

The Catholic Record.

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

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AS IT IS

Time was when de Maistre's epigrammatic saying that "history written during the last three hundred years was nothing more than a conspiracy against the truth," was regarded as an aberration of the special pleader. One can understand the indignation aroused by de Maistre's declaration. When people have burned incense before their favorite writers and acclaimed their utterance as a messenger of truth, they resent anything that can mar the harmony of adulation. For many years anything historical made in Germany was accepted with naive credulity. Napoleon's dictum that history was but a fiction agreed upon was ascribed to Gallic cynicism; but the Germans, so profound and painstaking, embodiments of honesty of purpose and fearless integrity, could not but write history beyond all suspicion. But these quondam admirers of Germany are not so sure of their ground today. They have a suspicion that their forbears went blind and swallowed, as it behooved those who were brought up on Protestant traditions, many a story that had no better basis than violent antipathy and implacable bitterness against Catholics. They are finding out, with Protestants as their guides, that historians, most of them of the Germanic breed, forged and fabricated and lied to make a point against the Church. They followed Luther's advice: "What harm would there be if to accomplish better things and for the sake of the Christian religion, we told a good thumping lie?"

Hence, legends masqueraded as history. Protestants were arrayed in seemliest vesture; Catholics were thrust into rags, befouled with any filth that bigotry might throw at them. Protestants breathed in the invigorating air of the open Bible; Catholics choked over the noxious odours of Rome. And so it went on year after year—this shameful propaganda of blind partisanship, fostering ignorance and bitterness. It must be admitted that a few German historians protested against these methods, but they were ridiculed by the majority of their countrymen who believed, as do Germans of our day, "that the men of their affected veneration were right in everything and their opponents just as uniformly and constantly wrong."

But modern historians of repute have Leo XIII. rules in honor: "The first law of history is not to tell a lie; the second not to fear to tell the truth." Consequently some historians are now in the Munchausen class. Luther, vigorous in speech, with a touch of genius, is destitute of a halo—and is a blustering, swaggering, shrewd demagogue, who threw a match into the continental gunpowder barrel. The other German reformers are pocket-editions of Luther.

In England, also, politician and preacher wrote fairy tales and served them hot with prejudice and antipathy to the public. Our own Lingard told the true story of the Reformation, but he was dismissed as unworthy of attention.

Despite Dr. Maitland who said that these so-called historians considered that it was not only allowable but meritorious to tell lies for the sake of the good cause in which they were engaged, the work of falsification went on apace, and Foxe, accused by Brewer of falsehood and forgery, was to English men the well-spring of data concerning the Reformation in England. To-day, however, Foxe would not be quoted by any writer careful of his reputation.

John Knox has met a similar fate. Dr. Whitaker of the University of Cambridge, declared that Knox was an original genius in lying.

Historians like Dr. Gairdner, Mr. Pollard and others have the critical and scientific spirit which is not satisfied with the easy credulity of times past. They have gone, as Lingard did, in search of documentary evidence, with the result that history has been rehabilitated. Prejudice dies hard; traditions of centuries are not easily uprooted, but it is no longer possible for any honest man

to accept Reformation fairy tales as veracious chronicles.

FEDERATION

Many months ago we advocated a Federation of Catholic Societies of Canada. We were told that laymen had the subject under consideration and would shortly formulate plans and start the machinery. But it seems to us that these laymen in their protracted consideration test patience to the breaking point.

Perhaps other laymen who have due regard for man's short time on earth would take up the matter. There is an opportunity for those who can dream dreams and transmute them into actualities.

Federation would harness power that is frittered away on trifles, misdirected, used haphazardly and make it work more usefully. It would save money and time and induce us with the spirit that is awake not only to parochial interest but to those of the brethren throughout Canada.

If our organizations were linked together by a bond of union, they could, if necessary, concentrate their energies on some definite subject. Such a federation might give us leaders worthy to carry our standards, and there should not be a dearth of leadership among us. We don't mean the Catholic who is rich in the goods of this world and poor in everything that the Church requires of her sons: we mean the Catholic who makes good weight in the balance of Catholic principle, who is representative of the beauty and the truth of the Church. Such a man will always have a following. Even the world, that is tired of the trimmer of those who talk smug things about it and grabbing the whole all that they can, respects the consistent man, to whom always and in all places Catholic principle is as a law to his feet. A Catholic of this type would start a flame in many hearts.

WORK OF ABBE HAUY

Representatives of practically all of the scientific institutions in America were present at the celebration of the 175th anniversary of the birth of Abbe Rene Just Haüy, the founder of the science of crystallography, at the American Museum of Natural History, held under the auspices of the Museum, the New York Academy of Sciences, the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the New York Mineralogical Club, and other institutions.

A paper on the life and work of Abbe Haüy, written by the late L. P. Gratacap, Professor of Crystallography, was read by the Secretary of the Celebration Committee, Herbert P. Whitlock. Abbe Haüy was born in a little village in France and was educated at the Abbey of St. Just. Through his friendship with the mineralogist, Dauberton, he became interested in the study of crystals, and made the discovery upon which the modern science of crystallography is based. He found that a crystal when broken would separate into rhombohedrons or other symmetrically shaped pieces which bore no resemblance to the original form of the unbroken crystals. By deductions from the fact that these forms were always the same in the same mineral, he laid down the principle that the identity of a mineral could always be determined by the form of the pieces into which it broke.

Abbe Haüy was admitted to the Academy des Sciences in Paris in 1785. He wrote many treatises and books on mineralogy and other branches of sciences, many of which are now on exhibition in the Mineralogical Hall of the American Museum of Natural History and the Stuart Gallery of the New York Public Library.

George Frederick Kunz, President of the New York Mineralogical Club, was the Chairman of the Celebration Committee. Among those who spoke at the meeting were Robert A. A. Johnston of the Geological Survey of Canada, Volney Lewis of the State University of New Jersey, and Alexander N. Phillips from Princeton University. Letters were read from Henry S. Washington of the Geological Laboratory, Washington, D. C.; Edward S. Dana of Yale University, and Frank D. Adams of McGill University, Montreal. Dr. Albert Lacroix, Professor of Mineralogy at the Paris Museum of Natural History, who is now occupying the chair of Abbe Haüy, was the honorary Chairman of the Celebration Committee.

The best preparation for receiving our Lord to-morrow is to receive Him to-day; always supposing, of course, that the prescribed conditions, of a right intention and freedom from mortal sin, are fulfilled.—The Rev. Herbert Lucas, S. J.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND SOCIALISM

II.—THE MORAL AND RELIGIOUS ASPECTS

By Rev. John A. Ryan, D. D., of the Catholic University

In the preceding article we showed that the economic proposals of Socialism have fallen under the ban of the Church, because they are a menace to individual and social welfare, and therefore to individual and social justice. In the present paper we shall try to show that the Socialist movement is antagonistic and harmful to Christian morals and the Christian religion.

By the Socialist movement we mean the organized association of Socialists that exists to-day, with its writers, speakers, books, journals and other methods of propaganda. It is the means by which Socialist principles are explained, defended and diffused. Now the Socialist movement advocates not merely the collective ownership and management of the instruments of production but certain theories of philosophy and ethics and a certain attitude toward religion.

It professes not merely an economic theory but a philosophy of social evolution and of life. This philosophy is directly opposed to the doctrines of Christianity.

The main tenet of this philosophy, and the main reason of its hostility to Christian principles, is the theory of economic determination. While this phrase is formidable, it is as intelligible as its synonyms, "the economic interpretation of history," "the materialistic conception of history," "historical materialism," etc.

According to the theory of economic determination, all social institutions and social beliefs are at bottom determined, caused to be what they are, by economic factors and conditions, by the methods of production and distribution. At any given time the existing sex relations, governments, laws, forms of religion and education, and the corresponding beliefs, doctrines and opinions, are what they are rather than something else, because the prevailing industrial system is what it is rather than something else.

As the economic factor is dominant and determining among the social phenomena of any particular epoch, so it has produced and determined the social changes that have taken place throughout history. The evolution and variations in domestic, governmental and educational institutions, and in the ethical, religious and political beliefs of men, have all been brought about by changes in economic factors and conditions, by changes in the way men got their living.

When all goods were owned in common sexual promiscuity prevailed, because there was no economic reason for stable unions. When private property was introduced the monogamic family came into existence because men wanted their wealth to go to their own children exclusively.

Primitive Christianity was mainly a revolutionary movement of the slaves and proletarians of the Roman empire; medieval Catholicism was the outcome of the feudal economic organization; Protestantism was a revolt against the economic tyranny of the Church as regards tithes and indulgences. Slavery gave way to serfdom and serfdom to individual liberty when the economic masters of society found that these institutions were no longer profitable.

To-day the prevailing morality sanctions all ethical notions and all practices which tend to increase the profits of the capitalist. "It is now universally recognized by competent students of the subject that economic conditions exert a considerable influence upon other social conditions, and even upon men's practical notions of right and wrong."

If economic determination meant no more than this, it would not necessarily make the Socialist movement hostile to Christianity. As understood by its leading exponents, however, the theory goes far beyond this moderate conception. These men have been, with scarcely an exception, believers in philosophical materialism. That is, they hold that all existing things are matter, that there is no such thing as spirit. Hence they deny that the will of man is free, and assert that the economic factors in society produce all the aforementioned effects and changes, necessarily, as heat melts ice and rain wets the ground.

Some of the more important conclusions regarding morality which flow from this theory may be briefly set forth. Since men have not free wills, they cannot properly be blamed for the evil nor praised for the good that they do. They are no more responsible for their actions than are dogs and earthquakes. The tyranny of the capitalist and the dishonesty of the laborer are alike caused by forces over which they have no genuine control.

Hence the frequent assertion in Socialist writings that the evils of our economic order are due to the system and not at all to the individuals. Obviously this rejection of the human soul, of free will, and of human responsibility is directly contrary to Christian principles.

MARRIAGE A TEMPORARY CONTRACT, BREAKABLE AT WILL

As indicated above, the economic determinist holds that the present form of domestic society is an effect of the present form of industrial society. When the system of private ownership of the means of production has been supplanted by collective ownership, the relations between the sexes will change correspondingly. Women will then be "economically independent," and therefore will bind herself to a man only when moved by love, and will remain with the only as long as love remains. The union of man and woman under Socialism will be subject to dissolution at the will of either party.

In the words of Morris Hillquit, "most Socialists favor dissolution of the marriage ties at the pleasure of the contracting parties." ("Socialism: Promise or Menace," p. 163.) The antagonism between this view and the Christian principle of marriage is patent.

Other anti-Christian implications of the theory of economic determinism are: The child belongs primarily to the State; all actions which are truly conducive to the establishment of Socialism are morally justifiable; the welfare of the Socialist State is the supreme principle and determinant of right and wrong; and against the State the individual has no rights.

The attitude of the Socialist movement toward religion is explained as well as stated by the Socialist daily, the New York "Call": "The theory of economic determinism alone, if thoroughly grasped, leaves no room for a belief in the supernatural." (March 2, 1911.)

Assuredly so. If all that exists be matter, and if all social institutions, changes and beliefs be produced by economic forces, there is no place in the universe for God or a responsible human soul. The economic determinist cannot consistently be a religious believer. And he must logically expect the disappearance of religion in the Socialist State. For if religious ideas be determined and caused by the prevailing mode of production, they must pass out with the passing of the present system. Christianity cannot survive the destruction of its capitalistic basis.

Such is the attitude toward religion that we should expect intelligent Socialists to take if they were logical. When we examine their utterances, we find this expectation fulfilled. Speaking summarily, we assert that all the great leaders, most of the important books and journals and a very large proportion of the oratorical productions of the Socialist movement are in greater or less degree opposed to Christianity; and that the number of Socialist leaders, journalists and oratorical utterances that avow a belief in any form of supernatural religion is negligible. We have not the space to prove these assertions by adequate citations, but we submit three which may arouse sufficient interest to induce further investigation.

SOCIALISM INCOMPATIBLE WITH RELIGION

James Leatham, a prominent English Socialist, declared that he could not recall "a single instance of a person who is at one and the same time a really earnest Socialist and an orthodox Christian." ("Socialism and Character," p. 2, 3.)

William English Walling, an able and well-known American Socialist, tells us that "the majority of Socialists are firmly convinced that Socialism and modern science must finally lead to a state of society where there will be no room whatever for religion in any form." ("The Larger Aspects of Socialism," p. 381.)

Morris Hillquit, whose competency to represent the mind of the Socialist movement will not be questioned, is "inclined to believe that the majority of Socialists find it difficult, if not impossible, to reconcile their general philosophic views with the doctrines and practices of dogmatic religious creeds." ("Socialism: Promise or Menace?" p. 204) Chapter VI of this work contains an abundance of quotations from, and references to, other Socialists on this subject.

Some of our readers will object that they can believe in the economic proposals of Socialism without accepting the immoral and irreligious theories outlined in the foregoing paragraphs.

We reply by agreeing with them. Economic determinism is not essential to a belief in economic Socialism. Moreover, there exist Socialists who have made and do make this distinction. Neither the little band of so-called Christian Socialists, nor the select coterie of Fabian Socialists have subscribed to this materialistic and anti-Christian philosophy.

But these groups are relatively unimportant elements in the Socialist movement as a whole. The vast majority of the Socialists of the world are adherents of what is known as Marxian or International Socialist

ism, which does profess this attitude of hostility to Christian ethics and the Christian religion.

The few followers of the international movement who still retain their Christian faith belong for the most part to that element of the rank and file that has not had the opportunity or the capacity to become acquainted with the underlying Socialist philosophy.

ONLY ONE ATTITUDE POSSIBLE FOR CHURCH

According as they make progress in the study of the fundamental principles, they will imitate the great majority by yielding to the anti-religious theories and influences that permeate the leadership, the literature and the entire atmosphere of the organization. Such has been the unvarying lesson of experience.

In this situation there is but one possible attitude to be taken by the Catholic Church. It is that of vigilant and consistent opposition to the concrete living institution called the Socialist movement.

Even if the movement were aiming at the holiest and most beneficent social order that can be conceived, it would necessarily fall under the ban of the Church. An organization and movement that is saturated with materialism and irreligion, that constantly propagates an anti-Christian philosophy of life, that sooner or later makes atheists or rationalists of all Catholics included, who remain within its ranks—cannot reasonably expect to escape the active opposition of the divinely appointed custodian of Christian morals and Christian faith.

When this movement aims, as it does aim, at a social and economic order which would be destructive of individual rights and disastrous to human welfare, it is doubly damned. Both as a movement and as an economic goal, both as a means and as an end, Socialism deserves the condemnation of the Catholic Church.

In the next article we shall show that the Church not only does not oppose but sanctions all the reforms that are necessary and desirable in the present economic system.—N. Y. Evening Mail.

DR. RYAN'S ARTICLES

The Evening Mail says editorially of the articles which the RECORD is publishing:

One of the masterpieces of economic writings in recent years is the series of four articles by the Rev. John A. Ryan on "The Catholic Church and Socialism," and "The Catholic Church and Social Reform," just published in the Evening Mail. For lucidity of style, clearness of reasoning, completeness and compactness of content, one must search far to find the counterpart of these documents.

It is inspiring to read that so great an organization as the Catholic Church is so warmly in sympathy with the liberal, social and economic movements of the times. It is inspiring to see that it realizes that the peril of Socialism cannot be averted by mere denunciation. It has taken the trouble to understand the very nature of Socialism, and has analyzed its weaknesses. It has taken the trouble to devise a constructive programme of social reform which is the only alternative to actual socialism. The forward looking, thinking men of the country find in this writing a very suggestive statement of what is in their own minds. For Catholics there is value in Dr. Ryan's demonstration that the official doctrines of the Church, as established by the Pope, are by no means incompatible with modern social liberalism. Those who are not Catholics should retain these articles and put them aside as a little compendium on the subject of Socialism vs. Social Reform. We need more education of the sort Dr. Ryan has offered.

LOURDES PILGRIMAGE

By Leonora Raines in N. Y. Sun

In older days the season was given over to outside pilgrimages, but the visiting of the Beata and people of the Hautes Pyrenees began in the early spring. And this spring finds the pilgrims active. Now that the sun is shining and days are lengthening the little mountain town has been full of peasants and townspeople from surrounding localities. The shrine of the Virgin is ablaze with lights, and any hour of the day you'll see people kneeling about the grotto on the banks of the Gave.

Loures and Baarn must have furnished a big quota of fighters to judge from the number of reform soldiers we see here. Some are in the half dozen hospitals, but the majority are on pilgrimage. They are on crutches or they jog along on a peg leg. The fatigue of trench work seems to have got the best of others. But all are here for a purpose and their faith is edifying. The crosses and crutches of men and women cured by miracle in years gone by are hung at the side of the shrine. I am told that all the maimed are making novenas, spending part of the day at the grotto. Except for the presence of men in uniform Lourdes just now

is not different from what it was in peace time.

INFLUENCES BEHIND PROHIBITION

Cardinal Gibbons, in a late declaration against the prohibition amendment, put his finger with characteristic accuracy upon one of the chief dangers behind the current campaign for its ratification. That is the danger of countenancing the power of a politico-religious organization whose foundations are in an intolerable fanaticism, and whose management has fallen into the hands of men with a high talent for the worst sort of political manipulation. Such an organization, though formed for a definite purpose, cannot be expected to disband when that purpose is achieved. The influence of its paid agents and agitators, a large and impudent band, will be unannounced against a course that would deprive them of their easy jobs. They will want to go on, and they will quickly find an excuse for going on, and out of that excuse will arise another organ of wire-pulling, bludgeoning and defamation, and another public nuisance of the first caliber.

The original purposes of "the Church in action against the saloon," it is possible, were altruistic. It sought to save the weak from their weakness, to lift up the sorrowful, to bring in a virtuous millennium. But in the course of the fray it has degenerated into a mere organ of professional bravos, violent and vicious in its aims and highly unscrupulous in its methods. To impress the ignorant and sentimental with their power, and hence with their importance, these bravos must get results—that is, they must knock off heads, drive and browbeat lawmakers, give a thrilling show to that end they stop at no device of political chicanery, however dubious and extravagant. In almost every State the thing is going on. In almost every State the legislator who stands against their outrageous insolence is exposed to a variety of attack that even Tammany would be ashamed of.

And all this fustian and mountebankery, this excess and rough house in the name of religion! Well, if that sort of thing is religion, then so much the worse for that sort of religion. What the American people must soon begin asking themselves is whether the constitutional divorce of Church and State was meant to work both ways or only one way. They see before them the beginnings of an effort to translate all political discussion into terms of divine revelation, with a pack of self-conscious prophets on the one side and a mere rabble of heretics and outlaws on the other. If that theory is not challenged at the start it will play high jinks with our scheme of things before many years have come and gone. It stands opposed to every notion that we have of free and orderly government; it represents in the very antithesis of free and orderly government.

What is worst in it is the prosperity it offers to the new class of spoliators in government by orgy. A glance at any average sample is enough to show the shrewd self-seeking of these gifted gentlemen, and their utter responsibility no less. They are recruited in the main, from the ranks of the lesser evangelic clergy—in brief, from the ranks of those who supply roaring derbies for backwoods camp-meetings and Great Thinkers for cross-roads chautauquas. The prohibition campaign has been a god-send to them. It has rescued them from the dull round of devil-chasing and sacerdotal politics, and given them good posts at what, to them, are almost forbidden states. Many of them have thrown around them the glamour of a bogus eminence; it has given them power and got them into the limelight.

But it has not offered them any supply of the missing quality of sense. The sort of reasoning they display in their present inspired utterances is precisely the same sort that they displayed formerly. It still enchants the remote yokel, but it makes no impression whatever upon the more sophisticated city man. Hence the colossal defeats that the professional prohibitionists have always suffered in the big cities. In Boston, in Baltimore and elsewhere they have been drubbed unmercifully, even after getting aid from the grand master of their order, the Rev. Dr. Billy Sunday. But that fact does not daunt them. If they cannot convince the cities they can at least convince and influence the backwoods—and with the aid of the backwoods they can coerce the cities later on.

This is what they are now at. Their plan, in brief is to work up the peasantry to a high pitch of religious mania, turn that frenzy upon the State legislatures, and so get what they want, the cities to the contrary notwithstanding. It is a scheme that is devious, impertinent, and unconscionable. It is a scheme that is going to play the devil in this fair republic before we have heard the last of it.—N. Y. Evening Mail.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The Cork Examiner states that the late Bishop of Limerick, the Right Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, shortly before his death, said: "You will find £10—£50—of mine in the bank—not enough to bury me."

The appointment of Very Rev. Msgr. Andrew B. Meenan, D. D., director of St. Bernard's Seminary of Rochester as Bishop of the Diocese of Trenton, N. J., has been announced. Msgr. Meenan is Professor of Canon Law, Liturgy and Italian at the Seminary.

During the K. of C. drive in Colorado recently, says The Catholic Bulletin, the Protestants and Jews were more eager to work than some Catholics. In Greeley an all-Protestant committee sent out literature on the drive before even hearing from the Denver K. C.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 28.—Food Administrator Hoover has exempted breads used in the observance of religious rites, such as the Mass of Catholics and the Passover Matzoths of the Jews, from the regulations requiring an admixture of other cereals with all wheat flour.

The late Father Joseph Stine, pastor of a small town abroad, spent his leisure time in collecting and selling stamps for missions. In thirty-three years he realized \$40,000, which he distributed among 200 missions and saved over 2,000 heathen children.

The Committee of Succor for Poland, in favor of which the Pope appealed in 1915, publishes its balance sheet, in which it states that it has amounted to over 16,000,000 lire. Of this 7,000,000 were collected in the Catholic churches of the world and 7,000,000 were sent from the flourishing Poles in America.

A sale of rare books and manuscripts in Philadelphia, last week, a letter of St. Charles Borromeo dated March 4, 1570, addressed to the Bishop of Bergamo and relating to the entry of seminarians into the priesthood, was purchased by the Right Rev. Msgr. Henry T. Drummogole, LL. D., for the Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, Overbrook, Pa.

Pope Benedict received a delegation from Finland, who had come to Rome to inform the Holy Father of the establishment of the Republic of Finland. In thanking the delegates for their address, the Pope expressed his pleasure at their gratification in having secured their independence. He imparted the Apostolic Blessing to the delegates, after which he conversed with them for half an hour in his private apartments.

A much needed club for Belgian girls of South London has been opened under the patronage of the clergy of the parish, at Lambeth road. The premises were for eighty years the South London Dispensary and after necessary alterations were made proved excellently adapted for their present purpose. The venture promises to be a great success.

A document was filed recently in the county clerk's office at Corsicana, Texas, in which Captain Charles Garriety of that city sets apart out of his estate a "public charity fund" of \$100,000 in cash, to be used for the relief, betterment and improvement of any indigent poor persons residing in Navarro county, who are worthy objects of charity, to be selected by the trustees, hereinafter named, without regard to race, color, sex or religious belief.

An Irish nun, Sister Marguerite, of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, who in the world was Miss Emily Corbally, daughter of the late James Henry Corbally, J. P., of Ratoath Manor, County Meath, has been awarded the French war cross for heroism. She was captured with her ambulance by the Germans at the first battle of Ypres, in October, 1914, and was a prisoner in German hands until June last. She is now with the French Red Cross near Verdun.

A committee has been formed at Arras, France, to erect a monument to the memory of the late Bishop Lobbedey. The conduct of this brave Bishop during the terrible days of the bombardment of his episcopal city is well known. His unexpected death has caused unanimous regret, and thus from all sides comes the demand for a lasting tribute to the memory of this gallant and pious prelate. The city council has offered the site.

At Ramsgate, England, there has been of late a campaign of fanatical outrages against Catholics, these outrages being carried out by a secret society called the War Shrine Protest Committee. First of all this body of valiant Englishmen (perhaps they are conscientious objectors) wrecked war shrines, but now they have started destroying Catholic publications in the free libraries, and papers have also been mutilated. Threats are now being sent through the post, signed by "The Committee of Ten," who take refuge behind anonymity. One would have some respect for people who came forth boldly in the light of day and were prepared to take the consequences of their actions, but for these anonymous malefactors one has nothing but supreme contempt.

GERALD DE LACEY'S DAUGHTER

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF COLONIAL DAYS

BY ANNA T. SADDLER

BOOK II

CHAPTER XII—CONTINUED

"I, and I alone," he went on, "with my influence here and in England, can always protect you and save your father."

"In spite of your loyalty and patriotism, your duty to your King and country?" sneered Evelyn.

"He hit his lips. 'A truce to your irony!' he said darkly. 'I care nothing for it. I offer you the alternative of a highly advantageous marriage with me or death and disgrace.'"

"There cannot be a moment's choice," returned Evelyn with convincing sincerity. "I would infinitely prefer the latter."

As she spoke, she made another effort to rise, but, grasping her by the hand, he strove to draw her towards him, pointing out in wild incoherent language the mad passion which at the moment possessed him more than ever. Quite opportunely for Evelyn, footsteps were heard approaching, and Captain Ferrers stood a moment in astonishment and perplexity before the pair. Doffing his hat hastily, he would have passed on had not Evelyn, now freed from the flames' compelling grasp, exclaimed hurriedly:

"Will you give me your arm, Captain Ferrers? I would fan return to my friends."

The glance exchanged between the two men was full of deadly enmity. Open and undisguised aversion and contempt were in Captain Ferrers' look, as well as a deadly anger. For Evelyn's manner and her appeal to him had convinced him that the fellow had dared to offer her some affront. Happily he was still better aware than Evelyn of the necessity of self control and the avoidance of all open hostility. He gave the girl his arm, with a bow that was purposely ceremonious, and together they walked away. As for Captain Prosser Williams he stood an instant uncertain what course to take. Then, slowly turning his back, he strolled off in an opposite direction. For some moments there was silence between Ferrers and Evelyn. The latter was struggling for self-control which should prevent her from making any disclosure that might precipitate a conflict between the two men, and Captain Ferrers was full of an indignation which required the whole force of his will to master. When at last he spoke, it was in a low voice, unsteady with emotion:

"Has he dared?"

But Evelyn answered quickly:

"Implore you to take no notice. You know what a quarrel at this moment might mean to us all. But from this time forward, we must act as if Captain Williams will throw off his disguise."

She spoke with a foreboding conviction, and Captain Ferrers, aware from her manner no less than her words that some crisis had been precipitated, hurried her from the spot. In their agitation the two scarcely heeded the animated scene through which they were passing. Mechanically they pushed their way among the throng of buyers and hucksters, and merely curious or whose intent on purchase, and their friends, to whom Evelyn nodded and smiled abstractedly, while Captain Ferrers doffed his hat. Ferrers had but one thought, namely, to see his companion under the friendly protection of the Van Cortlandt roof, which would afford her at least a temporary shelter. He felt sure, though she had not said so, that Evelyn had rejected Captain Williams' suit, advantageous as such an alliance would have been for her from every point of view, save as to the character of the man himself. Such rejection would goad that unwelcome suitor to an insensate rage, all the more deadly as it was cold and crafty. Captain Ferrers knew the character and reputation of the man, and was aware besides that it must have been no light fancy, but a genuine passion, which had impelled him to offer his hand in marriage to a penniless girl. In fact, that he had done so surprised him no little, as it hardly tallied with his idea of the man's nature. But, though his delicacy forbade him to ask any questions, he knew beyond a doubt what her words had implied. And Prosser Williams in the role of a rejected suitor, with his power and influence over Lord Bellomont, was dangerous beyond words. Evelyn herself, though she was apprehensive of danger, could not have dreamed that one who posed as a gentleman would stoop to the methods which Ferrers felt sure the other would employ without scruple. For the social circle in which Williams had lived his whole life, had been of a sort to demoralize anyone; and it was too probable that he had lost sight of even those ideals and traditions by which men of his class were ordinarily bound.

So full was Ferrers of these reflections that he walked almost in silence beside the girl, whose face he could but dimly see, so closely was it shaded by the hood of her cardinal. This glimpse of her saddened countenance stirred his pulses and awakened in him a pity and tenderness that, for the time being, almost caused him to stop. They discussed the cattle that had been exhibited or sold, the various weaves of cloth, the webs of linen, the embroideries and the leather work. Forgetting her cares, they gossiped a little, as

at Madame Van Cortlandt's door he left her, with a few hurried words of warning. He implored her to be on her guard, to stir but little abroad and never unattended, until he should have discovered something at least of his fellow-soldier's plans. There was a hint of emotion in the manner of both as they parted. Events were bringing them so closely together in thought and feeling, and yet, as Evelyn was quick to recognize, forcing them farther and farther apart.

For many a day afterwards Captain Ferrers preserved the image of Evelyn as she stood in the open doorway, the scarlet cardinal falling back to reveal the soft white frock beneath. He felt that he would do anything in the world to win her by all fair and honorable means, such as would ensure her own safety and that of her father. He cursed the stupid laws which senseless bigotry which could make victims of such as these, and which now stood in the way of all his happiness.

CHAPTER XIII

A BLOW THREATENS

Meanwhile events in the colony had been such as to spread consternation, not only among the few and scattered Catholics, but also among all who, having ranged themselves against Leisler, were counted without a particle of foundation as enemies of the Protestant cause. To Dutch Manhattan, and those of the English whom intermarriage or long residence had led to make common cause with the Hollanders, the news came like a thunderbolt that Nicholas Bayard, head of the anti-Leislerian party, had been arrested. The charge against him was treason and conspiracy against the liberties of his fellow-subjects. Society was paralyzed by the shock. The weekly lectures at the dwelling of enterprising Bayard and the higher circles were suspended; and, while the older men and women still met in anxious gatherings in the drawing-rooms of Madame Van Cortlandt, the Schnyers, Philipps, Spratts, Provoosts, Van Schaicks and the rest, their conversation dealt altogether with the political situation and the growing dissatisfaction in that element of society with the administration of Lord Bellomont and his fanatical supporters. The arrest was a direct blow at most of the leading Dutch families who had believed themselves so influential and their position so secure. For perhaps none among their members surpassed Nicholas Bayard in character and ability or in the elegance of his surroundings and the luxury of his dwelling. That house which Bayard had lately built in the region of the Catiemuts Hill, where it was reached by the fresh breezes of both rivers, had become a landmark in the Colony. "Mr. Bayard's chimney and Mr. Bayard's red front door" were beacons out over the river and a species of traveler's guide on land. It was whispered about in those anxious gatherings that the costly appointments of his dwelling had been handed unceremoniously and even damaged considerably, by the party who had gone thither to make the arrest. In their search for the hidden master of the house, they were said to have behaved with inconceivable rudeness to Madame Bayard and other persons of condition.

Madame Van Cortlandt was much upset by this happening, having her own reasons for feeling it acutely. For Mr. Bayard was connected with her by ties of kindred, through intermarriage between the families and long friendship, and his situation was without doubt sufficiently serious. She was, moreover, very well aware that at least one of her sons, Olat Steuart, and her beloved Evelyn, might very possibly become embroiled, as indeed proved later to be the case. The Polly, who had but lately returned from her wedding journey and taken up her abode in the fashionable quarter of the town down near the Fort, could bring her but little comfort. During the frequent visits which she paid to her grandfather and her beloved Evelyn, she was sometimes moody and depressed, quite unlike her old vivacious self. For her newly-wed husband had already tried to impose upon her many of his puritanical views, and was making himself openly conspicuous among the Leislerians. It was even whispered that he had taken a leading part in procuring the arrest of Nicholas Bayard. The bright horizon of Polly's life was thus already clouded, and this added another to Madame Van Cortlandt's many causes for anxiety. With Evelyn in her house and under all the circumstances, it was necessary to observe the greatest caution. It was but too clear to the mind of the old lady that Polly's husband would be glad of an opportunity to deal a blow at that friend of his wife's whom he had always disliked. In his fanaticism, probably, he would consider that it was a public duty to rid the colony of a zealous and active adherent of Popery. Therefore Madame was troubled far beyond her wont, the placid stream of her existence seeming of a sudden to have been forced into swift currents and dangerous eddies.

Madame Van Cortlandt had not hitherto said a word to Evelyn of these troubles in so far as they concerned herself, but always preserved her cheerful and easy composure. The two sat together on the very evening when the *Kermesse* had come to an end. They discussed the cattle that had been exhibited or sold, the various weaves of cloth, the webs of linen, the embroideries and the leather work. Forgetting her cares, they gossiped a little, as women will, of the betrothals that were impending, and of couples that had been seen much together during the course of the week; of a sadness that was imprinted like a mask on the once sparkling face of Cornelia de Poyster, whose lover had been killed by Indians; of how charming the Schuyler girls and Marjje and Annetje Provoost had looked in their modish new gowns; how the fat and sluggish wife of Myheer de Vries had roused herself to come in a sedan chair to the *Kermesse*, and had visited every store. They discussed the costumes which Lady Bellomont had worn, her bonnets which had come from beyond the water, and her exquisitely embroidered scarf, said to have been the work of Continental nuns.

Sometimes little silences would intervene as the elder lady studied with admiration the fine and delicate profile of her young guest, the lashes of whose eyes rested on smooth, skinned cheeks, while her fingers drew the thread in and out of the bit of tapestry on her lap. Those silences of Evelyn struck Madame Van Cortlandt as being in themselves interesting; they were restful since they suggested repose; they were sympathetic, for from time to time the eyes that were raised and the smile in their shadows kept her quiet worker was in touch with her companion. Then too her silences were thoughtful, as Madame reflected, never for one moment indicative of a light and frivolous mind, to which repose is abhorrent; in themselves eloquent they contained the elements of strength, power and self-control.

Madam, speaking at length, reverted once more to the crucial matter of Nicholas Bayard, which they in common with all the town had discussed so often.

"Much grieved I am," she said, "for himself and for his wife, Judith, whom I remember as so beautiful a bride, when she came here from Boston Town. Should aught befall her husband, I verily believe the woman's heart would break."

Evelyn considered the suggestion but she did not dispute it. To her it seemed that hearts were not brittle, but stretched and expanded under the pressure that was put upon them until they could endure all things. Confident now of a sympathetic listener, which she no longer dared to expect in her granddaughter, Madame poured out for the first time to Evelyn some of the apprehensions which were darkening all her horizon. What she alone kept from her was her uneasiness concerning the girl herself and the danger of her presence in the house, now that the Van Cortlandts might have enough to do to protect themselves. She spoke her mind with great freedom concerning the new bridegroom, and declared that she alone of all the relatives had stood out against such a marriage. To her more so, if ever, never been, or at least was not until very recently, a marriage of love for Polly.

"My only hope is," she said, "that Polly's bright and wholesome nature may correct defects in his character. At least, we can continue so to hope, though my experience of life has taught me that the change, rather than the husband's, whose characteristics become but more marked as the years go on."

While thus the pair conversed they cited before them, as it were, every one of those figures who were then filling the canvas of old New York. The scene about them was one of indescribable peace. The room in which they sat was a small, comfortable furnished boudoir close by the drawing-room, from which a broad staircase of oak wound upwards to Madame's bedroom. Through the open windows, in that soft September night, came the odor of the flowers in their prim beds, so unlike the profusion of Evelyn's own garden. Presently the clock in the hall sounded.

"Blas me," cried Madame, "if that is not already half past eight. The exclamation roused Evelyn from the reverie into which she had fallen, a reverie in which Prosser Williams and his highly distasteful wooing played a part, and the figure of Captain Ferrers seemed thrown thereby into high relief. In happier times and under more fortunate circumstances, she could not conceal from herself the latter might have played an important part in her life. It might have been that the old lady, who still watched her intently, divined her thoughts, for she said suddenly:

"A man to be marked amongst many is that Captain Ferrers. He is one whom I do sincerely like and esteem."

"Blas of course passed over Evelyn's face, so odd was the coincidence of Madame's remark with the current of her thoughts.

"But, my child," said the older woman, speaking with her wise, tender gravity, "it would be foolish to let your imagination dwell too much on one whose life must lie so far apart from yours. Much less should you permit him to engage your affection."

She paused, scarcely permitting herself a glance at the face before her; but as Evelyn made no rejoinder she continued:

"I speak as a mother might speak to a dearly loved daughter. And do not misunderstand me, whatever may be your sentiments, for he is beyond question your devoted admirer. I will go farther to say that unmistakably he loves you."

There was an inscrutable expression in the eyes that were raised to Madame's face, but sadness seemed the dominant note—a sad hopeless-

ness that could not be roused to enthusiasm even by recognition on the part of this woman, whom she knew to be both wise and discerning, of a love that was but half expressed. If it were true that Captain Ferrers loved her—as by many tokens he had led her to believe, so that she herself was all too sensible of his devotion—it only made the prospect before her the more unappealingly difficult.

"May I venture a question?" said Madame. "Has he spoken of his feelings?"

"Only indirectly," Evelyn answered. "I have sought to avoid the subject."

"As was most wise," commented Madame, "at least until—"

But she could not speak the words of hope that her heart suggested. The ending of that sentence must be indefinite. She was filled with a great pity and sorrow. If circumstances had been different, this would have made an ideal match. She had read the young man's character with her keen, discriminating glance, and she knew him to be worthy—a brave and honest gentleman, of a charming disposition too, such as she might have selected for Polly, had the choice been hers. But Evelyn now spoke with that fine dignity and composure which Madame had so often admired:

"No one can know better than I," she said, "that such an attachment must be hopeless. When I have gone to join my father it will perhaps die a natural death."

Madam was very doubtful whether any attachment inspired by such a girl would be so fleeting; but she did not express any further opinion, and indeed at that very moment the two were suddenly and rudely interrupted. There was the sound of footsteps coming hurriedly along the broad walk outside; the latch of the garden gate clicked, and in another instant Jumbo, the foot-boy, tapped at the open door of the room where the two ladies sat.

His eyes were rolling with excitement, as he breathlessly informed them that Myheer Ferrers, the Captain, had given him a note and bidden him take it as speedily as he could to the ladies of the house. The gentleman had so impressed upon him the necessity of haste, and also of delivering the note to none other than Madame Van Cortlandt or her guest, that the boy had very nearly got into serious difficulties. He had run headlong into pedestrians, whom he had nudged with the back of his hand, and he had been taken up by the Watch. Needless to say, Jumbo did not wait for his arrival. He had collided in the hall downstairs with Peter, the stout fellow, who had staggered back against the wall, with the ejaculation: "The good Lord ha' mercy!" On recognizing Jumbo, he had dashed the boy a hearty cuff upon the ear, which had only served to expedite his progress.

"Massa Ferrers, he say 'Hurry, hurry!'" cried Jumbo.

Evelyn, to whom the note was addressed, opened it and read that at any moment a force would be sent out by the instigation of Prosser Williams to arrest her. Lord Bellomont had spoken plainly of the matter, describing the accused as "an insolent and pernicious Papist, who broke all laws and consorted openly with the enemies of the King's Government." The matter was so urgent that Ferrers implored her to take instant measures for her safety. She must find concealment somewhere, until her friends could arrange for her escape to her father. The young man did not say in the letter, what he very well knew to be the case, that the arrest would be simply a cover for the designs of Prosser Williams. That miscreant, as he could fancy, would bring all pressure to bear to procure Evelyn's release, making marriage with him also the condition. He would promise the authorities that, once he had become master of the situation and the girl had been freed from the pernicious influence of her father, he could guarantee that she would be a good Protestant, or at least be made to conform to the established religion and abandon all her dangerous practices. Evelyn, in reading Captain Ferrers' note, was able to piece out for herself very much of what he did not say. She too knew that this action of Captain Williams, if actuated in the first instance by revenge, was but a step to the prosecution of his suit. For an instant she felt helpless and bewildered. Then she roused herself and resolved that the young man had written save one manly and tender sentence wherein he had placed himself at her service, declaring that he was willing, could it advance her interest, to resign his position at once. With a sigh, Evelyn decided that such an action on his part would be fatal. It would incense Lord Bellomont more than ever if Ferrers were to resign his favorite officers on account of this girl.

"Shall they dare to cross the Van Cortlandt's threshold," Madame cried, "to seize my guest?"

But almost as she spoke she remembered Nicholas Bayard and her heart sank within her.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE IDEAL OF VIRGINITY

Set before yourselves, as the ideal of virginity, the life of Blessed Mary, which reflecteth, as in a looking-glass, the beauty of chastity and the loveliness of self-restraint, says Saint Ambrose. Hence you may take the pattern of your life, for here are

to be seen, set forth as in a model all those things which you should learn—what to correct, what to flee from, and what to hold fast.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE OLD PORTAGER

I first met the old portager "somewhere in France," behind the lines of the Canadians. It was a cold, dark night, and a thick fog had settled down over everything; not a light could be seen from hut or house, as every window was darkened from the ever baleful eye of the Zepplins. I was accompanying the captain of a battalion on a visit to a wounded soldier who was billeted down in the village, and we had not gone very far on our way when the priest stopped suddenly and caught me by the arm. I came at attention and we both stood there in the darkness, peering through the fog towards where I knew a group of trees stood.

Something white was coming along the road towards us; it seemed like a small white cloud rising from the ground as it advanced. It was an eerie thing there in the cold darkness, and a strange fear came over me as I thought of gas. But the chaplain who was more experienced than I in the ways of gas, dispelled my fears. And then I smiled quietly in the darkness, as I heard a low voice coming from behind the white cloud say: "There now, hold up yer head, go easy there, and keep to the road."

The priest chuckled audibly and whispered, "It's Jim Murray and his mules."

As we drew nearer two mules yoked to a large transport wagon emerged from the white cloud. The driver was Jim Murray, known among the Canadians as the portager. I could not see him very well as he sat on his load of provisions, but the priest introduced us. Then we let the mules pass and continued on our way.

A few days later I met the old portager again: he was a medium-sized man with iron gray hair and a new pair of spectacles. His face and a pair of merry gray eyes that twinkled when he spoke. I liked him immediately and began to chat with him.

"Why do they call you the portager?" I asked.

His eyes twinkled and then he explained that in Canada all the supplies for the lumber camps are brought from the nearest railway station or depot camp on large sleds drawn by a team of horses. The driver of one of these teams is called a portager.

"I've portaged for over thirty years," he said, "and I've had some pretty long portages in my time. There've been times when I'd leave the camp early in the morning, before the sun was up, travel all day, only stopping long enough to feed the side of the road where the snow would not be deep, and we would reach the depot camp late in the afternoon. We would load up there, pass the night, and then start early in the morning on the return trip, arriving late in the evening at the lumber camp when the cook was about setting the table."

"The oil lamps that hung from the rafters would be lit and the big square wood stove that stood in the middle of the floor would be red and trembling from the heat inside."

"I've made many portages in the woods of Canada. Often they were wet, nearly always they were cold, but always there was that great silence of the forest, and the sweet breath of the woods. I've traveled often for twenty miles and have seen nothing but the great tall trees on either side of the road, with now and then a deer gliding across the portage, or a rabbit hopping along the snow. In the evening the stars would come out in the dark blue far above, and often the moon lit up the white road through the interlacing shadows of the trees."

"The portager to camps where men worked whose sons are here: there is a young lieutenant with us, Mr. Callahan, in charge of No. 8 Platoon, B Company, and a fine young fellow he is. I know him well and his father, too, for I've portaged for his father since the winter of 1902. I never worked for a finer man than old Dan Callahan. When the word comes round that Dan Callahan is going to begin operations for the winter, there is never any trouble about getting a crew."

"Why did you enlist?" I asked.

"Surely you have passed the age limit?"

He looked at me quickly and his eyes twinkled.

"My age is down in the book as forty-four," he said and he went on to tell me how he came to enlist.

"In the fall of 1914 we began operations on the ox-bow, far away in the northern part of New Brunswick, but many of the young men that had been with us the year before were missing. They had exchanged the axe and red Mackinaw for rifle and khaki tunic. We were short handed when we began, and we became more and more short-handed as the winter went on. I never saw the men so eager for the papers as they were that winter. I would be sitting down by the stove, after my day's trip, when the lads would come crowding in from their work, covered with snow, and bearing with them that fresh odor of spruce and pine. They would rush towards them every one calling out for a paper.

"There was hardly a week passed someone did not ask for his time, say good-by to his old camp mates, and take his seat beside me in the early morning and drive all day till

we came to Charlo, a little settlement where the depot camp was built. Then he would say good-by to me, and leave for the nearest recruiting office.

"The cut that year was very small—the smallest that Dan ever had—though there were many other camps whose crews were as large as ours that did not cut as much as we did. All the camps lost men that winter.

"The following summer I met Pete Mullin in a hotel at Harcourt. He had been boss of the depot camp for the past seven or eight years—used to look after the stores there. He told me he had enlisted in this battalion, and asked me to come along. I thought of it for two or three days, then I went in and signed on too. They said over here that I was too old for the firing-line, but they let me do the transport work, and this is somewhat in my line, although here most of the transporting is done at night, as it is noisier than the woods. Besides, one never can tell at what time a shell may come seeking a resting place."

He ceased speaking and from the distance came the sound of the guns. He seemed to be thinking, so I waited.

"I often have a chance to do other work," he said, "sometimes in the morning after I come back, sometimes in the evening before I leave." He did not say what the other work was, but I surmised. After this war is over there will be Jim Murray and his mules.

Sometime after this I met the old portager coming from the stable where he had been to feed the mules. It was late in the afternoon and I knew that soon he would be starting out with his team. We walked along together, and as we passed the huts where some of his battalion were billeted, I noticed little groups of Canadian lads standing along the road. Some were talking and laughing, others were quiet or low-toned, while others were tightening straps of an equipment which did not seem to need tightening. These were lads of a new draft who had lately come to the battalion and they were "going in" that night for the first time. And as we walked along, from away in the distance came the sound of guns—there had been heavy bombardment of late. And up in the trees the birds sang sweetly as though all the world were at peace.

I did not sleep much that night, for the air was filled with the noise of the bombardment. It was a beautiful night—the stars were clear; the heavens seemed intensely peaceful. And as I walked up and down the little path, behind the little village church, I thought of the old portager and his Canadian lads, and I thought especially of the boys who were in the trenches for the first time.

Early the following morning, when the transport work was over and the old portager and his mules should have gone to rest, I saw a strange procession coming towards me.

It was Jim Murray's mules and transport wagon. There was nobody on the driver's seat, but two Canadian privates were kneeling down in the wagon and the old driver was running along by the side, holding the reins. As they drew nearer I noticed a wounded officer lying on straw on the floor of the wagon. The portager was looking up from time to time, and I could hear him speaking to the officer:

"There now me lad—sir, we'll have you there in no time and then you'll be all right."

Then he spoke to the mules:

"Go easy there now, and keep to the road!"

The old portager continued to bring down the lightly wounded, but I was called away and it was some weeks before I saw him again. Now and then, however, I heard good reports of the work he was doing after hours. One day he had picked up, along the way, eight lightly wounded men. He brought them into the little village where he was billeted. One or two had bandaged heads, others were wounded in the legs or arms, but they were all singing "On the Rocky Road to Dublin," and those who had two sound feet or one sound foot were beating time on the bottom of Jim Murray's transport wagon.

It was on Holy Saturday that we met again and I found him looking somewhat worn and tired. But he had good news, at least he told it as such—and his tired eyes twinkled as he spoke:

"They are going to pull off a pretty big stunt in a day or two, and I think our lads are going to have a go at old Vimy Ridge."

I shuddered as I thought of the awful fight there must be before Vimy could be taken, and I said quietly to myself: "There will be lots of work for the old portager."

Early Tuesday morning the transport team came slowly into the little village, which was now filled with German prisoners and men with light wounds. But the hand that had so long guided the team over rough ways did not hold the reins. On the driver's seat alone sat a young Canadian lad, his left arm strapped to his side, while his right hand held the reins. There were four or five wounded soldiers seated along the sides of the wagon, looking through serious eyes at the old portager who lay on the straw he had spread for others. I followed slowly down the road with a heavy heart.

The wagon stopped before a little house and eager hands lifted the old man reverently out, and carried him into a room and placed him gently on a lounge.

He opened his eyes and looked

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around gratefully. Then he asked for a priest. The chaplain was away up at the dressing station, but a young Canadian said he would go for the Cure who lived not far away.

I moved a little nearer so that I could see my old friend. He had been struck by shrapnel, a bright-eyed bugler with his arm in a sling told me.

I think the old man must have recognized my voice for he opened his eyes quickly and though there was pain in them they twinkled a little as he spoke.

"The lads pulled off that little stunt," he said. "They took old Vimy. God bless them all; I worked with many of their fathers!"

He was silent for a while, then asked if the priest was coming. And as he waited he told me how glad he was to die so for he had always feared that he might die on the portage far from the priest.

In a little while the Cure came and the old man was fortified with the Bread of Life. Then, sweetly and silently, he passed on his last long portage.—B. J. Murdoch in the Magnificat.

CATHOLICS AND THE WAR

John Cardinal Farley

The law of sacrifice binds nations as well as individuals. When the individual neglects that law, he becomes self-centered and cold-hearted. If a nation forgets its lessons it foregoes its highest destinies.

Here as that law is, the individual and the nation that practise it generously ever rise to the highest pinnacle of personal and national dignity.

In times of peace the lessons of sacrifice may be for a time forgotten. For it is natural when wealth and power are easily attained, to listen to the voice of the temptations which follow in their train.

The ideal has made a wonderful appeal to the inborn generosity and chivalry of the American people, to its sense of fair play and honor.

When war threatened the foundations of our civic and national life, the American people did not hesitate. With an order and promptness rarely equaled, and in obedience to constituted authority, tens of thousands of our young men went into the cantonments prepared for them.

I do not wish to minimize what others have done. I would be the first to do justice to their loyalty. But, as too often the patriotism of my Catholic fellow-countrymen has been called in question, I should like briefly to call attention to some of the ways in which they have shown that they are thoroughly loyal to the country's cause.

The great test of patriotism is the willingness of the citizen to serve under his country's colors. Entrance into such service is an open profession that he is willing to lay down his life for the flag and all that it represents.

There is not a division, there is scarcely a regiment that has not a large percentage of Catholic troops. The figures are eloquent. According to the Secretary of War, Mr. Baker, 84 or 85% of the army are Catholics. The better Catholics they are, the better soldiers they are going to be. If there is one principle that must be the guiding star of the soldier it is the principle of authority. Obedience is the soldier's duty.

In the navy also the percentage of Catholics is exceedingly high. Well-informed authorities have stated that Catholics number 60% of the men, while in the marine-corps they number 60 or more per cent. One of the ranking officials of the navy is Admiral Benson, a man of the highest character, as distinguished for his thoroughgoing patriotism and efficiency as for his genuine piety.

Out of evil, God in his mysterious way always brings good. One result of this terrible scourge now devastating the world will be that here in the United States our countrymen will know each other and love each other better. The call to arms has thrown them together in a great family.

The following census taken at Camp Logan, Houston Texas, shows that Catholics are twice as numerous as members of the sect ranking next in number.

Table with 3 columns: Religion, No., P. C. Rows include Catholic, Methodist Episcopal, Baptist, Presbyterian, etc.

At Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Ga., the record is:

Table with 3 columns: Religion, No., P. C. Rows include Catholic, Methodist, Baptist, etc.

At Camp Grant, in Illinois, the census reads:

Table with 3 columns: Religion, No. Rows include Catholic, Baptist, Methodist, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Religion, No. Rows include Freethinkers, Greek Catholic, Lutheran, etc.

And though Catholics constitute but 18% of the population, the story of the other camps is the same. At Camp Dodge, Des Moines, Ia., Catholics are in excess of members of any other individual denomination.

A glance at lists from other camps would lead one to believe, very nearly similar results. At Camp Ligon, La., Catholics number about 40% of the men. The distinguished Catholic scholar, Dr. Condé Pallen, makes the following statement: "The Catholic population of the country is something over 18,000,000 out of a total population somewhat over 100,000,000."

In every field of war activity Catholics have taken a prominent part. To the liberty loans they have largely subscribed. Bishops and priests, whole communities of religious men and women have generously given out of their small pittances to the needs of the country.

FOREIGN MISSIONS

MISSIONS DEPEND ON THE CATECHISTS

In 1913 our Superior General, the Very Rev. Father Henry, on his visitation journey through Uganda, came to this mission, and all the catechists were presented to him. It was a grand sight.

GRATITUDE FROM FRANCE

Every day there is new evidence of the great benefit to Uncle Sam's soldiers which is being conferred through the work which the Knights of Columbus, representing the Catholic people of this country, are doing.

A GOOD WORD FOR CATHOLICS

Whatever the feeling against Catholics in Japan, the Mayor of Tokio has most warmly commended the Faith in a recent speech. He said in part:

Inspector of Taxation, K. Fellowes, Cor. Bank St. and Laurier Ave., OTTAWA, Ont. Inspector of Taxation, G. A. Macdonald, KINGSTON, Ont. Inspector of Taxation, Hugh D. Paterson, 59 Victoria St., TORONTO, Ont. Inspector of Taxation, Berkeley G. Lowe, Customs Bldg., HAMILTON, Ont. Inspector of Taxation, George R. Tambling, LONDON, Ont.

have just reason to be proud of their share in the great war, and that this work will constantly grow in scope and importance, there is no denying. The French work is now well under way and by April a large force of secretaries and chaplains will be on French soil and that war ridden land will be dotted with buildings which bear the sign: "Everybody Welcome."

ALL BELGIUM ROUSED TO BLOCK PARTITION

Washington, March 5.—Popular unrest in occupied Belgium is increasing in volume, according to cable messages from Havre to the Belgian Legation here.

THE ANNUNCIATION

Thou Lily in God's garden fair, What dew has moistened thee! What quickening suns have brought thee to bear Thy rich fertility!

There is not any wind of heaven, There is not any light Of sun or star to mortal being, More sweet, more fair, more bright!

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SAVE FOOD

In a time needing food economy many people are not getting all the nourishment they might from their food. It is not how much you eat, but how much you assimilate, that does you good.

The addition of a small teaspoonful of Bovril to the diet as a peptogenic before meals leads to more thorough digestion and assimilation and thus saves food, for you need less.

test. The movement is especially active in Flanders.

All the Belgian bishops, being prevented from meeting together, the cables said, "have protested separately. Cardinal Mercier has protested. A collective letter to the German Chancellor has been signed by the principal representatives of

commerce at Antwerp. Deputies and senators of East Flanders have protested to Chancellor Hertling.

The clandestine press is distributing thousands of circulars among the people. The protest movement originated in the German attempt to make Flanders an independent political State—splitting Belgium.



The Dominion Income War Tax Its Meaning and Application

THE Dominion Income War Tax Act, passed at the last session of Parliament is now in force and all those liable to taxation under the provisions of the Act must file the required returns for the year 1917, on or before 31st March, 1918.

The Act provides that there shall be assessed, levied, and paid upon the 1917 income of every person residing or ordinarily resident in Canada, a tax upon income exceeding \$1500 in the case of unmarried persons and widows or widowers without dependent children, and upon income exceeding \$3000 in the case of all other persons.

Corporations and joint stock companies carrying on business in Canada, no matter how created or organized, shall pay the normal tax upon income over \$3000. The fiscal year of corporations and joint stock companies may be adopted if desired.

Your Immediate Obligation.—You are now required by law to fill out in triplicate, one or more of the five special forms enumerated below. Read the particulars about the forms provided, then note the form or forms that fit your case. Don't forget to make three copies. You keep one copy, and in the case of Forms T1 and T2, deliver two to the Inspector of Taxation for your district. In the case of Forms T3, T4 and T5, two copies must be filed with the Commissioner of Taxation at Ottawa.

Penalties.—Default in filing returns renders the person or persons liable on summary conviction to a penalty of one hundred dollars for each day during which the default continues. Any person making a false statement in any return or in any information required by the Minister of Finance shall be liable on summary conviction to a penalty not exceeding ten thousand dollars or to six months imprisonment, or to both fine and imprisonment.

FORMS TO BE FILLED IN AND FILED

Individuals.—Form T1 is for all individuals having the requisite income. Fill in pages 1, 2 and 3, make no marks on page 4.

In giving particulars of dividends received, state amount received from each company, listing Canadian and Foreign Companies separately.

Partnerships as such need not file returns, but the individuals forming the partnerships must.

Corporations and Joint Stock Companies must fill in Form T2, showing total income. Amount paid during the year to Patriotic and Canadian Red Cross Funds, and other approved war funds, should be shown under Exemptions and Deductions. A financial statement should also be attached. In giving particulars of dividends received, state amount received from each Company, listing Canadian and Foreign Companies separately.

Trustees, Executors, Administrators of Estates and Assignees use Form T3, to state particulars of the distribution of income from estates they are handling. A separate form is required for each estate and total incomes must be given as well as distribution thereof.

Employers. On Form T4 employers shall make a list of the names of employees and amounts paid to each in salaries, bonuses, commission, or other remuneration wherever the combined sum of such remuneration for the calendar year 1917 amounted to \$1000 or more. This applies to all classes, regardless of number of such employees.

Corporations Listing Shareholders.—Corporations and Joint Stock Companies shall list on Form T5 Shareholders residing in Canada to whom Dividends were paid during the calendar year 1917, stating the amounts of dividends and bonuses paid to each.

Don't wait till the last minute. Get the necessary forms now, and make your information accurate and complete.

Forms may be obtained from the District Inspectors of Taxation and from the Postmasters at all leading centres.

Postage must be paid on all letters and documents forwarded by mail to Inspector of Taxation. Department of Finance Ottawa, Canada

Inspector of Taxation, K. Fellowes, Cor. Bank St. and Laurier Ave., OTTAWA, Ont. Inspector of Taxation, G. A. Macdonald, KINGSTON, Ont. Inspector of Taxation, Hugh D. Paterson, 59 Victoria St., TORONTO, Ont. Inspector of Taxation, Berkeley G. Lowe, Customs Bldg., HAMILTON, Ont. Inspector of Taxation, George R. Tambling, LONDON, Ont.

The Catholic Record

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LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1918

THE POPE AND THE WAR

Every reader of the public press in Canada has become familiar with the insinuations, the open specific charges that the Pope is hostile to the cause for which we and our Allies are fighting in a life and death struggle; that his international outlook is determined exclusively or preponderantly by his desire that the Austrian Empire maintain her place as a great Catholic power; that his neutrality is a pretence; that in issuing his Peace Note he was the willing or at best the unconscious catstep of Germany; that directly or indirectly he was the cause of the debacle on the Italian front.

Recognizing the cumulative effect of these and similar calumnies, no matter how groundless, and noting, no doubt, the practical suppression of striking refutations of such charges, His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, issued a pamphlet entitled "The Pope and the War," the object of which is clearly indicated in this sentence of the opening paragraph: "The accusations which have been circulated in Canada against the Catholic Church have reference chiefly to the position and the attitude of the Pope." Then temperately, lucidly, pointedly, he deals with the familiar accusations; fact after fact, quotation after quotation pitilessly expose "the hollow hypocrisy of the campaign against the Pope."

The Globe in a lengthy leader, which we reproduce elsewhere in this issue, dealt directly with the Archbishop's pamphlet mistakenly calling it a pastoral letter. Does the Globe openly and honestly admit that the accusations circulated in Canada have been shown to be without foundation? Oh no; not openly and honestly. It shifts the ground of attack and leaves its readers to infer that His Grace's object was to present "the argument in justification of the neutrality of the Pope." This is neither honest nor true, as any one reading the Archbishop's pamphlet will readily see. His reference to the Pope's neutrality was incidental, almost casual; it was in no sense the burden of his argument. In a pamphlet of twenty pages the Globe selects this incidental reference and, after quoting it in full, says:

"The Globe has put the case in the Archbishop's words that its readers may come to their own conclusion as to the strength of the argument presented."

It is hard to regard this ostentatious magnanimity as other than plain dishonesty. It accomplishes the apparently deliberate purpose of the Globe to divert the attention of its readers from the real object of the pamphlet, namely to meet and refute the chief accusations circulated in Canada, amongst which was the denial of the Pope's neutrality. That the Pope's neutrality is unjustifiable was not one of these accusations at all, certainly not one of the chief or most mischievous of them, most certainly not so considered by Archbishop McNeil in his pamphlet; but the Globe sets up this straw man and proceeds to demolish it. To those who read both the pamphlet and the article it will be quite evident that the Globe, by its tergiversation, concedes that the Archbishop accomplished his purpose—but this number is likely to be comparatively small. In an article of such length professedly dealing with the pamphlet of His Grace the Globe's method of procedure seems very clearly to involve two ugly things which have been very much in evidence when-

ever the question of the Pope has been discussed during the War: they are called *suppressio veri et suggestio falsi*.

But we shall take the Globe on the new ground which it has chosen.

The Globe: "How can the 'supreme interpreter and vindicator of God's law,' who, when bespeaks ex cathedra, is believed by the faithful of his communion to be purged of the fallibility of other men, remain neutral in respect to great questions of right and wrong that have set the world rocking upon its foundations?"

This suggests a passage from Justin McCarthy who avers—and who has not shared his experience?—that he had read and listened to scores and scores of arguments against Papal infallibility complacently founded on complete misapprehension of what the term meant, and he adds: "I am not asking my readers to accept the doctrine of Papal infallibility; I am only asking them to understand what it is and what it is not. In our days there are large numbers of men and women who refuse to believe in any guidance of man from a higher world or, indeed, in any higher world from which he could be guided. I do not, of course, expect such men and women to accept the principle of Papal infallibility. But I should certainly expect even them to try to understand what the principle actually is." A modest and very reasonable request to make of those who persist in discussing the doctrine or arguing from its supposed implications. But the Globe, sure of tickling the ear of the groundlings, triumphantly hurls its misconception of Papal infallibility in the face of an Archbishop!

It is quite certain that before forming using a medical term in controversy with a doctor, or a legal term with a lawyer, the Globe would inform itself at least of the meaning of the terms, and probably find out, also, whether or not they had any bearing on the question in issue.

Let us take a concrete example free from the beclouding influence of the passion and prejudice, the hopes and the fears of the great War. It is the infallible teaching of the Church that between two baptized persons a valid marriage, duly consummated, can be dissolved by no power on earth, civil or ecclesiastical, unless by the death of one of the persons. That principle stands now and forever the immutable doctrine of the Catholic Church with regard to Christian marriage. It binds the Pope in Peter's Chair, the King on his throne, as it binds the humblest vagrant ever baptized. Not even to rid the world forever of Prussian and all other militarism, to bring permanent and perpetual international peace, any more than to retain the Kingdom of Henry VIII. within the unity of the Church, can the Pope sanction in a single instance the violation of this unchanging principle of Christian morality of which he, "the supreme interpreter and vindicator of God's law," is the divinely appointed guardian. And yet when there is question of the validity of any particular marriage that particular case must be decided on its merits. And the merits of the case must be determined by human judgment based on human evidence. There is no question of infallibility in the decision. It may come before the ecclesiastical courts, before the highest of the Papal courts, but just as in civil actions in civil tribunals it is fallible human judgment that must decide. It may be taken out of the courts and brought before the Holy Father himself for final adjudication, it is still fallible human judgment that must pass upon the testimony adduced. The case may be involved and obscure, or it may be clear and free from doubt, but in any case there is no question of Papal infallibility. The Pope's judgment may be accepted as final and decisive, but not Catholic, and no Protestant, Jew or pagan who knows whereof he speaks, believes that the Pope's judgment in the case is "purged of the fallibility of other men."

If the indissolubility of marriage, though the constant practice of the Church, were not yet defined as an article of faith and the Pope as supreme teacher, speaking ex cathedra, proclaimed to the City and to the world that henceforth it was a doctrine of the Catholic Church that the bond of Christian marriage could be broken only by death, then all controversy on the matter amongst Catholics would cease; Catholics would accept the doctrine or leave the Church; this principle of Christian morality would be defined once and forever by the infallible Head of

the Church with the same binding force as if defined by Pope and ecumenical council. But in pronouncing on the validity of any particular marriage this same Pope would enjoy no immunity from error by virtue of Papal infallibility.

The foregoing will illustrate what Papal infallibility is and what it is not sufficiently to make clear that the Globe in the passage cited is laboring under a complete misapprehension of what Catholics believe with regard to the infallibility of the Pope. This passage, if it means anything, means that if the Pope were ex cathedra to condemn German aggression in this War "the faithful of his communion" would be obliged to accept his judgment on the premises as "purged of the fallibility of other men;" in other words that Catholics the world over, Germans and Austrians as well as English and French, would have to accept his judgment as infallible. If that were true the Pope could paralyze the military effort of Germany more effectively than if he had vast armies at his command. But it is not true, it is a weirdly ignorant distortion of the truth. Read the passage quoted again. It illustrates that confusion of thought, that incapacity either to lay hold of or apply a principle, which characterizes even the educated Protestant where spiritual matters are concerned. It illustrates also that lack of humility which a learned convert describes as appalling; nothing else can excuse or even explain the lack of scholarly discretion of the editor of the Globe in discussing, without easily ascertainable information, a doctrine such as Papal infallibility, and in presuming to point out to Catholics, including the Catholic hierarchy, the opportunities this doctrine affords and the duties it implies.

If a Protestant of the standing, education and general information of a leader writer on the editorial staff of one of our greatest papers can honestly write the stuff which we are considering, then what may be expected from the rank and file of newspaper readers? The honesty of the writer only places his ignorance, presumption and arrogance in a more glaring light.

It is evidently necessary to state plainly some palpable truths with regard to the Pope and the War: The Pope can not pronounce ex cathedra on the merits of the issues which divide the civilized world into huge armies locked in deadly conflict. The political issues and ambitions which divide them do not fall within the scope of Papal infallibility. In the middle age the Pope, not by virtue of his office as Head of the Church but by the consent of a united Christendom, did act as international arbitrator; by the actual exercise of his power as such, and not less by the deterrent influence of his potential exercise over despotic princes, the Pope curbed these cruel devils of their will and powerfully promoted the growth of democratic freedom. This was the quiet, persistent, pervasive and irresistible influence of the whole spirit of the Catholic Church on the civilization of Europe which she created. (Read the eighth chapter of G. K. Chesterton's History of England.) But we had changed all that before the War and we boasted of the change, yes we gloried in it and we scorned the age when the Popes were international arbitrators; our crowning epithet of opprobrium was—medieval. And now ignoring the fact that the Pope was denied representation at the international Peace tribunal of The Hague; and with the secret treaty of France, England, Russia and Italy by which they "obligate themselves to support Italy in her desire for the non-admittance of the Holy See to any kind of diplomatic steps for the purpose of the conclusion of peace or the regulation of questions arising from the present War," with this secret treaty in the naked shame of world wide publicity leering at us, we are not ashamed to whine that the Pope is neutral, unjustifiably neutral! He ought at least put the Papal infallibility at our service, it would have a very useful effect on "the faithful of his communion."

"If Christ were in Peter's Chair" suggests the Globe. Is the arm of Christ shortened because He is not Pope? Is our lack of humility so appalling that we boldly demand as a right Christ's intervention? There are those who, maddened by the horrors of the War, deny the existence of God and hold that Christ was a visionary dreamer whose doctrine has proved an absolute failure. There is something far more noble in the

blasphemous audacity of this cry of despair than in the cowardly calumnies and whining plaints against the Pope. The two are akin. The one we may regard with a measure of shuddering sympathy and with an infinite pity; the other with feelings to which it is more polite, and perhaps more Christian, not to give free expression; though we confess that with Jamie Soutar we find it "maist comfortin'" to recall the exceptional language the gentle Lord and Master used in speaking to certain proud and self-righteous people when He walked amongst men. The tribe has increased but not improved.

The Globe article by itself might deserve but passing notice; but as one of the myriad-tongued voices raised in ribald outcry against the Vicar of Christ we shall regard it as typical, and devote to it further attention.

AFFECTION

Apart from the theological virtues of faith, hope and charity, and the cardinal virtues of prudence, justice, temperance and fortitude, the Catechism mentions seven moral virtues, as opposed to the seven capital sins, namely, humility, obedience, meekness, liberality, sobriety, chastity and zeal. There is, however, another beautiful flower that grows at the foot of the cross, and that belongs to the same family as the red rose of charity. This amaranthine flower of affection is especially deserving of our consideration, for it was very dear to the Sacred Heart of Our Lord and contributes not a little to adorning and sweetening the path of life.

Charity embraces all men but does not demand, as regards the great majority of them, anything more than an attitude of benevolence and a readiness to assist in any good work on their behalf. Affection, on the contrary, is confined to those who are united to us by ties of blood or friendship, and is usually accompanied by outward marks of fondness and attachment. St. Paul, in his epistle to the Philippians recommends to them his disciple Timothy in whom he tells them he has great confidence because like a son with his father he had labored with him in the gospel with sincere and affectionate solicitude. Next to his great faith, it was no doubt the impetuous generosity and affectionate loyalty to the person of Our Saviour that merited for St. Peter the divine commission to feed the lambs and the sheep of the fold. Our Lord Himself manifested His affection for those who were bound to Him by ties of kindred or who were especially devoted to His service. How beautifully human was His attitude to the family at Bethany; to Lazarus, His friend, at whose grave He shed tears of affection; to Mary who was converted by one glance of His divine eyes, and who repaid His mercy with such loving and grateful devotion, and to busy, bustling Martha who, in rejoiced in the privilege of waiting upon Him and who, when her brother was ill and Our Lord was slow in coming, rebuked Him in a manner that would seem irreverent, were it not excused by the favor she enjoyed of intimate friendship with the Master. When disgusted by the insincerity of the Pharisees and wearied by the importunities of the multitude, He loved to retire to that humble home, that little haven of peace where the affection of true friends brought consolation to His human heart.

It is especially in the home that this virtue should flourish. The Evangelists tell us little of the Holy Family at Nazareth; but painters and poets with true Catholic instinct have dwelt especially upon the mutual affection that characterized that ideal Christian home. We often wonder if the children of our day realize how much their parents, who hold God's place in their regard and who have made so many sacrifices for their welfare, crave for those little expressions of filial love that lighten their labors and brighten the sunset of their lives. "The Children's Hour" seems to be an institution that is passing away. "Grave Alice and laughing Allegra and Edith with golden hair" give little thought to their parents wearied with the anxieties and hardships of the day. No, they are off promanaging the streets or wasting the affection of their young hearts on some hero or heroine at the movies.

The bond of affection that should unite the children of a Christian family seems, too, to be loosening. Home for them is becoming little more than a boarding house where

they sleep and take their meals. When they separate to seek employment in other places, an occasional post card takes the place of the old-fashioned letter that served so well to keep alive an enduring affection among the members of a family. When they marry they drift still further apart, until soon the children of the same roof tree have almost forgotten one another. If this be true of Christian families it is doubly so of those who are unfortified by religion. Thus it is that a generation without affection is springing up, a generation such as St. Paul described to Timothy: "Know also this, that in the last days shall come on dangerous times. Men shall be lovers of themselves, covetous, haughty, proud, . . . disobedient to parents, ungrateful, wicked, without affection, without peace, . . . unmerciful, without kindness, stubborn, puffed up and lovers of pleasures more than of God."

After all, religion is the only source of enduring affection; and if we wish to cultivate this virtue in our intercourse with our relatives and friends we must begin with our True Friend. It sometimes strikes us that there is something lacking in the religious life of many even exemplary Catholics. They may be very conscientious and exact in the performance of their duties, but the good old Irish woman who begins her act of contrition with "O my good sweet loving Jesus!" and who speaks of Mary and Joseph in terms of endearment and intimacy, makes one suspect that some flowers of devotion, that bloom in the Green Isle of Faith, wither and die in the more practical, and perhaps more enlightened, but certainly more chilly atmosphere of our modern religious life.

THE GLEANER

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THERE is perhaps no subject directly pertaining to their religion on which Catholics generally are less informed than the Rubrics. To affirm that little is known, even by the fairly well-informed, concerning the history and meaning of the practices which have been embodied in the Church's majestic ritual is but to give utterance to a truism. The fact is apparent, but the cause is not so easy to adjudicate. It may be that attention has been so assiduously directed to the doctrines of the Church in themselves, in an effort to illumine the faith of the multitude, and to enlighten non-Catholics, that interest in the "externals" has, in a measure, lain dormant. Be that as it may, it is at least true that where as there is an abundance of books of instruction on the Faith itself, those of a popular character in the English language on the government of the Church, her ceremonies, festivals, sacramentals and devotional are few and far between.

REV. JOHN F. SULLIVAN, of the Diocese of Providence, has in his book, "The Externals of the Catholic Church" (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons) done something to remedy this. In an attractive and well-written volume of nearly 400 pages, he discourses learnedly but not ponderously on the meaning, history and development of those ceremonies and devotions which in the course of centuries have come grandly to enshrine the priceless treasure of the Faith itself. The essentials of Catholic worship have been embellished with a wealth of ritual observance of which each detail is symbolic of the purpose for which that worship is offered. The explanation of these manifold practices is the object of the book before us.

THE BOOK is timely, because interest in religion is increasing among those outside the Fold. Many earnest Protestants are seeking information regarding Catholic practices, and their symbolism. People heretofore quite indifferent to all religion are realizing its benefits to society, its beneficent influence on the individual, and its necessity for the welfare of the commonwealth. Catholics in every walk of life have or can find abundant opportunities just now to diffuse a knowledge of their Faith and to enlighten their fellows, and it is by the earnest perusal of such books as this that they will acquire a store of interesting facts, and render valiant service to the cause of Truth.

UNFORTUNATELY, there are many Catholics—good, practical, devout Catholics, at that—who seldom, if ever, read anything on this subject, and the fact that one is ignorant of

the meaning of our beautiful customs acts as a deterrent in those seeking the reasons for them. How many are quite unable to answer questions on how the Church is governed; what constitutes the Religious State; the significance of the ceremonies connected with the Seven Sacraments; or of those which enshrine the august Sacrifice of the Mass; the Church's calendar, and her festivals, and of the innumerable details of Catholic worship which coalesce to make the most majestic thing in the world! In Father Sullivan's book an answer to these questions may be found, and it is much to be desired that it may find many readers and not a few students among our educated Catholic laity. More than five hundred subjects are therein treated in simple and terse English, in a manner calculated to interest as well as to instruct. No other book in English that we know of covers in a single volume so wide a field. It might almost be called an amplified dictionary of Catholic ceremonies and devotions.

MESSRS. P. J. Kenedy & Sons are also the publishers of a very informing and understandable book by Rev. Martin J. Scott, S. J., entitled "God and Myself: an Inquiry into the True Religion." This is a clear, positive and conclusive investigation into the fact of the historical existence of Jesus Christ: that He was indeed God; that He established a Church to be governed by His laws, and that that Church is no other than the one having its seat and centre in Peter's chair. It is a really valuable book for Catholics, and for non-Catholics willing to investigate with unbiased mind the Church's claims. It will infallibly give comfort and support to those of the Faith, and sure guidance to those who seek it.

FATHER SCOTT writes in a simple and friendly manner, insisting that religion being for all people, technical, theological discussion should in a treatise like this be avoided. He therefore develops his thesis in plain statements and simple language and is very effective in his use of them. Throughout he devotes much consideration to modern ideas and tendencies. In the first chapter "World Calamities and Providence," the present War is considered with reference to the justice of God, and gives a fair idea of the modern spirit in which all his arguments are considered. We know of no timelier book to put into the hands of a Protestant friend at the present time, or for that matter, for the individual Catholic to read prayerfully on his own account. It will strengthen his faith and give him a better understanding of his duty.

IN "THE INWARD GOSPEL," by another Jesuit, Rev. W. S. Strappini, (Longmans, Green & Company, New York and London) we have a series of familiar discourses addressed to those who follow the Rules of St. Ignatius, or who, whether in missions or private retreats have made the Spiritual Exercises. Confessedly, they are hardly of a class to appeal to the general reader, though being but an expansion of some points of the inward teaching of Our Lord, furnish matter for reflection to any Christian. An extract from the chapter on charity may be taken as a fair example of Father Strappini's way of putting things.

"BE HELPFUL, but don't fuss about so that every one can see how tremendously helpful you can be. Also, there are many little ways in which you can give up yourself, not necessarily your belongings, which will stimulate the growth of inward charity. All of us have opportunities for thoughtful consideration for others, little misunderstandings we can smooth out of irritating prominence, the soft answer which turns the edge of sharp criticism, the silence which is often kinder than flowing speech. Then, are we not impressed at times with the much we have to put up with from others? Well, turn round sometimes and think over what others may, or actually do, put up with from ourselves. Charity was not meant to be one-sided."

This book may be especially recommended for devout reading during Lent and Passion-tide.

If you look at this Sacred Heart so meek, so sweet, so condescending so loving toward miserable creatures provided only they recognize their misery; so gracious towards the unfortunate, so good to penitents,—ah! who would not love this royal Heart, so fraternally maternal to us?—St. Francis De Sales.

THE POPE AND THE WAR

The Globe, March 4

Archbishop McNeil has written a most interesting and informal pastoral letter on the position of the head of the Catholic Church in relation to the world-war. The Archbishop of Toronto is especially fitted, alike by temperament, and by his breadth of view, to place before the people of Canada, as well as those directly under his pastoral care, the attitude of the Pope toward the various belligerent powers. There is, moreover, no doubt as to his own position: Archbishop McNeil does not hesitate in this message to his people to tell them that he himself "hopes and prays" for the success of the Allies.

The argument in justification of the neutrality of the Pope is based upon the assumption that it is essential to maintain the unity of the Church, especially at a time when almost all other international relationships have been severed. "The great preoccupation of the Holy See," says the Archbishop, "is to prevent divisions in the Church along lines of national or racial cleavage. The Pope is not now treated as a foreigner in any of the Allied nations. The Catholics in each of them can freely accept his control of Church affairs. It is unthinkable that he would voluntarily endanger or forfeit this position in the Allied nations in return for anything Germany could possibly offer, much less for anything which the Lutheran majority of Germany would allow their rulers to offer. The amount of national and racial hatred in the Christian world at a given time is the measure of the danger to which the unity of the Church is exposed, and the highest interest of the Holy Father as the guardian of this unity is the removal of this hatred by a safe and lasting peace."

In reinforcement of this argument it is stated that in the Entente countries there is a Catholic population of 111,089,571, while in the countries grouped around Germany, and generally known as the Central Powers, there are 57,466,150 Catholics. These figures indicate why the Pope as the spiritual head of millions of people in both groups "is necessarily neutral."

"He is in justice obliged to be impartial," says Archbishop McNeil, "Catholics are patriotic in their respective countries. The War has made this clear. Whether right or wrong in judgment, they are convinced of the justice of their respective countries' cause, whether French or German. If the Pope publicly condemned either group of belligerents at the outbreak of the War or at any stage of it, he would thereby place many millions of Catholics in the agonizing necessity of choosing between their Church and their country, and he would favor one section of the Church at the expense of another. The War, would go on in any case. Civil war would add to its horrors, for all countries are divided in religion, and the remedy would only increase the disease. Besides, a public condemnation would involve a judicial investigation, and this is practically impossible in our times. The Pope has publicly condemned particular acts of cruelty and injustice, like the invasion of Belgium; but as to the war in general he is strictly neutral. One proof of his impartiality is the fact that he is abused by daily newspapers and prominent individuals of both sides. I need not cite instances on the side of the Allies. Most people have seen or heard accusations to the effect that the Pope is pro-German, that he is responsible for the defeat of the Italian army."

The Globe has put the case in the Archbishop's words that its readers may come to their own conclusion as to the strength of the argument presented. For ourselves we must frankly confess that the neutrality insisted upon as necessary and desirable appears to be a surrender of that international spiritual sovereignty which elsewhere the Archbishop declares to be vested in his Holiness. "Christ," he says, "is to be a King even when it was a question of life or death in the tribunal of Pilate. He was then laying a healing hand upon the nerve centre of fallen humanity. He was separating spiritual sovereignty from civil sovereignty and assuming the former to Himself in order to impart it later to His Church. After nineteen centuries there are still many educated men in Christendom who stand astonished before the spectacle of the Vicar of Christ claiming spiritual sovereignty."

Elsewhere Archbishop McNeil quotes from a public speech of Pope Benedict XV. at the Vatican on January 22, 1918, as follows: "It belongs to the Roman Pontiff, whom God appointed supreme interpreter and vindicator of His law, to proclaim that no possible reason can justify any violations of justice." This was declared by the Papal Secretary of State to carry with it condemnation of the violation of the neutrality of Belgium carried out by Germany on the admission of her own Chancellor contrary to international law.

But was the violation of Belgium different in essence from the deliberate provocation to war to be found within the four corners of the ultimatum sent by Austria-Hungary to the Serbian Government? The refusal to abate one jot or tittle of the terms set forth in that demand destroyed all hope—most of us believe was intended to destroy all hope

—of the continuance of peace. When France was asked by Germany in July, 1914, to surrender Toul and Verdun as pledges of her peaceful intentions was Germany seeking peace or was she making a world war inevitable? These are questions that cannot be ignored by one making a claim to spiritual sovereignty. Spiritual sovereignty involves spiritual leadership. How can the "supreme interpreter and vindicator of God's law," who when he speaks ex cathedra is believed by the faithful of his communion to be purged of the fallibility of other men, remain neutral in respect to great questions of right and wrong that have set the world rocking upon its foundations?

If Christ Himself, instead of Pope Benedict, were at this moment sitting in Peter's chair would he remain neutral in face of the tremendous moral and spiritual issues raised by the War? Would He hold that the unity of the Church was a matter of more importance than the proclamation of righteousness and the denunciation of injustice and wholesale murder? Would He not rather pour out upon the aggressors in the world war the scorching words that earned the undying hatred of the Scribes and Pharisees of His own day? As to the primary responsibility for the horror that has overtaken the world, Pope Benedict, we are told has no judgment to render. And yet in the court of public opinion here on earth, and in the court of High Heaven hereafter, this question of tremendous spiritual importance must be settled. Millions of men called on to bear arms on one side or the other have had to face it. "Do I fight in a just cause?" is the question that thrusts itself insistently upon every man of sensibility who takes up arms at his country's call. The French Catholic believes his country is the victim of attack by international bandits, and the German or Austrian believes that he fights for a just cause. Both cannot be right. Beyond supposition or peradventure there is a real right and indubitable wrong. In circles far wider than those to which the Archbishop of Toronto's pastoral is addressed there will be regret that after almost four years of war upon a scale such as the world has never before experienced His Holiness Pope Benedict still regards it as no part of the duty of the "Vicar of Christ" to apportion the blame for the greatest tragedy in the history of mankind.

Archbishop McNeil is on firm ground when he deals with the relations of His Holiness to the groups of men within the British Empire who are either lukewarm in the prosecution of the War or opposed altogether to participation in it. Of that matter he says:

"Patriots see that a few groups of Catholics in the Allied countries, a few millions in all out of the hundred and ten millions of Catholics involved, are not co-operating with the Allied forces energetically, and conclude that it is all the Pope's doing! This conclusion can only be drawn by one who has no knowledge of the circumstances, and who supplies a link in the chain of inference out of a fund of prejudice. The Pope never instructs us Catholics as to how we should vote at elections or how we should conduct military campaigns or what part we should take in wars. These things are all outside his sphere of action. His duties have reference to the moral and spiritual side of life. The only instruction he has issued to Ireland or Quebec in regard to the War is his request to pray for a just and lasting peace. There are very nearly a thousand Catholic priests engaged as military and navy chaplains in the British forces, including those of the Dominions. The number of Catholic men requiring so many Chaplains may be conservatively estimated at three quarters of a million. If the Pope is to be held responsible for those Catholics who, for racial or other reasons, are accused of having failed to measure up to the average standard of patriotism in war times, then at least let him have the credit of those many hundreds of thousands of Catholics fighting in the British armies. But of course, neither the blame nor the praise is due to the Pope. It is physically impossible for any man or any Government to control hundreds of millions of people scattered over the world, and interfere with their daily lives in all important matters the way the Pope is supposed by his critics to do. I receive a copy of every document issued by the Holy See to the Bishops of the world, and I declare that no Papal instructions in reference to the War have been received other than those which have been published."

It is reassuring to learn upon the authority of the Archbishop of Toronto—an upright and plain-speaking man, a patriot who believes his country to be fighting for the world's freedom—that any reluctance to take up arms in the Allied cause shown in Quebec or in Ireland is not the Pope's doing, but springs from causes entirely beyond the control of the Vatican. The reason for the cleavage is not religious, but must be sought in other directions.

The pastoral, in addition to the matters above referred to, contains much useful information as to the attitude of the Holy See toward the Italian Government and world peace. A passage of particular interest is that wherein it is shown that the Pope in his Christmas address referred to the taking of Jerusalem as an answer to the age-long prayers of the Fathers "by giving back to the Christian faith the Holy Places and the venerated soil

where the blood of the Redeemer was poured out." The German press considered this utterance as a violation of neutrality. Which is but another evidence that neutrality is not very solid ground for His Holiness even when the murdering, barbarous, bestial Turk finds defenders and apologists in the ranks of the enemy.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

THE BRITISH merchant marine suffered a heavier loss in tonnage last week than in the previous corresponding period, though the total of ships sunk by the U-boats was the same, namely, eighteen. The latest figures show fifteen vessels of over 1,600 tons sunk and three under that tonnage, compared with twelve and six, respectively, in the previous week. There is some satisfaction in the fact that the total figures are about stationary, but the Allied peoples are awaiting with eagerness definite signs of the assertions made from time to time that the U-boat will be mastered. Lord Rhonda, Britain's Food Controller, made an encouraging statement yesterday in view of the U-boat activities. He said that he had hoped in April to be able to give an increased meat ration of fifty per cent. to those engaged in "hard physical labor," and to those engaged in "very hard physical labor" double the ordinary ration. As to what the outlook was not particularly happy, but there was a cause for alarm. A scheme of bread rationing was in course of preparation, and would be adopted if the Government deemed it necessary. Lord Rhonda's statement is welcome at this time, the more so because it is put in plain language. There is necessity for this in dealing with the food problem, because much confusion is being caused by the various statements of public men from time to time. The people everywhere want to know the truth on the food question.

GERMAN TROOPS, it is officially announced, have entered Odessa, the Russian, or former Russian, port on the Black Sea, and the centre of a great agricultural area. It is probable that a considerable amount of munitions and supplies, as well as foodstuffs, would be seized at the port. The foe will be able to send quantities of grain into Germany and Austria now. Odessa was for a long time a great supply depot for the Russian Black Sea fleet and for the forces operating on the other side of the sea against the Turks in the Caucasus. It will be interesting to watch now the development of the German idea of pressing on into Persia and Afghanistan. This is not so remote a project as it once was. With the Black Sea in their possession, there is no reason why the Germans should not put a very considerable force of their own and Austrian troops into the Caucasus to combine with the Turks and begin operations, with the hope of turning the tide against the British in Palestine and Mesopotamia. In both areas the British are preparing to the extent of their power for the attempt they believe will be made. There is a tendency to regard these fields as too remote from the major scenes of warfare to be of more than sentimental interest. But this is gradually disappearing before the realization that they may after all have a very direct bearing upon the ultimate settlement.

GENERAL VON LUDENDORFF, who is said to be the brains of the German military machine, while Hindenburg remains the popular idol, claims that Germany is now stronger on the West front than her enemies in men, aerial forces and tanks. He says: "If the enemy wishes to attack let him do so—he will find us ready. With God's aid we will obtain a German peace, not a doubtful peace." This is not quite the language that the Germans have been indulging in lately. They have been asserting that they were going to do the attacking—now they challenge the Allies to assume that role. If the Huns are superior in aerial forces, as Ludendorff contends, they are making a disgraceful show of themselves in aerial combats. That kind of superiority will be most agreeable to the Allies. General Maurice of the British War Office, says in effect that the Germans can hardly begin a great offensive while the ascendancy of the Allies in aerial warfare is so pronounced. That the Germans are massing men on the West front is, of course, well known. Sir Auckland Geddes, Britain's Minister of National Service, in a speech at Bristol, where he pleaded for men for the home forces, declared that the disposition of the German armies on the British front was "most remarkable." Germany will strike not only at our forces in France, but also if she can at the heart of England, he said. On the other hand, a number of the experts are inclined to treat the German talk of a great offensive in the West as a bluff, designed to detract the attention of the Allies from other fronts in the hope of being able to make another great stroke a basis for the peace drive, which, in spite of all the successes against Russia, they are most anxious to bring to a fruition. —Globe, March 16.

VENICE CHURCHES ARE BADLY DAMAGED IN AIR RAIDS

Rome, March 2.—Grave damage was done to the ducal palace, the Bridge of Sighs, the Church of St.

John and St. Paul and the Church of St. Simon, as well as other treasures of Venice, in a Teuton moonlight raid on the city on Friday February 20. Fifty enemy airplanes took part in the raid, dropping 800 bombs. It was the most violent raid on any Italian objective since the War began.

The raiding airplanes made three or five circles over the martyred city, dropping with deadly accuracy fifteen bombs against the ducal palace, ten bombs on the Bridge of Sighs, five near the Church of St. John and St. Paul and upon the Church of St. Simon. The damage to the last-named structure, which is on the Grand Canal, was very great, one of its marble columns being thrown down.

Two hospitals were struck by bombs, and it is a miracle that damage to priceless monuments in the city was not worse. The entire casualties were one man killed and two women injured.

TRIBUTES TO JOHN REDMOND

T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P.

Thomas P. O'Connor, M. P., who has been in this country several months in the interest of the Home Rule movement, said last night, in discussing the death of John E. Redmond:

"The War helped to kill him, if it did not kill him. He took a strong view—the view now held by the whole civilized world, outside of the Central Powers and their Allies—as to the real issue of the struggle. He realized by instinct that it was a war between militarism, autocracy, the suppression of small kingdoms—as seen in the invasion of Belgium—the principle of nationality, as demonstrated in the Prussian treatment of the French in Alsace-Lorraine and of the Poles—and the liberty of the world and above all the progress of democratic rule. Thus he made the now historic speech which pledged Ireland's support to England, to France, and to Belgium in their defense of the traditional principles of Ireland."

"That policy was enthusiastically supported by the Irish people, whose sons rushed to the front, and would have continued to be supported if it had not been for what Mr. Lloyd George called the 'ineptitudes and malignities' of the War Office under Lord Kitchener and the Orange gang of soldiers who still controlled that department. Thus Mr. Redmond, as he said, amid the tears of all the Liberals of the House of Commons and the pained silence of the Tories, was 'betrayed' by the British authorities to whom he had so generously and so courageously given his help."

"His enemies in Ireland and elsewhere, some because he honestly extorted the attention of the world, others because they were paid agents of Germany—poured out on him every vessel of poisonous attack. He was already old and already sick when this crisis came; and he had had several attacks of illness culminating in the illness that killed him. He worked on, hoped on, till the end; his last speech to his party, as to the convention, was optimistic."

"It would be well for Ireland and for the Irish race if they would take to heart the lesson of his life and of his death, and would learn to condemn the execrable spirit of calumny and malignity which helped to darken his life and to hasten his death."

WORLD LOSS, SAYS COCKRAN

W. Bourke Cockran was deeply affected by the news of John E. Redmond's death. He said:

"The news of Mr. Redmond's death is a grievous shock not merely to men of Irish blood, but to men of every race. The life just closed was one of varied activities. But not one of them seems to have been dominated by a thought of self. Talents which would have won wealth and fame in the profession of which he was a member, Mr. Redmond dedicated to the service of his country so exclusively that he died practically penniless, although immeasurably affluent in the affectionate gratitude of his own nation and in the admiration of all Christendom."

"The cause which he made his own provoked the most bitter opposition. But his uncompromising and unswerving support of it never made a personal enemy. Critics of his policies were among the most ardent admirers of his personal qualities. It is no exaggeration to say that the world is dominated by his death."

READING DEEPLY GRIEVED

The Earl of Reading, British Ambassador and High Commissioner to the United States, said yesterday:

"I am very much grieved by the death of Mr. Redmond. I had known him for many years. He played a great part in Irish political life during my association with politics in England, and from the beginning of the War he took the stand in the House of Commons that this was a war for liberty."

"I should like to express my deepest sympathy with his relatives and friends, and to say that his loss will be a severe one indeed to all who wish for self-government in Ireland."

RYAN CALLS HIS LIFE A SACRIFICE

Philadelphia, March 6.—Michael J. Ryan of this city, National President of the United Irish League, who was one of the closest friends of Mr. Redmond in this country, was deeply

moved by the news of the Irish leader's death.

"He was the foremost man of his race," said Mr. Ryan, "and his life was one long sacrifice for Ireland."

CARDINAL FARLEY

Speaking for Cardinal Farley Mgr. Carroll said:

"His Eminence is deeply grieved to hear of the death of John Redmond, whom he knew well and whom he regarded as a great man, whose wise, prudent and courageous leadership was of immense aid to Ireland. He doubly deplores the fact that Mr. Redmond did not live to see in actual operation the Home Rule to the attainment of which he devoted so many years of his life."

N. Y. SUN EDITORIAL

Ireland has lost a great leader by the death of John Redmond. He believed that the salvation of his country was to be found in Home Rule, but he was too sane to advocate a Home Rule which would dissolve the political ties between Ireland and Great Britain. A convention to formulate and propose to Parliament a satisfactory system of government for Ireland has been in session for months. Its deliberations are about to terminate, and their outcome is awaited with immense anxiety. The wisest friends of England and Ireland insist that if the convention plan proves unacceptable the Ministry should be prepared to present a Home Rule project of its own so just and fair to all factions as to command the assent of a great majority of Irishmen and warrant its enforcement against any dissenting minority.

John Redmond would have done for Ireland what he did for England. He was an Irish Home Rule man, but he was also a British patriot. Thousands of Irishmen who are on the western front in France today and thousands who have laid down their lives there have shown that love of Ireland and loyalty to the empire may go together. They were united in John Redmond's heart.

With clear and prophetic insight John Redmond realized early in the war that there could be no freedom in Ireland or anywhere else under such domination as the great War lords of Germany sought to enforce upon the world. He saw that the first duty of Irishmen in the crisis which beset the nation was to stand shoulder to shoulder with the sons of Great Britain gathered from all quarters of the globe in defence against German aggression. He perceived that the cause of democracy for which the Allies were fighting necessarily embraced ultimate Home Rule for Ireland, while if democracy were defeated in the great War liberty for Ireland would be lost forever. And so he spoke out nobly in advocacy of Irish support for the war aims of the Allies without lessening his labors to bring about a happy solution of the intricate problem of self-government for Ireland.

The Irish convention will soon come to an end; the Government in England will be called upon to approve its work or propose something better. No one could have been more helpful in this contingency than John Redmond, who loved his own people more wisely perhaps than some of them loved themselves. He served them faithfully and well in the House of Commons for very many years, and no one who really knew him ever doubted his loyalty to Ireland. He lived for her and died for her; for there is much reason to believe that his death was hastened by the abusive attacks of reckless revolutionary spirits who assailed him because he would not sanction the Sinn Fein outbreak and similar disorders.

John Redmond's leadership in Ireland was recognized by Mr. Lloyd George's Government to the last and he was consulted on all matters of imperial importance. When the Prime Minister made his great speech to the Labor Conference on Man Power in January the London Times said: "Had Mr. Redmond not been detained in Ireland by critical situations of the Irish convention, he too would have been directly consulted and his advice and adhesion sought." He stood deservedly high in the estimation of other leaders of men; and the lesson of patriotism which John Redmond sought to teach his countrymen during these years of war should never be forgotten.

Americans will long remember him as an Irishman who deserved well of his country.

N. Y. WORLD EDITORIAL

By the tragic decree of fate, John Redmond missed seeing his dream of Ireland governed by the Irish realized.

But for the War he would have won his goal. A Liberal Government had at last redeemed its pledges by passing the act to establish self-government in Ireland. Rebellious Ulsterites armed for civil war, and the British Army was corrupted. Then Germany struck, and under a truce between parties all political issues in Great Britain were dropped. But the Irish question could not be shelved. The Dublin rebellion, the state of unrest and disaffection throughout the country, the Sinn Feiners' campaign of violence and disunion, made it impossible.

Redmond was convinced that only by Home Rule in actual operation could Ireland be restored to quiet and contentment. Without surrendering any of his lifelong principles, he loyally welcomed the plan of an Irish convention that might produce

a working compromise. As leader of the Nationalists, to him it was clear that the Sinn Fein with their extremist policy were no less the enemy of Irish unity than the Ulster Unionists espoused by Carson. To the end he appealed to the sanity of the Irish people and held fast to the belief that the future welfare of Ireland must come through Parliamentary reforms. As his power as a leader declined toward the last under the attacks of Sinn Fein promoters of strife, he showed signs of despondency and doubt. Death overtook him at a time when, by the course of events, his influence with his old followers was reduced to the lowest point in his long career.

But whatever may be the outcome of the present complications, it must always be granted that it was John Redmond who, by his persistence, courage and tact, finally converted England to Home Rule. He won in a fight where Parnell and all others failed. Though Ireland may still have to wait for Home Rule, the act that Redmond wrested from a British Parliament stands on the statute books as a solemn covenant.

N. Y. EVENING SUN EDITORIAL

From the outset of the War, John Redmond disclaimed any policy for Ireland based on the idea of striking England in the back. He disclaimed it intellectually no doubt as a method more likely to bring an era of abatement than an accession of liberty; a method proved unsound by historic experience. He disclaimed it, yet more as a mean and unworthy way for his liberty-loving people to seek their own liberty.

With Redmond dead, it becomes plain how great a service he performed at once to England and to his own Nationalist cause. He set his face against the movement of two years ago. At one moment then it seemed his influence might be lost through his stand. His way prevailed, however, and in the convention upon a plan of Irish autonomy he subsequently exerted his power in behalf of the sort of Ireland which he stood for. Of this, his last effort, the result has yet to be known.

In so far as Redmond succeeded in making his country refrain from opposition to England in England's fight for the democratic world's defence he rose to be a world figure. What is more, he took Ireland, as a whole, with him, whereby she became a world figure, acting on the destinies of other peoples, and acting in behalf of a wider freedom than her own.

N. Y. TRIBUNE EDITORIAL

Daniel O'Connell went to his grave with a heart broken by frustrated hopes. The "Young Ireland" men and the men of '67 lived to see their dreams dissolve and vanish. Parnell died in the shadow of eclipse. The men of "Easter week" saw their "Republic" blown to dust by shells from British cannon before they gave to the land they loved—not perhaps wisely, but surely well—the last brimming measure of their devotion. And now John Redmond has laid himself down to die in the gray twilight of disappointment. Like the rest who have gone before him, he gave his best for Ireland; like the rest, he had his hour when victory seemed within his grasp. And, like the rest, he tasted the bitter draught before he died.

His brother, Major "Willie" died fighting in the British trenches, but fighting as he himself avowed, for Ireland, and his body lies in a peaceful convent garden in France—a gallant and chivalrous soul. And so, too, was John Redmond. In all the bitter quarrels that have torn unhappy Ireland since Armageddon broke there was never one among his antagonists to impeach his knightly honor. Irishmen are hard upon one another at times; they are stern, nay, cruel, in their judgments and relentless in their enmities where Ireland is concerned. John Redmond was spared in nothing save in that one thing. You could fight him—you could, if need be, hate him—but you had to respect him for the nobility of soul that was his.

It is with a gesture of menace that Fate beckons to the man whom she summons to lead the fight for Ireland, and who has ever failed to answer it?—is destined at least to his hour in Gethsemane, if not to his end on Golgotha.

LUTHER HAS FALL EVEN IN NORWAY

Latest news of the progress of Catholicity in Norway is of the most encouraging character. The devoted Bishop Mgr. Fallize, the first Catholic bishop of that country since the Lutheran revolt, says that everywhere he goes he is saluted by new converts. His only anxiety is how to provide sufficiently large churches and schools for the rush of converts. At Arendel, which has a little church, conversions among Lutherans have almost doubled the congregation. Even the manner in which the Protestants celebrated the Lutheran centenary was pleasing, for the repetition of calumnies against the Church of the Middle Ages called forth, from several Lutherans, warm protests, and an acknowledgment of the debt civilization and the world owe to the Catholic Church. One example is enough. At the solemn assembly in the University of Christiania in presence of the king, the ministers, the deputies and all the nobilities of the capital, Dr. Brautrud declared that, in his eyes

and the eyes of the science of today, the traditional figure of Luther had faded. "No one," he said, "sees any longer in Luther the great reformer of the faith, the promoter of the Bible, the renovator of primitive piety and sanctity, the promoter of civilization and culture, the enemy of superstition. He is of the most retrograde portion of the Middle Ages, and the most superstitious of men. Indeed, it is a point whether we should see in him the initiator of the modern epoch and even of the Protestant emancipation." All this was said at a public meeting, and was applauded by the assembly, and no one criticized the orator. It is a sign of the changing times.—New World.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

INDIFFERENCE

In the first years of the War, the indifference of the people was one of the great obstacles to be overcome. This indifference spelled lack of co-operation, and hindered most effectively the co-ordination of those forces necessary for the proper carrying on of the war. Continuously combating the evil, almost a realization of duty was forced on the minds of the people by their leaders. The process of education was slow but sure. When soldiers returned to Canada, some armless, some legless, men and women, neutrals to all practical purposes, grasped the awful truth and its full significance that War was on and even at their very doors.

The result was a spontaneous and hearty co-operation on the part of all. Indifference was swept away.

The object of the Catholic Church Extension Society is to sweep away the baleful apathy of our people to the mission of the Catholic Church. Missions are the mission of Christ to His true followers. Alas! how many are neutrals and seldom if ever think that they are bound by any obligation to co-operate with the Church of God in her holy war for the salvation of souls against the powers of hell! Their number is legion.

The missionaries—the sappers, the miners, and soldiers of Christ—are now on the home and foreign missions fighting for the sacred cause of Divine Truth. They storm the citadels of hell and beat back the enemies of Christ. Their advance is the advance of a mighty engine of war, deliberate and irresistible, but instead of dealing death they give life and snatch from eternal destruction innumerable souls purchased by the shedding of the Precious Blood.

Would that Catholics could witness in the West and North of our Dominion the length and the breadth and the depth of missionary work! We would rise up as a mighty force and willingly sacrifice our best earthly possessions and join in the fight for the cause they so nobly sustain. For example: How much we would do to hearten the sorely pressed band of Ruthenian priests fighting for the souls of 250,000 of their countrymen.

Some one has said that ingratitude is the sum total of all vices. If this be so, when we neglect our missions, we are ingrates. Were it not for the missionary spirit of the Church, we would still be sitting in darkness and in the shadow of spiritual death. Why not then give to others that gift of Faith which we ourselves have received through Catholic charity?

There is a warning given to Catholics by St. Augustine if they neglect to bring others to God: "Be not miserly with God's gifts and do not embrace them as your sole possession lest they be taken from you; hand them freely to your brethren so that their minds be turned to them also a means of salvation."

Show them that we know and realize the gravity of the war waged by the Church for the salvation of our brethren. Cast indifference aside and prove our interest in Catholicity by a regular and generous assistance to the Extension Society in this time of need in our country.

REV. T. O'DONNELL, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 67 Bond St., Toronto.

Contributions through this office should be addressed:

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REMEMBER MOTHERS

In an address delivered at a Confirmation ceremony at Camp Meade, Bishop Currier told the soldiers to take with them to Europe the photographs of their mothers and to look at them when the way grew "dark and weary."

"Look at the pictures of the mothers you have left behind you, when you are in the trenches and when battle is nigh," said the Bishop. "Think of those mothers and of what they want you to be. Such thoughts will strengthen and nerve you. Think often of them whether they are at home praying for you, or in their heavenly homes looking down and interceding for you. Such thoughts will be a safeguard; you

will act as those mothers would want you to act, as those mothers appreciate the worth of such mothers. The memory of those mothers will be as fragrance ever surrounding you, banishing unworthy thoughts and sweetening the road you travel." Out of the mass of suggestions offered to the soldiers and sailors of the United States there appears to have come no more practical and uplifting than this advice of Bishop Currier. Remembrance of a good mother is not the least of the world's best influences to attract a son or daughter to a good and virtuous life.—Providence Visitor.

LEARNING A LESSON FROM CONVERTS

It is a remarkable fact that recent converts to the faith often put questions to those who have been reared in the Church which they find rather embarrassing, inasmuch as they are unable to answer them. It is probably for this reason that a great many "old-time Catholics" born in the faith, shun those who have just come back to their Father's house. They find it rather awkward to be asked about certain points of Catholic belief, and especially Catholic liturgy, which they cannot explain satisfactorily. And whilst it may be very embarrassing for them, it is at the same time almost scandalizing to those who having found the riches of the faith, cannot understand why the chosen children of God are utterly ignorant of the untold treasures which they have enjoyed.

It is easy enough to understand why converts are interested in every detail of their new-found faith. They have learned from bitter experience what it is to try to feed the soul on stale husks. And so, when finally they find their way into their Father's house, everything that pertains to Him is worshipped and His glory is of the supreme interest.

Catholics can learn a salutary lesson from the eagerness with which converts ask questions about the Church's life. If those born in the faith have not a working knowledge of the Church's liturgy, feasts and devotions, it is because they are criminally indifferent to what should be their greatest concern in life.—Rosary Magazine.

EDMONTON COLLEGE BAZAAR POSTPONED

The Grand Bazaar for the benefit of Edmonton Jesuit College, which was to be held in February, has been postponed until June 10th, owing to special circumstances.

Persons having tickets of the said Bazaar will please note this change. We take this opportunity to convey our sincere thanks to all those who are helping us by selling or buying tickets.

THE ORGANIZERS OF THE BAZAAR.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Nov. 26, 1916.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: That your charity towards my mission is approved by the highest ecclesiastical authorities of Canada let me quote from a letter from His Excellency, The Most Rev. Apostolic Delegate, Ottawa: "I have been watching with much interest the contributions to the Fund opened on behalf of your missions by the CATHOLIC RECORD. The success has been very gratifying and shows the deep interest which our Catholic people take in the work of the missionary in foreign lands. I bless you most cordially and all your labors, as a pledge my earnest wishes for your greatest success in all your undertakings." I entreat you to continue the support of my struggling mission, assuring you a remembrance in my prayers and Masses.

Yours faithfully in Jesus and Mary

J. M. FRASER

- Previously acknowledged, \$12,550.28
- J. F. Lambert, Grand Mere 1.00
- In memory of Mother, 2.00
- Raymond, 2.00
- Grace for friends, 2.00
- H. London, 1.00
- By client of the Little Flower, 1.00
- In memory of parents, Lucknow, 10.00
- J. A. S., Menford, 1.00
- John J. Gibbons, Lucknow 2.00
- M. F. A., St. John's, 1.00
- F. J. B., St. John's, 2.00
- CORRECTION
- In our issue of March 9 the \$5.00 credited to P. A. Shea, Quebec, should have read as follows:
- In memory of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Pator, Quebec, \$1.00
- Michael M. Lynch, Quebec, 1.00
- Joseph E. Quinn, Quebec, 1.00
- Charles T. Quinn, Quebec, 1.00
- Miss M. A. Hartigan, Quebec 1.00

Sarcasm, ridicule, cunning, rude speech,anness, taking mean advantage of others, are banished from any heart that sincerely respects them. Thus we see that the courtesies are the fine flower of Christian charity. At this point, at least, their functions are practically identical. Of course the natural motive of the courtesies is not as exalted as the supernatural motive of charity, yet charity makes the courtesies the vehicles of its expression. Both have as a mission the suppression of the finer social cruelties, the sparing of the feelings of others.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. F. P. HICKY, O. S. B. PALM SUNDAY

THE MERCY OF GOD, AND HOW IT WAS RECEIVED

It will reverence My Son. (Matt. xxi. 37) It is fitting in Holy Week to meditate on God's mercy and how it is received.

See how everything in His coming spoke of mercy. His very Name, foretold by the angel, is the Name of mercy—Jesus the Saviour.

His words, words of mercy. When the Baptist sent his disciples to Him, He said: Go and relate to John what you have heard and seen.

His actions were in accord with His words. The examples course through your memory. The many blind whom, at their entreaty, He touched, and they went away rejoicing.

There is one momentous question to ask ourselves—is it now as it was then? God's mercy is the same; the same Jesus here; the same sacred Name we invoke and reverence.

But is it received now as then? Is it outraged now? We are indignant at the Jews; are we any better ourselves? Look and find yourselves—either in the synagogue at Nazareth, grumbling against God, rejecting some truth, unwilling to accept His mercy.

By a good Confession and Communion let us give God's mercy a true welcome; let us promise Him fidelity and loyalty, and choose Him now King of our hearts.

TEMPERANCE

ALCOHOL A DANGEROUS TOXIN

The world is convinced that alcohol is a dangerous toxin, says The Missionary. The medical profession has repudiated it, even as a drug, except in some few rare cases.

Every nation needs the best that is in its citizens. Alcohol lowers vitality and lessens efficiency. Patriotism and humanitarianism demand the diminution of its use to the lowest possible limit.

Although it has been worldly prudence which, for the most part, has inspired the stopping of the manufacture of whisky in the United States and the prohibition of all alcoholic beverages in many States.

WHISKY? WHERE IS THY PLACE? Good in its place! Where is that place? The fiend that's cursed the human race.

What's been the terror of her life; What turned her raven locks to snow; And laid her wretched husband low.

THE SORROWFUL TREE There is a tree in Persia to which the name "the sorrowful tree" is given. Perhaps because it blossoms only in the evening.

the brilliancy of the stars gradually fades in the light of day, the sorrowful tree close its flowers, and ere the sun is fully risen not a single blossom is visible.

THE ANNUNCIATION The Feast of the Annunciation is not only the one great day for man, but it is a great day for the Almighty God.

A tradition which comes down to us from apostolic times says that the great Mystery of the Incarnation was achieved on the 25th day of March.

Two KINDS OF PEACE Rome and Stockholm have each outlined a basis for world peace. The peace formulated at Stockholm is a Socialist peace. It is a peace based upon the elimination of capital and of leadership.

THE LESSONS OF HOLY WEEK The searching lessons of Holy Week will be borne in upon us more completely this year perhaps than any time in our lives.

As they with knives, each other chase, And there, vile whiskey, is thy place, There's where the gallows finds its food.

THE SORROWFUL TREE There is a tree in Persia to which the name "the sorrowful tree" is given. Perhaps because it blossoms only in the evening.

INDIGESTION AND CONSTIPATION Quickly Relieved By "Fruit-a-tives"

ROCHON, P. Q. "I suffered for many years with terrible indigestion and constipation. A neighbor advised me to try 'Fruit-a-tives'.

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He is the universal pastor." As to the scope of the Pope's appeal for peace last year Cardinal Gibbons writes:

It is a peace based upon the elimination of capital and of leadership. The Pope is the one great spiritual authority who is recognized by millions of people in both belligerent camps.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

LOOK PLEASANT

We can not, of course, all be handsome, some, And it's hard for us all to be good; We are sure now and then to be lonely, And we don't always do what we should.

To be patient is not always easy, To be cheerful is much harder still; But at least we can always be pleasant, If we make up our minds that we will.

And it pays every time to be kindly, Although you feel worried and blue; If you smile at the world and look cheerful, The world will soon smile back at you.

So try to brace up and look pleasant, No matter how low you are down, Good humor is always contagious; But you banish your friends when you frown.

PERFECTION

Adversity blesses those who strive against it. Men ever sigh for health and ease, two foes of individuals and States. No one yokes us to adversity though its stroke is beneficent. Few strong, true men are overcome by trials but rise above them purified and strengthened, but myriads of giant souls have succumbed to the Circean spell of prosperity and under it have forgotten manhood and honor. Men like moths like to hover around the flame that will wither them.

The great empires, the mighty nations that endured long and won great glory were nurtured in the hard cradle of self-denial, extended their confines by discipline and economy and went to ruin through excessive wealth and the enervation that follows in its train.

No soft-handed people unaccustomed to braving the elements could have torn America from England's grasp and built up this Republic. The colonist in the Western wilderness prepared himself in adversity for the conflict that brought this nation into being. Nor could England herself have come to her present position or retained the colonies that are now hers had not her sons preserved a good modicum of that discipline and fortitude in hardship by which her empire has been built up and maintained.

Persecuted peoples are the hardest. They may lose their national identity but they will win in every clime. The Jews have ceaselessly borne for thousands of years every variety of misfortune, the Land of Promise has passed from them, they are exiles; yet in every century they have borne a minority strong out of all proportion with their numbers.

The Irish people ground for centuries under the heel of tyranny have not been annihilated by it but strengthened. They have made their mark in every nation under the sun. They are in the van of progress throughout the world. Wherever you find a man of might and kindness, a man of eloquence and practicalness, a man who will ride into the jaws of death untrifled and sway thousands with the magic of his voice, you may be sure that he is at least in part an Irishman.

The men whose names are written large across the pages of the Nineteenth Century are the men who stand today the accredited leaders in every sphere of activity were not cradled in the lap of luxury, but imbibed the energy that made them what they are, from the hard breath of that severe nurse, Adversity.

Read their biographies and you will find that they were brought up in small houses, with scanty food, that they wrested education from life that they sought every step of their way up the heights; and if their faces are a bit grim and their hearts somewhat seared, we should not wonder for these scarred warriors have come through a hundred battles.

Watch workmen flinging coal on rock against a screen. The larger lumps resist the impact and remain outside, the smaller ones pass through the screen. The wires next against a screen of closer meshes and so on until the different sizes are distributed. So are men flung against the screen of life. Those of strong character and intelligence resist the impact and take the first places. Lesser men are sifted through the graduated series of meshes of the life-screen until they reach their allotted place and field of usefulness or uselessness. It is the shock, the impact, that proves their quality.

Perfection comes through pain or something analogous to pain. Marble is hewn into the statue by the blows of the chisel and the mallet, the diamond is cut and polished into glittering facets by keen instruments and the remorseless wheel, the drum of the architect comes into being only when stones torn from hillsides are cut into symmetry by ceaseless blows, when trees shorn of their dignity and foliage are sawed and planned into proper dimensions. The laughing child, the smooth-browed youth and maiden, have that beauty of Nature about them that we see in the blooming meadow and the quiet forest; but it is only when time, experience and adversity have written their record on the brow and the brain behind it that men and women reach their true maturity of character.

Uniformly through created things from the lowest to the highest works the inexorable law that the worth of man as the worth of things must be shown forth through bitterness and pain. Life does to the soul of man what civilization and its works does to inanimate Nature—tears, cuts and smooths-it to beauty and usefulness by hard blows.

Adversity alone strengthens. The goddess pagan saw that life was hard, steeled his soul and worked on. The modern pagan does the same. But man is more than a beast and there is not equity in this view of life.

Christ has blessed adversity, glorified it with a halo that is His own. He first went up that awful road that leads to the Cross and proved to man that that path of adversity is the way to Heaven; that it is only through pain, sorrow and death that we come to the only victory and only peace that is worth striving for by the sons of men.—A Looker-On in Boston Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SHORT SKETCH OF LIVES OF SAINTS OF THE WEEK

MARCH 19.—ST. JOSEPH, SPOUSE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN AND PATRON OF THE UNIVERSAL CHURCH

St. Joseph was by birth of the royal family of David, but was living in humble obscurity as a carpenter when God raised him to the highest sanctity, and fitted him to be the spouse of His Virgin Mother, and foster father and guardian of the Incarnate Word. Joseph, says the Holy Scripture, was a just man; he was innocent and pure, as became the husband of Mary; he was gentle and tender, as one worthy to be named the father of Jesus; he was prudent and a lover of silence, as became the master of the holy house; above all he was faithful and obedient to divine calls. His conversation was with angels rather than with men. When he learned that Mary bore within her womb the Lord of heaven, he feared to take her as his wife; but an angel bade him fear not, and all doubts vanished. When Herod sought the life of the divine Infant, an angel told Joseph in a dream to fly with the Child and His mother into Egypt. Joseph at once arose and obeyed. This sudden and unexpected flight must have exposed Joseph to many inconveniences and sufferings in so long a journey with a little babe and a tender virgin, the greater part of the way being through deserts and among strangers; yet he alleges no excuses, nor inquires at what time they were to return. St. Chrysostom observes that God treats thus all His servants, sending them frequent trials to clear their hearts from the rust of self-love, but intermixing seasons of consolation. "Joseph," says he, "is anxious on seeing the Virgin with child; an angel removes that fear. He rejoices at the Child's birth, but a great fear succeeds; the furious king seeks to destroy the Child, and the whole city is in an uproar to take away His life. This is followed by another joy, the adoration of the Magi; a new sorrow then arises; he is ordered to fly into a foreign unknown country, without help or acquaintance." It is the opinion of the Fathers that upon their entering Egypt, at the presence of the Child Jesus, all the oracles of that superstitious country were struck dumb, and the statues of their gods trembled and in many places fell to the ground. The Fathers also attribute to this holy visit the spiritual benediction poured on that country, which made it for many ages most fruitful in saints. After the death of King Herod, of which St. Joseph was informed in another vision, God ordered him to return with the Child and His mother into the land of Israel, which our saint readily obeyed. But when he arrived at Nazareth, hearing that Archelaus had succeeded Herod in that part of the country, and apprehensive that he might be infected with his father's vices, he feared on that account to settle there, as he would otherwise probably have done for the education of the Child; and therefore, being directed by God in another vision, he retired into the dominions of Herod Antipas, in Galilee, to his former habitation in Nazareth. St. Joseph, being a strict observer of the Mosaic law, in conformity to its direction annually repaired to Jerusalem to celebrate the Passover. Our Saviour, now in the twelfth year of His age, accompanied His parents thither. Having performed the usual ceremonies of the feast, they were returning with many of their neighbors and acquaintance towards Galilee; and never doubting but that Jesus was with some of the company, they travelled on for a whole day's journey before they discovered that He was not with them. But when night came and they could hear no tidings of Him among their kindred and acquaintance, they, in the deepest affliction, returned with the utmost speed to Jerusalem. After an anxious search of three days they found Him in the Temple, discoursing with the learned doctors of the law, and asking them such questions as raised the admiration of all that heard Him, and made them astonished at the ripeness of His understanding; nor were His parents less surprised on this occasion. When His Mother told Him with what grief and earnestness they had sought Him, and asked, "Son, why hast Thou thus dealt with us? behold Thy father and I have sought Thee in great affliction of mind," she

received for answer, "How is it that you sought Me? did you not know that I must be about My Father's business?" But though thus staying in the Temple unknown to His parents, in all other things He was obedient to them. As no further mention is made of St. Joseph, he must have died before the marriage of Cana and the beginning of our Saviour's ministry. We cannot doubt that he had the happiness of Jesus and Mary attending at his death, praying for him, assisting and comforting him in his last moments; whence he is particularly invoked for the great grace of a happy death and the spiritual presence of Jesus in that hour.

MARCH 21.—ST. BENEDICT, ABBOT

St. Benedict, blessed by grace and in name, was born of a noble Italian family about 480. When a boy he was sent to Rome, and there placed in the public schools. Scared by the licentiousness of the Roman youth, he fled to the desert mountains of Subiaco, and was directed by the Holy Spirit into a cave, deep, craggy, and almost inaccessible. He lived there for three years, unknown to any one save the holy monk Romanus, who clothed him with the monastic habit and brought him food. But the fame of his sanctity soon gathered disciples round him. The rigor of his rule, however, drew on him the hatred of some of the monks, and one of them mixed poison with the abbot's drink; but when the Saint made the sign of the cross on the poisoned bowl, it broke and fell to pieces to the ground. After he had built twelve monasteries at Subiaco, he removed to Monte Casino, where he founded an abbey in which he wrote his rule and lived until death. By prayer he did all things; wrought miracles, saw visions, and prophesied. A peasant, whose boy had just died, ran in anguish to St. Benedict, crying out, "Give me back my son!" The monks joined the poor man in his entreaties; but the Saint replied, "Such miracles are not for us to work, but for the blessed angels. Why will you lay upon me a burden which my weakness cannot bear?" Moved at length by compassion he knelt down and, prostrating himself upon the body of the child, prayed earnestly. Then rising, he cried out, "Behold not, O Lord, my sins, but the faith of this man, who doeth the life of his son, and restore to the body that soul which Thou hast taken away." Hardly had he spoken when the child's body began to tremble, and taking it by the hand he restored it alive to his father. Six days before his death he ordered his grave to be opened, and fell ill of a fever. On the sixth day he requested to be brought to the chapel, and, having received the body and blood of Christ, with hands uplifted, and leaning on one of his disciples, he calmly expired in prayer on the 21st of March, 543.

MARCH 23.—ST. VICTORIAN

Runicic, the Arian king of the Vandals in Africa, succeeded his father Genseric in 477. He behaved himself at first with moderation towards the Catholics, but in 480 he began a grievous persecution of the clergy and holy virgins, which in 484 became general, and vast numbers of Catholics were put to death. Victorian, one of the principal lords of the kingdom, had been made governor of Carthage, with the Roman title of Proconsul. He was the wealthiest subject of the king, who placed great confidence in him, and he had ever behaved with an inviolable fidelity. The king, after he had published his cruel edicts, sent a message to the proconsul, promising, if he would conform to his religion, to bestow on him the greatest wealth and the highest honors which it was in the power of a prince to bestow. The proconsul, who amidst the glittering pomp of the world perfectly understood its emptiness, made this generous answer: "Tell the king that I trust in Christ. His Majesty may condemn me to any tortures, but I shall never consent to renounce the Catholic Church, in which I have been baptized. Even if there were no life after this, I would never be ungrateful and perfidious to God, Who has granted me the happiness of knowing Him, and bestowed on me His most precious graces." The tyrant became furious at this answer, nor can the tortures be imagined which he caused the Saint to endure. Victorian suffered them with joy, and amidst them finished his glorious martyrdom.

MARCH 24.—ST. SIMON, INFANT MARTYR

"Hail flowers of the martyrs!" the Church sings in her Office of the Holy Innocents, who were the first to die for Christ; in every age mere children and infants have gloriously confessed His name. In 1473 the Jews in the city of Trent determined to vent their hate against the Crucified by slaying a Christian child at the coming Passover; and Tobias, one of their number, was deputed to entrap a victim. He found a bright, smiling boy named Simon playing outside his home, with no one guarding him. Tobias patting the little fellow's cheek, and coaxed him to take his hand. The boy, who was not two years old, did so; but he began to call and cry for his mother when he found himself being led from home. Then Tobias gave him a bright coin to look at, and with many kind caresses silenced his grief, and conducted him secretly to his home. At midnight on Holy Thursday the work of butchery began. Having gagged his mouth, they held his arms in the form of a cross, while they pierced his tender body with awls and bodkins in blasphemous mockery of the sufferings of Jesus Christ.

After an hour's torture the little martyr lifted his eyes to heaven and gave up his innocent soul. The Jews cast his body into the river; but their crime was discovered and punished, while the holy relics were enshrined in St. Peter's Church at Trent, where they have worked many miracles.

THE IRISH ABBEY OF HOLY CROSS

No country is more fertile in ruins than Ireland. Among these ruins there are some that appeal more strongly to the beholder, for there still breathes a fragrance of piety from their ivy-clad walls and broken cloisters. Such a ruin is the once famous Cistercian Abbey of Holy Cross.

Situated on the right bank of the Suir, and about eight miles from the now less famous Rock of Cashel in the County of Tipperary, the abbey was chosen with the usual taste of the monks of old, for a more peaceful and retired spot could not have been found. On all sides the country is one vast plain, well-wooded and fertile, and secluded from all the noise of a busy world. The river Suir as it goes "a-crouching to the sea" almost washes the walls of the old abbey, and no doubt its babbling waters often lured the monks to sleep, weary of the labor of the day. Holy Cross owes its name to the possession of a relic of the true Cross which was given to the Abbot by Eleanor, wife of Henry II., of England, as a reward for services rendered by the monks to her son who, the Four Masters say, died in the neighborhood about the year 1225.

The abbey was founded in 1159 for the newly founded monks, who lived there until 1182, when they were replaced by the reformed monks of the Order of Cistercians. It flourished for several centuries and was visited by all classes of society who came to see and reverence the sacred relic which was exposed for public veneration. But in 1558 it was suppressed.

This beautiful building, once the seat of learning and piety, is now a deserted ruin, yet beautiful in its decay. The main and vesper bell no longer breaks the stillness of the surrounding solitude, the hymns and canticles of praise that once echoed from the beautiful choir are hushed forever.—The Monitor

SANCTIFYING GRACE

Rev. Albert Mutsch in Our Sunday Visitor

We are easily beguiled by things that flatter the senses or that appeal to our notion of "the practical." We are so slow to recognize those things that are of value to the interior life, to the soul. In education this estimate upon immediate results shows itself in the emphasis that is now almost universally placed upon studies that do not make for real solid training, but for immediate, material results.

Now, however, the Catholic may be at a loss to estimate properly the things of this world, he has an inflexible test as regards "spiritual values." There is only one thing worth striving for as far as his immortal soul and its destiny are concerned. This is sanctifying grace or habitual grace, a supernatural gift, dwelling in the soul, making it joyful, holy, and pleasing to God. It remains in the soul as a habit, so long as sin does not make it disappear and hence it is called habitual grace. It is called sanctifying, because it renders the soul pure and holy in the sight of God.

It gives supernatural life to the soul, it makes us children of God, it forms supernatural gifts within us, it enables us to perform works meritorious for Heaven, and it is a sure guarantee of eternal life.

Now this priceless boon, rendering the soul beautiful in the sight of God, is lost by mortal sin. The supernatural life given by grace is at once destroyed. Charity, or the love of God, instantly disappears from the soul. The latter is reduced to the state of a useless drudge. It can no longer merit for heaven. A person dying in that terrible condition, that is in the state of grievous sin, would be lost forever. From this sentence there is no appeal. Encouraging, however, beyond all words is the happy fact that the state of grace or justification, lost by mortal sin, may be recovered. It is regained by returning to God with a contrite heart, and by doing penance. As soon as the serious sin is forgiven grace returns to the soul and also power to gain supernatural merit. It is not wealth or bodily attraction that maketh a person acceptable in the sight of God, but the possession of sanctifying grace which bestows upon us the liberty of the children of God.

THE DRAGON'S TEETH

By Rev. Joseph Husslein, in Our Sunday Visitor

Among the familiar stories of the ancient Greek mythology is one that will always remain popular, the story of the Dragon's Teeth.

Cadmus, so the legend runs, slew a dragon who had destroyed several of his companions as they approached a spring to draw water for a sacrifice. By the instruction of the goddess Athena he sowed the monster's teeth in the furrows of the earth, and lo! a race of warriors sprang up from them, fully armed. At the bidding of the goddess he then cast a stone among them, and at once they furiously fell upon each other and fought until only five remained. These were to help him in erecting the citadel of the newly founded city of Thebes.

Curiously enough Athena is the goddess of learning and the Greek Cadmus is often confounded with the Phoenician immigrant of the same name who first introduced the alphabet.

Perhaps the application of the myth is already dawdling upon the reader. The modern dragon's teeth, from which constantly spring, full-armed, new legions of chaotic forces who undermine every cause, whether good or evil, are the books and magazines and papers scattered broadcast through out the land.

From the literature of atheism spring the men determined to destroy religion from the face of the earth. From the literature of the A. P. A. and the Guardians of Liberty come the bigot's resolve, by fair means or by foul, to bring about the ruin of the Church. From the literature of anarchism and Socialism arise the armies that advance for their work of destruction under the banners of revolution in place of fighting with us for a true, just and Christian reconstruction of society. From the literature of rationalism, finally, are bred the ignoble generations of apostates and the misdeeds who can see in man with his splendid gift of reason and his spiritual soul, nothing more than a descendant of the hairy gorilla or an evolution from a primary cell of matter, reducing to a mere clod of earth the human mind itself, with its heaven-searching thoughts.

But from the seed of the Catholic books and papers, that golden grain of truth, there spring up forevermore the harvests of able soldiers of the Cross, the legions of Christ, the heroic men and women who are willing to battle for the extension of God's kingdom, the Church, and salvation of immortal souls.

While the armies of untruth, like the warriors sprung from the dragon's teeth, are perpetually combating each other, there is no peace and unity within the Church alone.

There is one cause for which all her children are willing to do battle unto death, that is the cause of Christ, the cause of truth, which must ever be one as the Church is one.

Are we helping to disseminate that Catholic literature from which are to spring new armies for Christ?

Who can ever explain the love which the Heart of Jesus bears to each one of us? This love surpasses that of a child for its mother, and that of mother for her child.—St. Lawrence Justinian.

THE MYSTERIES OF FAITH ARE NEVER OPPOSED TO REASON

The Catholic Church is most frequently accused of exacting a blind faith from her followers, and yet her philosophers and theologians insist that faith is founded on reason. Faith means much more than blind trust and confidence. Faith signifies "the substance of things to be hoped for, the argument of things not seen." The intellectual conviction of the reasonableness of everything revealed to man on the subject of his origin, purpose and destiny.

Catholic teachers do not profess to explain mysteries. They accept these mysteries as true because of the Authority that revealed them, but they contend and demonstrate that these mysteries are never opposed to reason, but merely above and beyond reason.

Faith is more than sentiment. Sentiment may be regarded as an outward fortification on the borderland of reason. When its guns are directed against reason man becomes enslaved by it. Especially in religion must reason and experience rule. It is a fatal error to regard religion as a mere emotion or sentiment. Religion must be based on the intellectual conviction of man's relation to the eternal Cause and Energy behind the universe—God.

After reason is convinced, noble sentiment may follow. Scores of newspaper scientists and of college instructors who love the notoriety that comes from odd and sensational views and theories often assert the superiority of Science over Faith. In reality Science is but the well-ordered summary of knowledge and of the research for the causes of the things carried on within the limitations of human reason. Science can not be greater than the human mind, because it exists nowhere except within the finite human mind. All the limited glories of Science are due to research and classification directed and sifted by reason. Before a Scientist can enunciate theories and

conclusions of Science, he must first make an act of faith in the first principles of correct thinking. Thus all Science begins with faith in reason. Thus all human knowledge rests upon faith in reason.—Rev. H. C. Mangell.

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When left to itself and not misled by designing demagogues, the heart of the people is sound and generous. The old adage is fundamentally true: "Vox populi, vox Dei," the voice of the people is the voice of God, for, except when its ideals are warped by the malice of treacherous leaders, it speaks out in admiration of what is good and true and condemns the ignominious and the false. In the familiar story of Palm Sunday that truth comes home to us. The palms borne in the hands of a whole people, the garments strewn on the ground, the hosannas of triumph and of welcome echoed with one accordant voice by young and old to do homage to the King riding into the City of His fathers, not in majesty with the pomp of armed cohorts, but meek and lowly, were the genuine expression of the popular heart. For once all the people recognized and hailed in the person of Christ the Messiah and the King. Truly their voice was the voice of God that day, when they thundered forth their hosannas to the Son of David. If a few days later, the same lips which had sung that festal hymn, forewore all allegiance to their King, and asked their His blood be upon them and their children, it was because their chiefs and their guides had poisoned their minds and corrupted their hearts. And it is no doubt that misguided people especially that the dying Saviour prayed upon the Cross when He exclaimed: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Christ is the world's true King. He is King by every possible right and title, by right of nature, merit and excellence, by the right conferred upon Him by His Father, by right of election and conquest. In His Divine and human nature He unites all the titles to that high supremacy. Other kings rule over the bodies of their subjects, Christ rules over the mind and the heart. The kingdoms over which earthly rulers extend their sway are unsubstantial and shadowy, they last for a few years, they rise to glory and sink to the dust in the smoke of battle or reel to ruin under the blows of their own subjects. Of the kingdom of Christ there shall be no end. His alone is the one, immortal name that survives the wreck of ages and defies the flight of time.

On Palm Sunday, a great lesson welcomed the King, the innocent voices of babes and sucklings, guided by the wisdom of the Holy Ghost, echoed in the Temple to sing His praise. The Pharisees and the hypocritical doctors of the law murmured in secret against Him and stirred up the people to compass His death. And that is the story of the world to-day. Some wave the palm-branches of triumph and welcome in His honor, strip themselves of the garments of sin, of pride, of self-esteem and cast them before His sacred feet, and open wide the gates of their heart to His coming. Others darkly plot against Him and instill into others the hatred of His name. They even imitate the hypocrisy of those who rebuked the children who sang His praises in the Temple and steal from Him as far as in their power lies, the hearts and the souls of little ones whom He loves. But their efforts are doomed to failure. They may succeed here and there. The King may be driven out from the hearts and the lives of many thousands of those whom He most tenderly loves and for whom He laid down His life. But countless other hearts are ever welcoming Him, other hands are waving the palm-branches of His triumphal way and singing the unending hosanna of their adoration and their love.

Enviably truly is the lot of those who accept the Kingship of Christ and are willing to be guarded by His law. On the other hand those who refuse to submit to the sway of His royal scepter, must, whether they wish it or not, bear the yoke of the most exacting tyrants. His reign over the heart frees, exalts and purifies it. Where He exerts no influence on the lives of men, those lives become commonplace and sordid. A thousand blessings follow welcome to the King; a thousand sorrows follow rejection of Him. The world would be an abode of peace and happiness, if all men would renounce in their hearts the welcome given to Christ so many years ago and war in malice or feeble repentance of that generous, heaven-sent impulse.—America.

MARRIAGE

LEMIRE-ARSENAULT. — At Regina, Sask., on Saturday, February 9, 1918, by the Rev. Father David Gillis, Mr. Joseph H. Lemire, of Coderre, Sask., to Miss Lena Arsenault, formerly of St. Eleanore, P. E. I.

DIED

MCSHERRY. — At Ingersoll, Ont., February 24, 1918, Mrs. Catherine McSherry, widow of George McSherry, aged sixty-five years. May her soul rest in peace.

LAVERY. — In Grafton, Ont., on March 2nd, Mr. Wm. Lavery, aged eighty-five years. May his soul rest in peace.

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A third function of the courtesies is to encourage the impulse to help others, without expectation of winning fame or reward. They incite us to perform hidden acts for the betterment of others. A fourth function is the recognition of truth and merit. To aid merit to become known: "Thus the courtesies recognize merit and lead to truth and justice."—Rev. William Kerby, S. T. L.

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