

# 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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### CARDINAL NEWMAN

The great note which attracted him towards a religious teacher, writes Wilfred Ward of his father, was personal sanctity. In Newman Ward found this great note. And Ward was at one time a Rationalist and refused to hear Newman sermons. But one day, finding himself at St. Mary's Church, was persuaded by a friend to enter. The sermon changed his whole life. From that time until he became a Catholic Ward's motive of faith was: "John Newman says it is so." Such was the magical influence of Newman's holiness.

### AS A PREACHER

"It was not until after he became a Roman Catholic," says "Hutton's Life of Newman" "that Dr. Newman's literary genius showed itself adequately in his prose writings, and not until twenty years after he became a Roman Catholic that his unique poem was written. His first utterances after his conversion, the 'Sermons Addressed to Mixed Congregations' have a definite tone and genius of their own and contain the most elaborate and eloquent specimens of his eloquence as a preacher. They represent him more adequately as he was when he felt himself 'unmuzzled' (to use the phrase used by Mr. Gladstone after the University of Oxford had rejected him and after he was no longer bound by the special etiquette of a university representative) than any other of his writings."

Take as an instance of this a passage from the sermon on "Neglect of Divine Calls and Warnings," in which he delineates the agony of a soul which finds itself lost and what the world is now saying of the person now no more. "Impossible!" he supposes the lost one to exclaim, on hearing the judge's sentence: "I a lost soul! I separated from hope and from peace forever! It is not I of whom the judge so spake. There is a mistake somewhere; Christ, Saviour, hold Thy hand one minute to explain it. What! Eternal pain for me! Impossible! It shall not be!"

And so he goes on describing in words of fire the awful fate of the sinner. That sermon is a terrible contribution to literature and he who reads it must needs do some spiritual accounting.

Now take the suggestion of what the world may be saying about him who is thus helplessly wrestling against unendurable anguish and refusing to believe in its reality. The man's name perhaps is solemnly chanted forth and his memory decently cherished among his friends on earth. . . . Men talk of him from time to time; they appeal to his authority; they quote his words or write his history. Never was his equal in society, so just in his remarks; so versatile, so unobtrusive; or I was fortunate to see him once when I was a boy; or so great a benefactor to his country and to his kind; or his discoveries so great; or his philosophy so profound, and vanity, vanity of vanities all is vanity. What profiteth! What profiteth! His soul is in hell."

And so Newman's voice, singularly sweet and rich in all the cadences proper to the expression of pathos, of wonder, penetrated the consciousness of men.

That sermon grips the soul and gives it naked in the presence of the eternal realities. It makes it understand how contemptible is indifference, how blind is the worldling, and how foolish are they who for the things that pass renounce the things that endure.

### THE GRAVE-DIGGER

The most charitable observer of human nature must admit that there are people who show perpetually an unkind disposition through a nasty temper. They drip ill humor. They do not like to see people too happy and they miss no opportunity of being exacting and uncomfortable. They love to break the bubbles of other people's pleasure and luxuriate in the indulgence of hurting

somebody. They are simply and solely spoil sports and find more pleasure in seeing men fall than in seeing them rise. They are like the fractious and contrary child grown up and uncured. Their instructive attitude is that of the biting horse, but, unfortunately, there is no possibility of advertizing their disease by means of a warning muzzle. A negative form of this unsocial temper may be seen in the morose and melancholy individual. He does not bite but he goes through the world sullen and silent, recognizing no duty of pleasantness towards his fellow-man. The bed-rock of the character of this perpetual fault-finder is usually a confirmed self-conceit. The everlasting censor who is incessantly snapping about trifles has a cumulative effect which is far worse than the thunder-storm of explosive passion, for that at any rate clears the atmosphere. Besides, the boldly angry man repents, but the tantalizing precisian never does. Unlike all other forms of human nature this variety allows no ground for hopeful appeal to those who cherish it. What is the use of warning people who are always shooting darts into their fellow creatures that they are hurting others? They take such comments as compliments on their marksmanship. The only remedy in their case is the creation within them of a clean heart, the renewal within them of a right spirit. They should be builders and not grave-diggers.

### THE HOPEFUL SPIRIT

Amid the thousand and one complexities of our business and domestic life we stand perpetually in need of helpful counsel and kindly sympathy from those about us. If any of us, owing to exceptional good fortune, escape most of the ills to which flesh is heir that does but deepen and widen the area of obligation to be a source of strength to our weaker or less privileged neighbors. It is but bare justice to allow that in no class is there such a deficiency of eager and out-reaching kindness to those in need as extreme observers imply when they are in a pharisaical mood. Heartlessness does not lie at the door of the well-to-do as a rule: want of thought and a short-sighted view of social facts and tendencies account for much of the insensibility that hinders reform in so many ways. As for the poor it is not well known to those who interest themselves in their welfare that their constant willingness to share the little they have with others who are needier is a striking refutation of the shallow theory that poverty makes people callous to suffering? No matter whether our lot be cast here or there we shall not evade for long that the first and simplest duties of our common heritage as beings bound together in the same bundle of life.

We are all tempted to look askance at the affairs of those whose lack of power or means makes them troublesome. A gleam of faith in the hidden resources of the nature we bear will suffice to banish the gloomy predictions of those who have persuaded themselves that the wisest charity is but waste and that ingratitude is the congenial vice of the lowly. That a hopeful spirit is a helpful social force should be self-evident to all who would avoid the discredit of loose thinking.

### READING

Why not read just a little more than you have been in the habit of doing? Why not forego the card game, the bowling alley and athletics generally for a little while and learn to love good books? You will not find such happy companions anywhere. The mind requires cultivation just as much as does the body. Physical exercise, we grant, is necessary. But why overdo it to the exclusion of other good things? In selecting reading matter care should be exercised. Much trash is being issued by book publishers today. Writers of present day novels are not given much to thought. Theirs it is to excite rather than to instruct. So have a care, and don't read everything that comes your way. "Reading maketh a full man," but the quality must be considered rather than the quantity. There is plenty of good. Make your selections carefully, then read for the cultivation of the mind, not merely for entertainment or to kill time.—Catholic Sun.

### ROOSEVELT ON MEXICO

The True Voice says: "We have read Colonel Roosevelt's strong presentation of the Mexican question in its relation to the Government of the United States. Colonel Roosevelt is no friend of the present administration at Washington. But apart from this, his article sets forth unquestioned facts to which the secular papers of the country have hitherto given as little publicity as possible. Colonel Roosevelt could never be accused—of lacking the courage of his convictions, and he arraigns the present policy of our Government unsparringly. There is nothing in Colonel Roosevelt's article with which the readers of Catholic papers are not already acquainted. It is a recital of atrocities so horrible that one can only marvel at the indifference displayed by Government officials whose attention has been called to them time and again. Colonel Roosevelt rightly says that men of any creed—or of no creed—must feel their blood tingle with shame and indignation at the thought that such crimes are possible through the guilty connivance of our Government. Colonel Roosevelt has verified the facts upon which he bases his article. He has alleged nothing for which he does not give the proof. His article will prove enlightening to thousands of non-Catholics who have till now been kept in the dark as to conditions across the Rio Grande."

### A GERMAN PRIEST

ON RETURN FROM NATIVE LAND TO HIS ADOPTED COUNTRY GIVES INTERESTING INTERVIEW

The following interview with Rev. Father Hilland, O.M.I., appeared in the Winnipeg Telegram on Dec. 12th: "What do the German people think about the war?"

"The question has suggested itself many times to thinking Canadians. Thanks to the strenuous efforts of the Bernstorffs and the Ridders the opinion of official Germany is already too well known to the public, but little has been said about the feelings of the mass of the German population, who have really to bear the brunt of the struggle. The view-point of the man in the street was set forth yesterday to a Telegram reporter by Father Paul Hilland, pastor of St. Joseph's Catholic church, who returned to Winnipeg from Germany only Thursday summer. Father Hilland left Winnipeg to visit his native town, Pommern, in the Rhine province, and reached Germany less than a week before the outbreak of hostilities. The situation is best told in his own words:

"The German people did not wish for war and did not expect it. They knew that the situation between Austria and Russia was critical, but they had no concern, feeling that diplomacy would avert the conflict. As for us with Great Britain, the idea was too fantastic to be entertained seriously for a minute. They looked back toward the common ancestry of the two nations, and felt that the small matters of friction that had occurred during past years would be settled in a friendly manner."

### A STUNNING BLOW

"Great Britain's declaration of war, then, was a stunning blow. I was out walking with a friend when the news was received in the town of my family. My companion could not speak, and as for myself, I wept like a child. I was not ashamed of it, for in the crowds that thronged the streets there were many with affected stances, who were affected to a like degree. If there had been time for an understanding the German people felt that a peaceful solution of the difficulty might be arrived at. Even yet, when the armies of the nations are grappling with each other in the field of battle, the wish is common throughout the country that peace might be brought about without fighting it out to the bitter end."

### A SAMPLE WAR RUMOR

"A letter appeared in the Cologne Gazette recently from a German subject, who had escaped from Winnipeg to Milwaukee. He said that all Canadians of German and Austrian extraction from the age of one to sixty, whether naturalized or not, had been rounded up, and were imprisoned at Fort Osborne barracks. I thought of all my parishioners in Winnipeg and could not believe that they had been so treated. But, lacking official contradiction, I was unable to quell my uneasiness. I determined to come back to Canada at once and, despite the pleading of my relatives, who felt that I was returning to imprisonment, I obtained a pass to Holland, and eventually arrived in this country. "The first information I received bearing on the subject was on picking up on a train a magazine containing the regulations referring to the registration of aliens. My fears were relieved at once, and when the delegation of my parishioners that met me at the station told me that there had not been a particle of trouble between them and their

fellow citizens of English speaking ancestry, I could have wept with joy. My intentions is now to write an article to that same paper setting forth the true state of affairs. As things stand now that story may do much damage, as intending emigrants from other nations of Europe might ask themselves, "Is it worth taking the risk? for in case of trouble with our native land and the country of our adoption, we are liable to be thrown into prison."

"I have talked with German soldiers who have been at the front, and invariably they told me that the British soldier, both as to appearance, discipline and fighting ability was a completely different individual from what they had been led to believe. The British artillery, especially, was admitted to be good, while their clothing equipment and food allowance was first-class. The appearance of the soldiers made a good impression, and it seemed that the government that took such care of its men was well prepared for war, and would be able to stand a lot of fighting."

"I wanted to visit the detention camps where the British prisoners were lodged, as I felt that my knowledge of English might prove of assistance to them. However, they had been transported to another part of the country, and I was unable to locate them before leaving. I did, however, see a number of French prisoners. In the military hospitals the German French and Belgian wounded lie in cots alongside each other, and fraternize in a remarkable manner. They dress each other's wounds and pass around delicacies that might have been received from friends."

### PRISONER'S WELL TREATED

"The prisoners are being well treated, as the British will illustrate. The German soldiers' rations consist in part of black bread made from corn and rye. It is very wholesome, but rather unpalatable to the unaccustomed stomach. At first the prisoners were being fed on this bread, but the French protested that they were unable to eat it, without suffering subsequently. The matter was investigated, and before I left they were being supplied with white bread, which, to the German soldier, would be a great luxury. An unusually emphatic lurch, with the sudden stop of a twelve mile long column, woke me up, frequently in time to save myself losing my mechanical hold on the saddle-flaps. And such were the little things. Now has begun the quasi-permanent phase—the flight of the trenches."

much the British Army relies on the Irishmen. FRANCE AND HER MILITARY CHAPLAINS AND SOLDIER PRIESTS A special correspondent in the Times of Wednesday, Dec. 9th, writing from Nancy, points to the change of feeling wrought by the work of the nuns, chaplains, and soldier priests; it incidentally bears out our information from other sources that the Catholic Joffre places the priest-soldiers on Ambulance Corps, Hospital Staffs, etc. when possible:

"It seems to me that one of the oddly unexpected results of the war is a growing tendency in the opposite direction (to that of religious incredulity). . . . It (France) has indeed begun to remember already (the religious work done by priests and religious.) Before the divorce between Church and State garrison chaplains, bearing duly specified military grades, were part of the regular equipment of the army. When the State refused to recognize them any longer as functionaries, all priests became at once liable with the rest of their class (the laymen, that is to say, of their own year) to ordinary military service. Consequently in the present war priests of military age, either as men on the active list, reservists, or territorials are now serving with the Colors. Some are actually at the front, though as far as possible they are utilized in less advanced positions. But with the war, another class of soldier priest has again come into being. Once more auxiliaries, or military chaplains, have been appointed to the troops. They are recognized by the State and the Army as constitutional functionaries, as regular military chaplains, liable only for clerical work. They are therefore an outward and visible sign of the partial closing of the breach between Church and State, which is part of the great national movement towards real fraternity and liberty brought about by the war. To a certain extent it is possible that even from a military point of view the French has in the past had unfortunate results. It is freely said, at all events, that the promotion of highly qualified officers has been unjustly delayed because they were known to have strong religious opinions. If such cases really exist, the present temper of the nation and the Army leads one to believe that they will promptly be put right. France wants the best soldiers that she has. She wants them all, she wants them in their proper places, and she knows it. The general relations of Church and State after the war are of course, a much larger question. But, at all events, for the period of the war, as far as the question of military chaplains is concerned, the two bodies are loyally and happily agreed."

### SIDE LIGHTS ON THE GREAT WAR

The Rev. Father W. Forest, a chaplain with the forces at the front, in a letter to Mgr. Keller, P. P., V. G., of Youghal, writes:

"I sometimes think that the people at home suffer more anxiety than those out here. We are so much engaged, and so many strange things are crowded into almost every hour that there is neither time nor room for imagination. I have had a big field since August 15th. The great retreat was great indeed, but the close shave of the army in Belgium and France has yet to be written up. Our men were often dead heat, and I honestly think that no army in the world could equal the performance at the time. Even men on horseback were absolutely 'diddled,' and while asleep in the saddle I saw visions which no one, I believe, ever has seen yet, nor shall see. I was not afraid, but I was four days and nights without a wink of sleep! Haystacks walked along with us—owners' cottages became a foggy castle in the moonlight; trees walked, and Uhans closed in on every side. An unusually emphatic lurch, with the sudden stop of a twelve mile long column, woke me up, frequently in time to save myself losing my mechanical hold on the saddle-flaps. And such were the little things. Now has begun the quasi-permanent phase—the flight of the trenches."

### THE FAITH OF THE OLD CRUSADERS NOT IN IT

"During all this there was plenty to do for the only one priest for the 25,000 men of the Fourth Division. But what a good work, and what an excellent soil! The faith of the old Crusaders was not in it, and where-ever you went and while you remained with these faithful Catholic men, nothing else was anything to them. God bless them all, for they have given me more joy in these three months than the whole rest of my semi-wasted life has given me. It was worth waiting for. It is true to say that the German Kaiser is fighting a community of saints 'converted' if you like, but with scarcely a mortal sin to be found among them. Now we have a fairly full staff, one English Jesuit and two Irish priests for the Irish regiments. . . . We have had great cold, with a corresponding coat of ice. In spite of frost preparations with my horse, I had a spill a few days ago; result, a synovitis knee but with no bones broken. I am billeted for the present with an Abbe, and in spite of his knowledge of wireless, of which he had two installations before the war. . . . This Abbe is hospitality itself, and while I am with him nothing is good enough for me."

### TO MAKE UP FOR NO MASS

In a letter from Private P. Costigan, Royal Dublin Fusiliers, to his mother at Caledon, Co., Tyrone, which has appeared in the Manchester Guardian is the following touching incident:

"There was a terribly sad thing happened here the other day. Two men of ours had got worried because they never had a chance of a Mass, and on they went out to a little place in the wood to pray by themselves. The Germans started shelling the wood at that time, and a shell dropped right beside them. One was killed and the other is so seriously wounded that he will never be good for anything in this world."

### A BAVARIAN'S GRIEVANCE AGAINST THE IRISH

From the same letter we take the following description of a surprise for the Bavarians:

"We caught a couple of Bavarians the day before last. They started talking with us, and were greatly surprised to find that most of us were good Catholics like themselves. They couldn't understand Catholics fighting one another, and said that they had been told that the British troops were all Protestants and the French Atheists. They knew that Irish troops were out, but had been told that they would not fight. Somehow they think they have a grievance against us Irish because we have fought so hard against them in this war instead of going over to their side, as they thought we would just to spite England. They don't know how

### CATHOLIC NOTES

The sword of St. Ignatius of Loyola, worn immediately before his conversion, is in the Sacred Heart Church, Barcelona, Spain.

Rev. George Des Nazieres has been appointed to continue the work of the late Rev. L. L. Conrady among the lepers at the Leper Island, Shikung China.

Father Argenterio's invention for the reception of wireless telegrams by a small pocketable apparatus is a success. The invention practically revolutionizes the reception of wireless telegrams.

Russia grows more and more Catholic. The last census shows 408 Catholic births per thousand to 619 Protestant. Thirty five years ago it stood 889 Catholics to 608 Protestants.

W. D. Brady of Little Rock is the generous donor of a handsome statue of St. Benedict to the Benedictine Abbey at Subiaco, Ark. He is a non-Catholic, but his son is at Subiaco studying for the priesthood.

The Carmelite nuns of Philadelphia received a cablegram from Rome stating that the cause of Sister Therese, "The Little Flower of Jesus," has been formally introduced in Rome, thus beginning the second step in the process of her canonization.

Bishop Bertrux of the Solomon Islands, and his missionaries are now attempting the conversion of the large island of Malaita, inhabited by 50,000 cannibals. Two priests are on the outposts exposed night and day to the attacks of the savages.

The Roman correspondent of the Liverpool Times is authority for the statement that "Rome," a weekly journal published in the Holy City, has resumed publication under the direction of its former editor, Mgr. O'Kelly. Its temporary suspension was due to conditions over which the editor and his assistants had no control.

The Rev. Edmond J. Fitz-Maurice, D. D., professor of dogmatic theology, Greek and French in St. Charles' Seminary, Overbrook, Pa., has been appointed Chancellor of the archdiocese of Philadelphia to succeed the Right Rev. Monsignor Charles F. Kavanagh. The Rev. Dr. Fitz-Maurice was born in Tarrbert, County Kerry, Ireland, thirty-five years ago, of a family noted for the numbers of its members in the priesthood.

Archbishop Ireland observed on Tuesday, December 21, the fifty-second anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood and the thirty-ninth of his consecration as a Bishop. No formal ceremony was held, but the day was observed quietly. Archbishop Ireland is now the second oldest prelate in the United States in point of consecration. The other is Cardinal Gibbons, who was consecrated August 10, 1808.

The war has claimed as victim a venerable ecclesiastic in the person of Monsignor Bethet, Bishop of Gap, who died from a chill contracted while visiting wounded French soldiers in a hospital. Only three years ago the Bishop celebrated the golden jubilee of his priesthood, and had he lived a few weeks longer, he would have also reached the silver jubilee of his episcopate. He was in his sixty-sixth year and was deeply beloved by his people.

A generation ago Dahoney was the most savage section of Southern Africa. It has now 12,000 Catholics. Last year there were 92,600 Communions, an increase of 80,000 over those of 1911. Weekly Communion, writes Bishop Steinhilber, is responsible for a number of vocations to the religious life, and he expects to begin the new seminary, now in the course of construction, with about twelve candidates for the priesthood.

In the village of Minori, Italy, a quaint and touching custom has existed from time immemorial. On Thursday evening everyone places a light in his window for a few minutes in honor of the Blessed Sacrament. A traveler says: "It was pretty to see the little tremulous sparks of incense one after another in the windows of the humble dwellings, resting there for a short time and then disappearing again."

Sister Mary Catherine, a Benedictine nun, received the highest honors ever conferred upon a woman, when recently she was made a doctor of philosophy at the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C. Sister Mary Catherine has been a member of the Benedictine Order for fifteen years. She will spend her future years in teaching the higher studies. She has been honored by an offer from the University of Iowa to become a teacher of philosophy next year.

In the hope of alleviating the discomforts of prisoners of war and the anxiety of their relatives at home, Pope Benedict has instructed the bishops of all dioceses in which military prisoners are confined to appoint priests who are acquainted with the languages spoken by the imprisoned soldiers. These priests will be instructed not only to offer spiritual counsel but so far as possible to look after the material welfare of the prisoners, especially as regards communication with their families.







trapper. He knew that forest as the others knew the streets of their town and it could hide no secret from his keen eyes. He stood apart from his company, leaning on his gun, his gaze sweeping the sky. Suddenly his hands fell from his weapon and his eyes fixed on one point of the blue vault were a look of awe or fear. For a moment he stood as if transfixed, his gaze came down to the young husband, and his eyes were now soft as a woman's. He again looked up and several who were near him did likewise. They saw nothing at first but the cloudless sky; then they began to distinguish the faint outline of a moving object—some ambitious bird, perchance, that had mounted high to sing his song; and they brought back their looks, with their thoughts, to earth. But the trapper deepened on his countenance. After awhile he went to Gerald Martins and touching him on the shoulder, silently pointed a long, gaunt arm toward the cloudless heaven. Gerald Martins looked up and saw, circling lower, lower, lower, through the opalescent morning sky, a pair of broad black wings, a head from which protruded a crooked, fierce beak and he fell on his face. Altho the instinct of the bird of effort of love had failed, St. John Worthington went to the prostrate figure and gently as a brother would have done, assisted the smitten man to his feet. The trapper, with one more look at the bird, now poised low over the treetops, started for the woods, and in silence the others followed. For a short distance they went straight forward, under the whispering, wet boughs; then their leader turned toward the south, and a little later brought them to a sycamore, whose decayed bole transformed the tree into a tent. The trapper and two other men ran forward, and found, as they first had expected, the dead body of the woman they sought. Tenderly they bore her from this natural lodge and laid her on the ground, as the husband, with his other friends, approached. With uncovered heads and saddened faces the little group stood apart, while Gerald Martins bowed in respectful sorrow above the form of his murdered wife.

George Martins had not been separated from St. John Worthington during the night's search, and they had walked together as the trapper led the way to the sycamore. The eyes of both saw a small dark object fall from the fold of her dress, as the dead woman was carried from the tent. It lay on the ground now before them, a purse of alligator skin, ornamented with pearls which the husband lifted his face from the dead, the man went forward to offer their sympathy; but two hung back, St. John Worthington and George Martins. The former moved toward the place where the purse lay, stooped and picked it up. As he was slipping it into his breast pocket he glanced around, and started to meet the eyes of George Martins fixed on him with an expression he could not fathom.

The examination of the body showed a cruel knife wound above the heart, the thumb and index finger of the right hand clutched a gold hoop, seeing which the man muttered, in horrified tones, "Idians!"

TO BE CONTINUED

A STATE UNIVERSITY

THE CATHOLIC DEPARTMENT OF SUCH

Dr. Richard E. Delaney, of Edmonton, who spent last summer in San Francisco doing post-graduate work in medicine, sends us this article which touches on educational problems which everywhere more or less insistently demand solution. One solution as seen in its concrete working by a thoughtful post-graduate Catholic student cannot fail to throw light on similar problems elsewhere.

As the New England States are famous the world over for progressive and modern seats of learning no doubt there are many people in the East who would be glad to learn something about the other side of the continent, and particularly of the Golden State.

To begin with few people in the East seem to know that the largest undergraduate university and one of the most thoroughly equipped in all the two Americas is now the University of California.

Located at Berkeley, which is across the bay from the city of San Francisco, it probably enjoys one of the most luxurious climates in the world the whole year round. Such a thing as a complaint of heat during the hot months of summer elsewhere is never heard of here, and to see a woman using a fan in church or theatre or at evening entertainments would be a curiosity in this part of the country. Strange to say, during the month of July, furs are more common here than fane. And what a sight it would be to see a woman wearing furs during that season and see such luxuries of flowers, green lawns and wide-spreading palm trees everywhere.

It is about the Catholic department of this modern seat of learning, then, I wish to offer this sketch to the Pilot. The Catholic Church in the far west, like anywhere else in

the world, is ever watchful for the protection of her children in the True Faith. And the new Catholic department of this State university which (department) was founded only some seven years ago, is a splendid illustration of that fact. While located at the university grounds it must be understood that this institution is not a part of the university as far as receiving state support. Its work is carried on entirely through the generosity of His Grace Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco and other friends.

When as many as seven hundred Catholics, including men and women, out of seven thousand students, attend this university during the scholastic year, and as many as three thousand men and women, including eighteen nuns, took advantage of her summer school which has just closed, then I say, some idea may be formed as to what this institution means for the future of the West.

To help one to realize the ideal of this Catholic department, not only in this but in nine or ten American States, I wish to quote a few lines from the Rev. Thomas Laney O'Neill, C. S. P., in a leaflet he has prepared on this subject. He is one of the two chaplains at Berkeley.

"Judging from the number of Catholic students in those universities, for which we have statistics," he says, "it is probable that there are at the present time more than twenty thousand Catholic students attending the large non-sectarian universities in this country. Year by year the number of Catholics attending these universities is increasing, and taking prominent places in the social, political and industrial world. They become doctors, lawyers, editors, teachers, mining or mechanical engineers; experts in one or other of the many modern industries. Oftentimes they attain distinguished leadership in their chosen work. Unfortunately it too often happens that while absorbed in the preparation for their particular profession, they neglect their study and in some cases, the practice of their religion. Receiving little spiritual instruction they depend almost entirely on the knowledge of Christian doctrine, which they acquired in childhood. This knowledge proves inadequate to the needs of mature professional life, and in some instances, the Church has to witness the unwelcome spectacle of her children, though leaders in their particular field of labor, becoming unfaithful to their religious duties."

To offset this danger, then, is the idea of the Archbishop of San Francisco, and of Bishop Hannan, and others of the clergy and laity who have been most generous in the founding of this new Catholic institution.

Although not having special chapels, nor libraries, nor lecture hall, Catholic lectures like the Newman Hall at Berkeley, it is gratifying to learn there are Catholic student societies connected with 79 secular colleges in the United States and Canada. A list of them has already appeared in the Pilot of Boston, Mass. Of these 79 Catholic student organizations it is interesting to note that 28 of them are called Newman club.

As a loving memory of one who did so much for the cause of letters, philosophy, and Christianity, and whose searchings for the True Faith are being copied to day by so many non-Catholics every year at this State university, it is most fitting indeed that the new edifice of this young department at Berkeley should be called after Cardinal Newman, namely Newman Hall. And to keep up with this most appropriate name the university grounds nothing could be more English gothic in architecture than this group of buildings, including the Catholic club-rooms. Not only is the appropriate upholstery and furniture in the library and reception rooms and also the large fire places on main floor and basement English in tone, but as I watched the audience on Sunday I thought I saw more types of English faces than I ever before witnessed assembled together. Perhaps the good number of non-Catholics who attend High Mass and sermon every Sunday in Newman Hall is an explanation of these English faces or call them native Americans if you wish.

From the good influences and religious instructions of this institution many of the non-Catholic students of the university become converts every year.

And this brings me to the point of explaining why so many non-Catholics to day attend divine service in prominent Catholic churches throughout America. The Church in her wisdom is very searching in her choice of scholars and theologians for the position of chaplain most for any charge. And the two chaplains in Newman Hall at Berkeley are no exception to this rule. I don't know but what the name of Father Woodman, one of the chaplains, is well known to the readers of this paper as he formerly belonged to the Catholic University of America at Washington, D. C. His name and style in full is, Rev. Clarence E. Woodman, C. S. P., Ph. D., Sc. D., Litt. D., and resident lecturer. As you cannot help but notice it, Father Woodman not only belongs to the Paulist Order, famous for scholarship, theology, and for bringing searchers after truth to the Catholic Church, but his accomplishments are such as to guarantee his splendid fitness for the important position he fills at this State university.

The writer has particular reasons, as you will see farther on, for mentioning a few of the qualifications of

another Catholic Chaplain who used to be connected with this same State university. A most interesting and venerable priest who did much for Newman Hall and the university in general, both intellectually and religiously, previous to the coming of Father Woodman, is the Rev. George M. Searl, C. S. P., former Superior General of the Paulist Fathers, an astronomer of international reputation and the author of many works on mathematics and religion. It is this popular priest's sermon, on the "Unknown God," I am offering this afternoon under a separate heading. The writer had the pleasure of being present on that occasion. The readers of the RECORD will find it a rare intellectual treat and a good example of sound and convincing reasoning. This is one explanation again for the existence of Newman Hall. What helped to make that sermon doubly eloquent was not so much the venerable priest's manner of delivery, but the great esteem in which everybody present held this great scholar, who is still active at the good old age of seventy-five years.

The influence of such priests in a large secular university like this is greater than is commonly understood. The following letter on this point of fact from President Wheeler of the University, who is himself a non-Catholic, will speak for itself. It was addressed to Father O'Neill, chaplain.

"Newman Hall, has proved a veritable shelter and home for the student of the University of California, who has been fortunate enough to enjoy its privileges. I count it as a distinct addition to the resources of the university. It means first of all social opportunity, that is, an opportunity for students to meet each other under clean and kindly auspices and in groups of manageable size. In an institution as large as the University of California many students find no real and social opportunities. Newman Hall has furthermore provided much needed religious opportunities. The university cannot do this though it recognizes keenly and fully the need in this direction. It can only recognize with thankfulness the provision which the different religious bodies of the State are able to make for the students of their own household of Faith. Such observation of Newman Hall leaves with me the strong impression that Newman Hall has been most efficiently conducted as regards the purpose it has in mind and that it constitutes a distinct benefit to the students of the university and to its social and moral life."

Due to the influence of such priests as I have mentioned not only is Newman Hall respected by all the non-Catholic professors of the university but they give it their attendance and moral support. And they are glad to have the use of Newman Hall library to consult Catholic authorities on religion, history, philosophy, and similar subjects, as they frequently do. Recently a publication detrimental to Catholic faith, and containing un-called for bigotry, was found circulating in the library of the university. No sooner was this fact brought to the attention of the proper authorities than this book was immediately destroyed. Such a thing as anti-Catholic spirit will not be tolerated for a moment by the authorities of this State university.

This is certainly in keeping with the tradition of this State. Long before the thirteen colonies were united in the present United States the true faith of Christ had been established in California by the Spanish Franciscan fathers. Recently a non-Catholic student of the university who had been attending divine service in Newman Hall was dying in a remote part of California. In the absence of a priest he had his nurse baptize him, and he died in the Catholic faith. As a result of that his little brother recently offered to receive instructions in Catholic doctrine. "These are a few instances of many," said one of the chaplains to the writer.

The library of Newman Hall now contains 8,000 volumes. Complete author and title card catalogue have been made for this library. In addition to the volumes mentioned in standard periodicals have been on file in the reading room. They are trying to have the library increased to 10,000 volumes.

Besides attending to the spiritual need of the university, these Catholic Fathers assist the students in selecting their courses of study, in securing suitable boarding places, and for those who desire, in obtaining profitable employment. Upward of 1,500 students, partly through this bureau, earn their way through college during the session.

An attempt is also made in the office to keep an accurate record of the addresses of all Catholic former students as well as those in the university at present. This is accomplished by a system of alphabetical card catalogue. It entails a good deal of labor, but once done the reference among so many students in the quickest possible way. The office serves also as a bureau of information on Catholic questions.

Although the social advantages offered by Newman Hall are many, the intellectual and spiritual privileges enjoyed by the students connected with it are far greater. Every morning in the year Holy Mass is celebrated in the chapel by one of the Paulist Fathers. Sunday morning two Masses are celebrated and a sermon preached at each. Every

Sunday afternoon there is Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. About once a month throughout the year the students, with the assistance of professional friends, present a musical or reading or a character sketch from some standard author. Twice each month the women members hold informal afternoon teas, and once or twice each month the men hold a smoker at which some member of the faculty usually addresses them. At some of the larger functions, such for example as the reception given to President Wheeler and Archbishop Riordan, there have been present eight or nine hundred invited guests.

Probably the most important gathering of the year takes place on the morning of Low Sunday when the members of the club receive Holy Communion in a body, and take breakfast in the club room. This edifying tradition and custom of Catholic graduates and others is to unite on this religious occasion every year, some of them travelling long distances to meet again and to receive Holy Communion together.

There are at present 574 members in the club; 266 men, 318 women; and a systematic effort is made to have all Catholic students in the university take advantage of the opportunities offered by the club. There were more women present than men at the same school by three to one, which accounts for the above figures in the club.

Some of the students have already graduated from Catholic colleges, and are pursuing courses that are given only at the State universities where the tuition is free. Catholic women students have an additional reason for attending the State universities in the fact that there are but few Catholic colleges open to them that afford the same opportunities. It is certainly a pleasant sight to see so much wholesome activity in the cause of higher and professional education and technical training as is taking place on the beautiful grounds of this university winter and summer.

The ground floor of Newman Hall is devoted to a reception room with vestibule, a large library and reading room tastefully and appropriately appointed with quiet alcoves for undisturbed study, and a private reading room for women members. The principal room in the building is devoted to the chapel and auditorium. The room on the second floor is most artistically furnished and has a seating capacity for about 450 people. Although no students live in the hall, there is provided a small kitchen in which they may prepare for themselves teas and light lunches. This convenience, as well as the piano and open fire place, contribute to make the hall attractive and home-like. The basement is chiefly taken up by a large recreation room. This room contains bowling alleys, billiards, pool and chess tables. It possesses also an open fire place, similar to those on the floor above. Several series of public lectures are offered in the auditorium at different times. These lectures are given by men eminent in the different department of learning and are attended not only by members of the club but by the university public generally.

The people of the East who read this, when coming to the Panama Fair during 1915, would do well to visit the University of California. Besides the mechanics' hall, the Hearst Institution of Technology and agricultural building, you would see one of the most magnificent college libraries in the world. This building alone has cost so far some \$800,000, and when fully equipped some \$1,500,000 will be spent on it. Upwards of \$15,000,000 have already been invested in college buildings, laboratories and in beautifying the grounds.

Geraniums here grow so profusely outdoors winter and summer that the sidewalks and gardens everywhere are a panorama of flowers and variegated colors. The university has also the first and only open air theatre in America. It is entirely surrounded by tall eucalyptus trees which make a magnificent background. With hundreds of electric lights strung from tree to tree, its illuminating effect in juxtaposition with the green leaves over head at night is indeed beautiful. The auditorium is built of solid concrete on the side of a slope beneath the trees, and has a seating capacity for 8,000 people.

In conclusion when all is considered the University of California in points of equipments, in the beauty of its location and splendid park-like surroundings at the foot of high hills, can well compare with the best seats of learning in the East; it is all the more pleasing to find that Catholic effort both intellectual and spiritual is so worthily and effectively made to safeguard and extend the knowledge and practice of our holy religion.

REBUKING BIGOTRY

The "good Quaker poet" Whittier is probably not so familiar to present-day Americans as he was to their fathers and grandfathers; but he left in both his poems and his prose messages as pertinent and timely to-day as in era of abolitionism or that of the Know-Nothing party. Here is one of them:

"Many people in this country have allowed their disapprobation of the Catholic religion to degenerate into a most unwarrantable prejudice against its conscientious followers. They have looked upon the constitutional agitation of the Irish Catho-

lics for relief from grievous disabilities and unjust distinctions as a struggle merely for supremacy or power. In our country, it would be well for us to remember that at the very time when in New England the Catholic, the Quaker, and the Baptist were banished on pain of death and where some even suffered that dreadful penalty, in Catholic Maryland, under the Catholic Lord Baltimore, perfect liberty of conscience was established, and Papist and Protestant went quietly through the same streets to their respective altars."—St. Paul Bulletin.

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS

An errand boy stepped out of a doorway just as a violent storm broke with a terrific roll of thunder, and a flash of lightning that lit up the street and hissed in the sky. The boy shifted his basket to his left arm and looking up at the sky, made the sign of the cross, then went on his way whistling. The act was a profession of faith not often seen in our city streets—more's the pity. An American woman, a Protestant, returning from Europe with her husband, told with admiration of Monsignor Benson's unflinching habit of making the sign of the cross when he came to the table. He travelled with the same habit with these tourists, on his trip to America, and they dined at the same table. Thus the other guests noted the daily performance of this act of belief, and were deeply edified by it. "My husband said that some of the gentlemen, when they got a chance in the smoking-room, put many questions about religion to Father Benson," she related, "but they always came away laughingly acknowledging that the Father got the best of them."

There was a time when the sign of the cross was frequently and freely made in public. A man in the thirties recalled the practise of his boyhood to make the sign of the cross at every undertaking. "We made it when we had an examination paper, and we made it when we started a sport, such as jumping from a height into the sea. The wildest one among us never forgot to bless himself before taking the jump," he added. "I often think our faith saved us many a mishap."

The late Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J., in one of his "Pigeon hole Paragraphs" recorded the practise of Daniel O'Connell at public dinners and public breakfasts—then in vogue for political and charitable purposes—to make "a huge sign of the cross" in a saying grace. In the Notre Dame Cathedral Father Ravignani began a sermon by making the sign of the cross so devoutly that a person in the audience remarked "He has preached already." Father Russell commented as follows on this beautiful practise:

Happy they be who try to make the sign of the cross piously every time. Do people say anywhere but in Ireland, when they bid children sign themselves with the cross: "Bless yourself" Pius IX. granted an indulgence of fifty days as often as we make the sign of the cross, a hundred days if we do this with holy water, but each time we must repeat the words: "In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." The readers of this paragraph will, if they are wise, determine to make the sign of the cross often, and always with faith and piety. Father Schouppe says it is at once a prayer, an act of praise, a profession of faith.

It is strange that even heresy could be so pervasive as to let this become exclusively Catholic, seeing the place it holds in Christian tradition and literature. St. Jerome counselled Eustachius at every act to make the sign of the Cross, and Tertullian was even more minute in his instruction. "Coming in and going out, putting on our clothes, putting on our shoes, washing, sitting down to meals, whatever social duty engages us we make the sign of the cross on our foreheads."

Let us not forget to make the sacred sign, and place ourselves under the protection of the cross.—Sacred Heart Review.

A DUTY OF CATHOLICS

Religion is unquestionably the strongest and the most vital of all the powers operating in our world, says the Bombay Examiner; and it may be questioned whether, since the foundation of Christianity, religious activity was ever greater than it is at present. It is manifested in a thousand ways, and opportunities for its exercise are continually increasing. The crisis, what is truth? and where is truth to be found? are heard everywhere outside the pale of the Church. Thousands are groping after a firm and sure creed—searching everywhere but in the right place for the lost goat of faith. Now as everybody in these days reads and wants to read, it is easy to see how much may be affected by disseminating printed matter calculated to dissipate the prejudices and dispel the ignorance of Protestants in regard to the doctrines of the one true Church. Whatever can be done by zeal and charity, enlightened and guided by discretion, should be done by every Catholic individual in the great cause of the conversion of souls. We are in duty bound to pray for, edify, and instruct our non-Catholic brethren.

NOTES

Abbe Feval, cure of Vendre, sergeant in the Eighty-first Territorials, seeing that one of his parishioners was being sent to the front, leaving his five children in danger of hunger, took pity on the poor father. Abbe—or rather Sergeant—Feval volunteered to take the good man's place, and accordingly he has already gone to the battlefield.

A captain stood threatening a parish priest with death on suspicion of having made signals to the enemy. But the battlefield was night, and when a shell came it spared the priest and killed the aggressor. And as the captain fell to the ground the priest gave him absolution. Habit, pure force of habit, he explained afterwards.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1915

LIFE INSURANCE

THE PREMIUM

In reading the history of mortality tables one can not fail to be struck with the slow progress made throughout the ages, as well as with the inaccuracy of the results of intelligent effort. Two explanations will suggest themselves. In the first place, life insurance is quite a modern institution so that it is not surprising in the absence of a great impelling motive that our forefathers should fail to ascertain facts and principles which were of comparatively little importance to them. And some at least in our day will unhesitatingly attribute their failure to the general ignorance prevailing before our enlightened age. Both explanations are, however, entirely inadequate, baseless and misleading. A fact, unfortunately, which would not prevent their ready acceptance by the average man of our day suffering as he does from the prevailing superficial knowledge with its attendant ill-informed or mis-informed self-sufficiency.

As a matter of fact the intelligent management of the discount and sale of life annuities requires precisely the same knowledge as is required for the intelligent accumulation and management of the life insurance fund. And Governments, three hundred years ago as well as to-day, were keenly interested in this form of finance. The motive was there then as now. Moreover Sir Isaac Newton and Edmond Halley are names mentioned with grateful and reverent respect by the greatest scientists of the present time. Though actuarial science now has in its service many of the keenest minds in the world it is doubtful if a single one is as competent as Edmond Halley who, two hundred years ago, published the first mortality table compiled on a scientific basis. Nevertheless Halley's table, as we have seen, was grossly inaccurate. Why? For the simple reason, as shown in our last article, that the data available for him to work on were wholly inadequate. Just try to realize the fact that in all England no record was kept of the age at which people died. In his diligent and conscientious effort to collect the necessary data he had to get the registers of Breslau—the War will have extended everyone's geographical knowledge to this city to-day—and instead of the accurate census information so easily accessible now, he had to estimate as best he could the population.

All this enables us to realize the stupendous distance that separates Halley's age from our own in which accurate vital statistics are available for the whole civilized world. We may now know exactly the death rate for any country, for any city, for any district, and for any period of time. We insist on this because it is of vital importance if we would grasp the significance of mortality tables. We can calculate with marvellous accuracy the number of deaths that will occur under normal conditions in any country or city, or district, five years hence, twenty years hence.

But there is another step to be taken. Every one is not insured. Every one is not insurable. Only such as pass satisfactorily a medical examination can be insured. If such examination reveal anything in the applicant's physical condition, or habits, or family history he is either rejected altogether or is obliged to accept insurance on conditions which make the amount he has to pay and the amount payable to him or his heirs commensurate with the risk. Evidently the death rate of insured persons will differ from that of the whole community.

And hence we have mortality tables for insured risks. Millions are insured. The statistics of the various companies doing business for fifty or sixty years past are kept with absolute accuracy. On these the mortality tables used by insurance companies are based. Men keen and competent have studied the data thus supplied and we have as a result what is called actuarial science. In the strict sense of the word it is properly called a science, for these men know precisely how many deaths have occurred in a thousand insured persons of any age. They know no more than anyone else when any particular person insured or uninsured will die. But they can forecast the general death rate with scientific accuracy. They can, therefore, determine the number of death claims which an insurance company will be called on to pay in any and every year.

Now let us get back for a moment to the central, essential and constituent factor of insurance—the common fund.

Let us take an example. To facilitate clear thinking we shall discard all non-essential details.

Farmers suffer occasionally from fire. Let us suppose that, impressed with the hardship and loss sustained by certain victims of this calamity, a thousand farmers agree to distribute the burden amongst them. Farmers are much more intelligent, business-like and clear-thinking than some people give them credit for being. So we shall assume that they agree to create a common fund from which unfortunate sufferers will be reimbursed in case of fire. They agree to pay \$5 each into this fund. The first year there is no fire; there are \$5,000 in bank. Next year a member is paid \$1,000 for the loss of a barn, another \$1,500 for a burned house. They have now \$7,500 in the fund not counting interest. Let us assume that the fund grows, that the surplus is invested in farm mortgages at five or six per cent, instead of resting in the bank at three per cent. It reaches \$100,000. That fund assures these farmers against loss by fire. That fund is fire insurance. Properly managed, the amount paid in may be reduced, may even cease in time altogether. The invested fund remains, grows perhaps, the interest more than paying the fire claims. It may even pay a dividend to the farmers who created it. It is entirely their business, but it requires business management. Their shrewd common sense will tell them that what is everybody's business is nobody's business. They will engage one of their own number, or someone else, to give it the necessary business attention. And they will pay him well for work well done.

Here we have insurance, a common fund, which distributes amongst all the members of a group of persons the loss sustained by some of them.

Now fire-insurance has its statistics, but we are not concerned with them.

We have taken fire insurance in the example so that pet life insurance prejudice may not obtrude itself.

Life insurance differs in this: some buildings will burn, but all men must die. It is the unexpected death, the premature death, the untimely death, that causes loss and suffering. To distribute this loss and suffering, in so far as money is concerned, is the business of life insurance. To do this a common fund must be formed; that common fund is life insurance.

Now the question arises: How much should each pay into this common fund? That matter is determined by insurance mortality tables. The amount is called the premium. There is no guess-work about it; it is no hazardous hit-or-miss affair. The precise amount can be determined and is determined by the information available in insurance mortality tables. To this net cost must be added an amount sufficient to cover salaries, rents and other legitimate charges connected with the collection, investment and management of the fund, and furnish a fair margin of safety.

Anyone who has followed our remarks will have perceived that there is such a thing as a correct premium for life insurance, a premium which is adequate for the risk assumed and to cover expenses. There is a standard by which to judge premiums. If premiums are charged which fall below this standard to any considerable extent, the insurance which

they are supposed to cover must be unsound. Those who buy any article with the sole consideration of its cheapness must expect often to get a worthless article. Life insurance is no exception to the general rule. The common fund must be sufficient or there is no insurance. Nothing comes out of the common fund that is not put into it. Therefore the amount to be paid by each one—the premium—is all important. If it is adequate, the common fund—life insurance—is absolutely safe, stable, and permanent an institution as it is possible for human wit to devise. And the amount of the premium can be determined with an accuracy insured in most of the safest business affairs of human life.

HOW LONG WILL THE WAR LAST?

Patient and conscientious readers of our censored version of the War news must be able to forget quickly in order to preserve their faith. It is now several months since the Austrians were beaten, smashed, completely annihilated; early last fall Przemyśl could not hold out a week; a great and decisive battle was to take place at Cracow months ago which would clear the way for the march on Berlin. The very latest news is that the Russians are just going to demolish the Austrians again. Let us hope a specimen or two may be preserved for some favored ethnological museum. As for the Germans there are still left some military-mad officers, and some, but not so many, fends incarnate; the mass of the able bodied, peace-loving, deluded, German soldiers—for whom we entertain kindly feelings of respect—we have killed off. Their fighting forces now are mostly boys and old men. Germany is bankrupt and her people are starving. And it is painfully, pitifully funny to read the impossible official news the German Government feeds them up with. But they must soon find out the truth; some German will see it in any one of our patriotic papers and write home. Then all that is left to do will be done by the map makers.

The thought struck us the other day that perhaps some of our readers would like to see what the military critic of the London Times has to say in answer to the universal question, How long will the war last? Like Caesar's wife, the London Times is above suspicion; still its patriotism is of a different type from that of the average Canadian newspaper; not better, because the Canadian news-paper patriotism is unquestionably the best of its kind, but different. Of course this writer, on account of his military knowledge, traditions and prejudices, cannot be expected to take quite such a cheerful and unbiased view of our own newspaper men, especially the headlines, interpreters and prophets; besides he is rather too near the dust of the conflict to see as clearly as we do. However that may be, this is the way the Times' military critic writes for the Times' readers:

"This war is the biggest thing in the way of wars that has ever happened to the old world since the dawn of history. It transcends all thought, imagination and reason. We little creeping things cannot see more than a fraction of it. Even if we climb painfully to the top of the highest ladder of thought we are still pygmies; and the war still towers above us. We see the raging torrents at our feet, but the high summits are veiled in impenetrable mist. Try as we may to preserve a distinct and unbroken view of the scene before us, the clouds of suspicion, prejudice, ignorance and optimism constantly obscure our vision. We look, gasp, wonder and are dumb. This war, for once, is bigger than anybody. No one dominates it. No one even understands it. Nobody can."

After saying that no one can answer the question, How long will the war last? he points out the much more useful and practical question which each should ask himself, What can I do to bring the war to a speedy conclusion? And he continues:

"All this means a certain amount of plain speaking which frightens our invertebrates. (He evidently has some readers who would prefer our Canadian newspapers). For Heaven's sake don't talk of a long war! Allow people to think the war will be over soon and lead them on from stage to stage, dangling constantly before each man the speedy conclusion of the war like a carrot before an ass to make him move."

"All this is part of the grand-motherly system of dealing with free peoples, born of a totally false and dangerous view of the situation. We allies are men, not infants. We resent it when disasters are secreted and casualties are doled out in homeopathic doses, so that we may be

good children and swallow our pill because it is a little one."

Speaking of faults he says our chief fault was "lack of preparation on land and sea," which is somewhat surprising so far as the sea is concerned. After the war there will be investigation "and if some people get their deserts they will be hanged." He praises Kitchener's "prodigious activity," but "he is no magician." In view of the varied and conflicting reports of the strength of the British forces in France this statement is interesting: "Practically the only troops we have been able to use yet are those of the army as it existed before the war." And yet "we are turning out troops as fast as our factories can clothe and arm them, and there is no material possibility of going faster than we are going now."

"The organization, enthusiasm and conduct of the French Field Armies are splendid," but "while the exact figures are not known France has never had in the field the number of troops commensurate with the number of her trained men." The Times' critic throws some light on conditions in France by suggesting that "perhaps she is husbanding her resources until the supply of boots, clothing, equipment and artillery enable her to add to the number of Army Corps at the front." Which recalls Clemenceau's indignant outburst at the beginning of the war, and does not help one to believe that the grafting atheists who plundered the religious orders and squandered the proceeds were strictly conscientious in the matter of war supplies.

Russia's failure in Poland he attributes to bad communications and suggests how much worse things will be "when the Russians are on the German frontier and exposed to the full effects of the German Railway system." The only remedy he can see is for Russia to build railways, which, to strengthen her trans-Siberian line in 1904, she showed herself capable of doing at the rate of 10 or 12 miles per day.

Concluding the Times' military critic thus answers the question, How long will the war last?

"The measure of time which the war will last is the measure of the energy which we display in shortening it."

GENERAL SIR THOMAS KELLY-KENNY

After a distinguished military career General Kelly-Kenny died on Christmas day at his home, Doolough Lodge, County Clare, where he lived since his retirement from active service in 1907.

Born in 1840 and educated at Carlow College he entered on his chosen profession at the early age of eighteen. And so long ago as the China War in 1860 he saw active service and was mentioned in despatches for valorous action in the taking of Tangku and the Taku forts; for this he was presented with the service medal. In the Abyssinian war, 1867-68, he was mentioned in despatches and again received a similar honor.

A long period of home duties followed during which he passed through the various steps until he became Assistant Adjutant-General and Inspector-General of Auxiliary Forces and Recruiting, a dual post he relinquished at the outbreak of the South African war in 1899 to take temporary command at Aldershot; later he commanded the 5th Division during this war and was promoted Lieutenant-General of the staff for the distinguished services in the field. He was twice mentioned in despatches for services in this field. He was knighted in 1902 while Adjutant-General of the Forces, which position he held from 1901 to 1904. He enjoyed the high regard of the King, and in 1905 accompanied Prince Arthur of Connaught on a special mission to the Mikado, from which he received the Grand Cordon of the Red Eagle and Grand Cross of the Rising Sun.

It may be interesting to note a fact mentioned in The Catholic Who's Who. General Kelly-Kenny was the son of Matthew Kelly of Treamannagh, County Clare. He added the surname Kelly in 1874. Though the reason is not given, presumably he was sufficiently proud of his maternal ancestry to desire to add the name to that of Kelly—a name by the way which fills several pages in the Catholic Who's Who. At any rate they are both good Irish and Catholic names. In his half-century of military service General Sir Thomas Kelly-Kenny earned distinction enough for both.

"SOGGARATH AROON"

Reading in the Tablet Father Ring's appeal to the women of his parish we were so struck with the evidence of those qualities which have endeared the Irish priest to the Irish people that we feel sure our readers will be glad and grateful for the opportunity of reading it. English papers, it may be useful to mention, are discussing the temperance question as it concerns the enlisted men. Saddest of all that is said are the charges of drunkenness which are brought against soldiers' wives.

Father Ring's appeal to the women of his parish runs thus:

"May I remind you that over three hundred Catholic men of our parish have offered themselves to the service of the country? They are your husbands, your sons, your relatives or friends. Some have already died in battle, some have been terribly wounded, all are suffering, and are prepared to suffer hunger, cold, and sickness unto death to protect you and the children from oppression. Who can you do to help them and the cause they are engaged in? Are you powerless and unable to give them any help? No, you are not. You can render mighty aid by your prayers and self sacrifice. There is one heroic act which you can do to bring God's blessing on them and on yourselves and on the children. It is to promise and to pledge that you will not touch or taste intoxicating drink for one year from this date. It is no business of ours to find fault with others, or to blame the poor creatures who spend time and money around public houses. I ask the Catholic women who will hear my voice—most of them the children of faithful Irish mothers—to turn to God and to His blessed Mother with this generous act of sacrifice on their lips. You will set an example which will lift others up. You will honor the Church and the faith to which you belong, and you will express devotion to Him whose thirst on the Cross was endured to encourage you. A year's self sacrifice is not much. I know what this means in the festive times of marriages and christenings but the poor soldiers in the trenches and in the hospitals do not complain for enduring hardships untold. Let me ask you to sign the annexed slip, so that I can tell His Eminence the Cardinal that the women and girls of Commercial Road are, like the men of the Guild, a credit to themselves and to the Church."

The slip is this: "With the blessing and help of God I promise not to taste intoxicating drink for a year at least from this date." In the first place can you fail to appreciate the simple, direct, and effective way in which Father Ring deals with his problem? It ought to make good Sunday reading for "social uplift workers" if these good people could be induced to read with interest and reflection anything so much at variance with their up-to-date methods.

The opening sentences remind one of the sermons in the Monday morning papers—they are so different. No boasting, no suggestion of self-praise, and thank God, no suggestion of rancor or hate, no grandiloquence; simply a reminder to the women that three hundred of their menfolk, their husbands, sons, relatives or friends, have offered themselves to the service of their country. They are suffering, dying for our sakes. He does not harrow up their souls by dwelling on this suffering—too well the Irish heart of him knows there is no need; yet his pitying, paternal love is akin to the pitiless kindness of the surgeon.

How he compresses a whole sermon on Charity into the sentence: "It is no business of ours to find fault with others, or to blame the poor creatures who spend time and money around public houses." Just a matter of course with them, so well does the heart of the people understand the priest, and so well does the priest-heart understand the people. But he tells them what is their business—self denial, self sacrifice; the old uncompromising yet sweet story that Jesus preached by word and example. The story of Him was the Truth the Way and the Life. Sure its just what they expect, it is quite a matter of course. God bless them, priest and people; and God pity the Irish man or woman who does not understand. But does he denounce and terrify? Not Father Tim, soggarath aroon. But mind you its self sacrifice he is preaching—not hygiene or self interest—and he would never degrade the things of the soul though he depute the sympathy and understanding of his priest-heart into what he says: "I ask the Catholic women who will hear my voice—most of them children of faithful Irish mothers—to turn to God and to His blessed Mother with this act of self-sacrifice on their lips." Oh the heart-searching force of such an appeal—the menace of it even—to people to whom

"spiritual things are the supreme Reality." They would hardly dare pray for their loved ones if they did not heed it.

Then remembering the hardness of the life of the London poor, their few opportunities for joy or merry-making—indeed the memory can never be very far away from the priest of the poor in the greatest of the world's cities—with the soggarath aroon's own understanding sympathy he tells them: "I know what it means—it is a sacrifice, especially at weddings and christenings;" but with the surgeon's unflinching steadiness, the priest's tender severity he adds: "but the poor soldiers—your husband, your son—." And finally,—"Come now sign in God's name and God bless you."

Read over Father Timothy J. Ring's appeal again. It is, in its way, a masterpiece. Yet it is not art—unless, indeed, a specimen of the art of art, the cure of souls. And as every artist leaves the unmistakable impress of his own individuality on his work, so Father Ring unconsciously gives us a picture of the Irish priest and his people, the reverence in which both priest and people hold the priesthood of Christ, and all lit up by the mutual love and mutual understanding, so hard to express, so easy to feel, that make the Irish priest of Irish people sui generis.

Can you wonder that the Irish, though they have forgotten the speech of the Gael, have everywhere preserved one Gaelic term for which the speech of England, or any other country has no equivalent—Soggarath Aroon.

THE PASSING HOUR

In that delightful book, "The Lectures of a Certain Professor," within whose covers are recorded the philosophic reflections of a gentle Irish curate, there is a thought-compelling discourse on "Life" from which we quote the following reasonable lines:

"If I were asked what is the most plastic of all things, I would answer—hours. They pass, one by one, through our hands, and, as modellers in clay mould images, so we, whether consciously or unconsciously, mould each hour into a miniature likeness of our present selves; and these likenesses, be assured, will remain to confront us long after we have forgotten all about them. The hours are visitors from heaven, each with a gift in hand, but it hides the gift under its grey robe, and needs to be importuned, nay to be forced into giving it. Bringing possibilities a hundred fold, yet seeming as if it grudged them all, it will not bestow one unless under pressure of compulsion. The hour loves to be treated as the mother is treated by the children who dive into her pocket for the treasure of sweet stuff which she longs to give but will not give till she makes it all the sweeter by the enhancement of discovery and surprise. Of old the gods came in humble guise, hiding their majesty and if overlooked or insulted, went away leaving no boon. Only to those whose eyes were keen enough to pierce through their disguise, and still more to those whose simple wont it was to treat God and guest to like hospitality, did they reveal themselves by their benefits. So it is with the hours. They come, silent guests, one now, another again, never two together. They look on us with eyes that beseech us to ask their secret; unquestioned they will not speak. All absolutely alike, yet each wearing a new face—for the hour is the veritable Proteus—we, poor mortals, think each so unlike the other. This hour is so commonplace, some hour that has passed was, by comparison, so full of interest. Above all, the great hour has not come yet. But remember, if it ever be to come, great hours must lead up to it. And after all, when it does come, it may steal by in shoes of list, and mock us across the great gulf impassible, with airy phantoms of things that might have been." We should hold each hour as Jacob held the angel, and refuse to let it go until it bless us."

Beginning a new year this extract from Father O'Farrell's too little known book supplies a very profitable subject for reflection. It is indeed true that each man makes his own life to his own likeness. That blessed, but terribly responsible gift of choice makes each one of us the architect of his own destiny. Time is the clay; we are the moulders. Let us resolve to use wisely the hours that God is now giving into our hands, so that we may make of our lives a thing of beauty

that shall be worthy of a place in the heavenly treasure house.

COLUMBA

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE NUMEROUS projects under way in Canada and the United States for the relief of Belgian sufferers, for Red Cross work, and for other purposes incidental to the War are entirely creditable to their projectors and to those who out of their poverty or their abundance have become contributors to them. If there is no other bright side to the conflict there is at least this, that, overriding all other considerations, the inherent charity and brotherhood of the race has been indicated in no uncertain way. Applying the words of St. Paul to this great international crisis: "The charity of everyone abundant."

IT IS TO BE feared, however, that the occasion is also being made use of by unscrupulous and designing people for their own base ends, and that, under the guise of patriotism or philanthropy, money is being diverted from its proper channel and going into the pockets of a class of social highwaymen or women. One such case has come under our own observation in which an individual was going from door to door selling an article for the benefit, it was claimed, of the homeless and destitute in Belgium. A little cross-questioning put the plea in a very questionable light, and further enquiry clearly demonstrated its fraudulent character. The worst of pleas was being prostituted to private gain.

THIS MAY HAVE been an exceptional case, but we have heard of others. It would be well therefore when confronted with such a plea from strangers to demand credentials and to scrutinize them closely. In a crisis like the present there is no place for wolves. Nor should pleas of the "endless chain" variety which have shown themselves to be treated with more ceremony. There is an abundance of legitimate Funds before the public upon which to expend one's benevolence, and no need to dally with doubtful ones. A dollar wrongfully diverted is a dollar lost to the homeless and the suffering.

THE LITERACY test for immigrants which is now under consideration in the Senate at Washington has drawn out many timely protests against a measure which, if enacted, would, in the estimation of thinking people, spell retrogression in the United States. It would also mean the practical defilement of literacy, a tendency towards which has been growing more and more pronounced in recent years. No one will gainsay the value or desirability of the spread of elementary knowledge in regard to letters but to make it the final test of virtue, manliness or good-citizenship is to perpetuate a falacy and to strike at the very roots of Christian morality. A man may be wholly ignorant in the matter of "book learning," and yet in the essentials of good citizenship far outshine his educated neighbor.

IT IS pointed out that the most vociferous advocates of the measures now before the Senate are the loud-mouthed Socialists of the street corner and the I. W. W. disturbers, whose sole object is to corner the labor market and by squeezing honest men out of the Unions make them vehicles for propagating unhindered their dangerous doctrine. It is well known to those who have had any experience on this question that there is little danger to this continent or its institutions from the able-bodied illiterate immigrant, but rather from the fellow who has a little education and has been caught up by the Socialist shibboleth of the hour. It is very seldom that the anarchist is an illiterate man in the sense usually applied to that term.

A RECENT EDITORIAL in the New York Times headed "Pushing the Immigration Bill," has occasioned many interesting comments. One correspondent writes: "As a large employer of labor for forty-five years I know that the illiterate, able-bodied immigrant will make a safer citizen and be more likely to bring up an industrious family and be worth far more to this country than the mouth-breathing Socialist." Another says: "Stop immigration to this country for ten years and nearly all our great industries would be paralyzed, as Young America is not inclined to work at anything that would soil his hands."



His education is in the wrong direction. He is being taught to start at the top and not at the bottom."

THESE UTTERANCES may be open to the objection from some quarters that they represent capitalistic sentiment only. Perhaps far more to the point as touching directly the question of illiteracy whether on this continent or abroad is the following description of a group of Russian peasants from Europe migrating to far Siberia. It is taken from an article on Russia in the November issue of the National Geographic Magazine:

were lost in obscurity. One altar was decorated for Christmas with the images of the stable of Bethlehem arranged about it, and here the younger Belgian soldiers gathered in reverent groups, while a priest chanted a Christmas Mass "of peace on earth, good will to men."

Priests came and went, townspeople hurried to early Masses, then went on their way, while the exhausted soldiers slept on. Now and then a non-commissioned officer would arouse a few men, and they would slip quietly away with their bicycles on one of those expeditions which for daring has made the cyclist corps the most famous section of the Belgian army.

As the rising sun drove the deep

Austria-Hungary and Turkey can give to the maintenance of the Germanic campaign. The Globe believes that both Austria-Hungary and Turkey will be out of action before midsummer, and that the Balkan powers and Italy and Russia will be carving up their territories before the Allies have made much of an impression upon Germany. Fighting on their own soil for the defence of their hearts, the men of Germany will be subdued only by the most strenuous effort. The Globe believes that collapse will come not so much from inability to put men into the field as from inability to provide them with munitions of war. There may be no sign of this till the unexpected silence of German guns and

demand for the execution of De Wet and other Boer rebels.

ON THE WESTERN LINE

The allies have made distinct gains in several places though some reverses have been sustained. A dispatch from Paris, Jan 1st, says: It becomes daily more and more evident that the next important move in the war, so far as France is concerned will come here.

In this particular field the French have the fighting to themselves, the British and Belgian forces being concentrated on the left wing. Because of this, and the desire to retake the "lost provinces" there is more anxiety felt here regarding the operations than there has been in evidence since the Germans were checked in their advance on Paris. But there is the utmost confidence expressed in Gen. Pau, who is in direct charge, and Gen. Joffre already has made arrangements to furnish him all the men he needs for the northern drive which has started.

The fighting in Flanders and Northern France has been confined largely to artillery engagements, except at Bethune, where the Germans claim they have taken a British trench. They admit, however, the loss of St. Georges, near the Belgian coast, which the official report from Berlin says it was decided not to retake owing to the high level of the water there.

AUSTRIA'S OFFICIAL STATEMENT

Vienna, Jan. 1.—An official announcement on the progress of the war was given out in the Austrian capital to-day. It refers to events of yesterday, and is as follows: "In Bukovina and the Carpathians the Russians developed great activity. Our troops are holding their positions on the Suceava River in the Upper Carpathian territory, also farther west on the ridge of the Carpathians in the valley of the Nag, where yesterday, near Okor-mese, an attack of the enemy were repulsed with heavy losses to them in the Upper Latorca district and north of the Uzok Pass. To the west of this pass all other passages over the Carpathians are occupied by our troops."

GENEROUSITY TOUCHES KING He then wrote in English the following message: "The magnificent generosity of the American people in forwarding immense quantities of gifts of food-stuffs to my suffering people affords me intense satisfaction and touches me very deeply."

SEVEN HUNDRED KILLED IN ONE DAY King Albert also was anxious to have the American people know, as he put it, the facts of the story of how his troops, demoralized and disheartened almost across the entire limits of their own country, turned at bay along the Yser and held back the Germans there at frightful costs in killed and wounded to their army and of the almost incalculable loss suffered in the deliberate destruction by its owners of the most valuable agricultural part of the country.

A TERRIBLE DAY "In one of those terrible days in the trenches along the Yser," the

FROM PETROGRAD London, Jan. 1.—Dispatches to-night from Petrograd say that the Germans having found it impossible to get across the Buzza and Buzka rivers and equally unsuccessful in advancing along the Pilsa River and are said to be digging themselves in preparatory to remaining until the hardening of the ground by the frost, makes the movement of troops less difficult.

GERMANY'S SIDE Berlin, Jan. 1.—The following official communication was given out to-day: "In the western theatre of war nothing of importance has happened near Neuport. The idea of retaking the hamlet of St. Georges, which had been completely demolished by the enemy's artillery fire, was abandoned in view of the high level of the water there."

THE DEADLY SUBMARINE Germany has done much since this war began to place Sir Percy Scott amongst the prophets. Her daring and death-dealing submarines never give us time to regain our old confidence in great battleships and many of them. Of course it is not officially admitted yet that the Audacious or the Bulwark were torpedoed. Neither is the last disaster known definitely to be due to a submarine.

THE FORMIDABLE SUNK The sinking of the pre-dreadnought battleship Formidable in the English Channel yesterday morning was a serious loss to British naval strength, because the Formidable carried with her to the bottom almost 700 brave, hardy and highly-trained men, who cannot be replaced readily. Britain's loss of seamen since war began has been relatively much more serious than her loss of soldiers. The great bulk of the losses recorded in land operations are men wounded or captured. The killed in action, or the fatalities from wounds received in action, have probably not totalled more than 20,000 for the entire British army. The few engagements at sea and the explosions which destroyed the Bulwark, the Formidable and other vessels sunk by mines or torpedoes have cost at least 7,000 lives. The result of a fleet action in loss of life to both Britain and Germany is almost too horrible to contemplate. In a combat it would seem entirely possible that 40,000 or 50,000 lives might be lost in a few hours. Germany has lost more heavily in men relatively to her naval strength than Great Britain. At least 5,000 German seamen have gone down with their ships since the war began.—Globe Jan. 2.

SERIOUS IN SOUTH AFRICA A bit of far from pleasant news is the official announcement from Pretoria that the Government of South Africa intends to commandeer men for service within the Union and in German Southwest Africa, "as the situation cannot be adequately met by depending upon the voluntary recruits." General Botha has stamped out rebellion, but he is disliked by the labor men of British birth because of the arrest and deportation of their leaders a year ago, and the loyal Boers do not seem keen to take part in the invasion of German territory. It is regrettable that in any part of the Empire there should be need to call out men rather than depend on those who come forward of their own free will.—Globe Jan. 1st.

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THE FIGHTING KING OF THE BELGIANS

"I believe I am not claiming too much to say that our army saved Dunkirk and Calais at the battle of the Yser."

Grand Headquarters of the King of the Belgians in West Flanders, Belgium, Dec. 20. (via London, Dec. 23, 8.10 p. m.)—In the Council chamber of an ancient Flemish Town Hall, from which he is directing the operations of his war-worn little army blocking the road to Dunkirk and Calais, King Albert of the Belgians to-day told the Associated Press of the stand his soldiers are making against the German invaders. The King's headquarters is located on one of the remaining dry areas of that small corner of Belgium left under his rule.

IN manner he is decidedly shy, and he apologized for his English, which, however, was very fluent.

PRaises HIS SOLDIERS Modestly he praised the courage of his soldiers, speaking of them with great kindness—as though he were talking about his own children.

"I believe," he said, "my army is courageous. My people, however, are too democratic for the same discipline that prevails in the conscript European armies. You will see something of the bravery of my people when perhaps you shall have the chance to witness the peasants working in their fields under shell fire, concerned only for the losses of their homes, the destruction of which causes them great grief."

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shall ride into Brussels at the head of the Belgian army." Bidding the correspondent good night with a warm handshake, the king ended the interview.

THE COUNTRY'S LEADER

King Albert is the commander of his army in fact as well as in name. Its reorganization into a compact fighting force of less than half of its former size, but infinitely superior in sheer efficiency, is due principally to the king's work and inspiration. He has surrounded himself with young and enthusiastic officers, who already are veterans in experience; and this new personnel works with the utmost harmony.

The king's chief support is Queen Elizabeth, who lives only a few miles away at a place also on Belgian soil, where she has complete charge of one of the military hospitals. No other women except trained nurses are permitted to approach the Belgian lines. Even the wives of the highest officers are not allowed to pay brief visits to their husbands.

King Albert is living as simply as any subaltern of his staff. In the entrance of the town hall a rickety army cot, on which he seeks short naps when occasionally the Germans relax their efforts against the thin Belgian line. When a few leisure hours permit, the king and queen meet, but they are living virtually under campaign conditions. The queen is the patron saint of the Belgian wounded, who prefer her hospitals located on safer beds. The queen occasionally goes to England to see her children, but lately she has devoted virtually her every waking moment to her hospital.

Neither the king nor the queen has their usual personnel with them. King Albert's aides are working staff officers who serve 24 hour watches, while the queen's ladies-in-waiting are trained nurses serving on her hospital staff.

The correspondent dined to-night with a Belgian army surgeon, who said: "Before the war I was an ardent republican. I still dislike the ordinary type of king, but I am with King Albert to the end. Even if Belgium should become a republic he is the man for president."

BE PATIENT Be patient with these awkward stumbling feet That walk beside you. Ah, could you but know, Uncaught they be, how thankfully they'd go On loving errands for you; counting sweet Fatigue itself, if only it might meet The smile that costs so little, means so much.

Be patient, too, with hands that blunder so, Yet rest upon your own with lingering touch. And ache for your warm clasp: all, could you know.

Be patient, still, with hungry lips that make Mistakes so soft, and give the heart the lie, Though often times discordant notes they take: The silences will claim them by and by.

Beyond your tardy praise, at last awake. —MABEL BOURQUIN, FOSTORIA, OHIO.

CANNOT BE SHIRKED Here is a challenge to the issue of truth coming from a source which cannot be lightly regarded or disregarded. The words are from the address a few weeks ago by Cardinal O'Connell at a meeting of the Federation of Catholic Societies in Boston: "When the truth is known, then all the world will realize that for the sake of our public honor as a nation we must put an end to the Masonic conspiracy which has for two years deluged Mexico with blood, drained the material resources of that coun-

morbid side of your mind. It speaks to your reason and to your soul. It stands pointing the way to the Church where what the press talks about in the marketplace becomes the living reality by which your soul—you, the immortal part of you, feeds its hunger for real joy, real life, real peace and happiness. And as you read it, and awaken its real interest in your press, you will think of ways and means by which it can be helped and improved."

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, June 7, 1914. Dear Mr. Coffey,—When I came here two years ago I only had five catechists, now I have twenty-one. I owe this rapid progress principally to my dear friends of the CATHOLIC RECORD. God bless them and your worthy paper!

It takes about \$50 a year to support a catechist and for every such sum I receive I will place a man in a new district to open it up to the Faith. During the past few months I have opened up quite a number of new places and the neophytes are very pious and eager for baptism. You will appreciate the value of my catechists when I tell that I baptized eighty-five adults since the beginning of the year as a result of their work. I have even brighter hopes for the future if only my friends abroad will continue to back me up financially.

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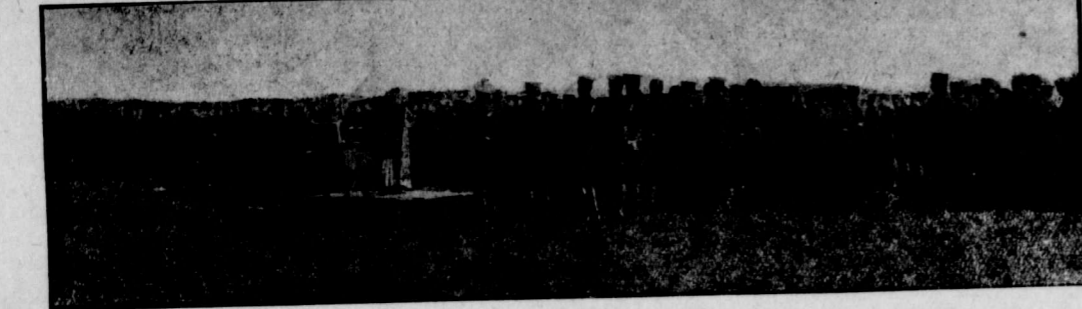
PROTESTANT'S TRIBUTE TO BELGIAN PRIESTS

In a letter which has appeared in a Nottingham, (Eng.) paper Mr. E. C. Price, a member of a well known Nonconformist family, who has just returned from Belgium, says:

"If it had not been for the very great number of priests, who have indeed been God's good messengers far beyond what will ever be known in this world, the misery would have been much intenser than it has been, and though, as many of your readers will know, my early days were spent in Nonconformist circles, when I return to Belgium I shall never, to my dying day, pass a priest without the very humble lifting of my hat."

CANNOT BE SHIRKED

Here is a challenge to the issue of truth coming from a source which cannot be lightly regarded or disregarded. The words are from the address a few weeks ago by Cardinal O'Connell at a meeting of the Federation of Catholic Societies in Boston: "When the truth is known, then all the world will realize that for the sake of our public honor as a nation we must put an end to the Masonic conspiracy which has for two years deluged Mexico with blood, drained the material resources of that coun-



Open Air Mass, Pond Farm Camp, Salisbury Plains, England, Sunday, Nov. 8, 1914. Captain, the Rev. Father E. G. Doe, preaching at the Gospel to the Catholic men of the 4th Brigade. Photograph sent to the Right Reverend Bishop Fulton J. Sheen. Rev. Father Doe says: "I preached on the Seven Sacraments, especially Penance, Eucharist and Extreme Unction."

"Such people as these undoubtedly will prove to be the progenitors of a race that will compare with our own sturdy farmers of the Northwest. A group of Russian peasants emigrated to Siberia with nothing but the clothes on their backs, a little flour, some home-tanned leather, and a few tools for carpentry and blacksmithing. The first day they made two sets of ovens out of brick they prepared from a clay bed near by, and the men burned charcoal while the women made bread. Within two days after their arrival, they had six blacksmith's forges going, and inside of ten days they had built themselves rude houses, made wagons, manufactured spades by the dozen, and reshod their horses, all the iron used being forged on the ground; yet none of them could read or write."

Would it be an act of wisdom, it may well be asked, to shut out such men from citizenship on this continent? They do not belong to the class that fills either our jails or our almshouses.

THE CABLE despatch in the daily papers a week or more ago, describing a bivouac of Belgian soldiers in one of their churches and the impressive mixture of war and religion illustrated by the bearing of some of the troops during the celebration of the Divine Mysteries, will have been read with deep and pathetic interest by earnest-minded people. The despatch referred to the long row of bicycles stacked down the centre of the church; to the process of repairing many of the machines which went on despite the Masses which were in progress; to the eating by others of their frugal breakfast of black bread, oblivious of their surroundings; and to the large number of soldiers who slept, lying upon the stone flagging of the floor, undisturbed by the sonorous notes of the great organ as it pealed forth the solemn strains of a funeral Mass. Some people, unable to put themselves in thought outside their own environment of ease, comfort and decorum, may have thought such attitudes incongruous (we have heard expressions to that effect) and irreverent. Deeper penetration would testify rather to the practical character of the Catholic religion and to the very real sense in which its adherents regard the house of God as in very truth their home.

NEWSPAPER correspondents are not often either well-informed or equitably-minded in their comments upon Catholic faith and practice. They seem too often disposed to make them the butt of their misdirected ridicule or to insinuate into the Church's administrative activities sinister designs which exist only in the correspondents' own brains. The writer of the following paragraphs is evidently not of this class, and we reproduce his words both for the benefit of those who may not already have seen them, and as bearing out what we have just written regarding our religious reality and the impression its offices, in the incident in question, made upon a seriously-minded beholder.

"The scene was almost overpoweringly impressive in its mixture of war and religion, and yet their existence side by side in this region where religion in the historic past has been so intimately connected with war did not seem incongruous. The great tapers at the altars provided the only light beyond the grey streaks of dawn which filtered through the oaken doors, and the ancient gargoyles on the open beams

shadows from the church the roar of German guns beginning an attack on Neuport awoke the sleepers, and the great church became an animated scene of military activity. The religious services, however, went on as before."

THIS DESCRIPTION recalls a well-known passage in one of Cardinal Newman's lectures on "Anglican difficulties." He is speaking of the religious state of some Catholic countries and of the intimate bearing towards holy things which has sometimes been the occasion of scandal to Protestant travellers, bound irrevocably to traditions which, to speak mildly, have cut the ground from beneath the supernatural. The passage from Newman referred to does not deal with so impressive a sight as the correspondent describes but rather with the habit of religion and the reality of faith common to Catholic countries, even in the case of individuals whose lives, lacking love, are not conformable to their belief, from the like of which no country and no creed unfortunately is, in man's fallen state, wholly free.

"You go forward," writes Newman of the Protestant traveller in a Catholic country, and you find preparations, in progress for a great pageant or mystery; it is a high festival, and the incorporated trades have each undertaken their special religious celebration. The plumbers and glaziers are to play the Creation; the barbers, the call of Abraham; and at night is to be the grandest performance of all the Resurrection and Last Judgment, played by the carpenters, masons and blacksmiths. Heaven and Hell are represented,—saints, devils and living men; and the chef d'oeuvre of the exhibition is the display of fireworks to be let off as the finale. 'How unutterably profane!' again you cry. 'Yet, profane to you, my dear brother—profane to a population which only half believes; not profane to those who, however coarse minded, however sinful, believe wholly, who, one and all, have a vision within, which corresponds with what they see, which resolves itself into, or rather takes up into itself, the external pageant, whatever be the moral condition of each individual composing the mass. They gaze, and, in drinking in the exhibition with their eyes, they are making one continuous and intense act of faith.'"

ON THE BATTLE LINE HOW LONG WILL IT LAST On this first morning of the New Year the writer of the (Globe) War Summary wishes to say a word in answer to many inquiries regarding the probable length of the war. No one can speak with assurance of a matter so complex. Lord Kitchener, upon taking office in August, said he had agreed to serve for three years as War Secretary. Denial has recently been made of a report that he expected the war to last for three years. He is raising, training and arming a British military force totalling over two and three quarter million men, and has given an assurance to Parliament that this number will suffice, in co-operation with the armies of France and Russia, to destroy Germany's power of resistance. There is on record no statement by Lord Kitchener as to the probable length of time it will take to do this. Much will depend on the help

the increasing use of the bayonet tell the story. That at the earliest was a possibility till a year of war has been experienced.

Which we are sorry to say we regard as unduly optimistic. It may be interesting just here to insert a Russian military opinion. The Russians have had a better opportunity of judging the value of the Austrians as a fighting force:

Under the caption "Austrian army a surprise," the Army Messenger discusses the Galician campaign at some length.

The stubborn defence of our Austrian opponents in Western Galicia has been the greatest surprise of the war," it says. Beginning with the battle of Dukla Pass, it has shown resourcefulness and strength wholly unexpected in view of the early events of the war.

"Though we won at Dukla, taking several ammunition wagons and more than 2,000 prisoners, the Austrians inflicted severe losses upon us. They contest bitterly every foot of ground."

THE DEADLY SUBMARINE Germany has done much since this war began to place Sir Percy Scott amongst the prophets. Her daring and death-dealing submarines never give us time to regain our old confidence in great battleships and many of them. Of course it is not officially admitted yet that the Audacious or the Bulwark were torpedoed. Neither is the last disaster known definitely to be due to a submarine.

THE FORMIDABLE SUNK The sinking of the pre-dreadnought battleship Formidable in the English Channel yesterday morning was a serious loss to British naval strength, because the Formidable carried with her to the bottom almost 700 brave, hardy and highly-trained men, who cannot be replaced readily. Britain's loss of seamen since war began has been relatively much more serious than her loss of soldiers. The great bulk of the losses recorded in land operations are men wounded or captured. The killed in action, or the fatalities from wounds received in action, have probably not totalled more than 20,000 for the entire British army. The few engagements at sea and the explosions which destroyed the Bulwark, the Formidable and other vessels sunk by mines or torpedoes have cost at least 7,000 lives. The result of a fleet action in loss of life to both Britain and Germany is almost too horrible to contemplate. In a combat it would seem entirely possible that 40,000 or 50,000 lives might be lost in a few hours. Germany has lost more heavily in men relatively to her naval strength than Great Britain. At least 5,000 German seamen have gone down with their ships since the war began.—Globe Jan. 2.

SERIOUS IN SOUTH AFRICA A bit of far from pleasant news is the official announcement from Pretoria that the Government of South Africa intends to commandeer men for service within the Union and in German Southwest Africa, "as the situation cannot be adequately met by depending upon the voluntary recruits." General Botha has stamped out rebellion, but he is disliked by the labor men of British birth because of the arrest and deportation of their leaders a year ago, and the loyal Boers do not seem keen to take part in the invasion of German territory. It is regrettable that in any part of the Empire there should be need to call out men rather than depend on those who come forward of their own free will.—Globe Jan. 1st.

IF BRITISH SOUTH AFRICAN LABOR MEN are to be exoused at a time like this because "they do not like Botha," we should refrain from bloodthirsty

GERMANY'S SIDE Berlin, Jan. 1.—The following official communication was given out to-day: "In the western theatre of war nothing of importance has happened near Neuport. The idea of retaking the hamlet of St. Georges, which had been completely demolished by the enemy's artillery fire, was abandoned in view of the high level of the water there."

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THE FIGHTING KING OF THE BELGIANS "I believe I am not claiming too much to say that our army saved Dunkirk and Calais at the battle of the Yser."

THE COUNTRY'S LEADER King Albert is the commander of his army in fact as well as in name. Its reorganization into a compact fighting force of less than half of its former size, but infinitely superior in sheer efficiency, is due principally to the king's work and inspiration. He has surrounded himself with young and enthusiastic officers, who already are veterans in experience; and this new personnel works with the utmost harmony.

THE king's chief support is Queen Elizabeth, who lives only a few miles away at a place also on Belgian soil, where she has complete charge of one of the military hospitals. No other women except trained nurses are permitted to approach the Belgian lines. Even the wives of the highest officers are not allowed to pay brief visits to their husbands.

King Albert is living as simply as any subaltern of his staff. In the entrance of the town hall a rickety army cot, on which he seeks short naps when occasionally the Germans relax their efforts against the thin Belgian line. When a few leisure hours permit, the king and queen meet, but they are living virtually under campaign conditions. The queen is the patron saint of the Belgian wounded, who prefer her hospitals located on safer beds. The queen occasionally goes to England to see her children, but lately she has devoted virtually her every waking moment to her hospital.

Neither the king nor the queen has their usual personnel with them. King Albert's aides are working staff officers who serve 24 hour watches, while the queen's ladies-in-waiting are trained nurses serving on her hospital staff.

The correspondent dined to-night with a Belgian army surgeon, who said: "Before the war I was an ardent republican. I still dislike the ordinary type of king, but I am with King Albert to the end. Even if Belgium should become a republic he is the man for president."

BE PATIENT Be patient with these awkward stumbling feet That walk beside you. Ah, could you but know, Uncaught they be, how thankfully they'd go On loving errands for you; counting sweet Fatigue itself, if only it might meet The smile that costs so little, means so much.

Be patient, too, with hands that blunder so, Yet rest upon your own with lingering touch. And ache for your warm clasp: all, could you know.

Be patient, still, with hungry lips that make Mistakes so soft, and give the heart the lie, Though often times discordant notes they take: The silences will claim them by and by.

Beyond your tardy praise, at last awake. —MABEL BOURQUIN, FOSTORIA, OHIO.

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morbid side of your mind. It speaks to your reason and to your soul. It stands pointing the way to the Church where what the press talks about in the marketplace becomes the living reality by which your soul—you, the immortal part of you, feeds its hunger for real joy, real life, real peace and happiness. And as you read it, and awaken its real interest in your press, you will think of ways and means by which it can be helped and improved."

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**FIVE MINUTE SERMON**  
**EPHYPANY OR SUNDAY WITHIN THE OCTAVE**

And entering the house, they found the child with Mary, His Mother, sitting down, they adored Him. And opening his treasures, they offered Him gifts, gold, frankincense and myrrh. (Matt. II, 11)

The Church, my dear friends, in her series of festivals, desires to appeal to the heart as well as to the intellect of her followers. Beginning with the birth of the Son of God on Christmas day, she follows Him in her festivals step by step until His tragic death on Mount Calvary.

If we learn from the Divine Infant, lying in the stable on Christmas, the virtues of poverty, humility and mortification; we likewise, learn obedience to the laws of our Church and of our country when we see Him obey the law of circumcision eight days after His birth. In other festivals in His honor we have presented to our consideration charity, forgiveness of injuries and all other virtues.

To day we celebrate the feast of the Epiphany.

Epiphany means manifestation. It was on this day, the 12th after His birth, that He manifested Himself to the Gentiles. It is sometimes called Little Christmas, or the Christmas of the Gentiles.

The first adorer of our Lord in the stable of Bethlehem were Jews—shepherds who were led thither by the angels singing "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will." When they came near Jerusalem, the star disappeared. They entered the city, and not being ashamed to confess Christ, asked "Where is He who is born king of the Jews?" He has seen His star in the East and have come to adore Him. Herod asked the scribes and priests where Christ was to be born and was told that it was in the city of Bethlehem. Then Herod told the wise men to go and search for this child and bring him word. And when they were outside the city "Behold the star which they had seen in the East was before them until it stood over where the Child was."

And they going in saw the Child and Mary His Mother. And falling down they adored Him. And opening their treasures they offered Him gold, frankincense and myrrh. And being admonished in their sleep not to go back to Herod who wished to kill Jesus, the wise men returned another way to their own country.

Thus we see, my dear friends, that the birth of Jesus Christ was a subject of joy both to Jew and Gentile. Both were invited to come and partake of the common blessing. For at the time that the angel called the Jews in the persons of the shepherds, the star called the rest of mankind in the persons of the three Holy Kings. Jesus Christ was born for the salvation of all mankind. Hence He wished that all would begin to know Him in the infancy of His humanity. The rich and the poor, the Jew and the Gentile, the ignorant and the learned, the king and the subject were all called to Bethlehem to adore the Divine Infant lying in the manger. Lying there on that bed of straw who would suspect Him of being the God of heaven and earth? No external sign of His Divine character could be seen. He appeared to the senses to be a child of misery, distress, affliction and tears. Everywhere in His surroundings was poverty and want. But the Magi did not doubt. They saw with the eyes of faith. Under the form of a newborn infant they believed the eternal God to be present. They were convinced that the child they beheld was their God, the long expected Saviour and Redeemer of mankind.

Knowing this, they fell down and adored Him. Then opening their treasures they offered Him gold, frankincense and myrrh. Gold is the tribute usually paid to kings. Jesus Christ was the King of kings, hence in this light gold was offered Him. Frankincense was offered to God in the temple morning and night. The smoke of the incense represents the prayers ascending to the throne of grace.

Myrrh was used by the Jews in embalming. Hence as offered by the Magi it represents the humanity of Christ.

Gold was offered Him as king, incense as God and myrrh as man; jointly offered by the Magi they represent the two natures of God and man in the person of Jesus Christ.

The Magi worshipped God in spirit and in truth. The same spirit must animate every true follower of Jesus Christ. We have been called to the true faith as the Magi were. This faith has been announced to the world by Jesus Christ Himself; it has been sanctioned and confirmed by miracles; it has been handed down to succeeding generations by inspired Evangelists; and it has been preserved in its original purity by the infallible teaching of the Catholic Church. This great gift has been bestowed upon us. Hence we owe God a debt of adoration for so singular a mercy.

The tribute of love, the tribute of devotion and the tribute of self-

denial are the three acts of homage signified by the gold, frankincense and myrrh of the Magi. This homage of love, devotion and self denial God exacts from every Christian.

Let us my dear friends, endeavor to render God this homage. Let us follow the teaching of the Church, the star of Bethlehem for us, that bright and evening star that will lead us to Jesus; it will guide us through all the trials of life; it will light us in the darkness of the valley of death, and it will lead us safely to the other shore into the haven of eternal rest.

**TEMPERANCE**

**ALCOHOL AND WAR**  
(By Sir James Christon-Browne, in the Observer, London.)

When the history of the present great and terrible war comes to be written it will, I believe, be found that alcohol has had a not inconspicuous part, both actively and negatively, in its progress and final issue. It has been responsible, I believe, in some degree for the hideous cruelties and barbarities perpetrated in Belgium and France by the soldiers of Germany, and in some degree for the cruelties and barbarities which have deprived her of the moral support of the civilized world.

On the other hand, the withdrawal of alcohol by Russia, by means of her decree prohibiting the sale of vodka, a fertile source of demoralization and disease, will be found to have strengthened her arm and helped her to those victories she is achieving and to that sustained resistance necessary to conduct this atrocious war to a triumphant finish in Berlin.

We have innumerable substitutes that possess some of alcohol's attractive qualities without its drawbacks.

Look at tea. I sometimes think that tea should be spelt with an A instead of two E's, for tea has been one of the saviors of mankind. I very well recall that but for the introduction of tea into Europe might have drunk itself to death. I recollect a great surgeon, Mr. Lawson Tait, telling me: "I always operate at 9 o'clock in the morning, and I find that if I take wine at dinner the previous evening, even only a pint of claret, my fingers are not just as exact and nimble as they are when I have had no wine at all, and so I never take wine or any stimulant when I have to operate."

Well, the handling of a magazine rifle is a very delicate operation, and those men will perform it best who have had no alcohol.

**THE WATER WAGON**

I've seen the circus wagon pass, with stately horses hitched in line, all bright with shining paint and handled by circus men, and all its seats and springs are built upon a motor car that cost him many thousand bones; it burned the road up near and far and honked in loud Caruso tones. I've seen all things that go on wheels, whatever may be the motive power; and, viewing them, a fellow feels he's living in a modern hour. Of all the vehicles that roll along the pike from sun to sun, of all that stir me to the soul, the water wagon takes the bun. The water wagon has no gilt, nor is it handled by circus men, and all its seats and springs are built upon a stern, old-fashioned plan: methinks its wheels are needing grease; and one can hear them squeal and grind, but those upon it ride in peace and leave the Land of Grief behind. Hang on, hang on, O thirsty boys, be not dismayed by jests or sneers; your headed now for saner joys than you have known in many years!"—Walt Mason.

**BEST THING HE EVER DID**  
Looking at the matter from all its angles, I am convinced that the best thing I ever did for myself was to quit drinking. I will go further than that and say it is my unalterable conviction that alcohol, in any form, as a beverage never did anything for any man that he would not have been better without.

I can now sit back and contrast the old game with the new. The physical gain is so obvious that even those who have not experienced it admit it, and those who have experienced it comment on it as some miracle of health that has been attained. Any man—I do not care who he is—who was the sort of a drinker I was, who will stop drinking long enough to get cooled out will feel so much better in every way that he will be hard put to give a reason forever beginning again.—Samuel G. Blythe, in Saturday Evening Post.

**LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE**

In "The Faith of Our Fathers," says the Freeman's Journal, Cardinal Gibbons gives a very clear exposition of the points on liberty. Therein he quotes from a letter written by Archbishop Fenelon to the son of King James II., of England. That letter gives the Catholic view. It is worth producing here: "Above all, never force your subjects to change their religion. No human power can reach the impetrate recess of the free will of the heart. Violence can never persuade men; it serves only to make hypocrites. (Grant civil liberty to all, not in approving everything as indifferent, but in tolerating with patience whatever Almighty God tolerates, and endeavoring to convert men by mild persuasion.)"

The history of Spain furnishes us with a good commentary as to the correctness of this view. That kingdom, whose "Inquisition" has furnished much of the stock in trade for

**WORLD'S GREATEST KIDNEY REMEDY**

"Fruit-a-tives" Have Proved Their Value in Thousands of Cases

**WONDERFUL RECORD OF A WONDERFUL CURE**

Only Remedy That Acts On All Three Of The Organs Responsible For The Formation Of Uric Acid In The Blood.

Many people do not realize that the Skin is one of the three great eliminators of waste matter from the body. As a matter of fact, the Skin rids the system of more Urea (or waste matter) than the Kidneys. When there is Kidney Trouble, Pain In The Back and Acid Urine, it may not be the fault of the kidneys at all, but due to faulty Skin Action, or Constipation of the bowels.

"Fruit-a-tives" cures weak, sore, aching Kidneys, not only because it strengthens these organs but also because "Fruit-a-tives" opens the bowels, sweetens the stomach and stimulates the action of the skin.

"Fruit-a-tives" is sold by all dealers at 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

anti-Catholic platform lectures, is a land in which the Church has always battled for freedom. The historian Prescott, non-Catholic as he was, eulogizes the Spanish Catholics for their courageous defence of human liberty.

**ARCHBISHOP GLENNON**

**ON ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST**  
St. Louis Church Progress

In his sermon at the new Cathedral Most Rev. Archbishop Glennon took the life, the character and the work of St. John the Baptist for his text and eloquently pointed the appropriate lessons to be found in the same. His Grace said:

The Christmas time develops a character unique and picturesque in St. John the Baptist—the relative, the early companion, and the prophet of the blessed Lord. The Gospels, especially that written by St. Luke, have much to say concerning the birth and antecedents of St. John and his mission, and in later years, also, the tragedy that terminated his life. For the rest, we have only allusions made, for which, however, the outlines of his exalted and spiritual character may be determined, a study of which is most opportune in these days when life with so many lacks simplicity and purpose, and is blurred by luxury and wasted on trifles. St. John the Baptist, child himself of prophecy, given to his parents in their later years, and declared by Christ that amongst those born of women none was greater than he, from his earliest years dedicated his whole life to the mission that was given him. There was around him a waiting and a doubting world filled with its Sadducees and Pharisees. Piety had given place to hypocrisy, and the power that of old was held for the Lord was now wielded in the interests of the Roman Caesar. Striving for place, anxious for power, greedy for money, the world, including the chosen people, had yielded to a large extent to the world-spirit. There was luxury and the pride of life stalking forth; but there was death following in the wake. From under the pall some did still lift their eyes; and voices were heard from out the darkness, praying for the redemption of Israel and the world.

And now St. John the Baptist leaves his home and friends, set behind him the cities with their pride and luxury, seeks the higher atmosphere of the mountain side, the clearer view of the desert, there to commune with nature and with God—there to listen again to the voice that was calling him, and to read the prophecies that were written in all the stars.

But more definite still was the thought that over at Nazareth there was One for whom the world had waited so long, and yet knew not. Who was come to be the redeemer of Israel and the glory of His people. That thought filled the soul of John, so that the desert living was not a place of solitude, but peopled with mighty thoughts of what was, and what was to be.

The Scriptures tell us of the simple life of St. John in the desert; how he was clothed in camel's hair with a leathern girdle, and that his food was locusts and wild honey. They tell us, too, not only of the example he gives of the homely fare, but also his abstinence from wine and similar drinks, in which example should be found the idea of the total abstinence as encouraged and fostered by the Catholic Church. We have in St. John the example of one who himself abstained from intoxicants; but when it came to denuncia-

tion, all he denounced was sin. In other words, by his example he would lead all to perfect and saintly living, and by his denunciation he would limit the same to what was definitely wrong and sinful.

Such a picture is easily brought before the mind: The desert with its long line of light, deepening towards the horizon, with its shimmering heat, its brilliant coloring, its vastness, and over against it, the figure of the simple, brave, clear visioned Baptist, who as the lion stood full of energy, fearless of fate: or like the pyramid unmoved amid storm and stress, a witness of misery and impotence down below—while its summit stands crowned amid the stars.

St. John went to the desert to fast and to pray, and to make preparation for his mission as the forerunner of the Christ. And the Church in holding up the life of the Baptist also commands to its children this example that he has given, namely, that they should from time to time retire to where, the world forgetting, they may have companionship and direction of the spirit of God. Few realize how helpful, and in a certain sense how necessary such retreats are. Bound up with the things of earth, they have no time to change their ways, to halt their course, nor otherwise to think than according to the way, the course and the thought their business demands. And yet to know ourselves, to see our duty in that only true light, namely, the light of God's presence, to hear His voice without distraction, and to understand and face the mission that is ours without hesitation, the retreat is the ordinary and the necessary way.

We do not know how long St. John spent in the wilderness; but we do know when he returned, when as St. Luke tells us, the word of the Lord came to John in the desert, he comes in response with a willingness and a consecration that soon was felt throughout all Judea. He came preaching penance—"Do penance, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." They must be sorry for the sins, they must be baptized and purified, they must prepare, for the Kingdom of God is at hand. They ask the prophet who he is; he answers, matters not. He came from the desert. From the solitude he came as the messenger of good tidings, he himself answering nothing but only the voice of one crying in the wilderness, makes straight the way of God.

When our Blessed Saviour made His entrance into public life, it is by His being baptized by John in the Jordan; and it is by commending the ministry of John and his prophetic mission; but when the Blessed Master arises, then St. John disappears until he expires that life of simplicity and purity and devotion by the martyrdom that marks the end. He was headed by the master of Judea. Herod, because he denounced the profanity of the ruler. We especially note in the life of St. John the simplicity of his living; and our day with its luxuries and refinements and debaucheries and cruelties may well take to heart the lesson of John, living in the desert, pure of mind, clean of hand, exalted of character, devoted altogether to the mission that was his to perform.

St. John not only lived the simple life, but no foolish notion of exaltation or pride because, of his mission entered his soul. When our blessed Saviour sought baptism at his hands he said, "I ought to be baptized by thee, and comest thou to me." And again, not only did he declare himself to be the voice of one crying in the wilderness; but he who would come so far surpassed St. John that he was unworthy to loose the latchet of his shoe.

St. John the Baptist showed great moral force. He feared neither the king's anger nor a nation's wrath. Pharisees and Sadducees were alike denounced because of their hypocrites and sins. A race of vipers, he called them, who will soon be overwhelmed in the coming wrath.

St. John's course is clear. He will be the voice proclaiming right, he will be the voice denouncing wrong until that voice is hushed in death. He goes bravely to die, muttering no complaint, showing no fear; but steadfast to the cause of virtue, he gives back his soul and his mission to his Master remaining for all time an example of simple faith, holy hope, firm resolve, the friend and companion of Jesus, the prophet of his mission; and after the holy innocent the first of those to die in the knowledge and profession of the advent of the Saviour.

**Swollen, Aching Veins**  
**A Common Cause of Discomfort**  
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**IT DOES MAKE A DIFFERENCE**

Those persons who have had experience in discussing religious questions with the world at large, soon arrive at the conviction that there is an easy-going set of people whose aspiration seldom rises above the material; while there are others who pretend to be seekers after truth with such avidity that they like to be known as religious reformers. Beyond the multiplicity of beliefs they assume to have arrived at the one true religion of feeling as opposed to faith. They talk much of "getting back to Christ," of "shaking off dogma, which is always indicative of bigotry," and of having "fanaticism," a term they apply to the defense one makes of one's own doctrines. Their fundamental principle is that one religion is as good as another. This means, of course, that falsehood is as good as truth. A somewhat intolerant affirmation, the non-Catholic urges. But truth is always intolerant of error. It is, in a sense, unyielding in character. Let our readers consult St. Paul regarding the armor the Christian is to wear in his conflicts with unbelief and unfaith. The description is given in the sixth chapter of his epistle to the Ephesians. Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of justice, and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; in all things taking the shield of faith, wherewith you may be able to extinguish all the fiery darts of the most wicked one. And take unto you the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit (which is the word of God.) Notice, that in all this armor, the Christian is covered with a metallic vesture. Even the belt of truth about his loins is covered with metallic scales, as we learn from the Greek word that describes it. This is to be unyielding in character. It savors of intolerance, but truth must necessarily be intolerant of everything that would destroy truth. Concerning this matter we would recommend what Rev. Bernard J. Otton, S. J., says in his work, "Does it Matter Much What I Believe?"

On the supposition that one religion is as good as another, it must needs be admitted that falsehood is as good as truth. For of the hundreds of existing religions there cannot be found two that agree in principle and practice. What one teaches as true, others reject as false; what one commends as holy, others condemn as impious. According to Anglican, for instance, Christ is a divine person; according to Unitarians and Socinians he is a mere man. By Lutherans infant baptism is considered valid; by Baptists it is rejected as invalid. Catholics hold that Bishops were divinely instituted to rule the Church; Presbyterians teach that Bishops were not so instituted. And so all along the line, when one religious body teaches a certain doctrine, others almost invariably deny it, and hold the contradictory as true. Yet it is the very first principle in philosophy, and of common sense as well, that two contradictory statements cannot both be true at the same time. It is true, for example, that two and two make four; it cannot at the same time be true that two and two do not make four. And so also if it be true that Christ is a divine person, or that infant baptism is valid, or that Bishops were divinely instituted to rule the Church it cannot at the same time be true that Christ is not a divine person, or that infant baptism is not valid, or that Bishops were not divinely instituted to rule the Church. Hence as existing religious systems teach *de facto* opposite and contradictory doctrines some of them must necessarily be false; consequently, if it is true, as Indifferentists hold, that one religion is as good as another, it must also be true that a false religion is as good as the true one, or that falsehood is as good as truth, unless, indeed, we are prepared to maintain that no religion is good which is the very opposite of what Indifferentists have been holding heretofore.—The Missionary.

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**FATEFUL 1915**

The year upon which we are entering is dark with mystery—we cannot forecast the events of a single day of it. Is it not important that exposed to these uncertainties we should protect our households with "the one thing sure"—a life policy?

For if the future is dark to the supporter of the family, what would it be to his dependents if death should remove him?

There is no bond or treaty in the world more binding than a life insurance policy—no policy more immutable than the one issued by

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"Gates of Hell" prevail against them? Manifestly so, according to Pastor Russell.

For a time, he allows, the Church of Rome was the only Church in existence. It follows that it must have been and is the true Church. For Christ would not leave the world for any time without a Church to preach His Gospel to all nations as He commanded—Going, therefore, teach ye all nations.

The Church existing all the time, to do that work was therefore, all the time, the only true Church as it continues to be. The Church of the record for any period has no claim.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

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**A SOUND REBUKE**

"To what religion do you belong?" a minister of State in Holland asked a young man who had applied for a government office. The minister, though a Protestant, had a great respect for the Catholic belief, and was greatly surprised when the candidate answered: "I am a Catholic, but I do not much care whether I continue to be one or not." "I have no appointment for you," said the minister. "You were born and brought up in the greatest institution in the world, and yet you betray your cause! A Catholic who does not love and esteem his faith as his great treasure is not fit for the king's service, since he knows not how to serve his God."—Sacred Heart Review.

**NO CLAIM**

Pastor Russell, of the "Russellite Church," in a recent sermon in the City Temple, New York City made remarks on the Catholic Church in the course of which he said: "I am discussing the Church of Rome only because for a time there was no other." Here is a noteworthy admission. There was a time when there was only one Church and that the Church of Rome. What then of the other bodies claiming to be Churches, and Christian and Apostolic? Did the

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

KEEPING HIM DOWN

Many men are "kept down" in the way in which the man in the following story, told by J. L. Harbom, was kept from amounting to anything.

A gentleman was travelling in the South on horseback, when he stopped for a drink of water at a little log cabin in the backwoods. A long and very lank man, with a thin, straggling beard and weak blue eyes, was sprawling under a tree in the doorway.

"Why, yess, certainly," drawled the man. "That's the well; help yourself. Maw, can't you get a glass to drink out of?"

"There's a gourd hangin' on to the well-urb," replied the woman.

"Do not let me trouble you in any way," the stranger made haste to say. "I can drink out of the well bucket."

"Wal, that's the way we do," said the man.

After satisfying his thirst the stranger said, "I wonder if I could have my horse put up and fed while I walk to the summit of that hill yonder, where I could perhaps get a good photograph of the valley below."

"You hear that, Jake?" said the man, rising to a sitting posture. "He says that he'll give 50 cents to have his horse fed. That's your chance to earn money here."

"There ain't no corn husked to feed the critter with," replied the boy called Jake, as he turned over and buried his face in the grass.

"Wal, Lute, you whirl in an' look after the critter. Fifty cents will buy a pile of shot for your new gun."

"Let Lem do it," replied Lute, and he yawned a tremendous yawn.

"Lem! O Lem!" called the woman. The sandy head of a youth of about twenty years was thrust out of a window in the gable of the house, and a voice said, sleepily:

"What you want?"

"Here's a man wants his horse watered and fed, and he'll give 50 cents for it."

"Let Luke or Jake do it."

"Wal, if you ain't too triflin' to live!" exclaimed the man, with some show of irritation. Then he asked:

"What's Lyddy? I reckon she'll do it. She's got more get up than any of the rest of you. What's Lyddy, maw?"

"I dunno. She said she was going off somewhere and take a nap 'cause she was off to that dance down in the hollow all night. Like enough she's snoozin' some place over in the big woods."

After screaming several times for "Lyddy," and failing to get any reply, the man turned appealingly to his wife and said:

"Wal, why can't you do it, maw? Think of all the terbacker for your pipe that 50 cents will buy!"

"Yes, an' have you an' the boys smoke the leaf of it up. No, I thank ye!"

The man turned toward the stranger in disgust and in despair and said:

It dishonors your parents, and your wife and your children, and your friends and your home and your business and your God.

It proves nothing but your own unworthiness. It accomplishes nothing but your own undoing.

It convinces others that you are a good man not to do business with.—S. W. McGill, in Association Men.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

"THE GUIDING STAR"

It was the hour for the writing lesson in Room No. 5. Thirty heads were bent low over the desks, and thirty unskilled little hands were guiding the pens, unsteadily, across the white pages.

Little Elizabeth Moore, in the very last seat of the third row, was struggling with the capital "Q." The first one had been too slanting, the second resembled a leaf on a tree, rather than a letter of the alphabet, and the last was entirely too fat.

"Now, 'Lady Dear' was starting down the aisle to inspect the work. She moved softly, stooping over each desk, with a word of criticism here, a suggestion there, but always, everywhere, a smile and a word of encouragement.

The fourth "Q" was a beautiful success, almost as good as the model itself. "Lady Dear" would admire that. She would be there, too, soon. Even now she had stooped at the next desk. The hem of her brown skirt touched Elizabeth's foot. Her golden head was bent low over that of the occupant of the seat, and her hand rested on the back of the desk, directly in front of Elizabeth. How could one think of writing lessons, with their troublesome "Q's" when "Lady Dear" was so near, and one might look on so lovingly a vision?

Elizabeth's gaze wandered from "Lady Dear" to a picture of Saint Cecilia, on the wall opposite. Had the man who painted that picture known "Lady Dear"? He must have been thinking of her as he worked, only, of course, the picture was not nearly so beautiful as "Lady Dear" herself.

It was then, just as Elizabeth was enumerating the many points of superiority in "Lady Dear's" appearance over that of the picture, that the inevitable happened.

Elizabeth never knew how it came about, but when she looked down there, in the very center of that last "Q," was a generous drop of ink, slowly making its way down the page. Elizabeth's cry of dismay brought "Lady Dear" to the rescue. By quick, skillful manipulations with the blotter, a practice acquired by experience in many like emergencies, the havoc was stopped, but the "Q" was ruined.

As usual, "Lady Dear" understood. "What a naughty drop of ink, to spoil such a pretty letter. The rest of the work is very neat, Elizabeth. We'll master those 'Q's' yet, and with a smile, she had passed on.

Of course, "Lady Dear" was not her real name. She was Miss Allen, to the other children, but in the heart of this, her most obedient pupil, she was loved and revered as "Lady Dear."

Miss Allen herself did not know of this other name, for it had never passed Elizabeth's lips: somehow it seemed to her too sacred for utterance. Miss Allen was loved by all her pupils, but with Elizabeth this love amounted to adoration. Perhaps the chief reason for this was that the child had so little else to love. Left an orphan in early life, she had passed from one relative to another, and at present, her home was with an uncle's family—a family of cousins, large and noisy, who had never been kind in making Elizabeth feel that she was one of them.

It had always been hard for Elizabeth to be good, as might have been expected, from her lack of home training. She had been wilful and disobedient, and in former years had given her teachers more trouble than any other pupil in the room. But those days were before she had known "Lady Dear," and now, though Elizabeth herself scarcely realized it, an entire transformation was taking place. It was found that doing certain things gave "Lady Dear" trouble why then, of course, one wouldn't do them, and it was worth the effort expended in properly preparing a lesson to win "Lady Dear's" smile of approval.

To be sure, there were times when Elizabeth lapsed back into the old ways of carelessness and willfulness, but those occasions were growing less and less frequent, and gave promise of soon disappearing altogether.

It was the next day that the crisis came. For when the school bell rang and Room No. 5 assembled for the morning session, alas! there was no "Lady Dear" to welcome them; but in her place stood a tall, majestic-looking person, as different from "Lady Dear" as a tiger lily is from a lily of the valley. Oh! what could be the matter with "Lady Dear"? Perhaps she was ill, perhaps she had resigned, perhaps—oh, terrible thought—perhaps she would never come back. Elizabeth's loyal little heart was ached with a wild, anxious fear, which was only partially quieted by the tall personage explaining that she was Miss Brown: that Miss Allen had been suddenly called out of town: that she would take her place for the day; that she hoped they would get along nicely together, and the children would do just as they were accustomed to do when Miss Allen was there. Elizabeth thought sullenly, that she didn't care whether they got along together, all or not: nothing mattered now, since "Lady Dear" was not there. What was the use of study, if there was no "Lady Dear" to approve of your work, and what was the use of trying to be good if there were no "Lady Dear" to please? But how she did want "Lady Dear!" How long the day would seem without her!

Elizabeth brushed away the hot tears, as she opened her reader at the morning's lesson. But somehow, she could not study. The letters all ran together to spell the one name, "Lady Dear"; and try as she might, she could not keep her thoughts on the lesson.

When the reading class was called things went no better. She could not, or at least did not, listen to the others read, and when Miss Brown unexpectedly called her name she had no idea where to begin. She hesitated, stammered and finally commenced, two paragraphs ahead.

"You've made a mistake, I think; the last paragraph on the last page, please," Miss Brown's tone was kind, if somewhat annoyed.

Something like the old-time spirit arose in Elizabeth's heart: her lips moved, and framed the words, "I don't want to read that." Elizabeth, not to be seated. Miss Brown's voice was stern and commanding, "and you may remain at recess, Elizabeth. I wish to speak to you."

But at recess Elizabeth's mood had not changed. Her mouth was set in a firm, determined line, and her eyes met Miss Brown's with no signs of yielding in their blue depths.

"I didn't read it because I didn't feel like it," was the only explanation which Miss Brown received, and, indeed, Elizabeth told the truth. Miss Brown at last decided that the child was ill, so dismissed her without further punishment.

That day was the longest which Elizabeth had ever known. At the end of the period which was supposed to be spent by the class in preparing their geography lesson, but during which Elizabeth had sat, with her book open and her eyes on the big maple tree by the window, Miss Brown surprised the class by announcing a written lesson.

Elizabeth's heart gave a great leap. Why, oh why, hadn't she studied that lesson? She might have known that something like this would happen. But it was too late now. If words came to worse—well, she would see. The first question related to the lesson of the day previous, and this she knew fairly well, but after this she could go no farther. She knew absolutely nothing of the subject. Miss Brown was busy writing, and seldom looked up; Elizabeth's seat was in the back part of the room—and, her book was in the desk. Five months ago, and such a suggestion would have seemed a perfect natural one. Now, as though by magic, she slipped the book out and softly opened it. It was so easily done, so quickly over with, when Miss Brown came down the aisle to collect the papers, Elizabeth had a neatly written paper ready for her. It was then that her eyes happened to fall upon the picture of St. Cecilia. What, oh, what was "Lady Dear" doing now? Was she thinking of her, Elizabeth? Then, for the first time, the light broke, and an awful realization came over her. What if "Lady Dear" knew? Elizabeth hesitated. Should she keep the paper, now at the last moment? But already Miss Brown had taken it out of her hand and had turned away.

Elizabeth grew sick at heart. How could she ever look "Lady Dear" in the face again, and in the absence of "Lady Dear," how could she look at the picture, which reminded one so strongly of her? And she, Elizabeth Moore, had thought she would grow up to be like "Lady Dear!" This looked like it! Had kind, beautiful "Lady Dear" ever done anything like this? Oh, if only she had studied that day, if only she hadn't been so rude! If she could be good when "Lady Dear" was there, could she do better than this, for her sake, even though "Lady Dear" herself were absent? And what would "Lady Dear" have her do now? Elizabeth knew what she would do. She would lay her head on the sympathetic shoulder and sob out all the sad little story, and "Lady Dear's" arm would tighten round her, and that sweet, sorry look would come into "Lady Dear's" eyes. Well, for "Lady Dear's" sake, she would have to tell Miss Brown, and then, to-morrow she would tell "Lady Dear" too.

And so it came about that, after school had been dismissed that afternoon, a trembling little figure stood before Miss Brown's desk.

"Well," Miss Brown gave a smile of encouragement—and waited. Elizabeth twisted a corner of her apron. It was going to be harder than she had thought.

"I didn't know my geography lesson—I hadn't studied it, and—I opened my book when I wrote it," the words came tumbling one after another.

Miss Brown was surprised. This was not what he had expected.

"Why, Elizabeth, what made you do that?"

"Elizabeth shook her head." "I don't know," she replied, meekly. "I suppose it was because I forgot that 'Lady Dear' said it was wrong." The name slipped out unconsciously. "And," the little head sank lower, "I'm sorry I was rude this morning. Please forgive me."

Miss Brown looked grave. "Yes, I think I will this time for I don't believe you really meant it. But I'm sorry about the geography, Elizabeth. You know that was a very, very

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The modern intervention of the Church in the economic crisis, on anything like a world-compelling scale, may be said to date from May 15, 1891, with the appearance of the famous encyclical Rerum Novarum which, says the Jesuit, is perhaps best known as Leo XIII's "Letter on the Condition of Labor." This document dealt fearlessly and trenchantly with the popular aspects of the social question from the point of view of Catholic ethics and received, as it deserved to receive, almost universal applause.

THE CHURCH'S DEMOCRACY

Despite the fact that in the great democracy of the United States the Catholic Church flourishes beyond all other communions, superficial thinkers are wont to charge the Church with being reactionary, feudalistic, conservative and "hierarchical" in the aristocratic sense.

This calumny, says Father Day, S. J., in his work of Catholic Sociology entitled "Catholic Democracy" (Longmans) dates back to the days of the French Revolution. That event proved them, and has doubly proved since, says the Jesuit, that on the whole, the Catholics pointed the moral of their own essential democracy by accepting the French Revolution and its best principles for the liberal views it, in many ways, contained.

It is not to be denied, however, that some Catholics favored the reactionary and retrograde cause which became possible after the downfall of Napoleon and the re-establishment of the Bourbons. The action of such Catholics resulted in great part in the propaganda of anti-Catholic calumny and denunciation which for the past three generations has tinged the history of politics. The Church, it was declared, was ever intriguing against the State; religion was essentially anti-republican; it wanted feudalism back; it opposed the rights of the people, and so forth.

There day is willing to admit that there existed a small conservative Catholic minority who, by their action, were responsible for this condition of affairs, which, he says, was simply a gross caricature of the real Church that was founded upon the essentially democratic or humanitarian principles of Christ.

The reaction against the democratic notions of the French Revolution gave birth in France to several parties which constituted themselves the advocates of the "rights of man" for Catholics as for all other men. The representatives of these parties are living to-day in the leaders of the Sillon which was condemned by the late Pius X. on the general ground that it placed liberty as the positive foundation of everything and shelved entirely the question of authority.

Each political revolution, as in 1890 and 1894, which advocated the notion of liberty as a right, produced a corresponding reaction on the part of successive minorities in the Church and the result was a severe politico religious conflict which lasted through the reigns of Pius IX. and Leo XIII., a pivotal point in the whole polemic being the question of the temporal power—whence its origin and its justification.

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MAKING INFIDELS

College circles have been some what stirred up over an editorial in the Presbyterian, the official organ of the Presbyterians in which it is asserted that infidelity is being taught at Princeton. The editorial runs:

"Those who join in the class of Prof. Miller will be instilled with infidelity, both as to the Scriptures and the Lord Jesus Christ. He believes in the divinity of neither, and has publicly declared his unbelief. We know that to such teaching the money and energy of Princeton is devoted and the sons of evangelical believers are exposed."

"If the university cannot be freed from its infidelity then the other Christian denominations should arrange to follow the example of Trinity Episcopal Church at Princeton and take care of their own boys. This is no light matter. Parents who send their sons to Princeton for its high intellectual advantages are much concerned about the religious and moral influence to which they are subjected."

"The breaking out of a flood of heathenism in the nations of Europe is awakening our American people to the cause of danger. Bad instruction in European universities is the real cause of the European war. Bad instruction in American universities will end in some similar breakout in our own land."

"The trouble with the religious and biblical work of many of our universities is that it is put into the hands of young and inexperienced men, who either treat it as a matter of experiment or a field for the display of novelties."

"Princeton also seems to become the stamping ground for Union Theological Seminary. With this repetition of Union Seminaryism at Princeton evangelical Christians will have to take a choice of the trilemma: either send their boys elsewhere, forbid them to take the Bible course at Princeton or yield them up to the basest infidelity both with regard to the Bible and Christ."

What is said of this university is all too true of many another. Higher learning (with many professors is synonymous with free thinking. The Bible has lost its sacredness, and is used as an instrument with which to cut from the heart of the youth his religion just at the time when to cope with the temptations of youth he needs every possible help.

Knowing with what suspicion the secular university is rightly regarded the wonder is that Catholic parents can with equanimity send their boys thither. It is playing with fire.

What makes it so reprehensible is that it is not at all necessary. Our own universities are wholly as competent, to say the least, to give a thorough education, with the added advantage beyond price that in them the youth is taught the real value of things and led to seek first the kingdom of God.—Pilot.

THE OLD, OLD LIE

The Protestant Bishop of Carlisle (England) recently asked to be referred to "an authentic declaration in the writings of the Jesuits which makes the announcement that 'we should not do evil that good may come.'" Replying to this request a correspondent in the Tablet quotes the following passage from "The Catholic's Manual," a prayer book published by the Jesuits:

"We ought rather to suffer death than incur the guilt of one known and deliberate venial sin—it can never be authorized by any pretext of doing a greater good."

This is nailed once again the old, old lie against the Jesuits. But it is

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OJIBWAY will be, in the very near future to the Dominion of Canada what Gary, Ind., is to the United States: one of the greatest steel centres in the country. OJIBWAY is the townsite of the United States Steel Corporation, located on the Detroit River, one end one half miles beyond Sandwich, Ont., and directly across from one of the suburbs of Detroit, Michigan, namely: Delray. The great work has begun of diverting from what is nearly a wilderness to what will be one of the greatest manufacturing centres in Canada. Main Street, which is 3 1/2 miles long, has been graded 100 feet wide, and paving will be started in the early spring. The Essex Terminal Railway, connecting with the Grand Trunk Railway at Ford, the Pere Marquette at Walkerville, the Canadian Pacific Railway and Michigan Central Railway at Windsor, has been laid into the townsite.

not killed out and out. The liars will be "up smiling," as usual, on some future occasion or opportunity.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

New Telephone Directory

A new issue of our Official Telephone Directory is now being prepared and the copy will close within the next few days. Orders for new connections, changes of name or address, should be reported to us at once.

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This new system which is called the Numeral Method, is sold in Canada by the Numeral Method Music Co. of Canada, and as they are desirous of at once making it known in every locality, they are making the following special free trial and half-price offer to our readers.

You are not asked to send any money until you have tried and are satisfied with the new method. The Numeral Company is willing to send it to you on one week's free trial, and you will not have to pay them one cent unless you desire to keep it. There are no express charges to be paid, as everything will be sent by mail. Simply write a letter or post card to the Numeral Method Music Co. of Canada, 118A Curry Hall, Windsor, Ontario, saying "Please send me the Numeral Method on seven days' free trial." If you are satisfied after trying it, the Method and fifty different pieces of sheet music will cost you only \$5, although the regular price of these is \$10. You should not delay writing, as the Numeral Company will not continue this special half-price offer indefinitely. Later on, the Method and fifty pieces of music will be sold at the regular price.

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A NEW CANADIAN POET

BY DR. WM. J. FISHER
Lovers of poetry will welcome at this season of the year, when gift-giving seems to be one of the supreme joys of the hour, the appearance of Rev. D. A. Casey's exquisite book of lyrics, entitled "At the Gate of the Temple"

"To My Mother, whose good opinion I value above any else that earth can hold, this little volume is lovingly dedicated. It may be that the critic will find much to censure, and very little to commend, but the pleasure it will bring you is sufficient justification for its publication."

For the purple drappings of pomp and power but aching hearts entell! O Friend, shall I ask a part for you in the things that are defiled?

And over the waste of days, Dear Heart, there comes to my listening ear— 'Tis the Voice that I loved in the Golden Past—in accents loud and clear,

"The empty gifts of the changing hour are but for the worldly wise. Do but ask for me through the ages gray the Light of a Baby's Eyes."

"For the shadow love of the human heart— forever craves for change. As an infant reaches its tiny hands for toys that are new and strange;

The Muses seem to have showered the lines in "Passing By"—an Irish legend of All Soul's Eve—with whitest star-dust. The poet's powers here strike twelve:

"The raindrops patter against the pane The wind moans by the door; Herself, she sees that the fire is bright, And then sweeps up the floor;

So wise are we in our own conceit, So versed in learned lore, We smile to think that the holy souls Should wait there by the door, In that old-time land where the things of Faith

The smile on the cheerful faces, The hearts that are quick to pray, God keep you and guard you, Ireland!

One of the sweetest poems in the volume is the deserving tribute to the Sisters of St. Joseph, that loving, self-sacrificing army of courageous women—the sunshine of our Catholic life—

Who are passing through the portals to the day's appointed task, (Sombre black the outer garment, white as snow the heart within), Not to tread the path of Pleasure, Not to garner Dead Sea treasures, But to war for souls with Satan and the luring call of sin.

Bending low o'er anguished mortals in the watches of the night, Soothing some poor tortured body in the healing homes of pain, By the bedside vigil keeping, Guardian angels of the sleeping, While from hushed lips up to heaven steals the Ave's sweet refrain.

Tenderly in crowded hospice grey haired derelicts they tend, To the world's flos and jetsam they have thrown their portals wide, Ne'er a task is there too lowly, For these vestal virgins holy, To do good to all their life's work, same as writ of Him who died."

The present regrettable war seems to have inspired many poems. Noyes, Kipling, Hardy, Newbolt and Massfield, who wrote the deathless "August 1914" which appeared in the English Review, have been spilling streams of rich poetry down the glorious hills of England. The spirit and the times have also stirred our own Father Dollard and Dr. O'Hagan into the singing of delightful measures. We have not seen a truer canvas of poor, mutilated, bleeding Belgium and her noble, heroic sons than the following from Father Casey's brush—the lines fairly glow with life and pathos:

"Pity the martyr dead? Nay, rather praise, (They need not pity who so nobly die), If coward choice assured them length of days Then Shame might weep; now Pity's eyes are dry.

And though they're gone yet, praised be God, there's no sleepin' near to home, And 'tis no stranger's hand, authors, that lays them down to rest.

If only Willie bawn were here to lay me in the clay, To place me poor old bones to rest along side him that's gone, His hand in mine—I'd welcome thin the breakin' o' the day, An' I'd not fear the long boren that leads beyant the dawn."

This is real poetry. It touches the human heart and sinks in deeply. The poems, "My Prayer," "His Mother's Rosary" and "An October Thought" all possess elements of merit.

There are also Christmas poems a plenty among the poet's wreath—clustering blooms that shine out resplendent—but we have space only for "An Irish Christmas Legend."

"Pile high the turf upon the fire And make the cabin bright And put no bolt upon the door This blessed Christmas night; For if so be they pass this way, And she in trouble sore, They'll know an Irish welcome waits Beyond the open door.

Now place the Christmas candles there Put one for every pane— That they may see the blessed light Ashining through the rain; The curlew calls across the sky, The wilds are keening low, Who knows but here they'll rest a while, As on the way they go?

On Christmas Eve long, long ago, The doors were bolted fast, And in the dawn's grey light they found Their footsteps as they passed; For this the Christmas lights are set, The doors are open wide, That in her travail she may know A place she may abide.

The inns were full, but there is room, This blessed Christmas night, For Mary and her Holy Child Where shines the Christmas light? Then set a candle in each pane, That, passing, they may know A welcome waits the Holy Child Where Christmas lights bright glow.

Quite in harmony with the joyful festivities of Xmas tide was the double ceremony of religious reception and profession at "The Pines," Chatham, Ont., on the morning of Monday, Dec. 28, at 9.30 a. m.

At the hour appointed, the convent chapel of the Holy Family was filled with interested relatives and friends of those taking part in the ceremony. Soon the solemn procession of clergy, religious, novices and postulants, gowned in beautiful bridal costumes and attended by daintily attired little flower-girls, entered the chapel where Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Doyle, C. S. S. R., of London, His Lordship Right Rev. M. F. Fallon, D. D., officiating.

Trudell, Tilbury, Ont., Sister M. St. Leo. The clergy present were, Very Rev. Father James, O. F. M., Chatham; Rev. Father Hanlon, St. Michael's, London; Rev. Father Robert, Windsor; Rev. Father Parent, Tilbury; Rev. Father Ford, Maidstone; Rev. Father O'Reilly, C. S. S. R., London; Rev. Father Solanus, O. F. M., Cincinnati; Rev. Father Pierce, Skoney Point; Rev. Father Hermingford, O. F. M., Chatham; Rev. Father Cote, C. S. R., Sandwich; Rev. Father Laurandea, St. Martin's, London; Rev. Father Prosper, O. F. M., Chatham; Rev. Father Neville, Windsor; Rev. Father McCarthy, Ridgetown; Rev. Father Corcoran, St. Mary's, London; Rev. Father Brisson, Leamington; Rev. Father Powell, Toronto.

The importance of Bible study among the laity has always been recognized and recommended by the Church, and especially so where religious discussion or conflict has brought any important dogma into controversy. As a repository of Christian truth it has always been given the highest place in the Church, which is its "pillar and ground of the Catholic Truth" (1 Tim. iii, 15). Distorted and misunderstood, it will lead souls astray, but when interpreted by the living Church to which it was committed by the Almighty, and used for edification and spiritual culture, its value to the Christian is very great. As to the grounds special to Catholics in favor of its inspiration, we know of nothing better than what is said by Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S. S., D. D., in his "General Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures," Page 539:

Over and above the grounds which are common to Protestants and Catholics, there is the distinctly Catholic argument, which rests the belief in the inspiration of the Bible directly on the divine authority of a living Church. It is plain that whatever difficulties may be raised against the doctrine of Biblical Inspiration, in the name of History, of Higher Criticism, of Geology, etc., Catholics will ever find a solid ground for their faith on this point, in simple consideration that the inspired character of the Bible is certain beyond all doubt, since the Church, speaking with divine, and consequently infallible authority, teaches it as a truth revealed by God.

This is the ground which Catholic theologians and ecclesiastical writers naturally appeal to after they have established the right of a living Church to teach Revelation with divine authority and it is the proof upon which St. Augustine—and no doubt countless minds after him—felt necessary to fall back upon, when he said: "I would not believe the Gospel, unless the authority of the Church moved me thereto."

Finally, according to many polemical writers among Catholics, it is the only adequate proof that of a divine revelation, not necessarily known even to the mind that is acted upon, they hold that the testimony of God Himself is required to make men perfectly sure of it, and that this divine testimony comes to our knowledge only by the voice of the Church which He has commanded us to hear.

When Our Blessed Lord, after His Resurrection, walked with the two disciples to Emmaus, and talked with them concerning the kingdom of God with subdued and solemn tones they asked each other: "Was not our heart burning within us, whilst He spoke in the way, and opened to us the Scriptures?" (Luke xxiv, 32.) This would seem to show the need of a living teacher or authority to unfold the meaning of the profound truths of Holy Writ. This teacher is needed, too, for inspiration. Even the best of books will often be a dead letter till some earnest and far-seeing soul opens it up to the heart. It is not so much the "leaves of life" as laborers that are needed in the vineyard—men who shall be "burning and shining lights" in his day. The Bible must be opened up to us by an authoritative teacher in order that its deeper thoughts and truths may be apprehended. The kingdom of grace, like the kingdom of nature, has not its richest treasures lying on the surface. As our fathers passed over the plains and mountains of our States, never dreaming of the mines of light and heat buried beneath their breast, so men may glide across the sacred page without finding their heavenly fires. Eternal stores of truth are hidden in the Word to meet the needs of all the ages. The Berean searcher who, with docile mind and teachable spirit, looks into the sacred volume, shall never walk in darkness, but shall have "the light of life."

The Bible is the only book as wide as human nature. All volumes of man's making are one-sided. The Bible's teachings include all progress. No possible development of the race can leave its revelations in the distance. Like the great Church in whose bosom it has been sheltered since it was given to man, it always faces humanity at the angle where needed. The great questions with which it deals—sin, sorrow, the grave, the state of the dead, God and immortality—can never be set aside. The rising orbs of science and philosophy can never come to fight against Christ and His Church in their course. As astronomy once

gave its brightest beams to bring wise men to bow before the Babe in Bethlehem, so when all the stars of science and discovery reach their meridian they will stand over Jesus. In Him natural and revealed religion will find their everlasting harmonies.

If the lay laborer, in his efforts to convince men of the proper relation of the Bible to the Church, cannot open the Holy Scriptures to the inquirer's heart and explain its deep meaning, he can open the inquirer's heart to the Scriptures, and make it responsive to Bible teaching concerning Christian doctrine. Our mission many times is to open the heart to the book. We may lead earnest souls into the presence of the treasure, even if we be unable fully to explain the nature of the treasure. There are others who can do that. The soul, as well as the Scripture, must be earnestly studied by the worker. If all the approaches to the spirit were carefully sought, there would be fewer abandoned wrecks of humanity. We must measure men from the sympathetic standpoint. Those hearts that "burned" on the way to Emmaus opened to Our Blessed Lord's divine words, because as a friend and brother He talked to the two disciples "by the way." Simple, solemn, holy words, spoken here and there, may lead a soul into the treasure-house where riches may be gathered that will made opulent the soul that is perishing in the sterility of the world's deserts.—The Missionary.

The late Stanley Matthews—a jurist of much power—Senator from Ohio and an Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court. In 1869, while one of the counsel for defendants in the case of John D. Minor against the Board of Education of Cincinnati, Ohio—case about the Bible in the public schools—made use of these words in his address to the court. "I will say that from the study which I have made, as time and opportunity have been given me, of the doctrinal basis of the Catholic faith. I am proud to say that it is not an ignorant superstition, but a scheme of well constructed logic, which he is a bold man who says he can easily answer. Give them one proposition, concede to them one single premise, and the whole of their faith follows most legitimately and logically, and that is the fundamental doctrine, the doctrine of what the Church is, what it was intended to be, by Whom it was founded, by Whom it has been perpetuated, being the casket which contains to day, shining brightly as before the ages, the ever living, actually present body of God teaching and training men for life here and life hereafter."

NOT IGNORANT SUPERSTITION

Wanted for C. S. S. No. 6, Huntley, a second class professional teacher. Salary \$450. Duties to commence Jan. 2. Apply to W. J. Ryan, Sec. Treas. S. S. No. 6, Cortary, R. M. 2, 1890-2.

A QUALIFIED NORMAL TRAINED CATHOLIC teacher for Separate S. S. No. 2, Tyndinaga. Conviction to church, post office, telephone and boarding. Duties to commence Jan. 4th. Apply stating salary, to Jos. L. Walsh, Sec. Treas. Tyndinaga, P. O., Ont. 1890-2.

A QUALIFIED NORMAL TRAINED CATHOLIC teacher for Separate school. Duties beginning after Christmas holidays. Apply stating salary to W. Ryan, Box 22, Charlton, Ont. 1891-2.

WANTED NORMAL TRAINED TEACHER for Bogart school. Apply to P. Kinlin, Bogart Ontario. 1892-3.

WANTED A QUALIFIED TEACHER CAPABLE of teaching English and French for school No. 11, Lancaster. Apply to Armand Proulx, Sec. Treas., Green Valley, Ont. 1892-3.

WANTED FEMALE TEACHER FOR C. S. S. No. 4, Raleigh, holding first or second class professional certificate. Duties to commence after holidays. School well located and boarding house convenient. Salary \$375 to \$600. Apply stating experience to L. Waddick, Sec. R. R. No. 6, Chatham, Ont. 1888-9.

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TEACHER WANTED, HOLDING FIRST OR second class certificate, for Catholic school, Fort William, Ont. Salary \$600 per year. Duties to commence Jan. 1. Apply to G. P. Smith, Sec., 114 Simpson street, Fort William, Ont. 1888-9.

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MEMORIAL WINDOWS STAINED GLASS

and worthless love as a morning sacrifice: I place it in Thy keeping, beseeching Thee that Thou wouldst deign to pour into it Thy divine inspirations, and to enkindle it in Thy holy love. Amen."

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Quite in harmony with the joyful festivities of Xmas tide was the double ceremony of religious reception and profession at "The Pines," Chatham, Ont., on the morning of Monday, Dec. 28, at 9.30 a. m. At the hour appointed, the convent chapel of the Holy Family was filled with interested relatives and friends of those taking part in the ceremony. Soon the solemn procession of clergy, religious, novices and postulants, gowned in beautiful bridal costumes and attended by daintily attired little flower-girls, entered the chapel where Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Doyle, C. S. S. R., of London, His Lordship Right Rev. M. F. Fallon, D. D., officiating. After the four novices begged admission to holy profession, and the five postulants asked to be received into the Ursuline Order, His Lordship delivered a deeply impressive sermon, taking as text the Yule tide canticle of the Angel, "Behold, I bring you tidings of great joy." And in his own graceful style, he applied these greetings to the ceremony of the day, impressing with heart-mercy and goodness of God towards those to whom He extends the loving invitation to follow Him. "No work," he continued, "however laborious, no trial however heroically received, no talents or mental culture, however splendidly applied, can ever begin to repay the grace of a call to serve God in the safer precincts of the cloister. . . Let those of you," he said, "who are being received as novices to day, and those of you who are assuming the responsibility of giving with the feeling that you are giving absolutely nothing in comparison to that which you will receive. True, you are making the grandest sacrifice a human being can make; you are voluntarily giving up family and friends, but the Ursuline Order is proffering you a blessed privilege denied to thousands just as worthy. Be proud and grateful, therefore, that you are to belong to the Order of the Ursulines, to that grand old Order of the Church of God, the saintly founders of which have long since gone to join the band of Virgins about the throne of Him Whom you must try to serve as they have done." His Lordship's sermon was one not soon to be forgotten, one which all present felt to be the sentiments of a noble heart keenly jealous of and sensitive to the interests of Christ and His Church. The religious admitted to Holy Profession were Sister M. Angela, Sister M. Rose, Sister M. Isabel, and Sister M. Miriam. Those taking the white veil and habit were Miss Mary Beatrice Major, Leamington, Ont., formerly of London, England, in religion Sister M. St. Michael; Miss Katherine Toohy, Lucan, Ont.; Sister M. Mercedes; Miss Mary Beatrice Connor, Waupun, Wis.; Sister M. St. Thomas Aquinas; Miss Mary Kilgallon, London, Ont.; Sister M. Madeline Sophie; Miss Ida Mae

Wanted for C. S. S. No. 6, Huntley, a second class professional teacher. Salary \$450. Duties to commence Jan. 2. Apply to W. J. Ryan, Sec. Treas. S. S. No. 6, Cortary, R. M. 2, 1890-2. A QUALIFIED NORMAL TRAINED CATHOLIC teacher for Separate S. S. No. 2, Tyndinaga. Conviction to church, post office, telephone and boarding. Duties to commence Jan. 4th. Apply stating salary, to Jos. L. Walsh, Sec. Treas. Tyndinaga, P. O., Ont. 1890-2. A QUALIFIED NORMAL TRAINED CATHOLIC teacher for Separate school. Duties beginning after Christmas holidays. Apply stating salary to W. Ryan, Box 22, Charlton, Ont. 1891-2. WANTED NORMAL TRAINED TEACHER for Bogart school. Apply to P. Kinlin, Bogart Ontario. 1892-3. WANTED A QUALIFIED TEACHER CAPABLE of teaching English and French for school No. 11, Lancaster. Apply to Armand Proulx, Sec. Treas., Green Valley, Ont. 1892-3. WANTED FEMALE TEACHER FOR C. S. S. No. 4, Raleigh, holding first or second class professional certificate. Duties to commence after holidays. School well located and boarding house convenient. Salary \$375 to \$600. Apply stating experience to L. Waddick, Sec. R. R. No. 6, Chatham, Ont. 1888-9. WANTED A QUALIFIED TEACHER CAPABLE of teaching English and French for school No. 11, Lancaster. Apply to Armand Proulx, Sec. Treas., Green Valley, Ont. 1892-3. TEACHER WANTED, HOLDING FIRST OR second class certificate, for Catholic school, Fort William, Ont. Salary \$600 per year. Duties to commence Jan. 1. Apply to G. P. Smith, Sec., 114 Simpson street, Fort William, Ont. 1888-9. FARMS FOR SALE EXECUTORS SALE OF STOCK AND GRAIN farm, in Oxford county, 233 acres clay loam; solid red brick house, basement barn 60x40; cement hog pen 50x20; cement silo 14x35, iron cows, vlns, traps, school, churches, creamery, condenser (borden) hydro power, telephone and rural mail included. Within easy driving distance of three Catholic churches. Write for printed description and price to J. McNally, executor, Otterville, Ont., R. C. No. 1. 1893-4.

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