brightest in art and culture, and all the inconceivable miseries of sacked cities, mutilated bodies and blasted lives. Happily the human world is not devoid of spiritual guidance! *Suum Corda* is the watchword of the morning. This nightmare will come to an end, perhaps speedily.

Revolution will paralyze the arms of military power and confound its counsels. Not in a day or a year, but ere time has long run its course, the common sanity will rule. Though the sky be dark, the lightning's flash and the thunder's roll are the prelude to a long day of summer sunshine, when earth will yield bounteous harvests.

THE AUTHORITY

Many without the fold are ready to acknowledge humanity's debt to the Church. They extol her charity and her inflexible opposition to the enemies of civilization, but they look askance at any manifestation of authority. They grow indignant at any law opposed to the natural propensities of man. They are willing to believe that the Son of God came on earth with a message and gave to none any authoritative power of interpretation. The absurdity of this should be manifest to all who are not blind.

ALWAYS TRUE

There are natures in which if they love us we are conscious of having a sort of baptism, and consecration: they bind us ever to rectitude and purity by their pure belief about us: and our sins become that wicked kind of sacrilege which tears down the invisible altar of trust.

FATHER FABER

Says Father Faber: "The eye that is quick to see a fault, and the ear that loves to listen to criticism and the tongue that brags—these will be the signs of a praying soul when the rainbow comes to be the emblem of despair—and not before."

A THOUGHT

Has it ever occurred to you, says an author, that the saints must have been considered in their day as rather disreputable people. Leaving violent persecution out of the question what a raising of eyebrows and shrugging of shoulders, and how many indignant smiles and looks of mild surprise and gentle dismay and polite disapprobation they must have occasioned. If I had my will every nose that poked itself into other people's affairs would be cut off. But in that case how many men and women would be incapacitated for taking snuff.

THE FIREBRAND

When we see the clerical firebrand with his tools of slander trying to uproot the Church we remember Edmund Burke's reference to the shadow of the British oak: "Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chirp, while thousands of great cattle reposing beneath the shadow of the British oak chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field, that they are many in number or that they are, after all, anything better than the little shrivelled, mesgrs, hopping, though loud and troublesome insects of the hour."

THE LAYMAN'S AGE

This is the layman's age. They are doing splendid work on some lines—work that takes toll of energy, money, self-sacrifice, and which must achieve enduring results. They are preaching the sermon of truly Catholic living. And that sermon falls like balm upon hearts bruised from the stress and storm of life and is always listened to however the world may affect deafness and scorn. If there is one thing more than another that the average man respects it is fidelity to principle, the courage of one's convictions. He may deem it on some occasions unbusinesslike, but in his heart he reverences the man who, before politics or worldly interests, places his duty to God and who walks the highway of life with clean hands and pure heart. Such a man is an antidote to cynicism, a well-spring of courage to the weak and faltering. And the Church raises this breed of man. He is in the open to-day fighting current errors. He is going in for combination and using up to date methods to make smooth the way for the driving home of his principles. He is co-operating more and more the priest to whom he can give invaluable assistance not only by material sup-

port but by advice and the knowledge which he gleams from the world. And when one resolute, enthusiastic Catholic is let loose in any community he is very apt to provoke thought, to stir up the apathetic and to arouse the opposition of the critics who talk endlessly about our deficiencies. The sparks may not fly at the outset but pounding away always achieves results.

KATHERINE TYNAN

Those who have been led into the green pastures of Katherine Tynan's novels will be well aware of the iridescent atmosphere through which she views her Irish characters, their words and their ways. As she says: "But of Ireland one loves all Irish things so much that Irish face or voice might have drawn one from my dreams into sociability. Irish faces went by the carriage window and I heard the dear brogue by fits and starts." She then describes an invasion of harvest men and adds: "I feel bitter against these poor countrymen of mine for cutting such a figure in English eyes. It was not quite a mean feeling. My bitterness was in proportion to my love of my native land and my impatience of English superiority." The touch of a fanciful mysticism qualifies the witty reproductions of peasant life and frolic which render her pages so bright and readable. In the tale of a village genius she reflects that the Round Tower knew that like the seasons everything returns; there is never a lack of golden heads at the cottage doors: nor birds to sing in the boughs in the spring after the snow and the frost; nor apple blossoms though the last fell in showers; nor delicate pale leaves though the autumn swept such a mound of dead leaves down the village street to creep and whisper about the feet of the Round Tower like little ghosts of dead dreams.

THE ROSARY

Father Faber has beautifully said that as the Holy Eucharist is the testament of Jesus, so is the Rosary the testament of Mary. And as a testament the Church has received it lovingly and gratefully, and has added to its riches incessantly from the treasure-house of her indulgences. It is an old-fashioned devotion. New devotions arise in the Church—it is to be expected in a living Church—but after the devotion to Our Lord there is none to compare with that of the Rosary. While no Catholic will consider as insignificant any devotion which the Church approves, yet even in approved devotions there are grades of excellence. It shows a lack of appreciation in those Catholics who will devote themselves almost exclusively to some saint, for instance, to the neglect of devotion to her who is the Queen of all Saints. To do so is to get away from the mind and history of the Church. Another great way to honor Mary is by means of the Rosary.

Now what is the Rosary that it is so excellent? One might call it the epitome of our Catholic faith. There is the Cross of our Redemption, wherein we recite our profession of faith in the creed; there is the prayer which Christ Himself put upon our lips, the Our Father; there is the Hail Mary, that prayer of praise and invocation to her who is our intercessor with our Redeemer. And these prayers which are the essence of perfect prayer are all bound together with the chain of mysteries of Christ's dealings with man. In the Rosary we witness the glorification of our human nature.

Look at it as you will you find the Rosary a perfect devotion. Surely it was not a man-made devotion. It is very easy for us to accept the story of its revelation. So perfect is it that we do not wonder at its becoming a very part of the Catholic life. The Rosary has been called the unlettered man's prayer-book. But it is more than that. It is a prayer book for all from Pope to peasant. Even the greatest intellects in the Church have told their beads with all the loving simplicity of the child who knows no other book but this one of our Lady herself. Even the most eloquent book of prayers is gladly laid aside to take up the old Rosary that seems like part of one's soul.

The devotion to the Rosary is not falling. Now more than ever in its history does it appeal to Catholics. But still one must deplore the passing of certain good old customs in connection with it. The custom of reciting the Rosary in common in the Catholic home is not so widespread as it used to be. Yet the time was not so many years ago when during the month of October and again during the Holy Season of Lent it was the ordinary practice for the

members of a Catholic family to gather together to say the beads. It is too beautiful a custom to let die out, for a family must surely be blessed that so reverence the Mother of God. To train the little ones along it is invaluable.

It is a happy memory when one gets older to look back to these evenings of simple devotion. Who knows what strength those rosaries have given us. They comforted and strengthened our ancestors in the faith and in the blood; it was not merely a bit of poetical sentiment that made a great preacher say that the Rosary had kept the faith in Ireland, that land which always had such a tender, chivalrous devotion to Mary. And it will also keep loving and childlike the faith of us and our children.

October is the month of the Rosary. Every Catholic should do something to honor Our Lady in a special manner during these days. By assisting at the special devotions in the churches, by morning Mass, by the family recitation of the beads, by more frequent Communion—there are many ways to make the time a season of special grace. And it is a poor Catholic that will give a deaf ear to the Church who is urging him to honor the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary.—Boston Pilot.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN WOULD BURY ALL DIFFERENCES

William O'Brien and Maurice Neal, the Parliamentary representatives of Cork City called a public meeting of their constituents, without distinction of party, to take immediate practical action to save our country and the civilization of Europe from the fate with which we are threatened by the progress of the German horde. Mr. O'Brien spoke of the great danger in which they all stood and said if they remained with their hands folded much longer, they might bring to their own beloved land the scenes of massacre, spoliation, and nameless horrors which were devastating the brave little nation of Belgium. He was there that night prepared to bury any distinction of party or section, and to declare our abhorrence of German military despotism, which is scourging Europe by a war already rendered infamous by inexplicable injustices, cruelties, and abominations, and we regard it as a most solemn duty to Ireland and humanity to tender to His Majesty's Ministers, the assurance that the manhood of Ireland is at their command in this emergency.

IRELAND AND THE WAR

They mistake the temper of the British peoples throughout the Empire who imagine that the ungracious and untimely utterances of Sir Edward Carson reflect to any appreciable extent the spirit of the times or the sentiment of most thinking people in regard to the Irish question. A true sense of proportion and of what is due to the Empire has led the great bulk of Irish Unionists to accept in a generous mood the evidence, so clearly discernible, of the rise of a new Ireland, at one with Britain in its intelligent grasp of the vital issues at stake in this war, and in its tenacious adherence to the common cause of liberty and democracy. The threats of Sir Edward Carson to revive dissensions, now silenced in the trenches where Irish soldiers, Unionist and Nationalist, are facing death side by side, and adding fresh laurels to their fame, do not add to his reputation as a statesman or strengthen the hands of Kitchener in his pressing task of recruiting. The faculty for saying the wrong thing at the right moment seems to be equally shared by Mr. Bonar Law and Sir Edward Carson.

So changed is the whole situation in Ireland that thousands of Unionists in the South are joining Redmond's Volunteers, all their fears of Nationalist disloyalty having vanished in a night. Troops for the front pass through the Irish capital accompanied by the National Volunteers and cheered by the Catholic citizens. The outrages on Belgium—linked by closest ties with Ireland—have stirred the whole Irish race with feelings of revenge, and the decimated ranks of the regiments at the front tell their own tragic tale of Irish valor and endurance. The taunt has been made that the National Volunteers have not recruited as largely as the Ulster Volunteers, but

it must be borne in mind that the Ireland of the South has always given a larger proportion of her fighting men to the British army and that 50,000 of them joined the colors on the outbreak of war. In his recent speech in the Commons, in reply to Mr. Bonar Law, the Irish leader put these illuminating facts before the country: "From the days of the Peninsular War and Waterloo right up to last year Ireland had furnished to the army a large quota by far in proportion to her population than England or Scotland. In 1855 the number per thousand of the male population from twenty to forty-five years of age who joined the army regulars and special reserves were: Irishborn, 176; British-born, 42. Last year the figures were: Irishborn 42; British-born, 32. What would be the Irish record now, when the sentiments of the whole Irish people were with Great Britain? In this war who had not been moved by the recent stories of the Munster Fusiliers, the Dublin Fusiliers and the Irish Guards?"—The Globe.

TRUE TO THEIR TRADITIONAL REPUTATION

The stories which are coming in, writes T. P. O'Connor, are especially gratifying to Irishmen. The Irishmen have had some of the hottest corners to defend, and they have behaved with a splendid bravery that has won the admiration of all other races and has, incidentally, of course, advanced the Irish cause. In one of the Irish encounters between the British force and overwhelming German odds, the Germans had been directing their force to capture some British guns. The officers in command of the guns were mowed down by the artillery fire, and at last it seemed cruelly to sacrifice more men.

However, the Irish Munsters were determined that the guns should be saved. "I saw," writes an English soldier, "a handful of Irishmen throw themselves in front of cavalry trying to cut off a battery of artillery. Not one of the poor lads got away alive, but they made the German devils pay in kind and the artillery got away." "Every man of us made a vow to avenge these fallen Irishmen. Latter they were finally avenged by their own comrades, who lay in wait for the German cavalry. The Irish lads went at them with the bayonet, which they least expected. Some of them howled for mercy, but I don't think they got it. In war mercy is only for the merciful."

AFTER THE WAR

After the war, what? Here are a few of the changes. A re-mapped Europe, largely along racial lines. A reconstructed Germany—either a republic or a strictly limited constitutional monarchy, but no Hohenzollerns. The breaking up of Austria-Hungary into its original elements, European politics. A defensive alliance of Western Europe against the possible aggressions of Russia. A moderately regenerated Russia, with local Home Rule for Poland and Finland, full rights for the Jews, and a growing sense of free citizenship among the rest of the people. Japan's hegemony in Asia practically conceded, and her place among the great Powers established.

Increased solidarity of the British Empire—the colonies drawn closer to the Mother Country than fifty years of argument could accomplish, and the fealty of India enormously strengthened. An amicable settlement of the Irish Home Rule question, the suffragette movement and other vexatious matters, along with some halting in Lloyd-George's land reform movement, due to the fact that the land-holding classes shed their blood courageously on the field of battle. More money for social, industrial and educational reforms in Great Britain and Ireland, due to the diminished expenditure necessary for armaments. Less dislike to conscription among English-speaking nations.

A closer rapprochement between England and the United States as the two greatest upholders of democratic ideals, possibly a treaty between them as a sort of moral support to the Monroe Doctrine, and Cecil Rhodes' dream of an Anglo-Saxon confederation several milestones nearer. The revival of the United States' mercantile marine. A great influx of men and money, mostly from war-frightened Europe, to Canada. Canadian securities viewed with increased favor by the British investor. Canadian objections to Governors-General from the Royal Family forgotten. Canada's defence policy no longer a party question.

A universal jettison of water-logged stocks. Healthier business conditions—the whole world determined to earn an honest living, at least for a time. Credit arrangements not so easily looted by a crowned madman's whim, consequently a more flexible banking system. A movement among all

nations back to the land, as the only permanent source of wealth, and least disturbed by wars and rumors of war. Thrift found again and practised as a real virtue. A great spiritual awakening—more reliance on the comfort of religion and the power of faith, the whole civilized world having passed through the valley of tribulation.—Toronto Saturday Night.

THE "LIBERATOR"

It appears that General Carranza, the new "Constitutionalist" dictator of Mexico, "is feeling his oats" to an excessive degree. A Washington despatch states that he was only restrained by the wise counsel of the United States government from kicking the British Ambassador out of Mexico. It might be well for Carranza to remember that, though at the present time Great Britain is elsewhere engaged, there is in the office of the Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey, a rather bulky package of documents marked "re Mexican atrocities." These concern murder and other serious crimes committed against British subjects by the Constitutionalist army. Some day the package will be taken from its pigeon hole, dusted, and perused once more. It is quite probable that when that day arrives Great Britain will have enough ships left and enough prestige left, to collect its little account.

HORATIUS OUTDONE

ONE HEROIC HIGHLANDER HELD BRIDGE UNDER FIRE

Special Leased Wire from United Press. London, Sept. 26.—A Paris despatch to the Daily Mail describes the exploit of a lone Highlander who was one of a party of 150 detailed to hold a bridge over the Aisne.

"A German attack," says the correspondent, "was not expected at that point, and the detachment was meant to act rather as guard than as a force to defend the bridge. Suddenly, however, the Germans opened fire from the woods around, and a strong force came forward at a run toward the bridge. The Highlanders opened fire at once, and for a time held the enemy at bay; but the numbers of the Germans were so great that the attacking force crept constantly nearer, and under cover of a heavy fire a dense column of troops was seen advancing along the road that led to the river.

"Then one of the Highlanders jumped up from cover. The maxim gun belonging to the little force had ceased its fire, for the whole of its crew had been killed, and the gun stood there on its tripod, silent amid a ring of dead bodies. One lone Highlander ran forward under a bullet storm, seized the maxim, swung it, tripped and all onto his back, and carried it at a run across the exposed bridge to the far side, facing the German attack.

"The belt of the gun was still charged, and there absolutely alone, the soldier sat down in full view of the enemy and opened a hail of bullets upon the advancing column. Under the tempest of fire the column wavered and then broke, fleeing for cover to the fields on either side of the road, leaving the scores of dead that the maxim had mowed down.

"Almost the moment afterward the Highlander fell dead behind his gun, where in the open road he had checked the advance upon the bridge and reinforcements came doubling up to line the river bank in such numbers that the Germans soon retired, and gave up the attempt to gain the bridge.

"The Highlander had thirty bullet wounds in his body when he was picked up."

THE ROMEWARD DRIFT

Whatever may be the effect of the Kikuyu controversy on the English establishment in expediting conversions—and it promises large results—the coming over last year of the Caldey Benedictines has been very fruitful. Rectors, curates, vicars, twenty-five already have entered the Church, originally loosened from their false positions by that spectacular event. Nearly all are celibates, and most of them are making seminary studies at Beda College, Rome, an institution designed especially for this class of converts.

THE DUBLIN FUSILIERS

From the Pall Mall Gazette. The Dublin Fusiliers, who have again covered themselves with glory, boast a record for foreign service unique among British regiments. Though raised more than two centuries ago, the first time the regiment, as a regiment, saw the shores of England was in 1871. Their name is writ large upon the history of India, where they figured in almost every battle of importance from Plassey to the Mutiny; but the storming of the Boer position at Glencoe was their first engagement out of Asia.

CATHOLIC NOTES

A government census return just issued in London shows a decline in the number of clergymen of the established Church and an increase in the number of Catholic priests. An order of the day issued by Gen. de Castelneau names 6 nuns who, under an incessant deadly fire, continued to attend to 1,000 wounded in their establishment at Gerberville in France, although the population had evacuated the village.

It is stated that Italy has cancelled her promise to participate in the Panama Pacific Exposition to be held at San Francisco in 1915, on account of the European war. If this is true, it will probably rid this country of the incubus of ex-Mayor Nathan as Italy's representative at the Exposition.

Catholic missionary Sisters are doing wondrously in the foreign missions. They are angels of consolation and peace; they carry in meekness and with motherly love the Gospel of Charity among the pagans. The pagans say: "They are not women of this earth, but women who came down from heaven."

Baron O'Brien, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland since 1899 died in Dublin on Sept. 8. Peter O'Brien created a baronet in 1891 and first Baron O'Brien in 1909, was born June 29, 1842. He was Solicitor-General for Ireland from 1887 to 1888 and Attorney-General the following year. He was the fifth son of the late John O'Brien, M. P., of County Tipperary.

Probably for the first time in history men in military uniforms recently slept in the cells of the monks of the Grand St. Bernard hospice, 8,110 feet high, in the Alps. Under the command of an Italian colonel more than 200 future officers in the Italian army from the military academy at Turin arrived at the hospice. The hospice has only 125 beds for the public and there are always many travellers there, but the Abbot was not upset by the invasion and welcomed the officers.

Three more converts are to be added to the steadily lengthening roll. The latest are the Rev. R. M. Brown, an Anglican rector, well known in London, and an M. A. of Oxford, who has been received into the Church at Farm street, and two laymen, who occupy prominent positions in two High Church Societies known as the "Catholic League" and the "Living Rosary." Their names are, respectively, Mr. H. F. Hickey and Mr. Bainbridge, and they were received into the Church by Father Wondaco, an erstwhile friend, who is now stationed at Deptford.

A letter written by a Jesuit priest who escaped from Louvain before the destruction of the city by the Germans has been received by the priest's father in London. The priest says: "All our people escaped except eleven schoolboys. One of these was shot at once, as he had a diary of the war on his person. The others were taken to Brussels, where they were to have been shot, but the American minister stepped in and stopped it. He told the Germans that his government would declare war if any of these persons were shot."

New York's first free Catholic High school opened Monday, Sept. 16. It is on the same basis in respect to charges as parochial schools. The Catholic Church and the city are indebted to the Rev. Father for this very important advance. They have built one of the finest High schools in America, costing fully \$500,000. The leader in the enterprise is Rev. David W. Hearn, who came here from Boston five years ago. He is the rector of the church of St. Ignatius Loyola in Park avenue, but the new High school is not for this parish only. It is for Catholic students of all parochial schools of the city.

More than 10,000 persons assembled recently in the square before Notre Dame Cathedral, Paris, and the inside of the cathedral itself was filled, the occasion being a special service presided over by Cardinal Amere, Archbishop of Paris, at which prayers were offered for the wounded and prayers of thanksgiving for the repulse of the Germans. The ceremony was most impressive. When the hymns were being sung inside the cathedral the crowds in the open took up the airs. Women were in the great majority. Those who wore light colored gowns were conspicuous because most of the congregation was dressed in mourning.

The senate of Cambridge University has invited the Catholic University of Louvain, Belgium, to move to Cambridge, England, there to continue its own separate studies, grant degrees and generally to pursue its activities as if at home. Cambridge University would supply the technical facilities for carrying out this work. Owing to the war the number of students at Cambridge has been reduced to the present, so there would be ample accommodations for such students at Louvain as would be able to avail themselves of the invitation. It is believed that this is the first time such hospitality has been offered by one university to another.

SO AS BY FIRE

BY JEAN CONNOR
CHAPTER V
BROKEN BONDS

The old woman laid her knobby hands on Barbara's shoulder. It was the first approach, in all their eighteen years together, to a womanly caress.
"An' ye will do well, girl, ye will do well. What is before ye, Weasel, but work at the wheel or loom, where every beggar beside ye could flout and jeer at your father's child? What is before ye but hard work and hard living, or maybe harder making with one that would not scorn to wive with Barbara Graeme? And now—now! In Roger Randall's home ye'll have your pick of the proudest in the land."

hood were stirring in her heart. For there had been a brief, bright time—that comes to every healthy human life before mind and heart are conscious of shadow or stint—a time when the gloomy vistas of the pines had stretched golden arcades to Barbara's dancing feet, when the ruined barn was a fairy palace filled with treasure-trove, when perched on the topmost branches of the old yew-tree she sang to the listening birds.
A brief, bright time from which she had soon awakened, to think and feel and harden in self-protection, even as the laughing "burn" hardened at the touch of the frost. But the ripping music, hushed so long ago, was echoing in her heart to-night, and there was a softened look on the young face that gave it a new charm to the honest lover that came swinging up the weed-grown road and paused in some doubt as to his welcome at the gate.
Barbara started up with a little cry of surprise, for Rip fluttered from Duffy's hold, and with a satisfied croak settled on his old perch on the rotten post.
"I've brought him back," said Duffy. "Fritzie Wonn came within an ace of as big a thrashing as he ever got in his life when I saw him with that crow, Weasel. But his old dad swore that he had bought him fair and square."

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A brief, bright time from which she had soon awakened, to think and feel and harden in self-protection, even as the laughing "burn" hardened at the touch of the frost. But the ripping music, hushed so long ago, was echoing in her heart to-night, and there was a softened look on the young face that gave it a new charm to the honest lover that came swinging up the weed-grown road and paused in some doubt as to his welcome at the gate.
Barbara started up with a little cry of surprise, for Rip fluttered from Duffy's hold, and with a satisfied croak settled on his old perch on the rotten post.
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A PAIR OF BROWN BEADS

That Mark Gaylord steadfastly declined to become a Catholic was a constant source of grief and disappointment to his devoted wife. A girl, she thought, that never found expression; a disappointment that never clouded the happiness of an ideal home life.
"Do not try to force him," advised the old priest to whom she had confided her secret sorrow. "Nothing would be gained and much might be lost. You want him to become a Catholic, not through sentiment, not through a desire for your approval, nor yet through fear of your reproach, but through a knowledge and conviction of the Truth. Pray my daughter, pray, and let your life give evidence of the faith that is in you. On the teachings of the Church give suggestions for information if such would be welcomed. Otherwise be silent. Redouble your prayers and leave the rest to God."

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offer the successive Hall Marys for the recovery of his wife's health—the very improbability of which made his request seem unreasonable to himself. But once on his knees he felt impelled to include it, however preposterous it might be, in the all-embracing petition to her who was "full of grace," that she "pray for us now, and at the hour of our death." And with a newly-understood veneration he repeated again and again the Angelic Salutation.

"How unworthy I am," he meditated. "Unworthy even of the patient, devoted wife God has given me. May not her illness be a just punishment on me for my obstinacy in refusing to accept the Truth that has been so clearly indicated to me for at least seven years? I have been blind, and originally not willfully, but I will spare her no more. Ah, if God will but spare her to me, Ah, if I will make amends. And yet, what right have I to bargain with God? I have denied Him and repudiated His Blessed Mother. I dare not ask."

And yet, like Peter, to whom else could he go? There is but one unchanging answer, and Mark Gaylord interpreted it aright. Humble, repentant believing, he begged this favor if it were the will of God to grant it, and he implored the Blessed Virgin to be his mediator. In her honor, he once more commenced the recitation of the Rosary.

He was still in the ecstasy, absorbed in prayer, when Hannah looked in at the door. Startled, she stepped back. It was long past midnight. She had come to call him, but expected to find him asleep in the chair.

ARCHBISHOP GLENNON

PREACHES ON THE PATRIOTISM OF PEACE

His Grace Most Rev. John J. Glennon preached at the New Cathedral Chapel on a recent Sunday on "The Patriotism of Peace." The full text of his sermon was as follows: Commencing with the first of August of this year, there was inaugurated the saddest tragedy of human history—a war, namely, wherein is engaged nearly all the forces of modern civilization; a war which will test whether that civilization shall remain or be destroyed. For two thousand years the world of humanity has been moving onward, and in spite of recurring wars and temporary setbacks with an ever-increasing momentum in social, religious and material welfare. That progress has been more marked during these later years. Paralleling this progress, however, the nations have made an even more rapid progress in the science and equipment of war. They claimed it was that thereby they might the better preserve and promote peace; or, they said, with less hypocrisy and more truth, that they were arming because the others were. And now we see the result. The world energy to-day is monopolized in the inhuman task of men killing one another. All of Europe is practically one grand battlefield, and the living are too busy fighting to wait to bury their dead.

walls spoken, realizing that they who went would not return. These were but incidents. But the hot haste wherewith they went and the tears of those they left behind them were evidence enough of the trials that were to follow. They represented the human side, which must soon be lost as the war progresses; for in the midst of the carnage the "human" is quickly forgotten, and such things as mercy, gentleness and generosity are swamped in the tidal waves thereof, when the lust of blood ways the man who fight. In that vortex of destruction there is at present thrown the fruits of all these years of civilization. Before it go down the monuments that mark the march of the cities and homes they have builded, and last and worst, the lives of innumerable beings for whom the Saviour died.

Now, while the conflagration rages and while men by the thousands are crushed to death, the question naturally presents itself, namely, "Where do we stand; and what is our duty?" To the first of which, I would say, the answer is already given us. We as a nation have struggled long for peace. It was gathered before this European cataclysm. It was the dominant note in the treaties we sought to make, and in the expression of our national policies. Being so circumstanced before this war, it is only reasonable to expect that our position shall not change now; but that in friendly neutrality we shall continue until peace comes to troubled Europe once more. But there is paralleling this our attitude to those without, a certain duty which we owe to those within. The nations are bound together by bonds of blood and commerce. Thus the European situation must affect the affairs of the nations outside, not alone externally in regard to policy, but also its economic well-being. It becomes, therefore, a duty for us to consider how, while war wages without, our own well-being shall be best promoted. On the American nation to-day stands the obligation of sustaining, and sustaining almost alone, the world civilization; of preserving for better days the heritage of religion, morality and social well-being; of bringing over with her life the tidal wave of blood and passion that Europe is spending in her own apparent destruction. This is a solemn and a sacred trust. It is a question—can we succeed? For the family of nations are so bound together to-day that the downfall of one brings all the others to a lower grade. And if the nations of Europe, who heretofore bore the burden of that civilization, should now default, it remains a serious question whether we have the force, the strength and the courage, standing alone, to uphold that cause.

We may, however, leave this broad world issue to others, and perhaps, to be more practical, to come nearer home, and state what we believe to be the duties that lie nearest us, as for instance, how best we may, a nation at peace, preserve that discipline, and promote the vigor both of mind and body that is necessary for a nation to enjoy. The only one commendable feature of war is the spirit of discipline, and order, the rigid rules of military training, the sacrifices demanded, and the fidelity that is taught. Now with us the question is, can we bring that same spirit, that discipline, into the lives of our people? It is our duty to do so. The duty of the ruler, the superior and the parent. This is a duty which I fear is oftentimes forgotten, or neglected, or perhaps rendered impossible in its execution; for our young people to-day spurn discipline—regard obedience as servile, while the idea of sacrifice only appeals to them when it is made by others in their behalf.

A nation whose discipline is ignored, obedience lost, and sacrifices unnecessary and uncalled for, is a nation that is liable to fall from its own weight. Lulled to a sense of false security, it yields but too readily to the stronger forces from without that await, or perhaps hasten its fall.

The lesson we should learn from the Europe of to-day is to bring to the citizen of America the discipline that marks the soldier in Europe. Nor is there alone the lesson of discipline to be learned; that also of sacrifice is one equally to be considered. The nations in Europe to-day not alone have to offer up their holocaust of men on the line of battle, but also they have to demand the service of the men and women that remain at home. The cost is turned into the hospital, and the wealth of the nation is freely offered that the governments may equip still larger armies for the field.

I hope that this lesson of sacrifice made by them for war shall produce similar sacrifices by us in the cause of peace. It is the time, now, when our employers should let their dividends go rather than their employees. It is a time when everyone who wants work should find it. And a little mutual sacrifice will make the same possible. It is a time when people who have money shall not hoard it but if it be in bank, let it stay there; and if it be not, to use it in investments, which, whatever they may be, are sure to be profitable. When the war is over, they will thus blend patriotism and profit together. We have a right to feel complete confidence in the financial standing of the nation; that it is practically impossible for it to fail or fall, unless the nation itself does. With such a

background, then, we have sound judgment and patriotism on our side to promote by every means in our power the commercial activity, and thereby the prosperity of our nation. Recent news may incline some to believe that the war may be long drawn out—a protracted war. But we may rest assured that the end will come sooner than these prophesies indicate. And when there comes the grand restoration, may we not hope that the conflict now in bloody progress shall result in lasting peace? The sanest commentary that I have seen on it was the statement of someone who declared that this was a war upon war, and that its drastic character and world-wide proportions would mean a new vision of humanity, eliminating, forever, warfare amongst men.

There are only two powers in the world to-day which have the favorable position to speak the words of peace. And while their command may not be as effective as Our Lord's once was on the troubled waters, yet if in His name they speak, may we not hope that their prayer, their desire, and their urging may bring, speedily, that consummation so devoutly wished for? These powers are the United States and the Sovereign Pontiff. We all as citizens are with our President in his efforts for peace; and we as Catholics rejoice that the first words spoken by our new Pontiff are words of regret for the tragedy of war, and prayers for the "world's peace."—Church Progress.

SUPERIORITY OF CONVENT EDUCATION

The following tribute to the superiority of convent education, from the Chicago Inter-Ocean, one of the greatest secular daily newspapers of the United States, is commended to the earnest consideration of those parents who are continually degrading our parochial and convent schools: "Despite the novelties of co-education and the attractions of public institutions of learning, convent education still has a power and charm which all are free to admit. Thorough instruction in religious truth, correct moral teaching and a high sense of duty are known to be fully in accord with the most profound knowledge and the widest range of truth in every field of study. Hence the convent bred girl can have every intellectual advantage afforded by a secular college; and in addition, moral, artistic and social associations of a superior order. It is not surprising, therefore, that men and women of every shade of belief very considerably have chosen for their daughters a convent education.

"In our country pioneer conditions have passed away, and with them the educational limitations they imposed. Privation and narrowness in the education of many were not of choice, and the absence of culture was unavoidable. The future points to wider and more varied obligations, which demand a higher and broader education for all. Opportunity for learning and culture is now open to young ladies whose mothers knew such blessings only as a dream. In the field of science and letters convent instruction is not excelled. In the realm of art and music convent training stands pre-eminent, while in the formation of character its standard of true womanhood is the loftiest conception the world has ever known."—St. Paul Bulletin.

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

FOLLOW NOT AFTER EDUCATIONAL NOVELTIES

Writing in the Rosary Magazine on "Educational Tendencies," the Rev. Francis O'Neill, O. P., says: "Catholic schools have been roundly criticized for not paying more attention to the revolutionary reforms which are now sweeping over the pedagogical prairies. The fact is they have been working so steadily with the definite purpose of training students to develop normally in physical, mental and moral attainments that there has been no time for the introduction of passing fads. Catholic teachers have discovered no new specimens of human nature that require strange and unusual treatment. They know that now, as always, there is no royal road to learning—be the reward of hard work. It is true the Pied Piper of Eclativism is passing by, but the students in our Catholic schools continue to pursue the sanctioned courses which experience has proved to be best adapted to the fashion a normally developed scholar. The Catholic schools have not capitulated to the salaciousness of the much lauded 'self-realization' in the sphere of Eros; they ward off corruption by offering positive instruction in purity; they inculcate lessons of restraint; they lower instincts and hope for the blessing of a spiritual vision that reaches beyond the grave.

"Although Catholic schools are not looking abroad for novelties, they are always alert to adopt methods calculated to drive away dullness and stimulate interest. They have already the highest moral influence in the fact that the teachers are consecrated to their work. Text-books and laboratories are but little in the school life of the student when compared with the inspiration which a truly spiritual teacher infuses. This is the most precious heritage of the

Catholic school. With this benediction, it is a garden planted and cared for by the Good Husbandman. So essential is this religious spirit to the soul of Catholic education that it has always been fostered as the most necessary qualification for successful work in the schoolroom. "The strength of the Catholic school must always be the strength of David rather than that of Goliath. There is danger of putting on new armor. Let the wonder still be that, without the trappings of state assistance, the Catholic school can accomplish so much. Let it be made manifest in the face of opposition that we are pledged to pedagogical principles that are based upon a complete knowledge of life: that we are equipped to combat mistaken psychology, however attractively disguised; that our hope for a noble manhood and a consecrated womanhood is based not upon the promises of eugenics, but upon the assistance that God lovingly gives to those who call to Him out of the depths of a clean heart."—Catholic Columbian.

WITH A MORAL

"AND THE AGED BISHOP CAME AWAY HEALED"

ONE OF THE NUMBER OF CURES ATTRIBUTED TO THE LATE POPE PIUS X.

From The Lamp
In the passing of His Holiness Pope Pius X. from the Papal chair in Rome to the companionship of St. Peter and his successors in the great assembly of the Church Triumphant, the Catholic Church on earth mourns the death of a saint. Perhaps we have not appreciated the fact sufficiently, but it should be a reflection to fill the heart of every earnest Catholic with thanksgiving to Almighty God, that after the lapse of nineteen hoary centuries the Catholic Church should have been ruled over by one whose faith in the virtues and power of the Catholic religion seemed not one whit less virile and vivid than that of St. Peter himself, and although the miracles performed by Pope Pius X. were not as numerous as those of the Church's first Vicar, concerning whom we read in the Acts of the Apostles that "the people brought forth the sick into the streets and laid them on beds and couches that the shadow of Peter passing by might deliver them from their infirmities."—Acts, v., 15. Yet the miracles of healing performed by Pius X. while occupying Peter's chair are sufficiently numerous to demonstrate that the hand of the Lord was not shortened to work through Pius as He had worked through Peter. One of the most striking of these miracles was recorded in The Lamp for January, 1913. At that time a former Church of England clergyman, well known to the editor, was a student at Bede College, Rome, and in a letter to us he said: "The Bishop of Salford (Dr. Casartelli), who is staying here, was up in the common room for recreation last night. He told us he had been conversing with a Greek Bishop now living in Rome. The Bishop was a Greek Schismatic and made his submission to the Holy See. He is a very old man—ninety-two years of age. He was blind in both eyes and paralyzed in one arm and side. When he went upon his eyes and to lay his hand upon his arm. The Holy Father did and the aged Bishop came away healed. This happened a year ago; he told Bishop Casartelli about it himself. The Bishop heard the old Greek Bishop say Mass—he resides at the Convent of the Coenaculum."

THE THREE CROSSES

Do you know the difference between the Latin, Greek and St. Andrew's crosses? Many grown people do not, and it is reasonable to assume that the younger reader may need the information. The Latin cross is the one with which we are all familiar. The lower limb is a good deal longer than the other three limbs. The Greek cross, on the contrary, has all the limbs of equal length—two pieces crossed in the middle at right angles. St. Andrew's cross is in the form of the letter X. The Greek cross is sometimes called the cross of St. George, and is blended with that of St. Andrew to form a flag called the Union Jack.

MONTH OF THE ROSARY

The month of October has been set aside as devoted to the Holy Rosary. If it were possible for all Catholics to concentrate their minds and hearts for a few minutes each day on the fifteen mysteries, if all should unite in this beautiful devotion what an abundance of grace would flow in upon our souls.

The Rosary is a form of prayer combining the valuable properties of meditation, contemplation and petition. It is impossible to imagine anyone that says the Rosary with devotion being other than gentle, humble and kind not merely from motives that impel us all to maintain a fair exterior, but from motives far higher and nobler, nor need we be astute to say the Rosary with devotion. The very natural virtues, that are not at all uncommon even in Denver, seem to intensify and make more marked the evils that hold sway. It is upon the natural virtues that religion can build; they need to be lifted to a higher plane, need to be supernaturalized. To bring this about what better fitted, what more effective, than the prayers of the Rosary.

There are those conscious of the evil, even unwilling to succumb to it, yet not making the fight that they know they ought to make. How better can they make a beginning, how better help themselves and help others, than by saying one decade of the Rosary each day? So, also, for those who have not neglected the Rosary, why not an additional petition for grace of increased fervor throughout the state? Indifferentism is the forerunner of infidelity and loss of faith, and we like the yet not making the fight that they know they ought to make. How better can they make a beginning, how better help themselves and help others, than by saying one decade of the Rosary each day? So, also, for those who have not neglected the Rosary, why not an additional petition for grace of increased fervor throughout the state? Indifferentism is the forerunner of infidelity and loss of faith, and we like the yet not making the fight that they know they ought to make. 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LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1914

AN ECHO OF THE "CONGO ATROCITIES"

Preaching in the Earls Court Baptist Church yesterday, Rev. R. V. Bingham, secretary of the Sudan Interior Mission, said that one aspect of the invasion of Belgium by the Germans and the atrocities there was divine judgment for the terrible atrocities in the Belgian Congo by soldiers under Belgian officers, and under the auspices of the Belgian Government.

"In a subsequent interview, Mr. Bingham said that he firmly believed in the justice of the allies' cause in the present war. He did think, however, that Great Britain was unfortunate in her company, including France, Roman Catholic Belgium, pagan Russia and infidel Japan. Outside of the military party in Germany which had promoted the present conflict, Germany was quite as good as the allies of Great Britain."

The Rev. R. V. Bingham is typical of a class of Christian clergymen unfortunately not yet quite extinct. His knowledge of the subjects he treats of so authoritatively is commensurate with his Christian charity and breadth of view. Nevertheless it may be worth while in this connection to state the truth about the martyred Belgian people whose indomitable spirit and heroic sufferings have challenged the admiration and sympathy of the civilized world—and excited the petty envy of the Rev. R. V. Bingham and those who are able to listen to him without nausea.

The Congo atrocities ten years ago were a familiar newspaper topic and there is, therefore, a sufficiently hazy recollection of the facts remaining to make ill-informed and unthinking people give credence to slanderous charges such as the Rev. Mr. Bingham uses the Baptist pulpit to formulate.

The Congo Free State owes its existence to the ambition and force of character of a single individual. It dated its formal inclusion among the independent states of the world from 1885 when its founder, Leopold II., King of the Belgians, became its head. In 1876 Leopold summoned a conference at Brussels of the leading geographical experts of Europe which resulted in the creation of "The International Association for the Exploration and Civilization of Africa." Committees were formed in the principal European countries, but the Belgium committee at Brussels, where also were the headquarters of the International Commission, was from the beginning more active than the others. After the return of Sir H. M. Stanley from his exploration of the Congo, he visited Brussels and a separate committee was organized known as the "Comite d'etude du Haut Congo."

Shortly afterwards this committee became the "International Association of the Congo" which in its turn was the forerunner of the Congo Free State. This association was provided with a nominal capital of £40,000, but its funds were largely supplemented from the first from the private purse of King Leopold. Mr. Stanley, as agent of the Association which soon lost its international character and became in fact a private enterprise of the Belgian king, spent much time in the Congo where by 1884 he had established twenty-two stations for the purposes of civilization and colonization.

The United States of America on 22nd of April, 1884, recognized the Association as a properly constituted State. Germany was the next great power to recognize the Association as an independent State; then Great Britain, Italy, Austria-Hungary, Holland, Spain, France, Russia, Sweden and Norway and Denmark gave it recognition as a sovereign State, and finally Belgium. The Belgian chamber authorized King Leopold "to be chief of the State founded in Africa

by the International Association of the Congo" and declared that "the union between Belgium and the new State of the Congo shall be exclusively personal."

When the Rev. Mr. Bingham talks of the responsibility and culpability of the Belgian people and the Belgian Government with regard to the Congo he shows just about the amount of knowledge of his subject that one might expect from the preacher of such a sermon as the one we are considering. Leopold II. was King of the Belgians, but he was not a Belgian at all. His father, a German prince, was the uncle of Queen Victoria, and he himself was a close friend of his royal English relative. He was a very able man and a Catholic at least in name, a fact that, doubtless, will please Mr. Bingham. Still his Catholicity, such as it was, does not make the Catholic Belgians responsible for his personal conduct nor for the conduct of his personal enterprises.

With regard to the alleged Congo atrocities we have fortunately authorities more reliable and better informed than the Rev. Mr. Bingham and his credulous admirers.

Large areas were leased to companies with extensive powers; in many cases the state was also financially interested. This system of exploitation of the resources of the country was mainly responsible for the bad treatment of the natives. It will be recalled that Sir Roger Casement's more recent exposure of the Putumayo horrors in Peru involved a British rubber company whose head offices were in London, England.

The charges of ill-treatment of the natives of the Congo became so persistent that King Leopold in July, 1904, appointed a commission of inquiry to investigate conditions and if necessary to recommend reforms. This commission was composed of Judge M. Janssens of the Court of Cassation, Belgium, Baron Nicco, an Italian, and Doctor de Schumacher, Chief Justice of Lucerne, Switzerland. After five months on the ground the report of the commission was published. This report bore testimony to the real advance of civilization in the Congo. It recognized that the splendid campaign of the State against the Arabs put an end to the slave trade; that the intestine wars of the native chiefs have succeeded peace and security; that the use of the flail and alcohol have been rigorously prohibited; and that cannibalism is practically abolished. Nevertheless, the commission confirmed the reports of grave abuses in the upper Congo and recommended a series of measures that would in its opinion suffice to ameliorate the evil.

It is to be noted that all this time Belgium was in no way responsible while the Congo remained an exclusively personal enterprise of the king. The Belgians were, however, keenly interested and at various times there was an agitation to take over the Congo State as a Belgian colony.

In 1906 Sir Edward Grey expressed the desire "that Belgium should feel that her freedom of action is unfettered and unimpaired and her choice unembarrassed by anything which we have done or are likely to do," but he added that if Belgium should fail to take action "it would be impossible for us to continue to recognize indefinitely the present state of things without a very close examination of our treaty rights and the treaty obligations of the Congo State."

The United States Senate declared that it would support President Roosevelt in his efforts for the amelioration of the conditions of the inhabitants of the Congo. Reform associations in Belgium and in France also enlightened public opinion. The attitude of the powers was at the same time perfectly friendly to Belgium. In this way the movement for ending the baneful regime of Leopold II. was strengthened. Public opinion in Belgium was disturbed and anxious at the prospect of assuming responsibility for a vast, distant, and badly administered country likely for years to be a severe financial drain upon the finances of the State. But, though those who opposed annexation formed a numerous body, all political parties were agreed that in case of annexation the excesses which had stained the record of the Free State should cease.

On the 14th of November, 1908, the Congo Free State ceased to exist, the rights of sovereignty being taken over by Belgium the next day. From Nov. 15th, 1908, Belgium's responsibility dates; the absolutism of the

King was replaced by thorough parliamentary control. It was not accomplished without strenuous work on the part of the representatives of the Belgian people reinforced by powerful international influence. Since that time the territory is known as the Belgian Congo and the responsibility for its administration rests on the Belgian Government. Since that time there have been no charges of maladministration even by broad-minded, humane and well-informed missionaries such as the Rev. R. V. Bingham.

The Congo atrocities and Catholic Belgium have no more connection than has the Rev. Mr. Bingham with the conduct of General Joffre's campaign in France.

IRELAND AND THE WAR

Statistics compiled before Home Rule became an accomplished fact, or at least before the Home Rule bill became part of the law of the land, show that Kitchener's call for enlistment did not meet with so ready a response in Ireland as in Britain. Now enlistment in Ireland is going on with enthusiasm. Even so uncompromising an opponent of everything Nationalist as Windermere cables to the Star:

"John Redmond's earnestness in the recruiting campaign among the Nationalists is unquestioned, and he will succeed. Sentiment of the bulk of Nationalist Ireland undoubtedly favors the war."

In this connection, also, the Globe remarks very justly: "The taunt has been made that the National Volunteers have not recruited as largely as the Ulster Volunteers, but it must be borne in mind that the Ireland of the South has always given a larger proportion of fighting men to the British Army and that fifty thousand of them joined the colors on the outbreak of war."

A friend who spent a good deal of time in Ireland last summer informs us that he was astonished at the unanimity of Nationalists in their determination not to fight with Ulster over Home Rule; the opinion prevailed that Ulster would fight, but Irishmen were resolved that the British Army alone should uphold the authority of the British Parliament; they were not going to impute relations between Protestants and Catholics in Ireland for another century by fighting on opposite sides over Home Rule. Nevertheless they were keenly desirous of having an effective fighting force in the Nationalist Volunteers to protect and assert their rights under all circumstances.

Prime Minister Asquith in Dublin said: "Old animosities between us are dead, scattered like autumn leaves by the four winds of heaven. We are a united nation, owing and paying to the Sovereign the heartfelt allegiance of men who not only love but enjoy the liberty which our soldiers and sailors are fighting to maintain and extend to others. There is no question of compulsion or bribery. We want, and believe you are eager to give, the free will offering of a free people."

His reception showed that New Ireland at the dawn of a better day still retains the ancient Celtic fire and enthusiasm as well as the martial spirit of the race.

John Redmond summed up the whole mighty truth in these words: "I say to the Prime Minister and through him to the people of Great Britain: You have kept faith with Ireland and Ireland will keep faith with you."

If Orange Ulster outdoes Catholic Ireland in this crisis in the world's history there is not a Nationalist in Ireland, there is not a true Irishman anywhere who will not feel a thrill of generous pride in glory of our Orange-fellow-countrymen. Not Carson nor Bonar Law, nor any man whether through mistaken patriotism or from political motives will then be able to rekindle the dead ashes of Irish religious animosity. Irishmen, Catholic and Protestant, will have found that from Ulster to Tipperary is not such a long way after all.

The fact that the inconsequent Irish song "It's a Long Way to Tipperary" is heard on every march and on every battlefield where British troops are found in this campaign has its significance. Irish soldiers have always done their part. Not always, perhaps, has such generous recognition been accorded as that given by the Prime Minister in Dublin when he said: "The Empire always has been proud of its Irish regiments and never more proud than to-day." But in the incredible popularity of "Tipperary" we have an evidence of the good will, the mutual trust and con-

science, the feeling of genial good fellowship that have been begotten of the strenuous political battles which the people of Britain and the people of Ireland have fought side by side each for and with the other. Now they go side by side to do or die together on the bloody field of battle to preserve their common ideals of freedom and right and justice. This war will destroy the last remnant of racial misunderstanding and distrust between the peoples of the two islands which God has joined together. Is it vain to hope and trust that it will do as much for Ireland?

HAROLD OR PATRICK OR BOTH?

That serio-comic assailant of Rome and all its works and pomps has written us a letter in which he says: "If, however, you think you can bring forward indisputable evidence that will conclusively prove to him (Mr. McFaul) I was never what I profess to have been, I feel confident he will not hesitate to take up his pen against me."

Our letter was signed Harold Patrick Morgan; any others we have seen were rubber stamped plain Patrick Morgan. We do not know what Harold or Patrick or Harold Patrick "professes to have been" since he ceased to profess to have been a Catholic priest. And Harold knows that Patrick Morgan as an ex-priest had a strongly entrenched position in the hearts of many, a position from which he had to retire in disorder when he gave up "professing to have been" a priest.

Harold Patrick Morgan issues a solemn invitation to us to submit charges for his inquisitor-general Mr. McFaul to investigate. At the same time and in the same terms verbatim et letteratim et punctuatim Patrick Morgan issues a like invitation to several others. Will Pastor McFaul find out whether Harold Patrick Morgan is related to the Patrick Morgan known to fame? Or is "Harold" one of the "calumnies concocted and circulated against" "Patrick" or vice versa? For our part we shall be fully satisfied with Inquisitor McFaul's investigations if he finds out that Patrick Morgan really knows his own name.

REMINDS ONE OF IRELAND

"The greatest industry of Galicia, said to say, is that of the distilleries. One is reminded of Ireland, where similarly the manufacture and consumption of intoxicants goes with a somewhat backward agriculture."—The London Advertiser.

The old anti-Irish feeling is passing but the impressions left by the old anti-Irish lies will linger for some time yet. Our friendly Scots conferees of the Advertiser, quite as a matter of course and we are sure without malice aforethought, here furnishes a case in point.

About Galicia and the vodka-drinking Slavs we are not much concerned. It might, however, be well to correct some vague impressions by accurate statistics. Dr. G. Bertillon at the fourth annual Alcohol Congress held in Paris last summer provided us with this information: In litres of pure alcohol the per capita consumption of Great Britain is 7.77; that of Russia 5.21. Whether or not the Galicians are worse than their brother Slavs we do not know: probably not and therefore they are probably better off than the English, Irish and Scotch.

In 1906 a return was published by the British Board of Trade which, likewise allowing a certain proportion of pure alcohol for wine and beer, works out the statistics in gallons of pure alcohol per head for the period 1901-5. This gives the United Kingdom 3.42 and Russia 0.95. Canada, by the way, easily leads Russia with 1.25 gallons of pure alcohol to each Canadian.

Ireland, it is true, manufactures whiskey to a considerable extent. It is one of the great industries of prosperous Ulster. But Ireland drinks less than England, and England less than Scotland, always, it is understood, in proportion to population. The margin is not much to boast about; but enough to make boasting the wrong way look foolish.

But why did not the sad chief industry of Galicia remind the Advertiser of Scotland? Because, we imagine, such memories have to do with impressions much more than with accurate knowledge. This is an extract from the Encyclopaedia Britannica: "More than four-fifths of the distilleries at work in the United Kingdom are situated in Scotland. The leading distilling counties are Argyll, Banff, Elgin, Inverness and

Aberdeen, Perth and Ross and Cromarty, while the industry ("sad to say") is found in seventeen other shires. In 1893-1894 the total net duty received for home-made spirits amounted to £5,461,198 and in 1903-1904 to £7,376,125. The production has attained to colossal dimensions . . . having practically doubled itself in ten years." Of course a lot of people outside of Scotland help to consume Scotland's product. And though we are a long way from Tipperary it is said that the product of Irish distilleries may be had in Canada.

Then, again, is agriculture in Ireland in a backward condition? The days of a vampire landlordism are past and gone. At present the farmers of Ireland are organized on co-operative principles and have been successful in establishing a large number of credit societies from which farmers can borrow at a low rate of interest. Agricultural societies actively co-operate with the Department of Agriculture in disseminating instruction in proper technical methods in every line of agricultural activity. Sir Horace Plunkett, for many years President of Irish Board of Agriculture, plainly told us a few years ago that there was a better public spirit, more intelligent co-operation and greater progress amongst the Irish farmers than is found either in Canada or the United States.

It might be a good thing now that we are all studying geography to correct old impressions by a more accurate knowledge of Ireland up to date.

MR. REDMOND TO THE LIONS

For more than a generation the late Patrick Ford's great newspaper, the Irish World, has been a tower of strength to the Irish national movement. In the hey-day of the Parnell agitation, during the dark days of the "Split," and in the last lap of victory under Redmond, it has worked wonders for the cause of Ireland. It is not much to say that without the Irish World Home Rule would not be to-day the law of the land. But whilst we gladly concede it the full meed of praise for its glorious past we shall not thereby debar ourselves from questioning the wisdom of its present stand on the Irish situation.

About the righteousness of this war there is no room for doubt. Ireland has fought England's battles when the righteousness of Britain's cause was not so self-evident. Today, when Britain is pouring out men and treasure in fulfilment of a solemn pledge, in defence of the threatened liberties of a small and a peaceful nation, Ireland, true to her historic past, is as a unit entering the lists. Her sympathies have ever been with the weak and the oppressed. Not to come to Britain's aid would be, then, to outrage the memories of her immortal dead who died that men might be free and untrammelled. From every conceivable motive of liberty and justice Ireland should be with Britain in this struggle. We are astounded that the Irish World should think otherwise. Pettiness and meanness is out of place in the columns of Patrick Ford's great journal.

Irish gratitude fights on the side of England. The English people have admitted the justice of Ireland's national claims, and the Act that recognizes her distinct nationality is now the law of the land. The Irish World has waged relentless war upon British rule in Ireland. That rule is now a thing of the past. Does the Irish World wish to see Prussian rule installed in its stead? We do not. We want Irish rule for the people of Ireland. Home Rule gives legal sanction to the government of Ireland according to Irish ideas. That government is menaced by the Prussian militarists. And yet the Irish World argues that this war is no concern of Ireland's? But we who live under free British constitutions feel that we are very vitally interested in the success or failure of England.

Because he is rallying the manhood of Ireland to the flag of the Empire Mr. Redmond is to be thrown to the lions. But, thank God, the Irish people think otherwise. Did Irishmen elect to remain passive spectators while little Belgium is battling for her life we would feel that we no longer had a motherland over the seas. Did Ireland not reward trust by loyalty we would feel ashamed of our Irish blood. But England has redeemed her promise, and Ireland has kept her word, so all is well. And when the smoke of battle has cleared away, and we see the happenings of the

present in their proper perspective, it will not be Mr. Redmond but the Irish World that will be judged guilty of a false step. Home Rule is reason enough to justify Ireland's participation in this struggle. Belgium is another reason. And if the Irish World were but true to its past it would be on the side of Belgium, not against her. "What has Germany ever done to Ireland?" asks the World. Begging an Irishman's privilege may we not ask the World "what has Belgium ever done to Germany?" Moreover Ireland is not making war upon the German people, but upon the hateful militarism of Prussia. And from its defeat the German people stand to gain as much as anyone else.

The Irish World is laboring under a great disadvantage. Did it but know the truth the World would make it free to love the liberty that flourishes everywhere beneath the Union Jack. England made a mistake in her treatment of Ireland. But that mistake has been rectified. Why not, then, let the dead past bury its dead. That would be true Christianity. Moreover it would be common sense. Ireland's future is bound up with the Empire. Irish patriots want nothing better than to be permitted to work out their country's destiny under the protection of the British flag. Freedom within the Empire is Ireland's slogan, and that freedom is to-day within her grasp. Let us cast aside the cobwebs of the past. Let us live in the present freedom, and not in the "dark and evil days" that are happily over and done with. We admire the liberty enjoyed beneath the Stars and Stripes, but, to use a rather slangy expression, the Stars and Stripes has nothing on the Union Jack. If proof be needed we point to the spectacle of Canada, Australia, South Africa, India and Ireland rallying as one man to the "old grey mother" in her hour of peril. Slaves do not so love the hand that smites them. It is because we are free, because this is a war for freedom, that we are all, Celt and Saxon, Boer and Briton, lined up beneath the Union Jack.

Its denunciation of Mr. Redmond's recruiting campaign is the Irish World's great blunder. It can work no harm in Ireland. It may tend to delay the reconciliation of Irish-America with England. But we put it to the Irish-American citizens of the great Republic, is it likely that Mr. Redmond would have kept his head during the storm and stress of the past eventful years only to lose it now when the storm has passed? Is not Mr. Redmond, the man on the spot, more likely to know what is best for Ireland than a journalist in a New York printing office? We leave it to Irish-America to answer.

COLUMBA

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE SEVERAL verdicts of artists and historians published in last week's CATHOLIC RECORD as to the glories of the great cathedral of Rheims so wantonly destroyed by the German armies, may fittingly be supplemented by the impressions of a noted English convert, who, more than sixty years ago, while yet an Anglican, visited France and Italy for the purpose of studying the Catholic Church at close range. Mr. T. W. Allies, after Newman the most eminent intellectually of the Oxford converts, during the course of his tour in 1845, spent some time at Rheims, and in his "Journal in France," published in 1849, has left on record his impressions of one of the noblest monuments which medieval piety had bequeathed to posterity. He says:

"THE OUTSIDE of Rheims is all that can be conceived of beauty, grandeur, unity of conception, delicacy and boldness of execution; and this, though the one great design of the architect has not been completed, for the four towers of the transepts have had no spires since the great fire of 1491. The design of these towers is very singular; and the skill with which a strength sufficient to support spires 400 feet high is veiled, so as to make the towers appear quite pierced and open, seems to me one of the greatest marvels of architecture. The prototype exists in the four towers of Laon, which have the same design in embryo; but this is so enriched, expanded and beautified by the architect of Rheims as to become his own in point of originality, and certainly in grace and boldness not to be surpassed. The superiority of the western front, even over that of Amiens, is very marked—in deed, I think it perfect; and the whole of the . . . cut side of the church reads as nearly the same degree. No words can convey any notion of it."

CONTINUING: "We went up the great towers, and could hardly admire enough the delicacy and boldness of the four corner turrets in open work. . . . The immense quantity of sculpture all over this exterior cannot be conceived, nor the ingenuity with which it is made to serve for decoration. A day is far too short a time to carry off the impression of it. The mind is fatigued and exhausted during many a visit, and is not at ease till it has sufficiently mastered the whole, in order to fix itself for admiration and contemplation on some particular part. It would be a good week's work to see it, and it should be revisited once a year by all those who talk of the 'darkness' of the Middle Ages, and the greatness of the nineteenth century, which is sorely taxed to keep in repair what they constructed, and has not sufficient piety to restore a part where the architect's design has been left incomplete."

THE REVEREND editor of the Globe, with true Presbyterianunction, waxed very virtuous in denunciation of German barbarity in Belgium and France. Not since the ancient Goths and Vandals, he said, had the world witnessed anything to parallel the campaign of destruction to which the German invaders have committed themselves in both countries since the beginning of the war, and words failed to express his horror and detestation of the wanton character of the ruin and desolation which they have left in their train. It is but fair to suppose that in the warmth of his indignation the reverend editor forgot for the time being all about the doings of his forefathers in the Presbyterian faith in the Scotland of the sixteenth century. If so, a little honest reflection would have served to convince him that he was rather hard upon the Kaiser and his armies.

FOR, WHILE NOTHING can be said in extenuation of the ferocious vandalism of the latter in the destruction of Louvain and of Rheims Cathedral, and of other wanton acts laid to their charge, as contrasted with the sixteenth century fanatics the plea of lust of blood and conquest might at least be put forward in the German behalf. This plea, poor as it is in the light of the boasted enlightenment of the age, can have no application whatever to the rapacious hordes let loose upon his country by that paragon of mendaciousness and ferocity, John Knox, the "Reformer," and father of Presbyterianism in Scotland.

LET ANYONE who has felt his fund of indignant denunciation exhausting itself in contemplation of the German atrocities just take up any reputable history of Scotland and study the sequel of the "Reformation." Or, perhaps better still, if the opportunities is afforded him of visiting that country let his rambles lead him to the ruins of cathedrals and religious houses—beautiful beyond description, even in their ruins—which dot the land, and, bearing in mind that their destruction was due solely to religious hate and fanaticism—without shadow of provocation—he will, as the circle of his observations widens, find himself realizing that after all even German destructiveness is outdone by the studied ferocity of the entire brood of Scottish Reformers. The editor of the Globe, who has upon occasion displayed some degree of receptivity, might with this in mind re-read the history of Scotland to advantage.

THE WAR with Germany has drawn attention once more to the venerable person of the Empress Eugenie, now in her eighty-eighth year, who in the day of her regnancy was the "first lady to the World." It is forty-four years now since she wore the crown, but, in dignified retirement in England—the refuge of so many deposed sovereigns—is said to wear her years with the grace of her prime, and to still interest herself in world politics. She was by far the most talked of woman in Europe for eighteen years, or from the time of her wedding to the day when the Prussian armies entered Paris and a revolution forever robbed her husband of his crown, and her of her queenly coronet. Exile began from that day, and, unless she is more than human, the prospect of humiliation of the nation which sealed her fate cannot but be sweet to her. The Germans have not been tender in dealing with French monarchs, and had they laid hands upon the Emperor and his consort the latter might not have been spared to

see France's revenge upon her old foe.

THE FRIGHTFUL casualties of the war have drawn attention anew to army surgery. The French are credited with having made distinct advances along this line.

M. DELORME, Medical Inspector-General of the French Army, in a recent lecture at the Academie des Sciences, said:

"At the present day war surgery should be conservative in the great majority of cases and in practically every case of bullet wounds. The smallness and cleanliness of the modern bullet hole, the fact that it is no longer necessary to search for foreign matter, the modern practice of antiseptics and aseptics, have the result of transforming the diagnosis of the majority of war wounds, lessening complications and reducing the losses."

ON THE BATTLE LINE

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR

The apparently slow progress of the war in France where vast forces are locked in a gigantic struggle is thus explained by Sir John French in a statement issued by the official Press Bureau:

"The delay has been produced, first owing to the immense power of resistance possessed by an army which is amply equipped with heavy artillery and has sufficient time to fortify itself, and second to the vast size of the forces engaged, which at the present time stretch more than half way across France. The extent of the country covered is so great as to render slow any efforts to manoeuvre and march around to a flank in order to escape the costly expedient of a frontal attack against heavily fortified positions."

"To state that the methods of attack must approximate more closely to those of siege warfare the greater the resemblance of the defences to those of fortresses is a platitude, but it is one which will bear repetition if it in any way assists to make the present situation clear. There is no doubt that the position of the Aisne was not hastily selected by the German staff after the retreat had begun. From the choice of ground and care with which the fields of fire had been arranged to cover all possible avenues of approach, and from the amount of work already carried out, it is clear that the contingency of having to act on the defensive was not overlooked when the details of the strategically offensive campaign were arranged."

Lack of apparent progress, however, does not mean inactivity. On the contrary the operations have been almost continuous everywhere and of unprecedented severity. As we go to press it looks as though the persistent and determined effort of the allies to turn the German right wing were slowly but surely succeeding. It is presumed that in the matter of reinforcements of fresh troops the allies have a great advantage over the Germans who have to deal with the Russian invasion on the east.

If this presumption is well founded the enemy must be ultimately driven back. There is a limit to human endurance.

The most startling development on the sea was the sinking of three British battle-ships by a German submarine. In itself this is not a serious naval disaster; but as an evidence of the possible development of naval warfare it is very disquieting.

Philip Gibbs War Correspondent of the Daily Chronicle writing from extreme East wing of allied army whence little news has come other than the brief official accounts, says: "It is absurd to talk of Red Cross work," said one of the French soldiers, who has just come out of the trenches at Lunerville. "It has not existed so far as many of these fights are concerned. How could it? A few stretcher-bearers came with us on some of our expeditions, but they were soon shot down, and after that the wounded just lay where they fell or crawled away into the shelter of the woods. Those of us who were unhurt were not allowed to attend to our wounded comrades. It is against the orders. We have to go on, regardless of our losses."

"My own best comrade was struck down by my side. I heard his cry and saw him lying there with blood oozing through his coat. My heart wept to leave him. He wanted me to take his money, but I just kissed his hand and went on. I suppose he died, for I could not find him when we retreated."

HORRORS OF REAL WARFARE

There have been several advances made by the French into Lorraine and several retirements. Upon each occasion the men have seen new

horrors which have turned their stomachs. There are woods not far from Nancy from which there come forth posthumous stenches which make one vomit as it steals down the wind in gusts of an obscene odor. For three weeks and more dead bodies of Germans and Frenchmen have lain rotting there. There are few grave diggers. The peasants have fled from their villages, and the soldiers have other work to do, so that the frontier fields on each side are littered with corruption where plague and fever find holding ground.

THE BRIGHTER SIDE

To the pitiless savagery of warfare there are exceptions. One of these was a reconciliation on the battlefield between French and German soldiers who lay wounded and abandoned near the little town of Blamont. When dawn came they conversed with each other while waiting for death. A French soldier gave his water bottle to a German officer who was crying out with thirst. The German sipped a little and then kissed the hand of the man who had been his enemy. "There will be no war on the other side," he said.

INDIAN TROOPS IN FRANCE

It is officially announced that British Indian troops have been in France since Friday, Sept. 25. There is no information yet as to the disposition made of them, but they are almost certain to be put in the battle front on the left wing of the Allies near the troops of Sir John French. The Indian cavalry would be especially valuable in this part of the vast field of operations where the German line to be broken and retreat begun toward the Belgian frontier. The Indian Lancers let loose upon a retiring and disorganized army of tired-out soldiers would speedily change the retreat into a rout.

GERMAN BARBARITIES IN BELGIUM

Rev. Father Beyaert, who was formerly a priest in the archdiocese of Glasgow, in charge successively of the Catholic missions of Uddington and Parkhead, in writing to Parish Councillor Power, of Uddington, recently sends a vivid account of the awful ordeal through which Belgium is passing during the present terrible war. Father Beyaert describes in detail the misdeeds of the German invaders, and tells also how indomitable is the spirit of the brave Belgians in standing up to the overwhelming legions of the German invader.

"We are passing through an awful ordeal here in Belgium through the invasion of our dear country by the cruel, bloodthirsty German Army. I never thought that in my old days I would have to live in the midst of such abominations. How happy you must be in Scotland, where a cruel, unjust war is not raging at your door as it is in Belgium. Thanks be to God, here in Bruges we have been comparatively safe and quiet. I am sure it is on account of the prayers of the whole population. We have had four Penitential Processions through the principal streets of the town. In one of these more than 80,000 people took part. Our churches, large as they are, are crowded every morning and evening with devout worshippers. Thousands and thousands approach the Sacraments every day."

"But if we have been free from incursions of our savage invaders, want and poverty are making their sting felt by all of us. Not only are all works stopped and business at a complete standstill, but the invasion of our country happened so suddenly and unexpectedly that we had no time to supply ourselves with the necessities of life. Moreover, Bruges is overcrowded with refugees from the places devastated and put in ruin by the cruel German soldiery."

"I never saw a sadder sight in my whole life than when these poor refugees landed here in Bruges. When flying they had had no time to bring anything with them. We are doing here all we are able to alleviate their distress, and to do so we have to deny ourselves many things we were accustomed to. I am sure if the good Catholics of the parishes I have been in only knew of this dreadful state of affairs they would send me some help to alleviate their distress. Moreover, it is not only the poor and the working classes who suffer but even the well-to-do classes also. Their hands are tied, no rent coming in; the Exchange and stockbrokers markets being closed no dividends of shares and bonds are paid."

GERMAN BARBARITY TO PRIESTS

"Probably you saw in the newspapers that when the German army entered into a town they robbed the bank and imposed upon the people an exacting levy, and to force the people to pay it the Germans took the Bishop, the Mayor and the principal inhabitants as hostages, threatening to shoot them if the levy were not paid in full. Five of the nine provinces into which Belgium is divided are completely devastated and ruined. The fury of our cruel, barbarous enemies is always launched first of all against our churches and priests, and that because they accuse our Catholic clergy of urging the people to do their duty to God and Fatherland. Even poor nuns (for instance at Tildonk) were not spared. I

would be ashamed to relate the abominations that happened. "The soldiers of the bloodthirsty Emperor William may continue their odious slaughter, mutilate our wounded soldiers on the battlefield and maltreat the prisoners of war; they may continue to massacre our women and children and old people; they may destroy our grandest monuments, gems of architecture—the beauty of which these uncivilized German hearts are incapable of appreciating; they may rob us of all we cherish, but they will never succeed in disarming us completely. They are trying their best to terrorize us. In the country everywhere they pass they put to fire villages, hamlets, farmsteads. They sacked and destroyed our Catholic University of Louvain and its world-renowned library, etc.

BELGIAN BRAVERY INVINCIBLE

"But they are deceived if they think that by these barbarous, bloody means they will succeed in frightening into submission the Belgian people. No! For like the Irish we are a patriotic and courageous people. We have shown it for the last five weeks to the astonished and admiring world; but we are also proud and tenacious, and will fight to death to save our dear country."

"I despair your newspapers gave a pretty fair account of all the happenings in Belgium and what we have to suffer, but all that they reported or could report is and will be only a slight account of the abominable atrocities committed by the German army, of their inhuman treatment of innocent people, of defenceless women and children. The reality will never be known."

"Perhaps my old friends in Uddington would like to know how I am getting on during the sad and trying times. Communicate my letter to them, and although it is but sad news it contains, it will show them that I am still safe and far from being disheartened. When I lectured on the persecutions in Ireland I never imagined that I should witness as blood-curdling atrocities in my dear native land."

GERMAN SACRILEGE: SACRED HOST VIOLATED

The Manchester Catholic Herald prints a report supplied by Brother Amiel, the Superior-General of the Brothers of Our Lady of Mercy, whose mother-house is in the Belgian town of Malines. In a report sent to the Superior-General by his Brothers in Malines, this account is given of the outrages perpetrated by the German soldiers: "Friday, August 21st.—At 5.15 a.m. the German soldiers began to storm the house from the rear. Doors were broken in and windows smashed. Very soon the soldiers made their way upstairs and came into the chapel with revolvers cocked threateningly, and accused us of having fired upon them on the previous night. We protested our innocence, pointing out how foolish it would be for us to fire on enemies who were in such great numbers. We could not prevail upon them to accept our statement, and under pretext of searching for arms they proceeded to ransack the house from top to bottom. Everything of value was taken away and the fixtures were destroyed. The sacrilegious vandals did not even respect the chapel. They violated the tabernacle, threw the Sacred Host about, and stole the chalice and ciborium."

SURROUNDED BY THE ENEMY

The following card from Madame Bastien, Religious of the Sacred Heart in the Abbaye de Fione, Belgium, to her parents Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Bastien, Hamilton, Ont., will be read with keen interest. It comes from within the German battle line. Madame Bastien was stationed for some years at the Sacred Heart Convent this city and six years ago was sent to Paris, France, where she made her final vows. Her many friends in this city will be particularly pleased to hear of her safety.

Abbaye de Fione, Belgium, Sept. 13, 1914.

My dear parents:—God grant this card may reach you for we are cut off from the rest of the world. A person is going to go to Antwerp and is kind enough to take this and try to send it from there. The Sacred Heart and Our Lady of Miracles have protected Fione in a wonderful manner. No harm to life nor property thus far. Help us to give thanks and beg continued protection. We are living quietly and peacefully enough although surrounded by the enemy. We nursed twenty German wounded, but have none at present. We have no letters, no papers, no trains except the enemy's who pass without ceasing. Useless to write me now but keep the papers. We are anxious to know what America thinks of it all, as we hear such conflicting stories. I have received no letters since the 12th of August. We heard that 400,000 Canadian soldiers had landed in these parts. We see nothing of our armies, but yesterday and to-day have heard the cannon without ceasing. Our convent at Leige had been badly treated, we have some of the religious here as also from Stree, although there are still religious in both. I have a letter written but do not dare send it. Do not worry

about me but pray, pray to the Sacred Heart and Our Lady of Miracles. Will you let Montreal know you heard from me? I must be very anxious about our convents in Belgium. Tell them everyone is safe at Leige, Stree and here. We know nothing about our other convents. I pray God to keep you all safely and offer the sacrifice of not hearing. Let us accept all in a spirit of penance for ourselves and the poor world, which has well merited this chastisement. Give my love to all.

In the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Your affectionate daughter, (Madame Bastien) Helena.

DR. GLADDEN ANSWERS HIS CRITICS

The Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden, in Harper's Weekly, of September 12, has an article on "The Anti-Catholic Agitation," in which he replies to the correspondents brought him by his former article, "The Anti-Papal Panic," in the same journal. The distinguished churchman says that the responses were prompt and voluminous, and as nearly all of them came "from vituperative Protestants, they would seem to confirm the estimate of the article concerning the virulence of this eruption."

CATHOLIC LAYMEN HAVE MINDS OF THEIR OWN

To his correspondents writing from the vicinity of New York, who question the existence of such an epidemic, Dr. Gladden truly says: "The strongholds of this movement are in the rural districts and the smaller cities. An astute politician of these parts was remarking only a few days ago that the issues this fall were not going to be political, but religious."

"Some of the most violent of my critics are willing to admit that the Roman Catholic laity are, on the whole, a good sort. Left to himself, the Roman Catholic layman is as good a man and as patriotic as I am. But he is not left to himself and the better Catholic he is the more of a tool in the hands of the religious-political machine that we call the Catholic Church." I must express my doubt whether this writer is very intimately acquainted with many Catholic laymen. They are, as a rule, loyal to their church and its leaders, and they are not in the habit of engaging in factious disputes with the authorities of their church; but I have known a good many who were men of independent judgment and strong character, who were not afraid to speak their minds and make their influence felt in the shaping of public policy. I do not think that Catholic laymen are all nobodies. I have heard from Roman Catholic priests very distinct admissions that the American layman has a mind of his own and is quite disposed to express it. If any one thinks that the Catholic laity are not to be considered, I do not agree with him.

HARM DONE BY BIGOTED PAPERS

"The most serious fact about these communications is the spirit they reveal. Several publications devoted to this Anti-Papal Crusade are included among them, and the judgment of charity is not strained when I say that their purpose is to represent the Roman Catholic Church and the Roman Catholic people in the darkest colors. Everything that can discredit them is gathered up and set in the most lurid light. Stories of honesty, of oppression, of cruelty are told with great detail; it does not seem probable that sufficient care can have been taken to verify all of them. One of the correspondents points to the multitude of these evil tales and asserts that these newspapers would not dare to print them if they were not true. Unfortunately this is not the case. How easy it is to spread defamatory reports we all know. It is to be regretted that Americans generally are too tolerant of such outrages, and it has been the Roman Catholic policy to ignore abuses of this nature. I myself have proved the untruth of many such tales, so that I know that they are told with impunity. The whole animus of the publications referred to indicates an eagerness to bear injurious testimony against Catholics as a class, to assume that they are all evil, and only evil, and that continually. I am sure that anyone who reads these periodicals regularly and sympathetically would be confirmed in the belief that the Roman Catholic people are either dupes, or knaves, with none but sinister purpose, an element in the population which must be held up to suspicion and reprobation—enemies, in short, of the commonwealth."

"This is the word which is used concerning them in much of this correspondence. This is the light in which the readers of these newspapers must have to regard them. We are told by these witnesses that one of these papers has a circulation of 1,520,000. The minds of its readers are all being filled with hatred and suspicion of the Roman Catholic population."

BOGUS K. C. OATH BELIEVED

"I alluded, in my former article, to forgeries perpetrated by the A. P. A. twenty years ago. The same kind of work is going on to-day. An alleged oath of the 'Fourth Degree' of the 'Knights of Columbus' is being widely circulated. One of my correspondents who is in a position to know, tells me that the Protestant railroad men on one of the leading lines of the North are accepting it as an authentic document. "An organized and persistent attempt is made to convince the Ameri-

can people that some fifteen or twenty millions of their fellow citizens are the enemies of their country, unworthy of their confidence and friendship. It does not appear that any specific proposition has yet been made to disfranchise them, or subjugate them; the object of this movement seems to be to discredit them, to make them feel that they are under the ban."

WHAT WOULD PROTESTANTS DO?

"It does not seem to me a wise or a Christian policy. I do not think that it is desirable that such relations of suspicion and antipathy on the one hand and resentment and wrath on the other should exist between the Protestants and the Catholics of this country. I try to put myself in the places of my Catholic neighbors and to think how I should feel if they were largely in the majority and were publishing newspapers in which the same kind of things were said about Protestants ministers, and the wives and mothers of our Protestant homes, as are being said or insinuated about Catholics by these anti-Catholic newspapers. I have seen a pamphlet published by a Catholic gentleman in Toledo, addressed to a judge of that city, in which he puts some searching questions: "Do you suppose, for instance, that if we were vile enough to have a Menace; if we were low enough to employ pandering lecturers; if we were so lost to shame as to slander your ministers; that even you with your judicial poise could restrain your natural human passions? If I were so contemptible a cur as to impugn the purity of your homes, do you think that even you could remain calm?"

"I am persuaded that if the same kind of campaign of destruction and vilification and innendo, which is now waged by the anti-Catholic propaganda against the Catholics, were urged by Catholics against Protestants, there would be trouble in our streets."—Catholic Columbian.

HOW HARM MAY BE DONE TO RELIGION

It were to be devoutly wished that all those who write or speak in defence of Christianity were men with breadth of mind as well as depth of faith. We have no sympathy with liberals or minimizers; and yet, one is often constrained to exclaim, after reading the writings of some modern Christian apologists. "What a narrow conception of the Church!" Truth is a larger thing than most people can realize, and narrowness and bigotry are by no means confined to sectarians. There are Catholics who seem to regard the Church as an institution in some way dependent upon the existence of St. Peter's in Rome and the temporal power of the Pope; and who write and speak as if they considered themselves infallible oracles of Christian truth. The opinions of persons of this class are apt to be as set as they are erroneous; they misrepresent the Church in many ways, and sometimes rebel honest inquirers. No wonder that our holy religion is so generally misunderstood by non-Catholics when so many of the faithful fail to illustrate it either by word or deed. It is well to consider at times whether our lives and our expressed opinions may not be doing actual harm to the Church.

Those especially who are disposed to condemn any statement put forward in the name of science which happens to conflict with their ideas who seem to regard any one seriously engaged in the study of science as a half-heretic, ought to be made to see that they are really dishonoring religion. Alas! there are not a few such persons, and there is no telling the amount of mischief they do.

We have already referred to an able article by President Andrews, of Brown University, in which it is shown that science, its objects being but the works of God, is a natural ally of religion. In including his thoughtful paper, the writer observes: "Even if a tenet of science is not proved, and is destined yet to be modified, it is nevertheless certain to contain important truth, which must be recognized at last, putting to shame such as refused its right to be heard. Religion has suffered immeasurably from these false alarms, of which in the end it has always been obliged, however reluctantly, to admit the groundlessness. To do so against real science is to shut a prophet's mouth, to stifle a voice from on high. We may be sure of it, every discovery in any field of truth has its religious bearing. To suppress or to hinder this from coming to due influence is fighting against God."

The same thought is expressed by our own Aubrey de Vere in an able essay on modern belief—an essay that goes to the root of the matter, and is calculated to benefit anyone sincerely desirous of believing, though enveloped in the midst of speculation. After warning his readers against the credulous acceptance of scientific theories which may be shown eventually to be erroneous, he reminds religious teachers that to disparage science is to dishonor one of God's great gifts to men. "It is to her progress, and that of Liberty, that Humanity looks forward with most trust for her future."

Only in one sense can Religion see an enemy in Science. Scientific truth can not contradict religious truth; but religious error can contradict it, and the path of Science ever lies, through error, more or less par-

tial, to a larger and purer truth. Before atmospheric pressure had become understood, it was philosophical to believe that Nature abhorred a vacuum; and to add that her abhorrence extended only to a well thirty-two feet in depth. Science advances the more steadily for her victories being thus tardily won.

"I remember the time," says the distinguished Prof. Gray, in the first of two memorable lectures delivered to the theological school of Yale College, "when it was a mooted question whether geology and orthodox Christianity were compatible. . . . One need not be an old man to know that Laplace was accounted an atheist because he developed the nebular hypothesis, and because of his remark that he had no need to postulate a Creator for the mathematical discussion of a physical theorem. . . . Many of us remember the time when schemes for reconciling Genesis with Geology had an importance in the churches, and among thoughtful people, which few if any would now assign to them when it was thought necessary—for only necessity could justify it—to bring the details of the two into agreement by extraneous suppositions and forced constructions of language, such as would now offend our critical and sometimes our moral sense. The change of view which we have witnessed amounts to this. Our predecessors implicitly held that Holy Scripture must somehow truly teach such natural science as it has occasion to refer to, or at least could never contradict it; while the most that is now intelligently claimed is that the teachings of the two, properly understood, are not incompatible. We may take it to be the accepted idea that the Mosaic books were not handed down to us for our instruction in scientific knowledge, and that it is our duty to ground our scientific beliefs upon observation and inference, unmixed with considerations of a different order. . . . "Half a century ago, when I began to read scientific books and journals, the commonly received doctrine was that the earth had been completely depopulated and repopulated over and over, each time with a distinct population; and that the species which now, along with man, occupy the present surface of the earth, belong to an ultimate and independent creation, having an ideal but no genealogical connection with those that preceded. This view, as a rounded whole and in all its essential elements, has very recently disappeared from science. It died a royal death with Agassiz, who maintained it with all his great ability, as long as it was tenable. I am not aware that it now has any scientific upholder. It is certain that there has been no absolute severance of the present from the nearer past. . . .

In concluding his second lecture, the great naturalist uttered these remarkable words: "If I, in my solicitude to attract scientific men to religion, be thought to have minimized the divergence of certain scientific facts from religious beliefs, I pray that you, on the other hand, will never needlessly exaggerate them; for that may be more harmful. I am persuaded that you, in your day, will enjoy the comfort of a much better understanding between the scientific and the religious mind than has prevailed. Yet without doubt a full share of intellectual and traditional difficulties will fall to your lot. Discreetly to deal with them, as well for yourselves as for those who may look to you for guidance; rightly to present sensible and sound doctrine both to the learned and the ignorant, the toady and the lofty-minded, the simple believer and the astute sceptic, you will need all the knowledge and judgment you can acquire from science and philosophy, and all the superior wisdom your supplications may draw from the Infinite Source of knowledge, wisdom, and grace."

The Christian who dreads the march of science, who fears the results of approved Biblical study or of historical research, whose religious sense is being dulled by the study of nature, is either a man of weak faith or shallow mind. The greatest intellects the world has known have affirmed an after life and a living God. Only those who live up to the truth comprehend it clearly and grasp it firmly. A religious teacher ought to be a man of noble life, with a heart large enough to love all that is lovable, and a mind broad enough to embrace all truth. It must be confessed that there are Christian apologists nowadays who would be better employed in cultivating personal holiness than in defending the truths of religion.—Ave Maria.

There is no surer mark of the lack of culture than the use of ill-natured and abusive epithets. All God's angels come to us disguised; sorrow and sickness, poverty and death. To go to confession, after repenting of sin, is to find peace, forgiveness, comfort, and strong advice. The confessional is the way to a quiet conscience.

THE Thornton-Smith Co. Are in a position to immediately deal with contracts for The Interior Decoration of Churches A request will bring a member of the firm who will prepare estimates and schemes of decoration forthwith. Correspondence Invited 11 King St. West, Toronto

LE CHEMIN A TEEPERAIRE

The favorite marching song of our soldiers is "It's a long, long way to Tipperary," and their favorite cry is "Are we down-hearted?" Both have delighted the French people, and by all accounts the soldiers are teaching the cry to their Allies, while one of their newspapers publishes this translation of "Tipperary" into the French language: "Il y a bien loin d'ici a Tipperary. C'est un chemin bien long a faire! Quoiqu'il m'attendre au bout du trajet La plus belle petite fille de la terre! Adieu donc, mon cher vieux Piccadilly. Adieu donc, Leicester Square! Je vous quitte pour me rendre en Tipperary. Car c'est lui qui m'est le plus cher!" —London Letter Toronto Saturday Night.

THE NUN NEAR TO THE SOLDIER

"If a war, and especially a war in Christendom, is one huge paradox," says the London Tablet, "so in the details of the current conflict we have a constant union of opposites and a coming together of daily contradictions. The nun, of all human creatures, stands for peace, and yet the nun is now near to the soldier. Seclusion, silence, watching adoration are her life day and night. That is her normal history in a nutshell. But now she, too, is called into action. Already she is seen in her habit on the platform of London railway stations, speeding to some post of perilous duty. Already the picture papers show her in Belgium bending over the head of the wounded. Already with a heart dedicated to peace she is at her post on the battlefield. The very convents have become camps; and at Liege, where the Angelus bell rang every morning on heights that seemed to stand symbolically between earth and heaven, nuns of the Sacred Heart have performed incongruous places to German staff officers."

There is no surer mark of the lack of culture than the use of ill-natured and abusive epithets.

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FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

The noble mission which has been made to the CATHOLIC RECORD's appeal in behalf of Father Fraser's Chinese mission encourages us to keep the list open a little longer. It is a source of gratification to Canadian Catholics that to one of themselves it should have fallen to inaugurate and successfully carry on so great a work. God has certainly blessed Father Fraser's efforts, and made him the instrument of salvation to innumerable souls. Why not, dear reader, have a share in that work by contributing of your means to its maintenance and extension? The opportunity awaits you: let it not pass you by.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

LYING

"Whosoever, putting away lying speak ye the truth every man with his neighbor."

Of all the vicious habits into which we are prone to fall, there is none more common, and none more miserable, mean, and contemptible, than this one of which the Apostle here speaks. There is also none about which Christians in general have so lax and careless a conscience. True, every one regards lying as in some sense at least sinful; and many would hesitate about going to Holy Communion if they had told a lie after confession. But in spite of this, when the Communion is once made, the tongue which has just received the God of justice and truth will immediately begin again to offend Him by telling falsehoods which are too often unjust as well as untrue.

Still, when there is an injustice done by telling a lie; when some one else suffers by it in his character or his goods, there are, I hope few who do not see what a sin they have committed, and understand that they must make reparation by taking back what they have said, if they wish to be good Christians. But for all that, how many injurious lies are told, even by those who think themselves good Christians, and never properly retracted or even thought of afterward by those who tell them! The most abominable slanders pass from mouth to mouth; they are listened to and repeated with the greatest interest and eagerness, without any trouble being taken to ascertain whether what is said is true or not. These people who are so free with their tongues never seem to imagine for a moment that, even when circumstances would justify them—and it is very seldom that they do—in telling a fact bearing against their neighbor they are under an obligation first to find out by careful examination whether it is indeed a fact; otherwise the sin of an injurious lie will rest on their souls.

There are, however, some, and indeed many, who abhor slander, and who are really careful about telling injurious lies, and who hasten to retract what they have said against others, if they find out that, after all, the fact was not as they had good ground to believe. But there are not by any means so many who are careful about the truth for its own sake, and who do not scruple to tell white lies, as they are sometimes called.

What are these white lies? They are of two kinds. The first are those which are told for some end in itself good, to get some advantage for one's self or another, or to get one's self or some other person out of a scrape; to conceal a fault, to avoid embarrassment, or to save somebody's feelings. These are called officious lies. Then there are others, called jocose, which do no good to any one, but are told merely for fun; such as the little tricks on others which are often indulged in, or boasts made about things which one has never done. They may be taken back before long, and only mean to deceive for a moment; still they are meant to deceive, if only for a moment, and are, therefore, really lies.

Now officious lies are really forbidden by God's law as well as injurious ones, though of course not so bad as those. And yet how few act as if they really were sins at all! People will say, "I told lies, perhaps three or four every day, but no harm to other people; no harm! No harm to other people; no, perhaps not, except by bad example and the loss of confidence in your word and that of others; though there is great harm even in that way. But there is a greater harm than this: it is that which the liar does to the sacredness of truth itself, and, as far as he can, to God who is the eternal truth, and who loves truth unspcakably, and requires that we should love it for his sake. He will not allow us to tell the most trivial falsehood, though by it we could save the whole world from destruction, or bring all the souls which have been damned out of hell and put them in heaven.

Remember this, then; there are lies which are not injurious, but there are no lies which are not harmful and sinful; no lies for which you will not have to give an account at the judgment of God. Stop, therefore, I beg you at once, this mean, disgraceful, and dishonorable habit of falsehood; it will never be forgiven in confession unless you make a serious and solid purpose against it. Put away lying then at once and for ever, and speak the truth in simplicity; you may sometimes lose by it for the moment, but you will profit by it in the end, both in this world and in the world to come.

THE CHURCH AND HER CRITICS

She is not political enough for Catholics; she is too political for Protestants; she is too sensational for Herod; she is too sensational for the Pharisees. She is too ugly for the Greeks; she is too beautiful for the Puritans. She is too dogmatic for modern religious mystics; she is too mystical for the modern scientific dogmatists. She has either over-emphasized or under-emphasized every element of truth which the world acknowledges. She is too ascetic in her g of celibacy; she is too

imprudent and unphilosophical in her teaching on the married life; she is too leisurely and contemplative for the philanthropists; she is too active and zealous for spiritually minded. She is too rationalistic and precise in her theology for the sentimentalists; she is too sentimental for the rationalists. She is too hard on the heretics; she is too easy towards the sinners.—Monsignor Benson.

TEMPERANCE

PROHIBITION IN KANSAS

1. Kansas has no saloons, says The Wichita Advance. Young men can go to their work and return home without having the constant temptation to "drop in and have a drink." Money that would be spent for liquor under other conditions, is now taken home to wife and family.

2. When our farmers come in to town from the country to pass a day with the city boys, they are not enticed by the smell of beer or whiskey as they pass along the streets. Old timers can get liquor in the larger centers, where illicit selling goes on, but not in small towns. As a result, the average farmer goes back home as sober as he came.

3. If prohibition were submitted to the people of Kansas tomorrow, it would win one fifty to one. There is not one woman in a hundred who would vote against it.—and women vote on all state questions in Kansas.

4. As a direct result of prohibition, Kansas has \$200,000,000 in banks and \$87,000,000 in mortgages in other states. It has \$600 per family in banks \$750 per family in live stock. In Kansas there are 87 counties without any insane, 54 counties without any feeble minded, 96 counties without any inebriates, 38 counties without any poor houses, 53 counties without any persons in jail and 65 counties without a representative in the state penitentiary.

5. Wichita is the second largest city in Kansas. The editor of the Advance has a parish in the stock-yards district and almost every one of his men parishioners is a day laborer. Yet there is not a single drunkard in this parish, nor is there a young man who even occasionally tipsles. The temptation is lacking. Conditions very similar prevail throughout the state.

WHISKEY THE CAUSE OF POVERTY

It is "heavenly dew"—whose Gaelic name, usquebaugh, we have pronounced "whiskey" that more than anything else has held back the Irish in America. The Irishmen is no more a craver of alcohol than other men, but his sociability betrays him to that beverage which is the seal of good fellowship. He does not sit down alone with a bottle, as the Scandinavian will do, nor get his friends around a table and quaff lager as the German does. No "Dutch treat" for him. He drinks spirits in public, and, after a dram or two, his convivial nature requires that every stranger in the room shall seal friendship in a glass with him. His temperament, too, makes liquor a snare to him. Where another drinker becomes mellow or silent or sullen, the Celt becomes quarrelsome and foolish.—Prof. E. A. Ross, in Century.

LESSON FROM THE LAUNCH

A good story is told of Sir Wilfrid Lawson that well illustrates the ready wit for which he is famous. Instead of breaking a bottle of champagne on the bow of the vessel before launching.

"I don't know that I altogether agree with you," replied Sir Wilfrid, "for, to my mind, there is a good temperance lesson to be found there."

"How can that be?" asked his companion.

"Well," replied Sir Wilfrid, "it is noticeable that directly the ship gets her first taste of wine she takes to water, and sticks to it ever after."

NOT A GOOD ADVERTISEMENT

In the front window of a Columbus (O.) saloon, during the state fair week was a large glass tank filled with water in which were hundreds of fish. It always attracted a crowd. A young fellow, after watching the fish for some time, stepped inside and said to the proprietor:

"That's a catchy advertisement in your window."

"Yes," said the saloonkeeper, "it attracts much attention."

"But," said the visitor, "you are losing an important point. Instead of filling that tank with water, why don't you fill it with your beer or whiskey?"

"Why, you blankety-blank fool," said the saloon keeper, "the fish would all die if I were to carry out your idea."

"Well," remarked the young man, "if that is the case, it is not a good advertisement for your business after all. If beer and whiskey kill fish, what chance have men who drink the stuff? You have suggested a good

AFRAID SHE WAS DYING

Suffered Terribly Until She Took "Fruit-a-tives"

ST. JEAN DE MATHA, JAN. 27th, 1914. "After suffering for a long time with Dyspepsia, I have been cured by 'Fruit-a-tives'. I suffered so much that I would not dare eat for I was afraid of dying. Five years ago, I received samples of them for I had little confidence in them but, seeing my husband's anxiety, I decided to do so and at once I felt relief. Then I sent for three boxes and I kept improving until I was cured. While sick, I lost several pounds, but after taking 'Fruit-a-tives', I quickly regained what I had lost. Now I eat, sleep and digest well—in a word, I am completely cured, thanks to 'Fruit-a-tives'."

MADAM M. CHARBONNEAU "Fruit-a-tives" is the greatest stomach tonic in the world and will always cure Indigestion, Sour Stomach, "Heartburns," Dyspepsia and other Stomach Troubles. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

text for the temperance talk to my Sunday school next Sunday."

BUTTERMILK VS. BOOZE

In Topeka, Kansas, within five blocks on one street there are fifteen buttermilk stores. It is said this one street from end to end dispenses one thousand gallons of buttermilk a day, but no booze. With all this drinking of buttermilk the police records of the city do not show a single arrest caused by swilling a restaurant, neither can they find any poverty or insanity in that source. The people of Topeka seem perfectly content to use buttermilk instead of beer and whiskey and this is why the liquor gang is howling—American Issue.

CHURCH AND PEACE

The Church is the voice of Christ continued through the ages. "My peace I leave you," "peace on earth to men of good will," "love one another," that message has echoed down the ages and it is His Church who carried the message. It has civilized nations and almost Christianized them. When our chief executive issued a proclamation that as American Christians we should pray for peace among the warring European nations, we all lauded his good impulse. It was Christ-like. Being in high position it seemed glorious. This seems an opportune time to call to mind the practice of the Catholic Church, which in like circumstances, is often ridiculed by our non-Catholic friends. The supreme heads of Christendom, whose office is to spread peace upon earth, have in all ages sent messages to the world urging prayer for the preservation of peace among the Christian nations. By the inspiration of the spirit they were led to know the usefulness and sanctity of prayer. How was the message received? War and its accompanying horrors makes man think.

The Church was ever the herald of peace. She has been accused of being neglectful of her duty as the acknowledged ambassador of Christ in medieval times, and indeed in times prior and subsequent to the much misunderstood Middle Ages. Now is the time to call men's minds to the true definition of the Church, as well as her real attitude towards nations during her career.

"The Church is a spiritual kingdom, instituted and sustained only for a spiritual end, and governs men and nations only under the relation of conscience. She must leave people free to organize their own form of government, to organize and govern the State as they see best. All she has to do is to preach to them the principles of natural justice and equity; which is another expression for the "Golden Rule." Her children, she knows, as well as those without her fold, are erring sheep. They are creatures of education and adhere to the political and social order of their training. In the first ages she found them descendants of pagan ancestors and for centuries had the Simon-pure Roman paganism in them to contend against. They were called Catholics and children of the Church after their adoption of the true faith, but continued to adhere to pagan customs. Countries were Christianized, rulers converted, but we must understand this as the Church would have us to do. She must be "all things to all men to win all to Christ," and often while yielding nothing in point of doctrine, submitted to indigni-

WAR AND DRINK EQUALLY DISASTROUS

Both Bring Unaccounted Miseries In Their Train.

Many drunkards are sent to jail when they find that the cure of drink which they need is medicine. Drink has undermined their constitutions, inflamed their stomachs and nerves, until the craving must be satisfied.

Now, if you know of any unfortunate suffering from this treatment, tell his family or friends about it. If you have any friend or relative who is forming this habit, help him to release himself from its clutches. Write to-day.

A FREE TRIAL PACKAGE OF SAMARIA

Prescription, with booklet giving full particulars, absolutely free and postpaid, in plain sealed package, to anyone asking for it. Correspondence strictly confidential. Write to-day. The Samaria Remedy Co., Dept. 11, 142 Mutual Street, Toronto, Canada.

ties in the persons of her ministers which are misunderstood by the modern historian. The kings and emperors, lords and barons of the Middle Ages, Catholics, but in the sense American public opinion to-day thinks the kings, emperors and counselors of Europe are truly Christian. If men to day are not Christianized after all our vaunted progress, and this war only goes to prove that hereditary hatred and national animosity is stronger than Christian impulse how can we wonder if in an earlier age man evinced more of his primitive barbarism. The Church to day has failed in its mission, and by this we might say it is the modern Church which has failed. But it is not the Church which has failed. She has always preached purity of sentiments and gentleness of manners, set a divine value on human life, urged tenderness for the lowly and afflicted, peace among nations; those are the elements of civilization ever taught by her. But man is primarily a pagan—converted, seemingly, but proving ever and anon his extraction. So it is we must look upon this calamity among Christians to-day. What will it lead to? Let us hope to universal peace or to the mind that will see its beneficence and value. Whether this dreadful spilling of blood will lead to horror for war or to the exemplification of the seemingly human readiness to avenge by more bloodshed remains to be seen. People we fear will not forget the bloody legacy of hatred bequeathed by those who will die and war will only fire anew un-Christian desire for revenge.

A MOTHER TO SINNERS

The Church cannot force goodness upon her members. She can lead them, persuade them, help them—but they must save themselves. If they will not hear her voice or use her help, she can only wait and pray. Christ would not make Judas honest or honorable, though He was the Lord God. The apostles could not produce a sinnerless Church.

No. The work of the Church is in a world of sinners, in a world prone to evil. The tares must ever grow with the wheat until the harvest. The Church faces the situation honestly. Her mission is to save the sinner, as well as to preserve the good. She will have none of the Phariseism. She has no patience with the Donatists' assumption of immaculate virtue and their contention that the Church, in receiving sinners, ceases to be the Church of Christ.

She is the Church of Him Who was accused of sitting at meat with sinners, Who forgave Magdalen and sought out the lost sheep, and welcomed the prodigal and pardoned the malefactor in his death agony. She teaches that God alone can judge hearts; that propriety is not synonymous with sanctity; that a well born son of culture or daughter of fashion, who idles life away and squanders his selfish enjoyment of resources that might be productive of great good, may be more guilty in God's sight than the poor laborer who seeks in the saloon a temporary forgetfulness of his ills, though the one may violate no canon of polite society, and the other may find himself in the dock of the municipal court. Though adamant to sin, the Church must be a mother to the sinner. Such is the Church and such are her activities.—The True Voice.

DISCOURAGEMENT IN PRAYER

Sometimes we become discouraged about our prayers; it seems almost, perhaps, as though God had forgotten us, and our good angel had forsaken us. Let us see what encouraging things have been said about this in a "Dominican Mission Book and Manual of General Devotions," compiled by a Dominican Father. The introduction to this book is a plain little talk about prayer; and in it we find these helpful and encouraging words which apply to the great and being difficulty which we meet with now and then in our prayers.

"Sometimes it so happens that both the imagination and reason seem to be paralyzed, so that after faithfully trying to begin and to go on with the meditation for a little while the soul finds itself so stupid and dull as to be able to imagine or reason upon nothing. Let her make simple acts of the will, however hard and dry they may seem to be. Let her spend the time saying to God such things as 'O my God, I love Thee. O my God, I offer my mind and body to Thee—O my God, I give my will up to Thee. I submit to this dryness and dullness—' and other such simple dry acts. There may be no sensible fervor in them, they may seem to the soul perfectly stupid, yet such act of the will, done at the same time with great calmness and interior stillness, without hurry or anxiety, will be of the greatest value to the soul and in the eyes of God. You will make more progress during that hour than in many others when the reason was bright and the affections came gushing forth like a fountain. But perhaps the heart may be so dull that even this simple act cannot be made without turmoil and disturbance of mind. In that case, remain quietly before God in perfect calmness, submitting yourself to His will in this trial. Occupy yourself simply in keeping peace."

How consoling is this advice! Let us carry a little farther the teaching on tranquility, peace, calmness. It reads as follows, in plain, simple words: "Another thing is, to make all your spiritual exercises, daily or otherwise, whatever manner of prayer you may be using, with the greatest peace, calmness and stillness of heart. There is nothing worse in

CATHOLIC LAWYERS, ATTENTION

Mr. James L. Morris, for twenty years a leading member of the bar in Wilkesbarre, Pa., refused an appointment as a referee in a divorce action which was tendered him on June 18. Mr. Morris declared that he could not be a consistent member of the Catholic Church and participate in divorce suits which the Church considers to be one of the greatest evils of the day. "All honor to Mr. Morris," exclaims the Newark Monitor, "and may his example be followed by every Catholic lawyer in the country."

No man can ever travel away from God without doing it at his own expense.

prayer than anxiety, fear, fretfulness, hurry, over eagerness to do it right, or any over straining of the soul. All should be done with the greatest calmness, stillness, peace and tranquility possible. The loss of that interior calmness disturbs recollection, distracts the attention and hinders the workings of the Holy Spirit. So that, if your tranquility is disturbed you must endeavor by all means to restore it before you go further, even though the whole time of your prayer be occupied in doing this."

ON THE WAY

"Those who value the comprehensiveness of the Church of England, and indeed regard it as her most distinguishing mark," says the London Tablet, "will hear with relief that sixteen bishops of the Anglican Church have addressed a memorial to the Archbishop of Canterbury, in which they repudiate their brother of Zanzibar." The bishops think that the Catholic movement in the Protestant Church of England has gone far enough. They affirm that the exclusiveness of certain factions in the Church of England reflects but little of the broad, comprehensive charity of Christ, and they imply, though they do not clearly say, that a charitable co-operation with the various missionary forces in foreign countries is of greater importance than a narrow insistence upon creed. They regard it as not contrary to the mind of the Church to enter into union with other Protestant Churches which accept the Scriptures, the Apostles' and the Nicene Creeds, and administer the two sacraments. They do not see why Protestants may not be admitted to the Anglican sacraments, and when their own ministers should be free to receive the sacraments from other Protestant clergymen.

The task before the Archbishop of Canterbury," comments the Tablet, "will now be to show that there is also room in the Church of England for the Bishop of Zanzibar, who denies each of the propositions which the sixteen bishops affirm. Happily the great prudence and tact of the Archbishop seem specially to qualify him for this delicate task." There can be no doubt that the prime will succeed in reconciling the opposing doctrines in question. But whether the Bishop of Zanzibar, who seriously objects to communicating with Protestants in religious services, will consent to occupy the room in the Church of England which the kindly primae is endeavoring to reserve for him, is another matter. It is reported that the private chaplain of His Lordship of Zanzibar is under instruction, preparatory to his reception into the Catholic Church. If this be true, may light and strength be vouchsafed the bishop to follow his chaplain's example.—America.

CONCLUSION. We affirm that it is our solemn conviction that never has a nation been favored of Providence as our beloved America. Our Church never had a fairer field in which to preach her message of peace. We are misunderstood by some who reiterate the time-worn calumny that because in spiritual matters we obey the vicar of Christ we are a menace to our country. The Church cannot interfere with a people's civil form of government. It must tolerate all forms where righteousness and justice obtain. We owe allegiance to the Pope only in matters of faith and morals. But we are proud that in our day was seen the spectacle of a vicar of the "Prince of Peace" laying down his life in sympathy with his Master when Christian nations turned a deaf ear to his apostolic admonitions of war's dire consequences.—Intermountain Catholic.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

ONE MAN'S WAY

This is not a pious exaggeration, nor the fruit of fancy—it is a sober tale of fact. Let me tell it to you from the beginning.

I had just got into the Pullman car and was settling myself in the seat, when a strapping fellow with a pleasant, rosy face, leaned over from the opposite seat.

"Have half of my paper, Father?" said he.

I thanked him and pointed smilingly at my breviary. But after the office had been duly said, we fell to chatting together. In the course of our conversation he came somehow to the subject of daily Communion, and the difficulty most people find in delaying their breakfast day after day until they have heard Mass and received the Blessed Sacrament.

"Yes," said he, "I found it so inconvenient that, about eighteen months ago, I gave it up altogether."

"Well, now," quoth I, "that isn't quite right. It may be hard to go every day. But you should try to manage it sometimes. Do you live so far from the church?"

He turned and looked at me wonderingly.

"Oh," said he, "you misunderstand me. It wasn't the daily Communion that I gave up—it was the breakfast."

"What," said I, "a hearty young fellow like you, hasn't eaten his breakfast for eighteen months past?"

He nodded his head very vigorously.

"Upon my word," said he, "and I'll tell you how it happened. I went to work in a C—, and when I left home the folks kept reminding me, that C— was a godless town and that if I didn't look out I'd take some harm there. So I began to go to Communion every day from the time I struck the place. I'd been used to eating a regular whopper of a breakfast, I tell you. My mother believed that the more you ate, the stronger you grew—and I stowed away so much sometimes that it was a wonder I held it. So I would start to Communion and then hurry back for breakfast, and then dash down to my work. And, I tell you, it made me sick."

"Then I got the notion of cutting out the breakfast altogether, and believe me, it worked like a charm. After a while I went back home and took a job in an ice plant, and I used to leave home every morning breakfastless and walk to church for Communion, then down to work without ever thinking of breakfast again."

"Well, but didn't it pull you down?" said I, taking a glance at his rosy cheeks—which, to tell the truth, were as plump and solid as anyone could wish.

"Look at me, Father," said he, "I've been doing the thing for eighteen months. When I started in, I weighed one hundred and forty-eight pounds, I now weigh one hundred and sixty or so, and I've walked my good five miles a day, to and from the office."

"Haven't you ever been sick?" said I.

"Sick," cried he, "not a minute!" I have set down our conversation very plainly, as you see, from the notes which I made instant on the edge of my time-table. This young fellow was telling the plain truth as I knew from other sources, as well as from his own honest word.

If I should add all the enthusiastic things he said of the spiritual benefit he felt from daily Communion I should take up much space again as this. How true it is that where there is a will, there is a way—though the way may not be always the one which this pink-faced young business man has discovered for himself of solving the problem of the Eucharistic Fast.—T. R. K., in the Queen's Work.

CHOOSING HIS CROSS

Once, according to an old Bavarian legend, there was a man who complained to his guardian angel that the cross he was given to bear along life's highway was beyond his strength. "I am well aware," he said, "that in this world of sorrow every man must bear a cross, and at that I do not murmur. But the special cross that has been assigned to me is, without doubt, utterly unsuited to my capabilities; the shape, the weight, the balance, all are wrong. Could I but choose my own cross, though perchance it might prove a heavy one, I would carry it uncomplainingly, and even cheerfully; but saddled as I am with so unwieldy a burden, how can I be expected to persevere and wend my painful way on to the journey's end?"

On hearing this his guardian angel took the man to the place where all the crosses destined for mankind were stacked, waiting for their bearers. "Choose," quoth the angel, "and take whichever cross thou wilt in exchange for thine." Thereupon the man quickly cast his own cross aside and set to work to find one more suited to his strength. But it was no easy task, for one was too heavy, one too long, one too rough and jagged to the touch, that one was badly adjusted, the weight of the cross beam too heavy for the perpendicular beam, and therefore impossible to balance on his shoulder. In fact, after trying some hundreds of the crosses and finding fresh difficulties and pains connected with each the man was fain to pray his angel to assist him in the choice. Just then, however, his eyes fell on a cross lying a little apart from

the others, and he lifted it to his shoulder for a trial. It seemed to fit as often. The weight was right, the size was right. Although heavy, it was perfectly balanced, and although large, he could adjust it to his stride. There was no doubt about it; he knew immediately that it was the one of all those crosses that was exactly suited to his strength.

"This is the cross for me," he cried. "I can bear this one without a murmur, for I feel it is made for me; there is even a sort of buoyancy in the substance of it that seems to bear me up, and after all those others that I made trial of, this one seems almost as a dear companion, so easily I stride along beneath its weight."

"Even so," replied the angel, "for it is thine own, the cross that thou hast borne these many years, that was fashioned specially for thee, and that just now thou didst pertinaciously cast aside. Take it now and bear it patiently, for only in company with it shalt thou reach the journey's end."

And the man looked again, and behold it was even as the angel said.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

LEAD KINDLY LIGHT

The Italian drew his hurdy-gurdy up to the sidewalk, close to where a score of workmen of different nationalities were seated, eating their noonday meal. He was a diplomat, that swarthy son of Italy, for before he began his penny concert he carefully scrutinized the little gathering, and having decided in favor of the children of Ham, he began to play a catchy coon song.

As the strains floated out upon the air, a little girl who had evidently brought her father's dinner, sallied forth from among the motley group, and poising herself for a moment, like some graceful wild animal, began to dance to the music, at the same time wringing the words in a sweet childish treble. Up and down, round and around she went, her raven curls flying, her dark eyes sparkling, her glowing cheeks dimpling, her tiny, twinkling feet scarcely touching the ground.

When the music had ceased, a handsome, cadaverous looking young man, who, I supposed, like myself, was waiting for a car, approached the little girl, and dropping some shining pieces of silver into her hand, said wistfully:

"Little one, can you sing 'Lead Kindly Light' if you can, ask the man to play it, please."

For a moment the child stared at him with great, wondering eyes, then regaining her self-possession, she smiled charmingly and murmured a few words in the affirmative. Turning lightly to the organgrinder she gave him the money, whispering a few words into his ear, at the same time gesticulating eloquently.

Greatly elated by the hearty applause, to say nothing of the generous contributions, the Italian grinned comprehensively, and began to grind out a few lines of the hymn in prelude.

As if by way of explanation, the man who had spoken to the little girl, turned to me and said:

"I trust it has been given to the author of those beautiful words to know the good they have done me; truly, they are a 'rod and staff, a rock in a weary land.' As you can plainly see, I am standing on the borderland of the 'Valley of the shadow of death.' The things of the world are rapidly slipping away, nor do I try to grasp and hold them, as I once did. Until a few short months ago I had been flitting away from death, seeking in other climes that which I knew I could never find. It was while I was abroad that I heard that hymn sung, and the words awakened me. So I came home, and am living in the present, like the author, John Henry Newman, 'I do not ask to see the distant scene, one step enough for me.' Now I am going to meet death; not gladly, oh, no; but nevertheless, with an unflinching trust and confidence that the 'Kindly Light' will guide me into a better world; and that I shall find again all that has been lost to me here. Life is beautiful and good."

He broke off suddenly, for the organ was playing softly and the child was singing:

"Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on!

The night is dark and I am far from home,

Lead Thou me on.

Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see

The distant scene, one step enough for me."

The strains of the hymn rose and fell on the peaceful air, and slowly sobbed themselves into silence. A solemn hush had fallen on that little group of workmen, and they essayed no applause, for when the heart speaks the lips are silent. The young man, who had spoken so calmly of going out into the "Great Unknown," turned quickly and walked away; I was glad, for the tears were in my eyes even as they would have been in my voice, but as I boarded my car, a song bubbled up in my heart, and I went on my way rejoicing.—Virginia C. Bayley, in Home and Country.

WHICH ROAD?

Life is not the straight, level road that some imagine it. There is only one perfectly smooth road, and that is the one slightly on the incline—downward. The upward path is always "hard going," and, furthermore, it is full of turns and branches; places

where we are brought face to face with the momentous question: "Which road shall I take?" Over and over temptations come to us; and over and over we must choose the path we will go. But there comes a time, in the life of every man and every woman, when this question is brought home with a greater and more vital persistence, and when it must be answered, once for all.

The boy begins life with high ideals. He wants to "do the right thing," to be clean and manly and honest. He clings to these ideals as he grows older; he refuses to be led away from them. He will not be drawn into shady paths; he keeps his hands clean, his honor bright. But he finds it uphill work. His labor is hard, his profits few. He comes to be regarded as over-conscientious and slightly peculiar. "Fine fellow, you know, but a little—well, a little squeamish. He'll get over it," and the laugh goes round.

Still he struggles on. Right is right, no matter what! But some dark day, when he is out of work or his wife is sick or the baby needs shoes—he sits down and looks the thing squarely in the face and asks himself plainly, "Does it pay?" So and so isn't so particular. He is respected and considered a fine man, but he does these things. And others; everybody, in fact, that he knows.

Perhaps, after all, he is over particular. "You can't be, if you are going to succeed. You are in the world and you've got to be like the rest or you'll not keep up with the procession." And he has a family to support—by heaven, he can't see them suffer!

And he's tired! And discouraged! And so he stands, questioning, at the turn of the road; which way shall he take?

The girl, too. Perhaps she also stands at the parting of the ways. Love came and took her by the hand and led her on. And she has come to a path which is fair and alluring—and nothing really wrong, you know! Only a little doubtful; not quite what her better self tells her it should be. A companion she knows but little about, a slightly questionable amusement an hour not quite seemly.

But all the other girls do these things, and they are nice girls and everybody likes them. It's the way of the times—no one does now as our grandmothers did. Everybody goes to these dances, these theatres; she will be called prudish if she refuses to do as the rest do. And there's really not a bit of harm in it.

She, too, is asking, "Which road shall I take?"

Add everything, for time and for eternity depends, in both cases, upon the answer.

It is usually some little thing that decides the question. A father's voice—echoing from the long ago—manly and true; a mother's prayer at twilight; the odor of incense; the breath of flowers on a May time altar; the memory of a first Communion day—these things come back to the boy and to the girl and turn the balance, like a snowy feather laid upon the scale when the beam just tips!

Alas! For the boy or the girl who has no such memories to come to them, like angel messengers, at such a moment! God pity them!

Oh, let those of us who have any, one to influence—and who has not?—let us not neglect to speak the right word, to do the kind deed, to weave the sweet and tender charm that will come back to them—and to use—use angels of blessings and strength at the parting of the ways. They will lift us up and give us anew and point aloft to where the cross is lost in the splendor of the crown! At the summit of the road!—San Francisco Monitor.

SILENCING A BIGOT

Some years ago, when the A. P. A. was rampant, the notorious "Father Slattery" was engaged by that un-American society to "lecture" in the Southern cities. It was arranged that this campaign of slander should begin in Memphis, Tenn.

The coming of Slattery was told on insulting posters. His press agent was ingenious and industrious.

As the night of the lecture drew near, the excitement grew intense, and at last even Catholics believed that there would be trouble. Then the deputation began to invade the Mayor's office. The Chief of Police was a Catholic. He knew that apprehensions of violence were groundless. The other side pretended to be suspicious of him.

The morning Slattery was billed to arrive a deputation of ministers waited upon the Mayor. They were dreadfully in earnest. They insisted that a body of "trusted" special police should be appointed to guard the lecturer. The Mayor at last believed that the situation was alarming. He assured the ministerial deputation that he would give the matter his personal attention, and requested them to return in one hour. The Mayor was a man of superb culture and liberality, one of the leading citizens of Memphis and deserving of the confidence which his classes reposed in him. He at once sought the Catholic pastors and some of the leading Catholic laymen. When the ministers returned, plans were intended to follow. Slattery himself. All religious committees and guards were dispensed with.

He would meet the "lecturer" at the railroad station with his own



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death itself, and for the lives of our children and our wives, gave up their own.

"Look at the fourth name on that roll of angels. I do not know her name, but she was a beautiful girl, and her voice had the mellow 'brogue' of the south of Ireland. She was stricken down; the terrible death mark of the plague set its seal on her lovely brow. I, too, was ill. In my anguish I cried to God for help. There was a rustle at my door. That girl robed in black, holding the crucifix in her hand, knelt beside my daughter's bed. Man! do you think she could die while an angel was caring for her? No, my daughter lived, but her ministering angel died. This is enough. Now to you: Do you think that you can pollute the air of our beautiful city by your foul presence from the priesthood and those Sisters? Why, man, the very stones of our pavement should fly in your face. If the men of our city should prove so dastardly recreant to the memory of those noble men and women who gave up their lives for us, the honor of our city should rise and stone you to death. Get your foul presence from our city."

It is needless to say that he wept, and the press were hard put to explain why Slattery did not speak at Memphis.—St. Paul Bulletin.

OUR HOLY FATHER BENEDICT XV.

PERSONALITY AND POLICY OF THE SUCCESSOR TO PIUS X.

Rome Correspondence of The Catholic Standard and Times

Rome, September 8.

Were you present, reader, at St. Peter's, Rome, at the funeral obsequies of Cardinal Rampolla some months ago, you should have seen sitting near the huge coffin an ascetic looking prelate, with a sad look about his brilliant countenance. His lips moved in silent prayer for his dead brother and chief. And somebody remarked: "If Cardinal Rampolla had become Leo XIV. in the conclave of 1903, that pale faced man would have become Cardinal Secretary of State." However, Divine Providence disposed otherwise. And to-day Christendom reveres him as Pope Benedict XV. Bologna loses an Archbishop whom she found to be zealous, kind and good, and the Catholic Church gains in Cardinal della Chiesa a Pontiff in whom are combined the diplomatic qualities of Leo XIII. with the pastoral yearnings of Pius X.

GENTLE AND COURAGEOUS

In person the newly elected Pontiff is ascetic in features, bright and vivacious. In manner, Benedict XV. is particularly charming and gracious, and well, in truth, might it be so. To the innate charm and refinement of the educated Italian has been added a life long training in the world of diplomats in Rome and Madrid, which fact weighed heavily with the Sacred College during its deliberations of the last three days. But gentle and charming as is the character of the new Pope it has another side, viz., that which brings into play courage, tenacity and perseverance. His success as Archbishop of Bologna evidences this. For there are sees and sees. In the history of four centuries the Archdiocese of Bologna has not been regarded as a see that a weak character could rule. The turbulent element there accounted for the broken heart of more than one Archbishop, and in the general strike that paralyzed Italy three or four months ago the city and surroundings of Bologna took the place in riots, church-looting and bloodshed. One who proved unable to ride the whirlwind and stem the blast as Archbishop of Bologna with special success will know how to guide Peter's Park amid the shoals and troubles that now surround it.

A PASTORAL-DIPLOMATIC POPE

It may be early in the day for a forecast of the policy of Benedict XV.; but nevertheless one can come to a fair conclusion from his past history. Benedict XV. will, I believe, be a pastoral-diplomatic Pope—one who will embody the characteristics of the last two Pontiffs. He will be to the pontificate of Pius X. what Leo XIII. was to that of Pius IX. When Leo XIII. assumed the tiara in Europe at nearly every point in the Holy See, and he opens years in remedying the situation. And now Pope Benedict, on taking his seat on Peter's throne, finds that France and Portugal no longer officially recognize the Church, that Spain has been retive, and that the Holy See an entirely new era.

Will he follow the line of conduct which his old friend Cardinal Rampolla would have observed had he become Leo XIV.? I feel inclined to think Benedict XV. will do so, but in a modified form. Remember, when Cardinal Rampolla filled the Pontifical Nunciature of Madrid he had as lieutenant the newly elected Pope, and when Cardinal Rampolla stood behind Leo XIII's throne as Secretary of State, the present Pontiff filled a post of confidence in the Cardinal's office. Up to the very last he remained Cardinal Rampolla's close friend. These facts lead one to think the Pontificate which has just opened will closely resemble that of Leo XIII., while the friendship that existed between Pius X. and the Cardinal Archbishop of Bologna will surely leave its impress upon the line of action which, as Benedict XV., the latter will pursue.

HIS TRIBUTE TO HIS PREDECESSOR

In his address to the faithful of Bologna relative to the late Pope's death, Cardinal della Chiesa said: "The memory of the special ties which bound me to the Sovereign Pontiff who, after keeping me with himself for years, was good enough to confer on me episcopal consecration with his own hands, renders his death particularly sorrowful to me. Along with me the faithful will weep over the sudden loss of the Pontiff who will live in Church history for the grand constancy with which he propounded true doctrine, for the zeal with which he promoted the devotion of the Blessed Eucharist, and for the charity with which he embraced all Christians, as well as for the fatherly manner in which he came to the assistance of all his sons."

GENTLE HEART AND MASTER MIND

In Benedict XV. the Catholic world can with strong conviction welcome a firm hand, a kind, gentle heart, a master-mind filled with charity and zeal, enlightened in the school of labor. We stand on the threshold of what augurs to be a glorious pontificate that will be full of triumphs for the Catholic Church both in the Pastoral and diplomatic fields.

VERITAS

THE MENACE BARRED

The Board of Directors of the Oregon City Public Library recently voted to remove the Menace from the tables of the library on the grounds that it was unfit for children to read. This action was not taken without stirring up sectarian bigotry. According to the Catholic Sentinel of Portland, Ore., the Board decided several weeks ago to remove the Menace and the Masses. W. S. U'Ren, candidate for Governor on the Progressive ticket, was not present at the meeting, but when he heard of the decision of the Board he wrote to every member quoting an article in the State Constitution in which the right of free speech and of free press is established. Mr. McBain, President of the Board, threatened to resign if the two papers were placed back in the library. At the recent meeting at which definite action was taken, Mr. U'Ren introduced a resolution to keep these papers in the library and every member of the Board, except his wife, voted against him and as a result the offensive publications have been removed from the library. Evidently U'Ren is very progressive.—St. Paul Bulletin.

AN ANCIENT SHRINE

STORY OF A MIRACULOUS STATUE OF OUR LADY IN FRENCH CHURCH

In the Catholic Church at Verdais, Bordeaux, there is a statue of the Blessed Virgin carved in wood. It represents Our Lady with the Divine Infant in her arms holding a dove in His sacred hands. This statue is of very ancient origin. As far back as the twelfth century there is mention of it in documents still existing. In 1105 it occupied a position in the monastery chapel at Verdais, and we read that many pilgrimages were made to the shrine owing to numerous miracles having been worked there. In 1295 the church and monastery were pillaged and burned during the war between France and England. During the first years of the fourteenth century, when peace had been concluded, the monks returned and built a small monastery and chapel, but in 1327 the war broke out again and the building was again destroyed. The religious however, took care to hide the statue. They made a deep hole in the ground in which they buried it, placing a large stone on the spot so that they might later on know where to find the image. The monks were obliged to take flight and consequently the statue remained hidden until 1890, when the Countess Isabelle de Foix, the owner of that portion of the country, made a vow to have a church and sanctuary built in honor of the Blessed Virgin.

THE COUNTESS ISABELLE DE FOIX

The Countess Isabelle de Foix had not decided as to the precise locality in which she would have the church erected, when one day she was out riding, and suddenly, close to the ruins of the Monastery Chapel, she came upon which she was mounted stopped, and no effort would make the animal move on. On the contrary, one of its feet sank down some distance in the clay, until it rested on a large stone. The Countess was naturally impressed by the fact, and she dismounted and ordered her attendants to raise the stone. Her wishes were obeyed, and when the stone was lifted the statue of Our Blessed Lady was found in the cavity beneath, where it had rested for seventy years. Isabelle de Foix said in this remarkable fact an evidence of the Divine Will. She therefore rebuilt the church and monastery, which became a great centre of pilgrimage until the sixteenth century, but alas! in 1562, during the religious wars, the Huguenots pillaged and burned the monastery and church. They massacred the monks and threw the statue into the fire. As soon as the Huguenots had gone away, the few people surviving in the district made their way to the ruins, and there, among the ashes, the statue was again found intact, but blackened by the smoke. The statue was then concealed in a hole in a tree. In 1609 the church and monastery were restored by Cardinal de Lourdis and confided to the care of monks. From that time until the end of the

SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY'S CONCLUSION

The distinguished authority in the scientific world, Sir William Ramsay, said on one occasion: "When I was a young man just entering the university, I began with the firm determination that I would not accept anything which I did not understand. If you follow this course, you will soon discover one important fact—and that is what a big fool you are. We are surrounded with things which we cannot understand, and our chief difficulty is to find any thing which we do understand. The miraculous is not the non-intelligible; it is merely the unfamiliar. Who will say that a thing is impossible simply because he is unfamiliar with it? The more we study, the better we see that there is one principle on which everything else is based. It is the principle that God is."

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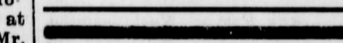
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Ask for special literature for Hotel Powhatan, Columbia, Md., or write to the manager.

Write for booklet with map. CLIFFORD M. LEWIS, Manager.

Advertisement for 'Scrubbing' product, showing a tin and a person scrubbing. Text includes 'USE FOR Scrubbing AND DO AWAY WITH HALF THE RUBBING' and 'Many Uses and Full Directions on Large Sifter—Can 10¢'.

Advertisement for Hotel Powhatan in Washington D.C., describing its location on Pennsylvania Avenue and its amenities like detached baths and private rooms.

ST. PAUL'S, FINGAL, DEDICATED

Sunday, Sept. 26, was a historic day in the annals of the Roman Catholic people of Southwold township...

But if the new church at Fingal is named in honor of a Christian saint, so is also the picturesque village itself...

The new church, which is of white brick, is 36 by 60 feet in area, and will seat 250 people...

This splendid property was most generously donated for the use of the Catholics of the whole district...

The altar and its graceful reredos are of Gothic design, the color scheme being pure white with gold enrichments...

High Mass was celebrated at 10:30 a.m. by Rev. Father West, assisted by the excellent music of Holy Angels choir of St. Thomas...

The ceremonies of dedication were proceeded with by the Bishop, assisted by all the clergy...

His Lordship then addressed the closely packed assemblage, half of those present being non-Catholics...

The sermon was followed by the solemn service, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament...

Rev. Father West tendered his sincere thanks to all, both non-Catholics and Catholics, for their presence and generous help.

WHY CATHOLICS SHOULD REMEMBER BELGIUM

"To-night I am glad that I spent three most precious years of my life in Belgium," says the Very Rev. Vincent McNabb, O. P., in the London Tablet...

I did not go there to learn the arts of war, though now I know that Belgium can teach the world the way of keeping honor by the sword...

Recounting the valor and industry, the culture of art and agriculture, religious tolerance, enthusiasm for education, and other qualifications of this little country...

THE "PENTECOSTAL HERALD" Editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD: Sir,—I do not often see Protestant denominational papers...

Let him (the American citizen) note the five hundred thousand Knights of Columbus, armed and equipped with modern instruments of death...

Do not forget these things. We pray God never to forget them. Let God forget us. Most of all do we remember them now that history has turned full wheel...

The altar and its graceful reredos are of Gothic design, the color scheme being pure white with gold enrichments...

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Recounting the valor and industry, the culture of art and agriculture, religious tolerance, enthusiasm for education, and other qualifications of this little country...

We are not so modern here as we forget what our fathers bore in the dark days of persecution. In those days of our bitter pain Belgium was

WAR AND THE OSLER THEORY New York Evening Post: "General Von Emmich, the capturer of Liege, is 66 and General von Kluck is 68..."

A Clean Mouth Promotes Health

Oral hygiene is quite properly focusing the attention of the medical profession as well as the laity. A noted authority is quoted as saying: "There is not one single thing more important in the whole range of hygiene than the cleanliness of the mouth..."

Prof. J. D. Hird, Biological Chemist, Washington, D. C., after an extensive laboratory examination of Absorbine, Jr., reports: "Four or five drops of Absorbine, Jr., to an ounce of water is sufficient to thoroughly cleanse the mouth and teeth of injurious bacteria..."

TO BELGIUM The corn stood golden on the dreaming hill, The ripening fields were to the harvest white...

ALL ARE CATHOLICS CHINAMAN TELLS OF CONVERSION OF HIS FAMILY OF SEVENTY-FIVE Father Lescois, of China, has this to say of Peter Wang, aged eighty-five, and his third wife, aged seventy-two...

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY Right Rev. T. J. Dowling, D. D., Bishop of Hamilton, celebrated privately a few weeks ago, the fiftieth anniversary of his priesthood...

THE DIFFERENCE "A mighty poor preacher," remarked a young man, coming out from Mass. "I thought he'd never get down."

THE MARVEL OF THE AGE LUMINOUS CRUCIFIX This Crucifix is indeed a beautiful and strangely marvelous work of art. By means of a wonderful and secret preparation, the body of the figure is made to absorb the rays of light during the day...

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PURGATORY

In many an Anglican church tower in these trying days of war, the bells are tolling at noon-tide to remind Anglicans to pray for the dying and the dead. Thousands of leaflets, issued by Anglican clergymen for use by English soldiers, recommend prayer "for the poor souls in Purgatory."

At the end of each evening's work, I distributed to each of the women present sesame oil for the next day's cooking, using an old, leaky spoon when I served those who had not studied well, so that they received a smaller amount of oil than their faithful brethren.

NO PERVERT SPOKE AS THIS MAN Dr. Victor McKee, a convert priest, writes from Henryetta, Okla., as follows: "I despise bigotry of whatever nature. My time is too valuable to spend it in listening to purveyors of filth and falsehood."

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Beautiful Rosary Complete with Crucifix This exquisite Rosary is made from our best quality faceted cut amethyst color beads, with antique rock link attachments and gaily crucifix. Our regular price for this Rosary is one dollar, but to all readers of the "Catholic Record" we are offering a special discount of 25 p.c. and will send one postpaid upon receipt of 75c. Or if you will act as our representative in your district and sell only 10 of our Rosaries, we will give you a special color Crucifix. Pictures and literature will be sent you absolutely free.

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