

# The Catholic Record.

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

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### THE REFORMER

Some of these days a reformer will undertake to find out if the results of our educational methods are commensurate with the labour and money so generously bestowed upon them. Methods approved by learned men have an awesome aspect to the man in the street, but he may be tempted to view them at a close range and subject them to the test of just what they are productive of for a community. The people who pay the bills, due we presume to an abnormal opinion of the wisdom of the educator, have allowed the school curriculum to include all the clogies. With no check in the industry of the framers of programmes of studies, we have a bewildering variety of subjects that would test the endurance and capabilities of the mature. The result is that the teacher must perforce give up expeditiously and as easily as possible the information required to the straining of nerves and strength, and the pupil must cram and pay for it by the weakening of mental grasp. Fads are thrown in for good measure, and as a result time that should be given to the foundation is wasted on ornament. The teacher cannot determine the pupil to self-activity. Multiplicity of text books is conducive to mental anemia. And an educator, however learned, cannot believe that a man can be stuffed with knowledge like a turkey in a Christmas dinner. How often does it happen that a raw country lad outstrips in life's race a college graduate. Want of industry, of perseverance, may sometimes account for it, but the main cause in our opinion is that while the mind of the college man is filled with undigested facts and scraps of information that warp his mental machinery, because knowledge is not education, the mind of the country boy is in normal condition and can by its own native power do good work. The college man is all right where there is question of dates of things that are dead, which necessitate no thinking, but he is oftentimes useless when it comes to meeting an emergency in solving a live problem. You cannot expect a runner with his stomach filled with pickles and terrapin to break a record, nor can you expect a brain crammed with scraps of information badly assorted and undigested to do good work.

"I will tell you," says Cardinal Newman in his "Idea of a University," what has been the practical error of the last twenty years: not to load the student with a load of undigested knowledge, but to force upon him so much that he has rejected all. It has been the error of distracting and entangling the mind by an unmeaning profusion of subjects: of implying that a smattering in a dozen branches of study is not shallowness, which it really is, but enlargement which it is not—that all this was not dissipation of mind but progress. All things are now learned at once—not first one thing then another: not one well but many badly."

Were these pretentious programmes shorn of their flashy bric-a-brac, we believe that the efficiency of the Public school would be largely increased, not to say anything of the health of both pupil and teacher. To us the white man's burden is exemplified in the youngster bent schoolward with a load of text-books enjoined by the educator and required for exams.

But some day our reformer may fetch the Czar of education from the heights to the earth in which plain people live, and force them to give a better return for the money of the tax-payer.

### THE EX NUN

A short time ago an anti-Catholic lecturer, an escaped nun, attempted to ply her trade of vilification and slander in Albany, N. Y., but was prevented by the Protestants of the town. If Protestants in other places would imitate this example there would be fewer purveyors of falsehood, and hatred, and more manifestations of charity and justice. As

Cardinal Newman said: "All we want is fair play." And men, even though under the influence of hostile tradition of three hundred years, of environment and of education, cannot believe that a Church that has had and has within her fold men and women of eminent learning and holiness is the monstrosity conjured by that type of lecturer who has neither reputation nor scholarship to commend him.

### ALWAYS GOOD

Work that is the result of character, that proceeds from the soul is always productive of good. A good prayer is, as a rule, a good worker. They who understand that outward activity must be based upon inward progress are always successful in the things that are worth while. The people, however, who because of too much activity are spiritually out of elbow are negligible factors in regard to spiritual influence.

### EASY

It is easy to condemn the dark ages, but it is difficult to give a colour of justice and truth to our condemnation. If some kind friend were to admonish some writers not to wax eloquent on things that never existed, we might be spared much meaningless chatter. Professor Brewer and others have shown them to be ages of intellectual activity, and enduring progress. There were abuses: we can hardly praise all that has been said and done, but we must admit them when taken in the aggregate: and besides, to judge them by the standards of our times is to violate every canon of historical criticism. It must be remembered that the conditions of those times were far different from our own. The refining touch of civilization had as yet not smoothed away the coarseness of barbarism. The wild blood of Goth and Hun pulsed hotly through the veins of men who were learning a new order of things, and it is not to be marvelled at if at times they reverted to the customs of their forefathers. True they could not lay claim to the material civilization which we possess, but the true test of civilization is as Emerson says: "Not the crops, or the census, or the size of a city; but the kind of men the country turns out."

### TO BE REMEMBERED

Dazzled by the glamour of material progress we are apt to pay too little attention to the constituents of national life. But we know that permanent nationality is not built on armies, or navies, or the treasures of commerce and art. A nation may be on a high plane and yet be poor in material resources. Not poverty but corruption kills a people. It must be borne in mind that religion was the supreme affair of the man and woman of those days. The world beyond the spheres was to them an ever present reality. "Religion," says an old writer, "was not separated from morality, nor science from life, nor were words from deeds." It brought joy and content to the heart even as it enhanced the clearness of the intellect. This is why many a simple monk has given a solution to world problems and has written books which hold past within them the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up in purpose to a life beyond life.

### "ENGLAND MUST GET RELIGION TO WIN"

Vice Admiral Sir David Beatty, Commander of the first British battle cruiser squadron, whose ships defeated the Germans in the North Sea, has made a stirring appeal for a great religious revival in England as a necessary step to victory in the war. In a letter read at the annual convention of the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge, he writes: "Surely Almighty God does not intend this war to be just a hideous frenzy or a blood-drenched orgy. There must be a purpose in it; improvement must come out of it. 'In what direction? France has already shown to us the way and has risen out of her ruined cities with a revival of religion that is wonderful. Russia has been welded into a whole and religion plays a great part. England still remains to be taken out of the stupor of self-satisfaction

and complacency into which her flourishing condition has steeped her. Until she can be stirred out of this condition, until a religious revival takes place, just so long will the war continue. "When she can look on the future with humbler eyes and a prayer on her lips, then we can begin to count the days towards the end. Your society is helping to this end and so is helping to bring the war to a successful end."—N. Y. World, Jan. 28, 1916.

### THE IRISH SOLDIER IN ENGLISH REGIMENTS

FROM JOHN DILLON'S SPEECH ON CONSCRIPTION IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

A POSER FOR SIR EDWARD CARSON  
Now, I wish to say a few words on the attitude taken up by the right hon. gentleman, the member for Trinity College (Sir Edward Carson), and other Unionist members. Yesterday the right hon. gentleman, the member for Trinity College, in a very powerful speech, not quite so bitter as in the old days, made a strong appeal to the member for Waterford and entreated him to allow Ireland to come in under this bill. That was hardly a generous form to put his appeal in, as if the hon. member for Waterford was interfering with Ireland's liberty and forbidding her to come in under this bill. I can only say that opinion in Ireland is almost unanimous against this bill, and it is not the hon. member for Waterford who is preventing Ireland from coming in. The hon. member for Waterford was simply giving expression to the feeling of the Irish people; but I cannot understand why Unionist members from Ireland should, every one of them, throw more or less mud on their own country in this matter (Nationalist cheers). The right hon. gentleman, a member for Trinity College, said that the Irish were not doing their duty, and, as other members have said before him, that the Irish regiments would be filled very soon with Englishmen, but is not this a strange thing? It is only four weeks since the right hon. gentleman, the member for Trinity College, was asked by the Joint Recruiting Committee to meet the member for Waterford on a common platform at Newry, in the County of Down. The Primate of Ireland had consented to come on the platform, and here is the reply the right hon. gentleman, the member for Trinity College, sent: "I am in receipt of your invitation to attend the recruiting meeting at Newry on Wednesday, or some other convenient day. I regret I cannot comply with the request, nor do I think the proposal would serve any useful purpose."

An Hon. Member—Hear, hear.  
Mr. Dillon—Well, then, what is the necessity of compulsion? (Nationalist cheers.) But let me finish the letter: "As I have already, from time to time, made known in Ulster my views as to supporting our comrades at the front by getting up the necessary reserves, and I am glad to know from recent reports that such appeals are being very practically replied to."

One would suppose that the right hon. gentleman, the member for Trinity College, considering the necessity of getting recruits in Ireland, would have gladly accepted the invitation to stand on the same platform as the hon. member for Waterford and make a common appeal. He refused to do so, and not only for that particular day, but he intimated that there was no use renewing the invitation. Now he said, and one of the hon. members for Down said also, that it was a melancholy thing that there should be a number of Englishmen in the Connaught Rangers and other Irish regiments. Was that a generous thing to say?

An Hon. Member—It is the truth.  
Mr. Dillon—But why is it true? We offered at the beginning of the war to fill every single Irish regiment with Irishmen.

### MORE TEUTONIC DUPLICITY

"The letter which Cardinal Mercier and the Belgian bishops addressed to the German clergy on Nov. 24, 1915, regarding an investigation of allegations that atrocities had been committed in Belgium by Germans did not reach Cardinal von Hartmann, archbishop of Cologne, until Jan. 7, which explains why it has not been answered. The general impression prevailing in Germany, however, is that the letter was inspired by Cardinal Mercier, whose intransigent attitude towards the German authorities became manifest on various occasions."—Overseas Agency Cable from Berlin.

The Overseas cable is simultaneous with the despatch from Rome to the effect that the German government has ordered the arrest of Cardinal Mercier. Evidently the activities and the attitude of the Belgian prelate are extremely annoying to the Teutons but this would not seem to warrant the peculiar statement of the Overseas agency, which is recognized as the official mouthpiece of the Berlin government.

Following charges of "criminal acts committed by Belgian priests against German soldiers" (to quote the Kaiser) Cardinal Mercier, along with the ecclesiastical heads of the episcopates of Ghent, Namur, Liege, Bruges and Tournai addressed a letter to the Catholic episcopate of Germany and Austria inviting their co-operation in the establishment of a tribunal "to investigate atrocities in Belgium by whomsoever committed." Cardinal Mercier and the Belgian bishops suggested that the tribunal be composed of seven members, three German bishops, three Belgian bishops and a seventh member from some neutral country to be selected by the cardinals representing the United States, Switzerland, Spain and Holland. The Belgian offer was also a reply to the charges made by the Kaiser and to the more specific accusations of Professor Rosenberg, a Catholic writer and prominent German teacher, who alleged that the Belgian priests were in league with the "rebels" to assassinate German troops and military leaders. Prof. Rosenberg, whose home is in Paderborn, is among the leaders of Teuton philosophy.

But how was this Belgian challenge received? Not a word was heard in reply from the German clergy. That this was the case was finally learned to be due to the entire suppression by the postal and military authorities of Germany of the whole correspondence. The German clergy were notified not to discuss the matter.

But in the meantime Austria had apparently been overlooked, for Cardinal Pili of Vienna, announced his readiness to accept the Belgian investigation offer and even sent a qualified prelate to look into the question. The report of this Catholic priest, although from an enemy country, was a complete refutation of the Kaiser's charges and of Prof. Rosenberg's statements. Not only did the Austrian delegate establish the truth of the Belgian atrocities but he traced home to the Germans the entire responsibility in every case.

### 1,700 FROM ONE PARISH

I say, and I repeat, that at the beginning of the war it was the deliberate policy of the War Office that prevented Irish regiments from being entirely composed of Irishmen. An hon. gentleman said a while ago that they were not born in Ireland. Are you going to shut out all the Irish race that were not born in Ireland? In Irish nationality the Irish in Great Britain—and there are two millions of them—are as strong Irishmen as anyone in Ireland. They are very strong Nationalists; and no section of the population of this country is more patriotic than this section of its men into the ranks of your army. From 2,000,000 of people we have sent more than 180,000. I was attending Mass in the Catholic Church, St. Patrick's, in Manchester, a short time ago, and there I saw a roll of honor pinned to the door. The Parish Priest told me that he had 1,700 men serving in the Manchester Regiment. That is, 1,700 from one parish. Now, I say why should these answering comparisons be continually cast at us? We are doing our best in difficult circumstances. An hon. member says some of these men did not enlist in Ireland. Take my own case. I come from a county—the County of Mayo—that stands rather low down on the list of recruiting. It is really a peasant country, with no towns of any size. That, in my opinion, accounts for it. If you compare it with Cornwall or Devon you will find that we stand at about the same level, eliminating the towns, because if you are going to make comparisons you must compare like with like. If you do that you will find Ireland will not come out badly. Take towns like Dublin, Cork, Waterford, Limerick, smaller towns like Clonmel, Sligo, Athlone, down to places of the size of Athy, you will find any one of these has done as well and better than Manchester or Liverpool. The town of Carrick-on-Suir has sent a larger proportion of its population than I think, any town in England has done. Of course the rural districts have not done so well, but they have done as well as the rural districts of England. We are a rural country, and you are largely a manufacturing country.—Ireland.

breathing a religious atmosphere. Their attendance at Church on Sundays cannot be equalled, not to say surpassed by any of our Protestant denominations.

"I was out on a vacation once on a fishing trip. There were four of us in the party and one was a Catholic, a young man from St. Louis. When Sunday came our Catholic friend got up at 4 a. m., walked a mile to the station to catch a passing train at 5 a. m., which brought him to a town about ten miles distant, where there was a Catholic Church, and there he heard Mass, returning later in the day. When we made the remark that he could plead a legitimate excuse for neglecting divine service under the circumstances he replied that it was not any sense of obligation that was troubling him, but that he valued hearing Mass so highly that he would consider it a great loss to miss it, and besides he had promised his mother never to lose Mass if it was at all possible to attend. I tell you," said my non-Catholic friend, "that that St. Louis man went up a 100 per cent in our esteem. We three Protestants felt that a religion which was so real to its members had something in it which we do not find in our own."

Such was the substance of what this non-Catholic business man said to me, and it is but another proof that if Catholics desire to win the respect of those whose respect is worth having there is no better way of obtaining it than by living up to the doctrines and practices of their religion.

The position to day is that the Catholic party in Germany and Austria fully realize that the German government is alone responsible for the record of murders and worse in Belgium. It is fear of what the future action of Cardinal Mercier may portend that has inspired the Overseas denial and its unblinking attempt to bluff the outside world which, naturally, would not be expected to be conversant with what might be termed the ecclesiastical aspect of the rape of Belgium.—Ottawa Citizen.

### A DANGEROUS SUGGESTION

FOR PRO GERMAN IRISH AMERICANS

A very interesting argument is advanced by Mr. Jas. K. McGuire in his book, "What Could Germany Do for Ireland?" that Ireland, by her geographical position, commands the approaches to Europe. Count Reventlow, whose reading would seem to have expanded to Mr. McGuire's book, has recently been using pretty much the same language. He draws the inference that Ireland must be set free from England; then, being independent, she could exercise her function as guardian of the sea gate, and all would be well. Count Reventlow approaches the matter from the viewpoint of what Ireland could do for Germany, but that, no doubt, is a mere detail.

It may be worth while to remark, however, that neither Mr. McGuire nor Count Reventlow has the merit of original discovery in this matter. Spain worked upon the same theory; France worked upon the same theory; England has worked upon the same theory. When Spain, as a great power, was at war with England, Spain was quite sensible that if she could win and hold Ireland she could do England great damage. In Spain they thought of what Ireland could do for Spain. In Ireland they thought of what Spain could do for Ireland. But after half a century of experience, what happened was that Spain was beaten by England on the sea and that Ireland, as Spain's ally, was ravaged and devastated on land. In the process, all the chiefs and leaders of the people were cut off, the people were enslaved, their property was sequestered. France, also in a later day, saw what it would mean to be in secure possession of Irish harbors, and Ireland once more welcomed the deliverer. France was beaten on the sea; it was the Irish who were destroyed on land. Pitying with the glittering theory it brought to Ireland the ruin of the Williamite campaign and after that a hundred years of penal laws, of suffering, of slavery and of bitterness. This is no new thing they are talking about. It is the key to the tragedy of Irish history during four centuries.—Ireland.

### BEST WAY TO KILL PREJUDICE

I learned from a non-Catholic business man the other day the best method of killing prejudice, says a writer in the True Voice of Omaha, Neb. It is a method requiring no extra effort. "The moral of the lesson conveyed to me by my non-Catholic friend is that the best way to kill prejudice against the Catholic Church is for its members to live up to the precepts of their religion, to be practical Catholics. I asked my friend if it was true that he was about to lose the pastor of his church whom I also had the pleasure of knowing.

"I cannot say for sure," said my friend, "but it looks that way. You see," he added, "it is difficult to get our people to stick and take an interest in their Church. They go to Church just as they feel like it, and they are as likely to go to another church as to their own. It is very different with your Catholics; they seem to love their Church, and I have often been edified by the reverence of Catholics during their services. You don't find them talking to each other and 'rubbing' just the same as if they were in a theatre. I tell you it does a fellow good to sit through a Catholic service. You cannot help but feel as if you were

breathing a religious atmosphere. Their attendance at Church on Sundays cannot be equalled, not to say surpassed by any of our Protestant denominations.

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### THE POPE AND PEACE

Stead's Review of Reviews for November-December contains the following tribute to Our Holy Father's efforts in the cause of peace, from the pen of Mr. Henry Stead: "Give peace in our time, O Lord," is the official daily prayer of millions of people. Other millions follow their ministers every Sunday in fervent appeals to God for peace on earth. All the various sections of the Christian Church believe absolutely in Christ as the greatest power for peace and love, and give lip adhesion, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you." Yet of all the powerful religious sects in the world there is only one which has dared to try to bring about peace. The head of but one has had the courage to lift up his voice and urge the combatants to settle their differences by conference instead of by sword, to stop killing each other, and endeavor to save hundreds of thousands of lives by bringing the war to a speedy close. Never has the Roman Catholic Church shown itself so great as when the Pope, as its official head, endeavored to induce the fighting powers to consider the possibility of making peace. It is in times like these that the value of a mighty organized Church becomes apparent to all the world. United we stand, divided we fall, was never more terribly demonstrated. Christ's teaching lays an obligation upon all those who follow Him to do their best to bring war to an end, yet even had the strongest of the sects dared to lift up its voice in protest, no great organization behind it, its voice would have gone unheeded, almost unheard. When, however, the spiritual ruler of a people far more numerous than those which owe allegiance to any of the kings and emperors and presidents at war urges them to end the strife, his voice is heard, his protest is considered. Even if no immediate action is taken, he has done his duty, he has laid the foundation for that peace which must come in the end.—Brooklyn Tablet.

### LET THEM BE GONE!

The Baptist Advance of January 20 has the following very pertinent editorial item: "The notorious W. H. Hikes has turned up again at several points, passing for a Baptist preacher. He has dared to come back into Arkansas, but we understand officers took him back to Kansas. The day is here when churches and brethren should be careful with roving preachers of any kind. It is good to keep hands on pocketbooks and church doors when such fellows are around."

We fully endorse the position taken in this matter by our contemporary. And it does not matter whether the itinerant impostor poses as a Baptist preacher or a Catholic priest—in either case he ought to be loathed by all self-respecting men and women. What are these frauds, anyhow, but slanderers of women, instigators of strife, vendors of notoriety, smilers, liars, and those that abet them are not one whit better.

The Advance observes very well that these individuals are after the pocket books. Indeed, it is for filthy ure's sake that they pander to the passions of men and create confusion in peaceful communities. We join the Advance in wishing that their day may be past. Let Christians bethink themselves that rancor and bitterness are utterly unworthy of their calling, and the trade of those who grow fat on stirring up dissension will speedily come to an end.—The Guardian.

### CATHOLIC NOTES

The Echo de Paris confirms the news of the death of the distinguished Belgian historian, Godfried Kurth. He was attended in his last moments by Cardinal Mercier.

Lima Peru, is one of the strongholds of the Church. It is said that Toledo, Spain, is the only other city in the Catholic world which has more houses of worship, per capita, than the capital of Peru.

The municipality of Tivoli, near Rome, has requisitioned the famous Villa d'Este, the property of the Austrian Crown Prince, and the equally famous St. Michael's Monastery, which belongs to the Irish Dominicans. Both will be used for the accommodation of troops.

The latest list of officers in the British army to whom has been awarded the D. S. O. (Distinguished Service Order) is composed almost entirely of Irishmen. Among them is Andrew Nugent Comyn of Ballinderry, a great grandson of Daniel O'Connell, the Liberator.

The place of Father Conrady, the heroic priest who gave his life to the lepers on Leprosy Island, Shelkang, China, and whose death was recorded recently, has been supplied by Father George Des Nazaires, who will continue the good and merciful work commenced by the heroic Conrady.

Bishop McDonnell of Brooklyn, N. Y., has announced the appointment of Monsignor James J. Coan, chancellor of the diocese and rector of the Sacred Heart Church, to succeed Archbishop Mundelein of Chicago as rector of the Queen of All Saints Church, Brooklyn. Mgr. Coan was born in Ireland forty-eight years ago and was ordained by Bishop McFaul of Trenton, in 1895.

A telegram from Rome announces that in the recent Consistory, His Holiness, Benedict XV., has proclaimed Monsignor Augustus of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, and Vicar Apostolic of the Upper French Congo, Titular Archbishop of Casipico, under which title he will henceforth be known, instead of that of Bishop of Sinita, in partibus infidelium, which he has borne for the last twenty-five years.

Seannell O'Neill of Milwaukee, who keeps his eye on such matters, says: "Several of our exchanges, including the Kentucky Irish American, refer to the late Ada Rehan as 'a devout Catholic.' We have on several occasions corrected this statement. Miss Rehan was a Unitarian and her funeral was held from St. Thomas Episcopal Church, New York, after which she remains were cremated. We hope our contemporaries will also drop their roll of alleged 'Catholics' the names Rosentgen and Marconi."

The London Universe announces that the Rev. R. F. Sheppey Greene, late of St. Thomas, Clapton, and now second lieutenant in the Army Service Corps, has been received into the Church by Monsignor Scott, D. D. V. G. The ceremony took place on January 6 at Cambridge. This additional name brings the total of Anglican clergymen who since 1910 have entered the Church, and whose names have appeared in the Universe, to 93, though its list is not necessarily complete.

Monsignor John J. Dunn, director of the New York diocesan branch of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, announced that \$19,664.68 had been donated in 1915 for foreign mission work. This is the largest amount that has ever been given by a diocese since the foundation of the society many years ago in France. The diocese of New York for the last six years has been the largest foreign mission contributor of any Catholic diocese in the world. Previously the diocese of Lyons, France, held the record.

The Jesuit Fathers of Los Angeles, Cal., have purchased a tract of land with a frontage of 1,500 feet and 400 feet deep in the heart of the residential section of Los Angeles, where they expect to begin the erection of a \$250,000 college soon after the new Bishop of Los Angeles is appointed. Plans for a group of buildings are being prepared. "We are not ready to discuss our plans for a new college," said Father Gleason, who is active in promoting the new college. "We do not know yet whether we will be allowed to build on West Sixteenth street. The decision will rest with the new Bishop of this diocese, who may not approve the plan."

The number of scholarly priests who are acting as chaplains in the various armies of the great war is remarkable. Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B., the historian of the English Martyrs, and formerly of Edington, Abbey, Birmingham, sailed for Egypt recently. Dom Bede has been appointed military chaplain and has for some time been in charge of a military hospital in Scotland. He is one of the most famous Anglican converts during the past quarter of a century, and will always be remembered for the share he had in the reception of the Abbe de Caldesi (Anglican) Brotherhood into the Church.

A FAIR EMIGRANT

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND
AUTHOR OF MARCELLA GRACE: "A NOVEL"
CHAPTER XVII
GRAN

Tor Castle stands on a breezy height a quarter of a mile inland above the bold promontory of Tor Head, opposite the Mull of Cantire. Here have dwelt for generations the elder branch of our Finlagg family, at present represented by young man, cousin of Shana and Rosheen, and by his grandmother, Gran, striking and well-known figure in the district, is also grandmother to Alister and his sisters, and a fond great grandmamma to Flora's children.

Between The Rath and Tor Castle lie miles of beautiful country; romantic Glenariffe and Glenan, the lovely shores and strange caves of Cushendun, the rugged and splendid headlands of Cashlake, with their rocky cliffs and flowery ravines. Far below Tor Castle the waters of Moyie wash the rocky walls of the great Tor Head—fairy Moyle, haunted in days of old by the chanted strains of the Princess Fiona, and her brothers, Scotland looks so near that, on a fine day, one would think a ferry boat might bring one across in a quarter of an hour, and from the windows of Tor Castle the exquisite outlines of the hills of Jura show their fantastic outlines on the bosom of the glittering sea.

Gran is the real head of the clan Finlagg, loved by rich and poor. Her tall, spare, and still active figure is often seen moving from cottage to cottage about Tor, her stately old head with its snow-white curls drooping to enter at their low doorways. She is a rigidly upright, God-fearing, and charitable soul, kind rather in her deeds than her words, though a rare tenderness sometimes shines out of her keen and penetrating eyes. A slight degree of sternness in manner and demeanour deceives no one as to the quality of her heart, and it is never forgotten that she has known a terrible sorrow in her life.

On certain days the whole of The Rath family were accustomed to come all the way from Glenariffe to spend a day and stay a night with Gran. At other times Tor Castle was empty and silent enough, even when Rory, the master of Tor, was at home—he and Gran making but a small family to occupy it; but when the Rath people appeared it became as busy and merry as a hive. Such stirring visitations were the delight of the old lady's life; and preparations, in the airing of rooms and providing of sweets and good things for the children, were begun many days before the expected guests arrived.

On a bright May day the usual migration from The Rath to Tor was taking place. Lady Flora had gone early in her brougham with the nurse and two youngest children, leaving Shana and Rosheen and the elder babes to follow, walking, and riding on the family car.

The drawing-room at Tor had not been restored and the ancient furniture had performed no journeys up and down the garret stairs, had known no period of ignominious seclusion; there it stood just where it had been since the beginning of all things, as might be imagined—the old bureau, and tables, and china presses, and sconces, black with age and bright with well-polished brass. The round, convex mirrors which Lady Flora had once thought so hideous, but worshipped now, hung where they had always hung, except when they moved for purposes of cleaning; the carpet was so worn that, but for rugs adroitly spread, it would have shown too plainly the marks of its valuable antiquity; the curtains had no particular colour left in them, but had a ghostly dignity in their folds better than the richness of many modern fabrics. The well-wrought brasses about the fireside shone with a comfortable splendour when the fire glowed all across its width between the high shouldered pilasters and carved panels of the time-darkened chimney-piece.

All the chambers at Tor were furnished in the same styles of unquestionable antiquity. They and their contents seemed as old as Tor Head and the waves that beat against it; and they suggested the truth that more dignity than money belonged to the inheritance of the ancient clan Finlagg. Gran, who prized every stick and stone in the castle, saw nothing amiss; but Flora perceived keenly with her more worldly eyes that Rory would have to marry an heiress, as Alister had done, if only that he might restore and replenish his ancient home.

Even in bright May weather the breeze that blows up from the great Tor is sharp and cool, and Gran and her grand-daughter-in-law sat in two grim arm-chairs facing each other by the fire. Gran looked like some old queen in a historical picture, with her white head posed against the carving of her high-backed chair, and her long black draperies flowing round her on the floor.

"I am glad you arrived first," she was saying, "because I want to talk to you apart from the girls. If Manon comes here I should not like them to have heard a word to the prejudice of her or her mother."

"Certainly not," said Lady Flora; "and I do not know why any one need be prejudiced. You did not like her mother when you knew her as a young woman, but her grandmother was your friend. The girl is of good birth and an heiress. Why should she not come to you, if her mother wishes it?"

"Why should she not?" said Gran reflectively. "But then why should she do so? I mean, what is the reason for her wishing it? Alister was a young woman I could not bear—sly, untruthful, cold-hearted."

"But she was charmingly beautiful and married the son of a wealthy marquis," laughed Lady Flora; "and that ought to cover a multitude of sins."

Gran sighed and fingered the letter she had in her wrinkled hand impatiently. Here was not a worldly-minded girl like Lady Flora's, and she had not been thinking of the position of this mother and daughter who were putting themselves forward to claim her friendship, but of their moral worth. It had once been a trouble to her that she could not like the daughter of the friend of her youth, and now it was vexing her that she might have to dislike the grand-daughter as well. True, the grand-child might reproduce the estimable and lovable qualities of the grandmother; but then why did Alister, the mother—so worldly—so cunning, and always, in former days so unsympathetic with Gran herself—now ask to send her child under her roof, into the undesirable seclusion of the Antrim highlands?

"I cannot guess her motive," said she, folding and unfolding the letter. "Manon is handsome and an heiress, and in France, in Paris, she ought to have the world at her feet. The grand-daughter is long dead—the only link between me and this mother and child; and even while she lives, Alister took but little interest in her mother's friend. And now she writes to me like this:

"Dear My Dear Friend of My Departed Mother—My darling Manon, of whom you have heard tell as the heiress of her grandfather, the late Marquis de—, husband of your dear friend my lamented mother, is now of age, and the world is full of snares and attractions for her. I have taken a strange fancy, sentimental if you will, to place her under your care for some few months, before launching her on the dangers and pleasures of life—"

"There!" cried Flora. "What would you have more unworthily than that? If not very wise herself, she has a high opinion of you, and would like her daughter to have the advantage of your friendship."

A little colour stole into Gran's dear old face, partly at the suggested praise of herself, and partly with pleasure to think that Alister's motive might, after all, be a high one.

"I do not consider myself a very good person, Flora. I tremble to think of how much better I might have been if I had tried."

Flora made a little mouth behind her fan, in her opinion Gran was a great deal too good—"too high-flown," as her grand-daughter-in-law would have called it.

"Any virtue I have had has been too much of a negative kind," the old lady went on. "One cannot be very bad, always looking at Tor Head and the sea. But I would be glad to think that Alister had some delusion on the subject, for better a mistake of that kind than no desire to look up to any one. Alister has lived in the midst of the gay world, with its snares and temptations, and her daughter will probably do the same—"

"Why?" asked Flora coolly, putting down her screen and looking Gran in the face. "If Manon comes here with her mother's graces, her French noble birth, and her grand-father's money, why need she ever return to France, except for a visit, as Rory's wife?"

her mind's eye, "rather than would I see Rory dead than standing by her at the altar."

Lady Flora shrugged her shoulders and glanced round the bare, faded, noble old apartment.

"At all events," she said, "I do not see how you can refuse to receive the grand-daughter of the friend of your youth. Rory is in London at present, and as the girl is coming there with friends he can escort her across the Channel. He will thus have an opportunity of discovering even sooner than ourselves whether she is a wretch or a saint."

"Of course, as you say, I cannot refuse to receive her," said Gran gravely; "but, at all events, I will write to her mother at once to tell her exactly how I am circumstanced here, and warn her of how little the girl can expect in the way of entertainment."

CHAPTER XVIII
THE BACKWOODS-WOMAN
While Gran came to this conclusion the rest of the family from The Rath—nurses, children, and aunts—were proceeding along the romantic road towards Castle Tor. Shana and Rosheen, being capital walkers, only needed "a lift" now and again, and when within about a mile of their destination they sent on the keeping family car without them, and went on foot.

As the girls trudged along, laughing, talking, glowing with exercise, a figure appeared suddenly on the slope above them and began rapidly to descend—a fair-haired young man, who pulled off his cap as he leaped to the road and stood smiling before them.

"O Will!" began Rosheen, and checked herself, glancing at Shana. "How are you, Mr. Callender?" said Shana, gravely, giving him her hand.

"It is so long since we have seen you!" pouted Rosheen. "What have you been about?"

"Mr. Callender called yesterday when we were out, Rosheen, and he has been so busy. It is very hard and absorbing work bringing a narrow-gauge railway down the side of a mountain, is it not, Mr. Callender? Rosheen does not consider," said Shana, briskly.

"It is not, perhaps, as hard as it looks," said the young engineer, who did not feel as if he had much to say just for the first two or three moments. A few minutes ago he had been walking through the heather with sad enough thoughts, and lo! here he was looking in the face that was everything to him in the world.

"O Rosheen!" cried Duck, "do get me some of those sky-flowers down in the hole there!"

"I have said it," said Shana, a radiant smile breaking over her face. "I have given my promise to you, Willie Callender," she went on, and they stood with clasped hands, looking in one another's eyes, "and now my life will be full of light, and my future glorious. Come when you like, stay away when you like, I will welcome you, wait for you, trust you, work with you. Now here are Rosheen and Duck, and we must go on to Castle Tor."

"Are you going to leave us so soon?" cried Rosheen, as she saw Mr. Callender turn away from Shana. "The men are waiting for him yonder on the road," said Shana. "He is out surveying, and has no more time for us."

"Good-by, Rosheen; good-by, Duck," said Callender wistfully, and as he raised his hat his eyes flew back to Shana's, still shining with the light his impulsive words had kindled in them.

"Good-by," he repeated in an altered voice, and was gone. "How oddly he looks!" said Rosheen. "What could you have said to him, Shana, in such a little moment to make him like that?"

Shana smiled. "Perhaps told him not to break his neck leaping down hills," she said. "One can say a good deal in a little moment, sometimes."

"It is a good deal, from you, to express even so much interest in him as that," said Rosheen, "so I don't wonder it overwhelmed him."

"I hear hoofs!" said Shana abruptly. "Duck, do you think papa can be coming?"

Duck believed it possible, and in a few moments Alister Finlagg rode up and sprang from his horse, crying: "I have good news for you, girls. Guess—"

"Major Batt is married," said Rosheen with sudden solemnity. "No," laughed Alister; "as far as I am aware, he is still in a position to fit from flower to flower."

"Betty Macalister has got her rent," said Shana, briskly. "It is not, perhaps, as hard as it looks," said the young engineer, who did not feel as if he had much to say just for the first two or three moments. A few minutes ago he had been walking through the heather with sad enough thoughts, and lo! here he was looking in the face that was everything to him in the world.

"Alister! What delightful news!" Alister stood smiling at his sisters, watching their pleasure grow as they realized the welcome truth. The letting of the farm was very important to them he knew, but of all it meant to their proud young spirits even he was unable to imagine. Independent bread, a shield from Flora's taunts, power to look Duck and her following unremorsefully in the eyes, composure of mind with regard to the fate of the novel just begun—these were but a few of the boons which the rent of Shangangh, paid regularly every half-year, would bring into the lives of its young-lady landlady.

"What kind of tenant are we to get?" asked Shana, radiant. "And will he be a he?"

"It is not a he," said Alister. "It is a she."

"Really!" But of course she has a man of some kind to act for her."

"It seems not; and there is nothing very odd in a woman taking a farm, if only she knows how to manage it. Miss Ingram writes: 'What? Have you not seen her?'"

"I only got her letter just before I left, and thought that to show it to her before seeing her. She is in lodgings at Nannie Macaulay's."

"Where has she dropped from? We were in Nannie's a few days ago."

"She is an Irish farmer's daughter from Minnesota, come to Ireland with the little savings that her parents left her. She wants to live in the country of which she heard so much from her father. Immediately on arriving she made inquiries about lands to let, and applied at once for Shangangh."

"Without seeing it?"

"Oh! I believe she has been to see it. These Americans lose no time; and from the tone of her letter I gather that she is a woman who knows what she is about. She thinks she understands farming; and let us hope that she is right."

"What women these Americans are! I suppose she is a sort of female grenadier."

"No matter what she is if she is solvent. Her only reference is to Dr. Ackroyd, in St. Paul. She is willing to wait till I can get an answer from him."

"Is it necessary to wait?"

"We may be able to judge about that when we have seen and heard her. She offers either to come to interview me at The Rath, or to receive me at Nannie Macaulay's."

"Oh! let her come to The Rath," cried Rosheen. "I do so want to see an American farm-woman!"

After this news, Shana and Rosheen were impatient to return to The Rath and the day at Tor Castle with Gran seemed longer than such days were usually found. Shana had a great deal on her mind, and longed for the seclusion of the old school-room in which to think out her thoughts. Here she had not a moment alone to realize the fact that Willie Callender had spoken to her, and that her life had gone out of her own keeping. Smiling quietly at Flora Tor beneath the eaves of the great Tor house, she wondered what her sister-in-law would say or do if she knew what happened to her that day. But Shana was not much afraid of Flora. And the letting of Shang-

anah made it easier to be brave. Alister left for the morning after he had brought his news, promising to see the proposed tenant and to invite her to come on a certain day to The Rath.

"Ask her to come in the evening," said Shana. "Major Batt is dining with us, and her visit will be a welcome interruption. And all hours must be the same to a farmer who has travelled from Minnesota."

Back in their own sanctum, the sisters hugged one another and laughed aloud. That heaven should have sent them an American farm-woman to pay them the rent of Shangangh and make them independent of Flora, seemed too delightful to be true. On the eventful evening of her expected visit they dressed early, even though Major Batt was in the drawing-room, and hurried into his presence, eager to get a word with Alister about the heroines of their dreams.

"Well, what is she like?" asked Rosheen, slipping up to her brother as soon as he appeared. "Alister's face was twitching all over with fun."

"As like a book-woman in petticoats as anything you can imagine," he said. "Big, brown, and bony. Swings her arms as if she was accustomed to carry a hatchet, and walks like a dragon."

"Exactly what I pictured her," said Rosheen, triumphantly. "I did not think she would be quite so bad as that," protested Shana. "I fancied her a short, thick-set person with a knowing expression and a nasal accent."

"Add the knowing expression and the nasal accent to my first sketch," said Alister, "and you will have her to the life."

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TO BE CONTINUED

In spite of his fatigue, the doctor followed the Mass with attention and devotion, and before the period of thanksgiving came, he offered a double prayer—one for the life that had been saved and the other for the temptation to avoid duty which he had resisted.

It was after 6 o'clock when he finally reached home. He staggered from weakness and want of rest. He scarcely had time to undress before he collapsed. The room and the furniture danced about him, and then came darkness and oblivion.

When he opened his eyes he found his wife bending over him.

"Isn't it time to get up?" he asked. She smiled wanly.

"You have been very sick, John, but it's all right now. Dr. Howard who left only a short while ago, says that it was a nervous collapse. He says that nature has supplied the remedy—perfect rest."

"How long have I been in bed, Mary?" he asked.

"Two days," she replied.

He laughed.

"And the world has been going around for forty-eight hours without my knowing anything about it?"

"Yes," she replied brightly. "And good things have been happening, too. You have been made chief consulting surgeon at the Good Samaritan hospital. Isn't that a promotion?"

"Yes," he nodded gravely, "a decided promotion."

"And besides that," she went on, "everybody is talking about your wonderful triumph in saving the life of Levering's little boy."

"Oh, that was nothing at all," he said absently.

"Yes, it was," she retorted, with wifely devotion; "it was a wonderful thing—an extraordinary triumph and you know it."

He was sitting up by this time, and he put his arm on her shoulder and looked into her eyes and, as he did so, he thought of how he had overcome his inclination to avoid that call of duty.

"Yes, Mary," he said, with infinite tenderness in his tones, "you are right. It was a great triumph."—Derry Journal.

"ARMS AND THE MAN"

Modern languages are not unlike the currency of a country, which, when it has become defaced or mutilated, is called in, and new bills or coins are issued.

Now and then we find a new word coined in the mint of human language which expresses either a new idea, or maybe an old one which hitherto has received little attention. The word is called new because it has been seldom employed in human speech. Such a word, indicative of an old, a very old idea, and yet new to many people, is now on the lips of every one. We find the schoolboy and his sister using it, we hear college students debating the thoughts and ideas which it expresses; men's clubs and women's societies employ it as a topic of discussion; the lecturer on his rostrum, the family in the home; men, women, and children, the old and the young, everywhere, are fast making this word better known and more firmly established in our language.

Have you not already surmised to what word I refer? Then turn to your daily and weekly papers; read their glaring headlines. Look into our magazines and glance at the essays, the poems, and the editorials which fill their pages. Open any one of the comic sheets which lie upon our news stands and what do we find? In each and all of them the same subject—a source of admiration and applause to one, a cause of fear and dread apprehension to another.

This much used word is "preparedness." Preparedness to meet and cope with, victoriously any enemy on land or on sea that may dare to assail our flag and country.

And so men, leaders among their fellows, plan and plot, labor and strive, discuss, debate and argue, in order either to persuade men to adopt their views of the need of greater preparedness, or to dissuade their hearers from too great anxiety to add to our means of self-protection by increasing our war munitions and our army and naval defenses.

But all agree, no matter what their view, that it is a thoughtless, careless nation whose citizens have no concern for preparedness.

Have we Catholics realized as yet that we ought to be particularly interested in this word and the thought which it expresses? Interested, because with us the idea is not a new one. It is a very old one. In all ages, and from the dawn of the reason in each of our children, our holy Mother, the Church, has taught us to be prepared. To be prepared to fight the battles of life, not alone in defense of our country, but also and above all, in defense of our immortal souls. Preparedness has ever been her watchword and her motto as she sends forth her sons and daughters under the banner of Jesus Christ to withstand the onslaughts of Satan and his lieutenants, the World, the Flesh, and the Devil.

Do we Catholics clearly realize that the proper nourishing, growth, and safeguarding of that priceless treasure, our Faith, absolutely demands of us a preparedness? Our faith is truly a gift which our God has given us, not because of any deserts of our own, but simply by reason of His bountiful goodness. This gift may be likened to a sweet and delicate flower which God has planted in the garden of our soul, and which He wishes us to nourish

and safeguard so that it may increase and wax strong, until it becomes sturdy and vigorous in the sight of God and man.

How are we to accomplish all this? Let me tell you briefly. First of all, through keeping alive within our souls the grace of God, by means of His holy Sacraments; secondly, by knowing our faith, not in a vague, blind and indifferent manner, but with a clearly defined, intelligent knowledge or perception, which will enable us to give to all men a reason and explanation of the belief which we possess.

Men read and study, they ponder and meditate; they make all manner of sacrifices and difficult researches in order to be the better prepared to protect their country and earthly interests from any forces that may endanger them.

Are there no enemies that may arise against our Church and Faith?—for the one term includes the other. Is our faith with its eternal interests of less importance than our earthly concerns and possessions? Should we sit idly by and live our days wholly unconcerned as to our preparedness to meet our soul's most deadly enemies? And is it not beyond all cavil that such enemies are legion? And they are preparing, working, striving, now openly, again covertly, but always with the self-same end in view,—to rob us of our inheritance.

To do this they read and study, they write lengthy treatises, they use their modern disseminator of information, the printing press, to flood the reading world with a literature of which the one aim and purpose is to do away with those beliefs and sacred dogmas taught and held by holy Church and claimed by us to be our most valued treasures.

What, again I ask, are we doing to prepare ourselves and the rising generation to meet and overcome the dangers which are thus surging against us? Do we ever read Catholic books, newspapers, and magazines? Or, are we compromisers of our Faith because of the lack of knowledge which could so easily be obtained? Do we encourage, and when needful, oblige our children to attend the Sunday-school and other Catholic schools where they may obtain proper instruction? What kind of books and reading matter do we allow in their possession?

All these are thoughts and questions we may well consider at this time when the watchword of the hour is preparedness. Yes, we all want a proper and sufficient preparedness for our country, but let us Catholics learn well and ever bear in mind that the Faith which is ours also demands and must have of us, as loyal sons and daughters of Holy Church, a holy and wise and ever vigilant preparedness.—S. S. in Sacred Heart Review.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR MARCH

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.

THE RELIGIOUS WELFARE OF OUR SOLDIERS

We shall have to wait till long after this war is over before we can see things in their true perspective. So many interests are in conflict; we are so prone to be carried away by our personal views and prejudices; our sentiment, and other passions just as unworthy, so frequently cloud our judgment, that years may elapse before a sane verdict can be passed on the events that are now taking place in Europe. But there are some matters connected with the war that are not so elusive and about which no reasonable mind can have two opinions. One of these, the one we are to keep in mind this month, is the influence the war is having on the lives of the soldiers. It is certain that a marvellous transformation is being wrought in the souls of thousands of men who are living like rabbits in their burrows in France and elsewhere. Wholesale conversions to the faith and to better lives are being recorded from the trenches and hospitals; men who neither knew God before the war, nor feared Him, have been turning to Him in the past eighteen months; and one has only to read the letters and despatches from the front published in the European newspapers, to be convinced that, in permitting this awful havoc, God has His own designs. Men may run counter to His plans as much as they please; but just when they think they have succeeded in overturning them, they learn what little use there is in opposing One Who is wiser and stronger and more far-seeing than they.

One instance of the folly of such men will suffice. Some years ago the Government of France, influenced by elements hostile to the Catholic Church, banished her priests from the Republic, reduced them to practical servitude, or least muzzled them so completely that their influence was practically gone. Religious teachers were driven from their schools, and a couple of generations of children—and this meant millions—were forced to grow up ignorant of their obligations to their Maker. And what was particularly distressing was that all this was done with the object of the French Government had in view in promulgating the Law of 1889 was to drive God out of the hearts of Frenchmen, and in this it succeeded nearly too well. Millions

in France no longer felt the need of God, they lived as if there were, no God, and the intention of the legislators was that this state of affairs should continue. Laws were made to stem the tide of vocations to the priesthood, so that should Frenchmen desire later to turn to the practice of religion, there should be no one to teach it to them. All that atheistic skill could do was done to turn away from the Church a nation which had been its "eldest daughter," and with which its best and truest traditions had for centuries been inextricably linked. But just when the infidel French Government thought that it had attained its end, the present war came to upset its nefarious work. The very legislation passed by it to banish the Catholic clergy from its territory and to crush out vocations, by obliging candidates for the priesthood to do military service, recoiled upon it to its own confusion, served to augment the Church's power and influence, and unwittingly helped the cause of God. There are now twenty thousand priests and seminarians, exclusive of military chaplains, in the French army working among the wounded in the trenches and at the hospital bases, bringing poor French soldiers back to the Church and preparing those who die to meet their Supreme Judge.

The other Powers at war have also felt obliged to consider the wants of the souls of their soldiers. The German and Austrian Governments have always had, even in time of peace, thoroughly organized departments devoted to the spiritual welfare of their men; needless to dwell on the efficiency of this service on the battlefields at the present time.

The Italian army numbers, according to latest reports, from 17,000 to 19,000 members of the clergy; in its ranks the British army on the continent is supplied with active and zealous chaplains; the Australian and Canadian contingents have theirs. In a word, so well has the Catholic Church supplied all the belligerents in the present war with spiritual aid that the envy of the other denominations has been excited. This should not surprise us. With their infinitely goodliness and the lack of positive methods in their souls, the promoters of the various forms of Protestantism could hardly hope to gain the confidence of men living and fighting in the presence of death, and who at that moment, above all moments, want the wheat and not the chaff. What soldiers dying on the battlefield look for is the soul-strengthening action of the Catholic Church and her sacraments, with the graces and supreme consolations they bestow; and we can learn from letters from the front that many a man has already shown that he appreciated the sentiments of the Reformer who, as far back as the sixteenth century, asserted that, while Protestantism is an easy religion to live in, the Catholic religion is the easier one to die in.

The conduct of the Catholics and their priests in the trenches has impressed their fellow-soldiers of the other denominations so vividly that they could not help giving their impressions about it. A French Protestant, writing in the Journal de Genève, thus recognizes the excellent attitude of the soldier-priests: "They give good example to all; they never preach, they merely act; they inspire a deference that is unbounded; they do not fear death, because they are always in a fit state to die." "It is a pity," writes an officer, "that the Church of England cannot take a leaf out of the book of the English church; in my last billet we had no priest for three days when the Roman priest came and asked what men in my company were Catholics. I gave him every facility to visit them, and I have given the men every facility to go to Mass. When I think of these Roman priests, ill-paid, ill fed, poorly clad, going about their duty, out their Master's command, 'Preach the Gospel to every creature,' I wonder how the priests of the English church dare to be so self-satisfied." Another, commenting on the conduct of a Catholic chaplain in the Dardanelles: "Here, as usual, the Church of Rome reaps the fruit of her clear, dogmatic teaching. Roman Catholics can understand and admire their priest who, at the Lancashire landing, being wounded four times before ever he set foot on land, continued ministering to the dying till his head was blown off. And an Anglican chaplain, in his turn, gives testimony to the piety of the Catholic soldiers: 'A Roman Catholic soldier knows at once what to do; he asks you to get him a priest; he wants his Communion or to make his confession. He knows the Gospel of Christ; he understands about repentance, about grace, about the presence of the unseen army of saints and angels. Our poor Tommy, not from any fault of his own, but from our neglect, is quite unconscious of most of this reality. The churches here are crammed day by day with Roman Catholics. They find time to pray, to make their confessions and Communions. Why not us?'"

To Catholics all this is obvious; but beneath it all it is also obvious that God has His own designs. It is morally certain that there are numbers of the slain who have saved their souls, who would never have seen the face of God had they not participated in this war and witnessed its horrors. The presence of the dying everywhere around him, their wounds, their struggles, their agonies, must leave a vivid impression on the most callous soldier, and

the imminence of his own death in actual battle must suffice to show him how quickly he too may pass away, how small a thing he is in this Universe. "Being under shell fire," writes one soldier, "is an alarming thing, and if it does not stir up a heavy thrill within you, then you must be a dumb animal that cannot understand a thing that is going on around it." "Look into the sky above you," writes another, "you feel helpless; all his heart, you feel filled with the growing whine; it may burst in the end near you; it's that the case you won't hear the burst in all likelihood; the light will go out and you won't know what hit you." These are the critical moments that come to a man in his life perhaps, he sees eternity yawning before him; he has to make a radical decision; an act of faith, or hope, or love, or sorrow for the past, springs from his heart, swiftness of formula in living words. He yields to the inspiration, and utters some-thing that God certainly understands; this is the beginning of a poor soldier's conversion. And if unhappily a stray bit of shrapnel reaches him in a vital spot, and he feels that the supreme call has come at last for him, what more natural than to ask the chaplain near by to give him the benefit of his ministry? The dying man's act means grace for the dying man; after its death it means salvation. Results like these may not justify the war, but for all eternity the men who found their faith in God in the trenches and who died professing it, will thank Him for having permitted this conflagration. Those who survive the horrors of the present struggle, and they are going to be the greater number, will hardly ever be the same men again. Death and all that death means came too close to them not to have left on their life-long impressions. They may take occasion to boast of their feats on the battlefield, or to show their medals won in brilliant actions; but they will be indulging in mere surface talk; their experiences of the terrible war will always be before them, and deep down in their hearts they will be able to gauge the true value of life.

In the presence of these considerations one can see the Providence of God permitting ambitious rulers to try to accomplish their designs in order that He, in His turn, may the more easily accomplish His own, and thus draw good out of evil. War is undoubtedly a dreadful thing; it paralyzes civilization, brings tears and sorrow into millions of homes, wastes energies that should be used to make this world a better place to live in; but there is a greater evil than war, and that is the loss of souls redeemed by the Blood of Christ. To work for souls on the battlefield, therefore, is one of the noblest and highest duties that man could be engaged in at the present time, and it is a consolation to know that our Catholic chaplains and soldier-priests are doing their duty in the trenches and at the hospital bases. Several have already given up their lives in the accomplishment of their duty; the unflagging zeal and fatigue and dangers of those who remain is an inspiration to Catholics at home. All honor, then, to those worthy men who have been doing their share during the past eighteen months to keep up our traditions, to uphold the cause of the Cross and the honor of the Catholic Church. Obeying the wish of the Holy Father we can do nothing better during the present month than to assist them with our prayers so that the fulfilment of their arduous work may be doubled; the Church will feel the effects for years to come. And let our members not forget to pray for those thousands who have already died in the present war. They have given up all in a cause they believed to be just; their patriotism is a brand of virtue that will undoubtedly be recognized by God. If war brings men closer to Him and makes them better Catholics, who will dare say that God is not drawing a great good out of this great evil?

E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE WAR

HEROISM OF PRIESTS AND NUNS

"The Priest on the Battlefield" is an Australian Catholic Truth Society's publication, written by the Rev. Father W. J. Lockington, S. J., and in its first chapter the author very truly points out that one of the most striking features of the present stupendous war is the changed attitude of the world towards the Catholic patriot and his practice of his religion. No longer sneered at, religion is recognized as the foundation of the highest form of courage, enabling men to attain sublime heights of selfless bravery. On every side, says Father Lockington, men have turned in reverence to God—Russian, Austrian, Belgian and German, French and English—and this is especially true of the children of Mother Church. And can it be wondered at that the Catholic soldier, in his piety and self-sacrifice, as well as in his heroism and devotion, and his attachment to his soldierly duties, stand out above all denominations. It is not only that the Church of the Ages is the guardian of the whole Truth of God and the dispenser of His miraculous Sacramental gifts to mankind, and that the Catholic warrior has a spiritual strength and inspiration that belong to none other. He has, as well,

the example of a priesthood that in this hour of trial and crisis has truly won the wonder and the admiration of the civilized world. After seeing the Belgian priests in the firing line, an Irish soldier, who was a Protestant, declared: "Their religion is the religion for me, and I have put down my name as a Catholic." And he is not the only one who has put down his name, for we are told that conversions on the battle field are numbered by thousands. A French Protestant, writing of the strong revival of religious feeling in France, declares that "one of the elements of this reawakening is the presence in large numbers and the priests with the often heroic, of the priests in the colors. And this is not without reckoning the deaths of priests as martyrs in their blood-stained cassocks." More testimony that priest-heroes are everywhere comes from a correspondent of an English newspaper. He writes: "On the battle edge . . . a dying man . . . kneeling by a dying man, was a priest, holding one of his hands and administering Extreme Unction. On the very edge of every battle field I have seen these ministers of God. They move about throughout the fighting, calm and fearless, ready to help the doctors, or comfort the last moments of dying soldiers." We could go on quoting for a long time, without exhausting half the splendid testimonies which Father Lockington has collected, of how, in the trenches to-day, the priest stands by his people, a splendid figure, holding the Key of Eternity.

And, as a matter of course, the same, magnificent in civil life where- ever sickness or distress cry for succor, are not behind the priests for courage and helpfulness in the bloody zone of war. The story of Sister Julie is a classic, but, thank God, there are thousands of Sister Julias among the glorious daughters of Mother Church. Ever since the war began, correspondents have been chronicling their bravery under fire, their pluck in their burning convents, their work in the hospitals, and in the field, and their devotion, under the most trying circumstances, to the orphans and old folk dependent on them. Just as they have moved among the lepers of Molokai and Japan, or have risked death among the head-hunters of Papua and the South Sea Islands, so now bursting bomb and shrieking shell fall to keep them from their chosen path of duty. Decorated by President, Kaiser and King to-day, the war drove them from the cloister to carry on a mission that the non-Catholic world is compelled to contemplate with awe and reverence.

Catholics need not ask the secret of this sublime heroism and self-sacrifice of priest and nun. But we may ask ourselves; what does it mean to the civilized world? When the war is over, may we not expect to see the Church triumphant again in the nations that have wandered so far from God? Catholic priests and nuns on the battle field are not only bringing strangers into the True Fold; they are winning back the erring children of the Church in great battalions; they are even awakening the consciences of nations which have been sleeping through many unhappy years. May we not hope for a truly Catholic France, and may we not expect a revived Italy, so far as Catholicity is concerned? May we not see England rapidly returning to her ancient faith? In Germany and in Austria Catholicity must come out of the flame of war purer and stronger. Aye, in every Christian country we will see the Church more glorious than she was before the greatest war in history. Suffering cleanses the soul, and clean souls cannot contemplate the faith, the favor, the self-sacrifice of our priests and serene fearlessness of our priests and nuns on the battle field, without seeing the Church with clearer eyes, without losing old prejudices, and without wishing to have that certainty which our Church holds out to her children.—Truth.

A CHAPEL IN A TREE

There are many famous shrines dedicated to the mother of God, but few more ancient or more curious than the Chapel of Our Lady of Peace, in Alonville, Normandy. To those who are familiar with it and its history, an account of the same will be of more than passing interest.

An oak under which the Druids offered their heathen rites, paying actually divine honors to it; a tree consecrated by the earliest apostles of Gaul to Jesus and Mary; a tree beneath whose shade William the Conqueror's Norman host before he led them to the conquest of England; a tree under which the returning warriors of the first Crusade told wondering crowds the story of their strange adventures in the Morning Land; a tree which time hallowed to form a crypt for a chapel in honor of Mary it still stands, revered by all hearts as their dearest monument.

This venerable tree, the last of the chapel trees, is thirty-five feet round the trunk, and in spite of its centuries, each spring still robes it in green. The statue of Mary had dedicated it her, so, when ages ago time hollowed it out, and the people lined the hollow trunk with white marble and set up within this crypt an altar surmounted by a beautiful Madonna. A flight of stairs leads up to it; and above, amidst its still brilliant foliage, towers an iron cross.—Pittsburg Observer.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1916

THE SYMBOLISM OF A LOVED NAME

There is something touching in the tender yet manly sympathy, manifested in repeated press references, for the clean and popular athlete, Gladstone Murphy, stricken down while, almost against his better judgment, he played his last game with his old comrades before going to do his bit in the great War-game where life and death greet each other at every turn.

Sympathy provoking as the tragic circumstances were, there was something more than unanimous and heartfelt sympathy in the press notices; heartfelt and unanimous also was the tribute to the unaffected piety, the clean living, and the un sullied purity of Glad Murphy's young manhood.

His name indicates the Celtic nature which is even in this life so near to the unseen yet deeply felt realities of the spiritual world. Even in the rush of a strenuous football game, the whole-hearted duty of the moment, with a faith childlike—but far from childish—he invoked the aid of angels and saints. Yet his religion was virile and he translated his virile religion into virile and sportsmanlike conduct, made it the inspiration of a clean, manly and upright life.

At a time when many are too fond of reading the signs of decadence and degeneracy it is wholesome to reflect that not in spite of but precisely because of Murphy's fidelity to his ideals of conduct the athletic youth of Canada loved him wholeheartedly. The benefit game between the Argonauts and Tigers which netted \$5,000 was, of course, a generous tribute to the stricken athlete; but it was much more, it was a striking evidence of the spirit and the ideals of the lovers of clean sport in Toronto. And it is well, for clean sport, after religion, has given to the English language one of its noblest terms, and to English-speaking peoples one of their noblest ideals of life and conduct—fair-play.

The name of Gladstone Murphy suggests another wholesome thought. That an Irish Catholic father should give to his son the Protestant name of Gladstone is not surprising; during the last century thousands of Irish Catholics have been proud to bear the name of the Protestant Robert Emmet. Left to themselves Irishmen have never made the mistake of confounding nationality and religion. But Emmet was an Irish patriot; and Irish patriotism often found trusted and trustworthy Protestant leadership.

Young Murphy was born about the time that Gladstone used all his powerful influence to secure a long-sought measure of justice for Ireland. Gladstone thereby inaugurated that new era of sympathy and understanding between the peoples of the sister islands. That sympathetic understanding has gone on deepening and has sweetened the too long embittered relations between them. Please God it will continue unto perfect fruition.

Murphy's grandfather may have been a Fenian—probably was, judging from the clean, red, Irish blood he transmitted to his grandchildren. But Gladstone Murphy whose name symbolizes the new relationship between the people of Ireland and the people of Britain would gladly have given his life for the sake of the Empire of which Ireland now forms a self-respecting and self-governing part.

In winning the respect as well as the love of sport loving Canadians whose standards are not too easily

satisfied, in the unobtrusive fidelity to his religion which made his moral worth as highly esteemed as his physical prowess, in his prompt response to the call of patriotism, in his life, in his helpless suffering borne with Christian fortitude, in what seems to us his untimely death, perhaps this young man has accomplished a life work greater than falls to the lot of many full of years and honors.

THE CHURCH AND PROHIBITION

A Catholic contemporary is elaborately non-committal on the question of Prohibition. And with a layman's over scrupulous effort is vastly concerned with proving that the Catholic Church is not dogmatically opposed to the movement for entire prohibition of the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages in this province.

Why of course the Catholic Church does not pronounce on every question that touches even her loyal sons. She has never pronounced on McKenize and Mann's various projects though these may have a very important influence on the welfare of Ontario and of Canada. The prohibitionists and other fussy people may be hysterical and become sane again without ever attracting the notice of the Catholic Church. But individual Catholics, even individual priests or prelates, may consider such matters of sufficient importance to call for an expression of opinion. There may even be a very pronounced and very Catholic view such as His Lordship, Bishop Fallon, recently expressed which would naturally cause a flutter in the dove coles of complaisant Catholic opinion without really calling for any expression of alarmed neutrality on the part of the Catholic Church, or the Catholic press. We have a real sympathy for the Catholic editor who feels it incumbent on him to explain away to his Protestant friends the inopportune and ill-informed pronouncement of a Catholic Bishop. Bishop Fallon is not only a free but a highly esteemed citizen of Ontario. And being an immediate subject of his we feel rather proud of his common sense and rational views on public questions. We have never felt any particular desire or necessity to dissent from his views, unless as some think, local option is included in the stride of his pronouncement on prohibition. Personally we think that while he is uncompromisingly opposed to the attempt to attain the virtue of temperance by legislation he holds very large views with regard to local option and other restrictive legislation. He would, we think, judge each measure on its merits. In any case he has not in the last three years or more interfered with the CATHOLIC RECORD in the premises. And the CATHOLIC RECORD is in favor of local option and opposed to provincial prohibition. We have a whole lot of reasons which we can adduce in favor of the one and in opposition to the other. And we feel that, whether Bishop Fallon agrees with us or not he will leave us free to pursue the even tenor of our way. Bishop Fallon is like that.

We shall continue to advocate what we consider to be to the best welfare of our native province with little or no fear that we shall be taken to task as speaking in the name of the Catholic Church, or even in the name of one of its most respected exponents—Bishop Fallon.

Perhaps we shall incur our Bishop's displeasure, but we cannot refrain from saying that he has received the congratulations of some of the foremost men in the public and intellectual life of Canada on his timely and courageous pronouncement with regard to Prohibition.

Convince the CATHOLIC RECORD, convince Bishop Fallon that any proposed legislation is really in the interests of Temperance and the support of both the RECORD and the Bishop is assured for that legislation. But while there is room for difference of opinion, count on neither the RECORD nor the Bishop to be carried away by ill informed popular opinion or popular sentiment.

If or when any Bishop or Archbishop cares to put himself in opposition to Bishop Fallon we shall feel ourselves obliged to respect his opinions. In the meantime our colleagues of the Catholic press may possess their souls in patience and not get too much fussed up (we acknowledge using the term too often) in reconciling Episcopal views with what they may legitimately hold in common with the Methodists.

NOT A RELIGIOUS WAR Very much in the secular press recently has the letter of the Belgian Bishops been commented upon. There is, however, one paragraph that has not been emphasized or even called attention to. The Bishops of Belgium invited the Bishops of Germany and Austria-Hungary to unite with them and form a tribunal under the presidency of a neutral bishop to investigate the charges of atrocities and outrages, no matter whence preferred, that have been alleged to have taken place in Belgium. It will be remembered that the Kaiser charged Belgian priests and people with violation of the usages of civilized warfare and with having provoked the reprisals which shocked the civilized world. In that letter of the Belgian Bishops there is a paragraph which should everywhere find unanimous assent:

"Another subject for scandal for honest people, whether believers or not, is the mania for emphasizing the probable advantages or disadvantages which would accrue to Catholic interests from the success of the Triple Alliance or the Quadruple Entente. Professor Schrors, of the University of Bonn, has been the first, as far as we know, to devote his leisure to these cold blooded calculations. The religious results of the War are God's secret, and no one of us is in the Divine confidence. But there is a question which dominates that one, a question of morality, of right, of honor. 'Seek ye first,' says Our Lord in His holy gospel, 'the kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you.'"

PROHIBITION AND LOCAL OPTION

His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons has authorized the republication of his views on Prohibition and local option. These views, first expressed for publication on May 5th, 1914, have been recently authorized for republication as we learn from a recent issue of the New York Times:

"My attitude toward the liquor question has not changed, notwithstanding reports to the contrary. I was quoted last week as having said that I favored the abolition of saloons. That statement is only partly true. I am too old now to change my attitude on a subject as important as this, and what I said last week applied only to Charles County, Maryland, where the saloons are not conducted in a satisfactory manner. I declared I hoped the saloons of that county would be abolished, and I still hope so.

"While I am a strong advocate of temperance, I am certain that prohibition can never be enforced, and if it should be, it will make hypocrites and violators of the law. It will also cause the manufacture of illicit whiskey, which is not a good thing, since it will replace a good product, of its kind, with a bad product. It will also rob the Government of a legitimate tax, and a very considerable one. Prohibition cannot be enforced in any Christian country.

"I do believe in local option, and where the saloons are a menace to the community they should be abolished. That is why I advocate the abolishment of the saloons in Charles County. But I would not advocate the same idea for the entire country. I think it would be detrimental rather than a help to the temperance cause."

Prohibition, in the Cardinal's opinion, and in the opinion of many others is a different thing from local option.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE ASSERTION was recently made in one of the big Canadian dailies, that while the Latin American republics are nominally Catholic, the prevailing spirit of their people is anything but loyal to the Church, and that their public life, like that of modern France or Portugal, is in reality far removed from the Catholic ideal. No exception was made to this sweeping assertion, nor was it qualified by any admission of defective information on the part of the writer. Some itinerant tract vendor in South America had said so, and that was sufficient. No further testimony was sought or desired.

COLUMBA'S PROMOTION

The Rev. D. A. Casey is Irish born and Canadian bred. Born and educated to a considerable extent in the Motherland, he came to Canada for part of his studies, and has spent in Canada all the years of his fruitful ministry. He is an Irish-Canadian (pace the anti-hyphenates) in the best sense of the word. His own experience and memory carries him back to the old loved land and his work and life has been for many years in Canada. Quick in his warm-hearted resentment of anything that reflected unmeritedly on the land of his birth he was keenly sensitive to the viewpoint of the land of his adoption.

In the years of his work as a contributing editor of the RECORD we have had little intercourse because we have never had occasion to animadvert unfavorably on his contributions. A feature loved by many

will disappear from the CATHOLIC RECORD. The article signed "Columba" will appear no more. Father Casey gave himself for the work of our native diocese and was recently appointed pastor of our native parish. Now with the approval of the generous-hearted Bishop of Peterborough and the eager acceptance of the Archbishop of Kingston he transfers himself to the diocese of Kingston and devotes his whole time and effort to Catholic journalism.

As responsible editor of the Kingston Freeman we may expect, in his enlarged field of usefulness, much that will raise the standard of Canadian Catholic journalism.

The CATHOLIC RECORD which without presumption may consider itself the foremost Catholic weekly in Canada is proud to graduate from its staff the editor-in-chief of the Kingston Freeman.

The Catholic Register has this to say of Father Casey:

"We learn with pleasure, that the Rev. D. A. Casey, of the Diocese of Peterborough, whose transfer from the pastorate of Bracebridge to that of Norwood was lately announced, has accepted the editorship of the Canadian Freeman of Kingston. Father Casey's contributions, in prose and verse (the former under the pen name of "Columba") have been among the most interesting features of The Catholic Record of London. The new editor of the Freeman, we understand, enters upon his duties in two weeks. His doing so will be a distinct gain to the cause of Catholic journalism in Ontario."

To our old-time colleague, whose duties and responsibilities are now very much enlarged, we say with all our heart: Intende, prospere procedet, et regna.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

TREMENDOUS GERMAN DRIVE? The German drive toward Verdun proceeds, especially along the river road from Combaux. The French midnight official statement says that to the east of the Meuse the battle continues "with undiminished ferocity. Several German attacks on Pepper Hill, carried out with heavy effectives and with unheard-of violence, have remained unsuccessful. Another attack on our positions in La Vauche Wood was likewise stopped."

This report indicates that since the drive began on Tuesday morning, on the eastern bank of the Meuse, at a point just south of the Combaux bridge, 15,000 yards northwest of the city of Verdun, the Germans, by the sacrifice of immense numbers of men, have advanced southward slightly over 8,000 yards, and are now only four miles from the city. The outer forts of Verdun are barely within the French defensive line. One of the most important of the northern group, Douaumont, commands the valley which lies between La Cote du Poivre (Pepper Hill) and the Wood of Vauche. The French positions on Beaumont were evacuated during the night of Thursday. At the northern end of Pepper Hill is the hamlet of Louvemont, which appears still to remain in the hands of the French. If the Germans today storm Pepper Hill they will come into grips with the forts, batteries, and earthworks that constitute what French engineers regard as impregnable barriers to the capture of Verdun by storm.

The probability is that, despite their immense 15-inch mortars, and their army of 800,000 men crowded into an 8-mile front, so that as thousands fall hourly other thousands will be immediately available to take their places in the carnival of death, the Germans will not be able to win their way by shock tactics much nearer to Verdun than they are at Pepper Hill. If they really mean to capture the city at all costs, they will have to entrench and bring up their siege artillery. It is assumed in Paris that the battle may continue for a fortnight. If it does the losses on both sides will run up into hundreds of thousands. Already Paris estimates the German killed and wounded at 150,000 men. The bulletins from Berlin assert that "the losses of the enemy were extraordinarily heavy," while those of the Germans were normal. The capture of 10,000 French soldiers is claimed, and is not denied in the reports from Paris. Competent French observers insist, however, that the Germans are suffering by far the heavier losses in killed and wounded. A French surgeon, who was on the field of battle

country, and when the reign of peace comes once more to the distracted land, the work will have to be done all over again.

THEN THERE is another class, not the great landed proprietors, but composed of well-to-do, educated people, who delight in the higher things of life. These people have, according to the Mexican Herald, developed a standard of refined living comparable to the best known in Europe or America. In the homes of this class, adds a well-informed observer, are to be found the best books in three or four languages, the highest domestic refinements, a social code in which are blended the best usages of old Mexico and Europe, and an ardent attachment to the Catholic religion. Acquaintance with all that illustrates intellectual progress abroad, unaffected courtesy, warm-hearted hospitality, and genuinely patriotic sentiment are characteristic of this class, which has been the backbone of Mexican good government and progress in the past. Malignant and rudely ignorant foreign critics of Mexico are quite unaware of the existence of these two classes; yet, we are assured, they are typically Mexican.

IF ONE were to accept the verdict of the ordinary man of the street who is fond of philosophizing on a newspaper basis, he would be compelled to believe that all Mexicans are but semi-civilized, and all Mexican rulers brigands. He would not imagine that Mexico has a literature of her own, or that art and science has there any devotees; but that the nation is wholly made up of slaveholding lords of the soil and of brutalized serfs. Yet, as those who really know the country testify, it contains—or, did contain, until anarchy was let loose, tens of thousands of happy and refined homes, and that real social progress was everywhere observable. Defects in its social and economic condition it certainly had, but they were being steadily remedied, and if the country had been permitted to work out its destiny, unhampered by interested interference from beyond its borders, the world would not have had to marvel over the Hun-like atrocities which have been perpetrated upon her.

FROM THIS it can be seen that there is harmonious union of Church and State in this progressive South American republic. The Holy See is represented at Buenos Ayres by an Apostolic Intercuncio, who ranks as the dean of the diplomatic corps, and the Republic has a chargé d'affaires at the Vatican. The hierarchy consists of an Archbishop of Buenos Ayres, and six suffragans. In the choice of a bishop, when a see falls vacant, the Government has the right of nomination, and three names of its selection are sent to the Holy See. From these the Holy Father selects one, if he is satisfied; otherwise all are rejected and a new list has then to be provided. The high character of the Argentine episcopate under this system is the best guarantee that the Church is in no way hampered in its selection. And, it should be added, the fidelity of the people to the teaching of their clergy may be seen in the crowded state of the churches throughout the Republic.

THE DISTURBED state of Mexico for the past few years and the reign of terror exercised over its peaceable inhabitants by a gang of brigands subsidized from abroad has led many unreflecting people to regard all Mexicans as of that turbulent class. This, of course, is a grievous mistake. The country has been torn asunder by the one element of rapine and disorder, while the real people of Mexico have had to suffer in silence. Those who have travelled the country in peaceable times know the truth; those who base their judgments solely upon current newspaper comment have a grotesque false idea of its character. Someday, when all the facts are known, the world will feel like making reparation to the real Mexican people for their long years of misconception.

UP TO the time of the present revolution there was growing up in Mexico a new class of small property-owners, composed mainly of men who by industry and frugality had accumulated some money and had wisely invested it in lands and houses. These men had a stake in the country, and were the mainstay of good government and progressive political institutions. The work of this class has been largely undone by the reign of anarchy ushered in, first by Carranza, and later by the arch-miscreant Villa. Many of them, having lost their all, have left the

and has just returned to Paris, states that on Tuesday he saw an entire German brigade advancing in close order caught by the concentrated fire of the French batteries and annihilated in a few minutes.

Naturally expressions of confidence in the result come from both Paris and Berlin. The French commentators are firmly convinced that the Germans cannot afford to pay the price in the blood of their finest troops that must be paid for the possession of Verdun. The Germans point to the average gain of a mile a day during the past four days over a field of action upon which the French have been constructing defences for the past eighteen months, and declare that the advance will be continued till success crowns the efforts of the Crown Prince's army.

General Joffre has begun a diversion in Champagne which may prove important. It is announced that yesterday forenoon an attack was made upon a German salient south of St. Maria-a-Fy. The French carried the position and took 800 prisoners. Similar partial offensive movements may be undertaken at other points along the front in the endeavor to force a withdrawal of some part of the German reserves now gathered around Verdun.—Globe, Feb. 26.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

WAR TIME MAKES STRANGE BED-FELLOWS

FRANCE AND ENGLAND ONE Special Cable to THE CATHOLIC RECORD (Copyright 1916, Central News)

London, Feb. 26.—Never in my long political career have I spent a week so interesting, instructive and moving as the week of the visit of the British section of the Franco-British Parliamentary Association to Paris. The composition of the mission itself, with British Liberals, British Labor men, British Tories, and Irish Nationalists; all working together in perfect harmony, and on terms of intimate, private social friendship, was a striking symbol of the absolute extinction of all party feeling, and the absolute solidarity of all races of the British Empire, produced by the common apprehension of German domination and common hatred of German atrocities.

It was a strange sign of strange times to see John Dillon seated beside Evelyn Cecil, a nephew of the great Lord Salisbury who, two decades ago was Ireland's most formidable enemy and who sent Dillon several times to prison, and Hugh Law, Nationalist, and son of the former Whig Lord Chancellor, walking arm in arm with Lord Balfour Bursleigh, good old Scotch Tory peer, who was often a member of Tory Cabinets, Mr. Wardle, the new leader of the Labor Party, with Mr. Gladstone, another Labor member, were very welcome. Finally there was Lord Bryce, whose eminent position, though a lifelong Liberal, commanded him to the universal and delighted acceptance of all parties, and evidently helped to make the mission popular and influential. In Paris it found a boundless welcome. The first notable event was the speech of M. Clemenceau, so moving, so vigorous that many pronounced it the greatest of his life. The French Parliamentarians, all men grown and self-controlled in politics, wept openly, and the British representatives shared their emotion so much it was found impossible to proceed with any formal businesslike sittings.

We came to a reception by the Senate when the President, surrounded by half of the senate, gave us a warm welcome. Later there was a similar reception tendered to us by the President and members of the Chamber of Deputies. Stuart Wortley, the English Tory, and myself made two responses amid a scene of great excitement. We were given a similar interview and accorded equal cordiality by President Poincaré and Premier Briand. In short, all official France joined in the demonstrations. The committee's sittings were strictly private but I can reveal the fact that all who went to France were immensely struck with the brilliant ability of the French members and above all their intimate knowledge, not only of the details of their work on land and sea in munitions and diplomacy, but also every detail of ours.

All ideas that any one in France does not realize, or underrates in the slightest, Britain's contribution to the war, was at once dispelled. The chief conclusion that I drew from these sittings, which we held in Paris, was the intensity and the closeness of spirit and purpose of the Parliaments of the two nations.

We visit in Bordeaux on this visit. The visit which the committee is to make to Lyons will have to be deferred until later. In summing up the results of the journey we have made we all appreciate the fact that in going to France we have added a new strong link to the chain that binds the Entente.

France, if it be possible, is more self-confident than is England of final victory. Somehow or other Paris did not appear to me quite so gloomy when I paid my second visit since the war as it did on the first. It was still empty, of course, but it did not look half so dead. It suggested the difference between a man when his eyes are wide open and he has become conscious of beginning a new day, and a

man who is only half awake. There was, too, less evidence of that stunned look which I noticed in the first visit. People went through the streets with their usual look; they seemed to be attentive to their particular business and to be quite intent on it, to the absence of all thoughts of the horrors of the distant battlefield. I went to several places of public resort. In the Rue Royale there is a well-known and rather luxurious restaurant known as La Roca. It was quite full, and the diners served had none of the asceticism of war time. Many of the guests were men in khaki; some our own men, some Frenchmen. But except that there was no music from the old Hungarian band, which once made the place noisy, things seemed to go on just as usual. There was champagne on several tables, the bread was abundant and tasty as it has been in peace time. In short, there was no suggestion whatever of the war having touched the food supply of Paris. Bread tickets, such as they have in Vienna and Berlin, would have appeared as much as portent as a trench or a 75 in the midst of the luxurious room. Similarly the cinemas were going at full strength.

It is a symptom of that spirit of self confidence which I found to be universal. There may be crackers in France; there may be pacifists; I haven't met one; they must be outside all the many classes which I met. Everywhere I found the determination to go on to a decisive victory, and everywhere the certainty that that victory was sure to come. It is well to dwell for a moment on that point, because Germany has once more been throwing out feelers for peace. In the words of Herr Bethmann Hollweg, the German Chancellor, peace would come tomorrow if the Allies were only free to act as they think best; it is wicked, obstinate England which stands in the way. One may accept the statement, though false, as a compliment, for after all it does prove that the Germans already realize how grossly they miscalculated the British nation. As some Swiss writer has said, the Germans wanted a war and were determined to have it, else why did they resist the appeal of all Europe, including Austria, to prevent it? But while the Germans wanted war, they did not want this war. They wanted a war with the British excluded. They expected we should exclude ourselves, for they had formed an image of our national character and of our national resources which was in stupid contradiction with very palpable facts. To the German mind, of England was a nation of slackers, of decadents; not too proud, but too obese and comfortable and cowardly to fight. And if she ever did contemplate fighting she had none of the resources requisite. She had a little army which Bismarck described as fit only to be arrested by German police, or an army which the Kaiser thought to be "contemptible." The German police did not attempt to arrest the English army, and the "contemptible" army, apart from its deeds of incomparable valor, has by no day grown to be one of the greatest armies in the world. And we accept the compliment of the German Chancellor as a realization that this nation, though slow to go into a quarrel, is just as slow to get out of it until it has avenged its honor and secured its safety. If the history of British armies prove anything, it is that the bulldog tenacity of the British race has never yet been exhausted by disaster, by time, by threat, by cajolery.

But the compliment, if it is to be, that English tenacity alone stands in the way of peace, is not deserved. For in my opinion England neither more nor less determined to go right on till she has won than any single one of the nations which are fighting with her. France is just as resolute as the most resolute Englishman. It is not a resoluteness which expresses itself in hot words—still less in Hymns of Hate; but it is there all the same. France realizes first that this is the last chance of retaining her position as a first rate power. If Germany had won this war, then probably there would have been further mutilation of her territory, more millions of people—like the Albanians or the Armenians—with French hearts grieved every hour of daily existence by compulsory obedience to brutal German masters. That would not have been the end of it. For nearly half a century France has been kept in turmoil and in apprehension and often in humiliating silence a temper kept down with difficulty. For during the half century since Germany's crushing victories of 1870-1 there has not been a year in which Germany did not rattle its insolent sabre and threaten France once more with the tramp of German legions on her soil.

But these facts do not account alone for the steady determination which I found everywhere in France. I have said before that France meets death with a laugh, and the statement is correct; but I should add a qualification. On the French front there are many French soldiers and officers who come from the districts of France which are still in the occupation of the enemy and have been in their occupation for months. Through the hard and even stories have been able to trickle to these gallant men of what Germany has been doing in those portions of France which are still under her heel. I dare not repeat some of these stories; my readers have been made painfully familiar with them in the many pages in which the atroci-

ties of Germany have been set forth. And these stories have given to this war a feature which was absent from previous wars in modern times. It is not merely a war to vindicate the integrity of the nation, but to avenge the wrongs of the individual. It is these acts of human and bestial baseness which have served the arms of the French soldier as much as the great issues at stake. Hence I have been told that you see on the faces of the French soldier in the trenches—when they forget to be cheerful and to laugh—a look of set determination that is afflicting. The Germans have called the Devil from the depths, but they have also aroused the Devil in every nation that is at war with them. Indeed it has come to this; that while you may hear a gallant fellow who has returned from the horrors and the disasters of Gallipoli speak with something like friendship of the soldier of Turkey, you hear from the lips of any soldier of the Allies anything but hatred and contempt for the German.

In the hotel at which I stopped in Paris there were two singularly handsome young fellows, almost boys. At first I was surprised to see young faces in the streets from which all young faces have disappeared. I soon discovered the reason. One of them had lost an arm, the other had lost a leg, and they were just striplings scarcely yet grown to manhood. But they were also cheerful; did their work alertly and willingly—the one as a porter outside, the other as a life man. Their bright eyes sparkling with youth, their rosy cheeks, everything spoke of life's strong young sap; and there they were, maimed at life's opening hours.

I turn for a final impression of the present mood of France to one or two words about her politicians. I had the honour of an interview with M. Briand, the present Prime Minister. Here is one of the most remarkable political careers of our generation—more remarkable than that even of Mr. Lloyd George. M. Briand began life in poverty deeper than even the modest surroundings of Mr. Lloyd George's youth; and yet he has been twice already Prime Minister of France. He is now chosen as Prime Minister in France's most perilous hour, and he is still under fifty. And the face looks even younger than his years. A mass of black hair rises from the head into the big curl that disappears from the heads of most men in the fierce anxieties of public life before many years. The cheeks have still the healthy red of youth, the whole expression of the face is one of youth, beaming, quizzical even; in spite of the squint nose and the strong mouth, you think more of him as a quarmer than of a great dynamic force.

I was accompanied to the interview by M. Henry Franklin Bouillon, one of the most notable figures in the life of France to day. M. Franklin Bouillon, as his name implies, is half English, half French in his origin. He has a keen energy embodied in a single man. He works sixteen hours a day. If it were not for the fact that he has no love for society and goes home every night and dines off a bowl of milk, he would have been in his grave long ago. I take him as one of the best tests of French opinion to day; for he has always been a strong Radical; always hoped that Germany, by an exhibition of good sense in neutralizing Alsace Lorraine would enable France to avoid a war—and especially a war which meant the death of ten million men. But Germany's brutal aggression convinced him that the one way to deal with Germany was to beat her, and today—like so many other friends of peace—including myself—he is one of the fiercest in the determination that this war must be fought out till German militarism has come to an end and until the integrity of France is restored.

Herr Bethmann Hollweg is wrong in saying that England stands alone in the way of peace. Every country that is fighting Germany today has the same iron resolve. When peace comes, it must be a real peace, and a real peace can only come when German people have exercised from their skulls these seven devils that have made a carnage ground of all Europe.

THE ANGLICAN CATHOLIC

The man who wants to be a Catholic without joining the Catholic Church is having a hard time of it just now in the Anglican body. The incongruity of his position is enforcing itself upon him. It is beyond comprehension how any man of conscience can justify the position of making the performance of duty conditional upon the conduct of another or of others. It would be morally as proper for a man with false civic pride or mistaken patriotism to say that he would await the complete reform of his city or country before he would begin to keep the Ten Commandments, as for the Anglican to justify his awaiting the conversion of his brethren or of a large part of them before he heeds the personal call of Christ to be one with Him through His Living Church.

The unreasonableness of the attitude of the so called Anglican Catholic is apparent to every one except to those who have an evident desire for some sort of "conscience muffler." No one outside of the Anglican body believes in Anglican claims. The Outlook of December 29, voices the

sentiments of the man of normal mind and the impartial observer of passing events, in the following: "If The Outlook were a Roman Catholic newspaper, it would be inclined to look with a little amusement upon the claim of the High Church Episcopal clergymen to be regarded as true Catholics. We should be tempted to say to them: 'If you want to be reconciled with the Church of Rome, the process is a very simple and easy one. All you have to do is to walk into the door which the Church of Rome is always holding open for you.' But we should add: 'If you do enter that door, remember there can be no more splitting of hairs about the word Catholic. The only true Catholic Church is the Roman Catholic Church.'"

The Outlook is right in all this, but it goes on to show that it does not appreciate the fact that Catholics feel much sympathy for the Anglican in spite of the absurdity of his religious position. No matter how untenable his position and how worthless the counterfeits he loves, the Anglican has a place in our hearts which he is right in thinking an especially warm spot. He loves the name Catholic, even if he does not comprehend the essentials of the thing Catholic. He has many points of view that are Catholic and we are made akin in some sense by some common ideals. We appreciate the fine qualities of mind and heart which make the Anglican shrink from wounding old Mother Church at Panama or anywhere else. We must confess that The Outlook does not know Catholic sentiment towards Anglicans, much as we admire its discernment and sanity in discussing the Anglican position.—The Missionary.

LOYOLA OLD BOYS

NEARLY ONE HUNDRED HAVE JOINED COLORS

ONE FELL IN ACTION—FOUR WERE WOUNDED

The Gazette, Montreal

It is estimated that nearly one hundred old boys of Loyola College are taking part in the present conflict in Europe. Many are at present in the trenches, one at least has been killed in action and others have been wounded. Many are at present in Montreal awaiting the time when they will be sent forward. Lt. Col. Harry Tribe, officer commanding the 199th Irish Canadian Rangers, is one of the school's old boys. Loyola, the well known classical college on Drummond street conducted by the English Jesuit Fathers, is less than twenty years old, and while their honor list is only nearing the century mark, it is anticipated that it will be increased in the future. It is admitted that the lists are necessarily incomplete, but wherever possible effort has been made to verify the details concerning the individuals. Further names and details will be welcomed by the rector, Rev. T. J. MacMahon, S. J.

The list of old boys follows: Armstrong, Thaddeus, 4th Battalion sergeant. Babin, Harold, 5th Univ. Corps. Baues, Jules, Sanitary Sec., C. A. M. C.

Beck, Austin. Beck, Cyril. Beique, Victor, Lieut., 85th. Bonard, Daniel, French Army. Boyce, George, Major, No. 1 Field Ambul., C. A. M. C.

Boyer, Guy, Major, 22nd. Butler, Herbert, 2nd Univ. Corps. Carpenter, Cecil. Casgrain, Umberto, Capt., No. 3 Stationary Hosp., C. A. M. C.

Chevalier, Armand, Capt., 22nd. Chevalier, Philippine, now Capt., 163rd (wounded). Chevalier, Pierre, Lieut., 22nd. Cugels, Hubert, Belgian Army. Conway, James.

Cooke, Benedict, Composite Batt. Cooke, Vincent, 1st Brig., C. F. A. Davis, Harry, Capt., Artillery. De Varennes, Henri. De Zouche, Frederick, C., 150th Mech. Transport Co., A. S. C. (wounded).

Dohoney, Clarence. Donnelly, Ernest, Lieut., 148th. Donohue, James. Doran, John, 82nd. Fawcett, Rev. Charles, Chaplain. Finch, Gerald.

Fletcher, Adrian, Can. Pay Corps (formerly 29th). Farlong, Gerald, Capt., 24th. Griffith, Gerald, C. A. M. C. Grimes, Ernest, 2nd Reserve Park, C. A. S. C.

Hanna, Roy, Composite Batt. Hennessy, Richard, 3rd Overseas Siege Artillery. Hingston, Donald, Capt., C. A. M. C. Hingston, Harold, Capt., 60th. Howe, John, Lieut., 14th. Hudson, Stanton, 87th. Hughes, Stanley, 3rd Overseas Siege Artillery.

Jenkins, John, Capt., 24th. Kelly, Harry, 35th. Killoran, Rev. James, Chaplain, (captain). Lafontaine, Jean, Lieut., 163rd. Le Bonhillier, Leo, 24th. Lynch, Leo, No. 5 Co., Div. Amm. Column, C. A. S. C.

Macdonald, Alain de L., Corp., 24th, Machine Gun Section, (wounded). Macdonald, Fraser, Lieut., 77th. Macdonald, Hubert, 77th. Magand, Alan, R. M. C., Kingston. Magand, George, Lieut., Div. Amm. Col.

McDonald, Dawson, Lieut., 199th, 5th Can. Rangers. McGee, Arthur. McGovern, Francis L., Capt., 28th. McGuire, Francis, Sergt.

McKenna, Adrian, Corp., 24th (killed in action).

McKenna, Ernest, Lieut., 60th. Merrill, Geoffrey, Artillery. Miller, Louis, 27th. Morgan, William, 69th.

Murphy, Neil, Lieut., 199th Irish Can. Rangers. O'Brien, William, Major, 199th Irish Can. Rangers. O'Gallagher, Dermott, Lieut., 33rd. O'Gorman, Gerald.

O'Leary, Henry, Lieut. Owens, Sargent T., Lieut., 73rd. Padet, Henri de L., Lieut., 100th Co., R. Engineers, British Army. Perdeare, Horace, Lieut., 163rd. Phelan, Arthur.

Power, Charles G., Lieut., 3rd (wounded). Power, Joseph, Lieut., 2nd Batt. Power, Rockett. Rainboth, Ernest, 77th. Rainville, Gustavus, Lieut., No. 6 Co., Div. Amm. Train, C. A. S. C.

Redmond, Rene, Lieut., 60th. Ryan, Raymond, Lieut., Borden's, Armored Battery. Scott, Walter, 42nd. Shortall, Leo, 1st Newfoundland Batt.

Sullivan, Arthur, Lieut., 79th. Trihey, Harry, Lt.-Col., O. C. 199th Irish Can. Rangers. Tureane, Asmar Ozias, Reserve Brigade, C. F. A.

Vanier, George P., Capt., 22nd. Walsh, John P., Capt., No. 2 Hosp., C. A. M. C. Walsh, G. Victor, Lieut., 24th. Watt, Roderick, Lieut., Div. Amm. Col.

Wickham, John C., Capt., No. 3 Gen. Hosp., C. A. M. C. Wilkie, John. Wilson, Lawrence, 105th Brigade, R. F. A., British Army.

BISHOP MATHEWS

"ACT OF SUBMISSION"

We are both glad and thankful to publish, as The Lamp, the following "Act of Submission to His Holiness Pope Benedict XV.," a copy of which has been sent us by the Right Rev. Arnold H. Mathew, about whom we have had occasion to write in our columns from time to time. Very early in the history of The Lamp, when we were Anglicans and he a Catholic, the Earl of Landaff de jure, as he then signed himself, addressed to us an exhortation on the sin of schism. Several years later, having gotten into communication with the Jansenist Archbishop of Utrecht, Holland, he offered to secure an old Catholic mitre for the Editor of The Lamp, and the Rev. Sponner makes, as the editor of England and the Holy See, if we would join with him in the foundation of an Anglo-United Church, whose orders would be recognized by Rome, and which in time could petition the Holy See for corporate terms of submission. We rejected the proposition without parity, but earnestly sought to dissuade him from proceeding further with such a wrong and unjustifiable scheme, but in vain, as the sequel showed. Now we rejoice that Bishop Mathew realizes the sorry mistake he has made in the grace to make the following "Act of Submission." We devoutly pray that the others upon whom he has conferred the orders he received from the schismatic Bishop of Utrecht will follow his example.

Having spent two months, beginning from 18th October, 1915, in almost uninterrupted solitude and retreat, in order that I might devote much prayer and study to a careful reconsideration of the position I was induced in 1907, to adopt, in relation to a movement which appeared likely to help forward the return of our nation to the faith of our forefathers, it behoves me to inform my friends of the result of this period of serious contemplation. I have become, more than ever, and now absolutely and irrevocably, convinced that an attitude, such as we have advocated, of interior union with the Primacy of Christendom, unaccompanied by exterior submission, together with His Holiness' recognition must prove to be futile and fail in the achievement of its object. The Primacy of the Roman Pontiff as the successor of St. Peter and inheritor of his prerogatives, was clearly and fully acknowledged by all the early well as by the later Ecumenical Councils. The first seven of these are accepted by the Eastern Orthodox Church, which is, therefore, bound to return to union with Rome, and will do so sooner or later.

Once the spiritual Primacy is grasped as an integral point of faith which cannot be rejected without hereby, the other attributes of the Holy See, its Supremacy and its Inerrancy in the teaching and guidance of Christendom, must logically follow, and be accepted without hesitation or doubt. The Primacy, let it be remembered, is a matter of faith and not of negotiation. I regretfully acknowledge that I fell into the error of attaching secondary instead of primary importance to the Papal Primacy. I now realize its fundamental importance. When a man perceives clearly that he has blundered, or been misled, it is his obvious duty, at no matter what sacrifice, to acknowledge the fact. This I am now doing by offering my contrition, with humble, unconditional, and entire submission to His Holiness Pope Benedict XV.

I have, therefore, sent my petition for absolution from censures and restoration to the visible unity of the Church, to His Eminence Cardinal Merry del Val, Prefect of the Holy Office.

"The kind and fervent prayers of all who read this communication are requested, that in all things the Divine and Holy Will of Almighty God may be accomplished."

"I beg the Divine Blessing upon all those who hitherto accepted my ministrations and I exhort them to consider carefully the reasons which should compel all devout Christians to seek for union with the Visible Head of the Visible Church."

ARNOLD H. MATHEW. Kingsdown, Nr. Deal, Dec. 31, 1915.

PASSED TO HIS REWARD

REV. FATHER PALLIER, OTTAWA HAD LABORED LONG AND ARDUOUSLY IN THE VINEYARD

Ottawa, Feb. 8.—By the death of Rev. Father Pallier, former pastor of St. Joseph's Church here, and one of the best known members of the Oblate Order in Ottawa, there passed away a pioneer priest of this community and one of the most saintly and beloved clergymen that ever labored in this city. He had been a resident of the capital for forty years. He was parish priest of St. Joseph's for twenty six years and was the idol of his parishioners during that time. After a short illness with pneumonia he died last week at the Water Street Hospital. The remains were transferred from the hospital to the Sacred Heart Church and a requiem Mass sung there Thursday, when many friends of the beloved priest were present. Thursday afternoon the casket was taken to St. Joseph's Church where it remained during the night and the funeral Mass was chanted Friday morning before a large congregation of the deceased priest's former parishioners.

Rev. Father Pallier was born in France and came to Ottawa in 1842. Later he moved to the United States and lived there for a time and was in that country when the civil war broke out, serving as chaplain in the American army. Returning to Ottawa after the civil war he became a member of the staff of the Ottawa University, with which institution he was connected for over fifty years, having been rector for some months in 1886. By his wisdom, Christian piety, gentleness, great patience and kindness, he endeared himself to all who knew him and won the love of all with whom he came in contact. He possessed a deep, loving nature and a tenderness of heart and charity of mind that sympathized with all human weaknesses. Self-denial and consideration for others were his leading characteristics and his spiritual guidance was acknowledged perhaps by more Catholics in this city and district than that of any other priest ever living in Ottawa. He was a man of the simplest manners and the most fatherly, approachable nature. By example and precept he pointed the way to the higher Christian life and unquestionably his saintliness and profound human sympathy were most uplifting to the thousands to whom he spiritually ministered during his long career in this city as an earnest worker in the vineyard of the Lord. His memory will be long and reverently cherished by all who had the pleasure of knowing this saintly and able priest, whose life and example stimulated so many to higher ideals of piety, charity and good works."—Ulrica Globe.

THE TONGUE

Keep it from unkindness. Words are sometimes wounded. Not very deep wounds, always, and yet they irritate. Speech is unkind sometimes when there is no unkindness in the heart; so much the worse that unintentionally pain is caused.

Keep it from falsehood. It is so easy to give a false coloring, to so make a statement that it may convey a meaning different from the truth, while yet there is an appearance of truth, that we need to be on our guard. There are many who would shrink from telling a lie who yet suffer themselves to make such inaccurate or exaggerated or one-sided statements that they really come under the condemnation of

"HOME WITH MOTHER"

The human derelict who, near Vancouver, ended his drifting career when a freight train overtook him on the track, confided to the trainman a strong desire to be "home with mother." Before he could finish any specifications of home or mother his spirit fled and left the tattered and ragged, broken and unkempt bundle that had been a man, found it difficult to realize that it ever had a home or mother. Yet, somewhere in the depths of this man's memory through the callous exterior marked by hard living and unceasing strife with the world, had come the flash of home and mother at the crucial moment when he was face to face with death; it was then that his mind reverted to the sunny days of childhood, when all the world was fair to him in the mother's sheltering arms.

Home and mother! Words of magic, conjuring up the memory of all the good, the steadfast, the true and the secure things of life! Within the crushed body the mind of the human derelict flashed back in the hour of stress to the healer of his infant wounds, the comforter who soothed his childish troubles and rocked him into forgetfulness. Too little this man had reckoned of home and mother in his boyhood days. The world was bright to youth, and pleasure smiled and beckoned him away from his anchorage. Forgetful of the better things of childhood, he drifted from the safe haven of home and mother, and bent, bent and cast off by the world, he at last remembered the golden days he had once enjoyed at home with mother.

In the hurry and strife and bitterness of the struggle with the things on earth it is only with advancing age that the mind of man begins to revert insistently to long dormant memories of the childhood days. There comes a time when the life struggle palls, the blood begins to cool and run less urgently, and the tired body seeks in vain for rest at home with mother. There comes a time, when the rough and inhospitable

Your Savings

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

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

By Putting YOUR SAVINGS INTO LIFE INSURANCE

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

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

Write us, giving the date of your birth

The Capital Life Assurance Company of Canada

Head Office - Ottawa

BENSON A PENANCE

Robert Hugh Benson first crossed my path as a weekly penance," says Miss Catherine Parr, in "An Appreciation—Robert Hugh Benson."

The Rev. Reginald H. Buckler, O. P., when living at Haverstock Hill, England, had the pious practice of assigning to his penitents the weekly recitation of three "Our Fathers and three Hail Mary's," to be said for Anglican clergymen whom he hoped to draw into the Church. He imposed on Miss Parr the penance of praying for Mr. Benson. The prayers were fruitful, Father Benson himself bears witness in his "Confessions of a Convert," in which he says that Father Reginald was the priest "whose hand unlocked for me the gate of the city of God and led me in." The holy Dominicans reared his spiritual children at first on the Penny Catechism, and for three afternoons he walked and talked with the young Anglican clergyman, instructing him on the points of the Catechism which Hugh Benson had studied in his spare time. The instructor, a sound theologian himself, knew of no better way of receiving the kingdom of God than as a little child receives it. He preached, and practiced, simplicity and humility. The son of the Archbishop of Canterbury was no exception to the rule. Father Benson tells, in his book, of the Penny Catechism, and the Little Acts which he made kneeling at Father Reginald's feet, at the time of his first confession.—New World.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Dec. 11, 1915.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD:

It may be a little surprise to you to learn that it takes \$100 a week to keep my mission going. I am glad when I see that amount contributed in the RECORD, but when it is less I am sad to see my little reserve fund diminished and the catastrophe arriving when I must close my chapel, discharge my catechists and reduce my expenses to the few dollars coming in weekly. I beseech you to make one more supreme effort during 1916 to keep this mission on its feet. You will be surprised to learn what a great deal I am doing with \$100 a week—keeping myself and curate, 30 catechists, 7 chapels, and free schools, 8 churches in different cities with one-stakers, supporting two big catechumens of men, women and children during their preparation for baptism and building a church every year.

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

Previously acknowledged... \$6,796 50 A. C. M. .... 5 00 J. M. D., Guelph..... 5 00 A. J. McDougall, Judique... 60 Walter Casey, Holmesville. 2 00 Mrs. D. Bonang Yarmouth. 50 In memory of our dead friends ..... 1 00 Mrs. Stanton, Pakenham (St. Anthony's Brand).. 5 00 J. H. Melholln, Montreal.. 2 00

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"HOME WITH MOTHER"

The human derelict who, near Vancouver, ended his drifting career when a freight train overtook him on the track, confided to the trainman a strong desire to be "home with mother." Before he could finish any specifications of home or mother his spirit fled and left the tattered and ragged, broken and unkempt bundle that had been a man, found it difficult to realize that it ever had a home or mother. Yet, somewhere in the depths of this man's memory through the callous exterior marked by hard living and unceasing strife with the world, had come the flash of home and mother at the crucial moment when he was face to face with death; it was then that his mind reverted to the sunny days of childhood, when all the world was fair to him in the mother's sheltering arms.

Home and mother! Words of magic, conjuring up the memory of all the good, the steadfast, the true and the secure things of life! Within the crushed body the mind of the human derelict flashed back in the hour of stress to the healer of his infant wounds, the comforter who soothed his childish troubles and rocked him into forgetfulness. Too little this man had reckoned of home and mother in his boyhood days. The world was bright to youth, and pleasure smiled and beckoned him away from his anchorage. Forgetful of the better things of childhood, he drifted from the safe haven of home and mother, and bent, bent and cast off by the world, he at last remembered the golden days he had once enjoyed at home with mother.

In the hurry and strife and bitterness of the struggle with the things on earth it is only with advancing age that the mind of man begins to revert insistently to long dormant memories of the childhood days. There comes a time when the life struggle palls, the blood begins to cool and run less urgently, and the tired body seeks in vain for rest at home with mother. There comes a time, when the rough and inhospitable

those whose "lying lips are an abomination to the Lord."

Keep it from slander. The good reputation of others should be dear to us. Sin should not be suffered to go unrebuked. And it should be borne in mind that what is often considered as merely harmless gossip runs dangerously near, if it does not pass, the confines of slander. A reputation is too sacred to be made a plaything of even if the intent be not malicious.—Catholic Universe.

BENSON A PENANCE

Robert Hugh Benson first crossed my path as a weekly penance," says Miss Catherine Parr, in "An Appreciation—Robert Hugh Benson."

The Rev. Reginald H. Buckler, O. P., when living at Haverstock Hill, England, had the pious practice of assigning to his penitents the weekly recitation of three "Our Fathers and three Hail Mary's," to be said for Anglican clergymen whom he hoped to draw into the Church. He imposed on Miss Parr the penance of praying for Mr. Benson. The prayers were fruitful, Father Benson himself bears witness in his "Confessions of a Convert," in which he says that Father Reginald was the priest "whose hand unlocked for me the gate of the city of God and led me in." The holy Dominicans reared his spiritual children at first on the Penny Catechism, and for three afternoons he walked and talked with the young Anglican clergyman, instructing him on the points of the Catechism which Hugh Benson had studied in his spare time. The instructor, a sound theologian himself, knew of no better way of receiving the kingdom of God than as a little child receives it. He preached, and practiced, simplicity and humility. The son of the Archbishop of Canterbury was no exception to the rule. Father Benson tells, in his book, of the Penny Catechism, and the Little Acts which he made kneeling at Father Reginald's feet, at the time of his first confession.—New World.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Dec. 11, 1915.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD:

It may be a little surprise to you to learn that it takes \$100 a week to keep my mission going. I am glad when I see that amount contributed in the RECORD, but when it is less I am sad to see my little reserve fund diminished and the catastrophe arriving when I must close my chapel, discharge my catechists and reduce my expenses to the few dollars coming in weekly. I beseech you to make one more supreme effort during 1916 to keep this mission on its feet. You will be surprised to learn what a great deal I am doing with \$100 a week—keeping myself and curate, 30 catechists, 7 chapels, and free schools, 8 churches in different cities with one-stakers, supporting two big catechumens of men, women and children during their preparation for baptism and building a church every year.

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

Previously acknowledged... \$6,796 50 A. C. M. .... 5 00 J. M. D., Guelph..... 5 00 A. J. McDougall, Judique... 60 Walter Casey, Holmesville. 2 00 Mrs. D. Bonang Yarmouth. 50 In memory of our dead friends ..... 1 00 Mrs. Stanton, Pakenham (St. Anthony's Brand).. 5 00 J. H. Melholln, Montreal.. 2 00

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY

"A blind man sat by the wayside begging." (Luke xvi. 27)

St. Gregory tells us that we ought to consider our Saviour's miracles, not only so as to acquire in the truth of the facts recorded, but also so as to regard them as types of other higher things.

Thus in today's gospel we think with admiration of Our Lord's mercy and power in restoring sight to the blind man, but at the same time we learn to regard the man suffering from physical blindness as a type warning us against spiritual blindness. The gospel teaches us to avoid the latter, since it makes us incapable of seeing what tends to our eternal salvation, blind to the guidance of those desirous of helping us, blind to everything that does not flatter our own self will and sensual inclinations, blind to the truth, to duty and to heaven.

"A blind man sat by the wayside begging." All theologians refer these words to the misery of spiritual blindness; especially St. Francis of Sales has chosen these words as representing vividly the intense wretchedness of a spiritually blind soul. A blind man is in a pitiable state; he sees none of the beautiful things around him; sky and earth are adorned with all God's wonderful works, but he cannot see them, cannot, like those who have sight, be roused to admiration and delight by the contemplation of their beauty.

When Tobias became blind, he described his sad condition in words that call forth our sympathy, saying: "What manner of joy shall be to me, who sit in darkness and see not the light of heaven?" This literal blindness typifies spiritual blindness and ignorance. The most important truths concerning our salvation are concealed from one who is spiritually blind, and he understands nothing of them. "Blind men of this sort," says an old author, "do not see God above them who will judge them, nor Satan before them, who will drag them down, nor death behind following them, nor hell below awaiting them."

Be grateful for the opportunities given you by God in His goodness, of raising the eye of your minds straight to the light of the true faith, the knowledge of what conduces to your salvation. Pray that God may enlighten your hearts and minds more and more with His light; beg Him never to let your hearts grow blind to faith, hope and charity. The blind will never see Jesus, and it is only if, by no fault of our own, we have passed our lives here in blindness, that we shall nevertheless behold Him in everlasting light.

A blind man sat by the wayside. The fact that he indicates the inability of the spiritually blind to do anything meritorious. "What else could he do?" says St. Francis of Sales, "or where should he go? He had no alternative but to sit idle, dirty, despised and a burden to himself. In the same way the spiritually blind are devoid of good works and are habitually entangled in sins, laden like prisoners with fetters." The Christian who has faith and spiritual sight, who looks up to Jesus and makes good use of every hour of his life, striving to do something for love of God, stamps all his works, even the most trivial, with the mark of merit, but the spiritually blind man wastes his time, doing nothing to secure his salvation, for what he does is done merely from some worldly motive, and not through faith and love of God, and therefore it gives him no claim upon heaven. At the end of his life he might as well have done nothing; he is like the servant who buried his talent in the earth and won no merit, hence, when he died, he appears before his Judge empty handed.

Let the love of God guide you in all your works, for it is the light without which we can earn no merit for eternity. As St. Paul says in today's epistle: "If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." (I Cor. xiii. 1).

Nothing is of any good unless we love God. Say often in your hearts: "All for love of Thee, O God!"

The blind man sat by the wayside. Jesus said: "I am the way, but the spiritually blind man is on a different road from that indicated by our Lord, for he is in unbelief or sin, and sits by the way on which the fleeting things of earth appear of the utmost importance. In the Book of Wisdom we have a description of the spiritually blind who lament saying: "We have erred from the way of truth, and the light of justice hath not shined unto us and the sun of understanding hath not risen upon us. We wearied ourselves in the way of iniquity and destruction, and have walked through hard ways, but the way of the Lord we have not known" (v. 6, 7). May you never have cause to utter such a lamentation! Avoid the first step off the path of faith and goodness. The hour when a man in his blindness turns away from Jesus is the saddest in all his life. In vain does he decry his blindness, thinking: "I shall soon come back; I am taking only a little step." At the very beginning of the wrong path a sort of glamor lays hold upon us, leading us further and further astray. Our feet are entangled in cunningly laid snares, and it is only when the evil one is practically sure of his prey that the fascination vanishes, and all the attractive things around us

are revealed in their true colors, all the friendly faces appear to be hideous masks, and the garlands adorning the paths of sin prove to be scourges.

The right way is far distant, scarcely visible through bright and clear, and the wanderer thinks it a hopeless undertaking to return to it. Whence shall a soul, weakened by sin, derive courage enough to find it? She has for a long time in her folly rejected the grace of God—will she now have confidence enough to rely upon this grace? Above all things fear the first step on the wrong road.

A blind man sat by the wayside begging. St. Francis of Sales remarks that blind people are generally so situated that they are poor and forced to ask alms of others. The spiritually blind, however, are weighed down by much more distressing poverty, and we may apply to them what St. John says in the Apocalypse: "Thou sayest: I am rich and made wealthy and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable and poor and blind and naked" (iii. 17). If you give yourself up to unbelief and sin, you may possess all the riches in the world, and still be poor and unworthy of pity. He alone is rich whose heart is rich; and the man who is spiritually blind is poor; his soul is poor in God's grace; his imagination is poor in thoughts of a glorious future; his memory is poor in the remembrance of good works; his will is poor in good resolutions to do right; and his heart is poor in Divine love and heavenly comfort.

He begs the world for true peace of heart, and the world passes him by, flinging him some paltry alms; worldly pleasures go by, giving him perhaps a fleeting hour of amusement; worldly honors go by, and give him money that satisfies the eyes, but not the heart. Now and then the blind man is happy, but, just as the little coins flung to a beggar are soon spent, so the trifling joys afforded by earth may for a moment deaden the pain of his heart, but can never give it lasting peace.

Peace will come only when he cries: "Jesus, Son of David, have mercy upon me." Therefore, do you also cry earnestly: "Jesus, Son of David, Light of the World, I will be faithful to Thee until death, may I never lose my sight, and never live in such a way as that the sorrowful words: 'A blind man sat by the wayside begging,' may be applicable to me."

TEMPERANCE

THE OLD BLACK BOTTLE

Out there at the poorhouse the paupers, in sorrow, are sighing and moaning and swearing the flies; no pride in the past, no hope in the morrow, they all are remote from humanity's ties. Yet once they had pride and a wholesome ambition, they looked to the future as bravely as you; what guided their feet to this present condition? Just search for the bottle and you'll have a clue. The peevish are busy, consistently jailing the homeless and idle, the fools and the knaves; and down in the dungeon the victims are wailing, while over the courthouses our bright banners wave. Oh, why do the jails, in these prosperous regions, forever be filled with this purposeless crew? And why are the criminals counted by legions? Just search for the bottle, and you'll have a clue.

And here are sad women, worn mothers, who've spoken the words, all reluctant, that gained them divorce; the dreams they once dreamed are all shattered and broken, the tale of their loving has finished its course. And once they were brides, and were lovely and blooming, and trusting in men they imagine were true; then why are they plunged in a sorrow consuming? Just search for the bottle and you'll have a clue.

The hundreds of children we meet in our walking, deprived of their birthright, the joy of their years; sad children whose faces are seamed by their tears—why, why is their childhood thus robbed of its glory, its beauty and glamour, its rosy hue? The answer alas, is an agonized story; just search for the bottle, and you'll have a clue.

Wherever there's trouble, wherever there's weeping, wherever the vultures of grief are alive, wherever and whenever their night-watch are keeping, and waiting for footsteps that do not arrive; wherever there's squalor, wherever there's famine, if you would discover to what it's all due, it's idle the records to deeply examine—just search for the bottle and you'll have a clue.—Walt Mason, in Collier's Weekly.

OBSERVING WHERE THE HARM BEGINS

Some one, writing in defense of moderate drinking, says that every one is capable of finding out for himself how much he can drink by observing what amount of alcohol affects him, that is, what amount produces slight signs of intoxication, or a headache the following day.

The objection to this view is that in order to know when the harm really begins, the drinker must be able to sense the subtle changes that precede the recognizable symptoms of alcoholic disease. How can he "observe" the gradual growth of connective tissue in his liver, which leads slowly and without pain to a fatal cirrhosis?

When a drinker begins to be short of breath, can he "observe" the minute deposit of fat in the muscles of his heart by which alcohol is pre-

paring the way for another sudden and unexpected death from "heart failure"?

If the drinker begins to feel twinges that his friends tell him are the signs of rheumatism, will he be likely to attribute them to the alcoholic neuritis which his supposed "moderate" allowance has caused, but has not labeled for his warning?

In short, before the drinker can know whether or not his daily dose of alcohol is harming him, he, a mere man of the working multitude, must have precise knowledge of disease symptoms that often baffles experienced physicians.

The man who boasts of his ability to "carry" large amounts of alcohol without feeling or showing it, has often less reason for self-congratulation than his easily affected neighbor, for, instead of a delicate brain, whose very sensitiveness would warn him against his drink, he has a dull watchman that allows him to injure other organs of his body unwarned of danger.

It is the non-sensitive drinker who may die of alcoholism, though all his life he has avoided intoxication and has acted as a decoy to those of finer nervous sensibilities, who are openly ruined in attempting to follow the example of the "moderate" drinker.—Scientific Temperance Journal.

ANTI-TREATING PLEDGE

Seamus McManus, in an interview at Olean, N. Y., where he lectured some time ago, said, "drinking in Ireland is rapidly on the decrease since the spread of the temperance anti-treating movement. British statistics show that the Irishman never drank as much as either of his neighbors, the Englishman or the Scotchman. The Irishman may appear to drink more because," says McManus, "when a Scotchman drinks it sinks into his heels and steadies him—when an Englishman takes a drink, it goes to his stomach and he sits down in his parlor, pleased with himself and the world, and dreams of carrying the blessings of civilization, the Bible and the Bottle, to the unfortunate heathen in remote corners of the world. But when an Irishman takes a sip of whiskey, he thinks himself selfish if he doesn't instantly go out and take the street into his confidence."

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Under the heading "Climax of The Menace's Meanness," The Continent, an influential Presbyterian journal of Chicago, says:

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The language The Menace employed no honorable and respectable man would use against the menues of God's creatures. Against the lion-hearted Comstock, with his unsurpassed zeal for purity and his bitter contempt for things low and foul, it is a superlative outrage. It is not possible here to indicate how foul it is. To quote but a fragmentary few of the phrases which the article applies to the dead warrior is to test the limits of propriety's toleration. "A crawling creature below classification even in the brute creation," "hollowest of hypocrites," "a mind infested with maggots," "his very name a synonym for obscenity," "a professional blackmail," "a degenerate of the most loathsome type," and a few of the insane scurrilities—and not the worst—which The Menace editor exudes. To repeat even so much here is pardonable only for

the sake of exposing to people who do not read The Menace what kind of a carnal creature is enjoyed by their neighbors who aid the sheet's circulation.—From Truth.

WHEN SICKNESS COMES

The thought of death, brought so forcibly before us, brings with equal force the thought of sickness. Well it would be for us, says Father John O'Rourke, in the Messenger of the Sacred Heart, if when sickness enters our homes we could make sure that it would not be unto death, not of course, the death of the body, for sooner or later all must die, but the death of the soul. Sickness in many cases is often, and can always be, an immense grace. How frequently in souls that for years have been callous to religious influences and dry as summer dust, are these awakened sentiments of faith, hope and love which have slept for many a day!

Again, sickness is often not unto death, if we would have recourse to God, and avail ourselves of absolution and Extreme Unction. The neglect of these sacraments at such moments may be the death of both body and soul, for the very peace of mind and calmness of spirit which result from these holy means of grace are a great help toward a restoration to health. St. James, too, tells us: "Is any one sick among you? Let him bring in the priests of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord. And the prayer of faith shall save the sick man; and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he be in sins, they shall be forgiven him." Yet, how often we find that the priest is the last one called! He reaches the sick bed only to find the patient unconscious or dulled and drugged by narcotics, given often by non-Catholic doctors, who little realize the importance of the sacred duties which the priest performs, and thus at times the salvation of a soul is imperilled or at least the patient is deprived of the merit of acts of faith and resignation which ought to be the companions at the bedside of every soul departing to the presence of God.—Sacred Heart Review.

There are, doubtless, instances enough where, judging merely by antecedents, such excess of generosity might well give rise to serious suspicion and rightly cause disquietude within certain circles. On the other hand, the wasteful expenditures incurred by the same individuals in satisfying their costly habits or inordinate passions, and in assuring the attendance of their wives and daughters at questionable plays and amusements would be considered entirely normal.

There are Catholics—present readers always excepted—who tables are littered with secular literature, but who are too poor to subscribe to Catholic journals or magazines, of which they in particular stand in great need. There are others so burdened with the multitudinous demands of parish interests and Catholic charities, to which they seldom pay any practical attention, that they cannot afford to remember the foreign missions or any other larger needs of the Church. Not a few even are so absorbed in religious services, when of necessity they must attend them, that they become wholly oblivious of the very passing of the collection box in its distracting round before them or else, absent-mindedly, draw a widow's mite from their prosperous purses and generously deposit it with the counting clerk, that they have done their duty for another week.

When such a state of mind has become habitual, it is evident that reasons for serious suspicions would exist, should such people suddenly manifest unexpected symptoms of generosity in matters pertaining to the cause of Christ. However, they can escape the inquisitive scrutiny of an alienist, should nothing worse befall them, by following the admonition of Our Divine Lord: "But when thou shalt give alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth. That thy alms may be in secret; and thy Father Who seeth in secret will repay thee." This warning in mind, they can safely enter on a new course of munificent generosity in the service of Christ. Retrenching from their former wastefulness in purely secular matters would render such a course easy.—America.

GOD STILL REIGNS

The pessimistic cry that Christianity has failed in a great crisis and that the war has set the world back some thousands of years is not new. The stupid idea we have encouraged that civilization had reached such a plane that international strife was impossible is responsible for the hysterics of timid souls. Many writers see in the war a permanent departure from all religion and irreparable harm to Christianity.

It is some years ago that Tom Carlyle wrote of England: "We have forgotten God; in the most modern dialect and very truth of the matter, we have taken up the fact of the universe as it is not. We have quietly closed our eyes to the eternal substance of things, and opened them only to the shows and shame of things. There is no longer any God for us. God's laws have become a greatest happiness principle, a parliamentary expediency; the heavens overarch us only an astronomical time keeper. In our Johnson's dialect man has lost his soul out of him, and now, after the due period, begins to find the want of it. There is no religion; there is no God; man has lost his soul, and vanity seeks anti-septic salt!"

In spite of the lamentation of the old cynic of Chelsea the world still lives. There are millions of good men and women trying to serve God in holy fear and fervent love. In the designs of God the war may do immense good for humanity. War itself is not the worst thing in the world. Robert Hugh Benson well said: "All the horrors of the war are not so horrible as the sins committed in London in one single day."

The war may be God's appointed way to purge and chasten His people. The nations will come out of it with strengthened faith and a wholesome fear of the Lord.—Intermountain Catholic.

course it would be foolhardy to assert that all the pictures shown are "bad." But at best they are only the equal of the day's best sellers. When occasionally Shakespeare is "screened" nothing but the plot is left and really the plot is not Shakespeare.

Now the big numbers who fill the picture-theatres must be subtracted from the ranks of readers. With many the picture show is a substitution for the little reading that was done in past days. Still, there are those who spend their evenings in the old-fashioned way, with a book or paper. And when they do, what is it that they read?

First of all, the daily paper. How well I think this is suited for general perusal I have already stated in the Catholic Press Hour articles. What else besides the daily paper is read? As a rule, one of two things, the weekly or monthly magazine or the closely related dollar- and a-half copyrighted novel.—Clement Deters in Chicago New World.

GENEROSITY

Happily a new source of journalistic merriment has recently been found. A man, in one of our smaller American cities, was detained by the police on suspicion of insanity. The reason alleged by the papers was that he had deposited a \$5 bill on the collection plate during church services.

There are, doubtless, instances enough where, judging merely by antecedents, such excess of generosity might well give rise to serious suspicion and rightly cause disquietude within certain circles. On the other hand, the wasteful expenditures incurred by the same individuals in satisfying their costly habits or inordinate passions, and in assuring the attendance of their wives and daughters at questionable plays and amusements would be considered entirely normal.

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THE New Cochran is just a short walk from the White House, Department Buildings, Churches, Theatres, Hotels and Shopping district.



Kicked off the Blankets Kant Katch Kold

WHEN mother leaves her infant asleep in the crib she feels easy in her mind if the house is heated by the Safford hot water system. She knows if baby should happen to kick off the blankets that the exposure to the warm Safford-air will do him no harm.

Safford Boilers and Radiators

are the right kind of protection for the children. By means of the special choke damper (an exclusive Safford feature) and the thermometer on top of the boiler the Safford heating system can be regulated to produce an even temperature of seventy degrees (or whatever temperature required), no matter how strong the wind.

The Safford system is economical on fuel, too—70 per cent. of the Safford boiler's heating surface is direct; that is, immediately around the fire. Ordinary boilers have but 51 per cent. The more direct the heating, the less the fuel required.

If all the hot air furnaces and ordinary boilers in use in this locality were replaced by Safford heating systems the coal dealers would indeed feel blue. There would be such a falling off in the consumption of coal. As soon as a man puts a Safford system in his home the coal dealer notices it, for his customer buys at least one-third less coal. Show that you, too, are interested in the subject of coal economy and adequate protection for your children by writing for our "Home Heating" booklet. Others have found this book intensely interesting. So will you.

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THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had done for me. I wanted a fine horse, but I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man. Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't 'right' and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this is not a horse, but you see I'm washing machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine. I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it. But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine. I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the month's work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

I just drives easy water clean through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might. So, I didn't try to myself. I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the horse to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time. Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight, too. Surely you'll want to try it. Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save \$50 if you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50c a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance. Drop me a line to-day, and I'll send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes.

A. B. MORRIS, Manager 1900 WASHER COMPANY 357 YONGE ST. TORONTO

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

GET THE HABIT

Cheerfulness is a good habit; gloominess merely a bad one. There is a world of truth in this optimistic philosophy of Health Officer Dixon of Pennsylvania, who goes further to trace a close connection between mental depression and physical illness, and claims that the person who is sick should try to cure himself by being cheerful.

Habitual care so intimately interwoven with the very fiber of being it is difficult, if not impossible, to tell by the closest self-scrutiny where our habits end and where our broader personalities begin. But if cheerfulness is merely a habit, then there certainly is chance for all of us to begin cultivating it and making it an inseparable part of personality.

True, habits are sometimes hard to acquire. At first it may seem difficult to be always cheerful in the face of adverse circumstances. But habits stick when they are once well formed. And being always ready with the cheery smile and the cheering word is a habit that should stay with the person who seriously will go about acquiring and exercising it.

Smiles are the windows that let the sunshine of personality through to leaven with joy mountainous units of gloom. Frowns and sour looks are the shutters that not only keep a person's pessimism pent up inside him, but also depress others about him with the same melancholy effect that is likely to be wrought by viewing the exterior of a frowning house shuttered, deserted and gloomy.

"Joy," wrote Schiller, "is the mainspring of the whole of endless nature's calm rotation." Why try to run through life with your personal mainspring broken?

Smile! Be cheerful! It's a habit. Acquire it!—Milwaukee Sentinel.

MEETING EMERGENCIES

The young man who does things, who takes responsibility, who has initiative, who does not have to wait to be told, who does not shrink an unexpected opportunity to help along the business he is with, yet who uses good judgment when "going it alone," is the man who is going to win out, be appreciated, get promoted, and have chances elsewhere offered to him.

A young man recently obtained a position as private secretary to the president of a shoe company. He was left alone in the office, and unfortunately his employer who was absent, could not be located by telephone or telegraph. The secretary lived in the suburbs, and overheard while on the train that a serious accident had occurred on the railroad running from the town where the shoe factory was located to the city where the office was.

On reaching the office, he looked up the shipping orders and discovered that a carload of shoes had been shipped from the factory to a large retailer and that they might have been on the wrecked train. He immediately telephoned to the freight office, but could not ascertain whether or not the car in question was a part of the wreck. Further inquiry indicated that definite information could be had at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. He then telephoned to the proprietor of the retail store and informed him of the circumstances. He discovered that the shoes had been advertised as a special sale to occur on the following day. He told the proprietor that he could not give him definite particulars until late in the afternoon, but that he would telephone the factory to send him several cases of the same shoes by express, which would reach him early on the following morning.

The young man took this action of his own volition. He would have consulted the president, or some other superior officer, had that been possible; but unfortunately, all of them were away on that day. The shoe store proprietor was extremely well pleased and so expressed himself.

The youth had met an emergency without compromising the house for which he worked, and had literally "made good."

It is, of course, impossible to designate how far a subordinate should assume responsibility and act on his own authority. This is a matter of judgment. Some business men will not permit any of their employees to assume authority, but the majority of them appreciate any action for the real or apparent benefit of the house on the part of any employee, provided he uses his judgment and does not involve the concern in any heavy expense.

You have undoubtedly read much about following orders, that he who does what he is told to do has accomplished all that is expected of him. While the employee should not go beyond reasonable bounds and issue orders without the consent of his employer, initiative is to be commended. As a matter of fact, he who does only what he is told to do, follows without variation the path staked out for him, is not likely ever to travel beyond the road of his present environment. He will remain a good clerk, be subject to a moderate raise of salary and to slight promotion, but he cannot hope to enter business for himself or to occupy any high position.

There is always opportunity for the exercise of judgment, and he who takes the initiative becomes a marked man, sure of promotion and certain of tangible appreciation.

The trouble with 99 per cent. of employees is that they do not go beyond their prescribed duties, they take interest in nothing save that

which they are told to do, they become automatic, and can, naturally, be easily replaced.

No matter how subordinate your position may be, there will be times when you can act of your own volition, do something which is not "nominated in the bond," and this action of yours, provided it is based upon the judgment, becomes a definite asset.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

LITTLE VIOLET'S WISH

The Tallest Leaf in the violet bed quivered so suddenly that all the other leaves cried, "What's the matter, big brother?" "Sh! Sh!" he whispered. "Little Violet is sighing, and I can see a big tear hanging on her eyelashes."

"Whatever can the matter be?" The broad faces looked their concern. "When you all stop your foolish fluttering perhaps I can find out." Tallest Leaf wiped the morning dew from his brow and assumed his sunniest smile before bending over to look into little Violet's blue eyes.

A sudden whiff of her fragrant breath set his heart beating fast against his green waistcoat. Violet looked up so quickly that the tear dropped on Tallest Leaf's outstretched hand and made it tremble. His voice was very soft and low when he said, "Lonely, little sister, with only us big fellows left in the patch?" He laid his hand gently on her shoulder as he spoke.

"Lonely! No indeed! How could I be when you are all so jolly?" "But we're not like sisters."

"All the same you've been as good as my sisters that ever bloomed. Think how you've kept the hot sun from burning me at noontime, and how soft and shady you've made my bed, so that I've grown and grown till I'm most up to your shoulders, Tallest Leaf." Her blue eyes were so big and moist Tallest Leaf almost lost his balance as he gazed into them.

"No, it's not that I'm lonely, big brother, but I had hoped—" "Hoped for what, little sister?" he interrupted eagerly. "Do tell me about it, please."

Violet drooped her graceful head. "I really would surely go into somebody's sick-room to make that somebody smile, and here I've come so late that no one will ever think of looking for me. No, all the wishing in the world can't help me now."

"Oh, nonsense! That's the way to make things happen. Wish hard enough and your wish will come true. So tell us, little sister, what it is you are wishing for, and we'll wish with you."

Violet tried to smile, but her voice quivered as she sighed. "It won't do any good this time, for it's such a big wish."

"So much the more reason to have us help!" chorused the leaves, who had been listening. They jostled each other in their effort to get near their little sister.

Violet could feel their interest, and decided to tell them the one great wish of her life.

"When I was a wee baby," she began timidly, "just peeping out of the ground, I heard some lady violets talking about sick people and hospitals and a great many things that I did not at all understand. But one thing I have never forgotten. I quite made up my mind that when I got big I would surely go into somebody's sick-room to make that somebody smile, and here I've come so late that no one will ever think of looking for me. No, all the wishing in the world can't help me now."

Tallest Leaf knew the time had come for quick action. He hurriedly called to all the leaves in the bed! "Attention, leaves! Tonight when the dew falls I want every one of you to join me in wishing hard that our beautiful little sister may have her wish come true tomorrow."

A gay chorus shouted, "We'll do it! We'll do it!" "Think twice before you promise," he cautioned in a low whisper, turning aside so that little Violet might not hear. "It means that there will be no sleep for any of us tonight."

A faint shudder passed over the patch, and one little fellow yawned at the thought. For a moment it was very quiet. Then followed a great outburst of "We'll do it! Yes, we'll do it!" until the entire patch echoed with hearty words.

New hope was born in little Violet's heart. She beamed her gratitude. That evening she was fast asleep even before the sun had time to put on his red night cap.

It was then that Tallest Leaf called: "Attention! Fall to, every one of you, and clear the space around our little sister, so that she may be seen by the first passer by in the morning! And mind you do it quietly!" he added sternly, though his heart was very tender at that moment, for he was thinking how desolate things would be when little sister was gone.

They all worked the long night through and not a murmur did Tallest Leaf hear from any one.

Next morning when the sun peeped over the hill and blinked his eye at the patch, they were startled by Betty's voice excitedly calling, "Oh, auntie, come quickly! Here's the loveliest violet you ever saw! Won't mother be happy? She loves one violet more than other folks do a whole bunch. Perhaps it will bring a smile to her face."

Auntie quickly joined the little girl. "Yes, it is a beauty," she agreed. "That's why you found it. Let's take this leaf to lay it on." She reached down and tenderly lifted little Violet

from her bed and placed her on the big leaf.

Violet yawned sleepily, but when she felt the strong arms around her she opened wide her eyes and cried, "Oh! It's you, Tallest Leaf. How nice! Where are we going?" "Before he could reply Betty was darting toward the house."

"Go quickly, dear," auntie cautioned. "You know that mother is very ill."

Betty stepped softly. Finding her mother asleep she gently placed the violet in the white hand that lay on the coverlet, and tip-toed out of the room. She begged auntie to let her watch through the half-open door until mother awoke, adding, "Her smile will be lovely to see when she finds the violet!"

Disturbed by a sudden noise, her mother's eyes opened and she saw the little flower. The beautiful smile that lighted her face sent a glow to Betty's heart.

Tallest Leaf felt a flutter against his breast. Little Violet was breathing deeply and whispering, "Oh, it's come true! Yes, the big wish has come true!"—Frances A. Goodridge, in S. S. Times.

THE MONTH OF ST. JOSEPH

In the calendar of the ecclesiastical year the month of March is dedicated to St. Joseph, the foster father of the Saviour, and the chaste spouse of the Immaculate Virgin. His exalted position as the earthly guardian and protector of the Son of God entitles him to a special place of honor in the hierarchy of the blessed. The Church has always honored him as one of the greatest saints; and frequent and fervent are the prayers breathed forth before his throne by her devout children. She assures us that St. Joseph, by virtue of his all-powerful intercession before the throne of God, can obtain innumerable graces and signal favors for all who have recourse to him.

During this month set apart for his special honor the faithful will redouble their petitions for his paternal help in their spiritual necessities. There is no need to fear that his loving heart will not throbb responsive to appeals which attest the confidence of the faithful in the singular power which he possesses to touch the heart of the Saviour Who obeyed him while on earth. The solemn commemoration of the feast of St. Joseph takes place on the 19th of the month.—St. Paul Bulletin.

HAS ACHIEVED SUCCESS UNIQUE IN HISTORY

DR. EMIL REICH SAYS CHURCH RAISES EFFICIENT MEN AND WOMEN

Doctor Emil Reich writing on "Success in Life," pays tribute to Catholic education which is of interest as showing what a modern philosopher, who follows no accepted religion, is broad-minded enough to say of a system of education which is more often condemned than praised by non-Catholics. It is satisfactory to hear from him that success in life is rarely, if ever it can be shown to have been, dependent on what is termed luck. On the contrary, we are told, everything is so well-balanced in our world that provided a man have the energy, he will be certain to find his reward at some time or other in his life.

Journalism Doctor Reich defines as the one international university; success in this department of life depends on a great respect and love for the profession, constant and diversified reading, a knowledge of history and economics and observant travel. As to the question of education, here is what he has to say:

"The immense power of education is rarely realized by people in non-Catholic countries. Whatever opinions one may or may not have of the dogmas and liturgy of the Catholic Church, one thing remains quite certain, he says, that Catholic education at all times been able to raise efficient men and women for the ends it pursued, and so it has undoubtedly come to be, to the present day, a success of the most marvelous kind. In fact nothing but wilful blindness can prevent one from saying that, as a mere matter of success the Catholic Church is absolutely unique in history. No other organization of men and women, no other polity or body-politic of the same high order, has ever been known to survive nearly twenty centuries of European history.

It is scarcely necessary to prove that at the present day as well as fifteen hundred years ago, that Church wields an immense power and influence.

Such an unprecedented success must necessarily imply some fruitful lessons for individual candidates for success too.

Now, leaving aside all historical and theological considerations, it is quite clear that the wonderful success of the Catholic Church, with 800,000,000 adherents, is owing largely to a peculiar system of education carried to its perfection. This can be studied in no organ of the Catholic Church with greater facility than in the way in which the mightiest of Catholic Orders, The Jesuits, have prepared its individual members for a career of success such as no single family or class in Europe has ever achieved. It is well known to any serious student of history that the Society of Jesus has repeatedly been supreme in the affairs of the world. If one stop to think that men who as a matter of fact did not

possess any capital to speak of, have succeeded in building in thousands of towns in Europe and America, vast edifices, carrying on very large institutes for instruction and education, and allowing thousands of their members to devote themselves entirely to academic pursuits of theoretical students in all the sciences—when one considers only this side of their immensely successful career, one cannot but admire a system that has, these three hundred and sixty-six years, enabled members of that Order to achieve a most remarkable success in all the countries, in different times and under the most varying circumstances.

The central and fundamental reason of the success of a Jesuit's education, Doctor Reich continues, is this, that St. Ignatius took the greatest care to develop in each disciple the two strongest engines of success, namely intellect and will-power. He avoided falling into the fatal mistake of some teachers and of a number of nations, who strengthen the will-power and character of the pupil at the expense of all the other faculties of the mind and heart—as is the British method, the Jesuit novice goes through a course which when completed leaves him with a tenacious will and an intellect subtle enough to cope with every move of attack or defence. This combination in men of the world is much more frequently met with in America than in England. Above all, Doctor Reich insists the religion is an absolute essential of lasting success. Religion teaches man that egoism is not only not right, but that it is of no use in the end. It teaches us that humility helps us more than anything else. Respect for others, husbands for wives, children for parents, employers for employees and vice versa, this can only come from religion.

As Mr. Gladstone used to say, he had never seen a man engaged in active politics who was not inclined at least to credit religion with a great deal of truth.

The French disasters of 1870 and 1871 are to be put down to the fact that their religion had been forsaken by the people, says the Doctor. "They have not been able to muster courage to repair the deep injury then inflicted on their national honor and in that miserable state of irresolution and shame arising from their culpable lack of national courage they again threw belief and religion overboard."

The Bible Doctor Reich discusses with his usual effectiveness. In his opinion all the attacks made upon it by the "higher critics" have only had the effect of stultifying themselves and their originators. Some of the passages in which he deals with this subject deserve to be quoted.—Providence Visitor.

Divine Founder has given her, she selects a place, which she consecrates to the service of God a sanctuary of rest for the bodies of His saints, bodies which He has redeemed by His precious blood, and sanctified by the sacraments of His Church.—Cardinal Farley.

POSITION IS UNTENABLE It is obvious that the Anglicans who recognize that the doctrine and ritual of the Church of England do not satisfy the Anglican congregations and that it is therefore advisable to imitate the Catholic Church stand still. Anglicans who assent to this habit of imitation are bound to ask themselves why they should not remain in the Church of England, says Liverpool Times.

Rev. A. F. Webling, a Suffolk rector, who writes to the Church Times, sees very clearly that their position

THE CHURCH'S CARE FOR THE DEAD

The Church has ever exercised the most tender solicitude in choosing the place of burial for her departed. In early times she gathered them to her bosom, even as a fond mother unwilling to be separated from her dead offspring. Her children carried with scrupulous care the blood stained bodies of her martyred sons and daughters to her places of sanctuary in the catacombs, those underground sacred abodes in which she hid from the profaning hand of persecution and where her heroic champions rested was holy ground. Filled with faith, her children came to these tombs to pray, and when their last hour came they sought the privilege of being buried near the martyrs, that even in death they might be associated with those whom they had loved and venerated for their sanctity, and might benefit by the prayers of those who would take their places in supplication at these renowned shrines. And the inscriptions which attest this practice are read to-day by the pious pilgrims who still visit these early burial places of our brothers in the faith.

When the Church was free to leave the catacombs, and build her temples above ground, she took the treasure of the martyrs with her and placed them under her altars. Then her children sought sanctuary for their tombs within her consecrated precincts. But for want of space, this privilege was limited to emperors, kings and bishops, and the custom of burial around the outside of the church began, and her cemeteries were called churchyards. Later even this space became too small, and burial places had to be chosen at a distance. But they still belonged to the Church, were still regarded as sacred property, and were still called churchyards. And, like her temples, they were and are solemnly blessed. Like the Church, they belong to God, they are God's acres, the cemeteries, or sleeping places of His departed whom He shall one day awaken for their eternal reward.

The Church never, therefore, recognizes a separation between herself and her children. She belongs to God, and her children belong to God, not for a period of time only, but forever. She stands beside the bedside of her dying and prepares them for death. Her minister hears the last confession, he administers the Viaticum, the sacred body and blood of our Divine Saviour, which is the soul's food for the dread journey into the valley of death, and anoints the dying person's body with the consecrated oils.

And therefore the Church is not willing that as the body crumbles into dust, it shall mix with unconsecrated soil, but using the power her

in the Church of England is untenable and reminds them of the fact. He finds that in an almanac of the Anglican Society of SS. Peter and Paul one of the feasts he is hidden to observe is that of "The English Martyrs" (May 4)

Upon this discovery he makes the following remark: "I do not think I can be wrong in assuming that those who suffered under Henry VIII. and Elizabeth for their belief in the Papal claims are here intended. We all hold that many of these were holy people who were brutally murdered. But surely the Society does not ask us to commemorate them upon this ground, but for the reason for which we commemorate any martyr in the calendar, that he died for the truth. If the principles for which these martyrs contended are the truth, then the Papal claims must be admitted."

The argument is perfectly logical, and we can only hope that the Anglicans who admire our martyrs, our doctrine and our ritual will see that there is no escape from it.

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CAN BE SAVED AND CURED OF DRINK

Good News to Mothers, Wives, Sisters

To have seen one you love, going down this road to ruin, and to have heard him try to laugh and joke away your fears, while you watched the drink habit fasten on him; is to have known suffering and to have borne a sorrow to which physical pain is nothing. And when at last he comes to that turn in the road that sooner or later must come, and walk on to the gallows, he is a slave to the drink you fight everything will come right. He will fight the habit and you will help him escape it; but he can not do it. Drink has undermined his constitution, inflamed his stomach and nerves until the craving must be satisfied. And after you have hoped and then despaired more times than you can count you realize that he must be helped. The diseased condition of the stomach and nerves must be cured by something that will soothe the inflamed stomach and quiet the shaking nerves, removing all taste for liquor.

My marvellous remedy—Samaritan Prescription—has done this for hundreds of cases in Canada. It can be given with or without the patient's knowledge as it is tasteless and odorless and quickly dissolves in liquid or food. Read what it did for Mrs. G. of Vancouver.

"I was so anxious to get my husband cured that I went up to Harrison's Drug Store and got your Remedy there. I had no trouble giving it without his knowledge. I greatly thank you for all the peace and happiness that it has brought already into my home. The cost was nothing according to what he would spend in drinking. The course of drink was putting me into my grave, but now I feel happy. May the Lord be with you and help you in curing the evil. I don't want my name published."

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I will send you a trial package and booklet giving full particulars, testimonials, etc., to any sufferer or friend who wishes to help. Write today. Plain sealed package. Correspondence sacredly confidential.

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The great new CHATHAM—that is setting new records for efficiency and usefulness by its splendid design, its unusually high standard of construction.

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Give yourself a chance in your kitchen. Introduce the splendid CHATHAM system into your kitchen. The CHATHAM will enable you to sit down at the table of your handsome kitchen cabinet and get the whole meal ready to put on the table or in the oven.

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The most outstanding feature of the CHATHAM is its marvellously low cost. Never before were you offered such a tremendous bargain in a kitchen cabinet. Just think of it! This handsome, useful, high-grade piece of kitchen furniture—a real necessity in every home in Canada—for only \$18.50. The value is stupendous.

Seize this unequalled opportunity to secure Canada's finest kitchen cabinet at the lowest price ever offered. Our direct from factory to you price..... \$18.50

GREAT ATHLETE DEAD

"GLAD" MURPHY SUCCEUMBS TO INJURIES RECEIVED ON THE FOOT-BALL FIELD

Toronto Mail and Empire, Feb. 19

William Ewart Gladstones Murphy, the famous flying wing of the Argonauts, and recently adjudged as the best all-round athlete in Canada, died in St. Michael's Hospital yesterday afternoon from injuries received in the second half of the opening "Big Four" Rugby game on Rosedale field on the afternoon of Oct. 9th last.

At the time he attempted a flying tackle of Sammy Masson, of the Tigers, and missed, alighting heavily. In striking the ground Murphy shattered the vertebrae at the base of the skull, and from the first no hope was held out for his recovery.

Sorrow at the death of the young athlete, cut off in his prime of youth, will not be confined alone to the sporting fraternity. A fine specimen of young Canadian manhood, and of engaging and unassuming manners, "Glad" Murphy, as he was familiarly known, was a universal favorite with all who knew him.

Since the Rugby accident, "Glad" Murphy had been in the hospital a helpless invalid. The fact that he lived so long was due solely to the splendid physique which he developed on the athletic field.

Murphy might be termed a physical and moral giant. He was adjudged by the Interprovincial Rugby officials last fall as the most useful man to his team in the Union. Besides this he had also achieved a splendid reputation as a oarsman and a hockey player.

Born and educated in Kingston "Glad" Murphy made his bow in the world of sport at an early age. Selecting banking as his profession, he became connected with the Dominion Bank and in the course of his career was moved to various branches of the institution.

"Glad" Murphy was twenty-seven years of age, and was the son of the late J. B. Murphy, of Montreal and Kingston, and is survived by his mother, three sisters, Mrs. W. J. Holland, of Malden, Mass.; Mother M. Scholastica, and Sister Grace, of the Ursuline College, Chatham, Ont., and six brothers, Audley, of Cleveland; Ross, a captain of the 79th Highlanders of Winnipeg, now at the front; Bert and Joe, in Montreal; Stewart in Toronto, and Howard in Saskatoon, Sask.

The remains will be taken from North Toronto Station Sunday night to Montreal, where Requiem High Mass will be sung in St. Anthony's Church. Interment will be in Mount Royal Cemetery in the family vault.

At the expressed wish of "Glad" Murphy friends are requested not to send any flowers.

Announcement of the death of Mr. "Glad" Murphy, though expected, will be received with general regret in many circles. This young man was one of the finest and cleanest athletes in the city.

How many prodigals are kept out of the Kingdom of God by the unlovely character of those who profess to be inside.—Henry Drummond.

DEATH OF MRS. R. MACDONALD

On Wednesday, the 9th, inst., after a lingering illness, borne with Christian patience, Mrs. R. MacDonald, an esteemed resident of Navan, passed to her reward, regretted by all who knew her.

Her death was truly that of the just—a death precious in the sight of the Lord. Surrounded by her loving family, strengthened by the Holy Sacraments, and by the special graces that Holy Mother Church lavishes on her faithful children at this supreme moment, her soul went forth in hope and love to meet her God—see her Redeemer face to face—Him in Whom she believed and trusted and in Whose service the days of her three score and ten years had been bravely and lovingly spent.

Tangible evidence of the high esteem in which the deceased was held by her many friends was found in the many floral and spiritual offerings.

Mrs. MacDonald leaves to mourn her loss her husband, Mr. Roderick MacDonald; two sons, Mr. Allan MacDonald and Mr. Charles MacDonald, both of Navan; four daughters, Mrs. T. W. Asselin, of Vars; Mrs. P. J. Brophy, of Ottawa; Sister Mary Gertrude and Sister Mary Elizabeth, of the Grey Nuns Community; a brother, Mr. James O'Meara of Ottawa, and a sister, Mrs. J. McKinley of Merrill, Mich.—Pembroke Observer.

VALUED RELIC SAVED

The Guild House of St. John the Baptist at Henley-in-Arden, England, has now been restored. This interesting relic of medieval times was until a few months ago used as shops and tenements, while its beautiful architectural details were entirely hidden by the plaster incrustations of centuries.

Embellished on the front of the building, the massive construction and timber work of which is particularly impressive, are the shields of the founder, the Bishop of Worcester, the Priors of Woodton Waven, Dudley Belnap and others associated with the ancient life of the manor. Over the fine open fireplace in the quaint historic hall of the Guild is the inscription "Pax Huic Domui" (Peace Be Unto This House), surmounted by the escutcheons of the founder and the restorer.—Catholic Bulletin.

FOUR CRUEL TASKS

Nowadays when so many investigations are afoot for the relief of the overworked, underpaid, downtrodden, and oppressed, the pitiable condition of Protestant Episcopal Sunday school teachers should be brought to the public's attention. These worthy men and women are being subjected to intolerable hardships.

I. Show that the English Reformation was the work of the Church, not the State. II. Show that the English Church is not (at?) all indebted to Henry VIII. for her Reformation. III. Show how the Roman Catholic Queen Mary made England Protestant. IV. Show that the great English reformers were martyrs, and the Continental reformers died in their beds.

As it is clear that all attempts to prove these four propositions cannot but seriously imperil the moral and intellectual well being of both teachers and pupils, it would seem that there are just grounds for at once appointing a board of commissioners to investigate the case.

For these Sunday school instructors must first convince themselves, and then their hearers, that the English Parliament of 1534 did not transfer to Henry VIII, at his command, the powers of the Pope, and did not declare the King "the only supreme head on earth of the Church of England." With base ingratitude to the royal Bluebeard, they next have to prove that even if Parliament had not passed at the King's behest the Act of Supremacy, the English Reformation nevertheless would have taken place.

Thirdly, those unhappy teachers must prove beyond all cavil that

when Queen Mary married a Catholic prince, reconciled her subjects with the Holy See, had worthy bishops consecrated and did her best to stamp out heresy, she was manifestly making England a staunch Protestant land.

But when the fourth, for the harried instructors must not only demonstrate to admiration that a martyr is one who lays down his life in defense of heretical tenets, but they must also prove from authentic historical documents, that Henry VIII, the founder of English Protestantism, and Edward VI, and Elizabeth, the zealous promoters of the new religion, suffered a violent death owing to the Papists' hatred of the Reformation.

NOT WATCHING MEXICO

We need very little thought to know that Mexico could not have been included in the doctrine of "watchful waiting," for the eyes turned on Mexico must have been obscured by a cataract.

The Karn Church Organ will help your Choir immensely and will also please the congregation and managers. You get lasting satisfaction in a Karn.

The Karn-Morris Piano & Organ Co., Limited Head Office, Woodstock, Ont. Factories: Woodstock and Listowel

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EGYPTIAN LINIMENT 3 APPLICATIONS GUARANTEED For Sale Everywhere. Douglas & Co., Mfs. Nanawau Ontario

SELL HOLY PICTURES

Given Away. Sterling Silver Girls! The newest thing in jewelry. Elegant pattern, solid sterling silver—the best that money can buy—given for selling only 20 thrilling pictures of St. Olaf, St. G., the great Irish-Canadian hero; and magnificent sacred pictures in brilliant colors, exact copies of famous sacred paintings: Crucifixion, Our Lady of the Rosary, the Redeemer of the World, Sacred Heart of Jesus, Immaculate Heart of Mary, Holy Family, etc.

ST. VINCENT CHARITY HOSPITAL TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES

Conducted by the Sisters of Charity of St. Augustine. Offers to young women, desiring to become trained nurses, a complete and systematic course of instruction in both theoretical and practical nursing. The course of training comprises a period of three years—probation term included—and classified in the Freshman Junior and Senior years. For further information address the Directress of Nurses, St. Vincent Charity Hospital, Cleveland, O.

The Marvel of the Age. Luminous Crucifix

This Crucifix is indeed a beautiful and strangely marvelous work of art. By means of a wonderful and secret preparation, the body of this figure is made to absorb the rays of light during the day and at night these rays will shine forth a brilliant light showing the Christ figure in almost startling relief continuously throughout the darkest night.

This wonderful Crucifix is especially useful and comforting in a sick room. One can imagine the company and soothing effect to a sick person lying featureless in the darkness of the night.

This Crucifix makes an ideal gift for Christmas, Easter, Thanksgiving, Birthdays or any special occasion. This Crucifix has been highly praised by Clergymen, Schools, Convents and Hospitals throughout the world. The size of the Crucifix is 14 inches high by 8 inches wide and is made of a fine grain ebony wood, producing a beautiful smooth black effect.

We recommend these beautiful Crucifixes which were made to sell at \$5.00 each. Cheap at that. But in order to quickly introduce them into every Catholic home in Canada, we are offering them now at \$3.00 each. We will send them securely packed—postpaid to any place in Canada. This is a real bargain and we know the wonderful Luminous Crucifix will delight you. Write us a Postcard today and ask for our Special Offer to Agents.

PARTNER WANTED

WANTED A CONSCIENTIOUS PARTNER TO start in Manufacturing business. Have Canadian Patents for Men's Trousers Pins (to replace sewed on buttons), Hook and Eye Pins, Coat and Skirt Hangers. Applications for patents have been applied for in all Foreign Countries. More inventions are now in process of development. Apply Box 8, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London Ont. 1915-4

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MISSIONS AND RETREATS

Pastors of Parishes, Superiors of Religious Communities desirous of securing the services of a Jesuit Father for Missions, Retreats, etc., will please communicate at once with The Rev. J. F. Cox, Loyola College, Montreal, P. Q. 1915-3

FOR ROUGH SKIN, SORE LIPS, OR CHAPPED HANDS

Campana's Italian Balm is soothing, healing and pleasant. Special size sample 10c. 25 years on the market. E. G. WEST & CO., 80 GEORGE ST., TORONTO.

The Choir

No Choir can do themselves justice with a poor Church Organ. A

KARN Church Organ will help your Choir immensely and will also please the congregation and managers. You get lasting satisfaction in a Karn.

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NURSE WANTED

WANTED PROBATIONER NURSE (CATHOLIC) at once. Apply Lady Superintendent, Welland County and General Hospital, Ont. 1915-3

Be Patriotic, Order from a Canadian Firm ORDER NOW PALM FOR PALM SUNDAY MISSION SUPPLIES A SPECIALTY FROM J. J. M. LANDY 405 YONGE ST. TORONTO

RIDER AGENTS WANTED

In every locality to ride and exhibit a 1916 Hyslop Bicycle with 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Free trial. Hyslop is not only the best bicycle in the world, but it is also the most reliable and most economical. It is the only bicycle that will give you the most pleasure and the least trouble. It is the only bicycle that will give you the most safety and the least danger. It is the only bicycle that will give you the most comfort and the least fatigue. It is the only bicycle that will give you the most speed and the least effort. It is the only bicycle that will give you the most beauty and the least cost. It is the only bicycle that will give you the most satisfaction and the least regret. It is the only bicycle that will give you the most happiness and the least sorrow. It is the only bicycle that will give you the most peace and the least war. It is the only bicycle that will give you the most love and the least hate. 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