

# 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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### NEVER ALONE

Fact and fantasy are so mingled in our daily experience that our powers of sane thinking are sometimes strained to the utmost. "We live in dreams," says the poet, but the use and abuse of our imagination make up a large part of life's tragedy. Who can sound the abysses of memory or decide how it is related to that individuality which persists in spite of all circumstantial changes? At the slightest stimulus away our spirits go on the wings of reminiscence; we are with those from whom we parted long since. Though their bodily presence is withdrawn and they are under alien skies, we clasp them close and spiritually hold converse with them as inextricably bound in the same bundle of life.

### MOULDS US

Each of us has an innermost room, a study of imagination into which none may intrude without our consent. It is no guest-house of common call, save where personality is unvalued, but a sanctuary to which only dearly- prized guests are welcomed, and they on terms. A sweet privacy pervades it, yet there are ghosts that gain admittance, "dream-children," who have never materialized, and disembodied friends remembered so well that nothing of life or death can separate them from us. Love knows no diminution when it fastens on what is indestructible and pure; it is only the material that is perishable and corruptible. Our customary dwelling-place catches something from us as years go on. The scene of our successes and failures, it savours of our habitual temper and outlook. Its arrangement reflects our growing mind or our moral declension. Its rooms are haunted by sad or happy recollections; they murmur echoes of voices gone silent, and raise pictures that weave themselves into our hourly experience with exhilarating or elevating effect. The aura of a home has a perceptible influence on a guest; it is delightful to inhale the fragrance of a beautifully-ordered circle, wherein kindness and charity bear continual sway. Evil spirits shun such reserved enclosures; the holy water distilled there exorcises tempters and scoffers at ideals. As the incense of devotion lay turbulent passion to rest when men and women enter sacred precincts, so the same grace infects the house in which high aims and considerate tempers prevail. Even the ghosts of dead sins cannot permanently harass the souls of those who seek each other's good.

### OUR SAFEGUARD

The dead past lies heavily on the world to-day. Never was it so full of spectral horrors; never so like a graveyard in which the best and bravest lie buried. Griety phantoms flit across devastated cities and provinces; gaunt spectres, creatures that were once men, women and children, stalk about behind the thunder and lightning of war; the earth rocks with hellish outbreaks of destructive forces. "Can the end of all things be near?" The weary, the bereaved, the homeless feel that they are only half alive; they echo the saying of Burke: "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!" Happily, there is another side to this dreary reality. All has not gone into the melting-pot; indeed this latest, and perhaps last, demoniacal outburst from the pit of selfishness has released wondrous recuperative powers—spiritual wickedness is judged and will be punished in due course. Meanwhile, Dives and Lazarus are still with us. Would we banish evil memories, lay the ghost of duties shirked and evil ambitions indulged? To day offers a fresh opportunity to better the past. Let us be wise in this day of retribution, else our mummied self may threaten a day of wrath from which none can deliver. For we are our own to save or destroy in the last resort. Judgment awaits each one, and the books are always open. One of the saddest of Matthew Arnold's poems is entitled "Growing Old." He finds the most pathetic

signs of old age to be—not the loss of the eyes' lustre, nor the stiffening "joints," and increasing weariness. These can be borne when the heart still lives and retains its clear outlook and generous sympathies. No; the curse wrought by profitless years lies heavily upon those who are haunted by memories of wasted opportunities and selfish aims that dry up the spirit. We age fast when "deep in our hidden heart festers the dull remembrance of a change, but no emotion—none."

### SAD

Can a sadder fate overtake man or woman than to be haunted by the sense of unfulfilled obligations, despised privileges, mercies scorned and moral death chosen before life? From such ghostly terrors may we be shielded, so that memory and hope may combine to open up horizons which prefigure the dawn of a new day, in the radiance of which we may discern our loved and vanished heroes transmuted by the grace of divine purpose and safe against the shocks of time and earthly change.

### A DANGER

Along with our material progress there seems to be a growing insensibility to the evil of sin. From the beginning the Church's fight has been against iniquity. She proclaims God's rights, death and the judgment. But many worldlings, after the fashion of their forebears the pagans, insist that there cannot be anything wrong, provided you don't hurt your fellowmen, in obeying the dictates of vanity, pride and selfishness. These people aim at decency; they garb sin in purple and fine linen. The greatest evil is poverty and the greatest happiness is to sit on moneybags and to exude bromides as to the achievement of success. There is no genuine human religion where there is no deep sense of sin. "It is not enough that we know God; we must know also our own wretchedness and unworthiness, our need of a mediator through whom we may draw nigh to God."

Knowing well that the attractions of human life are always tending to obscure eternal standards, the Church never ceases to proclaim that sin, despite pretence and pretext, is sin, and by her ministry and teaching to fight against it. Living in an atmosphere of indifference we are prone, if not to forget this teaching, to minimize it. In our ignorance and presumption we expose ourselves to its influences thinking that a few maxims picked out of books or off the lips of the unthinking justify us or will strengthen us in the hour of our testing. While we write this we have in mind some of the publications which are subservient to the vice of impurity. This is a bald statement, but it expresses our meaning. This printed stuff is always represented by the hired men of the publishers as instructive and timely and just the thing for the immature and morbid-minded who prefer to dress their mind with rags and refuse than with clean raiment. They suffer their souls to be pawed over by any scribbler who goes to corruption for inspiration.

### NOTED PHYSICIAN OF LOURDES DEAD

Paris, July 19, 1917.—Many old pilgrims to Lourdes will learn with regret of the death of Dr. Boissarie, president of the Bureau of Medical Constations at Lourdes. His colleagues extol his merit from the medical point of view and all the pilgrims of Lourdes know his devotion to the sick and his love for the Blessed Virgin and the Blessed Sacrament. He had a very high idea of his office and was obstinately scrupulous in determining the supernatural character of a cure, despite his joy in verifying a miracle, for he felt that he had the honor of the Virgin of Lourdes to guard before a jealous world. Therefore, when he pledged his reputation, the renown of the bureau and the honor of God and Our Lady on a cure, his conferees and those about realized the gravity of the act. In 1904, when he had an audience with the Pope, Pius X. said to him: "The word miracle must never be lightly pronounced," and he never forgot that injunction. He died of a painful malady, from which he had been suffering since the International Eucharistic Congress of 1914.

## THE TEXT OF THE POPE'S APPEAL

By the Associated Press

London, August 15.—The foreign office to night issued the French text of the letter from the Pope to the King enclosing a copy of his appeal to the heads of the belligerent people.

"Your Majesty,

The Holy Father, anxious to do everything he can in order to put an end to the conflict which for the last three years has ravaged the civilized world, has decided to submit to the leaders of the belligerent peoples concrete peace proposals exposed in a document which I have the honor to attach to this letter.

"May God grant that the words of His Holiness will this time produce the desired effect for the good of the whole of humanity. "The Holy See, not having diplomatic relations with the French Government or with the Government of Italy or the United States, I very respectfully beg Your Majesty to be good enough to have handed a copy of His Holiness' appeal to the President of the French Republic, to His Majesty the King of Italy, and to the President of the United States. I also beg to add twelve other copies which I request Your Majesty to be good enough to hand to the leaders of the nations friendly to the Allies, with the exception, however, of Russia, Belgium and Brazil, to whom the document has been sent direct.

"In expressing to Your Majesty my sincere thanks for this extreme kindness I am happy to take the opportunity to offer you the homage of sentiment, a very profound respect with which I have the honor to sign myself your majesty's very humble and devoted servant.

(Signed) "GASPARELLI"

## PLUNKETT A ZEALOT IN IRELAND'S CAUSE

HIS SELECTION AS CHAIRMAN IMPARTS NEW VIGOR TO HOPES FOR THE CONVENTION

By Charles H. Grady in New York Times  
London, July 26.—If I were asked to mention the Britisher whom I regarded as most familiar and sympathetic with America and her institutions and traditions, I think the name of Sir Horace Curzon Plunkett would come first into my mind.

I have happened to see something of him on both sides of the ocean, and he seems to me to be equally at home in Washington and London. He is a friend of President Wilson and an intimate of both Colonel House and Colonel Roosevelt. The latter found in him a most helpful adviser on agricultural and conservation subjects, which he made important concerns of his Administration. When recovering from the injuries received in the Irish rebellion a year ago, Sir Horace went to a sanitarium in Michigan for the period of his convalescence, and has but recently returned.

Sir Horace belongs to the family of which the Lord Dunsany is the head. I believe that his father, the late Baron, had some cattle interests in America. At all events, the present Sir Horace, a younger son, went to Wyoming in 1879 and remained in America ten years. Wherever he goes he makes friends through his gentle optimism and sturdy character, "the synthesis of the ideal and the practical," and when he came home to Ireland he left behind him associations which he has continued to cherish.

His frequent visits to America have kept his friendships alive, and he has always felt the liveliest interest in all that concerned the great republic. Since the War broke out no other man has brought to bear a larger influence for confidence and understanding between the two branches of the English-speaking race. If out of this War there should arise differences, Horace Plunkett would be a mediator that both could trust, one as much as the other.

ARDENT WORKER FOR IRELAND

His unanimous selection as Chairman of the Irish Convention was a unique tribute, amid all the conflict of opinion, the Presidency went to Plunkett by common consent. He is certainly entitled to regard his choice as the crowning honor of a life devoted to Ireland. For British patriot that he is, he is an Irishman to his heart's core.

His life has been a labor of love for Ireland. And it was one of those rare instances in which high motive and practical success were combined. He came back from America in 1889, thirty-five years of age, with an irrepressible enthusiasm which had been molded into a grand purpose. It was to redeem Ireland from poverty to prosperity. With the pure zeal of a crusader he went about preaching co-operation, co-operation, co-operation—co-operation for the purchase of seed, so as to buy the best at the cheapest price; for the purchase of fertilizer and for the marketing of the crop. All of this

Pat had done in the happy-go-lucky way of his race.

The work went slowly at first; only a pure zealot would have held on. Having finally made a start in building a co-operative machine, Plunkett went after legislation, and at last secured the passage of laws that gave tenants rights of purchase on favorable terms.

Today the Ireland that groaned under its hardships thirty years ago is one of the most prosperous sections of Great Britain. It is said that while in politics representatives of the different Irish sections will beat each other's brains out with shillalags on sight, the same representatives will sit down together in any one of Sir Horace Plunkett's agricultural meetings.

NEW HOPES OF SETTLEMENT

These facts will give some idea of the fitness of Sir Horace for the post to which he has been called and the momentum that his selection imparts to the cause of a pacified and united Ireland. In the first flush of the enthusiasm which this act of the convention has generated, there are new and strong hopes of settling problems hitherto regarded as insoluble. It is difficult to imagine any source more prolific of encouragement for the allied cause than such a settlement. Every influence in America that can be brought to bear ought to be counted on, for the United States is now irrevocably committed to this War and it is a case of "one for all and all for one."

Incidentally it may be mentioned that one of Sir Horace Plunkett's cherished ambitions has been to serve America in respect to her agricultural interests. The subject is one about which he has written, but I know that he has stood ready to give some such personal leadership as he gave to Ireland, if desired.

In the last year he has not been robust, and in such a cause as Irish reconciliation he will put the last ounce of his strength. May success bring him rejuvenation instead of exhaustion!

## THE MOTHER OF THE KING

The bodily assumption of Our Lady into heaven after her death is not yet a defined dogma of Catholic Faith, but in the opinion of such eminent theologians as Melchior Cano, Suarez and Benedict XIV. it is so solidly grounded on Catholic tradition that it would be rashness to deny it. The heart of the Faithful has certainly not led them astray. During the centuries which have elapsed since the day of Our Lady's death, they have ever believed that if the virginal body which conceived and gave birth to the God-man was submitted like His to the sway of death, like His too it never felt the corruption of the grave. By His own power He rose from the dead. By His power and through His love He united the pure soul of His Mother to her sinless body and, crowning in its beauty and majesty, the double prerogative of motherhood and virginity bade His Angels bear it above the choirs of the blessed, the serried ranks of the angelic host, to the very throne of the Deity, where it is exalted above every other creature in dignity and power.

It was a day of triumph such as the courts of Heaven alone can witness when the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of Israel, its bloom unwithered and its beauty unimpaired, was transplanted from the earth, unworthy to preserve its fragrance, to the bowers of Paradise. "Who is this King of glory?" asked the wardens of the heavenly gates on the morning of Our Lord's Ascension. "Who is He that cometh from Edom . . . walking in the greatness of His strength?" When the Queen of Angels and of men, the Mother of God was borne aloft above the clouds of opal and of gold that made her footstool, "Who is she that cometh forth as the morning rising fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army set in array?" they exclaimed, dazzled at her beauty. It is the Virgin foretold by Isaiah, who hath conceived and brought forth the Babe of Bethlehem and the Redeemer of the World, the Woman of the Apocalypse whom St. John saw clothed with the sun, the Woman who has crushed the Serpent's head, the Judith whose maiden hands slew the enemy of her people and who explains the watchmen on the heavenly battlements, "Open the gates, for God is with us who hath shown His power in Israel." It is the Esther who now "traverses the mansions of Heaven, passing through all the doors, into the court of the King." And a throne is set for the Mother of the King and she sits on His right hand.

The Feast of the Assumption is the crowning jewel in our Mother's diadem. In this mystery, as an old liturgy says, we see virginity bearing a son, and a death that had no peer. The passing away of our Queen was no less wonderful than her child-bearing had been joyful. If she excites our wonder, because as a Virgin she brought forth a Son, she is perhaps still more wonderful in the way she goes to her God. She

knew no corruption, no stain in life, she knew not of the degradation and the dissolution of the tomb. A supreme miracle of God's power in her Immaculate Conception, in the priceless gift of the Divine Maternity, the masterpiece of grace in her sinless life, she conquers the laws of nature in her death. She had surpassed all men in love, in faith, in purity, she is lifted above all created natures by the undivided splendors of her reward.

On her glorious feast-day, some faint echoes of her triumph reach our ears, some dim ray of her unclouded glory fills our souls. And our hearts are glad, and our lips are full of praise. For she is also our Mother and our Queen. Through her it is easy to go to God, for it was through her that He chose to come to us, He, and He alone is our Redeemer, she is our Mediatrix with Him. Through her shall we find favor with Him who loved her so tenderly, and who in the joyous mystery of the Assumption set the seal to the countless favors with which He had so lavishly crowned her.—America.

## WE TOLD YOU SO!

"I told you so" is an unappreciated way of, to phrase it commonly, "rubbing it in." Still we are inclined to say just that "We told you so." It might be more considerate to remain silent, and ordinarily we would, were the issue not so vital to the nation. We know that America is all too likely to forget entirely every lesson of history no matter how bitterly it was learned. So again we assert that we gave the warning, with us, of course, the whole of the Catholic press and Catholics and all men of thought.

Watson of Georgia has been in federal hands several times. These experiences served only to prove the clutch that Watson has on the citizens of Georgia, the state of lynchings and illiteracy, bigotry and—at present—anti draft riots. Then, too, the trials proved the truth of the boast that no Georgia jury would ever convict Watson. But Watson seems destined now to stand trial in a court that Georgia may not be able to control, or may not want to control, for Georgia has its redeeming element. The farmers of Georgia have armed and gathered, to voice their opposition to the draft in shotgun banks. And we know, respectable Georgians have confessed and the government is certain that responsible for this armed resistance is none other than Watson, who left off his un-American vituperation of the Church long enough to start an equally un-American propaganda against the draft. The same farmers who were once urged to arm against the threatened invasion of America by the forces of the Vatican were recently advised to refuse military service now when a real and immediate foe threatens us.

Unless the world changes materially with the coming of peace, a thing we are inclined to disbelieve, America will again at some future date have to face conditions similar to those of this moment. Will we suffer delay then again because of our laxity in the times of peace? Watson's game has been a profitable one and though he be silenced now, how long will it be before another seeks the coin that has been his, using identical methods? We cannot but imagine that when matters have sunk into their ordinary channels at the end of the conflict, immunity will be granted to those who start on the course that Watson has followed, coming naturally to the same openly traitorous end. And because of this, we now say that we have given the warning repeatedly, a warning that was ignored. Anti-Catholic and anti-draft propaganda are of the same species and each will strike at the opportune moment. The troubles the government is experiencing must be emphasized, for they are of the profitable lessons that history teaches. Perhaps if insisted upon they will be avoided. Perhaps! New World Chicago.

## SAINT ANNE DE BEAUPRE

The feast of Saint Anne de Beaupre was celebrated this year at her national shrine with extraordinary splendor and devotion. According to the correspondent of the Soleil of Quebec, who wrote from Beaupre on July 26, the day of the feast, a throng of 12,000 pilgrims came to the little village on the St. Lawrence not only from the Province of Quebec, but from every Province in Canada and from far-away districts in the United States. The spectacle at the Pontifical Mass at which His Eminence, Cardinal Begin, of Quebec, assisted, was deeply impressive. Almost every year, some extraordinary favor marks the solemnity, and well- authenticated cures attest the power of the mother of Our Lady. This year, five such instances, as yet however not officially confirmed, have been reported. Among them the most striking perhaps is the cure of a Syrian girl. The Church is proverbially slow to pronounce officially upon these facts, but there can scarcely be any doubt that the little Canadian village has been the scene of well-certified and extraordinary cures, which science can explain in no ordinary and natural way and which can be ascribed only to the power of God who in working them does honor to the mother of Our Lady and rewards the faith of her clients. The spiritual favors and graces conferred through St. Anne on thousands who visit her shrine cannot be reckoned. No one leaves Beaupre without having his faith enkindled and his devotion and piety deeply stirred.—America.

## THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

While various reasons are given for the high cost of living a report sent out by the Federal Department of Agriculture furnishes the interesting information that the cold storage planters are bursting with food. In one instance 173 warehouses report that the amount of butter held July 1 this year was almost seven times greater than on July 1 last year. Other items are as follows: "Frozen beef: 243 storages report a total of 105,174,204 pounds. 171 storages report 88,078,061, as compared with 55,109,049 pounds on July 1, 1916, an increase 59.8%. 221 storages report an increase of 4,642,361 pounds, or 4.6% during June, 1917. 136 storages report a decrease of 18,478,422 pounds, or 25.4% during June, 1916.

"Cured beef: 268 storages report a total of 34,560,293 pounds. 202 storages report 31,842,078 pounds, as compared with 18,915,105 pounds on July 1, 1916, an increase of 65.7%. 239 storages report an increase of 2,690,848 pounds, or 8.7% during

June, 1917. 171 storages report an increase of 9,157 pounds, or 0.1% during June, 1916.

"Frozen lamb and mutton: 121 storages report a total of 8,995,888 pounds. 81 storages report 8,143,744 pounds, as compared with 1,939,175 pounds on July 1, 1916, an increase of 62.1%. 107 storages report an increase of 730,486 pounds, or 22.4% during June, 1917. 67 storages report a decrease of 357,738 pounds, or 15.8% during June, 1916."

There is much to be said on the high cost of living, and something too on the cost of high living. The high cost of profiteers, greedy speculators and price manipulators is the most pressing question for the Government to settle.—America.

## THE SUBJECT OF SERMONS

After thumbing through Monday morning's papers with their synopses of Sunday sermons in Protestant pulpits, one is thankful for the recent letter of the Holy Father to the Bishops of the World. For in that communication Pope Benedict insists again upon the one sacred purpose of the pulpit and the necessity of safeguarding it from every misuse. From the pulpit, he warns, only one voice may be heard and that the voice of God: His Word preached by those best fitted and best trained.

A letter of such import is never written without good cause. And the moment is opportune for the warning. Great problems agitate men's minds and stir their innermost natures. This might beget the temptation to use the pulpit for a more worldly discourse. The Pontiff's voice is quick with the warning against such dangerous practice.

But there is another motive, too, that we can imagine prompts our Holy Father. Of what good are the pulpit orations that are the rule in American Protestant churches? They may be timely, they may be on grave political subjects and vital business questions. But the diplomat does not go to church to have his policy outlined for him, nor the merchant to seek light on commercial matters. Nor will nations lay down their arms because a surprised minister announces that he has found a common ground upon which all combatants can come to peace terms. The sins of Germany are not atoned for, nor the weaknesses of the Allies amended by the preachings in a boulevard church. But with all the pulpits of Christendom preaching again that Christ died for us, repeating the Decalogue and the Sermon on the Mount, who can measure the effect? We can appreciate the diplomat coming from the church after such a sermon with the realization that his judgment is subordinate to a higher, and the business man with the consciousness of his responsibility to his brother, though he be but a laborer. And when men have come to a sincere practice of religion, what will be the nature of international relations?

We have said before that the best way to work for the restoration of peace is individual right living. And individual virtue is the fruit of the pulpit that repeats the words of the little Catechism.—New World.

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If your lot is hard, remember there are others harder. If you back feel as if it would come in two, remember there are others who are fainting under the same task. Work on, and smile.—Edwin Carlile Litsey.

## CATHOLIC NOTES

This year's Diocesan Eucharistic Congress of London, Ontario, will be held at St. Joseph's Church, Stratford, on Tuesday, October 9th.

President Wilson recently nominated Constantine J. Smyth, of Nebraska, to be Chief Justice of the District of Columbia. Mr. Smyth is a native of Ireland and one of the leading Catholics of the West.

The general convention of the Knights of Columbus opened in Chicago, Aug. 7. The most important business before it is the promotion of the war work undertaken by the order. The million dollar fund that the Knights planned to raise has been over-subscribed, and at a meeting of the Supreme Council it was decided to extend the amount to \$3,000,000.

The Jesuit Fathers of St. Louis University have turned over to the Government, for training stations, two large islands in Lake Neulash near Lake Michigan. Each island has buildings and equipment to care for 2,000 men. The islands were formerly used by the Jesuits of the middle West for summer vacations for their students.

Figures from Washington show that the United States has more than 800,000 men ready for military service, and will soon reach above the million mark. In four months the army has grown from 150,000 to the present figure, and the navy has increased almost as rapidly. The new National Army, composed of 688,000 conscripts, will soon be in camp, and this addition will bring the total military force to about 1,500,000.

Under the auspices of La Salle Assembly, Fourth Degree Knights of Columbus, Chicago, a shelter home for boys will be opened in that city. Archbishop Mundein, shortly after assuming charge of the archdiocese of Chicago, suggested this work to the Knights. Fifteen thousand dollars towards the fund was subscribed at a meeting and 5,000 members of the Fourth Degree in Cook County promised \$100 each towards the home.

Right Rev. Nicholas C. Matz, D. D., Bishop of Denver, died Thursday, August 9. The Right Rev. Nicholas Chrysostom Matz was born April 6, 1850, at Munster, Lorraine, France. His native land later passed under German domination. He came as a young man to America, and studied in Ohio. He was ordained in Denver on May 31, 1874, by the Right Rev. Joseph Projectus Machebeuf, first bishop of Denver, whom he later succeeded.

The Holy Father's name-day—the feast of St. James, the Apostle, was quietly celebrated. Representatives of all the departments in the Vatican, the Pontifical court, and members of his family, tendered their congratulations. A private reception was held for the Cardinals now in Rome, and Cardinal Vanutelli, the dean of the Sacred College, expressed the felicitations of that body and their devotion to the Sovereign Pontiff. On that day also the foundation-stone of a new museum was blessed and laid.

The lordly white people who believe that the only good Indian is a dead Indian are having coils of fire heaped on their memory by reason of the action of some of the Indian tribes of to-day. Such patriotism as that shown by the Menominee Reservation braves is rare. They give their all to the cause of national honor. They give a huge sawmill and lumber plant at Neopit, \$100,000 in cash and their own persons to the United States as fighters. Not only the braves, but their squaws, so come forward. They are being instructed in Red Cross work and first aid. A noble retaliation for old-time wrongs.

The first Colored order of religious women instituted in this country was the Oblate Sisters of Providence. From 1827 to 1917, these saintly heroines have struggled valiantly against odds and have won the crown of success. Poverty, distrust from their own, indifference from authority, even personal violence from which made their naturally unpopular mission more difficult. Yet they have succeeded. These holy women deserve well of the charity of the Catholic people of the United States. Not only for the lesson their lives teach, but also for the works of pure charity they are accomplishing.

Now that Alaska has risen to the dignity of a vicariate apostolic, interest in its religious history is re-awakened. Christianity was introduced there more than one hundred years ago by Russian traders, and various missions were established. It was not the Catholic religion, however, but the Russian orthodox faith. The Catholic missionaries eventually began work there, and it has resulted in bringing into the Church 11,500 converts, who constitute the present Catholic population. All the missions are in charge of Jesuit Fathers, to whom was assigned the difficult work of building up the Church among the natives. In 1916 there were 22 Jesuit priests, 10 Jesuit brothers and 57 nuns of different communities. The Sisters conduct 4 boarding schools, 5 day schools, 6 hospitals and 1 orphanage.

## AMBITION'S CONTEST

BY CHRISTINE FABER

## CHAPTER XXI

## ANOTHER PHASE OF WOMAN'S HEART

The harsh lines of Anne Flanagan's character were almost perceptibly softening under the influence of the pure and holy life of her young mistress. Ellen's noble charity touched her selfish feelings to the quick; Ellen's calm acceptance of every trial was a reproach to her ill-natured endurance of sorrows created by her own uncontrolled passions, and Ellen's love of and kindness to herself, evinced in various ways, were springs which put into action every tender chord in her sour and crabbed nature.

One morning that she was abroad on some one of the charitable commissions which she frequently executed for her young mistress, she suddenly encountered the Oriental looking stranger, whom she had once pursued in the streets of Florence. He was dressed in much the same garb, the short, embroidered cloak depending from his shoulders; a strange, conical-shaped hat covering his head. He showed by the expression of his shrewd face that he recognized her, and he attempted to convey, by something like a smile, that the recognition was not an unpleasant one to him. But the smile seemed only a mocking grin to Miss Flanagan, and it made her shrink with fear and dislike from him. He did not attempt to communicate with her; he even appeared to desire to leave her as rapidly as she could wish, for after a moment or two, he darted away in an opposite direction to that which she had been pursuing.

But her curiosity had mastered her fear. Determined now that opportunity had again presented, to make another attempt to ascertain something about the strange creature, she turned and rapidly followed him. He looked back, grinning, the woman thought, more sardonically than ever, and he even slackened his pace as if to permit her to overtake him. Determined now to accost him, Anne quickened her steps; but when she arrived within speaking distance, the strange being raised his arms and motioned her back. The expression of his face also changed; it wore no longer the mocking semblance of a smile, but all the signs of displeasure and wrath. His forehead was gathered into ominous frowns, and his eyes shot glances fairly aflame with violent rage. Miss Flanagan was too frightened to ask the question she had intended, and she could only stand, while her fear plainly betrayed itself to the stranger. He, apparently satisfied with the result of his action, turned and resumed his course.

Again did the curiosity of the woman predominate over her fear, and a second time she began the pursuit, though more slowly, and with some hesitation in her manner. But she had not proceeded far, when the stranger turned and made wilder and more menacing motions than before.

Miss Flanagan was too much appalled to attempt the pursuit a third time, and disappointed, vexed, and still somewhat out of breath, she retraced her steps. She could scarcely recover sufficient calmness to perform the errand upon which she had been dispatched, and when at length she arrived at home, it was only to shut herself in her own room, and give vent to her feelings in her own singular and extraordinary way. Ellen, ever watchful and considerate for others, feared from the manner in which Anne secluded herself that the latter was ill, and she hastened to afford such relief as might be in her power. But the maid, without opening her door, answered to the kindly voice without that she was not well, and desired only to be left alone and as the day wore on and Anne still did not come forth, the tenderness of the young mistress could not be satisfied without frequent inquiries, and leaving at the door a little repast which she herself had prepared for the invalid she imagined Anne to be. The latter, when assured that Miss Courtney had departed, came softly forth and took into her room the tray of tempting delicacies which had been left, and never, perhaps, was the perverted nature of the woman so truly touched as when she witnessed this fresh evidence of the tender charity of her young mistress. Tears, and tears that sprung from a kinder feeling than any which had that day filled her heart, dimmed her eyes.

"If she knew," she murmured, "if she knew my heart, it is far, far from me she'd keep." And then, as if some bitter remembrance pressed heavily upon her mind, she clasped her hands and ejaculated fervently; "God forgive me!"

When Ellen again came to the door with her kind inquiry, Anne admitted her.

"Come in, Miss Courtney," she said, with a strange tremulousness of voice, and when Ellen had seated herself in the chair Anne drew forward, the latter resumed, with the same singular, quivering tones:

"Your kindness has touched my heart. You have made me travel back overlong and wretched years till I stand again where I stood once, when happiness seemed within my reach. You don't understand me," seeing Ellen's bewildered look, "but you will when you have heard the story of my unhappy life. Listen

with the kindness with which you hear tales from the poor about you—listen with the pity which you have for sin, for never soul needed compassion more than mine does now. An orphan from my infancy, every attention I received was flung to me as bones are flung to dogs. It was charity, and I was a pauper. Never allowed to forget that fact, I grew up imagining that one word comprised everything of hate and coldness—and that word charity. Neither admitted to the table of the relations with whom I dwelt, nor yet exactly degraded to the position of a menial domestic, my life became isolated, and morbid, and miserable. No one received some education; I occupied my spare moments in improving it, and my fancies filled the places of friends and companions. The relations with whom I had been compelled to make my home were proprietors of a large hotel, and my services were, in many ways useful. But once—her voice sank to a low and inexpressible tender pitch—"these services were brought into strange requisition. A gentleman putting up for the night there, was seized with sudden illness. No one else relieved that it was not her mother for whom the woman still entertained such unhappy feelings, she answered in her own gentle, pitying way, till the tears streamed a fresh down her listener's sallow cheeks.

The woman seemed loth to end the conference, even when, owing to Ellen's kind efforts she had become calm and reassured; she appeared still as if she desired to say more. But she did not utter it, and when Ellen rose to leave her, she only asked that what she had told might be kept secret, even from Mrs. Courtney. The young girl assented, and when at length Anne Flanagan was alone, she muttered:

"It's of my mind, anyway. I told her the badness that was in my heart."

But despite her efforts to assure herself that she was quite relieved, her heart was not at rest, for she had concealed the truth from Ellen Courtney.

## CHAPTER XXII

## THE STRANGERS

A few days after Anne Flanagan's singular but not unkindly Ellen returning from one of her charitable visits, was induced by the brightness of the afternoon to prolong her walk through the grounds of Ashland Manor. Turning her steps in a direction which she rarely approached, she wandered on in a sort of pleasant dreaminess, inhaling the soft air and admiring the bright hue of the freshly-springing foliage.

Suddenly she became aware that she was not the only stroller through the unfrequented grounds. Two forms emerged from an angle made by the wild shrubbery—one, the strange-looking being with whom Miss Flanagan had recently so singular an encounter, and the other a tall and remarkably handsome middle-aged man. Owing to the dark costume of Ellen, and the shade in which she stood, her presence was not immediately perceived, and she had time to note and wonder at the singular dress of one of the strangers—the short embroidered cloak, and the conical-shaped hat, from which depended a tassel that gleamed as if it contained some jewel.

They paused after walking a moment in her direction, as if in obedience to a desire of the elder and handsome man, and the latter began to survey the scene with a countenance expressive of deep interest. Then the strangely garbed individual perceived Ellen, and, signifying that fact to his companion, they both rapidly approached her.

A flush of alarm dyed her cheeks, and she looked sufficiently startled to be on the point of retiring, but the elder of the strangers said with graceful dignity:

"Am I in the presence of Miss Courtney?"

The sound of the voice thrilled her, and an unaccountable feeling which she could neither understand nor describe, suddenly filled her heart—as if she had heard the voice, had seen the face before, had even known and loved the person. She bowed assent to his question, while her heart palpitated wildly, and her flush increased to a rich crimson.

He extended his hand.

"Will you deem it a liberty if I request to hold your hand in mine for a brief space—though unknown to you I take a deep interest in your welfare."

Something over which she had no control impelled her to put instantly her hand in his grasp; his fingers closed upon it with a warm and lingering pressure, and his magnificent dark eyes dwelt with a peculiar expression upon her face. Her whole soul seemed to respond to that glance, so passionate, and yet so strangely tender.

After a moment or two of the intense and singular survey, he let her hand slip slowly from his grasp.

"Good-by, Miss Courtney, and in your prayers remember sometimes the stranger who has ventured to accost you."

He turned suddenly, and putting his arm through that of his strange companion, they both walked hastily away. She felt like pursuing, to ask his name, and to inquire how and what he knew of her to cause his "deep interest" in her welfare, but her trembling limbs refused to bear her; she leaned against a tree near which she stood, and endeavored to compose herself. The singular emphasis with which he had pronounced the word *stranger* in requesting her to pray for him,

still lingered in her ears, as did the tones of his voice, so strange, yet so familiar. She could not understand it, and at length, when she had become somewhat composed, she strove to put all thoughts of the strange incident out of her mind, and with a sigh and a prayer she returned slowly to the house.

Fearing that an account of her singular interview might in some way alarm her mother, she forbore to mention it even to Mrs. Courtney, and Anne Flanagan, for private reasons of her own, said nothing of her strange encounter. Perchance both mistress and maid watched, when they went abroad, for another sight of the remarkable strangers, but neither of the latter ever appeared.

No tidings of Howard came to relieve his sister's suspense. Malverton sought no more to intrude upon her presence. And Ellen Courtney's life was soon as completely isolated as she could wish.

As the months wore on, Anne Flanagan's disposition seemed to grow less asper as if her very sympathy for a life so full of self-denial and noble devotion was that of her young mistress, prevented the display of her former harshness. Dick Monahan also continued to serve the young girl with all the faithfulness of a tried and trusted friend.

Little attention as Ellen fancied she attracted, her name was frequently mentioned, and interest and curiosity circled warmly about her. Even the good-natured garrulousness of such fond old creatures as Granny Cleary, who still dwelt in the lodge, found the goodness of "the young mistress" an inexhaustible theme.

With Mrs. Courtney, as month after month and even year after year swept their heavy road, hope often gave way, and she was obliged to have frequent recourse to Howard's note in order to revive her fainting courage with the apparently comforting meaning of its contents. Sometimes she thought of instituting inquiries through the colleges of Europe, imagining with Ellen that he might have entered one, but his request to have her make no search deterred her. But that which imposed the most severe and unnatural strain upon her heart was her resistance to his passionate yearning for her daughter's return. Once that yearning sent her to such desperate lengths that she even seized her pen to recall Ellen; then the picture of Howard returning to his old ambition and remaining abroad, severed from all influence which might reclaim him and the prey of dissolute companions, came vividly before her. She dropped the pen, and pushed the paper away on which she would have inscribed her request to Ellen to come home. Her breaking heart would still longer endure the agony of that bitter separation, since Howard had promised, in the event of his being swayed by his old passions, to return to his sister; so, sternly shutting her sorrows into her own soul, she bore them in silence, not even seeking brother Fabian as had been her wont, for her griefs were too sore to endure his stern rebukes.

## TO BE CONTINUED

## "THE ROSE OF YESTERDAY"

"O gift of God, of perfect day," quoted Brenda Conover softly, taking in with the comprehensive gaze of the nature-lover the long line of mountains clearly outlined against the dazzling blue of the sky; butters, peak and escarpment, bathed in the splendor of the October sun, gave back gift for gift in wondrous light and shadow. Far to the north the misty purple of the mountains seemed merged in the gleaming blue of the ocean, the beautiful blue Pacific that nearer at hand was flinging its waves against dark cliffs and golden sands; its deep voice, soft by distance, a mellow bass to the treble of the nearer bird notes. No wonder that Brenda's heart was stirred as she walked along the path to the beach. This was the most delightful holiday she had ever had, and this village clustered on the strip of land between the mountains and the ocean seemed to her the fairest place on earth.

"There's that lady again," she said, half aloud, "I wonder who she is, always by herself she seems so sad and lonely; but perhaps that is only my imagination. Surely no one could be so long in such a place as this. It seems more beautiful every day."

Coming to the beach she made her way to her usual seat beneath the cliff and remained some time in watching the rollers come in. The grandeur, the majesty of the scene lifted her heart to higher things, from the creature to the Creator, who holds the seas in the hollow of His Hand. Then almost involuntarily she began to sing the "Salve Regina," softly at first, then, responding to the beauty of the words poured forth her love to the Dear Mother whose heart years over her banished children. As the last trembling note died away, she started up in surprise, for the lady who had so roused her curiosity was standing close beside her, and the sadness of the beautiful dark eyes went to her heart.

"You have a beautiful and sympathetic voice; but it is right, think you, to sing in the open air and so close to the sea?" The voice was low and pleasant, and the smile she gave robbed the question of any

"I never thought of that; perhaps I should not, but I felt it all so, the beauty and the grandeur, that I could not keep silence."

The other sighed. "Once I was the same, all emotion had to find expression in song, and now—she broke off abruptly, and turned as if to go, but after taking a few steps, returned and sat down beside Brenda.

"I have noticed you on the beach every day for a week. Are you making a long stay?"

"Only a month; I wish it could be longer; but I must get back to work. I suppose we wouldn't enjoy holidays if we always had them, though, would we?"

"Certainly not, and nothing is more wearisome than a perpetual vacation, nothing more hard to bear than an enforced idleness. I ought to know that. May I ask what your work is?"

"Nothing very important, I fear. I am only a musical student, and since I had rather overtaxed my strength, I am sent down to recruit in this delightful place."

"Yes, it is beautiful, but one wearies of everything. I have been here two years now, so that it is almost like home. But tell me of yourself; are you a vocalist?"

"I hope to be, though I am not very sanguine about it, but I love music above all—don't you?"

"Forgive me," she murmured, and laid her strong, cool hand on the frail ones that were locked so tightly together. There was silence for a while, and then Brenda began to speak of the mountains, of all the beauty spots she had explored, and all she meant to explore in the coming weeks.

That was the first of many meetings, and Brenda grew to love Rosemary Fortescue with a love she had felt for no one since her mother had died five years before. That there was some mystery about her she could not fail to note, but made no effort to force her confidence. Often it seemed that the wall of reserve would be broken down, but by a supreme effort she would regain her self-control.

It was the hour of sunset, the mountain ridge was like a line of gold, and overhead the soft rose hues still lingered in the cloud-masses, but on the mountain side the mists were gathering, veiling in their folds alike black rock and living green.

On a fallen tree by the wayside sat Brenda, but not now were eyes or mind on the scene before her; earth had no share in the thoughts that clustered round the holy words as the beads slipped through her fingers; the mysteries passed before her winning, wounding, gladdening. Even when she had finished the Rosary she still sat motionless, heart and mind full of joy in the glory of Mary in heaven, and she started as a hand was laid on hers.

"Did I frighten you? I did not mean to. I am sorry. But you were so lost in thought that you did not notice my coming. Oh, are you a Catholic?"

"I am, thanks be to God," replied Brenda, rising, for there was no mistaking the dismay in the other's tone, even if she failed to note how quickly the hand had been drawn back at the touch of the rosary.

"Do not be offended," pleaded Miss Fortescue. "I have felt so drawn to you in these days, and desirous of your friendship. I have never had much to do with Catholics, but I always had an idea they were ignorant and superstitious. Now, I know you are not the first; have we not talked on books for many days, and young as you are, you are well read. But it seems to me this," and she touched the rosary, "is certainly superstitious. What can you want with a string of beads to say prayers on; surely the heart can go out to God without that?"

Then Brenda seeing that the other was in earnest, sat down again, and explained clearly and simply the mysteries, joyful, sorrowful and glorious, and how the recital of the rosary blends vocal and mental prayer. Then, gathering courage, she spoke of the Blessed Mother of God, given to us as Mother also, by those dear words on Calvary; of the love that falls at when earthly affections fail, making childhood purer and more blessed, strengthening the heart when temptations gather, giving courage and help when the fight is hard and bitter, and throwing its gentle light on the valley of the shadow.

She ceased; and in the silence came the everlasting thunder of the ocean, and nearer at hand the mournful cry of the night-bird, and the rustling of the leaves overhead. Then Helen Fortescue spoke, slowly, dreamily:

"I never thought of anything as beautiful as that. I have rather shunned religion as something dark and gloomy that robs life of its sweetness, but as you speak of it it would be the light of life. Mysteries! I like that word, for are we not surrounded by mysteries, do we not walk begirt with them; and pass from one to another until the last great one of all enfolds us? Yes, yours is a living faith, no cold collection of hard dogmas and crude superstitions as I once thought. Ah!" and the note of passion thrilled in her tone, "had I but a faith like that to lean on, in the hour of darkness and despair, even this bitterness might have been sweet, and a ray of hope might have shone where all is now darkness. You are young, you do not realize how cruel life can be, how bitter the cup that must be drunk to the very dregs. In vain we seek to avoid sorrow; it steals upon

us and blots out our hopes and aspirations as yonder mists had blotted out the hills."

"Look higher," cried Brenda, her voice vibrant with emotion, "over the earth the shadows may rest, but see the glory of the stars," and she pointed to where in the horizon the evening star gleamed in fitful splendor. A long, low cry broke from the other's lips, and ere Brenda could stop her she had gone.

Day after day, passed, and she had made no sign and in a short time now all opportunity would be gone. In vain Brenda haunted the beach; the slender, black robed figure never appeared, and it was with a sinking heart she turned homeward on her last evening. Tomorrow she would be back in the city and she longed to see her friend once more before leaving, yet she could not bring herself to break the silence first. When she entered the cottage where she was staying, a note was handed to her, and her heart bounded with joy, for, though she had never seen it before, she felt sure the delicate characteristic writing must be that of Miss Fortescue. She was not mistaken, and though it was but a short note asking her to call at "Rose Cottage" that evening, she felt that all would come right. As she paused at the gate, she noted the fragrance of the roses, whose abundance gave the tiny cottage its name, and she lingered along the path, her hostess came to greet her.

"I fear I behaved very badly that evening and since; but you must pardon me, dear; I was more moved than I care to confess, and though I have been trying to shut my heart against what you said I find I cannot. Let us sit here on the veranda, I want to tell you about myself, and I prefer the friendly darkness."

"If you would rather not—" began Brenda.

"Ah, but I must, only very briefly though. I have eaten out my heart in silence too long. The profession you aspire to was mine. My voice was marvelous, so everyone said, and a golden future lay before me. I loved! I was loved; all life was fair; then the mists fell, and all was blotted out. I listened to the malicious gossip of one I deemed a friend, listened and believed, and quarreled with Leonard. He left in anger, and I never saw him again, for he went to Western America, and died there. I was miserable when he went away and grew careless. One night, on leaving the concert hall, I contracted a cold and, neglecting it, became seriously ill. My recovery was slow, and then the blow fell—my voice was gone; all my dreams of triumph faded as utterly as my dreams of love. I was persuaded to try a milder climate than that of Europe, and came out to Australia some twelve years ago. Since then I have drifted from city to city, until I found this haven of peace. I am still a young woman, but hope is dead, for me life has nothing but weariness. I have had my day, though it was short enough, and you know how the poet says:

Each morn a thousand roses brings,  
You say,  
Yes, but where leaves the rose of  
yesterday?  
The rose of yesterday, how truly  
that describes my hopes myself."

"Do you not think," said Brenda, striving to find some means to bring comfort to this stricken heart, "that your past is too bitterly sad? A good and learned friend of mine told me once to read two chapters of the 'Imitation' for every verse of his."

"Maybe, you are right, but I love the bitterness, at least I did, but since you spoke that evening I have been thinking of what you said. A mother's love, that I have never known, and when you spoke of Mary, our Mother; of help and strength, and comfort, my heart cried out in its loneliness for all you had and I lacked. Your holiday is up soon. Tomorrow! Well, at least you will write to me and tell me more of this beautiful faith that seems the branch of healing for every verse of his."

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WHAT MAY WE EXPECT AFTER THIS WAR?

SPECTATOR IN PITTSBURGH OBSERVER DISCUSSES PRESENT AND FUTURE SITUATIONS WITH HIS FRIEND

We did not get excited, but were talking quietly about the War; how and when it is likely to end. Suddenly the Spectator's friend asked "what do you think? Is this war going to bring about a revival of religion in the world? Will men's thoughts turn away from the materialism and denial of God— which brought about this awful war to the acceptance of religion and the Christian standards of living? What effect do you think it is going to have upon the people of the United States? What is the outlook for the future of religion, as you see it, in this country?"

The Spectator did not attempt the role of a prophet in his reply. He differed widely from his friend who entertains a rather gloomy view of the future of religion. The war has evidently had upon him as upon many others a depressing effect. The Spectator tried to cheer him up a little.

Answering the broad question, "What is the outlook for religion?" the Spectator said that the reply largely depends upon the point of view of the observer.

There are the alarmists who say Christianity, as they know it, is disintegrating into lifeless elements; that its creeds are being cast aside; that church-going is falling into disfavor. They point to the census of church attendance recently taken in New York and Chicago and say "that tells the tale"; they say that men and women no longer believe the old teaching; that science and modern scholarship have shown the Bible to be full of errors and myths; that many ministers of religion are avowed skeptics, preaching from Christian pulpits the principles of agnosticism and infidelity. This, say the pessimists, clearly indicates the decline of vital religion; and one may easily predict, from such an outlook, the speedy decline of Christianity.

There is another class of observers, the people who hold to the philosophy of hope and "the religion of progress." They are trustful of the future, they are not so easily cast down, their look is upward, their faith is that of the poet's, "That, somehow, good Will be the final goal of ill."

They look around for omens of the coming dawn and find them in abundance.

And, there is yet a third class made up of earnest, sincere Christians, who are not troubling themselves too much "about the signs of the times," but are busy with the work of their own and others' salvation; those who are walking in the footsteps of the divine Master; who have an unshaken belief in the promises of God that His kingdom on earth, the church of the living God, cannot fail; that however fierce the conflict between truth and error, between light and darkness, between virtue and vice, the victory must be in the long run on the side of virtue, light and truth.

Their creed is this: "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today and for ever." Every truth uttered by His lips is every heart conquered by His love through the changing centuries; every struggle with temptation; every prayer in His name—these are the single notes in the great swelling chorus that echoes through the ever-living heart of humanity. "Unto us is born a Savior, who is Christ the Lord, and the love of Him is life eternal." In such souls the religious outlook is assured.

Let me note somewhat in detail the facts as they present themselves to these three different classes of religious observers. One thing is quite certain—that the religious question, as always will be the case, is among the most prominent issues at the present time under discussion throughout the world. Look at the amount of mental activity the topic calls forth. In constant succession newspapers, lecturers, books, controversies and popular movements stir the public mind into ferment over this or that point of religion, the new theology, or modernism, or the position of this or that religious leader. This shows how deep in human nature is the passion of religion; and is also evidence of the present bent of human thought.

It is quite evident that there is a most profound interest in religion at the present time. It is no less evident that profound changes are going on in the religious world. As a result of these changes there is a fuller understanding of what true religion means; there is a spirit of brotherhood and charity among professing Christians that was unknown even a generation ago. Men and women no longer "hate one another for the love of God." Protestants and Catholics can be good neighbors and the best of friends, even when they differ radically on points of doctrine. All this makes the outlook brighter and more hopeful for true religion.

Now, let me supply the material for painting the future of a religion as seen by the three classes of persons referred to. A very unlovely picture is that of the pessimist. He sees only what is dark and decadent in religion and paints according to his view. This is what he observes: A wave of skepticism sweeping over the religious world; a gross and sensual materialism; a credulous religion; the truth of the Bible openly

assailed here and there by professing Christian ministers; a notable falling off in church attendance; the lowering of the tone of public morality; the revival of the spirit of paganism; the degradation of the stage; the alarming increase of crime, of suicides and divorces; the corruption of fashionable society. He will remind us of the words of the English poet, describing a state of society which, he says, is very like our own: "Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires, And unawares morality expires."

A Methodist bishop recently declared that "Fashionable society has a staggering load of sin to answer for, and I consider it the most dangerous foe that the church of Christ has to combat. The leaders of society are all so polite, yet they are hand in hand leagued with the vilest corruption."

He has repeated this charge with added emphasis: "I have no apology to offer," says the good bishop. "The facts in evidence are too abundant. The frequent divorces in high life for immorality prove the trend of things."

Out of such facts and conditions the pessimists paint the future of religion, and the outlook to them is, indeed, dark and discouraging.

But a better, brighter and truer picture of the future of religion can, I think, be drawn. The materials are quite at hand. Let us use the facts and tendencies noted by the alarmists for a background. They serve only to bring out more prominently the good that is in society at large, and the strength and vitality of religion. Never, I believe, was the outlook brighter. What are the facts? Confining the view to America, we find that the great body of the American people are Christian believers. The spirit of Christianity permeates our laws and institutions. Ninety-five per cent. of our public men, from the president down to the village postmaster, are professing Christians. The bulk of the teachers in our schools, colleges and universities are sincere Christians.

MANY FIRM BELIEVERS

The governors of the States, the United States senators, the heads of the army and navy, all of them are on record as being firm believers in Christianity. The members of the supreme court, the judges of our county benches, the vast majority of lawyers, doctors and business men believe in the teaching of Christ. Here, then, is the answer to those who say that intelligent people are skeptical and no longer believe in Christianity.

Nor is there a notable falling off in church attendance. Look right here in Pittsburgh. See the crowds that are coming and going every Lord's day from the churches of the town. Look at the splendid church edifices. Does that indicate a decadence of Christianity? A church census of all the families in Philadelphia show that only about 8% of the whole are non-religious. And what is true of Philadelphia will hold for most other places. The showing of atheists and agnostics, when put to a test, is pitifully inane.

REASON FOR ENCOURAGEMENT

Then, consider the growth and extension of Christian charity: the hospitals, orphanages and refuges maintained by Christian generosity; the proper observance of the Lord's day and the great Christian festivals; the spirit of brotherhood and kindly feeling among the various denominations. Surely we have here more than enough material to paint a picture of the future of religion. The Lord God will, as He said, protect His Kingdom; against His Church the power of error and darkness cannot prevail; He "will comfort Zion, and all the ruins thereof; and He will make her desert as a place of pleasure, and her wilderness as a garden. Joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of praise." That was, in substance, the Spectator's answer to his inquiring friend as to the religious outlook—after the War.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES

The husband will at first reluctantly absent himself from a distasteful home, then continue in wearing his heart from what has become repugnant but where naturally a smile should meet him and a kind word greet him, and end in staying away altogether. Yet the house is clean, and the illogical wife thought it was more to be considered than the heart of her husband which she should cherish, his mind which she should encourage, his soul which she should respect, and where the civil constitution holds over us the aegis of her protection, without intermeddling with ecclesiastical affairs. From my heart, I say, America, with all thy faults, I love thee still. Perhaps at this moment there is no nation on the face of the earth where the Church is less trammelled, and where she has more liberty to carry out her sublime destiny than in these United States.

For my part, I much prefer the system which prevails in this country, where the temporal needs of the Church are supplied by voluntary contributions of the faithful, to the system which obtains in some Catholic countries of Europe, where the Church is supported by the government, thereby making feeble reparation for the gross injustice it has done to the Church by its former

ingly chop to pieces what should be happy days. Death would not come so soon, only suffering in silence begot despair of peace and joy and beckoned the destroyer to hasten, in the hope the grave would bestow rest. Ingratitude made for him a hell that was easy to leave.

Then there are wives who seem the plaything of a husband's brutal power. Notwithstanding all the tenderness of which the gentle sex is capable, despite all the solitude that is ever looking beyond itself to his needs, all the consideration that would make light her husband's burdens even though her own were made heavier; all the amiable tractableness of manner, gentleness of voice, and sweetness of mind that only the Sacraments can beget, the gracious soul of home's and heaven's devotee gets nothing but a scowl. There is always a cloud around her and a nightmare in her thought and feeling.

All this is wrong; the wife cannot be truly happy if the husband is miserable; the husband cannot be glad if the wife is in tears. One should be the right arm of the other and should feel maimed if it were lost. One should not be a ballist to unroof the other's peace and joy. One should not be an example of subordination and disobedience to children that should, on the contrary find it easy to obey where unity marks command. One should not be the reason why dread of death or the mad-house would bring constant depression.

If all this be true of Christian homes, how can we approach the subject of pagan domiciles? What a travesty on pleasure are they! The old Roman pagans had no word to express home, nor have our modern ones in their peculiar conduct. If the orchestra discourses sweet music what is it if there be no social harmony; if grandeur is the character of the furniture, what of it, if life is barren of virtue and heavenly hope; if castellated towers rise to the sky, what a mockery are they if the soul never mounts thereto; if gold glitters in bursting coffers, what a hollow sham if the gold of virtue does not gleam and glisten in the chambers of the heart?

Christian homes have tangible joys. Their songs are the first notes of verses sung forever in Heaven; their harmonies of hearts are suggestive of eternal rhapsodies; their union of interests is indicative of the saints and angels who melodiously forevermore chorus the praises of Our Father above; their little sacrifices, for the sake of others, tell us of the beauty of Christ's Cross crimsoned with unselfishness.—Catholic Columbian.

THE SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE

Recently the Anglican or Episcopal Church was disestablished as the state church in Wales. All the English Episcopal bishops and churchmen opposed this separation of Church and State; just as they did in 1868, when the Church and State were separated in Ireland. But would you therefore conclude that American Episcopalians are opposed to separation of Church and State?

In Germany there is union of Church and State. The Lutheran Church is established by law and enjoys State support. If the Socialists should seek to separate Church and State, in Germany, all the Lutheran pastors would denounce the move. But would you argue that the Lutheran vote in this country was therefore in favor of a union of Church and State?

In Catholic countries, like Spain and Italy, the Catholic clergy favor the present laws which provide for public support of the Catholic Church. But that does not prove that Catholic Americans want union of Church and State here. American Catholics, both clergy and laity, are very well satisfied with the present American status of separation of Church and State. This status harmonizes perfectly with the Catholic Church, and Catholic prelates have said so.

NOTED WRITER SAYS HE FOUND THE MARKS OF DIVINITY ONLY IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

Hugo Grotius, in "Votum pro pace Ecclesiastica" "Nurtured from my youth in sacred literature, and taught by masters not holding the same opinions on divine things, it was easy for me to see the will of Christ, that all who desired to bear His name, and through Him attain blessedness, should be one among themselves as He is one with the Father (John 17). And that, not one in spirit merely, but likewise in a communion which can be seen, and is especially seen in the bonds of government and the participation of the Sacraments. For the Church is one or ought to be, a certain Body (Rom. xii.; Ephes. i. 4, 5; Colos. i.); which Body, Christ, the Head given to it by God, has willed to be joined together by the ligaments of various offices (Ephes. iv. 11); and individuals to be baptized in it, that they may become one body (I Cor. xii.). And they are to feed on one consecrated Bread, that they may grow more and more unto each other and show themselves to be one Body (I Cor. x, 17). I was strangely captivated by the beauty of that ancient Church, on whose Catholicity there is no controversy; when all Christians, save fragments torn off, and therefore easy to be recognized, were knit together by the intercourse of ecclesiastical



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wholesale confiscation of ecclesiastical property. "I do not wish to see the day when the Church will invoke or receive any government aid to build our churches or to pay the salary of our clergy, for the government may then begin to dictate to us what doctrines we ought to preach. In proportion as State patronage would increase, the sympathy and aid of the faithful would diminish."

Sometimes there is a question of "divided allegiance," but it is, after all, very simple.

Americans owe a political allegiance both to their State and their Federal government. These, also, are not at times, seem to conflict; but, as a matter of fact, they find adjustment in the courts of final resort.

Church and State have come into conflict all through the ages over the limits of their respective jurisdictions. Even in "the ages of faith," so-called, our Catholic ancestors enacted mortmain, and other statutes, limiting the prerogatives or jurisdiction of the Church or its authorities.

What do we conclude out of all these varying assertions of claims and conflicts of jurisdictions? Let us be practical and derive our notion of what is the accepted status from the facts, as history has hammered them out. In the circumstances, and especially in a country like ours, where Church and State are separate Bishop Schrems, the present Catholic Bishop of Toledo, has put the matter in a nutshell: "I am perfectly willing, yes, as a Catholic Bishop, I must subscribe to the following anathema: 'Cursed be he who says you owe the Church temporal allegiance.' I subscribe to that anathema with all my heart. So does every Catholic. And yet, no matter how often we deny it, invariably the old charge will be brought up again."

The real attitude of the Catholic Church with reference to Catholic loyalty and Catholic duty to country is expressed in the words of Rev. J. M. Molloy, of Ryan, Ia., (a Catholic priest) who recently answered the attacks of Moles, in which answer he said: "When I stated that if the Pope were king of Italy and if war was proclaimed between Italy and the United States, I would be found under the Stars and Stripes, Boles was panicked. 'I will now go farther and say in the words of another Catholic priest: 'If by an impossible supposition the Pope should man an army and fleet to storm our coast, you would have two million Catholics in the American army ready to die to resist the Pope's invasion. You would have thirteen million Catholics in their homes praying for their sons, brothers and fathers in the field. You would have forty-five thousand Catholic nuns upon their knees before the tabernacles beseeching the God of armies to strike the guns from the Roman emissaries. You would have seventeen thousand priests in the front ranks of the army fighting till they died for the constitution of the United States. We would be Catholics still, and we would say to the Pope, 'we shall render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's.'"—Catholic Columbian.

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letters from the Rhine to Africa and Egypt from the British ocean to the Euphrates, or beyond. I saw that it was for this very reason that schisms and separations in that conspicuous body were severely interdicted (Rom. xvi, 17; I Cor. i, 10, 11; 3; xi, 18; xii, 25; Gal. v. 20); and that this was the special subject in the letters of Paul and Clement of Rome to the Corinthians, and in many writings of Optatus of Milan, and Augustine against the Donatists. Moreover, I began to reflect that not only my ancestors, but those of many others, had been pious men, hating superstition and wickedness; men who brought up their families well, in the worship of God and the love of their neighbor; whom I had ever deemed to have departed from this life in a state of salvation; nor had Francis Junius taught me otherwise—a man of such fair and mild opinions, that the more heated Protestants disliked and abused him. I was also aware from the reports of my elders, and the histories I had read, that men afterwards arose who were altogether for deserting the Church in which our ancestors had been; and who not only themselves deserted it—some even before they were excommunicated—but made new assemblies too, which were for calling churches, made new presbyteries in them, taught and administered sacraments, and that in many places against the edicts of kings and bishops, and alleged, in defence of this, that they must obey God rather than man, just as if they had such a charge from heaven as the Apostles had. Nor had they halted in their daring at this point; but trudging kings as idolaters and slaves of the Pope had stirred up the mob to armed meetings, seditions against the magistrates, breaking of the images of saints, of holy tables and shrines and finally to civil war and open rebellion. I saw that much Christian blood had thus been everywhere shed that morals, looking generally, especially where they had prospered, had so far from improved, that long wars had made men more savage, and the contact of foreign vices infected them. My sorrow at these things increasing with my years, I began to reflect myself, and consider with others on the cause of calamities so great. The seeders, to cover their own deed, stoutly maintained that the doctrine of the Church united with the chief See had been corrupted by many heresies, and by idolatry. This was the occasion of my inquiring into the dogmas of that Church, of reading the books written on both sides, reading also what has been written of the present state and doctrine of the Church in Greece, and of those joined to it in Asia and Egypt.

I found that the East held the same dogmas which had been defined in the West by universal councils; and that their judgments agreed on the government of the Church, (save the controversies with the Pope), and on the rites of the Sacraments unbrokenly handed down. I went further, and chose to read the chief writers of ancient times, as well Greek as Latin among whom the Gauls and Africans; and those of the next three centuries I read both all and often; but the later ones, as much as my occupations and circumstances allowed, especially Chrysostom and Jerome, because I saw that they were considered happier than the rest in the exposition of the Holy Scriptures. Applying to these writings the rules of Vincentius of Lerins, which I saw to be approved by the most learned, I deduced what were the points which had been everywhere, always, and perseveringly handed down, by the testimony of the ancients, and by the traces of them remaining to the present day. I saw that these remained in that Church which is bound to the Roman.

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I often think how much misery there is in the world; and, even among very good people, little unpleasant incidents occur. This can

not be avoided; it can not be swept away all at once; for we are human, we are creatures, and as such we shall always be full of little faults.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1917

THE POPE'S PEACE PROPOSAL

Despite the casual, even flippant disposal on the part of a large section of the press of the Pope's proposal of a concrete basis for the initiation of peace negotiations it remains the one great event that claims the attention and will receive the ever-increasing consideration of the entire world.

The Toronto News, for instance, concludes thus:

"It is regrettable that the Vatican would lend itself to an academic proposal plainly unacceptable to the legions of freedom and utterly heedless of the inner meaning of the quarrel."

Others obsessed with the idea that the Pope is feverishly concerned about the integrity of Austria assume that the Holy Father is merely the medium through which the Central Powers are presenting their proposals. If these good people could get it into their heads that the boundaries of Austria concern the Catholic Church no more than the boundaries of Manitoba they might approach such questions with greater sanity and balance.

Let us examine with vision unimpaired by prejudice and judgment unwarping by traditional distrust the document which the Holy Father has issued for the consideration of the Christian world. The fact that he has done so is of tremendous significance. Without army or navy or material means of any kind Rome is one of the world's great powers.

With traditions of diplomacy covering all the varying conditions of European civilization, accustomed to deal with nations and groups and individuals in all parts of the earth, with an intimate knowledge of human nature, national temperament and racial characteristics, is it for one moment conceivable that the venerable Court of Rome proposed a concrete basis for opening negotiations for peace at this time without first having ascertained what was the common ground on which the warring nations could probably meet?

no doubt at all that unofficial intercourse between Rome and the French Government has been frequent if not continuous. To a question in the British House of Commons the other day the answer was that though the Government had had no official knowledge of the actual Letter just published they would not have been surprised if some such document had issued from that source at any time during the last two or three months.

Therefore, we repeat, the mere fact of the issuance of the Pope's Letter is of tremendous significance in itself.

Now let us consider for a moment the objection that peace on the bases proposed by the Pope would be a German victory.

There is little doubt at this time in the mind of any unprejudiced and thoughtful man that Germany's object in the War and her aim for at least a generation preceding it, was the domination of Europe and the world. In this object she has been defeated, utterly and absolutely defeated. This even The News, which may be taken as typical of its class, admits:

"It is plain to the whole world that Germany has failed to accomplish its will."

If plain to the whole world is it conceivable the German people will remain blind to so patent a fact? Our object, it has been repeatedly stated, is to destroy Prussian militarism, not to crush the German people; to make the world safe for democracy against the inordinate ambitions of autocratic rule. But Prussian militarism, class privilege and military domination can be destroyed utterly and effectively only by the people concerned.

Is it conceivable that the military idea discredited by defeat can rehabilitate itself with a people who have gone through the horrors of this War and for generations must stagger under its legacy of crushing burdens not the least of which will be the intense dislike and distrust of the nations with which German world commerce was carried on? Will England, will France or Canada or the United States again permit the "economic penetration" of Germany? Will Austria-Hungary or Bulgaria or even Southern Germany again consent to be dragged at the chariot wheels of Prussian junkerdom in its mad race for military conquest? No, in spite of the suggestive influence of the parrot repetition that the War must go on and on until complete military victory on the field is achieved, we do not believe that it is necessary, or that Prussianism can be more effectively beaten than it will be when the Central Powers accept the bases proposed by the Pope for the opening of negotiations which, God grant, will bring peace to a war-worn and war-weary world.

In the course of an article on the subject The Globe notes but does not emphasize an important consideration:

"The Pope's plea for the substitution of moral force for military might, for the reduction of armaments, for the rule of arbitration in place of the sword, and for the penalizing of States which refuse to resort to arbitration tribunals or accept their verdict, will have the full weight of democratic approval, and are among the indispensable bases of an enduring peace."

The Globe, typical of those papers which discuss the Letter in a more dignified and unprejudiced tone, seems to overlook the great significance of the qualifying clause in the Pope's Letter when he speaks of arbitration "according to the rules to be laid down and the penalties to be imposed on a State which would refuse to submit a national question to arbitration or to accept its decision."

Out of the awful experience of this War, it is plainly the Pope's desire and suggestion, the principle of order and the means of enforcing it which exist in every civilized community shall be extended to the international relations of the whole civilized world. In other words that international law should emerge from the chaotic and nebulous state into which it has sunk since the disruption of Christendom, and develop into real international law with a sanction for its enforcement. A law without a sanction is not really a law at all. It is on this sanction not on the word or faith of Honen Zollern or Hapsburg that a durable and just peace must rest. In an article written months before the publication of the Pope's Letter in this passage which indicates the grounds for

hoping and believing that this is precisely the point in the world's history when the reign of real international law may be inaugurated:

"Are we so blind to the signs of the times as not to see that the workers of the world, the 'common people,' those that perish in the field and starve at home, are determined to have no more war, and will insist on their Government forming this League of Nations to establish peace, and declaring war on those social conditions which prevent their leading human lives? If, as everybody now can recognize, all that we have suffered from three years of actual warfare and from many previous years of war preparations is the price which the nations have elected to pay for the privilege of being unshackled by the moral law in their dealings with each other, surely the universal demand will be for a means by which this moral law can henceforth be made effective."

When the history of our times is studied in that perspective which time alone can give, the appeal of the one great representative of moral power in the world to the warring nations may be seen to be one of the most important influences inaugurating a new era of civilization when moral force, not military power, will govern the intercourse of nations.

OF VITAL IMPORTANCE IN OUR EDUCATIONAL DEVELOPMENT

"At present, owing to the demands of the War, the number of men recruits is a negligible quantity. Many of the teachers who have entered the Army will alas! never return. Others will no doubt take up more congenial and better paid occupations. Unless salaries are substantially raised in the near future, the male teacher will become not only a *rara avis* in the schools but even a mere bird of passage, ready to fit into something more lucrative at the first opportunity. Personally one is in favour of women teachers in boys' schools up to the age of ten or eleven, but at the same time one views with the most unmitigated dismay a feminisation of English boys' schools, such as has taken place in America. The ideally brought-up child should come under the two disciplines—male and female—and the two disciplines that they respectively connote, if he is to be a well-balanced citizen in a well-balanced community. The respect for the male teacher is the respect felt for the more masculine virtues, the respect for the female teacher the respect for the more feminine ones. The male teacher by his example inculcates the male virtues of courage, self respect, endurance, loyalty, justice; the female teacher inculcates by her example the virtues of kindness, respect for others, forbearance, chivalry, mercy. A partial female invasion of our schools would be a blessing, but to have the schools altogether overrun by women would be a disaster."

The foregoing is from an article in the Nineteenth Century reviewing recent public pronouncement of the Minister of Education outlining contemplated educational reforms in the British Isles. There is just one phase of the question which we desire again to direct attention. It is not new. Hundreds of thoughtful educators and of others interested in educational problems have adverted to the fact and deplored its consequences. That the formation of future generations of men should be almost entirely in the hands of women is something so recent in the history of education that even those who deplore existing conditions most deeply hardly realize how serious the case may be. It is perhaps worse in many of our Catholic schools than it is in public schools, bad as it is with them.

And yet it is only in our Catholic schools that the difficult problem can be solved. The Sisters are the most capable and zealous teachers on the continent. But the fact remains that comparatively few of our boys go to High School or College. The vast majority with us as with Protestants leave school when the elementary course is completed. Thus where the schools are staffed by Sisters our boys during the whole formative period of school life never come under masculine influence at all. Up to ten or twelve years of age this is all right. But for the last two or three years the boys should be under the most earnest and virile teachers of their own sex. This object can be attained only by the development of the teaching orders of men. It is therefore with the keenest pleasure that we note the large number of candidates recently given the habit by the Christian Brothers at their novitiate in Toronto. These young men receiving the same education and training as secular teachers, are receiving at the same time the spirit of Blessed De la Salle and will bring to their work the efficiency of the trained teacher, with the zeal and devotion of their famous teaching order superadded.

Catholics can not fail to see in the growth and development of the Ontario Christian Brothers one of the greatest and most consoling guarantees for the future of the Catholic Church in this province.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

LAST WEEK we gave a few figures to illustrate the enormous drain in the way of Army purchases which has been entailed upon Great Britain by the War. We propose this week to supplement these by other figures illustrating her financial resources and how it is she is able to not only pay her own share but to contribute very largely to the maintenance of the armies of her Allies. The confidence expressed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the financial ability of the Empire to see the War through is, in the light of these figures, evidently not misplaced, huge beyond all precedent and prevision as are the expenditures with which he has to deal.

THE CREDIT which the House of Commons voted the other day was for the unprecedented sum of £650,000,000, or about \$3,160,000,000 in American currency. This brings the amount appropriated for war purposes to date up to \$25,719,000,000. It is interesting to note that the credits for the first two years of the War did not exceed \$13,748,000,000, so that there has been called for since July, 1916, the stupendous sum of \$12,024,000,000, or not far short of the sum expended during the two preceding years. The figures themselves almost pass the comprehension of ordinary humanity, but from a mere glance help us at least to realize that modern warfare is the great devourer.

THESE FIGURES, however, stupendous as they are, do not represent the cost of the War to Great Britain to date. To ascertain this it is necessary to add the difference between the normal income from taxation, and that collected in the last three years. This excess amounted, up to end of the last fiscal year, to \$2,629,800,000, so that Great Britain's share of the cost of the War up to the end of 1917 may be roughly estimated at close on \$30,000,000,000. Up to July, 1916, the loans to Allies and to the Dominions are stated to have been \$1,600,000,000. This sum, small as it is compared with the total cost of the War, furnishes some idea as to the enormous financial resources of an Empire which can without unduly disturbing the body politic, shoulder such a burden.

ANALYSIS of the foregoing figures shows that for 112 days the average British expenditures have been something like \$34,000,000 a day. How is this money provided? Without entering into a maze of figures and calculations it may be said that out of current revenue has been provided enough to pay for interest, sinking fund and pensions, plus the ordinary expenses of the State. This has been the deliberate policy of the Government throughout, and, in the opinion of the New York Journal of Commerce, it is greatly to the credit of the British people that they have willingly borne burdens calculated to meet a much larger proportion of this expenditure than any other of the belligerents have charged to current revenue. But even so, the margin between the income of the people and the current expenditures of the Government is certainly narrow, and leads to the supposition that taxation must bear even a greater share of the burden.

THAT CHRISTMAS as a festival of the Christian religion has never been made much of in Presbyterian Scotland, that, indeed, it has until within quite recent years been practically ignored, is well-known. The reason for this comes out rather naively in an article in our Presbyterian contemporary on "Early Moderators of the Church of Scotland." "When the Assembly met in December, 1563," the writer tells us, "it met to begin with twice a year, and always on or about Christmas Day to thwart observance of it according to Roman usage." This purpose of creating the greatest possible gulf between the old religion and the new was deliberate and persistent throughout. The mere fact that a practice or usage was Catholic (not whether it was true or false) was deemed sufficient reason to banish it irrevocably from the land. This accounts for the joylessness and gloom of life, which fell like a pall upon post-Reforma-

tion Scotland, and from which, in succeeding generations, not even the natural gaiety of its people as evidenced in other times has been able to release it.

THE ATMOSPHERE of universal suspicion in which we are living in these stressful times is aptly illustrated by an incident which took place on the Atlantic seaboard lately and is being circulated as a good story against himself by a prominent New York merchant engaged in foreign trade.

THE MERCHANT in question had arranged to spend a week-end with his wife at Atlantic City. Being unable to make plans far enough ahead he was obliged to wire to his wife, who was at their regular summer home on the Virginia coast. The curious mix-up which resulted is thus related by a New York daily: "The first telegram was to the effect that he had failed to get accommodation at the Shelburne, but was trying to get it at the Traymore. The third read that he had failed to get accommodation and was leaving for Virginia to spend the week end at home as usual. As chance would have it telegram Number Two was delivered after telegram Number Three. The New Yorker's wife assumed that accommodation would be found and left for Atlantic City. But the New Yorker left by boat for his Virginia home. In the meantime, however, it had become known at the New York office of the firm that the principal's wife had gone to Atlantic City expecting to meet her husband there. The steamship company was got in touch with and arrangements were made to take the New Yorker off the coast vessel at a point reasonably convenient to Atlantic City. The unusual procedure of taking a passenger off the coast boat started a keen speculation among those on board and a rumor quickly spread that a German spy was being taken off. As the New Yorker left the vessel and sailed to the shore he was followed by the riveted gaze of the passengers crowded like herrings against the rail and speculating upon the fate of the 'German spy.'"

ON THE BATTLE LINE

BRITISH AND FRENCH FORCES have smashed the German front lines on an area east and northeast of Ypres given by London reports as nine to eleven miles, and by Berlin as eighteen miles. Berlin, as usual, claims that the attacks of the Allies were shattered, only "local successes" being attained. This is apparently the report now. In any event, it is the most generally used. The fighting, however, continues, and at all but one point the British held all the ground gained, including the village of Langemarck, where Canadians fought in the earlier months of the conflict. All the objectives for the day were gained and held in this new attack, with exception of a portion of the high ground north of the Menin road, where a bitter struggle was waged all day. The latest foe counter-attacks, delivered last night, in this neighborhood were smashed. Several guns and nearly two thousand prisoners have already been counted, while in the Lens-Loos area, where the Canadians on the previous day made such a fine gain, the prisoners now total nearly one thousand. The scene of the fighting is some thirty miles above Lens, where the Canadians have valiantly withstood repeated attacks by the Prussian Guards, whose dead lie heaped around Hill 70.

SOME MILITARY critics have recently pointed out that a great aim of the Allies, apart from flanking the German positions on the coastline and the Aubers Ridge and Lille positions, to the south, is to pierce the enemy line in the full sense of the meaning of that word. This would mean the breaking of the line to a depth sufficient to allow of the pouring in of Allied cavalry and an attack on the German rear lines and supports. That, they contend, is one reason for the retirements of the Germans earlier in the year, the last thing the foe desires to do being to stand fast long enough to run the danger of such a piercing. So long as the Huns are compelled to retire, however, whatever may be the compelling motive, the gain is to the Allies. In the end the result, so far as the freeing of France and Belgium is concerned, is certain. There has been some lively fighting on the Champagne front.—Globe, Aug. 17.

FURTHER PROGRESS was made yesterday by French troops in the Ypres region. The Germans ceased their counter-attacks against the line held by Sir Douglas Haig, who announced that the Allied forces have captured twenty-four German guns, a number of them being of heavy calibre. The Canadian troops have organized and made secure the positions taken on Thursday, and have made progress west of Lens. In the Loos-Progress sector the number of prisoners taken by Cursie's forces now total one thousand

and one hundred and twenty. According to Reuter's correspondent the chief business of Friday lay in the consolidation of that Belgian ground most recently wrested from the invader.

AN EFFORT to divert French troops from their sorely pressed positions on the Belgian border the Germans made heavy attacks against the French lines along the Aisne and the right bank of the Meuse river near Verdun. In none of these attacks did the enemy gain any success.

THIS REPORT from the Russian War Office yesterday makes more creditable the statement made by General Korniloff, the new Commander-in-chief, that more striking force is being added to the Russo Roumanian armies operating on the Southern front. It was announced that enemy attacks in Southwestern Moldavia, especially in the region of Fokshani, were repulsed, and that in the region of Ocna the enemy was unable to make any progress. This announcement, coupled with the statement of General Korniloff in an interview given at Petrograd, and with the notable utterance of Elihu Root at the public reception given him in New York city Wednesday on the occasion of the return of his Mission from Russia, gave cause for hope. It is too much to say that another Russian offensive this year is impossible. The recent collapse of discipline will undoubtedly delay it, but Korniloff and Root, and others in the best position to know, predict another effective stroke against the Teutons in the Eastern theatre before many weeks.—Globe, Aug. 18.

THE HOLY FATHER AND NEUTRALITY

Providence has cast the Pontificate of Benedict XV. in very perilous times and as a careful study of church history shows us, Almighty God has raised to the See of Peter in every critical period in the life of the Church, a Pontiff who was peculiarly fitted by both nature and grace to meet the emergency and to steer the bark of Peter through the difficult storms that in every age of Christian history have apparently threatened to engulf it. Since the beginning of the present struggle we have witnessed nation after nation at first neutral, drawn into the vortex of war, but through it all the uncompromising and impartial neutrality of the Holy See which has its children in every warring land, has been rigidly maintained under the most trying circumstances and when the greatest pressure has been brought into play to commit the Vatican into a declaration for or against one or other of the belligerents. Even incidents like the unfortunate Gerlach affair, or the political situation created in Germany by Dr. Erzberger, the leader of the (Catholic) Center Party in the Reichstag, have been interpreted as proofs of the secret violation of the Holy See's neutrality. It is sufficient to point out that the Italian Military Tribunal has completely exonerated the Vatican from any knowledge or participation in Monsignor Gerlach's contumacious and the Vatican itself has formally and officially announced that Dr. Erzberger's activities are purely national and political matters with which the Holy See has no association.

Notwithstanding these facts and the extremely delicate position in which the Holy Father as the Supreme Shepherd of Christendom and the Spiritus Father of all races and nations finds himself, he has been made the subject of criticism because of his neutrality and some people have professed disappointment in him because he did not pronounce upon the moral issues involved in this struggle and openly arrange himself on the side of the Allies. We could not defend the wisdom and prudence of the Holy Father's attitude better than the Abbe d'Agnelli does in a recent work which he published under the title of "Benedict XV. and the European Conflict." "By condemning," he says, "formally the rulers on either side the Sovereign Pontiff would have irritated all the world against him, and would in the long run have drawn upon himself universal enmity. Let us not forget that Benedict XV. from the time of his election has with his entire heart devoted himself by vow to a task which he is better able to fulfill than any other Prince, yet only on the express condition that he maintains a good understanding with the governments of the belligerent nations. This eminently apostolic mission consists in mitigating as far as possible the manifold consequences of the war. The liberation and exchange of prisoners, and so many other benefits for which we are indebted to the Pontifical charity—how could they have been realized if the Pope, yielding to a movement of indignation, had condemned the Kaiser our enemy, or the Czar our ally? Mainly by thus using with extreme patience his moral authority during the hostilities Benedict XV. is reserving it to qualify himself for a more efficacious employment when the general discussion of the condition peace comes on."

In connection also with this question of the Holy Father's neutrality, "The Month" quotes for us the statement of Ernesto Vergesi, the Roman correspondent of a Milan paper, in an interview which he had with an English diplomat at Rome. This diplomat frankly confessed that at first he was disappointed in the Holy Father, but goes on to say that time has vindicated the Pope's attitude

and the facts have shown that the way taken by the Holy See is the best the Holy Father has done. (No one has raised his voice for Belgium or for Poland as the Holy Father has done.) "No one has labored so efficiently against the aerial bombardment of open cities as Benedict XV. Through his intervention we have had capital penalties suspended—deliverance from prison and from exile, news of prisoners of war and the alleviation of their sufferings in more hospitable lands. If the Pope had betaken himself to methods of intimidation and had broken with the Central Empires, who could have supplied his place in his highly humanitarian labors?"

These testimonies from the pens of men who as representatives of the Allies would have every interest in having the Holy Father declare in their favor—if it was to their advantage, should set at rest any criticism of the Vatican's neutrality. There is no doubt the Supreme Pontiff of Christendom is doing more today for humanity and civilization, and will be in a better position to be a potent factor in the peace arrangements by remaining neutral—than if he, even for the sake of moral influence should declare himself against any of the belligerents.—The Monitor.

PRIEST CAPTOR OF GERMAN COMPANY

FATHER PY FOUND IT CUT OFF IN A CAVE AND NEGOTIATED SURRENDER

French Front, July 12.—The story of the capture of nearly a company of German troops who were trapped in the Dragon's Cave near the famous Chemin des Dames when the French troops stormed and carried the German position along that historic road was told to The Associated Press correspondent the other day by Father Py, a Franciscan priest, who with a doctor, brought the prisoners into the French rear lines. Father Py was acting as stretcher bearer to one of the most celebrated regiments of the French Army, the 153d Infantry.

The Dragon's Cave is near the farm of Hurbise—or what was a farm, for it has now become nothing but a heap of bricks, mud, and splintered timbers. Father Py explained to the correspondent how on the day of the battle he had been ordered to go out and tend the wounded, but not to advance beyond a certain trench, which was very near the most advanced French line. When he got there he found no one. The French soldiers had gone forward with one bound right in the track of the certain fire put up by the artillery and had reached the German trenches on the other side of the crest with miraculously slight losses. The priest and a companion looked about in search of wounded, but could find none. Then thinking that in the circumstances they were justified in disobeying orders, they climbed over the top of the trench and went further forward.

A little further on they saw a German running about with his clothes aflame and uttering cries for help, at the same time pointing behind him to a hole in the ground where two other men were gesticulating. The priest went on, thinking to find some more wounded men—perhaps men of his own regiment—but soon he saw they were Germans. At once he raised his crucifix in the air in the belief that it would protect him and continued to advance. The Germans did not threaten him as he approached, and soon he saw they were wounded.

On arriving at the entrance to what he had believed was a dugout, he found that the hole went far into the side of the crest. He entered the Dragon's Cave, still holding his crucifix before him and shouting "Catholic!" Inside he found that the hole spread out in all directions, and that it was full of armed German soldiers. Four or five of them were officers, and under the impression some of them at least would understand French, he called out in that language that he was a Catholic priest, and that if there were any German wounded there he was prepared to administer the rites of the Church.

One of the officers spoke to him, asking what he was doing there and what was going on outside. He informed him that the French had made a long advance over their heads and had crossed the crest, and that they had better lay down their arms, for they would either be killed or taken prisoners in any event. The officers then held a discussion among themselves, at the end of which one of them, with tears streaming down his face, said he supposed they must resign themselves to their fate, but they could surrender only to an officer. Father Py scribbled on a piece of paper a note to one of the French Captains, which was handed to his companion, who had remained outside the cave.

While the note was being carried to the general officer, a German doctor in the cave showed the priest the resting place of several German wounded. Among them was a Jesuit priest who was serving in the German army as a soldier, with whom the French priest spoke in Latin. To the other wounded Germans Father Py gave the consolations of the Church. Afterward, while awaiting the return of his messenger with the French officer, Father Py advised the German officers to disarm their men.

in order to avoid any possibility of misunderstanding. He, himself, superintended the operation, telling each soldier to discard every weapon he possessed, except small pocket knives.

A little later, just when the process of disarmament was being completed, a French officer—a doctor—appeared at the mouth of the cave, and the German officers surrendered their swords and revolvers to him.

Then began the exit of the prisoners through the narrow entrance, and they were all marched through a communication trench back to French regimental headquarters with an escort composed of the priest, his stretcher-bearing comrade and the French doctor. They were almost a company, and their arrival caused considerable surprise at headquarters.

The little priest, who always was a favorite in the regiment with which he participates in all its hardships and in constant exposure to wounds and death, is now quite a hero. He never leaves the men to go on leave, and did not even go to Paris when a detachment of the regiment was sent there to receive the decoration of the military medal which has been conferred on it for having been five times mentioned in general army orders for bravery. The One Hundred and Fifty-second is the only regiment in the French Army besides the Foreign Legion which has won this honor.

“THE CHURCH”

“FRIEND OF WORKINGMAN”

Some well meaning people pretend to despise the discussion of social problems. But any one who places his finger on the popular pulse will soon cease to feel indifferent in the matter. “The signs of the time” are discontent and dissatisfaction. This is not the lament of a professional calamity, nor is there anything startling in the discovery. Social unrest is one of the most obvious facts of modern life. Look at the trouble in Washington over the eight hour law; note the increasing number of strikes; observe the tremendous protest vote in the recent election; listen to the complaints of the disgruntled workers on our streets corners. Grumbling, growling, is heard on all sides. We cannot ignore these signs; we cannot, in justice, turn a deaf ear to them. They are vital and must be reckoned with sooner or later. Whence, we ask, comes this discord? Who is responsible for such a state of affairs? Capital points an accusing finger at labor; labor, in turn, lays the blame on capital. The Socialist will tell you “the system” is at fault. The social reformer, perhaps, will hold our defective labor laws responsible. But these answers at best are one-sided and end in no true solution of the difficulty. We must seek further for a satisfactory answer.

We boast of our progress, and rightly so. Our country is prosperous beyond precedent; but are we correspondingly happy? We have made rapid strides in science—inventions of every sort are at our service. We enjoy luxuries which a century ago money could not purchase; are we satisfied? We have political freedom, we have free schools, free libraries—yet we grumble. And why? It is because we are not mere animals with a physical and intellectual nature. We are above all moral beings. Modern society seems to have forgotten this fact, and we are cultivating the physical and intellectual side of man to the exclusion of the moral. Platitude, if you will, but there will be no real contentment, no reasonable happiness until men, capitalist and labor, realize the value of the moral law and abide by it. Intellectual and physical progress, while very praiseworthy, do not make men deal honestly and justly with their fellows. Man has a moral side and he must be convinced that he is responsible to God for its development if we are to hope for peace and harmony in the social order.

THE OFFICE OF THE CHURCH

The only agency that can enforce this morality is the Church. We all know how labor was respected when the Church started on her missions. Work was beneath the dignity of a Roman. The workmen of those days were the slaves—who were so numerous that a distinctive dress was denied them for fear that they might realize their strength and rise up in rebellion. Slaves had no standing in civil society; they were, in the eyes of the law, not persons but things.

Now, slavery was primarily a political question, but the religious equality of man as taught by Christianity was the negation of slavery. The Church insisted on the dignity and equality of men before God. She taught that the slave had a soul and that that soul was as precious in the sight of God as was the master's. “You are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus.” There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free.” Hence, no discrimination as to the social status of the faithful was made by the Church. Bond and free received the same sacraments. Slaves were raised to the priesthood. The very Chair of Peter was occupied by men of servile origin.—Thus in the second century and Callistus in the third.

The Church treated slaves humanely, she redeemed them out of her treasury when possible, she urged their emancipation as an act of charity. She has been severely criticized for tolerating slavery at all;

but, as we have said, it was a political question and the Church had to accept the fact, Revolution, physical force, is not the Church's way of doing things. Her weapon is moral force. She takes society as she finds it and little by little leaves the mass with her moral teachings. Thus with slavery—bit by bit pagan ideas began to fade and as Christian principles came into full play the condition of the slave began to change for the better. It was only a matter of time before slaves were transformed into serfs and then into free men.

WHEN THE CHURCH WAS STRONGEST

We have seen how the Church was kindly disposed to the workingman when the Church was in her infancy, and now we come to that period in the Church's history which shows the Church at the height of her power. It is certainly no exaggeration to say that labor saw its happiest days under the Church. In the Middle Ages the whole man, physical, intellectual and moral, was considered.

The outlook of the mediaeval man was comprehensive, entire. All departments of life were related to one organic whole, whose basis was religion. Religion came into intimate contact with every line of human activity. No matter what branch of endeavor, whether art, philosophy, poetry, architecture or politics—religion was the core. In like manner was labor connected with religion. The monastery was the center of industry, the monk was “the man with the hoe.”

Taken, for example, the labor unions of the Middle Ages. Those guilds, as they were called, had the welfare of the entire man at heart. The guilds owed their institution primarily to motives of trade, but the spiritual side was given due prominence. Each guild had its patron saint, took part in religious celebrations, provided Masses for deceased members. Temporal interests, as some have unjustly asserted, were not neglected. Legitimate ambition was not stifled. The keynote was honest living, not the piling up of worldly goods.

Who will say that the conditions of labor were not tolerable! True, the mediaeval laborer enjoyed less individual freedom than the modern workman, but “their economic position was more secure and their future less uncertain.” It is impossible to institute any general comparison that would be of value between the welfare of the laborer then and now,” says Dr. Ryan. “This much,” he continues, “may be asserted with confidence; the poorest one-tenth of the laboring population were probably better fed and clothed, if not better housed, than is the poorest one-tenth to-day.” Poorhouses were a novelty; the celebrated “army of the unemployed” was unknown. The mediaeval laborer was well content, his wages fair, his home life happy.

THE GREAT UPEHEVAL

Then came the “Reformation.” Fatal event! Monasteries were confiscated, guilds were abolished as superstitious foundations. Industry was divorced from religion. The old mediaeval view of life was changed. Religion was made a private business and it has remained so private ever since that the moral side of man has been overshadowed. To-day art and architecture have comparatively little or no religious significance. Church and State are now separate. Religion has been thrown out of education. Even in our own day men are doing their utmost to secularize charities. These are the logical outgrowths of revolt against the Church. These evils had their origin four hundred years ago. The “Reformation” took religion out of man's daily life, and as a consequence, man has, to an alarming degree, lost sight of conscience and moral responsibility. Hence, the question of social unrest is staring us in the face to-day; and—note it well—it is threatening, not because “the system” is bad, but because men are.

To-day we are striving to calm this social unrest by means of legislation, relief work and the like. But these while good and necessary, do not control the inner man. Laws do not make men better. Neither do the admonitions of George A. De's benevolent lady accomplish much: “When the Unfortunate Man comes Home this evening tell him a Kind and Beautiful Lady called and asked him please to stop Drinking, except a Glass of Claret at Dinner, and to be sure to read Eight or Ten Pages from the Encyclopedia Britannica each night before retiring.” In uplifting, “get underneath.” Get to the man's heart. Change men internally—there is your antidote for social unrest. Higher wages, shorter hours are good; but purer hearts are infinitely better.

“Come to me all ye that labor and are burdened and I will refresh you” is the invitation of the Church, the workingman's true friend. Socialists will tell you the Church is the representative of capital—that religion's chief aim is to hold the people in subjection—to make them satisfied with their unjust lot. Do not believe them! Where are their credentials? What have they done for the workingman that can begin to compare with the record we have merely outlined? The Socialist's program is destructive; his gospel is discontent. Whoever heard Socialists recommend thrift, sobriety, virtue to their followers? The Church is the friend of law and order. She understands very well the conditions under which labor groans; she knows that unscrupulous men are laying a heavy burden on the backs of the

poor. The Church is not a social service organization, but she is fighting for you. Her priests are just as solicitous for your welfare as ever, but you must remember, the Church is hampered. Her seeming inactivity is due to the break caused by the “Reformation.” Labor was happy under the Church and it is unhappy to-day. The cause is the divorce of industry from religion. Men broke away from the Church—sadness and discontent is their lot. If they want peace, happiness, let them return. “If society is to be cured now,” says Pope Leo, “in no other way can it be cured but by a return to Christian life and Christian institutions. When a society is perishing, the true advice to give to those who would restore it is to recall it to the principles from which it sprang.” To fall away from primal constitution is disease; to get back to it is recovery.”—Eugene J. Callahan, in The Tablet.

DIVORCE

By Rev. Morgan Dix (Protestant)

The civil-contract theory of marriage is strictly in place in any system which banishes God from the world and human life. It is in order in rationalized communities, in societies which have ceased to be Christian. Some of us are reproached for not being in accord with the spirit of the age; how can we be, if the spirit of the age and its movements are practically atheistic? To induce men to ignore God's word and reject His law, to show men how to do without God is the avowed aim of the advance thinker of the day; and the view of marriage, as a civil contract only, falls in with the rest of the programme.

“Unfortunately we cannot stop at that. The truth must be told, however painfully it may strike the unaccustomed ear. This is not only a sign of an infidel society, it is also an outgrowth from the principles which form the evil side of Protestantism. There can be no doubt as to the genesis of this abomination. I quote the language of a Protestant Bishop: ‘Laxity of opinion and teachings on the sacredness of the marriage bond and on the question of divorce originated among the Protestants of Continental Europe in the sixteenth century. It soon began to appear in the legislation of Protestant States on that continent, and nearly at the same time to affect the laws of New England. And from that time to the present it has proceeded from one degree to another in New England and in States most directly affected by New England opinions and usages, the Christian conception of the nature and obligations of the marriage bond finds scarcely any recognition in legislation, or, as must hence be inferred, in the prevailing sentiment of the community. This is a heresy, born and bred of free thought as applied to religion; it is the outcome of the habit of interpreting the Bible according to man's private judgment, rejecting ecclesiastical authority and Catholic tradition.’”

RECREATION FOR OUR SOLDIERS

It was a veteran educator who said that three things were necessary to keep a college boy straight. The first was the Sacraments, the second, prayer, and the third a healthy interest in athletics. What the college boy requires is good for all young people. We have long since found out that a list, carefully compiled, but consisting exclusively of “dumb” is a poor way of keeping them up to the mark. The boy ought never to have an idle moment. He should travel along a straight line from school to home, and there employ himself in study and other useful occupations. But he won't. Elizabeth Anne likewise, should recur almost automatically, to her sampler and other household duties at the close of the school day. But she won't either, even though she be perfect, without the inner man. Law, without the inner man, is without reproach of the junior sodality.

There is a good deal of the animal, the healthy growing animal in the young, that must be reckoned with. It is not bad. It is only natural. It cannot be suppressed, and the attempt at repression only leads to disaster. All work and no play, says the proverb, makes Jack a dull boy, and when the burden of the work is lifted for a time, tends to make him a bad one. His play-energies must have some kind of an outlet. Too much repression forces them into unhealthy channels. It is only common sense to study these energies, to discover how they may be used to best advantage and made a positive help, rather than a hindrance or an indifferent factor, in the life of the young. No doubt, the “teaching of play” has been made ridiculous by extremists. In itself, however, it is only the recognition of a very valuable truth in psychology and morals.

We are now sending our “boys” to thousands into the training camps. In these grim schools of war, the regime is sufficiently drastic; so drastic, in fact, as to lead to a relaxation in the times allowed for relaxation and amusement. Next to the direct spiritual ministry among our soldiers, it is hard to conceive a higher work than that now taken in hand by the Knights of Columbus, who propose to erect and supervise amusement centers for the troops. Even the brief experience at the Mexican border was enough to prove

the absolute need of ample facilities for recreation of a proper kind for the military posts. We are confronted, apparently, with the alternative, that if we do not put suitable relaxation within easy reach of our soldiers, many will be led away to practices which ultimately mean ruin of body and soul, and consequent uselessness as fighting units. Patriotism and religion alike call on every Catholic to cooperate with the Knights in this admirable work, to the extent of his ability.—America.

THE CARDINAL AT EIGHTY-THREE

Editorial From Baltimore Sun, July 25

Cardinal Gibbons has a right to feel well at eighty-three and he has a right to the popularity he enjoys. He has been ascending to this venerable eminence on a pathway of good works and good will, and he is unburdened by the reproachful years which weigh down so many who prolong their journey as far as he has done. Inherited longevity plays a part doubtless, in the extension of the human time limit, but, as a rule, a healthy and serene old age depends largely upon a sane and temperate youth and middle age. One reaps in the autumn what he has sown in the spring. The Cardinal is cheerful and elastic now because he planted no crop of regrets in youth. This cannot be said of all, in or out of religious life in any denomination, who have become exemplary and model figures after early worldly experiences. Many a saint has sowed a large crop of wild oats before he took to cultivating the flowers of virtue. The moral of this particular birthday sermon is that it really pays not to indulge in diversified character forming if we wish to live until eighty-three and feel, as the Cardinal expressed it Monday, that “life is a wonderful thing” and still worth living.

However, we are inclined to think that nature gave the Cardinal some unfair advantages over the rest of us, and that he does not owe everything to grace. A calm and even temperament like his weathers safely storms which wreck or weaken those less well-balanced and well-ballasted and a personality such as his disarms hostility even in dangerous waters, makes friends of enemies and lessens the friction of life. We think most Baltimoreans are glad that the Cardinal's lot has been cast among us, and are proud to count him among our most valuable and influential human assets. In all things he has been a most wholesome example of moderation, a practical illustration of Christian charity and a “kindly light,” softening the asperities of life and leading the way to higher things.

RATIONALISM AND PATRIOTISM

Professor Thomas C. Hall has been dismissed from Union Theological Seminary. For years he has been teaching rationalism at that institution. He was not dismissed for that. Indeed, Union is considered broad enough to tolerate a rationalistic teacher. Its theology suffers of course, but Union seems to have strange ideas about that very strange science called Protestant theology. Professor Hall was forced to resign from Union, after the United States Government found him implicated in a plot that aimed at the destruction of the Government which protected him and his pupils in Union Seminary. His was a very poor return for government protection. Still he was an up-to-date rationalist, whose Christianity was Christian, but modern and a bit fashionable.

Just about a year ago another product of Union, Bouck White, enlivened a Socialist meeting by burning the “Stars and Stripes.” No one is so foolish as to say that the erratic preacher learned flag-burning at Union. He learned rationalism there surely, and the consistent rationalist is a law unto himself. What does the man who is a law unto himself care for the flag? Only a few weeks ago at Patterson, N. J., the police authorities interrupted a speech that was being delivered by Norman M. Thomas of New York, who was denouncing conscription. This young man a few years ago was licensed to preach by the New York Presbytery, although at the time of his examination his answers were unsatisfactory from “an evangelical standpoint.” The examination had nothing to do with loyalty to country, but a good deal to do with loyalty to Christ. Old fashioned Protestants would have been shocked at the disloyalty to Christ contained in the answers of this bright seminarian of a modern Protestant seminary. But old-fashioned Protestantism is as rare as a horse car in New York, or a crowded pew in summer at Grace or Trinity.

Rationalism had convinced this young preacher that he was a law unto himself. He would preach a Christ of his own making. But a Christ of his own making never said all authority comes from on high, and that loyalty to the law of the land is a conscientious duty. The Christ of the Gospels said that. So when conscription became law, this very splendid product of rationalism proceeded to decry it, for he was his own law. He was brilliantly logical, but the police did not follow his logic, so they put a period to his speech. He disagreed with the police, as Alexander Berkman did. In fact, Alexander Berkman held the rationalist's principle that he was a

law unto himself. Of course he did not call it rationalism but anarchy. The strange thing is that the root principle of both is the same. Bring God down to the human level till finally there is no God, and you have rationalism in the schools, and anarchy in the State. It is a simple process but it spells the end of patriotism. For true patriotism means loyalty to God and to the nation's law as to the voice of God, sounding in human tones.—America.

BACK TO RELIGION

DEATH OF SON IN BATTLE TURNS HARRY LAUDER TO GOD

In H. G. Wells' great book, Mr. Britling finds God through the death of his son on the battlefield. Through the same profound experience religion has come to Harry Lauder, the famous singer of sweet Scottish ballads.

You may have seen, some months ago, a picture of “Harry Lauder and His Wife and Son;” it was printed everywhere, the face of the genial old comedian beaming with pride in his son, just enlisted and going to the front. Lauder had lived for his boy, John. He had planned to buy him an estate in Scotland and give it to him on the day he should marry.

The news of John's death came while Lauder was singing a comic song in a music hall in London. They handed him the telegram when he came out of the stage, and he fell into a chair. In his agony he rushed over to France and saw the grave of his son, and heard there the story of how the boy had turned to God in the trenches, and of how bravely he died; and then Lauder hastened to comfort his wife in their Scottish home. There is a good old Scotch dominie went to console him. He found Lauder in an arm chair by the fire place.

FRENCH PRIESTS DECORATED

WAR CROSS AWARDED TO FOUR THOUSAND PRIESTS SINCE THE WAR BEGAN

M. Marcel Knecht, of the University of Nancy, France, a member of the French National Committee, in an address at the Catholic Summer School, Plattsburg, N. Y., recently recalled the fact that there are twenty-five thousand Catholic priests in the French army, of whom three hundred are regular chaplains with the title of captain; every colonel chooses a soldier-priest as assistant chaplain in each battalion. All the other priests mobilized are serving as fighting officers or privates. The courage, the devotion to the wounded and the wonderful patriotism shown by the young priests in the trenches are evidenced by the fact that three thousand seven hundred French priests have received the War Cross.

REPEATED ONCE MORE

Insistence and repetition are necessary even when the fact is witness to its own importance. For it is characteristically human to measure consequence by the force with which a matter is brought home to us. So a reiteration of the danger of permitting the War to disrupt the educational program of the country is in order. It is only the busybodies with their own advertisement in view who consider depleting the schools that the army may be filled. Unfortunately, the War has revealed our preponderance of such who are always fussing about something and never doing anything. The menace of empty class rooms in the coming term is not an imaginary one. If its cause is not a shirking by parents of the financial obligations consequent to the education of youth, then it is a shirking by the students themselves of their duties, though patriotism is used to cloak both offenders.

President Wilson is not now much given to idle discussion. But the danger of men below the draft age interrupting their education has called forth a solemn warning by our chief executive. President Wilson in a letter to Secretary Lane, says:

“It would, as you suggest, seriously impair America's prospects of success in this War if the supply of highly trained men were unnecessarily diminished. There will be need for a larger number of persons expert in the various fields of applied science than ever before. Such persons will be needed both during the War and after its close. I, therefore, have no hesitation in urging colleges and technical schools to endeavor to maintain their courses as far as possible on the usual basis.”

Sacrifice is essential for victory, but needless sacrifice leads only to ultimate defeat, and depriving boys and girls of their education, using the War as a pretext, is first among needless sacrifices.—New World.

IRELAND

THE VERDICT OF THE JUDGES

In spite of the general political unrest and the local disturbances caused in certain districts by hotly contested elections, the country is remarkably free from gross crimes. The Dublin Weekly Freeman quotes in support of this view the opinions of four prominent judges, who in opening the assizes made favorable comments on this happy condition of affairs. Before the King's County Assizes at Tullamore, Lord Chief Justice Campbell said that he was in a situation to congratulate the Grand Jury most sincerely on the peace and prosperity of the county. Not only was there no increase of any kind in serious crime, but the records of intemperance showed a very substantial decrease. In cases of the smaller or more insignificant breaches of the law, the figures had fallen from 1,975 in the previous year, to 1,647 this year. Addressing the Grand Jury at Wicklow Assizes, Lord Chief Justice Ronan said that there were only three bills to go before them. The county inspector had authorized him to say that the state of the county was quite peaceful and satisfactory. The specifically reported cases were only four, a remarkable decrease from last year when they were ten. Judge Ross, opening the Meath Assizes at Trim, paid substantially the same tribute to the county, and Judge Gibson, at the Westmeath Assizes, passed a similar verdict. This general verdict of the judges at the various Assizes, all testifying to the law-abiding qualities of the people and the practical freedom from the grosser forms of crime is one of the most telling tributes to their sterling virtue and an official refutation of the charge of reckless violation of the law so often brought against them.—America.

FRENCH COLORED TROOPS MAKE ACT OF CONSECRATION

C. P. A. Service

Paris, Aug. 9.—Two very touching incidents have recently taken place in France in connection with her colonial colored troops. The first was the consecration on Sunday last at the Church of Notre Dame de Tables, Montpelier, of a number of Catholic Tonkinois, Annamites, Cambodians and other natives who offered themselves to the Sacred Heart. The ceremony was performed by Pere Arvieu of the Foreign missions, their chaplain, who speaks all their dialects and has spent twenty years of missionary life amongst them.

The second incident is a very simple but affecting one. A little tirailleur of Madagascar, a young Kronte, stopped one pouring wet day in the ruined streets of Rheims last week. He was bitterly cold, elbowed by soldiers of all kinds, and he felt suddenly lost and very far away from his sunny home. Then he saw some soldiers following a lady in black into the side door of a church. He was a Catholic and here was a refuge. He found an altar in a side chapel with many soldiers kneeling before it. It had been saved and erected there out of the way of falling shells. The lady led the way afterwards into the ruined nave of Rheims cathedral and the little black soldier followed. He beheld such a church as he had never dreamed of. Even the cathedral of Anatananarivo was dwarfed, but the glorious pillars were shattered, the great windows were gaping, the wonderful carvings were defaced, the roof had fallen in. The little soldier wept, and then he fell to thinking. Going up to the lady in black, he offered her a twenty-sous piece, his savings, and summoning his best French he said simply, pointing to the ruin around them: “To mend it!” He felt that if all the soldiers he had seen and all the men and women of France also offered the little that they had, perhaps all this beauty might yet be restored.

AFTER THE WAR

The fact that “the speedy adjustment of industrial conditions after the War,” the August intention for the League of the Sacred Heart, has been blessed and approved by the Holy Father should bring at least a little comfort to the hearts of his numberless spiritual children. Whether Pope Benedict, from his watch-tower on the Vatican Hill, sees signs indicating that peace will soon be restored to the world, we do not know. It is clear, however, that he is eager to enlist the prayerful assistance of the Faithful in securing for the warring nations the light and strength to solve wisely and quickly the knotty problems they must all face when the War is over.

Once peace is made, the causes that have made capital and labor bitter enemies in the past will by no means disappear. But the heavy burden of taxation that must be borne by both while industry and commerce are being reorganized, is likely to be the source of graver difficulties still. Workingmen nevertheless will be entitled then, as now, to wages that will enable them to maintain a family in decency and comfort, and laborers must not be exploited by grasping capitalists. A workman's health or morals should not be imperiled by the conditions under which he is forced to labor, and on the other hand the demands of employees should not make it impossible for their employers to compete successfully with other

tradesmen or manufacturers. Moreover, as fierce commercial rivalry had much to do, no doubt, with the outbreak of the present War, if the coming peace is to be lasting, the policy of nations, like that of individuals, must be governed by justice and equity.

However, harmonious relations between capital and labor, and lasting peace among nations cannot be preserved by legislation alone. Therefore the Leaguers are asked to pray for an increase of the spirit of Christian charity between employers and employed and among commercial competitors. Only in this way can “a speedy adjustment of industrial conditions after the War,” be brought to pass, and as God's bestowal of that grace will most probably depend on the fervor of the Leaguers' prayers during this month, all who have heard the return of peace without delay, and the establishment of desirable conditions in the industrial world, will cry to Heaven with faith, confidence and perseverance.—America.

CANNOT DAWN TOO SOON

The New Jersey Monitor expresses a conviction which all Catholics hope to see realized. It says: “The day is fast approaching when abuse and calumny as a vehicle of religious controversy will entirely disappear. They always offend and never convince. They alienate all fair-minded men from any cause which sinned to use them. It is unfortunate that in almost every community there remains still a small moiety of the people who are willing to excite and encourage bigotry by gross attack and calumnies on the Catholic Church. These are the moving spirits in bringing ex-priests and professional anti-Catholic lecturers into a town to embitter and disturb the people. More unfortunate still is it that much of this foul business is done under the guise of patriotism. But a better day is dawning. The American people have a growing contempt for those who indulge in these calumnies and panders to ignoble prejudices. Religion needs no such aids and the cause which has recourse to them is already lost.”

DANGEROUS VACATION FRIENDSHIPS

He who runs may read these days the awful tragedies that so frequently result from hasty friendships, says the Boston Pilot. Time and again one has to ask the question, when a particularly notorious case is brought before the public, why will a young woman marry a man about whom she knows practically nothing? For all she knows, he may have deceived other women, may have left a wife and family in some other part of the country, may be the meanest kind of criminal, yet she puts aside all such possibilities, marries him and the result is often unhappiness. In turn he deserts her, and the whole miserable romance ends in sorrow and distress.

A prudent girl will beware of strange men. The fact that a man's manners are very nice, that he is well dressed, that he is gallant, that he has all the qualities of the hero of romance will not lead a sensible girl to put her trust in him. She knows enough of the world, her innate modesty is warning enough, to be suspicious of the stranger.

A girl at home is very careful of her associates. If she values her good name she is not seen in the company of men that are suspect. She would be insulted if she were approached on the street going to her work. She surrounds herself with every possible protection. She would not trust herself to the company of a chance stranger. There is but one course for a girl to pursue; that is to be as careful in the picking up of friends on her vacation as she is at home.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichow, China, Nov. 26, 1916

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD.

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

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

Previously acknowledged... \$11,447 25

A. E. R.	1 00
J. F. Copeland, Toronto	5 00
Ben J. Grover, Canso.	1 00
In memory of Michael, P. E. I.	2 00
M. G., Halifax	10 00
Minnie McCart.	1 00
C. A. L.	2 00
Mrs. C. Mulhern, Alexan.	2 00
Thanksgiving in honor of St. Anthony, Halifax	1 00

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

Rev. F. P. Hickey, O. S. B. THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

A TYPE OF OURSELVES There is no one found to return and give glory to God, but this stranger. (Luke xvii. 1b.)

We cannot afford, my dear brethren, to pass by the Gospel read today. It is a picture in which we shall find ourselves. Which likeness is ours? That is just the question.

At the entrance of a certain town ten men, who were lepers, lifted up their voice, saying: "Jesus, Master, have mercy on us." Whom when He saw He said: "Go, show yourselves to the priests."

My dear brethren, repeatedly in the Scripture leprosy is spoken of as the type of sin. So we must not be offended, when we are told that these ten lepers represent ourselves, for we are all sinners.

But what happened when they were made clean, that so hurt the Sacred Heart of our Lord that He complained? He freely cured them at a word. Yes, God's grace is given freely; the only price is thanks.

If ingratitude were not a common sin, this miracle would not have happened so. We must not say nine ungrateful out of ten, that were cured, is out of all proportion. If it were not true, our Blessed Lord would not have drawn notice to it in so marked a manner.

Are we clasped by God amongst the nine, or, happily, are we pictured by the grateful one?

Let us test ourselves and see. Many pray a good deal, but is not the asking, begging, petitioning out of all proportion to the thanksgiving? "In everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your petitions be made known to God."

And another way we can test our spirit of thankfulness is this: is our gratitude as fervent after confession and absolution, as our anxiety was keen before? There is an old saying: "Eaten bread is soon forgotten."

The practice of being thankful has a good effect on our own heart. Selfishness naturally makes us hard. Gratitude takes us out of self, by referring the good we have received to the kindness of another.

Such a heart receives and imbibes fresh graces from God. The graces do not run like thunder-rain from parched ground; they sink in, and make it more and more fertile in piety and goodness.

But the wonderful power of gratitude is over God. Yes, over the Almighty. Why, from the very first, did God demand sacrifices and holocausts to be offered Him? To make men thank Him. To show their homage, their dependence on Him,—that all was His. And the Scriptures tell us how He delighted in sacrifices—Abel's, Melchisedek's, Abraham's, when he was ready, at God's word, to sacrifice his only son.

Being grateful makes our own hearts happy; pleases God, and causes Him to shower down His choicest blessings on our soul. We have not been sufficiently grateful

in the past; be humble, and afraid that we have actually been ungrateful. Nine out of ten never thanked the good Saviour for their cure. The only price for fresh blessings is thankfulness and gratitude for past ones. After every blessing "return and give glory to God."

TEMPERANCE

WHAT A GLASS OF WHISKY DOES TO YOU

What are the facts regarding the action of alcohol? Precisely how does the normal individual react to a glass of whisky? What does it do to his blood, his digestion, his circulation, his nervous system, his mental efficiency, and his physical endurance?

We must look to science for the answer. Statistics cannot be relied upon in reaching any conclusions in this matter, because industrial, social and hygienic data are all more or less warped and twisted in the gathering, owing to the prejudices and preconceived ideas of the persons who make these compilations.

Alcohol never acts as a true stimulant to the brain, the spinal cord, or the nerves. On the contrary, its dominant influence is depressant. The increased activity of thought and speech after its use is not due to stimulation, but to depression of the inhibitory nervous apparatus.

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Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy.—Emerson.

SAINT LOUIS

FEAST, AUGUST 25 Sir James Stephen, in his "Lectures on the History of France"

In that long succession of eulogists on the Royal Saint, none have been more enthusiastic than Voltaire. Yet it was impossible, even to their subtle intellects, as it had been difficult to many students in a far nobler school than theirs, to trace the movements of that benign Providence which planted and brought to a prolific maturity in the mind of Louis, as in a genial soil, the seeds of an habitual holiness, and of a wisdom which was at once elevated and profound.

The more distinctly will it, I think, appear, that his natural dispositions received from the associates and teachers of his youth the training which rendered them fruitful of so many virtues. Exquisitely alive to every domestic affection—often oppressed with a constitutional melancholy, which laid bare to him the illusions of life, yet occasionally animated with a constitutional gaiety which enabled him for a while to cherish and play with those illusions—enamored of the beautiful, and revering the sublime—his temper though thus sympathetic, pensive, and imaginative, was allied to it in no common alliance to a courage which rose and exulted in the presence of danger, and to a fortitude which was unshaken in the lowest depths of calamity.

His mother, Blanche of Castile, watched over the royal boy (for he had not completed his thirteenth year when he ascended the throne of France) with all a mother's tenderness, united to a discipline more inflexible, and perhaps more stern, than most fathers have courage to exercise. In Isabella of France, his sister who had preferred the cloister to the imperial crown, he had another kinswoman who bestowed on him all the thoughts, the time, and the affection which she ventured to divert from the object of her almost ceaseless worship. In his eighteenth year he married Marguerite of Provence, who after having been the idol of the Troubadours of her native land, herself became almost an idolater of him, cleaving to him with the same constancy of love in their quiet home at Poissy, and amid his disasters at Massourah and Damietta.

But the sagacity of Blanche foresaw that these filial, fraternal and conjugal affections might evaporate even while they purified the spirit of her son, and she therefore selected for his tutor a man possessing, as she judged, the qualifications best adapted to counteract that danger. His name was Pacifico. He was an Italian gentleman, who, having been one of the first followers of St. Francis of Assisi, was animated by the profound and fervent devotion which characterized his master. He instructed his pupil in ancient and in more recent history, caused him to ride boldly in the chase, and required him to cultivate every martial exercise and courtly grace which was then regarded as indispensable in a gentleman and a cavalier. Nor did the lowliness of the Franciscan institute prevent the friar from instilling into the soul of Louis the loftiest conceptions of his own royal dignity.

Other and far different associates contributed to form the character of the pupil of Pacifico. In the halls of the Louvre, then a fortress rather than a palace, veteran captains described to him the battles which they had fought with Saladin, and the victories which had expelled the English from Normandy. Beneath the same royal roof, grey-headed counsellors of Philippe Auguste explained to him the methods by which that prince had enlarged the domains and powers of the kings of France; and there, also, civic bailiffs and provincial seneschals interpreted to their young sovereign the motives which had induced his ancestors to increase the number and to extend the franchises of the communes. Thus imbibing from aged men the hereditary maxims of his house, he learned to adopt them as the laws by which his future reign was to be directed.

But the yet higher laws by which his own personal conduct was to be governed, seem to have been derived from a far more eminent teacher than any of these. St. Thomas Aquinas who had migrated from his native Italy into Northern France, was passing there a life which may be said to have been one of deep and unintermitted meditation; for the results of which he found utterance sometimes in acts of public or solitary worship and at other times in interpreting to mankind the mysteries and the duties of their relations to the Deity and to each other. To the inquiry of Bonaventura as to the sources of his stupendous learning, he answered by pointing to the crucifix which stood upon his table; and, when seated at the table of the king, or introduced into his closet, he still directed to the same inexhaustible fountain of divine and human wisdom. From his intercourse with St. Thomas, Louis seems to have acquired his acquaintance with that science which the devout Pacifico could not have taught—the sacred science of Christian morality, in all the amplitude and in all the minuteness of its application to the offices of a legislator and a king.

St. Louis occupies in History a place apart from that of all the other

moral heroes of our race. It is his peculiar praise to have combined in his own person the virtues which are apparently the most incompatible with each other, and with the state and trials of a king. Seated on the noblest of the thrones of Europe, and justly jealous of his high prerogatives, he was as meek and gentle as if he had been undistinguished from the masses of his brethren of mankind. Endowed from his boyhood, by the lavish bounties of nature, with rank, wealth, power, health, and personal beauty he was as compassionate as if sorrow had been his daily companion from his youth. An enthusiast in music, architecture, and polite learning, he applied himself to all the details of public business with the assiduity of one who had no other means of subsistence. Surpassed by no monarch in modern Europe in the munificence of his bounties or in the splendor of his public works, those purest and most sumptuous of the luxuries of royalty were in no single instance detracted from the tributes levied from his people. Passionately attached to his kindred, he never enriched or exalted them at the public expense. The heir of conquests and territorial acquisitions of which the responsibility rested with his grandfather, the inestimable advantages with himself, he restored to his rivals and his adversaries every def and province which upon the strictest scrutiny by the most impartial umpires, appeared to have been added to the royal domain by unjust or even by unquestionable means.

What, then, was the basis of this sacred harmony in the character of Louis? I answer, or rather every page of his history answers, that it flowed from his constant devotion to that holy canon, and to that divine model in which every utterance and every action are harmonious. His eye was continually turned to that eternal fountain of light with all the docility of childhood. He had early attained to that maturity of moral stature in which the abdication of self-will to the supreme will becomes at once a habit and a delight. In the service of his Creator he found and enjoyed a perfect freedom. It was a service often rendered in pain, but ever rendered with a heart full of cheerfulness and confidence and hope.—Sunday Visitor.

From the Pontiff who is seated on Peter's throne, first to the child who makes his first Act of Faith, the belief is one and identical. That oneness of faith is a fact, forcing itself on the world's notice, and influencing the lives of its people.—Father Gwynn, S. J.

Minimize the Fire Peril BY USING EDDY'S Chemically Extinguishing "Silent 500s" THE MATCHES WITH "NO AFTERGLOW" EDDY is the only Canadian maker of these Matches, every stick of which has been treated with a chemical solution which positively ensures the match becoming dead wood once it has been lighted and blown out.

Look for the words "Chemically self-extinguishing" on the box.

Paintful Swollen Veins Quickly Relieved and Reduced Mrs. R. M. Remier, of Federal, Kansas, writes an interesting account of her success in reducing a severe case of enlarged veins that should be encouraging to others similarly afflicted. She suffered with badly swollen and inflamed veins (in fact one had broken), for more than seven years before she became acquainted with Absorbine, Jr., and used it. Absorbine, Jr., was faithfully applied for several weeks and, to quote from her letter, "The large knots in the veins left, it was all nicely healed, and has not bothered me since."

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CHURCH HISTORY

THE JUSTICE OF GOD CLEARLY SEEN IN CHURCH HISTORY By Rev. H. C. Hengell, Madison, Wis. A heart cold and indifferent to religion is often due to a head devoid of elementary religious knowledge. In such a case the remedy is to cultivate an interest in the acquisition of religious knowledge. Not to be interested in religious, although sincerely alert in other matters, indicates a narrow, one-sided mental development. Many university students are notoriously narrow minded because they neglect to cultivate an interest in anything except in their pleasures and the few studies that enable them to get a degree. Most Americans of our day seem to be very narrow minded. They pursue business and pleasure and practical worldly knowledge with eager restlessness but very few of them penetrate beyond that to the absorbingly interesting subject of religion. Some of them even imagine that the religious question is settled and exhausted by talk about progress and humanity and Service with a big S.

There are several ways by which a Catholic can arouse his interest in the acquisition of religious knowledge. A good beginning can be made by reading and studying the history of the Church.

History has the advantage of dealing with the concrete. Its disadvantage is that it must be incomplete. History cannot present all the facts dealing with a single country during fifty years. The writer of history must select his facts and disregard what he considers irrelevant. In selecting and rejecting facts, the historian applies some rule or some criterion of his own selection. That is why all books on history are more or less partial. They cannot help it. There is no such thing as a complete and impartial presentation of history. A man has some kind of a theory by which he selects or rejects facts. He selects what fits in with his theory and rejects what does not. Sometimes he leaves the realm of facts entirely, in order to bolster up his theory which is only another word for prejudice. For example, those who want to bolster up a materialistic theory of history or sociology include mere guesses as to prehistoric man. Facts about prehistoric man they have none. We know nothing about so-called prehistoric man for the simple reason that he is prehistoric.

Yet in spite of its disadvantages history gives a broad Catholic training to those who pursue its study as thoroughly as they can. Just as the study of American history tends to make us better patriots, so the study of Church history tends to make us better Catholics.

Church history deserves our warmest interest because it reveals so clearly the wisdom of Our Lord in guiding His Church. Even persecution and the conduct of the occasional judges in the higher ranks of the clergy show how powerless they were to ruin the work of Christ.

Church history shows forth the justice of Our Lord. His mills grind slowly sometimes, but they grind

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thoroughly too. In the end the good and faithful are rewarded and the wicked, both men and nations perish. The nations of the world are undergoing punishment most severe, just now, perhaps because they have offended grievously against the Church of God. Church history shows, too, how faithfully our Lord keeps His promise to be with His Church always. The gates of hell do not prevail against her. Indeed the Church is Our Lord's Bride, our spiritual mother and her history so glorious should be of the greatest interest to us.—Our Sunday Visitor.

From the Pontiff who is seated on Peter's throne, first to the child who makes his first Act of Faith, the belief is one and identical. That oneness of faith is a fact, forcing itself on the world's notice, and influencing the lives of its people.—Father Gwynn, S. J.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

GOOD WORK OR NONE

It is a rule that a workman must follow his employer's orders, but no one has a right to make him do work that is discreditable to himself.

He had occasion to send to the village after a carpenter, and a sturdy young fellow appeared with his tools.

"I want this fence mended to keep out the cattle. There are some unplanned boards—use them. It is out of sight of the house, so you need not take time to make a neat job. I will pay you only \$1.50."

The judge went to dinner, and, coming out, found the man carefully planning each board. Supposing that he was trying to make a costly job of it, the judge ordered him to nail them on at once, just as they were, and continued his walk.

"I told you this fence was to be covered up with vines," he said angrily; "I do not care how it looks."

"I do," said the carpenter, gruffly, carefully measuring his work. When it was completed there was no part of the fence so thorough in finish.

"How much do you charge?" asked the judge. "A dollar and a half," said the man, shouldering his tools.

"The judge started. 'Why did you spend all that work on that job, if not for money?' 'For the job, sir.' 'Nobody would have seen the poor work on it.'

"But I should have known it was there. No; I'll take only \$1.50." And he took it and went away.

Ten years afterward the judge had the contract to give for the building of several magnificent buildings. There were many applications among the master-builders, but the face of one caught his eye.

resigned to the will of Divine Providence, if we accept our sufferings in explanation for our sins, in union with the sufferings of Christ, if we live in the light of eternity knowing that we are here only for a short time and that our home is to be in the bliss of Heaven, every day will bring us sunshine, every day will bring us good cheer, every day will find us happy.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE CHILD ON FIRST COMMUNION DAY

The Little Infant Jesus Came down to earth one day, To find a sweet and pretty place A little while to stay.

And so, He saw your heart, my child, And found a garden there, Where rosebuds near a lily grew, And daisies white and fair.

It was so pure and spotless, dear, The Babe was pleased to stay, He loves you much, but most of all, On First Communion Day.

Jesus will come again, my child, So keep the flowers bright, To be with children, good and true, Is His one great delight.

He will tell His Holy Mother Of the little girl He met, And she will be your Mother, too, She'll not this day forget.

Your gentle Guardian Angel Who has watched each step you trod, Is very happy on this day, Dear little child of God!

Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament

BOUND TO FIGURE IT OUT

A school inspector, who was examining a class of boys in arithmetic, set the following question: "If a cat fell into a bottomless pit, and climbed up two feet for every three it fell, how long would it take to get out?"

This proved a regular puzzler to the lads, but one little fellow went at the problem with a will, and covered both sides of his slate with calculations.

"Here!" exclaimed the inspector, as he noticed him hard at work. "Stop doing that. Haven't you the sense to see that the cat couldn't possibly get out?"

"Oh, yes, he could, sir," replied the boy, brightly. "If you'll only give me time, I'll bring him out at Australia."

THE BIRTHDAY

"Whose birthday are you talking about?" said Jimmy Black as he entered the room where his brothers and sisters were talking.

"Did you hear us?" said Mollie. "I did not know we were speaking so loud. We were talking about grandmother's birthday. Come here and tell us what you think would be a good way to celebrate grandmother's birthday."

"Well," seating himself by Mollie, "let's have a big dinner—a turkey dinner."

"You greedy boy," said one of his sisters. "You know very well you are thinking more of what would please you than of how best to please grandmother," said Sarah, the oldest of the children.

"It is difficult to decide on what would please our dear grandmother. You know her home for many years, or before she came to live with us, was about ten miles from here. We cannot invite her friends to come ten or eleven miles, to see her, so we must do something to please her; we must do it all ourselves."

were only five of grandmother's old friends alive. Invitations were sent to them and James's mother assured them her son would take good care of them. She advised them to wear warm wraps so that they would not be cold, even if the day was chilly.

James seemed as happy as his mother when he started out for the visitors. Grandmother was delighted when the morning of her birthday came, for the girls insisted that she must dress up, and that they would decorate the rooms with flowers.

You ought to have seen grandmother's face when the company arrived. "Why! What does this mean? How did you girls all get here?"

James laughed, and aside to his sisters: "They are young, giddy girls."

But such a happy time as the dear old woman had! They called each other by their first names and talked about when they were children. The dinner and decorations were fine, but an automobile ride, with a young man to wait upon them, would never be forgotten.

The whole family were happy to see dear grandmother enjoying herself like a child.—B. E. B. in Sunday Companion.

ARCHBISHOP GLENNON

ON MEANING OF INDULGENCES

Titus Oates, the notorious criminal who brend away the lives of so many innocent men during the reign of Charles II. of England, furnishes us with a very apt type of a class which since his day has played a prominent role as enemies of the Catholic Church. He understood for instance that the England of his day, especially among the ignorant and designing entertained the bitterest hostility against the Church. They were prepared to believe anything, no matter how far fetched it was, provided it made against the lives and properties of their Catholic fellow-citizens.

Then what especially appealed to these prejudices was the testimony of those who claimed to have been once "Papists," but having seen the light, had abjured their and were now prepared to give testimony concerning the system they left behind.

Titus Oates was a Protestant minister who was received into the Catholic Church and spent long enough in the Catholic colleges on the Continent to become acquainted with a few prominent Catholic names and a little Catholic theology, when he was expelled. Now comes his opportunity of making money. He will go back to England and promote the infamous plot that brought him money and notoriety; but that money was blood money and that notoriety is that which came from ingenuis and persistent and successful lying.

Among other things he charged was that the Pope had given a decree condemning his Majesty, King of England, and ordering his assassination; and they who would accomplish this deed were to gain special indulgence.

It is now two centuries and a half since Titus Oates started his conspiracy, and even before the trials of the Catholics were over, no sane man in England believed his story, so that even before his death he was thoroughly discredited; yet, there are, after all these years, people who believe that some of his charges were true—that the Pope may order a crime committed and that the Church is constantly granting indulgences, which they explain to be a license to commit sin.

Let me say again, as has been said a hundred thousand times, that an indulgence is not a license to commit sin. Let me say that the Church has never proclaimed such a doctrine. Let me say, furthermore, that it has not power to do so. Not even has it no power; but the Omnipotent God cannot grant a license to commit sin.

Every Catholic knows that, and knows that a church that would dare to promulgate or practice such a doctrine would be in the act not a church of God, but of the devil. When I make these statements, I state nothing new; for they are the statements of all the councils, of all the decrees, of all the teachers of the Church.

You may ask why, then, an idea to the contrary endures—why it is that so many people who are otherwise sane and intelligent and versed, too, to a certain extent, in history, retain the impression that the so-called "indulgences" proclaimed by the Catholic Church are in fact but so many concessions made unto the commission of crime. It suggests itself to me as a possible, though not a sufficient explanation, the current meaning that the word "indulgences" has among English-speaking peoples. We speak, for instance, of indulging a child, meaning that we give the child leeway, because it is a child; that we overlook and tolerate the violation of law, ethics, the doing of petty wrong even. We call the parents of such a child "indulgent" parents. Again, with the older people we refer to such and such a one as indulging in the worst passions. So that the idea of indulgence in the popular mind is somehow associated with sin and its toleration. Now Catholic terminology does not always follow modern meanings. It has been formed long ago; and the meaning of its terms do not change with the changing years. The original meaning of the Latin word "indulgentia," whence our word "indulgence," is simply to be kind; and consequent-

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ly an indulgence was a kindness or favor. Gradually it was applied to the remission of a debt. Later, still, to mean a release from slavery. In our theology it is meant to signify primarily the kindness and mercy of God, and in a special and technical sense, indulgence is defined as the remission of the temporal punishment due to sin after sin is forgiven in the Sacrament of Penance. So you will see, first, an indulgence has to do with the past and not with the future; that it is not a license for a future act, but a condonation of a punishment due after the sin already committed is forgiven; and that consequently the one guilty of it is truly repentant.

Catholic theology holds that mortal sin has in its sequence a two-fold punishment: one, the eternal, and the other, a temporal punishment. The eternal punishment of sin is remitted in those truly repentant through the Sacrament of Penance. There yet remains the temporal punishment, which in the early ages of the Church was represented by "public penances," and it is this temporal punishment that is affected and remitted by what we call an indulgence.

I will admit that sometimes our pious writers and also pious magazines confuse in the public mind by their loose diction the correct idea of an indulgence. I can admit furthermore that the proclamation of indulgences and so-called "sale" amounted many times in the Church's history to abuse; and the abuses thereof were but slowly remedied; but never was the abhorrent teaching proclaimed, and never would the Catholic mind accept the monstrous teaching that an indulgence was a license to commit sin.

To fully understand this question it would be necessary to realize that in the Church of which the Blessed Saviour is the head, there are great treasures of grace and love and mercy, and that these treasures are for those who in contrite and humble heart seek them; that while the Church hates sin and condemns the sinner, yet, as with the prodigal son returning, there are the mercies of the Lord for the returning sinner, and there is joy among the elect. The indulgence is granted to such, and to such only, for an absolute condition to the gaining of any indulgence is to be free from mortal sin. For those, then, who, truly repentant seek God's mercy, which comes more abundantly than the rain in the April time, the after-damages to the soul which remain even after the sins are forgiven, are removed by the grace of the indulgence. It is another phrasing of application for the superabundant merits of Christ and His saints.

There be those who think that Catholic theology is cold and merciless; that it demands too much and that consequently it must fail; that it forgets it deals with humanity that is amenable to love rather than to law. When viewed, however, in all its phases, it will be found that that law is inexorable regarding sin and the commission thereof; but that it also has the mercy of the Sacred Heart of Christ and its infinite love

to extend to the sinner who returns and repents. Hence, while the Church's door swings open for the sinner who returns, it is a mandate to go forth and sin no more. A forgiveness for the past there is through the Sacrament of Penance; and a remission of its temporal punishment through what we call an indulgence; but a license to commit sin in the future, that would be itself not a law, but a crime.

MARY—THE SWEETEST OF ALL FEMALE NAMES

Mary, the sweetest of female names may not inappropriately stand at the head of our list. It is from the Hebrew and signifies exalted. Its French form is Marie. It is, we hardly need say, a famous name in both sacred and profane history. In all ages, from the time of Mary, the Mother of Jesus, to that of Mary, the mother of Washington, the name has literally been exalted. It has been linked with titles and power—with crowns and with coronets, and adorned by goodness and beauty. Mary has ever been a favorite name with the poets. Byron, as he assures us, felt an absolute passion for it. It is woven with some of his sweetest verses. The peasant poet, Burns, seems to have been as much attached to it as the author of Childe Harold. It is still the theme of bards and bardings unnumbered. We might fill a column or two here with songs, sonnets and ballads, in the melody of whose verse the soft musical syllables are those which form the charming name of Mary. But where so much presents itself, we can quote nothing. We need quote nothing, for

"The very music of the name has gone into our being." Let the motto, or the toast if you will, be the single line of Bryan Walter Proctor: "Here's a health to thee, Mary."

Sarah is almost as common a name as Mary, but it lacks the prestige which its historical and poetical associations throw around the latter. It is also from the Hebrew; and signifies a princess. In poetry it takes the form of Sally, or Sallie, and is found in many a love song and ballad. Sally is sometimes contracted to Sal, which is neither poetical nor euphonious.

"Laughing, prattling sporting Sallie Now tell what shall be The tint of sky, sun lit or starry, To which I'll liken thee? The softest shades of heaven's blue Those lustrous eyes seem melting through."

SHELVE HIM

Such is the advice which the Catholic Union and Times gives in these words: "When the only qualification a man has for public office is that he is a 'slick politician,' the better plan is to put the aforesaid slick one on the shelf."

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