

The Catholic Record

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

VOLUME XXXVII.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27 1917

1947

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1917

RETROSPECT

War has shorn us of many things, but even war could not quite curtail the sky or blot out the exultation with which we have followed the progress of our brave brothers and sons in their battle for the great things of the world's life.

Often as the tide has reached its ordained limit and receded, we never fail to regard it with a wistful curiosity which holds in solution that wonder-sense which relates us to the unseen forces. In the affairs of men, as in the natural order, there is a recurring tidal change which opens or closes fresh opportunities of fruitful enterprise. "Taken at the flood," who knows the measure of the advance? Allowed to slip by unimproved, what "shallows and miseries" may not lie in wait for us in the uncharted future? So we have seen victory or defeat hinging upon a favorable moment when a mighty thrust or a strategic retirement held the secret which in after years men look back upon with gratitude or remorse. This terrible War has provided several crises over which the historian will ponder, perhaps vainly. Enough has been written and said already for the guidance of the common mind in review of the German rush towards Paris, of the Allied strategy on the Marne, of the manifest failures of the enemy's race for the Calais coast, and of his "unshakable" front amid the elaborate fortifications of Northern France. Let us transfer our thoughts to that strangely fascinating peninsula between the Aegean Sea and the Straits of the Dardanelles. Upon that tongue of hilly land, some fifty miles long, without railways, decent roads or landing places, covered with shrub and brushwood, sun-burnt and waterless, ridged with natural obstructions inland to match its almost inaccessible cliff defended scraps of rugged shore, an altogether wonderful struggle between Titanic forces took place last year. The fabled sieges of Troy on the opposite bank, watched by the pagan deities from high Olympus, pales into insignificance beside this terrific display of reckless heroism and almost miraculous achievement.

We follow breathlessly the story of that landing under a hail of shot and shell from well-concealed foes on the heights, remembering that every gun and case of ammunition, every ounce of food and pint of water, all the impediments of the troops had to be borne from Madros and put on shore from boats without the fixed mechanical accessories found in every civilized country. From April to the following January, when the remaining contingent left Cape Helles, the Gallipoli campaign lasted—with what varying results and partially-realized hopes, we now know. Only two things stand out clearly and indisputably—Turkish armies, mostly directed by German strategists, numbering at least four hundred thousand, were diverted from other fronts where their services would have been doubly valuable to the Central Empires. The other unquestionable fact, to which full justice will in time be done, is that no such adventure, involving such stupendous preparatory and auxiliary aids, has ever before been attempted, or is likely to be undertaken in future—the heroism, self-sacrifice and unflinching morale of our naval and military forces of every grade holding the gaze of the world and almost bewildering friends and foes alike by a lofty, unconquerable spirit under privations that we at a distance are wholly unable to visualize even in outline. Achi-Baba, Krithia, above all Anzac, will be names to conjure with for generations to come. How near we were to a perfect success only the leaders on both sides know. How the tide of Allied victory reached its highest mark, and why it turned, leaving only shoals with eddying currents, remains an open question. What are the Iliads and Odysseys of the ancients, the legendary deeds of Charlemagne and his knights, or even the Napoleonic

battles, compared with this unparalleled display of human character and resource in a unique effort to save civilization from ruin and shame?

LEST WE FORGET

Bacon's familiar phrase, "Knowledge is Power," is as applicable to human life today as it ever was. But we have enlarged the scope of the axiom. The "ample page" that was hidden in the days when Gray wrote his Elegy, from the labourer in the field and the city toiler in the factory, is now thrown open after a fashion; a cheap press brings to his hand and eye voluminous dissertations on matters of industrial, political and social import. Would that these were reasonably free from party spite and selfish opportunism! Alas, low motives often dictate spurious conclusions. The hunger for preeminence is found among all ranks. Profit as the key to control is a potent engine of mischief. The demagogue is as dangerous as the exploiter of the market and the funds. Indeed to fail and drag down many to financial ruin is sometimes less injurious to the common weal than to lead millions astray in a false quest for comfort and security.

Milton's Satan, in "Paradise Lost," tells his satellite truly enough that "to be weak is miserable, doing or suffering," but he omits the qualifying moral condition. Flabby sentimentality injures all who come under its influence. To be blind to the mingled weakness and misguided religiosity of Charles Stuart or of Louis the Sixteenth in the French revolutionary crisis; not to see that Cromwell inaugurated our modern constitutionalism, and that, after all, the Revolution logically followed the vicious and nerveless regime of the Bourbons, is to view the history of England and France in a false and confusing perspective.

THE TEST

Let us bring our own conduct to the true test. It is good to have and to nourish a strong will, which is by no means identical with a robust frame. It may be that we have inherited, or by some lucky business ventures acquired, the control of large interests, that the comfort and happiness of many is committed to our trust, that even the health and life of less privileged people hangs upon our words and acts. Alas for us and not only for them if we are hard and implacable, obstinate and short-sighted in our dealings with our fellows! Is it not significant that the hunger for power is unsatisfying in the case of the most typical of those whose ambition has borne them to the very heights of fortune? There is little need to cite familiar instances; the Caesars and Napoleons have not found crown and sceptre easy to wear and wield. The lords of finance, like Carnegie and Rhodes in our own time; potent administrators and successful writers of novels and plays—these and other winners of the badges and rewards of worldly greatness, who have climbed to eminence in older days, will not find power suffice for their deeper needs. Woe unto those who live and toil for it as the Open Sesame of greatness; it will play them false at the last! Prelate or poet, physician or counsellor, party-politician or labour leader, rulers or men on the land or the sea, all hold their office for larger ends than self can measure. It is this primal truth of life that we must all face, the alienable condition of the heart's peace. Love—not the brief intoxicating emotion that mostly passes for the divine passion—but a self-surrender to high ends that ennobles, exalts, purifies sense and soul; this alone brings mastery, opening vistas of attainment that are forever closed to self-seeking, covetous, overbearing men and women.

WILL KEEP "DRY" LAND DRY

The Supreme Court reached the most sweeping of all decisions sustaining prohibition laws, states a Washington despatch. On Jan. 8, the Court pronounced as constitutional the Webb-Kenyon law, prohibiting the shipping of liquor from "wet" to "dry" States. Further it upheld West Virginia's recent amendment to her law prohibiting importation in interstate commerce of liquor for personal use. The law was sus-

tained by a vote of seven to two. Chief Justice White announced the majority opinion. — Sacred Heart Review.

THE CENTRE OF UNITY

THE LONGING FOR UNITY AS EXPRESSED BY THACKERAY
C. B. OF C. V. in the New World

The desire for the unity of Christendom crops out among men of serious thought on many occasions. The longing for the renewal of the oneness of the Church which existed prior to the great revolt of the sixteenth century has particularly increased since the outbreak of the great European struggle. At the beginning of the War a number of religious periodicals published articles which reflected this feeling, which the nationalism and helplessness of the Protestant sects in the face of the conflict had served to increase. It was felt, as it has long been felt, that Protestantism has somehow failed of its supposed great purpose—that it has been a force for destruction rather than for construction, that the division which it created was far from desirable. It is particularly interesting to note this recognition of the error of the Protestant revolt and the desire to correct it on the eve of the four hundredth anniversary of the beginning of this revolt. For this year marks the commemoration of Luther's break with the Church, which has been marked for celebration among all Protestant peoples.

There are many men, long before the present, who have expressed this longing for unity with the See of Peter. In the most unexpected places it will be found set down. Who would look, for example, to "The Newcomes" of William Makepeace Thackeray for such a statement? Very few would expect to find it there. And yet there it is, in Chapter xxxv., of that novel, and it is put in the letter of Clive Newcome to Penderic. "There must be moments," the son of the lovable old colonel says, "in Rome especially, when every man of friendly heart, when every man of English and Protestant, must feel a pang at thinking that he and his countrymen are insulated from European Christendom. An ocean separates us. From one shore or the other one can see the neighbor cliffs on clear days, one must wish sometimes that there were no stormy gulf between us; and from Canterbury to Rome a pilgrim could pass, and not return beyond Dover. Of the beautiful parts of the great Mother Church I believe among us many people have no idea; we think of lazy friars, of pining cloistered virgins, of ignorant peasants worshipping wood and stone, bought and sold indulgences, absolutions, and the like commonplaces of Protestant satire! Lo! Yonder inscription, which blazes around the dome of the temple, so great and glorious it looks like heaven almost, and as if the words were written in stars, it proclaims to all the world, that this is Peter, and on this rock the Church shall be built, against which Hell shall not prevail.

"Under the bronze canopy his throne is lit with lights that have burned before it for ages. Round this stupendous chamber are ranged the grandees of his court. Full of not wonders ready to bear witness to their crowns? Isn't there a tribune appointed to try their claims; advocates to plead for and against; prelates and clergy and multitudes of faithful to back and believe them! Thus you shall kiss the hand of a priest today, who has given his to a friar whose bones are already beginning to work miracles, who has been the disciple of another whom the Church has just proclaimed a saint—hand in hand they hold their way to one another till the line is lost in heaven." Then he expresses a regret that he cannot believe these things—a regret which beneath his humor has a touch of sadness.

There is indeed something pitiful in all this. It shows the great evil which the Reformation created. Men who believe in Christ naturally feel a great desire to be united in the worship of Him. They do sincerely wish for the unity which the Master Himself loved so well and which He produced in the foundation of His Church, against which the gates of Hell shall not prevail. It is to be hoped that in this four hundredth year of the Reformation's inauguration a great movement will set in among men to bring about the reality of His fold once more. Catholics without exception should pray for this—and in addition endeavor in kindness whenever it is possible to impress this idea on their non-Catholic friends. This year gives them the occasion for such a message.

THE WEAK SPOT

The London (Eng.) Observer

Ireland is not the Achilles' heel of the Empire in the present struggle, but for all political purposes it is a diseased spot which cannot be allowed to fester while Government confesses itself impotent to attempt a remedy. From the new Administration, despite the unduly conventional Unionist element it contains, the country firmly expects healing statesmanship. We say this very earnestly, because every day proves more clearly that in the Irish question we are dealing not with a domestic issue which can be suitably adjourned without sensible detriment to our arms and profound moral prejudice to our cause, but with one of the most urgent of all war questions.

Serving at an age which might well exempt him from military toil and danger, but entitles him to address on terms of moral equality at the least any Minister on the Treasury Bench and any audience in the country, that gallant and lovable Irishman, Major Willie Redmond, made in the House of Commons the other night a speech which not only moved all hearts, but, still better, stirred many minds to fresh purpose. In that speech, as stannic and heartening in the common cause as could be made by any soldier of the Allies, he told how men of the Green and men of the Orange are fighting and dying together, pouring out blood of the same colour and showing the common courage of the land that bore them. Many an Orangeman and many a Nationalist who has fallen has had in mind as he earthily sight faded away a vision of home among the same villages, the same fields. It is tragic beyond telling that their people at home should be divided by the old political feuds and that while men of the Green and Orange fight with equal loyalty for a common cause at the front, their own country is rent asunder. If we reflect on this we shall perceive that there are few things sadder in the whole of history. In all the long and painful history of Ireland, the immense amount that has been done by practical measures during the last fifty years to mend ancient wrongs, here is now the iron that enters most sharply to the quick of the soul.

Yet, still, Ireland is perversely irritated by such minor things as the attempt to keep London on a technical plea the pictures that Sir Hugh Lane, by the testimony of his own sister, meant to go to Dublin. And still to take larger things all the good that Nationalist Irishmen do for the common cause is overlooked or little marked by the malign stupidity of common politicians, while every positive misdeed of the Sinn Feiners, every ebullition of hostility or sign of indifference shown by the perplexed and sullen part of the population is magnified and cried up as though there were nothing to be set against it.

This is a miserable situation which every politician worth his salt ought to resolve to improve, no matter what the difficulties. We have learned this week that in Australia Mr. Hughes proposed for conscription was just beaten by the casting-vote of the Irish Nationalist electors, though these at the beginning of the struggle were as enthusiastic as any. In the United States Irish feeling since the Sinn Fein troubles and the fiasco of the subsequent attempt at settlement, has poured a good deal of cold water into the wine of pro-Ally sentiment. The same adverse factor will work in other connections if nothing is done. We shall never get on the best terms the closest Commonwealth, and we shall never have the best relations between the two Great Powers of the English-speaking world, the Empire and the Republic, until we make a more respectable hand of our Irish affair, which we have bungled again and again by faults on all sides. When we say on all sides we except no party either in Great Britain or Ireland.

It will not be forgotten that Labour, in joining the National Ministry, expressed a special hope that the efforts for an Irish settlement shall be renewed. It is certain that those efforts must be renewed without hysterical haste, but without undue delay after the opening of the New Year, and in the far more serious mood than ever before. In view of such vital issues as we have stated, it is undoubtedly for Ulster Unionists to do a little more for the common cause, and not to have it said that they deal with these great matters from an immovably local standpoint. Sinn Fein feeling in its present form was mainly aroused by two things. The armistice of Ulster, springing inevitably in our view out of all the previous circumstances, was a challenge to Nationalist courage and pride and was bound to evoke its counterpart. Next, the dread of an Ireland, formally divided into two parts, with no guarantee for reunion, with a chance that partition might be more hopeless than in Poland, was a prospect chilling and killing the imaginative magic by which Home Rule might have

charmed the vast majority of ardent Nationalists to a loyalty like Major Redmond's.

Though we saw no way out but exclusion for the six Ulster counties, we insisted that without periodical joint-sessions between the Nationalist and Unionist bodies or their delegates, or without some equivalent or better scheme for asserting Irish national unity as proudly as that of England, Scotland, or Wales, no solution could ever be reached. The Prime Minister, with whom in his brief indisposition at this time the whole country has sympathized, has his hands full at the moment with pressing concerns. If his genius a little later can triumph over the Irish trouble nothing whatever will do more to make him the most powerful statesman this country has had for generations and few things could help him more to win the War.

ADMONITION OF AN ACTRESS

Theatre-goers of the past generation learned to associate with their idol, Mary Anderson, nothing save what was elevating, refreshing and noble. Those who knew her are not surprised, therefore, at the tenor of a message regarding the religious education necessary for our children, given out recently to her fellow-Catholics by the famed actress, now Madame de Navarro— which is quoted in the Ave Maria; "Let us teach our children to be intelligent and enthusiastic Catholics; not to be satisfied with once-a-week service, the mere wearing of a scapular, or being tepid members of some confraternity. Let us make them good, practical Catholics and citizens. Let us teach them, and have them taught, the dogma—a word very vexatious to our enemies—the sublime and everlasting beauty of the Church. Let their religion be a joy to them. Let it be the dearest thing on earth to them. Let us teach them that if they hold fast to the Church of Christ with one hand, they may with the other (to quote dear St. Francis of Sales) gather as many flowers by the wayside as they desire—flowers of arts and crafts—trades and sciences. They will be quite safe from the storms and troubles of life—if they have a firm grasp of that mighty, steady, guiding hand. Let us give them that most precious and lasting gift of lucid knowledge of Catholic truth; for 'ignorance is the curse of God; knowledge, the wing on which we fly to heaven.'"

THE OPTIMIST

Leibnitz affirmed that the present world in which we live is the best possible world that God could make. In doing so the great German philosopher imposed a limit to the powers of the Creator. Sound philosophy, the pessimist and the moderate, well-balanced optimist who rejects the exaggerated optimism of Leibnitz. The pessimist believes that this is the worst world which God could make, that everything in it is dark gloomy and doleful; that it is an abode of tears, of misery of individual, social and national misfortune. To such a man life is a tragedy closed with catastrophe and ruin. The optimist sees in this world the sorrows of mind, heart and soul which afflict humanity. The arrows of misfortune have riven his breast. A man, he feels all that a man can suffer, but he does not let the wound fester. He has a heavenly balm for the hurts and the bruises which no warrior can avoid in the battle of life. Even though unhorsed in the fray, he does not give up the fight, but, with hope in his heart and with hands again steadied for the onset, he once more faces the foe. Failures do not daunt him. The dangers and the perils of the combat do not hold him back. Optimist that he is, he does his best and leaves the rest to Heaven. There is always a silver and a golden lining to the clouds that roll over the field where he is struggling, and through the rift in the gathering storm, he sees the hand of God stretching out to crown him with victory. He is never beaten, for as the poet says, though he may not command success, he deserves it.

Men such as he do great things for God and for man. No great work in Church or State is accomplished without the trust, the hope, the dauntless energy, the buoyant spirit, the daring, the reckless but knightly courage of the optimist. The apostles were optimists. They sowed in tears and blood. They knew that in

God's own time the golden harvest would come. For three hundred years every Pontiff that sat on the throne of Peter was an optimist. Linus and Clement and Eleutherius and Urban knew that the catacombs would soon be changed into the basilica of the Lateran, and that the hated Cross would glitter above the Capitol. Columbus was an optimist. He knew in his heart that the magic voices which beckoned him to the West were not deceiving him, that out of the shadows of the sunset a new world would emerge to gladden his straining eyes. The Catholic Church ever teaches the noblest and the purest optimism, for she is ever sounding in our ears that martial call *Sursum corda*. "Lift up your hearts," to thrill our souls with a message of hope, of courage, of trust and love. The optimist takes a cheerful and bright view of life. If this be so the true Christian and Catholic is the genuine representative of the class. For him, life is God's best, and noblest gift. Its blessings and its sorrows come from a Father's hand. He spends it for His service and His glory. He cheerfully bears its load of suffering and care. He is not daunted by its misfortunes. He confidently and lovingly awaits its reward.—America.

BIG RETURNS FOR THIRTY-SEVEN CENTS

Referring to an experiment made by some people in Chicago who lived for two weeks on thirty-seven cents a day, Good Work observes: "They were trying to disprove the high cost of living accusations. A press comment on the item pictures them after the two weeks were up rushing to the nearest place for a two dollar meal. Thirty-seven cents a day! Why, if some of our poor missionaries were sure of that amount every day they would startle the world with results. They would buy children, build chapels, erect schools orphanages, hospitals. In a word, they would save thousands of souls."

THE CONVERSION OF CHINA

For the conversion of China thousands of Martyrs, European and native, have shed their blood; it is, therefore, sacred ground. According to some, the Apostle St. Thomas was the first to evangelize China. But, certainly in the thirteenth century, the Franciscan, John de Mont-Corvin went to China, and was appointed Archbishop of Peking by Pope Clement V. At the time of his death there were one hundred thousand Chinese Catholics.

Under the first seven of his successors, liberty of worship was enjoyed, and numerous schools flourished, especially in the north. The faith was probably carried to other sections by commercial travellers. About two hundred and fifty European Sisters also reached China during this period of growth.

Then came the inevitable persecutions, which swept away almost every trace of the earlier labors, and from that time to the present day, with intervals of peace, zealous men and women, among whom were thousands of natives, have been immolated on the altar of China.

To evangelize this land, hundreds of young men and women, with tremendous determination, have forced their way into a country which they knew held out to them only hardships, punishments of the most revolting nature and death. The announcement of a martyrdom would hardly reach the Foreign Mission Seminaries of Europe, when scores of hands were up, notifying superiors that others were willing to fill the ranks.

As a result of all these heroic endeavors, at a price of untold sacrifice and blood, the Catholic Church numbers to-day, among the Chinese-speaking people, almost one million adherents, including seven hundred Chinese Catholic priests. These figures seem large, but we must remember that China has a population more than five times that of the United States, and nearly one-fourth that of the world.—True Voice.

NEW NUNCIO TO REPUBLIC OF CHILI

POPE BENEDICT CONSECRAES MGR. NICOTRA TITULAR ARCHBISHOP OF HERACLEA

By Catholic Press Association Cable

Roma Jan. 11.—On Saturday, the feast of the Epiphany, Pope Benedict personally consecrated Mgr. Nicotra, the new Nuncio to the Republic of Chili, titular Archbishop of Heraclea. This was the Holy Father's first consecration. The ceremony, which took place in the Sistine Chapel, brought to mind the occasion on which he himself was consecrated there by the late Pope Pius X. after he was appointed Archbishop of Bologna in December, 1907. Senior Arzquez, the Chilean minister in Rome, presented to Archbishop Nicotra a magnificent pectoral cross on behalf of the government of his country.

CATHOLIC NOTES

St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, has given over 80 Bishops and more than 2,000 priests to the United States.

The Right Rev. Mgr. Arthur J. Teeling, D. D., rector of St. Mary's Church, Lynn, Mass., is to erect at his personal expense a splendid home for Catholic young women of that city.

On the occasion of her First Communion the little Princess Marie Jose of Belgium received a beautiful gift from the Holy Father. The gift was accompanied by an affectionate letter to King Albert.

Two hundred volunteer workers, under the supervision of their pastor, the Rev. Joseph B. Mueller, of St. Teresa's parish, Covadale, Ohio, built their new church in 21 working days, working in shifts of 50 men each day.

Miss Clara Hill, daughter of the late James J. Hill, who has taken a deep interest in the work in Minnesota for the relief of the Belgians, has received a letter and photograph from Cardinal Mercier. The Cardinal expressed his gratification at the work done, and sent his blessing to the promoters.

Cowlitz Prairie is the oldest Catholic mission in the present state of Washington. It had been established December 16, 1838, by Father Blanchet, later first Archbishop of Oregon City. Mass was said that day in the house of Simon Blamondon, a Canadian pioneer. In the following year Father Blanchet built a log chapel.

The new Code of Canon Law is completed. During twelve years it engaged the attention of a body of Cardinals and consultants, and the revision by a thousand Bishops and canonists. The Code will be contained in an octavo volume of five or six hundred pages. There is not a superfluous word in it. It sets forth in the briefest way possible the law of the Church.

An industrial school and farm for boys will shortly be established by the diocese of Toledo. The undertaking has been made possible by the gift of a Toledo woman, consisting of \$10,000 for the purchase of the land and \$25,000 for erection of buildings. All the useful trades will be taught in the school, which will be under the management of one of the brotherhood orders.

Right Rev. Frowin Conrad, founder and head of Conception (Benedictine) Abbey, Missouri, celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood Sunday Oct. 1st. The Abbot has been at Conception forty three years. He founded the monastery there which Pope Leo XIII. raised to an abbey in 1881, with Father Frowin the first Abbot.

The death occurred recently at the home of his brother in Portland, County Waterford, Ireland, of Very Rev. Dr. O'Heickey, formerly professor of Irish at Maynooth College. The deceased priest was one of the pioneers and most scholarly leaders of the Gaelic revival, and was a former vice-president of the Gaelic League.

Rev. Father Albert Armstrong, who was recently ordained, will be attached to St. Patrick's church, Ottawa, as second curate. He will assume his duties within a short time. Father Armstrong has been the recipient of numerous presents, among them a gold chalice from the Ottawa Council of the Knights of Columbus, of which he was a member.

Hannis Taylor, the great international lawyer and diplomat, who is a convert, has written a book called "Cicero"; a sketch of his life and works; a commentary on the Roman constitution and the Roman law. Bishop Shannon has written an appreciation in which he says: "I know of no work in recent times better calculated to give the cultured reader a full and exact view of the workings of the Roman law in its native home."

A project of interest to both Catholics and non-Catholics in California is the erection of a monument to the memory of Father Louis Jaume, one of the Franciscan Fathers who built the first Catholic Mission in San Diego, Cal. Father Jaume met his death at the hands of the Indians at the Mission in 1775, six years after it was established. The site chosen for the memorial is on the heights above the Old Mission, 20 feet above the water, and overlooks one of the most beautiful sections of California.

The diocese of Brooklyn has become famous for the vast number of men who take part in the periodic demonstrations of the Holy Name Society. Over fifty thousand men gave public evidence of their belief in the abolition of profanity and indecent language by marching through the streets of Brooklyn and other towns and villages on Long Island, on a recent Sunday afternoon, and then assembled in the 20 churches to listen to various noted clergymen speak on the significance of the demonstration.

THE WATERS OF CONTRADICTION

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE
Author of "Carna," "Borrowed from the Night"
CHAPTER VII

Lucy's experience at the boarding school fulfilled her predictions, with the single exception that she did not die. Of what she suffered, however, she said nothing, and neither teachers nor school-mates knew the anguish she daily endured.

But it wrought a complete change in her, and the child who had led the games of the district school, whose voice rang the clearest in its laughter and who had impressed her personality upon her associates, now became silent and retiring, and only entered into the pleasures of the recreation hour when commanded to do so by her teachers.

The academy was a young one and passing through its days of poverty and privation, in which the pupils had a share. The severest of these to Lucy, as time progressed, was the scarcity of readable books in the library. Of devotional books there were a plenty, and pious stories outnumbered the ones dealing with love and adventure.

If she could only have lived in those days, she mused, as she sat alone in the orchard, when the wan light of the brief spring day prevented her from following the record of the youthful period of our civilization. It was in that happy time, she mused, this gnarled tree against which she leaned her head might be the shade of a daisy, who, knowing her worshipful love, might deign to visit her; or a god or goddess might condescend to appear to her mortal eyes, and reward her devotion with the high gifts of which they were so lavish to their former favorites.

Suppose there were some truth in it, after all? she asked herself, with her blue eyes on the red sky. Suppose in that beautiful Grecian land, in that far-off golden time, these creatures, half human, half divine, lived their glad, free life, subject only to the higher gods? that they walked among men, unseen by them, ready to minister to their mortal brother's needs when mortal help was unavailing?

When did you get home?" he asked, and as his eyes were over the came beauty of the face, he found himself suddenly remembering the day he had knelt above her as she lay where the sorrel colt had thrown her. "Tuesday evening," she said, conscious of his eyes and a feeling of restiveness under them.

And this is Thursday, and I never heard a breath of it! But that is not surprising, considering

and as far as congenial companionship was concerned, she was no better at home than in the convent.

All things, however, and fortunately. The end of Lucy's school days sent her home with a gold medal hanging from her neck, and gladness in her heart. It was a gladness mixed with sorrow, not for the days she was leaving behind her, but because the sweetest portion of her life had been returned to her.

"Yoh's shorely grow'd to be a p'tty gal, Lil' Miss!" exclaimed the woman, the first to recover speech. Lucy blushed at the compliment, but turned it quickly aside by saying:

"Guess what I've brought you, all the way from the city, Aunt Jenny?" "Wat's dat yoh's axin' an' ole woman like me to do, Lil' Miss?" she exclaimed, eyeing the packages in Lucy's arms exultantly.

"That is what it is—a new dress!" cried Lucy, and she deposited a package on the old woman's lap. "Law, now, Lil' Miss how did yoh's p'cision I wanted a new dress mos' thing on earth?" she exclaimed, nervously untying the string.

"Why Aunt Jenny! she exclaimed, extricating herself from the smothering embrace. "If you say anything so gressome as that, I'll take it back right away. You are going to have it made up to wear while you are alive. And her's your present, Uncle Major," she said, opening a box and disclosing a high hat for which, long ago, she had heard him express a wish.

"Lil' Miss! Yoh's a congarur, shore!" he cried, delighted as a child. "Eva' sense de day I los' my stove-pipe hat, dat ole Marse give me, when we was runnin' 'way from de Morgan Mest. I've wanted anotha' wuss'n anything on earth. But I nevah 'spected to git it, tell I climbed de top uv Zion Hill."

"Did you expect to get it then?" asked Lucy, quietly bestowing a present upon the expectant General Joe Jerry, who was standing shyly at the door.

"Just a bucket of water, but that will wait. I want to see Uncle Major's hat—and Lil' Miss." The old negro did not move an inch out of his way, as she told him volubly he knew he could get all the water he wanted, without asking for it. He ignored her too evident desire for his departure, crossed the threshold and passing around her, said to the tall, white-robed girl:

"When did you get home?" he asked, and as his eyes were over the came beauty of the face, he found himself suddenly remembering the day he had knelt above her as she lay where the sorrel colt had thrown her.

the way I live, since grandmother died." "She teaches regularly now for Miss Cora in the little school-house. Do you remember when we used to do the teaching for her?"

"Yes," she said, and a little sigh caught at her heart. "They were good old times," said Arthur, from the height of his five-and-twenty years. "But we didn't know it."

"I did," said Lucy, decisively. "I was never so happy in all my life as at Stanton school." "Notwithstanding the fights?" he cried, and again his rich, full laughter filled her ears.

"They were the best part of it," she chimed, "especially when you were my opponent." "You hated me pretty well," he said, looking at her reminiscently.

"And you returned the sentiment quite thoroughly," she retorted. "It was what you expected and wanted, wasn't it?" he asked. "Expected it—perhaps," she said. "And wanted?" he urged.

"Does any one want to be hated?" she asked, turning her blue eyes wistfully upon him. "But you said the best part of it was the quarreling with me," he observed. "We don't quarrel with people unless we hate them, and—"

"Oh, sometimes we do!" she said, interrupting him. "He shook his head disbelievingly. "I cannot agree with you," he said. "I never quarreled with Milly in all my life."

Lucy's laugh that followed was tinged with bitterness. "That is because Milly would not quarrel with you—or any one," she explained. "She never even quarreled with her brother and sister. Where are they?"

"Oh, the sister married some one like herself, and the boy ran off. Her mother is in ill health and her father would have a hard time of it, if it were not for Milly. Miss Cora got the trustees to allow her a salary for teaching, and that helps him out."

It was different to reconcile the indifference of his voice and manner in speaking of Milly, with his admission of his regard for her, and Lucy felt puzzled. It seemed to her that Milly was exhibiting unusual bravery and devotion in giving up her life to the parents whom the other children had forsaken; but her thoughts were interrupted by reaching the little brook which ran around the foot of the hill.

"I missed my bridge this morning," she said, as they stopped. "Uncle Major made it for me long ago, so 'Lil' Miss wouldn't fall in an' git drowned."

the hay! Ah, but whose hay? whispered the little demon that is never far from the ear of the happy. If it had belonged to another than Milly's father, would he have made this sacrifice? And what had he said about the old house not being so lonely, because of Milly? And what could Milly do to drive away loneliness from the heart and home of Arthur Stanton? She could not play, nor sing to suit his fastidious taste, and never had she been known to say a witty or clever word at school.

For Lucy had yet to learn that the deepest comfort allowed a human heart is to rest in the silence of a love, great enough to ask nothing in return, strong enough to hold itself ready for every demand made upon its pressure is no longer needed, and pure enough not to see the wrong done it by its object. Such a love probably never has sufficed all the requirements of its object, but it is often the hand of God stretched out to it in the darkness. Often it goes disguised under the name of friendship, and when friendship is perfect, it must partake of the nature of this love. The instances of such a friendship are so rare, however, they have been immortalized; while such a love is an experience known to many. It was this love which, from the first, Milly had felt for Arthur.

When the unexpected death of his grandmother coming immediately after his entrance upon his work as a lawyer, had left him alone at a time when most he needed her companionship, it was to Milly, instead of his mother or other friends, he had turned. She could give him none of the things he had lost when his grandmother died. Her words of comfort would have irritated him, as her words of encouragement would have been meaningless. She simply offered him peace from the turmoil of life, and rest when labor was proving too severe. Through she never entered the house while he was there, he knew her hands were busy in his absence; for no servant would so look after his comfort. Her care, partaking largely of the maternal, made his loss less sharp, and the sense of her nearness took the edge from his loneliness.

He accepted it all unthinkingly. Had he ever stopped to ask why Milly should make herself all this to him, and been driven to accept its logical answer, Arthur Stanton would have abandoned the home of his fathers, rather than accept a service which he could not repay in kind. He was more considerate of his tenants than his neighbors were of theirs, but it was because they were deserving; he would have said had he been questioned on the matter. Besides this they had lived at his door for years, he had been a playmate to their children, and he had ever seen his grandmother acting the part of a friend to them in their various troubles. Hence the meaning of his presence in the hay-field that day, that had caused Lucy so much concern.

But when he went back to the field, the thought of Lucy Frazier went with him, nor did he entirely get away from it all that day. When the evening shadows sent him down the long valley to the Hall, she seemed to walk beside him; and, as he passed it, he paused at the place she had lain that long past Sunday afternoon.

"What a daring creature she was to ride the unbroken colt!" he thought, continuing his walk, a smile on his lips. "She is the same Lucy, only prettier. She will cut a wide swathe, with her beauty and education, and her father's wealth back of her. Well, every dog must have his day, but gentlemen! it's hard for the dogs, whose days are over!"

His head dropped somewhat, and with his eyes on the ground, he went on until the stone wall separating the field from the orchard was reached. Then he looked up and saw Milly standing before the log house, the red light falling on her slight figure, and kindling the dark brown hair. He sent her a pleasant greeting, and continued his slow walk to the Hall.

But that night, instead of his law studies, the many new novels and works of the poets recurred to his attention, and as he lingered with them, he wondered which one he would like, and would the vacation reading of their childhood ever be resumed.

With suspicious shrewdness Aunt Jenny noted that Arthur began to find a number of excuses for dropping in on her at unexpected times. She heaved a breath of relief when Lucy did not appear, and devoutly prayed that his frequent disappointments would cause him to abandon his visits, whose object she knew too well.

Adroitly he gained Lucy's promise to accompany him on a certain day to the garden patch which her father had given him in one of the corn-fields, to see the tomatoes which he was raising, and which he hoped would secure the premium at the county fair that fall. Then, under the cover of darkness, he sought the Hall, and on plea of needing some chewing tobacco gained admission to Arthur's study, and incidentally gave notice of the prospective excursion on the following morning. The cornfield joined the clear meadow, and though the hay was safe in the tall ricks, and pressing duties awaited him in town, Arthur found it necessary to be in that portion of his estate at that time. Seeing them, neighborliness demanded that he should join them, and share in her surprise and admiration over the product of the garden plot, claimed by Major, but brought to its present state of growth by the industrious Joe. The inspection was soon over, and Lucy declaring she must return home, found herself abandoned by Uncle Major, who was employed with the weeds in the ornamental bed.

"G'long, Lil' Miss!" he cried, waving his spare arm in response to her call. "I see jus' got to pull up dese weeds an' he'p my po' boy, now dat I see down hyah. Reckun young Marse kin see you through de f'el's an' keep de snakes off'n yoh lil' feet bettah'n de ole man!" and, as he watched Lucy turning petulantly away from him, and caught the smile on Arthur's face, he chuckled to himself and said:

"De ole woman'll be maddah'n a wet hen when she sees 'em a-comin' down de hill, but ole Majah knows what he's a-doin'."

Lucy attempted to persuade Arthur that she was not afraid of snakes and could find her way out of the field quite easily, but he persisted in his intention to accompany her as far as the log house at least. "But suppose I don't want you?" she fluffed, standing between the rows of Major's prize tomatoes, the well-remembered light of battle in her blue eyes.

"But you do want me!" he retorted, a different light showing for an instant in his eyes. "Oh! do I?" she returned, coldly. "Come on, then!" and she whirled around and headed for the path, but not until he had caught the sudden red that flamed into her cheeks.

Up the grassy path that led between the old rail fence and the waving phalanx of the corn she went with feet so swift he was put to it to keep within arm's length of her. Seeing his opportunity slipping his grasp, he called out: "O Lil' Miss look here!" "But you're behind me," she paused and looked back over her shoulder.

"The mulberries are ripe, and I haven't eaten one for ages!" he cried, pointing toward the wide branches of a tree overspreading the path. She glanced from the tree to the speaker, and the penitent look on his face mollified her. After all, suddenly spoke up conscience, he had only told the truth.

"Neither have I!" she said, going back a few paces and watching him as he reached up a strong, brown hand for the bough.

TO BE CONTINUED

My curiosity was aroused. What story lay behind those enigmatical words? "A typographical error"—for story of some sort I felt certain there must be. With true womanly curiosity and insistence, I learned the story, and I tell it here as I learned it from an old friend of the family.

The Merles of Merle Manor were a family as old as were the records of the county they lived in. Father and son, they had held the manor lands for close on eight hundred years. There had been Merles in every profession a gentleman might hold, and they had risen to distinction in each. Army, navy, diplomatic service, all in turn had been recruited from the ranks of the Merles. They were men of action, men whose characteristics were their deep love for the family place and a strong passion for hunting; the latter natural, perhaps, to a family that had been settled so long in the heart of England's finest hunting district.

But their greatest characteristic as it was their pride, was their staunch loyalty to the church. They had clung all the closer to her in times of persecution; neither preference nor prison had been able to shake their loyalty. They would show you the portrait of one Philip Merle and his wife, who, when both were thrown into prison, and their two little boys sent to a Protestant divine to be educated, prayed and besought God to take back to Himself the two souls He had entrusted to their care, rather than that they should grow up heretics who would despise the faith of their fathers. And they would tell you, too, that some very few weeks after the parting of the parents and the children, the latter, with their baby prayers on their lips, died of the pestilence, and the parents heard the news with joy and said no "Miserere" but a "Te Deum." And, as then, so now. The Merles were not people to wear their hearts on their sleeves, but neither would they hide their convictions. "I follow the King," was their motto, and every Merle learned from childhood to put the King of kings first and to follow Him always.

In 1857 the family at Merle Manor was a small one. It consisted of Philip Merle, the squire, his daughter Mary, and his sister, Philippa. The squire's wife had died soon after the birth of their little daughter, and the passionate love the man bore for his wife had been transferred to the child. Indeed, it was in a way due to being trauced that the child grew up to be the fine woman she was. The father's unreasoning love had given in to her in all things; from her earliest childhood Mary had ruled all at the manor; but, withal, there was in the girl, as in the child, a natural strength of character that had by itself been developed, not spoiled, by the love with which she was surrounded.

At the age of nineteen Mary was in many ways a second edition of her father. Pretty? No! Her features were too irregular for that, but her black wavy hair and deep blue eyes—the legacy of her Irish mother—redeemed a face that was sharp in outline. She had a rare smile, and, well, there must have been something bewitching about her, for even young men who best liked to see a horse when it was quietly feeding in the stable gallantly bestrode the most restless steeds and risked their necks in a vain attempt to distinguish themselves before Mary Merle. For, in her love of horses and hunting, she proved herself a true child of her father. She was known as the best rider in the country, and had the reputation of being as fearless a horsewoman as she was a lucky one.

That reputation she shared with one other follower of the meet—Philip Tree. He was a young squire in his place, but his place was small, his income one to match, but, withal, young Tree was one of the happiest of men, happiest of all in his love for the bonnie girl whose companion he had been from early days. But for some months prior to the December of which I write, Tree had felt himself left rather in the shade. He was no longer the one Mary turned to in every need. A change had come over their friendly relations, and the change was obviously the result of the presence of young Frank Sette.

Sette was a cadet of a noble north-country family. His assets were small, his prospects vague, but he had a face that an Apollo might have envied—a face of such perfect beauty that one would nowadays have been tempted to call it effeminate; but, in the more sentimental Victorian era, he was the envy of all the men and the object of the silent admiration of all the women. Any shrewd judge of character would, however, have preferred the open strength, albeit plain, of Tree's face to the vacillating weakness of the more beautiful one. But Tree had sadly to own that even Mary had been taken in by the charm of this latest member of the hunt. Others, too, noticed the change in Mary, and cynical lookers-on said Sette was merely postponing his proposal until he could discover whether her prospects were such as to make her a profitable wife.

At the great meet on December 6, of this year, a great party was gathered on the lawn at a manor. The bright red coats of the men, the dark habits of the women, stood out in sharp contrast to the dark stone of the old building. It was a dull day. The great gaunt branches of the trees waved in slow rhythmic time to the sad, piercing sound of the wind. A feeling of depression stole over Mary, and damped her spirits for a time, but that soon passed, and the gloomy portents of the elements were

AUTOMOBILES, LIVERY, GARAGE
R. HUESTON & SONS
179 and 183 Richmond St. Open Day and Night.
Phone 423 Phone 441

FINANCIAL
THE ONTARIO LOAN & DEBENTURE COY
Capital Paid Up \$1,750,000. Reserve \$1,450,000
Deposits received, Drafts issued, Real Estate Loans made, John M. Clark, Pres., A. M. Smart, Mgr., Offices: Dundas St., Corner Market Lane, London.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS
FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc.
Hon. J. J. Foy, K.C., A.E.Knox, T. Louis Monahan
E. L. Midill Esq. George Keough
Cable Address: "Foy"
Telephones: Main 794 Main 795
Offices: Continental Life Building
CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS
TORONTO

P. O. Box 2003 Phone M4116
H. L. O'Rourke, B.A.
(Also of Ontario Bar)
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY
Money to Loan
Suite 5, Board of Trade Building
231 Eighth Avenue West
M4IN 795
CALGARY, ALBERTA

JOHN T. LOFTUS
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, Etc.
712 TEMPLE BUILDING
TORONTO
Telephone Main 632

FRANK J. FOLEY, LL. B.
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR
The Kent Building
Corner Yonge and Richmond Streets
TORONTO, ONT.

DENTISTS
DR. BRUCE F. EAD
Rooms & Dominion Bank Chambers
Cor. Richmond and Dundas Sts. Phone 5566

St. Jerome's College
Founded 1864 BERLIN, ONTARIO
Excellent Business College Department.
Excellent High School or Academic Department
Excellent College and Philos. Phil. Department
Address:
REV. A. L. ZINGER, C.R., PH.D., PRESIDENT

Your Child Should Have a "Lawco" Chairdesk
It prevents stooping and cramping by correcting the position. Books, pens, rulers, etc., are kept in a drawer under the seat. The rigidly braced writing board makes an ideal surface for working.

Lawco Chairdesk
\$8 F. O. B. London

The "Lawco" Chairdesk requires no fastening down. It makes home work easy, and pleasant. As the child grows taller it can be adjusted, so is good for many years use by one child after another. Send \$8.46 and we will ship the Chairdesk at once, in golden oak or any finish you prefer. Satisfaction guaranteed or back goes your money. Write for illustrated folder to-day.
London Art Woodwork Co.
Nightingale Ave., London, Ont. L.D.

Hotel St. Charles
Atlantic City, N. J.
situated directly on the ocean front, with a superb view of beach and board walk, the St. Charles occupies an unique position among resort hotels. It has an enviable reputation for cuisine and unobtrusive service. Twelve stories of solid comfort, ocean porch and sun parlor; orchestra of soloists. Week-end dances. Booklet and rates upon request.
NEWLIN HAINES CO.
Funeral Directors
John Ferguson & Sons
180 KING ST.
The Leading Undertakers & Embalmers
Open Night and Day
Telephone—House 373 Factory 543

E. C. Killingsworth
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
Open Day and Night
583 Richmond St. Phone 3971

The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$1.50 per annum. United States & Europe—\$2.00

Publisher and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey, LL. D.

Editors: Rev. James T. Foley, B. A., Thomas Coffey, LL. D.

Associate Editors: Rev. F. J. Sullivan, H. P. Mackintosh.

Advertisements for teachers, situations wanted, etc. 50 cents each insertion. Remittance to accompany the order.

A proved and recommended by Archbishops of Canada, the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough, and Ogdensburg, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

The following agents are authorized to receive subscriptions and canvass for the CATHOLIC RECORD:

General agents: M. J. Hagarty, Vincent S. Cox, and Miss Helen O'Connor, Resident agents: George B. Hewitson, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. W. E. Smith, Halifax; Miss Bridie Saunders, Sydney; Miss L. Heringer, Winnipeg; E. R. Costello, 2255-5th Ave. West, Vancouver, B. C.; Elias Johnson, 211 Rochester St., St. Paul, Minn.; Miss Rose McKeaney, 149 D'Aiguillon street, Quebec, P. Q.; Mrs. George E. Smith, 2380 St. Ursula street, Montreal, M. J. Mervin, Montreal, B. F. O'Toole, 1847 Montague St., Regina, Sask., and E. J. Marby, Box 122, Saskatoon.

Outgoing and marriage notices cannot be inserted except in the usual condensed form. Each insertion 50 cents.

Subscribers changing residence will please give old as well as new address.

In St. John N. B. single copies may be purchased from Mrs. M. A. McGuire, 249 Main Street, John N. B. The O'Snell Co. Pharmacy, 109 Brussels street.

In Montreal single copies may be purchased from J. Milloy, 241 St. Catherine street, west.

EDUCATION WITHOUT RELIGION

The time if not past is passing when the diffusion of "education" was with unflinching faith advocated as the panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to. Thoughtful people are beginning to ask that the term "education" be defined. And in the attempted definition there is a confusion of tongues. Nevertheless there is yet a pretty general disposition to assume that the proportion of "illiteracy" is an adequate test of the stage of civilization reached by a nation or a community. And this in spite of the fact that few are found to deny that many "illiterate" people—we might even say peoples—show the most disappointing results of "education." The ability to read and write is the test which divides the literate sheep from the illiterate goats. Yet we have had generation after generation leave school knowing how to read, but knowing neither what to read nor how to think; able to read but reading nothing, or reading what debases rather than that elevates; having neither the taste nor the habit of reading or having tastes and habits in this matter reflecting little credit on their "education." Let it not be inferred that we do not value the general diffusion of education. We would rather increase it, and above all elevate and enlarge the conception of the meaning of the term.

Professor Arthur Keith, Curator of the Hunterian Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, gives in the New Statesman some concrete facts that compel reconsideration of long accepted educational theories: "Scottish education is probably, as it has long been, the best in the world. Scotland is the only really educated part of the British Isles; one boy in four goes to a University. It is the only part of the British Isles, if not of the Empire, that really believes in education. From the days of John Knox and the village school, to the compulsory continuation schools north of the Tweed to-day, Scotland has always been a generation, or a century, in front of England in this respect. The consequences are to be observed in every part of the Empire, from London outwards, where there are places of responsibility and difficulty to fill. For the unshakable responsibilities and difficulties of the Imperial problem in the coming time we cannot have too much of such stuff, so nurtured."

It will be observed that Professor Keith is by no means an unfriendly critic of Scottish education, quite the contrary. In passing, just to enable us to realize how completely Scotland has outdistanced the rest of the Empire, indeed the rest of the world in the matter of university education, it may be well to recall to mind that in Ontario—and we are rather proud of our record—only about one in ten receives any measure of secondary education, and of this number only a small fraction reaches the university. Scotland's one in four puts us several centuries behind in the race.

But educational values are not measured solely by the number of positions how important soever held by the beneficiaries of Scotland's—in many respects—admirable educational system. Professor Keith merely mentions the importance to the Empire of educated Scotsmen in order to direct attention to Scotland's vital statistics which he claims precisely because of Scottish education "are the concern of every decent patriot."

"The recorded facts could not be more ominous."

"Scotland, for instance, furnished last year with the worst vital statistics in her history, quite apart from our dreadful losses of Scottish and Scot-descended soldiers. The facts have already received much attention in Scotland. A distinguished Edinburgh minister wrote a remarkable article, entitled 'Stand Up, Ye Dead' (Scotsman, April 19), and an article of mine, written in the summer, was reprinted and discussed widely throughout the Scottish press. The official report, now published, amply justifies both writers. The birth-rate in Scotland last year, 23.86 per thousand, was so much the lowest on record as actually to be 3.1 less than the mean of the birth-rates of the preceding ten years. The total number of births, 114,181, was the smallest in any year since 1869 and actually 12,303 less than the average of the preceding ten years—this in spite of the astonishing rise in the marriage-rate in the latter months of 1914, after the outbreak of war. Throughout the year the birth-rate fell steadily, being only 21.2 in the last quarter, 3.9 less than that of the last quarter of 1914.

"In Edinburgh the birth-rate was less than 18, being the lowest ever recorded for any city anywhere. But the babies born were slaughtered as usual, and more so, though the birth-rate was only half as high as forty years ago."

What profiteth a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul. How does it benefit Scotland to lead the whole world in education if it treads the path that leads to destruction of the Scottish race?

And that is the awful truth that the plainspoken Scottish Professor emphasizes:

"There will always be plenty of Scotsmen," writes a distinguished Scot when I drew his attention to the facts. "Will there always be plenty of Scotsmen," as things are going? The stock is in fact, dying out. The stream that fertilised our Colonies has run dry. Last year the birth-rate of Edinburgh was lower than that of Paris, and the infant mortality higher. What Scotland has long asserted of France, with much raising of pious Presbyterian hands, is true of Scotland today. Here we need not pretend that the condition of the Scottish birth-rate offers obscure and esoteric physiological problems, such as that of a recurrent cycle of fertility and infertility, offered by two Scottish witnesses to the Birth-Rate Commission. The Scottish birth-rate is as the Scottish people now choose to have it."

The italics are Professor Keith's. Alcoholism and deliberate "birth control" are the chief immediate causes of the menacing condition which the professor deplures. Speaking of infant mortality he thus scathingly refers to the official concealment of the true causes:

"The official statements as to causes of death, attributing, for instance, 126 to syphilis, and over 3,000 to premature birth and congenital debility, and not mentioning alcohol at all, are just part of the system of lies which we call registration of death in this country."

After referring to the "unmentionable abominations of such slums as disgrace Dundee" the article continues: "As for Edinburgh, with her glorious record as the modern Athens, and with graduates of her University leading the medical profession in every part of the Empire, surely the time has come for her to deal with her horrible slums and the deplorable record of her childhood. Nowhere in the Empire, surely, can the churches be more numerous or powerful."

In the last sentence we have an important admission though perhaps unconsciously made. Confronted with the all-important moral issues over which education divorced from religion exercises no control, the learned Professor rather savagely passes the question on to the "numerous and powerful churches."

He closes on this despairing note: "That this city, of all cities, in a year of unprecedent prosperity, should have a birth rate of 17.9, and, though the summer was cool, an infant mortality of 132, is surely to have reached the nadir of her history."

Is it necessary to point the moral? What the answer of the powerful churches of Edinburgh may be to the Professor's implied charge we do not know. But the whole facts as set forth are an eloquent vindication of the position of the Catholic Church in the matter of education. Religion and religion alone furnishes the basis of morality; and education divorced from religion even where carried on to a degree that is the despair of the most sanguine advocates elsewhere, stands appalled and powerless before the moral condition of "modern Athens."

TWO PILGRIMS AND TWO PILGRIMAGES

Dr. R. J. Campbell, late of the City Temple, London, was for some years very much in the public eye as the foremost Nonconformist preacher in England. Without question honest, he, after the manner of his kind, tried to find a firm footing in the quicksands of modern Protestantism by proclaiming a "New Theology." It has been the logical development of private judgment from Luther to President Elliot and Dr. Campbell as well as a host of lesser lights whose novelties have ceased to startle their blasé congregations.

Dr. Campbell two or three years ago abandoned his New Theology—if indeed that was necessary—for the conventional orthodoxy of the Established Church. He has been for some time at the front as army chaplain whence he has written his honest admiration of Catholic faith and practice.

Recently he described his religious migration in a volume entitled "A Spiritual Pilgrimage." The Nation reviewing the work says that it "shows no such sounding of the heights and depths of life, no such concern with such ultimate beliefs and denials as are shown in the confessions of a Newman or a Froude."

Remarking that passing from High Anglican to Roman Catholic belief seems to the outsider rather less than that from the Congregational to the High Anglican position, the reviewer adds:—

"But to the first, the journey is one of enormous and tragic issues, in which the very foundation of the man's being is shaken. To the other it is almost as the casual passing from one room to another (or even from one arm chair to another) in a warm and lighted house, in which preference for the furniture and ornament of the new apartment is almost justification enough for the change."

Indeed, Dr. Campbell confesses that but for the breakdown of his health, making it impossible to continue his work in the great preaching centre of London, he would never have undertaken his "pilgrimage."

Contrasting with this confession the tragic sacrifices of Newman the Nation quotes:

"There used to be much snapper growing on the walls opposite my freshman's rooms there—so runs the well known conclusion of the 'Apologia' narrative—and I had for years taken it as the emblem of my own perpetual residence even unto death in my university. On the morning of the 23rd I left the observatory. I have never seen Oxford since excepting its spires as they are seen from the railway."

It was another son of Oxford who accused him who had made such sacrifices for Truth of equivocation and hypocrisy and lying and—felix culpa—was the occasion of the immortal Apologia of one "who has given up much that he loved and prized and could have retained but that he loved honesty better than name, and Truth better than dear friends."

It was not easy for the great-souled Newman to write the Apologia; but it was, he conceived, the only adequate answer to the "unmanly attempt of my Accuser to cut the ground from under my feet; to poison by anticipation the public mind against me, John Henry Newman, and to infuse into the imaginations of my readers, suspicion and mistrust of everything that I may say in reply to him. This I call poisoning the wells."

A score of years before the hope, the inspiration, the very creed of all that was noblest in England's intellectual and spiritual life, Newman the Catholic, estranged from the old loved environment, faces the task of defending Truth by laying bare his whole life. That he shrinks from the ordeal he indicates in words which even the coarsest-fibered opponent must regard with sympathy and respect:

"It is not pleasant to reveal to high and low, young and old, what has gone on within me from my early years. It is not pleasant to be giving to every shallow or flippant disputant the advantage over me of knowing my most private thoughts, I might even say the intercourse between myself and my Maker. But I do not like to be called to my face a liar and a knave; nor should I be doing my duty to my faith or to my name, if I were to suffer it."

There is a profound truth, but dimly perceived perhaps by the reviewer of Dr. Campbell's volume of self-revelation when he contrasts this "arm-chair pilgrim" with the conversion of Newman where "the very foundation of the man's being is shaken." And that truth is that

the Catholic Church is the Mystical Body of Christ which like His sacred humanity suffers, and "in these very sufferings of hers, she is accomplishing and applying Divine Atonement for the sins of those who crucify her."

Participation in this suffering is the convert's, not a deterrent but a privilege and a consolation.

Newman's Apologia is an English classic and a masterpiece of Catholic apologetic. Are ordinarily well-read Catholics as familiar with it as they ought to be?

DR. AMYOT'S RAPID PROMOTION

The appointment of Dr. J. A. Amyot, of Toronto, as sanitary adviser in England to the Canadian forces is a case of promotion due solely to exceptional fitness for the position. Before going overseas Dr. Amyot was director of the Ontario Provincial Board of Health laboratories, and in England has been successively sanitary adviser to a section, a division, and an army corps. Later he was with the Second British Army.

Modest almost to the point of self-effacement, Dr. Amyot, by assiduous and enthusiastic devotion to study and experiment in his chosen field of work, achieved a distinction of which few of his own countrymen outside of studious members of the medical profession were even aware. It is now some years since the present writer was assured by a competent informant that Dr. Amyot as a bacteriologist and pathologist enjoyed an international reputation.

His contempt for self-advertisement is not more marked than his unquestioning loyalty to the Catholic Faith and his quiet but keenly intelligent interest in many phases of Catholic intellectual activity.

In the high post which he now occupies he will doubtless be thrown into contact with many able to appreciate his attainments, and we may feel assured that in his own sphere Dr. Amyot will do his bit to uphold the reputation of Canada.

A DIAGNOSIS

Among Canadian Catholics there is a feeling of complacency at the progress the Church is making in this country. It is true that a good deal is being accomplished. New dioceses have been recently established, a goodly number of converts are coming into the fold, the number and efficiency of our schools is being increased, and a laudable effort is being made to aid the poorer missions and to safeguard the faith of emigrants. Everyone, however, who is cognizant of conditions as they exist, must know that only a small part of the spiritual, intellectual, and physical energy at our disposal is being utilized. The Church is making progress because she is a divine institution, because she is such a powerful dynamo that a minimum of cooperation on the part of the human element is productive of great results. What has been accomplished, therefore, furnishes no motive for self-complacency, but should rather be a cause of humiliation for us who have done so little when we might have done so much. It might serve a good purpose to examine some of the reasons for our failure. Let us diagnose the malady.

A gentleman recently pictured to us in eloquent terms his conception of what a Catholic paper should be. "Why don't you put your shoulder to the wheel?" we said; for we knew that he had aptitude and ability for the work. He replied that he did not do so because he realized that his best efforts would fall far short of his ideal. This response reveals the reason why this special department, and no doubt many other departments of Catholic activity, are deprived of valuable assistance. The Standard dictionary gives two definitions of the word "ideal." One definition is "a standard of excellence or the ultimate object of attainment." The other meaning attributed to it is "a conception beyond realization." Evidently the gentleman used the word in the former sense; for he cited examples in the past history of Catholic journalism that he considered standards of excellence. But an ideal is not intended to be immediately realized. It is, as the definition states, "the ultimate object of attainment." A man cannot have too high ideals, provided that they are not mere dreams or visions but practical standards of excellence that daily call forth his best efforts in order to arrive at their attainment. If our ideals, in the ordinary sphere of human activity in which

our lot is cast, are "conceptions beyond realization, they exercise no propelling influence upon our endeavors, but on the contrary may prove a source of discouragement. The same is true if their immediate accomplishment is considered necessary. It is a striking paradox that many, in the various walks of life, who are not bothering themselves much about ideals, are, by persevering efforts, accomplishing much good; while others, with the loftiest conceptions of what ought to be, are losing precious time and neutralizing valuable forces by vain repining. In the spiritual life St. Francis and St. Charles may be our models. Would it not be foolish to cease striving to imitate their virtues simply because our efforts leave us so far removed from these standards of sanctity. Why, therefore, should men who have more than ordinary qualifications, say for the apostolic work referred to of disseminating Catholic truth, close their note books, put their fountain pens in their vest pockets and mutter between their cigar puffs "Cui bono?" because they do not rise immediately to the stature of a Dana or a Lambert?

Another thing that puts a damper on enthusiasm is the fear of criticism. We once asked a prominent citizen why he did not accept a position on the Town Council. "Why should I," he replied, "expend my time and energy for the benefit of the community in return for ridicule and abuse?" The same attitude, unfortunately, is found among Catholics in regard to those who are laboring for their welfare. Strange it is that the men and women who are receiving the least recompense for their labor, or who have voluntarily devoted their lives to works of zeal, are the chief objects of criticism. If our motives are merely altruistic, they will scarcely be proof against this chilling ingratitude. But if the charity of Christ urges us, as it does the great army of our holy Religion; then neither lack of appreciation nor arm chair criticism nor even persecution itself will deter us from striving to accomplish our noble aims, but will rather strengthen our armor for renewed efforts.

Two other causes of failure may be mentioned. The first of these suggests too vast a subject to be even briefly set forth in this article. It is the lack of organization, the absence of concerted action. We need scarcely dwell upon the other cause of our inertia as none of us will admit that it is applicable in his case. It is the inclination, so inherent in our nature, to follow the lines of least resistance. A less euphemistic but more accurate definition is found in a little Anglo Saxon word of five letters.

THE GLEANER.

"NOTES AND COMMENTS" THE EXTENT to which the Reformation in Scotland, which we have been discussing in recent issues, was built upon a foundation of fraud, deceit and wholesale defamation, can be adequately realized only by those who have given the matter mature study. The subject is too vast for lengthy treatment in these columns, but to conclude our necessarily brief survey, we propose, in this issue, to illustrate the methods of the Reforming zealots in their attitude to adherents of the ancient Faith, by two incidents not to be found in the histories of their school. If a tree is judged by its fruit, the Reformation, in the light of these events, even if they were exceptional cases (which they are not) stands unequivocally condemned in the judgment of all honest men.

THE FEROCIOUS and vindictive hatred which Knox and the Lords of the Congregation bore to Mary of Guise, Regent of Scotland, during the minority of Queen Mary is known to all students of the period. The Regent stood out valiantly against the encroachments of Protestantism in Scotland, and, though "a foreigner," rallied to her side all the better elements in the country. The increasing power of the Congregation, however, rendered her position anything but an easy or pleasant one. The forces she had to contend with were neither scrupulous or considerate, and in order to avert bloodshed, she found it necessary to conciliate them as far as she could do so without betrayal of her sacred trust.

Two of the grievances which the "reformers" had against her were, that she maintained a body of French troops in Edinburgh, which they con-

sidered as a menace to national independence, and that she was inclined to molest the new preachers, and, through them, the reformed religion. To them, therefore, as they mendaciously pleaded, there was no hope except in aid from England, and the result was that long succession of intrigues with Elizabeth and her ministers, for practically the sale of Scotland to the English Crown, which forever stains their memory with infamy. Knox, in his "History," boasts of his own initiation of this appeal.

MEANWHILE, to promote pacification, an agreement or treaty was entered upon between the Regent and the Congregation covering the points of dispute. "It is not wonderful," says one historian, "that the brethren made terms, for the 'Historie' (Knox's History) states that their force numbered but 1,500 men, whereas d'Oysel led twice that number." The Regent, for her part, though her French troops alone should have been able to rout the depleted ranks of the Congregation, did not want war. She desired to avoid bloodshed, in the first place, and, besides, had not the money to carry on the protracted hostilities which an open rupture with the Lords would entail.

THIS AGREEMENT, or treaty, has long been one of the knotty points in Scottish history, and the question still is, What were its terms? We are not concerned to go into the subject here, save to exhibit the flagrant dishonesty of Knox and the Lords. The treaty, if such it was, was soon broken, and in his "History," Knox was at much pains to show that the Regent was the breaker thereof. He accuses the Regent of having tampered with the document, omitting certain clauses and substituting others. "This alteration in words and order," he says, "was made without the knowledge and consent of those whose counsel we had used in all cases before"—clearly meaning the preachers—and also implying that the consent of the noble negotiators for the Congregation was obtained to the French articles. Let Andrew Lang tell us the facts:

"THE CONGREGATION left Edinburgh after making solemn proclamation of the conditions of the truce, in which they omitted all the terms of the French version, except those in their own favor, and stated (in Knox's version) that all of their own terms, except the most important, namely, the removal of the French, had been granted. . . . Of the terms really settled, except as regards the immunity of their own party, the Lords told the public not one word: they suppressed what was true, and added what was false." Against this formal, public, and impudent piece of mendacity," continues Lang, "we might expect Knox to protest in his 'History'; to denounce it as a cause of God's wrath. On the other hand, he states, with no disapproval, the childish quibbles by which his party defended their action." It is in this connection that Lang says of Knox that "he uses ink like the cuttle-fish, to conceal the facts."

THE FALSE terms were not only publicly proclaimed by the Congregation with sound of trumpets, but they were actually sent, by Knox or Kircaldy, or both, to Croft at Berwick, for English reading. The "own writings" of the Regent's party it may be added, are extant, and do not contain the terms proclaimed by the Congregation. "The sending of this false intelligence to England," adds the writer quoted, "was not the result of a misunderstanding. The French terms were perfectly well understood, and were observed, except Article 6, on which the Regent made a concession. How then could men, professionally godly, venture to misreport the terms, and so make them at once seem more favorable to themselves and less discouraging to Cecil than they really were, while at the same time (as the Regent could not keep terms which she had never granted) they were used as a ground of accusation against her?" How, save that by such trickery and deceit the whole cause of the Reformation was built, and its end could not be furthered by honest means.

THE SECOND instance, which we record concerns more particularly the person of Mary Stuart, the martyred Scottish Queen. Upon Queen Mary, after "the murder of Cardinal Beaton, the whole Catholic cause in Scotland, humanly speaking, depended, and to effect her

ruin became, therefore, the one aim of the Reformers. That they stopped at nothing to blacken her name and to poison the wells of history against her scarcely needs stating. It is the one outstanding fact in the history of the Reformation in Scotland. Let those who doubt it read carefully what follows.

THE GREAT, the capital crime imputed to the Queen, and which has been used to justify all the subsequent proceedings against her, is that of complicity in, or at least of guilty knowledge of the murder of her husband, Lord Darnley. This charge has been based solely upon the celebrated series of documents known as the "Casket Letters," the spurious character of which, from internal evidence alone, would have long since been universally admitted had not sectarian hate blinded the eyes of those who have made such free use of them to discredit Mary's memory. With the question of the evidence generally on this point we have not here to do, but with one incident only which, given due consideration, cuts the ground completely from under the feet of those who have argued for their genuineness.

MR. JOHN Hosack, a Protestant barrister, the celebrated author of "Mary Queen of Scots and Her Accusers," became interested in the subject in a legal way, and approached it after the manner of a carefully trained lawyer. He had no sympathies, it is said, one way or the other, and dealt with the facts as he would have done with the dullest piece of legal business with which he might have been entrusted. The result, in his great work, is the complete vindication of the Queen as regards the "Casket Letters," and every other serious imputation made against her. He died in 1887, leaving in an unfinished state, the manuscript of another book in which he was reviewing the case and presenting it in a popular form. This has since, incomplete as it is, been published, and it is in this unpretentious but important volume that the following incident is recorded. The author shall be quoted in his own words.

"ON HIS return to Scotland," wrote Mr. Hosack, "Murray was appointed Regent, and the first judicial account of the evidence against the Queen is contained in a pretended copy of an Act of the Privy Council of Scotland dated December 4th, 1567. It is printed by Haynes (p. 453) from the collections at Hatfield, and was no doubt sent to Cecil by Murray to justify the deposition and imprisonment of the Queen. This paper states, among other matters, that 'by divers her privie letters written and subscrivit with her own hand, it is most certain that the Queen was privie to the murder of the King.' . . . This pretended Act in Council is signed by Murray, Morton, Glencairn, and twenty-five other members of the Council."

IT HAS always been contended by those eager to incriminate Mary, that the Council must have had very strong evidence of her guilt before them. There were two ways out of the difficulty. The documents might be forgeries (as, in fact, they are), or the Council might have affixed a wrong meaning to them. But Hosack, true lawyer as he was, was content to take nothing for granted. What then took place he tells himself. "There has been a vast amount of discussion about this pretended Act of Council, for it states that the Queen's letters were not only written but signed by her, whereas her alleged letters produced at York and Westminster bore no signature. Hume attempts to get over the difficulty by saying it was a mere blunder of the clerk, and Malcolm Laing denounces the objection as a despicable quibble. But it is truly surprising that not one of the many eminent persons who have discussed the point, has taken the trouble to examine for himself the Book of the Privy Council, which is still to be found in the Register House at Edinburgh, and is in perfect preservation."

THE "BOOK in question," proceeds Hosack, "contains no such Act as that printed by Haynes, and stated to be a true copy of the original. No original exists, and no original ever existed; there is not the remotest reference to be found in the Register Book relating to the alleged letters of the Queen, and the inevitable conclusion is that no such letters ever were produced in Scotland at all. The imposition thus practised by

Murray and his associates upon the English Government by pretending to furnish a judicial declaration of the Queen's guilt, is one of the most remarkable incidents in the Marian controversy.

THE NON-EXISTENCE of this Act of Council in Edinburgh has been verified by Mr. Edward Peacock, a later writer of established reputation. It is indeed, as Hosack writes, "one of the most remarkable incidents," not only in what he calls the Marian Controversy, but in the whole history of the so-called Reformation.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

The situation in Greece is now reported as quite satisfactory to the Allies. The threat of deposition apparently brought King Constantine up with a round turn.

The supplementary terms, not included in the press despatches, but afterwards made public by the Government of Greece, indicate that extensive military operations are contemplated by the Allies in Eastern Albania, and that for these operations the Greek railways will be brought into use.

The distance across the Straits of Otranto to Albania, in Albania, is less than seventy-five miles, and the passage can be made under the protection of destroyers as safely as can that across the Straits of Dover.

Next, in the preoccupation of the public mind here, is the gigantic "Win the War Loan," which has every promise of being an extraordinary success. This is partly due to the immense resources of the country and partly to the more fiercely aroused hatred of Germany.

A NOTED CONVERT
The late Judge Moses McFadden, whose funeral service took place on Saturday, the 13th inst., at the Catholic Church in Goderich, Ont., was received into the Church by Father McMenamin, pastor of the Sacred Heart Church, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., on August 23, 1916.

make use in an increasing degree of the Greek railways. There is little news in any of the official reports. Berlin says "no incidents of importance have been reported from any front."

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

PEACE NOT DISCUSSED IN ENGLAND

PROBABLE SUBMARINE DEVELOPMENT THEIR CHIEF SOLICITUDE OF THE GOVERNMENT AND PEOPLE

Special Cable to the Catholic Record (Copyright 1916, Central News)

London, January 20th.—It is very characteristic of the drift of temper of the belligerent nations, that while Germany still pours forth numerous appeals, explanations, and imprecations, regarding the peace proposals she so dramatically announced to the world late in December, the word peace scarcely finds even a paragraph of brief mention in any of the British journals, or in any of the speeches addressed to the general public.

While it is definitely known that the power of the enemy is shaken and his hour of retribution is approaching slowly and surely, greater efforts than any put forth will be necessary to break utterly the resistance of Germany and her Allies.

RELIGION IN MEXICO

EX-AMBASSADOR DISCUSSES RELIGIOUS SITUATION IN HARASSED REPUBLIC

A recent issue of the Indiana Catholic Record contains an interview given by the Hon. Henry Lane Wilson, of Indianapolis, Ind., former American Ambassador to Mexico, in which he discusses the religious situation in the neighboring republic.

Mr. Wilson, who is a Presbyterian and a member of the Masonic order, has had a noted career in the diplomatic service, which he entered seventeen years ago under President McKinley. After serving as Minister to Chili and to Greece, he was made Ambassador to Belgium by President Taft and, later, to Vienna.

AN UNIQUE EVENT

500 RENOUNCE SATAN AT MISSION IN PRISON

Winthrop, Jan. 8.—Inspiring scenes, unparalleled in any similar public institution in this State, if not in the United States, were enacted in the chapel at the top of the Deer Island House of Correction yesterday afternoon.

When a dramatic sight as the Rev. James J. Maguire, S. J., of Philadelphia, a veteran missionary, conferred the Papal blessing upon these five hundred bowed heads. Many wept as they sank back into their seats, and if expression counts for anything, these unfortunate souls meant every solemn word they had uttered.

THE CHURCHES
"Practically all of the protestant churches, and these are working in their separate fields with more or less success. The Methodist church especially has a strong organization of able men working among the poorer classes of Mexico, with what substantial results I am not informed.

"The Protestant churches have, however, only touched the outer fringe of Mexican life. The vast majority of Mexicans are Roman Catholic in tradition, and the inspiration of such religious ideals as exist come from that source.

A STRENUOUS TASK
POPE BENEDECT LOCATES THOUSANDS OF SOLDIERS
Rome, December 26.—Pope Benedict XV., through the Department of Lost Soldiers established at the Vatican, has aided in learning the whereabouts of more than 10,000 lost soldiers about whom heartbroken relatives had inquired through personal appeals to His Holiness.

"Without lands, without temples save by sufrage, without revenues, it began for a second time the work of reconstructing its system and organization. During the long period of control by Porfirio Diaz the Church slowly but surely grew and prospered, and its influence for good, among the poorer classes especially, in central and southern Mexico was most marked.

FRIEND SORROW

Do not cheat thy Heart and tell her, 'Grief will pass away, Hope for fairer times in future, And forget to-day.'—

Tell her if you will, that sorrow Need not come in vain, Tell her that the lesson taught her Far outweighs the pain.

Cheer her not with the old comfort, 'Soon she will forget,'— Bitter truth, alas! but matter Rather for regret; Bid her not 'Seek other pleasures, Turn to other things'— Rather nurse her caged sorrow Till the captive sings.

Rather bid her go forth bravely, And the stranger greet; Not as foe, with spear and buckler, But as dear friends meet; Bid her with a strong clasp hold her, By her dusky wings, Lisming for the murmured blessing Sorrow always brings.

—ADELAIDE A. PROCTER

HOW WAR IS REVIVING RELIGION

HEROISM OF THE CLERGY

Beyond question the great war has brought about a great religious revival in Europe and turned the attention of everybody to the subject of religion.

French workmen who were notoriously inclined to be free thinkers have become devout Catholics again and have gratefully accepted the ministrations of the priests on the battlefield.

Hundreds of facts of this character have been reported during the war and have excited the interest of religious leaders and thinking men of all kinds.

Perhaps the most interesting view of this subject is that which has been expressed by the noted American psychologist, President G. Stanley Hall of Clark University, Worcester, Mass., says the San Francisco Examiner.

MEN RETURN TO EARLY FAITH

The distinguished Massachusetts psychologist finds that one great result of the war has been to turn Europeans back to a simpler and more primitive form of religious faith, the kind of religion they held in "The Ages of Faith," when belief in the constant occurrence of miracles was universal.

The department has access to official records transmitted by the Prussian Minister of War to the Holy See at Lugano, Switzerland, and has offices at Paris, Constantinople, Vienna, Freiburg, Brussels and Paderborn, Westphalia, Germany, with several minor branches in other countries.

The department has become one of the most highly organized of any in the Vatican. It writes several hundred letters a day, and to date such letters have run up to a total of more than five million. As the department returns all money inclosed in letters of appeal, and as a person writing from England cannot well inclose Italian stamps for international correspondence, the stamp bill alone of the department has been upward of \$200,000.

After making an official demand on the Government of the country where the lost soldier is supposed to be, the department causes each new name to be posted up in the military prison camps, by the aid of a Catholic chaplain always present, in the hope that some of the lost soldiers' comrades may see the name and offer a clue that will lead to his location.

to go willingly, and some of them are volunteers. PRIESTS LEAD IN PATRIOTISM Again and again the priests have been reported for bravery in the dispatches. Father Jules Cheron, of the One Hundred and Ninth Regiment of Infantry, was mentioned in general orders for having led a detachment with great bravery and determination in the capture of a German trench near Givenchy at the point of the bayonet.

Some of the priests conceal their sacred calling under a complete military uniform, while others show a vestige of the priestly garb, such as a black vest, a Roman collar or a broad brimmed hat. When not engaged in military duty they seize every opportunity to perform their religious offices, to celebrate Mass and to give spiritual consolation to the sick and dying.

Hence it happens that religious services are held quite frequently in the trenches or in the immediate rear of them. An altar is hastily constructed from stumps of trees or other rough material, the priest puts his vestments over his uniform and the soldiers in their mud-stained uniforms, often bandaged on account of wounds, and fresh from fighting, gather round him in some spot protected from fire.

The Church authorities have made extraordinary efforts to carry the consolation of religion to the soldiers on the firing line. For instance, a fifty-horsepower motor car has been specially constructed to hold a perfectly appointed altar for the use of the Belgian army. There are, of course, many places on the front where such an apparatus can not be used. In such cases the priests crawl forward under fire to minister to the soldiers.

Many a time the French soldiers in an almost hopeless position in the front trenches have been cheered at dawn by a priest coming to them with Holy Communion.—The Monitor.

TWO MORE NUNS ARE INFECTED BY LEPROSY

"To live in daily contact with lepers, tending their dreadful sores and breathing the foul atmosphere that must surround such sufferers demands a heroism more than ordinary. Human nature must at times revolt and then only powerful grace enables the worker to resume the awful task.

In this way Father J. B. Michotte, who often writes about the asylum at Kumbakonam, begins his letter, but he has still sadder news to tell: "Two of our Sisters have become infected with the dreadful malady. Accustomed to follow the stages of leprosy step by step in the asylum, they can remain in no doubt about their fate. They have contracted leprosy and must henceforth live among their charges.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

Under these circumstances the only comfort the Nuns find is in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. At Kumbakonam there is no E. post. as with the Franciscan Sisters at the Burmah leper asylum has this constant comfort, our two Nuns are going there for a time. May the Divine Presence console these noble women and give them strength to bear their affliction!"—True Voice.

COLLEGES AFFECTED BY THE WAR

The latest issue of Rome comments on the falling-off in attendance at the various colleges in Rome. It says: "The Prize Days at the Gregorian and Propaganda Universities this year (1916) showed only too clearly the effects of the war on the membership of the various ecclesiastical colleges in Rome. The number of students is considerably less than half that of the year 1914, and it is anticipated that there will be a still further diminution during the coming year. The North American College is reduced to half its former strength, the Canadian College has temporarily closed its doors, the English College has receded from its high water mark of antebellum days, the number of English-speaking students at the Urban College is greatly lessened, but the Beda, Irish and Scots Colleges are almost normal. At the distribution of academic awards for the year 1915-1916 the students of these different establishments gave an excellent account of themselves."—Sacred Heart Review.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowta, China, Nov. 26, 1916
Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: That your charity towards my mission is approved by the highest ecclesiastical authorities of Canada let me quote from a letter from His Excellency, The Most Rev. Peregrine F. Stagni, O. S. M., D. D., Apostolic Delegate, Ottawa: "I have been watching with much interest the contributions to the Fund opened on behalf of your missions by the CATHOLIC RECORD. The success has been very gratifying and shows the deep interest which our Catholic people take in the work of the missionary in foreign lands. I bless you most cordially and all your labors, as a pledge my earnest wishes for your greatest success in all your undertakings." I entreat you to continue the support of my struggling mission, assuring you a remembrance in my prayers and Masses.

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

Previously acknowledged. \$9,312 40
Mrs. A. Henry, Ryer,..... 1 00
Georgetown, P. E. I.,..... 2 50
A Reader of RECORD.....
Whitney Pier,..... 1 00
Malcolm O'Henry, Little Harbor,..... 1 00
A. L. Fraser, Souris,..... 1 00
In aid of the souls in Purgatory,..... 5 00
Ottawa Friend,..... 20 00
From Friends, Alexandria,..... 20 00
From a Friend,..... 2 00

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. N. M. REDMOND
FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER THE
EPIPHANY

TRIALS ARE FROM GOD

And behold a great tempest arose in the sea, so that the boat was covered with waves, but He was asleep.

When one reads the gospel of to-day, at first thought it might appear to him that the storm was a matter of mere chance. But though to us events without number may occur, as it were, by mere chance, in reality there is no such thing. The storm, like almost innumerable occurrences that, as it were, appear to us freaks of chance, was the effect of a cause, both of which together, with the consequences, were eternally designed, foreseen, and decreed by God.

so many sources of pleasure. This, then, is precisely the view that we must take of all our sufferings, whatever may be their immediate cause. To take any other is not to be in harmony with the spirit of our models. Oh how happy will we be if thus we deport ourselves in the countless trials of our life!

TEMPERANCE
THE ONLY WAY TO ABSTAIN

Total abstinence from conviction is a good way, the proper way—in order to persevere. But this cannot be made an argument, much less a valid argument, against legislation to regulate, restrict or even prohibit the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors.

A SOURCE OF STRENGTH

Most persons have an erroneous notion of law and its sanctions. Law is not a terror and oppression to men of good will, but a protection and source of strength.

ADVANTAGES OF FREQUENT HOLY COMMUNION

The continuity of the Catholic Church with the Christian Church of the first ages is proved by her fidelity to the command of Christ, "Do this in commemoration of Me."

armour against the snares and temptations of life. The spiritual life which is purity and tenderness and devotion (the flower of Christian life) has its root and source in the Blessed Eucharist.

THE HOMEWARD TREND AMONG ANGLICANS

The proposal is now taking definite shape to erect throughout England wayside shrines or crucifixes, in memory of the dead. This is a practical instance of the effect of Continental Catholicism upon the mind of the British soldier.

CHURCH UNITY

O sweet rainbow, yearned for long and dearly, that some day one only Church shall span: Dim and broken, and incipient merely.

AFTER-WAR PROBLEMS MUST BE SOLVED BY CHURCH

The outstanding need of complete organization of the whole body of study of Catholic principles in relation to the conditions of life around us, and of prompt Catholic action, were forcibly presented by Father Plater, S. J., at a meeting in London, recently.

He went on to speak of the Catholic doctrines of Invocation of the Saints and Prayers for the Dead, and said that a leading Methodist Episcopal minister had told him that as a result of the war thousands of Methodists in the Dominion have been praying for the dead, an innovation for that denomination.

ST. BLAISE

On this feast day the blessing of throats takes place. Now St. Blaise lived in the very early days of the Church. He was trained to be a physician, later he was a bishop and afterwards a martyr.

ST. BLAISE

On this feast day the blessing of throats takes place. Now St. Blaise lived in the very early days of the Church. He was trained to be a physician, later he was a bishop and afterwards a martyr.

ST. BLAISE

On this feast day the blessing of throats takes place. Now St. Blaise lived in the very early days of the Church. He was trained to be a physician, later he was a bishop and afterwards a martyr.

Used in Millions of Tea Pots
Daily—Every Leaf is Pure

Every infusion is alike delicious



Black, Green or Mixed Sealed Packets only.

Your interest in better baking should induce you to use only HUNT'S DIAMOND FLOUR

Father Plater pointed to the enormous number of men who had seen for the first time the Catholic Church in operation. The effect of this was very striking and showed itself in all sorts of ways.

Painful 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.

ASTHMA COUGHS Vapo-Resolene

Why Not Make Mary Merry?

GLADDEN her little heart. Educate those little hands and ears. Let the joy of expression brighten her girlhood days.

Williams Piano

Actress Tells Secret
A Well Known Actress Tells How She Darkened Her Gray Hair With a Simple Home Made Mixture

LAUGHLIN Automatic—Non-Leakable

SELF STARTING PEN
10 Days' Free Trial

You don't have to fuss and shake a Laughlin to start the ink—it's a Self Starter.

Laughlin Mfg. Co. 292 Wayne St. Detroit, Mich.

Liquor and Tobacco Habits

Dr. McTaggart's Vegetable Remedies for these habits are safe, inexpensive home treatments.

INFANTS DELIGHT TOILET SOAP



CATHOLIC Home Annual

FOR 1917 BETTER THAN EVER

CONTENTS
Contains a Complete Calendar, also gives the Movable Feasts, Holy Days of Obligation, Fast Days and Days of Abstinence.

Actress Tells Secret

A Well Known Actress Tells How She Darkened Her Gray Hair With a Simple Home Made Mixture

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A FRIEND'S GREETING
I'd like to be the sort of friend that you have been to me. I'd like to be the help that you've been always glad to be. I'd like to mean as much to you each minute of the day as you have meant, old friend of mine to me along the way.

A MOTHER-MADE MAN
Dr. Lorimer tells this story of one of the most distinguished men, who was introduced at a great public meeting as a "self-made man."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS
THE THROAT BLESSER
How would you like to be a Christian if the children who live next door and who go to school with you were pagans? It would be pretty lonely, wouldn't it?

SMILES A SOURCE OF POWER
No person ever gained popularity who did not understand how and when to smile. Not that one can take a course of study in smiling. It is purely a matter of tact and intelligence.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS
THE THROAT BLESSER
How would you like to be a Christian if the children who live next door and who go to school with you were pagans? It would be pretty lonely, wouldn't it?

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS
THE THROAT BLESSER
How would you like to be a Christian if the children who live next door and who go to school with you were pagans? It would be pretty lonely, wouldn't it?

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS
THE THROAT BLESSER
How would you like to be a Christian if the children who live next door and who go to school with you were pagans? It would be pretty lonely, wouldn't it?

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS
THE THROAT BLESSER
How would you like to be a Christian if the children who live next door and who go to school with you were pagans? It would be pretty lonely, wouldn't it?

as if he must smile, too, and he is certain to feel pleasantly inclined toward the person bestowing the smile. The shy smile indicates that there is any amount of kindness in the heart of the owner, but that it is doubtful about intruding. Then there is the sunny smile, which comes grudgingly.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE THROAT BLESSER

How would you like to be a Christian if the children who live next door and who go to school with you were pagans? It would be pretty lonely, wouldn't it?

Saint Blaise had no playmates who were Christians. He grew up in the town of Sebaste, a town in Armenia, near Turkey. His parents were very wealthy, and bought him many presents to while away his lonely hours.

Here he would sit so quietly that the wild beasts would go on with all their domestic work just as if he were not there at all. Soon they would even come near the little figure so that he would rub them and play with them. He grew to know their calls to each other, and at last he could bring them to him whenever he wanted them.

As he did not have any children to talk to he often told his troubles to his furred and feathered friends.

What are you going to do in honor of the Saint's feast day? He loved children, and did much for them. He is still glad to help little ones, if they will ask him.

HISTORY PROVES THE GREATEST TOLERANCE OF CATHOLICS

By Alex. St. Clair Abrams
The Florida Metropolitan, Jacksonville, Fla., Sept. 18, 1916.

"I shall not discuss what occurred in Europe several hundred years ago because such discussions have no bearing whatsoever on the situation in the United States.

Blaise returned to Sebaste a wonderful doctor. Anyone who was sick could come to him and he would cure him without pay. Then many of the poor pagan people would say to each other:

"Christians are good. It would be better if we became Christians, too, instead of wasting our breath calling them bad names."

Blaise's father and mother had died by this time, and left Blaise all their money. But in Blaise's hands money disappeared rapidly because he gave much to the poor sick in order to make them more comfortable.

"I can live as simply as my Master lived," he thought. "I'll go to the forest and find a cave, and live there with my old friends, the birds and beasts, as my next door neighbors."

The story of Blaise's goodness spread throughout the country. Christians came from long distances to see him and to ask his prayers. They loved him so much they elected him bishop, and though this great honor came to him, he went right on living in his cave.

Now at this time there was a cruel emperor, Licinius, who desired the death of all Christians. He arrested Christians whenever he could and brought them to a great arena and then loosed wild beasts to eat them. As Sebaste was a good place to start from the emperor sent to the governor of Sebaste and told him to send soldiers out in the mountains and capture the beasts.

eyes closed, too absorbed to hear the soldiers, were all the leopards and tigers, and lions, and wolves of the near-by country. The animals just stared at the soldiers with their big topaz eyes and did not budge. So astonished were the men that they stole away without saying a word, and back they went to the governor.

"Oh, excellency," they exclaimed, "in the forest we came upon the god Orpheus whose music hath charm in it enough to soothe the wild beast. There did he kneel with all the kings of the animal world about him."

"Fools!" said the governor, who did not believe even in the pagan gods. "Know you not that that was some Christian. The Christians and the beasts are great friends. Now go and bring back both the beasts and the Christian."

When the soldiers entered the forest this time the animals were all dozing the hot afternoon away. The soldiers went straight to the cave of the holy Saint Blaise, prepared for resistance on his part. But Blaise said simply when he saw the soldiers:

"I am ready. I have long expected you."
As the rude soldiers hurried him down the mountain, Blaise took quick glances about just in farewell to the wild spot he loved so well. He was glad that his animal friends were sleeping so that they would bring no harm to the soldiers in his defense.

When the little company passed down the streets of the town of Sebaste the people crowded after, not to call names at the Christian, but to plead for mercy for him. One mother brought up her child who was choking to death on a bone. The soldiers let Blaise stop to cure the child. And that is why people with sore throats still pray to Blaise to ask his intercession.

Agricola, the governor, tried hard to make Blaise say that he would give up being a Christian. Blaise quietly refused. Then the soldiers tortured him; still he refused. Then the governor resolved that Blaise should die. But how should they kill him? It was no use to put him in the arena with the wild beasts, for they knew that far from hurting Blaise the beasts would protect him. So they decided to drown him.

According to the orders of the governor, the soldiers took Blaise in a boat out in the neighboring lake. But just as he was cast off Blaise made the sign of the cross and the water buoyed him up and he walked to shore clothed in light and very beautiful to see. But the heathens were too angry to notice wonders, and he let them seize him, and he bowed his head to have it cut off. He was very anxious to suffer martyrdom for that Master he had served so long.

What are you going to do in honor of the Saint's feast day? He loved children, and did much for them. He is still glad to help little ones, if they will ask him.

HISTORY PROVES THE GREATEST TOLERANCE OF CATHOLICS

By Alex. St. Clair Abrams
The Florida Metropolitan, Jacksonville, Fla., Sept. 18, 1916.

"I shall not discuss what occurred in Europe several hundred years ago because such discussions have no bearing whatsoever on the situation in the United States.

Blaise returned to Sebaste a wonderful doctor. Anyone who was sick could come to him and he would cure him without pay. Then many of the poor pagan people would say to each other:

"Christians are good. It would be better if we became Christians, too, instead of wasting our breath calling them bad names."

Blaise's father and mother had died by this time, and left Blaise all their money. But in Blaise's hands money disappeared rapidly because he gave much to the poor sick in order to make them more comfortable.

"I can live as simply as my Master lived," he thought. "I'll go to the forest and find a cave, and live there with my old friends, the birds and beasts, as my next door neighbors."

The story of Blaise's goodness spread throughout the country. Christians came from long distances to see him and to ask his prayers. They loved him so much they elected him bishop, and though this great honor came to him, he went right on living in his cave.

enact ordinances and laws ostracising and prohibiting the exercise of all religious faith except that which they believed. Among the curiosities of religious intolerance are the laws and ordinances promulgated by these people and the strenuous efforts they made to drive out of the colonies every person who did not agree with them in the matter of religion.

"Virginia and the Carolinas were originally colonized by the British Cavalier element, they in turn leaving the mother country to escape the religious intolerance and persecution of the then dominant Puritan element in Great Britain. They, imitating the Puritans of New England, at once decided that there was not room enough in the then wilderness for anybody who differed from them in matters of religion; hence we find Virginia a conspicuous example in expelling from the commonwealth the Wesleyans now known as Methodists. These are historic facts.

A CATHOLIC COLONY

"Maryland was settled by English and Scotch Catholics. Their first official act was to declare the most absolute religious tolerance and freedom. When New England expelled the Quakers and other dissenting sects, these Roman Catholics of Maryland invited the outlawed people to come to Maryland and settle, which they did. When Virginia drove out the Wesleyans, these same Maryland Catholics invited the Wesleyans to seek refuge in Maryland, which they did. Here we have the first religious body of the United States proclaiming the doctrine of religious liberty and equality and condemning religious intolerance in any form to be the adherents of the Catholic Church in what is now the United States.

This action of the Maryland colonists took place years before Virginia, under the leadership of Jefferson and Madison passed her famous religious equality law. Indeed, the action of these Maryland Catholics was the first declaration made on the American continent that all persons had an absolute right to believe in whatever religion they saw fit, and to be protected in such belief. This is also a matter of historic fact.

CONTINUED TOLERANCE

"It is an astounding fact that when the non-Catholic element got the control of the colony of Maryland, entirely forgetting and ignoring the course adopted towards them by the Catholics, they immediately passed ordinances and laws disfranchising and ostracising Catholics in Maryland. This also is an absolute historic fact.

SPIRIT OF TOLERANCE

"When the revolution of 1776 broke out the spirit of religious tolerance had become general throughout the territory of the United States. In the famous convention which declared the independence of the United States there were two Catholics, both of whom signed their names to that famous document. There were Catholic members of the convention that framed the Constitution of the United States. There were thousands of American Catholics in the Continental army. American Catholics spent their money freely to further the cause of the revolution. General Washington, in his famous letter, proclaimed their patriotism, their heroism and their loyalty to the cause of the revolution. The French Catholic nation, with its army and navy, enabled us to gain our independence. Indeed, there is no fact better established than that in the territory which now comprises the United States, before the establishment of the republic, the adherents of the Catholic Church were foremost in exhibiting a spirit of religious equality and tolerance and in aiding by their labor, their money and their lives in the development and prosperity of the colonies.

UNDER THE REPUBLIC

"Since the establishment of the United States the history of the Catholic Church within the Republic has been precisely the same as during the days of the colonies. We have never had a war where thousands of Catholics did not enlist in the army. The battle of New Orleans was won largely by Catholics. During our Civil War thousands of Catholics were in the armies of the North and South. From Louisiana went regiments composed almost entirely of Catholics with Catholic chaplains. One of the most pathetic and stirring lyrics ever written, 'The Conquered Banner,' had a Catholic priest for its author. The author of that other stirring lyric, 'Maryland, My Maryland,' was written by a Catholic. A Catholic wrote the 'Star-Spangled Banner.' Beauregard and other officers of the Confederacy were Catholics; Sheridan and other Federal generals were Catholics. Every part of the Union is replete with evidences of the devotion of Catholics to the country.

PRIOR ERUPTIONS

"Whenever there has been a lull in the strenuousness of our ordinary political party questions somebody has started an anti-Catholic crusade. Thus we had the 'Know Nothing' crusade in 1856. Some twenty years later it was revived under the name of the 'A. P. A.' Its recrudescence today under the name of the 'Guardians of Liberty' has again been denounced and condemned.

OPPOSED TO POLITICS IN RELIGION

"Consistent with the spirit of tolerance exhibited in Maryland the

FAMILY DOCTOR'S GOOD ADVICE

To Go On Taking "Fruit-a-tives" Because They Did Her Good

ROCHON, P. Q., JAN. 14th, 1915.
"I suffered for many years with terrible indigestion and Constipation. I had frequent dizzy spells and became greatly run down. A neighbor advised me to try 'Fruit-a-tives'. I did so and to the surprise of my doctor, I began to improve, and he advised me to go on with 'Fruit-a-tives'.

I consider that I owe my life to 'Fruit-a-tives' and I want to say to those who suffer from Indigestion, Constipation or Headaches—try Fruit-a-tives and you will get well". CORINE GAUDREAU.
50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c.
At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Catholic Church and its members in the United States have been uniformly consistent in their unbending hostility to any union of State and Church. No where and under no circumstances have they ever exhibited the slightest purpose to carry their religious views into politics. Thus we saw in Louisiana when the Catholics were in the majority in that State, Protestants and Jews elected to high offices, the Catholic majority ignoring religion when their votes were cast. In this State the same spirit has been exhibited.

I recall one instance in this city where a Catholic was a candidate for an office and a majority of the Catholics in Jacksonville voted for his opponent, while the mass of his votes came from non Catholics. And this not because of any religious question, but because those men believed that of the two candidates the non-Catholic was the most desirable for election. I doubt very much if any Catholic in Florida ever went to the polls and gave a thought as to the religion of a candidate when he cast his vote.

Never think that any storms of temptation or evil dispositions can separate you in the least from our Lord.—Father Dignam, S. J.

Cast aside the attractions of human love and thou wilt find ineffable delights in My Heart.—Our Lord to St. Lutgarde.

Economy and Eddy's Matches

Buying the cheapest article is often the poorest economy. We do not claim to sell the cheapest Matches, but we do claim, to sell

The Most of the Best For the Least Money. Therefore Always Everywhere—Buy Eddy's Matches

CAPITAL TRUST CORPORATION
Authorized Capital, \$2,000,000 LIMITED
BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
President: M. J. O'Brien, Renfrew.
Vice-Presidents: Hon. S. N. Parent, Ottawa; Denis Murphy, Ottawa; R. P. Gough, Toronto; A. E. Corrigan, Ottawa.

Knowledge, when wisdom is too weak to guide her, is like a headstrong horse that throws the rider.—Quarles.

STAINED GLASS MEMORIAL WINDOWS AND LEADED LIGHTS
B. LEONARD QUEBEC: P. Q.
We Make a Specialty of Catholic Church Windows

WHO WOULD EVER have expected to see you here? I thought you left Canada some years ago. My, Bill! You look just as natural as ever. Let me see now, it must be thirty years since I saw you before. That was the time that your father and my father were attending a meeting in Toronto and were staying at the Walker House. Gee! Those were the happy days. I will never forget. My! How you laughed at me when I fell sliding on the clean floor of the Office of the Hotel. My Dad thought it was a shame to dirty that clean floor. Have you been in Toronto lately? Is that so? I was there myself last week. My Gosh! if they have got the House fixed up beautifully, and the Meals are just as good as ever. In fact, I think they are a little better. It does an old timer of that Hotel a lot of good to see the way in which they look after women and children when they go in there. Mr. Wright, the Proprietor, is on the job all the time, moving around to see that everybody is attended to. Nothing escapes his eye. No doubt there will be lots of other Hotels in Toronto, and many of them pretty good ones, Billy, but there is only one WALKER HOUSE for mine. Well, Good-Bye Old Chap! All right, that's a Go! Walker House next Tuesday. Mind your Step, you are getting old now, Bill. Good-Bye!

TORONTO'S FAMOUS HOTEL THE WALKER HOUSE
Geo. Wright & Co. - Proprietors

First Announcement

We have in preparation a new book under the suggestive title: "The Facts About Luther"

which will be ready for the market about October 1st, 1916. The work is written by the Rt. Rev. Mons. P. F. O'Hare, LL.D., who is well known as a writer and lecturer on Lutheranism. The object of the volume is to present the life of Luther in its different phases as outlined in the contents.

CONTENTS
1. Luther, his friends and opponents.
2. Luther before his defection.
3. Luther and Indulgences.
4. Luther and Justification.
5. Luther on the Church and the Pope.
6. Luther and the Bible.
7. Luther a fomentor of rebellion.
8. Luther, Free-will & Liberty of Conscience.
9. Luther as a Religious Reformer.

Order Now. 25c. Postpaid
The Catholic Record
LONDON, CANADA

TO INVESTORS

THOSE WHO, FROM TIME TO TIME, HAVE FUNDS REQUIRING INVESTMENT MAY PURCHASE AT PAR DOMINION OF CANADA DEBENTURE STOCK

IN SUMS OF \$500, OR ANY MULTIPLE THEREOF
Principal repayable 1st October, 1919.
Interest payable half-yearly, 1st April and 1st October by cheque (free of exchange at any chartered Bank in Canada) at the rate of five per cent per annum from the date of purchase.
Holders of this stock will have the privilege of surrendering at par and accrued interest, as the equivalent of cash, in payment of any allotment made under any future war loan issue in Canada other than an issue of Treasury Bills or other like short date security.
Proceeds of this stock are for war purposes only.
A commission of one-quarter of one per cent will be allowed to recognized bond and stock brokers on allotments made in respect of applications for this stock which bear their stamp.
For application forms apply to the Deputy Minister of Finance, Ottawa.
DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, OTTAWA
OCTOBER 7th, 1916.



CATHOLIC IDEALS IN SECULAR LIFE

The Catholic, moving in secular society, should be as a breath of pine or balsam in a wintry air...

There is not one dogma of the Catholic Church that does not react perfectly to the test of Teresa of the Child Jesus...

There is not one dogma of the Catholic Church that does not react perfectly to the test of Teresa of the Child Jesus...

There is not one dogma of the Catholic Church that does not react perfectly to the test of Teresa of the Child Jesus...

There is not one dogma of the Catholic Church that does not react perfectly to the test of Teresa of the Child Jesus...

There is not one dogma of the Catholic Church that does not react perfectly to the test of Teresa of the Child Jesus...

There is not one dogma of the Catholic Church that does not react perfectly to the test of Teresa of the Child Jesus...

thies. Certainly it cannot be done by neglect or misrepresentation of our actual belief and practice...

The Catholic may not fail any man, woman, or child who turns to him with confidence and affection...

A prominent Anglican clergyman is reported to have said that if during twenty-four hours Catholics were to lead that perfect life of holiness and purity which their Faith enjoins...

There is not one dogma of the Catholic Church that does not react perfectly to the test of Teresa of the Child Jesus...

There is not one dogma of the Catholic Church that does not react perfectly to the test of Teresa of the Child Jesus...

There is not one dogma of the Catholic Church that does not react perfectly to the test of Teresa of the Child Jesus...

There is not one dogma of the Catholic Church that does not react perfectly to the test of Teresa of the Child Jesus...

There is not one dogma of the Catholic Church that does not react perfectly to the test of Teresa of the Child Jesus...

The final question related to one of the most interesting topics of the day, namely, universal military training...

Those wives of soldiers are living better than when their husbands were at home! They are wearing better clothes! Their children are more warmly clad!

Clearly, the Canadian Patriotic Fund is at fault. Clearly it is time for us to tighten our purse-strings...

The Christian code begets a spirit that is uncommonly ungenerous with war. The character engendered by the following of Christ will tend to the avoidance of war...

But more than this: Are we stay-at-homes, we "gentlemen of Canada now abed"—to paraphrase Cicero?

In the momentous crisis through which the world is passing, in the decision of the war which is devastating the earth...

Then you ask, does the Ancient Church stand to-day for peace, I can but point to the honorable record of the Ancient Church...

Listen, if you will, to his prayer addressed to Christ. "During Thy life on earth Thy heart beat with tender compassion for the sorrows of men..."

for the fate of their sons; pity the numberless families now bereaved of their fathers; pity Europe over which broods such havoc and disaster...

He implores Christian kings and Christian rulers to consider the value of human life, and the inalienable rights of men to the pursuit of things that have greatest worth...

He implores Christian kings and Christian rulers to consider the value of human life, and the inalienable rights of men to the pursuit of things that have greatest worth...

He implores Christian kings and Christian rulers to consider the value of human life, and the inalienable rights of men to the pursuit of things that have greatest worth...

He implores Christian kings and Christian rulers to consider the value of human life, and the inalienable rights of men to the pursuit of things that have greatest worth...

He implores Christian kings and Christian rulers to consider the value of human life, and the inalienable rights of men to the pursuit of things that have greatest worth...

He implores Christian kings and Christian rulers to consider the value of human life, and the inalienable rights of men to the pursuit of things that have greatest worth...

He implores Christian kings and Christian rulers to consider the value of human life, and the inalienable rights of men to the pursuit of things that have greatest worth...

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA. ORIGINAL 1864 CHARTER. By cultivating habits of thrift and saving in their children parents are fulfilling a duty of an almost sacred character...

Full Compound Interest paid at highest bank rate on Savings Deposits of One Dollar and upwards.

HE KNOWS HIS RELIGION. There's a justice out in Missouri whose Catholicity merits nationwide recognition. He is Miles Bulger, presiding judge of the Jackson county court...

TEACHERS WANTED. WANTED AT ONCE, ON RANCH, TEACHER for boy of twelve. State fairly qualifications, references and salary. Comfortable home and long engagement for right party...

Before Insuring Your Life. PLEASE OBTAIN THE RATES OF THE MUTUAL LIFE OF NEW YORK. 73 years honorable record; no stockholders pay dividends to all...

ORDOS 1917. WILL BE READY IN A FEW DAYS. ORDER NOW. The Catholic Record LONDON, ONT.

Very Complete FIRE-PROOF STEEL CABINETS to hold your Cash, Charcoal, etc., at the PRICE OF \$20. MISSION SUPPLIES OUR SPECIALTY.

MEMORIAL WINDOWS ENGLISH ANTIQUE STAINED GLASS LYON GLASS CO. 141-3 CHURCH ST. TORONTO ONT.

Our Library. Best Catholic Authors 50c Postage Paid. Each 50c. NEW TITLES NEXT WEEK.

NOVELS. Lady Amabel And The Shepherd Boy, by Elizabeth M. Stewart. A Catholic tale of England...

NOVELS. Marcella Grace, by Rosa Mulholland. The plot of this story is laid with a skill and grasp of detail not always found in novels...

NOVELS. Mystery of Cleverly, by George Barton. Mystery of Naples, by Rev. E. P. Graham. With six illustrations.

NOVELS. The Water of Cleverly, by George Barton. Mystery of Naples, by Rev. E. P. Graham. With six illustrations.

NOVELS. The Water of Cleverly, by George Barton. Mystery of Naples, by Rev. E. P. Graham. With six illustrations.

NOVELS. The Water of Cleverly, by George Barton. Mystery of Naples, by Rev. E. P. Graham. With six illustrations.

NOVELS. The Water of Cleverly, by George Barton. Mystery of Naples, by Rev. E. P. Graham. With six illustrations.