

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXVI.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1914

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ONE WAY

The individuals who sit in easy chairs bewailing this and the other should come out into the open and employ their energy to better purpose than to mere vocal exercise. They can get in anywhere—there is fighting along the line. As first aid to their timidity let us suggest to them the necessity of doing something to counteract the influence of the Y. M. C. A. We agree with them that the Catholic who is a member of the Y. M. C. A. is a poor, spineless kind of Catholic. Yet we may even for him make a plea for pity. He may think that membership in alien organizations is a passport to worldly success, or into his brains may have filtered an idea born of freethink talk of dotting and foolish parents that the Y. M. C. A., which abominates his principles and tolerates him for his money, is not antagonistic to the Church. But to come back. The Y. M. C. A., the last stronghold of Protestantism, is very active, very persistent and an adept in catering to the demands of the young and old. It fishes in all waters and with all kinds of bait. There are lectures which by the way are attended by the Protestant position and influence; there are gymnasium classes, etc. It seems to us that one way to minimize its fascination is to have ourselves, in our own halls, the things which appeal to the young. But this will not be affected by words.

GOOD ADVICE

In a letter applicable we think to the present day with its short cuts and royal roads to the learning which our forefathers acquired so laboriously, the celebrated and ardent Catholic tells his daughter, "People have tried to invent easy methods of learning but they are only delusions. There are no easy methods of learning difficult things. The one and only way is to shut one's door, say 'not at home' and 'work.'" This advice is not heeded by the educators who read their preconceived ideas into their programmes of studies. Hence we have fads which waste time and emasculate the intellect, and "ologies" which bring on attacks of mental anemia. And the parent who contributes his quota to the salaries of these gentlemen says never a word.

OUR HOPE

One long and bloody war made an end of slavery in our neighbor's republic. May we faintly trust the larger hope that another will rid the world of the curse of militarism. One can see its growth and the reasons for it more clearly in the German Empire than elsewhere, but the spirit of militarism has shown itself everywhere. And it has distorted the vision and confused the judgment of sober, sane and educated men. We cannot at present see far into the maze. How the great good desired can come of the horror pressing down upon the heart of all mankind no man will undertake to say. But it may be that in the high designs of Providence this murderous war is to make men shudder hereafter at the very thought of war and to loathe those who prepare for and praise it in such a way that militarism may expire on the battlefield as slavery did. Such a result would make the torrents of blood now being shed seem not altogether in vain. Hopes like these may well be in the mind of those who are continually praying for peace.

WISE IGNORANCE

The danger of converting half-truths into slippery platitudes is as great to-day as ever it was. A cheap press, flinging abroad hastily-formed judgments on matters of moment, unwittingly becomes a source of untrustworthy opinion. In the restricted sense of the term ignorance of much that fills the columns of the sensational newspapers is an advantage to the serious student of affairs. The mental dissipation which is too frequently induced by an easy receptiveness can be avoided by a determination not to waste time and pains over unprofitable reading. We can well afford to be ignorant of

crimes and sordid particulars when great events and shining truths are claiming our regard. It has always been a weak point among serious thinkers whether anything was to be gained by a restless search after knowledge when the essentials of practical wisdom were fairly mastered. The old philosophers sought to peer behind the veil which was hung between this world and the land beyond the stars. They did not add very much to the actual resources of mankind. But while they enlarged the scope of the intellectual life and made all generations their debtors by illustrating the hidden powers and resources of the human mind our advancing knowledge and enhanced curiosity only brings us face to face with barriers on all sides. As the sand slips away in the hourglass so our opportunities pass never to return. Why should we waste the precious moments in vain attempts to pierce the darkness which hides the unknown? Here indeed, is a wise and willing ignorance that is well worth cherishing. Many things that are going on around us are not worth knowing. Montaigne, weightiest of essayists, declares that "all the abuses of the world are begot by our being taught to be afraid of our ignorance." He adds: "There is a sort of ignorance strong and generous that yields nothing in honour and courage to knowledge which to conceive requires no less knowledge than knowledge itself." It is too high for me, said a good man of old, as he looked up into the blue profound. Why make such an ado about knowledge that passes away?

THE DUTY OF GIVING

Under the protection and help of God, the Church and its institutions will go on and prosper if they never received a dollar from the wealthy. But that does not excuse those who have means, who should remember that they are but stewards. Whoever has received from the divine bounty a large share of blessings has received them for the purpose of using them for the perfecting of his own nature, and at the same time that he may employ them as the minister of God's Providence for the benefit of others. Hardly a week passes that we do not hear of a bequest to a secular seat of learning. The most of these institutions are wealthy beyond measure. On the other hand there are many Catholic institutions that have been struggling since their foundation, hoping for the coming of the day when they can do even half of the work they can do even half of the work they can do. Everywhere we look there is work to be done, and if our charities are flourishing it is due to the sacrifices made by the Catholics in ordinary circumstances. They depend almost entirely on the small offerings of the faithful. What a worthy object for our wealthy men and women! If they would but pray for the grace to give, as one old preacher used to put it: "Give in order that you may get the grace to give more." But the art of giving or rather the grace of giving is lost to many because their religion means little to them. If the welfare of the Church, if the spreading of the Gospel meant anything to them, large bequests would cease to be a rarity and they would recognize their duty by using some of their wealth for the things of God.

HAD OLDER BROTHER KILLED AT HIS SIDE

AWFUL EXPERIENCE OF A MONTREAL MAN, INVALIDED, IN BAYONET CHARGE (Canadian Press.)

Montreal, Nov. 11.—To have his older brother, Charles, drop dead at his feet during a bayonet charge at Cormic, in the battle of the Marne, while himself obliged to continue with his fellow soldiers in a fierce onslaught upon the trenches occupied by the Germans, was one of the sad, yet thrilling experiences of George Pierlot, who arrived in the city yesterday, after having been invalided home from the military hospital at Chateaufort, Brittany, because of a knee bone shattered by a German bullet in the trenches at Varen-tigny.

Mr. Pierlot, who lost all his personal belongings at Rheims, called at the French consulate yesterday afternoon,

still wearing the uniform of the Thirty Second Regiment of infantry. Pierlot was first under fire at Berry au Bac et Cormic in the battle of the Marne, and it was in the first of two wild bayonet charges that Mr. Pierlot saw his brother fall. In referring to the battle of the Marne, Pierlot drew from his pockets a few little medals given him by priests, who have since been killed. He had met a large number of priests and brothers, many of whom are doing ambulance work, while the others are bearing arms and fighting side by side with their fellow soldiers in the trenches.

A CHURCH OF ENGLAND MAN PRAISES PRIEST'S HEROISM

REMARKABLE TRIBUTE TO HIS KINDLY OFFICES AT THE RECENT BATTLE OF MONS

The following has just been received at Washington, showing again that the Catholic priest is a messenger of God, and is always ready to give comfort and consolation to the unfortunate, no matter to what faith or creed the needy one belongs.

This remarkable tribute to the offices of a kindly priest, is contained in a statement made by Gunner C. Ayres, of the 29th Battery, Royal Field Artillery. He was wounded at the battle of Mons.

"Not long before the ambulance chaps took me away, I was surprised to hear close in my ear a gentle voice half-whispering to me. As the figure came round my feet into the line of vision I soon made out the cloak and hat of a kindly-faced priest.

"He knelt down by me, and heedless of the shrapnel still flying around, said what I could easily guess were a few short prayers. Then in very poor English, he asked me if I was ready to die, and quite honestly, I was.

"He then opened my shirt and took out the metal disc which gives my number and name on it, and attached to the cord a little cross with the Virgin Mary stamped in relief upon it, and said, 'Blessed for you by the Pope.'

"Soon after that the ambulance came. Nothing will ever lead me to believe, other than that the priest saved my life. I can only think that after leaving me he saw the Red Cross men and directed them my way. I like to believe it, anyhow.

"Although I am Church of England myself, still the Christian acts of those brothers of the cross prove them all to be made of the right stuff."—Providence Visitor.

KNIGHTS OFFER REWARD

ORDER ASKS FOR PROOF OF CHARGES MADE BY BIGOTS (Buffalo Union and Times.)

The Iowa state council of the Knights of Columbus has issued a pamphlet offering \$25,000 reward for proof of the five general charges made against the Catholic Church and the Knights of Columbus during the last several years. The pamphlet, "A Protest and a Plea," is being given general circulation throughout the state and marks the inauguration of a general publicity campaign on behalf of the order.

The rewards as set out in the pamphlet follow:

First—The Knights of Columbus of the state of Iowa will pay \$5,000 reward for proof that there are in the state of Iowa, or in the United States in any church or hall connected with any church, or in any parochial residence or school, any arms of any kind, rifles or shotguns or other implements of warfare, kept or maintained or held by the Church or by any organization of the Church for any purpose except only such equipment as may be used in a known established and recognized military school which is open to full inspection.

Second—The Knights of Columbus of the State of Iowa will pay \$5,000 reward for proof of the existence in any of the rituals or ceremonies of the Knights of Columbus of any oath, obligation, promise or affirmation inconsistent with the duties of an American citizen.

Third—The Knights of Columbus of the State of Iowa will pay \$5,000 reward for proof that the alleged "Knights of Columbus Oath" circulated by the enemies of the order during the last two years, is genuine or true, either in words or spirit.

Fourth—The Knights of Columbus of the State of Iowa will pay \$5,000 reward for proof that the priests and bishops of the Catholic Church in the United States, who are citizens of the United States, take oaths or obligations inconsistent with loyalty and patriotic duty as citizens.

Fifth—The Knights of Columbus of the state of Iowa will pay \$5,000 reward for proof of the existence in any of the rituals or ceremonies of the Church of any oath, obligation, promise or affirmation, inconsistent with the duties of an American citizen.

And as judges upon the foregoing questions we are willing to accept five ministers of non-Catholic churches in the state of Iowa, to be agreed upon or selected in such manner as may be agreed upon."

"Now, let the Pinkertons and the Burns, and the entire detective force be employed. They will find nothing to obstruct their efforts. They will find aid and assistance in every way. Let us have the truth and if those who make the charges cannot earn this money, will they not in justice withdraw the charges which they have so often made."

"It is time to call a halt. We plead for, we demand justice, no more less." Respectfully,
"THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS OF THE STATE OF IOWA."

Then we've got some 8,000 of the Belgians that fled from their homes for fear of the Germans. The Government asked the Corporation of Glasgow if they could take 3,000 conscripts in bunches of 1,000 each in three days this week, as they were sent on before the Corporation had time to look for lodgings, there was a fine scramble to get sleeping room for them. But again Glasgow rose to the occasion. We've just put up a great big new St. Nick's Children's Hospital, and the fine, auld hospital was vacant; and what did a lot of the biggest ladies in the city do but set to work themselves to turn this into a first class home for the Belgians.

Then from a party of the town there came offers of board and lodging for one, or two, or three, or family groups; and in due time three thousand had homes fringed, in which they were made welcome, and treated as freemen. And to give credit where credit is due—the Roman Catholic Kirk did splendidly. The priests, and ever see many other folk connected with that kirk, worked day and night to get comfortable places for the Belgians, who are most of them Catholics. I am no Catholic myself, but there's no thing I admire about the Catholics. They do stick by each other in times of trouble.—Wattie in the Montreal Star.

worked for some years as a curate, and in the latter as a professor. This royal priest has just been decorated by the Kaiser with the Iron Cross for valor on the field. He goes everywhere with his men and in the few intervals of rest he never rests, for he is preparing the soldiers for death, hearing their confessions and administering the sacrament. The King of Saxony and his son, both Catholics are now with the armies. There is a possibility that if both are killed in the fortunes of war, Saxony will have a sacerdotal sovereign. Another Catholic commander of the German host is Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria. Many members of the Centrum are also with the army serving, some as privates, while the Workmen's Clubs of Cologne and its neighborhood have a member left. The Folkverein and the Bonifacianverein are turning all their attention to succoring the wounded and assisting those dependents of the soldiers who are heavily struck by the general trade depression and the absence of the breadwinner.

POLISH REGIMENT SEES A VISION

The Russians have begun to see visions and dreams. In Russian Poland a whole regiment is said to have had a vision of Our Blessed Lady holding in her arms the infant Saviour. Some soldiers on duty saw on the horizon above the tower of a famous church of pilgrimage in the dim light of early morning a majestic female figure, with streaming hair, carrying in her arms a lovely infant while one hand was upraised towards the Russian army. The soldier immediately called his officer, and soon the whole regiment was on its knees before the vision which gradually faded but which, all over, they saw distinctly. The Russians consider it a call to arms and victory. The Poles say that the Mother of God was extending her arm in protection over their country and warding off from it and in particular from the pilgrimage church in question the fire and sword of battle. The Russians are impressed by this translation of their vision and have been noticeably gentle in their dealings in the towns and villages since.—Catholic Columbian.

THE MONKS OF CALDEY MAKE THEIR PROFESSION AND SEE ABBOT INSTALLED

The crown was put upon the conversion of the Caldey community of Anglican monks recently when Bishop Mostyn, their constant friend, received the profession of the twelve monks and solemnly blessed and installed Dom Aelred Carlyle as Abbot of the community now true sons of St. Benedict. The community inhabit a small island off the Welsh coast which they have been able to purchase. Bishop Mostyn of Menavia was received by the abbot and his monks, on arrival in a small vessel, and spent the week end at the monastery. On Sunday he pontificated at the High Mass and on Monday performed the solemn and ornate ceremony of consecration and blessing, assisted by the Abbot of Farnborough. A number of visitors were afterwards entertained to lunch and Dom Aelred made a speech in which he expressed the thanks of the community to all and the happiness which now filled their hearts. By the new Abbot's wish the rejoicings attendant on the event were curtailed, on account of the war. Dom Aelred feels the sorrows of the Belgian people keenly, for it was at Maredsous that he prepared his novitiate.

CARDINAL LOGUE ON THE SCARCITY OF CHAPLAINS

The Bishops of Ireland have issued a dignified protest against the spiritual neglect of our soldiers by the Government, which continues to refuse an adequate number of chaplains. Lest we should forget who came through the seat of war on his way home from Rome, spoke again upon the subject. He said it was untrue, unfortunately, that he had been delegated by the War office to appoint chaplains. The Irish regiments had suffered the most severely in the first impact of battle, and they had no priest with them to give them the general absolutions or bring to the fallen the Bread of Life. He had received hundreds of letters from young priests declaring themselves ready to go into the firing line and endure every risk and hardship if they might save the souls of their people. Ireland must not cease to agitate until she was satisfied in this respect. It was not the new Irish brigade now being raised which needed the chaplains while at home, it was the men at the front. As a foot note to the Cardinal's speech it is interesting to note that already two of the Catholic chaplains at the front, Monsignor Bickerstaffe Drew and Monsignor Keatinge, have been mentioned by general French in despatches. Monsignor Drew is better known to the public as "John Ayscough."

REV. PRINCE MAX GETS THE IRON CROSS

Amongst the Catholic chaplains with the German armies is Prince Max of Saxony, brother of the present King, and a priest who has an intimate knowledge of both London and Paris, in the former of which he

worked for some years as a curate, and in the latter as a professor. This royal priest has just been decorated by the Kaiser with the Iron Cross for valor on the field. He goes everywhere with his men and in the few intervals of rest he never rests, for he is preparing the soldiers for death, hearing their confessions and administering the sacrament. The King of Saxony and his son, both Catholics are now with the armies. There is a possibility that if both are killed in the fortunes of war, Saxony will have a sacerdotal sovereign. Another Catholic commander of the German host is Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria. Many members of the Centrum are also with the army serving, some as privates, while the Workmen's Clubs of Cologne and its neighborhood have a member left. The Folkverein and the Bonifacianverein are turning all their attention to succoring the wounded and assisting those dependents of the soldiers who are heavily struck by the general trade depression and the absence of the breadwinner.

WOUNDED AT MASS IN ENGLAND

Remarkable scenes took place at Aintree recently, when forty two soldiers, wounded in the protracted battle of the three rivers, and sent to Liverpool for treatment in the Fazakerley Hospital, attended last Mass at the Church of the Blessed Sacrament. The men, who were in charge of an R. A. M. C. sergeant, though fit to walk, looked decidedly the worse for their experience. Indeed, one of them collapsed in the church and had to be removed. Many of them had heavily bandaged heads and arms, and most were clad in uniforms, the shattered condition of which bore evidence to the terrible ordeal through which they had passed. During the Mass hundreds of people gathered outside the church and on the men emerging they were received with the wildest enthusiasm, the eagerness of the great mass of people to get within speaking or handshaking distance threatening to prove almost as disastrous as the rifles and cannon of the Germans. Even when they had succeeded in extricating themselves they had to march to the hospital over a mile distant through two thick lines of spectators, whose cheers and loud-voiced admiration were palpably embarrassing to the soldiers. The fact that, despite their condition, the men many of whom only arrived from the front on the previous Friday night, should insist on attending Mass made a deep impression on the crowd.

TRIBUTE TO "ROME"

We beg to offer to Monsignor O'Kelly, whose paper, Rome, has suspended publication, our thanks for his years of good service to the Catholic world, and to the interests of religion, morality and truth. We hope he may find use for his pen and his great abilities in some line of Catholic literature, if any such there be, in which ability and zeal are appreciated by Catholic readers. We do not know how old he is; but we can hardly hope that he will live to see the hopes and desires of Pius X., which Rome did so much to make known, in respect to the Catholic press, carried into an important measure of fulfillment. At present there is too much apathy and not all on the part of the laity, on the subject to allow any serious prospects of a great and powerful Catholic press to cheer those who took to heart the many grave utterances of Pope Pius on the subject. The time, however, will come. But in the meantime, many a promising journal, like Rome, will go down to oblivion while Catholics cheerfully pay their hard-earned money to support yellow journals and Sunday editions.—The Casquet, Nova Scotia.

THE FIGHTING BAVARIANS

The advent of large forces of Bavarians in the North of France where the most desperate fighting is now under way is significant of the strength which the Kaiser's armies in a last desperate effort are bringing to bear at this point. The Bavarians are undoubtedly among the best fighters in Europe. It was troops from this province who practically started the great French rout of 1870, and it was the Bavarians upon whom the greatest reliance was placed in the earlier Prussian campaign. In the present war the men from the same part of Germany inflicted the first serious defeat upon the French forces invading Alsace and demonstrated to Joffre the advisability of withdrawing from German territory. Thus after forty years the Bavarians almost repeated the trick of 1870 by starting the French down the slide of defeat towards Paris. If the Allies can only succeed in holding back or defeating the troops from this part of the Kaiser's empire the influence of such a check on the morale of the enemy should be very great.

WHERE ARE YOUR DEAD?

The month of the souls in purgatory has come around again. It is filled with Catholic sentiment. There is something especially appealing to the Catholic heart in the commemoration of our departed friends. The Church puts on mourning, but the Church wishes us to understand her mourning is that of one who has not hope. She mourns not that her children are no more, but that they are detained for purification. Compared with the other, hers is a mourning of relief; she never forgets these children. Not a Mass is said without a memento of the dead; not a service, hardly ended without that old prayer which is indicative of her unending mother's love. "Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them." November, however, is one long Requiem. What a wonderful moment it is in purgatory when November comes round again! How it was looked forward to by the souls suffering there! Perhaps one's relatives and friends will remember, stirred by the exhortation of the Church, and help him to deliverance by their suffrages. On the day of their death we vowed eternal remembrance, but time's obliterating finger erased the impression. This month we are made to see again our friends. Many of them were our relatives. Their blood is flowing in our veins. Surely the heart that is not touched to remembrance during this month is cold, indeed, and possessed of little faith. Hodie mihi; cras tibi—"To-day it is my turn; to-morrow yours."

Optimism will prove a good shelter against the storms of life.

Keep in mind during this month the cry, "Have pity on me; have pity on me"—at least your own friends, because the hand of the Lord has touched me."—Intermountain Catholic.

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CATHOLIC NOTES

Captain William Benson, recently of the Battleship Utah while Rev. William Henry Ironside Reaney was the chaplain, is a convert and is a Knight of Columbus. He is now the commandant of the Philadelphia navy yard.

Mount St. Joseph College, Dubuque, Iowa, conducted by the Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, has established a chair of Gaelic and placed it in charge of one of the Sisters who received her elementary training in the best Gaelic schools in Ireland.

We learn from the London Athenaeum (Oct. 17) that Monsignor Benson's last work, with his pen was "a special book of devotions and intercessions on behalf of all those affected by the war. It is entitled 'Vexilla Regie,' and will be issued shortly by Messrs. Longmans."

Not a few of the native Indian troops called by Great Britain to the battle-line in Europe are Catholics. This rather astonished the French at first. Another thing which greatly struck the people of that country was the fact that they were well supplied with Catholic chaplains.

An English paper tells us that an application by Catholic authorities in Russia for permission for Catholic priests to go to the front to minister to the spiritual needs of Catholic soldiers has been granted by the government.

At Craugh Patrick, this year, 15,000 people assembled to venerate St. Patrick's Shrine. They attended "The Rock" where about 80 priests celebrated Masses; the people came from distant Australia, America, Africa, and Great Britain. Hundreds kept vigil on the mountain. The faith of the Irish people will never die.

Rev. Cecil Wilton, a well known Anglican rector of Yorkshire, Eng., was received into the Catholic Church recently at Cardiff in Wales. He held the living of Lonsborough, in the East Riding, and was for many years lecturer of the Anglican Church Defense society.

An English paper records the case of a Catholic family in Deptford—a family with the good old Irish name of Bresnahan. Eight sons of this family, all of whom were educated at St. Joseph's school, Deptford, are at present in the army, and serving their King in various capacities.

The Rev. J. L. Jolly, rector of St. Helena's church, Fort Morgan, Colo., who has four brothers fighting in the French army in the general European war, has received a letter from one of them conveying the news that the writer, Antoine Jolly, was wounded in a recent battle, and crawled two kilometers, about a mile and a half, before he was picked up by an ambulance and taken to a hospital.

In a sermon on the Rosary at St. Anne's Cathedral, Leeds, England, on a recent Sunday morning, the Very Rev. Dean Shine stated that he had been informed by a wounded soldier that in the trenches of the Catholic regiments the recital of the Rosary could be heard during a lull in the booming of the cannons. His informant belonged to a regiment of which 90 per cent. were Catholics.

On Monday, Nov. 2nd, the first sod was turned for the new Dormitory at St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish. The excavations are now being made in order that the construction work can be pushed rapidly in the early spring so that the building may be ready for the opening of the University in September, 1915. This building will be a four-story structure (with basement) in brick and stone. This Dormitory building is another of the generous gifts that have come to St. Francis Xavier's within recent years.

Quite recently the Vicar General of the Franciscan Order for Spain received into the Third Order of St. Francis at Madrid, Don Juan Varques de Mella, academician and Deputy of the Spanish Chamber. The choral which Don Juan wore during the ceremony of reception belonged to Madame Elizabeth, the holy sister of Louis XVI. This valued souvenir was preserved at Frobsdorff by Don Jaime, Duke of Madrid, the head of all the branches of the House of Bourbon, and by him presented to Don J. de Mella. The latter is a learned historian and the finest orator in Spain, indeed both his eloquence and talents have won praise and acknowledgments from the bitterest enemies of the Catholic Church.

The Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S. J., in a letter to the London Times, tells of the foundation of a small weekly paper in Flemish for the Belgian refugees, numbering, as he estimated, between 60,000 and 70,000, now in England, who are unable to talk or read anything but Flemish. "Being thus shut off from all means of information about what is going on at home in their own country and often enough in utter ignorance of what has become of members of their own family," Father Vaughan writes, "they are plunged into a state of painful uncertainty both on personal and national grounds and cry out to us for help." Father Vaughan says that the hope is to make the paper a bi-weekly and appeals for funds to carry it on.

SO AS BY FIRE

BY JEAN CONNOR

CHAPTER XI "UNDINE"

And with this fierce resolve burning in her young heart Barbara Graeme went to Mount Merri next day to learn sweet lessons of Light and Truth from the gentle Sisters. It was vacation time, and the convent, usually thrilling with joyous young life, was calm and still, but Judge Randall was an old friend, and the Sisters welcomed this little summer pupil, whose strange story they heard with tender interest. She was to drive over every morning, it was agreed, for the lessons these wise teachers should find she needed most. She came for a while regularly enough. If the bare, spotless rooms, the veiled forms, the still, tranquil life of the convent were a revelation to her, the summer pupil was no less a startling surprise to the good Sisters themselves. For Nellie had learned "lessons" after a fashion of her own before.

mood was hopeless. "And I am a brand for the burning, I suppose, as the camp meeting preacher told me when I laughed at his mourners six years ago. But I—I can't change," the words came in an odd, despairing gasp. "I can't be anything but the wild heather thing I am, Sister. And so—so—I am going home." And she went to come to Mount Merri no more. The drive was too long, she told Judge Randall and the weather too warm. And gentle Sister Celestia could only pray for the child who would have neither light nor guide on her darkened way.

"My dear, dear boy!" standing on her jasmine wreathed porch, Madame Van Arsdale lifted her handsome old face for her nephew's kiss. "This is a surprise indeed. I thought you were in San Francisco." "I was six days ago," answered Mr. Leigh. "But the breath of the jasmine reached me in my dreams and I am here—"

"Yes, to-morrow. Our trunks are packed, and everything is ready. Some friends of grandfather's had their passage engaged and could not go, so we take their place. We are to stay two years and I am to have a governess, and learn everything. Two years is, in a long time," she said, with a little catch in her breath, "a long time."

Lord's day, found her in her old place at St. John's. Her erect figure, her pale, sweet face, with its crown of white hair became very familiar to the dark-eyed worshippers. They regarded her while and with not a little awe. She smiled at them sometimes with surprising timidity, but never spoke. It was not dislike that held her from neighborhood, but a nameless dread she could not conquer. So many of the men were rough and wild looking, the ways of the women so unlike her own! Her heart went out to the children, who drew together and regarded her with round, wondering black eyes when she passed them at their play. Their little faces were frequently grimy, and their dresses often soiled and that

straight to the place she loved, in spite of everything. He was met at the door by a radiantly smiling sister, who looked none the worse for her trying day. "Yes, I'll go home with you, John," she said in answer to his anxious demand, if only to prove to Sarah that I am still alive. I am conscience-stricken at the anxiety I must have caused her. But I hope to have pined for her, and there was not a moment to lose. Oh, yes, I'll go with you now! But I'm coming back here—back to my own place to-morrow."

John grew enthusiastic in spite of himself, for it was many a day since he had seen Margaret look really happy. After a while the other brothers and sisters, as well as the nephews and nieces, caught the fever and were eager to help to put the plan into execution. So in course of time the old home became a neighborhood house; and sweet young girls and wise matrons came to assist the busy, happy head of it to entertain and care for the small, dark-eyed guests, whose shyness soon wore off. They learned so many things at the house of their "Proud Lady"—to keep clean, to sew, to cook, to care for the still smaller babies, to pray. And the mothers and big sisters came—out of curiosity at first, or to please the little ones, but after that because they found so much that helped them in their daily lives. They grew to love very dearly the good woman who took such an interest in their welfare, never dreaming how much they had done for her—the ache they had soothed in her lonely heart. —Anna Cecilia Doyle, in the Ave Maria.

THE PROUD LADY

The inevitable changes that marked the passage of time lifted from Margaret Kilburn's willing shoulders responsibility after responsibility until scarcely a burden was left. The unwelcome removal of the tasks that had occupied her days brought unwished for leisure in which to contemplate the long stretch of loneliness before her—the weeks and months, the years perhaps, of solitude that she had to face and live through.

QUESTION BOX

- 1. What proof is there of the inspiration of the Old Testament? 2. Do you think that an all just and all loving God could command such cruelties as are described in Deut. 14 21, where it says: "But whosoever is dead of itself, eat not thereof. Give it to the stranger that is within thy gates or sell it to him: because thou art the holy people of the Lord thy God." 3. Why are the Books of Samuel omitted from the Catholic Bible? 4. Catholics accept the inspiration of the Old Testament on the authority of the Church. The Church has that authority from God Who preserves her from error in using it to teach doctrines of faith and morals. To show that the Catholic Church has that authority all we need to do is to show that it is the true Church of Christ. In answer to another question you will see a brief outline of only one of the many arguments that prove the divinity of the Catholic Church. Thus having established the Church, when she tells us that the Old Testament is inspired we have all the argument we need. Another line of argument would be as follows: Our Divine Lord and His Apostles under His guidance and with His approval accepted and enforced the official teaching of the Jewish Church of His time about the inspiration of the Old Testament. This can be shown from various passages of the New Testament. Now what Christ accepted and authorized must be true. 2. You ought to have indicated where exactly the cruelty came in in the passage you quote. It contains merely one of the ceremonial laws of the Mosaic ritual about unclean food. The mere fact that God Himself imposed these laws is an all-sufficient reason for accepting them with silence and submission. Still you can see that God Himself deigns even in the very verse you quote to give one reason for this particular law, namely, "thou art the holy people of the Lord thy God." Almighty God assigned certain laws, customs, manners, etc., as distinguishing marks of His chosen people; this tended to remind them of the divine favor shown them, and the destiny assigned them among the nations, and thus to keep them faithful. The law in question was not cruel but kind to the Jews at all events. Perhaps you see cruelty to the strangers in the prescription that they were to get or to buy "whatsoever is dead in itself." You ought not to assume at once that the law referred to animals that died of virulent disease that must be necessarily fatal, or seriously dan-

gerous to human health, and so were unfit for human consumption. Keep to the words of the text and you will see they do not necessarily contain this meaning. 3. The Books of Samuel are in the Catholic Bible and in the official Latin Vulgate you will find them called by that name, as well as by the name of the First and the Second Books of Kings. The latter name is preferred in the English translation of the official Latin, just as it was preferred by the Greek translators and by many of the Fathers of the Church. Our First and Second Kings therefore are the same books (with minor differences) as the Protestant and Hebrew First and Second Samuel, while our Third and Fourth Kings are what they call First and Second Kings. Samuel is the principal figure in the First Book where his history is given; he had a great deal to do with the transition of the Jewish people from theocracy to mere human monarchy and he anointed Saul and David as Kings of Israel. The history of Saul and David occupies most of the rest of the books in question, from which you will see a reason for calling them the first two Books of Kings instead of the First and Second of Samuel. The names or titles of the books of the Old Testament are mostly a matter of human custom and tradition and not of divine inspiration. We hold to the custom and tradition of the Catholic Church, from which Luther and his followers departed in favor of the discarded Jewish usage merely out of hatred for the Church.

1. "Can anybody but an Italian become Pope? Was there ever a Pope that was not an Italian? 2. May the Sacred college choose a lay man for the office of Pope, or are they limited in their choice to those that are Cardinals or Bishops?"

1. The first of the Popes, St. Peter, was not an Italian; and there is no law or rule limiting the choice of the Sacred College to Italians. But the Pope is Bishop of Rome and as such successor of St. Peter; and it is fitting that he be quite at home there, able to direct the permanent officials of the Holy See with native understanding, and familiar with the atmosphere of the Capital of Christendom. Of the Popes 104 were Romans, 104 were natives of other parts of Italy, 44 were Frenchmen, 9 Greeks, 7 Germans, 5 Asiatics, 3 Africans, 3 Spaniards and 2 Dalmatians, while Palestine, Thrace, Holland, Portugal and England have each given one Pope to the Church. In the excellent little work, "Catholic Belief," by Very Rev. Joseph Faas Bruno, D. D., on page 176, you will find a complete list of the Popes down to Leo XIII, with place of birth of each assigned. 2. According to certain ancient canons only Cardinals should be chosen Popes. However, Pope Alexander III. (1159-1181) decreed that he, without exception, is to be acknowledged as Pontiff of the Universal Church who has been elected by two-thirds of the Cardinals. Urban VI, though not a Cardinal, was chosen in 1379. Celestine V. was elected in 1294 though a layman. Even the election of a married man would not be invalid. Of course the election of a heretic, schismatic or female would be null and void.—St. Paul Bulletin.

GRISAR'S "LIFE OF LUTHER"

It is interesting to note the perplexity caused to thinking Protestants by Father Grisar's "Luther," "every sentence carefully documented," so that his own deductions need hardly be taken into account. Nowhere, perhaps, is this embarrassment more faithfully reflected than in an article written by the Protestant theologian Lie. Braun for the Evangelische Kirchenzeitung, March 30, 1913, as follows:

"The reading of Grisar should afford food for reflection to us Evangelical theologians. With strips from our own skin the Catholic author has pieced together his 'Luther.' How small the Reformer has become according to the Luther studies of our own Protestant investigators! How his merits have shrivelled up! We believed that we owed to him the spirit of toleration and liberty of conscience. Not in the least! We recognize in his translation of the Bible a masterpiece stamped with the impress of originality—we may be happy now if it is not plainly called a 'plagiarism.' We venerated in him the father of the popular school system—a purely 'fictitious greatness' which we have no right to claim for him! We imagined that we found in Luther's words splendid suggestions for a rational treatment of poverty, and that a return to him would bring us back to the true principles of charity—but the laurels do not belong to him, they must be conceded to the Catholic Church! We were delighted to be assured that this great man possessed an insight into national economics marvelous for his day—but 'unbiased' investigation forces the confession that there were many indications of retrogressive tendencies in his economic views."

"Did we not conceive of Luther as the founder of the modern State? Yet in all that he said upon this subject there was nothing of any value which was at all new; as for the rest, by making the king an 'absolute Patriarch,' he did not in the least improve upon the coercive measures employed by the theory of the middle ages."

"Just think of it, then all these conclusions come to us from the

mouth of Protestant theologians! Grisar gives book and page for them. What is still more amazing, all these Protestant historians continue to speak of Luther in tones of admiration, in spite of the admissions which a 'love of truth' compels them to make. Looking upon the 'results' of their work thus gathered together, we cannot help asking the question, 'What, then, remains of Luther?' Verily, the praises chanted to him sound hollow in our ears, while at the same time we see jewel after jewel plucked from his crown."

AN ANGLICAN'S CONVERSION

(In "The Second Spring")

Then came the Kikuyu controversy. One of the most Catholic minded Bishops of the Church of England rose up in protest against what was really another attack of Reformation trouble; of an undermining of the faith, of contempt for Church order, and of suppression of Catholic devotion. It was a revelation to see the treatment he got for his pains from many who, being in the Catholic party, might have been expected to support him—how many blamed him for indiscretion, how some thought that if a split came, to him would belong the responsibility of precipitating it, how others tried to laugh it off, amused by a description of the Church of England (a part of the Church of Christ, mind you) as an old woman always floundering about but managing to keep going somehow, how some wondered what on earth he was disturbing the peace for since there was no authority which could compel obedience and the thing must fall flat, while some even supported his opponents. It was in discussion and meditation on this matter that I came to see how devoid I was of the Anglican ethos which made others' first thought seem to be for the safety of the Church of England, and I became aware of a certain isolation, which once recognized rapidly increased. I began to feel quite apart from the Church of England, and to look upon it as it were from the outside. I saw how her boast of four centuries of purified faith only masked a chaos, a chaos the result of a false liberty allowing every man to believe what is right in his own eyes, a liberty within the limits of a comprehension which has been ever widening since the Reformation, so that she has no pure faith. Then I saw how the Church centred round Rome was keeping a faith whose first witness was more in accord with her twentieth than the Church of England's fourth is with its first; that as in primitive times the standard of purity of faith was kept guarded at Rome, so the faith needs Rome's guard now, as the pillaged state of faith in the Church of England abundantly shows.

THE DAY OF DECISION

So I was brought to the day of decision. And the power that brought me, that made me again and again to take this line rather than that, that influenced me to use this occasion and that in the right way instead of the wrong—I think I know now that I have seen something of the praying that goes on by Masses, by Benedictions, by Expositions and by Novenas in all churches and in every convent for "our separated brethren" of whom I was one. The position to which I had been brought made a decision inevitable because I had reached a false position. My heart was in the Catholic Church, but my body was in the Church of England. The divorce could not go on; either I must go where my heart was, or my heart must return and force itself to make its home in the Church of England. But between me and the Home of my heart there was a barrier in my mind. This barrier to Rome was not any of Rome's making—not the result of any of her doctrines and practices, all of which were already in my heart, save the absolute necessity of visible communion with the Holy See.

BARRIERS TO SUBMISSION

The barrier was made up of home materials common to the Church of England. (1) Of a belief that I ought to stay where I was, "where God had placed me," and work for corporate reunion, to which individual secession was inimical. (2) Of a thought that "going over" would be an indulgence of one's desires instead of doing the harder and higher thing, and taking one's Anglican position as a heaven permitted penance. (3) Of the thought that great and good men could live and die in the Church of England, so why not I? (4) From the idea abroad in the Church of England that attraction to Rome had to be labelled "Roman fever" or "Temptation," and to put away from one as soon as possible, otherwise one would be argued with and prayed for as one likely to commit a sin. It was the righting or enlightenment of my mind in regard to this sort of questions that set me free to follow my heart. With regard to the first, Kikuyu revealed the Church of England as such a city of confusion—and of perpetual confusion because there is no one in it who can claim any real authority when attempts are made to set things right—that the idea of corporate reunion became ridiculous, and went to the winds. I confess the next question was a difficult one for some time, until I saw that it was a "prejudiced thought," a subtle error dressed in robes of light. The third easily went when I thought that here a Catholic would answer

an Anglican as an Anglican would answer a non-Conformist. The last idea was now nullified—"going over" must be faced and, for peace of soul, a decision arrived at. Though the barrier had been demolished a decision had still to be made.

FINAL VICTORY OF GRACE

I was still asking myself: "Is it right?" I had to decide whether I would go forward or go back. On the one hand an interminable vista of an Anglican future opened before me, at which my heart sank. On the other hand all the pain of the wrench from the then present position, which one was at the same time being drawn from and drawn to, drawn to by innumerable considerations—of friendships, of duties, of what was expected of one, of desire to spare oneself and others of a painful event, an event which would necessarily cast reflections upon some dearest friends who had been ordained with one; of the temptation: "Is it worth retracing one's steps and so wasting years of work? Would not God allow one to continue now that one had gone so far?"—all the reproaches and shock and wounds to self and others were before one. Two different answers came. In prayer came, day after day, a gradual strengthening into conviction that I must go. When, however, I went into my room from the chapel to begin routine work, immediately that more mundane atmosphere brought all the pressure of the inertia of one's position to bear upon one, and what seemed like one's common sense cried insistently: "No, no, impossible! An unheard of thing!" And so I wavered between the two voices. And whilst I wavered the path into the new country was cut across with a dark veil. At last I resolved to act according to the conviction that came stronger and stronger to me when on my knees. As I made the decision I felt that I was taking a blind header into the black veil of pain across the path, but hardly had the darkness enveloped me when I seemed to be already past it, the wrench that had yet to come seemed already made and the pain of it over, and the Eternal City lay splendid before me. On my way to the House of Reception, I went into the great Cathedral, and as I knelt in the silent chapel in gratitude before Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament it seemed as though there was flowing past me towards the Tabernacle the one unquestioning belief, in His Real Presence there, of the world's three hundred million Catholics, and I felt that I had indeed come into harbor.

SINS OF THE TONGUE

By a Paulist Father

"And he spake rightly." (St. Mark vii. 35) The Gospel tells us, dear brethren, that no sooner had our Lord touched the tongue of the dumb man than he began to speak rightly.

How often He has touched our tongues by coming to us in Communion, and yet how far we are from speaking rightly! It may be that we need healing more than the man of whom the Gospel tells. He had not the use of his tongue, and consequently could not employ it in the service of sin, we are blessed with its use, and yet, perhaps, we do not sufficiently realize that God wants us always to speak rightly.

The tongue wrongly used is capable of effecting a great deal of evil, St. James calls an evil tongue a "poisoned arrow." Can my slander, and backbiting and lying, a few of the many sins of which it is the cause. Whence, indeed, come so many disputes, quarrels, and as a consequence so much animosity between those who were formerly, or who ought to be, on terms of intimacy? Ask your own experience if charity was ever wounded while you guarded against idle conversation, vain disputes, and unkind remarks. You may be certain that if the tongue be carefully watched over sins against charity will be fewer.

I am far from thinking that such faults are to be found only or indeed generally among habitual or hardened sinners. Some persons who consider themselves very pious and nearly perfect who find it hard to collect sufficient matter to confession, do not always shun uncharitable conversations. Let them remember what St. James says: "He who offends not with his tongue is a perfect man." No piety is solid and genuine unless it be founded upon charity, which is the queen of virtues. We deceive ourselves in supposing that we are perfect, or even really pious, if we continue to gossip about our neighbors.

Sins of the tongue are often most grievous, and are often likewise irreparable in their consequences. Let us dwell upon a few such sins as offend God by reason of the injury which they do to our brother who is made according to His image. To malign a person against whom we entertain an unkind feeling may seem to some people trifling or at most only venial. This is a great mistake if what we say does notable harm to him. It is no less grievous to injure our neighbor in his good name than in his property. To restore his goods is not very difficult if we still possess them or have the means of procuring others of the same value. But when there is question of repairing the injury which we have done him by false speaking about him, then the task assumes a much greater difficulty. It is about as possible to stay the progress of a forest fire as to prevent this fire of an evil tongue spread-

ing in all directions. Nevertheless, we are bound to make every effort in our power to repair the injury. We need not hope that God will pardon us unless we are so disposed.

But someone will say: "I do not belong to the class that you have now described. I never say anything that is untrue of a neighbor, but simply mention to others those faults of which he is guilty." To this I answer: "If you do so in a grave matter without necessity, and to those who are not concerned about the welfare of the person in question, you are guilty of the sin of slander. By whom have you been authorized to make known his failings? Are you perfect in virtue? Would it please you if someone were to make your faults public? Do not then treat others in this way, since you are unwilling to suffer it yourself."

If you have been thoughtless in the past, let the future find you more guarded. Cultivate a kind, charitable disposition towards all, even those who offend you. Weigh your words with care, think of your own sins, avoid idle conversations and gossips.—Intermountain Catholic.

THE POOR LED HIM TO FAITH

In reading Father Richards' life of his saintly father, Henry L. Richards, I have been reminded of an incident that was the leit motif of his conversion, writes the Right Rev. Mgr. Henry A. Brann to America. Teaching a class of boys in St. Peter's Sunday school in the early fifties of the last century, he said to us: "Boys, the fact that first made me think of becoming a Catholic was this: I was a pastor of a fashionable Episcopal Church in Columbia, O., and all my parishioners were rich or nearly so. Every day when I took a walk I passed a neighboring Catholic church, and noticed that those who attended it were poor. The words of our Lord as given by St. Matthew came constantly to my mind: 'The poor you have always with you.' This made me reflect I had no poor; the Catholic Church had them all, so I began to study and became a Catholic."

IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT

Little hatred down in an obscure corner of Europe started a worldwide war.

The importance of little things has been dimmed into us for so long that we are inclined to neglect them. But it is not so.

Down in Southern Minnesota, as in many other communities, some misguided persons are stirring up Protestant Catholic hostility and trying to raise bad blood between brothers and neighbors. It is an amazing sight, but worse than that, it is dangerous. It is playing with fire.

An enmity made over some little thing has ruined many a business, many a home, and has sent thousands of men to their graves.

It is easy to look out for the little things. It's often impossible to stop the big things when once they get under way. They roll on to their logical conclusions and thousands mourn. Look out for the beginnings.—From the Minneapolis Journal.

A NON-CATHOLIC JUDGE DEFENDS CONFSSIONAL

REBUKES ATTORNEY WHO INTIMATED HE HAD RECEIVED KNOWLEDGE OF CASE FROM CONFESSOR

Providence Visitor

In a recent trial in Philadelphia a non Catholic attorney for a wife intimidated that information he had regarding her husband was obtained from their confessor.

The judge, a non Catholic, took the attorney to task and told him it was his belief that no priest ever hinted to any one what actually took place in the confessional between himself and a penitent.

A Catholic member of the bar present in court at the time wrote a letter to the judge, expressing appreciation of his statement.

The judge in answering said: "Every religious body has the right to consideration from those not identified with it to a belief in the sincerity of the faith of those identified with it." The judge also quoted from Alexander Pope's (a Catholic) "Universal Prayer":

Let not this weak, unknowing hand Presume Thy bolts to throw, And deal damnation around the land On each I judge Thy foe. If I am right, Thy grace impart Still in the right to stay; If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart To find that better way.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1914

MEDIATORS

In his last letter to the Montreal Star T. P. O'Connor calls attention to the fact, not realized even by many Irishmen, that a large and powerful section of their race is settled in Great Britain.

But the Irishmen everywhere fight, with time and their native resolution on their side, and in the next generation they had begun to improve their position in Great Britain.

After giving numerous instances of heavy recruiting amongst the members of the League in Britain Mr. O'Connor concludes: "So far, then, as the Irish in Great Britain are concerned—and they are the Irish I know best—they are fiercely in favor of the Allies."

In the two millions of the Irish race in Britain both Britain and Ireland have an army that to a large extent has already won the victory over racial prejudice and antagonism, and that will continue to fight for a better and more sympathetic understanding not only of the Irish but of the British, but, what is equally important, of the British people by the people of Ireland.

A PREGNANT MESSAGE

Frederick William Keating was born fifty-five years ago. Whether he has Irish blood in his veins or not we do not know; he was born and educated in England; taught in English colleges; served on English missions; and for the last six years has been Bishop of Northampton, a diocese scattered over seven counties which is described as both the largest and poorest in the kingdom.

His recent inaugural address to the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland is in itself a significant event and contains a message for Catholics throughout the English speaking world.

When this deplorable and devastating War is over thoughtful minds will be compelled to turn from godless and soulless science which has produced militarism in Prussia, and capitalism, syndicalism and socialism in England, turn from materialism to consider the moral forces essential to the stability of civilized society.

More than ever will the claim of the Church of God, the greatest of all moral forces, receive consideration. The first essential condition for the accomplishment of her divine mission is that she be free; free from the vexatious action of civil governments; then relying on her own supernatural strength the Church will bring to civil society that element of moral strength without which it must fail in the highest aims of civilization.

Pleading for a more united action on the part of the Catholics of the British Isles, Bishop Keating points out that they are united not only by the common faith but by a common language, a language truly imperial which offers facilities to Catholics to-day than were ever offered by the language of Imperial Rome; a language that will outlast the empire and impose its mentality on generations yet unborn and empires yet to be.

"But Ireland," continues the English Bishop, "has an outstanding privilege and responsibility all her own. For the Catholicism of all English-speaking countries, including the United States, is derived in overwhelming proportion from the unpolluted fountains of this Green Isle;" and now that winter is over and gone he exhorts Ireland when turning a fresh page in her history to remember her mission as herald of the faith amongst the nations.

This recalls Newman's glorious vision of the renewal in changed times and conditions of Ireland's great work when she was the University of Europe and when her saints and scholars saved European civilization and Christianity.

The burden of Bishop Keating's message is this, that closer touch, warmer sympathy, more intimate

SHOCKING OPTIMISM

Just a month ago Lord Curzon of Kedleston, former Viceroy of India, gave an address which a Canadian Press despatch reported in part as follows: "The speaker added that by fortifying Antwerp Germany would secure a grip on the whole of Belgium, make Holland play her will, and then settle down to her main object—the destruction of this country."

Readers of our newspapers, nevertheless, are constantly led to believe that Germany is failing everywhere and all the time, that she is in fact almost at her last gasp. Though the despatches may be given honestly—those from Berlin and Vienna being of course good jokes—the headlines and comments invariably give ground for that sort of optimism that shocks Lord Curzon.

Is this wise? Is it not something worse than the harmless even if childish vanity of patriotism? If we are fighting for our very existence, and those most competent to judge believe that the struggle will be long and arduous, this reckless and exaggerated optimism is the worst possible preparation for the supreme effort which the Empire and every part of it may be called upon to put forth.

This fabrication appeared in other papers. The Freeman's Journal of New York gave space to it, and Bishop O'Donnell, on his attention being called to it, did not wait for His Majesty's mail but used the wires. This telegram to the Freeman's Journal of Dublin set a crooked matter straight:

Letterkenny, 3 p. m., Oct. 16. I have wired the following to the editor of the New York Freeman's Journal: "The statement which your issue of the 26th September attributes to me is a concoction from beginning to end; not one syllable of it is mine. I work now, as hitherto, with the Irish leaders in their difficult task."

As this concoction, not a syllable of which is Bishop O'Donnell's, was published with the object of discrediting the Irish leaders whom certain irreconcilable contemptuously termed recruiting sergeants for the English Army, it is well to read and digest the fact that the great patriotic Bishop of Raphoe, Dr. O'Donnell, is still great enough and patriotic enough to work now as always with the trusted and accredited leaders of the Irish people.

In the interests of truth, if not of his digestion, our correspondent should see to it that the paper which gave him that bit of misinformation should publish Bishop O'Donnell's emphatic denial.

Now as one good turn deserves another we shall give a sentence or two from another great patriotic Bishop for him and those who think like him to read and digest: "The past will not return; reaction is the dream of men who see not, and hear not; who, in utter oblivion of the living world behind them, sit at the gates of cemeteries weeping over tombs that shall not be reopened."

And again: "In every historic transition there were reactionaries, who would feign push back into Erie the waters of Niagara—men to whom all changes are perilous, all innovation damnable liberalism, or, even, rank heresy."

These words of Archbishop Ireland were not pronounced with reference to the condition of things under consideration when Irish reactionaries concocted the spurious address of the Bishop of Raphoe; but they may nevertheless provide a useful subject of meditation for them and their misguided admirers.

Let the dead past bury its dead and live in the twentieth century.

ANOMALIES Driving along a Muskoka road recently we met several good Orangemen carting potatoes to the railroad depot to be shipped for the succor of the Belgian refugees. Were the circumstances not so tragic the incident would surely provoke a smile. For Belgium, on whose behalf the Orange farmers were making a sacrifice, is that accursed of the lodges, a Catholic country with a really Catholic government, and according to all rules and regulations of the brethren their annihilation could not be other than a blessing.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

Once more there is opportunity for higher criticism in interpreting the reports from the front. It would appear that what is said must be carefully considered in relation to the circumstances under which it is said if its real meaning is to be discovered. Yesterday morning, for example, the French official report said that "at the north the battle continues very violent." As a matter of fact, that report was made in the knowledge that Dixmude had been captured by the Germans by assault. This appears from last night's French official statement, which says: "The enemy has continued all day his effort of yesterday without accomplishing any new result. He has directed against Lombardzyde a counter-attack, which has been repulsed, and has made vain attempts to debouch from Dixmude, on the left bank of the Yser." This must be read in conjunction with the German report, which says: "We made good progress yesterday (Tuesday) on the Yser, north of Ypres, and took Dixmude by storm, capturing more than 500 prisoners and 9 machine guns. Further south our troops crossed the canal, and west of Langemarck captured the first line of the enemy's position. About 2,000 infantry were taken prisoners and 6 machine guns were captured. South of Ypres we have driven the enemy out of St. Eloi."

Writing of the famous Oxford sermons which in the Tullochs and the Whyte's fall on barren ground, Shaip has this to say: "The look and the bearing of the preacher were as of one who dwelt apart, who, though he knew his age well, did not live in it. From his seclusion of study, and abstinence, and prayer, from habitual dwelling in the unseen, he seemed to come forth that one day of the week to speak to others of the things he had seen and heard. . . . As he spoke, how the old truth became new! how it came home with a meaning never felt before! He laid his finger—how gently, yet how powerfully—on some inner place in the hearer's heart, and told him things about himself he had never known till then. Subtlest truths, which it would have taken philosophers pages of circumlocution and big words to state, were dropped out by the way in a sentence or two of the most transparent Saxon. What delicacy of style yet what calm power! how gentle yet how strong! how simple yet how suggestive! how homely yet how refined! how penetrating yet how tender-hearted."

OR AGAIN: "To call these sermons eloquent would not be the word for them; high poems they rather were, as of an inspired singer, or the outpourings of a prophet, rapt yet self-possessed. And the tone of voice in which they were spoken, once you grew accustomed to it, sounded like a fine strain of unearthly music. Through the stillness of that high Gothic building the words fell on the ear like the measured drippings of water in some vast dim cave. After hearing these sermons you might come away still not believing the tenets peculiar to the High Church system; but you would be harder than most men if you did not feel more than ever ashamed of coarseness, selfishness, worldliness, if you did not feel the things of faith brought closer to the soul."

AND OF THE sort of influence which Newman exercised at Oxford, which Tulloch and Whyte would have the world believe made for neither spirituality or enlightenment, Shaip, an eye-witness, delivers himself of this testimony: "Those who witnessed these things (Newman's conversion to the Catholic faith) and knew that if a large following had been his object, he might, by leaving the Church of England three years earlier, in the plenitude of his influence, have taken almost all the flower of young Oxford with him, needed no Apologia to convince them of his honesty of purpose. And the moral power his presence had been at Oxford was proved by nothing more than by the tremendous reaction that followed his departure,—a reaction from which I

know not if that University has yet recovered. Such was the impression made by that eventful time on impartial but not uninterested spectators—on those who by early education and convictions were kept quite aloof from the peculiar tenets of High Churchmen, but who could not but be struck by the moral quickening which resulted from the movement, and by the marvellous character of him who was the soul of it."

THE AVERAGE Presbyterian mind is perhaps incapable of appreciating so spiritual a mind as that of Cardinal Newman, but that there are exceptions is proved by these words of Principal Shaip's and by the steady if thin stream of converts that comes from the ranks of the Kirk of Scotland. A number of convert Presbyterian ministers are to be found in the Catholic priesthood and year by year the accessions from the educated laity steadily increase. That the great mass of the people are not as yet so directly affected is no insuperable barrier therefore to the hope so often expressed that in time the work of the sixteenth century will be undone and Scotland once more take her legitimate and historical place as a Catholic nation.

THE OTHER Presbyterian Scotsman to whom we have referred was a man of a different stamp. John Campbell Shaip was also a Principal in St. Andrews, and throughout his life a devout adherent of Presbyterianism. But he had been Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and, judging from his published writings, had made good use of his time at the English University in studying its institutions and its men with an open mind, and with a spirit of appreciation for the good and the beautiful in his surroundings. Tulloch had nothing better than a sneer for a religious selflessness and fervor which his dull Calvinistic brain could not understand. Shaip's mind was open to higher impressions. Himself a poet he had all a poet's appreciation for genius and unworidliness, and instinctively recognized these qualities in the great leader of the Oxford Movement.

These impressions he has voiced in two volumes of essays, "Studies in Poetry and Philosophy," and "Aspects of Poetry," which, to our thinking, constitute one of the noblest tributes in the language to the character and genius of John Henry Newman,—a man in many ways the most remarkable that England has seen during the century, perhaps the most remarkable whom the English Church has produced in any century." One or two extracts from these volumes may be appreciated.

OUR REFERENCE last week to Rev. Alexander Whyte's helpless floundering in the vast sea of Newman's teachings has occasioned a glance back to the utterances of some fellow countrymen and fellow-religionists of the Edinburgh professor who, like him, have put into print their impressions of the English Cardinal, and of his position in relation to the thought of the age. Many Scotsmen of note have come under Newman's influence to a greater or lesser degree, and some of them—notably Bishop Forbes of Brechin—were his constant and admiring friends. But Bishop Forbes was an Episcopalian, of the old High Church school, who in his earlier life was one of that little band of Oxford disciples who looked to Newman to transform and renew the Church of England, and who, though they followed him not across the great divide, never ceased to regard him as their spiritual and intellectual father.

TWO OTHERS that we have in mind were not, however, of this class, though one of them at one period of his life at least, hovered about the charmed circle. The other, the late Principal Tulloch of St. Andrew's University, never came near it. He studied, or pretended to study the Oxford Movement at a distance and long after its force was spent and its great leader had found a sure refuge in the One True Church. He never knew Newman personally, never entered into his philosophy except by misunderstanding it, and had no sympathy with his beliefs or his aspirations. He was, like Dr. Whyte, a hopeless Calvinist and like him also,

THE POLITICAL ACTIVITY OF THE ROMAN CHURCH

"The appointment of ex-Mayor Nathan as Italian representative to the Panama Exposition next year has been withdrawn by the King of Italy. The reason is not given, but it appears reasonably certain that it is due to the political activity of his Roman Catholic enemies in the United States. Just how that activity was exerted we do not know, but the result is plain. We have no brief for the ex-Mayor of Rome, but we venture to predict that the political activity of the Roman Church will not fail to arouse a resentment which will manifest itself in energetic fashion somewhere—The Christian Guardian.

Ernesto Nathan, an English born Jew, was for some time Syndic of Rome. The term is not familiar to us so, though there are important differences in both office and mode of election, we shall use the term Mayor. As Mayor of Rome we need not enter upon his unsavory record. When, however, he used this position to hurl coarse and ribald insults at the venerable head of the Catholic Church he made himself infamous throughout the world.

After he had attained that bad eminence he was appointed Italian representative to the Panama Exposition. Very naturally American Catholics resented the insult of such an

appointment. They gave vigorous and open expression to that resentment. That is "just how that activity was exerted."

Meanwhile there was a municipal election in Rome. It is well to note that provision is there made for the representation of minorities. The municipal Council of Rome consists of eighty members, and one fifth of the seats are given to the defeated minority. This generous provision gave to sixteen candidates who were thousands of votes behind other candidates of the successful party seats in the Council as representatives of the minority. Even so ex-Mayor Nathan was not elected to the Council. He was buried so deep that there was just one other also-ran beneath him.

His appointment was a political appointment; while he kept his leadership over the anti clerical rag tag and bobtail and was treated with easy-going indifference by the respectable people of Rome he retained some political influence. But when the Roman people at the municipal elections expressed themselves so emphatically and unequivocally, Ernesto Nathan, sometime Syndic, is relegated to political oblivion with none so poor (or shameless) as do him reverence.

The King of Italy is not an absolute monarch, far from it. If Nathan's political appointment, offensive to Catholics, served no political purpose we need look no further than the political sense of those who made it to account for its withdrawal.

The Guardian's comment is interesting. The writer has evidently never learned to define his terms. We should like to have him define "political activity" in plain terms that would apply equally to Catholics and Methodists.

And then when "venturing to predict" so energetically why be so vague and cryptic?

AN INDIGESTIBLE CONCOCTION From Woodstock, N. B., we received the following clipping from the National Hibernian with the exhortation: "Read and Digest, It May Do You Good." The capitals are our correspondent's. Just what their significance may be our readers will have to determine for themselves.

The great patriotic Bishop of Raphoe, Dr. O'Donnell, in a strong address to his countrymen, issued recently, says: "This is not our war. Ireland is in no way in this struggle. The Volunteers must remain under Irish control and be used for the purpose for which they were started, the preservation of Ireland for the Irish. No Irish leader has a right to pledge the support of Ireland to England against Germany or any other nation. The day is gone by when the Irish can be dragged along and tied at the chariot wheel of warmakers."

This fabrication appeared in other papers. The Freeman's Journal of New York gave space to it, and Bishop O'Donnell, on his attention being called to it, did not wait for His Majesty's mail but used the wires. This telegram to the Freeman's Journal of Dublin set a crooked matter straight: Letterkenny, 3 p. m., Oct. 16. I have wired the following to the editor of the New York Freeman's Journal: "The statement which your issue of the 26th September attributes to me is a concoction from beginning to end; not one syllable of it is mine. I work now, as hitherto, with the Irish leaders in their difficult task."

BISHOP O'DONNELL. As this concoction, not a syllable of which is Bishop O'Donnell's, was published with the object of discrediting the Irish leaders whom certain irreconcilable contemptuously termed recruiting sergeants for the English Army, it is well to read and digest the fact that the great patriotic Bishop of Raphoe, Dr. O'Donnell, is still great enough and patriotic enough to work now as always with the trusted and accredited leaders of the Irish people.

In the interests of truth, if not of his digestion, our correspondent should see to it that the paper which gave him that bit of misinformation should publish Bishop O'Donnell's emphatic denial.

Now as one good turn deserves another we shall give a sentence or two from another great patriotic Bishop for him and those who think like him to read and digest: "The past will not return; reaction is the dream of men who see not, and hear not; who, in utter oblivion of the living world behind them, sit at the gates of cemeteries weeping over tombs that shall not be reopened."

And again: "In every historic transition there were reactionaries, who would feign push back into Erie the waters of Niagara—men to whom all changes are perilous, all innovation damnable liberalism, or, even, rank heresy."

These words of Archbishop Ireland were not pronounced with reference to the condition of things under consideration when Irish reactionaries concocted the spurious address of the Bishop of Raphoe; but they may nevertheless provide a useful subject of meditation for them and their misguided admirers.

Let the dead past bury its dead and live in the twentieth century.

ANOMALIES Driving along a Muskoka road recently we met several good Orangemen carting potatoes to the railroad depot to be shipped for the succor of the Belgian refugees. Were the circumstances not so tragic the incident would surely provoke a smile. For Belgium, on whose behalf the Orange farmers were making a sacrifice, is that accursed of the lodges, a Catholic country with a really Catholic government, and according to all rules and regulations of the brethren their annihilation could not be other than a blessing.

The valor of Belgium's citizen army, and the wilful destruction of a wonderfully progressive nation, are adduced as reasons justifying the Allies intervention in her defence. It would appear, therefore, possible for a Catholic people to be patriotic, and for a Catholic government to promote the material welfare of its subjects—two things which do not exactly square with the accepted Orange view.

Not very long ago pulpit, press and platform rang with denunciations of the "Congo Atrocities." Now that Belgium is being lauded to the skies it would be as much as your life is worth to whisper "Congo."

At the recent historic Guild hall banquet the French Ambassador declared France had drawn the sword in defence of Christianity. Certainly a new role for the nation that exiled its religious and banned the very name of God.

France cast out its priests and nuns as enemies of the commonwealth. Now priests and nuns are being decorated for bravery on the battlefield in defence of la belle France.

The Duke of Connaught, paying tribute to the pastoral of the Quebec episcopate, says it is only "in keeping with their historic attitude towards the British Crown." And the Sentinel so often assured us that the hierarchy was only loyal to the tiara?

The war has given rise to startling anomalies. If it would only develop the habit of clear thinking? But we suppose when the war is over the brethren will again see red when it is a question of Rome. COLUMBA.

NOTES AND COMMENTS Our reference last week to Rev. Alexander Whyte's helpless floundering in the vast sea of Newman's teachings has occasioned a glance back to the utterances of some fellow countrymen and fellow-religionists of the Edinburgh professor who, like him, have put into print their impressions of the English Cardinal, and of his position in relation to the thought of the age.

Many Scotsmen of note have come under Newman's influence to a greater or lesser degree, and some of them—notably Bishop Forbes of Brechin—were his constant and admiring friends. But Bishop Forbes was an Episcopalian, of the old High Church school, who in his earlier life was one of that little band of Oxford disciples who looked to Newman to transform and renew the Church of England, and who, though they followed him not across the great divide, never ceased to regard him as their spiritual and intellectual father.

TWO OTHERS that we have in mind were not, however, of this class, though one of them at one period of his life at least, hovered about the charmed circle. The other, the late Principal Tulloch of St. Andrew's University, never came near it. He studied, or pretended to study the Oxford Movement at a distance and long after its force was spent and its great leader had found a sure refuge in the One True Church. He never knew Newman personally, never entered into his philosophy except by misunderstanding it, and had no sympathy with his beliefs or his aspirations. He was, like Dr. Whyte, a hopeless Calvinist and like him also,

know not if that University has yet recovered. Such was the impression made by that eventful time on impartial but not uninterested spectators—on those who by early education and convictions were kept quite aloof from the peculiar tenets of High Churchmen, but who could not but be struck by the moral quickening which resulted from the movement, and by the marvellous character of him who was the soul of it."

THE AVERAGE Presbyterian mind is perhaps incapable of appreciating so spiritual a mind as that of Cardinal Newman, but that there are exceptions is proved by these words of Principal Shaip's and by the steady if thin stream of converts that comes from the ranks of the Kirk of Scotland. A number of convert Presbyterian ministers are to be found in the Catholic priesthood and year by year the accessions from the educated laity steadily increase. That the great mass of the people are not as yet so directly affected is no insuperable barrier therefore to the hope so often expressed that in time the work of the sixteenth century will be undone and Scotland once more take her legitimate and historical place as a Catholic nation.

THE OTHER Presbyterian Scotsman to whom we have referred was a man of a different stamp. John Campbell Shaip was also a Principal in St. Andrews, and throughout his life a devout adherent of Presbyterianism. But he had been Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and, judging from his published writings, had made good use of his time at the English University in studying its institutions and its men with an open mind, and with a spirit of appreciation for the good and the beautiful in his surroundings. Tulloch had nothing better than a sneer for a religious selflessness and fervor which his dull Calvinistic brain could not understand. Shaip's mind was open to higher impressions. Himself a poet he had all a poet's appreciation for genius and unworidliness, and instinctively recognized these qualities in the great leader of the Oxford Movement.

These impressions he has voiced in two volumes of essays, "Studies in Poetry and Philosophy," and "Aspects of Poetry," which, to our thinking, constitute one of the noblest tributes in the language to the character and genius of John Henry Newman,—a man in many ways the most remarkable that England has seen during the century, perhaps the most remarkable whom the English Church has produced in any century." One or two extracts from these volumes may be appreciated.

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off the coast of Kent torpedoed the obsolete British torpedo gunboat Niger yesterday morning and sank her. The crew were saved, only 4 men being injured. The Niger was of use only as a target, her armament consisted of two 4 inch guns and four 3 pounder quick-firers. The serious thing is not the loss of the ship, but the knowledge that German submarines are moving about at the mouth of the Thames, a few miles from important harbors like Dover and Folkestone.

The Daily Telegraph says: "Belgium's martyrdom and the magnificently stubborn fight ever since the opening of August, are the supreme tragedy, and the supreme glory in this colossal struggle for the freedom of Europe."

PARTIAL LIST OF GERMAN LOSS NUMBERS OVER 500,000

(Canadian Press Despatch) Copenhagen, Nov. 11.—News despatches declare that the latest casualty lists published in Berlin give the names of 509,000 officers and men killed, wounded or missing. The list covers part of August, September, and a few from October. One section alone carries 29,281 names.

FURIOUS FIGHTING TO REACH CHANNEL PORTS

(Canadian Press Despatches) London, Nov. 11.—The Germans have resumed their attack on the allied line between the coast and the Lys River, and, while the French claim generally to have held their positions the Germans have succeeded in capturing the town of Dixmude, which has been the centre of some of the fiercest and most sanguinary fighting of the war. The country between Dixmude and Ypres, where the belligerents have been engaged in violent attacks and counter attacks for weeks past, and where the losses have been heavier even than those in the battle of the Yser, is again the scene of a battle which for fury has seldom, if ever, been equalled.

Behind Dixmude is the direct road to Dunkirk, one of the French ports on which the Germans have set their hearts, and if they can break through here the allies will be compelled to fall back to new positions. The invaders have, therefore, been concentrating their forces at this point, and their success in taking Dixmude, where they claim to have captured 500 prisoners and positions to the west of Langemarck, where, according to the Berlin report, 2,000 prisoners fell into their hands, shows that the statements so freely made that they have been sending troops from the west to Poland, are without foundation.

MODIFIED CONSCRIPTION

SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICHOLS SAYS NONCONFORMISTS DO NOT LIKE IT, BUT WILL TAKE THE MEDICINE (Special Cable Despatch to The Globe)

London, Nov. 11.—"By the first of the year it will be determined whether we will have conscription or not, and should it be necessary, you may be sure that the Nonconformists will uncompromisingly do their duty," said Sir William Robertson Nichols, editor of the British Weekly and a competent spokesman for the Nonconformist point of view, in an interview with your correspondent today. Continuing he said: "Lloyd George's words last night at the City Temple, 'I should like to see every town, every city, every area know what is expected of it. I should like to see every country called upon for its quota' fore-shadows a kind of partial conscription, which will come first if volunteer recruiting does not produce the men necessary."

"I think this method of enforcing conscription is very fair, for I do not think these areas which have done their duty should be humiliated by conscription until those areas which have lagged behind in this noble race are brought up to the scratch. We Nonconformists hate conscription, but we hate defeat more. Ours are the traditions of the Pilgrim Fathers of New England and of Cromwell's Irish-rides."

"I do not believe any form of conscription will in the end be necessary. I think there is some justice to the statement that the upper classes have been doing their duty in the present crisis, and a certain element of the middle classes have not."

GENERAL BOTHA ROUTS THE REBELS

(Special Cable Despatch to The Globe) Johannesburg, South Africa, Nov. 13.—The official statement of the defeat of General De Wet commanding the rebel forces, by General Louis Botha, Premier of South Africa, his companion in arms in the Boer war against Great Britain, is published today.

General Botha moved out from Winberg in the Orange Free State after De Wet, who it was reported had 2,000 rebels with him. Co-operating with General Botha were General Lukin, Colonel Britz and Colonel Brand. Botha's plan was to surround De Wet's force by a concerted drive against it. But for General Lukin and Colonel Britz being prevented from coming up in time the plan would have succeeded.

As it was, General Botha, with whom Colonel Brand co-operated actively, inflicted a heavy defeat on De Wet, making 250 prisoners and

capturing two laagers, which contained motor cars and 100 carts and wagons.

An incident of the battle was the capture by the rebels of Commandant Fouche and forty men. But General Tobias Smuts effected a brilliant rescue of Fouche and his man. Among the prisoners whom the Government forces released were Senator Stuart and the Magistrate of Winberg, whom De Wet made prisoners when he entered Winberg. De Wet's defeat has made a profound impression in the Orange Free State.

Durban, South Africa, Nov. 13.—Railway communication between Harrismith and Ladysmith has been restored, and conditions at Harrismith are now reported as normal again.

Indications of a general rebellion in the Orange Free State are rapidly weakening. It is anticipated that the Government forces will occupy Harrismith without opposition either to night or some time to-morrow.

IN SERBIA

Affairs are not going well with the Serbs and Montenegrins. They are fighting with the utmost gallantry, and the Austrians are unquestionably sustaining severe losses, but weight begins to tell. The Serbs are now back east of the Drina after their unsuccessful invasion of Bosnia and are fighting with desperate valor to prevent the Austrians from advancing upon Belgrade from the southwest. The Serbs have defended the line of the Danube and the Save in a wonderful way, but the advance from the west has proved too much for them. Russia may relieve the pressure by the operations in Galicia, but this is by no means certain. Serbia has been bled white by three campaigns in two years.

THE BIGGEST PROBLEM

From August 23 to November 11, 682 British officers were killed in action in France and other theatres of war; 1,384 were wounded, and 354 are reported as missing, many of whom are no doubt prisoners of war. A loss of 2,420 officers in 100 days of campaigning is very serious. There were only 9,750 officers in the Regular Army in 1912, including over one thousand on the Territorial and Indian Staffs. The problem of officering Kitchener's new armies is the biggest before the War Office.

BY BATTLE DEVELOPING IN RUSSIA

London, Nov. 13.—While the battle in West Flanders continues to hold the public attention because of the desperate character of the fighting, the numbers of men engaged and the territory at stake, military men now look upon east Prussia as the centre of gravity of the war. In this latter field of operations a big battle is developing. The Russians are pushing vigorously a great enveloping movement. They are engaging the Germans along a wide curve of one hundred and fifty miles from Stalluponen, in the northeast, through Goldap and Kruglanken, which is well within the tangle of lakes, down to Soldau in the southwest. Military observers say the Germans have apparently checked their retreat in Poland and by counter-attacks are endeavoring to create a diversion. They say, however, that the Russians are not to be turned from their plan which is believed to be an attack on Danzig. They argue that the Germans will have to either allow East Prussia to be overrun the second time or bring up reinforcements, and that they can hardly weaken their army along the Polish frontier, for that would leave Posen and Silesia open to invasion. The allies naturally are hoping that an effort will be made to relieve East Prussia, and thus lead to the weakening of the German armies in Belgium and France.

In any fighting in their own country the Germans will have the advantage over the Russians, as they have a net work of strategic railways to move their troops quickly, and, besides, they use motors to a larger extent than their opponents. Military men are watching the operations in this region with the deepest interest.

HOMELESS, DISHEARTENED AND STARVING

London, Nov. 13.—Jarvis E. Bell of New York, who, on behalf of the American Commission for Relief in Belgium, assisted in the distribution of the first cargo of relief supplies sent to the Belgians, has given the Associated Press a description of conditions in the stricken country. Mr. Bell said: "Nothing that has been written could exaggerate the misery of Belgium. We drove for miles through graveyards. Stakes, on some of which were soldiers' battered coats and helmets, were tombstones—deserted fields are cemeteries. As we entered the villages women and children sought refuge in the remains of ruined homes, terrified."

"The Belgian peasant has in many districts no home in which to sleep, no seed to sow, no implements with which to work, no transport to reach a market, and finally, no heart to struggle against the impossible."

"The American relief steamer Coblenz, carrying more than 1,000 tons of foodstuffs, arrived at Rotterdam from London at 3 o'clock Sunday morning. On Monday morning eight barges left Rotterdam en route for Brussels with relief sup-

plies. On the door of the captain's cabin in each barge was a copy of General Von der Goltz's proclamation, instructing all German officials to give safe conduct and assistance to the American relief cargo.

JUSTIFIES THE HORRORS

"WE MUST BE VICTORIOUS: WHAT ELSE MATTERS?" London, Nov. 13.—Major-Gen. Von Diefurth (retired), in an article contributed to the Hamburg Nachrichten, says:

"No object whatever can be served by taking any notice of the accusation of barbarity leveled against Germany. We owe no explanations to anyone. Whatever act committed by our troops for the purpose of discouraging, defeating and destroying the enemy is a brave act and fully justified."

"Germany stands the supreme arbiter of her own methods. It is no consequence whatever if all the monuments ever created, all the pictures ever painted, be destroyed, if by their destruction we promote Germany's victory. War is war. The ugliest stone placed to mark the burial of a German Grenadier is a more glorious monument than all the cathedrals in Europe put together. They call us Europeans. What of it? We scorn their abuse."

"For my part, I hope that in this war we have merited the title, barbarians. Let neutral peoples and our enemies cease to talk of the churches and all the castles in France which have shared its fate. Our troops must achieve victory. What else matters?"

TERRIBLE THREE WEEKS' BATTLE

In the centre, the struggle has been at Ypres, the defence of which will certainly be reckoned in history as one of the most striking episodes of the British army.

"For more than three weeks the position, which projects like a bastion into the enemy's lines, has been held under a rain of shells which has hardly ceased by day or night. During this time the enemy has poured successive waves of infantry against it, only to see them break to pieces, one after the other."

THE GREATEST MORAL FORCE IN THE WORLD

At a great meeting of the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, His Eminence Cardinal Logue presiding, the Bishop of Northampton gave the principal address of which the following is the Tablet's summary:

THE CHURCH'S MISSION OF THE FUTURE

The Bishop of Northampton then rose to deliver the inaugural address. His lordship began by pointing out that at the end of the war new horizons would be revealed, not only to politicians and social philosophers, but especially to the Catholic Church as the greatest moral force in the world. Much reconstruction, social as well as material, would be required, and the reconstruction of European society, if it was to be genuine and lasting, and not a hollow sham, must be reconstruction on a Christian basis. Governments would have to go to school to Pope Pius X. of blessed memory by pointing out that at the end of the war new horizons would be revealed, not only to politicians and social philosophers, but especially to the Catholic Church as the greatest moral force in the world. 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FIVE MINUTE SERMON TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

THE VANITY OF WORLDLY THINGS

There is an old proverb which says: All is not gold that glitters. Many things that have a pleasant and alluring appearance turn out, upon closer inspection, to be hollow and deceitful, and to these things belong the treasures and pleasures that the world can offer. They are truly coals.

It was the custom among the ancient Persians on some high feast day of the year, to place upon the royal throne a criminal who had forfeited his life, to place the scepter in his hands, the crown upon his head, and royal honors were shown to him. Upon this day the crown could have pleasure to his heart's desire. The following day he was seized, scourged, and finally put to a painful death upon a cross.

My dear Christians! So does the world to her votaries. It raises them to high position and honors, procures many pleasures for them, but all this lasts only for a short time, and disappointment, pain, and adversity soon follow upon these blissful days. Remember the fate of Balthazar. He was in his full power and magnificence, enjoying himself at a great feast, and in the same night his city was conquered and he was captured and slain. There are so many people laboring day and night, by the sweat of their brow, to gain wealth; they seek nothing but riches, honor and pleasures, when suddenly death overtakes them. "What hath pride profited us," they will say with Solomon "or what advantage hath the boasting of riches brought us? All these things are passed away like a shadow" (Wisdom v, 8-9). King David says of them: "They have slept their sleep; and all the men of riches have found nothing in their hands" (Pa. lxxxv, 9). They may be likened to the man who dreams that he has acquired great riches and magnificent possessions and awakes to find it has been an idle dream. So the world and its treasures. They may have the appearance of a field of beautiful flowers and delicious fruits and are eventually found to be only coals.

Too many people become aware of this only when their last hour has come. Then they realize that they have pursued shadows, that they possess nothing that can be taken into eternity; that all their scheming and planning is now of no avail. Woe to us, my dear Christians, if we fail to realize that the possessions and pleasures of the world are nothing but vanity! Woe to us, if, before we appear at the judgment seat of God, we have not gathered up treasures which neither rust nor moth do consume and which thieves cannot break through and steal. Woe to us if that last moment arrives before we have performed any good deeds, such as will merit us eternal life! "For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul?" (Mark viii, 36, 37). He can give nothing in the hour of death. "For the night for him has come in which no man can work."

Let us realize now, my dear Christians, what is necessary for our salvation, now while there is yet time, and before the days come of which we must say: "They do not please us." Let us not be deceived by false splendor of this world! Let us follow the advice of St. John: "Love not the world, nor the things which are in the world. If any man love the world, the charity of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, is the concupiscence of the flesh, and the concupiscence of the eyes, and the pride of life, which is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the concupiscence thereof, but he that doth the will of God, abideth forever" (1 John ii, 15-17). Let us not seek our salvation in the world, but in God, who alone can make us eternally happy. He that possesses God possesses all, and vastly more than this whole world can ever offer, for he possesses the guarantee of eternal life, a life of true and everlasting happiness. Amen.

TEMPERANCE

EDUCATION AND TEMPERANCE

There is a world of meaning in the old dictum, "knowledge is power," which is verified in every order of things. In the physical world knowledge of the forces of nature has called into existence powerful machines, from the steam engine to the aeroplane—and knowledge can effect stranger things in the moral and religious world. To know God is to love Him. To know your enemy is to avoid him. But the knowledge we desire to see flourish luxuriantly is a keen mental grasp of the baneful consequences of alcoholic drinking in every phase of life. Could we but convince men and women to day of the evil efforts of drink on the physical, social and religious lives they lead, victory should be ours, easy and complete.

The social customs of an ignorant past and the superficial and transient excitement of strong drink have dimmed the mental vision of mankind on this fearful evil. It is to the school and to the young minds that are being moulded therein that we must look if we hope to see a strong, healthy view of this vital scourge. Parents and teachers have a tremendous responsibility before God and

their country in the education of youth on this question of drink; so, too, have the authorities that determine and superintend the system of education in primary schools. Save the child and the nation will work out its own salvation in due course. The education of the fully-grown generation is too fraught with difficulties to be perfect or complete. It is only grudgingly that men abandon in riper years the false impressions received in childhood. Group the children into juvenile temperance guilds, feed them mentally on sound, simple, temperance literature, teach them to display a temperance badge on all occasions until they associate total abstinence with religion, self-respect and success in life. The work is tedious; but it can be done during the years our little boys and girls are being equipped for life.—Father Mathew Record.

BARTENDER'S DRINKS

In a recent "Commonwealth" was the question, "Why do saloonkeepers demand that bartenders be not drinking men?" While not attempting to answer the question, it occurred to me that the following, if thrown a little light on the subject, and at the same time help others as it did the man referred to. In a talk some time ago with a resident of Wisconsin on the folly of drinking he made this statement: "It is a great and a costly folly. I used to delight in spending my Saturday nights with the boys in a saloon and generally went home intoxicated. One Sunday morning while suffering from a severe headache I got to thinking. I wondered how it was that the bartender drank every time any of us treated, but never showed any effect of his drinking. The next Saturday night when I was treated I asked for whisky and told the bartender I would take mine out of his bottle. 'You will not like it,' he replied. I, however, insisted, and he reached under the bar and winked as he handed it to me. Then I found he had all the while been drinking nothing but cold tea. That is all I drank that night, and I went home sober. The next morning I had another attack of thinking, and I concluded that if cold tea was good enough for a bartender it was good enough for me, and that is all I have since drunk, and do not have to go to a saloon and pay 10 cents a drink for it, either."

Another man, a former policeman, was led to quit drinking very much like the one who was told: "Buy your own cherries." I met him one day on the street and complimented him for looking so well. "Do you know the reason?" he asked. "Well, I will tell you. I used to spend my leisure time and a great deal of money in the saloons. Now I am spending my off time at home and am using my money to make home comfortable and the family happy. I had my eyes opened last Christmas. When I went into a saloon, the proprietor showed me a handsome diamond stud in a velvet case, saying he had bought it as a Christmas present for himself. I said to him: 'I guess I helped to pay for it.' 'Of course, you did, old fellow,' was the reply. I bought a cigar that day and led the saloon with the determination that I would use my money for a better purpose than buying diamond studs for saloonkeepers, and that is why I am now on the water wagon where I intend to stay."—R. Roberts Shronk in Baptist Commonwealth.

NOT A FREAK DECISION

"Total abstinence from alcoholic stimulants," runs a cable dispatch from London, "will be strictly observed during Sir Ernest Shackleton's trip across the South Polar continent. He and his men propose to work long hours, including eight hours' marching every day, but for stimulants they will rely on nothing stronger than tea or cocoa."

Drunkenness Can be Cured

It is a Disease, Not a Habit

"Some years ago I was a heavy drinker. Demon drink had me in his grip. Friends, business, family, were slipping from me. Ruin stared me in the face. "But one friend remained, a physician. Through his efforts

I WAS SAVED

"This man had made a scientific study of drunkenness as a disease. He had found a cure for it." It was a case like this that made me realize how many others were in need of aid and determined me, if possible, to offer Samaria Prescription to the world. The treatment is absolutely different from others. It can be given without the patient's knowledge if desired. Thousands of wives, mothers, daughters, a sters, have saved their men-folk from the curse of alcohol through it.

IT CURES

In a few days. All craving for alcohol is gone and the patient is restored to health, happiness, family and friends, and the respect of all. I am ready to tell you about it absolutely

FREE SEND NO MONEY

Just send your name and address, saying: "Please tell me how I can cure drunkenness." That is all you need to say. I will understand and will write you at once and send you my free book, telling you all about my wonderful cure for DRUNKENNESS, and will also send you a TRIAL PACKAGE, which will show you how the treatment can be given without the patient's knowledge. All this I will send you ABSOLUTELY FREE in a plain sealed package at once. Do not delay; send me a post-card, or write me a letter to-day. Do not be afraid to send your name. I always treat correspondence as sacredly confidential. WRITE NOW. E. R. HERD, THE SAMARIA REMEDY CO., 1428 Mutual Street, Toronto, Canada

is not the freak of an enthusiast, but a common sense decision, based upon the facts concerning alcohol. For maximum efficiency, the explorer cuts out the booze. The question is: Shall the rest of us be equally efficient in shouldering a share of the world's work?

ALCOHOL AND TUBERCULOSIS

It was formerly thought that alcohol was in some way antagonistic to tuberculous disease, but the observations of late years indicate clearly that the reverse is the case and that chronic drinkers are much more liable to both acute and pulmonary tuberculosis. It is probably altogether a question of altered tissue-soil, the alcohol lowering the vitality and enabling the bacilli more readily to develop and grow.—From Principles and Practice of Medicine, by Dr. Wm. M. Osler, page 882.

A WORD TO PARENTS

Take care of your girls! There was never greater need for such care than at the present time. The tragedies, disappearances, elopements, etc., reported in the daily press do not represent a tithe of the misery and moral ruin that come upon young girls through their pursuit of a "good time," and the laxity of their parents. It is inconceivable how fathers and mothers can be so careless as to allow their young daughters to remain out of their homes all night. And yet this practice grows more common every year. Even school-girls are permitted to visit one another and remain over night, though their homes may be within a short distance. "Don't wait up for me," one girl student said carelessly, as if such going out were the custom. "I shall stay at Harriet's all night." The father grumbled a little but the mother assured him; "Mabel is so sensible, and the girls can study so much better together. And they are such nice people." Harriet's dissipated brother, however, was not a desirable acquaintance, and he made a very undesirable husband for Mabel later on.

Sadie will stay all night with Alice," says Sadie's mother, "they'll be so late coming home from the theatre." "Alice will stay all night with Sadie," says Alice's mother confidently, and the girls are free to spend the night where they please—possibly with such a motor party as may be seen leaving town every night for a dance at some resort. Sadie and Alice do not come to this all at once; they are gradually educated down to the practice of deception, and to a familiarity with conditions and companions that would appal their careless parents did they but know of them.

Such parents learn the truth, sometimes—when a crushed, broken body is lifted from the other debris of an accident and brought back to them; or when a young daughter is "missing," or makes a final choice of the downward road and deliberately turns her back on the home that did not safeguard her youth and innocence.

In our big cities girls in their teens claim what they call their liberty as soon as they become wage earners. They come home to supper, dress, and go out night after night, as regularly as their brothers do. They have no interest in the home, no domestic tastes, no regard for their parents. The "gentleman friend" is the engrossing thought—even though he may be neither a gentleman or a friend. A real man does not take young girls to dance halls and questionable theaters, nor will he persuade them to jeopardize honor and life in night rides and revels. The man who is worth marrying will seek for his future wife in her home. That is the place for a girl to shine in.

Parents who teach their children the value of a good home, as the dearest place on earth, are safeguarding them in the best and most practical way. Their plans for the welfare of their daughters do not include promiscuous lodging round with school-friends, office associates, or even with relatives.—Sacred Heart Review.

A QUESTION OFTEN ASKED

A Protestant obtains a divorce from his Protestant wife and now wishes to marry a Catholic girl. Can he do so by becoming a Catholic and getting married in the Catholic Church?—Beaumont, Cal.

There is no question asked so frequently as the above. The editor receives hundreds of letters to be answered privately, and nearly every fourth or fifth inquirer asks this question. No good Catholic girl would keep company with a married man. But there are too many of our Catholic girls, otherwise good and virtuous, who seem to think it right to accept attentions from divorced men under the mistaken idea that the Church can make it lawful to marry such a man if he is only willing to become a Catholic. The Church has declared all marriages between Catholics before a magistrate or minister invalid. But this law is not for Protestants or unbaptized non-Catholics. All marriages between baptized Protestants or between unbaptized persons are valid and indissoluble until death. Although the laws of the State may allow absolute divorces, the Church cannot recognize such a sundering of the ties ordained by God. Therefore in the eyes of God and the Church the divorced man and woman are still married until death frees them. Our Catholic girls and boys should have Catholic ideas and feelings in this matter and discourage all ad-

TORTURED BY CONSTIPATION

"Fruit-a-tives" Cured Paralyzed Bowels and Digestion

ST. BONIFACE DE SHAWINIGAN, QUE. Feb. 3rd, 1914.

"It is a pleasure to me to inform you that after suffering from Chronic Constipation for 2 1/2 years, I have been cured by 'Fruit-a-tives.' While I was a student at Berthier College, I became so ill I was forced to leave the college. Severe pains across the intestines continually tortured me and it came to a point when I could not stoop down at all, and my Digestion became paralyzed. Some one advised me to take 'Fruit-a-tives' and at once I felt a great improvement. After I had taken four or five boxes, I realized that I was completely cured and what made me glad, also, was that they were acting gently, causing no pain whatever to the bowels. All those who suffer with Chronic Constipation should follow my example and take 'Fruit-a-tives' for they are the medicine that cures."

MAGLOIRE PAQUIN

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

Advances from divorced persons, just as they would similar attentions from married people. A divorced Protestant may become a Catholic, but he remains a married man, as the Church will not recognize his divorce. Therefore, Catholic girls and widows, treated divorced men as you would any other married man.—Extension Magazine.

SOLDIER-PRIESTS IN FRANCE

(From a French Correspondent of London Universe)

The evil law that some years ago obliged the French priests to serve in the army, not as infirmarians or auxiliaries, but as soldiers, was drawn up in a spirit of hostility to the Church. Even excellent Catholics were inclined to believe that its results might be harmful to religion, and that many ecclesiastical vocations would be lost in consequence. There are two sides even to this question, but they do not concern us at present; what we wish to point out is how a law distinctly irreligious in its tendency, inspired by a desire to injure the Church, is, at the present moment, a source of untold consolation to many Catholic parents throughout France. Their sons on the battlefield will have the spiritual assistance not only of the army's chaplains, whose number is notoriously unequal to the needs of the moment, but also of one or other of the thousands of priests who are serving under the French flag. It has been said that twelve thousand ecclesiastics are now in the ranks. Among them are a certain number of seminarians and novices of different religious orders, but there remain enough priests to give spiritual assistance, if needed, to their comrades.

DUTY OF SOLDIER-PRIESTS

Among the French Bishops, Mgr. Touchet, of Orleans, is one who has most forcibly stated the duties of the soldier priests; his words are manly, short, clear, and to the point. He reminds the ecclesiastics who come under the military law that their position, from a consecration point of view, has been made secure, that their duty is clear, and that they may, and ought to, say Mass when and where they can, even when fresh from a battle; they no longer incur the ecclesiastical censures that formerly applied to priests who shed blood. He wishes them to be cordial and helpful towards their comrades, and to remember that in many cases their fellow soldiers will judge the Catholic Church from the new attitude adopted by her ministers.

In the diocese of Paris all the soldier priests carried away with them a vial containing the holy oil, and all over France they are provided with the necessary facilities for hearing confessions. Their presence is welcomed by officers and men. Only the other day at Verdun a group of priests, who had not as yet donned their uniform delighted their comrades by the businesslike way in which they drew up their casecocks and set to work to sweep, carry loads, and water the horses. A young priest, with a gentle face and manner, has the rank of corporal in a marching regiment that is now on the frontier. The day before leaving the company to which he belongs was inspected by a captain in command. Something in the Abbe's face attracted his attention.

"Corporal what is your profession?" "I am a priest, Mon Capitaine." "Well, Corporal, in that case we shall meet again soon." The same evening the captain strolled into the barracks and went

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up to the Abbe. "Mon ami," he said, "I want to know if your Bishop has given you the necessary permissions; what can you do as a priest?" "I can hear confessions, absolve, and give extreme unction." "Very well. Now, remember, Monsieur l'Abbe, that it is your duty to exercise your ministry in the best way possible, and mine to give you all the facilities in my power, and upon this you may count."

CONFESIONAL CROWDED

The English Catholic papers have noticed that during the busy days of the mobilization the confessionals in all the Paris churches were crowded from morning to night. The penitents who were most sympathetically the awkward-looking men, half shy, half anxious, trooped in from the "faubourgs." But during these memorable days, when the real soul of Catholic France stood revealed, confessions were heard, and not only in the churches and sacristies. In a cavalry regiment whose colonel is a brilliant soldier and an excellent Catholic, a priest came to the barracks on the day when the regiment left for the Belgian frontier. The men, who are chiefly peasants from the West of France, gladly took advantage of his presence, and the officers set the example. As he was leaving the barracks a soldier ran after him. In the hurry and confusion resulting from the departure of horses and men he had been unable to seek the priest before.

"Never mind," he said, "I can go to confession here." He pointed to a wheelbarrow that stood in the court. The priest sat down upon it, and the good fellow, on his knees beside him, made his peace with God then and there. Again, in a "place" situated in the learned quarter of old Paris two soldiers might be seen in close conversation. It ended by one of them kneeling on the ground before his comrade. Human respect no longer exists in these moments of supreme tension; only the great realities, life and death, heaven and hell, God and the soul whom He has created and redeemed, are of importance.

The religious revival of which these things are a development has been growing up for some years past, as those who see France from within are able to testify. The declaration of war called forth the latent forces of self-sacrifice and generosity of the nation, and these happy symptoms are all the more encouraging because they are grafted on a revival of religious faith that has been slowly and surely gaining strength, chiefly, let us add, in Paris and the large centres.

MY JESUS, MERCY!

"My Jesus, mercy!" Here is a short prayer that suits every intention, for self, for friends, for sinners, for souls, for the Church, for the dying, for the heathen—in a word, for every need of the living, the dying, and the dead. Besides its essential efficacy, there is an indulgence attached to it of three hundred days toties quoties (every time). This is an extension of the first indulgence of one hundred days. It was granted by our Holy Father very recently in consideration of the wants of the times and the great need of prayer. This little prayer, so brief, and yet so comprehensive, is recommended to be said every time the clock strikes. Think of a life dotted all over with the cry of a loving and faithful heart: "My Jesus, mercy!"

HOW FATHER GUINARD MADE THE GODS DANCE

From Father Guinard, S. M., come many tales of the strange customs and doings of the people of Namose, Fiji Islands. Here is a little story of how he cleaned out a temple filled with stones supposed to be gods:

"There is a stone-god's temple three miles away from the mission. For a long time I did not know this; the people avoided speaking of it in my presence. At last I happened to be in town when a woman was possessed by a devil. The conversation turned at once to the demons and the temple. They said the temple was full of gods; that among other properties the stones of gods could climb trees, hang on creepers, visit the houses of their friends, come back to the temple if taken away, and do other wonders.

"I told them that I would be very pleased to see the place, and asked them to accompany me. Difficulties arose, all very serious, the real one being that they were afraid. They suspected that I would play the gods a bad trick and thought that the consequence would be death or some other calamity to them and their children. I did not insist.

"Two months later I tried again. Useless. "At last I called Marino, the catechist, and said, 'I am not so stupid as to believe in those stones; come and show them to me. I take on myself all responsibility; but the people need not be afraid, those demons won't injure them.' "Marino came. We crossed the river; three or four yards from the bank was the temple, or rather the famous cave.

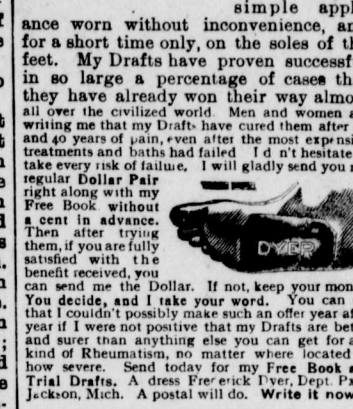
"It was full of gods; that is, round stones—the biggest the size of a man's head, the smallest that of an egg. I considered them for a while and then exclaimed, 'Well, let us make the god dance!' and I began to throw them into the river.

"Marino laughed and helped me. I preserved the biggest, replaced it in the cave, blessed it and used it as a pedestal for a miraculous medal. "Contrary to their custom, the gods have not come back, and no body died in the town."

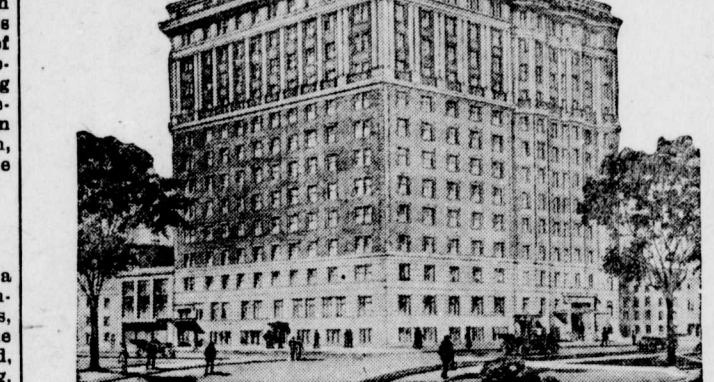
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Gin Pills FOR THE KIDNEYS Sell Well In The United States As Well As Throughout Canada Letters from Massachusetts, New York and Indiana. I received two boxes of your excellent Gin Pills and they relieved me so much that I am quite pleased with the results. I gave an order to my druggist for some more but they have not come and in the meantime, I borrowed a box from a lady friend who is also using them. I am sending for 2 boxes which I would ask you to send at once. AGATHA VANESSE 109 Becker Street, New York. Being troubled with my Kidneys and Stomach, I was recommended to try Gin Pills. I purchased a box at a nearby drug store and I can sincerely and truthfully say that they have been wonderfully effective, and I am now feeling splendidly having nearly finished the box. I'll continue their use for a time longer so that they get at the seat of my trouble. GEO. DIXON 424 N. Y. Ave., Whiting, Ind. I was all crippled up with Rheumatism and my face was so badly swollen that I could hardly see out of my eyes, but after taking about six pills, I felt better, and after taking them a few days, I had no more pain. I never intend to be without them as I have tried so many other pills and got no relief. Mrs. E.D. DEANS

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

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In the window of a picture post-card store is this motto illuminated text and exquisitely framed:
Happiness is a habit—cultivate it!

HIS BEST GIRL
" So your best girl is dead," sneeringly said a New York magistrate to a young man who was arrested for attempting suicide.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS
THE SUNSHINE GIRL
Betty looked up at a window with a smile and nod of her head.

DON'T GOSSIP
Don't gossip. Of all the mean contemptible ways of squandering time gossip holds first place.

"MY RELIGION IS TO BE GOOD TO OTHERS"
Nothing can be better, says Father Lambert in "Short Answers." It is just what the Christian religion most pressingly commands us to do;

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ALLOW ME TO PRESENT MY BEST FRIEND ROYAL YEAST CAKES
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" The number of anti Catholic lecturers now in the field is a matter of surprise to many people who fail to realize," says the Catholic Bulletin,

EXPERIENCES OF A CONVERTED PROTESTANT MINISTER
In the Irish Rosary, the Rev. Father J. H. Steele, formerly Protestant chaplain to the Earl of Erne, gives an account of the causes which induced him to leave the Protestant Church and become a priest of the Catholic Church.

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" The number of anti Catholic lecturers now in the field is a matter of surprise to many people who fail to realize," says the Catholic Bulletin,

EXPERIENCES OF A CONVERTED PROTESTANT MINISTER
In the Irish Rosary, the Rev. Father J. H. Steele, formerly Protestant chaplain to the Earl of Erne, gives an account of the causes which induced him to leave the Protestant Church and become a priest of the Catholic Church.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

HAPPINESS IS A HABIT
In the window of a picture post-card store is this motto illuminated text and exquisitely framed:
Happiness is a habit—cultivate it!

HIS BEST GIRL
" So your best girl is dead," sneeringly said a New York magistrate to a young man who was arrested for attempting suicide.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS
THE SUNSHINE GIRL
Betty looked up at a window with a smile and nod of her head.

DON'T GOSSIP
Don't gossip. Of all the mean contemptible ways of squandering time gossip holds first place.

"MY RELIGION IS TO BE GOOD TO OTHERS"
Nothing can be better, says Father Lambert in "Short Answers." It is just what the Christian religion most pressingly commands us to do;

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The Irish Presentation Brothers
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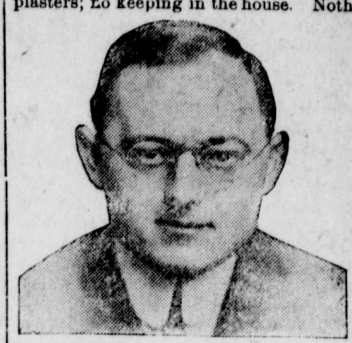
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ing of that kind at all. Something new and different, something delightful and healthful, something instantly successful.

jealous officer. The vindication came too late. The purposeless gossip is bad enough but there is a worse type, the gossip who has a mission, "who thinks it her duty" to do harm.

During the English Catholic Congress at Cardiff, Wales, the Right Rev. Bishop of Newport dwelt upon the Blessed Sacrament as the centre of Catholic Unity.

Who have been the greatest benefactors of suffering humanity? The Saints, that is, men whose hearts were inflamed with the love of God.

The most suitable age to enter is from 16 to 25. Application for particulars may be made to Br. Peter Curtin or Br. Casimir, Presentation Brothers, LONGUEUIL, MONTREAL.

Who founded hospitals? The Church. Who gave refuge in all times—who in our days, despite the obstacles which blinded governments have raised up—still gives refuge to every kind of misery, whether of the body or the soul, of infancy, manhood or old age? The Church.

Who has founded, for the relief of each of these miseries, religious orders of men and women, some devoted to foundations, some to the education of the poor, some to the nursing of the sick, others to the care of lunatics, to the reclaiming of criminals; to sheltering the weary traveller, etc., etc.? The Church, and the Church alone.

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GOETHE ON THE SEVEN SACRAMENTS

In moral and religious, as well as in physical and civil matters, man does not like to do anything on the spur of the moment; he needs a sequence from which results habit; what he is to love and to perform he can not represent to himself as single or isolated; and, if he is to repeat anything willingly, it must not have become strange to him. If the Protestant worship lacks fullness in general, so let it be investigated in detail, and it will be found that the Protestant has too few sacraments—nay, indeed, he has only one in which he is himself an actor—the Lord's Supper; for baptism he sees only when it is performed on others, and is not greatly edified by it. The sacraments are the highest part of religion, the symbols to our senses of an extraordinary divine favor and grace. In the Lord's Supper earthly lips are to receive a divine Being, embodied, and partake of a heavenly, under the form of an earthly nourishment. This import is the same in all kinds of Christian churches: whether the sacrament is taken with more or less submission to the mystery, with more or less accommodation as to that which is intelligible, it remains a great, holy thing, which in reality takes the place of the possible or the impossible, the place of that which man can neither attain nor do without. But such a sacrament should not stand alone; no Christian can partake of it with the true joy for which it is given, if the symbolical or sacramental sense is not fostered within him. He must be accustomed to regard the inner religion of the heart and that of the external church as perfectly one, as the great universal sacrament, which again divides itself into so many others, and communicates to these parts its holiness, indestructibility, and eternity.

Here a youthful pair join hands, not for a passing salutation or for the dance: the priest pronounces his blessing upon them, and the bond is indissoluble. It is not long before this wedded pair brings a likeness to the threshold of the altar; it is purified with holy water, and so incorporated into the Church, that it can not forfeit this benefit but through the most monstrous apostasy.

The child in the course of life goes on progressing in earthly things of his own accord, in heavenly things he must be instructed. Does it prove an examination, that this has been fully done, he is now received into the bosom of the Church as an actual citizen, as a true and voluntary professor, not without outward tokens of the weightiness of this act. Now, only, he is decidedly a Christian, now for the first time he knows his advantages and also his duties. But in the meantime a great deal that is strange has happened to him as a man; through instruction and affliction he has come to know how critical appears the state of his inner self, and there will constantly be a question of doctrines and of transgressions; but punishment shall no longer take place. For here, in the infinite confusion in which he must entangle himself, amid the conflict of natural and religious claims, an admirable expedient is given him, in confiding his deeds and misdeeds, his infirmities and doubts, to a worthy man, appointed expressly for that purpose, who knows how to calm, to warn, to strengthen him, to chasten him likewise by symbolical punishments, and at last, by a complete washing away of his guilt, to render him happy and to give him back, pure and cleansed, the tablet of his manhood. Thus prepared, and purely set at rest by several sacramental acts, which once again into minister sacramental traits, he kneels down to receive the Host; and, that the mystery of this high act may still be enhanced, he sees the chalice only in the distance; it is no common eating and drinking that satisfies, it is a heavenly feast, which makes him thirst after heavenly drink.

Yet let not the youth believe that this is all he has to do; let not even the man believe it. In earthly relations we are at last accustomed to depend on ourselves; and even there, knowledge, understanding, and character will not always suffice; in heavenly things, on the contrary, we have never finished learning. The feeling within us, which often finds itself even truly a home, is, besides, oppressed by so much from without, that our own power hardly administers all that is necessary for counsel, consolation and help. But, to this end, that remedy is instituted for our whole life; and an intelligent pious man is continually waiting to show the right way to the wanderers and to relieve the distressed.

And what has been so well tried through the whole life, is now to show forth all its healing power with tenfold activity at the gate of death. According to a trustful custom, inculcated from youth, upwards, the dying man receives with fervor those symbolical, significant assurances; and there, where earthly warranty fails, he is assured, by a heavenly one of a blessed existence for all eternity. He feels perfectly convinced that neither a hostile element nor a malignant spirit can hinder him from clothing himself with a glorified body, so that, in immediate relation with the Godhead, he may partake of the boundless happiness which flows forth from Him.

Then, in conclusion, that the whole man may be made holy, the feet also are anointed and blessed. They are to feel, even in the event of possible

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recovery, a repugnance to touching this earthly, hard, impenetrable soil. A wonderful elasticity is to be imparted to them, by which they spurn from under them the clod of earth which hitherto attracted them. And so, through a brilliant cycle of equally holy acts, the beauty of which we have only briefly hinted at, the cradle and the grave, however far asunder they may chance to be, are joined in one continuous circle. But all these spiritual wonders spring not, like other fruits from the natural soil, where they can neither be sown or planted nor cherished. We must supplicate for them from another region—a thing which can not be done by all persons nor at all times. Here we meet the highest of these symbols, derived from pious tradition. We are told that one man may be more favored, blessed, and sanctified from above than another. But, that this may not appear as a natural gift, this great boon, bound up with a heavy duty, must be communicated to others by one authorized person to another; and the greatest good that a man can attain, without his having to obtain it by his own wrestling or grasping must be preserved and perpetuated on earth by spiritual inheritance. In the very ordination of the priest is comprehended all that is necessary for the effectual solemnizing of these holy acts, by which the multitudes receive grace, without any other activity being needed on their part than that of faith and implicit confidence. And thus the priest joins the line of his predecessors and successors, in the circle of those anointed with him representing the highest source of blessings, so much the more gloriously, as it is not the priest, whom we reverence, but his office; it is not his nod to which we bow the knee, but the blessing which he imparts, and which seems the more holy, and to come more immediately from heaven, because the earthly instrument can not at all weaken or invalidate it by its own sinful, nay, wicked nature.

How is this truly spiritual connection shattered to pieces in Protestantism, by part of the above-mentioned symbols being declared apocryphal, and only a few canonical!—and how, by their infirmer to one of these, will they prepare us for the high dignity of the others?—The Casket.

WHAT PRIESTS ARE GOOD FOR A gentleman and a workman entered a travelling compartment together at the railway station at Bordeaux, France. They were the only occupants of the carriage.

On the platform beneath a priest walked back and forth. Turning to his companion the gentleman said, with a wave of his hand in the priest's direction. "Will you tell me what such men are good for?" Then as the train fled into the expatiated length on the good for nothing lives led by priests, to the disgust of his companion.

Some hours later, when they were crossing a lonely stretch of country, the workman's turn came. He turned to his now silent companion.

"I think I will strangle you and throw you out," he said. "But why?" said the astonished and somewhat frightened priest-bearer. "What good would that do you? I have nothing that you could steal, so it would be of no possible advantage to you to kill me."

PEACE OF THE KINGDOM Our Divine Lord spoke a great truth when He said: "The Kingdom of God is within you." That is interpreted to mean that happiness in the individual can only be secured by the interior peace of the kingdom of God in the soul. The kingdom of God must be within—it is useless to seek it outside, in the pleasures of this world. A man who has this kingdom within him is contentment and peace which passeth all understanding as the image of God. Hence he never seeks to get away from himself, because he is in close communion with God, and he ever enjoys the fruits of a good conscience.

Not so with the man who does not hold the kingdom of God within him; who wallows in the mire of mortal sin, and who seeks the wild orgies of human passions in order to quiet the alarms of a guilty conscience. Like Cain, the first murderer, he ever is seeking to get away from himself. An editorial in America reproduces an apropos story to illustrate the

restlessness of the sinner: "A congressman not long ago told an incident of a negro who had been indulging too much in liquor. He imagined he was pursued by a horrible spectre. He ran with the swift ness of the wind, thinking he had outstripped his pursuer, but just as he passed he heard a mocking voice over his shoulder. 'Ha, you ran pretty fast then.' There was a man behind him carrying his head on his hands! The hard drinker made off again, shouting: 'That is nothing, the way I am going to run now.' And so the sinner runs on, trying to escape from himself, and never succeeding in his quest of happiness. He has lost the kingdom of God and he cannot find that kingdom except within himself.

"This is an age of commercialism—everybody chasing the almighty dollar. But if money may be made the means of happiness, if rightly used, it does not constitute it, and generally speaking it preserves its reputation of being the root of all evil. There is a spirit of restlessness abroad which does not make for happiness. One of the results of this unrest is seen in the horrible European war.

The unrest in the United States has been fittingly described by a Jesuit writer: "America has the largest scrap-heap of any nation. There is always some new kind of building which necessitates tearing down the old, some new kind of equipment which obliges a man to tear out the old, some new kind of transportation which means tearing up the old. Perhaps it is this spirit of restlessness which has gone into matrimony and has given America, that is, the United States of the same, the largest matrimonial scrap-heap of the world. Certainly it is that spirit which has filled the tingling nerves and brimming veins of modern men and promises to give America the record for the largest scrap-heap of discarded men. To get away from one's thoughts, a million swift desires are unloosed and jampered and satisfied. Old thought, the snail, is indeed a slow traveler. He may crawl after the swift vehicle of desire, but he will finally overtake it and sit down face to face with the owner of the car as he sadly surveys its shattered fragments."

Let us not be like the man described by St. James, who when he had looked at himself in the glass immediately forgot what sort of countenance he had. It is very profitable for each one of us to put the searchlight upon his soul and examine what sort of man he is. If he find the Kingdom of God established there he may well rejoice, for he will not turn away or flee from himself, but rest contented with the peace which the world cannot give, nor take away.—Intermountain Catholic.

The virtues are never the stronger for giving them a vacation. An unalloyed contentment of mind cannot be bought by man, it is the golden gift of heaven. But it is within reach of all to soften himself to the rough shocks of life in this world. He may receive them courageously, sustain them patiently and by his prudence alleviate or turn them aside.

DIED O'MEARA.—In Wallaceburg, Ont., on Nov. 6th, 1914, Michael O'Meara, May his soul rest in peace! NEVILLE.—At his late residence 762 1/2 Richmond St., this city, on Tuesday, November 10, 1914, Mr. John Neville, aged seventy-two years. May his soul rest in peace!

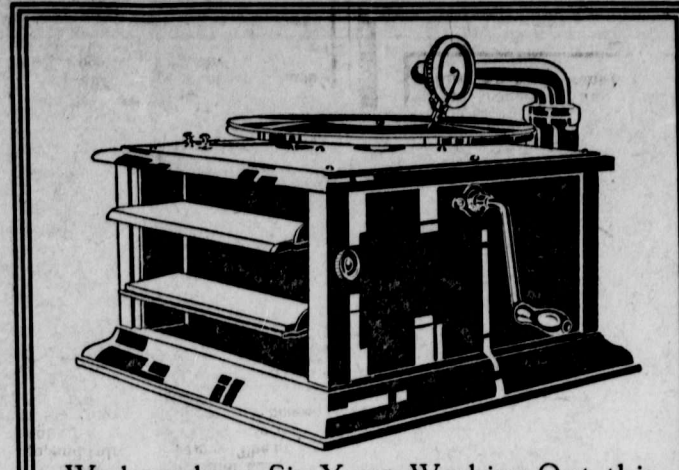
DRAWING OF PRIZES IN AID OF ST. PETER'S CHURCH GODERICH The following gentlemen officiated at the drawing of prizes, which was held on November 6, in aid of St. Peter's Church, Goderich: Mr. Dalton, chairman; Mr. Conlithurst, secretary; Messrs. Dean and Bowler, scrutineers. The Pastor, Rev. D. McRae, wishes to thank each and everyone who so kindly assisted him by their generous contributions.

Drawing 1 Series B, 11643, Wm. McIntosh, Park Hill. Drawing 2 Series B, 11339, Betty Feltz, Goderich. Drawing 3 Series A, 5766 D, Alexander, Goderich. Drawing 4 Series A, 5323, Olga Wilson, 239 Kent St. Ottawa. Drawing 5 Series A, 2527, W. McDonald, Chapeau, Que.

HOME WANTED FOR CATHOLIC BOY WE HAVE A BRIGHT, INTELLIGENT, AND healthy Catholic boy of seven years whom we would like some good Catholic family to take and bring up as their own. He is a very desirable child. Parties interested should write Rev. Hugh Ferguson, Children's Aid Society Shelter, Stratford, Ont. 1881-3

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Crucifix Edition This de lux edition Prayer Book is full bound in genuine leather. It has padded covers with enamel and gold design, and full gold edges. The inside of front cover is of virgin white moire finish, with handsome border embossed in gold. The center panel is depressed and contains an exquisitely designed pearl and gilt Crucifix with indolence prayer on opposite page. It is full cathedral size 3 1/2 by 2 inches and contains 522 pages including Epistles and Gospels, Ordinary of the Mass, Novena to the Sacred Heart and Litanies. The publisher's price of this Prayer Book is \$1.75 but we are very glad that we are able to give it to you for only \$1.50 post paid, and in order to quickly introduce it, we will also send you free, an exquisite amethyst color bead Rosary, complete with Crucifix. Please order early and state whether French or English edition is desired.

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