

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXVII.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1915

1924

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1915

THE GRADUATE

The college graduate is, if we believe the humorists, of the daily press, over-secure of his ability to make his way and inclined to put too much value on his diploma. He might do all this should he forget the admonitions of his teachers. He may be sanguine as to the outcome, but the young are ever fearless and hopeful, but it is better for a youth to stop unafraid into the arena unburdened by the weight of worldly maxims.

OUR LEADERS

We presume that many of our graduates will become our leaders. Their diplomas will not qualify them for this position, but their colleges have given them the key which if they but use it, can open the way to worth and influence. It takes work to swing back the door of success. It entails time and struggle unremitting. It is impervious to frivolity and idleness, and the trifler may beat his hands upon it without avail. But the man who is willing to pay the price can in after years, perhaps feel it more upon its hinges. He can have his dreams, and build his castles irradiated by the glory of the pure joy of living, and by his faith in all mankind. He may keep his dreams for aye, and in the twilight of life hug them to his heart as a priceless treasure. He may transmute his dreams into achievements: or he may cast them aside as things of the cap and bells, and betake himself to success which means money.

But he who however the wind blow, keeps himself unspoiled and unshaken, who permits not the leering devil of cynicism to cast out of his heart the angels of kindness and trust, and though the hairs be gray, is young in years long since, has achieved happiness. He may never be rich, but then the rich are not, as a rule, the world's chief benefactors. They form the commissariat department of the world's armies. They who lead and shame and uplift us are of the poor, beggars sometimes, enthusiasts, clear-eyed men and women, who weigh life's values in the right balance, "queer" people who give toil and time and esteem themselves richly paid, if they but ease the burdens of others.

The graduate who is disloyal to his Alma Mater is the one who allows his ideals to be submerged in the turbid waters of worldliness when he begins to adore strange gods, and fills his mouth with strange words, and divests himself of the raiment of Saints and sages, he is well on his way to dishonour. And when we say dishonour we mean that he is recreant to his principles; and that instead of exhibiting a resolute manhood, strengthened by sacramental help and devoted to exemplifying in his own life the power and glory of the Church, he becomes but a polished imitation of ungodliness.

IN THE FORE FRONT

In our opinion our colleges can and do equip their graduates to be competitors for the prizes which Canada has to offer. While they are solicitous to retain the approved methods of the past, they look askance at the conservatism which rejects the good that may be in the present. They do not think that anyone by virtue of a Roman collar can be a success in the lecture room. Knowing that nothing but the best can satisfy the intellectual aspirations of the age, and that the college which aims to be a center of influence and inspiration must be grounded in tried and acknowledged scholarship, they concentrate their attention on their professional equipment. Hence some of them boast of men who have been drilled in great centres of learning, and have seen at close range professors of world-wide reputation. Their contact with strong personalities may have added to their virility, and their studies must help their students to a knowledge of the methods of the adversary, as well as of present day problems.

We all know our past glories. We talk about them in our halls, forgetful that if we wish to be worthy of our forbears we should perpetuate these glories. We must warm our-

selves at our own fires. The ambitious and enthusiastic look not to what we have done in the past, but to what we are doing now. And we think that the college which in regard to teaching ability, is the peer of any secular institution and is up-to-date in the best sense, of the term, can and should be the rallying ground of our students, who wish to exercise an influence upon public opinion. Without wishing to make undue claims, we are well within the bounds of propriety when we say that the degrees of some Canadian colleges are honoured by great secular universities, and that their professors are regarded not with pitying condescension but as rivals, men qualified to battle for intellectual superiority. This fact is becoming more and more apparent to all who are not blind. Time was when the Catholic harkening mayhap unconsciously to Protestant prejudice deemed our colleges inferior to others, but to-day no one can, without violating the canons of fair-play and unbiased judgment entertain that notion. In the formation of character we are easily in the forefront; in teaching ability we ask no quarter from the best.

FATHER VAUGHAN ON WAR OUTRAGES

RECALLS HOW THE ENGLISH PEOPLE WERE ROBBED OF THE SACRAMENTS

"All the tramping of Germany's legions, all the thunder of her bombs and batteries cannot drown the cry of one little Belgian child."

Such is the verdict of a neutral Power—the verdict of the great American nation. For the conscience of Europe has been shocked, and we stand horror-stricken at the abomination of desolation in what was once the most flourishing and one of the fairest lands in the world. And now horrors have lately appalled us—horrors that will take first rank in the list of barbaric atrocities—the sinking of the Lusitania—the poisoning of wells and the fiendish use of poisonous gases.

But it is the wanton sacrilegious destruction of the ancient temple of God that has, so to speak, focussed our vision of horror. We have all felt that men may come and men may go, but that those glorious temples raised in the ages of faith would stand the test of time. But a ruthless mailed fist has struck its smashing blow at the peaceful defences of the temples of the silent and living God. As sure as there is a God in the heavens, we know and feel that His silence will not be forever, and that the awful wantonness that has not respected the altar of God will surely bring in its own wake the day of reckoning.

It will be long before the cry of the helpless little Belgian child and the writhing agonies of the victims of poisonous gases are forgotten, but it will be longer still before the ruined cathedrals and churches of Belgium will cease to make their mute appeal and steel the courage of the nations to effect some reparation.

In this dear land of ours we, too, have ruined churches—relics of the dark ages, when sacrilegious ruffians advocating a religion made in Germany tore down the temples of God. Again there are other churches going back to the days when this land of ours was Catholic, but they have passed from Catholic hands. Sad as it is to see the ruins of these churches, sadder still to my mind is the spectacle of some old pre-Reformation church from the altar of which Jesus has been banished.

I do not wish to harrow your feelings by dwelling at any length upon the darkest pages in the history of England. We all know them. We have all sorrowed over them. We have sorrowed to think that those ancient abbeys, monasteries, and cathedrals have been sacked and pillaged and razed to the ground, but we have sorrowed more at the thought of the awful outrages against the Blessed Sacrament perpetrated in those sacrilegious days.

What all civilized nations feel to-day with regard to the ruined churches of Belgium, we Catholics have long felt with regard to the ruined churches of our own dear land. Even the very ruins have passed from our hands. You can still see in every town, village, and hamlet of the land the old empty homes in which Jesus once lived. They are still called cathedrals and churches, but whatever they are called they are no longer the houses of God, for they are no longer the homes of Jesus in the Sacrament of His Real Presence.

And sometimes as I have looked upon these ruins with a sad heart at the tale they unfold, I have wondered if the day will ever dawn when new edifices will rise up from those ancient ruins to shelter Jesus once again really present in the Sacrament.—Freeman, St. John.

THE GERMANS AND THE IRISH

It is characteristic of German stupidity that an effort should be made to induce Irish prisoners to fight against England. It is equally characteristic of the Irish that the base appeal should have been met with scorn—a very few—renegades who heeded it. In the unhappy past many of the militant Irish, denied careers in their own country, emigrated to the continent, took service in the armies of Austria, Spain and France, forming the justly celebrated Irish Brigades, and fought against England on many a famous field; which caused the Duke of Cumberland to complain of the "accursed laws which deprive me of such subjects." But if the Irish Brigade was founded against England in any way, Irish regiments also won undying fame in her service. Irish soldiers displayed such valor in the Peninsular campaign and at Waterloo that the Duke of Wellington, bitter Unionist that he was, became converted to Catholic emancipation, and indeed it may be said that Irish valor in the war against Napoleon wrought more than the oratory of O'Connell to win that great reform.

In all the campaigns that England has engaged since Waterloo, Irish regiments have played a gallant role. In the Crimea, in the Indian Mutiny, in Egypt and the Sudan they gained indeefinite fame. In South Africa their conduct stirred the hearts of the Empire and led to the formation of the late Queen of that splendid regiment which has already given to the annals of the British Army, Mick O'Leary—the Irish Guards. And Irish battalions have more than upheld the reputation of the Celtic battle fury in the present war. In the tragic and glorious retreat from Mons the Connaughts, the Munsters and the Irish Guards battled side by side with the Black Watch, the Gordons, the Coldstreams and the other mighty regiments of England and Scotland. And when British troops walked into the very jaws of death in the landing of Suddi Bahr, the Munsters and Dublin Fusiliers led the way.

Ireland has her Casements, her Shaws, her Sinn Feiners and long distance revolutionaries, but the heart and intelligence of the mass of the people are sound. However much they may quarrel among themselves, way down in their hearts they realize that they all belong to a common Empire and are faced with a common peril. As the late Dr. Drummond once put it: "In piping times of peace the troublesome Irish occasionally give cause for regret, but when it is off with the gloves and a bare knuckle fight to a finish they are never behind the others—in fact they often lead them all."—Ottawa Journal.

SCOTCH PRAYERS FOR DEAD SOLDIERS

It is nothing strange to find Episcopalian praying for the dead, in spite of all that was done under Edward VI. and Elizabeth to root out the belief in Purgatory, and in spite of the fact that the belief finds no expression in the Episcopalian authorized Prayer Book. Still the good citizens of Edinburgh must have had a bit of a shock when they read in the "Scotsman" the description of the "loud" and vehement prayers for the dead soldiers that issued from the lips of the congregation of St. Mary's Scottish Episcopal Cathedral recently in their service commemorative of those who have fallen in the war. Bishop Walpole, we are told, read a long list of names. "The silence was broken only by the Bishop's voice as he slowly read name after name, and by the loud periodic responses of the congregation at the conclusion of the roll of each individual parish—"May they rest in peace! Let light perpetual shine upon them!" So it is not "Papists" only who believe in Purgatory—for prayers for the dead certainly involve a Purgatory. We have no doubt that many Presbyterian fathers and mothers, too, are feeling at present that the hard and brutal Calvinistic creed, which forbids intercession for the departed, is violently in conflict with their hearts' truest and deepest sentiment. It must appear monstrous, not to say un-Christian, that they should be debarred by an inhuman heresy from pleading with God for the souls of those dear to them who have been cut down "with all their imperfections on their head," with but little preparation for the great Account. Among its many monstrosities, Calvinism was never guilty of any error more decidedly in contradiction to the natural feeling and desire of the Christian heart than when it condemned supplications for the departed. Indeed, we believe we are right in saying that, of all schismatic and heretical bodies in Christendom, Calvinism, together with its offshoots, stands in this matter in the most fearful and wonderful isolation.—Edinburgh Catholic Herald.

TRUE MEANING OF THE WORD "CATHOLIC"

In reference to this subject, writes Mr. Moyes, in a letter to the London Tablet, may I be allowed the following further intrusion on your space: 1. The Catholicity of the Church as to time and place consists essentially in her mission to all nations and all generations given her from the mouth of Christ. It is a truth of Faith. It does not depend upon the actual inclusion in her pale of this or that particular people, which is gradual and progressive. In this its essential meaning the Church has been Catholic from the outset.

2. All three applications of her Catholicity—place, doctrine, and time proceed equally from the will and word of Christ, and are equally and expressly contained in Christ's teaching. Hence, it is not open to us to treatout of the three as secondary in the sense of denying or rejecting them, least of all to treat them as secondary ideas, accumulated in the course of time, and likely to cause confusion or annoyance. These applications, rooted in the plain word of Christ, enter into the essential constitution of His Church, and are from the beginning. As we might expect, the Fathers use the particular application which is most to their point and purpose, and the frequency of usage of a term in this or that application is naturally a matter of development. But the essential meaning as to time and place given by Christ to His Church is not a subsequent product or new creation, and cannot be set aside on any mere plea of etymology. As Catholics, we form our concept and regulate our beliefs not upon the etymological structure of a term but upon the meaning which it has in the living mind and speech of the Church, guided as she is by God's Holy Spirit. Amongst other things she can be trusted to know the meaning of her own name, and as has been pointed out, the words of her Fathers and her authorized Catechisms insist upon Catholicity of time and place as much as if not more than that of doctrine. As these are integral parts of Christ's meaning, attested by His own words, that meaning in the mind of the Church, while rightly and happily subject to process of development, is no new or accidental product of any school or a period, but remains essentially the same. ("In eodem dogmate," "in eodem sensu" as the Vatican Council declares, citing the voice of antiquity as represented by St. Vincent of Lerins.)

3. Father Crosses very rightly says that no one could belong to the Church who denies the completeness of her message. But the same thing is equally true of anyone who denied her "ubiquity" in the sense of Catholicity of place, viz., that the Church has received from Christ the mission of teaching all nations. And it would be equally true of anyone who denied her Catholicity of time, viz., her indefectibility by which Christ has promised that He will be with her in that work of teaching all nations "all days" until the consummation of the world. (I cannot recollect having seen the word "sempiternity" applied to the Church. It is usually predicated of God, who has no beginning or end. The Church's Catholicity of time here on earth is simply her perpetuity from the time of Christ to the Day of Judgment. It is the latter that she has to be with her "all days" to the consummation of the world, it cannot be open to a Catholic to say that the Church may come to an end before that time. That of course cannot be your correspondent's meaning.)

"But just at that moment we heard the sound of singing, and the song was 'God Save Ireland.' It was the Connaught Rangers coming to our relief. I have seen some reckless Irishmen in my time, but nothing to match the recklessness and daring of those gallant Irishmen. They took the Germans on the left flank."

The Germans now probably numbered about 2,000 against about 500 Connaughts and 170 of us; but had there been 50,000 Germans, I don't believe in my soul they could have stood before the Irish. They simply were irresistible; and all the time kept singing 'God Save Ireland.' One huge red haired son of Erin, having broken his rifle, got possession of a German officer's sword, and everything that came in the way of this giant went down. I thought of Wallace. Four hundred and seventy Huns were killed and wounded, and we took 70 prisoners. Had it not been for the Irish I wouldn't have been writing this, and when it comes to hand-to-hand job there is nothing in the whole British army to approach them. God Save Ireland and the Irishmen.

"The Rev. Richard Hall, a Wesleyan minister, who had acted as chaplain to the British expeditionary forces since the beginning of the war, was for ten weeks associated with Father Bradley, S. J. 'I never met a more unselfish man than Father Bradley,' said Mr. Hall in a public address at Derry. 'I remember one night we were sleeping by a river and I thought I felt a cold coming upon me. Father Bradley wanted me to take his blankets. Of course I would not consent to that, but when I wakened up the next morning I found Father Bradley had taken his own blankets and placed them on me. Another name I would like to mention is that of Father Strickland. I saw how unselfishly he performed his work, and when he heard I was coming to England, he made a journey of twenty-five miles for the purpose of bidding me good-by. These two men, when they met a member of the Wesleyan Church and thought he had need of the ministrations of a chaplain, went out of their way to let me know.'"—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

MASS IN THE TRENCHES

It is not always—as most soldiers "out here" know—the actual front line trenches that are the most dangerous portions of the battlefield; often there is less real danger there than amid the risky shelter of support trench and "demi-répos" billet. Thus it is that the expression "Mass in the trenches" has often been loosely applied to Mass celebrated anywhere near the firing line, within reach of the devastating shells; and the expression has gone unquestioned.

But to-day, on this lovely July morning, I and a hundred and fifty other Irish Catholic soldiers have heard Mass, and receive Holy Communion, in the actual fire trench, with only the thin parapet between us and the watchful enemy.

The occasion must have been unique; and, indeed, the men thought it so, for I read as much in their letters home to Ireland, written while the fervour was still strong upon them. The short July night had given place to day. It was very early morning, and the skylarks—those unfailing little optimists of the war—were climbing to their places in the sun. I could discern a star shining palely amid the glow in the east, and the dew was still cold and heavy upon sandbags, arms, and greatcoats. Slowly long files of men, led by their officers, made their way from neighbouring portions of the line, and assembled in the little chosen place. The altar had already been erected there—an unpretentious sideboard, reared from some burnt-out farm. The priest, dressed like the rest in khaki, was already vesting, and for a little while his figure, all in white, stood out pathetically distinct in the midst of all that cunning "protective" drabness. Then, just as the

for the renewal of the oath to drive Prussianism to its knees, say to the dust, never again, in the world's history, to be a menace to civilization.

SCOTLAND AND IRELAND FOREVER

—Pte. Robert McGregor of the Gordon Highlanders, writes to his father of a night attack in the trenches. An aeroplane came over them:

Then a searchlight played on us, followed by the dropping of bright balls, which brilliantly lit up the whole place, and in a few minutes the shells got us, and were coming plump into us. One shell came right into our position and knocked over twelve of our fellows. They were practically torn asunder and the whole side of the trench was torn up. Our guns were blazing away, and I think, found the fellows who were annoying us, as their fire got slacker, and finally ceased. This sort of thing was kept up till day dawned.

Then we saw the Huns advancing as unconcerned as if on parade. On they came in close formation, and there must have been ten to one against us. We fired as hard as we could, but they seemed to come out of nowhere, and never halted. When they were getting too close we charged. It was our only chance. When they saw us leave the trenches they halted for a moment, but afterwards came on to meet us. I don't remember much of what took place then. It was stab and hack.

You could hear the smash of gun against gun, the thud, thud, but beyond that there was an uncanny silence, broken sometimes by an oath and a groan. How long this went on I hardly know (but it seemed years to me). We drove them back about a hundred yards. Our officers saw the Germans reinforced and sounded a retreat, but owing to a few machine guns we couldn't get back into our trenches. The Germans, now greatly increased, came on again, and our fellows, only about 170 left, got ready to meet what seemed certain death.

"I remember one night we were sleeping by a river and I thought I felt a cold coming upon me. Father Bradley wanted me to take his blankets. Of course I would not consent to that, but when I wakened up the next morning I found Father Bradley had taken his own blankets and placed them on me. Another name I would like to mention is that of Father Strickland. I saw how unselfishly he performed his work, and when he heard I was coming to England, he made a journey of twenty-five miles for the purpose of bidding me good-by. These two men, when they met a member of the Wesleyan Church and thought he had need of the ministrations of a chaplain, went out of their way to let me know.'"—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

"The Rev. Richard Hall, a Wesleyan minister, who had acted as chaplain to the British expeditionary forces since the beginning of the war, was for ten weeks associated with Father Bradley, S. J. 'I never met a more unselfish man than Father Bradley,' said Mr. Hall in a public address at Derry. 'I remember one night we were sleeping by a river and I thought I felt a cold coming upon me. Father Bradley wanted me to take his blankets. Of course I would not consent to that, but when I wakened up the next morning I found Father Bradley had taken his own blankets and placed them on me. Another name I would like to mention is that of Father Strickland. I saw how unselfishly he performed his work, and when he heard I was coming to England, he made a journey of twenty-five miles for the purpose of bidding me good-by. These two men, when they met a member of the Wesleyan Church and thought he had need of the ministrations of a chaplain, went out of their way to let me know.'"—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

BURSES FOR SEMINARY

A gift of \$10,000 has been made to the cause of Catholic theological education by Richard C. Kerens, former Ambassador to Australia.

The gift was in the form of two burses presented to the board of Kenrick Seminary, St. Louis, of which Rev. P. W. Tallon is president.

Mr. Kerens gave one of the burses, representing \$5,000, in memory of his late wife, and he holds the other for his spiritual advantage.

Each bursar entitles the donor to Masses in perpetuity. A student is graduated and ordained every six years, through the benefits of the bursar, and is required to celebrate a certain number of Masses for his benefactor, after being ordained to the priesthood.—Catholic Bulletin.

sun rose, he donned the brave white-and-gold of the chausable, and at the sight of it all the pride and confidence and chivalry of Catholicism settled upon one. It was as though a fine, flouting banner had been unfurled. That little trench-space, there in a torn up cornfield of France, was Saint Peter's at Rome on a day of high festival; one heard the music and could smell the incense.

Very few bullets, and no shells, disturbed the Mass. But had they come one by one more easily imperforable. Death, if it is to be one's portion in this war, could surely never come more aptly!

Certainly there are distractions during Mass heard under such circumstances. But they are distractions concerned with the Mass—reveries that it inspires; and they were due in this case neither to shells nor bullets, nor to the white-winged aeroplanes that floated high above us. In a varied life it is the Mass that combines, that threads, that collates, that gives a clear, unmistakable meaning.

I remember feeling this often in the past, and on one particular occasion testifying to it in these pages. It was in Kashmir, and I was leaving the Enchanted Valley, that spot that of all on earth is the fairest and most peaceful. I heard Mass in the dawn of a June day, before I took the road that was to lead to the cataclysm of a European war.

And now as this Mass of the Front Trenches proceeded, one saw an object lesson in what that war has done on our side for sanity and toleration. The sentries who crouched below the parapet, giving now a cautious glance towards the German lines, now a curious, wistful one to our kneeling throng, were drawn from the Protestant minority of the regiment.

What food for thought, and for thanksgiving!—London Tablet.

WHEN CHAPLAIN BRADLEY GAVE UP HIS BLANKETS

"The Rev. Richard Hall, a Wesleyan minister, who had acted as chaplain to the British expeditionary forces since the beginning of the war, was for ten weeks associated with Father Bradley, S. J. 'I never met a more unselfish man than Father Bradley,' said Mr. Hall in a public address at Derry. 'I remember one night we were sleeping by a river and I thought I felt a cold coming upon me. Father Bradley wanted me to take his blankets. Of course I would not consent to that, but when I wakened up the next morning I found Father Bradley had taken his own blankets and placed them on me. Another name I would like to mention is that of Father Strickland. I saw how unselfishly he performed his work, and when he heard I was coming to England, he made a journey of twenty-five miles for the purpose of bidding me good-by. These two men, when they met a member of the Wesleyan Church and thought he had need of the ministrations of a chaplain, went out of their way to let me know.'"—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

CATHOLIC IS PREMIER

HON. T. J. RYAN HAS BEEN ELECTED PRIME MINISTER OF QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA

Hon. Thomas Joseph Ryan, the new Premier of Queensland, Australia, was born at Port Fairy, Victoria, in 1875. He was educated at the Jesuit College, Kew, and South Melbourne College, at each of which he held a scholarship. He graduated Bachelor of Arts at Melbourne University, with honors in classics. After leaving college he was appointed assistant classical master at the Melbourne High school, and subsequently became resident classical master of the Church of England Grammar school, Launceston.

Later he went to the Maryborough Grammar school (Queensland) as classical master. While in Melbourne Mr. Ryan studied law, graduating as Bachelor of Laws in 1901. He was admitted to the Queensland Bar, and entered politics for Barcoo in 1909, when he defeated George Kerr, formerly Minister of Railways. For election held on May 22, Mr. Ryan scored an easy win, polling 1,425 votes, against 561 cast for his Liberal opponent.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Murillo's famous master-piece, "The Assumption," in the Louvre, Paris, was taken by Marshall Soult from Spain, and sold to the French Government for \$120,000.

The number of Christians buried in the catacombs of Rome is estimated at a minimum of 1,752,000. The catacombs required an excavation of 96,000,000 cubic feet of solid rock.

It is not generally known that the Holy Father Benedict XV, before he studied for the priesthood, was a graduated lawyer. When he received his lawyer's diploma, he said to his parents, "Father I am now a lawyer. Now I ask that I may fulfill my wish to become a priest."

Mr. James J. Hill of St. Paul will donate to Marquette University, Milwaukee, Wis., \$25,000 towards an endowment fund. The donation is contingent on the university raising \$175,000 of the fund. It has already raised \$128,335 and has until January 1, 1916, to raise the balance. The announcement of Mr. Hill's gift was made by Rev. Joseph Grimmelmann, S. J., of Marquette University.

Mrs. Guy Darrell Berry, daughter of the late Edward Sanderson and sister of the Rev. Henry B. Sanderson (also a convert), has become a Catholic. Her brother was lately an Episcopal clergyman of the diocese of Fond du Lac, and is now studying for the Catholic priesthood. Mr. Sanderson's daughter, Mrs. Alice Kane Sanderson Holden, became a Catholic two years ago.

His Holiness, Benedict XV, has presented a photograph of himself to Dr. William H. Gratton Flood, K. S. G., the eminent Irish musician. On it in the handwriting of the Holy Father are the words: "To our beloved son, William H. Gratton Flood, in commemoration of his edition of 'The Armagh Hymnal' and of his very distinguished labors in the cause of sacred music, we most lovingly impart our apostolic benediction."

A model of a statue of Robert Emmet, the Irish patriot, the first of its kind, has been completed and has been accepted, and will be placed in the Smithsonian Institute in Washington. The statue is of heroic proportions, and the figure of Emmet is draped in the student's costume of his time. The face was copied by the sculptor from a photograph of a death mask of Emmet taken after his execution, this mask now being in the possession of the Emmet family in this country.

Part of the blood-stained shirt worn on the day of his execution by William Howard, Viscount Stafford, has recently been added to the treasures of the Martyrs' Oratory at Tyburn. This precious relic is due to the generosity of his descendants, and the ruins of St. Bride's Abbey, Milford Haven, have made for it a beautiful setting, a copy in illuminated work of a design in the possession of the Duke of Norfolk, showing the various arms of the Howard family.

In the Church of the Holy Cross, in Rome, there is a portion of a nail, which was presented to St. Helena. It is believed that the missing part was cut off and placed in the crown of Constantine, which is now known as the celebrated Iron Crown of the kings of Italy. This is made of gold, lined on the inside with a very thin plate of iron forged from the missing portion of the Sacred Nail, which was one of the nails by which Our Lord was attached to the Cross.

The celebration of the centenary of St. Andrew's Cathedral, Glasgow, Scotland, which takes place next year, recalls an interesting epoch in the history of modern Catholicity in Scotland. Prior to its erection, the only Catholic place of worship in the city was a school-church situated in Marchall Lane. St. Andrew's was, therefore, the pioneer of the numerous churches which have in the intervening century sprung up all over Glasgow.

The Methodists are losing ground in England. Statistics recently compiled show a decrease in membership for the ninth consecutive year. The loss this year was 2,450 full members, and 8,246 members on trial. "We remember distinctly," says an American Methodist paper, "that at the end of the seventh year some hope was expressed that now there would be seven years of increasing plenty. But the hope has largely vanished, and our Methodism in England is greatly depressed."

In a convent in the Middle West says the Catholic Sun, is a cherished bit of wood carving that is especially valued by the nuns. The statue is about two and one-half feet high, carved from a single piece of wood. The Madonna is holding the infant Jesus and the features, hands and robes of both Mother and Child are beautifully done. The face and hands are dark, hence the name of Black Madonna. It is claimed to be of the time of the twelfth century, and it is said to have lain in a rubbish chamber until claimed and cared for by a monk, who gave it to an artist by whom it was brought to this country.

CARDOME

A ROMANCE OF KENTUCKY

BY ANNA C. MINOQUE

CHAPTER XVI

The sun had set when Clay Powell reached Cardome. He encountered the Judge walking under the pines, and to him first gave the message he had come so far to deliver. The Judge, perhaps, was prepared for it; prepared, too, for the words which immediately followed, announcing that Powell would join his editor-friend. Nevertheless, the old man drew himself up and said: "You were both dear to me, not for your own sakes alone, but also because of your fathers, my friends and comrades-in-arms. I have loved you, but my country's enemies are not, can never be, other than my enemies."

Powell bowed his head, but made no immediate answer. He knew that a chord snapped in the old man's heart when those words were spoken. Then he replied, and his voice was calm: "You know us both. You know also that we are the last to make an appeal against such a sentence. But I bear from Mr. McDowell messages to Mrs. Todd, Miss Castleton and your sons. To his words of farewell I would add my own."

"You and Mr. McDowell and all other friends of my family are always welcome to Cardome," said the old man, with dignity. He led the way to the house, and as they reached the library there suddenly came to young Powell the remembrance of the first time he had stood there. The thought of the welcome that had been given him then made him now say, as the Judge was turning away after having sent for his wife and Virginia: "I have accepted your decision, stern, and to me, unjust, as it seems. Yet in parting, perchance, forever, may we not part as friends do?" and he extended his hand.

The old man looked on him, and the yearning expression of the blue eyes travelled into Powell's soul, and made him instinctively forgive him when Judge Todd turned from the outstretched hand and left the room. Mrs. Todd had gone with her sons for a walk, and after despatching a servant to them, Virginia went to the library. For a brief space she seemed overpowered by the knowledge that the dreaded fear was at last realized, that the hour that was to try her soul with its scorching fire was upon her. But she was a soldier's daughter; so, driving back her tears—ah, there would be long days and longer nights for tears—she said: "You have not found me unprepared. I felt I should one day receive such a message, hear such intelligence," and, looking on him with a gleam of light in her eyes, "I am glad that I have not been mistaken in you. It is hard for a man to tear himself from those dear to his heart; hard for him to abandon pursuits just as, after years of struggle, they are bringing him to the goal of success; hard to quit comfort, luxury, ease, for privation, misery, danger; hard to lay down the probability of long life for the almost certainty of cruel death; and yet, harder than all these is it for a man to go through life wearing the burden of cowardice, as he must who, when his country calls upon him to defend her honor, turns a deaf ear to her voice. I know," she added, "that you and Mr. McDowell have had ample opportunities of proving your devotion to your cause in a less dangerous way than the one upon which you are now entering; but to you such a proceeding would have been scarcely less dishonorable than not serving her at all. For you both there was but one road, and though that may lead you into suffering, misery, danger, of which we can form but a faint conception—for who can picture the unknown?—yet you will follow it unflinchingly though it takes you down even to death! You will not falter. And the fiercer the conflict, the thicker the dangers, the stronger you will be to conquer or die; and remember, if it must be the latter, that fate has no sweeter gift for man than death in the holy performance of a holy duty; and the next holiest duty after that which man owes to his God is that which he owes to his country."

"Ah!" cried Powell, his feelings breaking through the reserve of his nature, "he who goes to battle to the sound of such words can not be other than a victor! It seems, listening now to you, that it is not you alone speaking, but our fair mother, the South, and that I am not hearing words addressed only to me, but to every man in whose veins runs one drop of Southern blood. Ever you have been to me, since the day we met in yonder room, the perfection of womanly grace and beauty. I know you to be that rare one we look for half our lives, and doubt the reality of the other half—a great woman. You have made all woman-kind henceforth sacred in my eyes; and never cruel wrong is wrought by him who reverences all women because of one, whom—" and then Clay Powell stopped abruptly.

"Oh," said Virginia, instantly, "I am only a woman, whose sister you will find in every home. Love and protection have made us timid in the small things of life, but in the great, we are not found wanting; and not a sister, not a mother, not a wife, in buckling on her soldier's sword but speaks as I have spoken. Then when you are ready, strong in heart and nerved in arm, to go to us, we do the only thing left us to do for you; we pray for you. Oh! God spare you, my friend! God spare you!" Then a quiver ran along her tones, a tear hung on her eyelash; and he took her hand, held it for a moment in his, looked long into her eyes as if he would drink from their deep wells all the strength and courage for those dreadful after days; then bent his head and kissed her white fingers.

Yet the sadness of that parting was tempered with sacredness, but not so one that the morrow brought. Hal had made his decision, and as he watched the black horse bearing away from Cardome the friend he loved, he knew there was only one thing left for him to do—to follow. He left imparted his intention to Virginia, nor could all her pleading with him to wait, her counsel that the South did not yet need mere boys to rush to arms in her defence, alter his determination. "I must go! I must go! he replied to all her words. "Never yet, since the scholarly John Todd and his brother Levi came to Kentucky with the Lees in 1773, have Kentuckians heard the call to arms that a Todd was not among the first to respond. There are only two of our branch of the family left. Tom may perpetuate the name and add to it the greatest glory in the peaceful pursuits but I must be a soldier. Let a Todd go to this war as he has gone to every other. If he dies, he has added another of his name, although the least worthy, to valor's list; if he lives—well, he will be glad enough! But go he must! Virginia," throwing out his right hand, "I wouldn't have Powell and Phil and the rest of them ride off with Morgan without me—no, not for the longest and happiest of lives that has ever been lived at Cardome!"

When he heard of his son's decision, it seemed to Judge Todd that the last drop of bitterness had been pressed into his cup of sorrow. With a grief that crushed his heart, he had witnessed the traitorous defection (as he called their doing what to them was right) of the sons of friends dear to him as brothers had been; but that such a course should be pursued by his own son, and by the boy he loved with the deepest affection of his soul, seemed an affliction past endurance. All that long night he sat in his little office, its door barred against even his wife, and there fought his battle, the greatest ever waged in human hearts, when pride takes up as it against love. Pride conquered, as it oftenest does, and in the gray of the September morning, while as yet only those were up from whose eyes sleep had been driven by the fear of what would result from that night's conflict, the Judge called his family together in the library.

but I had looked for your justice, as I had believed that your love would make you condone what you could not commend. You will give me neither justice nor forgiveness. But my father, I give you both, and love that will only cease to warm my heart when it shall cease to beat." He waited a little, his young heart craving one last word from the father for whom he still entertained all a boy's ardent admiration; but the set lips did not unloose, nor the eyes lose their frozen expression; then the mother led her son away.

"Rise, Virginia, rise!" the Judge half sternly said, while he looked at Thomas, who had turned his face toward the window. He crossed the floor, and taking from his place on the wall the sword which he had worn at Buena Vista, he said to the still figure at the window: "A month ago, Thomas, you asked permission to join the Kentuckians, and I counselled you to wait. Now, my son, I bid you go!" and he laid his sword in the young man's hand.

For an instant a glad light shone in Thomas's dark eyes, but it faded as there came to him the thought of the brother against whom that sword might one day be drawn. Then some words that his father had uttered in this very room one August day, a year before, as the carriage was waiting at the portico steps to take Besse away from Cardome, came back with startling distinctness. It made him say, with the proud lifting of his head that had not been seen since that time: "I take your sword, father, and I promise that it shall never be dishonored in my hands. I am going at your bidding now where a month ago I wanted to go because of my own conviction. The cause I have espoused is as sacred to me now as it was then; so now is the cause of my enemies, on account of the one who goes to it to-day. But I declare there has not been, since Cain slew Abel, so unholly a conflict as this upon which we are entering!"

And that day Hal, alone, rode to Lexington to join Morgan's cavalry; and on the next, attended by Pete, whom of all the slaves he had selected as his body guard, Thomas went to join the Federals at Louisville. "TO BE CONTINUED"

HOW A MESSAGE CAME FROM WITHIN THE VEIL

"Do you believe in ghosts?" asked Polly, the society editor of the Daily Bugle, as she glanced at Florian Stroome, the city editor of the same journal. It was a o'clock, and an idle time. The afternoon edition of the Bugle was just being printed on the streets.

"I believe that the dead, and we call them in our shallow way," said Stroome, "do sometimes appear in this world. I should as soon think of doubting my own existence."

"And upon what do you base your belief?" asked Polly. "Upon a variety of evidence," said Stroome, "which I consider convincing. First of all, the fact is clearly testified to in the Bible. The prophet Samuel after death appeared to King Saul, as the witch of Endor's. Not that I believe the witch had any power to summon him from the dead. But Samuel had a message for Saul and came, I believe, to deliver it in the only way that he knew Saul would believe."

"Did you ever have a vision of this kind?" asked Polly. "It would mean quite a bunch of stories," said Stroome, "if I answered your question fully. However I will start at the beginning and relate a strange phenomenon that much interested me at the time it happened."

"Let's go ahead, then," said Polly. "The subject of 'ghosts' always interested me as a boy," began Stroome, but as I grew older I became sceptical. God Himself after a time seemed to hide Himself from my philosophy. Not that I ever lost faith in the existence of God, but I could not comprehend the ways of Providence. As I looked at the sorrows of this world, I began to doubt whether God had really any concern as to things that happen here. I ceased to go to church, for the most part, or if I went, I found the service uninteresting, for God had become to my mind merely an abstraction. I became what the world terms an agnostic. This agnosticism of mine led me into constant arguments with an elderly lady friend, a Mrs. Greaves, who often came on visits to our house. She was separated from her husband, owing to the latter's fault, and her sorrow for his misconduct had served to deepen her piety to a great degree. Indeed, she would have made an excellent nun. She had the spirit of detachment from the world and the deep love for the worship of God that lead so often to the cloister."

"The supernatural life is the only one worth living," she said to me one day. "I know you think so," said I, "but then the next world seems a reality to you." "And I believe it will be a reality to you some day," said my old friend smiling.

"Well, Mrs. Greaves," said I, smiling, too. "If you leave this world first, come back again, will you, and let me know that there is a next world?" "And if I go first, I'll do the same for you."

"So the pious old dame of nearly seventy years, and I, who was just twenty, shook hands upon that strange compact.

"Did she keep her bargain?" asked Polly, who was intensely interested. "I believe she did," said Stroome, "but not quite in the way I expected. But before I go further I must tell you that I had never spoken of this compact to anyone, not even to my aunt, with whom I lived, for careless as I was when I made it, there had come to me almost a sense that in this bargain there was something sacred. Mrs. Greaves left for the South of England. Six months passed, and we received the news of her death from concussion of the brain. She had fallen down some awkward stairs in her apartments and never regained consciousness. Strange to say, her husband was lying ill in his own house in the same town and died half an hour after. Separated for many years in life, they were summoned by death almost together. Perhaps the strangest thing of all was that at the time of her death I never once thought of the compact we had made. I was going out a good deal in society at the time, for I had money in those days, and I suppose I grew forgetful. However, one evening I was sitting smoking in an easy chair in the drawing room of our house in West Derby, Liverpool. My aunt was sitting knitting at the opposite side of the fireplace. Suddenly she glanced up and uttering a startled cry, gazed steadily in front of her, apparently at something behind my chair.

"What are you looking at?" said I, "and what made you call out like that just now?" "I saw Mrs. Greaves standing behind your chair," said my aunt slowly and solemnly.

"You did?" I said, and I glanced round and gazed behind my chair, almost expecting to see my old friend standing there before my eyes. But I saw nothing. Yet I felt somehow that she had kept her promise, and I told my aunt, who was a very pious woman, of our strange compact. We began to discuss solutions. One thing puzzled me greatly. Why had my old friend appeared to my aunt and not to me?"

"I expect it's because you have lost touch with religion," said my aunt. "If you had had sympathy with the supernatural, I think you would have seen Mrs. Greaves as I did."

"Maybe," said I reflectively, and my mind seemed full of a sense of dawning sight. "But I wonder why Mrs. Greaves should appear to you, with whom she had no compact?" "I feel sure she had a message for you," said my aunt. "She wanted you to know there is a life beyond the grave." H. T. R.

INDIAN MISSIONARY HONORED

THREE THOUSAND CATHOLIC RED MEN CELEBRATED ANNIVERSARY OF FAMOUS MISSIONARY'S ADVENT

Recently a great Catholic Indian congress was held at Greenwood, S. D., near the Yankton Indian agency. Over three thousand Indians were camped about the little church at Greenwood when the building was dedicated and a tablet was unveiled in honor of the seventi-fifth anniversary of the coming of Father De Smet among the Indians as a missionary. Among the speakers on the occasion were Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Gorman of Sioux Falls, S. D.; Rt. Rev. Abbot Bernard Murphy, O. S. B., of Sacred Heart Abbey, Oklahoma, who has devoted his life to Indian missionary work; Rev. W. H. Ketcham, director of the Catholic Indian bureau at Washington, and Mr. Henry Heide of New York, who donated the chapel at Greenwood in honor of Father De Smet. Dozens of priests and hundreds of white people attended the celebration.

Father De Smet was the greatest Indian missionary the world has ever known. He was born at Termonde, Belgium, January 30, 1801, and emigrated to the United States in 1821, through a desire for missionary labors. He entered the Jesuit novitiate at Whiteside, Md., where he remained for two years. In 1823 when the Jesuit novitiate at Florissant, Mo., was opened the young novice was among the pioneers sent to Florissant, and thus he became one of the founders of the Missouri Province of the Society of Jesus.

His first missionary tour among the red men was in 1838, when he founded St. Joseph's Mission at Council Bluffs for the Pottawatomies. At this time also he visited the Sioux to arrange a peace between them and the Pottawatomies, the first of his peace missions. What may be called his life work did not begin, however, until 1840, when he set out for the Flathead country, in the far northwest. As early as 1831 some Rocky Mountain Indians had made a trip to St. Louis, begging for a request could not be complied with. Four Indian delegations in succession were dispatched from the Rocky Mountains to St. Louis to beg for "black robes," and the last one, in 1839, composed of some Iroquois who dwelt among the Flatheads and Nez Percés, was successful. Father De Smet was assigned to the task and found his life work.

He set out for the Rocky Mountain country in 1840, and his reception by

the Flatheads and Pend d'Oreilles was an augury of the great power over the red men which was to characterize his career. Having imparted instruction, surveyed the field and promised a permanent mission, he returned to St. Louis; he visited the Crow, Gros Ventres and other tribes on his way back, travelling in all 4,814 miles. In the following year he returned to the Flatheads with Rev. Nicholas Point and established St. Mary's Mission on the Bitter Root River, some thirty miles north of Missoula, visiting also the Oseeur d'Alenes. Realizing the magnitude of the task before him, De Smet went to Europe in 1843 to solicit funds and workers, and in 1844, with new laborers for the mission, among them being six Sisters from Notre Dame de Namur, he returned, rounding Cape Horn and casting anchor in the mouth of the Columbia river at Astoria. Two days after De Smet went by canoe to Fort Vancouver to confer with Bishop Blanchet, and on his return founded St. Ignace's Mission among the Kalispes of the Bay, who dwelt on Clark's Fork of the Columbia river, forty miles above its mouth.

Among the Blackfeet As the Blackfeet were a constant menace to other Indians for whom De Smet was laboring, he determined to influence them personally. This he accomplished in 1846 in the Yellowstone Valley, where after a battle with the Crow the Blackfeet respectfully listened to the "black robe." He accompanied them to Fort Lewis in their own country, where he induced them to conclude peace with the other Indians to whom they were hostile and he left Father Point to found a mission among this formidable tribe. His return to St. Louis, after an absence of three years and six months, marks the end of his residence among the Indians, not from his own choice, but by the arrangement of his religious superiors who deputed him to other work at St. Ignace University. His conditions in his mission labors made his foundations permanent by dwelling among the converted tribes.

De Smet now entered upon a new phase of his career. Thus far his life might be called a private one, though crowded with stirring dangers from man and beast, from mountain and flood, and marked by the successful establishment of numerous stations over the Rocky Mountain region. But his almost inexhaustible and seemingly instantaneous ascendancy over every tribe with which he came in contact, and his writings, which had made him famous in both hemispheres, caused the United States government to look to him for help in its difficulties with the red men, and to invest him with a public character. Henceforth he was to aid the Indians by pleading their cause before European nations and by becoming their intermediary at Washington.

In 1851, owing to the influx of whites in California and Oregon, the Indians had grown restless and hostile. A general congress of tribes was determined on and was held in Horse Creek Valley near Fort Laramie, and the government requested De Smet's presence as pacificator. He made the long journey, and his presence soothed ten thousand Indians at the council and brought about a satisfactory understanding. In 1858 he accompanied General Harney as a chaplain in his expedition against the Utah Mormons, at the close of which campaign the government requested him to accompany the same officer to Oregon and Washington territories, where it was feared an uprising of the Indians would soon take place. Here again his presence had the desired effect, for the Indians loved him and trusted him implicitly.

A visit to the Sioux country at the beginning of the Civil War convinced him that a serious situation confronted the government. The Indians rose in rebellion in August, 1862, and at the request of the government De Smet made a tour of the northwest. When he found that a punitive expedition had been determined on, he refused to lend to it the sanction of his presence. The condition of affairs becoming more critical, the government again appealed to him in 1867 to go to the red men, who were enraged by white men's perfidy and cruelty, and endeavor to bring them back to peace and submission, and prevent as far as possible the destruction of property and the murder of the whites." Accordingly he set out for the Upper Missouri, interviewing thousands of Indians on his way and receiving delegations from the most hostile tribes, but before the peace commission could deal with them, he was obliged to return to St. Louis, where he was awaited seriously ill. In 1868, however, he again started on what Chittenden calls "the most important mission of his whole career." He traveled with the peace commissioners for some time, but later determined to penetrate alone into the very camp of the hostile Sioux. General Stanley says (ibid.): "Father De Smet alone of the entire white race could penetrate to these cruel savages and return safe and sound." The missionary crossed the Bad Lands and reached the main camp of some five thousand warriors under the leadership of Sitting Bull. He was received with extraordinary enthusiasm. His counsels were at once agreed to and representatives sent to meet the peace commission. A treaty of peace was signed on July 2, 1868, by all the

chiefs. This result has been looked on as the most remarkable event in the history of the Indian wars. Once again, in 1870, he visited the Indians to arrange for a mission among the Sioux.

TRAVELED 180,000 MILES On behalf of the Indians, Father De Smet crossed the ocean nineteen times, visiting Popes, kings and presidents and traversing almost every European land. By actual calculation he travelled 180,000 miles on his errands of charity. He died at St. Louis, Mo., May 23, 1878.—True Voice.

POSSIBLE SCHISM SAY ANGLICANS

BISHOP OF CHICHESTER SEES DANGER IN KIKUYU CONTROVERSY

London, July 26, 1915. The Anglicans of England, lay and clerical, have found and utilized opportunity to escape from the distractions and mental turmoil of the war news—for deemed it any waste of time—in order to indulge in a very serious discord which some go so far as to call threatened "Anglican disruption," over the much discussed Kikuyu affair. This "Bishop's ghost" will not down, but rises with steady persistence at every important conference of our separated brethren.

The Anglican Bishop of Chichester is the latest to add his voice to the Babylonian discussion, and he has added to the strenuousness as well as the sensational features thereof, by intimating that a schism in the ranks of the Church of England is impending over this very Kikuyu affair. His Lordship in a recent issue of his "Diocesan Gazette" had made this intimation quite broadly. He does not become denunciatory as are the Bishops of London and Hereford, of the recent pronouncement of the Archbishop of Canterbury, in which His Grace practically approved of all that went on at the Kikuyu conference, but he treats His Grace facetiously and on might say with contempt, and dismisses the Archbishop, even though he be Metropolitan and Primate of the Church in England, as a kind of negligible person.

ADMITTS RUMORS OF SCHISM In admitting the rumors of impending schism "as being justified by established facts," the Bishop of Chichester goes on to say that he learns with great regret from letters he has received that the minds of some of the clergy have been disturbed by controversy, and that some have found in it a sufficient reason for leaving the church of their baptism and ordination and for choosing the path of schism. "This is a pretty candid admission as to what is going on within the fold of a church which began in schism, has endured in schism, and will probably perish in schism. At any rate, the Bishop of Chichester proceeds to censure those clergymen whose minds have been enlightened by the extraordinary failure of the Archbishop of Canterbury to rise to the height of the opportunity afforded him, or to make any effort even to pretend to think that his church possesses a valid Episcopacy charged with exclusive right to safeguard the teaching of the Truth. According to the Bishop: "Their hold on the Faith as once delivered to the Saints and maintained in the Anglican Communion must indeed have been very weak which would allow such precipitate action for so slight a cause." This sounds somewhat funny, as the real cause of the deplored defections was the refusal by His Grace of Canterbury to take steps to maintain that "the Anglican Communion" possesses one white more right to claim to be the safe and sole depository of "the Faith" than do the Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregational, and Methodist Communities, whose representatives were all accepted as possessing an equality of spiritual orthodoxy at the Kikuyu conference by the Anglican Bishops of Bombay and Uganda.

As for himself, the Bishop of Chichester goes on to say that it is his "intention in the future as in the past to adhere to the Rubric as it has been in the prayer book since 1662." The Archbishop of Canterbury in his now famous decision treated the indictment of the Bishops of Bombay and Uganda as being frivolous and indiscreet, and virtually declares that the participation of Nonconformists at Anglican Episcopal Services would be no harm if not discovered.

Bishop Chichester will have none of this sophistry, however, and anathematizes all the Nonconformists in his diocese. Meanwhile, a meeting of determined Anglicans, who style themselves "Catholic Covenanters," has been held in the Trevelyan Hall, Westminster, at which a "solemn League and Covenant" was drawn up and signed, in the following terms: "That since the policy of admitting members of separatist bodies to Holy Communion, or of admitting them to preach in the pulpits of the church is contrary to ecclesiastical order, that those present at this meeting pledge themselves, before renewing their subscriptions to Foreign Missions, or Missionary Societies, or making further collections in their behalf to obtain in every case an assurance that the practices mentioned above will not be permitted within the sphere of the Mission to be supported."

The war cry of these Covenanters is "Hold the Cash!" According to their leaders, large numbers of Anglican clergymen are seeking engagement in their ranks, but meantime silence still broods over Lambeth Palace, for His Grace of Canterbury sits stricken dumb!—New World.

THE PRIEST AND THE PROTESTANT SOLDIER

Evidence from all parts of the world where fighting is going on between the Allies and their foes to the fact that a great number of men are desirous of putting their spiritual house in order before they enter on the firing line. We have already printed much from French, English and German sources, on this subject. Let us add the following from the Rev. Father McMenison, Chaplain of the New Zealand Expeditionary Forces. His letter is to his mother in New Zealand from Egypt, where the New Zealanders had some fighting with the Turks at the Suez Canal.

The dangers of the war are like a mission on the men, and many have returned to their duties after being away for years. I had a strange experience one night on the banks of the Canal. Our men were scattered, and I went to a strange camp. It was pitch dark when I got there, and the colonel in charge gave me a tent and said he would call on the Catholics for me. A long double file of men marched before the tent, and I went out and spoke to them in the dark. I simply told them of the dangers that were likely to come (and did come that week from the Turks, and that as I was the only priest on the Canal, they might have no further chance of going to confession as I had to go to another place next day. I said there was no compulsion about it, but if they refused to go when they had the chance, the sole responsibility would be theirs. I mentioned that, because the sergeant told me when they came up that many of the men had complained of being marched out to confession. To my great surprise and pleasure, every single man stayed till late in the night, and all went to confession. But that is not what I started to tell you: it was about my strange experience. When I was about half way through with these men, a young fellow came in like the rest and knelt down beside me on the sand. Then he said: "I don't know whether I have any right to come in here, Father." I said: "Of course you have as much right as any one else." Then he staggered me by saying: "But I am not a Catholic, but a Protestant." I had to admit that that circumstance complicated matters somewhat, and I asked him what put it into his mind to come in. He said: "I felt that I would like to come in, and I want to be a Catholic." I chatted with him for a little while, and then he went away after I had arranged to instruct him. Unfortunately I had to go away to say Mass elsewhere, and in the war excitement I lost the run of him till we all came back here. In war time we have to do things quickly, and so he is going through in time to be confirmed by a Greek Catholic Bishop next Sunday.—Sacred Heart Review.

CHURCH OF BADEN

THE STORY OF MASTERPIECE MADE BY A REPENTANT SCULPTOR Years ago there stood in the cemetery near Baden a large stone crucifix, somewhat damaged by exposure to the weather, yet so life-like in appearance that many a traveler wandering through the Rhine valley stayed his steps to admire its beauty. The story of the sculptor who made this crucifix will be new to most readers, says the Ave Maria.

In the year 1355 great excitement reigned in Baden. Sebald Kaerner, the sculptor, a man of quiet disposition and entirely wrapped up in his art, had in a fit of frenzy killed a fellow citizen, and then, filled with horror at his own act, gave himself up to the authorities. There were many extenuating circumstances to be considered, and many a tear was shed as the old man told his story; but the law was severe in those days, and the jury brought in a verdict of wilful murder. In deference to public opinion, however, when the death sentence had been pronounced, the president of the tribunal addresses the prisoner as follows:

"Master Sebald, in consideration of your hitherto blameless life, and of the deep contrition you have shown, we grant you, at the request of his excellency the Margrave, one last wish before you die." It was so unusual a concession that a deep hush fell on the court as the sculptor raised his head to answer: "My victim is dead, and it is not possible for me to atone for what is done. But before I die, if so much time be granted me, I would fain make the only amends in my power by carving one last image of the God I have so grievously outraged."

Sebald's wish was granted. He was led off to prison, where he was provided with everything necessary for the purpose he had in view. And then, as the dark days of winter succeeded each other, surrounded only by the damp walls of his dungeon, he chiselled feverishly at the masterpiece he wished to produce—a representation of Christ crucified. He had no model, of course, the jailer alone being allowed to enter; but

his mind, ever haunted by the image of his unhappy victim, found no difficulty in transferring it to the cold block before him. The hands, the feet, the lifeless body soon took shape beneath his touch. When he came to the head, however, a mist swam before his eyes, a blank fell upon his mind, and with a groan he fell upon his knees: "O, God," he prayed, "help me to finish the work I have begun for Thee!"

And then, as if in answer to his prayer, a sudden thought flashed upon him. Surely his own face, with its hollow eyes, its lines of pain, its expression of abiding grief, would make a better model for the Man of Sorrows than any he could have found elsewhere. A small mirror was obtained, and with new energy Master Sebald resumed his task. From early morning till darkness fell upon his cell he chiselled away, his strong will carrying him on when the frail body, growing weaker day by day, would have succumbed. If he noted his growing paleness or the deepening lines about his face, it was only to rejoice, for was it not One dying he wished to represent?

At last the day when the work was completed. The sculptor had given the last touches; he could do no more. For a moment he knelt before the image, as if imploring pardon; then, calling the jailer, he bade him send for the executioner.

Instead of the executioner, it was the chief magistrate who came at the jailer's bidding. As he opened the door and the almost life-like representation of the Christ met his gaze, he forgot all else and fell on his knees with mingled sentiments of admiration and awe; then, unwilling to be alone to enjoy so wonderful a sight, he sent for the bishop, and presently the little cell was filled to overflowing with visitors.

"Where should the crucifix be placed?" was the much debated question. Some suggested the marketplace, while others were for setting it up in the large square outside the church. An end was put to the question by Sebald's asking leave to speak.

"If my work has found favor in your eyes," he said humbly, "might I beg as a last request that it stand in the cemetery, where, better than in any other place, it will serve as a warning to others? And there, too," he added in a lower voice, "its shadow will fall on his tomb, and plead for my forgiveness."

Sebald's request was approved of by all present. With great pomp the stone crucifix was transferred to the cemetery, a large crowd accompanying it to its destination. When the blessing of the cross was over, and it stood out in all its beauty against the blue sky, the sculptor came forward and declared that now his last wish was granted, and he was ready to die. But at this announcement a murmur of protest arose. Some of the more influential persons spoke to the councillors, the councillors debated the matter with the Mayor, and finally the judge declared in a loud voice that, in consideration of his genius, his piety and his repentance, Master Sebald should receive a free pardon.

Great was the enthusiasm at this announcement. Old Sebald, however, took no part in the general rejoicing. "I have no wish to live," he said, "now that my task is finished. But He knows best. May His holy will be done!"

Nor was the old man called upon to spend much more time upon earth. Only a few days later, in the early morning, when the dewdrops hung in clusters on the grass, he was found, hands clasped as if in entreaty, lying dead at the foot of his wonderful crucifix.

MAGNA CHARTA

The Living Church, Protestant Episcopal organ, in a recent issue joggles the terms: "Holy Church," "Church of England" and "Holy Roman Church" used in the historic document of the Magna Charta, in vain effort to make it appear that the "Holy Church" and the "Holy Roman Church" of the thirteenth century were not synonymous expressions, and that the "Church of England," referred to in the Magna Charta, is the Anglican Church of the present day.

The plain truth of the matter is that there was no Christian denomination in England up to or during the reign of John Lackland, whom the barons forced to sign the Magna Charta, save the Catholics, who owed religious allegiance to Rome. This is clearly evident from a consideration of the following facts:

After the death of Archbishop Hubert, of Canterbury, in 1205, a dispute arose over the selection of his successor. The churchmen elected one of their number for the post; King John proposed his chancellor. The matter was referred to Pope Innocent III, who rejected both candidates and appointed the famous Stephen Langton, whom he had recently created a cardinal. King John remained obstinate, and on March 28, 1208, the Pope placed his kingdom under interdict. In 1209 John was excommunicated. Three years later the Holy Father "had recourse," in the words of Lingard, "to the last efforts of his authority. He absolved the vassals of John from their oaths of fealty, and exhorted all Christian princes and barons to unite in overthrowing the King; and in substituting another more worthy, by the authority of the Holy See."

John sent a deputation to Rome to sue for peace. Innocent sent his legate Pandulf to England, and on



May 15, 1213, John resigned his kingdom into Pandulf's hands, receiving it back again as a fief of the Holy See. Archbishop Langton took possession of his episcopal charge and set about instituting a series of reforms.

At a meeting at St. Paul's, in London, August 25th, 1213, Archbishop Langton read the "Charter of Liberties," granted by Henry I, and the barons swore to fight in defense of their liberties to the death. The tyranny of John was forced to give way, and a temporary peace was patched up on October 3, 1213.

The King went to the continent to wage war, and returned to England on October 15, 1214. A few days afterwards the barons assembled at St. Edmund Abbey and drew up a constitution of liberties, which they swore on the high altar to maintain at any cost. King John heard of their plans, and blamed Archbishop Langton for their action. His Grace gave his powerful support to the barons, and the struggle ended at Runnymede on June 15, 1215, when the King signed the Magna Charta in the presence of the assembled barons, the Archbishop of Canterbury (appointed by the Pope), and Pandulf, the Papal Legate.

In the face of these facts, how can the Living Church persist in its contention? For its further enlightenment we would respectfully suggest that it peruse carefully and prayerfully the essay upon Magna Charta's Centenary, just published in The Catholic Mind, issued by the America Press.—Catholic Telegraph.

CAN GOD REVEAL MYSTERIES?

By S. H. Horine, S. J., in the Queen's Work

My neighbor cannot see my thoughts, but I can by words, by signs or by writing, make them known to him. He sees or hears the signs I give him. He understands from them what my thoughts are, but he does not see or feel or hear the thoughts themselves. They are not visible, they cannot be felt, they cannot be seen. Yet wonderful I can reach his mind and put it in communication with mine. Now, suppose I am a learned chemist, and my neighbor knows nothing at all about chemistry. I tell him about a great experiment I have just made. He will never grasp fully the nature of the experiment no matter how much I try to explain the matter to him. Yet he knows something about it after I have talked to him. With-out that my task is finished. But He knows best. May His holy will be done!"

Nor was the old man called upon to spend much more time upon earth. Only a few days later, in the early morning, when the dewdrops hung in clusters on the grass, he was found, hands clasped as if in entreaty, lying dead at the foot of his wonderful crucifix.

CAN GOD REVEAL MYSTERIES?

God is a pure spirit, infinitely wise and powerful. He created man and knows perfectly every part of his make up. He gave man an intellect so that he might be able to understand at least a little of whatever can be known. Hence God, if He wills, can tell man something about His own great thoughts, something about His infinite beauty and perfection, even though man's mind is unable to comprehend these things. To comprehend them, man would have to cease being man and become God. That can never be. So man can never fathom the mysteries that God understands so well. And since God is a pure spirit and man is a spirit "housed in a hut of clay" through the windows of which he must get his ideas and knowledge, man cannot see God, cannot read His thoughts, cannot even guess at those thoughts or discover fully just what sort of a Being God is. So there are



supernatural truths and facts that man could never suspect to exist, much less understand, if God did not reveal them. These are mysteries in the strict sense of the word.

Now, it seems to be a contradiction to say that God can reveal supernatural mysteries. If they are mysteries, they cannot be understood by men, and if they cannot be understood by men, how can they be revealed to men?

Cardinal Newman has an excellent illustration, which may help to clear up this difficulty. Here is a man blind from birth. Try to describe grass to him. How will you begin? Show it—but he is blind! Tell him it is green. He does not know what you mean. Green—! What is color to him? He never saw the blue of the heavens, nor the red sun, nor the yellow corn—only the darkness of unending night is his.

Put some seed in the man's hand. Tell him—he can hear—the warmth of the sun—he can feel—and the moist earth join hands to open the tiny seed and let the grass blades come forth from their hard little prisons. Bid him place his hand upon the ground and feel how soft the grass makes it. Tell him it carpets the wide meadows and the steep hills, that it waves and bends as the wind sweeps over it, tell him that the air is heavy with the scent of fields newly mown. Put blades of grass in his hand that he may discover their shape. Bid him place a blade on his tongue and note how jagged its edges are. Ah, how much he now knows! But the beauty of green hills is never to be a joy to him. Still he knows how delightful the hills and meadows must be with their wide stretches of soft, yielding, sweet scented grasses.

Man cannot see God, nor feel Him, nor understand Him. How can God tell man what He is, what His love is, what His nature, what His patience with sinners? These things man could never know—not seeing God nor the judgments He passes on souls that come before Him after death has opened the doors to the world in which God dwells.

Man can feel, see, hear and understand the things in this world of sense, and through these signs, through the language of human tongues, he can catch feebly at God and His beauty and truth and terrible power. And so God says—"Can a woman forget her infant so as not to have pity on the son of her womb? And if she shall forget, yet will I not forget thee" (Isaiah 49: 15): "God so loved the world as to give His Only Begotten Son" (John 3: 16): "I shall whet My sword as the lightning, and My hand shall hold or judgment: I will render vengeance to My enemies, and repay them that hate Me. I will make My arrows drunk with blood, and My sword shall devour flesh." (Deut. 32: 41): "Who hath numbered the sand of the sea, and the drops of rain, and the days of the world? Who hath measured the height of heaven, and the breadth of the earth, and the depth of the abyss? Who hath searched out the wisdom of God that goeth before all things?" (Ecclesiasticus 1: 2): "I and the Father are one." (John 10: 30): "The heavens were opened to Him, and He saw the Spirit of God descending as a dove, and coming upon Him. And behold a Voice from heaven, saying: This is My Beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased." (Matthew 3: 16).

If you will not believe that God can instruct us in knowledge too deep for our minds to grasp, explain this:

How does baby come to know that mother is his mother? That she loves him? He cannot speak; he cannot understand her words. But he understands her eyes. The varying inflections of her voice are music to him, revealing mysteries unto Him. Her frown is as the storm cloud over the meadow lands and the placid river. And if baby were always to remain as he is—laughing and playfully catching at mother's smiling face, clutching at her soft hair and those eyes that speak—speak the wonderful language of her love—then would not he be like us, babes forever in the tender arms of God who is smiling through all the beauties of earth about us, frowning in anger through the storms and the lashing sea, speaking of mysteries through the living voice of His human messengers and in the still, soundless voice within our souls?

Man—we (this matter concerns us too greatly not to apply it to ourselves), we are indeed superior to dumb beasts. Our souls are faint images of God. Yet we are infinitely below Him. We are little children with heads too small to hold even the wisdom of this earth, and still not too small to catch at the thoughts of God when He stoops to whisper them to us in our own small language. We are blind creatures struggling up toward the light and beauty of the inaccessible and all-loving Father. Surely God who knows us so well, since He molded our frames and put our restless spirit in them, can teach us some of His wonderful knowledge, something of mysteries that we cannot fully comprehend.

DIGNITY OF THE MOTHER

The dignity of a Christian mother is second only to that of the priest of God; and the reward of a Christian mother who fulfills the duties of her calling can be inferior only to that of the priest who does his duty. Both are engaged in the same work, only in different circles; both are instructors of youth, saviors of people.

Too many Catholic mothers do not realize their position in life, are not faithful to their calling, try to shirk their duties, and would prefer to be wives without being mothers. Do they imagine that the childless woman or the society "lady" are held in higher regard than the mistress of a home who creates the hearts of the country's future citizens, the Church's prospective supporters and candidates for heaven's eternal joys?

They are sadly mistaken, for the world does not admire the selfish woman, the woman to whom the home is not attractive, the woman apparently bereft of love and not brave enough to shoulder the sweet burden of child raising. It were a cruel person indeed who would commend any conduct on the part of mothers to prevent human beings from coming into the enjoyment of life here and eternal joys hereafter.—Intermountain Catholic.

THE "HIDDEN BIBLE" BOGEY

One of the most tenacious of all the "hardy annuals" about the enormities of the Catholic Church is the one relating to the "suppression" of the Bible. The story of Luther's having "discovered" a copy of the Scriptures hidden away in a corner of his convent, after he had been appointed to the post of librarian, is just now being exploited by one of the "expatriate" tribunes, of whose mountebank performances we lately gave a graphic description in our news columns. The Ave Maria, in a recent issue, drew attention to the audacity of such lying regendae in face of the remarkable action taken by two of our greatest Popes of the modern era, Leo XIII. and Pius X., to encourage the reading of the Sacred Scriptures by granting extraordinary indulgences to all Catholics who would make them a subject of regular study. Surely the height of impudence could not have gone than to endeavor to spread among ignorant people the belief that the Church, which had preserved the Bible for the world, was the self-stultifying institution which had done its best to keep it from the knowledge of mankind for a long course of centuries, until at last its memory had become almost as that of the lost Pleiad! The Society of St. Jerome is an association formed especially for the promotion of the study of the Holy Scriptures. To the members of this society the Holy Father (Pope Pius X.) was pleased to offer rare inducements to such as would diligently study and promote the study of the Bible, as announced in the official Vatican press:

"In an audience granted on April 28 1914, to the Rev. Father Assessor of the Holy Office, His Holiness has been graciously pleased to grant the following indulgences: To all and several the pious sodalities already canonically erected.

Oratories of places or which in the future shall number more than the scope that their members unite to promote the Gospel more and more for this end propose to themselves: (1) Frequently, and if possible every day, to read a part of the Gospel, using editions approved by the Church and enriched with numerous and lucid notes. (2) Often and opportunely to recommend this practice to others. (3) To recite frequently the invocation, "Gloria, O Jesus, that we may obey Thy Holy Gospel!"

The Catholic Church has guarded the Bible as a man is said to guard the apple of his eye from injury. Yet her purblind detractors will keep on insisting that Luther (who read the work only to his own destruction) was the one who dragged it from the obscure nook wherein the malice of "the monks" had (inspired by the Evil One) relegated it! Marvelous the gullibility of the evil disposed and the bigoted!—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

One of the fields selected by the Methodists for exploiting their religion was Porto Rico. After the Spanish American War these good people, determined to lead the poor Porto Ricans out of the darkness in which they had wandered under their Roman guides. Money was spent lavishly, houses of worship were multiplied, every inducement was held out to the poor benighted Porto Ricans to receive the light. This, perhaps, was praiseworthy evangelism, in a way. Their efforts, however, it seems, went awry. Not so their zeal. Their fervor rose in inverse ratio to the poor results.

PORTO RICO

Glowing letters have recently appeared from the pen of Rev. W. P. Thirkfield, the Methodist bishop, who resides in New Orleans. He describes in detail the wonderful scene gathered for the Church in Utuado. According to this gentleman, a Methodist conference was in session in this town. "Our church" he says, "was crowded." At the "great church on the plaza" "the Roman Catholic—he found" "one lone worshipper within, and the Capuchin priest, a clear-eyed, snuff-box brother, out in front evidently listening to the strains of Gospel music from the Methodist convention across the way."

Our esteemed Catholic contemporary of New Orleans, the Morning Star, thought it worth while to investigate this state of affairs, the more so that the present Archbishop Blenk, of New Orleans, spent seven years as Bishop of Porto Rico, and

the present Catholic incumbent, Bishop Jones, is well known. The result of the investigation is told at great length in a recent issue of this paper. Among other things we find that whereas Utuado, before the advent of the Methodists, had but one priest, four priests are now kept busy, chapels for the outlying districts have been built, the old church repaired, and a spacious rectory has been erected. There have been during the past four years in this parish 840 marriages and 6,245 baptisms, surely not a bad showing after all the reputed gains of the Methodists. Along side of this, the "one lone worshipper" story certainly smacks of ignorance or worse.

One result of the Methodist "Invasion" has been to make the Catholics stronger in their Faith. As Mr. Henry Hayke, a spiritist and a member of the Insular House of Delegates, recently said in a public debate, "Competition is the source of energy. Look, for example, in Catholicism. The new life of Catholicity in Porto Rico is evident, on coming in contact with the Protestant sects," which aimed at closing its advances."

Thus it is the same old story of Methodist triumphs, in Porto Rico, in South America, in Italy, and elsewhere.

Funeral Directors

John Ferguson & Sons
180 King Street
The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers
Open Night and Day
Telephone—House 373 Factory—543

E. C. Killingsworth
Funeral Director
Open Day and Night
491 Richmond St. Phone 3971

AUTOMOBILES, LIVERY, GARAGE
R. HUESTON & SONS
Livery and Garage, Open Day and Night
479 to 485 Richmond St. 350 Wellington St.
Phone 423 Phone 441

FINANCIAL
THE ONTARIO LOAN & DEBENTURE COY
Capital Paid Up, \$1,750,000. Reserve \$1,500,000
Deposits received, Debentures issued, Real Estate Loans made. John McCleary, Pres.; A. M. Smart, M. J. O'Brien, Secs.
Office: Dundas St., Cor. Market Lane, London

PROFESSIONAL CARDS
FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, &c.
Hon. J. J. Foy, K.C. A. E. Knox, T. Louis Monahan
E. L. Middleton George Keough
Cable Address: "Foy"
Telephone (Main 794)
Office: Continental Life Building
CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS
TORONTO

H. L. O'Rourke, B. A.
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY
Money to Loan
Suite 5, Board of Trade Building,
331 King Street West,
CALGARY, ALBERTA

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

P. J. O'GORMAN
ARCHITECT
Plans, Specifications, Estimates prepared.
SUDBURY, ONT.

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

D. BUCKLES, Solicitors for
Bank of Montreal
Quebec Bank
R. DONALD, Solicitor
Union Bank
M. A. MACPHERSON, LL. B. Not. Crown Bank

BUCKLES, DONALD & MACPHERSON
Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.
Suite 205
Healy-Booker Block Swift Current, Sask.

Loretto Ladies' Business College
385 Brunswick Ave., Toronto
MUSIC STUDIO ATTACHED

Westwell School
Y.M.C.A. BLDG., LONDON, ONT.
Students admitted to position. College opens
Sept. 1st. Catalogue free. Enter any time.
J. W. WESTWELL, J. W. WESTWELL, J. C. A.
Principal Vice-Principal

St. Joseph's Academy
Lindsay, Ont.
Under the patronage of the Right
Rev. M. J. O'Brien, D.D., Bishop
of Peterborough.
Conducted by the Sisters of St.
Joseph.

A Home School for Young Ladies and Little Girls
distinguished for its refining influences and educational facilities. Healthful location, and beautiful grounds. Courses—
Collegiate—Academic
Commercial, Preparatory

Pupils prepared for all the
Departmental Examinations
Exceptional advantages in Music
and Art. Music Department affiliated
with Toronto College of Music.
For Prospectus, apply to the
MOTHER SUPERIOR.

where. The pyrotechnic display is wonderful; the net result is a collection of old sticks that have fallen from the sky after the fireworks have subsided.—St. Paul Bulletin.

"UNBEARABLE"
In a letter to a friend whom he had converted, Monsignor Benson said: "When things become, as you say, 'unbearable,' there is absolutely only one thing to do, and that is to grasp them, like spear points, and guide them to one's heart. A cross that we cannot 'bear,' when it is laid upon us, is perfectly possible to 'take up'—and that is precisely what our Lord asks of us.

University of Ottawa CANADA
CONDUCTED BY THE OBLATE FATHERS

Founded in 1848. Degree-conferring powers from Church and State.
Theological, Philosophical, Arts, Collegiate and Business Departments
Over 50 Professors and Instructors
Finest College Buildings and finest Athletic Grounds in Canada. Museum, Laboratories and Modern Equipments. Private Rooms.
Studies Resumed Wednesday, Sept. 8
For Calendar and Particulars, address: REV. LOUIS RHEAUME, O. M. I. RECTOR.

Assumption College, SANDWICH ONTARIO
Conducted by the Fathers of St. Basil

Boarding School for Young Men and Boys
Offering College or Arts Course, High School Course, Business Course, and Preparatory Course for Younger Boys
A new Gymnasium will be opened this fall. Swimming Pool, Running Track, Handball Courts. Acres of Campus extending to the banks of the Detroit River. New Dormitory Building to be opened in September. Private Room accommodation for 100 students.
FALL TERM OPENS MONDAY, SEPT. 6, 1915
For Catalogue and particulars address Rev. F. Forster, C. S. B., President.

St. Michael's College TORONTO
FEDERATED WITH THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
All Courses, General and Honor, leading to degrees.
For full information, apply to REV. R. McBRADY, C. S. B., President

St. Michael's College School TORONTO
Full High School, Preparatory and Commercial
Send for Separate Calendar.

St. Jerome's College Berlin, Ont., Canada
(Founded 1864)
Residential College for Boys and Young Men

EXCELLENT COMMERCIAL, HIGH SCHOOL AND COLLEGE DEPARTMENTS
New Buildings with latest hygienic equipments. The largest Gymnasium in Canada—Running Track, Swimming Pool, Shower Baths, Auditorium.
Comfortable Private Sleeping Rooms—Substantial Board Rates very moderate.
ADDRESS—REV. A. L. ZINGER, C. R., PRESIDENT.

St. Thomas College OHATHAM, N. B.
A SCHOOL FOR YOUNG MEN AND BOYS CONDUCTED BY THE PRIESTS OF ST. BASIL
Four years course in Classics, Moderns, Science, Mathematics, Philosophy.
I. College Department
II. High School Department (Course leads to Matriculation and Teachers' Examinations.)
III. Commercial Department (Diplomas for Book-keeping, Stenography & Telegraphy)
IV. Preparatory Department (Course corresponds with Provincial Public Schools.)
Hygienic equipment, large campus, magnificent skating-rink. Write for Catalogue.
REV. W. J. ROACH, B. A., RECTOR.

College and Academy of St. Joseph ST. ALBAN STREET, TORONTO
Residential and Day School for Young Ladies and Little Girls
St. Joseph's College is affiliated to the University of Toronto through the Federated College of St. Michael.
ST. JOSEPH'S CURRICULA:
1. COLLEGE COURSE OF FOUR YEARS—Classical, Moderns, English and History, and General Courses—leading to Degrees.
2. THE COLLEGIATE COURSE (Upper, Middle and Lower Schools) in which pupils are prepared for Honour and Pass Matriculation, for Entrance to Faculty of Education and Normal School.
3. THE ACADEMIC COURSE—In this course special attention is paid to Modern Languages, Music Expression, Art and Needle work. In this Department students are prepared for Music Examinations (Instrumental and Vocal) at the University of Toronto and the Toronto College of Music.
4. THE COMMERCIAL COURSE (affiliated to the Dominion Business College) prepares the students for Commercial Certificates and for Diplomas in Stenography and Typewriting.
5. THE PREPARATORY COURSE includes the usual Elementary Subjects, also French, Drawing, Plain Sewing, Physical Culture, and Singing.
For Prospectus, apply to THE MOTHER SUPERIOR.

Price of Subscription—\$1.50 per annum
United States & Europe—\$2.00
Publisher and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey, LL. D.
Editors (Rev. James T. Foley, B. A.,
Thomas Coffey, LL. D.)
Associate Editor (Rev. D. A. Casey,
H. F. Macintosh)

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

Approved and recommended by Archbishops
Falconio and Sheerett, late Apostolic Delegates to
Canada, the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston,
Ottawa and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London,
Hamilton, Peterborough, and Ogdensburg, N. Y.,
and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

The following agents are authorized to receive
subscriptions and carry for the Catholic Record:
General agents: Messrs. F. J. Neven, E. J. Broder-
ick, M. J. Hagarty, and Miss Sara Hanley. Resi-
dents: Messrs. D. J. Murray, Montreal; George R.
Hewitson, Regina; Mrs. W. E. Smith, Halifax;
Miss B. B. Saunders, Sydney; Miss L. Heringer,
Winnipeg; Miss Johnson, Ottawa and J. A. Harza-
nia, Quebec.

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

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

In St. John N. B. single copies may be purchased
from Mrs. A. McGuire, 249 Main Street, John J.
Dwyer and The O'Neill Co. Pharmacy, 109 Brussels
Street.

In Montreal single copies may be purchased from
Mr. E. O'Grady, Newlander, 108 St. Viateur street,
and J. Milloy, 54 St. Catherine street, west.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1916

THE EUCHARISTIC PATH TO A
WORLD PEACE

If there is one fact that the present war
must have impressed upon
Christian thinkers, it is that no
human power can essentially change
the human race. We hear less to-
day about the doctrine of intellectual
evolution and moral development.
While the Atlantic drifts over the
murdered non-combatant passengers
of the White Star Liner Arabic, it is
difficult to talk of human progress.
Progress to what? To the morals of
Belgium's violator? To the devil-
ment that sank the Lusitania? Was
it progress that produced the sack-
ing of Louvain, the shooting of
harmless priests, and other name-
less infamies? Was it progress that
rejoiced over the Lusitania's victims
and made men revel in Berlin at the
news of the murder, like a herd of
moral monsters?

This European war is making men
think. The old shibboleths can no
longer satisfy. The war forces into
prominence the fact that in the
human race there are vast possibili-
ties of retrogression and ruin. Be-
fore the open savagery of the modern
Hun, that over-worked word "evolu-
tion" retreats in disgrace. Yet the
situation is logical enough. In the
moral realm, there is no natural and
normal evolution to a higher plane.
There is a mental progress on
natural lines that makes men apos-
tles of Satan. There is a material
culture which may polish the sur-
face of men's minds and leave be-
neath the soulless instincts of the
beast. No flight of time nor diffu-
sion of education can change the
fundamental fact that man's moral
transformation can never be effected
by anything less than the sacra-
mental life.

The cause of this war was selfish-
ness and false ideas of the purpose
of men's existence. An over-bearing
spirit of tyranny had been mistaken
for manliness. Material inventions
had been mistaken for upward pro-
gress, and the defilement of the State
had been mistaken for mental en-
lightenment.

Is there any remedy that will lift
the human race to the likeness of
God once more? Only one. Not a
natural remedy, nor one that will
cost vast sums to confer it upon a
suffering world. It is the remedy
that our Lord Himself recommended
for the sorrows of the human race.
When He came to this world, man-
kind had strayed far from the
heavenly path. The fact that God
had intended mankind to take the
place of the fallen angels in Heaven
had slipped into oblivion. Forgetting
their heavenly destiny, men had
fallen lower than the beasts. They
had become mere slaves of Satan.
Men hated one another. The world
was full of sin and sorrow. No
human remedy was possible. Only
Christ the light of the world, could
disperse its moral darkness. The
remedy was supernatural. Our Lord
knew well that good will to all man-
kind was not a natural instinct but a
supernatural virtue. He knew that
a supernatural virtue was not to be
acquired interiorly but must come
externally from God. He knew that
men's proud selfish hearts could only
be effectively changed by contact
with His own supernatural life. So,
He instituted the Eucharist, so that
men might become partakers of His
own Body and Blood in the mystery
of Holy Communion.

So in the path towards peace the
Catholic Church relies upon a power
that is not of earth. In the Eucharist
is her certain hope and help. She
sees before her to-day a world torn
by human passions and she knows
that only her Divine Lord can quell
those passions and restore His spirit

to mankind. She knows that by the
graces of Holy Communion vast
blessings will be showered upon
mankind, and that from devotion to
the risen Saviour mankind will rise
again from the darkness of personal
selfishness and national antipathies
to a new life of penance and holiness.
To be a Catholic to-day is to
possess tremendous responsibilities.
From the personal holiness of Catho-
lics, built upon the Eucharist, must
issue a vast influence of Christian
virtues for the example and uplift
of the world. For conversions among
the separated brethren in all nations,
every Catholic Christian must pray,
that the divisions of Christendom
may be healed and all men may be-
come one in Christ Jesus. Towards
the Catholic Church to-day thousands
of non-Catholics are gazing longingly
as upon the one Divine society which
has authority and power to trans-
form the world to a heavenly like-
ness. And for the help of that
Eucharistic Lord who conquered the
proudest and cruellest nations by the
fruits of His sacrifice on Calvary,
they will not wait in vain.

A REPLY CONCERNING A
PROTESTANT PASTOR

A correspondent in the maritime
provinces sends us a letter, written by
a Presbyterian minister, in which the
minister claims the title of "Catho-
lic" and declares that the Roman
Catholic Church is not really Catho-
lic at all. Our correspondent wishes
to know what we think of this.

In the first place, we are certain
that whatever this Presbyterian min-
ister may mean by the word "Catho-
lic" he does not mean what is
meant by it to the Roman Catholic
Church. To the Roman Catholic
Church the word "Catholic" means
universal, and this universality
applies to doctrine, time and place.
She is "Catholic" in doctrine, for
only she possesses the complete
number of Christian doctrines. All
other churches have rejected some
essential portion of the Christian
faith. She is Catholic in her consti-
tution, and is not national but inter-
national. She is Catholic in respect
to time, for in her fold have been
taught all true Christian doctrines,
either implicitly or explicitly, from
the foundation of the Church by Our
Lord Himself to the present day.
She is Catholic in place, or geographi-
cal extent, for she is to be found in
all regions of the earth.

Now though we are animated by the
most friendly sentiments toward
all sincere Presbyterians, we are
sure that they would not wish us
to believe that their Church is "Catho-
lic" in the points we have named.

What does the Presbyterian minis-
ter mean by Catholic? Probably, his
idea of the meaning of the word is
that held by certain confused thinkers
in non-Catholic denominations, as
also by certain representatives of
modernist opinions. Starting with
the conception familiar enough in
such phrases as "a man of Catholic
tastes," these vague theorists who
know no law of definition, would
have us believe that a Catholic
Church either does or should mean a
church of unlimited comprehensiveness,
that is, which is prepared to
welcome and assimilate all opinions
honestly held, no matter how contra-
dictory. Such a Church could in-
clude in its membership Catholics,
Protestants, Jews, Brahmins, Mor-
mons, Spiritists and persons of any
possible variety of religious belief.
Such a church would have no certain
doctrines and no authority. It would
certainly not be the Church founded
by Our Lord nor would it be the
Catholic Church of the Fathers, nor
would it be a church that could logi-
cally and completely teach the doc-
trines of the Bible. All other
churches except the Roman Catholic
Church are forced to reject
certain portions of the Bible (even
of the Protestant Bible.) The
Bible for example teaches that the
Church was built upon St. Peter,
that it has power to bind and loose,
that its ministers have authority to
remits sins. The Bible shows us that
the Mass is a true sacrifice foretold
by the prophet Malachias, and insti-
tuted by Our Lord on Holy Thursday.
To remain a Protestant, one must
persist in mutilating the Bible.
After all, what is Protestantism?
Merely Catholicism cut down by in-
dividual tastes to suit a worldly view-
point.

The Presbyterian minister in his
letter, makes a statement which may
startle some students of patristic
literature. "St. Augustine," he de-
clared, "belonged to the Catholic
Church before the introduction of
doctrines distinctively Roman." This

is an old myth, exploded years ago,
but we will deal with it briefly again:
Now St. Augustine, the Bishop of
Hippos, lived between the years A. D.
354 and A. D. 430. Consequently
there was a Catholic Church, by the
minister's admission, teaching "the
pure gospel" for at least four hun-
dred years after the Resurrection of
Our Lord. But what was this "pure
gospel?" St. Paul should be a valu-
able witness. In 1 Corinthians x, 18-
21, the apostle of the Gentiles con-
trasts the Christian sacrifice with the
Jewish and pagan sacrifices. Thus
there is a sacrifice among the doc-
trines of this "pure gospel." The
writer of the Hebrews also declares:
We have an altar, whereof they
have no power to eat who serve the
tabernacle. And an altar involves
sacrifice. In Romans 15, 16 St. Paul,
in the original Greek, declares that
he is to be "leitourgos" or scri-
ficial minister of Christ Jesus among
the gentiles, for the word "leitour-
gos" is a technical sacrificial term.
So much for the New Testament.
Now let us take Justin Martyr, who
lived in the second century. Justin
Martyr states that the Eucharist was
the sacrifice foretold by the prophet
Malachias. St. Irenaeus, in the
same century, tells us that the bread
and wine in the Eucharist become
the Body and Blood of Our Blessed
Lord by Consecration. And this was
the pure gospel. Why then does
this Presbyterian minister not preach
this pure gospel to day?

THE ANGELIC HOSTS WHO
WATCH THE WAR

The story of how British soldiers
were protected in the retreat from
Ypres by heavenly visitants to earth
may seem improbable to sceptical
critics, but that there is anything
unlikely in the facts narrated there
is no reason to declare. "It has
recently been suggested," writes H.
B. Simpson, in The Nineteenth Cen-
tury and After, "that these narratives
had their rise in imaginative story
published in a London evening paper
which told how the spirits of the
English archers of Agincourt ap-
peared in aid of our army in Flanders.
This, he continues, is scarcely a
probable explanation of the belief
which some of our soldiers undoubt-
edly entertain."

Mr. Simpson does not discuss the
truth of these stories, and he declares
that those who tell them would
probably be the last to wish them
discussed in print, but he trusts that
if ever the time for discussing them
should come, it may be hoped that
England will be found to have freed
itself from the fetters of German
dogmatism and to be able at least to
hear them without recourse to that
blank and barren affirmation that
miracles do not happen.

From a non-Catholic writer this is
an interesting statement. It shows
that the present war is directing
men's thought to supernatural lines.
As regards the origin of the story,
though the evidence is not yet sifted
it may be asked why should soldiers
claim to have been supernaturally
protected if they actually had not?
They must either have been deceived
or deceivers. Now in regard to the
appearance of heavenly forms, it is
highly improbable that a man could
be so likelyhood than an earthly pro-
fector could be mistaken for a
heavenly one. Nor would a number
of men invent a story of this kind,
which could bring them no material
gain or benefit of any kind.

That there are angels watching the
great European battlefields there can
be no doubt. "It is the mind of the
Church," writes St. Jerome, "that
each one from his birth has an angel
commissioned to guard it. In the
Bible, the part played by angels in
punishment or protection is clearly
stated. In (Gen. xiiij xix) angels not
only act as the executors of God's
wrath against the cities of the plain,
but they delivered Lot from danger;
in (Ex. xii-xiii) an angel was the
appointed leader of the host of Israel,
and in (xxij, 34.) God said to Moses:
"My angel shall go before thee."

At a much later period, there is
the story of Tobias, which might
serve as a commentary on the words
of (Ps. cx, ii): "For He hath given His
angels charge over thee, to keep thee
in all thy ways."

Of the part played by the angels in
the protection of mankind, there is a
graphic description in (v King's vi, 17.)
A Syrian force had been sent to
Dathian to capture the prophet
Eliensis. The prophet's servant was
dismayed and said to his master:
"Alas, my lord, what shall we do."
But he answered: "Fear not, for
there are more with us than with

them." And Eliensis prayed and said:
"Lord, open his eyes, that he may see.
And the Lord opened the eyes of the
servant and he saw, and behold the
mountain was full of horses and
chariots of fire round about Eliensis."
And that many have been divinely
protected in the present war, is cer-
tain. Many must have prayed to
Mary, who is queen of the angels,
that she would send her legions to the
help and protection of their
friends and to the support of a cause
that they believed to be just and
true. Many too must have prayed at
Masses that their Eucharistic Lord
might stretch forth His arms to keep
their loved ones from harm. And
that these prayers are heard is
certain.

"But how could any one see an
angel," asks the doubting higher
critic? Yet it is a simple matter. In
our spiritual life beyond the grave,
we shall see the angels beyond
question. If God were to open our
eyes and increase their spiritual per-
ception, we should see them now.
Angels have appeared to many whose
testimony is certainly true. They
have always appeared for a purpose.
They will fulfil God's purposes in the
present war. Some may actually see
them, if God has some purpose in
letting it be so. In the light of his-
tory and of faith, why should we
doubt that for some wise purpose of
God, a glimpse of the angel helpers
who came in answer to prayer from
well-wishers may have been granted
to British soldiers?

A PEACE THAT IS CRUEL AS
EUROPE'S WAR

While there can be no doubt as to
the justice of the cause for which
Great Britain and her allies are con-
tending on the battle front, it is
equally certain that the war is an in-
fliction, permitted by God to harass
the world, because of almost world-
wide sin. It is true that to-day there
are thousands of holy people in this
world, who are doing their utmost to
conform to the example of their
divine Lord. It is equally true that
there are thousands who are strenuous
workers in the cause of their master
Satan. In the world of business the
principles of Satan form the moral
code of many who receive homage
from society. This is no socialist's
dream, but a fact known by experi-
ence. At the recent convention of
the American federation of Catholic
societies in Toledo, Ohio, coadjutor
Bishop M. J. Gallagher of Grand
Rapids, Mich., drew attention to the
appalling situation confronting
America to-day. "Thousands upon
thousands of laboring men," he said,
"are ground down daily by hard
labor, low wages, long working
hours, insanitary conditions and the
high cost of living. Thousands of
women are wasting away their lives
in miserable sweatshops."

If the above picture of life's seamy
side on this continent had been
drawn by a speaker of the I. W. W.,
the so-called respectable classes
might have dubbed it an anarchist's
grouch. But as the words of a Catho-
lic prelate they command attention.
They are necessary words if the
world is to be saved from the grasp
of soulless industrialism. Not all
the crimes of this world are to be
laid to the charge of war-mad
Prussia. The sinking of the Lusitania,
the burning of Louvain, the
outrages in Belgium are spectacular
crimes that publish their own in-
famy. But there are tragedies in
America's great cities which though
they reach no public light are de-
structive of even more victims than
are claimed by the present war.
The capitalist's crimes of underpay-
ment and overtaxing are committed
daily upon countless victims. Of
this fact, Bishop Gallagher draws a
graphic picture: "Thousands of
mere boys and girls," he declared,
"are put to work in our factories in
order that some bloated plutocrat
may live in an elegant mansion, ride
in an expensive auto and revel in
luxury." "Thousands of girls and
young women," continued Bishop
Gallagher, "are forced into lives of
shame and their life prospects
crushed in order that libertines may
gratify their passions and degraded
men may amass wealth."

So with Germany's monster of
militarism may be coupled the
United States' monster of dollar-
blinded industrialism. The main
difference between the two is that
militarism boasts of its infamy,
while industrialism veils it with
pious platitudes. The moral mil-
lionaire, who ascribes his success to
gospel principles, is a typical Ameri-
can product. He is not a torpedo-
launching plate of the sea but his

victims are human souls and bodies
by their thousands in great cities.
What war does on the battlefield, he
does more slowly and cruelly in the
sweatshop, the factory and the
counting-house in time of peace.

So this war in Europe is no illogi-
cal phenomenon. It merely ex-
presses by violent methods the greed,
cruelty and dishonesty that flourish
in the business world under most
respectable garbs. It is God's lesson
for the human race, to emphasize the
need of new principles in the world
of business and politics.

THE PERIL OF SOCIALISM

In the case of the untrained and
inexperienced Catholic young man of
whom we have already spoken, the
great danger is that he will strive, in
good faith, to reconcile Socialism
and Catholicity. Even his own
limited observation will be sufficient
to show him that there is something
rotten in the state of Denmark, in
other words that the present social
and economic fabric is built upon
the wrong foundations. The misery
and inequality and grinding poverty
that is the result of that system con-
front him at every step. He feels that
a remedy is sorely needed. Then the
Socialist comes along and propounds
his remedy. It looks harmless enough,
for the children of darkness are wiser
than the children of light, and the
Socialist bates his hook for the fish,
cleverly keeping out of sight anything
that would even remotely suggest
hostility to Christianity. The young
man has never had explained to him
the real meaning of the Socialist
movement. He never suspects that
it is not only economically impossible
but utterly subversive of order and
the moral law. He takes the first
false step and when his eyes are
opened to the truth about Socialism
he has become so impregnated with
its ideas that to retrace his steps is
exceedingly difficult. Are such
tragedies of rare occurrence? Consult
the muster roll of the Socialist legions
and count how many good Catholic
names are there represented.

It is little use bemoaning such
tragedies. Our energies were better
expended endeavoring to render
them impossible. We have a super-
fluity of Catholic organizations and
societies. Let us utilize them to
train our young men, not to be ex-
pert dancers or champion billiard
players, but to be defenders of the
faith that is their chief heritage.
Let us have a series of lectures on
Socialism. Let us try to form a
class of Social Study. Have we pro-
vided palatial club rooms simply to
enable our young men to fritter away
their time on senseless amusements
while the great issues of life are
awaiting solution at their hands?

Other countries have blazed the way.
The Catholics of England and Ireland
and even of much hated Germany,
have their Guilds of Social Study.
The Knights of Columbus across
the border maintain two anti-Socialist
lecturers constantly on circuit. We
may not have the numbers or the
means to attempt anything so ambi-
tious, but we can at least utilize the
forces that are at our command.
Let us not be discouraged by the
thought that we will find it hard to
interest our young men in matters of
this kind. If such is the case the fault is
largely our own. Let us make the
attempt and we will find that a cer-
tain number will rally to our side,
and they will gradually win over
others.

The Catholic press can help this
work. It has already done something
along these lines, but it could, and
should, do much more. And of
course the pastors of souls need not be
reminded of their responsibility in
this regard. From their pulpits they
have a golden opportunity of awak-
ening the public conscience and in-
structing the public mind.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

A VALUABLE relic of Mary, Queen
of Scots—a necklace of gems, with
the inscription "Houp feedis me,"—
was sold at one of the well known
auction rooms in London a few weeks
ago. It realized 725 guineas. The
inscription is a punning one, the
necklace having been a gift from the
Queen to a member of the historic
Hoop family. But, nevertheless, it
in a manner epitomizes Mary's
tragic career. Amidst all her tribu-
lations and in her darkest hours the
virtue of Hope was her stay and
solace.

IF EVER a human being fed on
Hope it was Scotland's ill-fated but

heroic Queen. Hope sustained her
midst the network of cruel falsehood
and slander by which she was en-
compassed as reigning Sovereign;
Hope was her guiding star in the
long years of her imprisonment; and
when all but the faithful few had
abandoned her, Hope still was true
in the very shadow of the scaffold,
and went with her down into the
dark valley itself—hope in God and
in the infinite merits of that loving
Saviour in whose cause she laid down
her life. As Hope then was her own
outstanding virtue in life, so does it
remain the precious possession of
those who believe in her that in
God's own time indubitable vindica-
tion in the eyes of men will be her
portion.

THE GREAT WAR has given a stimu-
lus to many things Catholic, and,
to an unbelieving world, has been the
dissolvent of many illusions. The
Rosary especially, bids fair to come
into its own. In the Archdiocese of
Westminster, which, in such a matter
means the Church in England, has
been inaugurated a "Rosary Crusade"
the purpose of which is to
bring about a general recitation of
five decades of the beads daily, for
the following intentions: (a) the
blessing of Almighty God, through
the prayers of His Immaculate
Mother, upon the arms of the British
and Irish sailors and soldiers and
their allies; (b) an honorable and
lasting peace; (c) the sick and the
wounded; (d) the prisoners of war;
and (e) the repose of the souls of all
those who have died in or through
the war.

IT IS worthy of remark that as
with so many good works, the initia-
tive in this matter lies with a lay-
man, Mr. Lister Drummond, K. S. G.,
the well-known London Police Magis-
trate, and co-founder, with Father
Philip Fletcher, of the Guild of Our
Lady of Ransom. Mr. Drummond
laid his proposal before His Emi-
nence, Cardinal Bourne, who gave it
instant and hearty approval, and it
immediately found response in the
hearts of the Catholics of London,
whence it spread into other dioceses
and bids fair to become universal
throughout Great Britain and Ire-
land. Catholics everywhere are
asked to participate, and the practice
will, let us hope, soon make its way
around the world. Catholics in
every parish are counselled with the
approval of their pastor, to meet in
church every evening, or at least
once a week and say the Rosary for
the intentions of the Crusade.
Though instituted for the special
need of the hour it would not be
surprising if so laudable a practice
became a permanent feature of
twentieth century Catholic devotion.

THE SECTARIAN press has given a
good deal of space within the past
few months to glorification of the
fifteenth century heretic, John Huss.
That Huss put himself in opposition
to the Church is sufficient reason of
course for his deification (almost) on
the part of heresy in our day. It is
not probable that those who laud him
so highly have any greater knowl-
edge of the man or his teachings than
they have of the infamous Giordano
Bruno whom they also glorify. It is
only charitable to suppose that they
applaud in their ignorance and that
real knowledge, did traditional hate
permit would dispel the unhappy
delusion. The best that can be said
of John Huss is that he was not on
so low a level as the arch-apostates
of the sixteenth century. He is in-
deed, quite respectable when con-
trasted with such "reforming
worthies." But that he was a
thorough-going revolutionary and
demagogue, whose persuasion of his
own infallibility blinded him to
every other consideration, does not
admit of question.

THE DAILY papers of a few weeks
ago narrated that the Works Com-
missioner of Toronto had reported
the finding of the remains of more
than two hundred prematurely born
babies in the Sewage-disposal plant
of that city, and that this was only
a fraction of the number which must
have passed through and disappeared
in the past two years. This report,
so shocking itself, is not meet sub-
ject for extensive comment here, but
since there is a class of individuals
in Toronto (as in other cities, no
doubt) who extol their city "The
Good," and pity laughingly less
favored communities, they may not
improperly be reminded that their
zeal should first be exercised at home.
It is a fearful reflection upon the age
that such things should be, and the

FRENCH SHELLS BUSY

The French expenditure of projec-
tiles begins to pay. The French
midnight official report states that
"on a great many points of the front
our artillery has concentrated on the
German positions a very efficacious
fire. To the north of Arras German
trenches have been upset and a
munition depot destroyed. Between
the Somme and the Oise German en-
campments have been shelled." The
blasting process has been begun.

ITALIAN ADVANCE PROCEEDS

The correspondents of the London
daily Telegraph at Rome and at
Milan send cables indicating that the
Italian advance in the Trentino pro-
ceeds rapidly, especially in the

civilization which practices or toler-
ates it is the merest platitude to say,
deemed to perish. Is there any
heathen country upon which Protest-
antism lavishes treasure so abun-
dantly, that could duplicate this Tor-
onto revelation? It may well be
doubted.

IF THERE is any one country more
than another which is looked ply-
ingly upon by Protestantism it is
Catholic Spain. That country,
according to certain scribes and
oracles, is sunk in superstition and
degradation. Yet, thoroughly digested
statistics (not the statistics of the
Bible Society) show that notwith-
standing the heavy drain of emigra-
tion, the population of Spain at the
present rate of expansion, will double
in one hundred and forty years. It
is not mere fecundity of race which
thus sets Spain in such striking con-
trast to other countries, it is religion.
In Spain still, are practised the
maxims of the Gospel, and God rules
in His own Household. Spain can
well afford to bear the reproach of
"decadence," if growth means what
it surely does mean in other coun-
tries at the present day. But Spain
if she continues true to herself has
that within her which will exalt her
among the nations when the Great
Powers have ceased to be.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

From Petrograd comes the an-
nouncement that a new army of 2,000,
000 men is being prepared and that
the main Russian army is falling to a
new general position, which appar-
ently runs southeast from near
Grodnio to a point on the east of the
Pripet Marshes. Of the relation of
Grodnio to the new lines nothing is
said, and it would seem that there is
no intention to defend either that
city or Vilna. The region to which
the Russians are now retiring is one
of few railways and roads and many
great areas of marsh land. It is
announced that the country in the
rear of the Czar's armies has been
systematically stripped of all
machinery, live stock and supplies
that might prove of advantage to the
invader. The fortifications when
evacuated are nothing but heaps of
debris. The Germans must advance
as did Napoleon, through a deserted
and devastated country, which, as
the fall advances and the rainy season
begins, will become still more
desolate and difficult. Not till
something like this, a complete
re-organization and munitioning
has been restored, says the
Petrograd correspondent of The
Daily Telegraph, will the Russians
accept the risk of a really decisive
struggle. For weeks, therefore, the
Russian armies may continue to re-
treat, turning now and again when a
favorable opportunity is afforded of
checking and retarding the enemy.
Minsk, toward which the Russians
who evacuated Brest-Litovsk are be-
lieved by the Austrians to be heading
is 300 miles northwest of Brest-
Litovsk on the main line to Moscow
—ominous name for invaders.

THE WESTERN CAMPAIGN

The struggle in the west is one of
big guns, bombs and mines. From
beneath and above and all around
death in horrible form leaps upon
the men in the trenches, and upon
women and little children in cities
and towns far removed from the
scene of hostilities. The French con-
tinue their aerial raids into territory
held by the Germans, and even to
points across the Rhine Muelheim,
in Baden, where Charles V. gained a
great victory, was visited yesterday,
the electric power station and rail-
way being the objects of attack. At
Dornach the factory in which the
Germans made poison gas was at-
tacked by an aviator. Other raids
were made in the Argonne. The
Germans have not so many aero-
planes to spare for offensive warfare,
but they sent seven shells into the
city of Compiegne yesterday at long
range, killing one nurse and seriously
wounding another. Compiegne is
only 45 miles from Paris, and the
shelling of the city is a reminder of
how near the Germans still are to
the French capital. If the army of a
hostile power were throwing shells
into Hamilton from some point over
the Mountain the people of Toronto
would probably regard the incident
as serious. Paris will merely shrug
her shoulders, and ask what better
could be expected of the Boches
than the killing of nurses.

ITALIAN ADVANCE PROCEEDS

The correspondents of the London
daily Telegraph at Rome and at
Milan send cables indicating that the
Italian advance in the Trentino pro-
ceeds rapidly, especially in the

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

IN BUSINESS
It is not the correct thing:
For a man to think that he can be a gentleman in the drawing room and a boor in his office.

NO ALUM

AND IS IT WORTH WHILE?
After all, what real satisfaction do you get out of the "good times" for which you are sacrificing so much?



OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE BARON AND THE LITTLE GIRL
In the depths of a narrow and picturesque Breton Valley, Yves Kermaudec laboriously tilled the few poor acres of land that supplied a living to himself and his six motherless children.

PURGATORY

The faithful in large numbers
wend their way to the cemeteries to pray for the dead. While loving hands lay garlands of flowers, wreaths and crosses on the graves to honor those who are gone, the love of the mourners with Catholic faith takes the more reasonable form of praying for the souls departed, says the Catholic Universe.

NO ALUM

have found that helmet on the roadside.
"Malédiction!" exclaimed the cavalier. "Our companions have forestalled us, and they will get the thousand guineas. Know, fellow, that your daughter is playing with the helmet of the high and mighty Baron of Roche Aymon."

PURGATORY

The faithful in large numbers
wend their way to the cemeteries to pray for the dead. While loving hands lay garlands of flowers, wreaths and crosses on the graves to honor those who are gone, the love of the mourners with Catholic faith takes the more reasonable form of praying for the souls departed, says the Catholic Universe.

Our Home Library

50c. Each Postage Free
Novels and Religious Books by the Best Catholic Authors
THE ALCHEMIST'S SECRET, by Isabel Cecilia Williams. This collection of short stories is not of the writer's supply for amusement; they have their simple, direct teaching, and they lead us to think of and pity sorrows and trials of others other than our own.

Our Home Library

50c. Each Postage Free
Novels and Religious Books by the Best Catholic Authors
THE ALCHEMIST'S SECRET, by Isabel Cecilia Williams. This collection of short stories is not of the writer's supply for amusement; they have their simple, direct teaching, and they lead us to think of and pity sorrows and trials of others other than our own.

MADE IN CANADA
Do you know Triscuit? It is the Shredded Whole Wheat Wafer. Try this whole wheat toast a few days instead of white flour bread toast and see how much better you feel.
TRISCUIT
heated in the oven to restore crispness and then served with butter is a delicious snack for luncheon or for hungry "kiddies." It is in a class by itself. It has everything in it that growing youngsters need and they like to chew it because of its crispness and tastiness.
MADE AT NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO
Toronto Office: 49 Wellington Street East

There's only one way to wash woollens, flannels, and filmy fabrics absolutely clean without injury: The LUX way. LUX softens hard water—gives a rich, cream-like lather which the daintiest hands or filmiest fabrics need never fear. LUX coaxes rather than forces the dirt out of clothes.
Don't Shrink Woollens 10c
Made in Canada by Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto.

PATRON SAINT OF SHOEMAKERS
ST. CRISPIN, MARTYRED AT SOISSONS, WAS A SHOEMAKER BY TRADE
Those who follow the ancient and honorable calling of the shoemaker have a special interest in Soissons, for it was in the early days of the fourth century the scene of the martyrdom of St. Crispin and his brother Romanus Crispinianus. Under the iron rule of Diocletian, both found it desirable to leave Rome, and they settled in Soissons, which was then known as Noviodunum, where they began to spread the Christian faith. In order not to be a burden on their neighbors they took up the trade of shoemaking, which enabled them to support themselves and devote a great deal to charitable purposes. Their gospel did not please the Governor of Soissons, and he had them both plunged into boiling lead—although other accounts say they were placed in boiling tar and afterwards decapitated. Both accounts agree, however, that the process of justification terminated fatally. Some authorities regard St. Crispin as apocryphal; but that cannot be—he has been canonized, and that removes doubt as to his existence and martyrdom.—St. Paul Bulletin.

NO FREEDOM FOR THE CHURCH THERE

Carranza, Villa and the other out-thrust revolutionists in Mexico are always eager and ready to see that one of their noble aims is to free the people and the government from the domination of the Catholic Church.

THE "INFALLIBILITY" DIFFICULTY

Many honest seekers after the light of truth confess that they could accept all Catholic doctrines save the "claim to Infallibility" made by the Head of the Church.

the world one who should found a Church which must eventually lead us into chaos and not out of it?

Are we to suppose that an all-wise Providence could have instituted an infallible Church and either would not or "forgot" to do so?

RARE RELIC AT ARRAS

Devastated Arras possesses an ancient church, Notre Dame des Ardeus, which remained unharmed despite the recent terrific bombardment, and which contains a unique relic that is nearly one thousand years old.

BUILT FOR YEARS This is not an organ simply built to sell. A Karn Church Organ built to-day will give equal satisfaction years hence.

TEACHERS WANTED EXPERIENCED MALE CATHOLIC TEACHERS Second class normal certificate for Polish Catholic Separate school section No. 4, Willow, Ont.

TEACHER WANTED HOLDING SECOND or third class certificate for Catholic Separate schools. Salary \$400 to \$500. Apply to J. E. Gresh, Sep. school Insp., 101 Henderson Ave., Ottawa.

WANTED FOR C. S. S. NO. 1 STANLEY Second or Third Professional teacher. Salary \$450 per annum. Duties to commence Sept. 1st.

COMPOSITORS WANTED THREE FEMALE COMPOSITORS WANTED. Steady work. Apply CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

FARM FOR SALE THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS FOR SALE his farm at Antigonish Harbour, 5 miles from Antigonish, containing 100 acres, 24 of which are in good state of cultivation.

FINNEY & SHANNON'S COAL The Coal of Quality Domestic Soft-Coke, Pocahontas, Lump, Steam Coal-Lump, Run of Mine, Slack, Best Grades of Hard Wood

RIDER AGENTS WANTED everywhere to ride and exhibit a sample 1916 Hyslop Bicycle, with all latest improvements.

LEARN TO PLAY PIANO OR ORGAN IN A FEW HOURS A Detroit musician has invented a wonderful new system which enables any person or little child to learn to play the piano or organ in an hour or two.

TEACHERS WANTED HOLDING 1ST OR 2ND class certificate for Separate school No. 2, Glenora. Duties to commence Sept. 1st.

"Why, No! There's never any soot from our furnace." I like that feature of our Hecla Furnace—even better than the saving in coal.

HECLA WARM AIR FURNACE Saves One Ton in Seven. This saving is due to the Hecla steel-ribbed fire-pot, which has three times the ordinary heating surface.

Catholic Confessional AND Sacrament of Penance By Rev. Albert McKean, S. T. L. "It is a worthy exposition. It cannot but remove prejudice." J. Cardinal Gibbons.

Father Damen's Lectures (NINTH EDITION) I. The Private Interpretation of the Bible. II. The Catholic Church the only True Church of God.

DENTISTS WANTED for Catholic Dentists in two large cities in Western Ontario. Full information can be obtained from the CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

J. J. M. Landy EVERYTHING IN Catholic Church Supplies First Communion Wreaths and Veils and Prayer Books MISSION SUPPLIES

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

HOTEL CUMBERLAND New York Broadway at 54th St. Broadway Cars from Grand Central Depot.

MEMORIAL WINDOWS STAINED GLASS IN THE NT LYON GLASS CO.

St. Mary's Academy Holy Names College (15 Minutes from Detroit) Tuition in English and French. Preparatory and Grammar Grades.

Sacred Heart College SUDBURY, ONTARIO A CLASSICAL AND PREPARATORY BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS

"SAFETY FIRST" "Safety First" Consists in Avoiding Risks There is the Risk of your death and the resulting stoppage of your income.

Let Us Show You a New Way to Easier, Quicker and Better Cleaning

Cedar Mop (MADE IN CANADA) is all that we claim for it. No woman who has ever used one would again be without one.

AT YOUR DEALERS CHANNEL CHEMICAL CO., LTD. 369 BORAUREN AVE. TORONTO

NOW READY! Largest EATON Catalogue EVER PUBLISHED Thousands of Amazing Money-Saving Opportunities!

EATON'S FALL & WINTER CATALOGUE No. 116 1915-16

A MARVEL VALUE ALL-WOOL SERGE DRESS \$8-5516. Woman's All-Wool Serge Dress, in a very youthful and becoming style.