

The Catholic Record.

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

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LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1915

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TO BE REMEMBERED

If there is a vacant place at the table—a place left by him who may be lying in an unknown grave on the battleground of Mons, Charleroi, the Marne—he would not wish that any shadow should lie athwart this festive season's observances. He has obeyed that call of duty which exemplifies that there lives among us yet that lofty spiritual ideal that the great soldiers have always brought to their sternest tasks. And we have known this season darkened by war—before. Exactly fifteen years ago we were rudely shaken out of our self-complacency by the terrible "Black Week" of South Africa, when the shocks of Magerfontein, Colenso and the Tugela River came in startling succession. Ladysmith, was in a state of siege, yet Buller's forces made as cheery a Christmas as they could on bully beef and biscuit pudding. At home the children of the men away were remembered by all, from Queen Victoria downwards, whose party to them in Windsor Castle was not the least memorable act of her great reign. Those in poverty and distress had a special place in the country's care. A few of the older generation can carry their minds back for sixty years, when we fought in the Crimea. It is interesting reading to turn back old newspaper files, and to see how the country then tried to keep a brave face at home, and to send all that it could to the brave men enduring the awful rigours of that winter. A thousand tons of gifts went out to them, and women worked then, as they have been doing in these recent weeks. There is an unforgettable passage in "Kinglake's History of the Crimea," that has a special bearing on our present attitude that would maintain the courageous front among ourselves, and especially to think of the men who once more have borne so much. Thus women unconsciously exercised their powers from the quiet lives they led in these Victorian days. To-day we would fain believe that those same influences, which came out so finely then, may have descended to ourselves. In any case, it is good to be reminded how that generation acted in a crisis analogous in its degree to that which now confronts us. There is a favorite phrase that is much used at this moment in "the psychology of war." What it means few of those employing it could define, but it sounds an imposing way of talking about what more ordinary people would call "the attitude of mind." Our present attitude of mind and heart should be one of humble supplication that the Angel of Peace will soon fold his wings across the blood-soaked fields of Belgium and France, and say to the Furies of Carnage, "It is enough. Hold now the Sword." The deep-toned guns may be answering one another still, in Belgium, in France, in Prussia men may be falling in the fighting lines, and there may be sorrow in many homes, but out of all there will emerge, in the fullness of time, peoples who are purified, ennobled, strong and righteous, to go forward in civilization and peace and good-will.

THE CHEERFUL PERSON

What a heaven-sent boon is a cheerful person! Perhaps many of us think this is so obvious that there is no need to say another word about it. As a truth—or as a platitude, whichever you like to call it—the remark is obvious: but the cheerful person is not: that is the difficulty. The genuinely cheery person is anything but obvious: he is exceedingly rare. There are plenty of hilarious people, and self-satisfied people, and excited people, and noisy people, and prosperous people, and pleasure-seeking people: but people who are full of simple good cheer, so overflowing that they infect their whole environment, so permeated with it that nothing seems to depress or daunt them—these are not plentiful. If you doubt this statement, take stock of everyone with whom you come in contact during the day. There are pessimists in plenty, grumblers galore, overwrought, nervy, fretful, discontented, boastful

and purse-proud people, apologetic and humble, roystering and cockling, pensive and subdued, proud and particular, but the person who feels it is good just to be alive, and who radiates healthy, spontaneous good spirits, is only met at wide, distant intervals. On the other hand, the discussion of misfortunes and ill-health—more particularly their own ailments—seems to afford many people much satisfaction. Nowadays we have analysed, almost to the point of exhaustion, the communicable qualities of disease: we talk glibly about germs and bacteria, about symptoms and sensations, till by the time the average man has gone through the average day, if he is not in the initial stages of one or more ailments—at least in imagination—it will be a wonder, since he has probably heard quite a wide variety discussed in the course of his day's dealings with his fellow men. Fortunately we are beginning to recognize the baneful influence of this modern predilection. Something is being done to combat this fruitful method of spreading bodily weakness by the general ruling of society that the discussion of one's ailments shall be considered bad form. A great deal more could be done if, instead of merely refraining from inoculating the imagination of other people with ailments, we definitely sought to instil them with courage and good cheer, which has so much to do with the building up of a sound, healthy body. A good resolve for the New Year would be the determination to go abroad and about spreading germs of cheerfulness. Anyone who will make a practice of this theory will be a veritable boon to tired, troubled humanity.

WINTER TEACHING

Through months of bloom and song we are again at a year's close. The blossoms and plants that threw kisses of fragrance from the fields and gardens, have fallen. The birds whose radiant songs travelled down the blue spaces to inspire and thrill us, are silent. Urged by the age-long impulse, they have sped to the south and the sunshine, their times and their routes unchanged even by a war so pregnant with change. Winter is with us, indeed, and with it a sense of desolation. For the lover of nature, the birds gathering in the hedgerows prior to their going has a "sadness of farewell." Nor is it without a pang that the old gardener witnesses the ruthless scattering and blighting of the work of his hands. He mourns for the things that were, and are not. Such indeed is the power of this season to depress the spirit of man, that the anticipation of it has made some men sad. Heine declared he never enjoyed spring for thinking about winter. Yet always and everywhere life has its compensations. There is no loss without gain. We had not known the beauty of the star-lit heavens but for the darkness. The splendor of the morning and of the evening star—of the numerous constellations and of the wonderful planets is the gift of the night. Winter, too, has its revelations. The Polar breath, it has been said, is a creator of loveliness. The flowers of the north wind are as beautiful as those that open when the South wind blows. The snowflake or the patterned hoar frost what mystery and grace in those wondrous forms that dissolve in the hand or disappear at a breath! By our losses we are awakened to the value of our possessions, so that winter, and all that it may symbolize in experience, is one of the great enriching disciplines of the spirit of man. Because Death stands at the end of the road, every step gains in seriousness and in dignity. Because the frost and the snow come and the night wherein no man can work, how urgent are the days of seed time and harvest! And were there no loss in life there would be little love and less sympathy on this cold earth. Our threatenings are our enrichings. "Death," as the Apostle says, "is yours."

God is eternal in faithfulness and in love, and though the land be desolate it shall yet rejoice. "With roots deep set in battle graves," new art and new liberties shall spring. Beyond the darkness there is dawn. Beyond the winter are waving fields and singing birds.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT WAR

AN ENGLISH CHAPLAIN AND GERMAN WOUNDED

The Bishop of Chiton, in his Advent Pastoral, praying for the wounded and dying, whether of the Allies or the enemy, points out that owing to the lamentable circumstance that here and there Catholics find themselves arrayed against Catholics, it happens not infrequently that the last rites of the Holy Church are given to the enemy by our chaplains. His Lordship then quotes the following from a chaplain's letter:

I have been on detachments helping to run out clearing hospital, and doing what I could in attending three others. There was a constant stream of wounded English, French, and German: the proportion of Catholics very high among the last named, most devout, and beyond measure grateful for the ministrations of a priest; and God knows one longed to do what one could to comfort strangers dying in a strange land, prisoners, far from the adored home, never to be seen again. Our people die so silently it made it all the more really, only to listen to lads, who would talk with dying breath like this (always, understand, after receiving sacraments, &c., they never waste time in talk till that is done): "Yes, I have father and mother, brothers, sisters. Oh God, how they love me! And all this winter, at nightfall, they will listen, and look down the street for me to come home—and I never shall. A thousand times I thank you for coming to me. How old? Eighteen—no, really, only seventeen, and it is only Friday—my last Friday! Sleep? Yes, I shall sleep to-night, the first for five nights, and no one will awake me, no, never!" Our soldiers are most awfully good to German prisoners; the French women cannot understand it. Our lads will treat a wounded prisoner as if he was a pet chicken with a broken leg. You've no idea what good people soldiers are. My dear Lord, may God save us all and pity us, above all the poor lads He sees smashed and blood-dirty and excited here; indeed, I do not doubt it. And for myself do pray! I feel how fractional one's work is; do what one can.

HIGH MASS ON THE BATTLE LINE

The Morning Post gives the following striking description from a letter received from the niece of a French officer by an English friend of an impressive service in a village of the Vosges:

I must now tell you how, the other day, in the most picturesque environment and under the most romantic circumstances, we attended Mass, and heard some of the most beautiful music to which it has ever been my privilege to listen. Right in the heart of the Vosges, in one of the villages recently evacuated by the enemy, is a church, now ruined almost beyond repair. This had for some time before been used as the headquarters of the German General Staff. Since then the building has been thoroughly shelled, the walls battered and defaced. Just behind the altar there is a huge gap, in the roof an enormous yawning chasm, through which one can see the skeleton of the old, once beautiful spire. Here, in this strange setting, the priest, a lieutenant of Chasseurs, clothed in his uniform, with riding boots and spurs, was celebrating High Mass. The congregation consisted chiefly of many officers of all ranks, soldiers of all regiments. As for singers, we had Murators, from the Grand Opera, Martel and Delassy, from the "Monnaie" of Brussels. All of these are serving their country as reservists. They sang magnificently some glorious sacred music; especially touching were their renderings of the "Crucifix" by Faure, and "Panis Angelicus" by Franck. They were accompanied by a violin, played also by a soldier, an artist of the "Concerts Colonne." From time to time the boom of the big distant guns drowned the voices of the singers. The whole thing was most impressive.

AN "EXTRAORDINARY THING"

An officer in the East Lancashire Regiment, who has been out since the beginning of the war, in a letter quoted in the Morning Post, writes: "I never was very superstitious, but really some extraordinary things have happened here. . . . Another extraordinary thing is the way in which holy crosses, crucifixes, and Calvaries, in which the places abound, have escaped destruction. In Le Char itself there is a calvary standing in the cross roads now which has not been touched by a single bullet as shall, although the place has been plastered with shells, and a hail of bullets still whistle past. In my convent there are two crosses standing which have not been scorched, although the place is really nothing but a heap of debris. Seely, whom I took round my trench the other day, told me that in the cathedral of Messines there still stands without a smut on it the

status of the Virgin Mary, although the place itself has been burnt to the ground.

"RUM, WASN'T IT?"

This "extraordinary thing" is corroborated by the letter of November 7 from a British officer in the trenches to a member of the Stonyhurst community, quoted in the new number of the Stonyhurst Magazine, which is full of interesting notices of and letters from Old Boys at the front:

The life in these 'ere 'oles is, of course, rather a narrow one (the trenches are only two feet wide), and altogether it is rather a singular existence. We are told practically nothing of the general situation. We are merely told to hang on here for all we are worth, and that we will be relieved when it is convenient. Every village we passed through (in Belgium) had been shelled to shreds, and very few inhabitants remained, except old people and children. They were half starved for the most part, and I think we were very welcome. They do not Thomas Atkins, who at once presents them with most of his rations, and would give them his clothes, too, if not ordered not to. In practically every house or farm you found the rooms just as they had been left, with all the household goods remaining, though, in many cases, these would be smashed out of spite by the enemy. The main feature of this place was a huge convent and church. The Germans shelled it incessantly for three days, and we had to squat by and see it gradually crumbling up. On the third day it caught fire, and is now a large stone ruin. When the fire died out the only thing remaining in the church was a large crucifix. The cross was burnt to charcoal but the figure (a painted wooden one) was absolutely unharmed, except one small shell-splinter in the side. Rum, wasn't it?

DOMREMY STILL FRENCH

In view of the reports that Domremy, the birthplace of Jeanne d'Arc, had fallen into the hands of the Germans this statement by an English witness present with the British General Headquarters in France will be read with satisfaction:

It has been stated in some of the British papers that the Germans have taken Domremy la Puelle. This report is entirely incorrect, for the Germans have never been near that place, and it is likely to cause pain and annoyance to our Allies, since Domremy la Puelle, and is a point of national and religious interest.

THE SPIRIT OF FRENCH SOLDIERS

Here is further testimony of the spirit of faith and hope in which French soldiers are engaging in this war. One writing to his parents on the eve of departure for the front says:

Don't worry about me. I am ready to accept all the pains and fatigue, and even death itself, involved in the war. I am resigned because I have been taken to confession to a priest who came to the barracks. . . . My religious question is therefore settled, and I see that it is really from faith that one draws courage and resignation.

Another, in a letter to "chère maman," after telling how they have taken advantage of a free time to go to Mass in a church packed to the doors, chiefly with soldiers, says:

We shall all go to the front with joy in our hearts, not with any idea of staying there, but the hope of doing our duty and God willing, of coming back with the laurels of victory.

To this may be added the testimony of the Semaine Religieuse of Chalons, based on letters received from chaplains with the troops:

It is, in a word, the officers who set the example of piety, and it is in their train that the soldiers approach the minister of God. A great number of them put their conscience in order before leaving home, and the ministry of the priests in the ranks and employed with the ambulances acts as a great and happy complement to that of the military chaplains.

THE CANNON AS PREACHER

The Abbé G. Ardant, a military chaplain, records as follows what was said to him by a young Semarist who is a sergeant of Chasseurs Alpins:

Here is a little story which will give you pleasure. We had returned for our four days in the trenches. Well, on the first evening, my men said to me, "As you are a priest, or nearly one, you ought to say prayers for us." You can imagine how joyfully I undertook to do so. And so each evening I said prayers aloud, and all answered devoutly. You were indeed right in saying in your sermon the other day that the cannon is a preacher who converts many who are indifferent. There are many who, sceptics whilst in garrison, are becoming believers in the fighting line.

AN EXAMPLE

A striking illustration of the truth of this is seen in the conversion of an officer from Narbonne, who before leaving made no secret of his anti-religious opinions. In a letter

of October 11 from the front to his wife he writes:

Taking advantage of a day of rest, I am sending you a long letter. It is 10 o'clock, and as it is Sunday, I have just been to Mass. That will probably astonish you, but ideas which have changed much after the war; the most violent have become calm, and we go to Mass, which is generally said, as it was this morning, by one of our men. . . . Religion is being restored in this Belgium. It is thought that the Republic will perhaps restore the salaries (of the priests) of which they were so brutally deprived. You are astonished, doubtless, at my talking so. But I am not the only one who has been won over; and when one is face to face with death, as Herve said in his paper last week in speaking of the Socialists, "we do not want to die like beasts."

GERMAN SAVAGERY IN POLAND

Reuter's Rome correspondent has summarized a description by the Messagero's Warsaw correspondent of the conduct of the Germans in Poland.

The situation of that country equals, if it does not surpass, that of Belgium. As there, German militarism has devastated, destroyed, sacked and murdered, with the additional horror that the Poles themselves are fighting against each other, as 500,000 are in the Russian, 500,000 in the Austrian, and 100,000 in the German ranks. The fate of the town of Kalisch has been worse than that of Louvain. Two detachments of Germans, mistaking each other for the enemy, fought, and then, to conceal the situation, said that the firing came from the inhabitants. They bombarded the town and killed over 500 persons. Four hundred more were hanged or shot, including women and children. The whole city was sacked. The military orgy has filled Poland with horror, which Germany will never be able to wipe out. In many cases the Germans destroyed for the sake of destruction.

At Raschn, near Warsaw, the soldiers forced their way into a pharmacy, smashing everything to the last phial. In some houses they reduced the furniture to fragments. They slashed women's dresses. Wherever the Germans have been all bridges have been blown up, railway stations razed, and wheat carried away or burned, so that it might not fall into the hands of the enemy. Cattle, together with 200,000 horses, have been transported into Germany, while large storehouses of forage and coal at Skierzwice and Lodz have been burned. The result is that 500 villages have been destroyed by fire or artillery; 20 small towns have been exterminated, and 8 towns partly pulled down. Some of the German officers removed furs from civilians, appropriating them as war booty. Famines prevail everywhere.

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR AND "THE HONOUR OF IRELAND"

Mrs. Sophie Bryant read the following letter from Mr. T. P. O'Connor at a meeting of the Irishwomen of London to form committees for the purpose of sending various comforts to the Irish troops at the front:

I am delighted to hear that the Irishwomen are going to help our brave soldiers in the field. We Irish women in Great Britain believe almost to a man and a woman that the countrymen of ours are not only fighting for the cause of justice and liberty throughout Europe, but making especially a fight for the liberty and the honour of Ireland. Every one of them that is wounded or killed makes, in our opinion, as much sacrifice for Ireland as if he were fighting on Irish soil instead of on French or Belgian soil. I enclose you a subscription, and will help you in every way I can.

PEACE-LOVING SIR WILFRID SURPRISES HIMSELF

By Canadian Press
London, Dec. 28.—Sir Gilbert Parker has received a letter from Sir Wilfrid Laurier in which he says: "Public sentiment in the United States is even stronger for the allies than you in Europe are aware—even more than is attested in the events which you have summarized in your papers. You are familiar with the facts. How could it be otherwise? It is simply absurd, if not absolutely insane, in view of the great of Bernhardi and the speeches of the Kaiser, and the tone of the German pressors themselves, for them now to make us believe that they were not the aggressors, when even to-day in every line which they publish they assert that they are the strongest race in the world, and that it is for the world's benefit that they should rule it. On the whole, for my part, I am satisfied with the progress which has been made so far by the allies. There have been no great successes, rather discouraging to us, but the result seems to me absolutely beyond doubt. It is averred that the losses of the Germans have been at least twice as large as the losses of the allies. Let the war progress in that way for two years and the result will not be simply a victory, but a complete exhaustion of Germany, as the south was exhausted after the civil war in the United States. This, and this alone, is the aim to which we must look forward. I am surprised at my own sentiments, but this is a contest between civilization and barbarism. There is no alternative."

'YOU ARE OF THE FAITH'

"You are of the faith," Catholic men and women, the faith that has made heroes out of workmen and from the refuse of humanity has uplifted saints and witnesses to the mercy of and glory of God. Maybe every one of us has heard this done in the false glamor of life here this does not look a great thing to you, but when the shadows fall and your quickened souls see out beyond the darkness, what then would you take for your Catholic faith and the ministrations of the Catholic priest who lifts his hands in absolution about you?

"You are of the faith." Then be proud of your faith, for it has a glorious record, be true to your faith for it is God's truth amongst men; be ready always to fight for your faith and to die for it if need be, for it is the highest and holiest thing on earth.—Freeman's Journal.

INFORMAL CHRISTMAS TRUCE

(Special Cable Despatch to the Globe, by Harold Ashton, Correspondent of London Daily News)

In Northern France, Dec. 30.—On Christmas morning two British soldiers, after signalling a truce of good-fellowship from the crown of their trenches, walked across to the German lines with a plate of mince pies. Their seasonable messages were most cordially received. They had a good feed and a bottle of liebramlich and were sent back with a packet of Christmas cards for distribution among their fellows.

Later in the day the Germans returned the compliment and sent a couple of caparisoned heralds across to our dugouts. An officious soldier promptly arrests them and sat them down in a corner of his trench. Presently an officer came along and asked:

"What in the world have you got there?"

"Beg pardon, sir," replied the soldier, "but a couple of landstremers said they'd come to wish us 'appy returns, so I nabbed 'em, sir."

Realizing that this was hardly playing the game, the officer read the sentry a homily on the amenities of the festive season and asked the landstremers to depart with the compliments of the season to their own lines.

TOOK THEIR PHOTOGRAPHS

London, Dec. 30.—A British soldier, writing home of the Christmas truce between the Germans and the British, says:

After Christmas dinner nearly all our boys went out in front, where we found the Germans also had turned up in force. The result was a huge mixed crowd of men swapping butts and of cigarettes, etc.

"Some of the German officers came up and actually took our photographs while we were all sitting on the ground."

"I wouldn't have missed that experience for the most gorgeous Christmas dinner in England."

RECOGNIZES STERN LOGIC OF FACTS

By Canadian Press
London, Dec. 28.—Sir Gilbert Parker has received a letter from Sir Wilfrid Laurier in which he says: "Public sentiment in the United States is even stronger for the allies than you in Europe are aware—even more than is attested in the events which you have summarized in your papers. You are familiar with the facts. How could it be otherwise? It is simply absurd, if not absolutely insane, in view of the great of Bernhardi and the speeches of the Kaiser, and the tone of the German pressors themselves, for them now to make us believe that they were not the aggressors, when even to-day in every line which they publish they assert that they are the strongest race in the world, and that it is for the world's benefit that they should rule it. On the whole, for my part, I am satisfied with the progress which has been made so far by the allies. There have been no great successes, rather discouraging to us, but the result seems to me absolutely beyond doubt. It is averred that the losses of the Germans have been at least twice as large as the losses of the allies. Let the war progress in that way for two years and the result will not be simply a victory, but a complete exhaustion of Germany, as the south was exhausted after the civil war in the United States. This, and this alone, is the aim to which we must look forward. I am surprised at my own sentiments, but this is a contest between civilization and barbarism. There is no alternative."

A touching scene in Bruges (Belgium) was thus described by an eyewitness at the beginning of the war: "One of the saddest sights was that recently. There came from the Church of the Holy Blood a procession of women, girls, and some men, saying the Rosary on their heads for their loved ones who had fallen at Liege. They walked six abreast, and there must have been over 1,000 of them—clad in black—looking neither to right nor left, but reverently saying their prayers."

One of the French Lazerist Brothers has returned from the fighting line, where he had been wounded in a most extraordinary manner—a wound, which the doctors exhibit, and which they agree with the nurses and the patient himself is nothing short of miraculous. Indeed, he is now called "The Miracle." The young Lazerist is certain he owes his life to Our Lady, whose medal he wore the chain of which was broken by the bullet. The latter entered his neck, grazed some nerves of the left arm and passed out below the shoulder without touching the lungs, the throat, or any other organ indispensable to life. Anatomists are quite interested in this phenomena.

CATHOLIC NOTES

All over England the Catholic Church is engaged in constant prayer for the cessation of the European war.

Bellary, in India, has a Franciscan Brotherhood of natives doing immense spiritual and educational work.

Among the ninety-two Catholic cadets at West Point, half are weekly communicants and many more receive Holy Communion once a month.

It is said that the Holy Father Benedict XV, because of his long diplomatic experience, will be able to speak to most of the visitors, each in his own language.

The work in the Catholic mission fields of China is bearing fruit. Within ten years the number of Catholics in the province of Pekin has increased from 30,000 to 800,000.

In Norway the Church is now allowed full liberty. Catholic parents are exempt from the Public school tax. A century ago no Catholic priest was allowed in Norway.

Prof. Lowell, President of Harvard University, has sent a cablegram offering one of the exiled professors of Louvain a lectureship at Harvard for the second half of the college year.

Since March of last year, nearly forty American clergymen in England have joined the Catholic Church, and scarcely a week passes without the announcement of some fresh clerical conversion.

The Most Reverend Patrick William Riordan, Archbishop of San Francisco, died at his residence in that city at an early hour Dec. 27, after a brief illness from a severe cold which developed into pneumonia.

What is thought to be the largest class in the history of the Baltimore diocese was confirmed lately by Cardinal Gibbons in St. John's Church. It was certainly the largest class ever confirmed by the Cardinal. There were 650 persons in the class—800 girls, 240 boys and 100 adult converts.

The peaceful villages of Oberammergau and Unterammergau have not been spared by the war, and nearly all the Passion Play staff have enlisted and have been in the fighting line. One of them has received the Iron Cross of the first class, and eight the Iron Cross of the second class.

The Queen of the Belgians placed the Royal Palace at Brussels at the disposal of the military authorities as a hospital for the wounded. The first and second floors were utilized for that purpose. Stripped of their furniture, the great rooms were turned into wards, operating rooms, etc., thus accommodating three hundred patients.

Rev. Richard K. Wakeham, died on December 28, at Cold Springs, N. Y., in the sixty-eighth year of his age. For thirty-one years he had been engaged in the education of priests, having taught in seminaries in Boston, Baltimore and New York. He was buried at Columbia, Va., where he was born.

According to Right Reverend Bishop Bierman, Bishop of Gargara and Vicar Apostolic of Upper Egypt, the Catholic religion has made great progress in his diocese. More than seventy-five thousand have been converted during the past fifteen years. The Mother House of the Fathers of Saint Joseph, who have been laboring in Upper Egypt, is at Mill Hill, London.

The entire estate of the Catholic University of America, Washington, is now estimated at \$3,865,884.87. Its endowments represent \$1,750,954.18. The annual collection in the dioceses, as received to November 30, 1914, amounted to \$101,206.82. Bishop Conatus, of Wheeling, contributed each \$1,000. The total number of students connected with the university is 1,175. The teaching staff of the university numbers 69.

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SO AS BY FIRE

BY JEAN CONNOR

CHAPTER XVIII—CONTINUED

The Road House and Rosecroft! The gulf between yawned wide and deep indeed.

"I could cross it on one jump," thought Duffy, the old pain stirring in his heart.

Three weeks later, while closing a deal for the whole mountain side into the hands of Mr. Mills.

For a moment the two men looked at each other, all the heights and depths between them leveled their gaze, and then they gipped their hands.

"I have been ill," Leigh said, "very ill."

"You look it," was the answer. "She looks it, too. Folks can't go through the fires of Tophet and come out without a scorch."

And Allison Leigh followed his little tow-headed guide through the forest path, where now the leaf buds were opening and the young shoots were green.

Everywhere! No! For suddenly the path up which Fritzie led opened into a rough, weed-grown road.

"Hello, you're back, too, are you, Rip?" said Fritzie. "This 'ere is the place, mister. Just walk right in, for the folks stays most times in the back kitchen and won't hear you knock."

"No, I won't want you," said Leigh tossing his guide a dollar, and as Fritzie bounded delightedly away, the last touch of life seemed to go from the place.

"The door stood half-open. He knocked. There was no answer. He pushed forward into the wide gloom of the old hall with its closed rooms on either side, its black ribbed ceiling.

On the wide table by the window was an earthen jar filled with lilies. The sight, the fragrance, smote him with a pain that he caught pitifully at.

And then as he stood there a cry rang out of the silence—a thrilling, tremulous cry, that made every pulse within him leap.

He bounded through the wide-open door of the old kitchen, and sped where the voice was calling, over broken fence and field, down into a great hollow that yawned deep and dark in the shadow of a heavy old yew.

There he found her kneeling beside the grandmother, who lay, sabbat and rigid, over her boy's new-made grave.

"Dearest, there is no help; she is dead," said a low pitting voice at her side.

"Allston!" she started to her feet, with a sharp cry of pain. "Allston, here!" and she staggered back against the trunk of the old yew, and stood looking up at him despairingly.

"I am here, yes, to claim my wife," he said, gently.

"Oh, no, Allston, no," and she fell on her knees again beside her old grandmother as if for safety and shelter.

"Then I live that life here with you," he said, resolutely. "Since you will not come to me, I come to you. I accept it all, beloved—all the sorrow and darkness that has shadowed your youth. We will turn to the light, the truth together."

And kneeling beside her as she bent over her dead, he drew the weary head to his shoulder and kissed the tearful eyes, that, looking up into his own, read within them a love that through any fires of sacrifice would pass unscathed.

And that vow breathed over the old graves beneath the yew was kept. Here in her own home, Barbara and Allston Leigh took their new life, fearing nothing, hiding nothing. But in the light and truth of their love the old Road House stood transformed.

The weed-grown road was swept out into verdant lawns and meadows, the closed rooms were opened into beauty and cheer. The wide-pillared porch was wreathed with roses, the "burn" swept in joyous music under a rustic bridge as it tumbled on its busy way—a water power for the great works that filled the valley with their cheerful life.

Even the ties of the old life held. Dr. Vance and Milly, happy in their own wedded life, found no summer about the spot, planted a sweet-brier on either side of the steps, and set the violets she had loved so well over her pulseless breast.

He rarely visited the town, but the suspicion that his friends there entertained and discussed stole gradually into his mind as he mourned by that grave, and out of it grew an almost unreasonable anxiety for the safety of his child.

The days wore on, stormy or calm for individuals, but full of alarm and anxiety for the nation. At length English aggression forced upon the Government the grim necessity of war or its alternative loss of national honor.

His duty to the country of his adoption was not to be disregarded by Gerald Martins because of private interests. The fields of wheat were almost ready for the sickle, the tobacco and corn required constant care, and however fitly they were servants might be of garnering such crops.

And he has a dearer title still, for as he walks up the flower-bordered path to the porch, where Rip, gray and old, dozes in full-fed comfort, another Barbara dances out on fairy feet to spring gaily into "Uncle Duffy's arm. And as the red gold head nestles down on his broad shoulder, Uncle Duffy kisses the velvet cheek and calls her by the old name.

"Watching for me, were you? Well, it's more than any one else ever did, little Weasel."

THE END

If we would really honor Jesus Christ, we must apply ourselves to know Him, to love Him, and to follow Him in the practice of every Christian virtue. This is absolutely necessary for salvation. We can not become true Christians but by knowing, loving and following Christ.

BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT

BY ANNA C. MINOUE

CHAPTER III

The murder of Amy Martins alarmed the community. Instantly scouting parties were formed and started in pursuit of the Indians, who, the people concluded from the bold deed, must be near, or rapidly advancing.

After long days of anxious dread and waiting, the scouts returned with the welcome intelligence that no trace of the foe could be found between Lexington and the Ohio; nor had the other town received any message of a threatened invasion.

Settlers in retirement, untroubled, and old trappers who had been encountered had expressed the conviction that the Indian had finally and irrevocably abandoned his favorite hunting-ground: although they admitted that the prospect of war with the British might embolden the red men to make a raid into Kentucky, for motives of revenge. The information brought by the men restored a quietness to the town, though it could not easily divest itself of the horror of Mrs. Martins' fate.

Her death was discussed in law-offices and parlors, in the taverns and on the streets. The reason first accepted, that it was the wanton act of an advance member of an invading army, was nullified by the report of the returning scouts, nor did it seem tenable that the murderer would venture alone into the most thickly populated part of the State, when he might have satisfied his craving for white blood along the sparsely settled shores of the Ohio. It then would appear to be a premeditated act. It was possible that the tract of land owned by Gerald Martins had been the special rendezvous, or burial-ground, of one of the tribal families and that personal revenge had prompted the murder. But those whose knowledge of the Indian was best, denied this theory. Such fine sentiment may actuate the savage multitude to deeds of peril, but the individual, there, then, remained the supposition that the murderer had been the tool in the hands of a secret foe.

Instances had not been wanting in the history of the new country to prove that civilized man has wrought out his evil designs by the aid of the savage. But this suspicion had nothing apparently to support it. Mrs. Martins' father had forgiven her for marrying without his consent; he had sent her gifts, and while she lay dead two slaves had reached Lexington, a portion of the long-withheld dowry. It could not even have an enemy no one, but even him, he was a man to make admiring friends, but not treacherous foes, because of his unaggressive nature. He would rather suffer injustice than enter into a contest for his rights. Yet, while no reason for it was advanced, the suspicion was entertained and continued to be thought about and discussed. There were two men, however, who were silent when the subject of Mrs. Martins' murder was introduced, and when forced into giving an opinion their words were evasive. Those two men watched each other, and each knew that he was being watched.

In his sadly desolated home, Gerald Martins lived with his little daughter. The female slave took charge of the household affairs and attended to the child, while he, with the man, planted the crops. There was a marble slab under which his eyes would rest, instead of the low doorpost, as he returned from the fields, at the crimson lighted evening of that seemingly interminable spring. He built a low stone-walled about the spot, planted a sweet-brier on either side of the steps, and set the violets she had loved so well over her pulseless breast.

He rarely visited the town, but the suspicion that his friends there entertained and discussed stole gradually into his mind as he mourned by that grave, and out of it grew an almost unreasonable anxiety for the safety of his child.

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tion of women for the education of young girls. The infant Sisterhood, he had said, was made up entirely of the descendants of the prominent and wealthy Marylanders who had emigrated to Kentucky, close on the heels of Boone and Kenton, and settled on the fertile lands of Washington County. He had told of the little log house, rudely built, poor, devoid of all comforts, in which these delicately-reared ladies lived, teaching the children of the rich and poor, when not laboring in the fields. As Gerald Martins listened to the trapper's story the great problem of his child's safety was solved. He would take her to Bardstown, to the new convent, and then he could go to his place in the ranks of his country's defenders. He told no one of his intention, not even the faithful black woman, for he had a suspicion of an enemy whom he scarcely named to his own soul: and he knew if his suspicion were true, he had need for a caution as great as that treachery was secret.

As the young deacon, whom the disciplinarian addressed, had been sitting with a rapt, far-away expression as the others outlined their plans and dreams. Now his eyes brightened; his cheeks flushed with his heart's enthusiasm. With modest reserve, yet evident inspiration, he began:

"My mission probably seems tame and insignificant beside what some of you others are going to do. I am going back to my own people, if it is not nearly so great a field as that in which these others are entering. Father," he continued, as the disciplinarian smiled sympathetically, "but it is a field where there is work to be done by somebody who knows and cares."

"Tell us about it, my son," encouraged Father Thomas, as the young man around him also turned to Joseph Le Blanc with eager interest.

"Are you going to wrestle with the last remnants of the French Huguenots in your South?" asked one of the group.

"No, he's going to undertake the northern capitalists who have gone down to share King Cotton's profits," observed another.

"Nothing like so pretentious a de-voir as either," demurred Joseph. "I almost hesitate to name my small task after such epical adventures as you have mapped out for me and yourselves."

"Well, don't keep us in suspense any longer."

"I'm just going to try to do a little for the black people of my old home," began Joseph humbly. "You know they are numerous; many of them are needy, spiritually and temporally. My grandfather owned several himself and it is true some are simple, faithful, willing to do right, actually feel a debt to the old nurse who helped to raise me," as they express it, and to my father's old vices and stealings, that's de-voir, they would do anything for why of our family—as if they were our own flesh and blood! Some of them feel even more loyalty to their 'white folks' than to one another. And it seems to me the least we can do now is to give them a little chance."

"Thought Lincoln gave them a great chance," opened a young listener born north of the Mason and Dixon line.

"A great chance but not an unmix'd blessing," replied Joseph. "Loosened from all discipline, detached from the kindly interest which the better sort of white families gave them, many of the poor things are like so many helpless children, pitiful black sheep left shepherdless. Certainly I would not have slavery revived, but there is crying need for some higher intelligence to help them to take care of themselves, to teach them to recognize their rights, and to be in some part cut off from good influences. So I want to get back. Beware of me! I'll be writing to you who are going to wider, more conspicuous fields, beseeching aid from your prosperous congregations."

"Just so! Make them help you!" said Father Thomas, looking benignly at the young man who was content to labor in a small corner of the Vineyard of his Lord, which evidently needed service.

How unmistakably service was needed was sharply borne in upon Father Joseph as, several months later, he arrived in his chosen field. There in the enervating tropical climate, lackadaisical living prevailed among those to whom the young priest had dedicated himself. Thriftless, but fairly good-natured, they subsisted from hand to mouth, not hesitating to indulge in petty thefts—especially of chickens and water melons. Moreover, darker deeds now arose from Father Le Blanc.

Meanwhile his first weeks were busy in arranging the simple building which were to serve as his church and rectory and in familiarizing himself with his unique future flock. He spent part of his days in merely trying to know the negroes, in striving to recall certain characteristics he had half forgotten during his years in the seminary.

One good thing was that there seemed to be no other church of any denomination in the neighborhood. He seemed to have the field to himself, to sow good seed therein.

He was holding the child on his knee and now he pressed her to his heart and kissed her once for himself, and once for the dead mother. Then he led her to the Sister and said, brokenly:

"I know, that you and your friends will be kind to my baby, that you will love her and make her a good, true woman. I have only this request to make of you: that you will watch her. She has a cruel enemy. He caused her mother's death."

Then realizing that he had thus admitted his belief in his suspicion, he said hastily:

"Good-bye, Sister."

"But you," he said, following him to the door, "to tell me the child's name."

"Teresa Martinez," he said, but without looking back.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE MISSION MAN

Groups of young men chatted together on the seminary campus, discussing hopes and ideals for the future as the days of ordination drew near. One was to begin his work as a priest in this field; another was to go elsewhere; still others were destined for other vineyards.

"Joseph we have not heard from you," said their disciplinarian, whose old heart was kindled anew year after year by the flames of consecration in fervent young hearts—so ready, so eager to go forth and till their Master's field.

The young deacon, whom the disciplinarian addressed, had been sitting with a rapt, far-away expression as the others outlined their plans and dreams. Now his eyes brightened; his cheeks flushed with his heart's enthusiasm. With modest reserve, yet evident inspiration, he began:

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But, however reassuring that persuasion was, he was not long to enjoy his comfort; for, going forth one day in quest of further understanding of his flock, and in particular in quest of a cook, much to his surprise he met another clothed in robes ostentatiously, ambitiously clerical, especially as to a Roman collar. Above that collar was a good face, but one of a complexion distinctly different from the fair skin of the young priest. The two regarded each other a moment with curiosity, but evidently with no professional antagonism; for, soon a genial smile parted the lips of the dark-skinned ecclesiastic, while Father Le Blanc said cordially:

"Good morning!"

Courteously responsive, the other greeted the priest with a hearty good morning, accompanied by a quick removal of his weather-worn hat and a respectful bow. Then with the instinctive sociability of his race he added, as Father Le Blanc was speculating upon his identity:

"You're de new priest, sah, I reckon. Glad to see you, sah! We's been expectin' you."

Rather an amiable attitude toward a rival in the field, Father Le Blanc privately opined. But, meeting such geniality with due urbanity, he replied:

"Yes, I'm Father Le Blanc. And you?"

Again bowing and sweeping the air respectfully with his hat as might become one gentleman of the old school accomplishing a self-introduction to another:

"Me, sah? I'se de Mission Man, Jim Brooks."

Ah, more definitely a rival than at first suspected. However, not to be outdone by the Mission Man's politeness, Father Le Blanc acknowledged with dignified seriousness his rival's self-description.

"Glad to meet you, Jim. The Mission Man, you say, the Mission Man?"

"Yess, sah, I'se de Mission Man," and a dignified but humble self-consciousness passed over the good-natured brown face.

"And what is your 'mission'?" inquired Father Le Blanc. "Just what is your work?" If they were, indeed, rival shepherds it might be as well to see how the flock was divided. He himself might have to employ diplomacy in not seeming too quickly and aggressively to encroach upon the other's fold. He was hardly prepared for the answer:

"Oh, I jes looks after 'em generally, after dey bodies and sperit. Dey ain't so scan'rous bad, but dey sho go plenty to do. I kin tell you! Lardness and stealin'; dat's dey worst vices. Dey sho am lazy, triflin', stealin' niggers, some of 'em."

The singularity of the situation amused Father Le Blanc greatly. Here certainly was a disposition toward Christian Unity, a willingness for Christian co-operation which might well offer example to regions more sophisticated. But if there was to be such unity here he must understand the situation still more definitely. In a situation comparatively small he did not wish to begin by antagonizing, so he put a few more detailed questions. The Mission Man's were a little vague, but from their tenor the fellow clergyman deduced that Jim was really, so to speak, a Big Brother to his own prospective flock. He claimed to hold a Sunday service and one during the week. Moreover, he seemed to have other duties:

"I gits the men work on de plantation and I gits the wimmen work in town and around the country."

Father Le Blanc was to learn that "Brother Brooks" (to give his local title) owned an old horse, a poor old hack of a Rosinante, in the same stage of shabby gentility as the owner.

"Then maybe you could help me," observed Father Le Blanc as a local enumerated his activities as a local employment agency. "Do you think you could get me a good cook?"

"Yass, sah! I kin!" And with that the employment agency and his rival Mission Man drew from his pocket a note book and a spectacle case. Putting on a pair of large-rimmed spectacles, which gave him the old face a still quainter aspect, Jim began turning the pages, inscribed with names and occupations of his clients and congregation.

"Yass, sah, here's Mary Jane Tomkins. Oh, I forgot—Mary Jane's had up with rheumatiz. Nevah myn'er's Dinah Simons. Le, sah, Dinah's had hot rolls jes melt in de mouth—and pies an' chickens, O my!"

knew that one was under way. Poor things—emotional, child-like, they were strangely responsive to the rhythmic beautiful language of the hymns, however the exegesis distorted the words. The exegist in the present instance was none other than "Brother Brooks." Father Le Blanc recognized his voice "exhorting" the congregation: his words were inaudible but evidently he had the power to call from strange racial depths these singular moods of ecstasy and half mystical fervor.

The scene would have afforded some men amusement, and occasionally Father Le Blanc could not restrain a smile over the impassioned irrational rhetoric, the strange combination of classical and Scriptural language and negro dialect. Yet the note of pathos in the situation was what touched Father Le Blanc's heart above all else. Poor things thus overwrought in such a false ecstasy! Poor childish race, ignorantly swayed by this great but dilutes and garbled font of Biblical phrases and hymns! If only they could be rightly handled! If only this childish emotionalism might be restrained and directed in the right direction!

Yet for all his wishes and regrets his heart went out to the earnest impassioned exhorter who was certainly doing the best he knew for them. By this time Father Le Blanc had come to recognize Jim's worthiness. With a little better brain than most of his people Jim had sense enough to know their faults and to wish to help them. He had a groping but a genuinely constructive spirit in his simple heart. For a few months he had really been in one of the schools for negro theological students. He had heard something of other men of his race who were trying to help their own people to lives of greater honesty and efficiency. He had visited one of the new industrial schools where less emphasis was laid upon Greek and higher mathematics than upon sensible manual and domestic training. Across his meagerly developed brain had gleamed a light that by such training his people, and for that matter some of the less fortunate whites, were to be helped to better standards of living. That light he was trying to share, and, pitiful but admirable, none the less he was trying it so wrongheadedly, to do something for the community's spiritual life. In this corner of the Lord's vineyard, overlooked or neglected by others, Jim Brooks had sincerely tried to be a "mission man." Instead of recognizing any complicated situation the young priest felt himself reinspired.

—stimulated by this poor simple associate shepherd of the Lord's black children. If Jim Brooks with his earnestness, his shadow of religion, could get a hold upon these hearts—what might not be himself hope to accomplish?

Meanwhile if this was Father Le Blanc's amiable attitude, apparently none the less was the rival minister Sunday to be magnanimous. The Sunday following his experience outside the meeting house, as Father Le Blanc turned to his new congregation to give them a little homily, he was surprised and gratified to see "Brother Brooks" in one of the rear pews. An attentive, reverent expression was on his face, though every now and then he cast furtive glances at a group of little pick-annies who were coming to church. They were going to behave if Jim Brooks could have anything to do with it? Once he rose and marched one of the mischievous crew into the chancel, administering on the way a salutary cuff upon the brown ear.

After the Mass, as Father Le Blanc passed into the rectory, Jim appeared apparently for a word of polite congratulations:

"I sho did enjoy yo' remarks, Father 'Blanc," he said cordially. "Yo' sho did git home to dem niggers! Yo' hit 'em where they live!"

Father Le Blanc received the approbation from a fellow worker as graciously as his amusement would permit.

"I'm glad you were pleased, Jim. You know you and I must have some talks over what they do need."

Jim was ready enough to discuss local problems, nor indeed was he without serviceable suggestions. Knowing so intimately the life of his people, knowing so well the personalities of this particular community more than once he threw some light on difficulties which had troubled the zealous priest.

Several weeks elapsed. The priest had studied his field and had begun to feel at home. He had organized his work and had settled himself to its slow but, he hoped, its sure accomplishment. The negroes had shown a willingness to come to church on Sundays. The catechism classes, which were arranged for Sundays and one week afternoon, were eagerly filled by the little brown catechumens. Altogether Father Le Blanc was encouraged. He began to dream of having the Sisters' help. There were children enough to justify a school, besides other work which nuns so well know how to handle.

This Monday evening Father Le Blanc was sitting on the porch when Jim appeared. With polite, old-fashioned respect he stood bareheaded, after having and greeting the priest, awaiting an invitation to sit down to a discussion of their flock's spiritual and temporal problems.

"Sit down, Jim," said Father Le Blanc and Jim, with his habitual re-

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speech, sat on the step at Father Le Blanc's feet.

"Father, I've bound to say one thing about you, mawin," he said. "Dey sho do leave the congregation in a better workin' frame o' mind, than any 'rousements' I've ever seen! I've bound to it—Monday mawin's, dem dat comes here on Sundays gits up an' goes about dey occupations. Dey's a fine sight better off'n dem dat gits religion over to my mawin's. I've bound to admire it! Dey ain't so flabbergasted Monday mawins after yo' vespers as my folk is after dey prayer meetin'."

Over this humble admission the young priest was more gratified than he ventured to reveal. From the beginning he had been distressed about the revival meetings and the obvious results. In no auspicious sense did they fulfill their description as "rousements." He remembered that in his old home "getting religion usually meant considerable domestic disorganization. He had suspected that these local meetings were a source of considerable annoyance to those who depended upon the negroes for service, to say nothing of their demoralizing effects upon the poor creatures themselves. Yet as almost since his arrival such a friendly association had existed between him and Jim, he could not find it in his heart to make invidious remarks about the other mode of service and all its too obvious influences upon those who participated in it. He had trusted that by his example and his work he might bring "Brother Brooks" and his followers to recognize the superior quality of his own spiritual methods and ideals. Now he was overjoyed that Jim had made such a recognition of his own accord. Would that it might bear good fruit!

One special ground of his hope was that Jim seemed to feel it his obligation to attend Mass whenever possible. Seeing him in church, Father Le Blanc often longed for the time when the "Mission Man" would judge this service as adequate for the whole community. Now Jim was saying:

"Yass, suh! Yo' sho has improved dese here people for Monday mawin's laundry work and field digging. Ef my crowd would only let 'em alone, 'sted o' tryin' to work 'em up! I've tried to change dem hard-shell turtles o' mine. I tells 'em dat de Lawd said in de Garden o' Eden; 'In de sweat of yo' brow mus' yo' bread be eat.' An' I've done tol' 'em dat de Lawd, He giv' jes one day o' rest! De Bible say Sunday is a day o' rest; but hit don't say nothin' 'bout Monday nor no other day! But dem niggers won't quit loafin'."

"What you say is true," said Father Le Blanc, sympathetically, wondering if he might suggest a policy of reconstruction. "It sho' am true," continued Jim. "An' I've mos' turned gray-headed studyin' over it. I've come here an' listened to yo' sermonizetion an' I goss and tries to speak quiet like you and to call 'em what dey is without havin' 'em beat me up after de meetin'. But it ain't no use. Dey's dat used to bein' exhorted and throwin' fits over religion dat dey go on jes de same."

"Yes," acquiesced Father Le Blanc. "Lord's blessed traf! And I've been a studyin' and de notion come to me: why don't I chase all my sheep into yo' sheepfold? Ef yo' knows how to mak 'em do right, why don't I quit wastin' my brest exhortin'? I says to myself, 'dey ain't no use nothin' in two preachers in a place like dis here. I watter be de preacher; now you come and knows yo' Bible, and you knows de Lawd's traf, and you knows how to dose folks up quiet on religion without makin' 'em hev fits and act like dey's 'toxicated.' So I sez, what's de use o' two churches? So I've decided to come here all de time myself. I jes rejoice in yo' sermonizetion. An' what's mo' you needs me over here? You needs me to help you keep dis place clean—dat triflin' Zeke, he don't know nothin' about keepin' de church clean. An' you needs me to help dem pickaninies learn de Holy Words. An' sides dat, me an' Dinah has jes decided dat we is goin' to jine in matrimony. So of you is still satisfied wif her cookin', after you jine our hands I'll set in, too, as a kind o' house man an' body servant an' helper wif de Bible class."

Father LeBlanc was overcome. Here was a miniature Oxford movement! A kind of wholesale conversion of Africa! The chief shepherd of the alien fold thus so humbly, so sensibly making his submission to what he recognized as a spiritual superior! It seemed almost too good to be true. For it Jim thus recognized the superior efficacy of Father Le Blanc's spiritual pabulum and methods, and if he himself felt that he could give these people something richer and truer than what their former Mission Man had given them, meanwhile Jim's services were not ended. This very act of renouncing his august office was itself a lesson and example. His knowledge of his people and their fondness for him could be put to good use. So that after all hereafter the little community was to have two Mission Men, one of whom that evening in his prayers did not fail to render thanks that his work was prospering, and partly, indeed, because of the simple, sincere goodness of the other Mission Man—Anna McMill in the Magnificat.

INFINITE MERCIES OF THE SACRED HEART

A MYSTERIOUS MESSENGER SAVES A LIFE AND A SOUL

It was fifteen minutes past 11 o'clock. Through the crisp autumn night air the quarter hour "boom" of the great clock in the tower of St. B.'s Church sounded clear and solemn. Its echo had scarcely died away when there came a sharp, quick ring of the rectory doorbell. The young Jesuit Brother on "door duty" quickly arose, donned his cassock, and answered the summons. Under the tiny, flickering gas light in the vestibule stood a young boy. He lost no time in stating his message.

"Brother," he said hurriedly, "please have a priest go as quickly as possible to the corner of X—and Z—streets. A little frame house stands alone there. The priest must go right in without knocking, and enter the room upstairs where he will see a light. Be sure to tell him to hurry, Brother, or it will be too late for him to do any good." The boy was gone before the astonished Brother could ask him a single question.

The address given by the boy was in Bardstown, a section of the city far from St. B.'s Church. Although at a loss to understand why the call was not brought to one of the three churches nearer the address, the Brother promptly aroused Father X—, who was on "sick call duty," and gave him the message just as it had been delivered by the mysterious boy messenger. Five minutes later Father X— was boarding a car bound for Bardstown.

The house was located with some little difficulty. It was a rickety, dilapidated frame dwelling, standing alone in a dismal spot near the river front. Following the directions left by the boy, the priest opened the front door, groped his way up a dark, shaky flight of steps, and made his way without hesitation to a back room where a light from a small lamp was shining. He received a shock as he entered the humble room. Seated on the side of a bed was a man apparently about fifty years of age. In his right hand was a pistol which he was just in the act of pointing at his own head, when the sound of the priest entering the room startled him, and caused him to lower the weapon.

"Who are you, and what do you want in this house?" he growled at the clergyman. "I am a priest from St. B.'s Church," answered Father X—. "I received a message to come here, and to enter the house without knocking. Isn't there someone sick in the house?"

"No one lives in this house but myself," said the man. "You say that you received a message to come here? Who gave you the message? I sent for no priest, and don't want to see one. There is no one I could send if I did wish one." As Father X— related the circumstances of the call the unfortunate man bowed his head in his hands and sobbed convulsively. "That must have been my own boy who died years ago, Father," he said, as tears coursed down his cheeks. "I know he is in heaven with his mother, for he was good like her. Father, I was about to commit suicide when you came into this room. You arrived just as I was about to send a bullet into my brain. Since my wife and boy died I have led a life of wickedness and sin. I have sunk to the bottom of debauchery, and long ago abandoned all my Church and religious duties. In disgust and utter despair I had determined to-night to end it all. God must have heard my boy's prayer for me, and sent him to you in order that I might not be lost. When my wife and boy were living I was a member of the League of the Sacred Heart."

"The Sacred Heart of Jesus never forgets the soul once devoted to It," said Father X—. "Our Lord has shown His special love for you to-night by sending His priest to prevent you from committing a terrible sin, and to invite you to return to His service and friendship." The poor man made a good confession, with every indication of sincere repentance. A few days later he once more joined the League of the Sacred Heart, and at the present time is a faithful "associate."

This story, incredible as it may seem, is nevertheless true. It was related by a member of the Society of Jesus. At its conclusion he said: "Our Lord has promised to priests devoted to His Sacred Heart the gift of moving the most hardened hearts. As a reward for his zeal for the interests of the Sacred Heart Father X— has received the fulfillment of this promise in that exceptional degree, and I believe it was in the merciful designs of God that the case of this poor sinner was delivered to his care in such an unusual manner. Father X—'s brief midnight visit moved the heart of a hardened sinner to the most sincere repentance."

"And in regard to the man he visited there was fulfilled another promise of the Sacred Heart—'Sinners shall find in My heart an infinite ocean of mercy.' The Sacred Heart is infinitely merciful to every soul, especially to those who at some time or other have manifested special devotion to It. As to those who are lost, I believe, with Father Faber that our Blessed Lord threw His arms about each created spirit,

looked it full in the face with bright eyes of love, in the darkness of its mortal life, and that of its own desire liberally will it would not have Him." Such is the infinite and most tender mercy of the Sacred Heart.—Francis de Sales Ryan.

KNOWLEDGE AND FAITH

By Rev. W. A. Sutton, S. J., in "The Irish Ecclesiastical Record"

Why faith, why not knowledge; why is faith the way to please God, that withdrawing from It displeases Him? "My just man lives by faith; but if he withdraw himself he shall not please my soul" (Heb. x. 38).

The wise men of this world assure us that science, or knowledge, is the one way to true life and liberty, whereas by faith we enslave our minds, the worst form of slavery. But God makes foolish the wisdom of this world (1 Cor. i. 20) of the world that opposes Him, for in its proud opposition it continually contradicts itself, *mentis est iniquitas sibi* (Psalm xxvi. 12).

God's faith reconciles everything, gives everything its place, its due, establishes perfect order, recognizes all the worth of knowledge. That would be all if it consisted wholly thereby alone capable of turning out the ideal man, *totus teres atque quadratus*, complete, balanced, set foursquare to all the winds that blow, whole as the marble, founded as the rock, broad and general as the casing air.

Nothing can be more in harmony with human nature than faith. Our lives are mostly guided and fashioned by faith. We know very little; we believe, that is, we hold by faith of one kind or other, by far the most of what furnishes our minds. The God in the supernatural order should ask us to believe Him, is quite of a piece with our natural state. It is, therefore, unreasonable to find fault with supernatural faith, because faith, seeing that we are naturally creatures of faith, that we are naturally guided by it.

Not only are we so dependent on faith, but we are surrounded by, immersed in, mysteries, that is, on every side, everywhere we find things that we cannot understand though we see and know them as facts. No one in this life knows how grass grows. We cannot get at the ultimate idea of things, we can only get some knowledge. If earthly things puzzle us, no wonder heavenly things should.

"The corruptible body is a load upon the soul, and the earthly habitation presseth down the mind, that smothereth upon many things. And hardly do we guess aright at things that are upon earth; and with labor do we find the things that are before us. But the things that are in heaven, who shall search out? And who shall know Thy thought except Thou give wisdom, and send Thy Holy Spirit from above; and so the ways of them that are in heaven are corrected, and men may learn the things that please Thee? For by wisdom they were healed, whosoever have pleased Thee, O Lord, from the beginning" (Wisdom ix. 15-19).

Some three thousand years ago the wisest of men set about what, down to our own day, wise men of all kinds try their hand at, reading the riddle of the life of man. "I applied my heart to know wisdom, and to understand the distraction that is upon earth; for there are some that, day and night, take no sleep with their eyes. And I understand that man can find no reason of all those works of God that are done under the sun, and the more he shall labor to seek, no much the less shall he find; yea, though the wise man should say that he knoweth it, he shall not be able to find it" (Eccles. vi. 16, 17).

There is but one way, therefore, out of the otherwise pathless forest, and that is the way of faith, believing and trusting God, who can and will reconcile and combine into one surpassingly good and beautiful whole all that now constitutes for us a mass of apparent incompatibilities.

We are made for eternity. It is one of the wonders of our being that temporal things impress us as if they were all-important, whereas they are of comparatively little account, except for their bearing on eternal. Much of the sting caused by disaster, dismay, and distraction on earth, which so master our imaginations and feelings, may be greatly alleviated by meditating on eternity. "Meditation is the key to wisdom." Faith thus gives us the victory over the world every way (1 John v. 4), and it does so above all by making us absolutely convinced that God is the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort" (2 Cor. i. 3), making us absolutely convinced that when the explanation comes we shall be perfectly satisfied that the whole scheme of things is one of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness. Even in this life we get glimpses of how God brings about His greatest blessings through means that no mortal mind would ever have guessed to tend that way, how much more should we not trust Him as to the final settlement?

It helps greatly to ponder who, what God is. The more we do the less we shall be troubled about such difficulties, about believing, trusting Him that all is, will be, well with His world. The mind must get back to the ultimate cause of everything. This cause must be itself uncaused, whose essence is to be. Being itself, therefore infinite in all perfections, for imperfection is defect of being.

When Moses asked God, 'Who shall I say to Pharaoh sent me?' God replied, 'Say "I am" sent you, "He Who is" sent you' (Exodus iii. 14). Here we have God giving Himself the very name which our minds recognize as the ultimate and peculiar title of God, the sublimest conception possible to any intellect, and which every intellect can in some way take in, and because it can, can also be raised to union with and possession of His Infinite Object, which again constitutes man's true happiness. 'Thou hast made us for Thyself, O Lord,' St. Augustine says, 'and our hearts never can be at rest until they are firmly fixed on Thee.' Now consider what Ecclesiasticus says (xviii. 16):

"He that liveth forever created all things together. God only shall be justified, and He remaineth an invincible King for ever. Who is able to declare His works with and possess His glorious acts? And search shall show forth the power of His majesty; or who shall be able to declare His mercy? Nothing may be taken away, nor added, neither is it possible to find out the glorious works of God. When a man hath done, then shall he begin, and when he leaveth off he shall be at a loss; God is so great, so incomprehensible, that when man has done all that he can to find out His greatness, and would all things were in his power, he is still boundless; for what he has found out is but a part of the infinite, and yet what marvels have been found out!"

The heavens show forth the glory of God' (Psalm xviii. 1). Astronomers calculate that there are a thousand million of fixed stars, as they are called. These stars are suns like ours, multi-tudes of them far vaster than ours, which is 1,500,000 times greater in bulk than our earth. The light from these stars takes years to come to us—from the nearest some five years, from the remotest thousands of years; though light, it is strictly proved, travels at the rate of nearly 200,000 miles a second. Though they are called fixed, it is now known that they are all in motion, the whole heavens revolving round a common centre, even as the earth and planets revolve around the sun. God it is who made them, who keeps the course clear for their stupendously complex movements, who is the source of space in all space (and the wonders of the infinitesimally small are no whit less than that of the more 'expanded world'). Who is the source and cause of all life and all matter, and in comparison to Whom all created things are but as a drop of water to the ocean, as a spark of fire to the sun—not even so much, for there is some proportion between drop and ocean, spark and sun, none whatever between all creation and Its Lord and Creator.

If such Being has made a revelation of Himself and His works, no wonder it should be replete with mystery, with what is unintelligible to us; no wonder, since we cannot understand, we should be asked to believe, to believe God, Who pledges His word for its truth.

But why, again, should unintelligibility and faith be the way, why not knowledge? Since we can take in such far-reaching, such sublime ideas, as the human mind is capable of, why not everything that is capable of, why not revealed things that the docile mind should be able to see that what He reveals must be so, and cannot be otherwise, just as the patient investigation of abstract mathematical and metaphysical concepts enables minds to see their necessary content and bearings? Why should not religious truth of every kind shine for us, like those other truths, in its own light, for all who are willing and competent to pay the price?

Here we touch upon the ultimate reason why we must go by faith in this life of probation, and not in a merely natural happiness, the reward of probation guided by reason alone. He has raised us to a state of supernatural probation and supernatural happiness its reward. By faith, while on probation, we are admitted to the truth of God's essence and its modes, and of His ways or dealing with his creatures, and the reward of that living faith will be the vision and knowledge of these mysteries.

Since none but God can by merely natural powers know Him, as He is in Himself, God must confer supernatural powers on every creature who is called to share in God's own knowledge and bliss, and this supernatural elevation of human powers is effected in this life by the gifts of faith and sanctifying grace, whereby we merit hereafter the light of heavenly glory, the vision of God Himself.

We may see from this that faith is the only way we could be led to God in our supernatural state of probation. We cannot understand, we can only believe, and by believing, by submitting our minds and will to God's word, teaching, revelation, we are led, as better intelligible beings, to the reward of the vision, the beatific vision, which is the infinite good, the Summum Bonum, which alone can fully satisfy the infinite cravings of the human heart, mind, and will. In this life we can only have some beginning of this happiness; it is hereafter only that it can be wholly and surely possessed as the reward of our faith and our works here.

'No one can come to Me,' Our Lord says, 'unless the Father draw him' (John vi. 44). Therefore faith is the gift of God. Even so it depends on our own free will, too, to retain it or to gain it. We cannot believe with divine faith unless God gives us power, but He does not

necessitate our belief. Nemo credit nisi volens, it is the voluntary submission of our intellect that counts before God. Thus we give Him the homage of our intellect, our highest faculty.

But God does not demand this highest homage without giving us plenty of proof that we ought to do so. However tremendous the difficulties in the way of faith may be for any human mind the proofs that we ought to believe are in themselves, properly proposed and considered, simply overwhelming. At the same time there is some obscurity, some room for imprudent doubt, none for prudent doubt; and this may, and often does, serve as excuse for turning away and refusing assent. Faith would not be meritorious, it would not partake of the nature of moral virtue, unless it were in this sense free, voluntary, leaving room for our own choosing.

With all this we must not forget the possibility of invincible ignorance in any particular case. Geniuses and scholars are liable to it, as well as dull and unlearned people. One of the wonders of faith is that it is exquisitely adapted to all men, high and low in every sense, and may be hit or missed indiscriminately. This possibility of invincible ignorance in any individual, he being genius, philosopher, dullard, unskilled, throws light upon the limitations of human intellect, especially where inductive processes lead to conviction. The field of facts is so vast in extent and complexity regarding many great questions that it is conceivable how, what with prejudices and passion, twists and biases, congenial and educational, any mind may become inextricably convinced regarding solutions of problems, and may settle down into impenetrable conviction that its reading of the riddle is right. In religious inquiry it would take a miracle to shake such persuasion when mistaken. Unbelief in such cases may be altogether free from moral responsibility. No one can be condemned for convictions of the kind, however lamentable the state in itself may be, like so many other disasters and disadvantages to which all are open. Making all allowances, there can be no doubt, nevertheless, that many who culpably will not let belief take hold of them, or let it slip from them, through worldly or other wrong considerations, and thereby incur awful responsibility.

Pascal, in one of his Pensées, says there is evidence enough to convince sincere inquiries, and obscurely enough to humble them; there is obscurely enough to serve as pretext for the insincere, and evidence enough to condemn them, for not believing. This again, is for those whose the evidence is properly proposed and whose own grave fault it is that they do not close with it. When we remember what the martyrs have endured rather than forfeit faith, what are we to think of those who, from worldly reasons refuse to believe, or, worse still, of those who, from caprice, passion, pride, anger, throw away the priceless treasure which they possessed? There never was a time when the heathen Catholics to look to this treasure and its safe custody more carefully than now. From all sides Catholicism is assailed. In itself it is impregnable. But every one has to make it so in the citadel of his own soul, according to his state and duties.

Catholics have the simplest principle to guide them in believing, simple and sublime; they have merely to say to themselves, 'I believe what the Church believes,' and thereby they cover the whole sphere of belief. God has appointed the Church to be our guide in all regarding what we have to believe. It is an article of faith that the Church is infallible regarding revelation, written or traditional. For Our Lord said that He would send to His Church the spirit of Truth, the Holy Ghost, to abide there forever (John xv. 26), and that He Himself would be with it all days, even to the consummation of the world (Matthew xxviii. 20).

To what body were these awful words addressed? Clearly to that which has come down through all the ages, and the same; which has never broken off from the Tree of Life planted by God Himself; which has, and still does, cut off diseased branches, all heretical sects, and which never more clearly exhibited than at the present time the one great sign Our Lord gave His Church, for which He specially prayed that His true followers might be one, might keep united in faith, in order that men might believe. (John xvii. 21.)

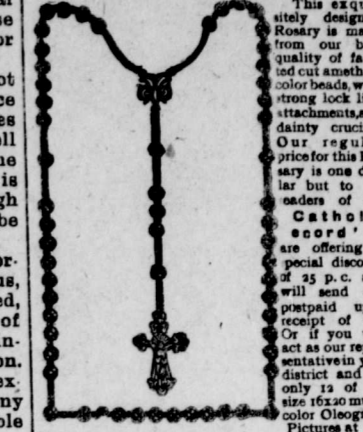
'To put the argument in a nutshell: God is, Jesus Christ is the Messiah. The Roman Catholic Church is the one, true Church founded by Him, against which the powers of hell are never to prevail. Every point of this statement has withstood, and always will withstand, all the mightiest and subtlest attacks of unbelief, for to the end the Messiah has to reign in this rebellious world according to the prophecy: 'Reign Thou in the midst of Thine enemies.' (Psalm cix. 2.)

From what has been said it may be seen, inter alia, why it is by faith, and not by knowledge, we must merit the happiness for which we are placed here on probation. We may know, even as we know about any second-hand truth, that it must be so, and cannot be otherwise. In vain do they talk of happiness who never subdued an impulse in obedience to a principle.

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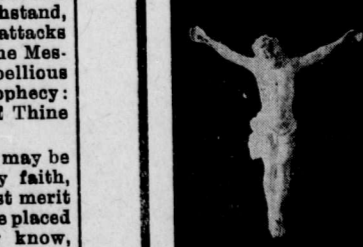
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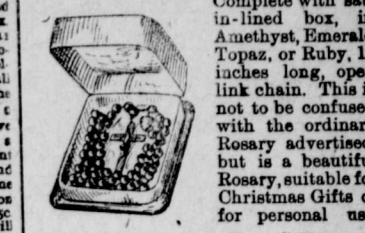
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LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1916

LIFE INSURANCE

ASSESSMENT INSURANCE

If we have repeated and emphasized certain things it is because they are fundamental and essential; and without a thorough grasp of fundamental and essential principles there can be no useful discussion of life insurance nor of anything else.

Let us go back for a moment to our example. We left our thousand farmers with a common fund of \$100,000. This fund insures them. This fund and nothing else is their fire insurance.

Now let us suppose that some one of our perennial crop of persons who see graft and greed and folly in every institution, private and public, conceives the idea of saving farmers this "useless and unnecessary" accumulation of money and all expenses connected with its administration.

"Insurance at cost" is his attractive catchword. You pay nothing until there is a fire and then "chip in." Keep the \$100,000. Simple is it not? Just assess yourselves what is necessary to make up the loss and no more. Save all expenses. Well, despite our good opinion of farmers we know that some of them have taken this bait. They have sometimes even tried co-operation to buy pepper and salt at wholesale prices and get rid of the financial tyranny of the cross roads grocery.

For a time things are likely to go all right with the assessment plan. But to collect the assessment some expense must be incurred. Also to tell the members when and how often they should chip in some people must be employed. Then some one must pay over the amount. The milkmaid of our school readers while counting her unhatched chickens dismissed the trifling cost of the food they would require because "they take but a grain at a time when they feed."

The insurance-at-cost societies find that they must have local collecting agencies and a general administration. Just how the expenses of the insurance-at-cost societies compare with those of straight business insurance companies may be considered later.

But where is the insurance? Where is the assurance that when a fire occurs the loss will be made good? It rests solely on the continued willingness of each and all to chip in when required. Some, realizing that this is as flimsy a basis for insurance as for any other business, may withdraw and join real insurance companies. Others follow their example. Those left must pay more. And if it should happen that the losses in any year should call for assessments higher than safe and sane common-fund companies impose, there is likely to be a stampede. The unfortunate who is burned out about this time is likely to be cured of insurance at cost.

But assessment fire companies—assessment companies generally arrogate to themselves the term "mutual"—cause no such general harm as assessment life societies. A fire policy can always be taken in a sound company. Age and state of health must often preclude the taking out of a new life policy. The history of assessment companies and societies is invariably the same. Assessments increase, sound members drop out and reinsure elsewhere. There is no alternative, assessments must further increase or the death indemnity decrease or both. The process accelerates and dissolution follows. It has been so in many hundreds of cases. A Catholic professional man has just told us the experience of his partner who was a Protestant. He carried \$18,000 in fraternal assessment insurance societies and stood with every one of

them while it lasted. At his death his family received just \$8,000. Over half of his insurance-at-cost societies had died before he did. Of course he belonged to no Catholic society.

But Catholic insurance societies founded in imitation of the secular, sectarian or secret fraternal insurance societies must reach the same destination if they follow the same road. There is no doubt about the generous motives and good faith of their founders and promoters in many instances. Their inception dates back into the golden age of apparent prosperity of fraternal assessment insurance. Hundreds, yes thousands, of failures of such societies—so far as insurance is concerned—taught many to appreciate real insurance; but alas, what a costly lesson for those who are unable to reinsure.

Apart from the fraternal assessment societies a weedy crop of commercial assessment societies sprang up, flourished, withered and died; only such as reorganized on sound lines can hope long to survive.

The Insurance Act, 1910, section 72, reads in part thus: "Every assessment life insurance company which neglects to print the words 'Assessment System' on any policy, application, circular or advertisement, as required by Part II. of this Act . . . shall, on summary conviction before any two justices of the peace, or any magistrate having powers of two justices of the peace, for every offence be liable to a penalty not exceeding \$50 and costs and not less than \$20 and costs."

If any one wants to buy insurance in assessment companies he may do so; but such companies may be severely fined if they attempt to palm off their wares as anything else than "Assessment" insurance. More, they are adjudged guilty if they do not print "Assessment System" on every policy application, circular or advertisement.

Such companies were licensed when our representatives in Parliament did not know as much as they do now about insurance. But in future they will not be licensed; see sections 112-113 of Insurance Act, 1910.

Before the passing of this act the Government made a thorough investigation of the business of insurance. Following is an interesting extract from the evidence given by Mr. William Fitzgerald, Dominion Superintendent of Insurance, on March 15, 1906, before the Royal Commission investigating life insurance in Canada:

Answer.—With regard to the business of assessment life insurance in general: I think it was a mistake ever to have permitted companies to do business on that basis in Canada. The history of them in this country has not been satisfactory, and it would be my recommendation that hereafter no company shall be licensed to do business upon the assessment plan.

Question.—What do you consider to be the weakness of that system of insurance? Answer.—Well, understand, the system of insurance is this: they pretend to collect as they go along; during the earlier years, when death losses are small, they have not much to pay. They levy small assessments. As the company advances, and the death rates get a little larger, then they levy still larger assessments, and so it goes on. By-and-by the time comes when the assessments are getting tolerably large. Then the members begin to find fault, and they drop out, many of them. The good lives will drop out and only those that are impaired will stay on, and they will stay on because they cannot get insurance elsewhere; and the time is not far distant when they have to close up, and really the company is found to be of no service whatever when the policy-holder really wants security.

Question.—Does such a company require to carry a reserve? Answer.—No. Question.—Not required under this Act? Answer.—No, there is a special provision in it that the company is not required to carry a reserve. Question.—Instead of having the system where you take a level amount, and keep it for a reserve, the premiums increase with age? Answer.—Yes. Question.—And the reserve is supposed to stay in the pockets of the policy-holders? Answer.—Yes, and it stays there for all time. Question.—And for that reason, in view of the experience, you think it was a mistake to commence to charter or incorporate these companies, or license them under the Dominion Act? Answer.—Yes.

Assessment companies are dead or dying or reconstructing themselves. Assessmentism, however, lingers on where it originated, in fraternal organizations, and there to day it is, as a rule, waging a losing battle.

Each and every member with a zeal not according to knowledge discusses and decides questions that in well-

informed insurance circles are as settled as the Copernican system. The management—for they have all discovered they must have a management of some sort—may be at fault, may have been so culpably ignorant as not to recognize, or so lacking in moral courage as not to face their problems until too late. It must be admitted that they were not chosen for their technical knowledge and that they are pretty well out of from the best insurance environment. The membership generally get so far away from their own first principles as to protest and enjoin whenever the management does make any move, not realizing that their protests and injunctions are really against themselves.

Subsection 4 of Section 3 of the Insurance Act exempts societies or associations of persons "for fraternal, benevolent, industrial or religious purposes," but they may apply to the Minister to come under its provisions.

Does, then, the future hold nothing good in store for fraternal insurance? Those societies which can pass through their present severe struggle toward adequate premiums and financial solvency, will no doubt continue their existence indefinitely. Those which lacked the moral courage or necessary knowledge of insurance principles to face in time the question of readjustment and reconstruction will pass out of existence. Any new societies hereafter formed will begin on a sound basis with adequate premiums; and these may perform a valuable public service. Except for the feature of fraternalism, however, they will tend to become identical with ordinary life insurance companies.

THE MANTLE OF FATHER SHEEHAN

It seems a short time since "My New Curate" was running as a serial in the Ecclesiastical Review—and yet since that time Father Sheehan became known and loved wherever the English language is spoken, and is now gone to his reward. There is no doubt that in placing his clerical novel before the priests of America the Review did Father Sheehan the inestimable service of submitting his delineation of the priestly character to the most severe and at the same time the most appreciative of competent critics. Father Sheehan's clerical characters were real human-hearted men and true Irish priests. They had to be both to get the unanimous verdict of such a jury. Then, Protestants as well as Catholics gave a full-hearted welcome to this new thing in English literature.

In the same Review there is now running, we believe, another epoch-making serial with the unattractive, not to say repellent, title, "Socialism or Faith."

Socialism presents itself to working men as a constructive, economic scheme to remedy a concrete condition admittedly bad and insistently demanding amelioration. Heartick must be the Dean Driscoll's of real life of the dreary orthodox refutations of Karl Marx and others; the hammer and tongs denunciation of the poor socialist devils who may be weak in logic and not quite statesmanlike in their social views, but whose facts are conceded by Leo XIII.

Father Maher deals with a concrete condition—"a condition little better than slavery itself"—in a concrete way. No denunciation, no empty-handed destructive criticism, none of the abstract orthodoxy that leaves the real problem—the cause of Socialism—untouched. No; he makes God's priest go down amongst his people and face squarely the problems that enter into their very life-blood. There is no shirking the awful fact that their condition is little better than slavery itself. With Father Maher it is no abstract question of the doctrines of Karl Marx or the dogmas of the Church. His people live and toil and suffer and struggle to be free. It is real life with real life tragedies; the human heart pulsing with all the human passions and emotions. And all held in the relentless grip of the up to date Ebenezer Scrooge—the modern Captain of Industry acting entirely within his legal rights. Thus Father Maher comes to grips with realities; but if he does not theorize about principles and dogmatic truths he is far from shirking the much more difficult duty of their practical application. The eternal and the spiritual are supreme; but the temporal and material are as actual in his pages as they are in real life. Man does not live by bread alone, but he must have bread.

It will be seen, then, how grotesque is the charge of our correspondent's anti-Irish friends that the Sinn Fein and Clan-na-Gael are "Catholic organs of John Redmond." However it is not much more absurd than the unconvincing asseveration of those exuberantly loyal but not very well-informed Irishmen who maintain that the Irish were always loyal—meaning loyal to England. In Parliament at the outbreak of the war John Redmond honestly admitted—that would be folly to deny—that for causes deep-rooted in centuries of history, the sentiment of Ireland had been estranged from England and the Empire; that this is the first great war in which the national sympathy and national sentiment of Ireland were unreservedly with Great Britain. That honest admission of past estrangement and the equally honest emphasis of the present radically changed condition of things was hailed by every English member of Parliament and every English newspaper, Unionist as well as Liberal, as a great and statesmanlike speech. And it received immediately the unreserved endorsement of Nationalist Ireland.

We must expect for some time yet in the by-washes of the great current of imperial affairs to find the old ignorant anti-Irish prejudice. But it is not by equally ignorant or insincere protestations that the Irish were loyal in times when "loyalty" incurred the contempt of honest Irishmen that those unfortunate victims of hereditary prejudice will be brought to realize that they are away behind the age.

It is in honestly facing the past that we realize the wonderful significance of the present understanding sympathy and cordial co-operation of the people of England and the people of Ireland. This is something so great that it is independent of the fate of any party or of any party measure. It softens the memories of the past, sweetens the relations of the present and projects its light far into the future.

JOHN AYSCOUGH

A note attached to the concluding chapter of John Ayscough's latest novel "Fernando" invests with a peculiar interest this delightful autobiographical story which has been running in the pages of our very estimable contemporary The Magnificat. The note informs us that as he wrote he was hourly expecting the summons "to hurry away and take up duties familiar for over thirty years on the unfamiliar field of war." The call came before the chapter was finished. "So it must remain half a chapter," he tells us. Since then John Ayscough has exchanged the quiet of the author's study for the horrors of the battlefield, and has been mentioned in despatches by Sir John French. It is not by any means his first acquaintance with the tented field. After joining the Catholic Church in 1878 he became attached to the Army Chaplain's Department, and exercised his duties as Senior Catholic Chaplain at Plymouth, Malta and Salisbury Plain. But if we mistake not this is his first meeting with the demon War. It surely seems incongruous to associate the gentle Ayscough with the din of battle. May the fates deal kindly with this gifted English cleric. With Canon Sheehan dead, and Benson now, too, numbered with the silent majority, we can ill afford to lose John Ayscough.

The Right Rev. Monsignor Bickerstaffe Drew (John Ayscough), is, we fear, to a great extent unknown to the Catholic reading public. Benson and Sheehan have a greater vogue, and yet Ayscough has a charm that the others lack. It is certainly not to our credit that his books should be strangers to our bookshelves. We have money to purchase, and time to waste on, the "best sellers," soulless things at best, purulent and erotic at worst, but we have neither money nor time for the works of one of our own writers who scorns to prostitute his talents to the service of Satan. Ayscough is not a "best seller" because the world wants its authors to write of the things that interest it—the things of sin and shame. And we who are supposed to be in the fashion, and so we follow the crowd. In doing so we are guilty of two faults—we extend the empire of the gutter press, and we curtail the field of influence of good literature. It is high time we examined our conscience in this regard. We owe it to these writers who are spending themselves for the cause of Truth, we owe it to

SINN FEIN AND CLAN-NA-GAEL

A correspondent asks for information with regard to Sinn Fein and Clan-na-Gael. Though Irish our correspondent knows little or nothing of either; in this he is pretty much like 99 per cent. of the Irish in Canada. Sinn Fein is Gaelic for "Ourselves Alone" and is the name given to a little Irish movement with a relatively insignificant number of adherents who are bitterly hostile to the Nationalist party. In looking to the British Parliament for redress of grievances the Nationalists violate the fundamental doctrine of the Sinn Feiners. They are anti-English, anti-everything except "ourselves alone." They have about as much influence on the political or national life of Ireland as the Doukhobors have on Canada.

The Clan-na-Gael—the clan of the Gael—is the remnant of an Irish-American revolutionary society that had at one time some influence on Irish-American sentiment. It is also bitterly hostile to John Redmond. It is quite a negligible quantity amongst the irreconcilable Irish of the United States. Even the name is rarely mentioned.

the Church we love, we owe it to ourselves, to be loyal to our own Catholic writers. And we have no reason to be ashamed of them. Benson and Sheehan and Ayscough have written novels that rank with the very best. Francis Thompson and Alice Meynell are without compare in the field of letter day poetry. Why then should we prefer a Caine, a Chambers, or a Service to these writers of our own? And why should we not see that the works of such Catholic authors find a place in our public libraries? Our Catholic people pay taxes to support these institutions. Their wishes should be considered. And thus many of our people who cannot afford to buy books would be enabled to make the acquaintance of our own splendid writers. Books have been our playthings since first we learned to read, but we confess to a feeling of nausea when we contemplate the groaning shelves of our libraries. We grieve to think that such worthless verbiage should supply the mental pabulum of the masses. Let us remedy it all we may by pressing the claims of the writers worth while upon the library authorities. Our own experience is that they will be found only too ready to meet our just demands.

To those who scan these lines we say, make John Ayscough's acquaintance, confident that they will bless us for the advice. Begin with "San Celestino," the greatest of his books. Follow it up by "Mezzogiorno," in which we see God's goodness to stunted and twisted souls; "Maroz," a soul's reparation for ancestral sins; "Hardcott," the influence of a pure life upon others; "Dromina," "Faustula," and "Gracechurch."

COLUMBA

NOTES AND COMMENTS

ARCHBISHOP McNeill's sermon in St. Michael's Cathedral two weeks ago ranks among the timeliest and most patriotic utterances on the War that has yet been given voice in Canada. It is in perfect harmony with the convictions and sentiments of Catholic prelates in every national crisis in history. True patriotism is a Catholic instinct and the Church has ever nurtured and fostered it.

RECENT PHOTOGRAPHS of the Kaiser which have found their way out of Germany show him to have aged at least a decade since the War began. His hair has turned white, his cheeks are sunken and the sparkle has gone from his eyes. It is said also that he has lost the power of sleeping soundly—all of which is not surprising. Perhaps the spectre of a lonely figure on the island of St. Helena a century ago is not long absent from him. Whatever the duration of the War its end cannot come too soon for the well-being of Germany or for the peace of its Emperor.

THE MOST widely known of the English Nonconformist clergy, the Rev. R. J. Campbell of the City Temple, London, is out with a proposal for a General Council of every denomination of Christians, for the purpose of bringing to an end the fratricidal strife which is now convulsing Europe and disturbing the equanimity of the whole world. There is only one person, he opines, who could summon such a council with any hope of success, and that is His Holiness, the Pope, as head of the largest, most ancient, and only world-wide body of believers. The Archbishop of Canterbury could not do it, nor could the Metropolitan of the Orthodox Eastern Church, nor the acknowledged head of any of its numerous divisions. Rome, and Rome only, in Mr. Campbell's judgment, holds the key of the situation, and despite inherited prejudices, to him alone would the world give heed, did he take action upon this striking and significant proposal.

TO SOME THIS suggestion of the famous London preacher may seem grotesque—to others laudable enough but impossible of realization. A little reflection would show that it is neither the one nor the other. Mr. Campbell himself cites the precedent of the Council of Trent which was convoked expressly for the purpose of healing the wounds from which Christendom unquestionably suffered at that time, and to the deliberations of which representatives of the already numerous sects of Protestantism were invited. But, as he further remarks, the invitation was not accepted and the opportunity accordingly of averting the scandal of a divided Christendom was lost. Had not the "Reformed churches" in their pride and rebelliousness re-

jected so magnanimous and Christ-like an overture in the sixteenth century they would have had an opportunity of stating their grievances—whether real or imaginary—and by the light which would have been shed upon them is their discussion before so august an assembly, their eyes might have been opened to the truth and the sore of division still in the raw, been effectually and forever healed. The responsibility and the sin of the rejection of the Holy See's proposal in that great crisis are upon the leaders of the revolt—the consequences have been the inheritance of their followers ever since.

OTHER PRECEDENTS for such a council might be cited from more remote periods—in regard to the Arian heresy of the Fourth Century for example, and other critical periods in ecclesiastical history. The Church has ever shown herself a tender and indulgent mother, ready to reason and council with those whose faith had weakened or who had embarked or showed tendency to embark upon wrong courses. It is not necessary however to go back to periods so remote for a precedent, nor, for that matter, to the Protestant revolt of the sixteenth century. We have one, ready to hand, in the Council of the Vatican of our own time. In convoking that great assembly—the greatest in point of attendance in the history of the Church—Pius IX., the reigning Pontiff, extended to every considerable body of non-Catholic Christians throughout the world a cordial invitation to send representatives to its deliberations, and to state before that authoritative tribunal just what, in their estimation, were the obstacles that stood in the way of their return to their true mother. Had they chosen then to accept, how much in the interval might have been done to restore that unity for which Christ prayed. But the invitation was scornfully rejected and, as a result, the gaping wound of division still exists as a stumbling block to the heathen world, and as a scandal to the weak in our very midst.

WHILE, THEN, the Rev. R. J. Campbell's conception of such a council may not accord with the Catholic ideal, the fact of such a proposal being made at this time by a minister of considerable prominence in the English-speaking world constitutes, to our thinking, the most hopeful symptom which the prevailing aspiration to unity among Protestants has yet manifested. That it will find an echo to any noticeable degree among his brethren we are not so sanguine. The idea of unity, as finding expression in Protestant deliberative assemblies and as re-echoed in the public press, seems not towards conserving dogmatic truth and safeguarding the integrity of the Scriptures, but rather towards mere levelling and the surrender to purely economical considerations, of convictions which have been sacredly cherished in the past. In other words, truth, or what was conceived to be truth, is giving place to expediency. The Bible as a rule of faith has been dethroned and bald rationalism sits in the seat of the "reformers." To what extent this tide might be stemmed by the adoption by the sects of Mr. Campbell's proposal is a hypothetical question upon which it would be premature here to enter. The very fact of the proposal being made, however, is, we repeat, honorable to its maker and hopeful of better things.

A WELL-INFORMED writer in the Atlantic Monthly is responsible for the statement that knowledge of the Bible is far less general than it was a generation or two ago. What he terms the "amazing familiarity" with the sacred book with which the historian John Richard Green credits the people of England in the days of the Commonwealth, had, says the writer in the Atlantic, persisted until his boyhood among the sons of the Puritans in New England and in New York State. It was not universal, but, he avers, it was general. Now, such knowledge is decidedly the exception, and the prevailing ignorance of the Bible among college students and pupils in secondary schools is classed as "astounding."

IT IS NOT a little remarkable that this decrease in general acquaintance with the Bible should have gone hand in hand with the results achieved by a so-called "Higher Criticism." The more savants have professed to know about exegesis, text-

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ual criticism, and the like, the less tenacious has become the hold of the common people upon the sacred volume until, little by little, the condition which the Atlantic writer deploras, has been evolved. Needless to say his reflections concern Protestantism only—the Catholic conception of the Bible does not come within the scope of his observations.

THE TRADITIONAL Protestant idea regarding the Catholic attitude towards the Holy Scriptures is bound to undergo great change with the breaking down of hereditary misconceptions of our religion as a whole. In the light of modern historical research it cannot much longer stand. When the smoke of animosity has become cleared from the surrounding air it will be realized that the one great concern of the Catholic Church all through the ages has been to safeguard the Sacred Volume, and to ward off just such evils in regard to it as earnest-minded Protestants such as the Atlantic Monthly writer deploras having overtaken themselves. It will then be seen that the Bible is in reality much more familiar to Catholics than it is to them. It could scarcely be otherwise, since the entire warp and woof of Catholic devotion is based on the Scriptures and no Catholic who practices his religion can be ignorant of it. This is true of the entire period of Christian history. Cromwell's Puritans, on the other hand, may have been familiar with the letter, but the spirit was far from theirs.

The pet Protestant tradition is that they owe the Bible to Luther and that in the ages before the Reformation the people were kept in profound ignorance in regard to it. The absurdity of this must be apparent to every student of history. The chronicles of the past, being more and more uncovered in late years, proclaim the contrary in no uncertain way. We have space here to cite but one authority, but two testimonies might be multiplied, indefinitely. Dean Maitland, who during his lifetime occupied the post of Librarian of Lambeth Palace (the official residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury), and was known as one of the profoundest historical investigators of the age, and whose book "The Dark Ages" is one of the noblest in the language, has this to say on the subject:

"THE WRITINGS of the dark ages are simply made of the Scriptures. I do not mean that the writers constantly quoted the Scriptures and appealed to them as authorities on all occasions, as other writers have done since their day—though they did this, and it is a strong proof of their familiarity with them—but I mean that they thought and spoke and wrote the thoughts of the Bible, and that they did this constantly and habitually as the natural mode of expressing themselves. They did it, too, not exclusively in theological or ecclesiastical matters, but in histories, biographies, familiar letters, legal instruments and documents of every description. Their ideas seem to have fallen naturally into the words of Scripture." They of whom this is true could scarcely have been ignorant of the Scriptures, and in the light of Luther's story of his discovery of the Bible becomes the veriest fairy tale.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

The news of the week is distinctly good. Steadily the allies are pushing back the German line in France. In Alsace-Lorraine the advance though stubbornly contested appears to be irresistible. The Russians have apparently decisively halted the Austro-German advance. It is difficult to ascertain whether the Russian penetration of Hungary is anything more than a raid of considerable force. If as reported the invasion is serious it would be of the greatest possible importance. The Russian victory over the Turks was decisive and may have a determining influence on the whole Russo-Turkish Campaign. Perhaps one of the most cheering notes recently heard was the optimistic speech of the silent, taciturn Kitchener. Everyone feels that there is real warrant for hopefulness when Kitchener expresses not only hope and confidence but satisfaction with progress made.

The following despatch gives a graphic account of actual fighting. It is, perhaps, only what is going on every day in a hundred different places; but it helps us to realize what it costs to enable the official report to announce "attacks repulsed" or "progress made."

DESPERATE FIGHTING ENDING IN DEFINITE FRENCH ADVANCE

Canadian Press

Thann, Alsace, Jan. 5. (via Paris).—A race of three miles up the steep slope at Engelburg through thickets and up rocky steps between a battalion of French light infantry with mountain guns and a German battery, determined the result of the stubborn fight for the Alsatian town of Steinbach.

The French surprised a movement of the German battery ascending toward the summit of the mountain by road, and taking a short cut, accomplished what seemed to be the impossible.

The French battalion arrived five minutes before the Germans appeared in an open space, and had just time to put into position their mountain guns. Five minutes more, and all was over. Too late the Germans attempted to retire and the battery was annihilated.

Possession of this point permitted the French to cross the River Thur, above the town of Thann and to reinforce the troops operating around Steinbach.

On the morning of December 31st, the French occupied all the heights around the town and sent an envoy to the German commandant demanding the surrender of the place.

WOULD DIE, BUT NOT SURRENDER

The German officer replied: "The German Commander-in-Chief considers our forces are in no wise out of the route to Cernay (Semmehelm) still is open, and retreat always is possible. In any case the Emperor's troops are ready to die; but to surrender—never!"

At noon, on the same day, the French commenced an attack which was continued without intermission. The French success began with the capture, at the point of the bayonet, of a farm commanding the road entering the town. The French then progressed, road by road, until the village was reached.

Charges and counter-charges of infantry were made amid the continual booming of the French 8-inch guns from all the heights to which the Germans replied with ever-diminishing violence, which indicated a shortage of ammunition.

The Germans made a stubborn defense with machine guns and old steel at the outskirts of Steinbach and the Chasseurs also were met with a murderous fire from the church steeple.

One French company asked permission to charge. Many soldiers fell before they reached the German line, but nothing could stop the rest, and the German force guarding the road soon was surrounded and annihilated.

In possession of the road and the farm, the Chasseurs mounted quick-firing guns on a line of sheds connecting with the village, and, sweeping along yard by yard, finally captured the first line of houses.

FIGHT FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE

The struggle was then continued from house to house, the French losing one house the buildings captured on the preceding day, but always returning to the charge with greater violence and making a further advance. Every tree was an ambush and every house a little fortress. The French finally succeeded in slipping around the enemy's right, and then commenced a fierce combat for possession of Steinbach itself.

The church and the cemetery twice were taken and twice were lost. Since hand to hand fighting was now going on night and day, and from door to door, the Germans, unable longer to use their artillery, resorted to incendiary bombs and set fire to a number of barns and houses occupied by the French.

HOISTED BY OWN PETARDS

A changing wind, however, obliged the Germans themselves to quit the first line of trenches, being unable to control the fire, and the flames finally reached the ammunition reserves.

The explosion which occurred when the ammunition caught fire made the little town tremble as though from an earthquake. Still the Germans held on till the morning of January 4th, when the last courageous resistance of the defenders was worn out by the persistent and impetuous charges of the Chasseurs, and the whole town was occupied.

This point, the gateway to Cernay, which commands important routes to the south, to the north and to the east, is no longer tenable for the Germans.

MOTHER OF HEROES

Although Bulwer-Lytton belonged to the Protestant Established Church and did not frequently talk about religion, he occasionally perused Catholic literature, as the following letter, written to a friend in 1878, shows.

"I read last night the life of St. Francis de Sales. That Roman Catholic faith, between you and me, does produce very fine specimens of adored humanity—at once so sweet and so heroic. We members of the Protestant Established Church are always bringing heaven into our parlor and trying to pare religion into common sense. Who can pack the infinite into the finite, or the ocean into a silver teaspoon?"—New York Freeman's Journal.

THE LATE MGR. BENSON AS A PREACHER

A PROTEST AND APPRECIATION

In Everyman a couple of years ago E. Herman wrote a series of articles entitled "Great Preachers of To-day." The issue of Nov. 5th, 1912, contains the following on Monsignor Benson:

"Monsignor Benson—oh, he wrote 'Dodo,' of course. . . first, because men do such queer things now-a-days, don't you think? But I'm awfully anxious to hear him preach."

The place was St. James' Catholic Church, London; the speaker a Protestant lady visitor, flushed with the unwonted excitement of indulging in a thing which was at once delightfully wicked and reassuringly respectable. One did not feel inclined to correct her, for at least three good reasons: first, because the gratuitousness of useful knowledge does not, as a rule, diminish either the giver or the receiver; second, because genuine interest in a preacher, even on the score of a book he did not write, is sufficiently valuable to merit considerate treatment; third, because if the lady was endowed with a modicum of sense and sensibility, she would be convinced before listening to Monsignor Benson very long that, whatever he has done while one has no doubt as to its rightness, it is not so easy to justify it at first sight. Impressive in the palpable, dramatic, dynamic sense, Monsignor Benson is certainly not, nor does his personality make an immediate and inescapable impact upon the consciousness of the hearer. Indeed, it seems easy to escape its influence: whether it really is easy or not remains undecided. For, as a matter of fact, one has no wish to try to escape. What one does try to do is to locate and focus that influence. It is quite unexternal. There is nothing imposing in the figure and bearing of the preacher. There is no magic in the dry, roughened voice, with its crust of ice and its core of fire; no magnetism in the somewhat restless eyes. Yet, after listening to the level torrent of words hurled forth with an energy that makes muscles quiver and veins pulse, "impressive" remains the last as it was the first word about him. Why?

Meanwhile Monsignor has ascended the pulpit and snapped the thread of one's meditation. "An impressive preacher" is one's first verdict, and while one has no doubt as to its rightness, it is not so easy to justify it at first sight. Impressive in the palpable, dramatic, dynamic sense, Monsignor Benson is certainly not, nor does his personality make an immediate and inescapable impact upon the consciousness of the hearer. Indeed, it seems easy to escape its influence: whether it really is easy or not remains undecided. For, as a matter of fact, one has no wish to try to escape. What one does try to do is to locate and focus that influence. It is quite unexternal. There is nothing imposing in the figure and bearing of the preacher. There is no magic in the dry, roughened voice, with its crust of ice and its core of fire; no magnetism in the somewhat restless eyes. Yet, after listening to the level torrent of words hurled forth with an energy that makes muscles quiver and veins pulse, "impressive" remains the last as it was the first word about him. Why?

To begin with, because he strikes the note of naked reality from first to last. He is far more than convincingly, burning sincere. He speaks as one who is naturalized in the Unseen; one with whom the Unseen is not only a vague inspiration but a tremendously influential force, a determining and valuating factor in life. The man whose sole reality is the lust of the flesh and the lust of the eye and the pride of life is met by an equally "live," level-headed, practical man, whose sole reality is an essential element of his power to arrest and impress. An amicable and pedestrian convention, rooted in a sentimental helpfulness rather than in a redemptive passion, has domesticated the fiery spirit of religion into the angel in the house, till it was left to the novelist and the essayist to remind us that the Cross is something other than a symbolical mascot on the chain of kindly family feeling; that "a man's good ness must be the him smart" that religion is "at once a splendour and a nuisance"; or that, to put it in the suggestive words of a Salvation Army street preacher, "Jesus cannot be loved with impunity." Monsignor Benson preaches the same hard but perennially attractive doctrine in the name of a Church whose watchwords are authority and mystery, preaches it with an utter absence of sentiment, and with a hard, dry, unflinching practicality which grip the man who is impervious to what he would call "pi-jaw," or emotional slop.

When we turn from the preacher to the novelist, we are met by precisely the same elements of power and reality, for the man and his books are one. On the more purely literary side we are struck by his genius for vivifying superficialities and endowing conventional details with a significance that evokes a sense of the terror of commonplace life. He has little of the large, warm

kindness that makes Canon Sheehan's books a healing delight; nor the liberal and disciplined culture of Dr. William Barry; nor, in his more devotional books, the sunny, artless spiritual intimacy and directness of approach by which the late Father Russell lives in simple, loving hearts. Indeed, if his stern conception of eternal demands falls short of compelling force, it is because he does not always root it in that tenderness of love which gives it its sharpest edge. But where he is supreme is in his unflinching vision of the human soul in the light of the supreme call—grim and unlovely in the nakedness of its defiance, yet invested with one outweighing dignity—the possibility of hearing the call of God and responding to it. In nearly all his books that call crashes into the torpor of our comfortable religious mediocrity, and readers who might dismiss his apologies for the monastic vocation to the heart by his ironic castigation of the religion of the average Englishman. For upon one thing all thoughtful men, of whatever creed, are agreed: that unless we can find a moral equivalent for the hair-shirt and the scourge, our religion will be reduced to one among many efforts to be pleasantly sociable and communicative. To this universal demand for a religion which is not a fee party, but a holy war, Monsignor Benson speaks with a significant and haunting voice.

A SHORT-SIGHTED OBJECTION

St. Paul says in his epistle to the Galatians that St. Peter as well as others "walked not uprightly, according to the truth of the Gospel," and "when Peter was come to Antioch I withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed." (II. ii. 14.) Hence the inspired Apostle, St. Paul, could not have believed that St. Peter was inspired, or that he was Head of the Church; for how could he have spoken so boldly of him if he regarded him with the respect that Catholics pay to the Pope nowadays?

The Protestant who uses this objection is very short-sighted. For St. Peter was inspired Apostle, too, as well as St. Paul, and wrote two inspired epistles; the best proof Protestants can give of the inspiration of St. Peter's Epistles is drawn from the fact that he was an Apostle, who received the Holy Spirit at Pentecost. The Holy Spirit helped him in his preaching as well as in his writing.

Let them, then, explain, if they can, how St. Peter erred in preaching the faith. Let them also explain what right St. Paul had to attack an Apostle that was sent by our Lord and aided by His Spirit, just as St. Paul himself was. They cannot do it without coming to us to hear what we have to say about it. As a fact, this very episode has been made the basis of an attack upon Christianity itself by a large class of non-Catholics who are thorough going in their uses of the privilege of private judgment.

They try to make out that St. Peter and St. Paul had not the same religion at all. The leader of this school is Harnack of Berlin, the head of the German Protestant "Modernists." Many professors and preachers, and, of course, a horde of popular novelists and magazine writers in this country, place more implicit faith in the absurdities of Harnack than their fathers placed in the Bible itself. Thus, like most Protestant arguments against the Catholic Church, this is shown by the logic of history and is false in fact. It is pushed on and on all religion, when it is pushed to its logical conclusion. Coming to the text, we ask, of all, why does St. Paul lay such stress on the fact of St. Peter's error? Why does he go out of his way to mention St. Peter? Because he wanted to convince the Galatians of the truth of his own claims to Apostleship; and he knew their reverence for St. Peter. He did not accuse St. Peter of any error in faith; he merely accused him of the most certain imprudence and want of sincerity in his converts. The position of St. Peter rendered his mistake all the more dangerous, so serious in fact as to merit the public animadversion of St. Paul himself. St. Paul would never have brought up the incident if he had thought that St. Peter was a person of no consequence. In this epistle St. Paul takes care to state that he had met him to see St. Peter and stayed with him for fifteen days. This was three years after his conversion (I. 18). Fourteen years after that, he went to Jerusalem again, and "communicated to them that Gospel which I preach among the Gentiles, but privately to them which were of reputation, lest by any means I should be running or have run in vain."

"And of those who seemed to be somewhat, I, e., James, Peter and John, who seemed to be the pillars, they gave to me as Barnabas the right hands of fellowship." (II. 9). This shows St. Paul's object in referring to St. Peter. He assumed the high dignity of St. Peter as already known to the Galatians; from that he argued the truth of his own apostolic mission. As to the point at issue, whether it was right to avoid intimate social relations with Gentile converts, when such intimacy might give scandal to converts from Judaism, it was not an matter to decide. You will find that St. Paul himself had occa-

sion to deal with a somewhat similar problem when he wrote to the Romans and to the Corinthians. (Romans XIV and I Corinthians VIII.) To the Romans he wrote: "Destroy not him with thy mean for whom Christ died. . . . It is good neither to eat flesh nor drink wine, nor anything, where the despotic stomach is or is offended or is made weak." (Rom. XIV, 15, 21.) It seems that St. Peter made a mistake in yielding too far to the Jewish converts who came to Antioch from Jerusalem; though he did so in accordance with the rule laid down by St. Paul himself that one ought to abstain even from what is lawful in itself, rather than give scandal to the weak and the ill informed. In an ordinary person the mistake would not have been worth notice; it was precisely the dignity of the prince of the apostles and the reverence with which St. Paul and everybody else regarded him, that lent seriousness to his mistake. St. Paul corrected him, just as St. Bernard made it his business to advise and warn Pope Eugenius. But what St. Bernard and St. Paul, enlightened by special grace, raised above us by great sanctity, may do in cases of us who have quite enough to do to mind our own business.

The expression "to be blamed" or "blameworthy" used by St. Paul in reference to St. Peter (Gal. II) may also be rendered "He was blamed" or "he stood condemned by the converts, Jewish or Gentile, who could not understand his conduct." Error of judgment about a matter of this kind, an affair of practical prudence, and even culpable weakness have nothing to do with the infallibility of a Pope or an inspired Apostle. Protestants who read the Epistles of St. Peter as the inspired word of God have to make their own minds clear about this point. St. Peter warns them that St. Paul wrote in his epistles many "things hard to be understood, which the ignorant and the steadfast, wrest, as they do also the other scriptures, to their own destruction." (2 Pet. III, 15). From the days of St. Paul himself down to the days of Harnack, they have "wrested" and twisted the Epistle to the Galatians.—Catholic Bulletin.

THE CROSS

Flemish poem by Father Van A. Scharis, translated by Father W. H. Kent, O. S. C., in Tablet.

O Cross of the Fleming, in childhood's breast
By a mother's hand on his head and breast,
To bless night's rest and the toil of day;
O Cross of God's House, where he kneels to pray,
No hand shall harm thee; though storms whelm all
The Cross, in our Flanders, shall never fall!

Is that Cross struck down by the foeman's hand?
See, each Fleming snatches his father's brand!
And the mother, hiding her inward smart,
Shall fasten a Cross on her brave boy's heart.
"Go fight for God's Cross on the battle plain!
May it lead thee, and speed thee home again!"

Then, they fronted the foeman undismayed;
And they fell: but the Cross on their lips they laid.
See, the Cross on each breast is bright with blood;
For the Fleming is ready to die for the Good!

O lonesome mother, mourn not thy loss;
For thy brave boy died on his Master's Cross!
O Cross of wood on the lonely wold
O stone Cross graven with letters of gold,
Thou art set in the grave where our Flemings lie
To rise up in glory and victory!
Thou art sealed with the blood of our hero band,
Guard, and prosper our Flemish fatherland!

"BOGUS" HUMANITY

What a comfort it would be were we able to put aside "these troublesome disguises that we wear" over our thoughts and actions and just be honest with ourselves and natural! How quickly would the economic ills with which the world suffers be banished if everybody for a short time would quit thinking about what impression he is making on his neighbor, and lived and dressed and acted and talked the part which he is actually playing on the world's stage! I do not say that it is not a crime to be poor, but nowadays it is by word or act even to acknowledge one's true financial standing. How well we like to appear what we are not!

A man may be holding a fairly good position, but of course the salary is in no way commensurate with the services he renders; no man's salary ever was. So to fool his neighbors and friends as well as himself he lives up to every cent of his income, and goes into debt to satisfy his pretense of being something which he is not. There is no want that he cannot afford, if affording it will serve to impress his neighbor. Although in reality when the rent comes due he must scrape together his last cent and stand off the grocer till next week, to his friends he must utter his

dissatisfaction with the house and complain that he is living there simply because he has been unable to find a better place. Such "big" talk is part of the play. Here and there perhaps is a man honest enough with himself to acknowledge his true financial standing, but by doing so he brings down upon him the contempt of his neighbors, perhaps not as well off as himself—and his wife always excuses the poor man by saying he is a croaker, and proves her contention by some fresh extravagance to counteract the unhealthy opinion in which she and her husband are held by the neighbors as a result of the husband's indiscretion. The family simply has to keep up appearances, and who would do it she did not!

This pretense may not lead many persons to defy the divine and human law and send them out to rob and steal, and therefore may be regarded as a comparatively innocent amusement; but it is the bottom of much of the world's unhappiness, for it is the foundation of an artificiality that breeds contempt for what is honest, real, true. It underlies the snobbery of "bogus" men and women.—Intermountain Catholic.

HOW IT IMPRESSED HIM IN ITALY

In a recent number of the Atlantic Monthly, a non-Catholic writer, by the name of Zephine Humphrey, tells us something of his impressions during a short stay in Italy. After informing us that he is not a Catholic he says:

It is certainly true that the Catholic Church as a whole is in touch with her children during every hour of the day. Not only through the many stated services, but, more significantly when no bell rings and choir are deserted by the chanting priests. These silent intervals between Masses and Benediction are more fruitful of love and conviction to the traveller than anything else. For never does he enter a church—no matter how obscure, how remote, how unadvertised—that he does not find some man or woman kneeling before an altar or a shrine, lost in supplication.

There is reverence and concentration enough in these private worshipers. They prostrate, they abandon themselves "clinging to Heaven by the hem"—they pour out their souls in adoration or in entreaty. That is exactly it. The Catholic Faith is not like our "Sunday best"—a thing for that one day a week so curiously called the "Lord's Day." It is part of one's very being, weak in, weak out, world without end.—The Missionary.

OUR NEIGHBOR

You know that a great deal of the trouble of your life does not come from the major trials at all, but that a great deal of the downright misery of your life comes from petty trials. You get a letter in the morning before you begin the day's work, a carping and insolent letter, and the poison goes into your blood and makes it sour all day. You wrangle at the breakfast table about some arrangement of the day, and go fretting to the day's work. A friend passes you on the street, and you believe he saw you perfectly well. Some maddler brings you a criticism. Such little evils! But they mount up into evil temper, darkened outlook, sore heart, and bad blood. Not one of those little trials would ever have happened if you and I had some common sense, and with common sense kindness toward your brother. It is our social insolences, it is our irritating manners, it is the pin-pricks of our conversation, it is our regardlessness of other people's lives. Well, then, is not life heavy enough for you and me? If there is anybody that says it is not heavy enough for him, and he does not suffer from unkindness, rule him out of court. He may go home boasting

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and rejoicing. Is not life heavy enough for you and me without all this addition of vexation and irritation? Why should you and I spoil our neighbor's temper? Why should we disturb his peace? Why should we lessen the poor little joy he has in the world? Why should we make his life rougher, when we could have helped him?—Irish Catholic.

DIVINE FORGIVENESS

(JOHN 21: 15-19)

Suppose, that morning by the Syrian Easter-wakened Lord had only said: To that sore-stricken one with heart like lead, Who had so boasted of his loyalty. That He forgave him, and then turned away. To leave the loving heart without a star, Rejecting, by the words He would not say. The service that alone could heal the scar.

"Dost thou love me?" The tender voice sunk deep Into the soul of him bowed down so low; "I trust thee fully with my choicest sleep, Not for thy worth, but since thou lovest so." And Peter, with a heart like flaming sword, Went even unto death to serve his Lord.—MABEL BOURNE, FOSTON, OHIO.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowta, China, June 7, 1914. Dear Mr. Coffey,—When I came here two years ago I only had five catechists, now I have twenty-one. I owe this rapid progress principally to my dear friends of the CATHOLIC RECORD. God bless them and your worthy paper! It takes about \$50 a year to support a catechist and for every such sum I receive I will place a man in a new district to open it up to the Faith. During the past few months I have opened up quite a number of new places and the neophytes are very pious and eager for baptism. You will appreciate the value of my catechists when I tell that I baptized eighty-five adults since the beginning of the year as a result of their work. I have even brighter hopes for the future if only my friends abroad will continue to back me up financially. J. M. FRASER. Previously acknowledged... \$4,720 48 Mrs. A. T. Cleary, Ounmet... 5 00 A Friend... 1 00 From Maud... 1 00 A Friend, Apple Hill... 50 A Friend, Melrose... 50 Edwin Murphy, Melrose... 1 00

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A CURE FOR WORRY

Now, while we are still in the beginning of the New Year, the season for making new beginnings, it would be well to look into the make up of our characters with the object of at least trying to discover what it is that makes us worry. Some time ago we came across a recipe for the cure of worry and this was the way that it was given.

CHARACTER

The most valuable adjunct of a man is character. Character embraces all that is in the make up of a human, and no matter how high or low a position in the business affairs, or professional, we may occupy, if we have character we have that which is invaluable—brings content to ourselves and extends solace and pleasure to others.

Character is something we cannot buy, nor can we acquire it late in the day. It must be had in the morning of life and slowly but surely nurtured every day as we move on. It is a delicate plant, too, yet full of perfume and radiant with splendor of aspect and variety. It is not of immense strength, yet if properly garnered it will last forever. It may be likened to new silk raiment; not of strong cordage, nor of strenuous fibre, but elegant in appearance, easily preserved if carefully tended, and it must look like inside.

The old gentleman who lived next door especially disliked Peter. Perhaps he did not like to be awakened so early in the morning. At all events he objected to Peter's constant visits; for, as there was no fence between the back yards, the rooster frequently showed a sociable disposition.

Mamma was busily sewing one morning when Albert rushed in. "O mamma," he cried, "what do you think? That crooked old Mr. Hobson has bought a load of kindling and Peter was hopping around when he went to pay the man for them, and he dropped a gold piece, and now he says Peter's swallowed it."

Here Albert paused breathless. Mamma laughed, then she looked grave. "I hope not," she said.

"I know he didn't," cried Albert; "and Mr. Hobson says he ought to be killed so he can get his money."

"O," said mamma, "and I've looked Peter up for fear he'll go over there and get hurt."

"Well, dear," said mamma, "you must not blame Mr. Hobson too much. He is not well, and to lose his money worries him very much."

Albert went down into the yard. Mr. Hobson was laboriously trying to put away the load of kindling. He was muttering to himself, and when he saw Albert he frowned dreadfully.

Suddenly a thought came to the little boy. "I'll put away your wood," he said.

The old man looked amazed, then he said gruffly: "All right, but you needn't expect anything."

"I, I don't," replied Albert cheerfully.

He went to work whistling. All at once he saw something bright

shining amongst the wood. He looked closer, and there was the gold piece. Albert picked it up with a whoop and ran to Mr. Hobson. "Here's your money," he cried.

The old man was much pleased. "You're an honest boy," he said.

"So is Peter an honest rooster," said Albert proudly.

He could scarcely wait to tell his mother and to let poor Peter out of prison.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

IN THE STREET CAR

It is the correct thing: For a lady to thank a gentleman who relinquishes his seat for her, in a low, well-bred courteous tone of voice.

To occupy no more space than is necessary in a crowded car.

For a lady courteously to refuse a seat offered by an elderly gentleman or a tired workman.

For a lady to offer her seat to an elderly person, an invalid, or a woman with a baby.

To have the fare ready so as not to keep the conductor waiting.

To avoid audible comments on one's fellow passengers.

To be ready with a gracious apology if one is compelled to stumble over others in reaching a seat.

It is not the correct thing: For a lady to founce into a vacated seat as if it were her right, with an audible "thank you," or none at all, to the gentleman who voluntarily relinquished it for her.

For a lady to take possession of a seat vacated for another one.

For a young lady of leisure to remain selfishly seated when weary working people are standing, exhausted by their day's labor.

To fumble through pocket and purse for the desired fare instead of having it conveniently ready.

To crowd and push against others.

To "look daggers" at one who unavoidably steps on one's toes or gown.

To read letters in a street car, unless it is desired to have others acquainted with their contents.

To ridicule fellow passengers.

To mention names in a conversation on the car.—"Correct Thing for Catholics."

PETER AND THE GOLD PIECE

Albert Gray was very fond of pets. He had possessed almost every variety. Unfortunately they met with sad ends, for his rabbits were killed by a stray dog and his white mice lost their lives by being too adventurous. But now Albert felt very sure that nothing would happen to his latest pet, a big rooster, whom he named Peter. Peter was not pretty, but he looked very knowing, and Albert declared that he understood every word that was spoken to him. But Peter was not a great favorite with everybody. His manners were by no means perfect, and he had a mania for pecking at and swallowing everything he could. Indeed, he managed to get away with so many odd things that Albert often wondered what he must look like inside.

The old gentleman who lived next door especially disliked Peter. Perhaps he did not like to be awakened so early in the morning. At all events he objected to Peter's constant visits; for, as there was no fence between the back yards, the rooster frequently showed a sociable disposition.

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AN HEROIC COUNTRY

No principle of neutrality is violated when one praises the heroism of conqueror or conquered, and if we admire the lofty courage displayed by the Belgians in defense of their country, we by no means are forgetful of the heroism shown by French and German combatants in the awful war now devastating the fair fields of Europe.

But there is some thing so pathetic, so appealing, in the loss that Belgium has sustained, that Americans are drawn, with hardly an exception, into deepest sympathy with the stricken nation. The words of The Outlook, in its issue of October 21, will find an echo in every heart:

Many Americans have made their first approach to Europe along the river Scheldt and will never forget the lovely outlines of the Cathedral of Mechin, and the beautiful quality of the notes of the chimes that rained melody upon the old city of Antwerp. That city appealed to the eye, and still more to the imagination, for it has had a tragic and heroic history. Many nations have assailed it; a dozen times it has been besieged. It has lived through appalling wars, but it has survived to regain a prosperity portrayed in the charts of all the countries of the world set in tiles along the walls of the beautiful Bourse.

And now Antwerp has fallen again, after a heroic fight against overwhelming odds. Its beauty, like that of Louvain, Malines, and other historic towns stored with the treasures of medieval architecture and art, has been blurred; but it has added a glorious chapter to history. Belgium is a little country but a great nation. It stood in the path of an almost invincible military power; its fields have been ravaged; some of its cities have been almost completely blotted out; its soldiers have been killed by the tens of thousands; it is said that three millions of its people are in exile. But, blundered and all but crushed, it has stood as an heroic protagonist of the principle of nationality—a principle not identified either with extent of territory or magnitude of population. It has illustrated again the indomitable spirit of humanity, the indomitable presence of almost certain disaster, undimmed at the approach of almost certain death. Wars are made big by the size of armies and the number of battles; but wars are made great by the human qualities they display. Belgium has struck the highest note that has been heard above the din of these awful conflicts. She had nothing to gain; she had everything to lose. She did not stop to count the cost; she obeyed that instinctive sense of honor which is an absolute standard and imposes an absolute duty. She has not stopped to reason why.

She has been the victim of one of the greatest crimes against any nation in the history of the world. What her immediate fate may be no man can foresee. Those who believe in a divine justice in the world will not hesitate to affirm that such a spirit as hers cannot be buried in the ruins of cities not crushed by the iron hand of war.—The Missionary.

A MOTHER'S LOVE

Poets have made verses in praise of mother love, but they have not done justice to it.

It is one of those mysterious forces endless and incomprehensible, that rule the world. The mother herself does not understand it, but yields herself a willing thrall to its compelling sway. It dominates her entire being. To her she sacrifices her own comfort always, her happiness frequently, and her very life, whenever that supreme sacrifice is exacted.

But mother love has its compensations. It binds hearts to the mother. It draws the prodigal son away from the allurements of the world. It interposes between children and the commission of sin. It is the dearest bond of the family, the most active factor in the happiness of the home.

Blessed is the mother whose affection for her children, while strong, firm, lasting and tender, is regulated by prudence and controlled for their welfare to insist on obedience, respect for her, self-denial and fidelity to the obligations of religion. The mother who is all heart, by over-indulgence spoils her sons and daughters, and lives to reap in tears the crop of selfishness which she herself planted and cultivated.

The true mother love is like the love of God in its gentleness, forbearance, compassion and readiness to forgive.—Catholic Columbian.

WAR MAY BE JUSTIFIABLE

Among the problems that vex the brains of the Christian as he looks out over the human race engaged in a never ending struggle for the prizes that it covets, by no means the least is that of war. His religion and his patriotism are both put to a severe test when he is called upon to take up arms to kill someone who has never injured him, and who is, perhaps, a brother in the faith, and very often a brother in the same family. We must deplore such a condition of affairs. Still, we may not form judgments unauthorized by reason and religion. Where the consciousness of justice commands, and redress is not possible outside the battle field, war is honorable, and the soldier, in obeying the supreme law of justice and patriotism. This is the view presented by His Grace Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, Minnesota:

It is not true that the occurrence of war among Christian peoples is the indication that the Christian religion has failed in its preachings, that in the high heavens there reigns not an Almighty and All loving Power, caring for men and for nations. The Christian religion, forsooth, peace—peace made secure when all men and all nations know where justice lies, and seek it to the forgetfulness of private or public interest. Towards that ideal the Christian religion labors and encourages humanity to labor. But it has not set forth the guarantee that, whatever its own efforts, the human vision shall never be blinded or restricted in its gaze, that the human heart shall never be enslaved by the passion of wrong doing. The mission of Christianity is never a failure. It accomplishes its purpose with men of good will. The failure is with humanity itself, in its lack of response and co-operation. Freedom of will remains; it is the inalienable endowment of the human soul, which the Almighty Himself respects, which His religion is not authorized to impair or destroy. A blame to Christianity for discord and wars is a misconception of the mission it has received from its Founder.

Whatever is the happening, God is the Master. His power may at all times interpose itself in the acts of men and of nations. War exists: He may bid it continue; or He may still quickly its ravages. His designs are mysterious: we know them not. This much we know that His will is wisdom, that His decree is justice.

A purpose of Providence in permitting a war may be to draw us nigher to Himself in humble invocation, to invite us to confess Him as the Supreme Master and Sovereign, the sole Helper in our plannings and powers. Now He casts them upon these devices and powers, that they may understand their weakness and seek strength where alone it is to be found. "And now, O ye Kings, understand: receive instruction, you that judge the earth serene ye the Lord with fear and rejoice unto Him with trembling."—The Missionary.

EXCELLENCE OF THE CATHOLIC BIBLE

Along with the growing acceptance by most learned Anglicans of the history of the Catholic Church in England as it is written and presented by Catholic historians is to be noted a considerable and desirable change in the attitude of such Anglicans toward the Catholic version of the Holy Scriptures. In a recent issue of The Church Times, the most influential and widely circulated of the Anglican weeklies published in England, the Catholic Bible in English is characterized as "one of the great historic renderings of the whole Bible." The word "whole" in such a connection is very significant, for it means as used by the Anglican writer that the Catholic Bible, including as it does the Apocrypha, is the complete Bible. This writer goes on to say that "made conscientiously from the Latin Vulgate, as the authorized text of the Western Church, it follows in respect of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to the outside of the Catholic Bible as a rendering is nullified," so this Anglican writer continues, "by the care with which the translators collated the Greek editions known to them." To put the matter in simpler words, this writer says that the translators of the Catholic Bible not only rendered the Vulgate, or Latin Bible, but compared their rendering with the best Greek manuscripts known to them. They therefore exercised every reasonable care. Nor, again to use this writer's words,

GOOD THOUGHTS

It costs no more to avenge injuries than to bear them.

It costs more to satisfy vice than to feed a family.

It is proof of nobility of mind to despise insults.

One rose in a sick man's room is worth forty on a bier.

The virtues are never the strongest for giving them a vacation.

Do not go against your own conscience, whatever the gain. The doctrines of Christ have never changed, but have developed. A good action never perishes, neither before God nor before men. A man can usually patch up his reputation by mending his ways. Unity of doctrine is essential, and only one religion has this unity of doctrine.

"were they worse off than those who went straight to a merely traditional Hebrew text" in translating the part of the Old Testament. In their translation, this Anglican writer concludes, "they were sometimes extraordinarily felicitous, and the (Protestant) revisers of one thousand six hundred and eleven owed more to them than they were willing to acknowledge." It is pleasing that such a confession should now be publicly made, and that such Protestant testimony to the excellence of the Catholic Bible is not now uncommon may, let us hope, prove a happy augury in that it may lead more and more of devout Anglicans and others to find their true home in the Catholic Church which gave the world the whole, or Catholic Bible.—St. Paul Bulletin.

THE MARK OF THE CATHOLIC SCHOOL

"I have discovered an infallible rule," said a friend the other day, while strapping in a West End train, "for picking out among a lot of youngsters in these trains the pupils of our Catholic schools. It is the respect they always show to priests, Sisters and the aged and infirm. Just watch!" In came a Sister with a little girl. The car was crowded, those comfortably seated becoming at once immersed in their papers. The Sister reached for an unoccupied strap when, presto, a young girl gave up her seat. To test my theory I edged up to the young miss and said in a casual way, "that was nice of you. What school do you go to?" She said: "I graduated from St. Francis' Xavier's Academy last June." At the next station an old man struggled through the throng. He was white haired but sturdy and erect and he had a Grand Army button in the lapel of his coat. I gave him my strap; it was the best I could do. Then a young man rose, tipped a salute and offered his seat. The old soldier demurred, and said he'd rather stand, but finally took the seat with thanks. Now, for another test of my theory, though the young fellow didn't look a bit like a Catholic, but one never can tell the book by the cover. So I smiled at him and dropped the remark that the old fellow didn't want his seat. "No," was the reply, "but I noticed his button and as my father is a veteran I knew the old man must be about seventy. I have read the history of the Civil War." I asked where, and he said: "In St. Francis' College, Butler Street." And there you are. Am I right?—Brooklyn Tablet.

THE MOST CATHOLIC NATION IN EUROPE

Luxemburg is one of the small new countries which afforded a free passage to German troops. We are told by a writer in the New Zealand Tablet that there is not a more devout race in Europe than the people of Luxemburg. "They go to Mass at 5 in the morning daily, and sunset Angelus finds serried ranks of them in church saying their evening prayers. Neither German Protestantism nor French infidelity was able to make the slightest breach in their staunch adherence to the old faith. Even to this day, all other faiths added together total up only at one-half per cent. But the glorious title, 'The Most Catholic Nation in Europe,' which the people proudly claim for themselves rests not so much on their numbers as on the quality of their faith."

WORDS INSPIRED BY CHARITY

These correspondents of various English newspapers, Catholic as well as secular, who have incurred the abuse of the bellicose by protesting against sermons glorifying war, and occasional addresses by ministers of religion breathing the spirit of boastfulness, pride, and uncharitableness, may find consolation, if they are weak enough to need it, in an article published in a recent issue of the official Vatican organ, the Osservatore Romano, wherein the children of the Church are reminded that they are followers of a law of charity and a religion of peace, and urged, "in these most troubled times," always to speak and write in moderation and in a spirit of brotherly love.

In reference to the clergy, it is said (in part): "Even during the clash of arms and the horrors of war they must never forget the responsibilities that weigh upon them; they must never forget that, even above the legitimate aspirations of patriotic sentiment, the general interests of the Church and of humanity should predominate. . . . And if they must remember all this in their private life, they must not forget it in the exercise of their holy ministry, and in a special manner in their high function of preaching to the people the Word of God. Over and above their wishes for the victory of their own countries they must place those desires for universal peace; and even toward their enemies they must not adopt a language of contempt and hatred, but words inspired by charity. The holy places destined for divine worship are refuges of peace. Human passions must not cross the threshold. . . . It is easy to understand, in fact, that the echo of passionate and violent words uttered by sacerdotal lips crosses the frontier and reaches rival countries, inciting the hatred of the people against the priesthood, holding the clergy responsible for the words uttered by some of its members, thus damaging the prestige and dignity of the entire class, and hampering the freedom of its mission. Let, therefore, the moderation and charity of the Catholics of every country, and especially of the ministers of the Lord, represent at least a calm oasis while hatred and violence surround humanity and in this oasis everybody, without renouncing legitimate aspirations, should strive toward unity and peace in the supreme interests of humanity."—Ave Maria.

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And next to their religion comes love of country in the hearts of the people. It can almost be said to be an infallible rule (continued the Tablet's writer) that the smaller a nation the more intensely patriotic will its inhabitants be. It would certainly be hard to match the passionate attachment which the Luxembourg bears to his native land and its beautiful young ruler. The grand duchess a fair girl of twenty summers is adored by her people. She is to them a living symbol of the two things, which, all through her history, they have loyally striven to maintain—their personal liberty and their holy Catholic faith. Thus they have lived for a thousand years, never greatly recking what political thunderstorms rolled over their heads, so that their faith and their land remained untouched. Let us hope that when the present storm has blown over, if the map has once more been altered, there will still be a place in it for this little fairland, the last of the world's "Ruritaniae."

INTERESTING IMPRESSIONS

It is always interesting to hear of the impression made on thoughtful outsiders by the sight of a typical Catholic congregation attending Mass, remarks the Ave Maria. Here is one of the outstanding reflections of a recent Protestant visitor to St. Patrick's Church in Montreal: "One thing above all struck me. It always comes to me whenever I go into a Catholic Church. It is the wonderful suggestion of unity. Here, in this large church, with its immense congregation, you never thought of its individual members—you never thought, indeed of them in any other way than as of forming one corporate whole by generations of tradition and training."

And it is often enough the persuasive, though scarcely recognized, force of this unity that draws the reflecting non-Catholic on from curious attendance at external services to inner conviction of the Church's truth.

IRISH PRIEST SPEAKS CHINESE

The universality of the Church is best shown by turning to the missions for an example. We have heard of priests, mostly French, who have received decorations for research work, but the one who seems to be most worthy of attention just now is an Irish priest, a member of the Society of Jesus, Father Kennedy, S. J., who is connected with the mission of Shanghai, China. He has a brother who is a parish priest in Australia and two sisters members of the Mercy Sisters of California. They belong to a North Kerry family in Ireland. This Chinese Irish priest speaks English, French, Spanish, Italian, several Chinese dialects and is proud of his knowledge of his own Irish tongue. His many year's sojourn among the Chinese has given him an intimate view of things in the Orient and his contributions to various magazines, religious and secular, are of great value.

I will speak to His heart and obtain what I desire.—St. Bonaventura. A mean man can become religious, but he cannot stay mean and remain religious.

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A PRIEST'S DON'TS

A parish priest has issued to members of his congregation a list of don'ts, some of which deserve repetition:

- Don't imagine the parish belongs to you. Don't snub the collectors; they are doing excellent work. Don't wait to make your parish priest's acquaintance till the doctor gives you up. Don't keep the children from cate-

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THE C. M. B. A.

We have been obliged to refuse space to a great many correspondents on this subject. But this letter seems to offer a useful and so far as we know a new proposition for consideration and we therefore publish it. We assume, of course, no responsibility for our correspondent's views.—Ed. C. R.

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD.—Would you kindly publish the following letter regarding C. M. B. A. rates. We have seen a few letters in your paper, and resolutions and motions from sister branches kicking about the raise in rates. The only thing that you hear is it will kill all the old members; they will not be able to pay the present rates. Now let me say right here that those rates are fair and just. But it is the way that they are being applied that makes them unjust, or, in other words, to apply those rates at a man's present age is dishonest. Now here is a plan that will, I am sure, meet with the approval of the whole of the C. M. B. A. I will state my own case which will apply to all old members in the same way. I joined the C. M. B. A. at thirty-eight years of age. I have been a member seventeen years. In that time I have paid in assessments \$464.80. Now a man coming in to-day that is at thirty-eight will pay \$9.10 per month. So in seventeen years he will pay \$632.40, which is \$167.60, more than I have paid in the same time. Now what I am willing to do is to pay this \$167.60 or give the C. M. B. A. a lien on my policy with interest and pay \$9.10 per month which will put me in the same footing as a member coming in to-day, and which will swell our surplus fund some \$9,000, 000. There would not be a single voice raised in protest. Apply those rates at age of entry and make them pay up what they are shy and the rates are all right. I would like to hear from sister branches what they think about this. It would also save a costly convention, which in my mind is only another name for a jolly good picnic.

JOHN O'CONNOR, Branch 5, Brantford, Ont.

LEST WE FORGET

This alleged superiority of German "culture" may seem a somewhat threadbare topic just now, when it has become a commonplace of political controversy and journalistic satire. And it may be freely allowed that some of the satirists do less than justice to the real and rare merit of modern German learning. In some fields of scholarship the Germans have really won the foremost place in recent years. And, as we have been reminded by some writers in *Studies* and *Guth na Bliadhna*, Celtic studies owe much to German and their learned labours. This might serve to restrain good Irishmen and Scotsmen from joining in any unjust and ungenerous disparagement of German learning. But, on the other hand, they have a special reason for resenting what may be called the cult of superior culture.

Most Englishmen are virtuously indignant with the Germans for their arrogant assumption of superiority in culture or civilization. And,

what is more, they can point with just pride to their own achievements in learning and letters as a proof that German scholars have no monopoly in these matters. It is difficult to divest ourselves of national prejudices and form a strictly impartial judgment. Yet we venture to think that a serious student of the history of European scholarship in the past three hundred years must faintly confess that modern culture is a common heritage to which the French have contributed as much as the Germans, and the English also have done their full share. But a Celtic critic may be pardoned for asking whether the present claim to the possession of a superior civilization is really a monopoly of the Germans. Have Englishmen, for example, never imagined that they were the bearers of a higher culture, providentially appointed to enlighten and civilize less enlightened nations, and more especially the unfortunate Celtic neighbours? Nay even at the present day are there none who believe that the Gael and the Welshmen gain in culture when they abandon their own ungentle jargon for the sweet speech and learned literature of the lordly Saxo?

But if a Celtic critic may reasonably raise this objection he must beware of condoning, in the case of Teuton against Slav, that injustice which he rightly condemns in the analogous conflict of the Gael and Saxon.—Father Kent in the Tablet.

RELIGIOUS PROFESSION

SACRED HEART CONVENT, LONDON
A most imposing religious reception and profession took place on Monday the 4th instant in the chapel of the Sacred Heart Convent, this city. Nine novices made their first vows and four young ladies received the holy habit of the Sisters of St. Joseph. The names of those received are: Miss Kenny of Woodstock, known in religion as Sister Mary Francis Clare; Miss Glavin, Mount Carmel, as Sister Mary St. Omer; Miss McMahon, La Salette, as Sister Mary Frances de Chantal; and Miss Brown, Stratford, as Sister Mary St. Joseph.

His lordship Bishop Fallon celebrated Mass and afterwards delivered a most eloquent discourse, taking as his text the words "I bring you tidings of great joy." It was particularly addressed to those directly participating in the ceremony and was a splendid exposition of the religious life.

Rev. Fathers McKeon and Corcoran attended His Lordship at the altar; while several priests from the city and elsewhere assisted in the sanctuary.

The altars were beautifully decorated and the music of the choir, significant of the ceremony and of the Christmas season, was unusually devotional.

DEATH OF MGR. AYLWARD'S SISTER

Miss Margaret Aylward, sister of Monsignor Aylward, rector of Our Lady of Mercy Church, Sarnia, and until recently rector of St. Peter's Cathedral, this city, died at St. Joseph's Hospital, Saturday, Jan. 9. The late Miss Aylward was survived by two brothers, Monsignor Aylward and James Aylward, of this city.

On Sunday evening Mgr. Aylward and brother accompanied the remains to Quebec City, their former home, where Requiem High Mass was sung in St. Patrick's Church on Tuesday morning. R. I. P.

GOOD WORDS AND FITTING

In a sermon recently in London the eloquent Father Vaughan spoke some good words and fitting on the religious aspects of the great war, more particularly as to prayers to God for victory on either side. "I hear of men to day in this country," Father Vaughan said, "lifting up their hands and exclaiming, 'Oh! the horrors of it! That rival religions from rival pulpits in rival churches, should ask from the same God victory for rival arms.' So shocked is one supporter of the Government that he said he would like to see us go back to the old pagan times when each village or town would praise its pagan god."

Father Vaughan does not agree with such sentiment. True, he is an Englishman and intensely patriotic, hoping and praying that this country with its allies, may win in the fight, but he is not so bigoted or fanatical as to ignore the fact that on the other side there are true patriots and true Christians battling and praying for victory for their cause, which they believe to be right and just.

Father Vaughan recognizes this fact, and is glad of it. "Personally," he said, "I am delighted when I hear of the Germans of the Rhineland and the Bavarians and other Catholics, asking for a blessing on themselves, their arms and their banners. I am more than pleased, almost, to hear that than to know that our French Allies are rallying to the Crucified—are pouring out their souls in contrition and confession, and are fighting like lions, fed upon the Bread of the Strong. It is a proof to me that the men in the ranks, whether of the German, the Russian, the French, or the English Army, believe in their cause: thank God for that. We have not the monopoly of justice."

If all men having influence and opportunities to speak to the peoples, whether by voice or pen, in pulpit or press, would speak such words and in such spirit, there would not be so much "bad blood" between the critics and controversialists on one side or the other.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

DIED

SULLIVAN.—At her late residence 210 Waterloo street, this city, on Jan. 5, 1915, Mary, beloved wife of Dennis J. Sullivan, aged sixty-one years. May her soul rest in peace!

Responsibility walks hand in hand with capacity and power.—J. G. Holland.

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