

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, OCTOBER 2, 1915

1928

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1915

KEEPING YOUNG

As the years roll on, and the centuries unfold a longer vista to the student of life and manners, the sense of human values becomes keener under the pressure of a felt necessity. Of the many precious things that have been won by labor and patience, none can claim precedence of youth, for it has the promise and potency of all the good that time holds in fee. The tragic circumstance that arrests and puzzles the moralist is the unconsciousness of loss and gain which usually marks the youthful outlook, the absorption in the present hour with its petty interests and pleasures. And yet we sigh for those vanished days and unanxious joys even as we lament the passing of the springtide whose freshness no summer blaze can rival. But we cannot put back the shadow on the dial, or recover that first rapture, long for it as we may. What we can and ought to do is to retain such a bright memory of it as to be able to embody it in terms of advancing life-experience. For the gifts which manifest themselves then are doubly valuable when combined with the gains of ripe knowledge and sober reflection. Faust might well voice the vain and unprofitable regrets of those who "wander through life's labyrinthine waste," tortured by the contrast between the happy past and the barren present: for if the years are not charged with wisdom how shall age adjust itself to altered conditions? Hence it is that opportunities unimproved leave only the sense of emptiness and the salt of remorse behind. Worn out passions point to arid tracts of inevitable routine. One who finds no deepening interest in the duties of middle life is fain to linger pathetically over reminiscences—"Oh, spirit of youth, to whose open gaze and fearless temper all things seem full of wonder! to whom dangers and obstacles are but stimulants to effort; and before whose daring onset Death himself veils his terrors, how strong and beautiful thou art! What hopes inspire thy heart and nerve thy arm!" Life's dream presents so much that is fresh and fair, why should it ever fall realization, in essence if not in form? What high instincts come to birth in the stainless years! Pity that these should so often be overlaid by coarse ambitions and wayward desires, that the temperature of the soul should be lowered to suit the exigencies of the passing hour, and worldly policy claim the powers that belong to faith and goodness and love alone!

The French have a proverb, *Si jeunesse savait!* But it does not. Life's discipline has for its object the moulding of complete men and women, who shall express in word and deed the full stature and ripe development decreed for this latter day. Yet never to life's latest hour can the true manhood and womanhood rest satisfied or cease to grow. Age and youth are alike in this—that the little circle of light in which they stand is ringed round with an unexplored realm. Newton, who gave to mankind the key which has unlocked so many mysteries, felt himself at the last to be but a child looking forth wistfully upon the unexplored ocean of truth. The genial author and scientist who gave so many wise and witty counsels in the "Breakfast Table" series shared the same noble humility; well for us if we too attain the same level of calm conviction.

"Nor think the difference mighty as it seems. Between life's morning and its evening dreams; Fourscore, like twenty, has its tasks and boys; In earth's wide school-house all are girls and boys."

THE WAR

The terrible war now raging has raised in myriads of minds moral questions that had long remained in abeyance—questions that probe the very foundations of religion and morality. No thoughtful man can avoid these perplexing problems. The stupendousness of the struggle must appeal with overwhelming power to any one who realizes how

large a part of mankind is affected. Never has the world witnessed a war in any way comparable in magnitude with this. The countries contributing to the fighting ranks number more than nine hundred million people, or considerably over half the population of the world. The type of men engaged in the strife is as impressive as the numbers from whom they are drawn. They include, in a large degree, the pick of the inhabitants of the most civilized Great Powers of the Old World. The flower of the manhood of the nations under service has been joined by the bravest men, acting from their own free will and representing every section of the community. One university alone has sent into the field 2,000 of its under graduates. Only two nations, having any claim by both culture and numbers to be called great, remain non-combatant. What a call for reflection? That, in this twentieth century after Christ, a vast majority of the Christian people of the world should be using their moral fervor, energy, wealth and ingenuity in slaying each other is a state of things which the best of them had regarded as unthinkable, and yet it has come to pass. Can we wonder that under such a staggering load the faith in civilization of not a few has reeled and they have asked themselves in what way the so-called Christian nations of to-day are better than the rude barbarians who were their far-off forefathers? Can we wonder if in their haste they question whether the world is one whit more moral than ever it was, and whether it does not gloss over its unbridled passions with hypocrisy?

THE FACTS

If the censorship department—the only official department that has proved itself to be stupid—were not so unspcakably stupid it would censor the headings of newspapers that are designed momentarily to excite and mislead rather than to inform the public. Of course there is a section of the public which has been so played on by the sensational press that it delights in a scream whether there is any reason for the outcry or not. It enjoys a periodical process of nervous laceration. But here, again, the good sense of the remainder has steadily gained ground, and we are convinced that the area over which crude sensation mongering can practice successfully is shrinking week by week. People resent verbal victories as much as they resent imagined defeats. They want the truth. They ask for facts and good judgment. An exploded or stale invention is abhorrent beyond expression to the essentially truth-seeking mind, and purveyors of the kind of news which goes up like a rocket and comes down like the stick do not know the general reading public. The newspaper with the pluck to say invariably it does not believe the current "story" would be the most popular print in the land. Though newspapers will be the last to learn the fact that we love first the truth on which we can safely lean, every close observer of the moods of the masses and classes knows that this is one of the most salient, impressive, and encouraging features of the national character that has been accentuated by the war, and that the vast mass of intelligent people, notwithstanding the lamentable training they get in the enjoyment of "thrills," have shown, and increasingly feel, a desire for truth rather than for sensation.

It would be easy to enlarge upon the humors of recruiting. There is much comedy in the business of enlistment and the preliminary training of the embryo warrior, doubtless. Jerome K. Jerome described the drill sergeant as "a stout man, with a walk like an egotistic pigeon." His voice was a sort of bark, and he had a fine command of picturesque blasphemy and abusive epithets. In this respect times and manners have happily changed. The old watchwords and orders do not cover more than a fraction of the requirements which lead up to trench-warfare and surprise assaults. Then those camp duties and route-marches, with the initiatory rites of the inverted freemasonry which German kultur has imposed upon a reluctant West, how could they square with the old

notions of soldiering? No longer a mere cog in a military machine, but a free agent in a national effort of supreme worth, the modern recruit brings a new spirit into this conflict between vanished barbarism and high civilization. The unquenchable gaiety of the "Tommys" that follow the flag is the wonder of the war, but behind this mask of good humor, which is in fact good sense, there lie inexhaustible reserves of courage and endurance.

FRENCH CANADIANS AND RECRUITING

(Hon. T. Chase Casgrain at Vancouver)

"I am speaking to you here to-day as a member of the Government of Canada, as a citizen of this great country, to which I am lovingly attached, because seven generations of my ancestors have lived and labored here, and as a French-Canadian, who understands the full nature of the struggle which is being waged on the plains of Europe.

"My province and my race, I am proud to say, have done their duty. In the first contingent there were 2,500 French Canadians, distributed amongst the various regiments. A short time after the first contingent left, Colonel Gaudet organized the first French Canadian regiment and the recruiting of the corps was followed by the recruiting of another regiment, under Colonel Archaean, a third under Colonel Paquet, while a fourth is actually being organized in Montreal, under the command of Colonel Danereau. Among the names of those who are fighting to-day, or who will fight to-morrow, are the historic names of French families who at one time defended Canada against the ancestors of those with whom they are now fighting side by side, the Duchesne, de Salaberry, de Beaulieu, Baby, de Lanouette, Lavolette, and I am proud to say that five men bearing the name which I bear, three officers and two privates, one of whom was killed in battle, have made the supreme sacrifice for the defence of the flag."

CREMATION

The recent resolution of the Cremation Association of America calling on the Congregation of the Index to repeal the decrees of 1886, which prohibit Catholics to be cremated, is of considerable interest. The convention of the Association was held on August 27, in Buffalo, and a movement was placed on foot to have Dr. Hugh Erlanson, president of the Association, appointed to the inactive list of the United States Medical Reserve Corps, in order to investigate and report on cremation in the battlefields.

Catholics will see, in this resolution to be forwarded to Rome, another attempt, on scientific grounds, to disparage the wisdom of the Church's legislation. The decrees mentioned, May 19, and December 15, 1886, forbid membership in cremation societies and declare the unlawfulness of any body or that of another. Though there is nothing directly opposed to any dogma of the Church in the practice of cremation, her legislation in forbidding it rests on very strong motives. She has long recognized that, in the majority of cases, cremation is joined hand and glove with circumstances which make it a public profession of irreligion and materialism. Governmental approval of this practice was first obtained through the instrumentality of the Freemasons, beginning in Italy at Padua in 1878. In Dresden, Zurich, London and Paris, Freemasons have promoted the growth of this inhuman practice. Naturally the Church has opposed from the start a movement which has been, and is being, used chiefly by the enemies of the Christian Faith. But the Church has other reasons. She points out that filial piety, conjugal and fraternal love revolt against such a treatment of the human body which was once the temple of the Living God, an instrument of heavenly virtue and the abode of Sacramental love.

Cremation dates back to the Pre-Canaanites, who thus disposed of their dead until the introduction of Semitic civilization, about the year 2500 B. C. It, however, was not practiced by the Jewish people, nor by the Egyptians, Phoenicians, or Carthaginians except in cases of war or pestilence. The Greeks and Romans buried or cremated their dead according to their views of the after life. By the fifth century of the Christian era, owing to the rapid progress of Christianity, the practice of cremation had entirely ceased.

The Christians followed the personal example of their Divine Founder, and the universal custom of the Jews. The importance of Christian burial in their minds is evidenced by the fact that they often risked their lives to recover the bodies of the martyrs. Hence, in the legislation of the Church through-

out the centuries, we find that the placing of the body in the earth or tomb was a part of Christian burial. With the early Christians inhumation was also a protest against the pagan denial of the resurrection. To day medical men and jurists oppose cremation on the ground that it destroys all evidence of the cause of death, so often needed in criminal cases of poisoning.

Those who favor cremation for supposedly hygienic reasons would do well to recall the investigations of Delacroix and Dalton, who proved that cemeteries are not a menace to water supplies. Of three parts of rain only one permeates the soil, and only a tiny bit of that will reach the buried bodies, and that in turn will be practically all absorbed by the earth. The wonderful disinfecting power of the earth is also of importance.

Modern cremation is making much headway, although there are ninety crematories in Europe. A glance at the Paris statistics for the sixteen years ending 1905 shows that, out of 78,380 incinerations only 3,484 were by request. In the United States 18,012 cremations are recorded from 1876 to 1900, and during the last decade the number has increased but slightly. There is in Boston a present an agitation for the substitution of crematories for potter's fields. Here in New York the bodies of immigrants dying of infectious diseases at the quarantine station are burned, unless surviving relatives have religious objections.

It is not likely that the recommendation of the American Cremation Association will be seriously considered at Rome. Rather will it bring to mind the sinister machinations of Freemasonry.—Brooklyn Tablet.

WILL THEY REMAIN CATHOLICS?

Once again Catholics are crowding into Harvard and Princeton and Yale; and daughters of the Church who ought to be saints, are unblushingly entering the wide spread doors of Wellesley and Vassar and Smith. Preparatory and finishing schools of every description, with little in common except that they are fashionable and non-Catholic, are beckoning the unwary into their dangerous halls; and tender children, who now are as pure as angels, are marching with unsuspecting confidence into the class rooms of schools where religion is ignored. Our boys are turning their backs on the colleges which gave to their fathers all the training and power they possess; and our girls are glancing with disdain at the academies in which their mothers acquired the gentleness, piety, culture and love of God and their children, that made them models for their children. And the next generation of Catholics? The poor we shall always have with us, their faith will continue to burn bright, and to guide them to the tabernacle and the altar rail. But what of the rich? What of the children who are now learning skepticism, if not worse from the lectures of men and women who knew not Christ, and who laugh at the tenets and practices of Catholicism? Who think you, will claim them for his own, when they have come to their manhood or their womanhood, the Prince of Peace or the Prince of this world. One shrinks from the answer. Bitter indeed will be the death bed of parents who have yielded, in spite of their own better judgment and their pastors' protests, to the foolish wishes of their dazzled children to the extent of permitting them to set their innocent feet in the way of destruction and death. What a stewardship will be theirs to account for and what reckoning! Christ's little ones were scandalized.—America.

BECAUSE OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

The heroism of Catholics lives in one of the standing miracles God has designed to give a fallen world, says the Rev. E. P. Le Bluffe, S. J. Explain it you cannot, unless you know the Blessed Sacrament, unless you know that love of God which brought Him and still brings Him to our altars. Catholicism is the biggest riddle of the world as long as the consecrated Host is merely bread to it. "I have Food to eat you know not." O world! and cannot know, and that is why my heart is strong. That is why I can bear the smart of the agony of bruised and battered limbs, with playful word upon my shrunken lips: that is why my poverty has no sting and riches no siren call; that is why I can kneel beside the bed of dying loved ones, and with trembling fingers close their eyes in sleep that knows no waking, and yet go back to life with the same old smile of joy: that is why, when Christ, my Captain, calls I can leave the world and turn my back upon its fleeting baubles and hind my life with triple vow to serve my King—Catholic Sun.

WITHOUT A LEADER

It is a fact that the Anglican Church can decide nothing, in faith any more than in morals. It cannot lead, because it has no leaders. The poor Archbishop of Canterbury did his best to get out of the bog into which the Kikuyu controversy dropped him; he has been sunk deeper. His declaration is derided. Writing in his *Dial*, alarm at the dilklike shown towards the Archbishop's decision, points out that there is no need for excitement or unsettlement since in reality it is not a Judgment but merely an Opinion which is binding neither on the clergy nor on the laity. For himself, apparently he intends to take no notice of it; he will stand by the Prayer Book and follow its instructions. If people want the ministrations of the Anglican Church, they must be Anglicans. If they want to preach Anglican churches, they must profess Anglican doctrines. As he says: "It stands to reason that full Church membership and the acceptance of the Catholic faith in its entirety must be conditions recognized by those who teach and preach in our churches." What is the entirety of the Faith held by Anglicans? Is it the doctrine of High Church, Low Church, or Broad Church. It cannot possibly be the faith held by them all, for they all hold different doctrines, even on the most fundamental points. Is the Holy Resurrection of our Lord of the entirety of Anglican faith, or the Virgin Birth, or the Eucharistic Presence, or the Ordination of Bishops, or the regeneration by Baptism. What does Anglicanism in its entirety stand for? Nobody knows. And that is one of the reasons why most people consider that the Anglican Church has already abdicated, being powerless to give a lead either on faith or on morality.—Catholic Times.

NEW DEAN OF THE SACRED COLLEGE

CARDINAL VINCENTO VANNUPELLI SUCCEEDS HIS LATELY DECEASED BROTHER

Cardinal Seraphino Vannutelli, who died in Rome recently at the age of eighty one, had been Dean of the Sacred College since the death of Cardinal Gregorio. He was created Cardinal at the Consistory that was held on March 14, 1887, was Major Penitentiary of the Holy Church, and Prefect of the Ceremonial Congregation.

His brother, Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, who was created Cardinal on Dec. 30, 1889, now becomes Dean of the Sacred College. Cardinal Casetta is now Subdean. There are now only fifty-seven members of the Sacred College; and it is understood that Pope Benedict is seriously considering the advisableness of holding a Consistory soon, in spite of the unfavorable conditions existing.—The Echo.

FOR THE SLAIN IN BATTLE

Not only is our Holy Father, Pope Benedict XV., solicitous to bring about peace among the warring nations, but his tender heart turns to the millions of souls departed by reason of the stupendous cataclysm. He has prayed and again directed to battle and is now reported to have granted to the priests of all the world the privilege of celebrating three Masses on All Souls' day.

"We have become familiar with death flowing past us, too, in torrents, the torrents of war. Isn't this true? We scan now with a rapid glance the small type estimate, far down the column, of the millions slain in the first year of the war, who were hurled in the first few months of the war by the dark headlines of slaughter in Belgium and at the Marne. No one in those days but felt a sharp stab of sympathy for the countless victims of war, and murmured in his heart a prayer for them. Who now prays for the dead over his morning newspaper? It is the same old story of neglect of common things. We turn again to the sporting sheet, and the society page, and the courthouse news of yesterday with more interest than to the story of the war.

"But the souls of the dead are crying loudly, more loudly every day, and sympathy for them should be still stronger, as was the sympathy of the heart of Christ. When Christ saw the sorrowing widow of Naim following the body of her son out of the city gates to the grave, He was filled with pity for her, and with the true sympathy of deeds, not merely of words and feeling. He did all that He could both for the living and the dead, even to the extent of performing a miracle of His power. The best that the faithful upon earth can do is not merely the passing tribute of a tear, but earnest daily prayer for the repose of the souls of the dead, as each day renews for us the memory of their need. Our Holy Father has given his flock an example of such

solicitude, not only by the prayers for the dead which he has directed to have said since the war began, but also by the privilege which he is reported to have granted recently to the priests of all the world of celebrating three Masses on All Souls' day. God's blessing in heaven will see and marvel at the fruits of this holy exercise of the Communion of Saints and the holy souls in their happiness will praise the work of God, just as the people did who saw the miracle of the resurrection of the widow's son. A great prophet has arisen among us, and God has visited his people."

Yet Catholics should not wait for All Souls' day to exercise their charity. The souls of the dead, not yet admitted to the beatific vision, but separated from it by the cruel flames of purgatory, are beseeching us for present help. How can we refuse them? Not a day should pass for the sincere Catholic without a prayer for the souls of his heroic dead.—Intermountain Catholic.

PRESBYTERIANS ADOPTING PURGATORY

"Who would have thought that a time would come when a minister of the Established Church of Scotland would be found advocating prayers for the dead?" Such is the question (says "Alfonso") put by Rev. Mr. Colclough, St. Thomas's Episcopal Church, Edinburgh, in a letter to the "Scotsman" of September 3. It was called forth by a letter to the same journal the day before from a Parish Minister, who discreetly hides his whereabouts, but who is not improbably a member of the Scottish Church Society, a body of ministers and laymen of Ritualistic type. This parish minister wrote that, "while the practice of praying for the dead might become dangerous to the distinctive principles of the Reformation [we gather that that would be no objection to the practice, in his eyes], liberty might be allowed to Protest ant ministers to use such prayers at funeral and memorial services." Arguing that "if a prayer is a wish directed Godwards," and if people have (as they certainly have) wishes in their hearts for the happiness and safety of their departed friends, there can be no reason why these thoughts should not be "openly recognized in our funeral services." He suggested there could be no valid objection to a certain collect from the First Prayer Book of Edward VI. This collect contains the petition "that the sins which he (the departed) committed in this world be not imputed to him, but that he, escaping the gates of hell and pains of eternal darkness, may ever dwell in the region of light," etc.; "make him to rise also with the just. . . . then set him on the right hand of the Son Jesus Christ. . . . This is certainly a bold and open plea for Purgatory coming from the minister of a sect whose Confessional standards declare that besides the places of hell and heaven, "Scripture acknowledgeth none."—Catholic Herald.

ONE OF THE EXILES

A news item from London tells that:

"Among the English peers fighting against England in the German ranks is Viscount Taffe, who is in the Emperor Francis Joseph's First Regiment of Dragoons. Count Taffe, as he is best known, is a Count of the Holy Roman Empire and lives in Austria. But he is Viscount Taffe and Baron of Ballymore, County Sligo, in the Irish peerage, and consequently a British subject."

And as a peer, Irish and English, he is by hereditary right a member of the British House of Lords and might, if he so desired, take a seat, and speak and vote in that assembly. He is a descendant of an Irish Catholic family exiled from their country through the infamous anti-Catholic penal laws.

FOR BIG CATHOLIC BUILDING

HOME FOR KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS AND OTHER CHURCH ACTIVITIES PLANNED

Mayor Mitchell, Controller Prudden, W. Bonrke Cockran, John D. Grimmins, Joseph F. Daly, Justice Herman, Colonel Louis D. Conley, Herman Ridder, Chauncey Olcott, and more than fifty other Catholic laymen have accepted invitations to serve on the Finance Committee of a Knights of Columbus Building, to be erected in this city, and to be such a Catholic headquarters as no city in the world contains.

William P. Myhan is Chairman of the committee having the matter in hand. He said that the expressions of approval of the plan, and the belief that the winter is the time to raise the \$200,000 to \$300,000 needed, having surprised and encouraged all, having the matter in charge, Cardinal Farley has given his hearty approval.

No appeal for funds has yet been made, and no selection of site determined. The site most favored is near the Lexington Avenue subway between Forty-second and Fifty-ninth Streets.—N. Y. Times.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The hospital of Santa Martha near the Vatican has been given by the Knights of Malta for wounded Italian soldiers.

Florence, Italy, Sept. 16.—The death is announced of Cardinal Benedetto Lorenzelli, archbishop of Lucca and prefect of the congregation of studies.

The late Mrs. Antonette A. Kennan, a well-known Catholic resident of Milwaukee, who died on July 10, bequeathed practically her entire estate, valued at more than \$800,000, to charity.

There is a Catholic mission district in China to-day that contains 14,000 Christians. It was founded by a native missionary priest who had begun his career as a Buddhist.

According to the latest statistics that have been compiled, it is figured out that there are no less than 150,000,000 Catholics resident in the countries already drawn into the maelstrom of the European conflict.

The Rev. J. A. Williams, who was ordained to the priesthood, Aug. 16, by Bishop O'Gorman of Sioux Falls, S. D., is a convert to the Church. The son of Lutheran parents, he was a member of that church until, while a high school student, he embraced the Catholic faith.

Pope Benedict XV. has decorated the Foreign Ministers of Chili and the Argentine with the Grand Cross of St. Gregory the Great, to show his pleasure at the treaty of friendship made by the South American republics; to the Foreign Minister of Brazil, who is not allowed, by the Constitution of his country, to accept such a declaration, the Holy Father sent a mosaic made in the Vatican. It represents St. Sebastian, protector of Rio de Janeiro.

The return trip of the Liberty bell from the Panama Pacific exposition at San Francisco will begin Nov. 11 and end at Philadelphia Dec. 4, it was announced recently at Philadelphia. The bell will arrive at the Panama California exposition, San Diego, Nov. 12, where it will remain until midnight, November 14. Many stops will be made on the way east, as hundreds of requests for an opportunity to see the historic relic have been received from western towns.

The Right Rev. Michael J. Gallagher, V. G., who was recently appointed Coadjutor with the right of succession to the venerable Bishop Richter, of Grand Rapids, Mich., was consecrated Wednesday, Sept. 8, in the beautiful Cathedral of Grand Rapids. The Most Rev. John Bonzano, Apostolic delegate to the United States, presided. There were present the Most Rev. Archbishop Moeller of Cincinnati, and many distinguished priests and prelates from all over the country.

A remarkable cure took place recently at one of Erin's numerous Holy Wells. A Protestant farmer, who had for some time been a cripple from sciatica and comes from Derry, of all places, evidenced a desire to join the pilgrims to the Well of Doon in Kilmacrennan, Co. Donegal. After making the station, he suddenly threw his crutch and stick away and declared himself completely cured, to the delight of all the assembled pilgrims. Before he had only been able to move with great difficulty and terrible pain.

In the ecclesiastical circles of Rome the nomination of the Right Rev. Mgr. Cherubini, Under-Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Religions, as Apostolic Delegate to the Republic of Haiti, has been received with feelings of satisfaction. Within two weeks the newly-chosen Apostolic Delegate will be consecrated a Titular Archbishop. His appointment is particularly popular in the lay ranks, where, as Ecclesiastical Assistant to the famous club known by the name of the "Circolo di S. Elia," Mgr. Cherubini won golden opinions.

Death by starvation because of four years of crop failure, faces the 75,000 inhabitants of Curacao Island, in the Dutch West Indies, unless help is sent to them, according to Rev. M. G. Vuysecke, Catholic Bishop of Curacao, who arrived in Chicago recently, suffering aid for the islanders. "The suffering in my diocese is fully as terrible as in the war-stricken countries of Europe," said the Bishop. "What is needed to alleviate the conditions there is bread, seeds, water and food of all kinds. For four years there have been no crops and the island is turning into a veritable desert."

Plans are at present under way for the erection of a tuberculosis hospital in Dayton, Ohio, at an estimated cost of \$500,000. It will be built upon the highlands west of the city, and will be placed in charge of the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis, who are at present conducting St. Elizabeth Hospital. The new institution will receive patients irrespective of religious affiliation or their ability to pay for treatment. The proposed hospital is the gift of Peter Kuntz, Sr., a prominent Catholic citizen of Dayton, who has been active for his public spirit and his noted interest in the social welfare of the city.

CARDOME

A ROMANCE OF KENTUCKY

By ANNA C. MINOQUE

CHAPTER XX—CONTINUED

"You are acquainted with the young lady?" asked Morgan of Hal. "It is evident that none of the male members of the house are at home. She will be alarmed at the thought of the enemy so near, whom, naturally, she will judge by the specimen she saw; so I wish you to go to her and assure her that she and her property are as safe as if her father's regiment, instead of Morgan's, were encamped at her door."

Hal saluted and went forward. The girl stood motionless in the yard by her gray horse, watching the approaching officer. As he drew near she slipped her right hand into her pocket, and in the next instant Hal saw her aiming a pistol at the horse's small, shapely head. "Don't shoot him!" cried out the young lieutenant, authoritatively. Then, remembering himself: "Oh, I beg your pardon! I mean, please wait a minute. We don't want your horse. That fellow was our Lucy, Lucy, don't you know me? It's Hal, and in his confusion the Confederate officer blushed like a girl. She did not stir, however, nor give him greeting, until he had conveyed to her Morgan's message. Then the little weapon was slipped into her pocket, and she extended her hand, girlish gladness at seeing her friend showing on her lovely face.

"I thought Morgan had sent you for Dan," she said, a ripple of laughter running over her tones, "and so I was going to shoot him."

"I never thought you had so much nerve, Lucy," replied Hal, mentally remarking how pretty Lucy Menefee had grown.

"I don't know that I ever gave you reason to think me a coward," she flashed back. "I certainly would be one, if I were to let strangers have my dear old Dan. When did you come?"

"Just arrived," said he, smiling. "When do you leave?" she asked. "A soldier seldom can answer that question," said Hal.

"And don't you know to what place you are going? Oh! I'm glad I'm not a man, for I'd hate to be a soldier!"

He would have liked to ask why her brother was not in the Union ranks, but gallantly forbore, and instead inquired for her aunt's health. "She is just the same," replied the girl.

"Is Miss Mattie well?" he asked. "She was when last we heard from her. You know that she was married, didn't you?"

"Why, no!" returned Hal, and the surprise in his voice annoyed the spirited Kentucky maiden.

"And why shouldn't she marry?" she flashed. "Did you think that she was wearing the willow for that contemptible Howard Dallas? Mattie wouldn't marry him when she found him out, if his plantation were covered with gold instead of blue grass. She never told any one why the engagement was broken, but I know. Maybe some folks thought it was his doing, but it wasn't. I've seen him down on his knees begging her to pardon him, but—"

At this juncture a red-turbaned negress appeared and, without deigning to glance at the young Confederate soldier, said:

"Miss Lucy, yoh aunt says yoh mus' come into de house right away."

"I will directly," replied the girl. "Yoh aunt says yoh mus' come in right away," persisted the woman.

"Won't you come in and see Auntie?" Lucy asked Hal. "She will be so glad. Papa is in business with his regiment," she went on, "and my brother is in Georgetown. He is rarely to see anyone now, so she finished pathetically, leading the way to the house, which in other days was so frequently the scene of gayer and pleasure. A tall, white haired lady, who since the death of Lucy's mother had ruled in her brother's house, rose from her easy-chair by the window as her niece spoke their visitor's name. She took the young man's hand in both hers, while she looked on his face with tear-filled eyes. She led him to the window, in a silence that strangely affected the hearted Hal Todd. While the tears fell from her eyes she searched his face, and not finding there something that she had expected, she glanced toward the girl, who hastened to explain that their visitor had just arrived from the South with his regiment.

"Ah! you have not been home, then?" she asked, the pitying expression deepening on her face. Hal replied that he had not, and changed from the subject by inquiring for her health. When the lady learned that a regiment of soldiers was encamped almost at her door, she announced a slave and gave orders that the best of the house provided should be sent to them. Hal accepted her invitation to remain for supper, and as he stretched himself on the sofa, while Lucy and her aunt were making their toilet, he half sighed for a speedy cessation of hostilities. "There's plenty of fun and excitement soldiering," he mused, "but a long shift more ease and comfort in civil pursuits." And then he put to himself the old, old question: "Wonder when it's all done with, the thing settled one way or the other, will my father forgive me and Virginia and call us home again?"

That evening seemed to fly. The supper was over, and while down in

the camp among the trees the man lay on the grass enjoying the rest and holy quiet of the summer night, Hal sat in the old parlor, whispering foolish words to Lucy, or answering the occasional question put to him by her aunt. A clock somewhere struck ten, and reluctantly he arose.

"Must you go so soon?" asked Lucy; but hardly was the question spoken when a quick step sounded on the veranda. "O God! It's brother!" she whispered. "Come quickly!" and she caught Hal's arm and hurried him toward the dining-room, which was separated from the parlor by heavy portieres. "He's had supper, likely, and will go to bed soon; then I'll come and let you out," she said; and as she dropped the curtain her brother opened the door.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, throwing down his hat, "but I've had a ride! It's just ten, and I made the trip from Georgetown in forty minutes—how's that for travelling, Sis?"

"Very good, if you're trying to kill your horse," she replied sharply, for she saw that he had taken too much wine.

"Had to make it, and I've got another ride before me to-night. You'll loan me Dan, won't you? My horse is about done up."

"No, I'll not loan you Dan," she declared, "and I think you are ready for bed than a ride, flashing on him a look of disgust from her bright eyes.

"I did not ask for your advice, little lady," he said. "But you did for my horse, and I gave you the advice gratis, with my refusal."

"I am not going to take a refusal, as I do not need your advice," he returned. "Dan is fester than any of the other horses. We've got to make Lexington to-night, and it would take Tam O'Shanter's old Meg herself to outride John Morgan."

"Oh! are you going to ride a race with John Morgan?" she chimed. "Better wait until to-morrow, Charles, when you will be feeling better. You wouldn't look very well in Colonel Morgan's company to-night."

"I'll not wait until to-morrow," he said. "To-morrow I'll come back and will bring Ward and his men with me. We've got Morgan at last."

"Oh, indeed!" she exclaimed. "Do tell where he is."

"He's camped here in the woods, and intends remaining a few days to give his soldiers a rest in the Blue Grass land. But we, Dallas and I, have planned a longer rest for them in the Columbus pen; while those we can't induce to take lodging in Merion's Hotel, we'll give a neat little bed under the so wall!" and he laughed heartily. "But I want some supper before I—"

"Yes, of course," she broke in nervously. "But tell me all about it first. How did you find out that Morgan is around here?"

"Why, one of the fellows deserted. He struck across the country for Georgetown and his way took him past the Park. As luck would have it, Miss Sears—a dented fine girl she is, and 'pon my word, Sis, I believe Dallas is letting his boat drift in her direction!—happened to be on the lawn. She began to talk to him, and when she found out he had left Morgan's company she took him into the house, and—well, Mrs. Powell attended to the rest of the business. She sent for Dallas, and he went to Georgetown to get me to ride over to Lexington with him to give the information to General Ward. You see, the 'Reds' have cut off all communication between us and Lexington, so the only way to get the message to Ward is by courier. Dallas is afraid to trust it to any one, and he said we must carry it ourselves."

"But you are not able to take that long journey," said his sister. "Suppose some of Morgan's men were to meet you on the way?"

"Not likely. They're not looking for danger in this vicinity. Anyhow, it's worth the risk. The government will reward us well for our share in the undertaking, if that rich prize is captured."

"Oh, it is the money you are after!" she exclaimed.

"It's what they are all after, honey," he returned, lightly.

"You are the first Menefee who ever adopted patriotism for what it might bring!" she flashed; but he only laughed, and said:

"Well, I must get some supper—why, what's that?" for Hal, knowing it was now time to leave, had suddenly thrown up the window, and it struck the upper sill with resounding noise.

"I'll see!" she cried, darting forward, then, pausing, with one hand holding back the portiere, she said to an imaginary servant:

"Was that you, Della? Run off and get Mr. Charles a cup of coffee."

"No, no, don't mind any coffee," countermanded Mr. Charles. "A glass of wine and a biscuit are all I've time for."

Hal made his way across the meadow at a rapid pace. A candle in Morgan's tent told him that their chief was still up, and to him the young lieutenant hastened. Clay Powell and several other officers were with the leader, for Morgan placed great confidence in his subordinates and frequently called upon them for advice. He listened attentively to the story the young man brought, while a slow smile played around his lips. When Hal ceased, he turned to Powell and asked:

"Ought I to send Captain McDowell and his newspaper force out against these doughty knights, to capture them and put them out of our way by translating them to Georgia?"

If in his brief life Hal Todd ever made a fervent prayer, it was that Clay Powell would acquiesce in Morgan's proposal. Many another man would have quickly seized the honorable opportunity of disposing of a relentless and unprincipled foe; but Clay Powell was above the ordinary man; he looked not to selfish ends, but to the general good, so he said:

"Since you honor me, sir, by asking for my opinion, I think that it is better to permit him to go to Lexington and bring out the Federal troops. This will be the second time that Mr. Dallas will have led them upon a wild-goose chase. They will come to look upon information from him as the villagers did upon the boy's cry when the wolves were really coming."

For another moment the smile hung around Morgan's lips; then all the stern lines began to appear, and he was the leader again. Hal knew that the golden moment thrust by Fate into Clay Powell's hands had been withdrawn, and involuntarily he sighed. An hour later the notes of the bugle brought the sleeping men to their feet. While they were hurriedly breaking camp, Hal rode across the meadow, and tying his horse to a tree on the lawn, went to the dining room window, which stood a girlish white-robed figure.

"I've gone," she said in a low voice, for her aunt was dozing in her chair in the moonlight.

"Did he take Dan?" asked Hal, smiling up into the face that looked so fair in the moonlight.

"No, he didn't," she replied. "If I want Dan killed, I'll do it myself."

"Shoot him, as you were going to do this afternoon?" laughed Hal.

"Oh, you don't think I would do it?" she questioned.

"Yes, I do," he said slowly. "I believe that, however hard it would be, you would do what you thought was best for whoever or whatever you love."

"I do love Dan," she said, turning from his too eloquent eye. "My brother-in-law gave him to me. And I would rather a thousand times have let that soldier have him this afternoon than that my brother should ride him to Lexington to-night at the bidding of that hateful Howard Dallas! Howard Dallas is trying to ruin my brother, because he hopes by it to give my sister pain. He will stop at nothing to accomplish his revenge. He gave the world the impression that he broke off the engagement between himself and Mattie. That was false. You remember that Miss Castleton and I were in the summer house? One day when she was here we were in the summer house, and she was talking to me about Mr. Dallas. Mattie was telling Miss Virginia how good and noble he was. I suppose she did like him then, and imagined he was good and noble. Miss Virginia told her not to place too much confidence in him, for she didn't know him well enough. I happened to look up from my book and caught sight of Howard Dallas hidden behind the vines near the door, listening to what they were saying."

"The next time he came, Mattie and I were on the veranda. He seemed to be out of humor. After a while he began to accuse my sister of not trusting him, and she said that Virginia had been warning Mattie against him. Mattie made an angry answer. He asked again if Miss Virginia had not told Mattie not to place such perfect faith in him. Mattie wanted to know how this had reached him. And then what do you think that base man said? That I had told him! Mattie began to scold me for tattling, but I wasn't going to be blamed for what I hadn't done. So I said: 'Mr. Dallas, you have told my sister a lie! You were listening at the door that morning Miss Virginia was here, for I saw you.' His face got red and white by turns. He tried to make out that I was telling an untruth to get out of the scolding. Poor Mattie! She didn't know which to believe. But as brother had seen Mr. Dallas come to the house that morning, and one of the little negroes had held his horse, all the evidence was on my side. He admitted, some days afterward, that what I said was true. He had come up in time to hear Mattie speak his name and had listened, to tease her with the nice things he thought he was going to hear about himself. What he heard instead had made him so angry that he went away without seeing me. He begged Mattie to forgive him, but she wouldn't. She couldn't, for you know what high notions she holds regarding a man's honor. Oh! I think that admission of his struck down all the love she ever entertained for him. He felt very bad, for I know he loved my sister. Why he should begin to pay attention to Miss Virginia so soon puzzled some folks; but I know why: he wanted to get her to intercede for him with Mattie. He always hoped that she would relent. When she began to keep company with Mr. Hinton, I used to feel a little bit sorry for Howard. But he deserved all that he received and more. Now," finished Lucy, "you know why I would sooner shoot Dan than let my brother ride to Lexington with that man, and why, although my father is a Union man, I am for the South? I can't possibly be on the same side with Howard Dallas!"

Hal laughed, and said: "How glad I am that he didn't come to the South!"

They talked on, foolishly enough, while in the wood below Morgan and his men were mounting and riding away. When some miles lay between them and the young lieutenant, Hal

announced that he must leave. Lucy sighed, for this meeting with her playmate and old comrade had fanned into love's own flame the sentiment that she had previously entertained for him.

"But you will come back?" she said, softly, after a silence more eloquent than many words.

"May I, Lucy?" he asked, fear and hope in his voice, and he took the white hand that rested on the wide sill.

"Yes," she said, softly, shyly. He clasped the hand to his breast, then whispered:

"Lucy's leaving to-night. It may be long, long years until I come back. Won't you kiss me just once, sweet girl?"

She laid her red lips on his, and as he folded her in his arms, he whispered:

"I'll keep that sweet kiss of yours, darling girl, until we meet again!"

He mounted his horse and rode across the meadow; but as he reached the edge of the wood he stopped, appalled on finding that Morgan and his men were gone.

CHAPTER XXI

"Oh, what will Morgan say?" thought Hal, as the truth flashed upon him that the regiment was off on its wild ride to Lexington and he absent from his place by the leader's side. He turned his horse's head toward the lane which led through the Menefee plantation to the road beyond, intending to follow rapidly and overtake the command. But the road ran smooth and white through familiar scenes, and unwittingly he slackened his rein and the horse fell to from a hard gallop into an easy trot. Hal's newly found love was making glad his heart. He clung to his rich possession with his hearty, boyish enthusiasm, while, with the optimism of his nature, he began to give to his future that perfect peace and happiness not often permitted mortals to enjoy. The dangers of battle were before and around him, but he would pass them unscathed. Then, when the war was over, he would return and, forgiven by his father, would bring Lucy to Cardome. How his mother would welcome her new daughter, and how lovingly Lucy would fill her new place! He could see her, in imagination, sitting through the wide halls and old rooms, a song on her lips, and love light in her eyes. What happy hours there would yet be for her and him at Cardome! What star-lighted nights on the southern veranda, with the sound of music and dancing coming faintly from the white yard where the happy darters were congregated!

And then the horse stopped, and Hal, looking up, was conscious of a fierce stab of pain. Before him was Cardome's gateway, and it was closed! Never, to his knowledge, had an entrance to the old house been thus barred. Night and day, summer and winter, Cardome's gate, like its hospitality, was open to friend and stranger. What could it mean? He leaned forward in his saddle and peered anxiously over the lawn, but no gleam of light came to him from the pile of brick in the distance. The horse turned its neck and whinnied pathetically. Hal lifted the latch. The gate opened with a creaking noise that fell strangely loud and weird over the hush in folding the place. He would ride up and take one look at the house he dared not enter. Perhaps he would catch a glimpse of one of the servants or his mother.

The horse went over the sanded drive in a light canter, and true to the memory of other days turned when he reached the clump of young cedars and crossed the lawn to the southern veranda. He waited for his master to dismount, then, with his eyes turned toward the stable below, neighed impatiently. Dead silence reigned in the house, and though the night was far advanced the unbroken quiet fell on Hal's heart as unanswerable. There came to him an insistent longing to have it broken by a familiar voice, a wild desire to see a familiar face. There was only one upon whom he could call. Around his father's house he stole, as a thief might have done, until he came to a window that looked to the west, on whose wide sill he and Thomas used to rest little elbows while waiting for the splendor of winter sunsets; and the name most frequently on their lips then was spoken now, as he called softly: "Mother!"

But only the deep, dead silence was his answer. He was asleep, of course, so more loudly he called again: "Mother! Oh, mother!"

He thought he heard a sound in that dear, upstairs room, for imagination is ever ready to lend itself to desire, and he waited for the window to unclose. But no white hand unfastened the shutter, and again he called, now louder, stronger, for a tear was beginning to clutch at his heart:

"Oh, mother! Mother!"

Again he listened, longer: holding his breath that he might catch the first light fall of her foot on the floor. But there was only the unbroken stillness when the words died away. Then he lifted his voice, the despair of his heart finding vent in his piercing tones, as to that pitilessly closed window he cried once more: "Mother! Mother! Mother!"

When no answer came, like a man who has received his death-warrant and knows hope of reprieve is vain, Hal turned and with bowed head walked slowly back to the veranda, where his patient horse was standing. He threw the rein over his arm, and moving a few paces toward the rear

of the house, looked down on the white yard and white cabins of the "quarters." They, too, lay still, lifeless; but as he watched, one of the low doors was opened and a figure emerged. Reaching the white yard, the woman dropped on her knees and lifted supplicating arms toward heaven, while her agonized voice tore the stillness, as she cried, with the prophet of old:

"Have mercy on Thy people, O Lord! Have mercy on Thy people! And as Hal went toward her, Charity's words came to him, praying for her race:

"Hev'mony on Dy chillun, Lo'd! m'cy an' pity on Dy foolish chillun! Freedom will be thahs, but bought ez it is wif so menny precious lives, in de 'struction uv so menny happy homes, by de teahs an' broken heahs uv so menny women an' chillun' how holy a possession will it be, how fashful will be Dy punishment us his misse! Dey ah a foolish people, but mak' em' wise, O God, in Dy pity! An' w'en dey will not lie'n to de counsels uv dose Do' point'ez to de dah ruhahs, den hev'm'cy on dem, O God! hev'm'cy on Dy foolish people!"

"Ann Charity!" cried Hal. The negress bounded to her feet, and clasping him to her breast wept over him in her joy and sorrow. They went to a bench that stood in the white yard, where, with her pitying eyes on his face, that looked so young and fair in the moonlight, she cried:

"My poor boy! My poor boy!"

"I'm all right," said he, "and I've something fine to tell you when I hear about the folks. How's father?"

"He's well, honey," she said. "But he yain't home now. He's ovah to Frankfort!"

"So that's the reason!" cried the boy, thinking of the closed window. "I was around at the house," he explained. "I wanted to see mother. I called several times under her window, and I thought it very strange that she couldn't hear me."

The old negress began to sway her fragile body, and as she wrung her hands she cried, through her fast falling tears:

"Oh! you'll have to call loud, loud, my honey, a-foh you'll wake your muthah! an' you'll have to wait long, long a fah she'll come to you! Oh, my honey! my honey! you ain't got no muthah now. She's gone, my dahlin'! She's gone, where she won't lie awake any more a-waitin' foh yoh ah Tom; with she won't shed any more bitah, bitah tears—"

"Charity," cried Hal, "what do you mean? Mother isn't—" but he stopped, appalled before the awful word.

She took him to her breast as she used to do in his childhood days and said, softly:

"Yes, my dahlin' boy, you muthah's dead!"

"Dead!" His voice, as he repeated the word, tore through the heart of the summer night; the horse started, the sleepers in the cabins stirred restlessly, while all around it seemed there were a thousand voices giving back that dreadful word. He was so stunned by his loss to fully comprehend its significance, to feel any of that poignant sorrow that finds expression in sobs and tears; he could only lift himself from the woman's gentle clasp and repeat: "Dead!"

"Yes, my boy," cried the old woman, "Mis' Love's dead. She died three months ago. She was always grievin' in hah heart foh yoh an' Tom, but she bore up, hopin' foh de bes'; but aftah Miss Virginia was sen' away, she began to fall fas'. She nevah said a word, though. She b'lieved your fathah done what was right foh him to do; but she failed right long, an' when a fovah misery seized hah, she didn't have any strength. I knowed frum de fas' there was no savin' of hah, an' on my bent knees I pleaded with the Judge to sen' foh yoh an' Tom. Oh! I did beg foh my poor darlin' to have hah precious chillun with hah in hah las' hours on earth; but your fathah—Oh, honey, when he looked on hah dead face, he couldn't even then believe that she wuz gone, that she could leave hah! An' he jus' kep' callin' an' callin' on hah tell we mos' 'stracted. He nevah thought she wuz goin' to die. Oh! he wouldn't hav' believed an angel if he'd come an' told him so. An' then, my boy, they took your muthah an' laid hah out in the graveyard with hah othah little chillun. An' I don't cry any more, 'cause, honey, I know she's at res' in Heaven, with the othah chillun. They's be'n so long waitin' foh hah, honey, an' even if it is Heaven, they was lonesome foh hah, foh no little chillun evah hah a muthah like Mis' Love!"

"Hush, Charity! hush!" cried the boy, and he buried his face in his hands and wept as a man weeps once in his life.

She kept still, save for her sobs and the swaying of her figure, until, after a long time, Hal lifted his head. Then she went on:

"An, honey, your fathah when he come home, foh three long days an' nights he stayed locked up in his room, an' we'on be'ding up in his bed, an' he'd tell us to go 'way, that he don't want nothin'. By-'n-by he come out, but I don't know my old m'cash any more! He don't look at me, nor anybody; he jus' walk around the lawn an' through the house, every room; then he goes back to his office an' stay there. But some gen'l'm'n come ovah from Frankfort an' talk a long time with him. Attahward he calls me an' says to me, 'Charity you mus' take care of Cardome till I come back. An' I said, foh my heart jus' seemed

to break. 'Oh, my m'cash! you're not goin' to leave us too? Ain't nobody goin' to stay with us poor slaves? An' he jus' says those words oveh again: 'Charity, you mus' take care of Cardome till I come back. I ask him where he is goin', he says: 'To Frankfort, my country needs my services.' An he went off with the gen'l'm'n, an' I nevah seen him sense."

If anything had been wanting to fill his cup of sorrow to overflowing, it was given to Hal in those graphic words, which portrayed his father's loneliness and self-abnegation; for well he knew whatever solace there was left the old man now in life was to be found in the home which he loved only second to the wife he had lost and the children she had given him.

"Was Tom at home?" then asked Hal.

"Yes, honey," said the old woman, as if ashamed of the admission. "He wuz here foh the buryin'."

"Honey, I don't think your fathah knew where you wuz, else I think he'd have sent foh you, too."

Her loyalty made the young man reach out a hand and clasp the black fingers. He choked down an emotion that seemed to be breaking his heart, and said:

"Poor Tom! It was as hard for him in that hour as it is for me to-night! But Virginia—she was with mother, of course?"

"No, my dahlin' she wasn't either. Don't blame him foh that, honey, foh poor Miss Virginia can't be found."

"What?" cried Hal.

"Yes, honey; she's been put in prison by the Yankee, an' nobody knows where she's at."

"Oh, Charity!" cried the boy, "do you want to break my heart by relating the misfortunes you have to relate! Virginia in prison!" and he put his hands before his eyes as if to shut out the horror of the thought.

TO BE CONTINUED

AN EXILE OF ERIN

During the first year of her complete orphanage, Mary Morgan had worked away with a willing heart, and a happy, smiling, open face, in the laundry of the sisters of mercy; and for six months before leaving the convent had been president of the Children of Mary. But, alas, for the poor, unfortunate child. She happened, without any knowledge on the part of the good sisters, to make the acquaintance of an "outsider"—Rose Broughton—a Protestant servant girl who lost no time in showing Mary the manner in which she was "standing in her own light" by not going over to England, where her good looks would obtain for her a position in one of the best London houses. At least so Rose imagined.

"Working hard from morning to night without a pennyworth of thanks for it!" the girl exclaimed in indignation. "Killing yourself, nothing more nor less, for a pack of idle old women, who stroll around with their arms in their sleeves all day, saying their prayers! Why, a girl like you, Mary, with your face, could get a place as parlor maid in one of the grandest of the London houses. And who knows, maybe we'd hear of your getting married to one of the young gentlemen of the family before six months would be over your head!"

Evidently the half-penny novelette was Rose's source of information. But this had by no means been the first conversation between the two girls, though Rose, with her eight additional years of experience, had started the emigration argument in much milder terms; neither was it by any means the last. And now, as poor, simple Mary began to take notice, it gradually dawned on her that her face was certainly different from the other girls in the laundry. Rose had said it was beautiful—fit to adorn the mansion of any nobleman in the land, and Rose had spent practically all her life in the service of gentlemen's families in England, where a handsome face often attracts more attention than a virtuous one.

"But sure it might be some time before I'd be in a suitable situation. And where should I be staying in the meantime?" Mary had asked when it had reached the stage of final arrangements.

"Oh, you must not waste too much time looking out for the 'suitable' part of it when you first go over," had come the ready advice. "Beggers can't afford to be choosers! Take the first chance you get, and if that doesn't suit you, well, you must just learn to put up with it until you get something better."

Poor, simple, innocent child! Would to Heaven that you, and hundreds like you, had never seen the light of day, rather than that you should have lived to disgrace yourself, your country, and your God, by becoming an outcast and a vagabond in an alien land, where your name, your religion, your party and your faith are an abomination to many about you.

It was a wild evening in October, and although the benediction had been given over an hour ago, the sanctuary was still heavy with the fragrant incense. At the end of the first bench, near the sacristy door, sat a monk, the sole occupant of the church, reciting his office. Presently a furious rattling at the door of the porch, caused him to pause for a moment, when the strange sound was immediately followed by the noise of something falling heavily on the floor. Then came a loud, piteous howl and a series of painful agonized moans. In a moment the good

priest had set aside his Breviary, and was hastening to see what assistance he might render the unfortunate animal. It was no beast, but the horrible, terrifying spectacle of a woman, apparently possessed of the devil. The creature was a mere mass of living filth and corruption! The black ringed bloodshot eyes rolled round in their sockets; the filthy hair was wet and matted, and from the horribly contorted mouth issued a mass of foam.

For a second time the priest hesitated, hardly knowing what to do for the beast.

"For the love of the Sacred Heart, father, help me over there to that confessional," howled the woman, in a voice that might have been clearly heard at a distance of half a mile. The unearthly roar startled the good friar, who at once recognized in it something beyond a merely human voice. In a moment he had placed the trembling frightened object upon her feet, and was proceeding to assist her down the center aisle. As they neared the tabernacle, the look of preternatural horror which started into the flabby countenance of the priest had never again before upon the countenance of a beast.

"Father, if you only knew half the agony I'm in you'd take me at once over to the confessional," she yelled.

Together the Father and brother raised her to her feet, and placed her, as she so earnestly begged, at the penitent's side of the confessional. What passed between herself and that poor, horrified monk rests with God, but nevertheless, the priest himself affirmed this much; he was free to say, from a subsequent conversation with his penitent outside the confessional, and with her full permission, as a warning to others, that never by the aid of all the imaginative powers he possessed, could he have conjectured to himself a life of greater degradation, crime and sin, than that which this poor creature had been living.

I wonder has my reader discovered in the perfectly true account of this poor, possessed woman, any resemblance to Mary Sullivan, the beautiful, open, simple Child of Mary of St. Mary's Laundry in the village outside Dublin? Whether he has or not it is the same poor child.

I don't think that ever in the whole of my life before did I realize what an awful thing a perfectly dead silence is until I sat that Sunday evening in the great London church listening to the preacher describing this poor girl's career.

"When I afterwards in conversation asked her," said the priest, "what had brought about so great a change in her, she answered simply: 'I'm never without the badge.' And then she went on to tell me how in the midst of her sin and misery, hunger and want, when she believed she had not many more weeks, perhaps days, to live, a terrible longing had seized her, to kneel for the last time before the tabernacle. She did not mean to ask for forgiveness—she had not the slightest intention whatever of going to confession. As she had lived, so she would die. She would not ask to escape the punishment she had deliberately called down upon herself. But for all that, she would die more contentedly if she could kneel once more before the tabernacle door."

"The God of Heaven and Earth in all the awful splendor of His majesty and unutterable sanctity, she told herself, was not for her. She had defied Him openly; had deliberately spat into His face, she had cursed Him from the depths and in the bitterness of her soul; she had challenged, insulted, reviled and hated Him, and now she was not craven enough to ask His grace! But about the tabernacle there was something different—something far more natural. Yes, in spite of Him and all His glory, she could kneel before that little golden door for the last time on earth, then hand herself over willingly to be cast forever into eternal darkness."

"With the resolve in mind, she had walked in all her filth and misery to a Catholic Church a few streets away. No sooner had she reached the top of the three stone steps, than she felt the pressure of an unseen hand upon her chest, exactly covering the badge of the Sacred Heart which hung round her neck. In another moment she was thrust violently back and staggered to her feet upon the pavement."

The Catholic Record

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

Advertisements for teachers, situations wanted, etc., 30 cents each insertion. Remittance to accompany the order.

Approved and recommended by Archbishop Fulton J. Sheen, late Apostolic Delegate to Canada, the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough, and Oshkosh, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

The following agents are authorized to receive subscriptions and orders for the CATHOLIC RECORD: General agents: Messrs. F. J. Neven, E. J. Broderick, M. J. Haganey, and Miss Sara Healey.

Special agents: D. J. Murray, Montreal; George B. Hewitson, Regina; Mrs. W. E. Smith, Halifax; Miss Edith Saunders, Sydney; Miss L. Hastings, Winnipeg; Miss Ingham, Ottawa and Miss Rose McKenney, 149 D'Aiguillon street, Quebec.

Ordinary and non-usage notices cannot be inserted except in the usual condensed form. Each insertion 50 cents.

Subscribers changing residence will please give full new address.

In St. John, N. B., single copies may be purchased from Mrs. M. A. McGuire, 249 Main Street, John J. Dwyer and The O'Neill Co., Pharmacy, 109 Brunswick street, west, and L. Milroy, 241 St. Catherine street, west.

In Montreal single copies may be purchased from St. E. O'Grady, 1066 St. Laurent street, west, and L. Milroy, 241 St. Catherine street, west.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1915

THE ATHANASIAN CREED

St. Athanasius was born about the year 296 and died May 2nd, 373. The Creed that bears his name is a short, clear exposition of the doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation.

Unlike most of the other creeds, or symbols, it deals almost exclusively with these two fundamental truths, which it states and restates in terse and varied forms so as to bring out unmistakably the trinity of Persons in God, and the two fold nature in the one Divine Person of Jesus Christ.

At various points the author calls attention to the penalty incurred by those who refuse to accept these essential and fundamental doctrines concerning the Trinity and the Incarnation. These clauses have been called "minatory" or "damatory," and have given our Anglican friends a good deal of trouble.

The Athanasian Creed is incorporated into the liturgy of the Church; it was retained by the authors of the Anglican schism and still finds a place in the Book of Common Prayer, with a rubric ordering it to be read on certain feasts.

In the thirty-nine Articles of Religion the Eighth reads: "The three Creeds, Nicene Creed, Athanasian's Creed, and that which is commonly called the Apostles' Creed, ought thoroughly to be received and believed: for they may be proved by most certain warrants of holy Scripture."

It might then be taken for granted that our Anglican friends accepted the Catholic doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation as defined in the Athanasian Creed. It is undoubtedly a great document of the "primitive" Church. But at the recent Synod in Toronto we find the report of proceedings headed: "Athanasian Creed under Strong Fire," and the subheadings tell us that "many declarations were made against it" and that the "controversy raged for nine hours but no conclusion was reached."

The controversy suggests "The Comedy of Convocation;" it is amusing but may be at the same time instructive.

Dr. Lansing Lewis, Montreal, speaking as a layman, said he respected the views of the Archbishop of Algoma, and he hoped his view would be respected. "I respect the old fathers of the Church, but I am more concerned about the fathers of to-day who cannot understand this creed. Could I say to my dearest and nearest: 'You'll be damned if you don't believe the Athanasian Creed.' Nothing can make me say the creed to day—you cannot force me to say it, and I have lived under a Bishop who never recites the creed at the service." (Laughter and uproar.) "My plea is for Christian charity in the Church of England," said Dr. Lansing Lewis in conclusion.

But the objections were not confined to laymen.

Archdeacon Patterson Smythe, Montreal, described the creed as great triumph war song over Arianism. It contained the same spirit as "confound their politics," and it was not right to put it into the mouths of people to repeat who would shrink from stating that some people were damned eternally. "No one believes it literally," declared Dr. Patterson Smythe amid cries of dissent and approval. "Jesus did not damn anybody."

There were not wanting stout defenders of the Creed, men who felt that their Church was drifting on the sea of free thought.

Dean Shreve, Quebec, in a fighting speech, declared that the revision was "a daring act of iconoclasm." "They had three creeds in the thirty-nine articles and in the draft book they had two and a half creeds." "The Canadian Church does not know which way to go. She stands at the parting of the ways. We will have within the Church two methods of leading."

Archbishop Thorneol of Algoma, replying to the Bishop of Ottawa,

said too much had been made of the gospel of love and not enough of the gospel of sternness. "Our Lord Himself said: 'Woe unto ye Scribes and Pharisees; how can ye escape the damnation of hell.' Is there anything stronger than that in the Athanasian Creed?" asked the Archbishop amid the silence of the house. "Is it not better to have a weapon of defence sharper than dulled, lest we make it absolutely useless. There is a tendency to break through the barrier of defence, even in the Church in England, to wander at large in the region of free thought. This is not a day to loosen the tie that binds us to the old faith." He deprecated the calling of the verses "damatory;" they were "warning clauses." "The mother Church loves us all, but like a mother, she says 'Beware.'"

He would be in favor of the new translation if it were not mutilated and creed.

Through the entire discussion of which the foregoing are a fair sample, we miss the living voice of the Church of Christ speaking with authority in His name. We have a medley of views, of likes and dislikes; the faith for which the Eternal Son of God became man does not appear so essential as the susceptibilities of those enthusiastic Church members who cannot accept that faith. Not the statement of the doctrines but the assertion that it is necessary for salvation, curiously enough, was the bone of contention. But is there anything in the Athanasian Creed more emphatic and unequivocal than the words of our Lord himself: "And he said to them: Go ye into the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

Do the clergymen of the Synod believe they are thus commissioned? The Synod finally solved the difficulty by agreeing to print the whole Creed of Athanasius, indenting the objectionable verses and supplying a rubric making their reading optional! This may make for "comprehensiveness," but it is not after the manner of Athanasius, who "has impressed an image on the Church which, through God's mercy, shall not be effaced while time lasts."

THE FIELD AFAR

There is published at Maryknoll Ossining, N. Y., a most interesting and stimulating little paper in the interest of foreign missions. It surveys the fields afar white with the harvest and gives each month some news of the far off workers; sadly depleted, alas, are their ranks, and straightened their means by the world war. Hardly a day passes, *The Field Afar* tells us, without a message from some portion of the mission field and every letter reveals a fine spirit of faith and resignation.

"Thanks be to God," writes Bishop de Guebriant, Kien-Tehang, China, "the more terrible the tempest that shakes the world and the more severe the blow that it inflicts on our distant missions, the more firmly do we place all our hope in God, Who will not deceive us."

The glimpses we get through *The Field Afar* of the missions and missionaries show heroic but humble and happy men and women bearing the light of the Gospel of Christ to those that sit in darkness and the shadow of death.

Here is an item that will bring joy to Irish hearts: "Fr. O'Leary of Cork and Fr. O'Reilly of Meath are leaving Ireland in September for China. Another young man, Mr. James O'Connell of Tuam, is studying at Maynooth for the vicariate of Che-kiang, also in China. We have one candidate in All Hallows, one in Thurles, and two in Roscrea."

"So writes Fr. Galvin, himself Irish born, but formerly a priest of the Brooklyn diocese, until he left for China a few years ago."

"Mungret College, too, with a growing proportion of apostolic students, branch houses of the Lyons African Missions, an earnest lay-society in Dublin, pushing the foreign mission idea through its attractive periodical, St. Joseph's Sheet, — all these enterprises mark the strong beginnings of a new, or rather a renewed, missionary career for the priesthood of Ireland."

Father Orsenius Mullin, a Franciscan, who left Montreal for China some ten years ago writes:

"God alone knows how much the future of the missions depends upon America. The present war has robbed us of the best and most valiant French missionaries, leaving only the old and sickly. It has also closed the sources from which so many promising missionaries came. It has emptied the French seminaries, especially the one at Paris. It has depopulated many a college in Germany and Austria and will probably have a similar effect in Italy. The Belgian seminaries are annihilated."

"America stands almost alone and all eyes are turned towards her. Your seminary, like all the works of God, comes just at the time when it is most needed. May God guide and prosper it! There are a few of us in China who come from America, but what are eight or nine Catholic priests compared to the hundreds of American Protestant missionaries?" That our readers are interested in their generous support of the great work of their fellow countryman in China, Father Fraser.

We call attention to *The Field Afar* knowing that many will be glad to get into closer touch with the great work in whose interest it is published. Great was the work of reconstruction in home lands, and vast the field opened up by the colonizing of English speaking countries; but the time has come when the foreign mission field must claim a large share of interest and support from English-speaking Catholics. *The Field Afar* is sowing the good seed and we heartily recommend it to our readers.

PRAYING FOR VICTORY

A reader finds it difficult to understand how Catholics on both sides of the great war can pray for victory each for his own side. And he shows some solicitude for what Protestants may think of it. We don't see that it matters much what Protestants think unless they think right.

Incidentally and by the way, Protestants used to assert in season and out of season that Catholics could not be thoroughly loyal because theirs was a divided allegiance. Could there be a refutation of this never dying calumny more complete, more crushing than the action of Catholics in this world war?

But they not only fight, they pray. Our reader's difficulty lies in the inadequate conception of prayer. Prayer is a union of the soul with God. Before His infinite majesty the soul is immersed in humility. Prayer is also as the Catechism states, a humble petition to God for all necessities for soul and body. There can be no real prayer without humility. Not the self-righteous Pharisee proudly boasting of his good works and his merits, but the sin laden and despised publican humbly acknowledging his sins is placed before us by Christ as our model in prayer. Another condition of prayer is resignation to God's holy will; this condition expressed or implied must be always present.

This war, whatever be the proximate causes, is undoubtedly a chastisement for the sins of the world. In all humility those who pray for victory acknowledge their unworthiness and their sins. Throughout the Old Testament we see again and again that through the affliction of war God brought his people back when they had fallen away. So today we see the people of the warring nations turning to God, acknowledging their sins and imploring His mercy. The prayers for victory in the awful struggle must lead to humility, recognition of God's overruling Providence and resignation to His holy will.

IRISHMEN AND THE WAR

If Home Rule means anything it means that the people of Ireland should solve their own problems and choose their own course of action. This elementary truth is not recognized by certain Irish American papers which denounce the accredited leaders and spokesmen of the Irish people, and pander to the prejudices arising from the bitter memories of past injustices. The people at home do not live on memories, they live in the Ireland of to-day. They know that at the very time that Germany was spending millions to dispossess the Poles of their land and transfer it to Germans, the British Government was providing hundreds of millions to buy back the land of Ireland for the Irish people. And that is but one of the wrongs redressed in recent years.

It is not surprising then that the people of Ireland have outgrown the sentiments of a time now happily gone forever.

The following from the Tablet throws an interesting light on the Ireland of to-day:

At a recruiting meeting in Dublin Lieut. Alderman M. Walter said the city of Dublin had contributed, in proportion to its population, more men than any other city in the United Kingdom:

At present 20,000 of their kith and kin were fighting at the front. These men needed rest, and it was up to some of them to come forward and take their places. He was speaking in the shadow of the walls of the old House of Commons, of the Parliament which they hoped to get

back before long, but he was sure that if the voices of Gratian and Flood and O'Connell could be heard they would say it was the duty of the men of Dublin to act and to help their kith and kin and to offer their services to the Government, knowing that their wives and children were safe and would be taken care of. A great deal had rightly been written about Irish valour in the past, but he believed it was true to say that never in the history of this country, from its brightest times, had such heroism been shown as in the last twelve months. How true this was was proved by the fact that out of 100 V. C.'s which had been won, 17 had been won by Irishmen.

RELIGIOUS DISCUSSIONS

It is quite the fashion with those outside the Church to discuss theories of religion at all times and in all places. In the train and the street car; in the workshop and at the street corner their spiritual unrest finds voice and utterance. They are like a traveller who has lost his way and is continually enquiring of the passers by to direct him.

To Catholics this perpetual dogmatic discussion seems to border on the irrelevant. The things of God are too sacred to be talked about in the same breath with the science of aeronautics. It is not becoming to bracket Christ with the latest Arctic explorer. Besides, Catholics are not spiritually perplexed. They have no doubts to set at rest; no theories to sustain or attack; no fears to allay. For them the matter of their belief is fixed and certain. Dwelling in the city of peace, their spiritual life well ordered, they know nothing of the stormy currents of doubt and disorder.

But this consciousness of the truth within us should not lead us to carry this spiritual reticence too far. Frequently we have heard non-Catholics, genuine enquirers after the Truth, remark how very difficult it is to get Catholics to discuss matters of faith and belief. This is a very regrettable mistake. By thus acting we deprive the non-Catholic of the information his soul ardently covets, and we oftentimes confirm him in his inherited prejudices against things Catholic. When we feel fairly certain that our questioner is in good faith we should deem it a very great privilege to be able to explain to him Catholic truth, careful always to preserve charity and politeness towards him. We should always give him credit for being sincere in his belief and remember at the same time that if he knew the truth as we know it he would gladly embrace it. To be able to explain our holy faith to others it is necessary that we first know it ourselves. To this end we should listen attentively to the sermons preached in church; we should read books that treat of Catholic belief and doctrine, such as "Faith of Our Fathers;" and we should find time every week for an intelligent perusal of such a paper as the CATHOLIC RECORD. COLUMBA.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

NOT to be outdone by its weekly collaborator, The Presbyterian, the official organ of that body in Canada, enlarges from time to time upon "Rome's" delinquencies, and upon her traditional "hostility to the Bible." "It is a fact in South America," it says in its June issue, "that while Rome professes to be a Christian Church, founded on the teachings of the Lord Jesus Christ, she not only forbids her people to read the simplest parts of His Word, but also destroys it whenever possible."

IN ILLUSTRATION of so incontestable and self-evident a "fact," the Presbyterian Record proceeds to quote so unimpeachable an authority as Robert E. Speer, a Y. M. C. A. emissary, who, "after travelling about in that country for six months, said that he never saw such darkness except in Central Africa; that he visited seventy cathedrals, and after diligent enquiry found but one Protestant Bible, and that was destined to be burned."

NOT CONTENT with what it appears to regard as so stinging an arraignment, this Presbyterian oracle gives, to use the vernacular, Mr. Speer more rope, and lets loose more of his "facts." "It is a fact in South America," it quotes him as saying, "that where the Church of Rome's power predominates, ignorance and illiteracy are correspondingly great." "It is a fact in South America that wherever the power of Rome wanes, enlightenment speedily manifests itself;" and "It is a fact that as the people of South America leave the

Roman Catholic Church, the countries progress along all lines" and so forth, and so forth, interminably.

Now, we might use up paragraph or pages in showing the other side of the picture. Readers of these columns have had opportunities in the past of learning the truth about South America, and are in a position therefore to appraise the value of Speer's wild sayings or of the Presbyterian Record's capacity in swallowing them. Both are in perfect harmony with the traditional Protestant policy towards the Church—a policy that shuts the light and gives no significance to the terms, slander and vituperation. It would be idle to correct where correction is not wanted, or to enlighten where there is no capacity for receiving it. "I want not your informations," said Ballie Baldino, "they would no help the market for me."

BUT AS to Speer! Speer is a conspicuous figure head of the New York Y. M. C. A., who visited South America a few years ago and returned with a string of wondrous tales. Among them was a letter which he published in support of his allegations against Rome purporting to have been written by a South American Bishop. It was a forgery on the face of it, and Speer was asked to produce the original or to publish the name of its writer. This reasonable and courteous request he ignored, and for two years or more turned a deaf ear to every representation made to him as to his manifest duty in the premises. Driven into a corner finally he was forced to acknowledge that he was mistaken as to the authorship of the letter and accordingly withdrew the allegations which he had founded upon it. This he did, however, only upon being confronted with facts which were as discreditable to himself as they were destructive of his gratuitous and worn-out calumnies. This is the sort of witness which the Presbyterian Record finds a congenial and companionable bedfellow.

BUT, is the Church in South America hostile to the circulation of the Scriptures as these precious defamers aver? To the circulation of the true Bible, of course not, but to that of the mutilated version peddled about by unscrupulous and irresponsible vendors in South America, or in any other country for that matter, yes! emphatically so! The Church's mission is to safeguard the faith and eternal welfare of her children, and whether these are assailed by tyrannical rulers or by wolves in sheep's clothing in the shape of false teachers who, with a distorted version of God's holy Word in their hands, seek to sap the allegiance of simple, trusting people to their true Mother, she is ever on the watch to warn and to fortify her children against them. This as every honest and well-instructed person knows is the basis—the sole basis for the silly and threadbare lie which Robert E. Speer, and the Presbyterian Record seek to propagate anew.

COLUMNS MIGHT be devoted, as they have been devoted time and again in this journal and elsewhere, to the place the Bible occupies in the Catholic Church's work of evangelization. It is to her the world owes the Bible, and, as has been well said, it is she who is safeguarding its integrity while Protestant theologians and Higher Critics are busy in robbing it of its supernatural character in men's eyes, and in explaining it away. And she will still be teaching its precious truths, perhaps to an unheeding world, when the final heirs of Robert E. Speer and the Presbyterian Record are sending highly-paid agents to South America to tell its inhabitants that the Bible, which at other times they had found so convenient a weapon, is the merest collection of fables, and that their previous efforts for its dissemination were all a mistake.

THAT DESPITE the calumnies of our Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist friends—they are all in the same boat in this matter—the Scriptures have a real place in the Catholic life of South America, a concrete example may best testify. A single living fact is worth a thousand dead ones. The Presbyterian Record says that the Catholic Church in the Southern Continent "not only forbids her people to read the simplest parts of God's Word, but also destroys it whenever possible." Well! we have before us as we write a volume, translated from the Spanish, and first published in Buenos Aires, the largest city in

South America, entitled "The Book of Bible Meditations." This whole book has been exclusively formed from the Scriptures, and its every line, put together in order of ideas, are the very words of the Bible. There is not in the whole book, as its preface informs us, a single word not to be found in the Sacred Books, and the purpose of its compilation was to enable the reader to meditate in the very words of the Holy Bible on his origin, his duties, and his end. This, then, may surely be classed among those "simplest parts of God's Word," which the Presbyterian Record assures us are forbidden to Catholics by the Church, and which it is her fall purpose to destroy.

WHAT THEN must be said of a book of Bible Meditations and Prayers, written by a Spanish American in the chief city of the Argentine, prefaced with letters of approbation and commendation from Pope Pius X., Cardinal Merry de Val, Papal Secretary of State, the Apostolic Internuncio to South America, and last but not least in that "benighted" land, the Archbishop of Monte Video, the latter of whom thus expresses himself: "What a sweet sense of devotion pervades the heart and soul while meditating these passages of Holy Writ, and praying in words dictated by God Himself! . . . Therefore I believe that your Biblical Book will be most helpful and valuable to such of the faithful as are desirous of cultivating a solid and enlightened piety." How they hate the Bible, these tyrannical and darkness-loving prelates of South America!

ON THE BATTLE LINE

THE BALKANS

The great centre of interest just now is the Balkans. Bulgaria seems to be on the point of striking on the German side. Greece mobilizes, but Roumania's position has not yet become clear.

The Greek army is in process of mobilization. Sir Edward Grey was officially informed yesterday by the Minister of Greece to the Court of St. James that "in view of the mobilization of Bulgaria the Hellenic Government considers it a measure of the elementary prudence to order a general mobilization of the Hellenic naval and military forces." It is estimated that 350,000 Greeks will be under arms in a few days. This prompt action and the fact that the Roumanian Government seems to be increasingly hostile have cooled Radoslavoff's ardor for the Germanic cause. He cabled to the Bulgarian Minister at Washington yesterday a statement that Bulgaria does not intend aggressive action against any of her neighbors, and that her mobilization is not to be construed as indicating that she is about to enter the war. Meanwhile delayed despatches from Sofia indicate that the mobilization order of Czar Ferdinand called to the colours every Bulgarian trained to arms who is under fifty. If that did not mean aggression when Bulgaria was not menaced by any of her neighbors, what could it mean? The swift, decisive action of Premier Vantzelos of Greece has probably delayed the Bulgarian program.

IN THE EAST

Russia appears to be making heroic and successful counter drives against the weakened right wing of the Austro-German forces which may materially affect the Balkan situation. The disastrous result of the Austrian campaign in eastern Galicia and Volhynia may force the German powers to defer the Balkan campaign. General Ivanoff's victory on the Stripa and Styf front assumes larger dimensions daily. A late Petrograd despatch says in the battle north of Lutsk he took 4,000 Austrian prisoners and recaptured Lutsk. The 70,000 men captured by the Russians during the past three weeks on this front have proved such a serious loss to the Austrians that they are now rapidly retiring from Volhynia. The only substantial results of their advance were the cutting of the Vilna-Rovn railway and the occupation of the frontier fortresses of Lutsk and Dubno. The position of the two armies as shown by yesterday's despatches indicates that Dubno as well as Lutsk is likely to be given up again to the Russians. This, indeed, may already have occurred. South of the Pripet marshes, therefore, the Austrians hold only a small strip of Russia east of the Bug, while the Russians hold a very substantial portion of southeastern Galicia.

In the centre Von Mackensen's army based upon Pinsk, 100 miles east of Brest-Litovsk, is admittedly barely holding its own. The battering ram of von Hindenburg continues its progress toward Dvinsk. His left wing is also moving nearer Riga through the difficult country to the south of the Dvina. Military critics in London believe that the Germans will make a big push to capture Riga, and install themselves there before winter sets in and the port is closed for the season. General Ruskay has held back von Hindenburg longer than

was considered possible when the drive toward the Dvina was begun. . .

IN THE WEST

The French official report and a brief message from Sir John French again place the emphasis on the artillery actions that continue without interruption all along the front.

THE ITALIAN FRONT

On the Trentino frontier the Italians have captured Monte Costan, a dominating peak rising above the Asiatico Plateau. The bulk of the Austrians holding the position escaped, but five officers and 118 men and much war material fell into the hands of the Italians. Snow falls frequently now in the mountains, and there is little prospect of the Italians penetrating to Trent before winter comes on in earnest.—Globe Summary, Sept. 25.

SOME INTERESTING FIGURES

Of the ninety odd millions of people in this country more than one-third are Catholics, not church goers. By the same non-Catholic statisticians almost an equal number are entered as non-professing Christians. What a reliability there is in the figures is a debatable matter. However, this much may be accepted with considerable certainty, namely, that this 60,000,000 and perhaps even a larger proportion, is decidedly materialistic when it comes to measuring results in the various affairs of life.

Yet somehow or another, their spectacles fall when it comes to viewing the material side of the Catholic Church and what she is contributing to the material benefit of the nation. They see in the city in which they live, churches and schools, perhaps colleges and academies, or maybe homes, hospitals and orphanages, but the cost of construction and the expense of maintenance are thoughts that never enter their minds. Still, thought to, according to the standard of weighing things which they have adopted. And when it does they certainly will find something to admire in the Catholic Church.

Not long ago Truth published some very interesting figures in this connection. A summary of them shows that during the past year the enormous sum of \$104,778,000 was expended in new work, on repairs and in the upkeep of Catholic churches, schools, colleges, seminaries, orphanages, hospitals and homes for the aged throughout the United States.

What a grand contribution it is to the material benefit of the nation. What other church is doing half as much? And yet the cry is quite common throughout the country that the Catholic Church is a foreign institution; and that she is antagonistic to the government, and that her members should be proscribed civilly and politically. How absurd the cry, then, even when weighed in the scales of American materialism?—Church Progress.

IS THE PUBLIC SCHOOL PROTESTANT?

The Right Rev. Michael J. Curley, Bishop of St. Augustine, Fla., protesting as a citizen against the action of the people of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., in upholding the local Board of Education that refused to engage a school teacher solely because she happened to be a Catholic, is rightly and justly indignant. "As Bishop of the diocese," says Bishop Curley in a letter to the Miami Herald, "I have charge of the little outraged flock of Lauderdale, but I write not as a Bishop, but as an American citizen and for so writing I owe no apology to any man."

Our readers will recall the facts in this case. Miss Murphy, who had passed all the necessary examinations, was recommended for appointment as teacher at Fort Lauderdale, but when the school trustees learned that she was a Catholic they refused to appoint her, and at a public meeting of taxpayers this action was indorsed, to the accompaniment of howls and cat-calls against a few persons who had the courage to speak up for the Catholic girl. Bishop Curley makes a telling point in his letter when he says:

"I want it to be distinctly understood that Miss Murphy sought no favors at the hands of the Lauderdale trustees; she asked for no special privilege; she had a right to her position and that right was violated when she was told that she had no place as a teacher in the Public school, because she professes the Catholic religion. It was proclaimed during the meeting in Lauderdale that the Public school is a Protestant institution, and, therefore, no Catholic teacher may cross its threshold. This will be news indeed to the citizens of Florida. It will be strange information for Americans in general. The conclusions from the Lauderdale proclamation concerning the Protestant status of our state schools are far-reaching indeed. If the Public school is Protestant institution why, I ask, has it to be supported by the taxes of Catholics, Jews and millions who are neither Protestant, Catholic, nor Jew. The Public school however, the Lauderdale trustees and 'patriots' to the contrary notwithstanding, is not a Protestant institution, neither is it a Catholic institution. It is a public institution of learning supported by all the people of a State regardless of the

religion, or lack of religion, in which the children of the State should stand on an equal footing without fear of having their religious feelings ever wounded. In it no religion is taught and for admission to its classrooms, or for a position on its professional staff, no religious test may be established, no discrimination on account of religion shown. This is my idea of the American Public School and if I am wrong I am willing to be set right. But this is not the idea of the bigots of Landerdale. They have begun by expelling Catholic teachers and we may soon expect to find them closing the doors of the Public school on Catholic children, because you must remember, dear readers, that according to Fort Landerdale intolerance the Public school is not a Public school. It is a Protestant school, the atmosphere of which must not be contaminated by the presence of a Catholic teacher whose religion, we are given to understand, renders her unfit to teach grammar or geography or spelling.

No fair minded American, no matter what his creed or lack of creed, but will indorse the Bishop's description of a real American Public school. Such a school is not a Protestant school, a Catholic school or a Jewish school. It is a school supported by all the people, and no sect must be allowed to control it and discriminate against teachers or pupils of other creeds or no creeds. That is genuine American doctrine.—The N. Y. Catholic News.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT WAR

GOOD SPIRITS OF THE FRENCH

The Abbé Hamon, who is a vicar at Bourg des Comptes, in a letter home from the front, says:

Generally speaking, gaiety reigns in our ranks. Artillerymen and Zouaves take the offensive day after day, and I believe the German line will soon be broken here. Yesterday, I had a talk with some German prisoners. They were quite demoralized, and declared that their comrades seek opportunities of giving themselves up. Our recent successes have inflamed the spirit of our men, and their only wish is to go forward.

A GENERAL ABSOLUTION

In the same letter is a moving account of a general absolution given to a company just before going into an assault:

The day before yesterday, a young lieutenant with the face and figure of an angel came to ask me to bless his company, the captain of which had been killed, before going into the trenches for an assault. I went to them, and, mounting a little mound, spoke to them of God, their soul and their kinfolk. My emotion communicated itself to them, and we wept a little together. I told them that though they could not make their confession, they could gain pardon of their sins by making an act of contrition. They all gave down on their knees and I gave them absolution. I shall never forget, as long as I live, this touching sight. They then rose and marched off to the encounter.

A YOUNG LIEUTENANT

One is naturally interested in the young lieutenant mentioned above, and the letter gives an account of what happened to him:

Before leaving the lieutenant took me aside and told me that something had happened that was to be made. "I should be happy," he said, "to shed my blood for France, but I am only twenty three, and I have a good mother and two sisters. Pray for me, father, and if I fall, do not forget to pray for my soul." He rushed after his men, and four hours later he fell at the head of his men, struck by a piece of shell, crying, "My God, mother and little sisters!" When I heard what had happened, I went to him and laid out his body, placing his First Communion cross on his breast, and blessed his grave, the sides of which were decorated with white may.

MASS UNDER SHELL FIRE

The letter concludes with the following account of a Mass under shell fire:

I said Mass on Ascension Day at a school, in presence of the officers and men of the batteries. At the elevation, just as I laid the Host on the corporal, a shell fell no more than five yards from my portable altar. Everybody except the major flung himself flat. We were the only two who remained upright. I shall not soon forget that Mass, nor the goodness of God Who so protected me.

MOTHER AND SON

Henri Audiger, a sergeant of an infantry regiment, left his widowed mother in Saint Nazaire in August last. He frequently offered the sacrifice of his life for his country, and the sacrifice had been accepted. In April he wrote to her as follows:

When I see I am in danger I make an act of contrition, say the Our Father and Hail Mary, and add: "My God, do with me as Thou wilt." After that I just think no more of death. Do you do the same.

And so, says his mother, "I am sure God will have had mercy on him, and that he is now in heaven praying for France and for me."

PRAYER AND GARDS

The following, taken from a letter of a corporal of foot from Grenoble, is significant of the changed feelings among French soldiers:

We have just founded an Aid Society, which gets its funds from a line of 10 centimes for swear words

and coarse language. The money is to go to the relief of the misery which exists in the country that has been devastated. As a reliable person I have been made president and treasurer. I have got 4 francs altogether, but for some days past there has been no occasion for fines. What is even nicer is to see how everybody seems to be turning to God. If we get a Sunday's rest, the church is filled with soldiers, and they all join in the singing. On one such day passed in a cave I found men said the rosary before starting to play cards.

THE SOURCE OF STRENGTH

A young French chasseur from Saint-Hilaire, writing home to a relative, says, after giving several examples of bravery and fortitude:

Our moral is excellent. The men seem capable of everything. Religion, the idea of patriotism, and love for their families multiply their strength. I very much regret that I am not married and a father, for I think I should feel stronger. My comrades are fathers of families, and though the thought of home causes them regret and anxiety, it gives them tremendous strength when the moment for action comes. They have the consciousness that duty fully done, even at the cost of life, will be the surest defence of those they leave behind. I admire my married comrades immensely. They are as full of regret as we are, but the enthusiasm with which they accept every sacrifice is marvellous.

FRENCH TRIBUTE TO OUR SOLDIERS

In connection with the Bill before the French Chamber for the State's acquiring ground for the burial of British and Belgian soldiers killed in the war, the Temps pays a tribute of praise to the work of our soldiers:

By the passing of the new law the entire French nation will participate in the spontaneous work begun and carried on by peasants and communers wherever British soldiers have been interred on French soil. On all sides, but particularly in the valleys of the Aisne and the Marne, the tombs of the British have been the object of the greatest care, which has deeply moved the British people, who are accustomed to reverence the dead. No matter where chance has placed these tombs, whether in ploughed fields or in a garden, they are tended with the same amount of reverence as those of the French soldiers interred by the side of their comrades. It appears that the good people of the countryside wished in this participation to pay their debt of gratitude to the strangers who, besides fighting for their own country, have at the same time contributed, by the sacrifice of their lives, to the liberation of our territory. Our Allies will see here a just tribute paid to their heroism, whether fighting on the Aisne or in Flanders. It is for their own country that they face death, but it is upon French soil that their blood has been shed. We cannot forget that they came and ranged their selves by our side during the dark hours of adversity. In providing for the fallen a peaceful burial-ground, where their families may come and pray, we are merely fulfilling our duty. We are only knitting more closely the ties already so close which unite the two nations in sentiment as well as in policy.

RELIGIOUS FUTURE OF FRANCE

Catholicism in France seems to have received a rebirth since the war. This fact is noted not only by Catholics but by non Catholic observers. It is causing great anxiety to the organs of anticlericalism. A letter from "a militant Socialist of the Eighteenth division," published in one of the organs of the latter, is worthy of perusal. He says:

"I was able to make a number of psychological studies. Conventions, prejudices, had fallen off, leaving life stripped. Men showed themselves for what they really were—brave or cowardly, noble or base, unselfish or egotistical. And I could appreciate the religious awakening so much noticed to-day, and so much talked about. Whether we halted, whether we rested, the night after a battle or after a march, the mind was never at rest. The vision of the wounded was ever before our eyes, the groans of the dying sounded in our ears, the thought of self, of wife, or children, haunted us. Will my turn come next? Ah, then is the moment of self-examination: then a man, separated from the world of things by war travels back to his childhood. The influence of early education asserts itself. And so it is that normally, logically, I may say, is brought about the return to religious ideas.

"Men without ideals, who have abandoned all Christian practices, in the midst of such a catastrophe feel their littleness. No longer enslaved and driven by economic forces, craving an ideal to support them in these terrible times, they turn to religion.

"This neo-religious movement looked serious to me at first. It has been exploited, protected, promoted by the chaplain and some of the majors, and, frankly, I believe that some of it will persist when the war is over."

And everywhere in France prayers are being offered in Catholic churches for the success of arms, and the return of the prodigal "fairest daughter" to the family which she enriched for so many centuries.

A writer in The Catholic World analyzes the religious situation before the war:

"First, there were the devout Catholics, a real power, far stronger

than is thought; a numerous and irreproachable clergy, hundreds of religious congregations, a laity not only Catholic in name, but practical and pious. This body prayed and worked. Patiently, day by day, it sowed; the seed awaited the sun.

"Secondly, besides the devout Catholics there was a considerable number of lukewarm Catholics, practicing their religion occasionally, occupied chiefly with business and pleasures.

"Thirdly, over and above these the great mass of indifferents, who gave no thought to religion except at birth, at marriage, at death.

"Fourthly a small hostile minority, anticlericals, who waged war upon Catholicism."

Even before the war a great change had come over France in favor of religion. The beginning of a new, give place to an antireligious policy. Assembled the sectaries—the infidel minority—will not disarm. One should not be astonished to see them open an active campaign against Catholics. Formerly, by means of skillful calumnies, they might have drawn in their wake the whole mass of indifferents. But to-day that great mass is no longer indifferent; that is the major point. By means of the war it has formed a religious opinion. Most of the thousands of soldiers, who during days never to be forgotten, have lived with the priest and with death, faith and practice their religion to-day; even those who have not found faith and piety have only sympathy and respect for priests and religion; there is not one among them who would favor an anticlerical policy; not one who would permit it. It would be like firing on their comrades in the trenches.

Nothing has had a more salutary effect in causing the religious awakening of France than the presence of 25,000 soldiers in the French army—soldiers "not only in the hospitals and ambulances, but as combatants, officers, non commissioned officers, privates in all the troops. According to the canon law of the Church, clergy are exempt from military duty. But when the anticlericals "strapped the knapsack on the priest's back, they themselves killed anticlericalism.

Twenty years ago the evil of irreligion emanated from the intellectual circles of France. Now the younger artistic set and literary set are more Catholic in their tendencies and sentiments.

So does God bring good out of evil. Nations punish themselves by their wrongdoing. When they have been cleansed and purified in the furnace they are again on the way to true progress and enlightenment, which can only come through righteousness and harmony with the designs and purposes of the Supreme Being.—Intermountain Catholic.

DEATH OF ILLUSTRIOUS PRELATES

The old tradition that "Cardinals die in threes" has been given a semblance of truth by the death of Cardinal Benedetto Lorenzelli, Archbishop of Lucca and Prefect of the Congregation of Studies. This is the third death in the Sacred College since August 19. On that day Cardinal Vannucelli died; on September 6 Cardinal Vazary, Archbishop of Gran and Primate of Hungary, passed away, and now Cardinal Lorenzelli is gone. The last named Cardinal was born at Badli in the diocese of Bologna in 1858 and spent most of his life in the diplomatic service. He was Nuncio in Paris at the time of the infamous "separation" law and despite the utmost disrespect shown him and the Holy See, conducted himself with the greatest dignity, upholding in all ways the best traditions of the Vatican diplomacy. A rupture of equilibrium called war travels back to his childhood. The influence of early education asserts itself. And so it is that normally, logically, I may say, is brought about the return to religious ideas.

EDUCATION

CHURCH ADVANCES SOLUTION TO PROBLEM CONFRONTING THE EDUCATIONALIST

Vary Rev. Edward A. Pace, of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., in a scholarly article in the September number of the Constructive Quarterly, of London and New York, says:

Those who look forward to the triumph of a united Christendom will not be indifferent to the theory that allows religion a share in individual conduct yet provides no place for religious motives in the life of society. That this differentiation is responsible in a measure for the exclusion of religion and morality from education, can be seen by any one who reflects on the present trend of educational policy. A society which no longer draws its principles from the gospel will hardly demand of the school a specific training in religion; this will be left to the option of each, whether child or adult, and its results will remain at best a private affair.

Christianity, on the other hand, requires that society as a whole, no less than its individual members, shall be permeated by the spirit of the gospel, that social ideals and sanctions shall foster, instead of blighting the growth of the spiritual life in each soul. The mission of the school, consequently, is to shape the development of the individual with a view both to his personal growth in virtue and to the discharge of his social obligations. This is the solution which the Church offers for the problem that now confronts the educationalist—how to retain what is of value in individualism and yet avoid its narrowness by emphasizing the social element. Neither problem nor solution, however, is new, except in the sense that the neglect of religious training has made it harder to secure in education a basis for social morality. Christianity from the beginning provided the

PENITENTIAL GARB NEEDED

Marriage began in Paradise, but divorce had a very different origin. "Every divorce case is started in some lawyer's office," declared the Hon. Frederick W. Mansfield, of Boston, at Toledo. The significance of that declaration cannot be too gravely taken to heart by members of the legal profession—especially members who are of the Catholic faith. Such members must know that divorce being a sin in the eyes of the Catholic Church, the aiding and abetting of the commission of that sin, even if it be legally right, is morally wrong. Mr. Mansfield thinks that lawyers, whether Catholic or Protestant, ought to encourage divorce litigants whose cases are weak to come to a settlement rather than persevere in seeking dissolution of the marriage bond. The fact that Massachusetts leads the way in this great "new thought"—a real "new thought"—is the highest feather in the cap of that enlightened and magnanimous State, in our humble estimation. There is no going beyond the sacred Scriptures for any warranty as to such a belief; since the assurance that there is more joy in heaven for the repentance of one sinner than over a multitude of the already saved stands there to confirm the conclusion in the mind pondering on the mystery of the Ransom and what it meant to Christ Our Lord Who paid it and to the Father Whose wrath it was offered to appease. If the prevalence was one of the causes which led to the decay of the great Roman Empire, as Mr. Mansfield and other authorities maintain, it ought to be regarded with horror and awe by a great power of the modern period which boasts also of being a Christian one—at least to some extent. How can any followers of Christ, when they pray to Him for the restoration of peace, expect a favorable hearing for their prayer, when they come with hands stained full of divorce bills granted and fulfilled, after He has issued the stern mandate, "Those whom God has joined let no man put asunder?" The divine law of marriage was instituted for the preservation not only of the spiritual, but of the physical health of the human race. But the human law of divorce had its origin in the mind of the Father of Lies, who is the eternal enemy of the race, as he is of God.—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

POPE INTERCEDES FOR INVADED POLAND

OBTAINS PROMISES FROM GERMANY AND AUSTRIA TO RESPECT LANGUAGE, RELIGION AND CUSTOMS

Special Cable to The New York Times.

Rome, Sept. 20.—As the occupation of Russian Poland by the Austro-Germans becomes firmer, the action of the Pope to obtain from the invaders recognition of the rights of the Poles becomes more insistent. It is asserted that much already has been granted, especially concerning the Catholic clergy and episcopacy, and respect for the language, religion and usages of the Poles.

Reference is made to the Pope say one of his greatest ambitions is to help in the restoration of Poland, which he believes will be one of the great guarantees for the future peace of Europe, since it will act as a buffer element between the German and Slav peoples.

MRS. JOHN GORMAN

"For to me to live is Christ, to die is gain." These words of St. Paul can be appropriately applied to the "valiant woman" whom the Capital lost through the sudden death of Mrs. John Gorman, mother of Rev. Dr. O'Gorman. Mrs. Gorman was with her husband visiting in Mattawa, Ontario. After returning home from Mass on Sunday September 12, apparently in the best of health, she was taken out of this world without a moment's warning by a stroke of apoplexy. That evening her death was announced in the Ottawa parish churches, and prayers were asked for the repose of her soul.

Born in 1859 at Ottawa, of pious and respected Irish Canadian parents, Elizabeth Rose Warnock graduated at the Rideau Street Convent in 1877, and six years later was married to John Gorman, of the Auditor General's Office, Ottawa, by Rev. M. J. Whelan, at the Cathedral. Since then she has been a resident of St. Patrick's parish, of which she has been a zealous member. For years she walked through the streets to collect for St. Patrick's Orphans' Home or to distribute the leaflets and Messengers of the League of the Sacred Heart. The parish Sewing Society, the Water Street Hospital, and the Precious Blood Monastery, all remember her as a faithful worker. In 1913 the Blessed Sacrament parish was founded out of the southern portion of St. Patrick's, and her son was appointed parish priest. She has been a generous benefactor of this parish and an enthusiastic worker for it, being particularly active in the parish Tabernacle Society. Nor was her charity local in its object; she considered it as much her duty to contribute to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, to the Catholic Board for Mission Work among Colored People, and to Father Frasier's Chinese Missions, as to help local organizations.

PER CRUCEM AD LUCEM

IN MEMORY OF MY SISTER, DIED AUGUST 19TH, 1916

Fain would I tune the lyre to Sorrow's note—
But, ah the agony of lonely years
Holds depths of grief too great for
even tears,
And mocks the empty phrases coined
by rote.

There is a grief too sacred for a song;
God only our Gethsemani may read,
And, pitying well the hearts that
broken bleed,
At memories that round Love's
portals throng.

Though friends be kind, yet vainly
do we lean
On human comfort in an hour like
this;
The handclasp fond, the sympathetic
kiss,
But mind us all the more of what
has been.

But yet is there a balm for aching
pain—
Beneath the olive trees the empty
tomb
Points to the dawning after mid-
night's gloom,
And gently chides the lips that would
complain.

And so we murmur not as here we
weep,
O best beloved, above your new made
grave,
Our "Fiat" consecrates each tear
to lave
The stains of sin, and trouble not
your sleep.

—REV. D. A. CASST.

only effectual remedy for the self-sustaining tendency; and if the Christian spirit had been preserved in education, there would be no problem to solve beyond that of adapting the genuine altruism of the gospel to our more complex social conditions.

It may be that the realization of the social importance of the school constitutes the most favorable aspect of the whole situation. At any rate, it is a hopeful symptom, and it can serve as a guide for constructive effort. It means that education is returning, by a circuitous route, to the deepest of all the questions that concern human life and destiny; and it only remains to be seen whether with our advance in knowledge and our psychological research we have gained a deeper insight into man's spiritual needs or a more thorough understanding of his social relations than was shown by Christ and the Church which He founded.—Catholic Columbian.

Special for the Record

PER CRUCEM AD LUCEM

IN MEMORY OF MY SISTER, DIED AUGUST 19TH, 1916

Fain would I tune the lyre to Sorrow's note—
But, ah the agony of lonely years
Holds depths of grief too great for
even tears,
And mocks the empty phrases coined
by rote.

There is a grief too sacred for a song;

God only our Gethsemani may read,
And, pitying well the hearts that
broken bleed,
At memories that round Love's
portals throng.

Though friends be kind, yet vainly
do we lean
On human comfort in an hour like
this;
The handclasp fond, the sympathetic
kiss,
But mind us all the more of what
has been.

But yet is there a balm for aching pain—

Beneath the olive trees the empty
tomb
Points to the dawning after mid-
night's gloom,
And gently chides the lips that would
complain.

And so we murmur not as here we
weep,
O best beloved, above your new made
grave,
Our "Fiat" consecrates each tear
to lave
The stains of sin, and trouble not
your sleep.

MRS. JOHN GORMAN

"For to me to live is Christ, to die is gain." These words of St. Paul can be appropriately applied to the "valiant woman" whom the Capital lost through the sudden death of Mrs. John Gorman, mother of Rev. Dr. O'Gorman. Mrs. Gorman was with her husband visiting in Mattawa, Ontario. After returning home from Mass on Sunday September 12, apparently in the best of health, she was taken out of this world without a moment's warning by a stroke of apoplexy. That evening her death was announced in the Ottawa parish churches, and prayers were asked for the repose of her soul.

Born in 1859 at Ottawa, of pious and respected Irish Canadian parents, Elizabeth Rose Warnock graduated at the Rideau Street Convent in 1877, and six years later was married to John Gorman, of the Auditor General's Office, Ottawa, by Rev. M. J. Whelan, at the Cathedral. Since then she has been a resident of St. Patrick's parish, of which she has been a zealous member. For years she walked through the streets to collect for St. Patrick's Orphans' Home or to distribute the leaflets and Messengers of the League of the Sacred Heart. The parish Sewing Society, the Water Street Hospital, and the Precious Blood Monastery, all remember her as a faithful worker. In 1913 the Blessed Sacrament parish was founded out of the southern portion of St. Patrick's, and her son was appointed parish priest. She has been a generous benefactor of this parish and an enthusiastic worker for it, being particularly active in the parish Tabernacle Society. Nor was her charity local in its object; she considered it as much her duty to contribute to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, to the Catholic Board for Mission Work among Colored People, and to Father Frasier's Chinese Missions, as to help local organizations.

While the news of her sudden death came as a shock, the many friends of the deceased are consoled by the fact that her eminently Christian life was an excellent preparation for death. She is survived by her husband, Mr. John Gorman, of the Auditor General's Office, and by three children, Rev. Dr. John O'Gorman, parish priest of the Blessed Sacrament parish; Mr. Gerald O'Gorman, of the Militia Department and Miss Florence Gorman, Mrs. John P. Dunne, of Prescott, Ont., is a sister of the deceased. The funeral left her late residence, 459 McLaren St., on Tuesday, September 14 at 8.15 a. m. The funeral Mass was chanted in St. Patrick's Church September 14 by her son, Rev. Dr. O'Gorman, assisted by Rev. J. J. Wasmack, J. C. L. P. of Maynooth, Ont., and Rev. Dr. John R. O'Gorman, P. P., of St. Patrick's Church, Cobalt, Ont., cousins of the deceased, as deacon and sub-deacon.

Your Savings

The War has already brought great changes. National leaders in all countries are urging the practice of Thrift. The Prime Minister of Great Britain said recently: "There remains only one course . . . to diminish our expenditure and increase our savings."

What are you going to do with YOUR SAVINGS? You cannot keep your cash in a stocking. You must either put it in a Bank; invest in a Bond or Stock; or purchase Life Insurance with it. Some men will do all three.

By Putting YOUR SAVINGS INTO LIFE INSURANCE

You will be practicing Thrift in its best form. You will be making definite provision for your family. In the event of your early death, they will receive many times more than you have paid in. If you live, you will be adding each year to the value of your security.

Let us sell you a Policy in the Capital Life Assurance Company. We have all kinds, at all prices, with valuable privileges and perfect security always.

The Capital Life Assurance of Canada

Head Office - Ottawa

Write us, giving the date of your birth

Rev. Fathers Whelan, Fay, Fitzgerald, Carleton, O'Neill, Burke and M. J. O'Gorman were present in the sanctuary, while the large church was filled to the doors. The Benedictus and concluding prayers were recited at Notre Dame Cemetery as the body was being lowered into the grave. The large number of spiritual offerings received is an indication that the deceased will be remembered in a practical and pious manner by those who knew her. May her soul, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

FATHER FRASIER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowta, March 22, 1916.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: Yesterday (Passion Sunday) I laid the corner-stone of the church in Taichowta. The former church was too small for the crowds who are being converted in the city and neighboring towns. Even with the new addition of forty-eight feet and a gallery it will be too small on the big Feast. May God be praised who deigns to open months to His praises in the Far East to replace those still in death in Europe. And may He shower down His choicest blessings on my benefactors of the CATHOLIC RECORD, who are enabling me to hire catechists, open up new places to the Faith, and to build and end large churches and schools. Rest assured, dear Readers, that every cent that comes my way will be immediately put into circulation for the Glory of God.

- Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary,
J. M. FRASIER
- Previously acknowledged \$6,186 87
Thanksgiving, Egganville, 8 00
Miss M. Shanahan, Victoria Mines, 15 00
In remembrance of parents 5 00
For Souls in Purgatory,
Lochiel, 1 00
Friend, Melrose, N. B., 2 00

AMERICAN PROTESTANTISM'S "MOST IMPORTANT PROBLEM"

The Christian Herald, a non Catholic and often anti-Catholic periodical, errs in its statement about the Church trying to get State aid for parochial schools, but its comment on the matter shows how the persistence of Catholics in maintaining the parochial school system is making our separated brethren take notice of its results. Says the Christian Herald:

"There is no problem so important for American Protestantism as the problem of thorough religious training in the years when mind and

Thornton-Smith Co.

Mural Painting and Church Decorating

11 King St. W. Toronto

Merchants' Bank of Canada

ESTABLISHED 1864

Paid-up Capital \$7,000,000
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits 7,245,140

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

209 Branches and Agencies in Canada

Savings Department at All Branches

Deposits Received and Interest allowed at best current rates

Bankers to the Grey Nuns, Montreal; St. Augustine's Seminary, St. Joseph's Academy, and St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto.

Capital Trust Corporation, Limited

Authorized Capital \$2,000,000.00

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

President: M. J. O'Brien, Renfrew.
Vice-Presidents: Hon. S. N. Parent, Ottawa; Dean Murphy, Ottawa; R. P. Gough, Toronto; A. E. Corrigan, Ottawa.
A. R. Provost, Ottawa.
Hon. R. G. Beazley, Halifax.
W. P. O'Brien, Montreal.
E. Fabre-Surveyor, K. C., Montreal.
Hugh Dobney, Montreal.
E. W. Tobin, M. P., Bromfieldville.
Hon. Wm. McDonald, Cape Breton.
Edward Cass, Winnipeg.

Michael Connelly, Montreal.
W. J. Pouspou, M. P., Montreal.
Lt.-Col. D. R. Street, Ottawa.
J. J. Lyons, Ottawa.
Gordon Grant, C. P., Ottawa.
C. P. Beaubien, K. C., Montreal.

Offices: 29 Sparks St., Ottawa, Ont.

Managing Director: B. G. Conolly. Assistant Manager: E. T. B. Pennefather.

Make Your Will

The importance of providing for those depending on you is obvious. Do not deprive them of the protection a Will affords. Above all, select an Executor, such as the Capital Trust Corporation, competent to carry out the provisions of your Will. We invite correspondents and will send on request our special booklet on Wills.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. F. PEPPER
NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER
PENTECOST

FEAST OF THE MOST HOLY ROSARY

My dear brethren, Rosary Sunday, and we cannot do better than to consider the excellence of this popular devotion and the spiritual advantages that flow from its cultivation.

The prayer of the Rosary is offered up to Almighty God through the invocation of the Blessed Virgin, and six long centuries bear witness to its efficacy.

With this end in view he has established the October devotions, and he implores the faithful throughout the world to say the Rosary every day during this month for the general good of religion.

There is no household worthy of the name of a Christian home in which the Rosary should not be recited every evening as a family prayer.

Have you troubles in your family? Say the beads every day, and see if your troubles will not cease?

temperance lecture in existence.

A MORAL, NOT A FINANCIAL QUESTION

Everyone will admit that it is necessary to protect the French race against the dangers which face the nation from alcoholism.

ALCOHOLIC THIRST

Alcohol is good only to create a thirst for itself, says the late Bishop Colton, of Buffalo.

LONGEVITY OF TEETOTALERS

Figures gathered by the life insurance companies all over the world indicate that the teetotaler lives about 28 per cent. longer than the temperate but moderate drinker.

ALCOHOL NOT BENEFICIAL

If you drink alcoholic beverages to drown sorrows, they will cause more sorrow to be drowned; if you drink them thinking they will help you do more work, you will very likely become in need of help.

AGED PRIEST AGAIN A HERO

After having won the cross of the Legion of Honour on the battlefield in 1870, Father Maurice lived a peaceful life as chaplain at a hospital in Algeria.

TOOK THE ADVICE OF HIS FRIEND

Stomach Trouble and Rheumatism Relieved By "Fruit-a-tives"



MR. L. LABRIE

"I have been restored to health by taking 'Fruit-a-tives'. For two years, I was a miserable sufferer from Rheumatism and Stomach Trouble.

HOPE IS ETERNAL

Hope is the beacon light of life. Without it, life is a desert. It is wonderful upon how small a hope one can live.

EDUCATE THE BOY

The opening of the school year is at hand. It is not too late to decide that the boy who has completed the grades and who is anxious in his own boyish way to "go to work," shall have the advantage of at least another year's education.

SUSPICION

If you wish to live a narrow life, be suspicious. If you want to outdo the milk of human kindness in your breast, be suspicious.

CONVERSIONS

WE lately had a visit from our old friend Father Martin Blank. He told us of a little family of pious Methodists in his parish, whose peace was broken by the young daughter—their only child—announcing that she was being instructed for reception into the Catholic Church.

THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THAT larger life which spells true manhood and true womanhood.

How may we root out suspicion from the dark crannies of our character? By galvanizing our lives with the vital principle of Christianity.

HOUSE OF CHAOS

But there are some Anglicans who have begun to feel that this principle of religious difference or indifference in regard to doctrine will not do; the formulas of belief held by the Church of England must mean something, or very soon one doctrine will fail, and falling, drag down with it another.

SHE PATIENTLY BORE DISGRACE

A Sad Letter from a lady whose Husband was Dissipated How She Cured Him With a Secret Remedy

CONVERSIONS

WE lately had a visit from our old friend Father Martin Blank. He told us of a little family of pious Methodists in his parish, whose peace was broken by the young daughter—their only child—announcing that she was being instructed for reception into the Catholic Church.

FIRM CONVICTION

WE lately had a visit from our old friend Father Martin Blank. He told us of a little family of pious Methodists in his parish, whose peace was broken by the young daughter—their only child—announcing that she was being instructed for reception into the Catholic Church.

THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THAT larger life which spells true manhood and true womanhood.

How may we root out suspicion from the dark crannies of our character? By galvanizing our lives with the vital principle of Christianity.

HOUSE OF CHAOS

But there are some Anglicans who have begun to feel that this principle of religious difference or indifference in regard to doctrine will not do; the formulas of belief held by the Church of England must mean something, or very soon one doctrine will fail, and falling, drag down with it another.

SHE PATIENTLY BORE DISGRACE

A Sad Letter from a lady whose Husband was Dissipated How She Cured Him With a Secret Remedy

CONVERSIONS

WE lately had a visit from our old friend Father Martin Blank. He told us of a little family of pious Methodists in his parish, whose peace was broken by the young daughter—their only child—announcing that she was being instructed for reception into the Catholic Church.

FIRM CONVICTION

WE lately had a visit from our old friend Father Martin Blank. He told us of a little family of pious Methodists in his parish, whose peace was broken by the young daughter—their only child—announcing that she was being instructed for reception into the Catholic Church.

THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THAT larger life which spells true manhood and true womanhood.

How may we root out suspicion from the dark crannies of our character? By galvanizing our lives with the vital principle of Christianity.

HOUSE OF CHAOS

But there are some Anglicans who have begun to feel that this principle of religious difference or indifference in regard to doctrine will not do; the formulas of belief held by the Church of England must mean something, or very soon one doctrine will fail, and falling, drag down with it another.

SHE PATIENTLY BORE DISGRACE

A Sad Letter from a lady whose Husband was Dissipated How She Cured Him With a Secret Remedy

CONVERSIONS

WE lately had a visit from our old friend Father Martin Blank. He told us of a little family of pious Methodists in his parish, whose peace was broken by the young daughter—their only child—announcing that she was being instructed for reception into the Catholic Church.

FIRM CONVICTION

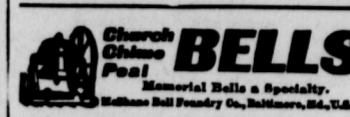
WE lately had a visit from our old friend Father Martin Blank. He told us of a little family of pious Methodists in his parish, whose peace was broken by the young daughter—their only child—announcing that she was being instructed for reception into the Catholic Church.

FITS CURED

By Trench's Remedy Recommended by Clergymen of All Denominations. Thirty Years' Success. Over 1000 Unsolicited Testimonials in one year.

CONVINCING TESTIMONY

Has been given by people in every walk of life. Those interested should write at once. Pamphlet containing proof positive post free from TRENCH'S REMEDIES LIMITED



Advertisement for Hecla Furnace. "Why, No! There's never any soot from our furnace." Includes illustration of a woman and child.

Advertisement for Hecla Warm Air Furnace. "This saving is due to the Hecla steel-ribbed fire-pot, which has three times the ordinary heating surface." Includes illustration of a woman.

Advertisement for Stained Glass Memorial Windows and Leaded Lights. B. Leonard Est. Quebec P. Q. 1896. Includes illustration of a stained glass window.

Advertisement for Toronto's Two Famous Hotels: Walker House and Hotel Carls-Rite. Includes illustrations of the buildings.

Advertisement for Hotel Tuller, Detroit, Michigan. "New HOTEL TULLER Detroit, Michigan. Center of business on Grand Circus Park." Includes illustration of the hotel building.

Advertisement for Cowan's Perfection Cocoa. "Little Miss MAIDEN CANADA Registered." Includes illustration of a young girl in a dress.

Advertisement for Temperance. "TEMPERANCE WORSE THAN A WOLF. John Barleycorn is worse than any wolf that ever threatened any man's door." Includes illustration of a wolf.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

HAVE INITIATIVE
Mr. Timothy E. Brynes, one of New England's most prominent lawyers...

Man, including every class of worker, may be divided into two distinct classes...

Both may be faithful. Both may do, or think that they do, their best. Both may be ambitious...

It is not what we have in the way of ability or experience which counts so much in the grand round up...

Two young men occupy similar positions. Both are ambitious both are faithful, both are hard workers...

Labor in itself, essential as it is, does not accomplish more than the result of routine, unless back of it is that something called initiative...

How STATES WERE NAMED
Maine takes its name from the province of Maine in France...

New Hampshire takes its name from Hampshire, England. New Hampshire was originally called Laconia.

Rhode Island gets its name because of its fancied resemblance to the island of Rhodes, in the Mediterranean.

The real name of Connecticut is Quonohontet. It is a Mohican word, and means "long river."

New York was so named as a compliment to the Duke of York, whose brother, Charles II, granted him that territory.

New Jersey was named for Sir George Carter, who was at that time governor of the island of Jersey, in the English Channel.

Delaware derives its name from Thomas West, Lord de la Warr. Maryland was named in honor of Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I.

Virginia got its name from Queen Elizabeth, the "Virgin Queen." Kentucky does not mean "Dark and Bloody Ground," but is derived from the Indian word "Kain-tuck-ee," signifying "Land at the Head of the River."

Ohio has had several meanings fitted to it. Some say that it is a Swahili word, meaning "The Beautiful River."—Truth.

THE KITTEN THAT WENT TO WAR
He was a black kitten and his name was Christopher Columbus. Perhaps there never was a cat in the world more patriotic in his actions...

SUCCESS IS OPEN TO THE MANY
The truth is, and it is the most encouraging truth that can be impressed upon the mind of youth, that "What man has done man can do."

if he will pay the price. Men of great achievements are not to be set on pedestals and revered as exceptions to the average of humanity.

Instead, they should be regarded as inspirers, standards of success for the emulation of every aspiring youth.

The majority of us are so constituted that we cannot understand and are dazzled by the ability that does something that we have not done; and we naturally overestimate it.

But if young men instead of keeping their eyes too constantly on those who have gotten up a little further in the world than they have, would take an inventory of themselves and develop their own resources, they would be surprised to find that they had ability even superior probably to that of some of those they are in the habit of looking up to with such admiration.

I have no doubt that there are clerks in our large department stores to-day who have sufficient native ability, if they could only discover and make use of it, to be proprietors of successful establishments themselves instead of plodding along year after year as employees.

There are youths plunging away in inferior positions who have enough talent to make their mark and rise above in fortitude, or are not willing to make sacrifices to attain their ambition.

The success that is possible to the average human being is not the result of genius, but of common sense, of energy, of persistence, and ordinary ability. It is the sum total of the exercises of the plain common

virtues and ordinary talents, of sound judgment, of honesty of purpose and perseverance. It is made up of very common ingredients.

If we analyze the success of most men we shall find that it is the fruit of the extraordinary application of those modest everyday qualities which all well-balanced people possess in greater or less degree, and the application of sound judgment, of common sense to all the affairs of life.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

RECEIVE FAVORS WITH GRATITUDE

To receive a favor gratefully—that is the supreme test of the gentleman or the gentlewoman.

The reason of this is that accepting a favor in the right way calls for the rarest and last flower of good breeding—humility. We are born proud, self-seeking, and sensitive; we share these traits with the brutes.

The task of culture is to change these attributes into humility, service, and self-effacement.

We exalt the man whose aim is to help people, to do something for somebody. But the very finest quality of service consists in allowing others to do something for us.

To make a child feel that you need him; a friend, that he is indispensable; a wife, that she is leaned upon; a husband, that life is not worth-while without him; the poor, that they have power to serve; the rich, that their personality means more to you than their money; the learned, that they teach you, and the ignorant, that they inspire you; this is the subtlest and highest form of spiritual service.

It is the surest hall mark of the gentleman or the gentlewoman.—New Freeman.

HOW STATES WERE NAMED
Maine takes its name from the province of Maine in France, and was so called as a compliment to the Queen of Charles I., who was its owner.

New Hampshire takes its name from Hampshire, England. New Hampshire was originally called Laconia.

Vermont is French (Verd Mont), signifying green mountains.

Massachusetts is an Indian word, signifying "country about the great hills."

Rhode Island gets its name because of its fancied resemblance to the island of Rhodes, in the Mediterranean.

The real name of Connecticut is Quonohontet. It is a Mohican word, and means "long river."

New York was so named as a compliment to the Duke of York, whose brother, Charles II, granted him that territory.

New Jersey was named for Sir George Carter, who was at that time governor of the island of Jersey, in the English Channel.

Delaware derives its name from Thomas West, Lord de la Warr. Maryland was named in honor of Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I.

Virginia got its name from Queen Elizabeth, the "Virgin Queen." Kentucky does not mean "Dark and Bloody Ground," but is derived from the Indian word "Kain-tuck-ee," signifying "Land at the Head of the River."

Ohio has had several meanings fitted to it. Some say that it is a Swahili word, meaning "The Beautiful River."—Truth.

THE KITTEN THAT WENT TO WAR
He was a black kitten and his name was Christopher Columbus. Perhaps there never was a cat in the world more patriotic in his actions...

SUCCESS IS OPEN TO THE MANY
The truth is, and it is the most encouraging truth that can be impressed upon the mind of youth, that "What man has done man can do."

if he will pay the price. Men of great achievements are not to be set on pedestals and revered as exceptions to the average of humanity.

Instead, they should be regarded as inspirers, standards of success for the emulation of every aspiring youth.

The majority of us are so constituted that we cannot understand and are dazzled by the ability that does something that we have not done; and we naturally overestimate it.

But if young men instead of keeping their eyes too constantly on those who have gotten up a little further in the world than they have, would take an inventory of themselves and develop their own resources, they would be surprised to find that they had ability even superior probably to that of some of those they are in the habit of looking up to with such admiration.

I have no doubt that there are clerks in our large department stores to-day who have sufficient native ability, if they could only discover and make use of it, to be proprietors of successful establishments themselves instead of plodding along year after year as employees.

There are youths plunging away in inferior positions who have enough talent to make their mark and rise above in fortitude, or are not willing to make sacrifices to attain their ambition.

The success that is possible to the average human being is not the result of genius, but of common sense, of energy, of persistence, and ordinary ability. It is the sum total of the exercises of the plain common

MONTH OF THE ROSARY

During the month of October more than ever every Catholic should say the rosary and with devotion as it is a prayer most pleasing to Our Blessed Lady. Those who say it diligently and devoutly, with perseverance, shall not perish. The author of the "Golden Sands" says:

The pious and assiduous recitation of the rosary always works miracles. It does not tire the lips repeating it, nor the heart that inspires the lips, it will tire God, who, impetioned by Our Lady, will sooner or later grant the graces asked for.

How many pious mothers have, on their death-beds, asked as a last request to their beloved daughters, to recite the rosary every day! and when, in the middle of tears, the promise was made, could say "die in peace, sure that my child will come to meet me in Heaven." Yes, either the rosary will annoy you, or you will leave it altogether, or, whatever the condition of your soul, if you continue to recite it, at last you will be moved and softened, and you will be brought back to the feet of the priest, who has for a long while sighed over your weakness.

Oh, how these words often repeated by a faithful and innocent soul, "Hail Mary, full of grace!" must please the queen of angels! Oh, how these words, often repeated by a soul faithful yet, but guilty, "Pray for us poor sinners!" must move the heart of the Mother of mercy!

In an instruction on the rosary, Monsignor Dupanloup told to his hearers the following touching story: I remember to have met with an example which I shall never forget. It was by the death-bed of a child very dear to me, a very young woman, to whom not very long before I had given her first Communion. She was twenty years old and rich; it was just one year since I had blessed her marriage. She was a mother but a few days, happy in the midst of all this present happiness and of dreams of the future. She was going to die, stricken by one of those diseases which it is impossible to escape. I did not know how to approach the sick lady, and I was surprised when coming near to find her smiling. Death was approaching speedily; she knew it; she felt it; and she smiled with a kind of sweet loneliness in which joy blended. I could but say, "My child, what a surprise!" and she, with an inexpressible accent: "Don't you think that I will go to Heaven?" "My child," I answered, "I have great hope." "And I," she repeated, "I am sure." And what does give you this certitude?" "It is a counsel I received from you. When we made our first Communion you told us to say the Hail Mary every day, and to say it well. I said it every day, and more, for four years I never failed to say the rosary every day. And it is this which makes me sure of going to Heaven." And how is this? "Ha! I cannot believe," she added with gravity, "and this is a thought which has never left me since I was stricken—I cannot but live that I said during four years, fifty times a day to Our Blessed Lady, 'Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for me a sinner now, and at the hour of my death,' and in this moment in which I am going to die, she is not to be here. She is, I am sure; she prays for me and she is going to introduce me into Heaven."

This is what that young woman told me, and then I saw a spectacle that nothing could picture, a death really celestial. I saw a tender and frail creature taken away in the midst of her youth, from all that is called happiness in this world, from all that makes life dear, leaving a father, a mother, a husband whom she adored and one by whom she was adored, a little baby so long desired and so dear; leaving all this, not without tears, but with peace and serenity; consoling her old parents, blessing her little child, encouraging her afflicted husband who tried in vain to keep her; seeing but Heaven, speaking but Heaven; and her last sigh was a smile of grace and of the

eternal glory. This remembrance is for me ineffaceable.

Let us, says the writer, keep it also in our hearts, whatever be the nature of our career, and the numbered days of our life. Let us say with fidelity and confidence: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now, and at the hour of our death!" and what ever be the hour in which God will call us, we will also feel in our last moments the benediction of Mary over us.—Catholic News.

STUDY YOUR CATECHISM

As the hot season is at our doors, we are naturally thinking, at least many of us, about a vacation, and that necessitates in most instances some travel. Then we are picturing the company of fellow tourists in the cars and meeting those who are continually talking about religion. The Catholic Church will come up for discussion. Not a few will be engaged in conversation who have at their fingers' ends the common stock of arguments and objections against our Holy Faith. It may be well to know the best way of acting under such circumstances.

Good advice upon this subject is offered by a Catholic writer. He says: "Do not get obligations mixed. We have no warrant to defend persons in order to establish principles. To advocate persons is outside the argument proving religion true, and besides would make the conversation endless. There is a whole heaven of difference between principles and persons. The rectitude or malice of the one is far apart from the truth or falsehood of the other. Pin down to the principles of Faith; you can smile for an hour and a half at the objections urged against them. You may be always certain that they are misrepresentations or humbugs, more ridiculous to a Catholic than they could be to a heretic or infidel. Hold to simple truth! Only errors cloud an issue with words. Only falsehood is a tangle in itself and a maze in its expression. It will take you some time before you get your adversary to announce himself correctly, and do not begin until he does that. No matter what he ends with, make him commence with the dictionary. The great mistake a Catholic often makes is to begin in the second period of a discussion to assail one who is constantly shifting his ground, changing the original subject, and not knowing where he is at, or the purpose of his speech. Don't hurry! Truth does not need you, nor haste, to assert itself. Be calm! Be kind! You may not be as clever as the preacher who when asked, why does a priest wear a dog collar, retorted: "To distinguish him from the cur that asked the question." You may not be eloquent in giving a reason for your faith, but you will be forceful if true, and truth after all, has an inherent charm and goodness that will ever beat to win a mind or soul. It's plain expression yields sublime results. Ever remembering that the enemies of our faith are mere gazelles of words, glittering nothings that like soap bubbles vanish before the breath of logic.

That is good advice. The best is to study your catechism and be imbued with its truths. You are older than you were when you were subjected to the drudgery of first learning its definitions, and now you can appreciate its literary quality as well as dogmatic value. Refresh your mind with your catechism and that will suffice for the heretic, the schismatic, the unbeliever, the socialist and the agnostic. And it will relieve you of the necessity of sending foolish questions to the Catholic periodicals, questions that so often betray an ignorance of the simplest catechetical truths. Be able at all times to give an answer for the Faith that is in you.—The Missionary.

A MINISTER'S ADVICE

The Rev. William Baker, an Episcopalian minister, while giving a mission in St. John's Church, Decatur, Ill., paid his respects to the hideous Menace as follows:

"The Menace is a scurrilous, vile, indecent, lying sheet. The authors of these attacks on Catholicism are either lying or ignorant. Keep it out of your homes, and if it gets into them burn it."—Truth.

SCIENCE: HANDMAIDEN
According to an article by John M. Coulter, professor of botany at the University of Chicago, in a recent issue of the Biblical World, the Ten Commandments and the Christian precept "the wages of sin are death" are not only religious rules but biological laws. He says:

"It is a very significant fact that the rules of conduct for the best development of men, discovered first by the experience of the human race and afterward formulated as religious precepts, have now been established as laws by biology. This does not mean that biology deserves credit for their discovery, but that experience, religion and biology can now combine in enforcing proper conduct; that what was thought to be only a religious precept, deserving only the attention of church members who had pledged themselves to obedience, is also a biological precept as necessary to obey as any other laws of nature;

that the penalty of disobedience is not doubtful and distant, but certain and immediate. In short, the appeal for proper conduct has been made stronger, not only for those who would be religious in any event, but also for many who otherwise would not be religious at all."

"But," some Catholics will say, "we accept such things by faith alone. That biology proves them to be so is superfluous to us."

Because there are, however, numbers who find the way to truth by simple faith increasingly dimly, should we not be glad for them and for the Church that the way to truth by reason is daily made clearer by

the labor of those painstaking truth seekers, the scientists?

Long ago the Church needed and used the ministrations of two powerful handmaidens, Art and Literature. To-day her members should not underestimate the supplemental labor of the latest handmaid, Science.—New World.

Our Home Library

50c. Each Novels and Religious Books by the Best Catholic Authors Postage Free

NOVELS

A DOUBLE KNOT and Other Stories, by Mary T. Waggoner. A collection of short stories which have much pathos and humor scattered throughout.

THE FRIENDLY LITTLE HOUSE and Other Stories, by Marion Ames Taggart and Others. A library of short stories of thrilling interest by a group of best Catholic authors that take rank with the best of contemporary fiction.

THE LADY OF THE TOWER and Other Stories, by Marion Ames Taggart. This is a collection of short stories which will please the most fastidious taste. The volume comprises fifteen stories which are all worthy to be in short-story literature. Most of them are delicate little love tales, others are stories of adventure or mystery.

THE TRAIL OF THE DRAGON and Other Stories, by Marion F. Nixon-Roulet and other leading Catholic authors. A volume of stories which make very interesting and good reading for young and old.

MARCEL GRACE, by Rosa Mulholland. The plot of this story is new and full of interest. It details not only the life of the day but the development of the soul, subject to a complete mastery of the subject, joined to grace and force of diction.

THE LIGHT OF HIS COUNTENANCE, by Jesse Harte. A highly successful story. The plot is flawless, the characters are natural, their conversation is full of interest, and there are bursts of genuine comedy to lighten the tragic shades.

HER JOURNALS END, by Francis Cooke. A story of mystery, of strife and struggle, of petty jealousy, and of sublime devotion.

AGATHA, by Rosa Mulholland. A novel of the heart, a story of a noble family and a complete mastery of the subject, joined to grace and force of diction.

BOND AND FREE, by Jean Connor. A new story by an author who knows how to write a splendid love tale.

THE CIRCUS-RIDER'S DAUGHTER, by F. von Brackel. A high-class novel—a love story that every reader will feel better for having read.

CONNOR D'ARCY'S STRUGGLES, by W. M. Berthold. A novel that depicts to us in vivid colors the life of a noble family and a complete mastery of the subject, joined to grace and force of diction.

FABOLA, by Rosa Mulholland. A story of a noble family and a complete mastery of the subject, joined to grace and force of diction.

FORGIVE AND FORGET, by Ernest Lingens. A story of mystery, of strife and struggle, of petty jealousy, and of sublime devotion.

THE HEIR OF CROMWELL, by Countess Helene. An exquisite story of life and love told in touchingly simple words.

IDOLS, or The Secret of the Rue Chausse d'Antin, by Rosa Mulholland. A story of a noble family and a complete mastery of the subject, joined to grace and force of diction.

IN GOD'S GOOD TIME, by H. M. Rose. This is a story that grips the heart, stirring in it the best sympathy for what is human and good.

THE MONK'S PARADISE, by Rosa Mulholland. An historical romance of the time of King Philip IV of Spain.

MY LADY BEATRICE, by Francis Cooke. The story of a young girl's development through the love of a strong man. It is vivid in characterization, and interesting in plot.

OTHER DEW DROPS, by M. C. Martin. A powerful story of South African life. It is simple, strong, and full of action, and contains a great deal of interesting detail.

THE OUTLAW OF CAMARGUE, by A. de Lamotte. This is a capital novel with plenty of action.

ROSE OF THE WORLD, by M. C. Martin. A very sweet and tender story, and will appeal to the reader through the quality of its description of the heart.

THE SHADOW OF EVERLIGH, by Jess Lansdowne. It is a weird tale, blending not only the supernatural with the most stirring and exciting incidents.

THE TEMPEST OF THE HEART, by Mary Agatha Gray. A story of deep feeling that centers around a young girl's love for a man.

THE SECRET OF THE GREEN VASE, by Francis Cooke. The story is one of high ideal and strong character. It is a very close one, and the reader will not solve it until near the end of the story.

SO AS BY FIRE, by Jean Connor. After living a life that was a lie, the heroine of this story renounces it all that she might atone for the great wrong she has done. A really absorbing and profitable story.

THE TEST OF COURAGE, by H. M. Rose. A story that grips the heart, stirring in it the best sympathy for what is human and good.

THE LITTLE MARSHALLS, by Rosa Mulholland. An exquisite story of life and love told in touchingly simple words.

THEIR CHOICE, by Henrietta Dana Skinner. Its characters are cleverly drawn, and its pages are full of shrewd wit and delicate humor.

BETWEEN FRIENDS, by Richard Amerie. BROWNIE AND I, by Richard Amerie. IN QUEST OF THE GOLDEN CHEST, by George Barton. THE MYSTERY OF QUELVERLY, by George Barton. HOW THEY WORKED THEIR WAY and other stories, by M. P. Harte. FREDDY CARR'S ADVENTURES, by Rev. R. F. Garrod, S. J. FREDDY CARR AND HIS FRIENDS, by Rev. R. F. Garrod, S. J. THE JUNIORS OF ST. BEDE'S, by Rev. Thos. Bryson. JACK BENDER, by Rev. John Weha. JACK HILDRETH ON THE NILE, by Marion A. Taggart. WINNETOU, THE APACHE KNIGHT, by Marion A. Taggart. THE TREASURE OF NUGGET MOUNTAIN, by Marion A. Taggart. THE PLAYWATER PLOT, by Mary T. Waggoner. CLARE LORAIN, by "Leo." HARMONY FLATS, by C. S. Whitmore. A KLONDIKE PICNIC, by Eleanor C. Donnelly. THE LITTLE MARSHALLS AT THE LAKE, by Mary F. Nixon Roulet. MILLY AVELING, by Sara Trainor Smith. THE NEW SCHOLAR AT ST. ANNE'S, by Marion A. Taggart. PETRONILLA, and Other Stories, by Eleanor C. Donnelly. POVERINA, by Evelyn Buckenham. THE MYSTERY OF HORNBY HALL, by Ann T. Sadler. TOLD IN THE TWILIGHT, by Mother M. Salome. THE CALLISTA, by Cardinal Newman. A tale of the Third Century; attempting to imagine and express the feelings and relations between Christians and heathens of that time.

LIVES OF SAINTS

ST. ALOYSIUS GONZAGA of the Society of Jesus, by Edward Healy Thompson. ST. ALPHONSUS M. LIGUORI, Bishop of Agathina, by Bishop Mullock. ST. ANGELA MERICI, with history of the Order of St. Ursula, by the same author and the United States, by John Gilmary Shea. ST. AUGUSTINE, Bishop, Confessor and Doctor of the Church, by Rev. E. Moriarty, O. S. A. ST. BENEDICT, the Monk, son of a slave. From the French of Canon M. Allibert. ST. BERNARD, by M. L'Abbe Ratisbonne. ST. CATHARINE OF SIENNA, by Blessed Raymond of Capua. ST. CECILIA, Virgin and Martyr, by Rev. Father Cosquer. ST. CHARLES BORROMEO, Edited by Edward Healy Thompson. ST. ELIZABETH of Hungary, by Montalembert. ST. FRANCES OF ROME, by Lady Georgiana Fullerton, with an essay on the saint's life. ST. FRANCIS DE SALES, Bishop and Prince of Geneva, by Robert Ormsby, M. A. ST. IGNATIUS OF LOYOLA, founder of the Society of Jesus, by Rev. F. W. Faber, D.D. ST. IGNATIUS AND HIS COMPANIONS—St. Francis Xavier, Peter Faber, Simon Rodriguez, etc. IRISH SAINTS, from St. Patrick to Lawrence O'Toole, by P. P. O'Rourke. ST. JOHN BAPTIST of the Society of Jesus, and miracles after his death, by Father Borgo, S. J. ST. JOSEPH, Father of the Christ, by Abbe Boullan. ST. MARGARET OF CORTONA, Translated from the Italian by John Gilmary Shea. BLESSED MARGARET MARY ALACOQUE, by Rev. Geo. Turpin. ST. MARY OF EGYPT. The example and model of a true penitent. THE MARTYRS. This is the famous history of the last persecutions of the Christians at Rome, by Viscount de Chateaubriand. MARTYRS OF THE COLISEUM, or Historical Section of the Lives of the Saints of Ancient Rome, by Rev. A. J. O'Reilly, D.D. IRISH MARTYRS, by D. P. Conyngham, LL. D. VICTIMS OF THE MAMRETTINE. Picturing the trials and martyrdoms of the saints of the early Church, by Rev. A. J. O'Reilly, D.D. ST. PATRICK, by Rev. M. J. O'Rourke, Bishop of Tuam. ST. ROSE OF LIMA, by Rev. F. W. Faber, D.D. GREAT SAINTS, by John O'Keane Murray. Over thirty saints, including the Blessed Virgin Mary, St. Joseph, St. Bernardine, St. Francis, St. Teresa, St. Patrick, St. Bridget, St. Columba, St. Francis Xavier, etc. Beautifully illustrated. ST. STANISLAVUS KOSTKA of the Society of Jesus, by Edward Healy Thompson. ST. THOMAS of Villanova. ST. TERESA, written by herself. Translated by Rev. Canon Dalton. ST. VINCENT DE PAUL, by Rev. Henry Bedford MAIDENS OF HALLOWED NAMES, Embracing the lives of St. Agnes, St. Gertrude, St. Rose of Lima, St. Thérèse, St. Cecilia, etc. By Rev. Charles Piccolini, S. J. A YEAR WITH THE SAINTS. Short meditations for each day of the year, with many different virtues with true examples taken from the lives of the saints.

ST. FRANCIS ASSISI, SOCIAL REFORMER, by Rev. Leo L. Dubois. LIFE OF ST. MONICA, by M. L'Abbe Bourquard, Vicar General of the Diocese of Chartres, France, by Rev. Anthony Faulx. LIFE OF ST. PAUL OF THE CROSS, by the Rev. Father Plus, Passionist.

RELIGIOUS BOOKS

LIFE OF CHRIST, by Rev. M. V. Coccaux. LIFE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN, by Rev. F. Roulet, O. S. A. THE ADORATION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT, by Rev. A. Tesler. EXPLANATION OF CATHOLIC MORALS, by Rev. J. S. O'Rourke, D.D. EXPLANATION OF THE COMMANDMENTS, by Rev. H. Roloff, D.D. EXPLANATION OF THE HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS, by Rev. M. V. Coccaux. EXPLANATION OF THE HOLY SACRAMENTS, by Rev. H. Roloff, D.D. HELPS TO A SPIRITUAL LIFE, by Rev. Joseph HISTORY OF THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND, by W. Cobbett. REVISED BY Rev. T. H. Kinane. HOW TO CONFESS THE SICK, by Rev. Joseph Kereba, C.S.R. LOURDES: ITS INHABITANTS, ITS PILGRIMS, ITS MIRACLES, by Rev. Richard F. Clarke. MORE SHORT SPIRITUAL READINGS FOR MARY'S CHILDREN, by Rev. J. S. O'Rourke, D.D. THE TRUE SPOUSE OF CHRIST, by St. Alphonsus Miguon. THE NEW TESTAMENT, 130 editions. Good for the study of the Bible. THE SACRED HEART STUDIED IN THE SACRED SCRIPTURES, by Rev. H. Sainclair. This is the best work on the subject, and is recommended to all lovers of the Sacred Heart. THE SECRET OF SANCTITY, According to St. Francis of Assisi. SHORT MEDITATIONS FOR EVERY DAY, by Abbe Lasauze. VENERATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN, by Rev. J. S. O'Rourke, D.D. DIVINE GRACE, by Rev. E. J. Wirth, D.D. SHORT CONFERENCES ON THE SACRED HEART, by Rev. H. Brinkmeyer, D.D. GLOIRES OF THE SACRED HEART, by Rev. M. Haubner, S. J. POPULAR LIFE OF ST. TERESA, by Rev. M. J. O'Rourke, D.D. MEDITATIONS FOR EVERY DAY OF THE MONTH, by Rev. F. Neveu. DEVOTION TO ST. JOSEPH, by Rev. Father Joseph Anthony Patriziani, S. J. Translated from the French. GLOIRES OF MARY, From the Italian of St. Alphonsus Miguon. INTERNAL MISSION OF THE HOLY GHOST by Cardinal Manning. DOVE OF THE TABERNACLE, or Love of Jesus in the Most Holy Aucharist, by Rev. T. H. Kinane. LIFE OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST, by St. Bonaventura. With no engraving. DIVINE LIFE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY, by Ven. Mary of Jesus of Agreda. SIN AND ITS CONSEQUENCES, by Cardinal Manning. TEMPORAL MISSION OF THE HOLY GHOST, by Cardinal Manning. TRUE DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN, by the Blessed Louis-Marie, Grignon de Montfort. Translated from the French by Father Frederick Wm. Faber, D.D. VATICAN COUNCIL and its Definitions, by Cardinal Manning. YEAR OF MARY. Seventy-two chapters on exercises of devotion to the Mother of God. DUTY OF A CHRISTIAN TOWARDS GOD, by St. John the Baptist De La Salle. Here nothing is left unexplained, no point unnoticed, of all the duties of the Christian, and it is the most sublime mystery of our Faith, to the simplest and most trivial practices of devotion. OUR AIDY OF FOUQUES, by Henry Lascaer. A complete history of the apparition, together with a number of authentic miracles performed at the shrine of FOUQUES. THE TRUE RELIGION AND ITS DOGMAS, by Rev. Nicholas Russo, S. J. formerly Professor of Theology and poetry at the writings of non-Catholic authors, in relation to the Catholic Church.

LIFEBODY HEALTHY SOAP
The every-purpose-soap where health is a prime consideration
For the toilet and the bath Lifebody Soap is unexcelled. Its velvety lather soothes and cleanses while its mild carbolic solution is a wonderful health-preserving agent. The slight carbolic odor vanishes quickly after use.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD - London, Canada

EUCCHARISTIC LEAGUE

DIocese of London

The annual Eucharistic Congress of the Diocese of London, Ontario, will take place this year on Tuesday, October 5th, at Assumption Church and College, Sandwich, Ontario.

BUILT FOR YEARS

This is not an organ simply built to sell.

Karn Church Organ

built-to-day will give equal satisfaction years hence. Is not that the kind you want for your church?

The Karn-Morris Piano & Organ Co., Limited

Head Office, Woodstock, Ont. Factories, Woodstock and Listowel

all such efforts sooner or later fail and the aim of the abettors unmasked. It's vain to kick against the goad.

DIGGING TRENCHES IN NAZARETH

WILL HOLY LAND BE BATTLE FIELD

Nazareth is the last resting place in the world that is associated in our thoughts with war. The announcement, then, that the village in which Our Lord spent the early part of his life on earth is now getting ready to defend itself against a possible hostile attack comes to us as a distinct shock.

The war that already has claimed its millions of victims on the plains of Europe now threatens to drench the Holy Land in blood.

A cablegram from Paris thus tells how the land with which all Christians have been made familiar since the first dawn of reason, is anticipating being drawn into the armed struggle that already has converted a great part of Europe into a red morass.

It is learned that the Turks, preparing for an invasion of Palestine, are digging trenches around Nazareth and other places famous in Scriptural history. They also are drawing away the water from the River Jordan in the vicinity of Tiberias, but whether it is for defence is not clear.

Historic buildings have been razed to make way for artillery fire, among them being Terra Santa (Holy Land) Convent near Tiberias. All inscriptions engraved on walls have been erased for fear they might afford useful information to the enemy.

We can make a mental picture of high explosive shells bursting over Nazareth or plunging their way through land made sacred by the footsteps of our Lord, the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph. The world was shocked on learning that cathedrals and churches that bore testimony to the piety of former ages were victims of the war-storm that is now sweeping over Europe.

The sentiments evoked on that occasion will be vastly intensified if some day a cablegram informs us that Nazareth or Bethlehem or Jerusalem itself be laid in ashes by hostile armies contending for the mastery of the Holy Land.—The Guardian.

FATHER FABER AND FRANCIS THOMPSON

New York Catholic News

Speaking of Francis Thompson's marvelous poem, "The Hound of Heaven," reminds me that I have met people who say they do not understand it. Well, it will be clear enough to them if they will read the following passage written by Father Faber half a century or so before Thompson's poem was given to the world, writes the editor of the English Messenger.

"Where faith has opened our eyes what a scene the world presents! Everywhere God with His omnipresent love is pursuing His creatures, His guilty creatures; but it is to save them, not to punish them. There is not a recess of the world, not a retirement of poverty, not a haunt of sin, not an unlikely or unbecoming place for so vast a Majesty, where He is not following His creatures, and trying almost to force His great gifts upon them. Swifter than the lightning, stronger than the air is His glorious many-sided compassion poured out over the world which He has made.

"Everywhere are men flying from this generous, this merciful, this tender pursuit. It seems as if the grand object of their lives was to avoid God, as if time were a respite from the necessity of God's presence in eternity, which it is unfair of Him to interfere with, as if space were a convenience expressly provided for creatures to get out of the way of their Creator. Little boys even are flying away from Him with all their might and main, as if they understood the matter just as well as grown-up men, and had made up their minds as determinedly about it. God speaks, entreats, cries aloud; but still they run. He doubles His sunbeams on them to win their hearts by the excess of His fatherly indulgence; but they run. He throws shadows and darkness over

them to make them sober and wise; but they run. He will have them. Great graces go forth to their souls, like swift stones from a sling, and they fall. But they are up again in a moment and continue their flight.

"Or if He catches up with them because they are too much hurt to rise on the instant, they only let Him wipe the blood and earth from their wound, and kiss them sweetly on the forehead, and they are off again. He will not be baffled. He will hide himself in the water of the Sacrament, and make loving prey of infants before they have reached the use of reason. It is well; but then He must stay them also if He will keep them; for almost before they can walk they will run away from Him."

Do not these burning words, asks the English editor, make the theme of the "Hound of Heaven" abundantly clear? It is quite possible that our poet never read this page of Faber; if he did, by expanding it into an immortal poem he made noble use of it.

"I fled Him, down the nights and down the days; I fled Him, down the arches of the years; I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways Of my own mind; and in the midst of tears I hid from Him, and under running laughter."

Emperor William has conferred upon fifteen Sisters of the Franciscan Order the decoration of the Iron Cross for their self-sacrifice in hospital work.

The Princess Francesca di Bourbon-Parma made her profession as a nun at the Benedictine Convent of St. Cecilia at Ryde, Isle of Wight, on August 15, in the presence of the Bishop of Portsmouth, Prince Sixte and Prince Xavier, her brothers, who are serving as officers in the Belgian army in Flanders, made a special visit to Ryde to attend the ceremony. Francesca, in entering a convent joins her sister, Princess Adelaide, who is already known as Sister Maria Benedicta.

FOREIGN MISSIONS

The September number of Field Ajar contains many items of interest to those who follow the progress of foreign missionary work. The war has been a sad blow to all missions. Despite this great handicap, however, it is interesting to note that for the year just passed the Paris Foreign Missionary Society reports 81,788 baptisms of adults, 127,887 baptisms of children and 493 conversions from heresy. Native priests have increased from 911 to 940; schools from 4,785 to 5,023; pupils from 157,160 to 167,456. A further item announces that Catholics in the United States gave \$41,446.92 to the Holy Childhood Association last year. This Association has about 20,000,000 members, collects over \$8,000,000 annually, maintains in pagan lands 1,550 orphanages, 11,650 schools, 4,750 workshops, saves from paganism and adorns nearly 600,000 children each year and has already sent direct to heaven through the saving waters of baptism 20,000,000 infants. All this is a subject for thanksgiving and also the fact that our own Foreign Mission Society at Maryknoll is making splendid progress. It has recently received its Decretum Laudis from Rome and will henceforth be under the patronage of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. The Holy Father expresses gratification at the work already done by the American Society, which seems to have been providentially instituted to meet the existing need. At present there are 88 students at Maryknoll, 18 of whom are in the departments of theology and philosophy.—America.

WE NEED CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOLS

Classes have opened again, and hundreds of thousands of our Catholic children are once more under the benign influence of the Brothers and Sisters of our parochial schools. For ten months they will live in an atmosphere of Catholicism, learning, by precept and example, the teaching and practice, and what is more salutary and more necessary, the spirit of the Church. The most defenseless years of their young lives are thus safeguarded from the positive and especially the negative evils of secular education. Truly may we be said to have built a sanctuary for innocence. Our people and our priests may well take pride in our system of elementary schools. We have done much for the very young Catholic children. Can we say the same of the boys and girls who are ready to enter the High school?

The most dangerous age is the period of adolescence, with its awakening susceptibility to impressions and emotions. No longer a child and not yet a man, but despising the one and sping the other, the boy after leaving the grammar school, faces the most critical period of his life. The same is true of the girl. If their habits of piety are to last, they must be helped over the time of peril. In place of the leading of others, they must substitute the spontaneous guiding of self, a guidance that will come naturally, only if they are kept

in an atmosphere of Catholic thought and observance, and gradually see for themselves the reasonableness and nobility of the beliefs and practices that they have up to that time accepted unconsciously and without question.

Watch the boy who enters a High school from which religion is excluded and you will note, unless he be exceptionally strong in faith and character, a gradual deterioration in the manly pride in his Church and religion that made him the hope of his early teachers. How often, too, will you mark with regret the disappearance, by a process that is too slow to bear analysis but too sure to be gainsaid, of that delicate bloom of maidenly modesty that is the birthright of every Catholic girl? Inevitably a towering of ideals takes place in irreligious schools, even when nothing worse results. It is safe to say that as a rule they are always a danger to our Catholic boys and girls. We need Catholic High schools and we need them badly. We must shoulder this new burden, if we wish to keep our children's eyes fixed on the stars and their hearts pure from the taint of the world.—America.

Watch the boy who enters a High school from which religion is excluded and you will note, unless he be exceptionally strong in faith and character, a gradual deterioration in the manly pride in his Church and religion that made him the hope of his early teachers. How often, too, will you mark with regret the disappearance, by a process that is too slow to bear analysis but too sure to be gainsaid, of that delicate bloom of maidenly modesty that is the birthright of every Catholic girl? Inevitably a towering of ideals takes place in irreligious schools, even when nothing worse results. It is safe to say that as a rule they are always a danger to our Catholic boys and girls. We need Catholic High schools and we need them badly. We must shoulder this new burden, if we wish to keep our children's eyes fixed on the stars and their hearts pure from the taint of the world.—America.

Watch the boy who enters a High school from which religion is excluded and you will note, unless he be exceptionally strong in faith and character, a gradual deterioration in the manly pride in his Church and religion that made him the hope of his early teachers. How often, too, will you mark with regret the disappearance, by a process that is too slow to bear analysis but too sure to be gainsaid, of that delicate bloom of maidenly modesty that is the birthright of every Catholic girl? Inevitably a towering of ideals takes place in irreligious schools, even when nothing worse results. It is safe to say that as a rule they are always a danger to our Catholic boys and girls. We need Catholic High schools and we need them badly. We must shoulder this new burden, if we wish to keep our children's eyes fixed on the stars and their hearts pure from the taint of the world.—America.

Watch the boy who enters a High school from which religion is excluded and you will note, unless he be exceptionally strong in faith and character, a gradual deterioration in the manly pride in his Church and religion that made him the hope of his early teachers. How often, too, will you mark with regret the disappearance, by a process that is too slow to bear analysis but too sure to be gainsaid, of that delicate bloom of maidenly modesty that is the birthright of every Catholic girl? Inevitably a towering of ideals takes place in irreligious schools, even when nothing worse results. It is safe to say that as a rule they are always a danger to our Catholic boys and girls. We need Catholic High schools and we need them badly. We must shoulder this new burden, if we wish to keep our children's eyes fixed on the stars and their hearts pure from the taint of the world.—America.

Watch the boy who enters a High school from which religion is excluded and you will note, unless he be exceptionally strong in faith and character, a gradual deterioration in the manly pride in his Church and religion that made him the hope of his early teachers. How often, too, will you mark with regret the disappearance, by a process that is too slow to bear analysis but too sure to be gainsaid, of that delicate bloom of maidenly modesty that is the birthright of every Catholic girl? Inevitably a towering of ideals takes place in irreligious schools, even when nothing worse results. It is safe to say that as a rule they are always a danger to our Catholic boys and girls. We need Catholic High schools and we need them badly. We must shoulder this new burden, if we wish to keep our children's eyes fixed on the stars and their hearts pure from the taint of the world.—America.

Watch the boy who enters a High school from which religion is excluded and you will note, unless he be exceptionally strong in faith and character, a gradual deterioration in the manly pride in his Church and religion that made him the hope of his early teachers. How often, too, will you mark with regret the disappearance, by a process that is too slow to bear analysis but too sure to be gainsaid, of that delicate bloom of maidenly modesty that is the birthright of every Catholic girl? Inevitably a towering of ideals takes place in irreligious schools, even when nothing worse results. It is safe to say that as a rule they are always a danger to our Catholic boys and girls. We need Catholic High schools and we need them badly. We must shoulder this new burden, if we wish to keep our children's eyes fixed on the stars and their hearts pure from the taint of the world.—America.

Watch the boy who enters a High school from which religion is excluded and you will note, unless he be exceptionally strong in faith and character, a gradual deterioration in the manly pride in his Church and religion that made him the hope of his early teachers. How often, too, will you mark with regret the disappearance, by a process that is too slow to bear analysis but too sure to be gainsaid, of that delicate bloom of maidenly modesty that is the birthright of every Catholic girl? Inevitably a towering of ideals takes place in irreligious schools, even when nothing worse results. It is safe to say that as a rule they are always a danger to our Catholic boys and girls. We need Catholic High schools and we need them badly. We must shoulder this new burden, if we wish to keep our children's eyes fixed on the stars and their hearts pure from the taint of the world.—America.

Watch the boy who enters a High school from which religion is excluded and you will note, unless he be exceptionally strong in faith and character, a gradual deterioration in the manly pride in his Church and religion that made him the hope of his early teachers. How often, too, will you mark with regret the disappearance, by a process that is too slow to bear analysis but too sure to be gainsaid, of that delicate bloom of maidenly modesty that is the birthright of every Catholic girl? Inevitably a towering of ideals takes place in irreligious schools, even when nothing worse results. It is safe to say that as a rule they are always a danger to our Catholic boys and girls. We need Catholic High schools and we need them badly. We must shoulder this new burden, if we wish to keep our children's eyes fixed on the stars and their hearts pure from the taint of the world.—America.

Watch the boy who enters a High school from which religion is excluded and you will note, unless he be exceptionally strong in faith and character, a gradual deterioration in the manly pride in his Church and religion that made him the hope of his early teachers. How often, too, will you mark with regret the disappearance, by a process that is too slow to bear analysis but too sure to be gainsaid, of that delicate bloom of maidenly modesty that is the birthright of every Catholic girl? Inevitably a towering of ideals takes place in irreligious schools, even when nothing worse results. It is safe to say that as a rule they are always a danger to our Catholic boys and girls. We need Catholic High schools and we need them badly. We must shoulder this new burden, if we wish to keep our children's eyes fixed on the stars and their hearts pure from the taint of the world.—America.

Watch the boy who enters a High school from which religion is excluded and you will note, unless he be exceptionally strong in faith and character, a gradual deterioration in the manly pride in his Church and religion that made him the hope of his early teachers. How often, too, will you mark with regret the disappearance, by a process that is too slow to bear analysis but too sure to be gainsaid, of that delicate bloom of maidenly modesty that is the birthright of every Catholic girl? Inevitably a towering of ideals takes place in irreligious schools, even when nothing worse results. It is safe to say that as a rule they are always a danger to our Catholic boys and girls. We need Catholic High schools and we need them badly. We must shoulder this new burden, if we wish to keep our children's eyes fixed on the stars and their hearts pure from the taint of the world.—America.

Watch the boy who enters a High school from which religion is excluded and you will note, unless he be exceptionally strong in faith and character, a gradual deterioration in the manly pride in his Church and religion that made him the hope of his early teachers. How often, too, will you mark with regret the disappearance, by a process that is too slow to bear analysis but too sure to be gainsaid, of that delicate bloom of maidenly modesty that is the birthright of every Catholic girl? Inevitably a towering of ideals takes place in irreligious schools, even when nothing worse results. It is safe to say that as a rule they are always a danger to our Catholic boys and girls. We need Catholic High schools and we need them badly. We must shoulder this new burden, if we wish to keep our children's eyes fixed on the stars and their hearts pure from the taint of the world.—America.

Watch the boy who enters a High school from which religion is excluded and you will note, unless he be exceptionally strong in faith and character, a gradual deterioration in the manly pride in his Church and religion that made him the hope of his early teachers. How often, too, will you mark with regret the disappearance, by a process that is too slow to bear analysis but too sure to be gainsaid, of that delicate bloom of maidenly modesty that is the birthright of every Catholic girl? Inevitably a towering of ideals takes place in irreligious schools, even when nothing worse results. It is safe to say that as a rule they are always a danger to our Catholic boys and girls. We need Catholic High schools and we need them badly. We must shoulder this new burden, if we wish to keep our children's eyes fixed on the stars and their hearts pure from the taint of the world.—America.

Watch the boy who enters a High school from which religion is excluded and you will note, unless he be exceptionally strong in faith and character, a gradual deterioration in the manly pride in his Church and religion that made him the hope of his early teachers. How often, too, will you mark with regret the disappearance, by a process that is too slow to bear analysis but too sure to be gainsaid, of that delicate bloom of maidenly modesty that is the birthright of every Catholic girl? Inevitably a towering of ideals takes place in irreligious schools, even when nothing worse results. It is safe to say that as a rule they are always a danger to our Catholic boys and girls. We need Catholic High schools and we need them badly. We must shoulder this new burden, if we wish to keep our children's eyes fixed on the stars and their hearts pure from the taint of the world.—America.

Watch the boy who enters a High school from which religion is excluded and you will note, unless he be exceptionally strong in faith and character, a gradual deterioration in the manly pride in his Church and religion that made him the hope of his early teachers. How often, too, will you mark with regret the disappearance, by a process that is too slow to bear analysis but too sure to be gainsaid, of that delicate bloom of maidenly modesty that is the birthright of every Catholic girl? Inevitably a towering of ideals takes place in irreligious schools, even when nothing worse results. It is safe to say that as a rule they are always a danger to our Catholic boys and girls. We need Catholic High schools and we need them badly. We must shoulder this new burden, if we wish to keep our children's eyes fixed on the stars and their hearts pure from the taint of the world.—America.

Watch the boy who enters a High school from which religion is excluded and you will note, unless he be exceptionally strong in faith and character, a gradual deterioration in the manly pride in his Church and religion that made him the hope of his early teachers. How often, too, will you mark with regret the disappearance, by a process that is too slow to bear analysis but too sure to be gainsaid, of that delicate bloom of maidenly modesty that is the birthright of every Catholic girl? Inevitably a towering of ideals takes place in irreligious schools, even when nothing worse results. It is safe to say that as a rule they are always a danger to our Catholic boys and girls. We need Catholic High schools and we need them badly. We must shoulder this new burden, if we wish to keep our children's eyes fixed on the stars and their hearts pure from the taint of the world.—America.

Watch the boy who enters a High school from which religion is excluded and you will note, unless he be exceptionally strong in faith and character, a gradual deterioration in the manly pride in his Church and religion that made him the hope of his early teachers. How often, too, will you mark with regret the disappearance, by a process that is too slow to bear analysis but too sure to be gainsaid, of that delicate bloom of maidenly modesty that is the birthright of every Catholic girl? Inevitably a towering of ideals takes place in irreligious schools, even when nothing worse results. It is safe to say that as a rule they are always a danger to our Catholic boys and girls. We need Catholic High schools and we need them badly. We must shoulder this new burden, if we wish to keep our children's eyes fixed on the stars and their hearts pure from the taint of the world.—America.

Watch the boy who enters a High school from which religion is excluded and you will note, unless he be exceptionally strong in faith and character, a gradual deterioration in the manly pride in his Church and religion that made him the hope of his early teachers. How often, too, will you mark with regret the disappearance, by a process that is too slow to bear analysis but too sure to be gainsaid, of that delicate bloom of maidenly modesty that is the birthright of every Catholic girl? Inevitably a towering of ideals takes place in irreligious schools, even when nothing worse results. It is safe to say that as a rule they are always a danger to our Catholic boys and girls. We need Catholic High schools and we need them badly. We must shoulder this new burden, if we wish to keep our children's eyes fixed on the stars and their hearts pure from the taint of the world.—America.

Watch the boy who enters a High school from which religion is excluded and you will note, unless he be exceptionally strong in faith and character, a gradual deterioration in the manly pride in his Church and religion that made him the hope of his early teachers. How often, too, will you mark with regret the disappearance, by a process that is too slow to bear analysis but too sure to be gainsaid, of that delicate bloom of maidenly modesty that is the birthright of every Catholic girl? Inevitably a towering of ideals takes place in irreligious schools, even when nothing worse results. It is safe to say that as a rule they are always a danger to our Catholic boys and girls. We need Catholic High schools and we need them badly. We must shoulder this new burden, if we wish to keep our children's eyes fixed on the stars and their hearts pure from the taint of the world.—America.

Watch the boy who enters a High school from which religion is excluded and you will note, unless he be exceptionally strong in faith and character, a gradual deterioration in the manly pride in his Church and religion that made him the hope of his early teachers. How often, too, will you mark with regret the disappearance, by a process that is too slow to bear analysis but too sure to be gainsaid, of that delicate bloom of maidenly modesty that is the birthright of every Catholic girl? Inevitably a towering of ideals takes place in irreligious schools, even when nothing worse results. It is safe to say that as a rule they are always a danger to our Catholic boys and girls. We need Catholic High schools and we need them badly. We must shoulder this new burden, if we wish to keep our children's eyes fixed on the stars and their hearts pure from the taint of the world.—America.

Watch the boy who enters a High school from which religion is excluded and you will note, unless he be exceptionally strong in faith and character, a gradual deterioration in the manly pride in his Church and religion that made him the hope of his early teachers. How often, too, will you mark with regret the disappearance, by a process that is too slow to bear analysis but too sure to be gainsaid, of that delicate bloom of maidenly modesty that is the birthright of every Catholic girl? Inevitably a towering of ideals takes place in irreligious schools, even when nothing worse results. It is safe to say that as a rule they are always a danger to our Catholic boys and girls. We need Catholic High schools and we need them badly. We must shoulder this new burden, if we wish to keep our children's eyes fixed on the stars and their hearts pure from the taint of the world.—America.

Watch the boy who enters a High school from which religion is excluded and you will note, unless he be exceptionally strong in faith and character, a gradual deterioration in the manly pride in his Church and religion that made him the hope of his early teachers. How often, too, will you mark with regret the disappearance, by a process that is too slow to bear analysis but too sure to be gainsaid, of that delicate bloom of maidenly modesty that is the birthright of every Catholic girl? Inevitably a towering of ideals takes place in irreligious schools, even when nothing worse results. It is safe to say that as a rule they are always a danger to our Catholic boys and girls. We need Catholic High schools and we need them badly. We must shoulder this new burden, if we wish to keep our children's eyes fixed on the stars and their hearts pure from the taint of the world.—America.

Watch the boy who enters a High school from which religion is excluded and you will note, unless he be exceptionally strong in faith and character, a gradual deterioration in the manly pride in his Church and religion that made him the hope of his early teachers. How often, too, will you mark with regret the disappearance, by a process that is too slow to bear analysis but too sure to be gainsaid, of that delicate bloom of maidenly modesty that is the birthright of every Catholic girl? Inevitably a towering of ideals takes place in irreligious schools, even when nothing worse results. It is safe to say that as a rule they are always a danger to our Catholic boys and girls. We need Catholic High schools and we need them badly. We must shoulder this new burden, if we wish to keep our children's eyes fixed on the stars and their hearts pure from the taint of the world.—America.

Watch the boy who enters a High school from which religion is excluded and you will note, unless he be exceptionally strong in faith and character, a gradual deterioration in the manly pride in his Church and religion that made him the hope of his early teachers. How often, too, will you mark with regret the disappearance, by a process that is too slow to bear analysis but too sure to be gainsaid, of that delicate bloom of maidenly modesty that is the birthright of every Catholic girl? Inevitably a towering of ideals takes place in irreligious schools, even when nothing worse results. It is safe to say that as a rule they are always a danger to our Catholic boys and girls. We need Catholic High schools and we need them badly. We must shoulder this new burden, if we wish to keep our children's eyes fixed on the stars and their hearts pure from the taint of the world.—America.

Watch the boy who enters a High school from which religion is excluded and you will note, unless he be exceptionally strong in faith and character, a gradual deterioration in the manly pride in his Church and religion that made him the hope of his early teachers. How often, too, will you mark with regret the disappearance, by a process that is too slow to bear analysis but too sure to be gainsaid, of that delicate bloom of maidenly modesty that is the birthright of every Catholic girl? Inevitably a towering of ideals takes place in irreligious schools, even when nothing worse results. It is safe to say that as a rule they are always a danger to our Catholic boys and girls. We need Catholic High schools and we need them badly. We must shoulder this new burden, if we wish to keep our children's eyes fixed on the stars and their hearts pure from the taint of the world.—America.

Watch the boy who enters a High school from which religion is excluded and you will note, unless he be exceptionally strong in faith and character, a gradual deterioration in the manly pride in his Church and religion that made him the hope of his early teachers. How often, too, will you mark with regret the disappearance, by a process that is too slow to bear analysis but too sure to be gainsaid, of that delicate bloom of maidenly modesty that is the birthright of every Catholic girl? Inevitably a towering of ideals takes place in irreligious schools, even when nothing worse results. It is safe to say that as a rule they are always a danger to our Catholic boys and girls. We need Catholic High schools and we need them badly. We must shoulder this new burden, if we wish to keep our children's eyes fixed on the stars and their hearts pure from the taint of the world.—America.

Watch the boy who enters a High school from which religion is excluded and you will note, unless he be exceptionally strong in faith and character, a gradual deterioration in the manly pride in his Church and religion that made him the hope of his early teachers. How often, too, will you mark with regret the disappearance, by a process that is too slow to bear analysis but too sure to be gainsaid, of that delicate bloom of maidenly modesty that is the birthright of every Catholic girl? Inevitably a towering of ideals takes place in irreligious schools, even when nothing worse results. It is safe to say that as a rule they are always a danger to our Catholic boys and girls. We need Catholic High schools and we need them badly. We must shoulder this new burden, if we wish to keep our children's eyes fixed on the stars and their hearts pure from the taint of the world.—America.

Watch the boy who enters a High school from which religion is excluded and you will note, unless he be exceptionally strong in faith and character, a gradual deterioration in the manly pride in his Church and religion that made him the hope of his early teachers. How often, too, will you mark with regret the disappearance, by a process that is too slow to bear analysis but too sure to be gainsaid, of that delicate bloom of maidenly modesty that is the birthright of every Catholic girl? Inevitably a towering of ideals takes place in irreligious schools, even when nothing worse results. It is safe to say that as a rule they are always a danger to our Catholic boys and girls. We need Catholic High schools and we need them badly. We must shoulder this new burden, if we wish to keep our children's eyes fixed on the stars and their hearts pure from the taint of the world.—America.

TEACHERS WANTED

WANTED FOR C. S. S. N. O. STANLEY Second or Third Professional teacher, Salary \$450 per annum. Duties to commence Sept. 1st. Small attendance. Apply to J. J. Gollins, Sec. Treas., R. 2, Zurich.

HOUSEKEEPERS WANTED

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED BY WIDOWER with family. Address J. McClary, La Biette, Ont.

TRANSPORTATION

TRANSPORTATION. Railway Operations and Telegraph thoroughly taught in detail by Shaw's Railroad and Telegraph School, Young Street, Toronto. Correspondence invited. T. J. Johnston, Principal. 1915-4

EDUCATIONAL

EDUCATIONAL. We offer a high grade Commercial and shorthand Home Study Course at a low cost to all Canadian young people. Particulars cheerfully furnished on request. The Shaw Correspondence School, 395 Young Street, Toronto. 1915-4

BOY WANTED

WANTED A GOOD BRIGHT BOY FROM fourteen to seventeen years old, with knowledge of English preferred, for light work around factory of country parish priest. Board and clothing given. Plenty of time for study. Reply giving particulars, age and photo to Box W., Catholic Record, London, Ont. 1917-4

Plano and Player Planos

RECORD READERS CAN SAVE FROM \$50 to \$150 by dealing direct with us and thereby obtaining their own. 20c agent for many celebrated makes. I want you to see the difference in the price of the same piano shipped to all parts of the Dominion. Write for Catalogue and quotations. Mulholland Piano Factory, 756 St. Catherine West, Montreal, P.Q.

FARM FOR SALE

THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS FOR SALE his farm at Antigonish Harbour, 6 miles from Antigonish, containing 100 acres, 24 of which are in good state of cultivation; pasture well watered; hard and soft wood timber on rear; large buildings in good repair; public and portage situation in summer resort district; telephone; daily mail; one-quarter mile from school; in cathedral parish but equally convenient to churches of three other denominations; 1 mile from Bay where kelp is collected, and where Salmon, Lobster and Mackerel are fished; game plentiful, especially wild geese; an ideal country location. Further particulars with photos sent on application to A. Macgillivray, Box 154, Antigonish, N.S. 1916-7

USE Cedar Polish

WITH WATER HALF AND HALF and the results will delight you. Just dampen a piece of cheesecloth with water, add an equal quantity of Polish and go over your furniture and woodwork. Finish off with a dry cloth and you will have a hard, dry, durable lustrous. Needs very little rubbing. Use it on furniture, varnished woodwork, pianos, automobiles, etc., according to directions.

At Your Dealers 25c. to \$3.00

Channell Chemical Co., Ltd. 369 Spadina Ave. Toronto

J. J. M. Landy

EVERYTHING IN Catholic Church Supplies

First Communion Wreaths and Veils and Prayer Books

MISSION SUPPLIES A SPECIALTY At 405 YONGE ST. Long Distance Phone Main 6555 and 6499 College 452 Toronto, Ont

HOTEL CUMBERLAND

New York Broadway at 54th St.

Broadway Cars from Grand Central Depot. Strictly First-Class Rates Reasonable \$2.50 with Bath and 10 Minutes Walk to 45th Street. Send for Booklet.

H. P. STIMSON Formerly with Hotel Imperial

Westwood School V.M.C.A. BLDG., LONDON, ONT. Students enrolled to positions. Catalogue opens Sept. 1st. Catalogue free. Enter any time. J. W. WESTERVELT J. W. WESTERVELT, JR. C.A. President 19 Vice-President

BELLS, PEALS, CHIMES. Send for catalogue. Over 100 different styles of bells and chimes. Catalogue free. J. W. WESTERVELT, JR. C.A. President 19 Vice-President

O. M. S. A. Branch No. 4, London Meets on the 2nd and 4th Tuesday of every month at eight o'clock, at their rooms, St. Peter's Parish Hall, Richmond Street. Frank Smith, President.

Stammerers The methods employed at the Arnott Institute as the only logical method for the cure of stammering. They treat the CAUSE, not merely the habit, and insure NATURAL SPEECH. If you have the slightest impediment in your speech, don't hesitate to write us. Cured pupils everywhere. Pamphlet particulars and references sent on request. THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE, Berlin, Ont., Can.

THE Catholic Confessional AND Sacrament of Penance By Rev. Albert McKeon, S. T. L.

"It is a worthy exposition. It cannot but remove prejudice." J. Cardinal Gibbons. It is just the book for a Catholic to lend to his Protestant neighbor. Price 10c. Postpaid

Father Damen's Lectures (NINTH EDITION) I. The Private Interpretation of the Bible. II. The Catholic Church the only True Church of God. III. Confession. IV. The Real Presence. V. Answers to Popular Objections Against the Catholic Church. Price 10c. Postpaid

The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

How to Keep Well Good health is the source of more genuine happiness than anything else in the world. Life has no richer prize than health. To help you to keep well, The Mutual Life of Canada has issued a "brief, bright and brotherly" talk on health preservation.

THE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA WATERLOO, ONTARIO

BRANCHES AND CONNECTIONS THROUGHOUT CANADA JAMES MASON, General Manager

A deposit of One Dollar opens a Savings Account with the Home Bank. The account may be added to by deposits of further large or small amounts, and Full Compound Interest will be paid at highest bank rate. S4 LONDON OFFICE 394 RICHMOND ST. W. J. HILL Manager BRANCHES IN MIDDLESEX COUNTY London, Melbourn, Komoka, Thorndale, Delaware, Hilderton

Record Juvenile Library

By the Best Authors — Each Volume with Illustrated Jacket Copyright Books Neat Cloth Bindings Free by mail, 35 cents per volume LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO THE REV. CLERGY AND RELIGIOUS The Best Series of Catholic Story-Books Published

The Ups and Downs of Marjorie. Mary T. Waggaman. In Quest of Adventure. Mary E. Mannix. Little Lady of the Hall. Nora Ryan. Michaela. Mary Johnston. The Mad Knight. From the German of O. v. Schachning. The Children of Cupa. Mary E. Hinkson. The Violin Maker. Adapted by Sara Trainer Smith. The Great Captain. Katharine Tynan Hinkson. The Young Color Guard. Mary G. Bonesteel. The Haldeman Children. Mary E. Mannix. Two Little Girls. Lillian Mack. Mary Tracy's Fortune. Anna T. Sadler. The Berkeleys. Emma Howard Wright. Bob O'Link. Mary T. Waggaman. Bunt and Bill. Clara Mulholland. The Little Apostle on Crutches. Henriette E. Delamare. Little Missy. Mary T. Waggaman. Seven Little Marshalls. Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. As True as Gold. Mary E. Mannix. The Golden Lily. Katharine Tynan Hinkson. For the White Rose. Katharine Tyn