

# The Catholic Record.

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

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LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1916

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### THEY WHO WAIT

Our world has never come nearer to a realization of life's transiency in front of "the insubstantial pageant" which cheats our senses day by day than it is doing in these times of tumult. History and tragedy are one now, for the fair lands that were so lately smiling in response to industrial toil are becoming graveyards, and only shadowy memorials recall the forms and doings of millions who breathed and loved and died in their country's cause. The motive we dare not scan too closely, but the futurity of much that wears an imposing garb and boasts its greatness, who can deny? There are shadows that assume a blacker appearance than ordinary because they imply heavier risks and upset our usual calculations. Such is the loneliness that has become the portion of countless thousands whose husbands or sons are "somewhere in France," exposed to perils that bulk more largely out of the politic mist by which they are veiled from anxiously brooding eyes. This sense of forsakenness is not like the chosen solitudes in which some natures grow stronger; nor do the compensations so liberally provided cover the deeper needs of sensitive people. Diversions may wean light minds from a too-prolonged attention to the hard facts of the terrible conflict in which these, our brothers, are engaged, but the fixed idea holds some serious minds in its relentless grasp.

### THEIR STRENGTH

Imagination may prove a foe to peace. Yet duty and interest alike demand a studied calmness. All the latent forces of the mind have to be summoned to meet the blank in the everyday experience. Here habits of quiet musing on the real issues of life reveal their solid worth. Happy are they who possess their souls in patience; they will not be crushed under a load of care. Uncertainty will provide occasion for the exercise of faith—not merely that which expects unbroken prosperity, but which looks to the end in the decreed triumph of justice as well as the ultimate personal good. These are never really alone. Friends may console, but their strength to endure has its source within and above.

### THE NOISY ONES

This revealing time, when all ordinary measures are outstripped, when virtues and vices define themselves sharply against the lurid background of battle, murder and sudden death, is bringing out latent heights and depths of capacity for utterance as well as for action. The coarse sensualist is on his defence, and grows out of his censures upon all who would limit his customary enjoyments. The refined egotist rebukes the toilers and moilers for their lack of patriotism, though it was but the other day that he resisted their claim to full citizenship on the ground that they "had no stake in the country." There is no lack of mock-Jeremiahs and would-be Cassandras who air their melancholy musings on the decay of human nature in the public press; over-clever people who see farther than the chosen representatives and rulers who bear the burden of our imperial responsibilities courageously, for the most part without a complaint. These amateurs fill the air with their noisy and monotonous fulminations. They resemble the Teutons in this respect, that they rely upon the gullibility of the mass of busy folk; but, like the boy in the fable, their methods of "rightfulness" lose their efficacy in time.

### LOOKING TO THE FUTURE

The shadow of impending poverty harasses many whose bread winners have responded to the call of their country. Wonderful as the resources opened up by public and private contributions are, and various the devices for healing the wounds of the sad and sorrowful, there is no evading the consequence that a modern war on such a scale

entails ruined fortunes, incapacity for heavy work, with a whole train of disabilities that loom upon the family horizon when casualty interrupts the hopeful outlook. Indeed there will inevitably be unnumbered cases of extreme hardship which will doom men and women accustomed to lives of comfort, and even modest luxury, to a pinched existence on a lower social level. It is of no use pretending that changes of this sort can be easily met by moods of resignation and self-denial. The things that can be valued in money, apart from the common necessities of daily maintenance, we can, most of us, do without when reverses come; but how many of the choicest things—books, pictures, holidays, all the little refinements that pertain to the intellectual life, with "the charities that soothe and bless" as outlets for expanding means and elevating affection—have to submit to curtailment under the strain of lost position or depleted income. Only a heroic temper can face such a contingency with calm endurance. Still, we have high authority for the expectation that along with such changes of circumstance unsuspected powers will come to the surface. The old law of compensation still works well and wisely. For one thing, the so-called social standard will have conformed to new requirements. A simpler and sounder view of life's true needs will be evolved under the general financial stress. It may be that society will throw off the galling yoke of fashionable custom, learning to dispense with wasteful indulgences which divert trade and industry from their proper channels into swamps that yield no profitable return to the community. As for the striving millions who have little to lose in the way of goods and chattels, the future is likely to reveal no heavier burden for them than they have long carried. Our very days are shadowy, every preacher proclaims: and Burke's exclamation when he heard of a colleague's death echoes the secret sigh of every burdened heart—"What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursued!"

### FATHER JOGUES

The cause of the beatification of Father Jogues, S. J., has been introduced before the Congregation of Rites for definite consideration and settlement. This news will please those who love heroic devotion and unselfish thought and deed. Father Jogues was one of those who bore across the ocean the blessings of Christian civilization and braved the terrors of the wilderness and its hostile inhabitants for the "greater glory of God." A son of Loyola, he was a worthy comrade of those who were the first to push the forest brambles aside—the first to cross the threshold of the wigwam of every native tribe—the first to plant the cross of Christ in the wilderness and to shed his blood cheerfully at its base.

### THE JESUITS

We recommend the reading of the lives of the early Jesuit missionaries. They were real men—men who always saw the stars, and because of it gave themselves for Christ's sake. There was surely a forlorn hope, but the seed they sowed and watered with their blood has germinated and yielded blossom and fruit; and their example is a kindly light to those who know that self-seeking bars the way to the great open stretches where love and sacrifice crown life with glory and freedom.

We know that the Jesuit is a many-sided individual associated with plot and schemes, with designs against the Government and various other things that exist only in the luxuriant imagination of the sensational novelist. But we know them as men who have ever fought for truth and justice, who have been, as they are to-day, the uncompromising soldiers of the Cross. And the non-Catholic who is not dominated by prejudice acknowledges that for learning and sanctity and service their names are not written in water on the pages of history.

At the age of twenty-nine Father Jogues began his missionary career. Between 1636 and 1664, the year of his death, he wrote by his self-abnegation, sufferings and zeal and indomi-

table courage a chronicle that scorages apathy even as it inspires those who lose not sight of eternity. Into a short life he crowded years of achievement. He hungered and thirsted; he bore with unalterable patience the brutality of Indians; he was tortured by those who were enemies of the Cross and finally crossed over the borderland as a martyr for Christ's sake.

They were gallant men, those early missionaries of Canada, who entered the lists for the conquest of souls. We are sure that the young would be thrilled by a perusal of their deeds; and the adult who lives on low levels might be cleansed and invigorated by the wind that blows over the mountains of self-sacrifice.

## NEWAPOSTOLIC NUNCIO AT VIENNA

CARDINAL SCAPINELLI HAS BEEN DESIROUS OF CHANGE

Catholic Press Telegram

Monsignor Valre di Bonzo, Archbishop of Vercelli, has been appointed Apostolic Nuncio at Vienna, in succession to Cardinal Scapinelli, Apostolic Pro-Nuncio there. He had a long private audience with Pope Benedict on Friday last, and has returned to Vercelli to arrange diocesan matters. Soon he will come to Rome again and will be received by the Holy Father in private audience preparatory to starting on his journey to the Austrian capital.

Cardinal Scapinelli, on being relieved of his onerous post in Vienna, will probably proceed to his country residence in Legnigro, for the purpose of taking a much needed rest; and will later on come to Rome to receive his red hat, according to precedent, in the next consistory, which, it is expected, will be held towards the end of November or early in December. Nothing is known yet, however, as to the date on which the consistory will be held.

It is probable that Cardinal Fruwirth, Apostolic Nuncio at Munich, will also be replaced soon, and come to take up his residence here. No difficulty is likely to be placed in the way of his remaining in Rome as a Cardinal in Curia, notwithstanding the fact that he is an Austrian.

No political significance need be attached to the retirement of Cardinal Scapinelli, it being the regular custom for a Pro-Nuncio to hold his post for a short time only, until a Nuncio is appointed in his stead. It is known that Cardinal Scapinelli has been for some time desirous of being relieved of his post as early as possible. It is believed, however, that the action of the Pope in appointing a Nuncio to succeed him has been influenced by the consideration of the advisableness of having a new Nuncio in Vienna now instead of making the change later, in view of the uncertainty that surrounds future conditions.

## REFLECTIONS ON THE CATHOLICS ARE UNJUSTIFIED

REV. FR. WHELAN ESTIMATES 500 MEN HAVE GONE FROM HIS CHURCH ALONE

(Ottawa Evening Journal)

Widepread comment has been caused in the city by the sermon preached by Rev. W. A. McIlroy, of St. John's, recently in which he is attributed with declaring that Roman Catholics, Irish and French-Canadian alike, were content to let the Protestants do the fighting and stay at home in hope of reaping a benefit.

The general feeling seems to be one of regret that a religious question has been raised in the matter of recruiting, judging by the statements made to The Journal to-day. In contradiction of the statements attributed to Rev. Mr. McIlroy that Catholics were not enlisting as they should, Rev. Father Whelan, parish priest of St. Patrick's, estimated that probably 500 men had gone from his Church alone, and stated that other parishes throughout the city had given their sons in generous numbers. Some of the representative interviews given The Journal follow:

"Talk like that will do no good," said Rev. Father Whelan. He estimated that probably 500 men enlisted from his parish alone and turned up the register to show that in a large number of instances more than one member of a family had joined the colors. Some of the cases he cited were as follows: Out of one Gorman family, three have enlisted; another Gorman family, two; Stock family, three; Smith family, two; Rogers family, two; Devine family, two; Woods family, Higgins family, two; Dalton family, three; O'Neil family, two; Starrs family, two; Young family, two.

Rev. Father Whelan stated that he quoted these names as only a few of

the many cases where families in his parish had contributed more than one member to the cause.

"And it is not only in my parish," said Rev. Father Whelan, "but in all the other Catholic parishes of the city. From a Catholic family in another section of the city, for example, two of the McGee boys have laid down their lives on the battlefield."

"Rev. Father Whelan was quite calm on the subject and stated that such statements as those attributed to Rev. Mr. McIlroy were 'hardly worth noticing.'"

### PROTESTANTS DISGUSTED

Editor of the Journal.—As a staunch, but unbiased, Protestant, allow me to say that the Rev. Mr. McIlroy's unjust, unfair and most un-Christian criticism of his Roman Catholic fellow citizens re-recruiting in his sermon of last Sunday deserves the severest condemnation. Why should Mr. McIlroy jump at such a hapless conclusion as to assert that Catholics were "content to let the Protestants do the fighting and stay at home in hope of reaping a benefit?" Is he of the Presbyterian ministry a fit and proper subject to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ? Personally, I doubt it, for he lacks the most essential of the Redeemer's characteristics—charity. If the Rev. Mr. McIlroy had taken the trouble to investigate and get at facts, he would not today be the most ludicrous citizen in the Capital. His ranting and scathing denunciations against Catholics and Roman Catholicism are like the ravings of a maniac. I am very glad to know that Father Whelan came to the rescue of his flock and completely turned the tables on Mr. McIlroy. Surely the latter must be now thoroughly convinced that our Irish Catholic fellow citizens are nobly responding to the call of the motherland (and have been) since the war began. Figures, as given by the Rev. Father Whelan from his own parish, more than justify this assurance.

Yours, etc., SCOTCH ANGLICAN.

## BENEDICT XV.

### AND THE WAR PRISONERS

The Osservatore Romano quoted by Rome gives the following proof of the Holy Father's endeavors to mitigate the horrors of war. A Commission of Catholics, belonging to the French northern provinces now occupied by the Germans, entreated Benedict XV. to obtain the transportation into Switzerland of the French prisoners from the northern districts who are the fathers of four children respectively, and whose imprisonment dates back to eighteen months ago. The Holy Father willingly listened to the request and immediately opened negotiations with the German authorities. These accepted the proposal and decided to agree to the reception in Switzerland of the French prisoners of at least eighteen months standing who were fathers of three children on condition of reciprocal treatment. They remained to find a place in Switzerland for those guests. The presence already of numerous prisoners and sick people presented some difficulties. Thanks to the good will of the Federal Government there are good hopes that these difficulties will disappear.

Monsignor Tiberghien, Canon of St. John Lateran, has gone unofficially to Switzerland to aid personally in bringing matters to a definite result. By a fortunate coincidence he has met there the French Minister, M. Denys Cochin, who by this will undoubtedly have interposed his influential meditation to obtain the consent of the Federal Council. —America.

## DIVORCE

Next month the Episcopal Church will hold its general convention in St. Louis. A recent announcement tells us that a Commission of five bishops, with an equal number of clergymen and laymen of the Episcopal Church, will recommend that no divorced person shall be married by an Episcopal clergyman. In this the Commission is following the example of the Catholic Church and would bar all divorced persons from re-marrying. At present the Canon law of the Episcopal Church allows in central cases, the re-marriage of the innocent party.

If the convention adopts the recommendation of the Commission it will have done much toward lessening the terrible evil of divorce. If it be true as statistics show, that there is one divorce for every twelve marriages in the United States, the evil is indeed appalling. We learn that last year in Ohio, for every three marriages one divorce suit was started, and for every six marriages

one divorce was granted. Excluding Catholics among whom there was no divorce in that time, it is easy to deduce the growing prevalence of this evil, since Ohio is not an exception, but simply an indication of general conditions.

When Henry VIII. divorced Catherine of Aragon, he opened the floodgates of a torrent that has inundated Western civilization to this day. Everywhere the tide is rising and we cannot but hope that other denominations will emulate the example set by the Episcopal Commission and endeavor by any barrier to stem the torrent in their direction. If the convention ratifies its Commission's report it will deserve great credit and will win for itself the applause of all real thinkers.—St. Paul Bulletin.

## CATHOLIC EDUCATION IN GREAT BRITAIN

Throughout the country, there has been a revival of interest in the subject of education. A sermon delivered by the Lord Bishop of Nottingham, the Right Reverend Dr. Keating, has attracted much attention. The "educationists" of the country, said the Bishop, have controlled the system of education for more than fifty years. Schools have been built everywhere, millions of public money have been expended, in accordance with the theory that mankind was to be regenerated by compulsory education. The results have not justified the theory. The dominant system has no place for the Catholic doctrine that instruction in morality, an indispensable part of true education, must rest upon the immovable foundation of religious belief. The secularist has asked: "What is the use of bothering about religion? Keep the creed out of the schools. What difference does it make to a workingman whether he is a Catholic, a Protestant or an unbeliever? Can he not work as well?" The advocate of undenominational schools, on the other hand, "agreed with the Catholics as to moral teaching, but held that to teach a creed brought confusion into the minds of the children. Teach moral lessons, but no religion, just plain, simple morality founded on the plain, simple, teachings of the Bible." In the meantime, the Church has never faltered from her position that education might easily become a curse, unless the child's training included the lesson of the knowledge and love of God and our neighbor. The fight for religion in the schools has been sharp, but the Bishop believes that as time goes on, the country will realize the justice of the Catholic doctrine on education.

What Catholic schools have done is well shown by a paragraph from a recent number of the Tablet, chronicling the results of the Oxford Secondary schools on the evidence are the foremost in the country." The "Catholic Directory" for 1916 estimates the total Catholic population of England and Wales at less than two millions, or about 5% of the population of the country. But notes the Tablet, "the results of the recent examinations in all grades show a grand average for Catholic candidates of nearly 17% of successful scholars, or more than three to one of other schools." These splendid results have been achieved by schools which "have been penalized and handicapped by a public policy of administrative discrimination." —America.

## UNDENOMINATIONAL AND NON-SECTARIAN

Toronto has often been unfairly charged by other cities with being the head centre of bigotry in this Dominion, and such accusations have been properly resented; but a majority of the Toronto Board of Education on September 21st, were guilty of an act of petty persecution which does much to justify such charges. Although Miss Daisy Dorrien has for nine years been a kindergarten teacher in the Public schools, and is recognized as one of the ablest specialists in that department, her promotion to the post of kindergarten directress of Bolton Avenue School, which was hers by right of seniority, was voted down on the ground that she was a Roman Catholic. Now, it so happens that Miss Dorrien, though a member of that religion, was educated in the Toronto Public Schools, and her father, during his residence in Toronto, was a supporter of the Public schools, and paid his taxes towards their upkeep. The promotion of Miss Dorrien was recommended by the inspectors, and passed by the management committee, yet when it came to a vote in the full Board, several members of that committee changed their coats, and by a vote of nine to three, decided that Miss Dorrien's ability and experience could not be taken into consideration because of her religion. What religion has to do with fitness for kindergarten teach-

ing, it would be difficult to say; and the bigotry back of the decision is the more flagrant when it is remembered that the family of Miss Dorrien, though Roman Catholics, have been Public school supporters. The decision was also a clear breach of the spirit of the Ontario School law, which makes it clear that the Public schools exist for the use of all persons who choose to avail themselves of them, the only proviso being that the Roman Catholic who uses them shall pay his taxes in support of them and not to the Separate schools.

Nine years ago, when Miss Dorrien was first appointed to the teaching staff, L. S. Levee, a trustee who has since left Toronto for Toronto's good, after sundry experiences in the courts, made an attack on her that was characteristic of the man, and it was assumed that when that attack failed, there was an end of persecution so far as the Board of Education was concerned, but when the vote was taken on September 21st, only three trustees, Mr. William Houston, Mr. R. D. Fairburn, and Mr. C. A. B. Brown were found on the side of tolerance. Nine trustees, Dr. Carolyn Brown, Dr. Noble, Dr. Hunter, Dr. Steele, and Messrs. W. H. Shaw, Edmunds, McTaggart, Hopkins, and Miles Vokes took the narrower view, although some of them had previously voted for Miss Dorrien's promotion. The influence which led them to do so was an attack on the appointment by a fanatical organization called the Bible Protestant League, and a petition from certain members of Wood-green Methodist Tabernacle. The first named organization is, of course, hopelessly unintelligent, but there must be some members of the Wood-green church who do not favor the persecution of girls on the ground of their religion. Certainly the majority on the Board have done their best to give Toronto an ill name in other parts of Canada.

The calibre of some of the trustees was illustrated by another episode at the same meeting, when Dr. Noble, who is presumably an educated man, made a protest against the maintenance of night schools for the education of the foreign population. Nothing more reactionary and stupid could be imagined. The question of how we can make useful British subjects of our foreign population if we do not educate them, has apparently never occurred to Dr. Noble, who, in this particular matter, is entirely in sympathy with the Quebec Nationalists. As has frequently been said in these columns, we shall never have a satisfactory administration of our school system until it is taken out of the hands of men capable of such utterances as this, and placed in the hands of a commission responsible to the City Council. —Toronto Saturday Night.

Perhaps it is less a misfortune than a mercy that of all the passing things of life the most precious and the most beautiful are the swiftest to take flight. If the hints of heaven that sometimes pause to lure us upward linger longer we might become too well satisfied with earth. Beauty and joy are fugitives, shared only for moments in the bloom of a rose, the glow of a sunset, the glamor of youth, the uplift of a dream. To try to fix them is to despoil them of just that rare and elusive charm which sets them apart. The rose blooms and is withered in a day, the sunset flushes and fades in a moment, youth darts its heights and dies, the dreamer has his vision and is awakened. Summer is going and the chill winds of autumn will soon be here.

## THE MONTH OF THE ROSARY

Better things remain—daylight, the rich levels of maturity, the calm and steadfast progress of the dreamless. Yet who would exchange the rose-bloom of a day for the evergreen of a year, the rapt moment of the dream for a lifetime barren of illusions? The illusions of time are after all the intimations of eternity.

Whether accident or design, it was a beautiful thought that consecrated the harvest month of the year to the devotion of the rosary. In its use of the most familiar prayers, in its familiar meditation upon the human life of Christ and His mother, the rosary represents all that is homeliest and most tender in Catholic piety. The harvest time empties the fruitful earth not more potently than the rosary unlocks the stores of heaven.

As the autumn gathers the products of the earth and secures them from the winter, the rosary gathers in its peoples, uniting those of every nation in a common prayer, providing them with the talisman of a common faith, lending a voice to their common need. Old and young, sinner and saint, learned and ignorant, Catholics become children of Mary together as they recite the rosary.

There is something tangible in the beads; they help to realize the universal maternity of Mary somewhat as the mementoes of our dead comfort us with the sense of their presence. It is perhaps because of this human appeal that the rosary is the most powerful of devotions.—Catholic Universe.

## CATHOLIC NOTES

The Church of St. Dominic, in Naples, is one of the finest in that city. It was built in 1285. In the adjoining monastery St. Thomas Aquin lived and taught in 1272.

Rear-Admiral William S. Benson, who is the executive head of the U. S. navy under Secretary Daniels, has been promoted to the rank of Admiral. He is a Catholic.

The first Catholic Church in New York for Belgians is now under construction on West Forty-seventh Street and will cost \$50,000. It will be named in honor of St. Albert.

The Right Rev. Daniel Cohalan, Auxiliary Bishop of Cork, Ireland, has been appointed Bishop of that see, in succession to the late Right Rev. Thomas A. O'Callaghan.

A cavalry has been erected in the central square of the Hampstead Garden Suburb (outside the Church of St. Jude.) Beneath the figure of Christ is a stone, upon which are inscribed the names of residents of the suburb who have fallen in the war.

A new addition to the list of Catholic colleges in the Middle West for the higher education of women was made on Sept. 12, with the opening of the Loretto college and academy at Webster Groves, St. Louis, Mo. The new institution is to be under the direction of the Sisters of Loretto.

J. K. Mullen, well-known Denver millionaire and philanthropist, has purchased two tracts of land in North Denver, upon one of which he is planning to erect a home for the aged upon lines to which he has devoted thought and study for several years. It will cost, it is understood, about \$400,000 in all.

Heading the list of scholarship winners among last year's pupils of all the High schools of New York, which was made public the other day by the State Board of Education in Albany was Louisa Viggiani, of 443 East 116th Street. Louisa is sixteen years old. She was born in Southern Italy and was brought to this country by her parents when she was three years old. Her grade percentage for the four years she was in High school was 95.99.

Another regiment of the Illinois National Guard is to have a Catholic chaplain. Of all the infantry, cavalry, and artillery regiments of the State only one has so far been thus supplied. This is the Seventh Infantry Regiment, now mustered into federal service and doing duty at Camp Wilson, San Antonio, Texas. The other regiment, which is to have a Catholic priest as a chaplain, is the Second Infantry, I. N. G., whose armory, like that of the Seventh, is in Chicago.

Peoria, Ill., Sept. 8.—The will of the late Archbishop Spalding disposes of a \$120,000 estate. It provides for establishing an educational institution for the diocese of Peoria and bequeaths his homestead on Glen Oak avenue to Bishop Dunne. The Home of the Good Shepherd gets \$5,000, St. Joseph's Home for the Aged \$5,000, and St. Francis Hospital \$2,000. Brothers and sisters are all remembered with large sums. Members of his household all get cash bequests.

A public chapel of perpetual adoration is to be established in Chicago by the authority of Archbishop Mundelein. It will be under the special care of the Sisterhood of the Poor Clare-Colletines. The service contemplates the exposing of the Sacred Host with the saying of prayers every moment of the twenty-four hours in each day and night. Archbishop Mundelein is commenting on the building of a chapel described the fitness of such a service in a city which never sleeps and in which business and pleasure-seeking do not rest night or day.

As a rule, says the Monitor, the work of the Catholic Press receives scant attention from the pulpit and from Catholic societies—only the ineffective assistance of empty resolutions. It is a happy omen of the times that at the recent meeting of Catholic editors in New York action was taken to have Father Burke of the Catholic World and Father Tierney of America appear before the next meeting of the Archbishops at Washington to urge the establishment of a "Catholic Press Sunday." This is a movement in the right direction and pregnant with rich promises for the future welfare and influence of the Catholic Press.

Sir Henry William Dunn, who in November will assume the office of Lord Mayor of London, is the third Catholic in recent years to be named for that position. Sir Stuart Knill, lord mayor in 1899, and Sir John Knill, who occupied the office in 1899, were also Catholics. The present lord mayor-elect is well-known for his interest in civic affairs, has rendered able assistance to movements in favor of London's poor cripples, and is treasurer and trustee of the Alton Home for Cripples. Since the beginning of the present war, Sir Henry has served as treasurer of the committee for the relief of the Belgian prisoners of war in Germany.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

TWO

MOONDYNE JOE

THE GOLD MINE OF THE VASSE

BOOK FOURTH

THE CONVICT SHIP

VI.

THE CHILD'S GRAVE

The Houguemont, chartered by the Government to carry the convicts to Western Australia, lay in Portland Roads. She rode within the dark shadow of the gloomy cliff, upon which is built one of the greatest of the English imperial prisons.

She was a large, old-fashioned merchant ship, of two thousand tons burden, a slow saller, but a strong and roomy vessel.

She was fitted in the usual way of convict ships. Her main deck and her lower deck were divided into separate compartments, the dividing walls being heavy and strong bulkheads, while those on deck were wooden barriers about 9 feet high, with side doors, for the passage of the sailors while working the ship.

At this moment she felt a soft hand take her own, and hold it tightly. The touch restored her confidence. She turned and met the sweet face and kindly smile of Sister Cecilia. The warder at the same moment respectfully saluted the nun.

"This is my hospital assistant, warder," said Sister Cecilia, still holding Alice's hand. "She is to be allowed to go to my room."

"All right, ma'am," said the warder, who, in reality, was not harsh, but only rude and hurried in manner; "pass on, Number Four. Here!" she shouted to the next on the chain, "take this card—and down you go, quick!"

And as Alice stood aside with a great sense of relief and thankfulness, and with swimming eyes, the warder whispered to Sister Cecilia: "I'm glad she's not going among 'em—we're all glad on it."

Sister Cecilia, holding Alice's hand, led her along a narrow boarded way, at the end of which was a door opening into a pleasant room, one side of which was covered with a large medicine-case, and off which lay two bright little sleeping-rooms. When the door was closed, Sister Cecilia took Alice's white face between her hands with hearty force, and kissed her.

"Thank God, my child!" she cried, "you are safe at last!"

Alice could not speak; but she controlled herself, and kept from sobbing. She looked around wonderingly.

"This is my room, Alice," said Sister Cecilia; "my room and yours. This narrow passage is for us alone. It leads straight to the female compartment and the hospital; and no one can come here but you and I—not a soul, for the next four months. Just think of that, child! Look out that pretty little window, and say 'good-by' to gloomy old England and her prisons. We'll be all alone till we arrive in Australia—except when we are attending the sick."

Alice Walmsley did not answer in words—her heart overflowed, and the little nun led her into the pleasanter sleeping-room of the two, and left her, saying that this was her own room for the voyage.

When she had gone, Alice sank on her knees with a flood of feeling as seemed to melt her very heart. With eyes drowned in tears she raised her hands towards the frowning cliffs of Portland, while her quivering lips moved in yearning words.

She was saying farewell, not to England, but to that which was greater to her than England—the row of bars running from side to side of the vessel, and facing aft on the main deck.

The evil-doers confined here for punishment had neither bed nor seat; they sat upon the deck, and worked at heavy tasks of oakum picking. They could not shirk, for a warder kept sentry outside the cage.

As these refractory ones looked through their bars at the deck, they saw, strapped to the foremast, a black gaff or spar with iron rings, which, when the spar was lowered horizontally, corresponded to rings screwed into the deck.

This was the triangle, where the unruly convicts were tried up and flogged every morning.

Above this triangle, tied around the foremast, was a new and very fine hempen rope, leading away to the end of the foreyard. This was the ultimate appeal, the law's last terrible engine—the halter which swung murderers and murderers out over the hissing sea to eternity.

The Houguemont had taken on board her terrible cargo. From early dawn the chains had been marching down the steep hill from Portland Prison, and passing on tugs to her deck, where the convict officers unlocked their chains, called their rolls, and sent them below to their berths.

Last of all, the female convicts had come, fifty in number, in five chains.

As they stood huddled on the deck of the transport, answering to their numbers, there were hysterical sounds and wild eyes among them. At last, their chains were unlocked, and the female warders handed to each the number of her berth, and sent her below.

Toward the end of one of the chains stood a prisoner with a white face and a strangely calm air. She did not stare around in the dazed way of her unfortunate sisters; but remained on the spot where she bade her stand, motionless. She only turned her head once, with a

smile of silent comfort to some unhappy one near her who had made the hysterical sound.

When the key came to her link of the chain and unlocked it, she stood unshaken, another warder thrust into her hand a card, and she pushed her toward the hatch. She knotted beneath the rough and needless force, and would have fallen down the open hatchway, had she not caught at a swinging rope and saved herself. As she recovered, she gave a kind of pitiful short cry or moan, and looked around bewildered, the tears springing to her eyes. The rough and busy warder again approached her, and she shrank aside in terror.

At this moment she felt a soft hand take her own, and hold it tightly. The touch restored her confidence. She turned and met the sweet face and kindly smile of Sister Cecilia. The warder at the same moment respectfully saluted the nun.

"This is my hospital assistant, warder," said Sister Cecilia, still holding Alice's hand. "She is to be allowed to go to my room."

"All right, ma'am," said the warder, who, in reality, was not harsh, but only rude and hurried in manner; "pass on, Number Four. Here!" she shouted to the next on the chain, "take this card—and down you go, quick!"

And as Alice stood aside with a great sense of relief and thankfulness, and with swimming eyes, the warder whispered to Sister Cecilia: "I'm glad she's not going among 'em—we're all glad on it."

Sister Cecilia, holding Alice's hand, led her along a narrow boarded way, at the end of which was a door opening into a pleasant room, one side of which was covered with a large medicine-case, and off which lay two bright little sleeping-rooms. When the door was closed, Sister Cecilia took Alice's white face between her hands with hearty force, and kissed her.

"Thank God, my child!" she cried, "you are safe at last!"

Alice could not speak; but she controlled herself, and kept from sobbing. She looked around wonderingly.

"This is my room, Alice," said Sister Cecilia; "my room and yours. This narrow passage is for us alone. It leads straight to the female compartment and the hospital; and no one can come here but you and I—not a soul, for the next four months. Just think of that, child! Look out that pretty little window, and say 'good-by' to gloomy old England and her prisons. We'll be all alone till we arrive in Australia—except when we are attending the sick."

Alice Walmsley did not answer in words—her heart overflowed, and the little nun led her into the pleasanter sleeping-room of the two, and left her, saying that this was her own room for the voyage.

When she had gone, Alice sank on her knees with a flood of feeling as seemed to melt her very heart. With eyes drowned in tears she raised her hands towards the frowning cliffs of Portland, while her quivering lips moved in yearning words.

She was saying farewell, not to England, but to that which was greater to her than England—the row of bars running from side to side of the vessel, and facing aft on the main deck.

The evil-doers confined here for punishment had neither bed nor seat; they sat upon the deck, and worked at heavy tasks of oakum picking. They could not shirk, for a warder kept sentry outside the cage.

As these refractory ones looked through their bars at the deck, they saw, strapped to the foremast, a black gaff or spar with iron rings, which, when the spar was lowered horizontally, corresponded to rings screwed into the deck.

This was the triangle, where the unruly convicts were tried up and flogged every morning.

Above this triangle, tied around the foremast, was a new and very fine hempen rope, leading away to the end of the foreyard. This was the ultimate appeal, the law's last terrible engine—the halter which swung murderers and murderers out over the hissing sea to eternity.

The Houguemont had taken on board her terrible cargo. From early dawn the chains had been marching down the steep hill from Portland Prison, and passing on tugs to her deck, where the convict officers unlocked their chains, called their rolls, and sent them below to their berths.

Last of all, the female convicts had come, fifty in number, in five chains.

As they stood huddled on the deck of the transport, answering to their numbers, there were hysterical sounds and wild eyes among them. At last, their chains were unlocked, and the female warders handed to each the number of her berth, and sent her below.

Toward the end of one of the chains stood a prisoner with a white face and a strangely calm air. She did not stare around in the dazed way of her unfortunate sisters; but remained on the spot where she bade her stand, motionless. She only turned her head once, with a

smile of silent comfort to some unhappy one near her who had made the hysterical sound.

When the key came to her link of the chain and unlocked it, she stood unshaken, another warder thrust into her hand a card, and she pushed her toward the hatch. She knotted beneath the rough and needless force, and would have fallen down the open hatchway, had she not caught at a swinging rope and saved herself. As she recovered, she gave a kind of pitiful short cry or moan, and looked around bewildered, the tears springing to her eyes. The rough and busy warder again approached her, and she shrank aside in terror.

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"Thank God, my child!" she cried, "you are safe at last!"

During this scene, Captain Draper had come on deck, unobserved. He had passed quite close to Mr. Wyville as he spoke severely to the military officer. A few minutes later, when Mr. Wyville stood alone, the captain approached him.

"Am I supposed to command this ship, or to take orders also?" he asked, not offensively, but with his usual hybrid smile.

Mr. Wyville remained silent a moment, as if undecided. The recent shocking event had somewhat changed his plans.

"You command the ship, sir," he said, slowly, and fixing his eyes on Captain Draper's face, "under me. So long as your duty is done, no interference will be possible. It may be well to understand now, however, that there is a higher authority than yours on board."

Captain Draper bowed; then turning to his chief officer, who had heard the conversation, he gave orders for sailing.

TO BE CONTINUED

"LEST YE BE JUDGED"

Neither of the twain were remarkably endowed in any particular sense. Yet he earnest, youthful, ambitious and passively handsome, and she with her beauty and brains and sweet, unspoiled disposition, made a couple happily met indeed. The one incongruity was his irresponsibility, all the more flagrant in contrast to her constancy of faith.

When he left the dreary little village both called home it was whispered that she had denied his suit because of this obduracy. Be this as it may, a wistful look came into the girl's fine dark eyes as his absence was prolonged.

A year, two years, five years, eight years passed, and this woman, obviously desirable and worthy, remained unwed. Then came his homecoming, unexpected as had been his departure. Most unexpected was his attendance at Mass on the following Sunday and on all the Sundays thereafter. How much this meant to her, she alone was permitted to know. They took up their friendship again, just where they had left it.

He secured a position in the town's best bank and for two years he filled it faithfully. During that time he harbored open toward the shore of the mainland, though a strong tide was setting in the contrary direction, toward the island. He lowered the glass with a saddened air.

"Poor fellow!" he murmured, shutting the glass, irresolutely. He knew that the absconder, finding the floating hamper, had placed it over his head in order to escape the eyes of the guards. As he laid down the telescope, a rifle shot rang from the mainop, and the water leaped in a jet of spray within a foot of the basket. Next instant, came two reports, the basket was knocked on its side, and all on the deck of the convict ship plainly saw a man swimming in the sea. One of the bullets had struck him, evidently, for he shouted, and dashed about wildly.

All this had happened in a few seconds. The shots had followed each other as rapidly as fire-arms. At the second shot, Mr. Wyville looked at the soldiers with a face aflame with indignation. As the third shot rang out, he shouted to the soldiers; but his voice was drowned in the report.

Next moment, he saw the levelled rifle of another soldier, and heard the officer directing his aim. With-out a word, Mr. Wyville seized the long and heavy marine telescope, which he had laid on the rack, and, balancing himself on the poop, for an instant, he hurled the glass like a missile from a catapult right into the group of soldiers on the top.

The missile struck lengthwise against the rifleman, and knocked him toward the mast, his weapon going off harmlessly in the air. Consternation seized the others, and the young officer began an indignant and loud demand as to who had dared assault his men.

"Come down, sir," said Mr. Wyville, sternly, "and receive your orders before you act."

The subaltern came down, and joined Mr. Wyville on the poop, saluting him as he approached.

"I was not aware, sir," he said, "that I was to wait for orders in cases of mutiny or escape."

"This man could be overtaken," said Mr. Wyville; "your guards allowed him to escape; and you have no right to kill him for escaping, if the law had no right to kill him for his crime."

As he spoke, he brought the glass to bear on the unfortunate wretch in the water, to whom a boat was now sweeping with swift stroke.

"My God!" he said, putting down the glass, and turning from the officer; "the man is drowned!"

The struggling swimmer, spent with previous exertions, had been struck by a bullet in the shoulder; and though the wound was not mortal, it rapidly spent his remaining strength. Before the boat had reached him the poor fellow had thrown up his arms and sunk. His body was found and taken to the ship.

For a time the man was silent, as if in doubt just how to continue.

"I need not tell you of his struggle," he said slowly, "a struggle all the more dreadful because of the dishonor of defeat. He took advantage of the confidence placed in him, visited the bank and took away the parcel."

"Nor need I tell you of his trip northward, his tools and supplies, his labor at boat building, up where the great river is all but lost in the silent heart of the evergreen forests. When completed the boat was little more than a huge raft, surmounted by a small cabin of rough logs. But at last, after a long and arduous journey, he drifted toward the enjoyment of the balm of solitude.

"Pink-flecked lilies, islands of foam and bits of driftwood floated alongside the raft. Great billows rose in the distance, towered for a time over the houseboat, and finally melted into nothingness in its wake. The great peace of the forest and river cast its soothing spell over all through the dreary days and chill nights whose velvety darkness seemed to crowd Weston's entire world into the ill-lit little cabin.

"After the hills and woodlands came stretches of tawny prairie. The first villages were small and as new as the West itself. Farther on they were larger, and the newness seemed tarnished. Then came towns, quite old. And just as the first yellows of October tinged the clear skies, the pearly spires and grimy chimneys of Laccede's city hove into view.

Weston's journey must end at St. Louis. It would be unwise to go further south. This thought begot others, and in the summing up he felt the first real qualm of conscience. Not because his industrial future was ruined—he had a fortune in the little parcel under his bunk, the parcel still unopened. Yet how dare he touch—

"The quail developed rapidly. He moored his craft at the St. Louis water front, and sent a negro in quest of newspapers. While he waited and pondered what disposition of the funds would least excite suspicion, a heavy hand was placed on his shoulder. Turning, he faced a big stalwart man whom he recalled having seen about the bank down south. Instantly he realized that the man was a secret agent.

"I've been searching every house-boat for a week," he said brusquely. "Did you just come in?"

"Yes," Weston admitted, with a certain nervousness, "I've come in with a parcel." "The cashier wants you, the big fellow went on. 'Says he can't get along without you.'

"Yes, of course," Weston answered resignedly.

How tactful this detective was! "That young Adams, your assistant, can't keep the books in ship-shape. The boss says when you get em lined up y' can have another week off down to N' Orleans, or somewhere."

"Yes, yes, I understand," Weston stammered. "Quite nice of him. Do we start at once?"

"Oh, I'm not going with you, Mr. Weston. I'm on other business. They just told me to watch fr you while I was up here."

Weston tried not to look as incredulous as he felt. "How did they know where I was going?" he gasped.

"You left a map showin' your route, and some sketches of your shanty boat. Adams found 'em in the desk."

"Yes, I remember leaving them there," Weston admitted, marveling at the stupidity he had displayed.

"Better get off the river," cautioned his visitor, as he betook himself up the cobble water front. "You're lookin' pale; malaria mebbe."

"May be, and may not be," Weston mused, unable to grasp the meaning of it all. Clodpaths that he was, he had left evidence of his exact whereabouts. And when they found him, they didn't—

"Then the truth dawned upon him. The contract was yet unfulfilled, and the bonds had neither been forfeited nor reclaimed. Hence, their loss had not been discovered.

"He sat thinking far into the night. The lights and roar of the city were above him and the tireless waters rushed below. But his mind was on neither. A big new idea possessed him. The outgoing mid-night train had thundered over the bridge before he sought the rest which his thoughts lightened by a fine resolution, allowed him to enjoy.

"In the morning, true to his resolve, he set about to return the little parcel. In his nervous grasp it broke open, and the contents were scattered over the floor—a litter of crumpled newspapers!"

"In a trice, he understood. A certified check had been given for the bond. The false parcel, and so on, were merely legal formalities attending the filing and signing of the contract before witnesses.

"Somewhat the salvation from a taint of name if not of heart, affected him strangely. It was the biggest event of his life. That is how—er, mild, yet so, he took it to heart and determined to live up to it. He began looking into matters that he had long overlooked. Finally, it was given him to see a way that led to better things, and to find such Help as would enable him to avoid a reputation of his dire mistake.

"Emboldened by the new Help, something finer and better than he had before ever known, he became trustful, confident, certain. Yet, to prove himself strengthened against the weakness he had once displayed he again sought a position of trust.

The proof was gratifying and— He ceased speaking and turned to the woman, as if to await the verdict she must render.

"Of course Weston's action was unwise, inexcusably so," she said quietly, almost impersonally. "Yet, I am sure that his great failure is to become the cornerstone of a well-build life. And when I was reminded of his blind groping—of the futility of his earnest, but misdirected, efforts—and of the hopelessness that beset him, I must also remember," she paused.

"Lest ye be judged."

He was moved to cry out against this thing that so clouded his past as to make him feel unworthy of esteem from this woman so generously gifted in all that was good and beautiful and lovable. Her rare charity silenced him.

If Weston hadn't decided to rectify his mistake he would be deserving of censure," she conceded. "I admire him for choosing the one way assuring his future safety."

"That's why I waited so long," he interrupted, a sudden smile of relief relaxing his tense features. "And now," a tremor of appeal, wondrously tender and wistful, hushed his voice until it was but a whisper, lest, as indeed it should have been, to the world, save the one loyal, deserving heart.

Through tears of long deferred happiness, she smiled assent to his entreaties.

"Yes, at Easter," she agreed. "It's near, almost too near. But I never favored long engagements," she naively commented.—Charles J. H. Sheehan, in the Magnificat.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR OCTOBER

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.

THE LEAGUE IN PARISHES

In the words of the Apostle St. Paul, "Let this be in you, that is in Christ Jesus" (Phil. ii, 5), may be found in its entirety the spirit of the Apostleship of Prayer, or League of the Sacred Heart, as it is better known in Canada. Its object is to establish between all Christians and their Divine Head a complete fusion of sentiments and interests, to urge them to make their own His desires and intentions, to help them to unite their prayers to His, to show them how this may be done, and thus cooperate with Him in the sublime work which He began to do on earth and which He still continues to do in His eucharistic life, namely, the salvation of souls.

The League of the Sacred Heart is, properly speaking, a league of prayer, a prayerful apostolate, easily understood and easily organized among Catholics. Membership in the League is not restricted to the devout and the edifying; everybody is invited to join it; and everybody becomes interested. The introduction of the League into a parish does not stifle the activities of other societies already established; on the contrary, it aids them enormously by stimulating careless Catholics, by teaching them how to spiritualize their lives more efficaciously by infusing into them greater prayerfulness and apostolic zeal. A new spirit enters a parish with the League; Catholics feel more keenly that they belong to a Universal Church; they get a clearer and more practical idea of their dignity as Catholics and of their obligations.

When the League is solidly established in a parish, its influence is soon felt both in the personal piety of its members and in their zeal for the spiritual welfare of their neighbors.

And yet in the League no obligations are assumed, no practices undertaken that are unusual in ordinary Catholic life; merely a new direction is given, new life is infused into duties poorly done, and loftier aims are put before the faithful. The League shows Catholics how all their works, even the most trivial, may acquire supernatural profit; it teaches them how to lead more meritorious lives, how they may pray even while they work, how they may exercise a real apostolate among souls.

The lives of most of us are made up of small things. Our days and weeks, our months and years, our whole careers, in fact, are nothing but a series of little deeds done one after the other. If we learn the secret of turning these little deeds into prayers we acquire merit every minute; our lives become one continuous act of vital prayer. This is precisely what the League of the Sacred Heart teaches us to do. We offer up our daily works and sufferings to God, and this daily offering gives them a supernatural character. As members of the League we learn the great secret how to "pray always"; we learn that any act no matter how indifferent in itself, for instance, preparing a meal, plowing a furrow, writing a letter, making a journey, and so on, may become a prayer in itself, may become a prayer in the sight of God. These simple acts, when performed in a state of grace and with the supernatural motive which the League furnishes, are endowed through the merits of Christ with a threefold virtue: First, they please God and secure an increase of

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grace; secondly, they possess an intercessory power which may be used for ourselves and others; thirdly, they atone to God's justice for sin. Here is an apostolate that every one, even the laity, may engage in, and it should console us to know that we can become apostles on such easy terms.

The daily offering of our work and sufferings is the only essential duty of membership. By it we turn all the acts of each day into one continuous prayer which may be applied to the souls of sinners at home and abroad. Millions of us have no special mission to preach, or teach, or suffer, but we are all called to do something for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. This something we may do without leaving our firesides; we may become apostles at home by turning our day's work into vital prayer, or prayer of action.

The Church asks her laity to become apostles after this fashion. She needs the co-operation of all her children to help her clergy, her missionaries, her religious orders and communities in the work they are engaged in for the salvation of souls. Souls need prayer to live and thrive just as bodies need water, and there are millions who would moisten their parched souls if the fountain of grace were brought within their reach. Imagine, if you can, the plight of a population of thirty million in a walled city, while a stream of clear, sparkling water is running uselessly outside the walls. Some would quench their thirst, but they do not know in what direction to go to find the water; others surmise the existence of a stream, but will not take the trouble to hunt for it; others, however, know where it may be found and are anxious to scale the walls, but they are too weak to do so. Would it not be a great charity to dig a channel and bring the life-giving water into the thirsty city? The spiritual application is evident. Hundreds of millions of souls, more than half the human race, are living in spiritual thirst and destitution; they are deprived of God's grace and are perishing from the lack of it. Some are languid through years of sinfulness and have no longer the strength to reach the living fountain; others have grown cold and hardened and do not care whether they reach it or not; others again are unaware of its existence, for instance, those millions of poor pagans who have never heard of God or His Church or His sacraments. Would it not be a great act of charity to open up a channel and bring God's grace to those famishing millions? Members of the League may do this by the daily offering of their works and sufferings. United apostolic prayer is irresistible; it breaks through the dyke; it opens the sluice gate of God's mercy; it moves the compassionate Heart of Jesus and urges Him to apply to souls the vast stream of His grace. At our bidding, He excites to repentance the hearts of sinners at home; equally at our bidding He infuses His grace into the souls of the heathen in foreign lands and brings about their conversion.

Herein lies the wonderful efficacy of the League. The union of two or three in prayer will move the Heart of God; He Himself tells us so in the Gospel. Surely the united prayer of millions concentrated on one end will also accomplish its object! What then must be the effect on the souls of sinners of this stream of prayer offered daily in union with the Sacred Heart, especially when these prayers assume the form of the true apostleship, as our League does? The Church is continually asking her children to pray for their needs; parents are asking for the temporal success of their children; families are asking for peace and prosperity; friends are asking for the conversion of friends; the distressed and downhearted are asking for consolation and comfort; the poor are asking for the wherewithal to live; priests and pastors are asking for the spiritual welfare of their flocks; foreign missionaries are asking for the conversion of infidels; we are all asking for some favor or other. In the language of the League these are the intentions recommended to its members, and the League responds by offering in union with the Sacred Heart the prayers of millions, meanwhile begging God to listen to its supplications and to answer them.

Besides, the League accomplishes that spiritual solidarity which should exist among the members of the one true Church, among souls purchased by the Blood of our Blessed Redeemer. It is not the ideal of a Christian soul to be isolated, wrapped up in itself, satisfied with saving itself, without a thought of the souls of others. The very religion it professes, a universal religion, protests against any such pettiness. No Catholic worthy of the name should cease to work in the measure of his strength to spread the reign of Christ among men. Membership in the League makes the apostles and gives us a share in the work of saving souls. Do we need any other incentive to become earnest and devout members? Once we realize how efficacious our prayers may become and how easy it is to offer them, it is hard to explain how we can be careless or niggardly with them. We are not asked to give our lives that others may live physically, but we are asked to apply a supernatural and persevering vital force that others may live spiritually. There is no greater charity than the application of our vigorous and sustained effort of prayer to the spiritual needs of other. We are all in some way or other "our brother's keeper." Our

League is an immense family whose millions of members are united to the Sacred Heart by a community of sentiment which constitutes true friendship, and by a mutual zeal which urges us to work to hasten the reign of the Sacred Heart on earth.

The sad spectacle of millions of sinners awaiting the action of God's grace, and the need of prayer to urge God to bestow His grace, were the motives that were uppermost at the birth of the League seventy years ago. Small and unimportant at its beginning and slow to rise out of its obscurity, it did not begin to spread until 1861 when the first Messenger was published. In the half century which has since elapsed the League has grown by leaps and bounds. It has crossed oceans and deserts and is now active on every continent, directing the stream of prayer which flows every day from the hearts of 25,000,000 of members through the Heart of Jesus to the throne of God. The latest statistics available, those published at the beginning of the war, mention 68,500 affiliated Centers of the League; this number has grown since. Forty-three Messengers, printed in thirty different languages, and issued monthly over a million copies, link together our millions of members in the various parts of the globe and keep them informed about the League and its interests.

Every month the Holy Father asks us to pray for his special intention which represents some great phase of the Church's welfare; this is known as the "General Intention." Every month also members are asked to pray for special intentions which reach the Messenger from all classes of society. Speaking of our own country, wherein we number about 600,000 members, one has only to consult our Correspondence Pages to see how strong is the faith of our Canadian Catholics in the efficacy of the prayers of the League; one would have only to read the pathetic letters that come to us every month to be convinced that the League is accomplishing a serious religious work here in Canada, and that confidence in the Sacred Heart is deep and strong in thousands of hearts. May this state of things continue! It is the wish of our Holy Father to see the action of the League extended to every parish and to every family. Our Local Directors and Promoters are asked to exercise their zeal so that every Catholic family in Canada may feel the effects of prayer in union with the Sacred Heart.

E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

### THE PEASANT WOMEN OF FRANCE

The peasant women of France, on whom, for the last two years, has fallen a heavy weight of anxiety and labor, have, as a rule, proved themselves equal to the claims made upon their endurance.

On August 2, 1914, when the church-bells rang over the fields of France the call to arms, the women, stifling their sob, bravely faced the future. They too were to have their share of sorrow, but even the most pessimistic among them failed to realize the extent of the responsibilities that the war was to entail. Since then more men have been summoned to join the army, so that today all those who are over nineteen and under forty-eight years of age are militarized. In many cases both father and son are serving at the front, and in consequence the portion of the women is the heavier. In many homes there are empty places that will never again be filled, and to physical weariness is added anguish, bereavement and desolation. Two years of war have greatly increased the labors of those at home, yet the peasant women of France have not faltered, they are grappling bravely with the hardships of their lot. From Auvergne, Savoy, the Pyrenees, from the hilly districts of Central France and the plains of Flanders, we hear of them bringing in the hay and the harvests, assisted by feeble old men and small children. It is a pathetic sight to see how they fight against discouragement and fatigue, against disappointment, and against the secret grief that is eating out many a heart. France's women are as brave as her men.

The wounded peasants, who fill our hospitals, have proved themselves brave soldiers, steady under fire, uncomplaining and patient; but when they are lying, still and stricken, on their hospital beds, their whole souls go out to their native villages. The love of the French peasant for the particular portion of French soil that he calls his own, for the corner of land he himself has tilled, is extraordinarily deep and tender; few realized before the war its strength and its tenderness. Maimed by his wounds, he wonders how the fields are looking at home; his anxiety for the harvest becomes a fixed idea, a haunting fear. He knows how feeble are the hands that are striving to care for the interests that the war has obliged him to desert. But it is here that the women's courage and activity come in as a glad surprise. A farmer from the country near Bordeaux showed me a letter from his wife, in which, with honest pride, she told him how, assisted by her husband's aged father, she had got in the harvest and was then ploughing the fields: "It may be that the furrows are not quite so straight as when you were at home, but you must not mind this, for the work has been done, and I may say that nothing has been neglected." This letter is one of many.

In Poitou young girls have learned to use the plough, which in this particular district is drawn by six oxen. They were awkward at first but have learned by experience, and last year brought in the Poitou was amazed to see two young girls of seventeen and eighteen managed their team of oxen as if they had never done anything else. In the hospital, where it has been my privilege to make closer acquaintance with our wounded fighting men, lay a farmer from Central France who had lost his leg. One day, lately, when I visited him, I was surprised to see, fastened to the head of his bed, some fine ears of corn. "I was very anxious about the harvest," he explained, "and kept asking my wife, who has to work our farm alone, how she managed. The other day she came to see me. 'There,' she said, 'is a specimen of the corn that I sowed in the field you know of. It is, I think, quite a credit to me, and you must not worry any more.' With that she pulled out the bunch of corn that you see. It comes from our own field and I like to look at it." The good man, for the time being, forgot his infirmity, between his pride in his wife and in his corn. The product of his own little field was a potent solace for pain. It was a message of sympathy from the land itself.

Sometimes the work is carried on not only under difficulties, but in the teeth of positive danger. Only yesterday, an English officer told me he was sent to buy a large crop of clover, standing uncut in a field not far from Arras and close to the firing line. The proprietress of the field was a young woman of twenty-five, a widow of the war. The officer and his interpreter concluded the bargain in the field itself. The clover was being mowed by a machine in charge of a very old man, and the young woman walked close by, carefully watching the ground. She explained that this particular field was close to a high road, where troops passed continually, and that the soldiers often threw bits of iron, empty tins and other rubbish into the clover. She herself picked out these bits of metal, which would have injured the mower. The officer and his companion watched her stooping at every turn and diligently picking up the dangerous refuse. Suddenly a shell, first one, then a second, then a third, swept across the sky above the group. The horses, mad with fear, reared and kicked; the Englishman and his interpreter threw themselves at their heads and with difficulty restrained them; a dog, trembling with fear, crouched low almost under the machine; the young woman and her aged companion never turned a hair. When there came a pause, she quietly said: "We might go on now," and the feeble old man and she did go on, regularly, slowly, methodically. She continued to watch, to stoop, to pick up the objectionable bits of iron, as if no shrieking message of death had disturbed the peace of that summer afternoon. "I shall never forget that woman's pluck," said my informant. In certain parts of the front, the creep out at night to bring in the harvest, during the day they lie low, while the German shells spread terror and destruction. At night the danger is generally less, and these tenacious workers do their best to save the crops from loss and waste.

Instances of their steady courage might be multiplied indefinitely, to their honor and that of France. In a certain village near Chartres, a humble peasant woman does another kind of work. The *cure* of this particular village is engaged in military service and his parish is served, in consequence, by an old priest, who, being already in charge of another village, can say Mass for his new parishioners only on Sundays. This being the case, there was difficulty about reserving the Blessed Sacrament. The village, though situated in a district that is far from religious, has an excellent spirit and the people are constant in their attendance at services. A quiet old maid, a peasant by birth, who earns her bread by ironing at the "chateau" close by, came forward to assist their country in its hour of supreme necessity. The people present answered earnestly, and one felt that through the lips of these untutored peasants spoke the real soul of France, the devout, the simple, the believing soul, which the tragedy of war has brought nearer to God and to the old Faith, inherited from generations of believing ancestors.—B. De Courson in America.

### GOOD FROM EVIL

The overwhelming ruin that covers Europe is bringing men to a sense of their religious duties. Churches heretofore unrequented are now filled with men and women of every class. The scourge of disaster has fallen upon the nations, but if souls are purged of irreligion, and faith waxed stronger the present grief will not be without great recompense. Says America:

"Without question the great war is harshly teaching a luxurious age how very simple life can be made. For Europe is compelled to practice asceticism of the most rigorous kind and thereby is finding her soul. When peace returns at last, the permanent results of the mission God Himself is now preaching Europe may be the stronger faith, the purer morals and the simpler life that will be conspicuous in the patients engaged in this dreadful conflict. Thus will Divine Providence, as has so often happened in the world's history, bring lasting good out of passing evil."

In the opening days of the gigantic conflict the exhortations of the Holy Father were unheard of. A mighty conflagration ensued. The world is learning through sore experience that there is but one harbor of safety, and that is within the Church.—Intermountain Catholic.

### A NON-CATHOLIC IS GLAD HIS DAUGHTER, CONVERT, IS NUN

Sister Lorine Brown, who recently made her first vows as a Sister of Loretto, in Nerinx, Ky., was born in Sterling, Colo., and is known in that community as Gladys Brown. In an interview with her father, A. F. Brown, who is registrar of the United States land office in Sterling, he expressed his joy that his daughter should choose a religious life.

"While I am not allied with any religious denomination, the Catholic Church has always seemed to me to have the firmest foundation," he said. "I have always held aloof from those organizations that have opposed the Church and it has not always been an easy road to travel, for many times they would have given me political prestige in the years that are gone. However, it was a matter of conscience with me and I willingly let pass any opportunities that would have been raised in such a manner. I have purchased Gladys, been father and mother both to her, and when I found she needed better training than I felt I could give, I sent her to a school in Fulton, Mo. It proved unsatisfactory and so I took her to the Sisters of Loretto in Denver. I soon perceived the change in her. Instead of wanting clothes and money as she had previously, her letters were full of careful consideration and tender affection and I felt that the best in life was coming to her from daily observation of the devout lives of the Sisters. A year before she graduated she wrote me asking my consent to become a Catholic, which I willingly gave. At the time of her graduation she expressed a desire to become a Sister, but I persuaded her to wait six months and go to Portland, Oregon, for a visit. At the expiration of the time I urged her to take a trip through California, but she came home to me still desiring to join the order."

"I could see that her heart was in it and I told her that if she felt this to be her vocation, I willingly consented. After all, it was not a matter for me to decide, for it lay between her and her God. And so she left me for the religious life. I am glad she is devoting her life to God's service and every night I go to sleep in peace, knowing the world holds no allurements for her.

"And do you not feel that you have lost your daughter?" I inquired.

"No indeed, I do not feel as though I had lost her, but rather I have gained a precious jewel."

And as I looked into this father's face, I saw a great glow of pride and contentment that comes only to parents. I thought what a wonderful privilege it must be to have a child choose to follow in the footsteps of our Lord and ministering to erring humanity.—Denyer Register.

### OLD IRISH CHURCH TERMS

It must often seem a real pity that so many of the old Irish phrases and words sanctified by the lips of saints and the use of centuries should have passed away. Old Celtic words and customs were slowly dropped from the time of the Norman invasion. The Normans of course were staunch Catholics, but they were perhaps a little over-strict in upholding the letter of the Roman rite. Hence much that was thoroughly Celtic and yet no menace whatever to Catholic unity was set aside by them. Typical is the story of the Norman Archbishop who put out the perpetual fire of St. Brigit because it had come down from pagan times.

How eagerly one searches the old books and manuscripts for hints and survivals! Gerald Cambrensis tells us that the statues of St. Kevin in the Ireland of his time always had a blackbird in one hand; a symbol, which modern church artists invariably forget. St. Columba too, is generally portrayed as a friar with a round tonsure, whereas "the family of Hy" (Iona) wore the Irish tonsure "from ear to ear" across the head. Only in the old books does one find the old phrases dotted here and there and they are worth noting. From a number of annals I have collected the makings of a Celtic calendar, some of which are still current in Gaelic Ireland though most have succumbed to modern expressions. For example Christmas was called *Nolltag*, (Noel); Quinquagesima, *Domnach Qingisi*; Pentecost, *Domnach an Spiraid Naem* (Sunday of the Holy Spirit); Sunday in Patrick's Week, *Domnach Padraig*; Palm Sunday, *Domnach na Imrine* (Riding

Sunday); Rogation Sunday, *Domnach na rogaini*; Patrick's Day, *Feil Padraig*; Brendan's Day, *Feil Brenainn*; St. John's Day, *Feiltn Seagain*; Holy Cross, *Feil Cros*; Vigil of Holy Cross, *Iche Feile na Croiche*; Lady Day, *Feil Muire*; Vigil of Lady Day, *Iche Feil Muire*, and Ascension, *Deugabail*. There is no need of pointing out that Irish is the only language in Christendom, which sets aside a special word for the Virgin Mary; *Moyra* is for earthly Marys but *Muire* for the Mother of God.

The word for vigil varied, *troscad* (fasting) being often used, and Holy Week and Lent possessed an array of such terms. For instance: Shrove Monday was *Luan Inide*; Shrove Tuesday, *Mart Inide*; Ash Wednesday, *Cedaine in Tuathraid*; Tuesday in Holy Week, *Mart*; Wednesday in Holy Week, *Cedaine in Braith*; Wednesday in Holy Week, *Cedaine in Braith* (Wednesday of Betrayal); Maundy Thursday, *Dardaoin Aibhinn* (Lovely Thursday); Good Friday, *Aoine an Ceda* (Friday of Passion); Holy Saturday, *Iche Casg* (Night of Easter). Needless to say the Irish were not content with one Easter but must needs have three, for besides Easter Sunday, *Casg*, there was "Little Easter," *Min Casg*, or Low Sunday and the sixth Sunday after Pentecost was called *Samh Casg* or "Summer Easter."

All through the year were kept feasts peculiar to Celtic devotion. January 6 was the "Great Baptism of Mary's Son," *Baithis Mor Meic Muire*; February 2, the Purification, was called "Mary's Son's Reception in the Temple," *Airitiu Meic Muire i Tempul*; Mayday too had a peculiar name, being called the "Beautiful Preaching of Jesus," *Praicept Alainn Issu*. The feast of the Assumption was expressed by a typical compound, "Great Feast of Our Father's True Mother," *Mor Feil Sr-Mathair ar Nathair*; and August 16, was the "Birth of Mary" *Gein Muire*, while it is interesting to find that St. Joseph was remembered on March 19 as "Jesus' beautiful Fosterer" *Aite albhinn Issu*. Not only was the Birth of the Baptist kept but on February 2, was celebrated the "Finding of John's head" *Airec cinn Iohannis*.

Very striking too, were the Celtic phrases for God, who was generally mentioned under metaphor. For example He was called *Ri Greine Giv*, "King of the White Sun"; *Coind Seacht Nime*, "Lord of Seven Heavens"; *Ri us Nalah*, "King above Clouds"; *Ri Recht* "King of Laws"; *Coimde Nandoinne*, "Lord of Folk," and *An Ti Ta*, "He Who Is."

The last expression is as simple as the common phrase used today in Ireland: "the Man Above."

For the Trinity there was the circumlocution, "the Unity that is nobler than every metaphor." A Church student was called "son of purity," "son of learning," or "son of the Church," *nae cealsa*. What we call a holy death was known as a "free death" or "a death of oil and penitence." The devil was humorously known as "the Abbot of Hell" and indeed the peasantry have never ceased to make fun of him, which is a little unchivalrous to a worsted antagonist.

A great deal of piety was communicated not in sermons but in trials, which could be easily memorized. For instance in Colman MacBoogmac's "Alphabet of Piety" we find: "The three enemies of the soul: the world, the devil and impious teacher. The three things where the devil shows in man: face, gait, speech." From the *Lubhar Breac* "Speckled Book" we learn: "The three things the Son of the Living God is not grateful for: proud piety, harsh reproof, false witness." From a Celtic manuscript in Edinburgh we may learn: "The three things the King of the Sun is grateful for: union of brethren, upright talk, serving God's altar." The Celtic mind was also acutely interested in theology even unto riddles. Marvan for instance was asked by a poet: "What goodness did man find on the earth which God did not find?" "His sufficiency of a Lord, for He Himself is Lord of Lords," was the answer. But most unique and beautiful was this appeal to Christ, which is found in an old litany: "O Thou who wert fatherless on earth, motherless in heaven." How much theology lies in that address!—Shane Leslie in America.

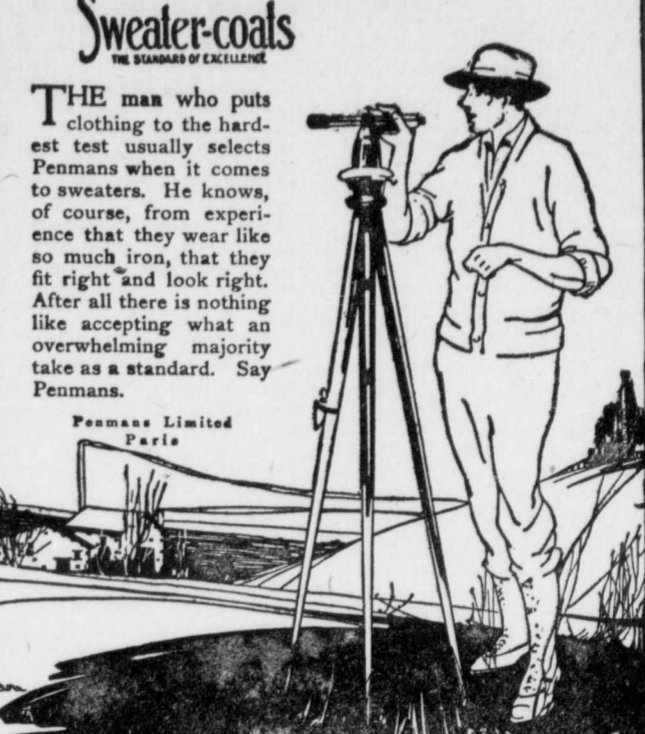
### SENTIMENTS OF A DYING ABBE

The Abbe Duroy was one of the many priests who gave his life for his country, nothing reckoning of war former treatment and her distinctively stop-mother methods of dealing with men of his cloth: "I must leave you, dear old friend. The thought of you and of all those whom I love softens my sad hours. Nurse your wounded men with tenderness. To you sweet charity in their hearts is to prepare a harvest of faith. We have never been such apostles, such teachers of the Gospel. And, going about as you are, or lying down as I am, living or dead, the priest in the war dominates the soldier, as religion dominates the country. But has not Providence given us some splendid hours? Don't believe in the sadness of which I spoke. I am joyful. . . . I love my lot. I owe all that I know about the war—its perils and its pains—to it. It would be far finer to die of one's wounds than die of one's bed, carried off by fever or pneumonia. Adieu, my good friend. Write to me soon, if you can. I have serious reasons for wishing your answer to reach me quickly."—Catholic Transcript.

No man will ever reach heaven with his face the other way. Time is but a drop in the ocean of eternity.

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THE TEMPORAL POWER

The reported proposal of the Teutons to restore in some form the Temporal Power of the Papacy recalls to our grandfathers an institution almost forgotten.

ant scholars with the flippant references to the Popes and the Middle Ages. Canon Farrar in the Hulsean Lectures, 1870, "Victories of Christianity," says:

"From the fifth to the thirteenth century the Church was engaged in elaborating the most splendid organization the world has ever seen. During this period the Church was the one mighty witness for light in an age of darkness, for order in an age of lawlessness, for personal holiness in an epoch of licentious rage. Amid the despotism of kings, and the turbulence of aristocracies, it was an inestimable blessing that there should be a power which by the unarméd majesty of goodness made the haughtiest and the boldest respect the interest of justice and tremble at the temperance, righteousness and judgment to come."

A good thing for European civilization, evidently, that there was an "international or supranational potentate acting as universal arbiter in Western and Central Europe"—"an inestimable blessing." The pale, weak and futile modern substitute is the Hague Conference. Lecky, in the History of Rationalism, does not dismiss so cavalierly as the Advertiser the Temporal Power in the Middle Ages:

"The Catholic Church was the very heart of Christendom, and the spirit that radiated from her penetrated into all the relations of life, and colored institutions it did not create. This ascendancy was gained in medieval society more completely than by any other system before or since, and the stage of civilization that resulted from it was one of the most important in the evolutions of society. By consolidating the heterogeneous and anarchical elements that succeeded the downfall of the Roman Empire by infusing into Christendom the divisions of nationhood, and a moral tie that is superior to force, by softening slavery into serfdom and preparing the way for the ultimate emancipation of labor, Catholicism laid the foundations of modern civilization."

Frederic Harrison thus writes of the thirteenth century: "There was one common creed, one ritual, one worship, one sacred language, one Church, a single code of manners, a uniform scheme of society, a common system of education, an accepted type of beauty, a universal art, something like a universal standard of the good, the beautiful and the true. One half of the world was not occupied in ridiculing or combating what the other half was doing. Nor were men absorbed in ideals of their own, while the ideals of their neighbors as matters of indifference or waste of power. Men as utterly different from each other, as were Stephen Langton, St. Francis, Thomas Aquinas, Roger Bacon, Dante, Giotto, St. Louis, Edward I.—all profoundly accepted one or all things of the intellect, of moral duty, of action, and of the soul—to public and to private life at once—and they could all feel that they were all together working out the same task."

prediction of such ideals in the future combined with the ignoring of them in the past. Anyone can test this for himself. Read any thirty or forty pages or pamphlets advocating peace in Europe, and see how many of them praise the old Popes or Emperors for keeping peace in Europe. "Our modern prophetic idealism is narrow because it has undergone a persistent process of elimination. The whole position is based on the idea that we have got all the good that can be got out of the ideas of the past. But we have not got all the good out of them, perhaps at this moment not any of the good out of them. And the need here is a need of complete freedom for restoration as well as revolution."

To speak of the Pope, heir to all the wisdom of the ages, as though he were a modern politician, as though he "the monarch of a vast, admirably organized, spiritual world empire" would barter his influence for German promises, is to betray hopeless prejudice or crass ignorance—perhaps both. Just what he does desire, what his international or supranational character and function imperatively demand, we shall consider in a later issue.

LORD MAYOR OF LONDON

London, Sept. 29.—Sir William Henry Dunn was today elected lord mayor of London. The new lord mayor, who will take office in November, will be the third Roman Catholic lord mayor of London in recent years. He was closely associated with Sir William Treloar in the work of improving the condition of thousands of London's poor cripples, and is treasurer of the Alton Cripples' Home.

The Canadian Press despatch above quoted emphasizes the fact that in recent years his faith is not a bar to civic advancement when a Catholic is otherwise a worthy and desirable candidate. The present Mayor-elect has occupied many public offices, amongst others, J. P. for County of London, Sheriff, and Deputy-Lieutenant of the City of London, and Member of Parliament for Southwark. The Lord Mayor of Manchester for two terms, 1913-15, Alderman Daniel McCabe is also an uncompromising Catholic. Several other cities of lesser importance have also had Catholic mayors.

The Aldermen in the City of London are elected for life and they choose the Lord Mayor. Thus elections which, like conscience, make cowards of some of our Canadian public bodies have no deterring influence in the selection of the Lord Mayor of London.

A HEAVY RESPONSIBILITY RESTS SOMEWHERE

"The artificial restriction of the family is a new feature in the history of mankind which has not so far received the attention from the detached biological point of view that it deserves. Yet it may have effects ultimately more stupendous and far-reaching than any of those great movements of the past—migrations, conquests, epidemics, religious changes—which, beginning in prehistoric times, have so profoundly influenced human development. In this country, with one exception, the process began earlier and has gone further than among any other people. Unless we can— and quickly too—reduce our infant mortality to an extent hitherto unthought of, can improve conditions of life so that our young people no longer seek for happiness or opportunity abroad, and can awaken the national conscience on the question of births, the future of our nation is grave."

The foregoing is the concluding paragraph of an article on "The Passing of the Child" by Dr. Brend in a recent number of the Nineteenth Century.

The national conscience is a somewhat vague and shadowy thing. But the individual conscience of English-speaking Catholics in this country should be awakened to a form of race suicide, which, if less sordid and sensual and sinful, is scarcely less selfish and certainly not less injurious in its effects on our Catholic population than that which menaces races and nations. We have before now referred to the custom prevalent amongst our people of marrying late in life or not at all. One reason for this condition of things, in rural parishes at any rate where the evil is most pronounced, has been the failure of parents to realize their obligations in the premises. One of the duties of parents towards their children is to enable them to live decent, human, Christian lives, and this includes the right to marry and found homes of their own. While it may be too late to remedy the mistakes of a past generation, it behooves the parents of to-day to make such timely provision that the

injustice of the old order of things be not repeated. Whether in town or country the whole problem is in a great measure bound up with that of thrift—or thriftlessness. And if parents realized more keenly their obligations toward their children the question of thrift, and other questions as well would settle themselves.

THE LATE HONORABLE JOHN COSTIGAN

Ever since Confederation John Costigan's name has been familiar to Irish Catholic Canadians. After five years in the New Brunswick Legislature, he was elected by Victoria county as its representative in the new Canadian Parliament in 1867. In the seventies he put up a vigorous fight against the abolition of Separate schools in New Brunswick; but in this he was not supported by his colleagues of Quebec and hence his fearless and persistent struggle to maintain the spirit if not the letter of the Confederation pact was unsuccessful.

When Gladstone first took up the cause of Home Rule for Ireland Mr. Costigan moved a resolution in favor of Gladstone's measure which was the occasion of a magnificent supporting speech from the late Edward Blake, then leader of the Opposition, and which resulted in placing on record the sympathy and support of self-governing Canada for Ireland's struggle for self-government.

It is not without interest to recall that the self-styled and crude "imperialism" of that day vigorously denounced such meddling interference with "imperial" affairs. Now a responsible British minister announces that the Irish question will be a subject of consideration for an imperial conference in which the Overseas Dominions will be represented by constituent members. Times change and we change with them.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE CONVERSION OF M. PAUL BERT, a French anti-clerical fire-eater of the most pronounced type is another consoling result of the War. In his last illness he had the good fortune of being nursed by a religious, Sister Teresa, of the Congregation of St. Paul, in whose knowledge and skill he had always had unbounded confidence, even in his most violent atheistic days. To her influence under God it is no doubt due that in his last days he returned once more to the Faith of his youth, and died with the aspiration: "My God, have mercy on me," on his lips. The War has accounted for many such as Paul Bert, and points the way, let us hope and pray, in a religious as well as in a national sense, to a restored and rejuvenated France.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT in the CATHOLIC RECORD a few weeks ago to the effect that the American Foreign Missionary Seminary at Maryknoll, N. Y., had received from an unnamed benefactress in Pennsylvania, a cheque for \$5000, marks the dawning of a new but long-heralded day in American Church annals. It seems to indicate that the call to preach the Gospel to the heathen nations has at length been heard and answered on this Continent. Not that the Catholics of the United States and Canada have been indifferent to the spiritual welfare of heathendom—the splendid response to the call of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in New York and other dioceses, and the widespread sympathy in Canada with Father Fraser's work in China proclaim the contrary—but that the individual conscience is becoming alive to the urgency of the call from the "utmost ends of the earth." What one generous soul has been inspired to do is likely to find emulation in many quarters. "If the Faith languishes at home," said a great prelate of our day, "send missionaries to the heathen." Response to the call to the apostolate has ever been the fruitful mother of faith and devotion.

THE PASSING OF Mr. Orby Shipley severing another link in the chain which connects the present generation with that of Newman and the Oxford converts of 1845-51. Shipley was a lad of thirteen at the time of Newman's conversion, hence could not have come under the immediate influence of the great Oxford leader, but that he imbibed much of the spirit of the Tractarians and got an early glimpse of the "Kindly Light" which, thirty-three years after the "forty-five," brought him safely into port, his subsequent writings testify. Orby Shipley had at the period of his own conversion been twenty-two years a clergyman of the Anglican Establishment, during which period he published many essays, lectures and sermons. His Catholic life of thirty-eight years was even more fruitful in a literary way. If he had published nothing else, his great collection of poems in honor of the Blessed Virgin, under the title Carmina Mariana, would of itself entitle him to remembrance. His death removes a useful and attractive personality from the Church militant. R. I. P.

A STRIKING testimony to the sanity (to put it on no higher ground) of the Church's attitude towards the Holy Scriptures, has come from an unexpected quarter. Novelties in Bible translation have come to be as every-day an occurrence as Bible interpretation, and both, as all the world may see, are playing havoc with the faith of the multitude deprived of the Church's divine guidance. Two of the latest novelties are a "Woman's Bible," and a "Reformed Bible," the latter an attempt on the part of a cleric of the "Reformed School," to "diffuse over the sacred page the elegance of modern English." The result is seen in the reference to "Nicodemus as 'this gentleman';" the command of Our Lord to Jairus' daughter is translated "Young Lady, arise," and St. Peter is made to say to Christ on the Mount of Transfiguration: "O Sir, what a delectable residence we might fix here." This shocking and atrocious liberty taken with the most sacred persons and themes in the holy books has received as it has merited the severest condemnation from eminent Protestants.

Whether it was this particular travesty of the Bible or some other scarcely less indecorous that was held in mind when a Scots minister recently warned his flock against "unauthorized versions" is not stated, but his caution, no doubt unintentionally, testifies unmistakably to the wisdom of the Catholic Church's attitude to the Bible through the centuries. "When you order Bibles," said this worthy, "make quite sure that you do not get the imperfect Bibles too often issued." It evidently did not occur to him that his own "authorized version" is in that very category, and that for three centuries and more the Church has been ceaselessly on guard to keep such unauthorized and mutilated versions out of her children's hands. Yet the same man would probably quarrel with the Church on that very ground, and accuse her of "keeping the Bible from the people." That, as matter of fact, has been the burden of the hue and cry against her, down even to the present day. May it not be that the Scots minister's warning presages a great awakening?

THE ENTRY OF Roumania into the War makes interesting everything relating to that country and her people. Though in the heart of the Balkans the Roumanians have little in common with their Slav neighbors, but are, rather, kindred to the Latins. This, in spite of the fact that of the total population of about six millions, over five millions belong to the Orthodox or Eastern Schismatic Church. There is a sprinkling of Jews and Mohometans, and only about 70,000 Catholics.

THE CATHOLIC Church which enjoys the greatest liberty and has wonderful potential scope for expansion, numbers among her children some of the most important people in the country, including King Ferdinand and the Royal Family, Prince Valdimir Ghika, General Coanda, one of the leading military leaders, and many others. The Metropolitan Archbishop, Mgr. Netzhammer, a Swiss Benedictine, has his cathedral chair in Bucharest, the capital, and there is one suffragan See, the Bishopric of Jassy, recently made

vacant by the death of Mgr. Doucet, a French Passionist.

ACCORDING TO La Croix, a leading French Catholic periodical, there has been for years a growing tendency in Roumania towards closer relationship with Rome. Even before the War there was a strong feeling amongst deputies and other influential political leaders to follow Serbia's example of 1912, in establishing a Concordat with the Vatican. With her own entry into the War upon the side of the Entente, and the prospect of her great dream being realized—the redemption of her ancient Transylvanian possessions—this movement is certain to take on new impetus. The Transylvanians are mostly Catholics and if incorporated into the Roumanian kingdom, will have a noticeable effect upon the body politic, in bringing it to realize that the highest interests of the nation, moral and material, point to the closest possible relationship with the Holy See and the nations of the West.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

The British army on the Somme presses forward despite wet and cloudy weather that interferes greatly with the work of its artillery. At three points on the front there was heavy fighting yesterday. North of Thierval the enemy sought to regain the Stiff redoubt captured by the British. By their first rush Hessian troops secured a section of it. The British regained the redoubt later, and with it took 530 prisoners. For this ridge to the north of Thierval overlooking the Valley of the Ancres the enemy has put up a determined struggle ever since the capture of Thierval village on Tuesday—but without avail. His losses in killed and wounded have been heavy, and considerably over 2,000 prisoners have been taken in and around Thierval. In the centre of the British advance by an early morning attack the lines were pushed northward to a point 500 yards southwest of Le Sars, on the Albert-Bapaume road. On the extreme right of the British front ground was gained to the east of Les Boeufts, where 500 yards of German trenches were taken. An official statement as to conditions on the Macedonian front from General Sarrail says: "We still hold the highest summit of Kaimakalan." The Bulgars renewed their attacks on this key position on Thursday night. Four times they advanced to the assault, and on each occasion the Serbs drove them back to their trenches, inflicting heavy losses upon them. The race feud between the Bulgars and Serbs has added to the fierceness of this struggle. General Sarrail reports that the Bulgars have been seen to massacre wounded prisoners. This action will inflame the Serbs, and perhaps lead to reprisals. In the second Balkan war Greeks, Serbs and Bulgars were all accused of killing the wounded and non-combatants.

A stiff battle is in progress among the hills to the south and southeast of Hermanstadt, in Transylvania, between Austro-German and Roumanian troops. A despatch from Vienna states that the Roumanians have been repulsed, that the heights, after very violent fighting, are in possession of the Teutons, but that the battle has not been concluded. In Southern Volhynia and Galicia Brusiloff is faced by greatly strengthened Austro-German-Turkish army. Vienna states that in an offensive in this region the Teutonic troops took 3,000 prisoners and 83 machine guns. Russian reports state that this offensive was promptly checked by artillery and machine gun fire, but it evidently proceeded a considerable distance before the check was administered.

The Greek army and navy is in a state of utter demoralization. Many of the men in both services have revolted and joined the Allies, and those who remain outwardly loyal are evidently not to be depended upon for rigorous action against the matineers. Constantine will have to get into the Allied camp soon if he wants to save anything from the wreck. The Allied army chiefs seem disposed to recognize Venizelos as the real head of the Greek people. General Haig, in reply to congratulations from General Joffre on the success of the British offensive north of the Somme, speaks of the Allies' efforts following the unaided French victory at Verdun as having begun to "break down the enemy's powers of resistance." There is every reason to believe that German reserves on the western front are being thrown into the fighting line at a rate that will quickly exhaust the available supply.—Globe, Sept. 30.

SCHOOLS CAN HELP CATHOLIC PRESS

The Catholic school pupil ought to know something more than he usually does about the Catholic press of this country. The Catholic teacher who familiarizes his or her pupils with facts concerning the Catholic press, and with the Catholic press itself as represented by Catholic papers or magazines, is doing a good work for the future of the Church in this country.—Acad Heart Review.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

IRELAND LIKE FRANCE A COUNTRY OF INTEREST AND SURPRISES

GENESIS OF THE OLD CONTROVERSY—CONSTITUTIONAL AGITATION VS. PHYSICAL FORCE

Special Cable to the Catholic Record (Copyright 1916, Central News) London, September 30th.—One of the paradoxes of the Irish attitude toward war, was brought home forcibly to me by a visit I paid the past week end to my constituents in Liverpool.

Irish Nationalists have put down that week end as one of the most memorable in the history of Irishmen in that city, where they form nearly one-third of the entire population and have in the municipal council and all public bodies regularly constituted Irish Parties. All Liverpool Irish have rushed to the allied flag, perhaps more enthusiastically and promptly than any other city in the Empire. They form special battalions in Lancashire and the Liverpool Regiment; that battalion has fought splendidly in several engagements and lost heavily. Last Sunday they held memorial services in the chief Catholic Chapel, Lord Mayor A. Stout, Protestant himself, in a Protestant city, walked in full state, and attended the service, while municipal councillors, all creeds, Anglican, Nonconformist and Jewish, attended the service and listened to a stirring address by Father Bernard Vaughan.

I visited the Catholic schools next day and nearly every child had a father, a brother or an uncle in the army. A third had lost relatives in the war. On Monday night a big hall was crowded to excess with an audience gathered to raise funds for the Irish soldiers, including those imprisoned in Germany.

I throughout my whole visit and at all functions, I did not meet with one Irishman who was not a staunch and vehement supporter of the allies, and declared they were incapable of understanding why any Irishman could take any other view. They would not have sent their children to fight and die by the thousand if this feeling had not been universal. In Ireland one has to recognize that opinion is from this unanimity. It is many years since I first wrote the sentence that there were no things more alike in the world than the French Republic and the Irish Party. Speaking of course, in pre-war times, I used to point out that the French Republic apparently was one of the most solid structures in the world. It had at its back all the same people of France. It went through its change of Presidential like clockwork; anything approaching a serious insurrection seemed to be impossible. It had produced a union of all classes, such as was unknown in the century that succeeded the downfall of the Bourbons. Apparently it was founded on impregnable rock. But, as I used to point out, all this superficial strength and stability were subject to very great exceptions. French character and French history still remained in the same position of uncertainty which made de Toqueville declare that France would sometimes rebel, but France would always interest the world. It is a land of surprises and uncertainties. The result was that any close student of France would never be surprised if apparently a very small incident produced something like a political upheaval. The incident might be one of even a comparatively trivial and personal character. Louis Philippe was deposed because a Duke who was supposed to have murdered his wife was let down gently. The downfall of Louis Napoleon was accelerated because one of his relatives shot an obscure journalist. It has been just the same with the French Republic; it was shaken to its foundations by the Panama scandal. Boulanger, one of the most empty-headed charlatans that ever deceived a nation, might have been President of the Republic if he had only had the confidence to lead his men against the Presidential resistance on the night of his victorious election by Paris. It is possible that, if the war had not come, the murder of M. Calmette by Madam Caillois might have precipitated a crisis. In short, in France you never know quite where you are.

At a time when the Irish Party was regarded as one of the most indelible and impregnable fabrics in public life, I constantly insisted on its likeness to the position of the French Republic. Ireland, like France, is a land of surprises and uncertainties. A personal incident or a small event may act with the devastating fires of destruction of an earthquake. Parnell realized this situation so completely that even when he was at the height of his power he never allowed any sign of dissension to pass unnoticed. Once at a convention in Tipperary his candidate was rejected in favour of another candidate. By the very next boat and train Parnell was down in the middle of the constituency, and got the convention to reverse its verdict. Parnell, at a period of his life, became lethargic and was absent from his place in the House of Commons for weeks together; but he read every line in the Irish papers that gave him any indication of what popular feeling was, and even a small village gathering

was not lost on him. Parnell was down in the middle of the constituency, and got the convention to reverse its verdict. Parnell, at a period of his life, became lethargic and was absent from his place in the House of Commons for weeks together; but he read every line in the Irish papers that gave him any indication of what popular feeling was, and even a small village gathering

could not say anything hostile to his policy without attracting his attention. The only thing he neglected was the composition of his own party, and when he had absolutely in his hands the nomination of every man for every constituency in the country, he allowed a group to gather round Mr. Healy, which was afterwards to be the main agency in bringing about his downfall.

Even, however, in his days of tremendous and unquestioned power, Parnell was, like all Irish leaders, subjected to the surprises and accidents of Irish life. For instance, after his release from Kilmainham, the Phoenix Park assassination put back himself and his cause for ten, if not twenty years. If it had not been for that tragic and disastrous event, Parnell might have been Prime Minister in Ireland twenty years ago.

To understand Irish history for the last fifty years and for the last few months, it is necessary to go down to one fundamental division of thought and effort that is rooted in Irish history. That contest may roughly be regarded as a contest between a constitutional movement and a physical force movement. The contest took its rise mainly in the fact that for more than seventy years after the destruction of the Irish Parliament in 1800—except during the brief intervals of O'Connell's omnipotence—Irish representation in the Imperial Parliament was absolutely futile. Owing to a restricted suffrage, the constituencies were small and many of them were corrupt. In my native town of Athlone, which had only been 200 or 300 voters, the tariff for the vote reached the large sum of \$200, and men, face to face with bankruptcy, kept on their business for months, if not longer, in the hope that a contested election and the shower of gold which always accompanied it would relieve them from their embarrassments.

Then came the insurrection, and after the insurrection the executions, and for the moment Ireland stands once more in the midst of the old conflict between faith in the Constitutional movement and a Parliamentary Party, and a resort to the desperate and hopeless expedient of physical force.

Hence, first it seemed that popular feeling was moving in such hostility against the British authorities that the contest was doubtful in issue. But all Ireland is not insane all the time; and already progress is being made toward those better impulses which so often save Ireland and which will win it to rest in the end.

**BIBLIOTHERAPY**

If the reader has not been scared away by the heading he is going to know what it means. Bibliotherapy is the method of healing ailments by books, as hydrotherapy is the method of curing diseases by water. Samuel M. Crothers, a Unitarian preacher of Cambridge, Mass., writes about this new process in the current number of The Atlantic Monthly. The process is not as new, however, as the name applied it, for from time immemorial books have been medicine or poison.

At the bottom of this statement, is the fact that our thoughts exercise a decisive influence on our mental, moral, and even physical well-being. Some one said once: "Sow a thought and you will reap an action, sow an action and you will reap a habit, sow a habit and you will reap a character, sow a character and you will reap a destiny." This saying traces the connection between thought and morality. We know, besides, that certain thoughts too exclusively dwell upon may unbalance the mind and produce a mania of one sort or another. And who does not know how anxious and worrying thoughts are apt to cause dyspepsia and to shatter the nervous system!

Now books are a means, and in our modern age a very common means, of storing our minds with thoughts. And from our present point of view a library is comparable to a pharmacy. But no one goes to a pharmacy and helps himself to random from the various jars. To do so would be suicidal folly. Only upon a doctor's prescription and the medicines handed out in accordance with the diagnosis of each case.

It would, indeed, be a blessing if we had such guidance also for the books whose contents we are about to absorb. At any rate, a conscientious person will not read a book about which he or she knows nothing at all; it may be poison to faith or morals. This holds especially good in the case of those whose mental system is not immunized by a superior education and well formed character.

Of all books, the one that stands supreme as a healing influence and a moral power for good is the Bible; for those at least who read it in simplicity of soul for their edification. The biographies of saints and great men in general are likewise to be recommended for their illuminating and stimulating force. For the rest a number of books have been canonized by the verdict of the best among mankind as classics of the highest rank. What folly to pass them by for the popular trash of the day! Considering the importance of reading, zealous pastors in country places insist on a parish library, selected with great care, as an indispensable requisite in the equipment of their parishes. In the cities, where public libraries are within reach, the good pastor will consider it as one of his pastoral functions to have an eye on what is being read by his parishioners, and to aid them

in a happy choice of reading matter, both by general hints and individual direction.—The Guardian.

**REV. J. C. COFFEE, S. J. DEAD AT MONTREAL**

**FORMERLY GUELPH LAWYER—FOUNDED ST. BONIFACE COLLEGE, MANITOBA**  
Special Despatch to The Globe

Guelph, Sept. 26.—A telegram from Montreal received this morning announced the death of the Rev. John C. Coffee, S. J., a former resident of this city.

Father Coffee was the son of the late Dennis Coffee. He was born in Guelph, October 1, 1857. After passing through the Collegiate Institute he took up his classical studies at Fordham University, afterwards studying for the bar in the office of Guthrie & Watt. He practised in Guelph for several years, and in 1896 gave up his practice to enter the novitiate of the Society of Jesus at Sault au Recollet, near Montreal. In 1896 he was ordained priest.

For some years he was Bursar of Loyola College, Montreal, the Jesuit classical college for English-speaking students; likewise Bursar of St. Boniface College, St. Boniface, Manitoba. Later he was stationed in Guelph as curate of the Church of Our Lady, and at Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, in the same capacity. For several years he was parish priest of the Jesuit Church, Fort Rouge, Winnipeg, of which church he laid the foundations. When in 1913 it was decided to build the new Loyola College in Notre Dame de Grace, Montreal, Father Coffee was appointed to look after the business details connected with it.

The body is to be brought to Guelph for interment on Friday morning at 9 o'clock. Miss Teresa Coffee, 88 Oxford street, Guelph, and Mrs. Kehoe of Omaha, Nebraska, are sisters of the deceased. Mrs. Kehoe, accompanied by Miss Coffee of Australia, left for Montreal this morning, and will accompany the remains to Guelph.

**SHANE LESLIE NEW EDITOR OF DUBLIN REVIEW**

We are pleased to hear, says the Catholic Citizen, that Mr. Shane Leslie is the new editor of The Dublin Review. Mr. Leslie is the only son and heir of Sir John Leslie, Bart., of County Monaghan, Ireland, by his marriage with Miss Jerome of New York, a sister of Lady Randolph Churchill. The famous "Cragh Patrick" is situated on the lands owned by the Leslie family.

Mr. Leslie, who is a convert to the Church, became a Catholic while working among the Irish poor. He is a graduate of King's College, Cambridge and of the University of Paris. Mr. Leslie has taken a keen interest in the Celtic Revival, and as a nationalist twice contested Derry. He is a son-in-law of Henry C. Ide, late Governor-General of the Philippines and Minister to Spain.

**CONVERTS**

**WHY DOES CHURCH GET THE CREAM OF PROTESTANTISM?**

Approes the recent conversions of Sir Roger Casement, James J. Hill, the "empire builder," Col. John S. Mosby, etc., it would be well for our non-Catholic friends to take an hour off and try to ascertain why it is that the Catholic Church generally gets the cream of Protestantism, while the Protestant churches, in nearly every case, get but the scum and off-scourings of Catholicity, says Rev. John E. Graham in the Baltimore Catholic Review.

The fact itself is beyond dispute. Get a list of Catholic converts, and you will see for yourself that they are almost invariably men and women of the highest intelligence and probity of life—clergymen like Newman, Manning, Faber, Wilberforce and the hosts of high grade English and American ministers who have come over to Rome in the past fifty years or more; representative laymen like the above-mentioned, together with multitudes of upright, God-fearing people in the humble walks of life. One and all, you will realize that genuine Catholic converts are persons of the highest character—not the sort who would be likely to take a leap in the dark.

On the other hand, of the comparative few who abandon the Church in no instance can be truthfully said that they ever were good Catholics. Even of these the majority give up religion altogether; they are rarely satisfied to stop at the half-way house of Protestantism. And of those who do affiliate with Protestant churches it is a foregone conclusion that the change was made in the interest of their bodies, not for the welfare of their souls. Examine the list of such "converts" to Protestantism and you will see that it is made up almost wholly of those who found themselves forced to choose between their faith and an unbalanced sexual union, and rebellious, refractory priests, or priests chafing under their clerical vows and preferring women to God.

It stands to reason that the genuine Catholic convert must be sincere, the convert to Protestantism insincere. For the Protestant who comes into the Catholic Church has generally a great sacrifice to make, while the Catholic who turns Protestant makes no sacrifice so far as the things of this present life are concerned. The

former goes from something easy to something hard; the latter, on the contrary, changes from the difficult to the extremely easy. No more confession, no more Lenten fast, no more Friday abstinence, no more obligatory Sunday Mass, etc.

JOHNSON WAS WISE  
This very plain difference was recognized by that keen analyst of human motives—old Dr. Samuel Johnson—many years ago. Sir William Scott told Boswell that he once heard Johnson say: "A man who is converted from Protestantism to Popery may be sincere; he parts with nothing; he is only superadding to what he already had. But a convert from Popery to Protestantism gives up as much of what he has held as sacred as anything he retains; there is so much laceration of mind in such a conversion that it can hardly be sincere and lasting." And Boswell, the biographer, adds by way of comment: "The truth of this reflection may be confirmed by many and eminent instances."

Dr. Johnson's remarks are a confirmation and realization of the truth of the old saw that Catholic "converts" to Protestantism are but weeds thrown out of the Pope's garden. It is generally the best of the Protestants who turn Catholic, and a contra, the worst Catholics who turn Protestant. Such is the fact; what is the reason? Ponder this over, dear Protestant reader. It is well worth studying. Why is it that men and women of the highest intelligence and uprightness, after spending many years, some of them nearly a lifetime, in Protestantism, turn eagerly to the church Catholic when they find grim death staring them in the face? Can there be any reason other than that they clearly realize that Church as the Church of Christ the "pillar and ground of the truth"?

**WHAT ETHAN ALLEN SAID!**

It is said of Colonel Ethan Allen the hero of Ticonderoga, that when he was on his deathbed his Catholic daughter asked him whether she should continue in her mother's faith or go his way, and he answered: "Stick to the religion of your mother. The Protestant way is the easiest to live in, but the Catholic faith is the best to die in."

And here is another. Why is it that while the ministers find the greatest difficulty in getting a half respectably sized congregation—for one or two services on Sunday, the Catholic pastor has no trouble in filling his pews three, four and even six times a Sunday? A Baltimore preacher, writing in the forum of The Sun of June 7, says: "With most of the churches the trouble is to get people in anything like large numbers. What is it to have a few hundred people at a church service in a city like Baltimore, where hundreds of thousands are unchurched? Many ministers are living almost constantly on the verge of despair; their hearts are faint and backs are almost broken with the loads they are carrying. The discouragements are crushing and the work, with the mortification and chagrin because of comparative failure, when such mighty things should be achieved, is crucifying."

The Catholic religion is not an easy one assuredly, and the Protestant persuasion is extremely easy. Protestants have no obligatory fasting and abstinence; no stringent obligation to attend Sunday services, no confession to make, etc. We, on the contrary, have all these things, and a great deal more that is very trying to human flesh and blood. And why is it that, in spite of all this, Catholics are so much more numerous and so much more faithful in church attendance than Protestants? Doesn't it stand to reason that it must be because the Catholic Church has so much more to offer? So much more that is satisfying to man's spiritual nature? Must it not be because Catholics have an assurance that it will prove well worth their while in the long run to undergo all the sacrifices and inconveniences which the practice of their religion entails? All this, dear Protestant brothers and sisters, is surely worth pondering earnestly and prayerfully, and you couldn't possibly make a better investment than an hour or two spent in its investigation.

And let us assure you in closing that the above facts and reasons are not given in a spirit of boastfulness. We are well aware that the success and efficiency of the Catholic Church are not due to the clergy, whether individually or as a body. We are fully conscious of the fact that while Paul may plant and Apollo may water, only God can give the increase, and that "neither he that planteth is anything, nor he that watereth, but God who giveth the increase." So while doing our little best, as human instruments in the hand of God for the furtherance of His work, we realize fully that He has no need for us, and that it is an infinite condescension on His part to use us at all, and we have both sense and religion enough to say with the sacred writer:

"Not to us, O Lord; not to us, but to Thy name give glory."  
No, what we have here set forth is not in the way of boasting, but for the benefit of non-Catholics whose eyes may happen to light on this page, in the fond hope that the facts and reasons given may set them thinking seriously, and that the thinking may result in opening their eyes to the truth. The old Latin philosophers used to say: "Bonum est diffusivum sui"—which means that goodness likes to spread itself. That is our purpose in writing the above. We have experienced the

blessings of Catholicity; we know the comfort they afford in life and in death, and we are eager to share these blessings with others.—New World.

**HON. JOHN COSTIGAN DEAD AT OTTAWA**

**VETERAN PARLIAMENTARIAN WAS LAST SURVIVOR OF FIRST SESSION OF FIRST PARLIAMENT OF CANADA**

Ottawa, Sept. 29.—Senator the Hon. J. Costigan died here to-day, after a long term of illness, at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Walter Armstrong. He was in his eighty-second year.

Hon. John Costigan was Canada's veteran Parliamentarian, and was the last survivor of the first session of the first Parliament of the Dominion. He was born of Irish parents at St. Nicholas, Que., in 1835, and became Judge of the Inferior Court of Common Pleas in New Brunswick. At twenty-six he was elected to the Legislature in Victoria, N. B., in 1861, and to the House of Commons in 1867, being re-elected always until 1904, a period of thirty-seven years. In 1907 he was called to the Senate. He was Minister of Inland Revenue, 1892-92, then became Secretary of State, and later Minister of Marine and Fisheries, in respective Conservative Administrations.

In 1892 he moved his famous resolution in the House of Commons in favor of Gladstone's first Home Rule bill, which was supported by and drew from Edward Blake what is considered to be the greatest speech of that distinguished Parliamentarian's career. In 1896 Costigan was a delegate to the Irish Nationalists convention in Dublin. Mr. Costigan was a Roman Catholic.

Due to the political developments of 1896, Costigan changed his party allegiance and became a Liberal. Senator Costigan for the past two years had been in failing health, though able, despite his eighty-one years, to attend to his Senatorial duties. The body will be taken on Sunday to Grand Falls, N. B., for interment.

Now that Senator Costigan has passed away, Sir Mackenzie Bowell is the only ex-member of the Macdonald Administration still living.

**THE LOVE OF MARY'S HEART**

Written for the Record  
The wonders of Our Lady's love will never cease to grow. While angels chant alternate songs in cadence loud or low Love as hers could never proceed from a human heart alone; It blossomed forth at Nazareth when at the angel's tone Christ, Our Saviour, in Mary's womb became our very own. Thus joined unto His Infinite love, her heart can never be At rest, until the souls He sought have crossed life's stormy sea. Each sinner struggling here below is watched with smiles so fair. Until he conquers in the strife 'neath Mary's fostering care. Though crimson as the sunset's glow our sins to-day may be, One prayer for pity, to her heart will make our souls better free, This lesson she doth teach forever unto me.

**WOULD NOT FOOL HIMSELF ANY LONGER**

"Mr. Floyd Keeler of Kansas who rose to be an Episcopal arch-deacon, dedicated his Anglican days," says the Catholic Convert, "to an attempt to persuade his fellow Episcopalians that they were Catholics. He ran up against the Low Church Protestant Majority, Bishops, clergymen, and the rest, who repudiated his doctrine. It opened his eyes and he was frank enough not to be willing to fool himself any longer. He was received two months ago into the Catholic Church with his wife and children."

**FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION**

Taichowfu, China, Dec. 11, 1915. Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: It may be a little surprise to you to learn that it takes \$100 a week to keep my mission going. I am glad when I see that amount contributed in the RECORD, but when it is less I am sad to see my little reserve sur diminished and the catastrophes arriving when I must close my chapels, discharge my catechists and reduce my expenses to the few dollars coming in weekly. I beseech you to make one more supreme effort during 1916 to keep this mission on its feet. You will be surprised to learn what a great deal I am doing with \$100 a week—keeping myself and curate, 80 catechists, 7 chapels and free schools, 3 churches in different cities with caretakers supporting two big catechumens; of men, women and children during their preparation for baptism and building a church every year.

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

- Previously acknowledged.  
A Friend, London..... \$7,875 25  
A successful examination. 1 00  
Mrs. A. Suter, Walkerton 1 00  
D. S. O'C..... 1 00  
A. J. H..... 1 00  
E. M. W..... 1 00  
In memory of holy souls... 5 00  
Reader of RECORD..... 1 00  
Thanksgiving for favour... 1 00  
T. M. Costello, Woods Islands..... 1 00  
W. M. C..... 2 00  
Mrs. Corbett, Halifax..... 1 00  
An intention S. M. M. Forest..... 1 00  
Mary C..... 2 00  
M. K..... 2 00  
J. K..... 2 00

It is enthusiasm, perhaps, that dims the vision. Time usually hints an error in his claims. Appointed some twenty months ago as the American apostle of "twilight sleep" the advertising agent oiled columns into the dailies, pages into the weeklies and monthlies, and supplied many a hard pressed clergyman with a "sermon" preached, often enough, to persons who had no children and wanted none. Nor was the odium theologium neglected. Certain of the clergy and of the medical fraternity, were gently urged to see a profit in attacking the Church of Rome as an enemy of the new

humanity. That as an anodyne measure "twilight sleep" had no more connection with the Catholic Church than it had with spectrum analysis or the Panama Canal, mattered little. It pays to advertise.

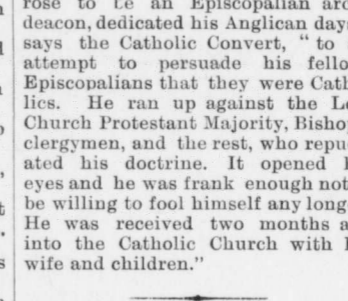
More than a year ago, Dr. Austin O'Malley pointed out the hysterical character of the propaganda, and the scientific shortcomings of the method itself, in the columns of America. Attacked as a "reactionary," time has justified his criticisms. It has also shown that the higher the altitude the harder the fall. It is just possible that the long-haired cranks and short-haired women who saw in "twilight sleep" woman's "emancipation from ecclesiastical thraldom," have learned a lesson. But it is not probable.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

**COMMENDS THE STUDY OF IRISH HISTORY**

The A. O. H. of Chicago has officially and formally expressed its thanks to the Most Rev. Archbishop Mundelein for his strong commendation of the study of Irish history. In a letter replying to one sent him on the subject by the Ladies Auxiliary, A. O. H., of Chicago, the Archbishop said: "I have your letter of the 3rd inst., and in reply to the same I beg to say that I give my hearty commendation of the work inaugurated by your Auxiliary for the study of Irish history in the schools. From Ireland have come nearly all of the saints, who have evangelized the different nations of Europe, and therefore, in a way, no matter what nation we are from we are all interested in the past history of Ireland, for the history of Ireland means to a great extent the history of the Church in the Middle Ages. In a particular manner the children of Irish parents ought to have some intelligent reason for the pride they show in their birth and in their descent, and to accomplish this, they need to know not so much the Ireland of the present as the Ireland of the past. Yet the special reason for our commendation of this movement is that the memory of what Ireland and the Irish people have done for the Church must not sink into the dim memories of the past, but should be kept alive in the present and in the coming generations."—Sacred Heart Review.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

By Rev. N. M. REDMOND SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

WHAT CONSTITUTES TRUE CHARITY

And the second is like to this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. (Matt. xxii. 39.) It would seem almost lost of time to dwell on the fact, that on the heart of every one of us is inscribed the law: "Do nothing to thy neighbor which thou wouldst be not willing that he should do to thee; but do unto thy neighbor what thou wouldst wish that he would do to thee in similar circumstances."

TEMPERANCE

CONDEMNNS "TREATING" SOLDIERS

A British magazine scores as follows the "treating" of soldiers home on sick leave: "In order that the men might be safeguarded against the false kind of their friends at home, no gifts of intoxicating drinks are allowed to be forwarded to men serving in the army and navy. But where immeasurable injury has been done, and is still being done, notwithstanding all the restrictions that have been put in force, is through the treating of soldiers by civilians when they are on leave and mixing with their friends and associates out of barracks. Those who live in close proximity to a depot or a camp or frequent any big railway station where troops are constantly coming and going, can not fail to be impressed with the evidences of intoxication manifested by considerable numbers of men in navy and army uniform. The injury that is being done is incalculable. We read quite recently in a leading daily paper about the burial of a soldier. He had been invalided home from the front, where he had made a good stand. He was in the hospital and was progressing favourably. He had been in a terrible condition with bodily wounds and shattered nerves. When convalescent he got a couple of hours leave, and arrived back in the hospital drunk with whisky. Next day, after a terrible night of delirium, he was dead. He had fought the enemy away yonder in the trenches and came home to be killed by the traitor in the midst of us. A considerable proportion of our returned wounded are in such a condition of nerve injury that the use of alcohol means collapse and almost certain death. Why should such a thing be permitted? Ought not these wounded men to be protected and tenderly nursed back again to health, and not left to the ravages of an enemy that is death to them and a curse to the country?"

THE REFORMATION

GIVEN CREDIT FOR THINGS IT ONLY BORROWED

(By Orestes A. Brownson, formerly a Protestant Minister.) It is plain and evident, that no portion of mankind, though segregated from the direct influence of the Church, can escape the indirect influence of her heavenly guidance and her sacred proceedings. Do you think that the sects, if by any possibility they could have got rid of this indirect influence of the Church in matters of doctrine, would have halted or limped long in carrying out at once their principles to the full conclusion they all reach in time? No, if Deism, Rationalism, and Transcendentalism did not bloom out fully the first season on every branch of the Protestant tree, it was only because the air and the soil around it retained some of the effect of the long culture and watering of the Catholic Church. Even the boldest innovator had not courage enough to protest against and reform away all that the old Church taught and teaches, because she is there still, unimpaired, beaming inside and outside with truth, and fulminating error; and error gets out of the influence of truth only by growing bolder the farther it gets from it, and then getting farther from it, and then again returning to the moral ground of the benighted effects of faith, and their diminution and destruction. It is not surprising, then, that even after three hundred years there should be found out of the Church some traces of that Catholic agency which had been active and fruitful for the preceding fifteen years. The light shed by the sun during some ten or twelve hours lingers on still even when it has set, until it gradually grows fainter and more dim. If there be ever any good and congenial souls out of the Church, who, rare as diamonds, seem to have some glow of Catholic charity, they are indeed like gems in darkness issuing rays they have treasured from a sun long set.

LONG LIFE OR EARLY DEATH

"The abuse of strong drinks is a most potent and deadly agent of decline of the physical powers." "Those who indulge in such drinks are specially liable to consumption and inflammatory disorders." "In abstinence from strong drinks is to be sought the source of muscular vigor and activity." "Certain insurance tables show that of 61,215 men between the ages of twenty-five and sixty-five, 1,000 died in one year; but in abstainers only 50 died in the same period."

ALCOHOLISM IS A CHRONIC POISONING

resulting from the habitual use of alcohol, which may never go as far as drunkenness. "It is a mistake to say that those doing hard work require stimulants. Alcohol is in no sense a food, and can not repair tissues. "In short, alcohol is the most terrible enemy to personal health and family happiness, and to national prosperity."

REMEDY FOR ALCOHOLISM

"Total abstinence from all alcohol. "The teaching of temperance in elementary schools. "The improvement of the home and its surroundings. "The provision of plenty of good and properly-cooked food. "Education of girls and young women in home management. "Physical training of young men."

The above is the conclusion of the Royal Commission after thoroughly investigating the subject, from the standpoint of physical degeneration. We, too, are concerned with that point of view, but our primary purpose is to check the moral degeneration that is so closely connected with the passion of intemperance. Console the Heart of our Blessed Saviour, Who suffered such agonies from the thirst as He died on the Cross.—W. J. Lockington, S. J.

Few can utter words of wisdom, but opportunity to speak kinds words is offered to every one; and they are more helpful.

THE OTHER NINE

"Were not ten made clean, and where are the other nine?" Such was the plaintive query of the Saviour after listening to the words of gratitude uttered by a poor leper—one of ten—cleansed of his defilement. Ten had petitioned for the healing virtue which they knew would restore the bloom of health to their putrifying flesh, and ten had been recipients of the bounty for which they prayed. But only one returned to thank the Master for the gift of renewed vigor, only one showed any gratitude for the favor received.

"Where are the other nine?" Not infrequently does "the Giver of every good and perfect gift have success in His ungrateful children who, in the enjoyment of the favors received from His bountiful hand, fail to return thanks for the spiritual or material benefits bestowed on them in response to their petitions. Like "the other nine" they fail to return to give glory to God.

Many people offer up prayers or novenas, or Masses for specified purposes, for blessings and gifts in the order of nature and of grace—to secure employment, to ensure success in business, to obtain a job, or to secure a promotion. In all such cases, the individual is not in a mood to receive a blessing, but in a mood to receive a favor. He is not in a mood to receive a blessing, but in a mood to receive a favor. He is not in a mood to receive a blessing, but in a mood to receive a favor. He is not in a mood to receive a blessing, but in a mood to receive a favor.

THE LOVER OF THE LITTLE

By Florence Gilmore, in America

Every writer's heart is a reflection of his mind and heart, an echo of his life: a fact which gives immense value, asetic and literary, to the writings of the saints. The truth, depth and beauty of the matter are assured; as for style, it can be trusted to do its part, unwritten, when it serves the best interests of the soul. St. Francis de Sales' books are reproductions of himself is the secret of their peculiar charm and world-wide influence. His accomplishments, all of which, in his day, befitted a gentleman, his every gift of mind and heart, his learning, his wide experience, his holiness, each manifested itself upon his pages. The intrepid missionary is there, he who feared neither fatigue nor cold, neither rebuffs, threats nor bodily harm; there, the saintly bishop ever gentle, ever kind, who said of himself: "I do not think that there is in all the world a soul more cordially, tenderly, and—to speak quite openly—more lovingly fond than I am, and I think I even superabound in love and expressions of love." Is it surprising that his books are cherished, and have power to lure souls from the comfortable ways of ease up the steep path of self conquest?

Like his patron, the great saint of Assisi, to whom he had intense devotion, he loved all things. Especially did he love all little things. Living though he did surrounded by Alpine grandeur, and familiar as he was with the glories of other lands, it is not of lofty mountains that he often speaks, nor of foaming torrents and yawning precipices, but of things frail and tender, bright or fair: flowers, birds, lambs, smiling meadows, the sweet warmth of summer and winter's fleecy snows.

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Always poetical in thought and language, he is eminently practical, considering no detail too insignificant to be carefully entered into, because none is without import for eternity. Writing, though he did, during the short hours of leisure allowed by his manifold duties, not one line shows signs of haste. But if his dignity is never ruffled, at every turn it is enlivened by his keen sense of humor. He makes us laugh at ourselves, and he laughs with us.

Each page written by St. Francis is "the fruit of experience, not of studies"; this is the secret of its power. He knew human nature with all its faults and all its littleness; he had looked himself squarely in the face. His own heart he had subdued before he attempted to teach others to subdue theirs, nor did he ask anyone to go so far in self-abnegation as he had hastened to go. He wrote largely for the guidance of particular souls living amid the glories of the gay, troublous old days, but distinctively French though he is, and distinctively of the seventeenth century, every word is applicable to multitudes in our day. He is of all times, all peoples.

Everywhere and always sweetness was the most marked characteristic of St. Francis, a sweetness clasped the more closely than it had been hard won. In his dealings with his relatives, his friends, his penitents, even with the heretics who attacked him with their fists when calumny had failed to do its work, he was ever gentle, generous, forgiving. As St. John, after his long, familiar intercourse with Our Lord, followed by years of meditation, preached only this: "Little children, love one another," so St. Francis, harkening to him across the ages, preached and practised this alone. He did indeed love every one. He encouraged every one. The weak he pitied; still more did he pity the wicked, and both he spared no pains to help. For the saints he had an intense affection, and truly wonderful was his intimate knowledge of many of them. It is evident that he pondered in his heart their words and deeds, thus learning to understand and to love. To him they were as real as the friends about him, and more dear. In his books, by way of encouragement in difficult places, he gently holds up an appropriate example from the story of some holy one who unflatteringly fought upon the same ground, fought and conquered. Even of purgatory, that life-long dread to many, he finds sweet, consoling things to say: a place, he tells us, "more desirable than terrible since its flames are the flames of love"; a place "whose most bitter bitterness is the most profound peace." There were those in his day who considered his meekness cowardice; even St. Jane de Chantal ventured to suggest that his gentleness was excessive. Who can agree with them, remembering the bravery with which he ventured into Chablais, the energy with which he there defended himself against his enemies? Who agrees, who has perused over the pages of his "Introduction to the Devout Life" and "Love of God," not merely to taste their sweetness, but to try to follow where they lead?

If one learns an art from the study of masterpieces, "the works of St. Francis de Sales should be among the text-books of two classes of students, those aiming at literary excellence and all in earnest about acquiring the greatest of arts, that of living holy. An age of boasted culture should not lose sight of a prose master, unrivalled in his way, nor "the age of the Blessed Sacrament" forget the priest whose consuming love for the Holy Eucharist dictated his seraphic "Love of God," as certainly as, many times, it constrained him to say Mass at the cost of danger and untold hardship.

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APPLES, ORANGES, FIGS AND PRUNES Are The Fruit-Fives Used in Making "Fruit-a-tives"

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" is the only medicine in the world that is made from the juices of fresh ripe fruits. Thus, it is manifestly unfair to say, "I won't take Fruit-a-tives because I have tried other remedies and they did me no good." On the other hand, the fact that "Fruit-a-tives" is entirely different from any other preparation in the world, is just why you should give it a fair trial, in any trouble of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys or Skin. "Fruit-a-tives" is composed of the active principle of fruit and the greatest nerve tonic ever discovered. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

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LET THE EDITOR HAVE AN ELBOW ROOM

"Some narrow-minded readers are mortally offended if their Catholic paper differs even slightly from them on any social or political question and will attempt to do their little best to injure its circulation," says the Monitor. "These same people are not at all offended when the big dailies which they read ridicule their pet theories and even print violent articles attacking the most cherished principles of religion."

Yesterday and tomorrow are zephyrs. Today is a bitter wind.—Austin O'Mally.

It Doesn't Pay To buy inferior articles for home use, no matter how small the article is. With Matches, as with everything else, it pays to buy the best. Eddy's "Silent Parlor" Matches. Will save your time and temper, for they are good strikers, Safe, Sure, and Silent.

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

NOVELS

Lady Arabella and The Shepherd Boy, by Elizabeth M. Stewart. A Catholic tale of England, in which the love of a noble English noble, the daughter of a noble English family is ridiculed. In the course of time various opportunities present themselves which bring him before her parents in a more favorable light, and results in her marriage. Late Mrs. Hollingford, by Rosa Mulholland. A simple and delightful novel by Rosa Mulholland, who has written a number of books for young ladies which have met with popular favor. Light of His Countenance, The, by Jerome Hart. A highly successful story. The plot is flawless, the characters are natural, the conversation is sprightly and unhampered, and there are bursts of genuine comedy which lighten the tragic darker shades. Little Marshalls At The Lake, The, by Mary F. Nixon. One of the best of the new series. Lost Jewel of The Mortimer's, The, by Anna T. Sadler. A romantic tale of the time of Elizabeth I. Louise Kirkbridge, by Rev. A. J. Thebaud, S. J. A dramatic tale of New York City after the Civil War, full of exciting adventures, and very strong religious moral tone. Maiden Up-To-Date, A, by Genevieve Innes. Magic of The Sea, The, by Comdore John Barry in the Making, by Captain James Connolly. It is a historical novel, and well told, take place beside "Richard Carvel." Mantilla, The, by Richard Carvel. The Mantilla is a romantic tale of the time of Queen Isabella, with Bob Weidon, engineering student and football king, as hero, and Mary Constance Mercaderes, otherwise Cortis, for heroine. Marian Elwood, by Sarah M. Brownson. The story of a lovely young girl, selfish and arrogant, who awakes to the shallowness of her existence through the appreciation of the noble character and religious example of a young man who becomes her suitor. Marriages of Grace, by Rosa Mulholland. The plot of this story is laid with a skill and grasp which is not always found in novels of the day, while the development is so interesting, the story is so complete, mastery of the subject, joined to grace and force of diction, make this a really attractive novel. Marriage of Laurencia, The, by Marie Haultmont. We are certain it will be of great interest, especially to the days of the French Revolution. Master Motive, The, by Laura Conan. A Tale of The Faith of Champlain. Translated by Theresa Gettlin. May Brooke, by Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey. The story of two cousins who are left in the care of their very wealthy but eccentric uncle, who professes no religion and is at odds with all the world. It follows them through their many trials and experiences, and contrasts the effect on the two distinct characters. Merchant of Antwerp, The, by Hendrick Conscience. A novel of impelling interest from beginning to end concerning the romance of the time of a rich and powerful merchant, and Raphael Banks, who through the uncertainty of fortune, earns the parental approval of the latter. An interesting story, with a well-acted account of difference in social positions. Merry Hearts and True, by Mary C. Crowley. A collection of stories for Catholic children, including "The Little Beginning," "The Story of the Little 'Polly's Five Dollars,'" "Marie's Trumpet," and "A Family's Prayer." Messalliance, A. A Novel, by Katherine Tynan. Miss Erin, by M. E. Francis. A captivating tale of Irish life, redolent of home, with its joys and pathos, and charming in the true Catholic spirit that permeates every page. Milly Avington, by Mrs. Minor Smith. Mirror, The, by Mary F. Nixon. Monk's Paradise, by Rosa Mulholland. An historical romance of the time of King Philip IV of Spain. Mystery of Hornby Hall, The, by Anna T. Sadler. 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The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

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People liked him, not because he was rich or known to fame...

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But if "palaver" and "soft soap" are not in demand, neither is that sort of "blunt," rugged honesty...

of reason, or the severity of their sickness may prevent them from making a good confession or receiving the Viaticum with proper dispositions...

THE VOICE OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH
The Rev. Newman Smythe, D. D., is pastor of one of the leading Congregationalist Churches of New Haven, Conn...

THE LAST MOMENTS
No moments are so supreme as the last moments of life; no journey is so great as the journey to eternity...

A COSTLY GAME
"War is a game which, were subjects wise, Kings would not play at."
Cower's words may be true if spoken of the subjects of great kings...

THE CRUCIFIX
Ever since our Lord and Saviour died on the cross the image of the crucifix has been an object of great reverence, especially among Catholics...

THE CRUCIFIX (continued)
The crucifix is at once both a book and a preacher, speaking silently but eloquently of God's infinite love and mercy...

THE CRUCIFIX (continued)
Addressing his crucifix, the saintly Cardinal Newman thus prays: "Better for me that Thou shouldst come thus abject and dishonored, than hast Thou taken on Thee a body fair as Adam's when he came out of Thy hand..."

THE CRUCIFIX (continued)
The crucifix is a preacher and a book from which we all may learn, so, too, is it a source of inspiration. With the crucifix before our bodily eyes or mental vision we can effect great things and accomplish great results...

among them whose duty or office it was to instruct others or to defend the faith, neglected or despised the acquisition of human knowledge, but they gave the preference to divine knowledge, and esteemed, with St. Paul, the knowledge of the cross and of Him crucified on it above all mere human science and knowledge...

THE CRUCIFIX (continued)
The crucifix is a preacher and a book from which we all may learn, so, too, is it a source of inspiration. With the crucifix before our bodily eyes or mental vision we can effect great things and accomplish great results...

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ANTHONY'S FIRST SERMON
In spite of the very general devotion to St. Anthony of Padua, few people have any direct knowledge of the beauty and grandeur of his life...

ETIQUETTE
One hardly likes to say the word "etiquette" when the question is that of being kind and lovely in one's own family. Yet if members of the same household used a little more ceremony toward each other, no harm would be done...

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

ANTHONY'S FIRST SERMON (continued)
The statues one sees of him generally represent him as a healthy, smiling, comfortable looking young monk, whereas he was intensely ascetic and constantly performed much cruel mortification...

ETIQUETTE (continued)
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### THE CHURCH IN GREECE

#### PROMINENT PART FORMERLY TAKEN BY THIS COUNTRY IN THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH

The abdication of King Constantine of Greece and the probable entrance of that historic land into the maelstrom of the European war, has an interest for Catholics when it is remembered what a prominent part this country has played in the history of the Church.

Christianity was first preached to the Athenians by St. Paul, who frequented the synagogue, conversed with the men of Athens in the Agora, and preached the sermon in the Areopagus recorded in Acts xvii. The first Bishop is supposed to have been Dionysius the Areopagite, whom St. Paul converted.

When Greece won her independence in 1820, Prince Otto, son of King Louis of Bavaria, was placed on the throne. He was, of course, a Catholic, and his co-religionists were allowed to have churches where they were in sufficient numbers. When Athens became the seat of government in 1834, an abandoned Turkish mosque was given to the Catholics. On August 19, 1834, Pope Gregory XVI. set up an Apostolic Delegation for the whole of Greece and the Aegean Islands, and in 1875 Pope Pius the Ninth re-established the Latin Archbishopric of Athens.

The schismatic Greek Church is the established religion, but other religions are tolerated provided they do not seek to win converts. By a law of 1853, Papal Bulls, Briefs, etc., must be submitted to the Minister of Foreign Affairs before publication. There are about 50,000 Catholics ruled by two Archbishops and five Bishops.

The Leonine Seminary at Athens, was founded by Leo XIII., in 1901 to train Greek priests for the Latin Church. Rev. Dr. Quinn, of the Catholic University, Washington, is president.

### A SPLENDID CHANCE

A labor crisis fraught with the gravest danger to the toilers, the employers and the public still holds in its grasp the most populous city in the United States. Under its strain, the wheels of a vast transportation system have slowed down. Traffic, the life blood of the metropolis, has been, if not entirely paralyzed, at least seriously hampered. The crisis is fostering unrest, dissension and class hatred. Disorder and riot have followed in its wake and blood has been shed. From present indications there seems but little prospect of an immediate satisfactory settlement.

Conditions have reached a climax in the City of New York. And in almost every part of the country the two giants, capital and labor, which uphold the economic and industrial fabric of the nation, face each other with angered brows, ready to enter the lists in a fray where there will be no quarter and no mercy.

There must be a remedy for the evil, some honorable method of agreement over which the rivals can shake hands. Society is not constituted that the enmity between these two must be looked upon as the natural and normal state of things. Statesmen and legislators should find a solution which will satisfy the just demands of both parties and at the same time point out their duties and obligations. They should do so without fear or partiality. This is a social and political mandate which they must perform. If they fail, they will disappoint the legitimate expectations of the people who look to them for relief and help.

In the presence of these threatening symptoms Catholics, and above all Catholic young men, have a serious task set before them. We look to them now to show the mettle of their pasture, to show the world and efficiency. There is a noble part for them to perform in this contest. They cannot remain inactive while the struggle is going on. They too must enter the trenches of this social warfare, and with true and unerring standards to guide them, they must fight for impartial justice to all, for law, for mutual respect, for order, charity and peace.

Before doing so, these champions on whom we rely must study the battlefield, mobilize their forces, drill them and perfect their tactics. If properly trained, they will be crowned with success. For the strat-

egy and the plan of campaign of the Catholic Church, which they will follow, is the only correct one. But the Church needs well-equipped troops and officers to carry its campaign through. Our Catholic young men are not doing their duty if in the presence of this struggle of capital and labor, they let the question severely alone. The question will not down. It faces us everywhere. It frowns upon the educated Catholic young man, the hope of the future, for an answer. He can give it, for the Gospel, Catholic philosophy, the teaching of a long line of Catholic sociologists supply him with the solution. The hour has struck for the educated Catholic young man to bring home to the warring factions, on the platform, in the press, in the laborers' lyceum, in the club of the capitalist, in the gatherings on the crowded street and square, the true principles which alone can settle the question. They are nobly and largely interpreted in the Encyclicals of Leo XIII. Here is a call for a body of trained men to enter the lists. They must be sound of principle, broad-minded, keen-witted, lovers of justice, haters of iniquity, generous, enthusiastic, fearless and sincere. They must respect authority and love the poor. The call is sounding. It must not remain unanswered.—America.

#### EDUCATIONAL CREED OF CATHOLICS

What is the Catholic educational creed? We believe in letting Christ have His children every day in the week. We believe the knowledge of God is a blessing and a necessity for all ages and all persons. We believe that morality cannot be taught without religion, because religion gives the foundation, the sanction, the motive power to morality. We believe the Catholic faith is the most precious inheritance, the most vital and essential possession we can bequeath to our children. We believe that the Catholic church is commanded by Christ to teach religion from our baptism to our extreme unction.

Our forefathers were ready to sacrifice their lives for their religion and the Catholic education of their children. Their generosity has made us what we are. (We educate one million and a half of our children, thus saving the nation thirty million dollars from the tax bill, besides four hundred million dollars for school houses. And 50,000 of our Sisters give their life work to Catholic education.)

In the scene in the Gospel, when Christ bade the Apostle to suffer the little children to come to Him, a very strong phrase is made use of, to express Christ's feelings toward the Apostles. The Gospel says that Christ was "very much displeased" with them. Christ was patient with His Apostles, but when they would keep the little children from Him, Christ was much displeased.

Christ is not displeased with the Catholics of America. Christ is not displeased with the Catholic sisterhoods of America, because they have not forbidden the children, but have brought them to Christ's feet.

A Catholic bishop of our country has said that a parish without a school is an orphan; it has no mother.—Rev. F. P. Donnelly, S. J.

#### NO HYPHEN IN THIS MAN'S AMERICANISM

"The only unhyphenated American who attended Catholic work in New York City was the Rev. Philip B. Gordon, the Chipewas Indian priest." says the Echo of Buffalo, N. Y. "He sprang a surprise when he appeared at one of the sessions of the Centralverein and addressed the delegates in German. Father Gordon acquired his knowledge of German in the seminary Innsbruck, Tyrolean, Austria, where he studied two years."

#### DIED

TOBIN.—At her late residence, Osgoode, Ont., on Sept. 17th, 1916. Mrs. John Tobin, aged seventy years. May her soul rest in peace.

WALSH.—Killed in action, somewhere in France, August 21st, 1916. Joseph M. Walsh, of 70th Battalion, Sackville St., London, Ont. May his soul rest in peace.

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## What Is An Internal Bath?

BY R. W. BEAL

Much has been said and volumes have been written describing at length the many kinds of baths civilized man has indulged in from time to time. Every possible resource of the human mind has been brought into play to fashion new methods of bathing, but, strange as it may seem, the most important, as well as the most beneficial of all baths, the "Internal Bath," has been given little thought. The reason for this is probably due to the fact that few people seem to realize the tremendous part that internal bathing plays in the acquiring and maintaining of health.

If you were to ask a dozen people to define an internal bath, you would have as many different definitions, and the probability is that not one of them would be correct. To avoid any misconception as to what constitutes an internal bath, let it be said that a hot water enema is no more an internal bath, than a bill of fare is a dinner.

If it were possible and agreeable to take the great mass of thinking people to witness an average post mortem, the sights they would see and the things they would learn would prove of most profound benefit and impress them so profoundly that further argument in favor of internal bathing would be unnecessary to convince them. Unfortunately, however, it is not possible to do this, profitable as such an experience would doubtless prove to be. There is then, only one other way to get this information into their hands, and that is by acquainting them with such knowledge as will enable them to appreciate the value of this long-sought-for health-producing necessity.

Few people realize what a very little thing is necessary sometimes to improve their physical condition. Also, they have almost no conception of how little carelessness, indifference or neglect can be the fundamental cause of the most virulent disease. For instance, that universal disorder from which almost all humanity is suffering, known as "constipation," "auto-intoxication," "auto-infection," and a multitude of other terms, is not only curable but preventable through the consistent practice of internal bathing.

How many people realize that normal functioning of the bowels and a clean intestinal tract make it impossible to become sick? "Man of to-day is only fifty per cent. efficient." Reduced to simple English, this means that most men are trying to do a man's portion of work on half a man's power. This applies equally to women.

That it is impossible to continue to do this indefinitely must be apparent to all. Nature never intended the delicate human organism to be operated on a hundred per cent. overload. A machine could not stand this and not break down, and the body certainly cannot do more than a machine. There is entirely too much unnecessary and avoidable sickness in the world.

How many people can you name, including yourself, who are physically vigorous, healthy and strong? The number is appallingly small.

It is not a complex matter to keep in condition, but it takes a little time, and in these strenuous days people have time to do everything

else necessary for the attainment of happiness but the most essential thing of all, that of giving their bodies their proper care.

Would you believe that five to ten minutes of time devoted to systematic internal bathing can make you healthy and maintain your physical efficiency indefinitely? Granting that such a simple procedure as this will do what is claimed for it, is it not worth while to learn more about that which will accomplish this end? Internal bathing will do this, and it will do it for people of all ages and in all conditions of health and disease.

People don't seem to realize, strange to say, how important it is to keep the body free from accumulated body-waste (poisons). Their doing so would prevent the absorption into the blood of the poisonous excretions of the body, and health would be the inevitable result.

If you would keep your blood pure, your heart normal, your eyes clear, your complexion clean, your head keen, your blood pressure normal, your nerves relaxed, and be able to enjoy the vigor of youth in your declining years, practise internal bathing and begin to-day.

Now that your attention has been called to the importance of internal bathing, it may be that a number of questions will suggest themselves to your mind. You will probably want to know WHAT an Internal Bath is. Why people should take them and the way to take them. These and countless other questions are all answered in a booklet entitled "THE WHAT, THE WHY AND THE WAY OF INTERNAL BATHING," written by Doctor Chas. A. Tyrrell, the inventor of the "J. B. L. Cascade," whose lifelong study and research along this line make him the pre-eminent authority on this subject. Not only has internal bathing saved and prolonged Dr. Tyrrell's own life, but the lives of multitudes of individuals have been equally spared and prolonged. No other book has ever been written containing such a vast amount of practical information to the business man, the worker and the housewife. All that is necessary to secure this book is to write to Dr. Tyrrell at Room 455, 163 College Street, Toronto, and mention having read this article in the CATHOLIC RECORD, London, and same will be immediately mailed to you free of all cost or obligation.

Perhaps you realize now, more than ever, the truth of these statements, and if the reading of this article will result in a proper appreciation on your part of the value of internal bathing, it will have served its purpose. What you will want to do now is to avail yourself of the opportunity for learning more about the subject, and your writing for this book will give you that information. Do not put off doing this, but send for the book now, while the matter is fresh in your mind.

Procrastination is the thief of time." A thief is one who steals something. Don't allow procrastination to cheat you out of your opportunity to get this valuable information, which is free for the asking. If you would be natural, be healthy. If you are unnatural to be sick. Why be unnatural when it is such a simple thing to be well?

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### CONTENTS

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2. Luther before his defeat on.
3. Luther and indulgences.
4. Luther and justification.
5. Luther on the Church and the Pope.
6. Luther and the Bible.
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