

# The Catholic Record.

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

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LONDON, SATURDAY, OCT. 19, 1918

### A PLEA FOR ECONOMY

We are, we admit, as vain as other men, and we can walk with a strut when we have on new clothes, which, we are conscious, fit us to a nicety. Every man under such circumstances is a peacock, and is to be forgiven. But although we plead guilty to that pompous weakness, we have the merit of being very fond of old clothes. Indeed, this partiality is made a matter of reproach by those of our own household. Time was when we would sacrifice comfort for vanity, now, as we mellow, we are quite willing to sacrifice mere vanity to comfort. Besides, is not our love for old clothes something more than the desire for selfish comfort? When clothes have served us well, it seems almost cruel to discard them in their old age. If we had been the owner of horses, and one of them had served us laboriously through a tiresome life, we would, in his old age, when he became purlined and lame, have pensioned him with a paddock. We could not have had the heart to send him to the knacker. We would have felt like Cain if we had. And so it is with our old clothes. They are friendly old clothes and know our ways, and what is more, we know theirs—and they have peculiarities, we admit that. The lining of one of the sleeves is quite detached from the coat at the shoulder, and unless you are careful your arm and hand will proceed on a useless excursion down the wrong avenue and find itself in a cul de sac. Of course it takes a time to know the ways of these old clothes, but the learning of them and the knowledge of them makes one feel friendly. We have a waistcoat which has lost one button, and it has been without it for quite a long time. But we have always been reluctant to have the lost button replaced, for, in the first place, the absence of that button always enables us to recognize our own waistcoat at once, and in the summer time the ventilation which the gap furthers is really refreshing. Of course our old clothes resemble other old clothes in some respect. They have become quite intimate with our figure and our habits, and that is a great thing. They are a cast in cloth of the man that wears them. They are in certain places unduly polished not with the gloss of newness, but with the baldness of wear. But these bright shining patches only mark the salient points of our anatomy. Some irascible persons have said they could see their faces in the polished mirror of the back of our coat, but that, besides being a little vulgar, was a positive exaggeration. It is not so bad as all that. Indeed we think none of our clothes were so bad as to justify a raid that was recently made upon our wardrobe. Of course this expedition and the theft of our clothes was justified on the ground of charity. Oh, what crimes have been committed in the name of charity! Our clothes, they said, were too bad to give away! Then why, we ask, could we not be allowed to keep them? But, notwithstanding this assertion, certain garments, which were really practically new, and which we were keeping for a more favorable opportunity of wear, were purloined, and some of them were given to the furnace man, and some to the roadman, and others went to quite as mean destinations. Really, it was too bad. When they had been given away and the matter was irretrievable, we tried to feel that we really had been generous. We told ourselves that after all we could get new clothes, and that perhaps the recipients of our charity needed the clothes more than we did, but although we tried our best to get this decent and generous frame of mind, we admit we were not wholly successful. These old clothes and the ones that were almost new were very dear to us, and we had pangs of jealousy when we thought of the furnace man and the roadman. There is such an infinity to be said in praise of old clothes that one hardly knows where to begin. A man who is "dressed up to the nines" (whatever that may mean) cannot be graceful

A consciousness of clothes spoils every attitude. You see how unsexily a man sits when his clothes are excellent. You see how helpless a man is and how awkward about the disposing of a new hat. He cannot hold it, and does not like to put it down. On the other hand, in old, tried clothes the body is free to do as it likes—and that is grace, we take it. An old hat is old enough to look after itself and not to make a man a slave to it as a shining new one would. But think again how helpless the well-dressed man is in relation to weather. He cannot look an untoward climate in the face. His hopes hang on the barometer. He looks doubtfully at a threatening sky. But in old clothes that won't spoil sunshine and rain are almost the same to you. You are a citizen of the world of weathers. A shower has no horror for you. Indeed, a good wetting does your old clothes good rather than harm. But again, no dressy man can be a scholar. He is afraid to soil his fingers or his cuffs with books, for where books are there is dust gathered together. When we are compelled, as we sometimes are, to go to church on Sunday, and dress ourselves so that we may not offend vagrant and inquiring eyes during the service, we don't say that we feel positively uncomfortable, but we know that when we return from service we never think of sitting down to a book until we have gone back from the butterfly stage to that of the humble grub, and then we can read with profit. We know that not only those of our household and those who were responsible for the "looking" of our wardrobe, but others "pass remarks" upon our old clothes, but we make up our mind to it. No man can pass through the world without envy, hatred, and malice waiting on him all the while. Every man, rightly looked at, is a martyr; and it is better to be a martyr on the score of clothes than on the score of higher moral or immoral qualities. Besides, we pride ourselves after all that our backbiters are only the dressy people of this earth, and that their contempt is perhaps a greater compliment than their admiration. It is these old mental clothes, as well as the mere coats and dressing-gowns, that make us happy. Habit has fitted some ideas to our mind; just as habit has fitted better than the tailor can those old clothes to our body, and we are, at any rate, comfortable in both.

### RAISED \$181,224 FOR CATHOLIC HUTS

TORONTO SURPASSED OBJECTIVE BY MORE THAN \$31,224

WILD SCENES OF ENTHUSIASM AT FINAL MEETING OF CAMPAIGN

Toronto Mail and Empire, Oct. 5

Toronto's answer to those who considered its citizens to greater or less extent too narrow-minded to allow patriotism to dominate over sectarianism was given last night in the total of \$181,224.75, given in three days to the Catholic Hut Fund. Over six hundred men and women of different religious persuasions who had thrown their every ounce of energy into the campaign which closed last night to prove that Toronto placed patriotism above all else sensed when they assembled at the wind-up banquet in the King Edward Hotel that their efforts had not been in vain, but when the total was announced together with a promise that more was to follow, as the returns were incomplete, and the grand total would reach \$200,000, there followed a scene of intense enthusiasm unequalled by demonstrations at the close of previous campaigns. Overjoyed team captains had no respect for white tablecloths, they climbed upon tables and chairs and yelled and cheered like mad. The women joined in the din, and even the Archbishop, stately financiers, scholastic and business men of first magnitude in the city threw aside their usual reserve and joined in the general rejoicing. Such a collection of glad hearts is not likely to be witnessed in Toronto until the boys come home. It was a scene worthy of the occasion, for Toronto had achieved another great triumph. As Bishop Fallon in making a confession, and also in voting the sentiment of the moment, said it would have been lamentable if the city had fallen in the great community test placed before it.

Bishop Fallon had come to see the conclusion of the effort he helped to set going in Massey Hall on Tuesday night, and his confession was that while he had the assurance

from the big crowd that they would see the campaign carried through successfully, down in his heart, born of misrepresentation, was a feeling that disaster awaited Toronto and Canada as a whole. Now said the Bishop, the ghastly ghosts of by-gone days have been laid, and laid forever. The real result of the campaign was not to be found in Toronto's princely giving, it was the spirit which would go out from the city to the whole of Canada, and result in Toronto taking the place it deserved in the minds of those who lived far beyond its confines, a place the city has never occupied until this blessed and beautiful occasion. It was too bad, said the Bishop, we cannot keep out religious differences where they belong. If there are to be religious differences, and there will be, they belong to the churches, and in the name of God keep them there.

### THE VATICAN AND THE ALLIES

#### A NEW ATMOSPHERE

FROM A ROMAN CORRESPONDENT  
London, Eng., Daily Telegraph, Aug. 21

III.

There are particular points on which it is claimed that the Pope has not only not done the Allies justice, but has apparently favored the enemy. Why, it is asked, has he not excommunicated every German Catholic who has been guilty of crimes such as the sinking of the Lusitania, the enslaving of women, or the bombing of undefended cities? Well, no one is excommunicated for such things without having a chance of being heard in his own defence, and that, the calling of witnesses and getting the irrefragable evidence necessary, is just what is so impossible for the Pope as things are. One can imagine the thousand and one pleas a German Catholic would put in to prove that he was not guilty, at any rate not responsible. Even if the Pope knew beforehand the emptiness of them, one imagines that he would hear them, in a disputed case, before passing judgment. And the only effect of that, or any other specific sentence, would be a disastrous schism among the Catholics of Germany, where Modernism and discordance to Papal authority were rampant enough before the War broke out.

#### CORPUS CHRISTI BOMBARDMENT

Then there is the obvious question about the Irish bishops, correlated with that of the French Canadian Catholics and Dr. Mannix in Australia. Cardinal Gasparri has said that "the Holy See, as already His Eminence Cardinal Logue has publicly stated, has no part whatever in the action taken by the Irish bishops, and received the first intimation of the manifesto of the bishops on April 27." But, it is further asked, could it not have intervened to condemn the action of the bishops, which is surely wrong? The Daily Mail seems to have contained the answer to that question in a telegram from its Rome correspondent at the time, that the Vatican does not interfere with bishops in purely political matters in their countries. It is on record that it did intervene some years ago, and was told courteously to mind its own business: "We Irish take our religion from Rome, but our politics we look after ourselves." And from what one reads of Dr. Mannix and the extreme Irish Catholics in Australia, one imagines that something of a similar reply would be given to suggestions from Rome as to their conduct in Australian politics.

Then there is the Cologne-Paris scandal. It is evident that the Pope merely acted simply as intermediary; it is also evident from the official account published here, that—as he in fact telegraphed to Cardinal Hartmann—he "was confident that all (my italics) the belligerents would respect the feast of Corpus Christi." The incident is one more flagrant example of German bad faith to the Pope—for Cardinal Hartmann has so often been intermediary between him and the German Government, that it is impossible to imagine that the military rulers of Prussia were not aware of the Pope's wishes. In the secret archives of the Vatican instances of their bad faith must abound. Two have become public property, the lies of the German Government in answer to the Pope's remonstrances on the enslavement of the civil population of Belgium and the occupied territory in France, and the lies of Gerlach. There has been misunderstanding about the latter case, but the facts are fairly simple as regards the Holy See, even if a mistake was made at the beginning of trusting German. Mgr. Gerlach's position at the Vatican was in no sense political, but it was influential, as he was a personal attendant on the Pope.

When Italy went to war, German and Austrian prelates left Rome, Gerlach asked to be allowed to remain, and permission was given on the condition that he remained in

the Vatican. He did not do so; he went out and about, and, as was proved at the trial later, acted as the ally in Rome for financing anti-Italian newspapers and assisted in forwarding to Germany information useful to the enemy. As soon as ever the accusations against him were made known to the Pope he not only did not try to shield him under Vatican privileges but left the field open to the Italian authorities to do what they liked. They thought best to leave the field open for Gerlach to escape to Switzerland if he desired to do so—which he did. That he was a scoundrel was established by the verdict of the Court; that he betrayed his master, the Pope, shamefully is equally evident, and the Court was far as to include in its findings the explicit statement that the Holy See knew nothing whatever about the prelate's traitorous activities. (The case is fully treated in the Rome correspondence of the "Tablet" of July 7, 1917.)

#### TEMPORAL POWER

In considering the attitude of the Papacy the "Roman question" is sure to be brought up, with the suggestion that the Pope hopes to regain "Temporal Power" through a German victory. There is a very explicit Vatican answer to this on record. It is found in the interview with the Corriere d'Italia representative in July, 1915, in which the Secretary of State gave the lie to Lalande, officially correcting the innumerable misstatements published in the notorious Liberte interview. He said: "But is the deduction to be made that the actual situation of the Holy See is normal, and that the Pope should definitely accept it? No, certainly not: even though the Holy See, through respect for its neutrality, has no intention at all of creating difficulties for the Italian Government, and puts its trust in God, expecting the convenient systematization of its situation, not from foreign arms, but in its triumph of those sentiments of justice which it hopes will spread more and more among the Italian people in conformity with their true interests. Such is the thought of the Holy Father."

The "Roman question" in its wider aspect is too big to be discussed here. If one asks for a statement on it one is referred to Cardinal Bourne's address to the Catholic Congress at Newcastle, Aug. 4, 1911. In conversation Catholics are reticent; they speak of the necessity of complete freedom and independence of the Papacy, which under present conditions is lacking, and of some guarantee of it more reliable than the will of the Italian Parliament which passed the "Law of Guarantees" in 1871, but might repeal that law to-morrow. And they say that the Pope is the only person who has authority to speak. Occasionally, however, you meet one more outspoken than the rest, who, when approached on the subject of the old "Temporal Power," asks frankly: "If you gave the Pope back, not the old States of the Church, but just the city of Rome, what would he do with it in this year of grace, 1918? He would probably ask you to take it back again."

Lastly, there is the question of the Papal Peace Note of August, 1917: its origin, its purport, and its effect—what last means, was it, or, to put it more widely, was the Vatican in any way responsible for the Italian break at Caporetto in October of that year? To deal with this last side of the question first; it has to be noted that it has created recently in replies by Cardinals Gasparri and Bourne to letters and articles in the Morning Post, and neither that paper nor Mr. Richard Bagot, who wrote the letters, and who does not seem to be regarded in Rome generally as a competent authority on things Catholic, have yet replied to the challenge of the Cardinals.

#### POPE'S PEACE NOTE

From really competent authorities—from people, that is, who were on the spot, I have gathered that it certainly cannot be laid down that the responsibility for the break was due to clerical propaganda against the war; there is abundant evidence of the loyalty of army chaplains, and no reliable evidence has been produced of anti-war propaganda on their part. Actual reasons for the break seem to be that the spot where it occurred was weak; it was not held in sufficient strength, particularly no satisfactory dispositions had been made for bringing up reserves; that the moral of the men at that spot had been undermined by Socialist propaganda, unduly long spells in the trenches without being relieved and without actual fighting (for your Italian fighting and your Italian idle are two different men), and by insufficient rations. Add to this that never before had Italian troops had to face the weight and means of attack that the German picked forces threw in at that moment. In none of these causes does the Vatican come in at all, but it cannot be completely put out of court. The Pope had issued his Peace Note two months before. It had set everyone, soldiers included, thinking and talking of peace. It is quite impossible that it

should not have had an effect on many minds, even if the Pope, who ostensibly wrote it solely for the consideration of the rulers of the nations, had no intention of creating that effect. The actual harm, in the case of the Italian troops, was done not by the Note itself, but by ill-advised comment on it in some Catholic papers and pamphlets circulated at the front. Several of these Catholic papers without going to this scandalous length, printed comment which conveyed to the ordinary Italian Catholic soldier, who is not, on the average, too well educated in politics, that the Pope had published a Peace Note which practically assured to Italy all she was fighting for—and what further use was there for fighting? The Note did not do this, say this, or even suggest this; but it did create an atmosphere, and to that extent the Pope was unintentionally responsible.

As regards the origin of the Note the following definite statement from the Secretariate of State is on record: "It is unintelligible that anyone should say that the Pope's Note was prompted by Germany or Austria, as the Pope, in the Note itself, explicitly states that he has no special political aims, nor does he heed the suggestions or interests of either belligerent party; consequently, anyone asserting Austro-German prompting, asserts that the Pope states what is not true. The Pope's peace move was taken on his sole initiative, he considering that official pronouncements of statesmen on both sides showed that divergent points of view had now approached sufficiently to make consideration of a peace agreement possible. His own private information confirmed this opinion, and therefore he considered the opportune moment had come to suggest certain bases on which consultation might be initiated, the Governments being left to make them definite and complete."

A subsequent article in the Observatore Romano emphasized this last point; all the Pope meant to do was to suggest certain bases for consultation between the Powers, by which he hoped that the differences which still remained might be eliminated by a certain amount of give and take on each side.

#### "USELESS SLAUGHTER"

That is where the Allies and he split again: on the give and take. It is the old story; the impartial and unable officially to regard the original responsibility and guilt; the Allies unable to look at the future apart from the past, and seeing the only guarantee for the future in a victory which shall make a repetition of the past impossible. In this overpowering desire for the restoration of peace among his children, he asks all—Germany and the Allies—to get together round a table and make up differences by agreement, give and take. So it comes about that Belgium and the German colonies are classed in the same category. Baron Sonnino put it very strongly: "Putting the Belgian question and the reparation to Belgium on the same footing as all other offensives and damages by the War legitimately and loyally carried on is giving solemn sanction to this new law of violence and abuse of all law." That is the last thing in the world the Pope wanted to do; it is the exact opposite of what he desires—yet that is the impression conveyed to a responsible statesman and to many serious, unprejudiced judges. Similarly, with the "useless slaughter" phrase in the Note. What the Pope undoubtedly meant was that if the rulers of the people can only get together, and together round a table and make up differences by agreement, give and take. So it comes about that Belgium and the German colonies are classed in the same category. Baron Sonnino put it very strongly: "Putting the Belgian question and the reparation to Belgium on the same footing as all other offensives and damages by the War legitimately and loyally carried on is giving solemn sanction to this new law of violence and abuse of all law." 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THE RETURN OF MARY O'MURROUGH

BY BOBA MULHOLLAND

Author "The Tragedy of Chris," "Nanno," "Omar," etc.

CHAPTER XXI

"SO IT'S ENDIN' WELL AFTER ALL!"

On that evening before the day of the impending event spoken of by Miles, the going out of yet another big emigration, Mary O'Murrough stood at Father Faby's door, carrying a small box in her hands. The Father admitted her, his housekeeper having gone out into the summer night to have a talk with her gossip.

"Why, Mary! Come in, child! Here I am in the dark. Blind man's holiday. But I'm going to light a candle. I hope you've come to tell me something good."

"I hope it's for good, Father. Let me light it for you, sir."

"Now, Mary, mind your own business. I know best myself where I keep my matches. There now, and sit down, and tell me all your news."

"It's short enough to tell it, Father. I'm leavin' Killelagh tomorrow for the emigrant ship. I'm not sorry I came home, for I've seen my friends, and I know a lot of things I never could have known if I had understood without comin'."

"I'm glad to hear it," said the priest; "but it wasn't Owy that brought me here, this time. I have a bit of news for yourself, something you ought to know."

"Do they want me in the County Gaol ag'in?" said Shan.

"No, no. Nothing of that kind, thank God! It's a little bit of news about Mary O'Murrough."

"Shan stood dumb, waiting to hear more."

"I thought you ought to know that Mary is going."

"To be married?" said Shan, in an odd, low tone of suppressed eagerness and anxiety.

"The Father's heart sank. The words and the tone sounded badly. If Shan were eager to hear such news of her, then Mary was right in following the instinct that prompted her to efface herself by an absence as obliterating as death."

"Not that, Shan. She won't make another virtue of that kind, I believe. You will do it yourself, I dare say, but Mary won't."

"In the name of God, Father, what do you mean, then? Is she dying?"

"Not just that either, though it's dying she truly is to you and to me. The thing I come to tell you is that she's leaving Killelagh in the morning, and will sail tomorrow evening with the emigrants from Queenstown."

"She's goin' back to America," said Shan mechanically.

"That's what she's doing. She thinks you'll be happier when she's out of your sight. Mary's a good woman, and she has it in her mind that when you've got over your disappointment in her you'll marry a young wife, as young and as nice as she was once herself. I wasn't quite sure of it, but now that I see the way you take it, I perceive that she wasn't in the wrong."

"How do I take it, Father?"

"Quietly, as a thing that has to be done. A marriage without affection is an odious mistake. And Mary's good heart has made a generous provision for you and yours in the better days that are to come for you. The money that she earned and saved, and brought home to stock your farm is safe in my hands for you—a legacy she has left you without waiting for her death."

"Shan uttered a sharp cry."

"What's the matter with you now, Shan? Isn't Mary's arrangement a good one?"

"Father, don't jeer me. I'm a miserable man, an' I needn't trample me when I'm down."

"You have had your trials, your share of what's sent to us all by the God who loves us. But Mary O'Murrough and myself are showing you the way to be happy."

"I've lost the only thing that could ever have made me happy, Father. I've lost her heart; but I'll never touch her money."

"You haven't lost her heart. Mary's a heart that doesn't grow cold. But she lost yours, because her beauty isn't as fresh as when she was younger."

"Young or old, she is the sweetest woman God ever made!" burst forth Shan, "but I have lost her, to my sorrow. Her heart isn't cold—no it isn't! But it turned away from me, for she hates me!"

"The priest stood astonished at the last bitter words, and the angry passion in the voice that spoke them."

"Send her money after her, an' never mention it or her to me again!" cried Shan. "If I was cruel to her, an' so I was, it's herself that is ten times crueler to me now."

"If that's the way of it, Shan, my son, said the old man gently, "why would you let her go? It isn't too late to stop her."

"It is too late, Father. I'm not goin' to bring a woman into my house that hates me. Didn't I see it in her face, an' didn't I hear the shiver of it in her voice that has the music in it for everybody else? Did she ever smile at me the way she smiles at my father, an' at every soul in Killelagh that came around her?"

After a few minutes he rose up and said, "God be praised for the thought. I'll act on it."

He took his shabby old muffled cloak from a peg in the wall, and meeting his housekeeper at the door, said, "I'll be back in an hour. Go to bed, and don't wait for me."

"Who is it?" asked she, thinking he was departing on a sick call.

"I'm going up to Sullivan's, and I've got the key of the door."

"Oh, then it's our Owy that's off at last," muttered the woman. "God speed to him!"

Father Faby knew it would look strangely if he had to knock up the little household, already in bed, and Owy might be frightened; and he was glad to meet Shan strolling up and down the field path, with his hands in his pockets and his eyes on the ground.

"You're welcome father," said Shan in surprise. "You're very good to my father." Somebody's been givin' y' an alarm, I suppose, but he's fairly well, for him, these few days."

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"Did you smile at her? Did you encourage her to smile at you?"

"I didn't. It's what I'm tryin' to say, that I know it's my own fault; but all the same, she hates the sight o' me. Let her go to America an' marry some other man that'll have more sense an' more luck than the man that has been the fool to leave her to him."

"Well, Shan, I'll say no more. I'm not going to force Mary on one that doesn't think her worth a struggle. I've given you a last chance, and now I'll wash my hands of you. It's

time all good Christians were in bed. Good-night to you."

The old man turned and tramped away. Shan looked wistfully after him as the shadowy distance absorbed him out of the star-shine.

His voice was still ringing in Shan's ears. The words, "I've given you your last chance," followed him as he turned into the house and lay on his bed listening to the wind from the mountains sighing across the fields and among the elder-bushes. What had the priest meant by it? Did he know more of Mary's mind than he, Shan, could imagine? What if Mary did not hate him, after all? Was it possible that she was going back to America with a sore heart, because she had failed to find a welcome where she had most right to expect it? There was no sleep for him, and he got up by daybreak, and was out on the road waiting for the car that was to convey Mary on her last journey from Killelagh. At last he saw it, passing near enough to allow of his discerning one solitary figure seated on the side of the vehicle which was not the driver's side.

Supposed he obeyed Father Faby, and rushed forth to stop the car. Mary would look coldly at him, and tell the driver to go on; and there would be talk about it afterwards all over Killelagh.

He went about his business, and appeared in the house at breakfast time. At sight of him, Owy began to ask querulously whether Mary was not coming to see him to-day. Shan made no answer, but the old man's question seemed to cut across some shaky barrier in his mind, and finally break it down. He finished his breakfast abruptly, and remarked that he was going to Ballyrogin on business. Old Moya was crying; some of her people were "going with the emigration."

Shan went out and harnessed his horse to the market cart. His strong hands trembled bucking the traces and gathering the reins, and there was a flame of haste and determination in his eyes. He looked in at the door again and said, "I'm off; and I'll be back early to-night if I have luck!"

The next minute he was on the road to the town, driving the cart at more than market-going pace, and making the old horse wonder what had come to his master. He knew he must be late for the train that was to take Mary on to Queenstown, and the next to follow would barely reach the port in time for his purpose. He chafed at the snail's pace of the train, and thought it was in league with evil spirits to keep him from his desire. Or were they good spirits, that were carrying Mary away from him for her greater happiness?

The train did its part well enough, and Shan was in Queenstown twenty minutes before the tender left the quays. He hurried on the scene, where many tragedies were being enacted; covers parting, husbands and wives clinging together with prayers and promises, mothers lifting their voices in shrieks of despair as their sons and daughters tore themselves out of their arms. Shan's consciousness, vaguely aware of the sorrows of all around him, was absorbed in the uncertainty of his own quest. His eyes were strained through and beyond the crowd for the sight of one figure which might yet be on Irish ground; or, was it already gone out on that green ocean that lapped the stone parapet, as if thirsting for the life-blood of a nation?

No, she was not gone. He saw her moving slowly towards the plank, not pushing, but modestly waiting her turn, carried forward by the movement of others. She had only about another yard or two of Irish ground to tread when Shan put his hand on her shoulder.

"Mary! stop! Don't put your foot on the ship. Come back with me. I have something to say to you!"

Mary stopped, her face white with shock, and looking round, saw Shan's eyes blazing with shame for himself and love for her; his strained lips trying to say more, but failing; the gesture of one hand, and the grip of her arm with the other, expressing, as much as was in their power, what the tongue would have conveyed, could it have been heard.

Stunned by the surprise of her arrest, Mary yielded to the controlling hand, and moved with it, as the dreamer moves, irresistibly impelled, in his dream. Shan pushed their way back through the crowd to a clearing on the wharf, and then released her, and stood looking at her.

"What do you want with me?" she asked, striving to hold her independent attitude, but failing a little because of something that had amazed her in the man's eyes.

"What do I want with you? I want everything: your forgiveness first, though I don't deserve it. You're sweet an' good to the rest, an' won't you be sweet an' good to me? Will you come home with me now, Mary, an' marry me in a week?"

Mary trembled, but spoke up bravely.

"I'm not young now, Shan. The time is past. I couldn't marry you for your pity, when I know you don't care for me the way you did."

"Not the way I did, maybe, but a better way. I love y' far more now, Mary, than ever was in me to do when I was nothin' but a gossipoon and you were nothin' but a girlish Pity, is it? Sure 'tis you that has got to pity me, for I'm a broken-down man, an' if you won't come home to me, I'll never be able to do any good more in this world. For God's sake, Mary, hold out your ban's to me, and

say that you'll come away back with me!"

Lovely changes were passing over Mary's face. Never was mother's smile more tender than the smile that broke from her eyes and went wavering down to her lips.

"God love you, Shan!" she said. "I couldn't leave you; not if y' really want me. And she held out both her hands to him."

Without another word they hurried from the sad scene that was still around them, feeling the sorrow of those other hearts in strange contrast to the joy in their own. There was little to be said as the return train to Ballyrogin whirled them again in their new happiness, which again came on Mary like the unreasonable invention of a dream.

The belief that, after all, Shan was her lover, and joy was to be her portion, was an incredible experience which a word or a breath might bring to an end; though as the landscape spun past, Mangerton and the sun-gleam on Killarney Lakes were aware, and were giving her assurance of the truth.

At Ballyrogin they found the cart waiting, and many a head was thrust out of door and window as Shan rattled through the town with Mary O'Murrough by his side.

"Good luck to them, they've been away buyin' a few things, I suppose, an' the weddin' 'll be immediately!" said one gossip; and the response was sure to be: "God knows, if they wait 'll do it, they earned it."

Shan drove straight to the forge, where Tom Donohue was standing in the black doorway, with his portentous question seemed to cut across some shaky barrier in his mind, and finally break it down. He finished his breakfast abruptly, and remarked that he was going to Ballyrogin on business. Old Moya was crying; some of her people were "going with the emigration."

"We're after havin' a drive," said Shan, as he leaped from the cart and lifted Mary out and put her standing beside the blacksmith. Mary's silent departure had been the talk of Killelagh all that day, and Tom Donohue beamed on the happy-looking pair as he realised the situation.

"I've a man in y' after all, Shan," he said, "an' I'm glad the pair o' ye have made it up. I never seen the like o' ye both for pride. An', sure, black pride's the devil's own invention."

The Dermody's came hastening to the forge, having seen the approach of the cart from their doorway.

"So it's endin' well after all," said Mrs. Dermody to her daughters that night. "I'll never tell me now that there isn't luck in waitin' a spell o' years for betterness!"

TO BE CONTINUED

THREE SQUARES A DAY

PRIZE STORY IN THE CATHOLIC PRESS ASSOCIATION CONTEST

By Miss Mary Elizabeth Prim of Boston

Face powder, talcum, cold cream, and violet toilet water, blended into that exhilarating atmosphere which precedes a dance in a girl's calendar. Blonde Julie Allen, lovely in pink chiffon and silver, pirouetted before a totally inadequate mirror. From the least cluttered of two beds, her roommate regarded her with mocking, tender eyes.

"Ju Allen," she spoke, "peacock some more! I want to draw a war poster and call it Make the world Safe for Sweet-and-Twenty."

Reluctantly, Julie turned, twisting her little face into an enchanting grimace. "Kathleen O'Connor! You never think of another thing but drawing and—war."

Kathleen, loling comfortably in worn dressing gown and down-at-the-heel slippers, twirled the inevitable drawing pencil and laughed lazily.

"Poor Ju-Ju! Did I bore it, then, with shop talk?" She pushed rumpled black hair from a face like a naughty boy's. "It's getting those letters from Peter makes me think of war, dear," she went on, suddenly serious, "rereading those bits that censor passes brings the thing home, I tell you. War is making that nine teen-year-old brother o' mine grow up. He went to France to drive an ambulance because some of his classmates were going and because he wanted to see the thing at first hand but now—crazy darcadeville!" she choked her glance seeking his picture on the opposite wall. Julie's look followed and she smiled up at the boy in football togs, whose wide grin was like a shaft of light across its ugly, adorable face. "Nice boy," she sighed.

At that instant the telephone burred sharply. "A-ah," Julie said, darting toward it, "Nicky Rinn at last."

Kathleen settled to her drawing while the other girl laughed light banter into the phone. Julie's telephone conversations were too numerous and complicated for her artist roommate to follow. Only when the receiver clicked to its hook did she raise her eyes. Julie dashed toward her. "Dearest!" she said tragically, "will you come to the dance—please! Nicky is bringing a friend—I said he might—and I must get him a partner."

Kathleen, lazy among the cushions happy with her pencil and drawing pad, spoke indulgently: "Ju Ju dear, I can't. I must finish this magazine cover."

"Oh, Kath, you might, just this once," pleaded Julie, fearful. "Nicky says his friend is nice and fearfully handsome. You can draw him afterwards. Please!"

Kathleen laughed at the wheedling and got up. "Have I anything to wear?" she queried.

Julie flung open her room-mate's closet door. "No," she announced

with tragic promptitude, "you have not! Your evening gown is crumpled in a ball in one corner. Oh, Kath, I'll lend you my yellow one."

Her room-mate protested, helplessly. "It's all right," Julie insisted; "it looks best on you, anyway. Now go wash and do your hair—and don't waste any time. I'll let you one look in the yellow dress and—v-la! Tuck—go."

Obediently, Kathleen snatched soap, towels, powder, a comb and started. When she returned the frock of misty yellow chiffon was spread on her bed.

"It's like primrosees," she exclaimed to Julie as she slipped it over her head.

Twenty minutes after a transformed Kathleen, exquisite in pale yellow that skillfully called attention to her creamy skin, that emphasized the blackness of her hair, came face to face with Nicky Rinn's friend. As the stranger bowed the artist in Kathleen experienced a thrill of quick pleasure. He was handsome! Sunburned, fair complexion, sleek reddish-brown hair, firm, merry lips.

"Miss O'Connor—Pat McKeen. Miss O'Connor—Pat McKeen. The flustered Nicky was repeating in the manner of a hotel page. Kathleen blushed to realize she had been staring. The keen, blue eyes that saw her discomfiture seemed coolly, humorously aware of their owner's startling good looks. At that instant Kathleen became conscious that the newcomer was not in uniform. Nicky Rinn wore the khaki of his college regiment. Kathleen was irritably disappointed in Nicky's "fearfully handsome friend."

The Home Club is one of Greater New York's many hotels "for women only." It is perhaps the most homelike of them all. At any rate it was home to Kathleen and Julie. Once a week it held those dances which were shining gems in the mosaic pattern of eighteen-year-old Julie's life. She was a college freshman and had lessons to wrestle with other evenings. Friday nights she came into her own and danced away the least memory of mathematics and the class.

As the four entered the dance hall a piano, a fiddle and a drum were already jazzing madly. As McKeen swept Kathleen along in a fox trot she lost sight of the fact that he was more mufli. The easy grace of his dancing obliterated any thought but one of sheer pleasure. Only when both were panting did they sit out a dance. About the dance floor of the Home Club there were grouped tiny parlors—such as exquisite as an urban stage setting. To one of these done in dim green, Kathleen led her partner. He relaxed in a wicker chair and smiled across at her. She smiled back and fairly ached for her sketching pad.

Too joyfully weary to cope with the orchestra—to which a cow bell and a tambourine had since been added—they sat silent, watching the dancers. Nicky and Julie were still bravely at it. There were many young soldiers on the floor, some sailors and a sprinkling of older officers.

"Looks a bit like a military ball," Pat McKeen remarked.

"Yes," agreed Kathleen, who at that minute, was drawing an imaginary portrait of him in tennis flannels.

"It's funny how young kids all rush to enlist," he went on reflectively, the soft green wall a lovely background for his reddish hair.

"M—mm," said Kathleen.

"The draft will get them eventually," he continued. "They say draftees get treated far better than enlisted men."

Kathleen laid aside the imaginary portrait. "What did you say?" crisply, she questioned.

He repeated the remark, a charming smile about his merry lips.

"O—oh," returned Kathleen whose red-brown eyes could be danger signals on occasion. Her companion, unconscious of this, hummed a bar with the orchestra before he spoke again.

"I may be gone for a long, long time, a long long—time—"

Again he smiled across at her. Though her lips returned the smile, her eyes narrowed. "I couldn't enlist if I wanted to," he disclosed to her. "I'm with a big motor truck concern. We do practically all Government work, now. Business fairly zippin' ng. The head manager said the other day that he never could spare me." Petite disparagement was in his tone.

"I see," said Kathleen; "you make the motors."

He laughed delightedly. "Lord, no!" he answered; "I'm not in the factory."

"You inspect them for the government," she essayed then.

Once more he laughed at the girl's ignorance of big business.

"No, Miss O'Connor," he confessed, "not that either. I well—" Her glance was piercingly interested. "I take orders for cars," he finished lamely.

Her smile, as they rose to dance, was enigmatical.

At one the next morning the two girls still chattered about the dance. Julie, wrapped in a kimono like a drift of apple blossoms, sat cross-legged on her bed. In a chair before her drawing board, Kathleen was putting final touches to an ultra-modern magazine cover. She had kicked off the primrose-yellow slippers but still wore the dance frock

with a paint-smirched apron above it. Her brush flew no faster than her tongue. . . . and my dear I had bright hopes for him when I heard his name was Pat—generally they change it to Parker or Pierce—but from his conversation I deduced that he's just a common, ordinary job-bound. Won't enlist for fear of losing fifty dollars a week."

Julie shivered at the scorn in her companion's voice, and drew the drift of apple blossoms kimono close about her. "Don't stamp up and down on him," she pleaded. "Nicky says he's very clever. He's only twenty-six and has worked his way up to a very good position. It's hard to give it up."

"Give up," Kathleen flashed. "What have some given? Eyes, arms, life itself! Pat McKeen has a face like St. George of England and he stays here, selling motors! He's so secure, so—so smug, when this whole world is fighting super-devils."

There was a silence. Julie ran a small, pink hand through her short, blonde hair. Kathleen surveyed her sketch and yawned elaborately.

"Guess we'll call it a day's work," she said, tossing off her apron.

Through the quiet, the wall telephone rang sharply.

"Someone has reported that our lights are still on," Julie giggled nervously.

Kathleen's brow puckered. "Answer it, please, Ju," she asked her companion.

"Hul-lo," the younger girl breathed into the transmitter. There followed a silence while someone on the other end of the line evidently explained something. Julie hung up the receiver and faced her roommate. "It's for you, dear. Some kind of a silly, registered letter. I'll get it."

Open-mouthed, Kathleen stared at the door through which Julie vanished. It seemed a scant second after when she returned panting, letter in hand. The elevator had stopped for the night and she had run down and up four flights of stairs. She handed the letter to her room-mate and stood while she ripped off the envelope and read the single sheet. Then she saw Kathleen's mobile face slacken above the foolish dance frock. "You read it, Ju," she whispered, and passed the crackling sheet. Sudden, typed words flickered before Julie's eyes.

We regret to inform you . . . Peter O'Connor, ambulance driver . . . killed . . . on duty . . . buried . . .

She dropped it as if the words scorched her fingers and flung herself in a fervent weeping, at her scornful companion.

"Oh, my dear, don't look so! Dearest, don't look so!" Shivering, she turned from the comfort of Julie's arms.

"Would you—please turn off the light," asked Kathleen heavily.

After a time Julie's mingled prayers and sobbing ceased. Kathleen was glad. The sobbing had bothered her. She herself lay quiet, fearless. Her narrow bed was like an island. All night long, it seemed, black waves crept over her, receded, then flowed back slowly. Ahead, somewhere, were the empty years. Now, black waves and the night. Never—never the beacon of Peterkin's wide smile.

Kathleen aged that night. The pitiless morning showed a face which had lost all the careless buoyancy which was its high charm. She did her poor best to appear sprightly. "I shan't wear black, Ju. He loathed it! He loathed crying, too. I mustn't make him uncomfortable his first days in heaven—" Her lean, clever fingers gripped Julie's kind hand for a single, agonized moment.

The ultra-modern magazine cover was dispatched to the editor who awaited it. Afterwards, Kathleen put away the drawing board. "I need a vacation," she explained to the amazed Julie.

Thereafter the days found her loitering through the sun-brimmed New York streets where spring still lingered. Sometimes she spent whole afternoons in the little parks at Madison or Union Square. Later, perhaps, the shrill-voiced children, their mothers, the park derelicts who accompanied her would emerge, glorious, at the beckoning of her pencil. Now, she was unconscious of them as she dreamed, read, and tried not to think—much. In the little parks, for the clamor surrounding, her breaking nerves found some moments of lovely quiet.

Nearly three weeks after the heart-shaking news of her brother's death, Kathleen spent a long sunny day in the park at Washington Square. Late in the afternoon her eyes wandered from the volume of O. Henry that lay in her lap. As she glanced to read the direction of a bus which trundled through the Arch, she became aware of a familiar figure approaching. She leaned forward and met the enchanting smile of Pat McKeen.

"So, another artist comes to Hobohemia!" he greeted her.

"Not I," she said, making room for him on the bench. "It's the park I come to. Are you a villager?"



"They'll be putting you to work making those cars instead of selling them," she warned him.

"Not much," laughed Pat McKeen, joyous braggart.

At that moment war seemed incredibly far from the sun-soaked park where the fountain hissed and the buses jogged past. Yet—elsewhere, she recalled the many stories she had read of children and harmless old people tortured, nurses murdered, and the very wayside crucifixes of France backed into observation posts.

In Flanders trenches liquid flame crumpled the lungs of tortured boys, splattering bombs wiped out, horribly, clean young lives—

Shuddering, Kathleen rose. "I must—go," she told Pat McKeen. Raising amazed eyes he saw her fleet past him and swing aboard a bus, a second before the starter raised his hand.

All the slow way uptown she shut her eyes upon the sunny gayety of late-afternoon Fifth Avenue. She let sorrow have its will with her. Again the black waves lapped the edges of her brain. At last she stumbled into the wide, cool lobby of the Home Club and asked for her mail.

The young woman behind the desk handed her a single letter. For the space of a heart-beat the room went black. On the envelope was the familiar scrawl of her dead brother.

Not until she reached her room did she open Peter's letter. There, she read it through quietly, tearless.

Somewhere in—You Know.

Dear Kathie—You mustn't get peeved if my answers to your nice, fat letters come slowly. You see, we don't have much vacant time here. Any left over minutes we use in making up sleep. One night last week I caught myself dozing off at the wheel of my car. Never mind! I'm a guerre! I guess if my little old Tin Lizzie holds out I can.

Say, Kathie, I might as well break it now. Next year, please God, I'm going into the regular fighting. You people over there can't understand. This War is awful but it's got to be done—like putting out a blaze. Those rotten Heinies don't play the game! If you could see one man they'd gassed, you'd know what I mean.

Our bunch has a victrola at the billet now. The records are old and extra scratchy but, believe me, it's great. I wish you could see your big brother one-stepping to the tune of "Everybody's Doing It."

Well, so long. I've got to go out and hop my car over the shrapnel holes now. All my love.

PETE.

P. S. I'm sending a clipping from a new Fabie of George Ade's. Remember my little yellow copy of the Fabies? Well I had it now! Automatically, Kathleen's eyes sought her bookcase. At the end of the second shelf was the little copy of the Fabies—yellow as a spot of sun-light. Above it on the wall shone the dauntless grin of Peter—merry, square Pete who had "played the game" to the end, whose clean, fine life was over and done at nine-teen.

Kathleen gazed in the envelope and found the clipping.

"Is it better to eat three Squares a day for a great many days and be true to the same mattress all the Time or go down the little Highway of Experience, for just a few days, blowing a silver bugle?"

"A silver bugle," she whispered. The wall telephone spoke harshly. She unhooked the receiver. "Someone to see me," she said. "Please say I'll be down in a second." She closed the door on the radiance of Peter's wide smile.

Downstairs in the public parlor she came face to face with Pat McKeen. "I came up," he explained, in some confusion, "to find out why you left me so suddenly this afternoon. Did I say anything?"

She glanced at him, quietly, noting his sleek hair, the exquisite tie, the gray of his spring suit, his straw hat. "No—o," she said slowly, "you said nothing."

He looked a bit disconcerted. It was evident that girls did not generally concede that he had said nothing.

"I was a little upset," Kathleen continued. "I am sorry I left you so abruptly, but some time ago my young brother enlisted—"

McKeen's enchanting smile flashed. "They think it is such fun," he broke in, pleasantly. "The adventure of fighting gets them."

Kathleen swallowed. "That may be so," she said. "Peter was not actually fighting. He was a bit too young for that. He was an ambulance driver. I got news of his death recently."

He started, genuinely shocked. "Oh, I am sorry. I wish I hadn't spoken," he stammered. "I am so sorry."

For an instant she closed her eyes, then opened them. The room was done in gold and red, the one spot of ugly glare in the Home Club. It had always irritated Kathleen. She gripped a chair-back, now, her knuckles showing white against the red velvet.

"Please—sit down," McKeen begged oddly gentle. "No, no," she answered him, breathlessly. "I'd rather stand, much rather, than you. To-day, I got the last letter my brother wrote. In it he said he wanted to get into the regular fighting next year. He said we didn't understand the war over here. He served in the ambulance corps for six months. He was only nineteen! Why, he might still be playing football at college. He might have waited two years before

he was drafted—and had it easy, then. You told me 'draftees have it much easier,' didn't you?"

McKeen winced under the slashing of her words but did not speak. "He gave his life," she went on, "and you—you with a face like St. George of old—stay here and sell motor trucks! If you don't want to fight, why don't you go across and drive a motor truck?"

He ran an uncertain finger under his collar. In that letter," she went on, "relentless, my brother sent me this clipping. Read it, please."

He took the scrap of paper from her hand and read it through, dumbly, then handed it back. "There!" she exclaimed, "a silver bugle, it says. Pete chose the bugle and it will go on sounding until Gabriel's trumpet, I'm glad for Pete. Why should I cry, I'm glad—glad!"

Excitation shook her voice. "And I only pity you! You with your motor trucks and your—salary."

Her smile flashed, suddenly, like a rapier. "Eat your three square meals a day! Tuck your bib under your chin, for fear you should lose a crumb. Slacker!" she stammered, and was gone. Then, it seemed, Life slammed a door on Pat McKeen's blanched face.

That evening Julie Allen entered the Home Club, humming. She and Nicky Rinn had been strolling down Riverside. The spring dusk there was very sweet. Nicky had asked her to marry him—when the war was over. Would spring dusters still be sweet then? A wistful smile curved her lips as she paused at the door of her room. The light was out, which meant Kathleen was abed. Softly Julie turned the knob.

Out of the darkness a high, unsure voice sounded. "The lines wobble so! I can't make them come straight. Three squares a day! Three squares a day, isn't that funny, Pete?"

"Kathleen!" Julie whispered. The strange days that followed were like a succession of horrid dreams to little Julie. Dusks seemed all rainy. Nicky Rinn was preoccupied because his friend, Pat McKeen, had left town suddenly.

Kathleen, these sweet, last spring days lay, passive, in a hospital. "Complete breakdown brought on by prolonged nervous strain," a tortoise-shell-spectacled young doctor diagnosed to fearful Julie. Julie prayed incessantly, ridding often up the steep, front steps of the hospital to bring flowers—violets, stilly bunched, sweet arbutus, daffodils—but the black waves had their way with Kathleen.

As she was but twenty-five and strong, the day came when she moved from the languor and stretched out a thin hand. "Primroses," she whispered to the nurse, stroking the flowers softly, "yellow—like Ju's dress." That was the beginning.

Spring with its incessant renewal, its eternal healing, worked the old miracle. Or was it Julie's prayers? At any rate, the day came when Kathleen took her place at the Home Club. Oddly thin, with bobbed black hair, she looked an out-and-out Greenwich villager. Immediately, she called for pencil and drawing pad—as any other woman would have asked for a mirror. By this Julie knew that her room mate was indeed recovered.

Kathleen caught the drawing pencil and held it tightly, as if she feared being parted from it again. "I've got to make up for lost time," she eyed, she told Julie. "I'll draw ninety-nine magazine covers."

"Ought you, do you think, so soon?" her room-mate gasped. Kathleen nodded a sage, crooked head. "I want to," she explained. Julie had given up, long ago, trying to understand the mad mercurial temperament of the artist. She threw up despairing hands.

"Yes, ninety-nine cover pictures," Kathleen repeated, "and one war poster for the government—please God!"

The cover pictures were done with the old ease but with a new strength of line. So suffering lends new beauty to art. Among the mountains where she and Julie went to elude the heat Kathleen thought long on the poster for the government. "It must be better than my best," she stated, "for my country as well as a memorial of Peter." She could speak his name now with all pride. The black wave had all ebbed long ago. "The picture must be young and eager. Glad too!" she added. It was all she had wished it and a little more.

For a long time the poster was displayed in every shop window, in every public building and on every billboard. It probably called more to the colors than anything of the kind during the War. All who saw it remember the figure of the boy who lunged, gun in hand, across the shell-scarred reaches of No Man's Land across a football field. Nor does the boy's face fade in the memory. It was so eager, high-spirited, glad! Across at the good humored ugliness of it the grim smile was like a shaft of light. Who has forgotten the eyes? Eyes of Saint George of England—alayer of dragons.

After a while Kathleen became accustomed to seeing the poster everywhere and her days began to drag a little. Perhaps it was the effect of the fall of the year on her mercurial temperament. Though she still worked hard on the magazine covers, sometimes her interest in them flagged.

One dispiriting day of October rain as she entered the lobby of the Home Club a page passed, chanting her name.

"Miss O'Connor—Kathleen O'Connor—Miss—"

"Yes," Kathleen breathed: "what is it?"

"Caller," the page disclosed, laconically and led her to the red and gold ugliness of the public parlor. No one had thought to turn on the lights here, and Kathleen came blinking into a very blindman's holiday. Someone stepped to meet her. Someone familiar, yet oddly different. Kbaiki clad!

"Why, you've come back—at last!" she faltered.

"At last! You said it," Pat McKeen echoed in bitter flippancy. "You're a soldier," she said, amazed.

He laughed shortly. "Just a private, that's all."

Her eyes, queerly soft, lingered on his face. It was very pale. On the left cheek a long scar stood out, cruelly distinct.

"Your face," she faltered.

"Shall I answer," he explained. "I was a month in the trenches. My arm was smashed up there—they patched it wonderfully. You'd never know it had been hurt." A hint of the old smile flickered in his eyes.

"Then," he continued, "I came down with rheumatic fever."

She winced, her eyes filling. Then, standing before her like a schoolboy reciting a well-learned lesson, he spoke. "That night I saw you last," he said, "I went out, crazy, mad, determined to do something to make you take back what you said. I thought of aviation, at first, because—well, there seemed more chance of limelight. I wanted to do something spectacular so you'd know. They wouldn't take me for the aviation. I went into the army, then, hoping to get the Cross of Honor somehow."

He laughed, shortly, "I didn't." He laughed, shortly, "I didn't."

She did not speak. Standing there in the half dusk, with clasped hands and bobbed hair, she had a curious look of Joan of Arc about her.

McKeen spoke again. "I got over to the trenches and into the thick of the thing. There's no glory about it all. You people over here don't understand! It's mud and horror. But," his blue eyes sparkled, "it gets you! I want you to know," he finished, "that I'm glad I went—glad you sent me. I can never come back to three squares a day again. That's all."

He saluted stiffly, as Saint George might salute Joan of Arc, and turned to go. Through the room rang a sound. He wheeled about, incredulous. Kathleen was huddled in one of the velvet chairs, her face hidden. Through the half dusk came her sob—the terrible, choking sob of the woman who seldom cries. In an instant he was kneeling beside her. "Don't, dear," he advised, huskily, "Don't now."

"Oh," she moaned, "if I had let you go again—like that!"

His wonderfully-patched right arm folded about her. "Do you care, then," he questioned, "a little bit?"

"Care," she choked; "care? Would I have hurt you so, before, if I didn't care?"

Pat McKeen's mouth opened, amazedly, at this glimpse into the astounding psychology of woman.

"And I thought," he muttered, "you hated me."

She laughed softly, through the tears. "Dear," she faltered, "you must forget all I said to you—then. I was not quite responsible. I was taken ill soon after, with nervous breakdown."

He patting the cropped dark head "Life's been darn hard with you," he said huskily.

"It doesn't matter, now," she told him.

"Out there," he said, "I thought a lot of you. I wanted you so, Kathleen."

There never was a girl like you! You jolted me awake. What a conceited fool I was before you—"

A soft hand stopped his words. "No," she corrected, "just—asleep. You waked up. I always said you looked like St. George of England. Now," her voice rang gladly, "you are more like him—brave, humble—"

Kneeling before her in the dusk he caught her closer and kissed her many times. "Say," he whispered, "if you don't mind, I'd rather you thought I looked like a saint—from Ireland!"

Her glad laugh was like the note of a bugle—a silver bugle.

tion of Joan, Claire Ferchaud has uttered prophecies concerning the War that have been fulfilled exactly. After many difficulties she has had audiences with sceptical authorities and has impressed them with her super-knowledge. She has composed several works worthy of a St. Therese, works that have commanded the attention and the respect of ecclesiastical authorities. It is believed, in Catholic circles, that she has been visited by Our Lord under the image of the Sacred Heart and entrusted with a definite mission which she proclaims publicly. She has repeated untrustingly that victory will come to France when she again becomes religious, and the Sacred Heart is carried on the Tabor.

"What shall we say or think of this 'new Joan'?" is she, like Jeanne d'Arc, a messenger from on high, sent to lead France back to God and so, to victory? We know it to be most true that France has wandered far from God and caused great anguish to the Sacred Heart of our dear Redeemer. Men, high in authority, have sought to blot out the name of God, "to put out the lights of Heaven, to bank the fires of Hell." France was in a fair way to become an infidel nation. She has been scourged by the awful ravages of the world's greatest war. She has been laid low in the dust, blighted and bleeding. And now that the justice of an angry and outraged Father has been satisfied, it would seem that He has sent a messenger with a healing lotion, to pour the oil and wine of His aid and grace into her frightful wounds. "Come back to God! Come close to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and all will be well." The French people, in general, have heard and answered the call. The soldiers wear the badge of the Sacred Heart on their uniforms. But the emblem is prohibited on the regimental flags.

France, as a nation, is not yet wholly converted to God. There are some in high places who still retain, though guardedly, their hatred of God. As with the individual, so with the nation. A complete turning away from God can only be satisfied by a complete conversion. In the light of such facts, we are impelled to look on Claire Ferchaud as another Jeanne d'Arc, another Joan.

But with due humility and obedience, we must wait and pray for the guiding voice of Holy Mother Church. We will receive the message of the peasant maid with all reverence, but we will not acclaim her until all doubt as to the authenticity of her mission is removed, until the Holy Spirit has spoken through the Vicar of Christ.

Catholics must never lose sight of the fundamental fact that the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof. The world and its destinies lie in the hollow of His hand. He has scourged the world before, because of its iniquities. His hand is no weaker now. His arm is not shortened. Though nations stray from Him, He is ever near to bring them back with a simple admonition.

The present War has its place in the designs of God, and it will end only when that purpose is accomplished. It has been well remarked that since the last Sunday in June, when the whole Catholic world was on its knees in supplication before the throne of God, the Blessed Sacrament exposed on the altar, the tide of war has turned in favor of the Allies.

Prayer and pious offers, offered as a supplication, as a reparation, are the means to bring the world from sin to God, from turmoil and carnage to peace and victory. Let us support Claire Ferchaud in her noble endeavor to bring her country back to the Sacred Heart. She may not don armor, and on a white charger lead the army of France to victory, but if, through her prayers and prophecies, she converts France, peace and victory will surely follow. Our prayers to this blessed end should be unceasing and fervent.—Brooklyn Tablet.

Seated in a train the writer was asked the question by an intelligent fellow-traveller: "Is it true that Catholics are not permitted to read the Bible?"

To a Catholic the question appears ridiculously absurd. He knows how it was the Catholic Church alone which preserved the Holy Scriptures for the world, how it is within the Church alone that the inspiration of the Sacred Books is firmly held by every member of her fold, how the daily reading of the priest consists in the recital of the Psalms and Scripture passages, how from the pulpit every Sunday the Gospel texts are read, and how every Catholic is encouraged to familiarize himself with the Word of God. He knows of the exhortations of the Holy See that the New Testament in particular should be most widely promulgated among the faithful, while the entire Bible is an open book to every Catholic. The Church makes but one provision, and that is that the text used be an authorized version, with the proper annotation of difficult passages that call for a brief word of explanation.

And yet Protestants are not to blame when they ask us the question put to the writer. Incredible as it may well appear, the ancient myth is still circulated as freely as ever in Protestant literature, that the Bible is withheld from Catholics. It is with patience, therefore, that such questions must be answered for the enlightenment of the honest inquirer

into Catholic truth. There is no ignorance more profound and regrettable than that which still exists in the secular and Protestant mind, regarding all things Catholic. The spreading of the khaki covered New Testament among our troops may at least partly help to dispel the fundamental error that Catholics are forbidden the Holy Books, which the Church has so diligently preserved for them throughout almost twenty centuries.

But we need only go back to the beginning of the Protestant religion in England to turn the tables upon Protestants themselves. It was the illicit passion of Henry VIII for Anne Boleyn which was the real origin of Protestantism in England. Yet the opinion that Henry VIII, held regarding the use of the Bible in English on the part of the common people can best be judged from the following enactment passed by him in 1548:

"The lower sort have so abused the same (the Bible in English) that they have thereby grown and increased in divers naughty and erroneous opinions, and by the occasion thereof fallen into great division and dissension among themselves to the great unquietness of the realm."

"For remedy whereof, it is enacted that no woman except noblewomen, and gentlewomen, and no artificers, prentices, journeymen, servingmen, of the degrees of yeomen or under, husbandmen or laborers shall read the Bible or New Testament in English upon pain of one month's imprisonment for every offence. But all others may read to themselves, and to none other, any text of the Bible and New Testament for their own edifying and increase in virtue."

—34 and 35 Henry VIII., C. I.

We challenge any Protestant to produce a similar passage from the enactments of the Holy See.

The general distribution of the Bible was made possible only through the art of printing. Hence the stress laid by Protestantism upon the reading of the Bible alone is evidently not of apostolic origin. The earliest Christian had no New Testament to read, since it had not as yet been written; but the teaching of the Church was conducted then as it is conducted today. Hence the inconsistency and impossibility of Protestantism in insisting upon the Bible alone, and the unshaken position of the Church in insisting upon the same essential methods that were available to the Christians of all ages, while at the same time urging every Catholic to acquaint himself directly with at least the New Testament text.—Rev. Joseph Husslein in Our Sunday Visitor.

Soft words soften the soul. Angry words add fuel to the flame of wrath and make it blaze fiercely. Cold words freeze people, hot words scorch them. Bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. There is such a tremendous rush of words in our day that it is especially desirable for each one of us to see that kind words have their chance among others. There are vain words, and spiteful words and silly words and warlike words. Don't forget the kind words. They produce their own image in men's souls, and a beautiful image it is. They soothe and quiet and comfort the hearer. Why not let them have a larger place in all our lives?

Patience waiting is often the highest way of doing God's will.—Collier.

**BELGIANS THANK HOLY FATHER**

Pope Benedict has received from Cardinal Mercier and the clergy of the Archdiocese of Malines the following letter, which speaks for itself:

"Most Holy Father, Desire Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, the vicars-general of the metropolitan church, the canons and clergy of the Archdiocese of Malines, humbly lay at the feet of Your Holiness the expression of their homage, their veneration and filial affection. It is with feelings of special gratitude and happiness that they approach the Holy See. While on the point of applying, in their own case and for the government of the Church, the Code of Canon Law which they have received from your august hands, they wish to express to the Supreme Pontiff the feeling of entire obedience with which they have welcomed this

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splendid monument of Holy Mother Church. It will be to them a source of the greatest possible happiness that in their diocese and for all interested this shall have full force and shall regulate and defend for the good of souls Christian discipline. It is not for them to add their praise to exalt this noble testimony of paternal solicitude; nevertheless they may be allowed to welcome this benefit with gratitude and happiness. They may be allowed, as devoted children, to rejoice that a work so great, so fruitful and glorious for the Church, initiated by your predecessor of undying memory, has been happily concluded and established for the government of the Catholic world by Your Holiness' desire and care.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, OCT. 19, 1918

OFFICIAL

TO THE PARISHIONERS OF  
 FORD CITY  
 IN THE DIOCESE OF LONDON

Dearly Beloved Brethren,

In fulfillment of the duty therein imposed on me, I hereby communicate to you a Decree of the Sacred Consistorial Congregation under date of June 7th, 1918.

For the moment, I refrain from comment upon it. Its terms are clear, precise and definite. They call for prompt acceptance and entire obedience from those who "wish to act as becomes Catholic, and who fear the just judgments of God and of the Church." I have the fullest confidence that those amongst you to whom the Decree may apply will observe its directions to the full both in the letter and in the spirit.

I remain, dearly beloved brethren,  
 Yours faithfully in Christ,  
 M. F. FALLON,  
 Bishop of London.  
 London, Ont., Oct. 11th, 1918.

S. CONGREGATIO CONSISTORIALIS

LONDON

PAROCHIA LOCI FORD CITY  
 DECRETUM

Quum plures petitiones ad Apostolicam Sedem exhibite fuerint ut a parochia Ford City amoveretur sacerdos Franciscus Xavierus Laurendeau, et ad hunc finem variis allegarentur motiva, Emi S. huius Congr. Patres, de mandato Ssmi D. N. in plenario conventu examinata causa et omnibus mature perpenis, censuerunt et decreverunt "de memoratis petitionibus rationem haberi non posse et sacerdotem Laurendeau manuteneri debere in parochia regimine."

Insuper insuper certiorum de hac re fieri Ordinarium et per eum parochie fideles; et ad monitos graviter eos esse, ad quos spectat, ut ab oppugnatione omnique Inclamantia contra eum parochiam abstantent, eumque potius, utpote iure nominatum et in iuste impeditum, debito obsequio prosequantur, si prout catholicos decet se gerere velint et iusta Dei et Ecclesie iudicia verentur.

Revmi Episcopi Londonensis officii exit hinc in terminis nota facere fideles parochie Ford City, eiusque facultas datur voluntates ad tramitem sacrorum canonum compescendi. Datum Romae, ex editibus Sacre Congregationis Consistorialis, die 7 Junii 1918.

† C. CARD. DELAI, Epus Sabien, Secret.  
 † C. SARDI Archiep. Casarens, Assessors.

TRANSLATION  
 SACRED CONSISTORIAL  
 CONGREGATION

LONDON

THE PARISH OF FORD CITY  
 DECREE

In view of the fact that several petitions have been set before the Apostolic See for the purpose of having Francois Xavier Laurendeau, priest, removed from the parish of Ford City, and that various motives were alleged to bring about such a removal, their Eminences the Fathers of this Sacred Congregation, by order of our Holy Father, having in full assembly examined the case and maturely weighed everything, decided and decreed "that no account could be taken of the aforesaid petitions, and that Father Laurendeau, priest, must be retained in charge of the parish."

They ordered, moreover, that the Bishop of London be notified concerning this matter, and through him the faithful of the parish, and that those whom it concern be seriously admonished to refrain from every hindrance and all manner of strife in opposition to their Pastor, and whereas he was lawfully appointed and unjustly opposed, to render him the respectful obedience which is his due, if they wish to act as becomes Catholics, and fear the just judgments of God and of the Church.

It will be the duty of the Right Reverend Bishop of London to make these things known officially to the faithful of the parish of Ford City, and authorization is granted him to repress those who resist, according to the tenor of the sacred canons.

Given at Rome, from the office of the Sacred Consistorial Congregation, the 7th day of June, 1918.

† C. CARD. DELAI,  
 Bishop of Sabins,  
 Secretary.  
 † C. SARDI, Archbishop of Casarsa,  
 Assessor.

CANADA'S POLITICAL FUTURE

Politics in the party sense are in a rather chaotic state in Canada at present; but politics in that sense is not a subject which we discuss with our readers. The term, however, covers a much wider field. The issues which divide a war-conquered world today are political; between those, a century and a half ago, who fought for British connection on the one side and for American independence on the other there was only a difference of political opinion as to the future of the American colonies. When politics have for long humdrum periods been confined to the issues often commonplace which divide parties and to the methods often sordid by which they are decided the term and its derivatives fall more or less into disrepute. But in the history of all nations come times when politics absorb every national energy and claim the deepest interest on the part of every citizen; for at such times the whole political future of the country is at stake. Has such a time come to Canada? Not yet; but we believe that just such grave and decisive political crisis is imminent. If so it goes without saying that it behooves Canadians to inform themselves of the issues involved that they may reach thereon an intelligent decision. And it is precisely now before these issues come, as they eventually must come, into party politics that study an intelligent decision are of the highest utility, indeed an imperative duty of Canadian citizenship. We admit, nevertheless, that it is rather a matter for quiet study than for public discussion until the one all-important end is attained for which all are striving, subordinating all political aims and opinions however important these in themselves may be. We shall, therefore, do no more at present than state the political issue confronting Canadians.

That issue is nothing less than the political status of Canada after the War. Without clear apprehension of its gravity and radical importance, politics, practical politics may take on such directions and tendencies that our whole political future may be determined without our realizing it amid the belouding influences of party warfare. In private conversations a good deal is heard that indicates a somewhat uneasy realization that a tide is coming in the affairs of Canada, but few, apparently, feel at all clear as to how it should be taken at the flood. Amongst the public references to the subject is a recent editorial in the Toronto Star which took for its text this quotation from a letter of Sir John Willison to the Calgary Albertan:

"My Imperialism means only one thing, equal citizenship for Canadians in the Empire. That we never have had. That we have not yet secured. Nor do I believe that we can acquire such citizenship through War Cabinets or periodical Imperial Conferences. For the time these are useful as means to an end, but we know that after all actual ultimate control over peace and war rests in the Imperial Parliament."

And the Star approaches the subject with such an astonishing statement that we shall give its own words:

"It was generally supposed that the idea of an Imperial Parliament with power to tax the Dominions overseas having been rejected by Sir Robert Borden as neither feasible nor wise, had been abandoned, but Sir John Willison still adheres to it."

The italics are ours. In the Israel of his old party followers Sir Robert Borden would not find such sublime faith as this. Loyalty to a political chief does not usually invest him with infallibility. But to the Star—Rome has spoken; the question is settled. To the new disciple it is a matter of surprise to find even one who dares to question the ipse dixit of the master. This extraordinary docility of the neophyte will hardly be paralleled in those to the manner born.

For the rest the Star's argument is a platitudinous digression from the issue raised, and furnishes a perfect sample of what logicians call ignoratio elenchii.

The Star says: "As to every question except peace and war and foreign relations Canada has equal citizenship through its own Parliament."

This is precisely the measure in which Canadians fall short of equal citizenship in the Empire; the very point Sir John Willison emphasizes. Canada controls her domestic affairs; but in all the vast field of relations with the outside world, in questions of peace and war with all their tremendous consequences, Canada

has constitutionally no voice whatever. We boast that we are "an integral part of the British Empire," but in the present colonial status Canada has nothing whatever to do with that Empire's Government. That is a status which in the history of the world no people of the white races have ever been content to accept as permanent.

Imperialism with us is the loosest of loose terms. Some get quite fussed up about it without knowing what either they themselves or their opponents mean by the term. Sir John Willison in the passage quoted indicates one sort of imperialism,—that which would claim for Canada, if she is to remain "an integral portion of the British Empire," full and equal citizenship therein. That is to say, in other words, a way in which Canadians may attain to the full measure of self-government and still remain in the Empire. It is not to be accepted and not to be rejected without examination. It may never commend itself to the mass of Canadians. It behooves us, therefore, to examine the alternatives.

The course that suggests itself immediately is that of complete Canadian independence in foreign as well as in domestic affairs. This is attractive at first blush to many; but this like full citizenship in the Empire may be considered neither "feasible nor wise" by those who seriously study the consequences. Independence is not to be lightly accepted nor lightly rejected.

There remains the alternative to which a curiously insipid and distasteful appellation still adheres—annexation. The term is not only offensive but misleading. If Canada's future is to be politically as well as geographically a part of America a better term would be North American Union. For we should enter into this Union as a group of free States joining another group of free States, merging only common national interests in a common central government at Washington over which Ontarians would have equal control with Californians, Albertans with Marylanders. This possible future for Canada demands intelligent study of intelligent Canadians before it is accepted or rejected as the ideal toward which our national destiny should be shaped.

Only those who have given no thought at all to the subject will maintain that Canada can remain always in a state of arrested development in the matter of self-government; that the present national status in which Canada is inferior to Holland, to Switzerland, to the South American republics, can be the ultimate goal of her national aspirations and national development.

Open advocacy of Imperial Federation is not a national danger but a national stimulus to Canada. The danger lies elsewhere. One of the few serious and thoughtful political writers in Canada, John S. Ewart, has shown that imperialism may assume more insidious forms, and that Canada's future may be compromised while Canadians rest in placid ignorance of the direction and tendencies which will determine her whole political future.

What better use could be made of the long evenings of the coming winter than to study the problem of Canada's political future? Debating clubs, those societies which pretend to any intellectual activity, groups of studious friends, can find no subject of such absorbing interest, no subject so imperatively demanding their thoughtful consideration, their earnest study.

It is inevitable that the realignment of parties in Canada, whether they retain the old names or not, will be determined by deeper political considerations than the piffing politics of pre-war times.

Whether or not, or in what measure the great issues will be met squarely and above board by the politicians will depend largely on the general information, intelligence and active interest of the rank and file of Canadian citizenship.

FOOD FOR REFLECTION

Without comment we call attention to some eloquent facts:

The total American casualties are just about one quarter of the total Canadian casualties.

The grand total of all American casualties up to the present writing is 41,921: the British casualties during the single week just past were 37,946.

We are not going to use these figures to point a moral or adorn a tale; but they should be allowed to tell their own story.

MORALE

"Morale" has become the most commonplace of terms, yet it is not easy to grasp its full significance. It is not a single quality, nor is it a combination of many qualities so much as their resultant. With health good, spirits high, hope so firm that it merges into confident certainty, consciousness of a cause so holy that it is not presumption to think themselves the instruments of God's retributive justice, swinging on from victory to victory, the morale of the Allied troops must now be at flood tide. Though we may not be able even to enumerate all the vital things that go to form this most vital of all the factors of victorious warfare, we can all understand what is meant when we are told that the morale of our soldier-lads is splendid, their spirit indomitable, their driving force irresistible.

We can quite as readily understand that the morale of the enemy is at its lowest ebb.

We marvel at the multifarious engines of destruction that scientific ingenuity has devised for modern warfare. In our wondering admiration or horror we have to force ourselves to bear in mind that not one of these, from the greatest to the least, on the land, in the air, on the sea, or under the sea but depends finally on the man-power that sets all in motion, on human control and on nothing else. Science falls short, and must ever fall short of finding any substitute for, or indeed any artificial aid to this final and supreme human motive force. Evidently, therefore, morale is the greatest of all the factors that enter into the decision of the world-struggle.

Many would have had President Wilson curtly refuse Germany's peace offer and peremptorily demand unconditional surrender. This is precisely what German militarists must have hoped for. They could then say to the German armies and people: we have asked for peace on President Wilson's own terms and it was contemptuously refused. Annihilation is our enemies' aim and purpose. Therefore there is nothing left but to fight to the death in defence of homes and country. That would seem to be the only way in which German morale could now be restored. It would not be the spirit which animates our victorious armies; it would be rather the courage of desperation, the savage fight for life of an animal at bay; but it would effect a marvelous restoration of enemy morale.

Nor in any other respect does the President's interrogative reply to the German Chancellor give room for the slightest uneasiness. The more the situation is studied the less is seen cause for anxiety. It would be less than profitable to make a further hypothetical analysis here as before this reaches our readers actual developments will probably have justified President Wilson's diplomacy.

A VISION

We knelt recently in a vast cathedral filled to the doors with children from the Catholic schools of the city, who had assembled to pray for their Bishop on the occasion of the anniversary of his consecration. As we looked upon that assemblage of youth and innocence we seemed to see in it the hope of the future. Frequent Communion would nourish in the hearts of those children a virtue Catholicity that would tend to leaven the mass of worldliness about them, while the advantages which they would enjoy of continuing their studies, under Catholic auspices, beyond the elementary grades, would make for an increase of Catholic influence in the national life. We seemed to see men and women rising up out of that youthful congregation who would fill up the depleted ranks of the clergy, or join the organized band of religious workers in our schools and houses of charity. But, equally consoling vision! many others did we see not only taking their part in civic affairs in the busy world, but becoming leaders in every movement looking to the nation's welfare, moulders of public opinion and directors of social movements along the lines of true ethics. The watchers upon the towers, scanning the future, tell us that what the Church will especially need for the great work of reconstruction that is before her will be well educated and zealous Catholic leaders among the laity, cultured and well informed men and women who will employ their talents and their energy, not in the selfish acquisition of wealth and honors,

but for the glory of God and salvation of souls.

That same day two other incidents occurred that seemed indicative of how this work referred to is to be accomplished, at least as regards our Catholic women. News came of the death of the gentle nun who had been the editor of "St. Joseph's Lilies." We enjoyed by an epistolary acquaintance with the late Sister Emerentia; but that slight acquaintance revealed to us the charm of her personality, her religious zeal and her more than ordinary literary attainments. She was a pioneer in the field of higher Catholic education. Highly proficient herself, she possessed the rare quality of being able to marshal the talent of others, so that their united efforts might bear greater fruit. She has passed to her reward but others are following in her footsteps.

Having read the simple request to pray for the repose of her soul, we entered the convent assembly hall where the Bishop presented to a young sister a bronze medal, the highest award donated by the School of Faculty in one of Canada's leading seats of learning. This young religious is but a type of a coterie of brilliant young women, not only in her own community but in sister communities, who, forced by the necessity of a law that was framed to thwart the laudable ambition of the Church to secure advanced education for Catholic people, have accepted the challenge, have stepped out from their convent homes into the open arena and have proven that they are not only the peers but the superiors of the best that secular training can produce.

We must pass the palm to our Sisterhoods. While men have been complaining to the moon about the injustice of legal enactments and infringements upon Catholic rights, these teaching Sisters, some of them after a score of years spent in their profession, have accepted the task of complying with the letter of the law, and have thus not only frustrated the designs of those who would hamper the Church's efforts in education, but, to the honor of the Catholic name, have wrested the highest laurel from the pampered favorites of a bigoted educational department.

In one of the monthly letters sent out by the British Catholic Information Society, Rev. Father Plater, S. J., dwells upon the role that Catholics are playing in the work of reconstruction and the tendency among the masses of the people to seek guidance from the Church and to revert to the social traditions of the middle ages. May it not be that those incidents which we have referred to are a happy augury that our women of today are to play a part like to that enacted by so many of their illustrious sisters in the Catholic centuries of the past?

Our Catholic men may well learn a lesson from our Sisterhoods. If the former exercise so little prestige in a country nearly half of whose population is Catholic, it is not altogether due to bigotry but to lack of efficiency or lack of moral courage. We have some men in public life who have courage enough but who are handicapped by their lack of education. We have others who are well informed and capable but more influenced by expediency than by principle. What we need, and need badly, are well educated, cultured and devout Catholic leaders, not a few but many of them, who will have the courage to profess and to put into practice in their official capacity those principles that actuate them in private life.

THE CLEANER

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE COUNTRY through which the Allied armies are now battling their way to the German frontier is the most historic in northern Europe. Not only has it been the battleground of the nations from time out of mind, but it has also been the scene of many of the supreme intellectual achievements of the race, and the spiritual birth-place of many of those great movements of thought and endeavor which through the turmoil of the ages have kept the lamps of faith and of civilization from extinction.

DOUAY, upon which point the soldiers of Canada and Australia are now converging, is of special interest as the birth-place of what is known as our modern Catholic Bible. It was here that the noted Oxford scholar, Dr. Gregory Martin, put in hand and brought to completion his great work of translating the Holy Scriptures into the English tongue,

being moved thereto by desire to place in the hands of his countrymen an authentic version of the Word of God, freed from the glosses, misinterpretations and mendacious annotations which had characterized the several versions put forth by the "Reformers." The story of the Rheims and Douay Version, though often told, is not as familiar to Catholics generally as it should be. It is a story of faith and fortitude; of consecration of the highest scholarship to work holding no prospect of material reward. With our own sons now waging the fight for freedom amid scenes consecrated by the labors of Dr. Martin and his collaborators, a brief recital of events connected with the Douay Bible may be timely.

WHEN AFTER the death of Mary, Elizabeth came to the throne measures were immediately adopted designed to banish the old Faith from the Kingdom. The rigor of these measures caused many of the Catholic clergy to seek refuge abroad. Among them was one William Allen, member of an old Lancashire family which had adhered to the Faith through the troublous times of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. Dr. Allen was a canon of York, and an Oxford doctor in theology. He subsequently became Archbishop of Mechlin, and a Cardinal. On leaving England, Allen passed over to Louvain, where he formed a friendship with one Vendeville, a professor in the University. The two, accompanied by Dr. Morgan Phillips, formerly Provost of Oriel, made a journey to Rome. While on the road the idea occurred to Allen of erecting a college on the continent for the education of English priests, a project which he discussed with his two friends who entered warmly into the scheme.

SOON AFTERWARDS, in 1562, Vendeville was summoned to Douay as Professor of Canon and Civil Law in the University there, and he was hardly installed in his new office when it struck him that Douay was the very place for the carrying out of Dr. Allen's plan, and at his earnest solicitation the latter also took up his residence in the university as Professor of Theology. An opportunity soon after presenting itself a beginning was made with the project of an English college. A small house, purchased by Phillips, was the scene of this memorable event. The College soon took form, and ere long former students of Oxford and Cambridge, scattered through France and the Low Countries, flocked to Douay. Philip II. of Spain, and Pope Gregory XIII. extended their protection, and the institution was soon an assured success.

IN BUT A VERY few years the new college was exercising an important influence upon the fortunes of the Church in England. Many priests were sent on the English mission and as the repressive laws of the time were directed specially against them, it was not long ere the College sang the Te Deum for the martyrdom of some of them. The catalogue of these seminarians who laid down their lives for the Faith is now one of the most cherished possessions of the revived Church in England. And while the institution itself, which gave them priestly birth, has long since ceased to exist, Douay on this day boasts no prouder distinction than having been the home in days of trial and persecution of these exiled sons of Oxford.

THE HOUSE, subsequently enlarged, in which the English College carried on its important work, remained in English possession until the period of the French Revolution, when it was alienated, and is now an artillery barrack. On its walls are still visible the mutilated remains of the armorial bearings of several old English families who had contributed to its establishment. Here it was that the Liberator, O'Connell, studied as a boy, and where Alban Butler wrote his "Lives of the Saints," by which his name will be forever remembered.

IT WAS AT this College, and at Rome and later at Rheims, that Dr. Gregory Martin prosecuted his great work of translating the Scriptures. In this work he had associated with him Cardinal Allen, Dr. Richard Bristow, an Oxford man and Fellow of Exeter, Dr. John Reynolds, Fellow of New College, and others well skilled in the sacred languages. The work of translation may, however, be entirely ascribed to Dr. Martin, the others

being only revisers. All authorities place in the hands of his countrymen now agree, that it is the work of a great scholar, a very faithful rendering of the originals in pure, vigorous English. The New Testament was already in form and about to be issued, when the college faculty and students were compelled by the Government to leave Douay. They found a temporary home at Rheims, and here it was that in 1582 the precious volume made its appearance, printed by John Fogny. It is a quarto volume handsomely printed. It was immediately proscribed by the English Government, and it became in consequence a penal offense to have a copy in one's possession. Thus it was that notwithstanding the boasted zeal of the Protestant party for the dissemination of the Scriptures, Catholics were hunted into the earth when, at the cost of much self-sacrifice and hard work, they had produced one of their own.

IN A FEW years the college was permitted to return to Douay, and in 1609-10, the publication of the Old Testament was proceeded with. Meanwhile in 1600, a Second Edition of the New Testament was printed at Antwerp, at the press of D. Verulief, and a Third (a pocket edition) also at Antwerp in 1621—J. Seldenslach, printer. The Fourth Edition, a handsome quarto with engraved title and seven illustrations, was printed at Rouen (J. Cousturier) in 1682, and the Second Edition of the Old Testament at the same place and press in 1635. So that, in spite of repressive laws, Catholics were not disregarding of the sacred volume, but in face of all opposition, produced what has since been acknowledged to be a most faithful and graceful rendering of the original text.

CARDINAL WISEMAN has said that no English Catholic could enter Douay without tears. The desecrated college and chapel recall not only the hundreds of martyrs who shed their blood for the True Faith, but the consecrated labor of Dr. Martin and his colleagues in giving us our modern Catholic Bible. For, while the Rheims and Douay version has been edited out of all recognition, and existing versions are therefore very far removed from the original translation, Dr. Martin's work remains the basis of all modern renderings, and, in a sense very much truer than it can be said of Wycliffe or of the numerous Protestant translators, he is the real "father of the English Bible."

AS THE Rheims and Douay Bible was proscribed, and all copies sent over to England were seized if found and publicly destroyed, the original editions are very rare. The present writer has the good fortune to possess the First, Second, and Fourth Editions of the New Testament. Each one of them is linked with suffering, perhaps death, under the terrible Penal Laws, and may have been the treasured possession of some martyr or confessor, who laid down his life, or spent years in a dungeon for the Faith. Certain it is, that each volume bears in itself testimony to the fidelity of our fathers in the Faith.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

LE CATEAU has been occupied by the British Army. It is a historic spot. British troops suffered heavy losses, but won great honor there a little over four years ago. Le Cateau, Caudry and the line of the Selle River, reached yesterday by Haig's swiftly advancing troops, saw fierce fighting when von Kluck's army sought to cut off and destroy Sir John French's army corps on August 26, 1914, during the retreat from Mons. There was fighting again about Caudry yesterday but the enemy made only a short stand and retired, rapidly pursued by British cavalry.

THE BRITISH advance, Sir Douglas Haig states, is a rapid one along the whole battlefield. At Soesmes, on the northern end of the line, Haig's troops are eleven miles due east of Cambrai. At Le Cateau the advance guards are fifteen miles southeast of Cambrai, and are nearing the Forest of Mormal, a great area of woodland, fully forty square miles in extent, which occupies a large part of the ground between Le Cateau and Maubeuge. Here the enemy in the shelter of the forest may endeavor to make a stand, and piece together his shattered divisions so that they may again become a cohesive fighting force. Lantriacs, about six miles east of Le Cateau, is the objective of the British to day. The French in the region east of St. Quentin are also advancing steadily, and are approaching the Oise southeast of Fontaine-Notre-Dame. The first effect of these extraordinarily rapid advances will be to disorganize entirely the enemy's system of railway communication in



northern France, and force the Germans to use the roads for the withdrawal of their heavy guns, thus delaying to a dangerous extent the process of evacuation.

THE EFFECTIVE occupation of the Argonne forest by the American and French troops, who have been battering through it for the past two weeks, is announced in General Pershing's official report dealing with Wednesday's operations and amplified in press despatches. The French and Americans came into touch on the western edge of the forest, and a continuous front now exists to a point near Grand Pre, on the Aire River. Important heights south of Marcy, in the Grand Pre sector, have been captured, together with a number of villages between the forest and the Meuse. Over two thousand additional prisoners have been captured, which makes a total of more than 6,000 during the past week. The advance northward along the Meuse, where powerful defensive lines have been encountered, may now be continued without fear of a flank attack from the Argonne Forest, with its facilities for the concealment of large bodies of troops.

THE SERBIAN March up the Valley of the Morava into Old Serbia continues without a check. The Serbs are driving before them the remnants of the Ninth Austrian Division which they defeated a few days ago near Leskovatz. The Serbs now occupy a line about fifteen miles south of Nish, the ancient Capital of the Kingdom. At Nish the enemy will make a stand if Mackensen can put life into the Austrians, who form the greater part of the troops of the Central Powers in the Balkan sphere of operations. Nish is one hundred and fifty miles due north of the point on the mountains above the Gerza, where the Balkan front was broken and is the most important railway centre in Serbia. From Nish the Orient Railway runs north to the Danube at Belgrade and southeast to Sofia and Constantinople. The French, who advanced up the Vardar with the Serbs, have swung to the west, and are now approaching the Montenegrin border, where the men of the hills have risen against the Austrians.

THE TURKS are murdering and pillaging in Persian Armenia preparatory to holding out their blood-stained hands in an offer of peace. Despatches from Mesopotamia record the arrival within the British lines of 47,000 Armenian, Assyrian and Russian refugees from the city of Urmiah and the district round about, who broke through the Turkish front and made their escape. Ten thousand more are still wandering in the hills or are held by the Kurds in their towns. The Turks pursued the fugitives until driven back by British cavalry. Afterward they entered Urmiah and killed two hundred persons, mostly old men. It is reported that six hundred Christian women of Urmiah have been distributed among the Turkish troops and the Moslem population of the city. General Marshall's first task will be to rid the world of a lot of filthy brutes, who have turned Armenia into a vast charnel house and given over the women of the land to a fate worse than death.—Globe Oct. 11.

RUSSIAN ORTHODOX PRIEST AND LEON TROTZKY

Nearby twenty months ago Leon Trozky, the man who betrayed Russia for Russian gold, was kicked down the steps of St. Vladimir's Home, East Seventeenth St., by Rev. Alexander John Chechilla, pastor of St. Michael's Orthodox Church, Van Buren and Oliver streets.

In February, 1917, Father Chechilla was pastor of the same, which is the parish house for the church bearing that name. It was at services at St. Michael's Church Sunday that the priest recalled for the benefit of his parishioners his encounters with the man who became leader of the notorious "Reds," foes of the church of Russia.

Father Chechilla was on one of the upper floors of St. Vladimir's home late Thursday afternoon that February when an attendant told him some man had been trying to enter. The priest went downstairs to investigate.

"I'm Trozky," said a runt of a man, whom the priest could hardly discern in the darkened hallway. "I've come to talk things over." The lights were turned on and the priest got his first good glimpse of the intruder, who was attired in shabby summer clothing, dirty linen, shoes that were much the worse for wear. He had no over coat, looked nervous and unclean with the eyes of a maniac. His black moustache and tiny goatee gave him a ludicrous appearance.

Calling attention of the priest to the fact that the czar had been deposed, Trozky announced himself as a member of the peoples' party and demanded the keys to the building as well as the combination to the safe of the bank on the ground floor.

Convinced he was talking to a madman, the priest looked him by the nape of the neck, dragged him to the door and then kicked the future ruler of Russia down the steep steps to the street.

Snarling, Trozky picked himself up and with his gleaming teeth loomed at the priest, said:

"I will be ruler of Russia soon and can wait for my revenge." The priest saw him a few times after that, but he was more docile than on his first visit and would have been content had he been allowed to use the printing press, which the church owned, that he might publish a paper. He was willing to let the matter of turning over the keys and surrendering the edifice wait until later. He left hurriedly one afternoon when he heard the priest telephoning for the police. Never again, to the knowledge of Father Chechilla, did he visit Newark.

SOME EDITORIAL TRIBUTES TO THE LATE JOHN IRELAND

N. Y. Herald

Born in Ireland, reared from boyhood in this country and making his theological studies in France, there was no truer or more patriotic American than Archbishop John Ireland, of St. Paul, who has passed away only a few days after the death of Cardinal Farley.

At the outbreak of the civil war he hurried home from France to be ordained, when he at once joined the Fifth Minnesota Volunteers as chaplain, and in that service was distinguished for personal bravery. Returning to St. Paul, he found it a turbulent frontier town and was so much impressed with what he saw of the evils of excessive drinking that he organized a temperance society and began the work which spread far and wide, winning for him the title of "the Father Matthew of the West."

The initiative, courage, capacity and wide human sympathy evinced in these earlier experiences marked his subsequent career, which was devoted to advocating "reason, education, liberty and the amelioration of the masses." His exhortation to a mass meeting of fifty thousand persons in St. Paul a year ago to defend their country—the greatest on earth—is vividly remembered.

John Ireland was not only a great churchman but a great and patriotic American.

THE GREAT FIGURE IN AMERICAN LIFE

N. Y. Times

Another great figure of the Church, a great figure of American life for two generations, is gone. When the young priest, John Ireland, went to Minnesota it was a community, to the Eastern imagination at least, of pioneers and Indians. He lived to see it prosperous and populous, advanced in education, in charity and the arts of civilization, with famous cities whose growth almost from a village he had watched. He had an active part in all that growth and construction. There was no worthy cause which he did not serve. And if the Cathedral of St. Paul is often spoken of as his monument, there are other and far-spread memorials, material and immaterial, of his long career.

The young chaplain of the 5th Minnesota, who tossed cartridges into the soldiers' haversacks when they were short of ammunition, was always an eager and ardent patriot. A man of salient and impressive personality, he had strong opinions, and he was not afraid to express them when he thought the well-being of the United States was threatened. His vigorous common sense was impatient of the silver dreams of Mr. Bryan, and he smote the 16 to 1 delusion with no sparing hand. A great friend of Mr. Roosevelt, he denounced the initiative, referendum, and the recall, especially the judicial recall.

Let us pray the God of nations that there be no sacrilegious hand laid upon the courts, impairing their independence or lowering their majesty.

He was a Republican. It was through him that Mr. Taft was enabled to arrive at his settlement of the thorny question of the friars' lands in the Philippines.

It was sometimes said by those who disagreed with him in politics, or whose toes he had trodden on otherwise, that Archbishop Ireland was too much of a politician. He was a politician, so far as he was one, because he was a good and wise and patriotic American. He was a good American when he opposed German parochial public schools long before most of us saw the danger of German propaganda in the United States. He was a good American in his readiness for every public service, in his noble public spirit. Who can forget his speech to the Belgian War Mission a year ago last Fourth of July?

There are three hundred million people of the United States are ready to lay down their lives for the cause of humanity and restoration of the rights of these devastated people. He was on the verge of his eightieth year, but his fire was undimmed. "The man should not live," he told the Minnesota naval recruits, "who does not love and cherish his country, and our country is that great assembly of men running from the Atlantic to the Pacific who call themselves Americans."

For whatever reason, Archbishop Ireland, whose influence, position, talents, and services to the Church made his promotion to be Cardinal seem natural, died without that honor. Without reference to a curious episode of Mr. Roosevelt's Administration, it is enough to say that from Leo XII's time the red hat seemed destined for the great Minnesota. It was not to be. He was worthy of any honor. He was justly honored by Americans, irrespective of origin or creed.

SEVERE LOSS TO COUNTRY AS WELL AS TO CHURCH

N. Y. World

Church and country sustain another severe loss in the death of Archbishop Ireland. A fighting young chaplain in Civil War days, he continued throughout his long life a militant priest, a natural leader of men and a powerful administrator. Exerting his intellectual and moral influence far beyond the limits of his own diocese and his own faith as the head of a see which in his childhood was on the frontier of civilization, he gained world-wide fame.

It is reported that Archbishop Ireland had already been named to the Cardinalate and that the announcement of that high honor awaited only the observance of certain formalities. Whether this be true or not, it is practically certain that he would have been made a prince of the Church long ago if Mr. Roosevelt, when President, had not unavailingly attempted, through Mr. O'Connell Storer, to bring pressure to bear upon the Vatican in his behalf.

Archbishop Ireland was more than a priest and more than a prelate. He was a great patriotic character, dominant to the last. In any sphere of life he would have been masterful. By his death the State no less than the Church is deprived of a commanding personality, strong in the support of both.

CATHOLIC IN EVERY FIBRE AMERICAN OF AMERICANS

N. Y. Sun

John Ireland was as distinctively American as if he had been the son of successive American generations. His Irish infancy—in that diocese of Osceola which gave so many distinguished men to the Roman Catholic Church—and his education in France were but a small part of his long and useful life. From 1861, when he became a priest and went to the war as a chaplain of a Minnesota regiment, his work had been almost entirely concerned with Americans or Americans to be. He was still interested in Ireland, and the helping of its people to come here and be good Americans. He was devoted to his Church and particularly concerned in seeing that his flock, by being good Americans and good Catholics, added to the honor of State and Church.

Undoubtedly it was Ireland's deep admiration of the country of his adoption that caused him to feel, with Father Hecker, the importance of American Catholicism and its good example in the sight of the rest of Christendom. If he did ever "conceive and desire a church in America different from that which is the rest of the world," it was only in the sense that his zeal for the spiritual advancement and reputation of Catholic Americans made him strive to put them spiritually ahead of their coreligionists in other lands.

Archbishop Ireland belonged to the church militant and to America militant. As long ago as ten years he brought to Washington an eloquent appeal for his country's better preparation: "Though I am in favor of peace and a firm believer in arbitration, I have never allowed myself through any illusion to believe through that, source we can always avoid war. From the beginning of the present war the Archbishop was unwavering in his stand against the invader of Belgium and on his support of Cardinal Mercier."

Archbishop Ireland was a man who possessed great public influence and he never misused it. His power with Rome he exercised to found a great university here. His own wealth he spent to make the poor happy. It would be hard to name more than one other Catholic prelate who has done so much in his generation, to help at once his country and his Church.

PATRIOTIC EMOTION

REQUIEM MASS GIVES SETTING IN WHICH THE NATIONAL ANTHEM BECOMES SUBLIME EXPRESSION OF PATRIOTISM

By Martin Green Staff Correspondent of the N. Y. Evening World

During the funeral services over the remains of Cardinal Farley I heard the strains of the "The Star-Spangled Banner" rendered by a naval brass band reverberate through the vaulted interior of St. Patrick's Cathedral. With 20,000 others I stood and listened and it seemed to me that perhaps the playing of the anthem in St. Patrick's conveyed more to me in the way of an impression than to any other person present, for it brought to my mind the first time I ever heard the air played in a Catholic Church abroad and the first time I ever thought that the music of "The Star-Spangled Banner" was really music. I believe today, and I shall always believe, that the air of "The Star-Spangled Banner" is the most heart-stirring and pulse-accelerating American air we have.

Up to the 30th of last May I shared the belief of many Americans that the music of our National Anthem was more or less on the order of alleged music. I had heard it sung by 100,000 men at prize dinners and by renowned tenors and by college glee clubs and by quartets and by great community choruses, and I had heard it played by all sorts of musical organizations and it had gone over my head. Perhaps the feeling of indifference I entertained was due in a measure to the fact that I couldn't sing "The Star-Spangled Banner" if I were to

be paid a million dollars for the accomplishment, and didn't know all the words, anyhow, and few Americans can sing it, at that. But I know that we should appreciate the anthem that it is not necessary to be able to sing it. The sole necessity for unbounded appreciation is to hear it played and sung under circumstances calculated to give birth to realization that it is an undying anthem which will instill and aid patriotism in the minds of lovers of freedom for ages to come.

The circumstances requisite to the awakening of any mind to the beauty and appeal of the American national anthem were all present in the beautiful church of the Madeleine in Paris on Memorial Day of this year. A Mass for the repose of the souls of Americans who had died fighting for France had been arranged by members of the American colony in Paris and officers of the United States army. Other memorial services were held in Paris and in other cities in France that day, but that in the Madeleine was the most impressive and held the widest appeal because, while it had been planned by Americans, the details and the execution were all in the hands of French clergy and laymen and the venerable Cardinal of Rheims, who had remained in his devastated city since the beginning of the war to watch over his ruined cathedral, had agreed to deliver the memorial address.

The great auditorium of the church which is a windowless, rectangular structure with a roof forming three graceful domes, was packed from the altar rails to the doors at 10 o'clock in the morning. Outside a crowd of thousands swarmed on the steps and spread out into the open space where the Rue Royale joins the Grand Boulevards. The congregation was made up largely of men in uniform and women in mourning. The uniforms were those of all the Allied armies, and there were present many high officers whose gold and silver insignia and decorations glittered in the flood of artificial light which streamed from elaborate chandeliers suspended from the ceiling. The high altar, a magnificent work of art, gleamed softly in the glow of hundreds of candles, and it was so far away from those in the rear of the church that the figures of the priest and deacon and sub-deacon and acolytes engaged in the celebration of the Mass appeared almost diminutive.

The Church of the Madeleine has the best choir in Paris. Its membership of the choir is a boy soprano who has a voice of remarkable sweetness and power.

Music is furnished by the great organ, which is equipped with an echo arrangement, and by an orchestra of violins, cellos, bass violins and harps. The orchestra and choir are stationed in a choir loft toward the front of the church.

LONG RANGE SHELLS FALL DURING THE SERVICE

The memorial Mass was a beautiful ceremony embellished with interpolated sacred music. The Germans were shelling Paris with their long distance gun on Memorial Day, and the ceremonies in the church were punctuated several times by the noise of the explosion of a shell arriving in the city from a gun placed sixty miles away. One of these dramatic interruptions took place during the elevation of the host. A shell exploded near the church as the officiating priest raised his arms to deliver the blessing. Not a bowed head was raised, not a movement of alarm was made in the tightly packed congregation or in the throng outside. Just in the day one of the German shells struck the rear of the church and despatched the statue of a saint in a niche in the wall, but during the morning services the German explosives fell far enough away to convey to the worshippers only a message from the enemy.

The composition of the congregation under shell fire was in itself remarkable because on Good Friday, during the service in the Church of St. Gervais, in another part of Paris, great loss of life had been caused by a German shell which crashed through the roof. The quiet thunders bowed in prayer as missiles of death were hurled in their direction, furnished a striking illustration of the spirit of the Allies—a spirit undaunted and beyond the reach of terrorized terror.

Toward the close of the Mass there was a pause in the proceedings. The congregation inside and outside the edifice was kneeling. Through the open door came the subdued hum of the street life of Paris. Suddenly the organ began a soft prelude. There was something familiar in the rippling music which followed the passage of the hands of the musician over the keys. The orchestra in part took up the music and then the boy with the glorious voice, a white-clad little figure at the front of the organ loft, began to sing.

Instantly the worshippers arose, American officers stood at salute, their eyes directed toward an American flag which, touching the colors of France, hung suspended over the altar. French officers quickly raised their hands to their foreheads and British and Belgian and Italian soldiers joined in the tribute to the Stars and Stripes.

"Oh, say can you see," sang the boy, "by the dawn's early light, what so proudly we hail at the twilight's last gleaming." There was a sympathetic, almost cooing intonation in the pure but penetrating tones of the little singer. At the conclusion of the solo the entire singing choir and the orchestra joined in a pulsating dramatic

exposition of the music that lies in our national anthem. But it was not until the notes of this vocal and instrumental effort had died away that we Americans received the real thrill of the day—a thrill which was shared by men and women of all bloods and nationalities in the standing, attentive throng.

The great organ took up the air of the anthem. The violins followed, then the harp: gradually the full strength of the orchestra was invoked and finally the organ chimed in, and the choir voices and the very walls of the church vibrated with the crashing conclusion. "Oh, say, does the Star-Spangled Banner yet wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?"

Only the boy soprano sang in English. The others sang in French, but the words carried expression in that language. The master musician in charge had orchestrated the anthem in a way to bring to all who heard it the same feeling of introduction to something new in something long familiar that animated me.

At the conclusion of the tribute to the United States and the soldiers of the land who have given their lives for France I looked about me rather wistfully, for I had been rubbing the back of my hand across my eyes. The man in my right was crying. Tears were streaming down the cheeks of the American to my left. Women all about held handkerchiefs to their eyes. Tears glistened on the lashes of an American General close by. French officers were moved to tears and unshamed. In the rear of the church a crowd of American girls wearing the uniforms of war workers were sobbing without restraint. Not until the ceremony on the altar was resumed and the music of the Mass took the place of the strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner" was the strain broken.

Finally the Cardinal of Rheims, clad in his purple robes of office, ascended to the pulpit and faced the congregation. He is a man in whose face is combined the expression of a soldier and a priest. In simple but eloquent words he voiced the gratitude of the French people to the United States. He paid a brief touching tribute to the heroes who had come across the sea to die for the cause of liberty. He stretched out his arms in blessing. The memorial service was over, and all who had attended the Star-Spangled Banner had been reborn.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

CATHOLICITY IN ACTION

"There are many other things which most justly keep me within the bosom of the Church, the succession of priests from the installation of Peter the Apostle, to whom Our Lord after His resurrection entrusted His sheep to be fed, down to the present episcopate." . . . Lastly there holds me the very name of Catholic which not without reason so closely attaches to the Church amid the heresies which surround it that although all heretics would fain be called Catholics, still if any stranger should ask where the Catholic service is held, not one of these heretics would dare to point to his own conventicle.

The very name of Catholic is a name of which we are proud. No other can justly claim it, no other has it. "Behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world," said Christ. It is an evidence of the Holy Ghost who amidst the many follies of the world watches, protects, and extends on this earth the interests of Jesus Christ. The great St. Augustine in the above passage triumphantly pointed out that one momentous fact in the Deity of his day as proof of right faith. We are therefore heirs of those heavenly treasures which Christ left in the world.

All this affords us without doubt, consolations that are very real. But do we realize also that our position naturally carries with it very serious obligations? How is it that the Church extended herself among all nations? Was it not due to the fact that certain of her members realized the duties which Christ left to be fulfilled? Here and there the Apostles at the cost of their lives went that the truths which God gave them might be known, here and there energetic bishops, priests, yes—and the ordinary laity—carried faith, implanting the seed of the word of God, among those who did not possess it, and therefore gave evidence that the work of Christ was for all men.

But is it not equally a fact that there are very many who practically believe that beyond possessing the realities of Catholicity themselves nothing more is required of them? Are they not like the rich man who possessing much himself thinks nothing of the wants and needs of his neighbours? Each one of us should have some actual, every day practice towards the spreading of the Gospel. Manifest are the means we have in our parishes, the daily ever pressing needs for churchwardens, church equipment, ordinary church expenditure; we have these practical devotions that are our daily source of comfort and grace; we have our schools to keep up and improve; there is the call for the aged, the poor, the sick. All this is our work. Do we faithfully do what we are asked for these holy and very necessary means of consolidating

and spreading our faith? If we do not we certainly are neglecting our very first duties to the Church. How can we love that faith, that heavenly treasure, which God has entrusted to us if we do not interest ourselves in these great and pressing needs? But let us suppose that we do all these things willingly and cheerfully what more is required? It is required of us that we think also of those who have no means such as these to help them? Perhaps they are without priests, without church, scattered and unorganized. Can we help them? Yes, absolutely! First of all by prayer—pray ye the Lord of the Vineyard that He send labourers into His Vineyard—pray that God may send one endowed with those special graces which are needed in the missionary life to minister to those who need His Holy Gifts. Say some small prayer each day for that purpose. Let it be a part, even if a small part of your morning and evening prayers. Secondly speak to your friends about this work, discuss it with them, read about the Church's work in those lands where the Church has barely a hold, talk over the needs of our own country. Catholics have the graces needed to save the souls that are around them. Some care nothing it is true about these heavenly gifts, but others do. Let us help those who are willing to share our blessings. Last week we brought to your notice the list of the Ruthenians in the West. Do you not realize that something must be done? We of the Extension have brought forward the realities of the situation. Will you help us solve it? The scattered Catholics of the West, many of them growing careless for lack of clergy need our help.

What can you do? Last week a lady came to the Office and gave us One Thousand Dollars to educate one priest for the West. Surely God will bless the gift and the giver. Donations may be addressed to: Rev. T. O'DONNELL, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 87 Bond St., Toronto. Contributions through this Office should be addressed to: EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

PREVIOUSLY ACKNOWLEDGED..... \$850 00 In honor of Infant Jesus and Blessed Mother..... 4 00 A. M. F. T..... 5 00 MASS INTENTIONS E. G. P., Ottawa..... 2 00

Dear Friends,—I came to Canada to seek vocations for the Chinese Missions which are greatly in need of priests. In my parish alone there are three cities and a thousand villages to be evangelized and only two priests. Since I arrived in Canada a number of youths have expressed their desire to study for the Chinese mission but there are no funds to educate them. I appeal to your charity to assist in founding burses for the education of these and others who desire to become missionaries in China. Five thousand dollars will found a bursar. The interest on this amount will support a student. When he is ordained and goes off to the mission another will be taken in and so on forever. All imbued with the Catholic spirit of propagating the Faith to the ends of the earth will, I am sure, contribute generously to this fund.

Gratefully yours in Jesus and Mary, J. M. FRASER.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

I propose the following burses for subscription: 1. Sacred Heart Bursar. 2. Blessed Sacrament Bursar. 3. Holy Name of Jesus Bursar. 4. Queen of Apostles Bursar. 5. Immaculate Conception Bursar. 6. Comforter of the Afflicted Bursar. 7. St. Francis Xavier Bursar. 8. St. Anthony Bursar. 9. Holy Souls Bursar. 10. Little Flower Bursar.

SACRED HEART BURSE

Previously acknowledged..... \$170 00 Mrs. Cassons, Sufferd..... 1 00 In memory of Rev. Fr. McCormack, Ashfield..... 10 00 Subscribers, Florence, N. S..... 5 00 Thos. O'Regan, Lakeland, N. S. 2 00 A. M. F. T..... 5 00 S. F. McDonald, Halifax..... 1 00

QUEEN OF APOSTLES BURSE

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ST. ANTHONY'S BURSE

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IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BURSE

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COMFORTER OF THE AFFLICTED BURSE

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BLESSED SACRAMENT BURSE

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ST. FRANCIS XAVIER BURSE

Previously acknowledged..... \$5 00 J. F. X. Quinn, Uncaesville..... 10 00

HOLY NAME OF JESUS BURSE

Previously acknowledged..... \$17 00

HOLY SOULS BURSE

Previously acknowledged..... \$11 00

LITTLE FLOWER BURSE

Previously acknowledged..... \$12 00

THOUSANDS MARCH IN PROCESSION

AT CATHOLIC CONGRESS

Special to The Advertiser

Windsor, Oct. 9.—Between 5,000 and 6,000 people, including nearly 100 church dignitaries, participated in the ceremonial procession here at 11:30 this morning, in connection with the opening of the seventh annual Eucharistic congress of the London Diocese. The gathering comprised children and adults, members of the Knights of Columbus, students of Assumption College, the Catholic Order of Foresters, C.M.B.A., Lullion, St. Joseph, Leazarists, and other Catholic organizations. The procession, a mile in length, started from the Immaculate Conception Church, where the congress is being held and proceeded through the streets to the various Catholic institutions located here. The route was lined with thousands; the Papal colors and Canadian emblems were greatly in evidence; the Blessed Sacrament was carried by Bishop Fallon.

BISHOP FALLON ASSISTS

Altar boys carried lighted candles and hundreds of flower girls dressed in spotless white, distributed flowers along the line of march. The procession stopped at both St. Joseph's and St. Edward's schools, where the benediction was pronounced by Monsignor Aylward of Sarnia. The congress was opened at 5:30 this morning with low Masses followed two hours later by services for the children, and at 9:30 by the pontifical Mass celebrated by Bishop Fallon, assisted by Dean McKee of London. The reasons of honor were Rev. Father John P. Brennan and Rev. Father Frasonault.

At 2 o'clock this afternoon the 18th annual eucharistic conference of the Priests Eucharistic League opened in the Immaculate Conception Church at which addresses were given by Rev. Father Doe, Rev. Father Ford, Rev. Father Parent, Rev. Father Neville, Very Rev. Dean Downey. At 4 o'clock the children will visit the Blessed Sacrament and be addressed by the Bishop.

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LITTLE FLOWER BURSE

Previously acknowledged..... \$12 00

Pain and grief clear the mind and help man to know himself. Trouble sweeps away as a mist all doubts and false living, and leaves man to see himself just as he is. Hence he can study his motives, his tendencies, his character honestly. When trouble comes, when loneliness or grief approaches, when a dark day dawns, be glad that there is a chance for self-study, for stock-taking, for clearing up, for a moral and spiritual house-cleaning.



FIVE MINUTE SERMON

Rev. F. P. Hickey, O. S. B. TWENTY SECOND SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

CHRIST OUR FRIEND

"He that is a friend loveth at all times." Prov. xvii, 17. The richest man who walks the earth, my dear brethren, is poor indeed if he has no friend. And a true friend is most rare, for such friendship is most excellent and above all praise.

or pleasure or pain, joy or sorrow, success or disappointment, contentment or bereavement. And to persevere thus day after day we need a special grace and power. And this we obtain from frequent Communion. This is practically, actually adhering to our Friend and Saviour Jesus Christ. This is what He longs for and asks of us. This is the reward He loves to have for His friendship.

INTERESTING ITEMS

Catholic War News Service CARDINAL BOURNE ON PEACE

On September 8, the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster dedicated a war shrine at the old cathedral, the Church of Our Lady of Victories, at Kensington in London. In the course of his address the Cardinal gave a sturdy lead regarding the issues of the War, which might be taken to heart by some of the highly placed ecclesiastics of other religions who are inclined to be somewhat lenient to Germany.

A CONVERSION

A priest, who was a prominent pastor in the city of New York a few years ago, recently told us the following story of the conversion of a man with whom he was well acquainted and who was one of his own parishioners: The gentleman in question had in his service a pious Catholic girl, who happened to lose her beads, which were picked up by her employer.

GERMAN BRUTALITY

If anyone were so foolish as to believe that the Germans are capable of showing any leniency to Irishmen, the notion will be immediately dispelled by the story of the sufferings and death of Private J. Sullivan of the 1st Irish Guards, who was taken prisoner at Ypres, and in June, 1915, sent to the prison camp at Moresberg. The death of Private Sullivan was reported in July last by the German Government, and as no cause was given, it was assumed that he had died a natural death.

But among the non-commissioned officers who had been repatriated within the past few days, is one who witnessed the manner of Private Sullivan's death, and who gives his testimony under oath. The prisoners, says the witness, were put to work from 4 a. m. to 6 p. m., although the captain in charge of them had said they were to have light work from 6 a. m. to 6 p. m. On July 28 the prisoners refused to start work at 4 in the morning and what followed is told in the witness's own words:

"The senior sentry in charge then struck me a brutal blow in the face, so the remainder of the prisoners thought it better to proceed to work, and fled out, leaving me alone with Private John Sullivan. Private Sullivan had been badly wounded and had lost the whole of his second, third and fourth fingers and half of the first finger of his left hand. This hand was always bleeding when he was at work. The two sentries kicked and beat us with their rifles out of the passage, as far as the second landing, where Private Sullivan halted, showing them his bleeding hand and trying to explain that it was impossible for him to work with a scythe in his wounded condition. The sentry at once put his rifle up and shot Private Sullivan through the chest. Private Sullivan fell without speaking, and the two sentries at once reversed their rifles and placed the butts between Private Sullivan's legs. In this way they levered him up and threw him down the stairs, where he fell on the landing at my feet. He raised himself on his hands and knees, looked at me, smiled, and collapsed without speaking. I was not permitted to assist Private Sullivan in any way. He was left on the ground alone until he died."

IS IT SIGNIFICANT?

The attacking German armies have done their worst to the Cistercian Abbey at Mont des Cats, and the building is now a heap of dust and rubbish. A crumbling wall or two is all that is left of the church; the floor is heaped with debris, and the cloisters piles of broken brick and stones. The ground everywhere is strewn with shattered sacred statues, torn books, splintered glass lamps, and broken metal work. And in the midst of the ruin is the outraged cloister garth, overrun with weeds, with a bronze statue of Our Lady and the Holy Child, the head of which has been broken off at the neck by an exploding shell. Outside the walls of the abbey stands the ruins of an ancient windmill, and between the windmill and the abbey, on ground of which it is impossible to find a square foot that is not pitted with shells, stands absolutely untouched a large Calvary with the outstretched arms of Christ still extended uninjured to the world. Everything around is chaos and ruin, and Christ on His Cross alone is without any mark of violence.

It has been remarked that this same coincidence has appeared in many parts of the battle fields. At Montauban the statue of Our Lady stands uninjured, whilst the church in which the statue stood has been

blown into fragments. In the ruined church at Chilly the figures of Christ and Our Lady, unscathed, alone marked the spot where once the high altar stood.

NEW DUTCH CABINET

The formation of the new Dutch Cabinet brings into power a Ministry that is distinctly Catholic in character. M. Ruijs de Beerenbrouck, who becomes Prime Minister and Minister of the Interior, has represented one of the districts of Limburg for 14 years. Although he received his education at the non Catholic University of Leyden, the new Prime Minister is a prominent Catholic, and is identified with many Catholic schemes for social and civic reform. During his political career, M. de Beerenbrouck has consistently maintained the Catholic standpoint, and his moderation in his utterances has earned for him the respect of his political friends and adversaries alike. The new Ministry is a Ministry of the Right, a natural consequence of the Catholic majority at the July elections. Its formation is largely due to the efforts of Mgr. Nolens, who, though not occupying a place in the Cabinet, was charged by the Queen with the construction of a Ministry, and he has worked hard to fulfil this commission. Of the nine Ministers who form the Cabinet four are Catholics.

INDIGESTION AND CONSTIPATION

Quickly Relieved By "Fruit-a-tives"

ROCHESTER, P. Q.

"I suffered for many years with terrible indigestion and constipation. A neighbor advised me to try 'Fruit-a-tives'. I did so and to the surprise of my doctor, I began to improve and he advised me to go on with 'Fruit-a-tives'."

I consider that I owe my life to 'Fruit-a-tives' and I want to say to those who suffer from indigestion, constipation or headaches - try 'Fruit-a-tives' and you will get well!"

CORINE GAUDREAU.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

ROSEMARY MONTH

October is the month of the Rosary

—the month of Our Lady's rosegarden. It is not the time of flowers, very efficacious now; the trees are aflame with glory before the light of the frost comes upon them. But it is a flower-time, nevertheless, in that never-fading flower plot of her who is God's fairest flower. "Queen of the May," we sang her a few months ago. "To the fairest of queens be the fairest of seasons, sweet May."

THE LAW OF HEALTH

PURE BLOOD

The Kidneys are the great filters of the blood. If for any reason they become congested and fail to act, uric acid and other impurities are allowed to remain in the system, poisoning the blood stream and causing a chain of afflictions such as Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago, Stones, Gravel, Etc.

Gin Pills

FOR THE KIDNEYS

remedy Kidney and Bladder troubles by first restoring the Kidneys to a perfect state of health, and thus allowing them to function properly. You must keep the blood stream pure—or you suffer. The modern way to prevent suffering and the ravages of Kidney or Bladder afflictions is by using Gin Pills.

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"Pray, come and interpret this Gaelic for me.

And tell what an Irishman means by machree?"

"'Tis the white of the day and the warmth of the sun;

The ripple of waters that laughingly run;

The sweet bloom of youth, the harvest of years;

The gold of all smiles and the salt of all tears;

'Tis the thrill of the hand and the light of the eye.

The glow of the cheek and the lips' parting cry;

'Tis father, 'tis mother, 'tis brother or wife;

The music of woman, the wine of man's life;

'Tis all that he lives for and hopes for above;

'Tis an Irishman's heart making vocal his love;

The whole of creation and one isle in the sea;

And that's what an Irishman means by machree."

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CARDINAL GIBBONS

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"Practically single handed he combated and defeated Germany, years ago, when Germany would, through a diabolically clever scheme, have denationalized American Catholics. He is a deep scholar, a man of profound religious conviction and an American who knows what it means to be an American."—The Delinimator.

Put a seal upon your lips and forget what you have done. After you have been kind, after Love has stolen forth into the world and done its beautiful work, go back into the shade again and say nothing about it.

Little Miss MAIDEN CANADA

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During such times as this the value of a convenient and concentrated food that may be carried and handled easily, cannot be over-estimated.

Active Service Chocolate answers all the requirements of such a food. It is the most nourishing and wholesome chocolate manufactured. If you are unable to obtain this chocolate in your locality, write us, we will see that you get it.

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TRAPPERS HUNTERS

THESE 2 VALUABLE BOOKS FREE

GUNS NETS TRAPS HEADLIGHTS AMMUNITION ANIMAL BAIT

HALLAM'S TRAPPERS GUIDE

HALLAM'S TRAPPERS AND SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLY CATALOG

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So has it been for centuries. What consolation of soul our fathers in the Faith have found in these prayers. We should remember that in these times of trial, Our Catholic soldier boys off to the front are not content unless they have with them this

Next day he returned to the store with his book, complaining that he had been deceived, that the explanation of the "beads" was not in the book.

The saleswoman looked at him in surprise, then took the volume from him, and opening it quickly read aloud: "Explanations of the fifteen Mysteries of the Most Holy Rosary," adding sharply, "Well you must be a pretty ignorant Catholic

badge of their Faith. We should bind them to us here at home by these loving chains. During the month of October, especially, let us say the beads incessantly for the welfare of those who are needing our prayers, needing the help of the Mother of God. Surely it is a good time to revive the old Catholic customs that cluster about the Rosary. One of these customs is to gather the family together at night and recite the beads in common. That custom has sanctified many a home, and brought many a vocation. Another beautiful custom is to go to Mass every morning during the month of October.

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THE BOY YOU CAN TRUST

He's prompt on the job when the meetings begin, With his hand at salute and his face in a grin...

He deserves to be there. All concerns want him, because he not only accomplishes much as the result of his concentrated endeavour...

Save the exertion it takes to tell what you can do and use it in performing your tasks. In this way you will get so much consideration eventually that you will not be tempted to brag...

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SHORT SKETCH OF LIVES OF SAINTS OF THE WEEK

OCTOBER 15.—ST. TERESA

When a child of seven years, Teresa ran away from her home at Avila in Spain, in the hope of being martyred by the Moors...

OCT. 17.—ST. HEDWIG.—BLESS'D MARGARET MARY ALACOQUE

St. Hedwig, the wife of Henry, Duke of Silesia, and the mother of his six children, led a humble, austere, and most holy life amidst all the pomp of royal state...

OCTOBER 18.—ST. LUKE

St. Luke, a physician at Antioch, and a painter, became a convert of St. Paul, and afterwards his fellow-laborer. He is best known to us as the historian of the New Testament...

OCTOBER 19.—ST. PETER OF ALCAUTARA

Peter, while still a youth, left his home at Alcautara in Spain, and entered a convent of Discalced Franciscans. He rose quickly to high positions in the Order...

OCTOBER 20.—ST. JOHN CANTUIS

St. John was born at Kenty in Poland, A. D. 1408, and studied at Cracow with great ability, industry, and success...

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We Pay 4% Interest on Savings Accounts, and allow withdrawals by cheque.

We Pay 5% Interest on stated sums of money for investment for terms of from two to five years.

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Capital Trust Corporation Head Office: 10 Metcalfe Street, Ottawa

Write us for free advice on any financial matter.

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM CANADIAN M. C.

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD, London:

Dear Sir:—Assuming that you are always glad to print news of the Catholic boys at the front, I am writing, quoting a letter from my brother, Capt. Thomas W. McMahon, of La Salette, Ont., who has taken your CATHOLIC RECORD for years.

"Somewhere in France, August 14, 1918.

With the 8th Hussars.

My dear Mother:—We are out of action, so I will be able to write you a few lines in quietness. The last letter to you was from the battlefield, and really, I would not have missed it for anything, however dangerous it was.

Old Days! The wild geese are flying Heads to the storm as they faced it before!

For where there are Irish there's bound to be fighting, And when there's no fighting, it's Ireland no more!

The fashion's all for khaki now, But once through France we went, Full dressed in scarlet army cloth, The English—left at Ghent.

They're fighting on our side today, But before they changed their clothes The half of Europe knew our fame As all of Ireland knew!

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From Barry Wood to Gouzenourt, From Borneo to Pilkem Ridge, The ancient days come back no more Than water under the bridge.

But the bridge it stands and the water runs As red as yesterday, And the Irish move to the sound of the guns Like salmon to the sea!

Old days! The wild geese are ranging Heads to the storm as they faced it before!

For where there are Irish there's bound to be fighting, And when they are changed, it's Ireland no more!

Ireland no more!

When Louis was our King, But Douglas Haig's our Marshal now,

And we King George's men, And after one hundred and seventy years

We're fighting for France again! Ah! France! And did we stand by you!

When life was made splendid with gifts and rewards? Ah, France! And will we deny you in the hour of your agony, Mother of Swords?

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For where there are Irish there's bound to be fighting, And when we stop either, it's Ireland no more!

Ireland no more!

HOME Home is the place of the highest joys; religion should sanctify it. Home is the sphere of the deepest sorrows; the highest consolation of religion should assuage its grief.

Home is the place of the greatest intimacy of heart; religion should sweeten it with joy of confidence. Home discovers all faults; religion should bless it with abundance of charity.

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Adventures of Four Young Americans. By Henriette E. Delamare. This book describes the strange times during which the young people of Johnny who was lost in the Catacombs, Armo, the Englishman, by Francis Aveling.

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OBITUARY

REV. MICHAEL J. MCCORMACK  
 On Thursday, Oct. 3rd, Rev. Michael J. McCormack, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Ashfield, Ont., was ushered into the Eternal Presence of God, after an illness of but a few days, and his funeral services were held on the Saturday which followed.  
 Father McCormack was born in Ireland, ordained priest at London, 26 years ago, served as assistant at the cathedral for a number of years, during which time he was given charge of old St. Mary's Church, was later appointed to the Parish at Woodstock and for the last 15 years has been pastor of Ashfield. There were 26 priests (eight of them former children of the parish) present in the Sanctuary for the Funeral Service and they chanted the office of the dead before the Solemn Mass of Requiem began. Dean McGee of Stratford was celebrant of the Mass. Father O'Neil of Parkhill was Deacon, and Father Dean, Subdeacon. The Very Rev. Vicar General D. O'Connor gave the absolution and presided over services at the grave. He gave eloquent expression to the loss which the Church, the diocese, and the parish had to suffer when the hand of God touched this kind holy priest, and he asked that the pity of prayer should generously be shown towards one who had taken an active, sympathetic part in all the people's interests, and who was a "soggarth aroon" in everything the name suggests.  
 His innumerable friends which includes all who had ever met Father McCormack will remember him as the gentlest and kindest of men and as a zealous "Ambassador of Christ." May he rest in peace.

FOREIGN MISSIONS

MOST INTERESTING ITEMS FROM MARYKNOLL

The Foreign Mission Seminary at Maryknoll has received from the Congregation of Propaganda at Rome the right to present its subjects for ordination under the title of the Mission.

Those who are ordained under this title take the Propaganda oath before sub-deaconship.

The Prefect of Propaganda, Cardinal Van Rossum, is manifesting keen interest in the new American Society.

The American Foreign Mission Seminary at Maryknoll continues its steady development.

The announcement was recently made that its first missionaries have left for China and its roster for the new scholastic year shows

Priests attached to the Society 17  
 Priests not attached to the Society 4  
 Students of Philosophy and Theology 85  
 Preparatory Students 46  
 Auxiliary Brothers 10  
 making a total of over one hundred, representing more than twenty-five dioceses.

The Teresianas, a body of women consecrated to the special service of foreign mission societies and organized at Maryknoll, are also evidently developing into a strong Society and at present number thirty.

Two interesting Chinese boys are spending this year at Maryknoll, Ossining, N. Y.

Their name is Tsu, Francis Xavier and Ignatius, and they are sons of a well-known Chinese business man, Mr. Nicholas Tsu, of Shanghai. Mr. Tsu has a large dock-yard in Shanghai and is Comptroller of the Bank of Indo-China. He has also mining interests in outside provinces. The Tsus are an old Catholic family that has had the faith for 800 years. Mr. Nicholas Tsu is active in many Catholic charities. His brother and one son are Jesuit priests, and his sister and only daughter belong to the "Helpers of the Holy Souls." While Father Walsh, the Maryknoll Superior, was in Shanghai, he was asked by Mr. Tsu to supervise the education of his sons. The two boys will remain at Maryknoll this year to learn English and prepare themselves for scientific courses. They have been educated at the Jesuit College in Siewai, and are daily communicants.

Their brother has been an aviator in France since the beginning of the War and has received many honors.

LOYALTY TO ONE'S PASTOR

Be loyal to your pastor. His work is to administer to your soul, not to please you. When his work is done God will remove him. Until then do all you can to uphold his hands. Be regular in attendance to Church services, and not satisfied with simply one service a week. Bear your fair share of the financial burdens of the parish. Do all in your power to promote peace and goodwill among your fellow laborers. Be not harsh in your judgment of others. Look within. Do not gossip. Learn what the Church teaches and requires. Take a Church paper. Show constant respect and deference to those set over you in the Lord. Perform the duty that may be assigned to you with cheerfulness and promptness "unto the Lord." Aim to be useful, not prominent or conspicuous. Show a deep personal interest in the spiritual welfare of your children. Especially "take care" that they be given a Catholic education. Give these rules a fair trial and watch the result.—The Tablet, New Zealand.

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**DIED**  
 KENNEDY.—Killed in action in France, Sunday, Sept. 8, 1918, Lance Corp. Bernard Kennedy, beloved son of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Kennedy, Drew. May his soul rest in peace.  
 STEWART.—At Summerside, P. E. I., Mr. Owen Stewart. May his soul rest in peace.  
 BYRNE.—On Friday, Oct. 4th, 1918, at Water Street Hospital, Ottawa, Honorah Connolly, beloved wife of Edward J. Byrne, aged fifty-nine years. May her soul rest in peace.

No single great deed is comparable to the multitude of little kindnesses performed by those unselfish souls who forget their own sorrows and as true followers of Christ scatter happiness on every side, and strew all life with hope and good cheer.

Washington, D. C.—Announcement is made that the American Red Cross will provide the mourning brassards to be worn by the relatives of men who have given their lives to their country. The brassards, which are to be used in lieu of general mourning, were suggested and designed by the woman's committee of the council of national defense, the idea being endorsed by President Wilson in a letter he sent to the woman's committee. Brassards will be furnished free to the parents or widows of men

who have died in the service, and at cost to other members of the family. The brassard which is to be worn on the left sleeve, is a band of black broadcloth, three inches wide, on the surface of which the regulation military stars is embroidered in gold thread. The number of stars on a brassard will denote the extent of the sacrifice made by each family.

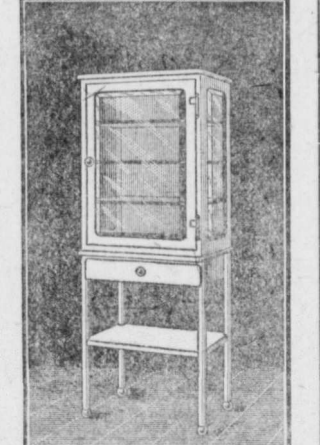
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 50,000 Boxes Free



On the theory that seeing is believing, the John A. Smith Co., of Windsor, Ont., wants every one who suffers from Rheumatism to try their treatment for rheumatism first at their expense. For that reason they propose to distribute 50,000 free boxes among all persons sending them their name and address. Mr. Smith suffered all the agonies and tortures of rheumatism, tried nearly every so-called remedy he heard of and yet utterly failed to find relief. At times he was so helpless that he had to take to morphine and after considerable doctoring he finally gave up in despair. He then began to study into the causes of rheumatism. After many experiments and repeated failures he found a combination of drugs which completely cured him. After his escape from the cruel torture of rheumatism he called his new found treatment "Gloria Tonic." Those of his friends, relatives and acquaintances suffering from rheumatism were next cured and since that time the merits of this treatment have spread from a neighborhood gossip almost all over the world, especially in England and in the British possessions.

A gentleman from Toronto writes "Gloria Tonic" cured him and he believes it has no equal in the world.  
 A lady from Marshalltown, N. S., writes, "Before using 'Gloria Tonic' I could not raise my arms to my head nor hardly dress myself. Now I can do all kinds of work and I am a woman almost 78 years old."  
 A gentleman from Montmartre, Sask., writes, "I never had a pain or an ache since using 'Gloria Tonic,' and I suffered over 20 years with rheumatism."  
 A lady from Stratford, Ont., writes, "I had rheumatism in my hands and joints. It is now over two years since 'Gloria Tonic' cured me, and I have had no return since."  
 A gentleman from Montreal writes, "'Gloria Tonic' you sent me did me a world of good. I have no more pain since using it."  
 We could mention many more instances showing where "Gloria Tonic" has been a God-send to men and women, among them some 30 and 80 years of age.

No matter how many other treatments may have disappointed you, write us today and by return mail we will send you a package free, together with names and addresses of other persons who have written us that our treatment cured them and in many cases after doctors and all else had failed.  
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 GOOD STEADY SINGLE MAN AS CARE-taker of Church and grounds. Apply stating salary expected, to Box Y. CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

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