

# 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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### IN THE FOREFRONT

Every Catholic knows that the Church is not opposed to science or anything that can lead men to God. As an antidote to these charges Father Zahn has pointed out that all the great discoveries and inventions that have exerted the most potent influence in advancing and ameliorating the condition of our race are to be credited to the Church and her devoted children.

The great universities of Europe were founded by Catholic princes and often under the immediate Papal inspiration. Before Luther sounded the note of religious anarchy Oxford and Cambridge, Aberdeen and St. Andrews, Paris, Leipsic, Heidelberg, Bologna, Salamanca had their thousands of students from the ends of the earth. It is to the schools and scholars of Catholic times that we owe the inductive or experimental method of study. Lord Bacon has been claimed as the originator of the inductive system, but this system was accepted and followed centuries before he was born. J. W. Draper, who is not partial to the Church, says that to ascribe the inductive system to Lord Bacon is to ignore history. Does the world owe anything to the Church and her children for the application of this system to actual and successful work? Beginning with geography, has it ever occurred to us that nearly all the knowledge we have of the earth's surface comes to us from Catholic sources. Marco Polo in the thirteenth century wrote an account of his twenty-four years' voyage in the East. Columbus discovered the New World; Magellan rounded Cape Hope and his ship was the first to circumnavigate the Globe; Cortes and Balboa in Mexico and Central America; Pizarro in South America were prominent explorers.

### SOME FACTS

To Canada came La Salle, the Jesuit Marquette, the Franciscans Hennipen and Membre—all pioneers and explorers.

The Church has invariably taken the lead in mathematical discovery and development. Arithmetic as a science owes its origin in Europe to the learned Gerbert. Gavallari, of the Order of Jeronites, was one of the inventors of the infinitesimal calculus and solved many problems that Kepler and others had given up in despair. Pascal, Cauchy and Descartes were as devoted to the Church as they were to science. In various departments of Physics we have Leonardo de Vinci and subsequently Galileo and his school. Torricelli, Viviani, Borelli, Castelli, Mersenne and Gassendi who created these branches of the science known as mechanics, hydrostatics, hydraulics and hydro-dynamics. The microscope was invented by Galileo; Galvani discovered dynamical electricity; Volta made the first battery and Nobili and Melloni some of the most important instruments in modern laboratories. Ampere raised electricity to the dignity of a science. Chemistry is a Catholic science in a special way. Lavoissier is the father of modern chemistry and his discoveries affected a complete revelation in all the methods and appliances of chemical research. In medical and cognate branches we need but mention Vesalius; Falopius and Eustachius, called by Currier the father of modern anatomy; Malpighi and Cialpino, to whom some claim we are indebted for the discovery of the circulation of the blood. Clocks and spectacles were due to Catholics. Schwartz, a monk of Cologne, made gunpowder about 1320. The thermometer was invented by Santorio of Italy in the seventeenth century. The barometer was invented by Torricelli. The first photographs were taken in 1839 by Niepce and Daguerre. The magic lantern, the mariners compass, water-mills, water-engines and the steam organ were of Catholic origin. Magneto-electric machines for producing electric light were first constructed by Nollet and Van Maldern of Belgium.

The steam-engine usually attributed to Watt was invented by the Catholic Marquis of Worcester over

one hundred years before Watt took out his first patent. The first steam-boat was exhibited in the harbor of Barcelona in 1543 over two centuries before Robert Fulton sent his boat from New York to Albany in 1808.

The invention and application of illuminating gas, music, banks, glass windows, book keeping, post offices, artesian wells, knives and forks and wheel-barrow, cotton and linen paper, printing, etc., are proofs of Catholic industry and genius. Others may contribute towards development of what they have begun but it is easy to add to inventions.

### EXAMPLE AND WARNING

In his "Memoirs" the great Lacordaire tells us that when he was seventeen years old he left college with his religion destroyed. And this result is easily explained. He had lived continually during the course of his education surrounded by the examples of ancient heroism and by the masterpieces of antiquity, and nothing had supported our faith while following a system in which the Divine Word gave forth only an indistinct sound without eloquence and without consequence. Some enterprising gentlemen who are planning to make the young Canadian thrive ethically on maxims such as "Be strong: Come out of the wet," etc., might, by Lacordaire's examples, be deterred from the manufacture of bromides. But this by the way. At twenty-two years of age Lacordaire was recognized as one of the most brilliant lawyers of Paris. The highway of worldly success was before him, but thinking much and believing more he quitted it, to the stupefaction of his friends and admirers, for the path that led to the priesthood. His object was to make Jesus Christ known to those who knew Him not. He coveted no honor, for he felt with Pascal that "the mania for being somebody destroys the best minds of our day. Glory is the greatest thing here below: and that very fact shows how little the things of earth really are."

He became associated with de Lamennais in the paper *Avenir*. Lamennais was a priest of extraordinary learning and magnetism. In 1818 his first volume of his essay on "Indifference in Religious Matters" claimed and reinvigorated souls with his pure and life-giving philosophy. He became immediately the most venerated and most celebrated of the French priests. But pride, a fierce, reckless and dominating pride, made him afterwards powerless and entailed upon him the loss of a veritable intellectual royalty. The *Avenir* appeared for the first time on Oct. 15, 1830. The periodical, on account of its pretensions of an audacious and radical nature, fell under the ban of many French bishops. Lacordaire, Lamennais and Montalambert submitted their doctrines to the judgment of the Vicar of Christ. The *Avenir* was condemned by Gregory XVI. Lacordaire refused to obey the Church which he had probably once loved and certainly had once served and honored; and during the twenty-one years of his apostasy lived bitter melancholy days, pouring out vitriolic scorn upon the doctrines he had once championed. He went to his reward in 1854, when he was seventy-three years of age.

### FRENCH PETITIONING NATION

Paris, Nov. 1, 1917.—A big movement is on foot amongst French Catholics for the restoration of diplomatic relations with the Holy See. A monster petition is being signed in every diocese demanding that the government once more approach the Vatican and place a representative of France at the Papal court. Various bishops have issued pastorals on the subject, showing that it is France alone who is the loser by her absence, not the Pope. It is also pointed out that the separation of France from the Holy See has never endured so long before, even in the days of the Revolution. Men who have no love for religion, and especially none for the Church, have said in the chamber of deputies that the moment has come to renew relations with Rome. Mons. Gustave Herve is a strong supporter of diplomatic representation at the Vatican, and there are many others who have not hesitated to let their voices be heard in the chamber at the same intent. The result of the petition, which is being promoted by Catholic women throughout the country, is awaited with interest.

## SOLEMN WARNING BY CARDINAL LOGUE

### IRISH REPUBLIC UTOPIAN THE END DISASTER

(Special Cable Despatch to The Globe)  
Dublin, Nov. 26.—Cardinal Logue, ordering prayers for peace in the Armagh churches yesterday, said: "Whether due to the demoralization of the world by war, or to a fate hanging over unhappy Ireland, blasting her hopes when they seem to brighten, an agitation is spreading here which is ill considered and Utopian, and cannot fail to entail suffering, disorganization and danger, to the end of disaster, defeat and collapse; and all in pursuit of a dream no sober man can hope to see realized, namely the establishment of an Irish Republic either by an appeal to the potentates of Europe at the Peace Conference, or hurling an unarmed people against an Empire of five millions under arms, a thing which would be ridiculous if it were not so mischievous, and fraught with such danger to an ardent, generous and patriotic people."

## WILL RUSSIA BREAK UP?

Speculations on the fate of Russia have usually assumed as a basis the continued existence of the country we now know by that name, with its present geographical bounds. It is quite possible, however, that that vast empire will disappear, resolving itself into its constituent elements. The declarations of independence by Finland, Ukraine, and other factors in the empire, and the declaration of the Caucasus, was reported only yesterday—may be symptoms. Russia is an enormous bundle of nations, which hitherto have been tied together by the string of Czarism. The string has been cut. The bundle may fall apart.

The tendency of the French Revolution was centripetal, the tendency of the Russian revolution may be centrifugal. So far as it may be said to have developed any tendency whatever, it seems to be in the direction of disunion rather than union. This applies not only to such declarations of independence as we have mentioned, which may be things to reckon with and may be only madnesses of the moment, but to such an event as the Cossacks under General Kaledines taking over the management of the Don region administering it without regard to the kaledinism of Governments at Petrograd. The Cossacks have shown indifference and even unwillingness to fight for the overthrow of the Bolshevik rule in the capital, but seem to have determined that they will charge themselves with the orderly government of that part of the country in which they are most interested.

Russia is such an enormous country that in the past, when her entrance into the ranks of free nations was forecast, it has frequently been assumed that that great size and weight would make her preponderant in influence. But she is not homogeneous. In that vast extent of territory were gathered together nations as foreign to each other in thought and life as the people, say, of Persia are from those of Sweden. A country that includes the Moham medans of the Caucasus and the half-tamed tribes of Central Asia, Finns, Poles, Lithuanians, Ukrainians, and Cossacks is likely to be separatist without a common bond. There was a common bond; it is gone.

The empire still holds together, despite such uneasy movements as those in the Caucasus, Finland, and Ukraine, but it may be that habit has much to do with it. Habit would not control forever, in the face of the strong impulses toward separation which the revolution has set at work. There always seemed something unnatural about the size of Russia in a world of so much smaller countries. As long as she was backward, her size was neutralized by her inefficiency. Her backwardness was fostered by her form of government. Imagine such a colossus suddenly freed and enlightened and made efficient by democracy, and who could calculate her power? And, so men used to argue, believing that history would repeat itself, and that the French Revolution, duplicated in Russia, was what was sure to come out of an overthrow of Czarism. History sometimes repeats itself, but has not a habit of doing it. If we must have a historical instance, perhaps we should go back to the fall of the Roman Empire. Those who overturned the Government at Rome by no means expected or desired that the empire should cease to be, and made honest and bewildered efforts to prevent that outcome, but when the tie that had held together so many incongruous nationalities was cut, they fell apart, and nothing could prevent it.

Hitherto, in all the pointless gambolings and cavortings of enfranchised Russia, men have looked for the signs of that necessary rise of a welding, coalescing principle which we should certainly see by this time

in any other nation so placed. But it does not rise; on the contrary, all the movements that end seem to die away. Perhaps it is because they are artificial and against the underground spirit of the land. Every attempt to summon a Constituent Assembly, even though the date and place and conditions were fixed by legal authority, has simply died out; it has not been antagonized or thwarted, it has perished of inanition. It may be that the soul of Russia is not interested in it; or rather the many souls of the different Russias.

Leaders arise, but none of them can command the support of Russia. It may be, as most of us have assumed, that this was because the individuals were incompetent, but it may be that there is no Russia to support them, or that there are too many Russias. When Korniloff led his men against Petrograd, emissaries from the city explained to his Mohammedan soldiers, those upon whom he most relied, what was the object of his invasion, and they then refused to support him. At the same time this was cited merely as an amusing instance of the volatile and frivolous nature of his support. It may be that the Mohammedans knew what they were about, that they acted upon a selfish consideration of their own interests, and decided that Petrograd, whether Bolshevik, Kerensky, or Korniloffized, was nothing to them. At any rate, no leader and no party since that time has had any Mohammedans in his or its support. It may be that the historian, looking back at the wake of the ship, will disregard the zigzag dashes and serpentine undulations which engross the attention of us who are close to it, and will see it as a straight line; and that he will describe the March revolution as the initiation of the creation of new nationalities which for many centuries had been gathered together under the illogical rule of the Czar.—N. Y. Times.

## AMERICAN CATHOLICS AND MILITARY SERVICE

Conde B. Pallen in N. Y. Evening Mail

The Catholic population of the country is something near 18,000,000 out of a total population somewhat over 100,000,000. Out of every hundred people eighteen are Catholics. We would then expect that out of every hundred in military service eighteen would be Catholics. But, as nearly as can be ascertained by such means as are available, the proportion is as high as 35%, and is reckoned by some even as high as 40%.

Secretary Baker in a statement September 23, 1917, regarding the work of clubs, societies, fraternal organizations, etc., in relation to military training camps, explaining the War Department's action in allowing the Young Men's Christian Association and the Knights of Columbus to erect recreation buildings inside the lines of the cantonments and national guard training camps, says:

"The Young Men's Christian Association represents the Protestant denominations, which will roughly contribute 60% of our new army. The Knights of Columbus represent the Catholic denomination, which will constitute perhaps 35% of the new army."

The Secretary of War does not say by what means he arrived at the estimate of 35% of Catholics in the service. But he must have based his figure upon some reasonable and approximate data, ready to his hand as Secretary of War.

### ENLISTMENTS IN CATHOLIC CENTERS

In a letter of September 28, 1917, Paul R. Martin, director of publicity for the Knights of Columbus committee on war activities, in reply to an inquiry as to the proportion of Catholics now in military service says:

"Such reports as we have received would lead us to believe that there must be at least 40%. The navy chaplains, who have done more statistical work of this kind than any one else, say that the United States navy today is 60% Catholic. The regular army has been in the past as high as 75% Catholic. This was owing to the fact that the great bulk of enlistments come from Catholic centers, such as New York, Illinois, California and Massachusetts."

The Rev. Lewis J. O'Hern, C. S. P., official representative of the American Hierarchy at Washington for the placement for Catholic chaplains in military service, states in an address on "The Chaplains and the Camps":

"It is an actual fact that the ratio of Catholics in the volunteer army is far out of proportion with our population, which speaks well for our patriotism. Both the regular army and the national guard contain so many Catholics that I honestly believe 40% is not an overestimate."

The proportion of Catholics in the navy is even higher than that in the army. The Rev. Thomas Regan, U. S. A., chaplain aboard the U. S. S. *Minnesota*, reports that out of 1,300 men 800 are Catholics—over 60%. It is reported that out of 1,200 aboard the *Von Steuben* 900 are Catholics—75%. The chaplain of the *Kearsarge* reports that 50% are Catholics.

"In the marine corps, which is known as the most efficient body of fighting men in the world," says Father O'Hern, "there is supposed to be the highest average rate of Catholics in any branch of the service, namely 50%. I have no definite figures at my disposal, but I believe this estimate to be correct."

### THE PROBLEM OF CHAPLAINS

It is evident that the response of Catholics to the call to arms for national defence has been out of all proportion to their numbers, which makes a very definite and concrete refutation of the charge sometimes put forward by ignorant people that Catholics are not patriotic.

This, however, is a matter of little concern for the moment in face of a very serious difficulty confronting Catholics, and the country at large as well, in supplying chaplains for our soldiers.

Nothing will so conduce to the moral discipline of our troops as the presence and comfort of chaplains. This is especially the case with Catholics, who are in the habit of seeking the spiritual advice and consolation of their priests, especially in times of stress and danger.

Under the present law the supply of chaplains is utterly inadequate! One chaplain for every regiment, and a recent regulation has raised the regimental force from 1,200 to over 3,000 men! Under this ruling there will be only forty seven Catholic chaplains in the new national army. Catholics are striving, at their own expense, to supply the enormous deficiency by sending supplementary chaplains with our soldiers.

The present is a grave crisis in the nation's history; none graver has ever confronted the American people. This is as much a war of independence as that which brought forth the republic, and the issue of the Civil War was not fraught with weightier consequences to the nation.

Catholics are doing their full share in men and means, as they have always done at every crisis in our history, and their blood will flow not less freely than their fellow citizens of other beliefs on the battlefields of Europe and on the high seas.

## VENICE

As the flames of war approach Venice, the eyes of the world turn with pained apprehension to the gem city of the world.

For the survival of Roman civilization, for the resurrection of Greek ideals of beauty, the world is largely indebted to Venice. Founded in the dawn of history by aboriginal men who sought protection from beasts and ruder men in huts built upon piling in the peaceful lagoons, Venice shares with Rome the honor of handing down to mankind the political institutions of the organized state and with Athens the role of preserver of the worship of the beautiful.

Some of the world's greatest art treasures are preserved in the queen city of the Adriatic, which already can hear the reverberations of war's thunders. Here are to be found the masterpieces of Titian, of Bellini, and Tintoretto, Paul Veronese and Carpaccio. And the city itself, with its broad lagoons, storied palaces and peerless churches, is a jeweled casket worthy of the treasures which it guards.

Politically and commercially, Venice is one of the great facts of the world. Long before Germany's name was recorded in history and before England had emerged from its mists, Venice was a world city and an empire. Like England centuries later on, Venice reached out its hands to the east. It sent its fleets through the Mediterranean and out of it. It planted its standards in Greece, where the standards of Rome had been borne before. It became the mistress of the Mediterranean. It extended its frontiers to the Alps. Its armies and its navies gave battle to Atila, to the Slavic pirates. The backwash of the mighty wave of conquest set in motion by Charlemagne broke upon its battlements. The Saracens and the Magyars pounded in vain at its gates. The lion of Venice floated over the Crusaders who finally conquered Constantinople, the gateway to the east. It was the chivalry of Venice that did more than Byzantium itself to stay the destroying hand of the Turk.

An important phase of the world's battle for democracy was fought within its walls for centuries. Through government by tribunes, government by Doges, by the Council of Ten, the Grand Council and the Senate, the intelligence of Venice grappled with the problem of government. During a period of darkness in which the individual had become a mere pawn on the chessboard of princes, the tradition of industrial rights was maintained in Venice.

Venice is the object of the world's affectionate veneration, both as a treasure house of beauty and as a living record of the progress of the race. The world cannot but hope, while it fears an odious fate, that Venice will escape the destroying hand of war.—Evening Mail.

## ARCHBISHOP SPRATT EXPLAINS

Canadian Press

Kingston, Nov. 30.—Archbishop Spratt, on the occasion of the sixth anniversary of his consecration, made a statement in St. Mary's Cathedral this morning in regard to the case of Sister Mary Basil, who sued him and other Roman Catholic defendants for \$29,000 for abduction and assault and who was awarded \$20,000 by a jury. His Grace declared that he did not come into the pulpit to apologize for any fault or default.

"I stand here," he said, "to deny every charge that has been brought against me, fully conscious of the responsibility of such a declaration."

For five years, he said, he endeavored to settle this difficulty that was at present before the public mind, and causing so great a scandal, using every faculty of soul and body and every gift of nature and grace, but to no purpose. The case became more and more hopeless and finally he came to the conclusion that it was an impossible one.

Supported by a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Religious in Rome, dated April 9, 1895, declaring that in the removal of Sisters from one place to another, the superiors of any community held this right independently of the bishop, he refused to have anything whatsoever to do with any action outside of the ordinary.

He was acting within his own right and could not safely do otherwise, as it would be a dangerous thing for a bishop to interfere with the rights of others. After mature deliberation he came to the conclusion that he had not the right to interfere, when he was assured that the proper legal procedure was being adopted.

"You will further perceive," continued His Grace, "that I have become the victim of circumstances."

The name of the Archbishop has been everywhere held up to scorn and obliquity by the press. His name has appeared in large type as the representative of guilt. He has been made the mark for the shafts of prejudice and bigotry, for it is spoken, "Strike the shepherd and the sheep of the flock shall be dispersed."

He said that he had asked the plaintiff's counsel what would be required to effect a settlement and stated that if it were a monetary consideration, he was of the opinion it could be obtained. But he was told that the offer could not be considered, that there was little possibility of settling without recourse to law as what was required was vindication by the proper authorities.

"You will bear well in mind that the Church is not responsible for the acts of individuals insofar as she approves them. This case has been investigated by a representative of the Holy See who spent many days in this city and other parts of the archdiocese. It is at present before the highest ecclesiastical court in Rome. This is the only court that is competent to pass judgment on our actions in such matters. We are prepared to abide by the decision."

"As to the daily newspapers of the city, we feel that we have a very serious grievance against them. There is an opening or a libel suit in one case, and in the other there is an inflammatory article in the editorial column calling upon the people of the city to rise and depose the administration which, of course, includes the Archbishop."

"Were I of a vindictive turn of mind I would appeal to the Catholic people of Kingston in protest against this extravagant malvolence towards their religion. But we must return good for evil, however, by reason of our office we must protect the interests of religion."

"We, therefore, take this opportunity to state that if this unfair, unjust, biased and bigoted attitude is persisted in we will be obliged to have these papers classed with the Menace and other anti Catholic organs and in the exercise of our episcopal office decree that they be excluded from every Catholic home in the archdiocese."

Some persons may be anxious to hear why the Archbishop did not give evidence during the trial in his own behalf. He was not subpoenaed by either party and his counsel would not permit him on the contention that there was no evidence to implicate him.

Contrary to Sister Basil's report the orphanage was declared by the Archbishop to be a model institution. It was this report, it will be remembered, which, according to the plaintiff, led to the attempt to get rid of her by removing her to an insane asylum on the evening of September 14, 1906.

"This trouble," said His Grace, "has not arisen from any weakness in the administration, but from a refusal to accept the law of obedience. For the preserving of the Catholic religion, especially in community life, we must insist on that form of obedience the Church prescribes."

A congregation which completely filled the big cathedral heard the Archbishop.

An address signed by the clergy of the archdiocese was read to the Archbishop, expressing love and loyalty.

## CATHOLIC NOTES

As a sign of the times and of changing conditions in St. Louis, a few days ago a Methodist minister was the principal speaker at a meeting of workers for the K. C. war fund. He gave \$50 and paid a beautiful tribute to the noble, patriotic work the order is doing for the army.

The first navy medal of honor to be awarded since the United States entered the War, Secretary Daniels announces, goes to Patrick McGinnis, of Youngstown, Ohio, a ship's fitter. At great hazards McGinnis rescued an observer from a kite balloon at sea brought down by a squall. He also received \$100 in cash.

Secretary McAdoo, in a speech delivered in Baltimore, says the Sacred Heart Review, announced that \$10,000,000 must be raised by bond issues, certificates of indebtedness and war savings certificates before June 30 in order to meet the program laid out by Congress and the administration for the prosecution of the War.

The provincial of the Maryland, New York Province of the Society of Jesus, Very Rev. Anthony Maas, S. J., of New York, on Nov. 16 received a cablegram from the Papal Secretary of State, Cardinal Gasparri, announcing that the Holy Father had granted a dispensation for the ordination of Rev. Henry J. Wessling, S. J., who has been blind seven years. Mr. Wessling is thirty years old and has been for some time a member of the faculty of the College of Saint Francis Xavier, New York. While making experiments with chemicals in 1910 in Saint Canisius College, Buffalo, an explosion occurred which deprived him of sight.

The Rev. E. Huntley Gordon, Anglican Vicar of St. Catherine's, Nottingham, England, from 1909 to 1914, together with Mrs. Gordon, has been received into the Catholic Church in the Transvaal, where they took up their residence on leaving Nottingham in June, 1914. The Vicar's successor at St. Catherine's, Nottingham, Mr. Gordon states, "I saw the Bishop of Pretoria, who was most kind and said he did not think that dissatisfaction with the Anglican Church was sufficient justification for submission to Rome. I agreed, but said that we had got long past mere discontent with Anglicanism to a whole-hearted acceptance of the Papal claims."

Practically the entire southwest is looking forward to the consecration of the Rt. Rev. John J. Cantwell, D. D., as the new bishop of the diocese of Los Angeles and Monterey, which will take place in St. Mary's Cathedral, San Francisco, Wednesday, December 5. The event is eagerly awaited by the Catholics of the southwest as the dawning of a new era for the Church in that diocese. The consecration ceremony will be performed by the Most Rev. Edward J. Hanna, D. D., Archbishop of San Francisco, assisted by the Rev. Joseph S. Glass, C. M. D., bishop of Salt Lake, and the Rt. Rev. Thomas Grace, D. D., bishop of Sacramento. Churchmen from all parts of the province will be included in the procession.

Professor James C. Monaghan, a well-known Catholic lecturer, teacher, writer and United States consul in Kingston, Jamaica, died on Nov. 12, at Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. Monaghan was a native of Boston and sixty years old. He was awarded the Laetare Medal by the University of Notre Dame in 1908. He served as president of the New York School of Technology, on the School Board of Providence and was a member of the faculties of Notre Dame University, St. John's College, Brooklyn, the University of Wisconsin, and George Washington University. He was consul to Mannheim and Chemnitz, Germany, respectively, before his appointment to Jamaica. He promoted the cause of international trade and industrial art education, particularly by his writings, which were published as reports by the Government.

An event of interest in the story of the Canadian "occupation" of Shorncliffe has taken place in the Garrison Catholic Church. The troops quartered in Shorncliffe last summer subscribed for a Canadian Flag to be hung up in the Church as a memorial of the Canadian occupation. On Sunday, September 23rd, the Lord Bishop of the diocese, Dr. Amigo, held the canonical visitation of the Garrison Church and received and blessed the flag. In addressing the men, His Lordship spoke in highly appreciative terms of the inspiring presence of Canadian troops in Shorncliffe. He reminded them of what the little Church had been to them and their comrades about to cross over to the front, and promised that the Canadian Flag should hang as a memorial and thank offering on the altar as long as the Church stood. His Lordship took occasion to thank the troops for their liberality towards the Church which had just been entirely renewed and decorated out of funds contributed by them. With Lt. Col. Workman, Senior Canadian Catholic Chaplain, there were also present, Hon. Capt. J. P. Fallon, Senior Chaplain of the Shorncliffe Area, Hon. Capt. Thornton, C. F., and Hon. Capt. Hussey, C. F.

## GERALD DE LACEY'S DAUGHTER

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF COLONIAL DAYS

BY ANNA T. SADLER

## CHAPTER VI

THOMAS GREATBATCH, SMUGGLER AND PIRATE

On the streets of the town, during those closing years of the seventeenth century, a certain type of men was to be seen, easily distinguishable from all others. Their dress consisted of loose trousers, short open jacket, a sash of scarlet around their waist, and a bandolier of the same flaming color over their shoulders. Their bronzed faces, fierce mustaches and bold eyes proclaimed their calling. They were avowed smugglers, but also—as everybody whispered, but few said aloud—pirates. Smuggling and piracy had become, in fact, a common avocation, and it was broadly hinted that citizens of prominence were interested at least in the smuggling operations, to which they lent their countenance.

During the régime immediately preceding that of Lord Bellomont, the smugglers had grown bold, being under the patronage, it was said, of those in authority. Piracy upon the high seas, and in the vicinity of New York, had become so common that my Lord Bellomont was entrusted with a special commission to inquire into that abuse and its remedy. He had early announced to the Council his determination to put a stop to the nefarious traffic. This announcement had not succeeded in striking terror into the hearts of men who had been accustomed to defy or evade the law, and to hear at intervals fulminations against themselves and their calling, which were followed by no vigorous action. But the Earl of Bellomont, a resolute man and accustomed to command, went a step farther, and this with the approbation of the King and others in high places in the mother country. He declared his intention of founding in default of a navy, a privateer service, to which the wealthy men of the colony, particularly those who had maritime interests, should contribute. Sailing the high seas, these privateers would meet the pirates on their own element.

This announcement of his was the chief subject of conversation at every dinner table in the town, and in the taverns where men of all shades of opinion met for the discussion of public, and sometimes private, affairs. And it was being discussed on a certain afternoon under the spreading boughs of that famous elm which sheltered the tavern of *Der Halle*, by two men who sat as far apart as possible from the stragglers that now and then came forth from the tavern to enjoy the coolness of the air under the great tree. One of these were that dress which many were now beginning to fear, but which had been so long a favorite feature of the Dutch city. In an ordinary peaceful community that costume would have been startling, but to the inhabitants of Manhattan at that epoch the smuggler, thus boldly proclaimed by his costume, was a picturesque and almost admired figure. It was no uncommon thing to see such men seated at the tables of notable citizens, or smoking a friendly pipe and drinking a bowl of punch with them in the taverns. For it was these men who brought to the port of New York rich stuffs, gold, precious stones, wines and spices from the Orient, no less than such ordinary products as sugar, molasses or rum. If sometimes, as was alleged, but never openly avowed, their illegal trade merged into the darker calling of pirates, it only seemed to lend them an added attraction in the eyes of many otherwise law-abiding citizens, or the charge was conveniently held to be slanderous and unproved.

The member of this calling, who appeared under the tree of *Der Halle* that day, was a broad, thick-set man, with a coarse and strongly marked countenance, upon which smallpox had set its seal. This Thomas Greatbatch, who smoked in short, fierce puffs from a huge pipe, was so typical of his class that he was a hero to adventure-loving boys of the town. Also he was on terms of something very like intimacy with many grown men, despite their secret disgust at his boastfulness, coarseness and insolence, no less than the suspicions they must have entertained as to his character. The man who sat opposite to him at table was as far removed from him in station as in appearance or manners. A newcomer to the colony, of mixed English and Dutch extraction, Mynheer de Vries had made himself a power by the vastness of his commercial operations and the wealth of his establishment. He had purchased the dwelling, lately left vacant by the death of the celebrated Cornelius Steenwyck which adjoined that charming dwelling whence Major-or, as he now thought it safer to be called, Mr.—de Lacey and his daughter had taken up their abode. His coat and small clothes were of finest broadcloth of dark wine color, with silver buttons. His waistcoat was of broad satin, with jabot of fine lace. His clear-cut features were aristocratic in type. His hands were long, white and thin, and upon one finger sparkled a jewelled ring of priceless value. Upon this bauble the eyes of his companion were covetously fixed from time to time, for he was fully aware of its value. Possibly he was thinking that, had he been upon the deck of his good ship, he

would have lost no time in possessing himself of such a gem, and with scant ceremony to its owner. The talk of the two men was at first unimportant:

"See yonder mackerel clouds," said Greatbatch, pointing with his pipe-stem to the firmament, "Mares' tails, as we call them, Mynheer, and a good name enough. Well, as sure as the sun's in the heavens now, that means bad weather, and a signal to Captain Greatbatch to make sail before it comes."

His companion's eyes followed the direction of the pipe-stem to where fleecy masses of cumuli, like the unshorn wool of many lambs, were crowding together in masses upon the azure expanses of sky. Here and there, other trailing clouds broke the blueness with exquisite effect.

"You are, no doubt right," said the other, in even, courteous tones. "Though I may not claim your knowledge of the weather, I can believe that we are near a change. 'I'll sail at sun-rising,' Captain Greatbatch had said decisively. Then, as his round eyes dropped from the sky to the water, he burst into a great guffaw: "What a sight they are, those Vroven, by—"

Mynheer raised his hand in deprecation of the coarse oath with which the observation was seasoned, nor did he see anything especially ludicrous in the to him customary sight of comely red-cheeked women rowing their flat-bottomed boats, piled with market-produce, over the broad river from the sandy cliffs beyond.

Greatbatch, however, continued to chuckle and mutter to himself, as he watched those placid oarswomen, with their caps tied under their chins and no other head-covering to protect them from the sun. Then, as the sun shined and he was imbibing (that Barbadoes brand, of which he himself had brought into port full many an illicit cargo) began to warm him, he burst forth:

"I know that you gentlemen are shaking in your shoes, for has not my Lord Bellomont—a curse upon him!—made laws against the honest profits of us men of the sea?"

"It is most certainly true," said Mynheer, bending eagerly forward and dropping his voice, "that it will be extremely perilous for—"

He stopped and peered all around the great elm tree, for so considerable was its girth that it was a common boast of the tavern how many men it took to encircle it. He even looked up into the branches, lest any adventurous lad might be emulating the birds by finding a foothold amongst the foliage.

Greatbatch laughed a scornful laugh.

"Parlous," he echoed, "since ever I was a lad in my teens, I have lived in the teeth of pe-il; and if you mean by that danger to the body, I snap my fingers thereat."

He did snap his fingers in such close proximity to Mynheer's face that the latter drew back in disgust.

"Then, there's another peril that you gentry are afraid of, and that is your reputation and your standing with these Governors that they send out here from the old country to take the bread out of folks' mouths."

After another alarmed look around the place, where the few who were present seemed to be absorbed in their own concerns, and only the birds in the branches above were near enough to have overheard, Mynheer said:

"With one part of your speech I am most heartily in accord; for reputation is of a surety what we gentlemen have to safeguard. If we have winked at you—"

He paused for a suitable word, while Greatbatch eyed him truculently. "At your evasions of the law."

Greatbatch laughed a deep hoarse laugh, for well he knew that the euphemism was but a paltry way to describe those daring deeds of his, some of which might be called crimes, but in which, in so far as it was safe, he gloried.

"My Lord Bellomont," went on Mynheer, "has determined to put down with a strong hand all illicit traffic, and with still greater zeal such attempts, if any such are made, as may imperil the lives and property of His Majesty's lieges upon the high seas."

Governor wants to enforce navigation laws and to confiscate ships and cargoes for the customs dues. He tries hard to take the bread from honest seamen, but mark you, Mynheer, he has passed a law against them that knowingly entertain, conceal or hold correspondence with pirates."

And he laughed long and loud at the dismay which was visible on the countenance of Mynheer at this reminder. Also, he raised his voice to a pitch which caused his companion to protest in great alarm, as he said:

"As for my Lord Bellomont's scheme to place privateers on the seas in place of pirates, why, what are they but a pack of hell-hounds? And Cap'n Kidd for their Commander, oh Lord, Lord! Why, man, if I mistake not, he will be the most daring pirate alive today, the most dangerous sea rover that ever trod a deck—aye, and I make no doubt the most expert of cutthroats. And here's to his health, I drain my glass to him."

Mynheer had noticed with consternation that, even as the man spoke, a gentleman strode out from the tavern and occupied a place not far removed from them on the other side of the tree. He recognized him at once as belonging to the Governor's household. He had seen him when, with other members of the town, he had gone to meet the newly arriving Governor, and when he attended the installation ceremonies at the *Stadt Huys*. He had since met him at various social gatherings, and was aware that his name was Captain Ferrers. The latter seated himself unobtrusively, smoking a pipe and sipping a glass of beer which the waiter brought him. Mynheer whispered a word of warning to his companion, upon which the latter, turning, and as if to include the newcomer in the invitation, cried aloud:

"Come, drink to the health of Cap'n Kidd, newly appointed by His Excellency's worshipful policeman of the seas. Drink with me to Cap'n Kidd, like to be the most daring pirate that ever sailed the high seas."

After an instant of astonishment, a look of humorous intelligence crossed Ferrers' face. The man and his costume proclaimed his profession, which was henceforward forbidden. Also, there was a certain irony in the glance which the young man cast at the smuggler's companion. The latter, catching his eye, greeted him with a formal bow, which Ferrers returned courteously but carelessly. At which Mynheer, leaving Greatbatch with but little ceremony, advanced towards the officer with something deprecating, almost obsequious, in his manner.

"I was just telling this good man," he said, "that the days of his calling, as openly practised in Manhattan, are about numbered."

Greatbatch, hearing this remark, was highly incensed, and cried out: "Whether I be a good man or a bad man, more likely the latter, at least I am open in my villainies, for, sir, whoever you may be, I am just telling this worthy gentleman that the game he and the other big bugs have been playing in this town, is well nigh over, unless they can make a bargain with His Excellency's new pirate-captain, Cap'n Kidd."

And the fellow, overcome with tipsy mirth at his own humor and at the manner in which he had turned the tables upon his companion, went off into a roar of laughter. Meanwhile, scarlet with confusion and full of apprehension, Mynheer stood quite confounded. Greatbatch, seeing that his companion had deserted him, drained his glass and lurched away with a satirical farewell to his late associate.

"Will you join me, Mynheer," said Ferrers, with unmoved gravity, "in a glass of beer, or do you perchance prefer Madeira?"

But there was still that look of humorous intelligence in the keen gray eyes, that made the burgher decidedly uncomfortable. Nevertheless, he accepted the courteous invitation with some eagerness. He had a weakness for the society of the great, and besides, there might be an opportunity of putting himself right. When his glass had been filled Ferrers remained:

"Yonder is rather a dangerous sort of fellow, I should opine, especially if it be in matters confidential. He dips too deep into the bottle for one thing."

"He is of ruffianly demeanor, I grant you," replied Mynheer, "but he is a trader and a most successful one, master of the trading vessel, 'Hesperia.'"

Which vessel, if I might hazard a guess, has a history," said Ferrers. Mynheer made a gesture of deprecation.

"It is a trader," he repeated suavely.

"Might one venture to suggest, in connection with that trade, the word 'illicit'?" inquired Ferrers.

Mynheer looked into the clear, gray eyes, and answered boldly:

"Smuggling," he said, "has been hitherto held by some persons in Manhattan to be a minor offence, if offence at all. Restrictions upon our commerce have been so burdensome and so vexatious."

"Granted. But the rich cargoes of these traders, how are they procured?"

"He sipped his beer, but did not look into the other's face, since he had no mind to play the inquisitor.

"How?" stammered Mynheer.

"Why they sail the high seas to distant ports and—"

"It is in those ports, then," inquired Ferrers, in the manner of one

interested in a debatable point, "that they procure those cargoes of costly merchandise, which, as I have heard tell, often include jewels of price, gold and the finest of stuffs?"

As Mynheer did not at once reply, since he knew that that question cut into the very heart of the subject, Ferrers lightly closed the discussion:

"I pray your forgiveness," he said, "for entering upon a topic which to be sure, and at least in so far as I am concerned, is purely local."

And remarking upon that which Greatbatch had before made subject of conversation, he said:

"What a very extraordinary figure those market-women cut, and how skilfully, if placidly, they use the oars!"

Following his lead, Mynheer discovered upon that topic, presently pointing out, however, that the great clouds presaging high winds were banked up to the west, behind the pile of great rocks.

"But, perchance you know, Captain Ferrers," he explained, "the local tradition that these winds are forever driven back, not by the rocks, as might seem most natural, but by the spirits of departed Indians. Why even we burghers have a kind of belief in it."

"Which would be but another instance of ingenious credulity," Ferrers said slyly, and the other, realising his meaning, once more flushed from chin to forehead. "As for example, if one were to credit the sea stories of yonder fellow that has just left us."

But Mynheer, becoming exasperated under his smooth manner, answered with something of impertinence in his tone:

"Even as when His Excellency holds it for certain that Captain Kidd will exterminate the sea-robbers."

"Have you acquaintance with this Captain Kidd?" inquired Ferrers, apparently unheeding the thrust.

## GATE OF HEAVEN

Joseph Carey in Boston Pilot

Who had been climbing all day, slowly but steadily, and it was just about sundown when we reached the Half Way House. It was a rude but comfortable shack, one of the many established by the Alpine Society for the accommodation of mountain climbers who must camp for a night on a climb of some of the higher mountains. The hut on the Gross Glockner was somewhat larger than the average hut found in the mountains, and during the summer season, there was always a caretaker there, whose business it was to see that the house was amply provided with supplies. These supplies, as well as a night's lodging, are provided for travellers at very modest rates.

While the other four members of the party were comparatively fresh—they being accustomed to this sort of travel—I was thoroughly exhausted. My only consolation was that I had had sense enough to refuse from the beginning to attempt the summit of the mountain, but had only agreed after much urging, to go to the Half Way House. The others intended to push on the following day, while I was to stay at the shelter and await their return.

The path thus far had been fairly easy and always safe, but the path on the following day's journey to the summit would afford some serious difficulties to the novice. In fact, the Gross Glockner is one of the highest mountains in the Lower Alps, and its snows give rise to one of the largest glaciers in the world. The thought of the glacier was terrifying to me, and even the thought of the height to which we had climbed was enough to make my head swim.

I firmly believe there is a certain temperament demanded for mountain climbing as well as experience, and I was quite convinced that I possessed no more of the one than of the other. As it was, every bone in my body was aching. In spite of the chill of the air, I was wet with perspiration. The only thing that impressed itself on my tired senses as we at last came to the hut, was a rudely scrawled title above the door, where someone had written with a bit of chalk the words "Porta Coeli."

"The Gate of Heaven." To me it certainly seemed an appropriate name, for within the hospitable door were waiting light, good cheer and refreshment.

My companions, as I said, were in the best of spirits, while I was inclined to be grouchy, owing to the excessive and unusual fatigue which I had experienced.

"Porta Coeli," cried Ben. "That's a good name for this place. It is really a step from this place to the pearly gates. See, the clouds are away down in the valley below us!"

"Yes," I grumbled, "it is only a step from here to the pearly gates—a just step off the path, or over a precipice, or into one of the crevices of the glacier. If you fellows are sensible, you will stay tomorrow quietly instead of attempting the summit, and then we will go down together the day after."

The quartet laughed at this. They had their steel-tipped Alpine stocks in their hands, and a stout rope with which each would be tied to his fellow. They had their heavy hobnailed mountain shoes and all the other apparatus necessary to the successful attainment of the heights. Nothing could induce them to desert.

"Come on, you pessimist," chuckled Ben. "What you need is a cup of hot tea. That, and a little supper, will make you all right again."

"I hope it will be better than the stuff we have been drinking all day," I answered. I had reference to a concoction which was much used in the mountains. A flask was filled with cold water and a generous portion of tea leaves was placed therein. I do not know whether it is due to the constant motion in walking, or to some other law of tea-making with which I am wholly unacquainted, but there results from the mixture of tea and cold water a drink which is greatly in vogue among the mountaineers. My friends professed to like it, but I still prefer to have my tea brewed in hot water. Not the least of my joys then, was the prospect that at the hut we should have at least a good hot drink.

I don't know why I had been induced to take that dangerous trip by nature I am a conservative and hate to risk my life. I have always considered mountain climbing in the same category as ballooning and aviating and racing in automobiles. That poor chap in Benson's book, "The Coward," did not lose a bit of his good standing in my eyes when he refused to jump across the crevasse in the glacier. If I had been there in the same circumstances, I would have refused myself.

But everything had been very quiet at Steinbock for a few days. Most of the students were away, and when Carlton proposed the trip to the Gross Glockner, the two or three Innsbruckers who were left rather jumped at it. I would be left alone in Steinbock except for the Herr Pfarrer, and I would see him at best only perhaps during a walk in the afternoon. The students noticed my desolate countenance and surmised the reason. They knew how lonely I had been at Matri before I discovered the retreat of the Innsbruck students at Steinbock.

"Come along," they urged.

"What," I cried. "Go up the Gross Glockner over the glacier? I guess not! Why, that's the highest mountain in Tyrol! It is had enough for

you fellows to try it with your experience in mountain climbing—but for me—it would be out of the question."

"Not at all," spoke up Carlton, "we will all be roped together."

"Fine!" I said. "When I tumble down the precipice, I will have the consolation of knowing that I am not going to be killed myself, but I am also to drag four others to their deaths."

"Nonsense!" he retorted. "You won't slip if you are careful, and if you do, I can hold you."

The others laughed at this, for Carlton is a little chap, weighing about a hundred and twenty pounds, while I—the less said about my weight, the better.

"If the bishop ever heard," I went on, "that I was climbing mountains like a crazy man, instead of studying German up here, he would call me home. And I am surprised," I went on severely, "that your bishops allow you to run wild like this."

"There's a difference," drawled Carlton sweetly. "Our bishops know that we can take care of ourselves. Come on, we will also take care of you."

"No," I answered decisively. "Gross Glockner is too much for me. My only experience in glaciers was on the toboggan shoot at Franklin Park, in my native town of Boston, and that is thrilling enough for me."

Then Ben suggested a compromise. "Just here the idea," urged the rest. "If you don't care to risk your valuable neck on the glacier, and perhaps it is just as well not to attempt it without experience, come with us at least to the Half Way Hut. You can remain there for the night and the following morning we can go up to the summit, while you wait for us at the hut. The experience will be a pleasant one for you. The climb is not hard, and the views are superb. By all means join us."

"Just here the idea," urged the rest. "Anything is better than staying alone in Steinbock."

So in a rash moment I consented to go to the Half Way House, which as a matter of fact proved to be about a three quarter way house. It was a steady climb of more than twelve hours, allowing time for lunch by the way. The views were, as they said, superb. Great snow-capped mountains towered over us, while in the valleys below the fertile fields were green as the hollows of waves, especially in contrast with the snowy crests of the peaks above. The tall straight pines, beginning where the cultivated fields left off, were like a great army of lancers charging up to the eternal snows, but ever, as they neared the summit, vanquished with thinned and broken ranks. By the side of the path a mountain stream babbled, its waters as pure as crystal, and as cold as ice. Indeed it had its source in the virgin snows of the mountain top. The air was keen, especially in that afternoon when a slight breeze sprang up; but the labor of climbing was so great that the cold air was very refreshing.

Yet despite all this natural beauty never will the weary traveller over the hills and mountains of this life welcome the Porta Coeli with more fervor than did I on that August evening. I thought then that the man who scrawled that title over the door of the hut must have been feeling much as I did when he arrived. I like, too, to think that when we have climbed the difficult mountain of death, we will see the Porta Coeli of Heaven wide open, a welcome haven of light and rest.

The caretaker of the hut advanced to greet us with the customary phrase of the Tyrolean on his lips. "Gruss Gott," he said, "Praise God."

He was a man of about middle age, but he did not seem to have the robust frame of the mountaineer. In fact the first impression I received, was that he was possibly a man who had come to the mountains for his health, and had accepted the light duties of caretaker as a means of eking out his existence. I noticed that his hand, as he extended it in greeting, was soft and white, more like the hand of a clerk or a professional man than the rough and calloused hand of the ordinary mountaineer. His German, too, even to my unpracticed ear, was distinctly different from the Tyrolean dialect—a fact which my more experienced friends noticed at once.

"This fellow," remarked one of them in an undertone, "is not a Tyrolean. He talks as if he came from Vienna."

Within everything was neat and clean. A fire burned merrily in the open fire place and threw a genial warmth over the rough interior. A kettle on the hob bubbled merrily, and the table was covered with a clean, white table cloth, something of a rarity in the mountains. A picture of "Bauer Franz," the beloved Francis Joseph, and the unfortunate Empress Elizabeth hung on one wall, with the crucifix just opposite. If the decorations meant anything, it was, that our host was a Catholic and a patriot. But this was of course to be expected. The Tyrolean are intensely loyal to Church and Emperor.

He stood before us silently awaiting our orders, and Carlton, who was much as I did, a very fancy meal, which he knew could not be found in the mountains. Our host smiled, as he saw the humor of the situation, and then said:

"Gentlemen, for meat we have only bacon and canned beef. Which will you have?"

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TO BE CONTINUED

shouted for bacon. On the grill the bacon was soon sizzling, and the air was filled with the appetizing odor. On the tea, and sugar, and condensed milk, and bread and crackers from our russachs, together with goat's cheese, potatoes and Indian meal pudding furnished by our host, we dined royally. The fatigues of the day were forgotten as we lit our pipes after supper and drew near the fire, for the mountain air was raw at night.

"This place, I again observed," said Carlton, "is well named the Porta Coeli. In the first place it furnishes that great requisite for world-worn souls, a splendid rest. I always picture Heaven as a place of rest. Just think of it—glorious rest!" "You always were lazy, Carlton," remarked Ben. "It seems to me that Heaven is going to be a place of glorious activity, of ecstatic enjoyment. I think that we shall never be tired, of travelling through the heavenly Jerusalem, of golden streets, and gates of pearl and walls of precious stones. And I suppose that if there should be any crevasse in the way, or a precipice, instead of having to make a detour, one can just fly across it."

"Hold on there," cried Carlton, snowed under, by the chorus of those who held for an active life after death. "My rest includes all that. I meant by rest that we should never feel tired, or sick, or ill; that we should never feel the pinch of poverty or the injustice of man. The atmosphere will be pure, and all the people there will be good and kind. Ben, who meanwhile had been very silent, now spoke up.

"I agree with Carlton in the rest idea. It will be a great thing to be free from all the ills to which flesh is heir. Just think what humanity will be, freed from temptation and from sin and from the stings of conscience. But what in the world ever started us talking about this subject?"

"That's easy," I answered. "Don't you remember the sign over the door, Porta Coeli? Ask our host what wrote it there and why it was written."

Carlton, turned to the man and translated my question into German. "We noticed that Porta Coeli is written over the door outside. I have a very curious friend here who would like to know, if possible, why it is written there." And he indicated me with his eye.

Our host turned and gazed at me fixedly for a few moments and then said: "I wrote it there myself. You are Catholics, are you not,—perhaps students from Innsbruck?"

"Yes, we are American students from Innsbruck."

"That makes it easier to explain," he went on, "because as Catholics you can understand. I wrote that because I found this place a veritable gate to Heaven. As you may have surmised, I am not of the Tyrol. I fled here to the mountains to get away from the haunts of men, for I came from a great city. I have a fair education, and I had a good position. But I made a serious mistake once. Do not mistake me gentlemen, I am not a refugee from justice, because the law would not hold me responsible for the mistake I made. I blamed myself however for that, and for many other things. I came here miserable and desperate. I had lost faith in God and man, and would have destroyed myself,—God help me,—had I not lacked the courage."

"I came here because it was a solitude, and here gradually my faith in God came back to me, and with it my faith in man. A man can be an atheist in the schools and among the haunts of man witnessing the daily crimes of misery of life, but a man cannot live in the mountains without regaining his faith in God. Little by little, I came to recognize the hands of God in the works of nature about me. The solitude of this retreat helped me to hear again the voice of God in my soul. I could not hear it in the roar of cities. I had stifled it purposely and persuaded myself that it was a delusion. I began to see that the delusion was self-inflicted. I saw the works of God in the eternal mountains, in the snow and the hail, in the sunshine and storm, in the thunders and lightnings. Then I came to hear once more His voice in my soul, and here I have felt that peace and rest which is a foretaste of the heavenly vision of God, when we shall see Him face to face. And because this place opened up the vision of heaven again to me, I wrote over the door, the words,—Porta Coeli. I speak thus frankly to you gentlemen because I know you are students and will understand."

"Thank you," said Carlton, "for your confidence. We will respect it, and I am sure we will try to bring home with us from the mountains the same beautiful lesson that they have taught you."

"After that, there was little more said, and we were soon stretched out on cots. I was so struck by the remark of our host, that in spite of my tiredness it was a long time before I got to sleep."

GENERAL INTENTION FOR DECEMBER

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.

THE DECREE ON DAILY COMMUNION

The treasures of heavenly grace which are contained in Holy Communion and the rapid progress frequent communicants are known to make in the spiritual life, urged His Holiness Pius X. twelve years ago to issue an invitation to Catholics throughout the world to approach the Holy Table oftener, daily, if possible. In the Decree *Sacra Tridentina Synodus*, dated December 20th, 1905, the Sovereign Pontiff declared that it was the wish of the Church, plainly set forth by the Council of Trent, that "at every Mass the faithful who are present should communicate not only spiritually by way of internal affection, but sacramentally by the actual reception of the Eucharist." He declared further that this teaching of the Fathers of Trent was merely an echo of the wishes of our Lord Himself who more than once pointed out to His disciples the need there was of feeding their souls with this Heavenly Food. "I am the Bread of Life," He told a multitude of Jews at Capernaum; "Your fathers did eat the manna in the desert and are dead; I am the Living Bread which cometh down from heaven. If any man eateth of this Bread he shall live forever." The Jews were amazed at His words and strove among themselves to know what He meant; and yet had they been free from prejudice they should have easily understood. The manna was the daily food their forefathers received in the desert as a gift from heaven, and our Lord's mention of it clearly indicated to the wondering Jews that the new Manna which He was to provide was to be the daily heavenly food of those who would live under the New Law. The Fathers of the Church all saw in the ancient manna a figure of Holy Communion, and they agree in their teaching that it is not merely the material bread which supports the body we should ask for when we recite the Lord's Prayer, but also the Eucharistic Bread which should be the daily nourishment of our souls.

The reason why the Church is so anxious to see her children adopt the practice of daily Communion is because she wishes them to live so that they may receive the great sacrament of the Eucharist worthily every day. She teaches that the Holy Eucharist, frequently received, preserves us from mortal sin, helps us to resist our passions and tendencies of character, and gives us strength to overcome our daily faults. The Council of Trent, in fact, called the Eucharist "the antidote whereby we are delivered from our daily faults and preserved from deadly sins." The Christians of the early and middle ages understood this doctrine and allowed it to flower in their souls; the daily reception of Holy Communion helped them not only to live saintly lives but even to submit to martyrdom. The fortitude millions of them displayed in the presence of torture and death testifies to the efficacy of this great sacrament. At the same time, however, when men's hearts grew cold; they wearied of this Heavenly Food just as the Jews in the desert wearied of the manna that was sent to them from heaven. Following the period of the Crusades a wave of lukewarmness and indifference rolled over the Christian world, a circumstance which culminated in the Revolt of the sixteenth century, and turned millions away not merely from the sacraments but from the true Church as well. A century later, Jansenism, a doctrine of extreme asceticism, fatal as it was in its origin, this heresy kept people away from the Holy Table not precisely through indifference or unbelief in the Real Presence, but through a false interpretation of the dispositions of soul needful for its reception. People stayed away from Communion because they thought themselves unworthy; they failed to perceive that the reception of this Gift of God was a means to an end and not the end itself; as a result human souls languished in spiritual torpor. The Holy See condemned Jansenist rigorism in the seventeenth century, but its effects have been discerned even in modern times. One has heard the echo of the spirit of that unlovely heresy in the infinite pains theologians took, however unwittingly, to gauge the dispositions of soul required for the reception of monthly, weekly and daily Communion.

With a stroke of the pen Pius X. did away with those subtle theological distinctions and brought back the practice of Holy Communion to the status it held in the early centuries of the Church. He renewed the teaching that the only dispositions required for frequent and daily Communion was (i) that a soul should be in a "state of grace," and (ii) that "a right and devout intention should be found in the communicant." Every one knows what the first disposition means; a soul is in a state of grace when it is free from the stain of mortal sin and when it is resolved not to commit sin again. This resolve, firmly adhered to, should gradually emancipate a soul from venial sin and from all affection thereto. A right and devout intention is present when a person goes to Communion "not through routine, or vain glory, or human respect, but for the purpose

of pleasing God, of being more closely united with Him and of seeking in this Sacrament a remedy for his weaknesses and defects." This teaching shows us that the Decree of Pius X. which is still in vigor, is not merely disciplinary, seeing that it points out to priests a line of conduct in the direction of souls, but that it is also doctrinal, seeing that it treats of the Eucharist and of the conditions required for its reception, becoming thereby a guide for the priest of the faithful.

The multitudes who, during the past twelve years, have accepted this recall to the ancient traditions of the Church are witnesses to the efficacy of the Papal act. In the effects of frequent and daily Communion on their souls they have tasted how sweet the Lord is; they have felt that Holy Communion is a powerful preservative of the spirit of faith, of devout prayer, interior recollection, Christian detachment, humility, purity, meekness, and patience. It is a furnace of zeal, of fervor of charity; that it is the joy of penitence and sacrifice, the secret of peace of heart, the life and support of Christianity.

We need not be surprised, then, if Benedict XV. desires to see the practice of frequent and daily Communion spread more and more widely among his children over the earth. The world in these years is topsy-turvy; what with war and the horrors of war the age we live in requires some tremendous agency to set it right. It is only by turning to God and His Church and His sacraments that we may hope to see human affairs given their true orientation. If our hundreds of millions of Catholics throughout the world would approach the Holy Table frequently, their example would influence the rest of the human race. What other motive do we need to urge us, members of the League of the Sacred Heart, to do our own share in bringing about this happy millennium! And what consolation our efforts would give the Sacred Heart!

E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

THE HEART OF FRANCE

A TESTIMONY TO MANY BRAVE MOTHERS

In this War, which is one of nations rather than, like the wars of old, of armies, the moral of the nation behind the firing line is as important as that of its army in the field. As Sir William Robertson has said: "It is a sifting of nations. It is a trial of character. It is a test of racial quality. . . . It is the fibre, the stuff, the grit, the nerve of the civilian people which will decide it. And be sure of this: the side which lasts longest, the side which endures, is the side which will give its character to the future of civilization. The quality of national fibre will decide this War, and decide the future of the world."

There is thus a plain duty on all, not only to hope and to keep a brave heart, but to do all they can to strengthen and encourage their men at the front. In this the women of France have been conspicuous. From the moment that war broke out all in France recognized that the struggle, long expected, was one of life and death, and the whole nation rose to meet the crisis with a spirit which, in spite of the initial success of the enemy and the efforts of the peace-monger, has never faltered.

It was easy perhaps to send off the troops in the days of mobilization with smiling faces and to the waving of hands; but in the dark days that followed, when the northern districts fell into the grip of the Hun and witnessed unimaginable cruelties, masses and detachments, it was hard to cling to hope and bid others to hope, to carry on the tasks of daily life in the homes to which men would never return and to till the vineyards and the fields.

But it was done, as witness after witness has attested, and as the land itself proclaims. The shadow of war lay darkly on nearly every home; the pang of the lengthening separation and of the suspense, ended in only too many cases by news of the worst, was sufficient to daunt the bravest heart, but the women rose and remained true to their traditional spirit. The wounded were nursed and cared for, the aged and the children protected, and the spirit of the men with the colors was kept strong by the knowledge that every trial was being bravely borne and every task fulfilled.

If the men have shown themselves heroes, the women have no less proved themselves heroines, messengers of hope and apostles of patriotism. The fight was for France, and for France they were willing to give all. Nothing could better summarize and embody this splendid spirit than the act of the young mother who, with her child in her arms, waited at the mairie for the casualty lists.

At last the names were posted up, and she learned that she was a widow. For a moment the knowledge of what it meant nearly overwhelmed her. But she gulped down her sorrow, and with a proud gesture lifted her child high above the heads of the women around her and exclaimed, "Vive la France!"

There we have, says the London Tablet, the secret of the strength shown by French women in this long and devastating trial. "Dieu et Patrie" is their motto, not on the lips alone, but in their hearts. How it has been fulfilled by acts as well as proclaimed in words is vividly shown in a book, entitled "Les Francaises et la Grande Guerre," by Mlle. Berthem-Bonjean.

A mother, hearing that her son has been wounded, can find in her heart to regret that he has thus been prevented from carrying on his duty as a soldier; and another young widow, on learning of the gallant death of her aviator husband, can write as follows: "Thou knowest, O my God, how I

loved him, but Thou hast taken him in his glory after making a hero of him, and for that I thank Thee." Or take the following, from the letter of a young girl to her betrothed: "There are certain things which must be made clear between us once for all. Not only do I permit you, but I order you not to spare yourself on my account. If a dangerous mission be offered you, take it without hesitation. . . . Anticipate a demand, if you think that others could not carry it out as well as you could. Always remember that you owe yourself to France; I only come along after her. . . . God forward, beloved, and may God guard you, if the country will not lose by it. Living or dead, you will be my only love."

Another letter from a young girl to her brother shows the spirit shining in the darkened home: "They have taken all. Of eleven at the War, eight are dead. Dear brother, do your duty—that is all we ask. God has given you your life and He has the right to take it. It is mamma who says so."

The same note of resignation and pride is continually sounding, as witness the following: "Our brother has fallen. We must not weep; he has done his duty, and his death was splendid. I send you a card; drink to his death as you would to his marriage."

As a last example, we may quote from a sister to her brother, who fell in the great offensive in Champagne: "I mourn with you over the friends who have fallen on all sides; but, you know, such sacrifices are necessary to obtain the triumph of our beloved France. . . . Heroes— and all soldiers ought to be heroes—are those who, if they cannot always do great deeds, at least always and everywhere do their duty."

In the light of such blazing evidence as this, one can understand how the women of France have shown themselves so staunch in the War and so constant in their encouragement to their men by the word and deed.

Where the men who had fought for France are concerned, disfigurement and loss of limb was no bar to marriage. At Nantes a league of young girls was formed, pledged to refuse their hand to a slacker. All this has been well sung by Pierre Chanel in his poem, "Francaises":

Nous ne devons pas, nous, c'est lâche! Amollir leur cœur et leur bras. A l'oeuvre ou la commune tâche Les attend tout armés—la bas ; En passant le seul de leur porte, Il faut qu'ils sentent derrière eux La femme resoul et forte, Debout, l'orgueil seul dans les yeux.

Even still more noble is the attitude of mind of the women of maturer years, the wives of the men of France. Some of them have proudly inscribed at the end of the notice of death:

"Died on the field of honor: Vive la France."

The spirit is strikingly summarized in a sentence by a Lourdes laundress as she stood by the side of her husband as he lay dead of his wounds: "He has given his life for France, and so done well. France was his mother; I am only his wife."

These wives have in spirit followed their husbands in the daily dangers of the trenches, heartening them with loving assurances and words of comfort, though their own hearts were full of anxiety, thus proving themselves real comrades in arms.

"Keep nothing back from me for fear of troubling me," writes one. "I have the right to know your troubles as well as your joys, so that in closest unity we may suffer together before enjoying together the unspeakable happiness of peace."

Another, in a letter, the words of which are blurred with tears, seeks to comfort her husband's anxieties as follows: "Why, my darling, these presentiments of sorrow? You must no more doubt your return to me than you should doubt of France or victory. I, too, sometimes suffer heart anguish when I think of the awful dangers that surround you, but I have full confidence in God's protection, from the prayers which envelop you as in an impregnable coat of mail. . . . You speak of the mysterious designs of Providence. Well, with you I bow my head before His will."

And when the blow has fallen, the spirit is still the same. "I have been a widow for five months," writes one whose husband has fallen "for God and his country." "Nothing remains for me. But what am I saying? I have still my pride in him. And it is great. I assure you; for if my cross lies heavy on my shoulders, the name I hear makes me carry my head high." Or take these pathetic words of a poor working woman: "I am a poor woman who has never known the joy of giving. I know it now. I have given my all to France—my four sons." These things are at once an uplifting lesson to all, where they are not also a rebuke, and they recall and enforce the truth of that saying of Joseph de Maistre: "It is great hearts that make great countries."—Providence Visitor.

Swallowing whole the assertions made by great men is a cause of much moral indigestion. Some men, like a wet dog, sprinkle a shower of advice over you when you are least prepared for the bath.

FAITH A CATHOLIC CHILD POSSESSES WHAT WORLD'S PHILOSOPHERS ARE LOOKING FOR

By Rev. H. C. Hengel

Legislative assemblies still open their daily session with prayer, and secular colleges and universities still include in their commencement programs so-called baccalaureate sermons and religious exercises. These facts remind us of the time when all the nations of Europe, of which Americans are the descendants and heirs, were united in one Christian body, the Catholic Church, Church and State are now separated and ought to remain separated as long as the anarchy introduced into Christianity by the Protestant revolt of the sixteenth century endures, but it is well that certain old customs, such as prayers in opening public legislative assemblies and baccalaureate exercises with their hint of religion have survived. As now perfunctorily conducted, these customs have little value for religion or Christianity, but they are souvenirs coming down from a glorious past when the Church shaped civilization and was the only promoter of education. The only promoter of education, did I say? Yes, indeed! In obedience to her Divine commission to teach all nations, the Church carried on the education of Europe. In many respects her history is the history of education. She spread the gospel, she taught good morals, she refuted false and pernicious doctrines tending to destroy society and civilization. In the pulpit, in the confessional, in the humble service of parish priest as well as in schools and universities she opened channels of education in the broadest and highest sense. She offered the preparation for the complete life of men both here and hereafter. All the great universities including Oxford and Cambridge were established by the Catholic Church, so glibly and viciously slandered by some men as the enemy of progress and education. To-day her millions of children have on the first page of the Catechism a more true and more helpful philosophy of life than anything which the superficial, irreligious teachers can possibly offer. Catholic appreciate the fact of creation. They are certain of the existence of God. They know that human souls are immortal.

In all this Christian knowledge there is a glorious democracy of the intellect. The most honored scientists, philosophers, and theologians are not more wished regards as final truth than the humble Catholic who knows his penny catechism.

The crown of education is orthodox Christianity. Only one institution teaches it legitimately and infallibly. Only one institution insists upon the whole of Christian truth and precept and that one institution is the Catholic Church.

In our Catholic faith we have the sum total of wisdom. It unifies all knowledge. It makes knowledge a reality instead of a mere dream. Through our Catholic faith we are already in possession of truths for which outsiders are groping so painfully and usually so unsuccessfully.

The chronic disapprover

"Have you ever met him? The gloomy, joy-killing individual whose chief mission in life is to disapprove of people and things in general. The chronic disapprover takes upon himself or herself to censure and criticize everybody."

"No one ever does a thing, be it great or small, that meets the full approbation of the chronic disapprover. In church the sermon is either too long or the ventilation is horrible. The altar decorations at Christmas and Easter are either too extravagant or lacking the artistic touch."

"The chronic disapprover is essentially self-centered and pessimistic. He looks at everything through blue glasses and he sees the whole world blue."—The Michigan Catholic.

You can often love your neighbor as yourself more effectively across a high fence. "It is well to take counsel of one's pillow," said the editor when the clock struck eleven.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, DEC. 8, 1917

LORD LANSDOWNE, THE POPE AND PEACE

The cable has just informed us that the Marquis of Lansdowne has published a long letter in which he urges the revision of the Allies war aims and that an attempt be made to secure peace before "the prolongation of the War leads to the ruin of the civilized world."

Mirabile dictu! The noble Marquis might have quoted from the Pope's Peace Note, word for word, letter for letter, the great, dominant, overwhelming reason therein set forth by the Holy Father for that appeal which the Protestant has called his "Christ-like plea for the bleeding peoples of all the warring nations."

But not all Protestants have so characterized the Pope's Peace Note. We had grown accustomed to the charge that the Pope was only the catspaw of the Emperor of Austria, who is the tool of the Kaiser. And more recently that the "Roman Hierarchy," who are the agents of the Pope, are everywhere actively promoting the "German Peace Drive." And Catholics everywhere must obey the hierarchy. So there you are. Papists are trying to rob us of the fruits of victory.

This is the cat that killed the rat that cut the cord that tied the bag that held the malt that lay in the house that Jack built. The fact that the Roman Hierarchy include Cardinal Mercier, Cardinal Amette, Cardinal Bourne, Cardinal Gibbons, and countless others whose patriotism stands out in relief even against the most patriotic of backgrounds makes no difference at all to those obsessed by the no-Popery demon. They have learned their house-that-Jack-built lesson, and it takes the place of intelligent conclusions from easily ascertained facts.

And now the Marquis of Lansdowne is in absolute agreement with the Pope on the necessity for peace to save civilization. If he were only a Catholic he would fit right in with the house-that-Jack-built theory. But he is not; far from it. He is in the forefront of those "who would wreck the Empire rather than give up their (Protestant) Ascendancy in Ireland." He was their spokesman in the Government's shameful breach of faith which wrecked Irish settlement a year ago last July. No, Lord Lansdowne is not a Catholic, and we fear that he will be a stumbling-block and a rock of offence to all the glib little bigots who are now saying their little piece about patriotism and popery. He doesn't fit at all in the house-that-Jack-built story of Protestant patriotism and Catholic perfidy.

"His letter," the cable tells us, "gives formal adhesion to President Wilson's policy of a league of nations." And so also did the Pope's Note. Again: "Lord Lansdowne contends that an immense stimulus would probably be given to the peace party in Germany if it were understood. First, that the annihilation of Germany as a great power was not desired; second, that we do not seek to impose upon the German people a form of government against their choice; third, that except as a legitimate war measure, we do not desire to deny to Germany her place among the great commercial countries; fourth, that we are prepared after the War, in concert with the other powers, to examine the international problems connected with the freedom of the

sens; fifth, that we are prepared to enter into an international pact under which ample opportunities would be afforded for the settlement of international disputes by peaceful means."

Each and every one of these points was advocated by the Holy Father in his Letter except the second, which was urged in express terms by the Cardinal Secretary of State in an authentic interview given to the press after President Wilson's Reply.

The fourth, concerning the freedom of the seas, although it had already been brought into question by President Wilson, drew down on the head of the Holy Father opprobrium unlimited. It was meaningless. It was a parrot repetition of the German cant phrase, and proof positive that the Pope was inspired by the Kaiser.

Now this question, the mention of which by the Pope aroused such indignation and was dismissed with such scorn, is deliberately proposed by Lord Lansdowne as one which England should declare her willingness to discuss.

Wonderful! We shall never get back to the house that Jack built.

The despatch very justly adds: "Lansdowne's long and intimate connection with foreign affairs and diplomacy lends unusual authority to such a pronouncement at the moment of the meeting of the inter-allied conference at Paris and because of Clemenceau's recent declaration against a league of nations including Germany."

Yes, the fact that Lord Lansdowne was for years Foreign Secretary, that even during the War he was recalled to assist Sir Edward (now Viscount) Grey in the Foreign office, gives to his pronouncement tremendous importance, and, it may be, a significance deeper than is yet suspected. No other man in English public life except Mr. Balfour and, perhaps, Viscount Grey could give to this statement the importance and the significance which attach to it as coming from Lord Lansdowne.

Another man might conceivably have blundered on such a time for such a pronouncement. It is quite conceivable that one so deeply versed in foreign affairs could have chosen otherwise than deliberately the moment of the inter-Allied Conference and the Russo-German peace negotiations. Out of the question also is the thought that the ex-Foreign Minister did not realize the full bearing of the publication of his momentous letter at this time. It may be true, as the cable says, that the Government had no previous knowledge of the letter, and that it is unwelcome to the Government. If so it indicates that the peace party in England is far and away stronger than we on this side of the ocean were given to understand. It may be that Lansdowne is again the spokesman of his class, that class which has more in common with the Junkers of Prussia than with the proletariat of Britain. In that case the menace of the coming social revolution must be growing very real in England.

Or it may be that the Daily News is right and that the old aristocrat, whatever his prejudices of class or party, is in this the humane and patriotic statesman who has the courage to face facts squarely.

The Daily News says: "The letter is as conspicuous for its courage as for its largeness and sanity of vision. He does immeasurable service to humanity in setting before all the nations the duty of a will to peace. The way to which Lord Lansdowne points, to which President Wilson has pointed and which Asquith, Balfour, Von Bethmann-Hollweg, Czernin, Briand and Smuts have approved, is a way to restore to the shattered world the security and stability of peace."

Many papers denounce the letter, and Bonar Law has characterized it as "a disaster." "On the other hand," the despatch says, "the Asquith papers had the letter as one of the most remarkable documents of the War."

At this writing (Nov. 30) that is all that has reached us. Before the RECORD reaches its readers many developments will certainly have taken place. Whatever these may be one desirable result will ensue. The pitiable prejudice hitherto displayed in discussing the question of peace will have received a rude jolt, and the anti-Catholic superstition will need the careful attention of those patriotic gentlemen, reverend and otherwise, who dry-nurse it so assiduously.

The despatches read in part:

"Although at present the attacks against the Marquis of Lansdowne are mostly vocal, there appears to be a considerable body of Liberal opinion which welcomes his letter, and much interest is being exhibited in what the press of the United States has to say on the subject. There also is a deal of curiosity as to what support the Marquis of Lansdowne may have had among the political leaders, it being believed that he was not likely to publish such an appeal without some such acquiescence. According to some reviewers, Earl Loreburn, former Lord High Chancellor, and the Earl of Rosebery were consulted before the letter was given to the press. The Weekly Nation expresses the opinion that the war policy of Viscount Grey, former Foreign Secretary, is identical with the Marquis of Lansdowne's views.

"An interesting point of view of some of the political discussions bearing on the letter is that it points to a possible alternative Government and policy to that of the existing Government. "Mr. Bonar Law intimated that should the Marquis of Lansdowne's letter stimulate the pacifist movement to the point of the Government losing support for needful war measures, there would be only one alternative for the Government.

"The Manchester Guardian declares the country has suffered too long from timid reluctance to face the facts and declare a precise purpose and policy of things wanted and not wanted. "This is no sign of courage or statesmanship," it continues. "It is obfuscation of stale and faltering diplomacy."

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF THE IRISH CONVENTION

The proceedings of the Irish Convention, like the discussions of the Conferences which led to Canadian Confederation, are secret. Save for a brief official communication indicating in the most general terms the subjects discussed the press is entirely ignored. "Nevertheless," writes Mr. Arnold Bennett in the New York World, "a considerable number of outside people are necessarily familiar with the broad outlines of what is going on, with the progress made, if any, and with the general temper of the Convention from week to week."

He continues: "Visualize the convention. Political and religious opponents, divided by the most ferocious mutual hostility, are sitting and talking amicably together in one room. Many of them had over and over again declined to even meet each other; but they are sitting talking together in one room. They were separated by profound, desperate opposing convictions; but they are sitting talking together in one room. Many had proclaimed that any compromise between the two parties was utterly inconceivable; but they are sitting talking together in one room. "They have been doing so for months and nobody has yet assassinated anybody, nobody has walked out of the assembly in disgust crying that it was a shame and a farce.

"They are in the main people of public position and reputation. They are people with responsibilities, people whose time is valuable. They are not professional comedians nor complete idiots. But unless they are professional comedians or complete idiots, why do they continue to meet and talk?"

The conclusion is obvious, requiring neither statement, comment nor emphasis. The prolonged discussion is big with hope. If the outlook were otherwise the delegates would cease to sit in conference. Mr. Bennett very confidently asserts that it can safely be asserted that, "The convention will not propose that Ireland should become an independent sovereign power. It will not propose that Ireland should be divided.

"The third and only remaining solution is that Ireland should be united under some Dominion scheme of self-government." We know as a matter of fact, from the official announcements that the Dominion Self-Government is the solution to which the delegates have for a long time devoted almost exclusive consideration.

The English journalist then takes up the "major outstanding difficulties in devising such a scheme." First, he deals with representation. Unlike our good friend Mr. Harper Wade, of Quebec, who with great good will has given much thought to this subject and has urged his view that equal representation is a condition sine qua non, his fellow-countryman, Mr. Bennett thinks that this subject will offer no insuperable difficulties. He seems to think that any temporary arrangement might be agreed to, reviewable after a term of years.

With this explicit condition Mr. Wade's scheme might meet with acceptance. Regarding the next rock on which the project might founder we shall give Arnold Bennett's own words

It is a subject the mention of which would have been scouted a few brief years ago. Its serious discussion now helps one to realize the startling progress made on the way of real and effective self-government for Ireland:

"The second is the military difficulty. Shall the Irish Government have control over the military force? This point has not embroiled the Dominions and I do not see why it should cause grave trouble in Ireland. If Ireland unitedly wants to control a military force Great Britain could not be seriously alarmed, because in the actual use of such a force the two parties would tend to neutralize one another. If, on the other hand, the two parties at first disagree as to the desirability of controlling a military force, the party which wanted the force would probably in the end yield to the other party. Why should it not, seeing that the other party would have no advantage over it?"

We quite agree that the third and last major difficulty is the most important.

"The third and to my mind the greatest difficulty is the fiscal difficulty. Shall Ireland have complete, absolute fiscal autonomy, naturally with the right to impose tariffs against any community beyond her own coasts, or shall she not? I am of the opinion that this difficulty will not be too much for the Convention.

"Real or supposed financial advantage is at the bottom of it and even if one party is primarily interested in finance—which I somewhat doubt—surely both are not and the one which is not would give way."

This is the crux of the whole problem. Without control of fiscal policy self-government is a farce. Dominion Government without local fiscal control would never have retained Canada within the Empire. Years ago Mr. John MacNeill, speaking on the subject of Home Rule before a great meeting in Dublin, said: "I am convinced that whatever they hold back from us will become a thorn in the flesh to them rather than to us." There is a profound truth in the apparent paradox, a truth which has since received convincing demonstration.

Mr. Bennett then takes up the chances of extremists wrecking the scheme which the Convention evolves. It must be ratified by the people.

"The extremists on both sides are admittedly a source of danger. But what would be the real power of extremists who opposed a Convention settlement? What would be the real power of Mr. De Valera and his colleagues? At present they have taken a splendid ideal, that of self-government, and, relying on a population justly irritated against England, they have pushed it beyond the limits of reason."

"Beyond the limits of reason." That great and good old Irish patriot Cardinal Logue, in the evening of a life devoted with singleness of mind and heart to God and to Ireland, agrees unreservedly with the English writer.

Mr. Bennett disagrees emphatically with those who believe that Irish settlement will be thwarted by the irreconcilable extremists of both sides. And remember that this Englishman studied the problem at first hand in Ireland.

"My strong impression is that Ireland is just as sick as England is of the people on both sides now are too reasonably minded to commit such an outrage against common sense as the rejection of any convention scheme, and that no mere electioneering tactics of the extremists could defeat the secret desires of the mass of the people on a crucial issue if the issue is unobscured. The issue could only be obscured with the consent of the Cabinet of the United Kingdom which—unless the Cabinet is finally and definitely unable to learn from the bitter experience of history—would take care to eliminate the risks by having an election held here."

The English journalist is a shrewd observer: "They talk tremendously, but all oppressed peoples talk tremendously, and the English, not the Irish, attach far too much importance to talking in Ireland."

If the English attach too much importance to "talking in Ireland," the Canadian press simply loses its head altogether in spite of the fact that, without any oppression to excuse it, we do some "talking" in Canada also.

Mr. Bennett continues: "I do not think that 10% of the Sinn Feiners care two pence about sovereignty. If they saw the immediate prospect of Home Rule by consent and their leaders told them not to consent, I think that the bottom would instantly drop out of the official Sinn Fein movement. For a hardworking small farmer or tradesman or artisan there is no fun in rebellions, and there is so much loss and unpleasantness. "Ireland has had one grievance—the withholding of Home Rule for

over thirty years after one of the greatest English statesmen formally proposed it. The official Sinn Feiners have artificially added to this grievance another one—the denial of sovereign power. But this other grievance is new to the bulk of the nation and has never really laid hold of its imagination. It could not possibly survive the removal of the original grievance, it would expire of its own absurdity."

Sinn Fein is not a revolutionary society; it is rather at present, and so far as the multitude is concerned, a wave of sentiment or emotion, a natural and highly commendable feeling of resentment, a revulsion from Constitutional methods made farcial by the Unionists of England as well as of Ireland. The Irish people have had the old lesson insolently driven home again. "You will get nothing from the Englishman by rubbing him down," as Dr. Johnson puts it, "rub him up, sir, rub him up."

Though the political game may be fraught with danger as Cardinal Logue apprehends, it is reasonably certain that many who lend it countenance regard Sinn Fein as the best way to attain a satisfactory measure of self-government.

Amongst the Northern extremists Mr. Bennett found extremists indeed. "Ulster" does its full share of the "talking" in Ireland—and then some.

Yet this student of the Irish situation says: "Further inquiries showed me that these people were by no means representative even of Ulster Ulster—which, by the way, is not more than half Ulster. And after all I had emerged from beneath their steam hammering dizzy, but sound in wind and limb.

"My firm belief is that if the Convention reaches a settlement the majority of the Ulster Unionists will not make their representatives look silly by going back on them. "It is to be remembered that just as the convention is gradually educating its members, so each member is gradually educating his entourage at home. Every sitting of the Convention weakens the influence of the extremists."

And Sinn Fein is educating the Covenanters who by the way have ipso facto abandoned the Covenant by participating in the Convention. Mr. Bennett emphasizes an extraordinarily important consideration with regard to the extremists of Ulster:

"And there is another point of immense importance. The extremists are only extreme because experience has taught them they can rely on extraordinarily powerful influences in London."

It is worth while quoting in extenso Mr. Bennett's recapitulation of some very recent history, which nevertheless seems to have receded into the remote and mythical past—so far as some of our Canadian journalists are concerned.

"When Carson organized a larger army than the King's regular army, even in Dublin he had far more drilled potential fighters than the Sinn Feiners could get for their rebellion. When he organized this army for the avowed, deliberate purpose of defying the British Parliament by force he was supported by the very people—such as Lord Roberts—who were most alarmed about the German danger. He was supported by such grave persons as Mr. Walter Long and Lord Hugh Cecil. He was notoriously supported by distinguished Generals, and on the day when the famous solemn covenant was signed Bonar Law as the Conservative leader solemnly and officially pledged the support of the whole Unionist Party, the party of law and order, to this vast conspiracy to overthrow the supreme authority of the empire.

"Carson was the arch plotter, but the whole Unionist Party was in the plot and equally to blame. "It is now persistently stated that Carson himself is intensely anxious for a convention settlement—that is to say, for a settlement which unites all Ireland under Home Rule—and that the leaders of the Unionist Party are again with him. If this is so (and I am inclined to credit it) then the Ulster extremists would not have a chance when the pinch came."

The trouble is not between Nationalist and Unionist, not between Sinn Fein and Orangemen; nor is it between conflicting ideals or opposing factions in Ireland, it is between England and Ireland. The ascendancy faction aided and abetted by stupid and reckless English Toryism has bedevilled Irish politics. Remove that factor and the Irish problem solves itself. England must learn its lesson. Arnold Bennett is only one of an army of honest Englishmen who recognize this essential fact and he concludes his article by pointing it out:

"During the last thirty-five years the Irish legislation has been beneficent. Ireland has prospered under it. When the War broke out, Ireland characteristically generous, was thrilled with loyalty from end to end. But England, instead of responding

to trust with trust, responded to trust with distrust; and took her word and deliberately spoiled Irish recruiting and gave a place of honor in Parliament to the man who had defied Parliament with arms.

"The sequel was Easter. Of course it was. "The sequel still persists. Of course it does. "And the sequel will continue to persist until England realizes that no amount of beneficent legislation can take the place of self-government, and that the sole way to tranquillize Ireland is to put faith in her."

If the Convention fails? Mr. Bennett considers that complete failure is impossible. Good results are inevitable. Formal failure is possible and would call for great patience and forbearance on the part of England "for something would come out of the Convention that might be nearer peace than strife."

We gave recently the views of another distinguished English journalist who studied the Irish question perhaps with greater sympathy and insight; but Mr. Bennett's article is another proof that the chief stumbling block in the way of a real and final settlement of the ancient quarrel is on a fair way of being removed. And that stumbling block is not Ulster obstinacy or Sinn Fein enthusiasm, but the ignorant, inconsistent and outworn tradition of the English governing class. The principles underlying the world-struggle now going on cannot fail to shame the obscurantists along the way that good-will, good sense, and understanding sympathy have led the mass of the English people.

LAUDE DIGNA

She never gets a write-up in the Sunday supplement, nor does her name appear in the social column. You will look in vain for her in the automobile group of gaily attired, enthusiastic young ladies who were prominent on tag-day. Her maidenly reserve and natural manners would scarcely harmonize with their hysterically laughing pose. She works for the Red Cross, but she does her knitting at home, not on the street or at public meetings. She is not strong on speech-making or on applauding patriotic orations, but she has a brother at the front. She goes to Mass frequently on week days and is at Communion every Sunday. When she meets her pastor she does not say "How'd you do," she says "Good morning, Father."

"Who is this paragon?" you impatiently inquire. Permit us to introduce to you Miss Laude Digna, the young lady who sells tickets at the parish bazaar. As we leisurely partook of a dish of ice cream, we watched her in action. She smiled so sweetly that one would really imagine that she was thoroughly enjoying herself. Even when she received a curt refusal the smile did not come off. The rebuff seemed but to give added zest to her efforts. The thought occurred to us that while many have eulogized the Little Sisters of the Poor, who gladly bear with opprobrium for sweet Charity's sake, we have not realized, perhaps, that the same supernatural motive supports this young girl in performing a task that is not too pleasant to a sensitive nature.

A bazaar is not looked forward to with joyful expectancy either by the pastor or the workers of a parish. The former would gladly choose some other means of raising the necessary funds if he knew of any equally efficient. "Why does not Father," says a parishioner of very tender susceptibilities, "tax the people instead of having those begging bees? I, for one, would gladly subscribe ten dollars." Ah, but would he? Some of these vain boasters are found wanting when it comes to the test. But, granting his sincerity, he overlooks the fact that there are in every parish a large number of people who are unable to make a substantial donation in money but who will gladly give of their time and labor to assist in any good work. This manner of bringing the members of a congregation together has, besides, very real advantages. It promotes sociability, which unfortunately has become, in some places, a not too striking characteristic of our Catholic people. It stimulates a healthy rivalry in church work, and fosters a laudable sentiment of parish pride. In small parishes, where the help of each one is needed, this latter quality is much more in evidence than in large congregations.

A usual feature of these entertainments is a prize-drawing contest. We know that this has been stigmatized as gambling by some ultra-moralists

who perhaps are more influenced in their views by their unwillingness to part with a quarter than by any great zeal for morality. As a matter of fact no one ever contracted the habit of gambling by plunging at a church fair. The invitation to buy a ticket is but a veiled way of asking a man to give a donation. His chief motive in taking the ticket is not to win the prize, which after all but serves the purpose of introducing that element of luck that gives interest to all innocent games of chance.

But someone must volunteer to do this asking. Miss De Style positively refuses to sell tickets. Her highly sensitive and refined nature recoils from the idea. She will stand on the busy street corner and pin boutonnières on the breasts of all manner of men. But then, other society girls do it. It is so spectacular, you know. Besides—Ah, there's the rub—it does not entail any profession of faith.

So Laude Digna comes to the rescue. She believes that if her religion is the consolation of her life, she should make some little sacrifices for it. To enjoy in private the sweets of piety, and to decline to make outward profession of her faith is abhorrent to her sense of honor and gratitude. She accedes to her pastor's request with that cheerfulness and spirit of whole-souled generosity that is like a burst of warm sunshine. Her morning offering will be made with greater devotion on the days that follow. She has counted the cost; but she knows that He, at Whose altar she will wear the blue ribbon on the coming feast days, will not let the smallest particle of her good gift escape His mercy.

THE GLEANER

NOTES AND COMMENTS

WAR, says a well-known writer, is the great discoverer of the pure gold of heroic acts, which not infrequently lies hidden away in the most unexpected quarters, and only with opportunity comes to revelation. In this consists one of the great gains to humanity which go far to offset the awful toll of blood and tears.

ONE OF the notable material developments of the War is the concrete ship. In the old days, when wooden ships ruled the seas, that of iron or steel was as little thought of as was the concrete vessel before the outbreak of the present great conflict. Now the ship of concrete is an actuality, and indications are that it is entering upon an era of its own.

IN HER endeavor to replace the great amount of tonnage sunk by the German U-boat, in the last two years, Norway bids fair to lead the way in the adoption of concrete marine construction. This contingency has been brought about through the shortage and consequent high cost of the customary building material, and it is under such circumstances that the building of ships and lighters of concrete has made substantial headway in Norwegian yards. The method originally was the invention of a Norwegian engineer named Fougner, so that Norway would seem to have a prescriptive right to the honors of the pioneer in the enterprise. Besides being much cheaper to build than steel ships and lighters those of concrete can be completed in much shorter time, which in face of Germany's ruthless piracy on the high seas is a very important consideration. Three wharves are already engaged in this new departure and several motor boats of about one hundred tons each have already been launched, and larger vessels, of one thousand tons and more, are in process of construction. No limits, at this stage, can be set to the possibilities of this interesting enterprise.

THE CATHOLIC Women's League of England is making an appeal for support in its efforts to provide for the physical comfort and spiritual well-being of the Catholic soldier at the front, and of those dependent on them, and in safe-guarding the great army of women workers in the many munition works, factories and public offices, which the exigencies of war have thrown open to them. The organization is also making special efforts to provide for the welfare, spiritual and temporal, of the 12,000 Belgian refugees whom Teutonic ruthlessness has deprived of home and country. While those most active in the administration of the work are preserving in their public appeal a laudable anonymity, the fact that it is under the patronage of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster and the other Arch-

bishops and Bishops of England is sufficient guarantee of its character, and of the disinterestedness of those who have it in hand.

ALTHOUGH THE League is still in its infancy it has already a long list of good works to its credit. In the matter of Recreation Huts for soldiers and sailors, three have been erected in France — at Boulogne, Calais and Camiers — and six others in England. In addition, a Hut and Canteen for the accommodation of Service Men going to or returning from the front, has been erected in the grounds of Westminster Cathedral, and members of the League have staffed and managed the Huts erected by the Catholic Huts Council in both France and England. It will be seen, therefore, that the new organization is auxiliary to and working in harmony with other Catholic organizations devoted to the welfare of the Fighting Men of the Allied Nations. That from the headquarters of the Catholic Women's League at 116 Victoria Street, London, S. W., will continue, while the War lasts, to flow a steady stream of Christian helpfulness and compassion is assured.

FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN'S recent arraignment of the tragedy of the empty cradle finds striking endorsement in an address since delivered in Edinburgh by the Rev. Dr. N. Maclean. Commenting upon the great and depressing decrease in the Sunday Schools, as revealed by the Report of the Scottish National Sabbath School Union, he based his explanation upon the depressing fact that among what he termed "our Christian people" "children had ceased to be born." The Scottish race, he averred, was being sacrificed to the selfishness of the well-to-do, the rich and the cultured. It is worthy of remark that while Father Vaughan's utterances on the subject met with torrents of abuse in the British press, the like sentiments of the Edinburgh preacher were let severely alone.

THE FLAT failure of the Luther celebration which some not over discreet zealots tried to galvanize into life, constitutes a notable sign of the times. Many Protestants of note, clerical and lay, declined to have anything to do with the glorification of the German iconoclast, and where commemorative services were held, they proved to be half-hearted and apologetic to a degree. In Scotland the Free churches seem resolutely to have kept aloof from it. In one presbytery, when Rev. Dr. Salmond, Luther's apologist, essayed to rouse enthusiasm over his hero, a fellow-minister, the Rev. Dr. Dunbar, promptly checked him, and in the event the quarter-centenary proposal was squashed.

DR. SALMOND asked the reverend court to sing the praises of Luther's nailing of his theses on the church door at Wittenberg. "We cannot hear the tapping of Luther's hammer," retorted Dr. Dunbar, "through the groans of our tortured and murdered countrymen." And to the Duke of Argyll, emancipated from a long catalogue of false and vicious traditions common to his immediate predecessors, it fell to put the issue in a phrase which should eat into the very hearts of his countrymen. "It is a strange mania," he said, "for Scots who have a Columba, a Margaret and a Kentigern, to wish to commemorate a couple of long dead aliens who worked nothing but evil destruction in their lives and whose fruits we see in the charnel-house of Europe centuries after they have passed to their account."

FOR THE issue of Luther's teaching in our day we have not far to seek. Prof. F. H. Peabody, of Harvard University, in a Sunday address in Convocation Hall, University of Toronto, put it in terms like this: "The dogmas, even the orthodoxy of religion may be destroyed, (as a result of the War), but the real faith, which no bombs or enemy can destroy, is being revealed beyond doubt"—this "real faith" being nothing more than the complete elimination of all definite teaching as to the Being of God, the life beyond the grave, and all that has given to Christianity its vital power through the ages.

No craft, no art was ever learnt without a long and strenuous course of self-discipline. Before even a small measure of useful skill can be attained, there must be fixed purpose, concentration of thought, and repeated practice of eye and muscle continued over many weary weeks and even years.—Cardinal Bourne.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

GREAT NEWS FROM ITALY

Good news comes from Italy and the western front, and bad news from Petrograd. A number of German staff officers have, it is said, arrived at Petrograd, and are acting in an advisory capacity to Lenin, the Bolshevik premier. In the Cambrai area the British advanced their lines and took 500 prisoners. The fighting was very severe.

Five determined counter-attacks on the left wing of the Italian forces holding the positions between the Brenta and Piave Rivers were defeated after another sanguinary engagement. The fighting on this front is on a scale which equals that in any of the areas of the war in its intensity and bitterness. For more than two weeks now Italian armies that the Germans believed were so demoralized that they could not offer effective resistance have fought the Tenthers to a standstill. British and French reinforcements, fully equipped, are within reach of the gallant Italians on the fighting front, ready to be thrown into action when required. Another ally has also made his appearance in the shape of raging snowstorms in the mountain passes behind the enemy, delaying the bringing forward of supplies and guns as freely as the foe requires them, and blocking his way for a swift retreat if such is forced on him. If it is possible now for the Italians, British and French to strike hard, the enemy the greatest victory of the year may be won on this front. Such a development must necessarily depend to a very great extent upon the Italian forces behind the fighting line. If their morale is good and their supplies adequate they ought to be able, with the aid of their Allies, to definitely turn the scale.—Globe, Nov. 28.

THE STRUGGLE IN THE WEST

Strong German forces were repulsed over the greater part of the line in heavy attacks made on the British in the Cambrai area yesterday. The fighting, which continues, was on a wide front, lasted for many hours, and the foe suffered severe losses. From Massennes to Mouvres the enemy was held at all points. South of this area the Germans had some success, penetrating the British line to a considerable distance, but were later driven back. It is not yet clear whether all the ground was regained, as the British speak of the "enemy's advance being checked." It would appear that the aim of the enemy to drive the British back across the Scheldt and out of the forces above that point. Berlin records this as "an attack of our storming troops north of Braye, which met with success, a number of prisoners being captured." The same authority also reports attacks on British and French lines near the Belgian coast, evidently in the nature of raids. The move south of the Cambrai purpose would have the double purpose of trying to smash the side of the British wedge toward Cambrai, and at the same time prevent a development of the prospective French advance around St. Quentin. If the Germans are to hang on in the Cambrai area it is essential for them to recover most of the ground lost to the British in General Byng's great attack. The fighting is likely to be prolonged and bitter. Yesterday's repulse will not stay the Hun yet.—Globe, Dec. 1.

THE CHURCH DIVINE

As I look across the open space that lies beneath my window towards the dreary sunset of this sombre day, I see the cross that crowns the steeple of the silent minister. The brilliant reds and blues have deepened into maroons and purples. That cross which but an hour ago stood forth so boldly in the sun, is well-nigh enveloped in the sable fall that wraps the earth around, and still it stands the most imposing feature of this most entrancing scene. It brings to mind another cross that stood on such a height in such a sunset. It conjures up the deep significance of that cross and of the life that it brought to such an untimely end. It is the symbol of the Church Divine.

How many sunsets has that image known, how many people, how many climes! How often has it borne the weight of other Christs, now quivering mortals, now hopeless cadavers! How many tales of misery untold, or sorrow unutterable, but how many a glad one in the end!

It has lived through all the years that have been since the Divine One came. It will live through all the years that are to be until He comes again. It is the star of hope. It is the sun of justice. It is the light celestial. It is the emblem of the Church undying.

Never before this evening has its significance been so apparent. Never has the Church for which it stands appeared so grand. Born in the hidden recesses of the Judean city, nurtured in black caverns of villainous Rome, it has not yet attained its maturity. Even now in its adolescence it is divinely great. It has rallied to its standard men who might have worn a crown had they not chosen the thin-lined mitre.

No wonder that, as I look beyond the cross into the heavens and see the wondrous story written there, my heart is ravished and my brain grows numb. No wonder that I peer into the darkness for one last look. No wonder that, when the sable mantle falls at last, I bury my face in my hands that I may keep the vision of the cross upon the tablet of my memory and the lesson of the cross upon the tablet of my heart.—The Tablet.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

SERMON BY REV. F. J. O'SULLIVAN

"The Most High hath sanctified His tabernacle." (Ps. xlv. 4.)

This week the Church celebrates the great feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God. What means the Immaculate Conception? Let there be any confusion in the mind of anyone on this point, I will first state what it does not mean. By it is not to be understood that great grace by which Mary preserved herself free from all actual sin. This immunity from all concupiscence, so admirably expressed in the words of St. Augustine: "When there is a question of sin, on account of the honor of our Lord, the Blessed Virgin is out of the question," has been an article of faith since the Council of Trent. Much less does it imply any special privilege on the part of her parents, St. Joachim and St. Anne. Nor does it refer to her perpetual virginity; for the Council of Lateran defined, centuries ago, that Mary was always a virgin.

What then is the meaning of this dogma? Let us recall, my brethren, the doctrine of original sin. God having created our first parents for a supernatural end, elevated them by the infusion of divine grace to a dignity altogether out of proportion with their human nature, and endowed them with many other gifts and graces, which they would have transmitted to their posterity if they had remained faithful. But they sinned, and by reason of that sin, which in their case was an actual sin, their descendants were condemned to be born children of wrath, enemies of God, stripped of original justice. This privation caused by the fall of Adam, who was constituted by God the head of the human family, the father of all the living, is what we call original sin. All mankind, Mary not excepted, stood in need of a redeemer; but for the sake of Him who was to ransom her, as well as us, by His death on the Cross, Mary was redeemed in a more excellent manner than the rest of the children of Adam. The saving waters of Baptism restore us to our lost heritage. Jeremiah the Prophet, because he was to foretell to his people the coming of the Messiah, was sanctified in his mother's womb. St. John the Baptist, the precursor of our Lord, was sanctified three months before birth. But there was one who was to co-operate more intimately than any of these in man's salvation, one whom God had predestined from all eternity to be, next to His Divine Son, the most powerful mediator between Him and his fallen creatures, one of whom God thus spoke to the serpent in the garden of Eden, when He promised to the human race a Saviour: "I will put enmities between thee and the Woman and thy seed and her seed: She shall crush thy head and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel." This woman, my brethren, was Mary, and for the sake of Him whom she was to bear, who was to take flesh of her flesh and bone of her bone, God granted through the foreseen merits of Jesus, the unique privilege of never having been for a moment stained with original sin, of having been, from the first instant of her conception, endowed with sanctifying grace. This exalted prerogative, the greatest favor ever bestowed on a child of Adam, is what the Church understands by the Immaculate Conception—the brightest jewel in Our Lady's diadem.

Sixty-three years ago, amid the acclamations of a rejoicing world, that great servant of Mary, Pius IX., declared her conception immaculate. Perhaps you may ask: "Was this a new doctrine?" O no! my brethren, no doctrine has ever been defined that was not contained in the deposit of revelation given to the Apostles. We know that in a ray of light there are seven different colors, as we see exemplified in the rainbow that comes after a storm. So it is with the doctrine of the Church as regards the Blessed Virgin. The white ray of the Sun of Truth containing the doctrine concerning Mary has been separated as time went on by the prism of theological research, and an infallible teaching Church, and its varied hues have been brought out, so that today the beautiful rainbow of Mary's glory appears as a sign of joy and peace.

As privileged children of such a privileged Mother, let us rejoice in the honors that God has bestowed upon her. We read in the first chapter of Genesis: "And God saw all the things that He had made and they were very good." This is the eulogium that the Creator bestowed upon creation. But when He considered that masterpiece of His wisdom, Mary Immaculate, He gives vent to His admiration in these words: "Thou art all beautiful O my love and there is no spot in thee." O! who can conceive the graces with which the soul of Mary was enriched on the day of her Immaculate Conception—graces which went on steadily increasing by virtue of her faithful co-

operation until in the fullness of time the Angel could announce to her "Hail full of grace." Truly "The Most High hath sanctified His tabernacle."

Solomon erected a temple to Almighty God. His father, King David, had collected the materials. The tribes of Israel vied with one another in pouring into the treasury gold and silver and precious stones, so that the habitation might be worthy of the Lord God of Israel. A temple was being prepared not for man but for God. Soon it arose in all its golden beauty, a vision of splendor such as the world had never beheld. But countless ages before a house was being prepared for God, far out-rivaling the Temple of Solomon, a habitation for God Incarnate, a living temple for the living God. That temple was Mary Immaculate. From all eternity she was present to Him in all perfection of her beauty. "I was set up from eternity and of old before the earth was made I was already conceived." God foresaw the Incarnation and Mary was to be the chosen instrument, who was to bear in her feeble arms the Master of the universe.

"A great sign appeared in heaven, a Woman clothed with the sun and the moon under her feet and on her head a crown of twelve stars." This Woman was a sign of hope that lighted up the dark ages that preceded the redemption. Side by side with the prophecies concerning our Lord are those that point to Mary. She is the mysterious ladder of Jacob that brought the Creator down to His own creation. She is the burning bush in which we recognize her perpetual virginity. She is the Ark of the Covenant containing the bread that came down from heaven. She is the fleece of Gideon covered with dew when all the earth around was dry. Ages pass before that sign appears; but in the meantime God's silent preparation is going on. He chooses the race of Abraham, the tribe of Juda, and the family of David, and prepares that people to produce the Immaculate Lily of Israel. The prophets, like watchers stationed on a lofty mountain, look out for the rising of that Morning Star that shall usher in the Sun of Justice, Isaiah sings of the Virgin that shall conceive, of the flower that shall spring from the rod of Jacob, Jeremiah of the Woman that shall compass a man. And when the last of the prophets had passed away, the tradition was kept alive by the martyr heroes in the days of the Machabees, until in the fullness of time the aged Simeon, standing at the door of the temple, welcomed the Mother and her Child.

Truly the Most High hath sanctified His tabernacle. And was it not fitting? The fathers and saints of the Church have vied with one another in extolling the sanctity of Mary, but no words of theirs give a more adequate expression of that sanctity than those of the Evangelist St. Matthew, who says of her: "of whom was born Jesus." Was it not fitting that she who was to be the mother of the eternal Son should not only be free from every stain, but also endowed from the first instant of her life with a sanctity in proportion to the sublimity of her destiny? Was it not fitting that she who was to crush the serpent's head, should never have been even for an instant under its infernal yoke? Was it not fitting that she, the second Eve, who through her obedience co-operated in the salvation of the human race should have been as richly endowed with grace as she who through her disobedience but co-operated in its ruin? Ah yes! the Catholic sentiment of the faithful has ever borne witness to the truth of this doctrine; but God in His wisdom has reserved for these later times, when the faith and morals of His children are exposed to so many dangers, its authoritative definition.

This mystery is for us firstly, a source of instruction and, secondly, a fountain of grace. What does it teach us? It teaches us, first of all, the necessity of making a good preparation for Communion. If God required of Mary such exalted purity and sanctity that she might be a fit habitation for the Word Incarnate, with what diligence should we not watch over our consciences, who receive Communion into our hearts the same Jesus for the God of the Eucharist is the same as the God of the Incarnation!

Secondly it teaches us the value of grace. Is it not evident that the Blessed Trinity, all powerful and all-wise, would have granted to Mary that which best became the privileged daughter of the Father, the spouse of the Holy Ghost, and the mother of the Eternal Son? And what was this? Not any external loveliness or earthly dignity, but the interior beauty of the soul, sanctifying grace. Alas! is it thus we value this priceless treasure, which St. Thomas calls the radiance of the light of the divine countenance by which the soul becomes partaker of the beauty of God Himself.

The Immaculate Conception is for us a fountain of grace. This is especially true of those who honor in a special manner our spotless queen. God has given her the most perfect mother heart that ever beat in human breast, not alone that she might be a mother to Him, but that she might be a mother to us. Come, therefore, virgins to a virgin mothers to a mother, young girls to the young girl. Come to her, ye poor struggling souls who are striving to be good, but who experience in your breasts the battle of the flesh against the spirit, the sad consequence of Adam's sin. Come to her who by reason of

her Immaculate Conception knew no concupiscence, and she will put enmities between you and the serpent and help you to win your crown. Come to her ye whose souls are blackened with mortal sin and who by reason of your offences tremble at the thought of the God of Justice. Remember that she is the refuge of sinners, meek and merciful, with a special affection like all mothers for a wayward son or daughter. Say "Mary Immaculate pray for me." It is the title she loves best; for having been asked her name by little Bernadette of Lourdes, she replied: "I am the Immaculate Conception."

Parents, teach your little children to lip that name. Infuse into their innocent hearts, by every means in your power, a tender devotion to Mary. See that they wear her scapular or medal. Place her image in the rooms where they sleep, that, before retiring and on awakening, their eyes may rest upon it, and instinctively they may learn to love her. Do this and they will grow up to be men and women of solid faith and piety, an honor to their Church, the joy of your grey hairs and your glory in heaven.

This feast is placed before Christmas in accordance with the mind of the Church as expressed in the words of St. Bernard, "through Mary to Jesus." May her coming festival be to a weary and distracted world a harbinger of peace—that peace that was promised to men of good will on the night of Christ's Nativity.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE'S APPRECIATION

Attention is called in the London Tablet to a number of hitherto unpublished letters addressed by Florence Nightingale to Cardinal Manning. They make apparent how close she stood in all her sympathies to the Catholic Church and with what admiration she regarded, in particular, the Catholic Sisterhoods. The letters will be found in the latest issue of the Dublin Review. In June, 1852, she thus wrote to the great English Cardinal who helped to shape her vocation as a nurse:

"You think the defect is in the will; all Catholics do. You think it would be a sacrifice to me to join the Catholic Church, a temptation to remain where I am. If you knew what a home the Catholic Church would be to me! All that I want I should find in her. All my difficulties would be removed. I have laboriously to pick up here and there crumbs by which to live. She would give me a daily bread." The Daughters of St. Vincent would open their arms to me, they have already done so; and what should I find there? My work already laid out for me, instead of seeking it to and fro and finding none, my home, sympathy human and divine. I dislike and I despise the Church of England. She received me into her bosom. But what has she ever done for me? She never gave me work to do for her, nor training to do if I found it for myself. I say, if you knew. But you do know now, with all its faults, what a home the Catholic Church is. And yet what is she to you compared with what she would be to me? No one can tell, no man can tell, what she is to women, their training, their discipline, their hopes, their home; to women because they are left wholly uneducated by the Church of England, almost wholly uncared for, while men are not. For what training is there compared to that of the Catholic nun?"

Would that Catholics themselves realized so keenly the treasure they possess in their holy Church! Would that they all appreciated as fully the great vocation of our Catholic Sisterhoods! No one understood better than Florence Nightingale the superiority of the Catholic Sisters over every other class of educators or social workers. Thus she makes her comparison:

"Those ladies, who are not Sisters, have not the chastened temper, the Christian grace, the accomplished loveliness and energy of the regular nun. I have seen something of different kinds of nuns, am no longer young, and do not speak from enthusiasm, but from experience. There is nothing like the training (in these days) which the Sacred Heart or the Order of St. Vincent gives to women." She longed to find her home within the Catholic Church, but that home, unfortunately, she never reached. The Church of England, she said, "proclaims out of the Prayer Book what we are to believe, but she does not care whether we do (and we don't) while the Catholic Church examines into the fact." She was not prepared to stand that scrutiny of the Church, which requires in the convert as in all her children an absolute belief in every article of Faith committed by Christ to the Church's sacred and inviolable care. But the testimony given by her is none the less highly interesting and valuable, though she failed to enter into the fullness of God's light.—America.

POWER OF HAIL MARY

Whenever I salute our Blessed Lady in the words of an angel, "Hail, Mary, full of grace!" heaven rejoices, the earth wonders, the devil shudders, hell trembles, sadness disappears, joy returns, the heart smiles in charity and is penetrated with a holy fervor, compunction is awakened, hope is revived. Indeed, so profound is my happiness that I cannot find words to describe it.—Thomas a Kempis.



TRIBUTE FROM A BAPTIST

Some years ago, this minister preached a sermon to his people, in which he said, in part, as follows:

I love to think that God is good. I love also to think about the goodness of my fellowmen. I am also deeply interested in the religions of the world—those systems of thought and feeling and action by which men are trying to find the path that leads up to that garden of God—paradise. There are so many of these religions that again and again the question forces itself: How is it possible for men to be so various in their religious thought and activity when their religious purpose is one and the same?

I hold in my hand a recent book, "Our Christian Heritage," written by Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore. I have read it with interest. It has informed my mind; it has helped my heart; it is an addition to the Christian literature of our age. It enables me to speak of "Some of the good things of Catholicism." The book contains thirty-five short discourses on topics of great and common interest to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ. It is not polemical. It has nothing to say against any Christian denomination that still retains faith in at least the divine mission of Jesus Christ. The Cardinal gladly acknowledges that the most of the topics discussed find able and zealous advocates among Protestant writers. If a few slight changes were made many a critical Protestant would never suspect that it was written by a Catholic. The spirit of the book is to win men to an appreciation of God and an apprehension of Christ. Mr. Cressey then read an extract from the preface of the book, stating that the author does not believe any radical cure of religious distemper can be effected by repressive measures. It is not by coercion, but by the voluntary surrender of the citadel of the heart, that man is converted. The only sword I would draw against the children of unbelief is the "sword of the spirit, which is the word of God." Could any Protestant write truer or sweeter words? First Catholicism holds firmly to the divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ. Cardinal Gibbons' three chapters on this question would help many a Protestant's faith, and stir him with a new fervor for souls.

Mr. Cressey gave some of the eminent prelate's arguments and said that surely Protestantism is stronger than otherwise possible because Catholicism thus holds and preaches the divinity of Jesus. Again, he asked, if it is not true that neither Catholicism nor Protestantism can afford to ignore the co-operation of the other in this seeking to stay the tide of infidelity which threatens the very life of the Church?

In the second place he considered the chapters on the immortality of the soul and that on eternal punishment. The Cardinal begins this chapter with the famous soliloquy of Cato: "God is indeed merciful, but He never forces His mercy on man. While the love is infinite its application is finite. He wishes the salvation of all men, but can any one hope to be saved if repentance be wanting? To the cry for pardon He ever listens—but what if that cry is never heard? On repentance he says that sorrow and repentance are not convertible terms. Repentance always means sorrow, but sorrow does not always mean repentance.—Rev. Frank B. Cressey, (Baptist.)"

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

A dew drop of the darkness born, Wherein no shadow lies; The blossom of a barren thorn, Whereof no petals dies; A rainbow beauty passion free, Wherever was veiled Divinity.

—FATHER TABB

Prayer will in time make the human countenance its own divinest altar; years upon years of true thoughts, like ceaseless music shut up within, will vibrate along the nerves of expression until the lines of the living instrument are drawn into correspondence and the harmony of visible form matches the unheard harmonies of the mind.—James Lane Allen.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

The law of charity obliges us, members of the Communion of Saints, to assist others to the knowledge of the Truth of Christ.

The Catholic Church Extension Society was instituted to help us in the performance of this holy and essential duty.

Through membership in the Extension Society we become true apostles of Jesus Christ and co-operate with Him in the work of redemption. We are not asked to go into the wilds and into the sparsely settled portions of Canada to preach the saving doctrine of Christianity, but Charity calls upon us to pray for the success of the Catholic missions and to aid financially the saintly self-sacrificing servants of Christ who give their lives and their energies so that the Bread of Life may be broken to God's children, hungry and crying out for it.

Teach ye all nations, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." This is Christ's order: This is our commission. It follows then that, Catholic Extension is really Jesus Christ, through the instrumentality of His Church, teaching, baptizing, confirming, absolving, feeding the hungry with His Body and Blood and sending the dying Christian forth to God in peace.

Catholic Extension is the generous Catholic giving to the poor in missionary districts the blessings and graces merited by Jesus Christ. Catholic Extension is the instrument of God to break down individualism and Localism and to open our eyes to the fact that our Church, the Church of Christ—the Kingdom of God upon earth—is Catholic or Universal.

Catholic Extension is the means, approved of by the Holy See, for the Home Missions in Canada as the "Propagation of the Faith" and "Holy Childhood" for the Foreign Missions.

Dear Reader, what can you do for Canadian Catholic Extension? We are sure you can pray for its success; we know that, with good will, you can, from God's gifts to you, give something back to Him for His missions; at any rate, you can talk "Extension" and make its object known to your friends and neighbors. We will gladly give you information about our society.

REV. T. O'DONNELL, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 67 Bond St., Toronto.

Contributions through this office should be addressed to:

EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfen, China, Nov. 26, 1916.

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

Yours faithfully in Jesus and Mary J. M. FRASER

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes entries like 'Previously acknowledged, \$12,042 56', 'A Friend, Georgetown, 1 00', 'In memory of parents, Bath 2 00', 'Ottawa, M. E. in Thanks, 5 00', 'Grateful Client of Sacred Heart, Stratford, 1 00'.

The men and women that are lifting the world upward are those that encourage more than criticize.

Advertisement for Merchants Bank of Canada. Includes text: 'ESTABLISHED 1864', 'Paid Up Capital, \$7,000,000', 'Total Deposits, \$92,102,072', 'Reserve Funds, 7,421,292', 'Total Assets, 121,130,558', 'GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS', '236 Branches and Agencies in Canada', 'Savings Department at All Branches', 'Deposits Received and Interest Allowed at Best Current Rates', 'Bankers to the Grey Nuns, Montreal; St. Augustine's Seminary, St. Joseph's Academy, and St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto.'

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. F. P. HICKY, O. S. B. SECOND SUNDAY OF AVENT

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

From Apostolic times the Church has always believed in the sinless Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Even non-Catholics note this as a Festival day. Witness the Book of Common Prayer, the Protestant authority, and Whitaker's Almanack to represent the world.

Yet, though an ancient Festival, it is pre-eminently a modern one. For in the year 1854 Pope Pius IX. declared it to be a doctrine of faith, that Mary was conceived without sin.

Why was it decreed and made an Article of Faith? First, to defend the dignity of Mary. As long as her sinlessness was not assailed, it sufficed to leave the pious belief a matter of devotion.

The second reason was to rebuke the world, grown material, gross, licentious, which can believe in nothing purer than itself. And the Church was not afraid to declare this dogma, which if anyone denies he is anathema.

And, thirdly, to necessitate weakened Catholics to have the courage to stand up boldly in defence of their Immaculate Mother. As long as it was optional to believe it or not, such Catholics could compromise with the sneers of the world.

How much has been written on this subject! There are countless reasons and proofs, but as far as our devotion needs, they can be summed up in one word, "It was becoming."

For the honour of the Blessed Trinity! Daughter of the Heavenly Father, Spouse of the Holy Ghost, Mother of the Son! how could the most pure God ally Himself to anything that sin had sullied?

For the honour of the most Blessed Sacrament! We say, "Hail, true Body born of the Virgin Mary." And is it not repugnant that the Lamb of God, the spotless Victim of the altar, was born of a sinner?

Calvary tells us, too, that Mary must have been Immaculate! Standing by the cross, and, later, with the dead Body of Her Son laid on her lap, how could she have looked upon those wounds if she, by sin, had caused even one of them?

What sustained that anguished heart? How could she have co-operated in our Redemption, if she had not been Immaculate?

Heaven cries out, too, "Mary Immaculate." For how could she be Queen of Heaven, if she did not transcend all the blessed Spirits there in holiness? Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, and the angelic hosts call her Queen and pay her reverence, and their holiness has never been tarnished with the stain of sin.

And all the Saints of God, redeemed by her Divine Son, vie with each other in the love and reverence for the spotless Maid, now their Queen. Truer than all fathers than all, is the soul of Mary, the Immaculate Virgin Mother of God!

Are we making too much of Mary? In a Protestant country we so often hear that complaint that, unknowingly, we fear and wonder, and even draw back from honouring our Blessed Mother. Why had she to be Immaculate? Because she was chosen to be the Mother of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, our Lord and Saviour. For His sake were the privilege and the honour given. So the glory of the Mother redounds to the glory of Her Divine Son.

This singular and unique privilege is, indeed, the special glory of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Nevertheless she does not claim the glory as her own, but in her Canticle she says: "For He that is mighty hath done great things to me, and holy is His Name." (Luke i. 49.)

But, though referring the glory to the goodness of God, there is no invocation goes straighter to the heart of Mary, and pleases her more, than "Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us, who have recourse to thee."

That prayer professes the faith, gives her the glory, implores her help, and expresses our confidence in her—all in those few words. Use that prayer continually, let it live in our hearts ready to burst from our lips, and it will be well with us at the end.

Sometimes, when we think of the spotless purity and exalted glory of Mary in heaven, we feel abashed, and fear that her very greatness makes a gulf between us. Who are we that she should listen to, think of, or pray for us? Yes, we are sinners, who have been so fickle and

false so very often, that perhaps we have worn out her patience and her pity.

This is a temptation, and we must never give in to such a thought against Mary Immaculate. Is she not the Mother of the Saviour of poor sinners? And her spotlessness makes her realize sin all the more, and be more filled with pity for us, poor sinners, that call upon her. Her joy is to be the refuge of sinners amidst us all, and yet unswerving. If we would not only pray to her, but for her sake, be sorry for the past, keep out of sin, live clean lives for the time to come; it would be a glory to her, and she would be proud of her children. And it would be easy too. The great Queen of Heaven, Mary Immaculate, is our Mother too. There has never been one lost, whom she has disdained or repulsed; there has never been one lost, who has persevered to the end in prayer to her. "Oh, Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us, who have recourse to thee."

TEMPERANCE

ALCOHOL'S HEAVY TOLL

At the annual convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of Connecticut, held a short time ago in Derby, the president, Rev. John J. Fitzgerald, of New Britain, in his address said:

"In laying their plans for the conduct of this mighty War the men of the nations on whose shoulders rests the responsibility, find themselves confronted by the problem of drink and publicly acknowledged that the consumption of alcohol must be diminished; that a drunken soldier is a hindrance instead of a help and that the nations that are sober are the nations that will eventually win."

"And not only does alcohol destroy efficiency, but it also robs the nations of thousands of its fighting-men. Dr. C. W. Saleely, one of the most eminent physicians of Great Britain, tells us that during the first year of the War 80,000 fine lives of soldiers and sailors were destroyed from England and that during peace 66,000 are destroyed by alcohol every year, as the thousands who die from delirium tremens, as the thousands who die from pneumonia and other diseases contracted by drunkenness and exposure and as the hollow coughs of decaying health heard in the hospitals and saloons so eloquently proclaim."

"And as alcohol takes about the same toll from America and the other nations, we can estimate the vast number of fighting men lost and can readily understand why our government is contemplating means for curtailing the influence of this destructive power."

THE WORKMAN'S ENEMY It needs no argument to prove that liquor is one of the worst enemies of the working man. Concerns employing large numbers will realize this fact, as their actions in giving preference to total abstainers in some cases and in others refusing to hire men who drink testify. And their testimony on the subject is invaluable, because it is the result of observation and study.

The superintendent of a company in Camden, N. J., which has about 10,000 men in its employ, speaks as follows on this subject: "The conviction that liquor and efficiency in business will not mix any more than will oil and water. Intoxicating liquor is the workman's worst enemy; it robs him of his physical equipment, which is his most vital asset. It is often directly responsible for accidents that otherwise would be avoided."

Non-indulgence in intoxicants means safety to the workmen; indulgence, jeopardy of one's safety. Even liquor in small quantities destroys the efficiency of the employee because it brings on a feeling of drowsiness and there is again the possibility of accident.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS

Wadsworth says: "Heaven lies about us in our infancy"—and poet though he was, he failed to penetrate the truth, which is a truism to the Catholic mind—that Heaven lies about us always. It is natural that those who believe in a spiritual world, should seek to communicate with spirits, and the Church provides for this, as for all other cravings of our spiritual nature, for "whatsoever things are true . . . whatsoever just and whatsoever lovely"—and St. Paul bids us further, "think on these things."

The Doctrine of Communion of Saints is as old as Christianity itself, because it flows from the great central dogma of the Incarnation. God loves us! Therein is the great, unassailable fact, fountain and source of countless streams of divine knowledge.

He is the Head of a mystical body; the Vine communicating a divine life to its branches, whether they are rapt in the glory of the great Vision, or being purged of earthly stains in cleansing fires, or fighting their way through danger and conflict in this pilgrimage of earthly existence. All are one by reason of the energizing principle of charity, which vivifies and unites, without loss of individuality—yet creates such an inter-dependence that the "saints" are members one of another sharing the same blessing, and exchanging good

HEALTHIEST ONE IN THE FAMILY

No Sign Of Dropsy And Kidney Trouble Since Taking "FRUIT-A-TIVES"



HATTIE WARREN Port Robinson, Ont., July 8th, 1915.

"We have used 'Fruit-a-tives' in our house for over three years and have always found them a good medicine. Our little girl, Hattie, was troubled with Kidney Disease. The doctor said she was threatened with Dropsy. Her limbs and body were all swollen and we began to think she could not live. Finally, we decided to try 'Fruit-a-tives'. She began to show improvement after we had given her a few tablets. In a short time, the swelling had all gone down and her flesh began to look more natural. Now she is the healthiest one in the family and has no signs of the old ailment. We can not say too much for 'Fruit-a-tives' and would never be without them."

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

offices and prayers. How wonderful, how inspiring is this holy "fellowship." The parables of the Kingdom reveals its corporate nature, and the continuity which links together the Kingdom in our midst and the Kingdom to come. From time immemorial, November has been consecrated, in the Church's liturgy and by popular devotion to the sacred intercourse with the Court of God. Just beyond the sphere of our senses lies a world so vast and full of mystery, that human language is powerless to describe it, yet we know it to be more real than the things we touch and see. That universe is the limitless realm of the Infinite God, Who is Himself its Light and Life; a light which unveils the secrets of all knowledge, a life, too, which quickens a living soul into an ecstasy of happiness, while calling into highest exercise every faculty of its being.

This unseen world is peopled by the spirits of the just made perfect—of those, who, having fought a good fight, as angels or men, have won the guerdon of victories. With God, they live and reign. Each is a prince, a conqueror, who, having borne the trials of warfare, has been bidden to his Lord's table to "come in and sup with Him"—"to be ministered unto"—and even to share His throne. It is a world of our friends, who not only love us, but are strong to help us in time of need and shield us from numberless perils. It is a Home, whence our brothers and sisters look out with eager eyes, to watch our stumbling ways, and stretch out ready aid to hold us up, and steer us aright. It is, in fine, the Kingdom of Our Father—who loves us as His most dear children, and who spares nothing to lead us to Himself. How full of comfort is this Catholic doctrine—the Communion of Saints!

During this great world-war when so many hearts are wrung by the toll of ceaseless battles, and yearn to spend their undying affection in loving help ward those they mourn, the stress of present days needs make evident the deep and wide-reaching truths and consoling practices of the ancient Church: Only the Spirit of Jesus Christ can fathom the heights and depths of the human spirit—by a love that is deep as His very godhead. Only He could know the closeness of "communion" that exists, with Him, among the members of His Body and all His external manifestation goes to prove the reality of His sympathy for the interests of human beings.—Providence Visitor.

ANTON LANG IN THE WAR OBERAMMERGAU IS NOW LIKE A HAUNTED TOWN

A journalist in Copenhagen contributed to a recent issue of The New York Tribune an interesting article regarding the effect the great war has had on Oberammergau, in the home of the Passion Play. He said: "Herr Lang has hitherto seen no service, though it was several times reported that he was killed in the war. There were rumors that he was serving with a ski corps in the Vosges, and that he had lost his life fighting in the Champagne. But while he is only forty-two and many men past his age laboured with the Landwehr in the trenches, the military authorities let Lang be."

"At first the war did not much move Oberammergau, remote as the little village has always been from the things of this world and wrapped up in its great religious festival, celebrated with scarce an interruption since the twelfth century. In the beginning Lang continued his trade as a cobbler, or builder of the tile ovens, which are part of every Bavarian peasant's home."

"But gradually a cloud of sadness gathered over the village. There were partings—young men leaving for the front, and, by and by, men not so young. Then came the news of death to several cottages and the return of cripples. But the call for Kanonen-futter (cannon-fodder) kept up, and finally some of the Passion Players were taken—among others, he who had played John the Baptist, and lifted the waters of the Ammer upon the head of Christus."

"The cloud of sadness settled upon the village. It became hard even to live. The peasants, never prosperous, found even eating a luxury. No one wanted tile ovens any more. "Lang found his trade gone. He made use of his early talent for wood-carving and got work outside the village in a neighboring furniture factory, returning each evening to his wife, who was Mathilde Rutz, once the Madonna of the summer-festivals."

"Those who have visited Oberammergau lately say it is like a haunted town, struggling to survive on its memories of the past. They say there will never be a Passion Play again, that the spirit of it is lacking as well as the cast. Of all those who made it famous, Lang was almost the only one remaining. And he, harassed, depressed and lonely, was still nursing his dream of a pilgrimage to the Holy Land after peace had returned."

"Instead, he has been called to the colours."

"BLACK ROBE" AND THE INDIAN Here is an Indian story that really happened, nearly fifty years ago. There are two heroes in it—one, the brave and holy Father De Smet, S. J., the other an aged Indian. You have read of the Father's noble work for the Indians and for the United States. Leading men said that the priest could do what no one else could to bring about peace with the tribes. So the Government looked to him for help when there was a great difficulty to overcome. One time a Council of Indians was going to be held, and Father De Smet said he would go himself and persuade the hostile chiefs to attend the conference. He was then sixty-eight years old. "Don't go, 'Black Robe,'" said the friendly Indians. "It will cost you your scalp."

"But the missionary said he wasn't afraid. Before a picture of the Blessed Virgin, Mother and Protector of all nations," he told the Indians, "six lamps are burning day and night during my absence, and before these lamps more than a thousand children beg heaven to protect me." "How wonderful! We want to go too," said the Indians.

"When do you start?" "To-morrow at sunrise," answered the priest. The next morning he set out with twenty-four men that he had selected from the Indians, and an old trapper, named Galpin, who had lived more than thirty years among the Sioux. They rode away towards the Bad Lands—an immense tract where nothing grew. It was the home of 5,000 pagan Indians, who knew nothing of the Catholic religion, except what they had heard about Father De Smet.

When the priest and his escort drew near this section, Father De Smet sent four men with a gift of tobacco to the enemies' camp. "The gift of tobacco is equivalent to an invitation or signifies the desire for a conference upon an important matter," Father De Smet told his white friends in a letter. "If the tobacco is accepted you can present yourself; if not, access to the camp is forbidden you."

Six days after the delegation went to the camp with the tobacco, a band of Indians appeared, scouts and warriors, to smoke the pipe of peace with the missionary. "Black Robe," they said, we accept your tobacco, but entrance to our camp is to you alone; no other white man could come out of it with his scalp."

Then "Black Robe" went with them, and five hundred hostile Indians came out to meet him. The priest unfurled a banner with the Holy Name of Jesus on one side and a picture of the Blessed Virgin on the other. Four chiefs rode up, greeted the priest, and the procession with the banner at the head started for the camp. The chiefs were called Four Horns, Black Moon, No Neck, and Sitting Bull—who was a very famous chief indeed.

Sitting Bull received Father De Smet most kindly, gave him a big lodge in the center of the camp, with a guard of warriors. For sixteen days "Black Robe" had been on the march, so he asked to be allowed to rest and he fell asleep, wrapped in his cloak, and with four thousand hostile Indians surrounding him.

Sitting Bull said to him in the morning: "I will listen to thy good words. In thy presence my hands fall to the ground as if dead." At a big council the Indians listened to the priest and agreed to make peace. The next day Father De Smet went back, with an escort; a warrior covered with scars carried the banner.

Another member of the guard was an aged Indian who wore on his breast a copper cross. This was the only religious emblem the priest had seen in the camp, so he asked the Indian where he got it. "You gave it to me, 'Black Robe,'" said the Indian. "I have not laid it aside for twenty-six years. The cross has raised me to the clouds among my people. If I still walk the earth, it is to the cross that I owe it, and the great Spirit has blessed my family."

He then told how he had loved whisky at the time he met the missionary, and how he promised "Black Robe" to give up drink. He often longed for a drink, but then he would take the cross in his hands and say over the words the priest had spoken. "Since we first met, I have never touched a drop," he said.

Father De Smet wanted to baptize him, but couldn't wait to instruct him. "I will go with you, 'Black Robe,'" said the old man eagerly. He could be instructed when they camped, he thought. And the missionary gladly prepared the Indian, and at the end of eight days he baptized him.

Two days later the whole party got a fine reception at the Fort. The priest received great praise for his work, but, you may be sure, he did not forget his convert who treasured the iron cross.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION Years ago the notion prevailed that somehow the devotion of Catholics to the Blessed Virgin Mary was excessive and diminished, if it did not altogether destroy devotion to our Divine Lord. In spite of the insult to Catholic piety and intelligence which this notion implies, and in spite of the luminous saying of Cardinal Newman, "The glory of the Mother is for the sake of the son," the notion has not yet entirely disappeared. Catholics find it difficult to understand this attitude on the part of non-Catholics. Just as they cannot understand why the glory of the stars should eclipse the glory of the sun for any human being, for as it has been said by some one "only idiots prefer the better to the best," and to all Catholics, Mary with all her glory is only a star, whereas Christ is the sun.

As we are especially concerned with eradicating false notions from the minds of our fellow Americans, we are especially grateful that the feast of the Immaculate Conception set apart to emphasize Mary's singular prerogative has been selected as the patron feast of the Church in America for the periodic celebration of this feast on each recurring eighth day of December will give the press and the pulpit an opportunity of repeating what the public is more or less likely to forget. The words "Hail Mary, full of grace," addressed by the angel to the virgin when announcing to her that she was to be the mother of the coming Saviour, were sufficient to enable a non-Catholic poet to write the line which is quoted perhaps more frequently than any other line of poetry—"Our tainted nature's solitary boast"—and that ought to be sufficient to any one with a sense of fitness, for surely if the Saviour was to be born of woman, it was fit and proper that she who bore Him should not know sin in any shape or form.

Much stress is laid on the paucity of texts about Mary in Scripture, and on the meagre character of devotion to her in the early days of Christianity. It is quite true that Holy Scripture is singularly silent about Mary after the meeting in the Upper Chambers in Jerusalem, but that was to be expected, for St. John, who would be the one to whom we should naturally look for details concerning her who was committed to his care, was so absorbed in setting forth the glories of our Lord's Divinity, that he had no time for even so marvelous a creature as Mary; and if early history has not the fulness of detail which our affection for the Blessed Virgin would prompt us to expect, that was in keeping with the development and growth which are apparent in all theology. The idea of Mary's sinlessness was there in germ from the beginning, and it gradually expanded with time; and the fire of devotion to Mary kindled early in the hearts of the faithful kept burning brighter and brighter until it burst forth in all its brilliancy when Pope Pius IX., after feeling the pulse of the entire Catholic world proclaimed that Mary was conceived without sin, and that this singular prerogative should be known to the faithful as the Immaculate Conception. That means that unlike all the other children of Adam, the soul of Mary was never never subject to sin, for in the words of a poet:

"God gazed on thy soul—it was spotless and fair, For the empire of sin—it had never been there."

When the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was proclaimed an article of faith in 1854, it was regarded as a providential reminder to those who were disposed to make light of sin in any form. As the world has not improved during the sixty-two years that have elapsed since then we must regard the annual celebration of the promulgation of the dogma as equally providential, because if anywhere the words of the poet—

"God of might, be with us yet, Lest we forget, lest we forget," are eminently appropriate, it is in connection with keeping alive within us the sense of sin.—The Guardian.



LUX

To give sweater coats a new lease of life

Now that sweater coats are getting more expensive, it is more than ever desirable that you wash yours with LUX. Of all things a sweater coat, which is seen so much, must be kept soft, fluffy, fleecy and "new" in appearance. You can keep yours that way and wash it again and again if you do this:

Four boiling water over LUX flakes—pure essence of soap—allowing 3 or 4 tablespoons for every gallon of water you use. Whip into a creamy lather—a few seconds is needed. Then put in the garment and stir it about. Let it soak until cool enough for your hands to squeeze the water out of the coat—the dirt just runs away. Rinse in two or three relays of tepid water, and hang to dry.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE DAY'S RESULT
Is anybody happier because you passed his way?
Does anyone remember that you spoke to him to-day?
This day is almost over and its tolling time is through:
Is there any one to utter now a kindly word of you?

Did you give a cheerful greeting to the friend who came along,
Or a churlish sort of "howdy" and then vanish in the throng?
Were you selfish, pure and simple, as you rushed along the way,
Or is some one mighty grateful for a deed you did to-day?

Can you say to-night, in parting with the days that, slipping fast,
That you helped a single brother of the many that you passed?
Is a single heart rejoicing over what you did or said?

Does a man whose hopes were fading now with courage look ahead,
Did you waste the day or lose it, was it well or poorly spent?
Did you leave a trail of kindness or a scar of discontent?
As you close your eyes in slumber do you think that God would say
You have earned one more to-morrow by the work you did to-day?

DISCOURTESY

Many a man has blocked his advancement by incivility to someone whom he looked down on or to whom he did not think it worth while to be polite.

An insult to a waiter in a restaurant, to a hotel clerk, to a salesman, or to a train conductor, has been a boomerang to many a man who never dreamed that his rudeness would rebound to his own discredit.

Even from the most selfish, personal viewpoint, discourtesy is always bad business. One never knows in this land of chance and lightning changes when fortune may send men who need assistance to the very man they have snubbed and abused.—Catholic Columbian.

INFORMATION WHILE THEY WAITED

The president of the faculty of a medical college once addressed a graduating class with reference to the necessity of cultivating the quality of patience in their professional, as well as in their domestic, relations.

The professor said: "Gentlemen, you are about to plunge into the sphere of action." No doubt you will, in some degree, follow the example of those who have preceded you. Among other things, you will doubtless marry. Let me entreat you to be kind to your wives. Be patient with them. Endeavor not to fret yourselves under petty domestic trials. If you are going to the theater, do not permit yourself to become excited if your wife is not downstairs in time. Have a treatise on your speciality always with you. Read it while you are waiting.

"And, I assure you, gentlemen," the professor concluded, with delicate irony, "you'll be astonished at the vast fund of information you'll accumulate in this way."

GETTING A JOB

The man who is looking for employment will succeed best if he knows exactly what kind of work he wants to do and can show that he is competent to do it.

Have you ever been in a position where you had to employ a person for a responsible place?

You found, didn't you, that some men seeking jobs are really running away from them, they are so unfit for the work and the responsibility. Others, doubtless, overvalued or under-valued their service. Some who looked good to you on the surface, became superficial as you got their angle.

Somewhat one finds so many people seeking positions, and so few looking for jobs.

Then there is sometimes young, often old, sure-of-himself fellow, who forgets to change his laundry, or shins his shoes, or get a shave. He just walks in and says, "I'm the man you want"—and ten times out of nine—that's the right proportion—he never had a look-in to get the situation.

But sometimes there will walk in a clean-cut, clear-eyed man who knows just what he wants, and what he is fit to do. Garbed properly, considerate of your time, experienced, direct—hired, almost before you know it yourself.

But that there are few of such is the pity of it all.

MAKE THE BEST OF IT

Beethoven played divinely once on an old harpsichord, some of the keys of which were silent. He had the high skill to avoid the bad keys and elicit splendid harmonies from the others.

It is the bad workman who quarrels with his tools. In a word, nine-tenths of success is in the worker and not more than one-tenth in the equipment.

Few indeed are the people who are privileged to work with good instruments and under ideal conditions. The ones who do well are those who make the best of it. A farmer said to me:

"All nature seems to be in conspiracy against the farmer. He has to combat insect pests, diseases in his live stock, beasts and birds of prey, bad weather, and exhaustion of soil."

"Yes," I replied, "and the store-keeper has to wrestle with fluctuat-

ing prices, changing styles, bad accounts, dishonest competitors, and the whims and tempers of people."

Like things could be said of every occupation.

Make the best of it. If you can't press a new suit, have the old one pressed. If you can't climb over, go around. If you have the spirit of achievement, hindrances will not defeat you.—Catholic Columbian.

IN THE HOME

Home is the place where a man should appear at his best. He who is bearish at home and polite only abroad is no true gentleman; indeed, he who cannot be considerate to those of his own household will never be really courteous to strangers. There is no better training for healthy and pleasant intercourse with the outer world than a bright and cheerful demeanor at home. It is in a man's home that his real character is seen; as he appears there, so he is really elsewhere, however skillfully he may for the time conceal his true nature.

It would go far to promote happiness in the home if all the members were as courteous to one another as they are to guests. The visitor receives bright smiles, pleasant greetings, while to our own we are often cross, rude, selfish, nagging and fault-finding. Are not our very own as worthy of our love, kindness and gentleness as the stranger.—St. Paul Bulletin.

EDGAR A. GURRY.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SHORT SKETCH OF LIVES OF SAINTS OF THE WEEK

DECEMBER 3.—ST. FRANCIS XAVIER

A young Spanish gentleman, in the dangerous days of the Reformation, was making a name for himself as a Professor of Philosophy in the University of Paris, and had seemingly no higher aim, when St. Ignatius of Loyola won him to heavenly thoughts. After a brief apostolate amongst his countrymen in Rome he was sent by St. Ignatius to the Indies, where for twelve years he was to wear himself out, bearing the Gospel to Hindostan, to Malacca, and to Japan. Thwarted by the jealousy, covetousness, and carelessness of those who should have helped and encouraged him, neither their opposition nor the difficulties of every sort which he encountered could make him slacken his labors for souls. The vast kingdom of China appealed to his charity, and he was resolved to risk his life to force an entry, when God took him to Himself, and on the 2nd of December, 1552, he died, like Moses, in sight of the land of promise.

DECEMBER 4.—ST. BARBARA, VIRGIN, MARTYR

St. Barbara was brought up a heathen. A tyrannical father, Dioscorus had kept her jealously secluded in a lonely tower which he had built for the purpose. Here, in her forced solitude, she gave herself to prayer and study, and contrived to receive instruction and baptism by stealth from a Christian priest. Dioscorus, on discovering his daughter's conversion, was beside himself with rage. He himself denounced her before the civil tribunal. Barbara was horribly tortured, and at last was beheaded, her own father, merciless to the last, acting as her executioner. God, however, speedily punished her persecutors. While her soul was being borne by angels to Paradise, a flash of lightning struck Dioscorus, and he was hurled before the judgment-seat of God.

DECEMBER 5.—ST. SABAS, ABBOT

St. Sabas, one of the most renowned patriarchs of the monks of Palestine, was born in the year 439, near Caesarea. In order to settle a dispute which had arisen between some of his relatives in regard to the administration of his estate, while still young he forsook the world and entered a monastery, wherein he became a model of fervor. When Sabas had been ten years in this monastery, being eighteen years old, he went to Jerusalem to visit the holy places, and attached himself to a monastery then under control of St. Euthymius; but on the death of the holy abbot our Saint sought the wilderness, where he chose his dwelling in a cave on the top of a high mountain, at the bottom of which ran the brook Cedron. After he had lived here five years, several came to him, desiring to serve God under his direction. He was at first unwilling to consent, but finally founded a new monastery of persons all desirous to devote themselves to praise and serve God without interruption. His great sanctity becoming known, he was ordained priest, at the age of fifty-three, by the patriarch of Jerusalem, and made Superior-General of all the anchorites of Palestine. He lived to be ninety-four, and died on the 5th of December, 532.

DECEMBER 6.—ST. NICHOLAS OF BARI

St. Nicholas, the patron Saint of Russia, was born toward the end of the third century. His uncle, the Archbishop of Myra in Lycia, ordained him priest, and appointed him abbot of a monastery; and on the death of the archbishop he was elected to the vacant see. Throughout his life he retained the bright and guileless manners of his early years, and showed himself the special protector of the innocent and the wronged. Nicholas once heard that a person who had fallen into poverty intended to abandon his three daughters to a life of sin. Determined, if possible, to save their innocence, the Saint went out by night, and taking with him a bag of gold, flung it into the window of the sleeping father and hurried off. He, on awaking, deemed the gift a godsend, and with-

edowered his eldest child. The Saint, overjoyed at his success, made like venture for the second daughter; but the third time, as he stole, overtook him and kissed his feet, saying: "Nicholas, why dost thou conceal thyself from me? Thou art my helper, and he who has delivered my soul and my daughters from hell." St. Nicholas is usually represented by the side of a vessel, wherein a certain man had concealed the bodies of his three children whom he had killed, but who were restored to life by the Saint. He died A. D. 342. His relics were translated in 1807, to Bari, Italy, and there after fifteen centuries, "the mamma of St. Nicholas" still flows from his bones and heals all kinds of sick.

DECEMBER 7.—ST. AMBROSE, BISHOP

Ambrose was of a noble family, and was governor of Milan A. D. 374, when a bishop was to be chosen for that great See. As the Arian heretics were many and fierce, he was present to preserve order during the election. Though only a catechumen, it was the will of God that he should himself be chosen by acclamation; and, in spite of his utmost resistance, he was baptized and consecrated. He was unwearied in every duty of a pastor, full of sympathy and charity, gentle and condescending in things indifferent, but inflexible in matters of principle. He showed his fearless zeal in braving the anger of the Empress Justina, by resisting and foiling her attempt to give one of the churches of Milan to the Arians, and by rebuking and leading to penance the really great Emperor Theodosius, who in a moment of irritation had punished most cruelly a sedition of the inhabitants of Thessalonica. He was the friend and confessor of St. Monica in all her sorrows, and in 387 he had the joy of admitting to the Church her son, St. Augustine. St. Ambrose died A. D. 397, full of years and of honors, and is revered by the Church of God as one of her greatest doctors.

DECEMBER 8.—THE FEAST OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

On this day, so dear to every Catholic heart, we celebrate, in the first place, the moment in which Almighty God showed Mary, through the distance of ages, to our first parents as the Virgin Mother of the divine Redeemer, the woman destined to crush the head of the serpent. And as by eternal decree she was miraculously exempt from all stain of original sin, and endowed with the richest treasures of grace and sanctity, it is meet that we should honor her glorious prerogatives by this special feast of the Immaculate Conception. We should join in spirit with the blessed in heaven, and rejoice with our dear Mother, not only for her own sake, but for ours, her children, who are partakers of her glory and happiness. Secondly, we are called upon to celebrate that ever-memorable day, the 8th of December, 1854, which raised the Immaculate Conception of Our Blessed Lady to a position before the dignity of a dogma of the infallible Church, causing universal joy among the faithful.

DECEMBER 8.—THE FEAST OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

With this, the general resumed his writing, thereby giving the Sister to understand that she was dismissed. For a moment her eyes fell, her lips trembled—it was a cruel mantle. Then the tremulous hands slowly lifted and folded tightly across her breast, as if to still some sudden heartache the unkind words called up. Very low, and sweet, and earnest was her reply: "What do we do with our beggings? Ah, that is a hard question to ask of one whose way of life leads ever among the poor, the sorrowing, the mangled. Not on me is it wasted. I stand here in my earthly all. What do we do with it? Ah, some day you may know."

NUNS OF ANOTHER ERA

During the Civil War, and while General S. was in command of the department at New Orleans, the Sisters of Charity made frequent applications to him for assistance. Especially were they desirous to obtain supplies at what was termed the "commissary prices"—that is, at a reduction or commutation of one-third the amount which the same provisions would cost at market rates. The principal demand was for ice, flour, beef and coffee, but mainly ice, a luxury which only the Union forces could enjoy at anything like a reasonable price. The hospitals were full of the sick and wounded of both the Federal and Confederate armies, and the benevolent institutions of the city were taxed to the utmost in their endeavors to aid the poor and suffering, for those were trying times, and was his many thimble.

Foremost among these Christian workers stood the various Sisterhoods. These noble women were busy day and night, never seeming to know fatigue, and overcoming every obstacle that, in so many discouraging forms, obstructed the way of doing good—obstacles which would have completely disheartened less resolute women, or those not trained in the school of patience, faith, hope and charity, and the first grand lesson in self-denial. Of money there was very little; and food, fuel, and medicine were scarce and dear; yet they never faltered, going on in the face of all difficulties, through poverty, war, and unfriendly aspersions, never turning aside, never complaining, never despairing.

It was just a week previous to the Red River campaign, when all was hurry and activity throughout the Department of the Gulf, that General S., a stern, irascible old officer of the regular army, sat at his desk on Julia street, curiously giving orders to subordinate dispatching messengers hither and thither to every part of the city where troops were stationed, and stiffly receiving such of his command as had important business to transact.

In the midst of this unusual hurry and preparation, the door noiselessly opened, and a humble Sister of Charity entered the room. A handsome young lieutenant of the staff instantly arose, and deferentially handed her a chair, for those sombre gray garments were respected, if not understood, even though he had no rever-

ence for the religious faith which they represented.

"Orderly!"

"The soldier on duty without the door, who had admitted the Sister, faced about, saluted, and stood mute, awaiting the further command of his chief.

"Did I not give orders that no one was to be admitted?"

"Yes, sir, but—"

"When I say no one, I mean no one," thundered the general.

The orderly bowed and returned to his post. He was too wise a soldier to enter into explanations with so irritable a superior. All the time the patient Sister sat calm and still, biding her moment when she might state the object of her mission. The general gave her the opportunity in the briefest manner possible, and sharply enough, too:

"She raised a pair of sad dark eyes to his face, and the gaze was so pure, so saintly, so full of silent pleading that the rough old soldier was touched in spite of himself. Around her fell the heavy muffling dress of her order which, however, coarse and ungraceful had something strangely solemn and mournful about it. She had a household of sick and wounded whom we must care for in some way, and I came to ask of you the privilege, which I humbly beseech you will not deny us, of obtaining ice and beef at commissary prices."

The gentle, earnest pleading fell on deaf ears.

"Always something," snarled the general. "Last week it was flour and ice; to-day it is ice and beef; tomorrow it will be coffee and ice, I suppose, and all for a lot of rascally rebels, who ought to be shot, instead of being nursed back to life and treason."

"General"—the Sister was majestic now—"Rebel or Federal, I do not ask. They are not soldiers when they come to us—they are simply suffering fellow creatures. Rich or poor, gentle or of lowly blood, it is not our province to inquire. Ununiformed, unarmed, sick and helpless, we ask not on which side they fought. Our work begins after yours is done. Yours the carnage, ours the binding up of wounds. Yours the battle, ours the duty of caring for the mangled left behind on the field. Ice I want for the sick, the wounded, the dying. I plead for all, I beg for all, I pray for all God's suffering creatures, wherever I may find them."

"Yes, you can beg, I'll admit. What do you do with all your beggings? It is always more, never enough!"

With this, the general resumed his writing, thereby giving the Sister to understand that she was dismissed. For a moment her eyes fell, her lips trembled—it was a cruel mantle. Then the tremulous hands slowly lifted and folded tightly across her breast, as if to still some sudden heartache the unkind words called up. Very low, and sweet, and earnest was her reply: "What do we do with our beggings? Ah, that is a hard question to ask of one whose way of life leads ever among the poor, the sorrowing, the mangled. Not on me is it wasted. I stand here in my earthly all. What do we do with it? Ah, some day you may know."

"Stay!"

The general's request was like a command. He could be stern, nay almost rude, but he knew truth and worth when he saw it and could be just. The Sister paused on the threshold, and for a minute nothing was heard but the rapid scratching of the general's pen.

"There, madam, is your order on the commissary for ice and beef at army terms, good for three months. I do it for the sake of the Union soldiers who are, or may be, in your care. Don't come bothering me again. Good morning."

In less than three weeks from that day the slaughter of the Red River campaign had been perfected, and there neared the city of New Orleans a steamer flying the ominous red flag, which even the Rebel sharpshooters respected and allowed to pass down the river unmolested. Another and still another followed closely in her wake, and all the decks were covered with the wounded and dying, whose bloody bandages and in many instances, undressed wounds, gave woeful evidence of the lack of surgeons, as well as the completeness of the rout.

Among the desperately wounded was General S. He was borne from the steamer to the waiting ambulance, writhing in anguish from the pain of his bleeding and shell-torn limb, and when they asked where he wished to be taken, he feebly moaned: "Anywhere, it matters not. Where I can die in peace."

So they took him to the Hotel Dieu, a noble and beautiful institution in the charge of the Sisters of Charity! The limb was amputated, and there he was nursed for weeks through the agony of the surgical operation, the fever, the wild delirium, and for many weary days no one could tell

whether life or death would be the victor. But who was the quiet faithful nurse, ever at his bedside, ever ministering to his wants, ever watching of his smallest needs? Why only "one of the Sisters."

At last life triumphed, reason returned, and with it much of the old abrupt manner. The general awoke to consciousness to see a face not altogether unknown bending over him, and to feel a pair of small, deft hands skillfully arranging a bandage, wet in ice-cold water, around his throbbing temples; where the mad pain and aching had for so long a time held sway. He was better now, though still very weak; but his mind was clear, and he could think calmly and connectedly of all that had taken place since the fatal battle—a battle which had so nearly cost him his life, and left him at best but a maimed and mutilated remnant of his former self.

Yet he was thankful it was no worse—that he had not been killed outright. In like degree he was grateful to those who nursed him so tenderly and tirelessly, especially the gray-robed woman, who had become almost angelic in his eyes, and it was like him to express his gratitude in his own peculiar way, without preface or circumlocution. Looking intently at the Sister, as if to get her features well fixed in his memory, he said:

"Did you get the ice and beef?"

The Sister started. The question was so direct and unexpected. Surely her patient must be getting—really himself.

"Yes," she replied simply, but with a kind glance of the soft sad eyes, that spoke eloquently her thanks.

"And your name is—"

"Sister Francis."

"Well, then, Sister Francis, I am glad you got the things—I gave you the order. I think I know now what you do with your beggings. I comprehend something of your work, your charity, your religion, and I hope to better for the knowledge. I owe you a debt I can never repay, but you will endeavor to believe that I am deeply grateful for all your great goodness and ceaseless care."

"Nay; you owe me nothing; but to Him whose cross I bear, and in whose lowly footsteps I try to follow, you owe a debt of gratitude unbounded. To His infinite mercy I commend you. It matters not for the body, it is that divine mystery, the soul, I would save. My work here is done. I leave you to the care of others. Adieu."

The door softly opened and closed and he saw Sister Francis no more. Two months afterward she received a letter sent to the care of the Mother Superior, inclosing a check for a thousand dollars. At the same time the general took occasion to remark that he wished he were able to make it twice the amount, since he knew by experience "what they did with their beggings."—Providence Visitor.

"IS THIS CATHARINE OR CHRIST?"

There is no plate so highly sensitized as the human conscience. The face of any man or woman will record to a greater or less degree the struggles undergone, the temptations overcome, the sin that has enslaved. It is related of St. Catharine of Sienna that when on the way from the church to the convent after the reception of Holy Communion she was so transfused that friends who met her were wont cry out in wonder, "Is this Catharine or Christ?"

There is much comfort for us in the little story. Being Christ-like is being beautiful with a beauty that has a haunting sweetness all its own, a beauty that depends for its charm not upon the arts of man but upon the processes that originate in the foreknowledge of God. When, thorn-crowned and lacerated, the Saviour of mankind was led before the mob, He was far from beautiful, as men reckon beauty. Yet in the sight of God and the Angels He was supremely fair. Even those who thirsted for His blood recognized in Him a something that they could not define and that set Him apart from all the rest of the sons of men.

It is only as we approximate our Divine Lord that we acquire true comeliness, the comeliness that leads our fellows nearer to Him and to us, that caused those who knew her to say of the Tuscan saint: "Is this Catharine or Christ?"—New World.

Many a man needs to take off his hat and let a little sun shine in.

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combat against equally Godless capitalism. Neither will ever be satisfied; neither will ever say enough, whether there be question of wages on the one side or of profits on the other.

RALLY FOR CHRISTIAN DEMOCRACY

Joseph Husslein, S. J., in America

Christian Democracy is the highest expression of social science illuminated by the light of faith. The name itself, as Pope Leo XIII. was careful to explain, is not meant to convey any political significance.

Christian Democracy is based upon the fundamental truth that there is a moral organism; a social body the members of which are united for a common purpose, by a common bond of brotherhood, under the common fatherhood of God.

Christian Democracy is earnestly concerned for the welfare of all classes of society, yet it openly professes to devote itself primarily to the interests of the poor, since they, in particular, stand in need of its assistance.

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"The condition of things at present proclaims vehemently, that there is need for a union of brave minds with all the resources they can command. The harvest of misery is before our eyes and the dreadful projects of the most disastrous national upheavals are threatening us from the growing power of the Socialistic movement."

Hence the imperative need of the Christian Democratic movement, equally opposed to Socialism on the one hand and to rationalistic capitalism on the other. While the former is distinguished from Socialism by the fact that it preserves inviolate all the true rights of property, it is no less sharply contrasted with unrestrained capitalism by its demand for a regulation and restriction of the power and privilege of private capital, wherever they are detrimental to the public welfare.

Christian Democracy is the golden mean between the two destructive extremes of Socialistic and capitalistic excesses. It favors free cooperation and such a measure of municipal or government ownership of public-service utilities as can best contribute to the general advantage of all the citizens.

No one, therefore, can fail to understand how important it is that the principles of Christian Democracy be firmly grasped by all Christians. It is not time for mere defensive warfare. Though combating Socialism on the one hand and liberalistic capitalism on the other, we must lift on high our own glorious standard. Aggressive action is required.

While Christian Democracy reluctantly opposes the oppression of the poor, it likewise demands justice for the wealthy classes and seeks their cooperation no less than that of the laboring men. It is not like Socialism, or individualistic capitalism, a mere class system. Like the Church and the Gospel, on which it is founded, it is intended for all alike.

Christian Democracy is not content with merely defending the just rights of the rich as well as of the poor, but it likewise recalls to both their sacred duties. While the latter may not transgress the laws of Christian morality, the former, too, are bidden to bear in mind that their responsibilities are in direct proportion to the greatness of the temporal benefits they have received.

Christian Democracy is the consummation of Christian charity no less than of social justice. It is the practical application of the Ten Commandments and of the twofold law of love which embraces them all. It seeks to provide for the souls of men while caring for their temporal welfare. It goes about in the spirit of Christ, with malice towards no man, with good-will for all, battling for justice and the reign of love in the hearts of all mankind.

A TRIBUTE TO THE IRISH

The Chief of the Army Chaplains' Department of England, Major-General Simms, D. D., who was recently entertained in Ireland, pays tribute to the valor and bravery of the Irish soldiers and their native chaplains. According to the Freeman's Journal, Dr. Simms "could state without invidiousness that no matter how well their troops had fought none had distinguished themselves more by their valour, heroism and endurance than the sons of Ireland. He might also say the same in regard to

the chaplains that had come from Ireland. He didn't make any distinction in religion. One and all had gained unbounded admiration for their worth and work. Since the beginning of 1915 nineteen of his side had been killed in action. One priest went over the top fifteen times although he was sixty years of age."

A POINTED REPLY

NON-CATHOLIC WRITER TELLS WHY ANTI-CATHOLIC SHEETS THRIVE AND WAX FAT

Fort Worth, Tex., Star-Telegram. "Recently we printed from The Manufacturers' Record an extract from an address by a Catholic priest in the Massachusetts National Guard. We reproduced it because we regarded it as one of the best statements of America's purpose in going to war that we have seen."

"Imagine our surprise at receiving through the mail a copy of The Star-Telegram's editorial page containing this address, with comment written in pencil along the margin of the paper, charging us with 'boosting the Roman Catholics.' The writer says he is a subscriber of ours, but he neglected to sign his name. Ordinarily we would pay no attention to a communication of this kind, but some of the statements, in our opinion, demand a reply. For example, the following is written in the margin alongside the address:

"This is intended for the ignorant. A Catholic priest hates liberty."

"At the top of the page appears the following:

"I am a subscriber, but do not approve of The Star-Telegram's boosting the Roman Catholics in many late issues of the paper. Most of such articles as 'a Catholic priest's war message,' are inspired by a foreign power, the Pope, and paid for and offered for publication by the local priest, a man whose real teachings would destroy American principles. No honest American believes this or any other priest is sincere."

"Before commenting on this bigoted and highly prejudicial statement, let us say that no one with authority over the editorial expressions of The Star-Telegram is a Catholic. To this let it be added that in a newspaper experience extending over a number of years, we have never known of a case in which a Catholic priest or layman offered propaganda articles to a newspaper for publication, for pay or otherwise. Indeed, without reflecting upon any other denomination, we think we may safely say that as a rule the Catholic Church asks less in the way of publicity than almost any other denomination. It is ridiculous to speak of 'inspired' articles originating at Rome, finding their way into the columns of an American newspaper."

"We hold no brief to defend the Catholics. But we find in this, as in many other matters, such mistaken and ignorant ideas prevail among some of the people, that in the interest of truth and fairness it is not unfitting at times to combat them. What knowledge, for example, can this man have of American institutions and American history when he can make such a statement as that 'no honest American can believe this or any other priest is sincere'?"

This is just another way of saying that no Catholic can be an honest American. It ought not to be necessary to reply to such a silly charge, but the fact is there is a well organized propaganda in this country which is based upon that proposition. People who adhere to this movement boast of their Americanism and oppose Catholicism on the ground that it is un-American. They oppose Catholics for public office on that ground, not seeming to realize that their own actions and attitude are un-American, inasmuch as it is declared in the constitution, that 'no religious tests shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States.' People who charge Catholics with being the enemies of liberty in this country seem not to know that Catholics were among the first to establish religious liberty on this continent. They seem not to know that in 1649, while the Puritans of Massachusetts were persecuting Quakers, Baptists, and other sects, including Catholics, and burning witches, the Catholics of Maryland were passing one of the first toleration acts in the history of the New World. The Maryland Colonial assembly, in which sat eight Catholics and five Protestants, adopted that act which provided: 'Whereas the enforcing of conscience in matters of religion hath frequently fallen out to be of dangerous consequence, and the latter to preserve mutual love and amity among the inhabitants of the colony, no person professing belief in Jesus Christ shall be in any ways troubled, molested or discontinued for, or in respect of his or her religion or in the free exercise thereof.'

"Moreover, such people seem to forget that there were many Catholics among the leaders of the Amer-

ican revolution. They forget the case of Charles Carroll, who when signing the Declaration of Independence was careful that King George would not mistake him for another of the same name and so signed himself 'Charles Carroll of Carrollton.' They forget the address of George Washington to the Catholics of America in which he said: 'I presume that your fellow citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their revolution and the establishment of your government, or the important assistance which they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic faith is professed. Such people forget all this and more, or they are ignorant of it, else they would never make such statements as that Catholicism's teachings are destructive of American principles. It is not Catholicism, but the teachings of those who say that no Catholic can be an American, that are destructive of America's principles, for the very soul of America's government is freedom for every man, be he Catholic or Protestant, Jew or Gentile, believer or unbeliever, to worship according to the dictates of his conscience or not to worship at all if he so chooses.'

BISHOP M. F. FALLON ATTESTS ESTEEM FOR ARCHBISHOP SPRATT

Kingston, Nov. 30.—On the occasion of the sixth anniversary of the consecration of Archbishop Spratt, Bishop Fallon of London, Ont., sent the following telegram to Rev. Father A. J. Hanley, rector of the cathedral:

"Kingston born, and a child of the cathedral parish, I ask the privilege of joining the priests of the archdiocese in expression of fraternal esteem for the Archbishop, and of unqualified condemnation of atrocious contumely to which he has recently been subjected."

(Sgd.) M. F. FALLON, Bishop of London.

CATHOLIC AIRMAN'S FUNERAL

Smith's Lawn Camp, Sunningdale, Berks.

As the result of an unavoidable accident which brought his machine down into the sea, Lieut. Aime A. Leger, R. F. C., formerly of the 165th (French Acadian) Battalion, Moncton, N. B., made the sacrifice of his life in the execution of his duty at an English Aviation School, on the 12th September, 1917. Arrangements for a worthy funeral were immediately taken in hand by Catholic Canadian Chaplains in the vicinity and, on the Saturday following, the honored remains were brought by his comrades to a Catholic Church where the parish priest, Rev. F. Haffendor, celebrated Holy Mass. The full Liturgy of the Church was accompanied by a Choir of French Canadian Soldiers of a local Reserve, with Rev. Fr. Daniel, O. M. I., at the organ.

The chief mourners, Lt.-Col. L. C. D'Aigle, Lieut. A. H. Bellevue, (165th Battalion) all the Officers of the 165th Battalion in England and of the R.F.C. as well as many of his Catholic Officers from various English Camps were accompanied by a mark of respect by Brigadier General Landry, and the Headquarters Staff of the local Canadian Camp. The Mass was served by Signaller formerly of the 165th Battalion, and all ceremonies were directed by Rev. Fr. Desjardins, C. F.

The gallant young Officer was interred immediately after Mass, by the side of comrades previously sacrificed, in the shadow of an Ancient Norman Church, built by the French Benedict Monks in the Ages of Faith. Once more the Sacred Crucifix appeared in those once accustomed precincts, and the fragrance of incense rose into the summer air as the committal service was read by Fr. Daniel. Overhead an aeroplane circled in mute homage to the dead, and many an eye was wet with tears as the "Last Post" sounded out, and the Catholic Officers came one by one to sprinkle Holy Water on the grave, and offer their last salute to their beloved comrade.

May our Star of the Sea to whom the 165th Battalion was dedicated and whose invocation appears on their Regimental Badges, intercede for the soul of this son of French Acadia and comfort the heart of the widowed mother who mourns his loss in Canada.

AN EYEWITNESS.

PREVENTION OF BRIBERY

Ottawa, Oct.—In setting up the machinery for the operation of the Military Service Act, special care has been taken to select only officials of the most trustworthy character. In the operation of the Act, attempts at bribery are always possible, in Canada no less than in other countries. Attempts to bribe any member of an exemption tribunal or medical board, or a military representative, means a term of imprisonment of not less than one year and not more than five years. It will be very difficult for anyone so inclined to set aside the regulations of the Military Service Act by corruption.

Not all of the preparations made to guard against venality and unfairness in the operation of the Act can be made public, but it may be announced that attempts to bribe

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Word has been received at Notre Dame that the Rev. George M. Sauvage, C. S. C., a professor at the Catholic University, who has spent a year at the war front acting as an interpreter for the French government, was a recipient of a medal for distinguished conduct. This medal was conferred by the British government. Although banished from France, Father Sauvage returned to fight his country.

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED WANTED HOUSEKEEPER FOR A PRIEST in one of the cities of the Detroit, Mich. diocese. Must furnish references as to character. Address The Catholic Pastor, Belding, Mich. 2084-2

XMAS PICTURES SACRED HEART OF JESUS PLEADING—beautiful picture in colours, 14x10, 25 cts. or 75c with set small devotional pictures, 25 cts. Indicate which is wanted. Box V, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2042-1

ODE ON VENICE

Glory and Empire! Once upon these towers With Freedom—godlike Triad! how ye sate!

The league of mightiest nations, in those hours When Venice was an envy, might abate,

But did not quench her spirit—in her fate All were enraptured; the feasted monarchs knew

And loved their hostess, nor could learn to hate, Although they humbled. With the kingly few

The many felt, for from all days and climes She was the voyager's worship—even her crimes

Were of the softer order—born of Love, She drank no blood, nor fatten'd on the dead

But gladden'd where her harmless conquests spread; For these restored the Cross, that from above

Hallowed her sheltering banners, which incessant Flew between earth and the unholy Crescent,

Which, if it waned and dwindled, Earth may thank The city it has clothed in chains, which clank

Now, creaking in the ears of those who owe The name of Freedom to her glorious struggles;

Yet she but shares with them a common woe, And call'd the "kingdom" of a con- quering foe—

But knows what all and, most of all, we know— With what set girded terms a tyrant juggles!

—LORD BYRON

DIED

MARTINI—Suddenly, on Wednesday, Oct. 31st, at her home in Rodney, Ont., Mary Ann, beloved wife of Charles Martini, aged fifty-seven years. May her soul rest in peace.

MARRIAGE

CONNOLLY MCGOOD—At St. Patrick's Church, Galt, on November 20, by Rev. Father Doyle, Mr. Patrick Connolly to Miss Sarah McGood.

ORDER YOUR ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS

NOW IS THE TIME TO ORDER YOUR Artificial Flowers before the Christmas rush. Our staff of thirty skilled flower-makers are always busy. Carnations, 15, 20, 30 cts. a doz.; June roses, 40 cts. a doz.; American Beauty roses, 40 cts. a doz.; Shaded roses, 70 cts. a doz.; Violets 40 cts. a doz.; lilies, 50 cts. a doz.; Xmas bells, 5, 10, 15 cts.; Polkastraw, 50 cts. a doz. Special prices to the trade. Send your orders to us. Grandford Artificial Flower Co., Bradford, Ont. P. S.—all charges paid by us. 2042-2

TEACHERS WANTED

QUALIFIED TEACHER WANTED FOR Public S. S. No. 1, Griffith, Salary \$500 per annum. Small attendance. Apply stating qualifications and experience to Edward Donovan, Sec., Balvane, P. O., Ont. 2041-4

TEACHER WANTED FOR PUBLIC SCHOOL No. 5, West Williams, holding a second class professional certificate. Duties to commence after Christmas holidays. Apply stating salary and experience to D. J. McPhee, Sec. Treas., R. R. No. 5, Parkhill, Ont. 2042-2

WANTED FOR R. C. S. S. No. 1, STANLEY—teacher holding 1st or 2nd class professional. Duties to commence Jan. 3rd. Small attendance. Salary \$500 per annum. Apply E. J. Gellina, Sec., Zurich, R. R. 2. 2042-3

TEACHER HOLDING FIRST OR SECOND class Normal certificate wanted for South Gloucester school. Salary \$500 per annum. Duties to begin January 2nd, 1918. School situated near church and boarding house, ten miles south of Ottawa city. Apply to Rev. Geo. D. Prudhomme, P. P., Billing's Bridge, Ont., R. R. No. 1. 2040-4

TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE School No. 6, Raleigh. Holding a second class professional certificate. Salary \$600. Duties to commence after Christmas holidays. Apply to Wm. A. Dillon, Sec. Treas., Merlin, Ont. Phone 4122. 2040-3

TEACHER WANTED AT ONCE HOLDING A 3rd class certificate; able to teach both French and English. Salary \$500 per year. Apply to Joseph Gatson, Sec. Treas., Keewatin, Ont. 2038-6

A QUALIFIED TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. No. 2, Grattan Township, Province of Ontario, Co. Renfrew for year 1918. State salary, qualifications and number of years experience. Address James Hart, Sec., Eganville, Ont., Co. Renfrew. 2040-2

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