

# 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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### STRANGE

Among the things which have suddenly risen in value and importance Time is surely the chief. Vast issues hang upon the fateful hours. The clock ticks off duration, but whether it be empty or full of significance depends upon the use to which it is put. It is an inconvertible currency. Time's waste is the burden of the proverb and the prophecy; the moral preached by every tragic failure, whether of nations or of individuals. History and biography are the writing on the wall which emblazons the incalculable worth of Time's swiftly passing opportunity. Now the role of woman in life's interplay has too often been viewed lightly, as though she were designated from the very first for a less momentous contribution to the sum of human endeavor than her physically more robust associate. It is a curious instance of the shallow thinking that has so far prevailed among the mass in all lands and ages that she whose great function is to give life should be deemed unfit or unworthy to share to the full its risks and responsibilities. High and clear voices have acclaimed her spiritual equality, and splendid examples have attested her genius in the upper zones of effort. Yet still her claims are bandied to and fro—mostly by heated partisans who have never grasped the principle of the golden rule.

### CHANGING

Lord Bryce, that sane and experienced student and publicist, lately pointed out that the War had not only shown up Teutonic barbarism, but revealed the cardinal unsoundness of the social structure, inasmuch as the egoistic philosophy widely proclaimed of late, and the programme of brute power aiming at self-aggrandisement, had captured the popular mind, of which a sensational press was the vehicle all over Europe. "The problem of living together cannot be confined to economic or other one-sided terms, for it is as broad as human nature." He goes on to show that to exalt the individual with his crude appetites and ambitions as a law unto himself is to undermine the idea of moral and social obligation which forms the only secure foundation of progress. The great need of our time is an awakening among the peoples which will revivify the ideals and values that give adequate recognition to the material good of life, while subordinating all to the master purpose of collective elevation in the spiritual scale. It cannot be denied that woman has hitherto been as prone as her male partner to accept the material explanation of things, building upon it a vast superstructure of pleasurable self-indulgence. The vagaries of fashion, the frivolities of the passing show, and the subtle deterioration of family life have afforded abundant occupation to cynics and caricaturists, as in older days of imperial declension. Hence the incurable shallowness of the feminine nature has been drearily insisted upon, while the more hasty and passionate champions of Women's Rights have usually succeeded in raising dense clouds of prejudice for wise advocates to disperse. At length the long-desired day of revelation has dawned. Woman's great hour has come; and on the whole it has found her ready to play a notable part on the world-stage which this cataclysmic conflict of forces and ideals has cleared at sight of all. Many of us are familiar with the account of woman's place and part in the body-politic which long passed current without serious question. She was the "lesser man," she was at her best when playing moon to the masculine sun; the trivial round and humdrum task relieved her from the necessity of aiming at originality in thought, word, or deed. Now again a Jeanne d'Arc or a Florence Nightingale was forced to play a distinguished part in a great crisis, but the exception only illustrates the rule; the mass of women were desig-

nated for the sober compensations of domesticity, and should welcome the anxious cares, the unwearying daily and hourly duties of house-keeping and child ward attention, if these fortunately fall to their lot. Until the chance of her life came to her she should "help her mother," or if necessary, add to the family income by grace of the condescending male folk, in some avenue of business life, so as to be ready for the call to "go up higher." We are far from maintaining that, as a consequence of the War and its rousing appeal to our deeper instincts, a complete renaissance of womanhood has come about. That war has no regenerative power in itself we must not grow weary of proclaiming.

### UPWARDS

A superficial survey of certain symptoms would seem to imply an increased lack of restraint, but, all the same, there is very striking proof that the classes, and not least the women who are raised above the vulgar temptations which depress the morale of the toiling mass in town and country, are being brought together under new and uplifting influences. These cannot fail to set them free from enfeebling traditions, wean them from wasteful habits, and set before them an ideal of attainment which will enhance their worth in their own eyes—an indispensable condition precedent to their compelling the respect of their fellows. We are all familiar with the principle that every great social awakening must be heralded by an ethical advance. The motive forces which bear society upward are not confined to political agitation; still less can they break through the hard crust of caste or conventional habit without a profound stirring among the latent spiritual faculties.

### FOR CHURCH UNITY

#### POPE WILL NAME A COMMISSION TO STUDY MEANS OF ENDING SCHISMS

N. Y. Times

Washington, Jan. 4.—Private letters from the Vatican received by Dr. A. Palmieri of the Library of Congress, a writer on ecclesiastical subjects, announce that Pope Benedict XV. is about to appoint a commission of four Cardinals to study a movement begun by Pope Leo XIII., and abandoned by Pope Pius X., looking to a reunion of Christianity and the Anglican Church. A public announcement on the subject from Rome is expected soon.

The honor of presiding over the commission of Cardinals, Dr. Palmieri has been informed, will be bestowed upon Cardinal Marini, one of the new Cardinals created at the last consistory, who has devoted many years to scientific research and to the cause of a reunion of Christianity. The interest of the Pope in the problem of Christian unity is said to have been intensified by the recent progress of the world congress initiated by the American Episcopal Church.

"The new Pope," said Dr. Palmieri, summarizing the information received from Rome, "has taken a considerable part in the efforts of neutral nations to establish peace among nations, and the Vatican's efforts have been suggested not only by a humanitarian spirit, but by a longing for Christian unity and the ending of the conflict which has long divided Christian churches. Efforts of Leo XIII., for carrying out the reunion of Christianity were abruptly stopped by Pius X., who aimed at an inner reform of the Catholic clergy and turned all his energies to the crushing of Modernism."

"Benedict XV. thinks it is time to renew the policy of Leo XIII. and also that a re-establishment of a political peace would be the first step toward renewed attempts to stop the splitting of Christianity into a great number of sects. For this purpose the Pope intends to set up a commission of four Cardinals, who will devote their intellectual and moral energies to the study and solution of the difficult problem of religious dissensions within Christendom."

"It seems to the Vatican that the Orthodox Slavs will be very soon called to take a more active part in the life of Western nations, either Protestant or Catholic; and that it is necessary to come to an understanding with them in order to avoid evils produced by religious intolerance. The newly planned commission of Cardinals will pay attention to the yearnings for unity which from time to time manifest themselves in the Orthodox churches and to the cultivation of friendly relations with the Anglican Church."

"The interest of the Vatican in the problem of Christian unity has been aroused by the recent progress of the world conference, the well-known initiative movement of the American Episcopal Church. The movement toward Christian unity, started by the world conference, excited interest and sympathies in Rome, and Cardinal Gasparri, in the name of the Pope, wrote to the Secretary of the world conference, Robert H. Gardiner several letters which seem to reproduce the style and the feelings of Leo XIII. But the correspondence would not have had any tangible results if the conference had not met with a great success in Russia. The official organ of the Holy Synod has praised the initiative of the world conference and exhorted the Russian hierarchy to give their co-operation to it."

Dr. Palmieri made public a letter he had just received from Professor W. Ekempilarski, editor of The Christian Thought, in Russia, in which the Russian writer said:

"It is with a feeling of joy that Russians see their American brothers take in hand the initiative of Christian unity with energy and assiduity."

### THE CHASTE GENERATION

While the bells were ringing in the New Year, a tragic alarm was sounding in the little French-Canadian village of St. Ferdinand de Halifax, near Lake William, Megantic County, Quebec. The asylum, where 180 demented or half-witted girls were under the care of those angels of charity who walk our earth in the garb of the Catholic nun, and whose gentle hands accomplish tasks under which the shoulders of strong men seem at times to weaken, was a mass of seething flames. The suddenness of the outbreak, the loneliness and solitude of the village, the rigors of a Canadian winter's night, with the thermometer registering twenty degrees below zero, the inadequacy of the means to fight the conflagration, the more than helpless condition of the poor creatures trapped in their fiery prison walls, added to the horrors of the fire and helped to lengthen the tragic toll of the victims. In spite of the heroic efforts of the villagers and the brave and dauntless nuns, forty-five of the hapless girls perished in the flames. No picture need be drawn to paint this awful tragedy. It tells its own tale. Few hearts can remain unmoved at the grim recital.

The dispatch which records the tragedy adds one significant fact. "One of the Sisters, who tried to rescue the girls, suffered martyrdom in the attempt." The brief sentence is eloquent with its tale of heroism and self-sacrifice. The very name of the heroine is untold. The world had not heard of her in her life of obscurity and devotion to the cause of the hapless derelicts of society whom Providence had committed to her care. I did not hear of her name when she made the supreme sacrifice of her life amidst the crackling flames in which she was taken as a spotless holocaust to heaven. But she adds another name in the records of heaven to the long roll of the virgins of Christ, of that chaste generation, strong ever in the hour of peril and danger, because their hearts are pure. For her the billowing flames and the eddying smoke, the crumbling walls and the falling debris had no terror. There were trembling hands stretched out to her. Voices of terror-stricken girls, frenzied with fear and more than helpless from one of the saddest and most appalling of nature's calamities, were calling to her. Her virgin heart did not fail. She flew to the help of her agonizing children. Where strong men might well have wavered, the Sister with the name unknown to men, but forever recorded with those of the virgins and the martyrs of God, faced the flames. In her supreme act of self-sacrifice, she died.

In the presence of that simple and noble victim, our lips are thrilled to silence. Before that martyred nun robed with the dyed and crimson garments of Bosra on the white Canadian snows, the tears of the heart fall in admiration and in love. Her Sisters in religion will carve her name over her humble grave. The world at large will hear as little of her heroic death as it did of her hidden life. Few even of those who reverence the garb she wore and the holy calling in which she served God, may hear of her noble story. Yet, the Catholic Church, of which she was the faithful daughter, will ever be able to point to her as one of its glories. It was under its guidance that her virgin heart was trained to meet the supreme test which she had to face. It was from its teaching that she derived the spirit of heroism and self-sacrifice which, when the ordeal came, did not fail. And over the smoke and the flames of the dreadful tragedy of St. Ferdinand, we read written in golden letters the lesson that the Catholic Church has ever taught, that it is the pure of heart who in the hour of danger and trial, are the dauntless and the strong.—America.

### THE BRITISH OLIGARCHY

H. G. Wells in Saturday Evening Post

Mr. Joseph Reinach, in whose company I visited the French part of the Somme Front, was full of a scheme, which he said, since published, for the breaking up and recombination of the French and British Armies into a series of composite armies that would blend the magnificent British manhood and material with French science and military experience. He pointed out the endless advantages of such an arrangement—the stimulus of emulation; the promotion of intimate fraternal feelings between the peoples of the two countries.

"At present," he said, "the Frenchman even sees an Englishman except at Amiens or on the Somme. Many of them still have no idea of what the English are doing."

"Have I ever told you the story of compulsory Greek at Oxford and Cambridge?" I asked abruptly.

"What has that to do with it?"

"Or how two undistinguished civil-service commissioners can hold up the scientific education of our entire administrative class?"

Mr. Reinach protested further. "Because you are proposing to loosen the grip of a certain narrow and limited class upon British affairs; and you propose it as though it were a job as easy as rearranging railway fares or sending a van to Calais. That is the problem that every decent Englishman is trying to solve today, every man of that Greater Britain which has supplied these five million volunteers, these magnificent temporary officers and all this wealth of munitions. And the oligarchy is so invincibly fortified. Do you think it will let itself be broken to share its controls? It will not even let in Englishmen."

"It holds the class schools; the class universities; the examinations for our public services are its class shibboleths; it is the church, the squirearchy, the permanent army class, permanent officialdom; it makes every appointment; it is the fountain of honor; what it does not know is not knowledge; what it cannot do must not be done. It rules India as its back garden; it will extinguish its ascendancy in Ireland. It is densely self-satisfied and instinctively monopolistic. It is on our backs; and with it on our backs, we common English must bleed and blunder to victory. And you make this proposal!"

### THE MILITARY OLIGARCHY

The antagonistic relations of the British military oligarchy with the greater and greater-spirited Britain that thrives behind it in this war are probably paralleled very closely in Germany; probably they are exaggerated in Germany, with a bigger oligarchy and a relatively lesser civil body at its back. This antagonism is the oddest outcome of the tremendous demilitarization of war that has been going on. In France it is probably not so marked, because of the greater flexibility and adaptability of the French culture.

All military people—people, that is, professionally and primarily military—are inclined to be conservative. For thousands of years the military tradition has been a tradition of discipline. The conception of the common soldier has been a mechanically obedient, almost dehumanized man; of the officer, a highly trained autocrat. In two years all this has been absolutely reversed.

Individual quality, inventive organization and industrialism will win this war. And no class is so innocent of these things as the military caste. Long accustomed as they are to the importance of moral effect, they put a brave face upon the business; they save their faces astonishingly; but they are no longer guiding and directing this war; they are being pushed from behind by forces they never foresaw and cannot control. The aeroplanes and great guns have bolted with them; the tanks begotten of naval and civilian wits shove them to victory in spite of themselves.

### SYMBOLISM OF SPURS

Wherever I went behind the British lines the officers were swaggering about in spurs. Those spurs got at last upon my nerves. They became symbolical. They became as grave an insult to the tragedy of this war as if they were false noses. The British officers go for long automobile rides in spurs. They walk about the trenches in spurs. Occasionally I would see a horse. I do not wish to be unfair in this matter; there were riding horses sometimes within two or three miles of the ultimate front, but they are rarely used. From morn to eve the spurs ring everywhere.

I do not say that the horse is entirely obsolete in this war. In fact, nothing is obsolete. In the trenches men fight with sticks. In the Pusbio Battle the other day one of the Alpini silenced a machine gun by throwing stones. In the West African campaign we have employed troops armed with bows and arrows, and they have done very valuable work. But these are excep-

tional cases. The military use of the horse henceforth will be such an exceptional case.

It is ridiculous for these spurs still to clink about the modern battlefield. What the gross cost of the spurs and horses and trappings of the great British Army amounts to, and how many men are grooming and tending horses who might just as well be plowing and milking at home, I cannot guess; it must be a sum so enormous as seriously to affect the balance of the war.

And these spurs and their retention are only the outward and visible symbol of the obsolete resistance of the British official mind to the clear logic of the present situation. It is not only the external equipment of our leaders that falls behind the times; our political and administrative services are in the hands of the same desolately inadapted class. The British are still wearing spurs in Ireland and in India; and the age of the spur has passed!

At the outset of this war there was an absolute cessation of criticism of the military and administrative castes; it is becoming a question whether we may not pay too heavily in blundering and waste, in military and economic lassitude, in international irritation and the accumulation of future dangers in Ireland, Egypt, India, and elsewhere, for an apparent absence of internal friction.

These people have no gratitude for tacit help, no spirit of intelligent service, and no sense of fair play to the outsider. The latter deficiency, indeed, they call *esprit de corps*, and prize it as if it were a noble quality.

It becomes more and more imperative that the foreign observer should distinguish between this narrower, older official Britain and the greater, newer Britain which struggles to free itself from the entanglement of a system outgrown. There are many Englishmen who would like to say to the French and the Irish and the Italians, and India—who, indeed, now feel every week a more urgent need of saying—"Have patience with us." The riddle of the British is very largely solved if you will think of a great modern liberal nation seeking to slough an exceedingly tough and tight skin.

Nothing is more illuminating and self-educational than to explain one's home politics to an intelligent foreign inquirer; it strips off all the secondary considerations, the illuiveness, the merely tactical conditions. One sees the forest not as a confusion of trees, but as something with a definite shape and place.

I was asked in London in France: "Where does Lord Northcliffe come into the British system—or Lloyd George? Who is Mr. Redmond? Why is Lloyd George a Minister, and why does not Mr. Redmond take office? Isn't there something called an Ordnance Department? And why is there a separate Ministry of Munitions? Can Mr. Lloyd George remove an incapable general?" I found Mr. Joseph Reinach particularly penetrating and persistent.

I explained that there is this inner Anglican or official Presbyterian, which, at the outside, in the whole world cannot claim to speak for twenty million Anglican and Presbyterian communicants; which monopolizes official positions, administration and honors in the entire British Empire, dominates the court, and—typically—is spurred and red-tailed. It holds tenaciously to its positions of advantage, from which it is difficult to dislodge it without upsetting the whole empire; and it insists upon treating the rest of the four hundred millions who constitute that empire as outsiders, foreigners, subject races and suspected persons.

### INNER SET AND OUTER SET

"To you," I said, "it bears itself with an appearance of faintly hostile, faintly contemptuous apathy. This is the Britain which irritates and puzzles you so intensely; so that you are quite unable to conceal these feelings from me. Unhappily it is the Britain you see most of. Well, outside this official Britain is Greater Britain—the real Britain. It is in perpetual conflict with official Britain, struggling to keep it up to its work; shoving it toward its ends; endeavoring, in spite of its stupid mischievousness, to keep the peace and a common aim with the French and the Irish and the Italians and the Russians and the Englishmen you found so interesting and sympathetic—Lloyd George and Lord Northcliffe, for example—belong."

"I do not want to exaggerate the quality of Greater Britain. If the inner set is narrowly educated, the outer set is often crudely educated. If the inner set is so close knit as to seem like a conspiracy, the outer set is so loosely knit as to seem like a noisy confusion. It is only beginning to realize itself and find itself. For all its credulity there is a great spirit in it feeling its way toward the light."

"This is the Britain of the great effort; the Britain of the smoking factories and the torrent of munitions; the Britain of the men and subalterns of the new armies; the Britain that invents and thinks and achieves. It has quite other ambitions for the ending of this war than

some thin, haggled treaty of alliance with France and Italy. It begins to realize never and wider sympathies; possibilities of an amalgamation of interests and a community of aim that it is utterly beyond the habits of the old oligarchy to conceive."

### LLOYD GEORGE AND CATHOLIC WORSHIP

The honest outsider who has imagination and, moreover, heart and sympathy, although he may not have the grace of conversion, generally sees that the Catholic Church is the most beautiful, the most divinely and humanly divine thing in this world. She "touches the spot" as no sect can, for she is God's remedy for all human ills. Lloyd George thinks clearly, sees clearly, and speaks clearly in the following eloquent passage:

"Sometimes we criticize the Roman Catholic Church very severely, but there is no Church that has made a surer and deeper search into human nature. The Roman Catholic Church, the greatest religious organization in the world, conducts its worship in a common tongue. The Roman Catholics conduct their worship in a language of worship. Their Church utilizes every means of taking people outside everyday interests, and seeks to induce them to forget what is outside. Thus the language of commerce and everyday occupation is left outside, and the people are taught the language of worship. That shows a shrewd, deep insight into the human mind."

### A SIDELIGHT ON THE WORLD WAR

#### ONE EDIFYING INSTANCE OF HOW A CHILD'S FAITH WAS REWARDED

The Sister in charge of instructing outsiders in the Catholic faith, as a rule, keeps the narrations of her people to herself, but the following incident she related to the community, without fear of indiscretion:

A tidily-dressed non-Catholic woman presented herself in the convent "Instruction Room," bringing two young children with her. She said her husband was in the artillery. Before his departure for the front he was completely indifferent to religion, but war had changed him into an earnest Catholic, as she found to her surprise, during the few days' holiday for a needed rest he was allowed to pass at home with her. Before his return to France he made her promise to see to their children being "taught to be Catholics," as he expressed it. He even made her sign a paper, promising that what ever happened to him, the children should be brought up Catholics and practice their religion.

The next day she saw the three again at the convent. The wife said that as the children were being "taught to be Catholics," she would learn it with them; her gunner would be all the better pleased. . . . Now comes the part worth writing down.

Sister gave Mrs. N. a badge of the Sacred Heart to send to the front, and said that first she must put it in the hand of her tiny child at home, who, with its little hands clasped "round it, should repeat: 'Jesus, keep daddy safe.' This was done, and the man received the letter and badge while standing by his machine gun under a heavy fire from the enemy. He thrust it into his breast pocket until a moment's respite came. On opening the letter the badge dropped out and went rolling into a slight hollow. The gunner jumped down after it, and, while stooping to pick up the badge, heard the whizzing of a cannon ball above his head.

It took almost no time to be again at his post, but he found the gun smashed up, while he himself was unharmed. The infant's prayer, when the badge was sent, had been, 'Jesus, keep daddy safe.'—The Tablet.

### COSTLY "CONVERTS"

"According to the Rev. Sherrod Soule of Hartford, the missionary societies' largest foreign speaking effort has been among the Italians," observes the Catholic Transcript. "The total cost of evangelizing them has been \$80,000. The total number is 500. The per capita rate for conversion is therefore \$160. Rev. Mr. Soule had reasons to show why converting the Italians of this State is slow uphill work. The Italians are found to be warm-hearted and responsive. In matters of finance their responsiveness is shown definitely enough. While expending \$80,000 for the conversion of 500 Italians, the Missionary Society has been enabled to collect, during thirteen years, from its Italian converts the magnificent total of \$1,000. The Italian Congregationalists therefore contribute at the rate of \$76 a year to the support of their four Connecticut churches. In other words each Sunday the combined offerings and collections from the four churches and from the 500 people is \$146. As there are four churches each church contributes each Sunday 36 cents, or an average per capita contribution of something less than three mills!"

### CATHOLIC NOTES

So life-like is the ancient equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius in the Capitol Square in Rome that Michael Angelo, on seeing it, commanded the horse to walk.

Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., celebrated his golden jubilee as a member of the Society of Jesus on the feast of the Immaculate Conception December 8.

The membership of the Archdiocesan Union of the Holy Name Society of New York has passed the 50,000 mark. This announcement was made at the quarterly meeting of the union, held recently.

By the will of Thomas Leamy who died a few weeks ago, four fifths of an estate of \$50,000 is left to the proposed Home for the Aged at Syracuse, N. D., which Bishop Grimes plans to build next year.

The collections for the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception are reaching the \$60,000 mark, and the day is not far distant when this new shrine to the Blessed Virgin will rise in all its beauty on the campus of the Catholic University of America.

The pinch of war has caused many of the Catholic noble families of England to dispose of their art treasures and estates. The Earl of Denbigh and Desmond has been obliged to sell his famous collection of books, containing valuable Americana, and his Rembrandts and Van Dycks were auctioned off recently in New York.

Among the religious Orders who have largely paid their tribute to the war the Society of Jesus ranks first. Over one hundred French Jesuits have been killed, either soldier-priests or military chaplains, and among them are men eminent as professors and writers, whose tastes and pursuits lay in a widely different sphere.

Through the generosity of Mrs. Judson Ball, a new Catholic institution for the care of the sick, to be known as "The Hind-Ball Mercy Hospital," will be erected in Mt. Vernon, Ohio, in the very near future. In making her extremely liberal contribution, Mrs. Ball memorializes her parents and her son, the late George Ball, after whom the hospital will be named.

Steps are being taken to have the cause of the beatification of the saintly Passionist, Father Charles Houhan, introduced before the Apostolic Tribunal in Rome. He was a remarkable figure in the religious life of Dublin, Ireland, from 1857 to 1893, and largely helped to make St. Paul's Retreat, Mount Argus, what it is, a great source of spiritual influence in the Irish metropolis.

Fifteen Cardinals were present in the grand hall of the Biblical Institute, a Catholic Press Association cable says, at a private exhibition, shortly before Christmas, of the motion picture "Christus," which is an artistic and reverent representation of the Gospel story. They were unanimous in declaring it to be an excellent production. The film will soon be seen in the United States, where the right to exhibit it has already been acquired.

Milwaukee, Wis., Dec. 26.—While the organist played "Silent Night," and the Rev. F. J. Schiefel, pastor of St. Augustine's Church, continued the celebration of midnight Mass, firemen chopped away plaster about the burning section of the choir balcony. They worked for three-quarters of an hour extinguishing a blaze caused by crossed wires. The entire congregation of 800 kept their seats during the ordeal.

In the Sacred Heart Convent, Grand Coteau, was celebrated on Dec. 14 in a befitting manner the fiftieth anniversary of the apparition of St. John Berchmans to the novice Mary Wilson, which occurred in that institution on Dec. 14, 1866. Miss Mary Wilson, who was seriously ill, was instantly cured when the saint appeared to her. Nine Masses were said in the St. John Berchmans chapel dedicated to that saint. The chapel occupies the exact place in which the saint appeared to the young novice.

Montreal, Dec. 27.—The monastery and chapel of the Trappist monks at Oka were destroyed by fire to-day. The monastery is famous for the cheese produced on a farm cultivated by the monks. When the fire broke out early to-day the monks, numbering 100, were all at prayer in the chapel. They fought the flames vigorously but were unable to control them owing to poor water pressure. The destroyed buildings were erected on the site of a monastery burned down in 1902.

Mayor Pickering Bemis, twice Mayor of Omaha, died on Dec. 10, at his residence in Florence, Neb. Funeral services were held at St. Philip Neri's church, Florence. Father Barrett officiated. Twice Bemis was elected Mayor of Omaha, on an A. P. ticket, serving 1892-96. He was impulsive, generous and sympathetic naturally and a born optimist. His uncle, the Rev. George W. Frost, an eminent Methodist minister, brought him up in that faith. Mr. Bemis in his later days embraced the Catholic faith.

THE WATERS OF CONTRADICTION

BY ANNA C. MINOQUE
Author of "Cardome," "Borrowed From the Night"
CHAPTER VI

It did not seem so very long to Miss Cora until the children who had battled on the playground had grown beyond it, and now occupied the place once sacred to Annabelle, long ago married, and her early lovers.

A notable one had come into the school, inaugurated by the teacher herself. The prosperity that was attending her brother's business, soon made her realize that her savings, however well invested, would prove an unnoticeable part in the fortune his children would inherit.

She spent her long vacations in college, studying branches taught in the higher schools and academies, and her leisure during the remainder of the year in perfecting herself in them.

"I have considered all that," said Miss Cora. "There is the little cabin in Mr. Dalton's sugar-tree grove, across the road from the school. It is never used now, and I am certain he would be only too glad to help along the work by letting us have it."

The children are getting up an entertainment, admission to which will supply us with a sufficient amount of money to pay for windows, a small blackboard and chalk. Mr. Miller would not, I know, charge for the making of a recitation bench and two more desks, with the ones we could spare from the school, would be sufficient, if the material were supplied him: I shall provide that."

The last remark modified them considerably, and more than one mentally vowed it should not all be provided for by the plucky little woman, if the project were accepted by their associates, which was not likely, for how, they asked her, could they provide a teacher for the primary classes, when it was with difficulty they secured funds to pay her, and that far below her value.

"I will provide the teachers," said Miss Cora, "from among the larger boys and girls. Besides the opportunity it will afford them, if I had more time for their instruction in the higher branches, the teaching of the smaller classes will be a valuable experience for them. There is nothing that helps to develop the mind and mould character more than teaching. Besides they will in a measure repay for the higher education they are receiving, in assisting the teacher with her duties. I will spend a portion of each day with the lower school. Now, gentlemen, I have thought out my plan carefully, and, if it is accepted, the children of this district will secure the benefits of a higher education, which, otherwise, few if any of them will have."

"But," objected Mr. Dalton, "have you considered, Miss Cora, the additional work this will entail upon yourself? You will have then two schools practically to teach, with only the time and salary for one?"

"I have considered it all," said Miss Cora. "For the past three years I have been preparing myself for it. I can now give instructions in Latin and French, in bookkeeping and higher mathematics. I have studied drawing and next vacation intend to take up painting. In order to be able to give instruction in colors, I even took lessons in embroidery," she concluded with a nervous little laugh, "for while all these girls should possess this ladylike accomplishment, not all, Mr. Dalton, have a mother like Sylvia to instruct them in the gentle art of the needle."

"Such devotion to the welfare of the school, gentlemen," said Mr. Dalton, "commands our instant and hearty co-operation. We cannot be less interested in it than Miss Cora." And so Miss Cora gained her point, and when the next session opened, the second room was ready for occupancy. The plan proved feasible and new glory was added to the fame of Stanton school. It now took rank above the town school, and the trustees voted an increase in Miss Cora's salary to be paid by themselves and a few of the more prosperous men of the district, when several applications were received from children living in the village. This Miss Cora accepted on condition that the school term should be extended another month. Then was Miss Cora

happy, for she felt something could be accomplished.

In the course of time, Arthur and Lucy became her chief dependance in the primary department, while maintaining their high rank as scholars. With Lucy her success was the result of ambition, but with Arthur it was born of the knowledge that manhood was approaching and he must fit himself for it because of the necessity for him to win back the fortunes of his house. There had been other divisions of his once princely estate, and all that now remained were two hundred acres, and the old hall, fast going to ruin. A farmer he felt he could not be, with so small an acreage, when his forefathers, possessing thousands had only succeeded in holding their own among the planters. All that remained for him was the power that might be stored in his brain, and this he spared no effort to develop. The usual means of making it was the subject of many a grave conversation between him and his grandmother, for his mother had married the gallant Captain and gone to her new home. Finally, unable to decide for him, she sought counsel with Miss Cora, and that young woman's embarrassment was apparent. Had it been concerning Jasper Long she had been questioned, she unhesitatingly would have advised that he should study art, for since the day the first drawing lesson had been given, he went to his work as a bird to the open sky.

It was not likely that he would be permitted to follow the call of his soul, for his father expected that he would uphold the traditions of the family, raise large crops, fat bees and good horses; for, while these were not proving as profitable as formerly, the condition, he knew, would eventually change. The country would recover from the effects of war, grow more powerful than it had ever been, and in that time it was upon the farmer it must depend, who would in consequence reap a rich harvest once more. Thus he reasoned, and, if he did not withdraw Jasper from the school and early instruct him in his calling, it was because the Longs had always been scholarly inclined, and, as he was in the prime of life, there was time enough for the boy. Hence Jasper had continued to be numbered among Miss Cora's pupils, even after the dawn of manhood showed upon his face, held there by love of the work she taught him to do with pencil and brush, and because it sheltered Milly.

But of Arthur, Miss Cora knew not what to say. Had he been other than the proud old woman's only hope and joy, she would have advised that he content himself with the livelihood to be found in his depleted inheritance, or put to use the bookkeeping in which he had become proficient. She could not, however, give this crowning pain to the heart that had suffered so much before its lowered banners; but for long days afterward her sensitive conscience reproached her, because she weakly suggested the law.

At the words the old face brightened. "It was what I recommended, Miss Cora," she said, "but Arthur was diffident. He feels he has not the subtlety of mind it calls for, nor the delivery. None of the Stantons were lawyers, he said. But that, I told him, is no reason why he should not succeed. My father was a lawyer of marked ability, and why should not Arthur inherit that talent?"

Her certitude concerning Arthur's ability in this department of work disconcerted Miss Cora. She knew the intuitions of the boy were correct, and, when he began applying himself to the study of Latin, and she found him reading Blackstone instead of poetry of which he was fond, her eyes grew dim with tears of pity.

"It is not his work," she thought, sadly. "He will succeed in it, but he will not be happy. All his life, instead of the dull office and the court-room, he will see the green fields and open skies and the things that are not for him."

While Lucy kept pace with her classmates in the new studies into which they were gradually introduced, it was in the little school across the road she was most truly in her sphere, and Miss Cora early perceived that the classes taught by Lucy excelled those of the other volunteers, while complaint against her method of discipline was never heard. It might have been her own self living her youth over again, and often, in the solemn moments that occasionally came to her, as she meditated on the future of the school should she die or be obliged to retire, devoutly she wished she could go with the knowledge that her work had fallen into the capable hands of Lucy Frazier.

Even as she voiced the wish she smiled at the improbability of its fulfillment. Lucy Frazier to settle down into the monotonous life of a teacher, who always sought whatever excitement and change the simple life afforded? Lucy to content herself with a work of pure unselfishness, who demanded that every one should contribute to her pleasure? Lucy willingly to turn to her life of spinsterhood, who already was learning the power of her beauty and as quickly learning how best to employ it? Lucy to become the ill-paid, hard-working teacher of Stanton school, whose father was being numbered among the men who were coming in on the country, and whose son would stand with her own nephews among its leaders? Miss Cora turned from her thought, with

a sigh. Elsewhere than in Alexander Frazier's daughter must she look for her successor.

And yet, sitting on the green hill with her class-mates around her and below on the playground her sometimes pupils noisily engaged in the games she had lately abandoned, Lucy fancied it would indeed be pleasant thus to spend her days. Once she voiced the sentiment, and could have bitten her tongue for the words, as she saw the curl of Sylvia Dalton's lip.

"What a glorious ambition!" she exclaimed. "To be an old maid like Miss Cora?"

"I don't think it is nice in you to call Miss Cora names, Sylvia," complained Milly, whose dark beauty had grown strangely deep and pathetic with the approach of womanhood.

"Oh, don't you?" exclaimed Sylvia, treating her to a look more scornful than she had given Lucy. "I regret exceedingly that I must forfeit your good opinion. I scarcely know how I shall survive. Nevertheless, I must still persist in calling Miss Cora an old maid. I am sure she is old; I am equally sure she is unmarried; if these two conditions do not constitute an old maid, I wish you would tell me what does?"

The high-flown language silenced Milly, as she knew it would; but Lucy stepped into the breach.

"I can tell you what constitute good manners, Sylvia, if you want to know?" she said, as her voice and face were cold as steel.

"Thank you, but I was taught good manners before you learned the meaning of the words," she said loftily, although the pink deepened on her cheek, for there was a laugh on Jasper's lips.

"It is strange you do not practice your teachings," observed Lucy.

"I do among my equals," she answered, while her black eyes travelled slowly and meaningfully from Lucy to Milly.

"Come, Milly, let us leave Sylvia with her equals!" exclaimed Lucy, turning suddenly upon the quiet girl seated on the grass, her faded muslin dress spread out so as to cover her feet, idly shod in a pair of shoes that had been Arthur's mother's. Reluctantly she rose, for she was averse to leave Arthur, especially when his companion would be this scornful girl.

"Good-bye, boys! Maybe you will enjoy yourselves," cried Lucy, resting her laughing eyes upon Arthur and Jasper.

"We expect to, since we are going along," said Arthur, thrusting his hand under Jasper's arm, and they marched away, leaving Sylvia, wild with rage, upon the hillside.

"No one shall speak disrespectfully of Miss Cora and hold my good opinion," said Arthur, not careful of the pitch of his voice. "It was the bravest thing in the world the way you stood up for her, Milly! Wasn't it Jasper?"

"That's what it was," said Jasper. "But you can always count on Milly standing up for any one she loves."

Milly said nothing, but her beautiful eyes were glowing under the downcast lids, for sweeter than all the things of earth was praise from Arthur. A lump rose in Lucy's throat. They had no word for her, who had finished, with victory, the battle of defense Milly had begun and abandoned; for she could not see that they intuitively recognized that Milly's act had been prompted by love of the teacher, while Lucy's had for its motive the desire to defeat a personal foe. Their walk led them to the spring hidden by the hill. Reaching it, they once more sought seats on the grass. After they had again discussed Sylvia's rudeness, Lucy, out of a fit of silence, said:

"And I meant what I said. I wish things might go on forever as they are now, but they won't, for my anxiety, for my father intends to send me away to a convent school in September. There now! they told me not to say anything about it, but I couldn't help it. I know I shall hate it! Oh-h-h!" and Lucy's flower-like face dropped into her hands, and tears of sorrow for the approaching severance of these ties, and deeper sorrow that Arthur should prefer Milly to her, bedewed her fingers and crept down to the slender wrists.

The boys stared at each other in surprise, for it was the first time in their experience that such a good fortune had befallen a pupil of Stanton school. Milly, however, thought only of Lucy's grief, and she flung her little arms around her rival's neck and whispered words of love and sympathy. Then, the others recovered from their astonishment, and Jasper, in a quiet way, offered his congratulations.

"You say that because you are glad to have me leave Stanton school," cried Lucy. "I don't know why you should. I never did anything to you. If it were Arthur, I could understand it—but you?"

"Why, Lucy?" exclaimed Arthur. "Don't you appreciate what your father is doing for you? Jasper does, and so he is pleased at the good fortune that is yours."

"Good fortune?" repeated Lucy, the pretty face still wet. "Where is the good fortune in being sent a hundred miles from home, your mother and father, your little sister and brother, and every one and everything you love. I know I shall be the most miserable girl on earth. I shall hate it. I wish I could die before September!"

"O Lucy! Lucy! please hush!" cried Milly, turning her dearlike eyes around, as if she expected to see the grim Executioner advancing to give the desired freedom.

"I shall die there of homesickness," insisted Lucy, enjoying amidst all her grief the excitement she was causing. "It would be better to die now and save them the expense of taking me there and back."

"You won't die, Lucy," said Arthur, confidently. "You will get used to it after a while. My grandmother went to a boarding-school, and it was taught by nuns, and she liked it. They were kind and good to the pupils, she said, and instructed them in many accomplishments."

"Accomplishments!" exclaimed Lucy. "I don't want to be taught accomplishments. I'd rather stay here with Miss Cora and learn Latin and mathematics."

"Oh; they teach those things, too," said Arthur; "but for ladies accomplishments are best."

"I think, Arthur," she said slowly, and her words dropped scorchingly on the boy's heart, "your place is back on the hill with Sylvia. Milly and I are not of the class that turns out ladies according to your type."

The color dwindled from Arthur's face. He rose slowly and said, his voice stumbling over the words: "I believe you are right, Miss Frazier!"

For a moment his eyes rested on her, unconsciously stamping on his memory her face as it looked in that moment, which seemed to him to be one of solemn farewell; then his gaze passed to Milly, drooping beneath the erect, defiant figure of her companion. The pathos of the faded dress, the shoelace large and worn, the attitude and mournful beauty, almost flung him on his knees by her side; but the truth of Lucy's bitter words drove him onward. As she heard him going, Milly, scarcely understanding what had been said, and conscious only that Arthur and Lucy had had another quarrel, was rising to follow after, when Lucy drew her down, with a rude, angry hand.

"Stay here, you little fool!" she cried passionately. "He doesn't want you! Didn't you hear him say so?"

"Arthur never said that!" she cried, tearfully.

"Ask Jasper, then!" commanded Lucy.

She turned her quivering dark face to the boy, a flush on his brow.

"Did he, Jasper?" she asked, hoarsely.

"Yes, Milly, he said it," said Jasper, steadily. "And he doesn't realize himself how much of it he means. And although he is Arthur Stanton, he is a cad!"

Lucy had never heard the quiet boy so express himself, and Milly drew back, feeling more desolate than ever. Lucy was going away. Arthur did not want her, and Jasper was cross. Truly the storm was fast gathering over her defenseless head, and she knew not whether to fly for shelter.

"Lucy," said Jasper, out of a thoughtful silence, "please don't get offended, but why is it you always succeed in rousing the very worst there is in Arthur? He might never have come to the conviction that is now taking him to Sylvia, if you had not dragged it out of his heart, and held it up for him to look upon."

"I suppose it is because I cannot help it," she said slowly. "And yet I am glad I did, now that it is done. It is a cad, I want to know it, and I want him to know it too, and to know that I know it."

"But he won't look at it in that light. It is only right to him," said Jasper.

"Well, let him break his heart in doing what he thinks is right," she said. "It is—us he likes, not her."

"But there is Milly," he said softly, his eyes leaving her face. Following them, Lucy saw that Milly had left the spring, and was walking slowly across the playground to the little bench on the other side of the road, in which she was to teach that afternoon. The narrow skirt of the faded dress just reached her shoulders. The form, too thin for her youth, was bowed from the waist, and the link arms hung listlessly by her sides. The rich brown hair fell down her back in a heavy braid, for she had no pins to wear it in a more becoming fashion and suited to her age. The step was awkward because of the large shoes, and heavy because of the heart beneath the tight fitting bodice. The scorching tears crept up to Lucy's eyes as they took in the details of the figure, while memory supplied the growing sadness of the brown face. Why had she done this thing? Why had she wrung from Arthur the admission of the difference between them, when Milly's poor flower of happiness must be crushed thereby? Even if she, Lucy, also suffered from it, she had other comforts, pretty dresses, a happy home, all but the thing she most wanted; while Milly had nothing, and now she had snatched from her the belief that she possessed this thing so precious to both. Why had she done this? Was it not, whispered a voice within, caused as much by jealousy of Milly as a desire to wound Arthur?

She half-rose to spring after the girl and cry out her sorrow, when Jasper's hand drew her gently back to her place.

"Let her alone!" he said. "She'll get over it sooner by herself. You don't understand her well enough, Lucy, to make amends."

After a moment he said: "I am sorry, Lucy, you don't like to go to school—the convent school, I mean. You will have such chances there. I don't mean 'accomplishments'!" he added with a laugh, "but other things."

"What are they?" she asked, modified, and reflecting how much nicer than Arthur was Jasper long.

"Drawing and painting, for one thing," he said. "I shouldn't be surprised if at that school there would be an artist," he uttered the word with reverence, "to teach the pupils. And that is ever so much better than to work under one who has just studied it as a branch of knowledge—Miss Cora said so."

"But I don't care for drawing and painting," she complained. "I could not draw a straight line to save my life. And I'd much rather help Miss Cora teach the little children."

"I wonder why it is," said Jasper, "that the things people don't want are the things they have got to accept, while the things they do want go to other people who cannot appreciate them at half their value. Now if my father were to offer to send me where I could learn to be an artist—O Lucy!"

"And wouldn't he, if you were to ask him?" said Lucy, awed by the tragedy of Jasper's face. "He is as well off as my father, isn't he?"

"That makes no difference," he answered. "He'd never do it any how. He intends that I shall be a planter—a farmer I mean. He'd think I had gone crazy, if I were to ask to study drawing and painting."

"But when you are a man," began Lucy.

"When I am a man I shall be less able to follow my inclinations than now," he interrupted.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because I shall have duties then," he explained. "And duties, Lucy, are harder obstacles to get away from than your father's opposition to your plans for yourself when you are young."

"I shouldn't recognize any duty that stood between me and the thing I wished to do," cried Lucy.

"But I am not, you, Lucy," he said, and she knew there was regret in his voice, but instantly he added: "And there is as much happiness in doing your duty as in following your wishes, only it is different."

"And that difference makes a difference in the happiness," said Lucy suddenly, and before he had time to think of a reply, the school bell rang.

TO BE CONTINUED

"PITCHY-PATCHY"

Lucille Kling in the Ave Maria

Well, of course—Mrs. McNeil bit her thread off thoughtfully and jabbed it at her needle—of course it does depend on your own feelings a good deal—what Father Kelly'd call your dispositions. A retreat can't do you much good if you harden your heart against grace. But, to my way of thinking, if you once begin the retreat you've opened the door, and our Lord has mighty coaxing ways about Him: let Him alone to find a way in. Now, there was the girl in the room with me at the retreat last summer—

She must have been thirty five, but she did not look it—not within ten years,—except she was sort of tired-seeming around her eyes. Pretty she was, and what Helen calls well-groomed. I knew she'd come from town the minute I set my eyes on her: for she had one of them perky little hats with scarcely any trimming, and a leather satchel she called "a bag" instead of a suitcase. I'd make up my mind I was going to keep silence, if I died trying, so I just smiled friendly-like to answer her, and went on unpacking. But you better believe I watched her out o' the corner of my eye. My Helen'll be nineteen this spring, but she'll be a deal older than she is fore her mother loses interest in good clothes. I declare I've no patience with folks that are forever preaching how the Lord loves a shabby bonnet! What'd He dress the birds and flowers up for, then?

Well, this girl did have good clothes, fine and dainty and ladylike, not a bed-fussy; and by the time we'd went down to breakfast the second morning I could a-told you every stitch she had made, from her little bed-slippers to the one-piece dress of tan linen she'd put on for the exercises. My dear, but she was the prettiest thing! The frilled white lace cap she wore, 'count of being in and out the chapel so much, made her look like a young girl. We hadn't talked, but I knew her name was Irene Blair from the tag on her satchel; and I suspected she was a stenographer or business woman of some sort. You can usually tell 'em, they're so capable acting.

But she wasn't happy. Her mouth look just like Frankie's does when he's getting ready to say "I won't!" And it kept getting more so all the time. Father Kelly'd said the Mass that morning, and I saw him stop her as we came out from breakfast. He appeared to be arguing with her: for at first she shook her head, stubborn; and then seem to give in, reluctant-like. He came to talk to me afterwards.

"You look after Irene Blair a little, Miss McNeil," he says. "She tells me you and she are in the same room, and she's homesick. She never made a retreat in a convent before, and she feels so out o' place she'd made up her mind to leave today."

"I know she won't happy," I say, "but Father, what can I do?"

He laughed at that.

"How should I know?" says he. "You womenfolks have your own way o' doing things. Don't break the silence too much; and say a few prayers for her in the chapel. I want she should finish this retreat; her father was one o' my school chums."

I was all ruffled up in my mind when I went into the chapel for the first sermon. But I set by her and smiled; and afterwards I said a decade o' the Beads for her. Then I

went down to the nursery to see how the baby was, and forgot all about her for a while.

They was three or four o' 'em there and one of the Sister's and two Sodality girls that are kindergarteners. They was playing some game in a circle, but Dickie just nacherly jumped up and run to me. I picked him up and cuddled him; and he snuggled his head on my neck, like a little tot will. When I looked up Irene Blair was standing in the doorway with the stungriest look on her face I ever saw. "Well," says I to myself, "she like, children, that's one thing."

The other mothers went back to their homes at nights, and took the young ones; but my Dickie'd been visiting before; and he's good at a kitten, anyway. So he had a trundle bed right beside mine; and I put him to bed just before supper, though I generally had to eat at second table 'count of it; gave me a chance to say the Beads again, though, while I was getting him quiet.

He'd just got off to sleep, with one end o' my Rosary in his fat little fist, when Irene come in.

"Oh, ain't you been down yet?" she says. "I can't talk like she did. City folks certainly do have a way with 'em."

"No," says I. "Did you want me? S'pose we go down together?"

"To supper, yes, but not to chapel. If I hear another lecture today, I'll scream," and she quirked her mouth as stubborn as any kid you ever saw. Well I didn't try to coax her, though she did go in with me for Benediction; but you can bank on it I didn't waste any time getting upstairs when night prayers was over. She was fiddling with something in her bag.

"Do you mind if I leave the light burning a little longer longer?" says I. "Helen" (that's my oldest girl) "is going to stop by tomorrow for these socks, and they ain't darned yet."

"I wish you'd let me help you," she answers coaxing-like. "And do you mind if I talk?"

So I got out my darning, and straightened the covers over Dickie, and we settled down as cozy as you please; and the first I knew she up and told me the whole thing.

"I'm 'Pitchy-Patchy' all right," says I, laughing a little. "But three boys make a heap a-darnin'. And that ain't saying Helen can't darn, for she can; but she's young yet, and she ain't learned to slack. She'd take a whole morning darnin' one pair o' her father's socks; and then where'd Leo and his brothers be? There's a heap in knowing when to slack onthings."

"Pitchy Patchy?" says she, darnin' away.

"Yes, 'That was one o' my grandmother's stories,—but the old man that had had three wives, and one of 'em patched ad mended, and one ties the holes up any old way, and did nothing at all. Well, he used to go and pray at their graves on dark nights, and he'd say real fervent: 'Lord rest Pitchy Patchy! Lord rest Knitty-Knotty!' An' then, just as ugly as ever he ever be could: 'Old Scratch take 'em all!'"

She laughed at that.

"Well," she says, "I must have been Pitchy-Patchy most o' my life then. Father died when I was real little, and mother and me brought up my two sisters. They're married and gone now, and she's dead. But seems to me there never was enough. We patched and patched and patched, and darned and darned and darned. Oh, how I hated it! Never any good thing nor any pretty clothes like a young girl has a right to have. When I got my first job and got started, I gave the girls a little better than I had though, and made mother's last days easy. Now they're gone, and a year ago I met the Man. He's the most wonderful man in the world, 's' Mr. McNeil; the biggest and the sanest and the kindest-hearted. He's made his own success; but he's so big he wants the other fellow to succeed, too. There's millionaires in this country proud to have him for a friend. And he's been the making o' me. I was just an ordinary stenographer when I went into his office. You wouldn't believe the things he's taught me. And now"—her face got all pink and tender and sparkly,— "now he loves me."

"My dear," I says, "I can see you love him, too."

"Oh, I do! Oh, Miss McNeil, don't you believe every woman has a right to her happiness, to love and a home and—children?"

She stopped, and the tiredness came in her eyes again, and the "I won't!" look to her mouth.

"He's divorced," she says. "He's not a Catholic and he's divorced."

"My dear," I begun.

"Oh," says she, all fierce in a minute, "it wasn't his fault! His wife was a cat. He's the finest, truest man, and she almost broke his heart. Then she wanted her freedom and he gave it to her, and took the world's blame himself. He's never had a home or happiness or children."

Well, I said nothing to that. I know such things do happen; the man ain't always to blame when a family goes to pieces that way. So I kept on darnin', still saying nothing. After a minute or two she begins again:

"I dunno what I'm here for, 'cause I've made up my mind to marry him. I shouldn't have come at all if I hadn't met Father Kelly on the street last week. He made me promise I'd make this retreat. But it'll be the last. The Man's coming for me Friday morning in his car, and we're going to drive out to G— and be married by the Justice of Peace. I don't care!" She jabbed her needle

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vicious into Frankie's stocking. "I had enough of religion and poverty when I was a girl. I won't go back to it. I got a right to my happiness. And, O Miss McNeil, surely I got a right to give him his!"

Now, laws are cruel things—they have to be sometimes or they wouldn't be laws. But you can't say that to a young thing with her mouth all twisted up with pain. And, thinks I to myself, what if it was my Helen? So I got up to put my mending away, and patted her shoulder soft like. She caught my hand and held it tight.

"I wish you'd let me finish those stockings for you," says she, kind of laughing and crying together. "I promised Father Kelly I'd stay till the end, and I'm going to; but I'm near crazy thinking. It'd be a relief to have something to do."

"You poor child!" says I. "Of course you're going to stay. And it's glad enough I'll be not to have 'em on my hands."

But the last thing before we went to sleep, she calls to me real soft: "Miss McNeil, don't pray for me. I'm past that."

So I could see she thought her mind was made up.

Well, I didn't know what to do indeed. Looked to me like it was a case of "Hands off!" And yet I couldn't bear to see that poor child throw her religion away like that, and her happiness with it. No more did I know what to say to her. So I took the whole thing where I take most things to be settled—to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament and to our Blessed Mother.

That was Tuesday night, and the retreat was to end Friday morning. All day Wednesday she was in and out of the chapel more or less, but mostly less, I'm sorry to say.

The sermons seemed to be the hardest for her; she'd sit a minute quiet, then she'd get restless and fidget her prayer-book, and then she'd get up and slip out. I didn't see how she could; for I love a good sermon myself, and the meditations were just beautiful. Once or twice, when we came out, I'd find her walking up and down the corridor, but most of the time she spent at the window in our room, and busy enough, too; for there was a whole pile of stockings on the foot of my bed at night, mended as neat as you please, and folded up.

"Why don't you take to the retreat master?" says I, when we was undressing. "Maybe he'd know a way out. Sometimes marriages ain't as solid as they look, nowadays."

"It's no use," says she. "I'd go to a priest in the city. Their marriage was valid all right. He said I should stop seeing the Man. A priest can't understand."

I stopped with my brush in my hand and give her a look.

"Don't you be so foolish as to think that," I says. "There's a good many kinds of love, my dear; and when a man's heart is full up with the love of God and men, and his hair is as grey as this priest's is, you needn't worry none about his not understanding things."

Thursday night we was to keep Holy Hour before the Blessed Sacrament exposed. We'd nearly all been to confession during the day, and were get ready for Holy Communion the next morning.

The retreat was just about over. I was rather tired, I can tell you; for it's no easy job to sit and look yourself in the face that way. But I ain't been happy since the day I made my first Communion. Seems just as if I'd taken hold o' life all over again, and got it by the right end this time; so the little things didn't look so plaguy big.

Dickie'd gone to sleep with my Beads tight in his fist, and I went back to get 'em before the Hour began; so that's how I come to know Irene's bag was packed and her hat and coat and umbrella laid out on the bed. She was turning away from the mirror as I opened the door, and I caught just a flash of the color in her cheeks and the sparkle in her eyes. Then, like pulling down a curtain, her face changed. I knew she didn't want to talk to me, and I didn't need nobody to tell me she had heard from the Man, and he was coming to take her away that night 'stead o' Friday morning, as they had planned. And all the love and kindness and patience our Lord had been giving her just wasted,—thrown back in His face, so to speak. Sometimes I wonder how our Lord can stand to have us underfoot, the way we treat Him.

Says I to myself: "You'll go down there and be decent to Him this once. Miss Irene Blair—you in His own house, and all!—If I got anything to say about it!" And I walks over and takes hold of her arm.

"Wait till I get my Beads, and we'll go together," I told her, as innocent as a pie, never letting on I'd noticed. "Dickie's got 'em. My youngsters mostly have gone to sleep that way, 'cause it seemed as if that was the only hour in the day I could get ten minutes quiet to say 'em. Likely as not, I wouldn't get more'n two decades even then, what with their little fat hands hanging onto 'em; but I guess the Blessed Mother understands."

I was just talking against time, so she couldn't edge in a "No," and I never let loose of her arm. Her face softened again wonderful when she looked down at Dickie, where he lay with my Rosary hugged against his cheek. Dickie's a pretty baby, but I declare I don't know which was the prettiest then—him all flushed and sweet with his nap, or her with that warm rosy light shining right straight from her heart. And her hand went up to the locket she wore,

that I knew had the Man's picture in it. Well, my own heart just ached for her, to think what she'd suffer either way.

I got her down to the chapel in one of the back pews; and me between her and the aisle, so she couldn't get out. But by that time, if she'd been my Frankie, I'd've expected her to stamp her feet and yell, from the set of her mouth; and one minute I'd want to shake her, and the next my eyes would be full o' tears.

I tell you that meditation was all mixed up for me. The Agony in the Garden was the subject o' course, but mostly it was about God's love for us and the way we ought to love Him. I never was about, but two or three things out of that one kind o' struck in my mind ever since. He made God's love seem pretty real, that priest did. He had all along, for that matter; but that night, talking about the Passion, and all these years our Lord's been staying with us in the Blessed Sacrament, he made you realize something about what it meant. And he said those of us that was mothers could understand when he said that the biggest part of that love was the keeping on—perseverance, you know,—just keeping on, day after day and year after year loving us and watching over us.

"But then Irene moved in her seat kind of restless, and my mind goes off to a tangent thinking about her. Dear Lord! the poor child! Seems as if folks do have all the hard things to do in the world. She sat there with her lips shut tight and her eyes hard, trying not to listen to the priest. But 'twan't easy. I guess it never is, turning your back on God."

"And the truest truth in the world," the priest was saying when my mind came back to him, "is that God loves you—each of you,—and that He wants your love. You build your life on any other notion and you'll build it on a lie. He wants your real love, not the praying, long prayers kind, but the love that jest keeps on from day to day, doing the hard things for Him as well as the easy ones."

And Irene Blair was listening to that, and looking up at the Blessed Sacrament; but she was thinking about another sort o' love, and strain- ing her ears to hear that automobile.

"Dear Sacred Heart," I says, "don't you let her do it! You know how miserably she'll be! Don't you let her!"

When Benediction come she knelt with the rest of us, and her face went down on her two hands, that was clinched so hard the knuckles showed white. And jest as the priest closed the Tabernacle, an auto slowed down outside, and I heard the downstairs door slam.

She jumped to her feet and grabbed my hand, and says she: "Come with me! Quick! It's the one I've been expecting!"

She near ran down those stairs, but she never let go of me. He was waiting for her with the Mother Superior. Land! I don't wonder at her loving that man—the sort o' face you pray God your own boy'd give when he's grown up, and the love in his eyes.

"Horace," says she, "O my dear! I can't go,—I can't go ever! It kills me to hurt you, but I can't!"

"Come with me! Quick! It's the one I've been expecting!"

"No," says she. "You should've seen her eyes—so loving and quiet and brave. 'No! This is good bye. Many a time you've said to me, no man could build a real business success without truth; and marriage is the same. Don't you see, dear? I'd have to lie to God and myself to come to you. And the children, O Horace! I might give up my own faith, but I can't give up theirs. I can't steal it away from them before they come into the world. I—I—"

She chokes up all of a sudden and gives him both of her hands. "Good-bye, dear!" says she.

Well, that was the end of it, or almost. She went home with me Friday morning after she had a long talk with the priest and the next week she went to New York. I got a letter from her there only last week, signed "Pitchey-Patchy," and as gay and bright as you please. She's what they call nursery matron in a day nursery in the Eye-talian Quarter. And says she: "Be glad mended to do now, and our Lord is helping me to just keep on, no matter how I feel. Our retreat master wrote me that he'd jest received the Man into the Church."

But the thing I can't get through my head is her thinking Dickie and me is the cause of it all.

BE TENDER TO THE OLD

How few in the hurly-burly of the world's affairs pause to reflect upon the sadness, the sorrows, the loneliness and heart-hunger of those who have been swept aside by the current of the years into the neglected eddies of old age? Surely, though Cicero has discoursed so elegantly on the beauties of the evening of our human life, there is more of melancholy reminiscence than of philosophic joy in the period of physical decrepitude. Divorced from the active pursuits of the teeming, vital, enthusiastic tumult of existence about them, the aged sit apart with helpless hands and dream upon the years ago with all the vanished hopes, loves, aims, and glories of their youth.

Happy they who have such pleasant retrospect! Too often it occurs that some old couple have toiled and slaved and sacrificed during all the

years that make up the three score and ten, only to have the shadows of loneliness and desolation make night of life before the night of death.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

CARDINAL O'CONNELL

ON GENUINE CHARITY

To grasp the real import of human life one must have sentiment as well as intelligence. He must, in a word, have soul as well as mind. Intelligence, mind, is always seeking to reduce everything to a formula, the dead level of mere abstraction, with the result that the whole world is converted into a schoolroom, and a very uncomfortable one at that.

To the men of mere mind, all the wonderful experiences of life are mere data from which abstract deductions are drawn with the inflexible logic of the grim pedagogue, and these rigid deductions are again grimly applied to all emergencies, whether or not they fit. The results, as might be expected, are seldom satisfactory and very often utterly stupid.

This is invariably the attitude of the schoolmaster unless corrected by a very large dose of wholesome human sentiment. The more the schoolmaster attitude prevails in any community, the more inevitably will prevail this utterly tyrannical and utterly stupid method of dealing with human life and all its various forms and incidents.

Behold the process. Nothing is more ineffectual. You sit at your desk, tabulate records, add up the column, strike the average, and then send out a policeman to apply it to every man, woman and child he meets.

LUDICROUS RESULTS

That ought to produce results, and so it does—perfectly ludicrous ones, to all except the pedagogue who has lost all sense of humor long ago. Now there is one institution in the world which has always resisted the attitude of the schoolmaster in dealing with human life. It is the Church.

As a consequence, the schoolmaster, as a rule full of his own importance, has cherished a secret spite for her influence upon real human life.

The Church is a mother. She consequently knows and sympathizes with her family and keeps her eye on the pedagogue with his myopic vision, rigid face, and his hand on his ruler. When, as often happens, he attempts to make round plugs fit square holes, she reminds him that the world is not a little red school house, and that humanity is a family, not a formula.

"Put on your glasses and look out of the window," she says to him. "Do you see the landscape? How lovely it stretches out before us with its rolling hills and pretty valleys? The very essence of its beauty is variety, and variety means inequality. You, with your stupid averages and tabulated figures, would you ruin the glory of nature by pulling it all down to a dull monotony? My children, God's precious gifts, would you deal with them as if they were wooden images. Can't you see that the poverty of some of them is infinitely more beautiful, yes, more splendid, than the guilty wealth of others."

"Can you not understand that there are some weaknesses which are far less harmful than many boasted virtues? Do you think you can make all men equally efficient? Even if you could, what would you do with this perfectly equalized efficiency? Do you think there are to be no valleys in human life, as there must be if there are to be any hills?"

If the schoolmaster can have his way the beauty of human life will consist in putting us all on perfectly symmetrical benches before him and getting us all to recite in perfect unison the multiplication table—first forward and then backward; and for complete relaxation from this somewhat fatiguing task we should at perfectly exact intervals, be allowed to rise in our places, our hands by our sides and our heels well together, and say with perfect ly well regulated voices, "The Origin of Species." What a world this would be if the perfect pedagogue had his perfect chance!

Now we are in real danger of this sort of thing in American life unless we are well on guard. When the mother gives up her rightful place to the schoolmaster, alas for the child. There is a penalty lurking behind exaggerated material prosperity. It is the extinction of human sentiment.

REPORTS NOT EVERYTHING

When men are too busy counting money to play with their children they must pay for it. When they have finished the counting they will have lost their children. When a community is so occupied as to turn over its human problems to the professional social worker, trained along purely mathematical lines, it will find at the end of a certain period of time that all the problems of crime and poverty and unrest have been solved completely—on paper—the reports are all perfectly accurate, and if it then gets a moment to put on its spectacles and look out of the window instead of at the report, it will find that the same problems are still there and nothing much really has been accomplished, except the printing.

GOD HIMSELF IS CHARITY

It is a word sanctified by twenty centuries of holiest and noblest usage. No other word can take its place—no other words means the same. But it must go. The decree is launched. By whom? By those who would, if they could, put blind force in the place of God, and the university president or the professor of psychology in the place of Christ. Well, the word charity will not go. We know the trick now. Charity will stay. It is not, and you shall not make it by your two-step process, a vanished noun.

Charity is as dear to us as God, for God Himself is charity. Social service is not charity, never can be charity. Social service is at best an avocation. Oftener, in fact quite generally, it is an easy job. It is not a job, but a play, a diversion, even if it then gets a moment to put on its spectacles and look out of the window instead of at the report, it will find that the same problems are still there and nothing much really has been accomplished, except the printing.

and the well paid posts they fill, the people are growing into a silly sense of security that reports are everything.

Now, I do not want to be misunderstood. I do not believe that reports are everything. I do not believe that reports are nothing. I think they are between everything and nothing—something. They are a beginning; of themselves they settle nothing. They may be a source of information if read aright. They may be completely erroneous if not read aright. The whole difference lies in just that which exists between the attitude toward humanity of the exacting, perfectly mathematical schoolmaster, and that of the intelligent, kind-hearted Christian mother. It is the difference which exists between the exceedingly clever and perfectly methodical social worker and the Sisters of Charity.

SENTIMENT AND INTELLIGENCE

I am not considering social service much less the social servant. I am only pointing out that it is not the whole story—not everything. The perfect thing, pretty nearly everything, would be the combination of both—social worker and Vincentian—whether male or female. That is the experienced and intelligent, and good Christian.

"When I hear some of the silly talk which comes occasionally from these superficial, scientific sociologists about conditions in the slums, I have to smile because I am thinking of what the honest poor have told me of their views of the other side of the picture. It seems so obvious to thousands of people, forced by circumstances to live in crowded districts, that clean hearts are far more important than clean streets.

There is a little hill town in Italy where the social morality of the men and women is well known to be well nigh perfect. I shall never forget how one of its inhabitants described to me his fury at seeing the turned up nose and air of superiority of an American woman, twice divorced, who didn't like the lack of hygienic conditions in the back yards. Her reputation smelted to heaven on two continents; but she was most concerned about the proper disposal of garbage in out of the way villages. Any one can learn the contents of a book on social science, but not every one who knows the book can do real service.

"To come back to my first sentence. "To grasp the real import of human life one must have sentiment as well as intelligence"—sentiment that is regulated, guided and directed by Divine light, sentiment that is inflamed by Divine love, and that sentiment is Christian charity. The attempt now for some time persistently being made to crowd the word Charity out of the dictionary is a very clever manoeuvre. But it will not succeed. The attempt is not at all mere accident, it is systematic. It arises from that antipathy felt for the supernatural by those who would persuade man that mere human means are everything in life.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS NAME OF PATRICK

The method is not novel. It consists in the old proverbial one of giving a dog a bad name and then hanging it or shooting it. It is a sort of juggling of words which might be called a verbal two-step: First step, give the word an opprobrious sense; second step remove the debris.

Here is an instance at hand. Patrick, meaning patrician, a noble name—but Patrick was the name of Ireland's patron saint. If you hate saints, you will have one motive for removing all honor from the name of Patrick. If you hate Ireland, you will have another powerful motive. So you begin by getting people to laugh at Paddy; and, as parents don't like to have their children's names laughed at, the spineless ones, the time-serving ones, will not call their sons Patrick any more, but, well—we shall say Waldorf or Oswald—names which mean as much to a Celt as Chin-Chin does to a Bostonian. Nevertheless, the trick works and little by little the noble and beautiful and illustrious name of Patrick disappears, until a generation arrives that sees through the contemptible trick and brings back the proud name into its old high honor again.

Now you begin to see what is going to happen to the word charity if we allow this trick to be worked under our eyes. Charity means love. In the Christian sense, love has for its highest object God. In that sense nothing can exclude God from love. Charity, therefore, means love of God prompting love of our fellow-man. This is the word which thrilled Christianity in the ages of faith, which rescued the slave, which aided the unfortunate.

A CIVILIZATION WITHOUT GOD

If only all the parlor philosophers and the parlor sociologists and the glasshouse optimists could be ordered to go to the front and stay there long enough to become genuine and sincere, and lose their false halos in the blaze of artillery, the world would be rid, at least for the rest of this generation, of some up-to-date fallacies and cure-all sociologies.

The one thing that England and Germany will not realize before this is all over is, that the application of the latest up-to-date philosophy has landed them both back before the Middle Ages. What sort of progress is this new up to date sort? Where is the advance of these modern nations which are content to rush blindly two steps onward and then take four backward? This is precisely what they are bound to do in a civilization without God. This is precisely what modern sociologists will do when they attempt to substitute social service for charity. We want first of all Christian charity, and then all we can learn of really tried and proven and approved modern methods. We want absolute unity in all the works of Catholic charity in the diocese. With that unity, with the spirit of true charity well organized and well ordered, we can accomplish with hundreds what others fail to do with millions.

We want those who have means—not for luxury or waste of selfishness or greed, but the welfare

social service and Christian charity. You may keep if you will, your terminology, but you will never again destroy ours. That is gone forever. It will never succeed again. The vogue of that particular verbal two-step is passed.

But I wish we could be sure that we had entirely escaped the contagion all about us of putting mere human service in its place. I have not once, but several times, noted with pain that some of those immersed in the atmosphere have suffered, if not asphyxiation, at least some symptoms. The time honored and well tried methods of Catholic work among the poor are not quite up to date. We get a few pages quoted to us from the text books to prove the superiority of scientific methods.

RUNNING AFTER PADS

We want to know and we do know whatever there is to be known about everything of real value in sociology. I say we do know them, and when they are real value, we mean to apply them. But it is the merest nonsense to ask us to approve and experiment with every fad that the newest faddist puts into print.

What has the Vincentian to learn even today from any of your modern professionals?

What is needed among us is less prattling about fads and more real work along approved lines. Do you remember the occasional youngster among us who talked through his nose with a twang to pretend he was a Yankee? What a surprise it must have been to him afterwards to learn that educated Yankees do not talk through their noses! He had, therefore, to unlearn the twang.

Well, the same thing is happening among that sort of scynophant in everything. The weak-kneed Catholic who is now so eager to run after every fad in social service will find after a while, if he is fortunate enough to finally reach the higher strata, that the best moderns in social work are unlearning a lot of fads and are studiously copying Catholic methods.

What is needed today among all classes of Catholics here in America is more confidence in themselves and less wary imitation and spineless subservience to what is called the spirit of the age, this up to dateness, this yesterday civilization with its cocksure methods and its empty boastfulness. By this time the world ought to realize that what is most needed today is not a new batch of fads but a glance backward at the ages of faith.

A LIFE AND DEATH STRUGGLE

I wonder how the authors of all the new philosophies and the new religions predicting universal happiness, immediate and unending in this wonderful twentieth century, now feel as they look out over a world of devastation and ruin. According to them, the whole world was to be transformed suddenly by the brilliant light of modern learning into a blooming Paradise. Well, it has been transformed—into a desert waste.

The two great nations which for half a century had claimed the monopoly of intelligence and cleverness and learning are now, God help them, both in the last throes of the bitter life and death struggle the world has ever known. Do you think that the intellectuals will at least feel humbled and diffident? Why not at all. They are all busy again flooding the world with new recipes for Utopia. That is their business, and they will find as many new dupes as the latest and best advertised of quack patent medicines.

The word will always want a Barnum. What is really needed is a good strong dose of vigorous, genuine, fervid and thorough medievalism. They are erecting wayside shrines and Calvaries in the streets of Protestant and Puritanic London because the Englishmen returning from the horrors of the trenches have seen through all the hideous barrenness of modern British materialism, and they at least can never again offer the patent medicine. That is incense to the money gods. That is a good symptom. It is perhaps the best thing that this awful catastrophe will have achieved.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE CLUB. Valentine Williams. The Countess of Glosowood. Translated. Drops of Honey. Rev. A. M. Grisel. Father de Lisle. Cecilia M. Caddell. The Feast of Flowers and Other Stories. Selected. The Lamp of the Sanctuary and Other Stories. Selected. The Little Lace-Maker and Other Stories. Miss Taylor. Lost Genevieve. Cecilia M. Caddell. The Little Follower of Jesus. Rev. A. M. Grisel. The Miner's Daughter. Cecilia M. Caddell. Nanette's Marriage. Aimée Mazerolle. Never Forgotten. Cecilia M. Caddell. One Hundred Tales for Children. Canon Christopher von Schmid. Oramika, an Indian Story. Translated. Our Daub Pets—Tales of Birds and Animals. Selected. The Orphan of Moscow. Mrs. James Sadler. The Peirle Boy. Rev. John Talbot Smith. The Pearl in Dark Waters. Cecilia M. Caddell. The Queen's Confession. Raoul de Navery. Rosalind. Translated by Sister of Mercy. The Rose of Venice. S. Christopher. Seven of Us. Marion J. Constance. Sophie's Troubles. Constance de Segur. Stories for Catholic Children. Rev. A. M. Grisel. Tales of Adventure. Selected. The Two Cottages. Lady Georgiana Fullerton. The Two Stowaways. Mary G. Bonesteel. Uriel. Sister M. Raphael. Virtues and Defects of a Young Girl at Home and at School. Ella M. McMahon. LAUGHTER AND TEARS by Marion J. Brunow. It should be added to all our libraries for the young. IN THE TURKISH CAMP and Other Stories. By Konrad Koenig. From the German, by Mary Richards Gray. BLUE LADY'S KNIGHT, THE. By Mary F. Nixon.

of others as well as of themselves—to co-operate with those who have the will to aid others but lack the means.

We have right among us wonderful examples of both, the well-to-do who never forget their duty to others, and the poor who give themselves because they have not money. God will bless them both, does bless them both abundantly.

SELFISHNESS OF THE RICH

Alas! must I say it? We have those also who have grown more and more wealthy every year until they are now rich, and yet continue to dole out the same half-penny alms of earlier days.

We are all glad when our people at last come into a share of the good things of the world, if only it does not serve merely to congeal their blood and freeze their better natures. No one in the whole history of the world ever lost anything by Christian charity. It is only those who never give or who refuse to act out a good impulse that lose inevitably.

I do not hesitate to say, much as I want our good people to succeed in prosperity, that there are some now rich to whom the loss of their money would be the very best thing that could happen to them. At least the crust of silly pride which prosperity has raised around their former selves would be broken, and they would be again genuine, sincere and truly refined—qualities which money seems to have entirely destroyed in them. Be not deceived. We must keep our hearts warm, our blood red, our love aglow, or pay the penalty.

That penalty only begins here in arrogance and coldness. It ends in blindness. Many a woman is utterly destitute with plenty about her. She has filled her life with vain things and she sits amid the ashes of illusion.

So let our men and women already interested in our charities redouble their zeal and enlarge their field. Let them awaken in their friends and acquaintance—a similar love for activity and unselfishness. We want, above all things, good will. We want, under direction, to work according to approved methods, to work as energetic warm hearted Christians.

The world has its philosophies, which generally arrive at nowhere. We have the gospel of charity. Its end is God.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

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One should not always say all one thinks, but one should always think all one says.—Madame de Lambert.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1917

**"ENGLAND"**

What different emotions are stirred by that single word—England. Now, indeed, in the throes of deadly war, it is quite natural that each struggling nation should be taken as typifying what we conceive to be its dominant motive. But even at other times when passion is dormant, when the blood is cool, and the mind unclouded—in any other sense than as a geographical term—there would be in different minds an astonishing diversity of meaning, in different hearts widely varied sentiments aroused by the word "England." For into that word there is compressed long centuries of history—history affecting more or less intimately every family of the human race. And history is viewed from many angles.

Of one's own country one is apt to have a fairly accurate conception. But there is a temptation, a tendency, to personify a foreign country. And to this fictitious personality we are prone to attribute the characteristics, the views, the crimes even, of a long historic past.

It becomes easy in this way to feel towards a nation as we might feel toward a single person—distrust, resentment, hatred, fear. A whole people now living are made responsible for centuries of past history by a mere figure of speech.

Elsewhere, under the title "The British Oligarchy," we reproduce part of an article, "What People think about the War," by the famous English writer, H. G. Wells, in the Saturday Evening Post.

Trying to explain to Frenchmen the meaning of "England" Mr. Wells illustrates the "grip of a certain narrow and limited class upon British affairs." To loosen that grip "is the problem that every decent Englishman is trying to solve today."

"It holds the class schools; the class universities; the examinations for our public services are its class shibboleths; it is the church, the squirarchy, the permanent army class, permanent officialdom; it makes every appointment; it is the fountain of honor; what it does not know is not knowledge; what it does not do must not be done. It rules India as its back garden; it will wreck the empire rather than relinquish its ascendancy in Ireland. It is densely self-satisfied and instinctively monopolistic. It is on our backs; and, with it on our backs we common English must bleed and blunder to victory."

Over and over again, as our readers are well aware, we have pointed out this truth so far as Ireland is concerned. The people of England, "every decent Englishman," every man of that greater Britain which has supplied these five million volunteers, have shown their sympathy for the Irish people, and have again and again in many a hard fought electoral campaign decided that it was their desire and their will that justice be done to Ireland.

To acknowledge this, to bear it in mind and in heart is the truest Irish patriotism. It was not the English people who made fish of the Ulster volunteers and flesh of the Irish volunteers. It was not the English people who hailed with delight the flouting of authority and the imprisonment of the police at the gun-running of Larne; and saw treason justifying the murders of Bachelor's Walk in the gun-running of Louth. It was not the English people who brutally executed the poets and visionaries who led the Dublin rising. It was the "oligarchy so invincibly fortified" of whose spirit in Ireland Maxwell and the murderous Bowen-Colthurst were the embodiment. It is consoling to

think that it was this shameful Prussianism that dealt the deadliest blow to Ascendancy which it has ever received. It is easy to understand even while we heartily deplore the effect on Irish sentiment. But he is no true patriot who deepens the ranking sense of injustice of Irish men at home or abroad by attributing all the mistakes and crimes past and present of a small ruling class to—"England."

This slipshod use of a figure of speech is largely responsible for increasing the difficulty and delaying the solution of the Irish problem. It is, of course, true that "Ireland," also, has been similarly personified and thus deliberately misrepresented by the class who would "wreck the empire rather than relinquish its ascendancy in Ireland."

It is well to heed Mr. Wells and to grasp the deep significance of his words when he says:

"It becomes more and more imperative that the foreign observer should distinguish between this narrower, older official Britain and the greater, newer Britain which struggles to free itself from the entanglement of a system outgrown. There are many Englishmen who would like to say to the French and the Irish and the Italians, and India—who, indeed, now feel every week a more urgent need of saying—'Have patience with us.' The Riddle of the British is very largely solved if you will think of a great modern liberal nation seeking to slough an exceedingly tough and tight skin."

It is an infinite pity that the "narrower, older official Britain" should have been able to darken with doubt, suspicion and distrust "the one bright spot" during this awful time of trial. But when the triumph of liberty and democracy has been achieved Ireland will recognize that her true patriots were those who like John Redmond sought to allay ill-informed resentment and promote understanding, sympathy and loyal cooperation with the great modern England who while fighting the battles of freedom has yet to free herself from the grip of "a narrow and limited" and "invincibly fortified" privileged class which still rules in England as well as in Ireland.

**THE ALLIES' REPLY TO PRESIDENT WILSON**

In striking contrast with the Teutonic reply to Wilson—indeed in contrast also, with their own vague and disappointing reply to the German peace proposal—is the definite, clear-cut and masterly exposition in response to President Wilson's famous peace Note. After a good deal of resentful misunderstanding and misrepresentation of the American Note on the part of the press, it is refreshing to find that the sober judgment of those who guide the destinies of the Allies in this great war has rightly understood the spirit of the Note and realized the opportunities which it offered of placing squarely before the world, neutral and belligerent, the Allied aims and objects and consequently the conditions of peace.

It may seem at first blush the outline of terms such as might be imposed if the Allies were completely victorious. Closer examination reveals that there is ample ground for serious negotiation on the part of the German Allies without forfeiting self-respect or any vital national interest. By this is not meant, of course, the dreams or ambitions of German militarism.

For instance: "The restitution of provinces or territories wrested from the Allies in the past by force or against the will of their populations."

Here we have a supremely just basis of adjustment: the will of the people who are themselves concerned. Whether Alsace-Lorraine would prefer to remain German or to become French; or whether the French-speaking portion go to France and the German-speaking part to Germany is a matter which can be decided fairly and equitably only by the voice of the people concerned. And so the Slav populations of Austria should have the preponderant voice in deciding their own national destiny.

This has well been called "a new declaration of independence in behalf of civilization." For the cornerstone of the American Declaration of Independence is that "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." This declaration of the Allies is the death-knell of the imperialism which rests on force. It stirs the conscience and thrills the heart of all freedom-lovers throughout the world.

But the conscience of the world will not stand for two weights and two measures in this matter. Roumanians, Slavs and Czechs can have no inherent national rights that may be shamelessly denied to Irishmen.

Again the Reply lays down the principle that all peoples, great or small, have the right of enjoyment of full security, of free economic development and guarantees of land and sea frontiers against unjust attack.

This is a tremendously important principle destroying utterly the chief ground of appeal to the German people to continue the War because their enemies desire the destruction of their national existence.

Regarded as the maximum rather than the minimum demands of the Allies there is good reason to think that Germany may find in this full and frank statement a real basis for negotiation as to terms of peace.

**THE CATHOLIC RECORD AND THE CATHOLIC PEOPLE**

Occasionally we hear the querulous note of faultfinding with the Catholic people for not supporting the Catholic press. Perhaps there is ground for complaint; and perhaps the ground for complaint is not all on one side. In any case we are glad to bear testimony to the fact that the honest and conscientious efforts of the CATHOLIC RECORD have met and are meeting with generous recognition on the part of the Catholic people. The sale, moreover, of tens of thousands of Catholic books from our book department within the last couple of years is another fact which might give the faultfinders some reasons for examination of their own conscience.

Even though there be still room for improvement it may not do our "common scolds" any harm to learn that the Catholic people are actually better than any others in the matter of supporting their press. The Christian Guardian (Methodist) has this to say of the Methodist papers of the United States:

"The Christian Advocates of the Methodist Episcopal Church have been losing money recently, and losing it badly, dropping \$353,000 in the last four years. But there is another side to it. A Mr. J. W. Fisher put it this way. He said: 'I am a tanner, and have lived in the woods for forty years. But I want you all to know that I would be a backwoodsman now if it had not been for the New York Christian Advocate. That paper has made me a country-wide and world-wide Methodist. And, under the blessing of God, I personally have given to the educational and other benevolent enterprises of the Church, through the influence and information of our Church papers, more money than all the publishing deficit amounts to.' It is unfortunate that religious journals should so often be published at a deficit, but at the same time we should remember some of the items on the credit side of the ledger which do not appear on the yearly balance sheet."

Here we see that the religious press of the largest Protestant denomination on this continent is able to keep alive only with the aid of hundreds of thousands of dollars from general church funds. We know of no Catholic paper thus subsidized.

The CATHOLIC RECORD at any rate is a reputable business proposition, paying a hundred cents on the dollar without other aid than that of the generous cooperation of appreciative friends amongst bishops, priests and laity.

Those who from time to time with the best of intentions, doubtless, but without the necessary knowledge of the business side of the matter, tell us that the subscription should be reduced to \$1 a year, will find reason to modify their uninformed views on reading the account of the Methodist experience in the matter of religious publications.

Nor are the Methodists alone in this experience. The Canadian Churchman (Anglican) thus concludes an article on the subject:

"Fathers, mothers, young men, maidens, see that your library table for the year 1917 carries a copy of the Canadian Churchman, which is the only weekly Church paper that has survived many brave but fruitless ventures at church journalism in this Dominion."

The history of Catholic journalism in Canada has also its record of "many brave but fruitless ventures;" the CATHOLIC RECORD is a case of the survival of the fittest.

There is, however, an especial reason why Catholics should lead in the support of the religious press. Our environment in this country is Protestant. The secular press, honest and fair-dealing though it be, is owned, controlled and edited almost exclusively by Protestants. It cannot help viewing all things

from the Protestant standpoint. All the relations of life, our business and social intercourse, are permeated with the assumptions and principles of Protestantism. We live in a Protestant atmosphere. This state of things has its advantages. It makes for a more sturdy and vigorous Catholicism; a more thorough and more intelligent apprehension of the reason for the hope that is in us. Either that or weakening of the faith by an easy-going acquiescence in the generally accepted views prevailing around us.

The weekly visit of the Catholic paper to the Catholic home is in these conditions always of the highest utility, and generally speaking an imperative necessity, in keeping before the minds and hearts of those whose character and habits of thought and life are forming "the one thing necessary." It is a corrective of prevailing tendencies; it is a stimulus and an aid to right thinking and right living; it is an intimate Catholic influence good and wholesome in any condition, but an hundredfold more so for those who live and move and have their being in a Protestant or agnostic atmosphere and environment.

**THE FATHER FRASER FUND**

The continued generous assistance given to Father Fraser's Chinese missions is very gratifying. The great help that this fund has been to the great missionary work of our apostolic fellow-countryman will bring to the generous donors the hundred-fold reward promised by our Lord Himself.

With regard to the transmission of the contributions to Father Fraser the following letter from the Post Office Department is of interest:

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, CANADA  
 MONEY ORDER BRANCH  
 Ottawa, Jan. 3rd, 1917.

Dear Sir,—On different occasions applications have been made at Post Offices in Canada for Money Orders in favor of the Rev. J. M. Fraser, a Missionary at Taichowfu, China, but this Department has no arrangements for advising of Money Orders for payment in that place. The only offices in China on which Money Orders can be drawn are as follows, Hong Kong, including Amoy, Canton, Foochow, Hoihow and Swatow; Shanghai, including Chefoo, Hankow, Liu King Tau, (Wei-Hai-Wei), Ningpo and Tientsin. Japan has the following agencies in China: Changsha, Chinkiang, Hangchow, Kiukiang, Nanking, Pekin, Shashi, Tongku and Wuhu.

If, therefore, it is possible to furnish this information, it is requested that you will please inform this Department whether such orders could be drawn on one of the above described offices and arrangements made for the Rev. J. M. Fraser to obtain payment through some banking agency.

Yours truly,  
 F. E. S. GROUT,  
 Superintendent

It goes without saying that most of our readers know that subscriptions to this fund are sent to the CATHOLIC RECORD, acknowledged therein, and sent on to Father Fraser.

At the special request of Father Fraser himself the money is transmitted to him by personal check rather than by express order or bank draft. Accordingly the first of each month Father Fraser receives a check for the amount contributed during the preceding month. There are absolutely no charges of any kind against the fund; the last dollar and the last cent are forwarded by check to Father Fraser. As this has been going on for three years the banking agency with which Father Fraser deals has entire confidence in the financial standing of the CATHOLIC RECORD and consequently honors the checks on presentation. Presumably only those who did not understand this mode of procedure and acting without further consideration on the impulse to help Father Fraser sought to procure money orders directly in his favor.

Anyone desiring to send contributions direct must make his own arrangements.

**THE BANNING OF MIRTH AND HUMOR**

This is certainly an age of prohibition. Some things are prohibited because one has not enough money to buy them. Other things are justly prohibited because their abuse constitutes a danger to the public weal. But many things, that are neither expensive nor dangerous, are vetoed on account of the zeal of some alderman to pass a by-law. It is very interesting to watch the intense, set expression on the face of one of these gentlemen, while he awaits his turn at the council board to exhibit his new instrument of coercion. Town councils seem to be obsessed by the

idea that it is their duty to put as many restrictions as possible upon the citizens; whereas they are acting ultra vires when they restrict the liberty of any citizen in any matter that does not seriously affect the well-being of the community. The boys and girls, and even older people who had not lost the spirit of youth, used to sleigh-ride down a hill in a certain town. It was pleasant to hear their merry laughter ringing out upon the stillness of the evening air. It made one feel that the town was alive. Such dissipation and frivolity, however, was too much for some seriously minded aldermen. Hence the hill is now deserted, the movies are better patronized, and another by-law is added to our municipal code.

The same spirit seems to have invaded our Catholic life. Some very correct people are shocked at the merriment indulged in by their Polish and Austrian coreligionists on the occasion of a wedding or a baptism. "We can understand," they say, "the reason for the nuptial festivities; but why so much ado about a baptism?" Now these people are theologically wrong, and are guided not by the spirit of faith but by the spirit of the world. Even granted that matrimony is not what the small boy defined it, "a place of punishment, etc., etc.," the Polish Catholic is right in making a major feast of the christening; for a child of wrath has been made a child of God, one of his own kith and kin has claimed his heirship to the kingdom of heaven, and received the greatest of all titles.

The up-to-date Catholic couple arrange for their wedding after the manner of an ordinary business transaction, get married quietly, and have their nuptial dejeuner in the dining car. When the baby arrives they wait for two weeks, and often a much longer time, before they bring it to the church to be christened. It would be cruel, you know, to expose the poor little thing to the air any sooner. The christening is another businesslike performance; in fact it does not occasion half as much stir in the household as the advent of the baby's first tooth. O for the faith of the good old Irish mother who would not kiss her child till the regenerating waters had been poured upon its head! There may have been an overabundance of lager at the Polish christening, and perhaps the happy Irish father may have lifted his little finger once too often; but these were minor evils compared with the absence of Christian merriment from what ought to be the most joyous of festivities.

Mirth's twin sister humor seems also to have taken her departure. Subjectively speaking, our daily press is absolutely devoid of humor; but objectively, it certainly touches the funny bone. The Wit and Humor column is a misnomer and the cartoons are for the most part inane.

The really humorous portions are the editorials and the letters to the editor. The men (or often women) who write to the editor are terribly, almost painfully, in earnest. This is what makes their ebullitions so extremely funny. It is the subjective unconsciousness of humor that gives charm to what is otherwise devoid of pungency. The editorials would be equally humorous were it not that we know that the editors have some sense of discernment and do not expect that everyone will take them seriously. There is a certain grim humor, however, in the fact that so many do accept the editor's dictum on all manner of subjects as an ex-cathedra pronouncement. One favorable sign of England's sanity is that its press has preserved a sense of humor and even indulges in "merry descants on the nation's woes." If a paper in this country were to poke fun at our soldiers as Punch, for instance, does at the British Tommy, it would be accused of being pro-German. We recently overheard a man remark of a certain citizen, "I think he is pro-German." "Why do you think so?" asked his companion. "Because," he replied, "I heard him say that he did not believe that the Germans were starving." That same attitude seems to dominate the press. Its policy seems to be to caricature the enemy's weakness and wickedness as ridiculously as possible, but not to admit any imperfection or even foible in its own political and military leaders or even among the rank and file.

Humor has its source in a correct estimate of the proportion of things. The absence of it has bred a generation of men that do certainly get on one's nerves. They are so per-

sistently and perpetually in earnest, each about his own pet scheme or his own pet theory, that they consider the interjection of a bon mot into the conversation as almost a profanation. The really big men who have done things in the past never took themselves half so seriously. If the stars have a sense of humor—and some claim that inanimate things have—they must wink at each other and say, as they look down upon these little Busybodies of our planet: "Ain't they funny?"

THE GLEANER.

**NOTES AND COMMENTS**

A CORRESPONDENT for whose opinion we have ordinarily much respect, and who in the present juncture writes "not for publication," thinks we have "drawn rather a long bow," in our recent remarks on John Knox and the Scottish Reformation. He does not, he says, quarrel with the facts we cited, nor with the judgment of the eminent writers whom we quoted as authorities, but he thinks that notwithstanding the flaws in the character of Knox, the Reformation, as Dr. Bruce Taylor contends, "is justified in its results," and that these were nothing less than "the moral regeneration of Scotland," and her "transition from a semi-barbarous nation into one of the most civilizing forces of the modern world." "Knox was not, after all," he adds, "the Reformation. It was an upheaval far beyond the initiation or control of any one man or group of men."

To what extent these assertions are true does not concern us here. We have shown on the testimony of eye witnesses and of historical scholars as free from bias on the Catholic side, as they are profound in their knowledge of pre-Reformation and post-Reformation history, that the "upheaval" as our correspondent terms it, was not an upheaval at all, inasmuch as it did not come from the people. The Reformation in Scotland, as in England, was born of greed, and had its inception in the cupidity of a body of men, the nobility, who had long had an eye upon the treasures of the Church, and in the effort to enrich themselves trampled under foot every sacred and honorable consideration. In the hands of these men Knox was after all, as he found to his cost, but a tool, so far as the pillage of the Church was concerned. He clamored for his share of the spoils, it is true, but when it came to sharing the proceeds he found himself out in the cold. It was no part of the nobles' sly scheme that a mere preacher should be on their level in the matter of worldly estate. Hence, in the working out of the plot, and not by his own volition Knox ended his despicable life a poor man.

WE HAVE already shown on the testimony of the highest authorities the nature of the "results" of the Reformation in Scotland and do not feel called upon to go over them again. Our necessarily brief survey related to the period immediately following the death of Knox, and the two following centuries. "People who know only modern Presbyterianism," says Andrew Lang, "have no idea of the despotism which the Fathers of the Kirk tried for more than a century to enforce. The preachers sat in the seat of the Apostles; they had the gift of the Keys, the power to bind and loose." "What was the result? Was it really the introduction of the reign of righteousness as these precious bodies claimed? Lang, who has sifted the evidence as thoroughly as any man, concludes that "nothing less righteous could possibly be found than the condition of Scotland after the Reformation." This, the outstanding "result," our correspondent, with Dr. Bruce Taylor, conveniently passes by.

WE PURPOSELY, and for two reasons, forbore extending our remarks to cover present-day Scotland. The first reason was that so many converging elements have had their share in the making of the nation as it is today as to render comparisons invidious and the second was that it was no part of our task to wound the feelings of anybody. If one wishes to study Knox's theories in their ultimate working out, he requires but to peruse the proceedings of the annual Assemblies of the several Presbyterian bodies as they at present exist in Scotland. The tone of these proceedings is anything but optimistic. But, as to one side of the

national life, Dr. Bruce Taylor, in his Toronto St. Andrew's Day address, laid some stress, and with a citation from that discourse we are content to leave the matter. No words of ours could deepen the colors of the picture: "The Scot who returned to his native soil found blots upon the ideal. There were sad scenes on the streets of Glasgow and Dundee on Saturday nights; there were big lonely wastes of land in the country and slums and tenements, saturated with dirt and disease in the cities"—to thrust themselves upon him and make him sad. Dr. Taylor did not include these among the "results" of the Reformation of which he so proudly boasted, but no student of Scottish history can shut his eyes to the fact that such scenes as described are chargeable to the social system which had its birth in the event which he glorified.

UPON ONE clause in our remarks our correspondent has laid especial stress. We said: "Such indeed is the power of this obsession that under its influence men of intelligence and education can shut their eyes to the indubitable facts of history as chronicled even by writers of their own school, and by some process of intellectual conjuring unrevealed to the outside world, persuade themselves that black is white; that the sun rises where it sets, or that virtue stalks abroad in the habiliments of the miscreant." This is where he thinks we "draw the long bow." It is not, he avers, a true intellectual portrait of the average Presbyterian, or of any considerable section of them. "Knox was not, after all, the Reformation," and "his misdeeds, real or imaginary, are not chargeable to Presbyterianism as such, nor are adherents of that sect intellectually blind."

FACTS, HOWEVER, speak louder than words. One of the most conspicuous ministers in Scotland during the last century, Dr. Norman Macleod, Chaplain to the Queen, laid it down as a maxim that "to know Knox is to know the Reformation." But, that by the way. The strongest part of the indictment is that those who for three centuries have so conspicuously honored Knox are blinded as to his real character. We propose to cite one or two examples. McCrie, who wrote the best-known Life—a standard text-book throughout the Presbyterian world—has made his book one long panegyric. He accepts unequivocally every thing that has been said in his subject's favor, and just as unequivocally rejects every atom of evidence that tells against him. Once only is he constrained to admit that the Reformer, in his dealings with others, "recommended dissimulation." A laud writer, D. Hay Fleming, is even more indiscriminating as a panegyrist than McCrie. The best example of all, however, is the late Mr. Andrew Lang, who, while having done more perhaps than any other writer of his day to uncover the wrongs and falsehoods of the past, stumbles woefully when it comes to weighing the character of Knox in the balance with his misdeeds. If such as he has fallen under the spell should have lost their bearings altogether; with a few citations from Lang's writings we shall leave the matter.

LANG HAS written of Knox in more than one of his publications. The reflexions upon the "Reformer's" character which he made in his "Mystery of Mary Stuart" ran so counter to popular feeling in Scotland as to constrain the writer to justify his position by going more minutely into the subject. The result was "John Knox and the Reformation," a book of 280 pages in which the available evidence pro and con were pretty thoroughly sifted. We are not aware that any serious effort has been made to refute his conclusions. The book is remarkable in the main as an honest attempt to get at the facts, but whether from a feeling of necessity to offset the unpopularity which the "Mystery of Mary Stuart" brought him, by throwing a sop to his Presbyterian audience, or because he lay under the spell to which we have referred, we have, in his later book, the extraordinary spectacle of a man praised as a good and just man in the very same paragraphs in which he is exposed as an unprincipled scoundrel. We propose to illustrate this contradiction in terms by a few examples.

AMONG OTHER virtues claimed for Knox by his admirers is that of

truthfulness and straightforwardness. McOrie, as we have seen, is obliged to admit that at least once in his life he "recommended dissimulation." If that were all it would but show that Knox was human, and liable under stress of circumstance to stumble. The portrait drawn by Lang is, however, in more sombre colors. For example, the publicly expressed contention of Knox that the reformers contemplated no alteration in the attitude to legally constituted authority is characterized by Lang as "simply untrue." In another place he says that while Knox was publicly accusing the Regent, Mary of Guise (whom he hated with a thoroughly unchristian hatred) of falsehood and perfidy, he himself "displayed an extreme economy of truth," and that at all times "he used ink like the cuttlefish to conceal the facts."

AGAIN, WRITING of Knox's dealings with Queen Mary, Lang says that "he seems to have deliberately said good-bye to truth and honor," and in a general survey of his conduct avers that "the Reformer is unworthy of credit where uncorroborated by better authority." And yet, with all this, he goes out of his way in his preface to call Knox "an honest man" and his departure from truth in given instances as "a good man's power of self-persuasion."

NEXT, AS to treason and disloyalty: "Knox himself was intriguing with England against his Queen at the very moment when in his 'History' he denies it. . . His own letters prove that he, with others, was intriguing with England as early as June 1559." When it is remembered that Knox all along boasted of his patriotism and love of his native country, his efforts, as exhibited by Lang, to undermine the authority of his lawful sovereign, and to betray her cause into the hands of her sworn enemy and that of her country, deserve other epithets than those of "goodness" and "disinterestedness."

DID SPACE permit, we might go on to illustrate the character which Lang gives the "Reformer" for cowardice and potheriness, for scurrility and defamatoriness, but we pass these by for the gravest imputation of all, that of teaching murder on system. That Knox was in the plot for the murder of the great patriot, Cardinal Beaton, is one of the best known facts of history, accepted and dwelt upon in the severest terms by every candid historian. It has suited the vitiated moral sense of such writers as McOrie to gloss this over, which, in itself, amply vindicates the charge against them of moral or intellectual blindness. But the truth will not down. Lang brings the charge home in unmistakable terms, dwelling especially upon the glee with which Knox received the intelligence that the foul deed had been accomplished. "Other men," he says, "have rejoiced in the murder of an enemy, but Knox chuckled." "In telling the story of a murder which he approves," Lang goes on, "Knox unhappily displays a glee unbecoming a Reformer of the Church. The very essence of Christianity is cast to the winds when he utters his laughter over the murders of his opponents."

THE CATEGORY does not end with the slaying of the Cardinal. Knox publicly expressed his thirst for Queen Mary Tudor's blood; all his life long he espoused the doctrine of death to faithful adherents of the Catholic Faith—"idolaters" was the politest term he could apply to them. He cried aloud for some Phinehas, Helias or Jehu to shed their blood, and the doctrine that any individual Protestant might slay a Papist, he termed "most reasonable and just." Lang commenting upon such teaching necessarily characterizes it as "merely monstrous." The doctrine found exemplification in the murder of the Queen's secretary, David Rizzio, of which cowardly and unprovoked crime Knox made no drawback as to its absolutely laudable character. "Most just and most worthy of all praise" was the epithet he applied to it.

ENOUGH HAS been said, we think, to show the real character of the "Reformer," as that of a despicable and blood-thirsty miscreant. The mystery then lies here. After uncovering such foul deeds, Andrew Lang can yet bring himself to say of Knox that as "a great man; a disinterested man; a truly Christian man; fervent and considerate; of pure life; in

private character genial and amiable." What further is necessary to prove that he, no less than the rank and file of Knox's followers, labors under some unnamed spell, and is morally and intellectually blind.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

Italy has encountered another heavy naval loss. It is officially announced that the battleship Regina Margherita struck a mine on Thursday and sank, carrying down with her 875 men.

By much hard fighting the Germans still win their way toward the Sereth, not only near its mouth, between Braila and Galatz, but upstream for a distance of at least 60 miles. A number of German columns—those in the south under the direct command of Mackensen and those in Otuz Valley under Falkenhayn—are striving mightily to reach and cross the Sereth.

The most dangerous movement is that of Falkenhayn down the Otuz Valley toward the important railway town of Adjuda, situated at the junction of the Trotus and the Sereth. At this point the main railway line of Eastern Moldavia, connecting the region still held by the Russians and Rumanians between the Sereth and Pruth with Jassy, the temporary capital of Rumania, is less than twenty miles to the east of the Sereth. Should Falkenhayn cross the river in force at Adjuda he will have turned the entire defensive line of the Sereth, and a general evacuation of Southeastern Moldavia, including Galatz, will become necessary. This would leave the Rumanians in possession of not over a sixth of the area of their country.

If Hinderburg meant to invade Bessarabia and make a dash for Odessa, Russia's great grain port on the Black Sea, the tenacious defence by the Russians of the Carpathian foothills rendered that impossible before the spring break-up, which will end campaigning for a time in this region of rivers and marshes. On the Riga front heavy fighting continues.

The Germans appear to be experimenting on the eastern front with a new variety of poisonous gas discharged through lines of fire hose. A Petrograd despatch reports that in the region of Kiselin, in Volhynia, where from time to time during the past few months heavy fighting has been in progress, the enemy on Thursday directed a line of hose toward the Russian trenches. The whistle of escaping gas was heard. Then there appeared a yellowish-green, and afterwards a white cloud of gas. It failed to reach the Slav trenches because of the wind blowing along the front. There have been assertions of late that the Germans had further chemical surprises in store for the Allies. The new gas may be one of them.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

THE ALLIED CONFERENCE AT ROME A GREAT SUCCESS

ENGLAND'S COMMITTEE OF PUBLIC SAFETY

Special Cable to the CATHOLIC RECORD (Copyright 1916, Central News)

London January 13th.—This week always will be memorable for the opening of an extraordinary new chapter in the career of Premier David Lloyd George. The news papers recently have kept very quiet and there has been but scanty authoritative information, but events are proving already, and will prove more later, that his visit to Rome marks a momentous epoch in the conduct of the War. It has tightened up the Allies in any spots where there was still lack of cohesion. Especially is this true in reference to Greece, the conference resulting in joint firm action directed against that country in the shape of an ultimatum to King Constantine in which Italy heartily joined.

This is the first visible fruits of the closer co-operation produced by the visit of Premier George to Rome. Other results are expected to soon follow as it is evident that when Spring comes there must be such a simultaneous pounce from all quarters on Germany as will enforce a decision and bring the War to an end.

The hold which Lloyd George has on the popular imagination and the new spirit given to English influence by his accession to office is shown by the eulogies appearing in Italian newspapers and by the application to him of a new title, that of "Prime Minister of Europe." His dominance is shown even more by the smooth working of that committee of public safety, which he left behind, while democratic England accepted without a murmur the absolute rule of two of Premier George's colleagues, Arthur Henderson and Earl Curzon, though Curzon had to shorten his honeymoon and

exchange the role of bridegroom for that of dictator.

The Committees of Public Safety are always regarded as consisting of young men. In the Committee of Public Safety on which our present actual government of England is founded, of the three chief figures Robespierre was thirty-six years of age, Danton thirty-five, and Saint Just only twenty-seven. The four chief figures in our Committee are aged—Mr. Lloyd George fifty-three, Lord Curzon fifty-seven, Lord Milner sixty-two, and Mr. Arthur Henderson fifty-three. Yet according to the English standard, in which youth remains to a much later period than any other country, all these gentlemen are considered young, and indeed are young. I have known them all from their youth, and though there are of course changes, they still remain in essentials the same.

The Lloyd George I see today has a very different face and appearance from the Lloyd George I knew in the early nineties. Then he was a slim young man, with a thin unlined face, and small muttonchop whiskers. I do not remember ever to have paid any particular attention to his eyes. To-day the face is so striking that it could not remain unnoticed. The forehead has broadened, the mass of hair always growing long, not from habit so much as from unwillingness to give time to the barber, looks with its thick locks of iron grey like a mane. The eyes seem almost to have grown larger by the deeper and more self-confident expression that has come into them and the heavy lines all over the face are the marks of hard work, fierce fights and some profound personal troubles. But in movement, in voice, in gesticulation, in energy, he never strikes you as anything but a young man.

Coming to the second figure; I first met Lord Curzon in the famous salon of Lady St. Helier, then Lady Jeune. He was fresh from college; he looked a bright, self-confident, energetic undergraduate then. He looks pretty much the same to-day. The figure of course is broadened; he seems to me wider in shoulder; but there is still the same high complexion, the same air of almost haughty self-confidence which already revealed themselves when he was but an unknown youngster.

I heard him make his maiden speech in the House of Commons. There was of course a great deal of expectation because he had brought from the University a high reputation. The speech was not considered a success, and yet it was successful. He was evidently a victim to a very bad attack of stage fright; you could see he was speaking from a parched mouth and with nerves all a tremble. The maiden speech had also a little of the same defect as that which made Disraeli the laughing-stock of the House of Commons when he first addressed it. The florid language which the House comes to tolerate from a member who has made his place seemed pretentious to the House. The comment I heard from a Parliamentarian of his own Party, now one of his colleagues, was of Curzon was like a horse that was overtrained. In a short time, however, his very remarkable gift of speech, his extraordinary industry and his immense self-confidence asserted themselves, and I have rarely known a man perform the difficult duties of Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs—which was his first office—with more remarkable skill. His power for work passed into a legend when he was Viceroy of India. The light in his room could always be seen up to 1 o'clock in the morning, and even when he was travelling, continued in this habit in his sleeping saloon. This was the more remarkable as, though he looks very robust, Lord Curzon suffers a great deal from ill-health. Very often when he pushes forward his ample chest in the way that often excites dislike, it is the effort to triumph over physical weakness just as rudeness often is the mask by which shyness conceals itself.

Lord Milner I knew when he was Alfred Milner and lieutenant of Mr. Stead on the Pall Mall Gazette. He was then a typical young Oxford man, very handsome, very quiet, with the manner which we have always been accustomed to associate with Balliol College in Oxford. He seemed modest, clear-headed, with just a little touch of cynicism which seemed to me in contrast with the boyish face. He was more like the typical English civil servant than the journalist, and I was not surprised when he soon changed journalism for Government employment. When he returned from Egypt he looked to me both physically and intellectually a very different man. The peach-blossom bloom of youth had disappeared from the face; there already were lines; there had come a certain degree of hardness into the softness both of expression and of feature. All of which I put down at the time to the severities of a very hot climate and the tremendous hard work of a British official in Egypt. I learned afterwards that the difference in expression was due to a certain difference in outlook. Asking me once to read a book of his about the British work in Egypt, he said: "It will make you a jingo." It was this sense of the success of British control in Egypt which accounted for his attitude when he went out as Governor of South Africa; possibly if he had remained in the companionship of Stead and in the editing of the great Liberal organ, this outlook would not have changed, and we might have escaped many unpleasant chapters in English history. When

in recent years I see him in the House of Commons—especially when he has been making a speech on South African affairs—he scarcely seems to me the same as the young journalist I saw many years ago. Always dressed in the long black frock coat which every member of both Houses was supposed at one time to wear, carefully groomed, his clothes seeming to fit on him like the uniform of an official, he always suggested more the German official, half soldier, half civil servant, rather than the English politician. The lines on his face of course have deepened still more than on his return from Egypt, but in springy alertness of movement, in figure, he seems to have retained perfect youthfulness. He has an extremely well stored mind with all the learning of Balliol backed up by the versatility of the journalistic training and long and difficult experience in administration. He is also free enough from Party ties, and has had experience wide enough to liberate him from any of the ordinary traditions of English politics. His outlook is quite independent. Some of the superstitions and traditions of the men with whom he has been associated in recent years make no appeal to him. I understand that the War has completed an education in a radical direction on many formerly controverted questions. One of the problems which is now being severely contested behind closed doors is how far the greater productivity of the land may be enforced by a system of increased State control. I understand that in any measures which are necessary to produce that result, Lord Milner is passionately on the side of revolution.

Finally, Mr. Arthur Henderson is not only young in years, according to the English standard, but younger perhaps even in physical strength and energy. Of middle height, of a figure between robustness and spareness, with a healthy complexion, bright, clear eyes, he is a remarkable demonstration of the splendid and undaunted vigour which habits of severe self-control so often bestow. A life teetotaler, a moderate eater, he has a power of work and endurance which are quite remarkable. I have heard it said that when in large Labor conferences there was an unruly element that had to be brought to reason, Arthur Henderson was always put in the chair. The struggle might go on through long hours of the day; it might continue through long hours of the night, the face of the chairman showed no sign of impatience or fatigue, the eye remained clear, the complexion fresh, the voice resonant. Faction, obstruction ultimately discovered that they could not prevail against a will and a frame of such unconquerable iron, and with a fresh smile, sometimes when the night was far advanced, Arthur Henderson was able to clear up the chaos of the fragments of his exhausted opponents, and to report the triumph of his action and of sense.

These are the men on whose shoulders now lies the chief responsibility of carrying England through the war.

FEMINISM IN ANGLICAN CHURCH

A. Hilliard Atteridge, in America

When early in the summer the Anglican bishops issued the program of a national mission "to begin in the winter, the cooperation of all classes was invited, and incidentally it was stated that a special part in the work would be given to women. Then came the suggestion that under certain restrictions, women should be allowed to deliver addresses in churches. Dr. Ingram, the Bishop of London, a very zealous man, but liable to act somewhat impulsively, welcomed the suggestion, and announced that women would be invited to speak in the churches during the mission, provided they did not speak from the pulpit or from the chancel. There were immediate protests from leading men amongst his clergy and laity. The suggestion obtained very little support, and the Bishop modified it into a new invitation to duly qualified women to address meetings of women and girls, not necessarily held in churches.

The idea of women preachers was however taken up energetically by a number of ladies, some of whom had been associated with the extreme suffragist movement before the war. Already, during the earlier agitation, some of the advanced advocates of votes for women had predicted that the time would come when women would be given the full share in the ministry of the Anglican Church. At various times women had been allowed to preach in Dissenting chapels; thus, for instance, in the early years of the nineteenth century, there were still women preachers among the Wesleyans. Everyone will remember Dinah Morris of "Adam Bede," a character partly suggested by an aunt of the novelist, who was a Wesleyan evangelist, but as Dinah Morris explains in the novel, the practice of licensing women to preach was even then disappearing. In recent times the only Dissenting body that has made large use of women as preachers has been the Salvation Army, and some of the advocates of a like practice in the Church of England point to the services rendered by these Salvationists as an argument in favor of the new departure. It should be noted that there are two groups among these feminist advocates in the Anglican Church. The greater number wish

only to see women licensed to preach, much in the same way as laymen are now licensed as preachers by the Anglican bishops. Others go further and want to see women ordained to the ministry and recognized as qualified to perform all its duties.

This latter claim has been put forward very fully and fully in two articles in the Nineteenth Century, which have given rise to a good deal of discussion. The writer of the articles, Miss Picton Turbervill, has drawn forth from clergymen and laymen, not only hostile replies, but also some fairly sympathetic commentaries. In her second article she quotes the letter of a clergyman, who after reading it wrote to her: "It is a revelation to me, indeed I consider it unanswerable." It is true that she dwells chiefly upon the office of the clergy as preachers, but she does not confine her claim to this. Her argument is that "the grace of God can work freely and fully through all men and women filled with the Spirit; in the teaching of Christ there is nothing contrary to the inclusion of women in the ministry, but His attitude to women shows that they, equally with men, can be His channels of grace." Again, quoting from Canon Streeter, who had given her theory some support in an article in a church periodical she says: "God is neither male nor female, and as long as preachers are chosen from one sex only, an incomplete apprehension of the Divine is likely to be brought home to the ordinary worshipper." She concludes that the time has come for the reconsideration of the whole question.

Both in Miss Turbervill's articles and in many of the criticisms they have called forth, there is a curious evidence of the complete lack of any idea of authoritative teaching in the Church. Miss Turbervill herself boldly cuts herself adrift from all tradition and seems to believe that a new discovery as to Christ's purpose and teaching can be made after nineteen hundred years, during which the whole drift of Christian history has been in the opposite direction. An eminent London clergyman, after noting that her theory is supposed to be based on the teaching of Christ, asks the question: "Who is to decide as to what is or is not the teaching of Christ? Miss Turbervill might think one thing to be the teaching of Christ, I might emphatically deny that it is so. Her opinion is as good as mine, my opinion is as good as hers. Who is to decide between us?" The writer seems to have given up absolutely the idea of a teaching church. Probably he would deny this, but the question "Who is to decide?" is altogether unmeaning, if the Founder of the Church made no provision for the preservation of His teaching from age to age. But as a matter of fact, outside the Catholic Church, the idea of authoritative teaching is practically non-existent. As we see in this discussion, even the most fundamental questions can be reopened, and the attempt to settle them is made utterly by a personal interpretation of some text of Scripture, or sometimes by an appeal to the teaching of the Church in the first centuries, as if there had been some temporary provision for authoritative teaching which lapsed long ago, despite the clear promise that Christ would be with His Church forever.

When one comes to the arguments that Miss Turbervill and her friends put forward, one is struck by their singular irrelevancy. She makes much of the argument that one cannot predicate sex of the Divinity, but seems to leave quite out of the account the fact that God became man. She argues that because the priesthood was first conferred upon apostles who were men, it does not follow that it could not be extended to women, just as the fact that these first apostles were Jews did not prevent the priesthood later being given to Gentiles. And here she and her friends leave out of account the primary fact that first the prophets and then the Messias Himself declared that in the new kingdom there would be no difference between Jew and Gentile. But the radical weakness of the whole argument lies in the fact that it suggests a new interpretation of the teachings of Christ on a matter of primary importance and that it takes no account of the fact that for nineteen Christian centuries no such interpretation of that teaching has been known. Some of the supporters of this new claim show a remarkable ignorance of the history of the past, and even of the present practices of the Catholic Church. One Anglican clergyman indeed, put forward as an argument the strange statement that the Catholic Church already recognized the priestly office in women by allowing abbesses and superiors of convents to hear the confessions of their subjects and give them absolution. A very small acquaintance with Catholic history would have shown him that there never has been such a practice and the Holy See has on more than one occasion sternly suppressed the attempts of aspiring abbesses not indeed to discharge any priestly function, but to deliver public discourses which might be classed as sermons. Probably the reverend gentleman was misled by confounding with sacramental confession the public confession of faults against the rule made in the Chapter in religious houses, which has nothing whatever to do with either sacramental confession or the priestly office.

Happily this new delusion has not many supporters in the Anglican Church. It is entirely a movement

of a few extremists inspired by the extreme suffragist idea that whatever men can do should also be done by women. In the Catholic Church womanhood has its highest model in the blessed Mother of God, and from the first there has been a place for women who wish to devote themselves actively to the work of the Church. Since the days of the Oxford Movement the Catholic ideal has been accepted by many Anglicans with the result that more than one Anglican sisterhood has been founded, usually to carry on some charitable or educational work. But this quiet activity does not satisfy the extreme advocates of the suffragist cause. Hence the agitation of which Miss Turbervill has made herself the prophetess.

ALL CATHOLICS BEFORE MYSTERY OF DEATH

"On Friday," writes Leslie Buswell of the American ambulance corps in France, "I took down a German, wounded—a member of the Crown Prince's bodyguard. He was dying. Picture to yourself a fine, truly magnificent man, over six feet four, wonderful strength, with a hole through both lungs. He could not speak and when I got to the hospital I asked in German if he wanted anything.

He just looked at me and chokingly murmured 'Catholic.' I asked a soldier to fetch a priest and then two stretcher bearers and the doctor, the priest and I knelt as he was given extreme unction. That is a little picture I shall never forget—all race hatred was forgotten. Romanist and Anglican, we were in that hour just all Catholics, and a French priest was officiating for a dying German."

THE ADESTE FIDELES

As the "Adeste Fideles" is sung until Candlemas Day, Feb. 2, this word about its origin will be interesting.

Individual authorship of the "Adeste Fideles" may not have had the atmosphere of the monastic scriptorium breathes, however, through its melodious strophes. It is in many respects unique in Christian hymnology. More than any other church song it blends prophecy, history, prayer, exultation and praise. If it were printed side by side with the Nicene creed, it would be found an astonishing verification of that august prose.

Every line of the "Adeste" is a cadence of faith and love. Upon its cadences many hours must have been spent for the crystallization of sublime truth into crisp and dazzling syllables. "Adeste," approach; "fideles," ye faithful; "laeti," joyful; "triumphantes," victorious; "venite," come; "adoremus," let us adore; "Dominum," the Lord.

The present musical setting had its origin in 1797, and is popularly attributed to Vincent Novello, who was the organist at the Portuguese Legation in London at that time. The hymn was sung on the continent in the Latin form, which was so musical that it is memorized almost without effort. It is found continuously from the middle of the seventeenth century. It is believed that in many centers of devotion it was made also a recitation, as if in oratorio. Plays drawn from Holy Writ, were in vogue during the same period, and the "Adeste Fideles" would have been a congruous incident in, either a passion play, a miracle play or a Madonna play. It was usual in these plays to introduce the folk melodies which in every country have become the basis of the national music. As these plays were gradually prohibited by the Church on account of violation of strict decorum, which insensibly crept in, oratorio succeeded to the vacated place, and many of the melodies disappeared or were framed into new settings.—Catholic News.

PROTESTANT SOLDIER PAYS WARM TRIBUTE TO JESUIT CHAPLAIN

A private in the Levant Expeditionary Force writes to the Catholic Universe, London, from Salonica as follows: "I am writing on behalf of myself and several non-Catholic comrades. We have a Catholic priest in our brigade called Father Henry Day, S. J., and we wish to thank him through your valuable paper for his good services and kindness to us. He is a gentleman that is loved by all his men throughout his brigade, and I think that it is my duty to let the Catholic people in England know of the fine work he has done. I hear that he is late of the Holy Name, Manchester. He joined our brigade in March, 1915, and came out to Egypt with us in April, 1915. He has been up the Suez Canal, and was at Gallipoli, and was in the big yemeni charge on August 21, 1915.

when we advanced across Sale Lake towards Chocolate Hill under murderous fire from the Turks. It was here that Father Day won the hearts of all his men with his splendid work and remarkable coolness while under heavy fire. He used to walk about as if nothing was going on, and so calm. The boys used to say that it was impossible for the Turks to hit him. I believe he was also presented with the men in the yeomenry for leading them in action against a sap which the Turks held. He kept going along until his health failed him, and he was carried off Gallipoli on a stretcher with enteric fever and was taken to Egypt into a hospital. After he got well again the doctors ordered him to go to England, but he refused to leave his men, and in the meanwhile we had to withdraw from Gallipoli and go to Salonica, where he joined us upon Ash Wednesday, 1916, and here with us still, and we wish him Godspeed and safe return home."

SPAIN REJOICING OVER STATUE

Spain is rejoicing over the papal recognition given the famous statue of the Virgin of Queralt, which has been crowned as miraculously by special rescript of Pope Benedict XV. The great event brought crowds of pilgrims from all parts of Spain to the shrine which is in the diocese of Salsona and See de Urgel.

In the midst of the Spanish elite, with the Infanta Isabella representing the King, the Papal Nuncio placed a magnificent crown of gold and brilliants for which many Spanish ladies had given valued jewels on the head of the statue. The miraculous statue, which is surrounded by proofs of the devotion of the people and the efficaciousness of Mary's intercession, was then carried in procession followed by a rejoicing crowd while the children strewed flowers in the path of our Lady of Queralt.—Church Progress.

POPE PLEASED WITH AMERICAN CATHOLICS

Monsignor O'Hern, assistant rector of the American College, Rome, was received by Pope Benedict in special audience on Christmas Day and presented to His Holiness a large offering of Peter Pence from American dioceses. The Holy Father in warm terms expressed his gratitude for this proof of the continued generosity of the children of the Church in the United States, their contributions to the Peter Pence fund being especially welcome in these trying times. Their firm faith, their devotion and loyalty to the Holy See, and their unflinching liberality in helping to supply the financial needs of the central government of the Church, touched his heart deeply, and he fervently blessed them. He inquired affectionately about the health of the rector of the college, Archbishop Kennedy, the unsettled condition of which causes him much anxiety.—The Monitor.

Our faults seem small to us until we detect them in other people.

One of the fundamental principles of religion is growth. Our devotion is not very warm; if increased love and strictness do not keep pace with it.

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. Peregrine F. Stagni, O. S. M., D. D., 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.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes entries for St. Brigid's Parish, Mrs. J. McC., Miss M. A. McCart, Bryson, A Thanksgiver, A Friend, Port Hood, Thanksgiver, Eardleys, In memory of parents, In memory of sister, M. D. Chapman, A Reader of the Record, M. P. Ryan, River Ryan, Wm. Lynch, Douglas, Daniel Kehoe, Tudor.

Merchants Bank of Canada ESTABLISHED 1864 Paid-up Capital \$7,000,000 Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits 7,250,984 GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS 216 Branches and Agencies in Canada Savings Department at All Branches Deposits Received and Interest Allowed at Best Current Rates Bankers to the Grey Nuns, Montreal; St. Augustine's Seminary, St. Joseph's Academy, and St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

By Rev. N. M. Redmond

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY

DUTY OF PERSONS IN AUTHORITY TOWARD THOSE UNDER THEM

"And when Jesus had entered into Capernaum, there came to Him a centurion, beseeching Him, and saying: 'Lord, my servant lieth home sick with the palsy, and is grievously tormented.' (Matt. viii. 6.)

How truly admirable is the lesson taught all those in authority by the charitable solicitude of the centurion in behalf of his poor, afflicted servant! No sooner had his great faith suggested the idea of an immediate cure, than his charity forthwith led him to its execution. Though an officer of distinction, his solicitude was so great that, with a faith the most astonishing and sentiments the most humble, he besought our Lord to heal his servant. He had a heart worthy of one in authority, and his example should be an object of imitation for all thus interested.

All of us are members of one great family, of which God is Lord and Master. According to His good pleasure, He has placed some in higher and others in lower conditions. But whether high or low, all are but servants to Him, the great and absolute Master. In our respective conditions as servants, we are responsible to Him our Master. Those whom He has placed in a higher condition and invested with authority to govern, there is no power but from God, and especially responsible to Him for their disposition toward those over whom they exercise authority. Christians in authority should never forget that they are but higher servants of the great Master of all. The golden rule of charity, "of doing to those under them as they would like to have done to themselves," were their native conditions different, should ever be observed. Such treatment will rarely fail to gain the affections of those whose duty it is to obey and insure the peace of both. Orders will be well received and generally promptly obeyed, when given in an easy and humane manner. An imperious or contemptuous air is most ill-becoming in a Christian man or woman, and seldom fails to call forth an attitude of defiance, or hatred and complaints from those toward whom it is manifested. They ever to be appreciative disposition, which makes others agreeably feel that we entertain a warm solicitude for their welfare, when the very delicate duty devolves upon us of reproving or correcting, will always prove of surpassing value to persons in authority. Meekness and self-control are admirable qualities in any one, but in those who govern, they are indispensable for the correct use of their power. Lack of consideration for human weakness, a propensity to chide and scold, are telling faults, and injustice is a crime which strongly bids for the vengeance of heaven in persons who exercise authority over others.

But by far the most important duty of those in authority, is to see that those under them fulfil their obligations to God. Neglect in this cannot be too strongly condemned. Alas, that it is so common! Oh, how many Christians seem to care not how those under them serve God! They know them to be prayerless; they see them neglect without scruple the most sacred duties of Sundays and holy-days; they are cognizant that they receive not the sacraments; and, as if it were no concern of theirs, they permit them thus to continue in the midst of their families. Aye, those there are, who consume in their own service the precious time that should be given by persons who serve them to the sacred service of God. For such negligence and injustice to both their servants and their God, they will most undoubtedly be held responsible. Nor are they in harmony with their own natural interests. Who of any experience will deny that the better the Christian, the better the servant? The more strictly religious the servant is, the more conscientious, the more faithful, the more reliable he will be. It should not, therefore, be a matter of slight moment for heads of families to see that their servants are conscientious and reliable. But they have no warrant that they will prove such in their service, when they lack conscience and fidelity in their service of God. Heads of families should not only see that their servants attend to their religious duties, but they should likewise be prompt to reprove and correct them when in word or action they offend God. Alas, the number of Christian men and women that hear and see without concern their servants insult God! What consciences they must have! How sensitive they are to every trifling offense against themselves! They even deem that all who favorably regard them, should frown on those by whom they are offended. Yet, whilst as Christians they profess to love and serve God, they permit Him to be insulted by their servants without once raising their voice to permit the dishonor. Can such conduct on the part of heads of families be calculated to bring God's blessing upon their families? Are their children, if they have any, not in danger of corruption right in the heart of their own household? A most telling way for heads of families to aim to discharge their religious duty toward those in their service, is to give them good example. In vain will they reprove and correct

them, if their own example be a constant source of disedification. Example in good or evil is a powerful teacher. Besides, example in good fails not to give honest tone and strength to all reprofs and corrections. It communicates force which sends them home to the very great betterment of those to whom they are directed. Oh, then, how strongly it devolves upon the heads of families to give good example to their servants!

TEMPERANCE

THE RUNDAL DRUNKARD

In a rural community, Sunday neglect often breeds intemperance, a vice always deplored but doubly so on a day that is sacred. It taints the very neighborhood with sordid disgrace. It is no exaggeration to say that Sunday intemperance invokes divine punishment; and heavy and long is the malediction of God in answer to that appeal.

Heavy indeed is His curse. You may witness it sometimes in a life-long degradation; you may see it perchance at its life's close in the horrors of a final impotence; you may follow it even beyond life to that abandoned grave over which no consecrated hand has ever been raised; and if you would pursue it still further you must ask for greater power than nature provides; you must penetrate like Dante into the fiery depths of the Inferno. The Sunday drunkard,—what an object, what a warning! You have known the man from personal contact and acquaintance. Cast your recollections back into a reminiscent mood and recall the history of that blighted, that wasted life. Time, so precious, all squandered in chances of moment, habit grew in time to be almost a second nature. He dropped away from his regular practise of going to Mass on Sunday. In the consequent ease and leisure of the long day he sought companionship; he went in just to while away the tiresome hours; the usual fellows were there recreating themselves, drinking;—no harm to sit down and listen to the village gossip, interspersed with a few broad jokes at times or maybe a friendly argument; no harm to sit down and participate in an innocent game of cards. Then too they made him so welcome, flattering his susceptible nature. They laughed at his scruples and teased and teased him until they had actually framed him into joining them in a drink. Only one; but the ice was broken; he had tasted of the knowledge of evil and the taste remained. By and by he came again; by and by he needed no pressing to come. By and by he himself became the tempter and induced others to follow him over that course of sin. The inevitable result was piteous, hapless destruction.—From "Altar Wreaths" by the Rev. Joseph Gordian Daley.

CATHOLICISM AND COURTESY

Garrett Pierce in America

Courtesy is the graceful expression of the kindly qualities of the heart. It derived a strong emphasis from Catholicism. Graciousness, considerateness, politeness, call it what you will, received new strength from our Lord. In fact, the true idea of a gentleman is to be traced to Christ. For graciousness is an outstanding quality of Jesus. Even in regard to the blossoming of interior culture and kindness, He continues to be the model of humanity. The charity of Christ, which according to St. Paul is an impelling force, inspires this trait. Charity is but coldly expressed by the English word, love; it means more than commonplace love; it means the "dearness" of Christ. In graciousness we find one of the chief secrets of the attractiveness of Christ's personality. Some, who are called saints, are harsh in manner, and wanting in affability. They keep us at a distance, and our natural tendency is to wish them at a distance. But this habitual harshness is assuredly not a result of sanctity, and, if it is found in saints it is because saints are not without slight sins and human imperfections. But it is not so in the case of the Saints of saints. Jesus is gracious with all sorts and conditions of men, with young and old, with poor and rich, with saint and sinner, with the lovable and the unlovable. He holds little children in His arms, and in this respect offers a striking contrast to the

crabbed sages of ancient times; He does not allow to pass unnoticed the mite cast into the treasury by the poor widow; His heart melts in active compassion for the multitude, who, He fears, may faint in the way. In the case of an enemy whose name has become a synonym for treachery He uses a gentle courtesy, and calls him friend; He breaks up with the dullness and incredulity of His disciples, and a gracious glance at Peter evokes a flood of genitive tears. To women, whom paganism despised as inferior creatures, He is also gracious. The adulterous woman, for whom zealots of the law thought stoning the only punishment, is told by Him to go in peace. The tentative beginnings in moral growth of a Magdalen are graciously and boldly encouraged in an adverse environment, as were the timorous advances of the unpopular and odious tax gatherer, Matthew and Zaccheus. Indeed His coming to our earth and His poor manger was an act of gracious condescension, and the close of His life on the Cross was in keeping with the beginning, for He then forgave His enemies, gave a new son to His mother, and issued a royal pardon to the crucified wail of Jewish society.

Christ's law of affectionate love, of beneficence for all men, reintroduced the virtue of gentleness to a wretched world. For tenderness and considerateness, especially as a quality of men was but little prized by the pagan world. To be just to paganism, one should admit that courtesy was not entirely unknown to pagans, for paganism had received God's good gift of reason, and could sometimes display a brilliant natural virtue. If Christianity can boast of the act of a courtier who threw his cloak on the ground to receive the footsteps of his queen, a tribe of American Indians can point to a similar courtesy when one of their men hastened to throw some grass on the mired edge of a well whence a woman was to drink. Nevertheless there is a contrast between the general spirit of paganism and that of Christianity. Ancient pagans, like Zeno, and recent pagans, like Nietzsche, made valor the be-all and end-all of individual culture. More complete is the ideal of Christianity. It adds gentleness and tenderness to manliness. We may well be thankful to find in our heroes the heart of a woman, as well as a forceful mind. Otherwise force would become brutality. The worse than pagan ideal of Nietzsche would tend to exterminate from the world the puny infant, Newton, and the unfortunate genius of Nietzsche's poor, insane self.

On account of its advocacy of gentleness some writers—for example, Lecky—have subtly misrepresented Christianity by contrasting it with paganism as the advocate of passive, womanly virtues, as against active, masculine ideals. In this he but continued the misrepresentations of the Protestant apologist Paley. As against the one-sided views of the rationalistic historian, and the Protestant apologist, the truth is that Christianity is broad enough to embrace both types of virtue, one class the complement of the other. It is shallow to exclude, with Paley, the character of great men from the domain of Christianity, presenting as it does a lengthy roll of great names. It is flying in the face of history to contrast, as Lecky does, the heroic with the saintly ideal as if the latter were not eminently heroic. Christian courtesy does not imply the languid and enervating manner of aristocratic drawing-rooms. Just as Christian courtesy stands for the courtesy of the heart as well as the courtesy of external forms, which without the former constitute an odious hypocrisy, so too it is far removed from the weakness of over-sensitive and effeminate natures. It is willing to take its chance in the rough work-a-day world, and to be hardened in its fiber by the storms of life. Like every other genuine virtue it supposes force of mind.

Some have been led by Newman's famous definition to believe that a true gentleman never gives pain. Others suppose that it is complementary to a person to say that he has no enemies. But it is necessary sometimes to give pain, and the person who has made no enemies has never struck any iniquity on the hip. Even the tender heart of St. Paul rejoiced that his rebuke saddened his converts for their own good. Let us give up, then, the idea possessed by over-sensitive natures, that a gentleman never gives pain. Christianity favors gentleness and patience, but it also favors courage and manliness, it favors in each individual, man or woman, the most complete acquisition that is possible, of the highest elements of human nature, a masculine activity and daring, and its complement, a feminine tenderness, in a word it favors gentlemanliness with all that both elements of this compound word imply. Christian women, like Joan of Arc, had a masculine courage; men saints, like Paul, had a womanly tenderness. Christ, the exemplar, was not all gentleness. Witness the severe manliness of His scourging of the money-changers, of His never-excelled invective against hypocrites of His refusal to let His disciple bury his father, on the principle of great courage; men saints, like Paul, had a womanly tenderness. Christ, the exemplar, was not all gentleness. Witness the severe manliness of His scourging of the money-changers, of His never-excelled invective against hypocrites of His refusal to let His disciple bury his father, on the principle of great courage; men saints, like Paul, had a womanly tenderness. Christ, the exemplar, was not all gentleness. 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JANUARY 20, 1917

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

GO TO IT

Don't waste time in business. Be brief. Talk to the point. Consider thoroughly, decide promptly, act vigorously.

Many a youth has failed to get a situation because he talked too much when making his application. Most business men have no time to waste and they appreciate brevity.

When you have occasion to call on a man during business hours, stick closely to the matter under discussion and use a few words as possible and get away as quickly as you can.

If there is anything that exasperates a business man it is to try to do business with men who never get anywhere, who never come to the point, who "beat about the bush" with long introductions and meaningless verbiage.

There are some men you never can bring to the point. They will wander all around it, over it and under it, always evading and avoiding, but never quite touching the marrow.

When young men ask my opinion about the matter under discussion, I try to find out whether they have this power of directness, of coming to the point clearly, squarely and forcibly, without indirection, without parleying, without needless words.

The quality of directness is characteristic of all men of great executive ability because they value time too much to squander it in useless and meaningless conversation; it is an indispensable quality of the leader or manager of all large enterprises.

Many a man has gone down to failure because he lacked ability to arrive quickly and effectively at a conclusion. While he was deliberating and balancing and "beating about the bush," the opportunity to save himself passed and the crisis ruined him.

It does not matter how much ability, education, influence, or cleverness you may have, if you lack the art of coming to the point quickly and decisively, you can never be very successful.

THE BISHOP'S CONSCIENCE

Bishop LeFevre, of Detroit, the predecessor of Bishop Borgess, was a good, holy man and dearly beloved by his people. He had a most amiable disposition, and carried sunshine and gladness wherever he went.

When a young man he was very thin and delicate looking, but after he turned forty he fell into flesh very much, which he found uncomfortable, for he was always a man of austere and abstemious habits.

In his early days in Detroit he formed the acquaintance of a tall, raw-boned Yankee, who was in the lumber business, Sam Jenkins by name. Sam failed, and shifted elsewhere, returning to Detroit after the absence of twelve years. The Bishop met him on the street one day and stopped, extending his hand cordially to his old friend with the salutation:

"Why Sam, my old friend, how do you do?" Sam smiled a little and muttered, "Stranger, you seem to have the advantage of me."

"Good gracious, Sam, don't you know your old acquaintance, Bishop LeFevre?" "You Bishop LeFevre?" asked Sam in astonishment. "Why Bishop, how in the name of sense did you get so fat? I would surely never know you."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE DRIFTING YEARS

The drifting years fall soft as snow; So still they fall—so calm—so slow; Like the dropped petals of a flower, In some remote and secret bower;

And in departing, leaves the rose, Gay summer's pageant passes by, Shimmering beneath a brazen sky. Brown autumn binds her tardy sheaves

To mournful march of autumn leaves. The winter sunset—oh, how red—And red lies on the violet bed—The pallid hours go and come, Implacable, disdainful—dumb,

To watch—to wait—to watch again Endless monotony—dismal pain To check, in shame, Hope's feeble tears, To count the changeless, passing years, The old heart, always lifted up, Like some forgotten dusty cup.

THE STORY OF TWO CLERKS

Mr. Gray spoke with a touch of deprecation in his voice. "I'm sorry to have to ask it of you, Manning," he said, "but you know how we're behind with the work on account of Sayre's illness."

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Gray," he said, "but I have an engagement for to-night. You know we—it was understood when you engaged us that there wasn't to be any evening work, so of course I never plan for it—and"

"Yes, I know that," Mr. Gray said, "and under ordinary circumstances I shouldn't think of asking it of you, but this time I can't help myself."

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Gray," Manning repeated. What his engagement was he did not say, and Mr. Gray did not ask. He went into the small room adjoining the larger office, and made the same request to the young assistant there.

"Why, yes, indeed, I can come down, Mr. Gray," Garry said promptly. "Of course you'll need someone, and I can just as well come down as not."

"It's a real favor to me," Mr. Gray said, in a relieved tone. "Glad to have the change," Garry said with a little laugh. "You've often enough given me extra favors."

"As a matter of fact, Manning had received the same favor of a half-holiday. Mr. Gray called this to mind, as he passed from his office, thinking of how different were the ways of his two clerks; Garry remembered favors received and mentioned them in his pleasant way to his employer. Manning ignored favors, at least never referred to them."

"Well, Gray roped you into the night work, I see," Manning said, as he and Garry were at lunch an hour later. "I let him know I couldn't come down to the office to-night—I had an engagement, I told him. So I had, too—an engagement with myself to stay home and rest. I didn't tell him what the engagement was, and he didn't ask!" Manning laughed, as if he felt he had been exceedingly shrewd.

Garry proved unresponsive; Manning felt, resentfully, that his fellow-worker was not quite in sympathy with him. "Better look out for your rights," he said sententiously, "for you'll find other folks won't do it for you. That's the principle I go on. I don't ask favors and I don't give them—if I can help myself."

"But that isn't Mr. Gray's principle," Garry retorted. "If you stop to think of it, he's been very good to us—giving us plenty of favors that we haven't even had to ask for."

"Oh, well, maybe he has," Manning conceded, "but I didn't feel like wasting my evening on that inventory. It isn't our work and we weren't hired to do it. Besides if you are so ready to give up an evening he'll feel free to ask you again."

"Well, he ought to feel free to," Garry said. "And besides, why isn't it your business, when you come to think of it? We sort of belong to the firm—if our names aren't on the door?" He finished laughingly.

But with a little exclamation of disapprobation at Garry and his "notions," Manning sauntered over to the cashier's desk and paid his check.

A year later, Mr. Gray established a branch office in another town which made it unnecessary for him to retain all of the force he had employed in his own home office.

"Just my luck," growled Manning to a friend, after he had been told by his employer that at the end of thirty days his services would be dispensed with. He was nettled that more regret had not been expressed by Mr. Gray at the impending parting! "It looks as if it didn't pay to be faithful and stick to your job—and that's what I've done the eighteen months I've been with old Gray. He

can't say that I've shirked my work in all that time."

No, perhaps Mr. Gray could not, but there was something he did say to Garry that same afternoon when he called him into his private office. Garry's cheek was slightly pale when he answered the summons. He did not blame Mr. Gray, of course, but he did hate to lose this place, and how hard the money loss was going to be on the folks at home, too, till he could find another position.

"Well, Garry," Mr. Gray said, as he waved the young man to a chair. "You know, of course, that I'm reducing the force, and why I do it?"

"Yes, sir," said Garry. "I understand—you have to do it."

"But I find I can't spare you!" Mr. Gray's hand suddenly descended on Garry's shoulder. "I've kept pretty close watch on you, and I've been impressed by one thing every time. You're always ready to do a little more than you're paid for. You either take a genuine interest in the success of our firm or else you're a mighty good actor. Yes, I know it's genuine, I know it. You've given too many a proof of that to let me doubt it for a moment. Now, Garry, what I'm planning to do with you is this—put you up a notch higher, and add an extra ten to your pay envelope every month, if you don't object, eh? You have the spirit that spells success every time, Garry, and I'm as glad of it as if you were my own son!"

"Thank you, Mr. Gray!" It was all that Garry was equal to saying just then, but Mr. Gray looked more than satisfied.—Catholic Citizen.

THE INEXORABLE MORAL LAW OF LIFE

The Ven. H. Gresford Jones, M. A. (Anglican) Archdeacon of Sheffield preaching in Great St. Mary's Church Cambridge, on "The Recovery of the Weightier Things," said (as reported by the Cambridge Review):

"The tremendous catastrophe through which we are passing is the moral law of life. Here before our eyes, naked, colossal, appalling, is Judgment. It is as though some unseen Spirit had drawn aside the veil that screens the unseen and said, 'See it now ere it be too late.' See what it is to which man comes when he has left out God. See Nemesis at work. See the harvest of wrong doing. And it is as though Humanity reawakened to forgotten moral values were whispering on all sides. 'We see.'"

"For a whole generation thinkers of diverse schools have combined to persuade men that humanity through successive stages is moving onward to one common end. Creeds that have seemed to lack enthusiasm in much else, have declared confidently that there is no hell. You may glut your passions, but ultimately you will experience no pain. You may sow dragon's teeth, but you need fear no ultimate harvest. And all the while that these prophets have prophesied smooth things the Church has been silent. Judgment has been left out."

"But humanity can no more keep moral on any wide scale, without this sense of judgment, than an army can keep straight without discipline, or than the body can keep fit without rules of health."

"Mother," said her daughter to her (and it was the sorrowing mother who herself told me), "I have nothing left to keep me from falling. And she fell. Exceptions are innumerable, but that girl, believe me, stands for great masses of mankind. She stands for the necessity of some adequate moral restraint."

"Nowhere in all literature is this deep-seated moral requirement in our nature brought out with more tenderness and eloquence than where George Eliot, in her subtle analysis of the betrayal of Baldassarre by Tito, dwells on Tito's lack of this restraint. 'Such terror of the unseen,' she says, 'is so far above mere sensual cowardice, that it will annihilate that cowardice; it is the initial recognition of a moral law—restraining desire.'"

"It is good," sing the old Eumenides in Eschylus, 'that Fear should sit as the Guardian of the Soul, forcing it into wisdom, good that men should carry a threatening shadow in their hearts under the full sunshine; else how shall they learn to revere the right?'"

"Mercy," as St. James has it, 'exults over judgment.' The same catastrophe which discloses the one reveals much more the other. The man, that least likely man—who through the visions of judgment cries, 'What must I do to be saved?' is the first to lay hold of the divine mercy, and to believe in the Lord with all his house. And men—the least likely if you will—have, through the workings of this terrible war, proved for themselves this same exultation."

"This triumph of mercy over judgment is logical; something, that is, to be anticipated by the mind. The famous argument of J. H. Newman was surely never more forcible than to-day. 'If there be a God, since there is a God, the human race is implicated in those terrible aboriginal calamity. It is out of joint with the purposes of its Creator. . . .'"

"There is his first contention; here follows his immediate deduction. 'Now, supposing it were the blessed and loving will of the Creator to in-

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terfere in this anarchical condition of things. . . . surely it would be no surprise. . . . If the interposition were of necessity equally extraordinary; or what is called miraculous."

"In the first you have the assumption of Judgment in the second the anticipation of Mercy."

"It has been the rediscovery of this weightiest of all the weightier things—this sublime, this all-but-incredible 'Mercy' of God—that has flashed the radiance of sunshine into that again and again had been the blackness of night. The grandeur of the Atonement—limited it may be, stilled it may be, in the close air of the study or the class-room—has found its true glory upon the battlefield. The chilling demand for 'moral' conceptions of the Atonement has there yielded to the truer note of Dr. Chalmers: 'If God does not justify the ungodly, where shall I appear?'"

"Would that I could convey to others that fresh access of conviction which has come to me as I have spoken to soldier after soldier of the Cross of Christ, and the well-nigh invariable answer has been, 'Of course there is nothing but that.' Yes; *Nihil nisi crucem*. In that sharp field of hourly self-devotion, men have seen with fresh glory and fresh simplicity Him who saved others, Himself He could not save. In this fresh vision of the Divine mercy there lies hope unspeakable for our time."

"It has been one of the tragedies of my work (writes a chaplain on a hospital ship) to find that men on their death-bed have not known what to look forward to in the future or what to do to prepare for it. They don't know. In that sharp groping in the dark. Another tragedy is the widely prevailing idea that if you fall or fail, you are out of a road back."

"Comes there ever, under circumstances more moving, that touching cry—not from unknown strangers, but from our own kith and kin—'come over and help us?'"

"Yes! a call truly from God—to make plain the way of salvation—not as a creed to defend but as a gospel to preach. And if a call to leadership in thought, so still more to leadership in life itself."

HONOR

It is the mother of the youngster who injects into his or her system the value of honor.

Sometimes father has time to stop reading his paper and think things over. It is at this particular time that he should think things not only over but seriously. The youth of either sex is susceptible. It can be easily influenced. At the adolescent age the mind is easily controlled.

The true basis of distinction among men is not in position or in possession. It is not in the conduct of our daily affairs. It does not for a minute matter what a man's position in the world may be. We are living in a matter-of-fact age. It does not, in a common sense way, matter how much money a man may have. If there be defects in his behavior, if there be shortcomings in his business transactions, if some one can crook his finger, point to a man and shrug commercial career is ruined.

Honor counts first. The man without honor is without respect or consideration. It is not wealth which gives us place in a community; it is our conduct which commands respect.

We should know no man above us but for his virtues and no man below us but for his vices.

Entertaining this view, we should seek to imitate the good, though it be found under a coarse exterior, and to pity the evil, though it be clothed in the finest garb and dwell in luxury.

We should never become obsequious in the wrong place. We should call no man mean, low, or apply any vulgar epithet to him because he occupies an humble calling in life. The man who cleans a sewer is just as good as the man who turns the pages of a Bible and announces his text, if his heart is in the right place and he holds close to his honor.

In point of real worth and real manhood a man may be morally much superior to the president of the bank in his banking community.

The virtuous and right-minded sons of toil are, as time has recorded, 'nature's nobler men.' They are lords of good, lovers of nature, lovers of each other. They may not have been born to shine nor to have been the recipients of empty honors, but they may have been born to be the bulwark of the nation, and as such we should view all men.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

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First Announcement

We have in preparation a new book under the suggestive title:

"The Facts About Luther"

which will be ready for the market about October 1st, 1916. The work is written by the Rt. Rev. Mons. P. F. O'Hare, LL.D., who is well known as a writer and lecturer on Lutheranism. The object of the volume is to present the life of Luther in its different phases as outlined in the contents.

THE forthcoming celebration to commemorate the 4th centenary of Luther's "revolt" which occurs October 31st, tend to invest the volume with a special timeliness. But, apart from this consideration, the need has long been felt for a reliable work in English on Luther based on the best authorities and written more particularly with a view to the "mass on the street." Monsignor O'Hare admirably fills this want, and the book will be published at so nominal a price that those whom the subject interests may readily procure additional copies for distribution. We also bring your attention to the fact that this work will be an excellent addition to the mission table. The book will have approximately 322 pages and will sell at 25c. per copy. To the clergy and religious a generous discount will be allowed, provided the order is placed before Oct. 15th, 1916.

CONTENTS 1. Luther, his friends and opponents. 2. Luther before his defection. 3. Luther and Indulgences. 4. Luther and Justification. 5. Luther on the Church and the Pope. 6. Luther and the Bible. 7. Luther a fomentor of rebellion. 8. Luther, Free-will & Liberty of Conscience. 9. Luther as a Religious Reformer. Order Now. 25c. Postpaid The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

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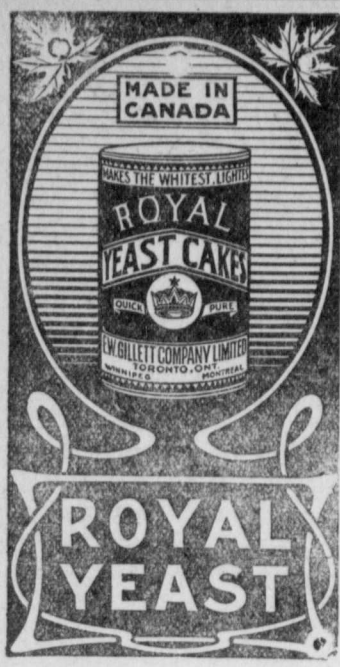
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THE WAR AND PREJUDICE

MINISTER'S APPROVAL OF CATHOLIC PICTURES

A Scotch Presbyterian minister with the Expeditionary Force in France, contributes to a local magazine a letter on "The Children of France," and from it I quote the following passages as further evidence of the changes brought about by the war.

There is no middleman between the giver and the receiver to exact toll. When you contribute to the Fund, you know that your money goes, practically intact, to relieve the wives and families of our citizen soldiery.

This great and unusual result is due to two main reasons: one, that interest on deposits brings in a handsome revenue available for administration expenses; the other, that nearly all the work of administering the Fund is performed freely by patriotic men and women.

In every town in Canada where there is a Branch of the Patriotic Fund, are to be found public spirited men and women devoting without remuneration, their time and energies to collecting funds, visiting dependents, working for them along many lines of service, and carefully distributing the moneys allotted to their wives and children of our soldiers.

Think of it! Of the sixty cents deducted for administering each \$1.00 about 25c goes for stamps. The Fund sends out approximately 60,000 cheques a month, and each one requires at least four cents in postage and war tax.

The very basis of the Fund's existence is public confidence. Every man who has examined the workings of the Fund gives that confidence in fullest measure. Every man who has any doubts is urged to study the Fund, and make himself acquainted with its operations.

It is their object and their pride to administer the Fund at a cost far below that of any other great national undertaking.

Mr. Joseph Scott, the silver-tongued orator of Los Angeles, described to a New York audience his first visit to the Christmas crib. It makes good reading, and should stir up Catholic mothers who are "too busy" to take their little children to pay their respects to the Christ Child.

"In a few weeks, the Christian world will celebrate the great festival of Christmas—the recurrence of the feast that gladdens every heart. My parents were very poor and the forthcoming holy season carries me back to my dear old Irish mother, Mary Donnelly, of Vinegar Hill.

There was one word, however, which he repeated again and again, the French word for heart, and that was sufficient to give me the key to his address, for on the end wall of the building there was a large painting of the Saviour showing His pierced hands and side to His disciples, and over it the words, "Behold His Heart, Who so loved men."

Now that was just the help and comfort which we most needed. Amid all the anxieties of the present it is well to be reminded of that wounded heart. Think of a Presbyterian minister not only approving a picture of the Sacred Heart, but even deriving help and comfort from contemplation of it!

prejudiced did not discern that Catholicism is a vital force, teaching men how to live and how to die. As on Calvary, when the Heavens were darkened and strange portents seen, men exclaimed "Truly this was the Son of God," so to-day amidst the darkness and horrors of war, many a one has admitted: "Truly this is the Church of God," and has been received into her fold.

HONORED BY THE GOVERNMENT

DEATH OF A WELL KNOWN CHINESE NUN

The death of a Chinese Sister at Ning-po, China, has aroused an interest in her work on the part of the government officials. For the past twenty-nine years this valiant woman could be seen daily on her journeyings after the cast-off children.

Her principal influence came from her sweetness of temper. She was remarkable for the calmness with which she faced difficult situations.

In 1900 during the Boxer uprising Sister Teresa pursued her customary line of work and in reply to the warnings given said: "If the good God does not want to protect me, He knows best and I shall have my crown sooner."

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THE TABLET FUND

123 Church street Toronto, Jan. 9, 1917.

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD: I thank you for giving space to the Appeal for the Tablet Fund for the Relief of the Belgians. So far I have received because of this appeal:

- Previously acknowledged... \$1,139 39
St. Boniface Hospital, St. Boniface, Man... 3 00
A Friend... 1 00
Mrs. M. Donnelly, Tweed... 1 00
Mrs. M. J. Quinn, Tweed... 1 00
J. E. F., Whiteside... 1 00
Joseph Hawkes, Stanley, N. B... 2 00
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Mrs. M. J. Poole, 100 York Newmarket, Toronto... 2 00
N. A. C., Petrolia... 2 00
W. A. T... 5 00
T. B. Buckley, 9 Elizabeth St., Toronto... 10 00
Mrs. Patrick Brady, Ashton, B. McGeough, Onemee... 1 00
John Brick, Fisherville... 2 00
T. J. & N. Collins, Mt. Carmel... 5 00
Mrs. J. B. Shields, Woodstock, N. B... 25 00

If you would be good enough to acknowledge publicly these amounts in the columns of the RECORD I would be very grateful.

Respectfully yours, W. E. BLAKE.

PRIESTS ARE FORBIDDEN TO TEACH IN MEXICO

INSTRUCTION BY MEMBERS OF CLERGY PROHIBITED BY NEW EDUCATIONAL MEASURE

Dispatches from Queretara, Mexico, states that the Constitutional Assembly, by a vote of 91 to 56, passed recently the educational section of the new Constitution, barring clergymen of all denominations from teaching in any school.

The educational section of the new Constitution is probably the "Organic Law of Popular Primary Education in the Republic of Mexico" which was tentatively drafted about a year ago.

It provided for the exclusion of religious teaching and the prohibition of teaching by clergymen. The pertinent paragraphs follow: Article 28—It is absolutely prohibited to teach any religion in private schools and in any other educational establishment, no matter of what class or nature it may be.

Chapter 2, article 36—The following shall not be directors or professors of any official primary school: (1) The ministers of any denomination or persons dependent upon or connected with any religious society.

Article 44—Among the legitimate reasons for the removal of directors, professors and employees of primary schools are the following:

this ingredient and so spoil the flavor of the rest), eight of hope, seven of fidelity, six of liberality, five of kindness, four of rest leaving this out is like leaving the oil out of the salad—don't do it), three of prayer, two of meditation and one well selected resolution. If you have no conscientious scruples, put in about a teaspoonful of good spirits, a dash of fun, a pinch of folly, a sprinkling of play, and a heaping cupful of good humor.

"Pour into the whole love ad libitum and mix with a vim. Cook thoroughly in a fervent heat; garnish with a few smiles and a sprig of joy; then serve with quietness, unselfishness and cheerfulness, and a Happy New Year is a certainty."

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Article 44—Among the legitimate reasons for the removal of directors, professors and employees of primary schools are the following:

To teach any religion or to establish any religious practices in the school or to bring about that, outside of the school, the pupils shall attend any worship or religious instruction.

This seemingly is more of that "religious liberty" of which Cabrera spoke some weeks ago in Witherspoon Hall—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

CHRISTMAS MESSAGE TO WORKING MEN

By Cardinal Gibbons Like her Divine Founder Who came to shepherds and kings in the form of a poor little Babe, the Church has the same message for all; great and humble, high and low, rich and poor.

She does not preach to them the gospel of discontent, of class hatred, or class antagonism. The gospel of the demagogue is not hers. She can not for rich or poor rid life of its burdens, but she can teach men how their burdens may be made light, and be borne in patience.

She encourages or indulges no vain delusion or idle dreams mainly calculated to make men dissatisfied with their lot in life. She knows that nothing this world holds, nor all it contains, could satisfy one human heart; that its attachments and possessions are in the main...

Dead Sea fruits which tempt the eye But turn to ashes on the lips.

Hence her unceasing effort to direct men's visions heavenward, hence her constant cry to mankind, "Sursum Corda."

Yet the Catholic Church has done more than all other forces combined for the amelioration of the condition of the toiling masses of men. It was by the dissolving force of the great truths which she taught touching the dignity and rights of man, and which she enforced before her altars and in the administration of her sacraments, that slavery, "the leprosy of ancient civilization," its inheritance from paganism, deeply rooted as it was in society, as she found it, was wiped away from the face of Europe.

Catholic ideals of charity, Catholic doctrine inculcated the laws and customs inherited from Pagan times, and gradually but inevitably by their resistless force wrought the enfranchisement of the laborer. If we wish to know what Catholic ideals of charity have done for the masses of men, we must know the condition the world was found in when the first Christmas dawned. Listen to the words of Balzac, one of the greatest philosophers of modern times:

"When Christianity appeared society presented a dark picture, covered with fine appearances, but infected to the heart with a moral malady; it presented an image of the most repugnant corruption, veiled by a brilliant garb of ostentation and opulence. Morality was without reality, manners without modesty, the passions without restraint, laws without authority, and religion without God. Ideals were at the mercy of prejudice, or religious fanaticism and philosophical subtleties. Man was a profound mystery to himself; he did not know how to estimate his own dignity, for he reduced it to the level of the brutes; and when he attempted to estimate its importance, he did not know how to confine it within the limits marked out by reason and nature; and it is well worthy of observation that while a great part of the human race groaned in the most abject servitude, heroes, and even the most abominable monsters were elevated to the rank of gods."

To social reformers of our day, and earnest and sincere men are not wanting among them, I would say, be not deceived. The ideals which wrought man's emancipation from the thralldom and degradation which paganism had imposed upon him, are as necessary to the preservation of his dignity today as they were to its successful assertion in the first instance.

The doctrine of the Incarnation, the great fundamental mystery of the Christian religion, which comes to its full flower in the festival of Christmas, carries in it and with it the only unassailable charter of the rational liberty, dignity and rights of man. The Magna Charta of the human race was proclaimed in Bethlehem.

All that men have since done, all the real advance that has been made in social or political science, remember I say real advance, may be traced to it as to its source. Wipe out all that social or political reformers and philosophers have ever written on the subject of man's rights and human rights, ever wrong from the unwilling hands of unbridled power, and every declaration of that right ever made, and we have still left in the great fundamental truth of Christianity the seed and source of all the real progress that has been or shall ever be made.

If the individual is no longer regarded as a mere atom which may be crushed at will by a colossus of

society; if the lives of the weak or deformed or all who cannot be useful to society may not be destroyed; if abortion and infanticide may not be practiced with the approval of the State; if the doctrine of the slavery of races has been abolished; if human reason by the lips of its philosophers, of its Platos and Aristotles, no longer counsels or defends such crimes, or would make them virtues—it is because that reason has been illuminated by the light which flows upon it from the Mystery of the Incarnation; the light which is in the very truth, "the life of men."

Indeed, all history attests that the so-called superior intelligence and refinement of nations give no guaranty of the triumph of justice over force, of right over might. The story of the abuse of superiority of intelligence or strength, both by nations and individuals, if it could be told, would form a sad chapter in the history of the human race. Who throughout the ages has opposed that abuse with all the zeal and vigor that justice and prudence would permit? History makes answer: Christianity, and not disorganized, headless, fractional or factional Christianity, but organized Christianity, the Church itself, speaking by and with the voice of authority.

THE LATE JOHN LOUGHRIN

Mr. John Loughrin, who for many years represented North Nipissing in the Ontario Legislature, died in Mattawa on January 22 instant.

Born in Pembroke sixty-three years ago, the late Mr. Loughrin was educated in the Separate schools of that town. In 1894 he was married to Miss B. A. O'Connell of Kenora.

All his life he was actively interested with the development of that part of Northern Ontario, now the County of Nipissing, and few indeed were the pioneer settlers who did not know the warm-hearted and energetic "Mr. Jack" as one they could always count upon as a friend.

Mr. Loughrin was a sturdy Catholic and was a Past Grand Knight of the North Bay Council, Knights of Columbus.

His public life commenced with a three-year term as Reeve of Mattawa, where he conducted a hardware business for many years. In 1891 he was elected as a Liberal to represent Nipissing, and in 1894 he was returned for another term. He was defeated in 1899, but shortly after he was re-elected.

The late Mr. Loughrin is survived by one brother, Mr. P. J. Loughrin of 16 Law street, Toronto, and three sisters—Mrs. P. O'Connor of Sudbury, Mrs. N. O'Connor of Almonte, and Mrs. Monney.

A SHREWD REMARK

The shrewd Mark Hanna once remarked to President McKinley: "You and I may not live to see it, Mr. President, but I think I see a day coming, in the not-far-off future, when the only thing that shall stand between the United States flag and anarchy will be the strong arm of the Supreme Court and the Roman Catholic Church."

NOTICE

The Gold Heart set in pearls, raffled in benefit of the new Chapel of the Precious Blood of Ottawa, Ont., was won by Mrs. M. J. Halway, Lowe Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The Early Victorian gold bracelet now being raffled, will be drawn on March 19th.

Lists may be had at the Monastery of Ottawa, Ont.

DIED

GYSEN.—Somewhere in France, on Sept. 26, 1916, Major L. S. Gysin. May his soul rest in peace.

MACDONALD.—At Parkhill, Ont., on January 1st, 1917, Mr. John Macdonald, aged eighty-two years. May his soul rest in peace.

O'CONNOR.—At Lindsay, Ont., on January 6, 1917, Mrs. Ellen O'Connor, relict of the late Lawrence O'Connor. May his soul rest in peace.

CONNOLLY.—At Listowel, Ont., on December 18, 1916, Mrs. Mary Ann Connolly, relict of the late Thomas Connolly, aged seventy-eight years. May her soul rest in peace.

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Children have more need of models than of critics.—Joubert. The most accomplished way of using books at present is to serve them as some do lords, learn their titles, and then boast of their acquaintance.—Swift.

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WANTED AT ONCE, ON RANCH, TEACHER for boys of twelve. State fully qualifications, references and salary. Comfortable home and long engagement for right party. Apply to M. J. Stapleton, Lone Star Ranch, Jenner, Alberta. 1916-17.

TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE school, Sec. No. 2, Hullett, a second class Normal trained. Duties to commence Jan. 3rd, 1917. Twenty on roll. Convenient to church. Apply to Geo. Corbett, Sec. R. R. No. 1, Clinton, Ont. 1916-17.

TEACHER WANTED, FOR S. S. NO. 2, GURD & Himsforth, having 2nd or 3rd class certificate. Must be qualified. Salary \$450 to \$500 per year. Address to Casper Verbeeghe, Sec. Trout Creek, Ont. 1916-17.

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