

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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AN OLD FRIEND

The word Camouflage is new, at least to English ears, but the thing is as old as the tradition of the first pair in the Garden of Eden. An Italian proverb declares that "You have not learned how to live till you have learned to dissemble." A whole string of proverbs in every tongue might be quoted to the effect that the naked truth is always dangerous. Thus we are counselled to wear an open look, but keep our thoughts close; to act suitable parts, but never to show the bottom of our purses or our minds; to smile when we cannot strike; to think all we speak, and speak not all we think. These are but samples of the bulk of shrewd maxims which have formed a large proportion of the wisdom literature that engages the student's attention when he seeks to grapple with the moral problems that have exercised mankind in all ages.

This world shattering war has given birth to many new devices, material and pseudo-moral. War has always made dissimulation its chief weapon; in that respect Fenimore Cooper's Indian braves were on a level with Leather Stocking and his scouts in the long American contest with the aboriginal tribes who sprawled over the western plains. "Civilization," says Lowell, "gits forud on a powder-cart." It always has done so, but deceit has reinforced direct attack; and more than ever do competent leaders plan surprises for the defeat of the enemy. The Germans have proved to be past-masters of every artful device that can be relied upon to inflict damage upon the nations they have assailed in person, property, and reputation. Diabolical ingenuity, such as would not have been alleged against professedly Christian people a few years ago, has become the distinctive characteristic of their policy in the battlefield and in the council-chamber. The proceedings at Brest-Litovsk have illustrated both the power and the weakness of their methods.

It is human to err, and, Bishop Butler notwithstanding, vast numbers are and always have been willing to be deceived. If it were not so, how many hoary frauds that still flourish rankly would have been made an end of before this! However, it is clear that the fools and those who live by them would so lose some of the supports that help them along comfortably in their temporal affairs. That society in general is cemented by conventional fictions is a commonplace of philosophy. The novel, the comic stage, and in fact a large part of our lighter literature, would lose hold upon popular favour were it not for the assumption that certain kinds of verbal and actual camouflage were permissible, if not laudable, in daily business and neighbourly intercourse.

We pass by the formal casuistry which, from the Ecclesiast to Francis Bacon, and in a hundred subtle modern treatises, tries to construct a system of morals that shall take account of social requirements which make concealment desirable. Old Polonius, in the play, is the type of the man of the world who has ready-made rules of profitable behaviour at his finger-ends; but his fate does not encourage a habit of reliance upon shrewd calculation in matters which involve the mysterious interaction of motive and vagrant affection. It is surely better to be deceived innocently than to live in an atmosphere of suspicion. At the game of self-interested camouflage the most astute and cunning may fall into his own trap, or as Shakespeare has it, "be hoisted by his own petard." Mines break loose, and clever deceptions often betray those who invent them.

A healthy child soon frets against the restraints of its actual surroundings. Its games all take on an air of pretence—blind-man's buff, hide-and-seek, hunt the slipper, and so on. By-and-by the land of Make-believe opens before it, and it acts and speaks in a sense which implies that things are not what they seem. In time, if fair play is given to the

ideal faculty, the world and human life will be seen through a veil of imaginative hopefulness; how worn men and women envy that first fresh outlook, making painful efforts to recover it in our later years! "The heaven that lies about" the young is the finest form that camouflage ever takes. We can only approximate to it through a discipline which shakes our confidence in material good. It is the bane of what is called "good society" that the game of make-believe is carried to inordinate lengths. We often hear that this is an age of frankness, yet the amount of verbal camouflage indulged in by the idle rich to save appearances turns daily life into artifice. We may admit that certain conventional forms are necessary if social intercourse is to be made satisfactory all round; but defensive armour against rude curiosity and intrusive behaviour need not involve insincerity. A habit of literal plain speaking is often a mere form of egoistic self-assertion; on the other hand, vain compliment and needless embroidery in common conversation do not promote a clear understanding between friends. "Truth in the inward parts" will usually shine forth so as to begot mutual esteem. The poet hinted a weakness to which some natures give way when he wrote:

"There is a smile of love,
And there is a smile of deceit,
And there is a smile of smiles
Wherein the two smiles meet."

Public life, as it displays itself to the onlooker to-day, is the most impressive and extended scene of calculated camouflage that the world has ever known. With what temptations pledges politicians and their abettors in the press attain seats of power for good and evil! A variegated selection of reforms and profitable enterprises is dangled before the eyes of electors. Let it be admitted that the most astute of our administrators are but children in these matters compared with the Tenthredinid despots; how else would the extremes of Socialism and the most reactionary lords of the soil be able to sit in the same gallery from year to year? Doubtless the real aims of the Kaiser's parasites were cleverly camouflaged at the outset: every class from top to bottom was to be enriched with the loot of Belgium and France, after which the most admirable fruits of Kultur were to be generously bestowed upon the nations around. As it happens, certain irreversible laws negative such schemes of pretentious spoliation, and Nemesis overtakes their inventors.

European diplomacy has seldom complied with the most elementary rules of fairness as between peoples. The Chancelleries have been centres of calculated deceit. The game has been played with loaded dice for the most part, the Metternichs, the Tallyrands, and the Bismarcks, being themselves tools of imperialistic powers whose ambitions were constantly embroiling the nations in quarrels from which only evil could flow. Bribery, espionage, and unscrupulous trickery were their weapons in engineering conflicts for territory or control. They could always rely upon acute support from able writers of the masterful sort. Thus Carlyle was cited the other day by the German Chancellor in defence of the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine. Well, Carlyle's admiration of supermen and heroes, with his contempt for the fool-majority, made him the eulogist of Frederick, the Prussian War Lord; also his highly-colored study of the French Revolution, along with his appreciations of German literature, prejudiced him against the weaker party in the struggle of 1870-1. Carlyle's dogmatic temper led him into many hasty judgments—notably when he wrote the scornful article entitled "Shooting Niagara," after Lincoln's proclamation, wherein he vindicated the Southern revolt; ridiculing the claim of "Quashee Nigger" to personal freedom. The invocation of Carlyle's Ghost at this crisis illustrates the moral bankruptcy of the nation that stands condemned before the world-tribunal as the violator of pledges and cruel disturber of general peace and right.

Only small-souled men resort to stage tricks to deceive in matters of

life and death. It would be easy to show that these cheaters of others first of all deceive themselves. When a common robber was brought before Alexander the fellow told the great conqueror that they were both following the same trade. These liars and bandits on a grand scale have yet to learn that their crimes are equally vulgar, though vastly more infamous, than those which bring low transgressors to the goal of the gallows. Schiller's lines, spoken by the elder Piccolomini, remind us that—

"This is the curse of every evil deed,
That, propagating still, it brings
forth evil."

Yet, happily, truth is stronger and will in time corrode falsehood. Its seed has an indestructible vitality. It breeds more truth, higher truth, truth that needs no disguise to set it off. Shining in its own light, it creates virtue, nobility, gladness as of the morning. The end is decreed along with the means. Night and day are of the same texture. We pass through darkness to the beyond. It is the last trial of faith in the goodness that is at the heart of things—the love that has disguised itself as power and law.

THE SACRED HEART AND FRANCE

Truly, our French comrades are in the furnace. But the furnace may be after all, but the purgatorial instrument for all of us of God's love and in France's case the predilection of the Sacred Heart for the eldest daughter of the Church. We all have sinned as nations and as individuals, and France's record of later years, as our own of three centuries and a half ago, is not forgotten by the best patriots of both peoples. Today is the day of atonement through suffering, and nobly is France responding to God's call.

Nor is she without signs of the Divine leading. Many of our readers have no doubt read or heard of the pious French girl, Claire Ferchard, who is said to have been the recipient of visions of the Sacred Heart and messages, some of them promising victory in the war conditionally on the open profession of devotion to the Sacred Heart in the military uniform. An attitude of reserve with regard to details in such a matter is incumbent on Catholics, till authority has pronounced. Cardinal Billot has already written to a French correspondent pointing out the unwisdom of any attempt to incorporate action in regard to the badge, and speaking with equal caution of the other points. But the spirit which lies behind these things, the re-awakening of France's old burning ardor for God, as for patrie, may well mean for her what Claire Ferchard says: "The Sacred Heart will intervene," because of the renewed acknowledgment of the Royalty of the Divine King, spiritually if not visibly emblazoned upon her standards. And for us all, the sense of the supernatural, of the essential value of the interior life above all, is the supreme need of the hour. Prayer, and the spirit within that nourishes prayer—these alone can and will uphold us in this great hour of trial. We in England, with the renewal and extension of devotion to the Sacred Heart, especially in the home, are trying to do our part, as in France is the movement for which Claire Ferchard's name stands. It is the interior life that means power, and means the only victories worth having in the long run. And the motto that life is: *Viva Cor Jesu Sacratissimum*—The Universe.

K. OF C. ACTIVITIES IN SWITZERLAND

AMERICAN SOLDIERS INTERNED THERE WILL RECEIVE SPECIAL ATTENTION OF ORGANIZATION

The Knights of Columbus Committee on War Activities has decided to devote special attention to caring for American soldiers who, through the mishap of war, may become interned in Switzerland. Soldiers of the Allied nations interned in neutral territory have experienced some difficulty in obtaining either communication with their folks at home or the comforts they receive through war relief agencies while in active service. As soldiers, their status in a neutral country is similar to that of a prisoner of war in an enemy country. Thus, special effort is necessary to secure them the reassurance and comfort to which every soldier is entitled. The Knights of Columbus will establish recreation huts for them abroad and operate an extensive information bureau and employ various other means to relieve the tedium of their internment and to keep them in touch with the folks at home, as well as provide to Catholic soldiers means for practising their religion.—The Echo.

PADRE AND COMRADE

In the Universe during the October and November of 1915 were published two articles by Father G. Ryan, C. F., one—appearing in October—on "Conscription, its Possibility and Possibilities," and a second, in November, "Conscription, its Effects in France." Today Lieut. Col. Father Ryan, after a two-and-a-half years of practical experience, suggests that we might find the above articles of interest. Indeed, their value is plainly accentuated by the accumulated experience of the writer, who thus stands by all that he wrote two-and-a-half years ago. It is with the utmost interest that we revive our acquaintance with these commentaries on the question of clerical conscription and its practical effects in France. In the first article Father Ryan shows with great clearness that the action of France in forcing her clergy into the fighting ranks of her army was unprecedented even in the dark days of anti-clericalism that lay behind her. Even the Revolutionaries of 1793 recognized the incompatibility between the office of the priesthood and that of bearing arms, an incompatibility which had been admitted even by the pagan religions, for the Roman Legislature had it inscribed on the Law of the Empire. In 1870 the clergy were not forced to bear arms, and even those who went as stretcher-bearers were volunteers. The combatant priest is a feature of the great war of our own times. The forcing of the clergy into the Army, Father Ryan holds, was done with deliberate intention of depriving them of their priestly vocation and virtues. Having thus made it abundantly clear that the Church has never sanctioned the adoption of armed hands to the work of bloodshed, he goes on in his second article to show the magnificent way in which an evil—faithfully recognized as such—has been turned into good. France, in the place of the forty-six chaplains who accompanied the army of 1870, found herself in 1914 with 30,000 priests in spiritual attendance on her four million fighting sons, for the soldier priest, so far from swamping the priest in the soldier, remained a priest, and that without detriment to the soldier. As a soldier, one of the bravest, he appealed to his comrades, but with the soldier, the companion—the good fellow—was always present the priest. By a natural process the soldier-priest gained for himself spiritual recognition. He became essential to his comrades in his capacity as a priest, and France, in that effort to deal an incidental blow at clericalism, possessed herself of 30,000 army chaplains against the 46 of 1870. The soldier-priest is now in constant demand for sacred offices—for hearing confessions, for burying the dead, for offering the Holy Sacrifice. Small chance has he indeed, of forgetting his vocation! And in the France of the future how can there exist that distrust of the priest, artificially inculcated, when the "comrade" of peaceful civilian life is likewise the "padre" of the trenches?—The Universe.

RELIGION MAKES THEM BETTER SOLDIERS

The Very Rev. Mgr. McMackin, pastor of St. Luke's Church, the Bronx, has received a letter from John L. O'Brien of the Fordham University ambulance unit, which has been in France for some time. Mr. O'Brien divides his enthusiasm between the chaplains with the American troops and the French officers with whom the American military and hospital service units have been associated since their arrival on the battle-scarred fields of France. Mr. O'Brien wrote:

"It is indeed with great pleasure I take this opportunity to write you a few lines from the French front. Although in the United States Army ambulance service, I am not rendering services to the American troops. Our section, which is one of the three formed at Fordham University, is attached to the French Army, and a better thing could not have been done for the spiritual welfare of our boys. Being so small in number, our sections are left stranded without a chaplain. But being attached to the armies in France and in the ambulance service, we come in contact with some of the noblest men in France.

"These priests, most of whom are serving in the capacity of stretcher-bearers, are the bravest of the brave. Without means of defense, but with the sole purpose of tending to the physical and spiritual needs of man, they scale the parapets and do the work on 'no man's land.' These are the sort of men by whom we boys of the Bronx college are surrounded. Every Sunday, and sometimes every day, we have an opportunity to attend Mass and receive Communion. It is certainly an honor unheard of in the States to wake up after a night's sleep and find a priest saying Mass alongside your bed. Such occurrences as these do we experience and they encourage us and make us better soldiers. Thus far we have been

very lucky and have not encountered the difficulties other sections have to overcome, but we expect soon to get our share, and I think we shall do honor to the flag by which we have sworn. We take to our work like ducks take to water and have a banking average of 1,000 with the French officers."

FRANCE'S "FIGHTING PRIESTS"

"There are about 25,000 priests in the army, but only 300 of them are officially appointed as military chaplains wearing three Stripes," writes M. Maurice Barrés in his recently translated book, "The Faith of France." Those numbers, no doubt, were far more accurate at the beginning of the War than they are now, for during the past four years thousands of French priests must have died for their country, leaving few to take their places in the ranks of the clergy. It is safe to say that in proportion to their numbers more priests have fallen in battle than any other class of people. For the spirit of self-sacrifice which they received with the holy oils on their ordination day was made so strong a habit by the years they subsequently passed in the sacred ministry, that now as "fighting priests," they are the first to volunteer for every post of danger and are always shining examples of the purest patriotism to their fellow-soldiers.

The letters which M. Barrés quotes in his book indicate the high motives which fire the hearts of these soldier-priests who unite a crusader's courage with an apostle's zeal. Father de Gironde, for instance, who was killed in the battle of Ypres on December 7, 1914, exclaimed:

"To die young, to die a priest, a soldier, while attacking while advancing, in the full performance of one's sacerdotal privileges, or perhaps giving absolution; to shed my blood for the Church, for France, for my friends, for all whose hearts are filled with the same ideal as my own, and for others who know the joy of belief. Ah, how beautiful this is!"

The other priests who died in Father Gironde's dispositions are so numerous that M. Barrés cannot name them all. The month of September (1915) alone supplied him with 156 personal records of priests and religious who were slain in Champagne on the field of honor; 216 died gloriously during the battle of Verdun in 1916, and the author says that he had in his hands early in 1917 the official text of 3,744 members of the clergy and of the Religious Orders who have been cited for recognition and who were deemed worthy of the six or seven stars, or palms.

When the War is at last ended will victorious France forget the wholehearted devotion of her priests, those brave men whose sacred character should have freed them from the obligation of fighting and dying with rifles in their hands? The toll taken from the ranks of the French clergy by the dreadful carnage of the last four years will certainly create for the Bishops an after-war problem of the gravest character. The people of France, let us hope, will not then allow the unbelieving Government of the country to increase the Church's trials by continuing that deplorable policy of persecution which now, even in war-time, is subjected to "soupriamism" the helpless orphans of France's heroic soldier-dead.—America.

SHANE LESLIE TELLS WHAT IRISHMEN HAVE DONE IN WAR

Mr. Shane Leslie, writing in a recent issue of the Philadelphia Public Ledger, says that the Irish in Ireland are not sympathetic with Germany as such in Ireland, only from time to time an exasperated people are made to feel that it is the only expression of sentiment on their part to which the Government pays no attention. The Irish Nationalists have taken the field in a proportion to which the American critic should pay heed. There are few Irish homes which have not suffered a casualty in the War.

"Taking the Irish volunteers in Ireland and England and Scotland, for there have been just as many Irish in English as English in Irish regiments, it can be shown that 40,000 Irishmen of Irish blood and sympathies have perished in the War, and indeed there are higher estimates. When the American army has lost 40,000 in dead, American critics can begin to call for Irish conscription.

"If the American people suffer as many casualties in proportion to their population as Ireland, they will have a right to salute their mourning land as a land of heroes. For these reasons all violence of word is to be deprecated. Far more can be achieved by the sympathetic acceptance of Ireland's cause as part and parcel of the Allied cause, the cause if not individualism, at least of self-determination among all

groups that by their history of geography or conscious wish and will are countable as nations."

THE NATION ON ITS KNEES

Our three American Cardinals have issued an appeal to Catholics and to all our fellow-citizens to pray fervently for the speedy victory of the American arms, and for a lasting, righteous peace. Their Eminences point out that we have entered upon this War animated by principles as universal as they are unselfish. Not seeking conquest by force of arms, "we battle for the welfare of men of every nation, asking no special indemnities for our sacrifices other than those which all free men always seek." The Catholic people of this country have been conspicuous in sacrifice, that justice might reign. They have given their time, their scanty possessions, and what is dearest to them, their children. They have spared nothing, that the great country, under the protection of whose benign political institutions and just laws the Church of God has flourished, might be preserved in the undisputed possession of her national honor and integrity. In thousands of churches, from the stately cathedrals of our great cities to the humble little chapels of the countryside, in convent and school and in cloister, where by day and through the watches of the night the service of God continues in one uninterrupted golden round of praise and adoration, fervent prayer has gone up before the throne, begging the powerful protection of the God of nations, for our just cause.

Surely today Catholics are on their knees, and in the mind of their Eminences, to win this War, "we must invoke the noble powers of sacrifice and faith," and while "we fight like heroes, we must pray like saints."

From every corner of America arises the cry of souls to God. The nation is on its knees before the King of Kings. That is the surest sign that America will lead the nations of the earth to victory over mere might. For God is our surest help as He must be our surest hope. And the prayers of a nation fighting not for gain but for good, will certainly be answered.

If God be with us, we need not fear the hosts of the enemy. We shall evince our patriotism, not merely by outward works of service, but by lives of integrity, making ourselves and our nation less unworthy of His protection.—America.

PONTIFF NAMES SIX AMERICANS TO FILL VACANT DIOCESES

Rome, July 22, 1918.—The appointment of the following six American Bishops has just been officially announced:

Right Rev. Michael James Gallagher, the present Bishop of Grand Rapids, Mich., has been transferred to the See of Detroit, to succeed the late Bishop Foley.

Rev. T. G. Brady, rector of St. Raphael's cathedral, Dubuque, Iowa, Bishop of Baker City, Oregon, in succession to Right Rev. Charles J. O'Reilly, who has been transferred to the See of Lincoln, Nebraska.

Rev. Christopher E. Byrne, rector of the Church of the Holy Name, St. Louis, Missouri, Bishop of Galveston, Texas, succeeding the late Right Rev. Nicholas A. Gallagher.

Very Rev. Canon Drossaerts, V. G., rector of St. Joseph's church, Baton Rouge, Louisiana, Bishop of San Antonio, Texas, in succession to Most Rev. John William Shaw, who was recently appointed Archbishop of New Orleans.

Very Rev. Jules B. Jenmard, until recently apostolic administrator of the vacant Archdiocese of New Orleans, Bishop of the newly created Diocese of Lafayette, Louisiana.

Very Rev. John T. MacNicholas, assistant to the General of the Dominicans, and residing here, Bishop of Duluth, Minnesota, in succession to the late Right Rev. James McGolrick. There is sincere regret in ecclesiastical circles in Rome at the departure of Father MacNicholas. It has, however, always been thought here that his pastoral record in the United States before coming to Rome made his episcopal nomination inevitable.

This large list is another testimony to the efficacy of the new method of appointing American Bishops, the Vatican now having always at hand all the elements necessary to assure prompt appointment, and wise selection.—New World.

There is much truth in this pronouncement by an observant writer: "There is no criticism so severe, so carping, as that of a person who could least accomplish the work he views with disdain. So true is this that absolute denunciation is almost invariably the product of absolute ignorance." We suggest that certain mouth patriots who complain bitterly that the Pope is not doing enough to end the War, take to themselves the above comments.—Sacred Heart Review.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The endowment of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., is now over \$2,000,000.

Under instructions issued recently by Secretary Daniels, chaplains on Navy vessels will have charge of ship's libraries and determine the character of the reading matter in them.

After almost three years of searching two Spanish mining engineers have discovered deposits of platinum in that country that apparently cover a wide area.

Gallipolis, Ohio, is the oldest Catholic settlement in that State.

Previously well drilled, eleven hundred children left within three minutes the parish school at Corona, Brooklyn, N. Y., when the building was on fire.

The Benedictines at Yankton, S. D., are building a memorial chapel to the late Indian missionary, Bishop Marty, O. S. B.

The Armenian nation now being exterminated by the Turks dates six centuries before Christ. At the beginning of the Christian Era, Armenia formed an independent kingdom.

Recently the five hundred students of the medical and dental departments of St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo., were sworn into the government service to be called as soon as they shall have been graduated.

Verdun, France, now the city of the great siege, had as its first known Bishop, St. Pulcherrinus, of the 5th century. Its abbey of St. Paul was founded in 970. Its cathedral is a plain, massive, two-square towered edifice.

In the new code of Canon Law it is provided that heretofore separate parishes are not to be formed for the nationalities living in the same district without a special Apostolic indult.

In the Catholic churches of San Juan, Porto Rico, special services were held recently in commemoration of the 40th anniversary of the creation of the first Catholic diocese in the New World. The diocese was created only 20 years after the discovery of the islands by Columbus.

The farm at Appomattox, Va., where Gen. Lee surrendered to Gen. Grant, has been purchased by S. L. Ferguson, of Richmond, who announces that he plans to have Congress make a national park of the ground. The farm, which contains about 1,000 acres, formerly was owned by Major George T. Armes, of Washington.

The Knights of Columbus announced this week the opening of a "lost soldier" department at headquarters in New York. Through co-operation with the adjutant general's office the statement said the bureau will furnish information as to the whereabouts of men who, through carelessness fail to keep in touch with their families and friends.

We care very little for these attacks so long as we are conscious that we have acted rightly towards our country, says Archbishop Harry. For us the love of our own people far outweighs the abuse lavished on us by people whose names have long been linked with injustice to Ireland. We trust that the world's verdict will justly appraise the action of the bishops, priests and people of Ireland in this new chapter which has been added to the story of our race. We are confident that history will see in our united efforts the true interpretation of the rights of nations, small and great, to determine their own destinies.

In 200 years the Scottish Catholic population has grown from 14,000 to 548,000. Forty years ago there were 242 priests, with 235 churches or chapels, 25 convents and institutions and 165 schools; but now there are 576 priests, with 432 churches or chapels or stations and 102 convents or institutions. There are nine orders of priests and brothers carrying on their own special work, and there are fifteen orders of nuns at work. And if Glasgow be brought into the picture of Catholic progress once more, it is only to mention that of the 548,000 Catholics in Scotland over 400,000 come under the jurisdiction of the successor of St. Mungo. Scotland has not yet been won back in its entirety to its old allegiance to Rome, but to some who can still recall struggles of even fifty or sixty years ago, the record disclosed should be encouraging.

Major General Frank McIntyre, chief of the Insular Bureau and formerly chief military censor, has been selected to become principal assistant to General March, chief of staff. General McIntyre has been chief of the Insular Bureau since 1912, having previously served in the bureau with the rank of major and colonel. He is an infantry officer and graduated from West Point in 1882, later becoming honor graduate of the Infantry and Cavalry School in 1889. General McIntyre is not only one of the best known of the Catholic officers in the service, but one of the most popular of his brother officers on duty in Washington.

THE RETURN OF MARY O'MURROUGH

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND
Author of "The Tragedy of Chris," "Nanno," "Onora," etc.

CHAPTER IV
NOT ASLEEP, BUT DREAMING

When Shan Sullivan disappeared over the brow of the hill, driving straight at the moon, his thoughts were as far away from Killelagh as if he had been travelling the unfrequented hill paths of that sphere of silver.

He had some Irish miles to go with his cart of turnips and mangolds before reaching the market of Ballyorglin, which meant a night journey of the loose-wheeled cart with its slow, monotonous jog-yog, no hindrance to the slumber and dreams of a man who knows how to lie among his sacks, and has confidence in the prudence and sagacity of his horse.

More than half the journey was made before Shan relaxed his limbs in rest, and meanwhile he sat erect, driving steadily at the moon, not asleep, but dreaming.

He took a letter out of his pocket, kissed the outside of it, and put it back again.

"What's the harm o' the foolishness! There isn't a soul to see, or not a star in heaven will pass a remark."

"Oh, it's you that'll come at last, Mary, an' time for y'! I'm feared to look into it an' see how many years young gone, an' the farm not bought out yet, but soon to see it. An' if there's much of more delay, by the Almighty that made us we'll wait no longer. When will she be comin'?" says one, an' how soon is she comin'?" says another, an' all o' them givin' it in to y' that there never was the like o' y' seen around Killelagh or Killarney or Ballyorglin. Not a girl at the Cross-roads tonight could compare with y'. The soft blue eyes o' y', an' that lovely black hair, with a shiny wave in it like the little waves in the lake under the Gap o' Dunloe when the sun does be hittin' into the shadda! An' the two dimples in them round cheeks o' yours, a body would make y' laugh if it was only to see them runnin' in an' out. Who has the white teeth y' have Mary, an' the rose of a mouth what could say the pleasant words? Oh, I'm tellin' no lie to my Maker here, Him an' me face to face, an' the world gone; but if things doesn't bring y' back to me soon, I'll throw up at last and go after y'."

A few words of murmured soliloquy of this kind broke from Shan from time to time as the cart joggled on, and the big white moon, resplendent amid her silvery-saffron clouds, responded to his rhapsodies with a spiritualized sympathy, such as the dreamer would never have looked for from any living fellow creature.

"Mary, d' y' mind the day when I said it to y' first? Are y' awake, an' thinkin' about it like myself, or are y' sound asleep after your hard day's work, in America?"

"D' y' mind, when your mother's roof was reeved, an' she died of it, how y' come down on the roof an' an' the Cottage she was carryin' at Glena, an' stayed there an' worked for me to earn your bit and the cotton cloth that covered y'? 'Twas there I seen y' first, an' the sight o' y' never left my eyes. An' it wasn't long till I put words to it!"

"It was the big holiday of the Blessed Mother (it's comin' round now), an' you an' me went round o' the lakes for our diversion. We climbed to the Gap o' Dunloe first, an' came down on the East o' Nest, an' we sat in the boat, an' you sang the song I loved best, 'My Mary o' the curlin' hair, right agin' the echo. An' the big rock took it all into his breast, an' turned it over in his heart, and gev it out to us again, every darlin' turn an' twist of it, till it was like your own soul singin' back to y' out of heaven, with a grand organ sighin' an' grumblin', an' rumblin' along with it."

"Oh, then, didn't we skiff along the lake till the squall hit us slap from the mountain and dhruv us over on Innisfallen. Not a bit afraid y' were, but into the boat again, an' out of it like a bird on the shore at old Ross Castle! But it was at Muckross all came out of o' my heart in words, like the song comin' out o' the rock."

"Shan was silent, staring into the mysterious silvery moon-world while his dream went on, showing him Mary in her youthful beauty, smiling at him within the romantic and picturesque ruin which stands solitary amidst the loveliest scenery of the land. There had been a lingering walk through the aged avenue of lofty limes and chestnuts which approaches reverently the hoary walls, rising out of lawns of vivid green, hardly saddened by grey mounds, and tombstones draped and sheltered by luxuriant shrubs and ferns, 'makin' a garden for themselves out o' ruination.' Over in the middle distance lay the fairy lakes, shimmering in silver and gold, and beyond them the purple hills.

"Shan was looking at it all now in the sunlight of memory, while the moon gazed on at him with tender encouragement of the dream.

"There was the roofless church with its tombs and carvings; there the perfect lieta cloisters, unbroken arches, and quiet alleys filled with a brooding shadow; straight darkened lanes bordering a wall of mysterious light filtered through the spreading branches of an ancient tree, reading the once open court, and weaving the webs across the upper floor of the decaying refectory.

Shan remembered that he wanted to cut their names on this tree, and how Mary would not allow him to injure it, pointing out Nature's lovely ornamentation of the stem, which is richly carved as by a sculptor's hand, and is made still more rarely beautiful by its marvellous colouring, dark mossy green interwoven with purple, tinged with ruby red, softening and brightening to a rose-tint.

Under this mystic tree he could see Mary standing where the ground is thick sown with reddish and purple seeds, falling from the network of spreading branches overhead, and forming a carpet, smooth, delicate, sumptuous, which Mary would scarcely dare to tread upon.

The place was so still, the arched lanes so solemn and dark, the little court was so rarely roofed and mystically lighted, they had almost held their breath while they stayed in it.

Up and down the winding stone stair they went, to the two upper chambers remaining of this home of saints, and then out in the open again, hand locked in hand, with their vows spoken.

"An' that was the solemn promise, Mary, on the saints' ground, with the angels listenin'!"

Here a heavier cloud shrouded the moon, and the sweetness of Shan's dream was broken upon by a memory of harsh voices: mother weeping, and father threatening; questions of the land to be lost, or the land to be held; his own angry rejection of a wife with fortune; and Mary's pleading to be allowed to go to America to earn money by her own industry till he, by his strivings, should pull things to rights on the farm.

"How did I ever let y' go without me, Mary? God knows it was only to have the little place before y' comin' back, workin' as hard here as you're workin' there, an' my father swearin' he would not no bar between us when things were got straight. My mother's in heaven now, an' thanks to you, Mary, she didn't die in the poorhouse: an' my father's sittin' at his own fireside in his old age, an' him not long for this world. All the same, the years has been slippin' over us, asthoreen; an' for all the promises, the farm isn't bought out yet."

"The moon was now lost behind a wrack of clouds, a grey haze overspread the heavens, keeping earthward, and blotting out the blisful lights and soft rich shadows that had limned the lovely features of the landscape. It was the chill and ghostly hour before dawn, when light and color are no more, and a cold and deathlike world is depressingly visible. Shan's dream had dissolved away under its influence, and he slipped from his upright position in the front of the cart, and slumbered among his sacks, while the old horse plodded on accustomed to every up and down, and turn and twist of the road to Ballyorglin.

After an hour's sleep he awoke in the full glory of the midsummer sunrise, crimson and gold on the horizon, hills freshly dipped in dewy purple, fields sweetly young in their green, with that look of primeval innocence which is only seen on the face of the untilled earth. The dream of the night was gone, but before him now was the splendor of morning, the reality of coming day, hope for the future at his heart.

Another year, or maybe half year, and Mary would be home.

As the cart rose on a hill and the lakes came in view, afire with the sunrise, Shan stood up and gazed at them across the landscape and raised his hat.

"God bless y', God bless y', Innisfallen! Dinis island, Glena! God keep the angels about y', Muckross! An' now, gee-up old horse and leave your dhramin'! Head into Ballyorglin with yer wits about y'!"

CHAPTER V
SHAN'S FIRST BAD MARK

Ballyorglin is one of the small towns in Ireland, where on a market-day you will see strings of little asscarts drawn up along by the side-path of the main street, usually in charge of a cloaked and hooded hill-woman, or a little girl with bright eyes shining from under the roof of shawl that projects over her brows and covers her shoulders. The one big shop and the little shops are all alive with gossiping and bargaining, as the country people sell their produce, or purchase a weekly store of tea, and sugar, and bread. Shan, who was one of the more important of the market frequenters of Ballyorglin, was a big man as he contributed his quota to the day's business, and that he was a favorite was easily seen by the lighting up of faces at his approach, and the thrusting forth of hands, and the rattling of Irish words of greeting and welcome about his ears.

Jegging down the street, he took off his hat passing the chapel gates, and turned aside his face from the three stalwart "polis" who were lounging shoulder to shoulder outside the barrack.

"Oh, an' it's a pity yez hadn't somethin' to do!" he said, turning his head again, and looking back at them. An' it's another pity that we hadn't the price of yez in sheep an' cows!"

His business in the town done, he proceeded on a further journey out countrywards from the other end of Ballyorglin, to a place called Anasnoole, where he had something to do for a friend with whom he was to pass the night.

Lying in the cart basking in the evening sunshine, he saw the figure of a young man before him on the road, and called:

"Is that you, Jakes? How's the father? Jump in!"

The tall youth addressed wheeled round, vaulted into the cart, and went jogging on with Shan.

"What are y' goin' to do with yourself?" asked Shan.

"It's what I'm thinkin' about—Serjeant Hourigan wants me to join the polis."

"The devil, he does. But you're not goin' to do it?"

"Why wouldn't I? I'm just the highth, an' there's no gettin' work here, an' the pay's good."

"Pay to beat in your father's head any day if the Serjeant bids y'!" said Shan.

"I wouldn't say that," said Jakes. "Or to swear your friend into prison."

"Ah, what's the use o' talkin'?" There's no work, an' I don't want to go emigratin'. An' I'm just the highth."

Shan looked at him with contempt and was silent. After a few minutes he said:

"Y' won't get in. There're goin' to reduce the force. There's nothin' for the polis to do."

Jakes looked knowing and shifted his position in the cart.

"He says things is lookin' up." "What do you mean?" "He has wind o' disturbances comin'. An' the force isn't goin' to be reduced."

Shan laughed a bitter laugh.

"Y' young spalpeen. Don't y' know what that means?"

"No, I don't. It's no business o' mine. If I join the force I'll be paid for doin' my juty. My father's in a hobble with the rent, an' my mother's sick."

"What does your dacint father say to y'?"

"It's what I'm on my way to talk to him about."

"Oh, then, if I was in his shoes I'd whip y' with a sally rod," said Shan brandishing his whip, and Jakes shifted his legs again, to be ready to spring from the cart in case Sullivan's next action should be suited to his last word.

"Y' needn't be afraid," said Shan contemptuously, seeing the movement.

"I'm not goin' to give y' the lucky chance o' somethin' for Serjeant Hourigan's note-book. Here's your dacint father's house now, an' get out o' my cart with y'!"

He cracked his whip within an inch of the youth's shoulders, and Jakes scrambled out, not quite sure whether he had felt the lash or not.

Returning to Ballyorglin the next morning, Shan left his cart standing in the street and went about seeing friends and making a few necessary purchases, chiefly the usual tea and sugar, and as he was passing the barrack Serjeant Hourigan was standing at the little gate leading up to it.

"Hello, Sullivan! You're a Killelagh man, aren't you?"

"I am Serjeant. A bit beyond Killelagh for that matter."

"Do you know anything about this outrage?"

Shan turned on his step, and stood and fixed his eyes on the policeman.

"No, Serjeant. What's the outrage?"

The Serjeant took out his note-book. A knot of people had gathered around them.

"A man called Peter Flynn was taken out of his bed last night, dragged all round his place, cut and bruised, two of his ribs broken, and one of his eyes put out, and was left lying in the ditch for dead."

"I don't believe a word of it," said Shan.

"Oh, I suppose not," said the Serjeant, putting up the note-book, "but we have got the man that did it."

"Who have you got?" said Shan.

"Miles Donohoe, the blacksmith's son, a fellow who has been wanting to get Flynn's farm."

Shan threw back his head and laughed and laughed; shook, and bent his knees with laughter.

"It is Miles. It is Miles! Oh, peeler, honey, y' might have hit a likelier man. Yersel, or Jakes Finucane, for instants. Where have y' got him?" he added fiercely, with a sudden change of voice and countenance.

"In the barrack, an' if you say more you'll be there along with him."

"It's where I want to be," said Shan. "I want to see him. He didn't do it. The thing never happened."

"It's reported already to Dublin Castle, anyhow," said the Serjeant, and the man will be before the magistrate to-morrow mornin'.

There's a padrole sent to Killelagh to examine the place and the injured man, and take notes of the affair. I wouldn't say but what y' were in it yourself. I'm puttin' y' down for reasonably suspected."

Shan burlied scornful defiance at him; and went through the town gathering particulars of the event of the day. A "padrole" of police had brought the news from Killelagh early in the morning, and Miles, who had been only a short way before them on the road, was seized on the way to his work at Ballyorglin.

Unable to get access to Miles, Shan finished his business and hastened his return to Killelagh.

He overtook the police at the entrance to Flynn's little farm, and shouted to him:

"What's up? What are y' skir-mishin' after?"

"It's this business about Pether Flynn. The ambulance is telegraphed for."

Shan threw his horse's reins over the gate-post and joined the "peelers."

They were making for the little house when a head appeared above a fence, and Foxy Flynn demanded to know what the polis were doin' on his bit of land.

"We're here to see the injured man—Pether Flynn."

"Sure here he is!"

"Are you Pether Flynn?"

"I used to think I was, anyway," said Pether, "but if y' tell me I'm not, I wouldn't like to go again 'in the law.'"

"Come on, Foxy," said Shan, "an' let us see which of your eyes is out, an' what you've done with the ribs that are broken in y'?"

"What are y' jokin' an' jibin' me for?" asked Foxy.

"Come over the ditch an' show us the whole o' you, Foxy!" cried Shan. Flynn scrambled over the bank, and the policemen eyed him up and down.

"Whereabouts are you hurt?" asked one of the policemen.

"I think it must be in my feelin'," said Flynn, "for I have neither break nor scratch on me body or bones."

"Did not some one come into your house last night, take you out of bed, drag you all round the place, and leave you lying for dead in the ditch?"

"Not that I know of," said Foxy. "Come sir, speak to the point."

"I have spoken to the best of my knowledge," said Flynn; "but, as I told you before, I wouldn't like to go again 'in the law.'"

The policeman examined him all over, and then went into the house, making a strict investigation into everything in and out of the place. The old housekeeper was called and questioned, but all the answer she vouchsafed was an uncanny laugh.

"There is something under all this," said the policeman, and made an entry in his note-book to the effect that an alarming secrecy was maintained as to this mysterious outrage, evidence being refused by the parties concerned in it.

When the polis had departed, Bess came across the fields to thank Peter Flynn for keeping silence as to what had really happened when Miles had risen up and expelled his rival from her mother's house.

"No thanks to me!" said Foxy. "We'll go to make a show o' myself, an' a laugh for the country? Did he ask me any questions about that thraxation at all, at all? An' don't I know very well I deserved what I got. You're an honest girl, an' success to you an' him! Did I want to be puttin' between yez? Sure I want neither you nor your sister. My time's past, an' only for Father Faly throvin' Tom Donohoe an' his sons an' daughters at my head, I wouldn't have took act o' part in the regard o' lookin' for a wife at this time o' day. Go home now, my girsha, an' be aisy in your mind. I'm better widout y' than wid y', an' Miles 'll have to be let out when there's nobody to say a word of a cause again' him."

"God bless y' Pether Flynn," said Bess. "An' will y' say that much to my mother?"

"Oh, that's a differ of a thing," said Foxy. "Sure it's her that has the hungry eye on my bits of grass and my two-three sheep an' cows. It's better for me to keep out of her way!"

Miles was "let out" the next morning, as there was no evidence to go before the magistrate, Shan Sullivan standing to him for bail.

He was dismissed with a caution, and returned to his home, an' Shan's had gone forward to Dublin Castle with a bad mark attached to them. Bess met him at his father's forge that evening, and he walked across the fields to shake hands with Peter Flynn.

TO BE CONTINUED

TWO MOTHERS

Father O'Leary had visited both mothers, and he carried away some strong impressions. The attitudes of the women differed intensely.

It was for their sons that the priest had spoken—Eddie Lee and Barney McManus—Charles and Albert, boys that had been from the day Sister Dorothy took their tiny hands and led them into the vestry. They were so small then that her scissors and skill were sore-trying to cut down a couple of scarlet cassocks to a suitable appearance and fit. Since then, they had been faithful servers at Mass, and, from the original little cherubs, had developed into good-sized, good-looking youths of fifteen.

They were now thinking of the future, and had made up their minds. They wanted to be like their pastor. They wanted daily to draw down the Holy One with the mighty words of Consolation. They wanted to be priests.

Father O'Leary had been watching them with loving interest for some time. He liked the straight clear light in their eyes—the quality that Hoffman put in the gaze of his "Boy Jesus at the Age of Twelve." Their reverence for the Blessed Sacrament was deep. Their ringing laughter at and in the proper time and places was proof sufficient of a good conscience and a keen enjoyment of life. To the careful and discerning priest, they were just the kind of aids to be moulded into excellent ministers of God—normal, cheerful, pious. He was not surprised, but much pleased, the day they told him, in the holy calm of the confessional, about Jesus' whispering to their souls the sweet invitation, "Come, follow Me." He congratulated them,

and promised to do all in his power to help them. They requested him to approach their respective families and gain the parental consent.

It was the Lees to whom Father O'Leary went first. Here was a household with ambitions. Within the past year, real lace curtains had been achieved by the parlor windows, an ell added onto the kitchen, and a new porch was attached to the front of the dwelling. Mr. Lee was now receiving fair wages as bookkeeper in Almy's Haberdashery, and Mrs. Lee could be little better than fair manager. They would have been comfortable long before this, were it not for sickness. Mr. Lee's lungs were not of the strongest, and Mrs. Lee's "nerves" frequently necessitated a dismal period abed. But at present everything was as smooth as green. Not for months had the old cough bothered the husband, nor the nerves the wife. Several entries had been made in the bankbook. Heaven was in sight until—Father O'Leary darkened the doorway.

Mrs. Lee was a tall, handsome woman, with disappointment written in light wrinkles on her forehead. She had been fond of the world in her day, and often marvelled to herself and her intimate friends that, out of many sparkling suitors, she should have chosen Richard Lee, the one least fitted to shine in business and society. She was frank in her admission that her supposed love for Richard was mere girlish folly. But the affection which she withheld from the father, was lavished on the son. It spoke wondrously well for Eddie that she had not succeeded in spoiling him.

The morning Father O'Leary called, Mrs. Lee was seated in a rocker on the sun-swept porch, reading a "best-seller." It was Monday, but of late the lady consigned her cares to the wet-wash and a hired girl.

"Time that I should get a little ease out of life," was her sharp opinion.

She rose with a show of dignity, gave her hand to the priest, and motioned him to the opposite chair.

"I have come to see you with regard to Edward, Mrs. Lee," explained Father O'Leary. "He's a good boy, and—"

"Indeed he is, Father. So superior in so many ways to his father I really don't know what I'd ever do without him, he's such a comfort!"

"Could you give him up, if—"

"Of course I couldn't give him up! Why do you even suggest it?"

"Wouldn't you yield him over even to God?"

"What nonsense are you talking, Father?" said Mrs. Lee in tones of thinly veiled irritation.

"Your son wishes to be a priest."

The woman's face blanched. For a second her fist clenched and the knuckles were white. Then, with a toss of the head, she expressed herself:

"Edward's duty is to me, Father O'Leary. I risked my life to bring him into the world, I reared him. And now that he's old enough to be a help and comfort to me, I'm not going to allow an idle whim to draw him away from me. Every youngster who ever served at the altar wanted, at one time or other, to be a priest. Merely a boy's enthusiasm, Father, that's all! She snapped her fingers. "God wants my boy to do his duty by me, his mother. Surely, as a priest, you can recognize this plain fact."

"How about your boy's duty to his Father—his heavenly Father?" suggested Father O'Leary mildly, though a line of pain and perplexity was on his brow. "Like Christ, he should be about his Father's business. And like Mary, should you not keep all these things patiently in your heart? True, you have rights, Mrs. Lee, and cannot help feeling them. But God has deeper ones; and, before His, yours cease. He gave up His only begotten Son. Dare we rebel at the call of sacrifice?"

Mrs. Lee's finger-tips played with the hem of her sleeve. Her eyelashes flickered, and a pout came to her rather pretty lips:

"I—think it's cruel of you, Father O'Leary, to come here and— and bully me with religion, she protested. "True religion was meant to heal hearts and not to break them. Christ spent His life in bringing consolation to men. You, as His representative, should do the same."

The color slightly mounted to Father O'Leary's cheek. He was piqued at the woman's inaccurate idea of the Christian dispensation. Christianity without a cross—that was evidently her desire and belief. But there is no Christianity without a cross. The priest shook his head:

"I came not to bring peace, but the sword," he slowly quoted. "If anyone will come after Me, let him take up his cross and follow Me. He who loves father and mother more than Me, is not worthy of Me."

Mrs. Lee gathered up her book hastily, and rose:

"Kindly pardon me, Father," she requested icily. "My head is aching. And, really, your—er—Scriptural onslaught is too much for me. Good morning."

Father O'Leary sighed and started to go. But his love for Eddie, and his desire to do his best for the boy, inspired him to make one last attempt:

"If you give your boy to God, Mrs. Lee," he spoke as gently as he could, "He will give him back to you—a priest."

It was no use. She had turned away from him. The priest was quivering with indignation: "Good morning, Mrs. Lee." "Good morning."

But the brightness had gone out of the morning for Father O'Leary. He was chilled at the unreasoning and unreasonable selfishness of the woman. He was pained at the thought of the disappointment which the news would give Eddie. For the son fully returned the mother's extravagant affection, and, for him, her slightest wish had always been law.

Main street was bright and fragrant with springtime. From the many orchards on both sides, a rosy rain of apple blossoms would fall with every gentle swoop of breeze, and birds fluttered busily in every direction. But the priest's eye, well trained to perceive and appreciate the beauties of Nature, did not see now, for his heart was sad.

Into one of the meaner little cottages down the street he turned. It had no lace curtains on the parlor windows, nor an ell to the kitchen. It needed paint badly, and a new roof worse. But a chestnut tree, snowy with bloom, hung lovingly over it and the sound of childish mirth tinkled gayly through it. It was the McManus household.

In response to the priest's knock, a dark-haired child with a Tipperary twinkle in her eyes and a Tipperary tilt to a mile of a nose, opened the door and sprang, with a cry of gladness, into the arms of the priest, the eldest daughter of the family of eight; and she was only twelve. The rest of the McManus children were in the back yard or on the stairway. The lady of the castle—stout Mrs. McManus herself—was too busy to bother where. There was no wet-wash nor hired girl for her. Out in the kitchen her capable arms were at present up to the elbows in soap-suds and the honest sweat was beading her red face.

"G' mornin', father!" greeted the voices from the stairway, as four pairs of young feet scampered down towards the victor.

In a flurry, Mrs. McManus dried her hands in her apron and, as full of apologies as excitement, hurried to the entry:

"Oh, the cut of me, yer reverence!" she cried. "But 'tis Monday mornin', and up to my eyes in work I am! You'll pardon my looks, Father."

"Of course, child," smiled the priest. "I'd have my own opinion of you, Eileen McManus, if you weren't busy on Monday mornin'." He was thinking of the languid Mrs. Lee.

"Won't ye be havin' a cup of tea, Father O'Leary? Here, Patsy, run to the store for a pound of sugar. Mary, dust off that chair for his reverence."

With a sigh of satisfaction, the clergyman seated himself near the window. This was home, humble but satisfying to one of simple, homely tastes. Father O'Leary was a people's priest. He loved the least of his children the most.

"It's about the boy, Barney, I've come," he announced.

"Has he got into any mischief, now, Father?" the mother asked quickly.

"No, indeed, He's a very good boy, Eileen."

"Yes, that's true, Father. But ye never can be tellin' nowadays—"

"Oh, you Irish mothers!" laughed the priest. "If your sons were veritable angels, you'd want them to be yet a little more angelic."

"'Tis more of the devil than the angel that the young ones do be havin' in them these days, Father. Mickey, stop pulling Moira's hair, and all of yez put crowdin' around his reverence so—"

"Eileen, you've had rather a hard struggle with life, haven't you? I remember when you were an apple-cheeked, laughing-eyed little colleen over the sea, with never a care in the world. Let her bravely and well you have borne all the trials that have come to you since then. And now I'm going to call on you to make one last big sacrifice—"

"What, Father—"

"Your boy, Eileen?"

"Barney?"

"Yes, Eileen. God wants him. Barney wants to be a priest!"

The mother's eyes stared wide, and a trembling hand sought her breast, grasping the folds of her cheap calico wrapper. Suddenly she dropped into a chair, hung her apron over her head, and shook with deep sobs.

The priest was struck with pity. He rose, and softly patted her on the heaving shoulder:

"I didn't think you'd take it so hard as this, Eileen," he confessed with sadness. "I know it would be hard for you to give Barney

to become the mother of another Christ.

Eleven years later, all roads led to Northern France. Not satisfied with his absolute rule on the Continent, Mars was stretching his grim hand across the Atlantic and seizing our young men for the fray.

Three months later, in No Man's Land, they met—Father McManus and his pal of altar-boy days.

Though night had come on, German fire still tearing over the scarred face of the earth and, as the smoke here and there lifted, the pale moon gleamingly revealed pools of blood and—worse.

Eddie Lee, wounded, had crawled back near enough to the trench to be seen by Father McManus.

Father McManus, heart-sick, managed to get him back into the trench; and there the unfortunate private lived long enough to make his Confession.

"Have you any message to send back home to—her?" asked the priest huskily.

"Who?" murmured the dying soldier.

"Your mother, Eddie."

"It's not of—her—I'm thinking. Somehow I can't. It's of my Father—my heavenly Father—I'm thinking. I ought to have been about His business a long time ago.

And that night, as Father McManus knelt beside the lifeless form of his boyhood friend, he raised his eyes to the stars that glimmered in all their ancient loveliness high over the field of blood.

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are found in the Breviary and in the more recent editions of the Ritual, or such as have been specially approved by the Holy See, may be used in public. Moreover, no litanies may be published even for private use without the approbation of the Bishop.

For adults, prayer is a necessary means of obtaining salvation; for them, certain graces necessary for salvation, such as final perseverance, which God only grants in answer to prayer, as St. Augustine teaches. Prayer is also of precept: "We ought always to pray and not to faint." The precept is grave of itself and for its fulfillment requires that we should pray frequently. Beyond saying this, it is difficult to determine precisely what method of prayer is required for a mortal or a venial sin. It would seem certain, however, that grave sin would be committed by altogether neglecting prayer for a whole year. The faithful rightly accuse themselves in confession, when they have omitted morning or night prayers, for those times are the most suitable for fulfilling this duty, and if no prayers are said then, they will hardly be said at other times; moreover, the omission will usually be due to sloth or carelessness about spiritual things.

Our Lord promised that prayer when rightly made would be heard by God. "I say to you: Ask and it shall be given you; seek and it shall be found; knock and it shall be opened to you." We learn from His teaching and from the nature of prayer, what qualities it must have, in order to be acceptable to God and heard by Him. The object prayed for must be necessary or at any rate useful for salvation. Not only spiritual blessings are proper objects of prayer, but temporal blessings as well, as far as they conduce to the welfare of the soul. Prayer must be persevering: God has promised to hear prayer, but He has not promised to hear at once. The time must be left to His wisdom and Providence with the conformity to His Holy Will. Prayer must come from a humble heart, in which faith, hope, and charity dwell, in order to merit the promises of God. Moreover, God will not do violence to man's free-will, and so if prayer is offered for some one else, its effect to some extent depends on that person's dispositions and free-will. He may, if he pleases, put obstacles in the way, which will prevent the prayer from obtaining the precise effect wished for in his regard. Theologians conclude that prayer must be made for one's self in order to be unfailingly heard by God.

We are obliged by precept only to pray to God, unless we admit with the common opinion that anyone who should never pray to the Blessed Virgin Mary would sin venially by neglecting so powerful a means of salvation. We may, however, lawfully pray to the angels and saints, more probably to the holy souls detained in Purgatory and in private to any one whom with reasonable certainty we believe to be with God in Heaven, that they may intercede with Him for us.

We should pray for all men whom it will benefit, without excluding any one in our private prayers. It is useless praying for the damned and the Church forbids her ministers to pray publicly for those who are excommunicated.

Worship here signifies any external action by which we show deference and respect to another. Such an act is grounded on the persuasion that the person honored is worthy of our esteem and that it is proper to mark our esteem by such an external act of deference.

If the qualities which command our respect belong to the sphere of civil life, our worship is civil; if they belong to the sphere of religion, it is religious worship. Religious worship which is paid exclusively to God, on account of His infinite and uncreated excellence, is called by divines, "dulia," while the special worship with which we honor the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Mother of God, on account of her created but pre-eminent excellence is called "superdulia."

Worship is absolute when the excellence which grounds our esteem is in the object honored; it is relative when paid to some object on account of its connection with a person worthy of our esteem and honor.

In this chapter we will briefly consider the regulations of the Church with regard to the worship of the saints, their relics and images and the principles which underlie that worship. We suppose the truth of the Catholic doctrine on this subject, that the worship which the Church authorizes to be paid to the saints, to their relics and images—is lawful, praiseworthy and meritorious. In the first place, then, we are allowed privately to show that inferior worship, which is called "dulia" to any one whom we know with moral certainty to have died in the grace and friendship of God. We may also show marks of relative worship to do anything connected with him during life. It is evident that there is nothing reprehensible in such worship; the world is accustomed to show similar marks of its esteem to its great statesmen, generals, poets and inventors. The Church does not interfere with private worship, provided there is nothing in it that is objectionable.

Public worship is subject to the authority of the Church and she regulates it, both as to its manner and objects. No signs of public worship may be used besides those

which are sanctioned, nor may the accustomed and approved signs of honor be shown to any except those who have been canonized or at least beatified by the Holy See. Only the saints, not the beatified, are invoked in the public liturgy and ordinarily it is not lawful to erect churches or altars in honor of the beatified; this mark of honor is reserved for the canonized saints. The pictures of the saints are painted with aureoles, those of the beatified with rays. It is not forbidden to place statues of men who have not been canonized or beatified, in our churches, provided there be no marks of religious worship shown them and paintings of such men may, under the same conditions, be placed on the walls or windows of a church. Such paintings, however, may not be placed over an altar.

The Church is very careful to guard against abuse and fraud in the worship of the saints, their images, and relics, as is shown especially by the wise decree of the Council of Trent, on the invocation of the saints and veneration paid to their relics and images.—Providence Visitor.

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THE HOLY EUCHARIST AND THE WAR

The Holy Eucharist and the War, even they are related to one another. Have you ever noticed the words of loving humility which Mother Church puts in the mouth of her priest when he says Mass or gives Holy Communion? They are the words of a brave soldier, the pagan centurion of Capharnaum and the humble faith they expressed moved Our Lord to heal the servant sick of the palsy. "Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst enter under my roof; but only say the word, and my soul shall be healed."

At the present hour it is especially the silent Tabernacle that offers a place of refuge to all Catholics stricken by the great War. The Tabernacle is at all times the centre of the Catholic world's devotion, but now more than ever are their minds and their hearts turned toward the quiet Dweller in the Tabernacle, the Lord of Hosts and the God of Battles whose plans are being carried out by all that we see taking place in the history of the world today. Necessity and want teach us to pray. Jesus' warning, so often unheeded in times of peace, is now listened to. "Come to Me, all you that labour, and are burdened and I will refresh you."

During these past months how many acts of faith have His afflicted children not made in His Real Presence! How many acts of fervent love have found their way from pious soul to His little abode in the tabernacles of our chapels and churches! How many acts of earnest prayer have been poured forth before His Eucharistic Throne by His children in their need!

And in return what courage and even joy has filled their struggling souls! Who knows how often the persevering and trusting prayer of some hidden soul has moved the Supreme Lord of War to make a change in his original plans and perhaps turn aside the bullet that would otherwise have killed a loved one?

In the latest our soldiers at the front tell us of how they have gone to church or heard a Mass in trenches and prayed God to take care of them in body and in soul. There, in foreign land, far from their homes and those they love, how often they feel weary and lonely and sick of heart!

But the same Jesus present in the Blessed Sacrament, who brings consolation and help to our soldiers at the front, brings these to us also who go to visit Him here at home. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass arouses in our brave warriors as in us the same generous spirit of self-denial. A great Bishop brings this idea out clearly in the following words.

"When the Spartans went forth to fight they took with them some of the holy fire that burned continually in their homes, so that their sacrifice on the field of battle might be offered up with their own native fire. Even so ought our men in khaki when they leave for the front, carry with them torches of self-sacrifice kindled at the holy fire on our altars at Mass, torches of devotedness that like the Spartans' fire never say, 'Enough.'"

As often as Mass is said, so often is the Sacrifice on Calvary renewed, and where Calvary is renewed, there is acted over again the noblest heroism and the bravest death in the world's history. For this heroic deed and death, were those of the Crucified God who gave life-blood for the salvation of mankind, and who gathered all the spear points of hell between His outstretched arms in order that we might have a free and open road to life everlasting. He who kneels at the foot of the altar, kneels at the foot of the Cross, at the foot of the Emblem of the most sublime heroism, and of the most courageous devotedness even unto death.

And think of how many of the intentions for which Mass has been said during the past few years, have been for our men at the front, for those who have fallen, for our wounded soldiers, for the victory of our armies, for an early and lasting peace!

The Holy Eucharist is a memorial of the Passion and Death of Jesus Christ. It enables us to understand life's great problem. For Christ had to endure suffering; even the Blessed Mother of God had to walk in the way of the Cross. And yet she had never committed a sin. The Lord

loved her tenderly, but He allowed the sword of seven Dolours to pierce her mother's heart! Suffering is a blessing say the saints. When all goes well man soon forgets God, but when evil befalls him, then he turns to the Heart that alone can really sympathize with him and console him. Then it is that he finds in a fervent Communion, besides its usual graces, special helps to accept suffering with patience, resignation, strength and courage. In days of trial and suffering, the Tabernacle, Mass and Holy Communion reveal themselves as the mysteries of our holy faith that can bring us the most efficient aid. They are inexhaustible fountains flowing with consolation for all. They are to us what the sun is to the sky, what water is to the ground, what the soul is to the body. And this, not only always but especially during these times of affliction through which we are now passing.

Approach, therefore, to this inexhaustible fountain of grace, and draw forth light and courage and consolation. Your heart will not remain empty. Comforted and contented you will return to your daily tasks understanding how true are the words of Our Lord: "Come to Me, all you that labour, and are burdened, and I will refresh you. And you shall find rest to your souls."

Yes, go to Our Blessed Saviour, Visit Him often in His lonely Tabernacle; assist often and devoutly at His Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; unite yourself to Him very often in Holy Communion; "And you shall find rest to your souls."—The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

UNSOCIABLE CATHOLICS

In beginning our plea, it may be well to observe that it is not the province of the Church to create any other degree of sociability than that which already exists. Her duty is to teach; and if her children followed her teaching, there would be small cause for complaint. But they do not, it must be confessed; and hence arises the contention on the part of many men and women that it is her interest to insist that Catholics know their duty in this regard. That there is vital need for this everyone knows who has ever given the subject a moment's notice.

Father Dillon, in Canon Sheehan's admirable book, "The Intellectuals," very truly says: "I think there is too much conservatism, too much—well, it is an ugly word, but expressive—too much 'classiness' among Catholics. Somehow there is a want of Christian equality amongst them. You are good and tender towards the poor; but when there is a question of social intercourse, you put everyone, outside a certain and undefined class, in quarantine."

Take, for instance, the case of a young man removing from one city to another. He may be irreproachable in morals, and a constant attendant for years at Mass, yet remain unknown to those with whom he is fitted to associate, unless he force himself upon those who are strangers to him, and who show no sign of wishing to make his acquaintance. Is it any wonder then, that young men find their female friends among non Catholics, and eventually marry outside the Church? This, it must be admitted, needs deep consideration.

Or, take the case of a Catholic family moving into a strange city. It may be entitled to a place within the most select Catholic circles—and this may be so acknowledged by Catholics themselves whenever they think of it—and yet non Catholics are invariably left to show the members the usual social courtesies. Protestant ladies are first to call on the wife; Protestant men first to invite the husband to their club or a place of amusement. In one case coming under our own observation, the convert wife of a man prominent in the affairs of a western city, was four years in her new home before a single Catholic woman called upon her. The lady, be it said, had formerly been prominent in the highest

Episcopalian circles in her native city, where she bore a name illustrious in American song and story. Does anybody suppose she did not find adherence to Catholic truth a rather lonesome affair? "It is a fact she did, as she often told us. This is only one of the many examples we might quote in proof of our contention."

Many converts coming into the Church who would have made useful members of the household of the faith, gradually fall away, owing to this same simple lack of courtesy; many Catholic young men and young women, through similar influences, drift into indifference, or finally drop out altogether owing to the same culpable negligence.

While as we have said it is not the duty of the Church as a teaching body to look after these things, it most unquestionably is the duty of the Catholic laity to correct the blunders they make in this regard every day of their lives. We should be more sociable than we are, and the moment has arrived when we should examine our consciences in the matter. If the clergy are too busy to look up strangers and converts, the laity should do it.—Catholic Columbian.

HUMBLE MILDNESS

Humble mildness is the virtue of virtues which our Lord has recommended to us, and therefore we ought to practise it everywhere and always, says Saint Francis De Sales. Evil is to be shunned of course, but peaceably. Good is to be done, but always with suavity.

Take this for the rule of your conduct: Do what you see can be done with charity; and what can not be done without disturbance, leave undone. In short, peace and tranquillity of heart ought to be uppermost in all our actions, as oil floats above all other liquors.—Sacred Heart Review.

WATCHFULNESS

The times in which we are living have seen the rise of a number of diversions, many of which have had a most unsalutary influence upon the lives, not only of adults, but of children. Theatres, dance halls, and the like, have to a great extent, driven away the simplicity of former times and usurped the attention of men to such a degree that many seem to have little time for the things which belong to God, so engrossed are they with the passing pleasures of our age.

Mothers, particularly in our day, have the enormous obligation not only of setting a good example to others outside the household, but of protecting the young lives entrusted to their care. Too much attention cannot be paid to the true education of their children. Where the mother is engaged in affairs foreign to her household duties and finds her recreation in spheres far outside of the home, that care and attention will not be employed which the children have every right to expect.

The example of the mother will be a personal incentive for right living or a formidable obstacle in the lives of their children. Some mothers allow their children free access to every sort of amusement; they take little care to scrutinize its nature and the effect that it is apt to produce in their future lives. They do not realize that the child's mind is plastic and impressionable, and that the impressions received in youth are apt to be disastrous in their later years.

Some are unmindful of the obligation of placing upon the family reading table those pamphlets, journals and books which will have a good influence upon the lives of the young. They allow indiscriminate reading and disregard the possible effects of such reading upon the lives of their offspring. Yet statistics clearly show that many a crime has been the direct result of evil reading during tender years. Vice and crime have multiplied to an enormous extent by careless disregard of Christian parents for the material which is placed upon the family reading table. Christian parents must be aware of this evil.

Of recent years an appalling laxity has crept into the home. Parents have allowed false standards of independence among their children. Their commands are no longer carried out, with the consequence that an unruly generation arises before the unwary parent realizes the danger that lurks before his door. Christian parents have a sacred obligation to make the Christian home like unto the home at Nazareth. An atmosphere of sweet simplicity pervaded that home, love, charity and obedience were its dominating characteristics. Obedience to parental authority was uppermost in the

mind of the Christ Child; everything breathed an air of love.

The home at Nazareth is the model for every Christian home. Every father should model his conduct upon that of Sir Joseph, who loved his home and spent his life for it. Every Christian mother should mould her life upon that of the Blessed Virgin, whose only aspiration was to do the will of God and carry into practice, to a heroic degree, every Christian virtue. The life of the youth should be modelled upon that of the Christ Child, whose love, charity and obedience to parental authority have been eulogized by the world in every century from early Christian times to our day.—The Pilot.

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CATHOLIC MORALITY

THE FIRST COMMANDMENT

The great precepts of the natural law which bind all men, are summed up in the Ten Commandments, given by God to the Israelites, and which Our Lord declared that He came not to destroy, but to fulfill. They bind all men and they will continue to do so, as long as human nature is what it is; if only they were observed, the blissful state of happiness of which poets have dreamed and reformers have striven in vain to bring about, would, indeed, be realized on earth. The first three commandments lay down our duty towards God and constitute the first table; the rest, forming the second table, contain our duties toward our neighbor and ourselves regarding duties.

The First Commandment, in the words of Exodus, is: "I am the Lord thy God, thou shalt not have strange gods before Me."

Here God solemnly declares to us that He is our Lord God from whom we have all that we possess, on whom we depend absolutely, to whom we altogether belong. From this, our essential relation with God, our Creator, is derived immediately our duty to worship Him as our first beginning and last end. The fact that we derive our bodily origin under God from our parents, lays upon us certain obligations in this regard; similarly, our relation to God imposes on us our highest duty of worshipping God, our Creator.

The acts of this worship, which natural reason thus prescribes, belong to the virtue which theologians call religion. They are acts such as prayer, worship in the stricter sense, sacrifice, offerings, tithes, vows, oaths, etc. We will now consider the subject of prayer and worship and then the chief sins against the virtue of religion.

PRAYER

Prayer sometimes means any pious affection by which the mind and heart are raised to God. More strictly, it is the petitioning of God for what we stand in need of, and this is called the prayer of petition to distinguish it from the more general significance of the term.

Mental prayer is made with the internal faculties of the soul, while vocal prayer is made with the lips also.

Public prayer is offered by authorized ministers in forms approved by the Church; all other is private prayer. Public worship is subject to the authority of the Church, which has regulated it by a large body of laws and decrees. Unauthorized forms of prayer may not be used in public worship and it has been prescribed that only the litanies which

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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUG. 10, 1918

THE FIFTH YEAR

The fifth year of the Great War opens with the Allies in good heart. We are humbler now than we have been on earlier anniversaries, but this is all to the good, for we are not less hopeful, not less convinced of the righteousness of our cause, not less resolved than we were in August of 1914 to suffer everything before we will suffer defeat. All these four years of war seem in the nature of a nightmare, too dreadful to be real, and the fourth year just ended has seen things at their worst. Twelve months ago the Russian armies had appeared suddenly rejuvenated and had won a series of surprising successes that flattered our hopes that the revolution had not entirely paralyzed Russia's arm. But then came sinister reports of Bolshevism; in October, Italy suffered the terrible disaster of Caporetto which brought the enemy in front of the Piave, almost within sight of Venice. It became evident that the Russian situation was entirely hopeless. The Slav Colossus was out of the war. The enemy was able to mass virtually all his forces on the Western front for his greatest blow. At St. Quentin, at Armentieres, and between Montdidier and Noyon our troops fell back before staggering onslaughts. The enemy was within sight of the Channel ports on the north of his line and he menaced Paris at the south. The outlook was dark for our armies. Then came the turning-point. An Austrian offensive on the Piave was turned into an enemy disaster. Venice was saved. The German Crown Prince began a mighty attempt on Paris. His forces once more crossed the Marne, but at that river of ill-omen for Germany the miracle of 1914 was repeated. The invaders suffered a tremendous defeat. Paris was saved again.

How much prophesying there has been about this War and how silly as well as false it has been proved by events! The littleness of human power and wisdom could not have been more completely demonstrated. Yet we still do not learn to have recourse to Omnipotence. The prayer at home are lukewarm in the people. But it is a most hopeful thing that the Allied forces in the field have now been put under the command of a man as eminent for his humble faith and piety as for his military genius.

AN OFFENSIVE THAT FAILS

Evidence accumulates that in all Protestant countries, especially in Canada, England and the United States, there has been an intensification of activity on the part of the enemies of the Church. The greatest efforts have been made to turn national feeling in these countries against the Church. Recruiting failures, real or alleged, in Catholic regions have been a favourite theme for exploitation. But it is plain that if there had been nowhere the slightest pretext for cavil on this score the drive against the Church would have been not less fierce. In the United States the proportion of Catholics in the Army and Navy is so far beyond that of other denominations that the boldest assailants cannot say a word against Catholics on that point. Yet the anti-Catholic drive is more savage in the States than it is in Canada! All this teaches us a wholesome lesson. It is for its merits and not for defects that the Church is attacked. It is for her virtues that the Church is hated. The better Catholics do the more we shall be assailed. When the Church is most blessed she is most reviled. Is not this precisely what Our Master foretold! It may

be asked then whether it is no gain for the Church to do well. Do Catholics bring only attacks on themselves by their merits? No, the virtues of her children bring strength and increase to the Church just as their faults bring weakness and loss. Blows against the Church provoked by the signs of her divine power do not hurt the Church; they strengthen her. What is happening today? The Catholic Church is showing herself incomparably the mightiest moral international force in the world. The Catholic religion is showing itself the one creed that means something to men at the hour of their death. Millions of men have now come face to face with the Faith that they had never known before. They had heard the name of that Faith, they had seen the outside walls of its churches, and they had known some of the men and women who professed it. But the reality of that Faith did not make itself evident to them till they saw its power on the battlefield. "Our hearts were made for Thee, O God, and they are ever restless till they rest in Thee," said St. Augustine, telling us that there is a soul hunger in all men which God alone can satisfy. The Protestant soldiers of America and Canada and Britain are human. They have spiritual natures as Catholics have and they have those spiritual yearnings after God that is part of our human constitution. But those hungers are unsatisfied in Protestants; they feel them perhaps even more acutely than we do. They know they lack something for their starved souls but they know not what. They see what it is when they view their Catholic comrades before action on their knees receiving the Blessed Sacrament or when they see the Catholic chaplain at the side of the dying Catholic soldier. They see a religion that is a reality at a moment when nothing that is sham can bear testing—at the moment of death. The soldiers see Catholicism as the one religion that bears this test. What is the result. Thousands of conversions are recorded at the front. Men come to the Catholic chaplains for Baptism. These men may be killed. They join the Church Triumphant and they do not come back to us to strengthen the ranks of the Church Militant. But some come to us and more will come. Such is the tragedy of centuries of heresy that many poor souls who see the Vision fail to recognize it as their heart's desire. These we must pray that the Good Shepherd may lead them into His fold. But even these men who are not converted will be changed. They will not come back with the same narrow prejudices on which Protestantism in these countries has lived. The enemies of Christ's Church know and fear the immense increase to the prestige of Catholicism that has come from the War and they are striving with all their might to raise a black screen of falsehoods between the returning men and the Truth of which they have caught a glimpse. This is why there is a new and exceptional rage of anti-Catholic fury. The better we Catholics do our part the more will this fury continue but the more surely it will be thwarted. It is the Catholic men at the front, fighters and chaplains, who have been the means of bringing the vision of the Faith to those that dwell in darkness. It is the Catholic men at the front who are the shield of the Church at home and who have made all the attacks against us fall harmless. There was recently a No Popery cry in England, but that cry was contemptible not only in its meanness but also in its futility. It found no echo save in the lowest regions and it was answered with indignant repudiation from non-Catholic voices. The Catholic blood that has been shed for England could not close the mouths of the enemies of the Faith but it has made England's ears open to the truth. So it is in Canada. In Flanders' fields lie many Canadian Catholic dead. By their deaths they saved the freedom of their country and the honour of their Faith.

OUR SOLDIERS AND OURSELVES

A French-Canadian poet, Gustave Zidler, now living in France, has written a fine play that was recently performed at Versailles. There is the scene of a wounded poilu in hospital nursed by a French Countess. The soldier has won a rare decoration but he claims that all his comrades, living and dead, who fought beside him at Verdun, should all

have the Cross of the Legion of Honour. The Countess applauds the sentiment but goes further and says that the honour is due to all France, "bruised but steadfast, ardent and resolute." The soldier says no: to the France of the trenches, yes; but not to those away from the fighting, the France of the rear. "There are not two Frances," says the Countess, and she tells the wounded man of this France of the rear, its unceasing toil, its privations, its sacrifices, its love, its prayers for the France of the front. Those who work are serving those who fight and all serve France. Tens of thousands of our Catholic youth and manhood have gone from Canada to fight for their country, for our country. They have honoured themselves and they have honoured their Faith, our Faith. They are of us and we are of them. We become one with them in so far as we work for them and for Canada. The Catholic Huts for soldiers which now stand in the overseas training camps and behind the battle line are not only services to soldiers, not only monuments to Canadian Catholic generosity, but they are symbols of the unity of Catholics in Canada with our Catholic men overseas. Unity is shown by community in effort. As monuments and symbols the Canadian Catholic Huts are very precious to us, apart from their recreational and religious uses to our Catholic soldiers.

CATHOLIC JOURNALISM

An interesting and very happy event in Canadian Catholic journalism is the appearance of a new French-Canadian weekly review, La Vie Canadienne. The first two numbers which we have seen make it a paper that for high literary quality is equal to the best in North America. The opening editorial, announcing the policy of the paper, is an assurance that the directors of the paper do not lack courage, for they state frankly that the paper will seriously occupy itself with political questions. No patriot, it argues, can be indifferent to political questions. And then to the inevitable question: Which is your party? La Vie Canadienne replies that it will be the organ of no party in the ordinary sense, but it will belong to "the party of God, the party of virtue, the party of truth, of justice, right and charity." All of which simply means that the paper will be Catholic; it will judge public questions from the standpoint of Catholic principles. Of course, the possession of such a standpoint is no guarantee of infallibility. An editor of the greatest conscientiousness is liable to make mistakes in his interpretation of Catholic principles. Cardinal Newman and Cardinal Manning were both highly educated and absolutely loyal Catholics, yet they differed profoundly on most important ecclesiastical as well as political questions. An editor may justly claim to be treating a question from a Catholic point of view and yet not deny other Catholics the right of differing from him. At the same time, readers must be ready to allow editors the liberty of making mistakes. If an editor is never to say anything that is not absolutely *de fide* or that is not likely to meet with the assent of all his readers he will never be of any use to the Catholic cause. A Catholic paper must ever be strictly orthodox in doctrinal matters and it must have a single eye to the interests of God's Church; but this does not mean that a Catholic paper should be merely the echo of prevailing Catholic sentiment. We can gratefully say that the readers of THE CATHOLIC RECORD have shown themselves truly right-minded on this point. They want to read what the RECORD has to say on any subject of interest and they are content if it shows thought and sincerity and if it contributes to a more intelligent appreciation and a broader view of the subject, even though it may urge the force of views that clash with prejudices and predilections that have been firmly held for a generation. This is the only reasonable attitude on the part of readers, who should be glad when their Catholic paper gives them a new point of view, though the new vision may be accompanied by a little jolt. Catholics in Canada have, on the whole, been well served by their press. Mr. Shane Leslie has recently been making some interesting comparisons between Catholic journalism in Europe and America. So far as Canada is concerned our Catholic weekly press need not fear to stand in company with that of any English-speaking country. We have no weekly reviews of the type of The Tablet or

America and this is a distinct deficiency; but such reviews do not, in either England or the United States, rank as popular family journals. At the same time it has been remarked by both British and American critics that Canadian Catholic papers have displayed unusual strength in their editorial departments. Such an old-established paper as The Casket, for example, travels from Canada to be read and very frequently quoted in all parts of the English-speaking Catholic world. The Casket has been the medium of some of the best Catholic thought in Canada and it has had amongst its editors and contributors some of our ablest and most prominent men. It is simply due to a high editorial standard that this Canadian paper has been able to maintain its considerable reputation and influence. It is inevitable that an editor who performs his duties with courage and seriousness should sometimes conflict with strongly held views amongst his readers. A spirit of toleration is needed on both sides. There is no better motto for a paper and its readers than the well-known words of St. Augustine: "In things essential, Unity; in things doubtful, Liberty; in all things, Charity."

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE DISASTER which has fallen upon the German armies upon the West front brings into strong relief the fact that the Huns have never understood the people of other nations. They have, says an American exchange, been too wrapped up in their own conceit to get the right viewpoint on others. That, it may be added, is why they have made such grievous blunders in their estimate of the Allies. Imagining that there were no soldiers equal to their own and that their scientific conception of war was a thing above and beyond all others they plunged the world into this awful cataclysm only to learn by sad experience that all these years. This can mean for them in the end but humiliation and defeat.

MUCH THAT has been said of the prowess of the German soldier is the merest boasting. He was fed on it until he believed it, and when it is once knocked out of him he can never "come back." That he has reached the end of his tether the events of the past three weeks prove indubitably. The Huns brought on this War with the certain prospect in their own minds of complete and speedy triumph. It was, they calculated, not an affair of years, but of months. The German soldier was the invincible product of military genius and their plans could not go wrong. Therefore, it was to convince the nations of this that they entered upon that career of frightfulness which was to show them the hopelessness of resistance and bring about speedy submission.

HOW FAR they miscalculated four years of constant and heroic endeavor on the part of the Allies have shown. The Hun, with all his thoroughness, failed to take into account the instinct of human liberty. The fortitude of the French people, the dash and determination of the Italian, the faculty for organization and "staying with the game" of the English-speaking races, were all left out of account. Now we are entering upon the fifth year of the War, with much hard fighting yet ahead but with the tide unmistakably set towards the Allies. The crisis has certainly been passed, and with the increasing American forces in France the Hun must know that his dream of world power is already effectually dispelled. There are days of trial before us still, and many hearts shall yet have to mourn the loss of loved ones, but with the fury of the Hun assault spent the day of victory for the Allies has dawned and with it the night of military despotism has departed.

"SINCE YESTERDAY," wrote Gustave Herve, the Paris Journalist, on July 24th, "the name of Foch has suddenly throughout the entire world, become as great as that of Joffre." And the entire world, as the New York Times remarks, including all of Germany that really knows the facts, undoubtedly agrees with Herve. Hour by hour, as the great Allied victory on the Marne developed, France and the world realized more the genius of the man who brought it about. Joffre and Foch—these two names will go down in history together as the twin heroes of the two great battles which saved

Paris from Hun pollution, and, through Paris, raised again the hopes of the Allies.

To FOCH, the student, philosopher and strategist, Hindenburg's (or Ludendorff's) blundering was an opportunity. For several dreary months murmurs as to why Foch did not attack were loud and incessant. With Foch alone, however, was the knowledge of all the facts, and he alone knew that the only possible policy was one of waiting. To every impatient Minister, who while abating none of his confidence in the Generalissimo, yet failed to see the facts truly as they were apparent to the great soldier, Foch but answered: "Attendez, attendez." (Wait, wait.) And the sequel has been his justification. He knew how to meet force with strategy. He awaited his opportunity, and when the Germans, mistaking his patience for weakness, stepped into the trap, Foch's time for action came. All the world now knows the result.

FOCH, says one correspondent, had one clear advantage over his opponent—he had no Kaiser nosing about. Correspondents formerly attached to the German Headquarters, say that the Kaiser made himself a nuisance, and that Ludendorff and Hindenburg had to resort to all sorts of subterfuges to mitigate the inconvenience and actual misfortune of his constant interference. Foch, on the contrary enjoyed a free hand. When by the unanimous choice of the Allied Governments he was placed in supreme command, he was given the utmost latitude, hence had not constantly to submit to petty interferences. The wisdom of his choice is now demonstrated beyond question. The Hun invasion has been stayed, and the initiative has passed into the hands of their foes. To Foch who brought this about is applied the term philosopher and strategist. He is both, but he is something more. The great soldier who boasts no prouder decoration than a badge of the Sacred Heart is before all else a Christian.

WESTERN CANADA is to receive unexpected help in harvesting its wheat crop this year. By arrangement with the Government at Washington the great army of harvesters enlisted by the United States Employment Service is preparing to cross into Western Canada from the border States to work on Canadian farms so that our store of wheat will become immediately available for the sustenance of the Allied armies and peoples. This will relieve Canada of a great anxiety, due to the severe shortage of native farm labor which has been so heavily drawn upon for military service. This development of international co-operation in our common resources is one of the outcomes of the War which must have far-reaching and permanent results.

THE ECONOMIC and social section of the League of Patriots of France has been distributing a leaflet urging the French people to still endure with their customary fortitude the restrictions imposed upon them in the interest of their country. The exhortations contained in this leaflet have been not ineptly termed "Ten War Commandments." They should be laid to heart by all the Allied peoples, not excepting those of this continent who, more happily circumstanced themselves, have a duty of fellowship to fulfill to these sorely tried brethren in France and in Europe generally.

WE HAVE been favored with a copy of this leaflet which, done into English, reads as follows:

- (1) Do not forget we are at war. In our smallest expenditures never lose sight of the interests of the native land.
- (2) Economize on the products necessary for the life of the country: Coal, bread, meat, milk, sugar, wine, butter, beans, cloths, leather, oil. Accept rations. Ration yourself as to food, clothing, amusements.
- (3) Save the products of French soil, lest some day you deprive your father, your son, your husband, who are shedding their blood to defend you.
- (4) Save the products that France must buy from foreign countries. Do not drain reserves of gold, which are indispensable to victory.
- (5) Waste nothing. All waste is a crime which imperils the national defense—prolongs the War.
- (6) Buy only according to your needs. Do not hoard provisions; your selfishness raises prices and deprives those of smaller means of things indispensable to existence.
- (7) Do not travel unnecessarily. Reflect that our trains are, before all, destined for the transportation of the

troops, the feeding of the population, the needs of our national productions.

(8) Do not remain idle. According to your age and your ability, work for your country. Do not consume without producing. Idleness is desertion.

(9) Accept without murmuring the privations which are imposed upon you. Reflect upon the sufferings of those who are fighting for you, upon the martyrdom of the population whose hearths have been devastated by the enemy.

(10) Remember that victory belongs to those who can hold out a quarter of an hour the longest. "That France may live, she must be victorious."

IN VICTORY for France lies victory for Canada. Therefore, while we are not called upon as a people to endure all that France has endured, these exhortations are none the less applicable to this continent. Especially should it be borne in mind that "all waste is a crime," and one does not have to travel far to see that despite the War and the strain it has placed upon all the nations, waste is still the besetting sin of the Canadian people. The pre-War saying that the waste of a single day in any Canadian or American city would feed its population for two has been but partially mitigated by the events of the past four years.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

FOCH HAS again applied the pincers. By two really separate operations, one a short distance northeast of Fere-en-Tardenois, and the other on the two sides of the sharp extension of the German line down to within four miles of Fere, the Allied forces took part in the assault north of the Ourcq, between Le Plessier and Fere. The French War Office states that the height beyond Grand Rozoy was conquered, the village of Beugneux taken and the villages of Cramoiselle and Cramaille penetrated. In the capture of Romigny on the left flank of the enemy, and north of the Rheims-Dormans road, one hundred prisoners were captured. By these gains a very appreciable improvement in the Allied positions has been achieved. Besides ironing out an awkward angle in the line northeast of Fere, Mangin's army dominates the foe's front for a considerable distance, and seriously imperils his very sparse means of communication with Fismes, on the Vesle River. The strongly held enemy sub-salient, extending from Roncheres across to St. Gamme roughly between Fere and the Rheims-Dormans road, is now made virtually untenable. It was announced in Paris last night that the number of German prisoners captured on the Marne front and in the Champagne from July 15, when Ludendorff was making his maximum efforts to cross the Marne in force, until the end of the month, was 38,409, including 674 officers.

NOW THAT it is impossible to keep from the German people the fact that a large American army has succeeded in evading the U-boats and taking part in the smashing of Ludendorff's "Tempest of Peace" in France, the Kaiser takes a hand in the anxiety propaganda. In a characteristic message to his troops he said, amongst other things: "Vital forces which are streaming across the sea to the enemy are being attacked by the German submarines, which are certain of success." When he called Pershing's troops "vital forces" he told a great truth, but when he talked about success for his submarines he totally disregarded past performances in the track of the eastbound transports. Only one has been successfully torpedoed, and then a comparatively few men were lost. His plungers did sink the Justicia, of 32,000 tons, but she happened to be empty of soldiers. He cannot keep the "vital forces" from landing in France by attacking west-bound steamers.

ALL IS going badly for the Teutons in the East. From many different quarters comes news of influenza strongly at work against the purposes of the German war-lords. Disaffection is manifesting itself in the Bulgarian army to such an extent that it is reported in one despatch that an offensive planned against Monastir had to be abandoned. Bad feeling is growing in Roumania, and it is said that the German General in command there has been forced to admit that it would be dangerous for Ludendorff to insist upon the withdrawal of troops from that country to assist on the West front. The Czech-Slovaks are making

steady progress in the Volga region and preparing the way for the re-establishment of the Eastern front by Allied intervention. A Washington despatch says that the latter is well under way. British, American and Japanese troops having been already despatched to Vladivostok, with more troops from neighboring colonial possessions on the way. The Russian people themselves are ripe for an uprising against both the Bolsheviks and the German oppressors.

WITH THE exception of the usual Artillery activity and a successful raid against the foe in the region of Lens, quiet yesterday reigned on the British front.—The Globe, August 2.

AN AFTER-WAR PROBLEM

Francis Cardinal Bourne in America

I am honored by the invitation of the Editor of America to say a few words to his readers on the subject of the social problems which will have to be faced by the Catholics of the English-speaking world, when the prolonged years of the War come at last to an end. These problems will have to be faced by all; Catholics can confront them in the light of clearly ascertained and well-defined principles.

I am taking it for granted that in the main outlines the conditions of social life are the same on both sides of the Atlantic. Naturally I can speak with personal knowledge only of the conditions as I see them here in England.

There are two main principles which must guide us to a true solution. First, the right of every human being to a true human, and not a mere animal, existence; and next the account which every man must render to his Creator of the use of the talents that he has received, including material wealth.

The observance of these two principles is practically impossible in very many cases at the present day. There is quite a large section of the community condemned by undeserved poverty to a non-human mode of existence. There is a considerable number of men whose wealth is so colossal as to be beyond their own knowledge and control.

It is in the adjustment of these two abnormal conditions that part at least of the solution of the main problem is to be found. Leo XIII. has established once for all the right of every man, who is willing to labor by brain or hand, or both, to a living wage, and to all that a living wage connotes. He will need more as his existence develops and he passes from the single to the married life. The one room that sheltered him in decent comfort as a bachelor will be no fit dwelling when he has taken to himself a helpmeet to share his life and fortunes. And the modest tenement, fit and suitable in the days of early married life, will no longer be sufficient when God, by His means has brought other persons into being who need space and air and house-room in conformity with the decencies of life.

In like manner his wages must also grow. The lad of sixteen or eighteen, living in his parent's home needs evidently far less than the man who has to fend for himself; and the same man will be debarred from marriage, or unable to fulfill the duties of a married man, unless progressively, the rewards of labor are made commensurate with the natural claims upon them.

Lastly, a man must have some guarantee that the human life, which he has rightfully built up for himself, shall not be ultimately and utterly shattered by ill health or unemployment.

There are millions of persons in our countries for whom these necessary conditions are never realized. All their lives they are forced to be content with dwellings that are badly built and equipped, unfit for a growing family, and wanting in ordinary conveniences. They are tied by the exigencies of their daily toil to a particular locality and must perforce put up with the accommodation that they can find. Their weekly income will never rise beyond a miserable pittance, to be eked out, perhaps by the labor of the wife and mother whose time and thoughts and leisure are, and ought to be, abundantly absorbed within the walls of the home itself. Before their eyes there is ever the spectre of the possibility of unemployment if health fails, or a business collapses. In many cases there is only the bare margin of a weekly wage between them and the abyss of destitution, to be guarded against only by the gradual sale, in other words, by the destruction of the slowly and painfully acquired goods, chattels and adornments of the laboriously constructed home. When this destruction has taken place, a man may well think that all the hope and joy of his life are destroyed for ever, and that for him, his wife and children a humane existence is no longer possible.

When we turn to the other side of the picture we realize that there is nothing in the nature of things to render such a condition in any way necessary. It cannot be urged that the goods of this world are insufficient for the maintenance of all those who dwell therein, and that, therefore, some must inevitably go short. We see everywhere, and on every side, and in powers more than in the English-speaking countries, evidences of wealth and plenty. Money is being acquired and heaped up in the ownership of individuals to such an extent that it must be quite im-

possible for the possessor to control adequately either its acquisition or its outlay. He does not know, in many cases he simply cannot know, at what cost in human life and energy and happiness it is being obtained. The production of enormous personal fortunes is nowadays of so complex a character that all contact has been lost between the producer and the receiver. The great landowner, rich in the rents and products of his farms and lands, might indeed be hard and selfish and self-seeking, but he had the means of knowing and the opportunity of discovering, if he chose to do so, how his dependents lived, and the power to ensure them housing, comfort, and permanency of occupation. He could know their lives and enter into them. Men like the late Duke of Norfolk regarded their possessions as a sacred trust, to be preserved intact and handed on from generation to generation, but charged with many a duty of justice and charity and religion. So, too, are we told of the Duke of Northumberland, who passed away the other day, that he regarded his position as one fraught with vast responsibilities, imposing upon him a personal duty of which he must render an account to God. In the case of the industrial magnate, whether he be an individual in sole control, or one of a numerous corporation, the account of his stewardship, and the giving back of his five talents enhanced by yet another five, is a vastly more difficult business. What can he know, in many cases, of the conditions of life of those who are toiling with these talents. How can he answer for them to God?

If the acquisition of his wealth brings with it an enormous burden of responsibility, the disbursement of it is hardly less responsible. The use and enjoyment to be gained from wealth is after all of a limited nature. Even when the multi-millionaire has exhausted every satisfaction to be derived from a palatial town residence and a country property of many acres, from a steam yacht and a racing stable, from the entertainment of his friends and the distractions of foreign travel, there will still be a vast residue to be held and employed as a trust from God. If a rich man's salvation is essentially a difficult matter, what shall one say of those who are so overwhelmed by their wealth as to be unable to trace effectively either its origin or its destination, or to bear adequately the obligations attaching to it?

Clearly such conditions are unnatural and abnormal. The poor man is forced to struggle for his living wage, obtained too often after weary struggles and at the cost of strikes which disorganize and paralyze industry. The rich are led to think that the accumulation of wealth is the main object of life, and the strike is fought by the lock-out. In both cases the sanctification and the salvation of souls created for an eternal destiny are exposed to needless jeopardy. Meanwhile, there is wealth in plenty to satisfy both worker and capitalist, to give the laborer the comfort, security and rest, and to ensure to the employer every legitimate satisfaction that he may rightfully claim. The problem to be solved is to find a way of distributing the surplus wealth so that the poor man, manual laborer or inferior clerk, may have the additional remuneration that he so urgently needs; and the rich man no longer receive the heaped up increment which he in his selfishness requires and cannot efficiently control.

The war, which is gradually leading men to seek solutions of difficulties too little regarded in less strenuous times, has recently brought into existence in England a "National Alliance of Employers and Employed," which, after several conferences, has arrived at a mutually accepted concordat covering such points as the living wage, hours of labor, women workers, workshop conditions, housing, knowledge and efficiency, joint committees, maximum output and wages, security of employment, organization and agreements, education and technical training. Such an effort is surely entitled to the warmest sympathy and support on the part of Catholics. While the true principles which must underlie co-operation of this kind, if it is to be effective, are established to us by the full revelation of the teaching of Jesus Christ enshrined in the Catholic Church, we cannot hope to make those principles an active force in our countries, where non-Catholics are so numerous, unless we bring them into operation among those who are willing to accept them, even though they are unwilling or unable to recognize the real source from which these principles spring. It is in this quiet persistent infiltration of Christian and Catholic teaching that the hope of the future is to be found. The old materialism is dead; the political economy of forty years ago has been declared bankrupt; men are looking forward to a new era of happier human relationships after the war. If Catholics are to be, as God most certainly means them to be, powerful instruments for the regeneration of mankind, they must not be satisfied with a knowledge of their religion which will suffice for their own personal piety and devotion; but they must see how modern problems are to be solved in the light of the teaching of the Catholic Church; how, in other words, the eternal unchanging truths of the Gospel answer the questionings of the restless modern world.

This is the new insistent mission of those who have received the inestimable gift of the Catholic Faith. Some, from their advantages of education, position, natural talent, can

accomplish more than others. But all, from the humblest laborer to the most powerful captain of industry, have the duty of proclaiming the social value of the doctrine of Jesus Christ. In his own sphere and measure every Catholic may be, nowadays, more than ever, the light of the world, and the salt of the earth. In every land, under every flag, new opportunities are given to Catholics to carry out this mission which they alone can discharge. Nowhere will the opportunity be greater or more full of hope than in the two great peoples who use the English tongue, and who are now so closely and providentially united in a common seeking after justice under the Stars and Stripes and under the Union Jack.

ARRESTED AND EXILED

MEXICAN ARCHBISHOP HELD PRISONER UNTIL HE WAS DEPORTED TO U. S.

The arrest, imprisonment and subsequent deportation of the Most Rev. Francisco Orozco y Jimenez, Archbishop of Guadalajara, confirms the recent reports of the continued persecution of the Catholic Church in Mexico. The Archbishop was arrested in Lagos on July 25th and was held prisoner until last week, when he was deported to the United States. He arrived in Texas last Thursday. The Carranza Government accused Archbishop Orozco of sedition. It was contended that he sought to arouse the people to take up arms against the present Mexican regime. Authoritative reports from Mexico, however, say that the Archbishop merely issued a pastoral letter protesting against the continued persecution of the Catholic Church and the open violation of the rights of liberty and of conscience.

One of the exiled Bishops now journeying in San Antonio made the following statement in regard to the accusation against Archbishop Orozco:

"I do not intend to deny that Archbishop Orozco has published some pastoral letters considered by the Carranzistas to be seditious. But I do deny that such documents are subversive of the public order. Archbishop Orozco confined himself to protesting, in a most dignified manner, against the repeated outrages committed by some in authority, in utter disregard of freedom of conscience and the inalienable rights of the Church. He merely repudiated the gross accusations brought against both the Church and himself. The famous and much abused pastoral is, after all, but a simple protest, like many others of the kind. For instance, we learn of the late protests of the oil interests in Mexico, the protests of the working class at Monterey, and others, and yet no one ever dreamed of apprehending the Protestants as seditious. Such protests merely express the indignation felt on account of some violation of social or individual rights; but by no means do they imply any seditious campaign against the constituted authority.

When the news of the arrest of Archbishop Orozco became known in Lagos and Guadalajara, prominent attorneys interceded for the prelate and urged the Mexican authorities to grant him the constitutional guarantees. Their efforts were without avail, however. At Lagos a vast crowd of men and women surrounded the jail and protested against the arrest of the Archbishop. They declared that if efforts were made to remove him to another city for trial they would accompany him so that he might be protected from ill-treatment on the part of his prosecutors. Within a few days, however, Archbishop Orozco was ordered deported. He was sent under heavy guard to the port of Manzanillo and put aboard the first outgoing vessel. Appeals to Carranza to annul the order of deportation remained unanswered. As soon as the account of the Archbishop's imprisonment reached the United States urgent telegrams were sent to Mr. Bonzano, the Apostolic Delegate at Washington, to the Rt. Rev. Francis C. Kelly, D. D., President of the Catholic Church Extension Society of the United States of America, and other prominent prelates of the country. It is stated that the American Hierarchy promptly made representations to our Government for the immediate release of the Archbishop.—Buffalo Echo.

SISTERS OF CHARITY JOIN THE RED CROSS

Ten Sisters of Charity, the first American nuns to enlist as nurses since the War began, composing the Loyola unit, have arrived in New York from St. Vincent's Hospital, Birmingham, Ala., and are outfitted at the Bureau of Nurses' Equipment, 222 Fourth Avenue, preparatory to sailing for France.

Headed by Sister Chrysothem, the unit includes, besides the nuns, a dietitian, laboratory assistant, secretary and ninety Red Cross nurses. When they reached New York the question of outfitting the nuns came up for the first time in the history of the Red Cross. The Sisters affirmed, however, that they had enlisted with the understanding that they should retain their religious habit of dark blue, with large white coronet. In all other respects they will follow Red Cross rules.

Since the beginning of the War the mother house of this order in France has been doing field

work. It was decided by the headquarters in this country that the nuns should go across, now that so many American soldiers were fighting on the French front.—Buffalo Echo.

REFRESHING AND REASSURING

Somehow another condemnation of religious hatred, as it manifests itself against the Catholic Church and the Catholic citizen, doesn't seem to appeal to the editorial writers of our secular papers. They don't seem to see its viciousness nor to realize its dangers to democracy. At least, these are fair assumptions from their general and generous silence on the subject.

A notable exception is The Oil World, published at Pittsburgh, Pa., and devoted exclusively to the petroleum industry. In a recent issue, under the caption "Catholics of Both Sexes Respond to Call," it has this to say:

"Whether the need is for fighting men or for the trained nurse, an examination of the records show that both in times of peace and times of war the Catholics of the United States have ever been found in the vanguard. No pen can do justice to the sacrifices of blood and treasure made by these devoted citizens when their country called. Not less noteworthy is the high standard of efficiency maintained by the Catholic Nursing Sisterhood. Where efficient training may mean the saving of many lives under their care, this is of utmost importance. Efficiency comes to its full flower of perfection among the Sisterhood trained to the minutest detail, the bare ugly detail of what is required of those who care for the sick, wounded and helpless. The light touch that soothes, the unflinching will, the nerves of iron, the wrist of steel, the gentleness, the compassion, and the calm, alert directing, these essentials you will find in every Catholic Sisterhood in the United States. So far from regarding the Catholic brethren as a menace to the well-being of this country, we point to their Order particularly as showing the way to all the rest of us, whatever our religious beliefs and opinions may be, in maintaining a high standard of education and efficiency. A Catholic priest is first of all a man of education or he could not occupy his position as priest. His training is rigorous. He is a scholar.

"We shall not at this time, when the city of New York is harboring a noted evangelist with a sound perception of the money value of his services, draw any comparisons, odious or otherwise. Controversy, especially religious controversy, is out of place here, and does no good anywhere.

"It concerns us only to state that we shall not permit in silence any aspersions upon the honor of that great body of our public, the Catholics of America. In our view, the benign influence of that powerful organization, the Catholic Church, holding as most sacred its beliefs, yet never exercising constraint to undermine the freedom of its followers, is a wonder, a marvel, and an inspiration to all of us, whether we do or do not share those beliefs."

How refreshing and reassuring is such secular press expression in these days of anti-Catholic attack. The Oil World, a rather new acquisition to Pennsylvania journalism, is quite evidently not going to be a party to the conspiracy of silence.—Church Progress.

POPE HELPS NEEDY

BENEDICT XV. AND THE WAR PRISONERS

From the account which is given in the Osservatore Romano of the condition of Italian prisoners who have been sent by the Germans to work on railroads in the east, it is evident that there is need for the efforts of the committee which was formed the other day in London to collect information regarding the condition of prisoners in Turkey.

The five hundred prisoners whom Mr. Dolci, the Papal Delegate, saw at the Malatepe camp were at the end of their strength through want of food. Many of them had not even shirts and those that had, had not changed them for several months. The men had found it necessary to sell their clothes to buy bread. To their material privations was added moral suffering, for they were without friends or sympathy and uncertain of their fate. In the name of the Holy Father, Mr. Dolci generously came to their relief. He provided for them new clothes, soap, cigarettes and other comforts, as well as a good meal, heard their confessions, said Mass for them and gave them Holy Communion. The kindness of the Holy Father's representative has been greatly appreciated, but his resources are, it is needless to say, limited.—St. Paul Bulletin.

ARMY STATISTICS

Some time ago, when, on the authority of the Secretary of War, it was declared that Catholic soldiers made up about 35 per cent. of our great army, a few editors of non-Catholic religious publications violently disputed the statement and quoted camp statistics that showed Catholics to be in a considerably smaller proportion than 35 per cent. But these editors failed to admit that in the sections of the country they had picked out Catholics were

largely in the minority. A correspondent of America, writing from Kansas, gives a fair view of such statistics when he says: "Concerning the percentage of Catholics in the army, statistics from Camp Funston, as shown by the religious census taken there early in the year, may be interesting. Catholics comprised 17.4 per cent. of the men, while the Catholic population of the ground of seven States from which they were drawn is only 13.03 per cent. This shows a surplus percentage of 4.37, an excess of about one fourth as compared with the Catholic percentage of population. In the 853rd Infantry, the Hundred and Fifty-third Infantry, the all-Kansas regiment, Catholics numbered 13.7 per cent., according to the statistics given out, whereas the Catholic population of Kansas is only 7.1 per cent. of the total population of the State. This shows an excess of 6.6 per cent. How account for this excess percentage both from the group of States and from Kansas? Does it not indicate that the estimate of the War Department is fairly accurate, especially when we take into consideration the very large percentage of Catholics in the volunteer branches of the army?"—N. Y. Catholic News.

THE EDUCATIONAL CONVENTION

San Francisco Monitor, July 27

The Fifteenth Annual Convention of the National Catholic Educational Association has finished its sessions. During the past week the most noted Catholic educators of the great Republic have gathered here in this charming and romantic city of St. Francis from the most distant points of this vast nation, and in the most critical epoch of America's national life and history, to ponder on and to discuss the vital and all important question of Catholic education, its present status, its future outlook, its relation to the spirit and needs of American citizenship and America's life, and its capacity and equipment for meeting and answering the greater questions and the more pressing problems that the coming years of the newly created and unknown future are destined to usher in upon us.

The very keynote of this Catholic convention, the spirit and the temper that vivified and permeated its deliberations, its sessions, its deliberations and its public utterances was the spirit of consecrated loyalty to this country, its flag and to the sacred and heavenly cause to which, as in a former day, she has again dedicated the lives, the fortunes and the sacred honor of her children and her citizens.

"The Catholic Educational Association stands squarely behind President Wilson for the prosecution to a triumphant issue of this War into which we were forced against our will and determination.

These, the opening words of the President of the convention, proclaimed to the great citizenship body of America that the select leaders and representatives of American Catholicism in the ranks of learning, scholarship and culture—those in whose hands are entrusted the training and the formation of the Catholic youth of this land were consecrated and pledged to guide and form that youth by the highest ideals and into the noblest types of true and loyal American citizenship, and is an absolute evidence that they would be true to that faith and trust in the future as they have been in the past, they could point to the glorious and undisputed record of America's Catholic colleges, showing more than fifty per cent. of their graduates serving beneath her flag.

Well did the speaker at the public gathering on Thursday night strike the dominant note and challenge of the hour when he stated that the single particular in which the American people cared to consider any man or any institution of learning in this fateful moment was in the matter of loyalty and service. This is the one and only supreme question of the hour confronting every man and every institution today throughout the length and breadth of our land and to this question every man and every institution must answer to the American people.

It is because these representatives who had gathered here in the name and cause of Catholic education knew that the educational system of which they were the sponsors and the spokesmen believed and taught and stood for the religious principles and the moral values which in the life of the child and the young man make for the love of God and the love of country, it is because they know these principles instill into the youth and sanction by the highest religious motives obedience to and respect and reverence for law and order and authority; formed in the youth of the land, mental and moral habits of sacrifice, self-restraint and discipline; it is because they know and believe all these things and know also that the only lasting and permanent security for a nation and a system of government which ultimately rests upon the will of the people lies in a sound and healthy public conscience dominated by the truths and laws of the religion of Jesus Christ—that they could answer to the challenge of the hour for loyalty and service in the statement, that they and the great Catholic Church and her nation wide educational system stand for the highest ideals of American citizenship and for all those things which make the heart of every true American

Catholic beat with love and devotion for the flag and the Great Republic that it symbolizes.

Today in this trying and testing time of America's national life there rises before our vision the figure of the immortal Washington, who carved out this temple of liberty and this shrine of Democracy in the Western Hemisphere and we listen with sacred reverence to his words of warning and his counsels of wise statesmanship:

"Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

It is substantially true that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule, indeed, extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who that is a sincere friend to it can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric?"

To these words of the great Washington that religion and morality are inseparable and indispensable to the security and stability of free government, we may add the dictum that religion is life—it consists not only in the acceptance of a body of revealed truths, but essentially in the application of these truths to personal conduct and daily life. If this be true and as Spencer says, The great purpose and function of education is to teach men how to live, verily the Catholic Church has grasped the only true and sound philosophy of education and she is doing a mighty work for the future of the American Republic.

With these words we say Adios to our distinguished guests. We were honored by their presence. Their knowledge and their experience has been of great benefit to us and to our Catholic teachers in particular, their zeal and their devotion to the cause of Catholic education has stimulated and inspired us to renewed efforts in the glorious spread and success of that work which is the most sacred and most vital task of the Catholic Church in America.

THE FAITH OF TO-MORROW

CATHOLIC OR PAGAN

By Mr. Leo Ward

The modern world has received so violent a blow that it will probably be very long before it can recover its mental balance sufficiently to understand the cause and meaning of the blow. Its fall significance is beyond us. But we can, and we must, bow our minds to God's mind, and seek to look at life with His eyes from His point of view.

The point of view is reflected, daily indeed but infallibly, in the "mind of the Church," which is always defying the mind of the world. The Church is the "mystical Body" of Christ. As St. Paul says: "We have the mind of Christ," and all the elaborate definitions of the Faith which the Church has proclaimed are bulwarks which keep out false interpretations of that Mind, so that the children of the Church may preserve the pure tradition of Faith which the Holy Ghost inspired in the minds of the Apostles. And just as that faith enabled them to understand, to some extent, the meaning of our Lord's life, His triumphant victory over nature (natural morality, natural philosophy, and the lifeless mechanism of natural law), culminating in His death and resurrection, so the living Faith of the Church to-day enables us to understand and perfectly indeed, but really the spiritual meaning of the life of man in relation to the life of Christ.

Christ is the divine "summing up" of spiritual wisdom. He is the Word of God—the Divine Wisdom in which the discordances of human wisdom find their reconciliation. We cannot explain His life intellectually, but we can apply it as the solution of all life. The saints learn to abandon their own wills for His, so that a complete saint may be described as one whose whole joy and obstinacy, and consistency and vitality, arise simply from the fact that it is not he who lives, but Christ living in him. The Greeks sought the development of life, because it was good; the Buddhists, the extinction of life because it was bad; but Christ sought the at-one-ment of life with its Author, God. He showed us at once the greatness of free will, the corruption wrought by sin and the dignity of life when it was bowed to God's will, when it has accepted the Cross, and risen in triumph. That is the Christian ideal of life. It is hard indeed to put into words: "the coming of the Kingdom," the victory

of the Supernatural, the triumph of Grace. But call it what you will, that is Christianity, Catholicism.

About the thirteenth century it really looked as though Europe might become the exponent of such Catholicism. I do not mean that there was not much sin. For if Christ comes into a man's life he must accept Him or reject Him, and cannot compromise and postpone the issue till the hour of death. And very often he rejects Him, at least for a time. But intellectually, at least, it really seemed as though, Christian principles might triumph. Saints abounded: cathedrals sprang up for the glory of God; labour was consecrated by the Church Guilds, learning by the religious Orders. Yet the "Middle Age" failed. Men whose souls had been set upon eternity, and whose minds had raised up a civilization which reflected the beauty of the world became satisfied. They began to admire the civilization they had built up. They began to admire themselves.

And so came the Renaissance, or re-birth of Paganism, with its worship of the "thing for itself" in art and ethics, of private competition in industry, of the "Great State" in place of the old Christendom. The supernatural was no longer the supreme reality. And so broken was the old Catholic spirit that, when the religious revival did come, many turned against the Church and sought a religion of private sentiment based on Luther's new conception of "faith"—a religion which acknowledged revelation in theory, but in practice was subjective, and which bowed to no actual authority, even in religion, except the secular power.

From that day the triumph of the supernatural seemed unlikely so far as Society was concerned. The subjective religion of Protestantism gave help to many bewildered souls, but it has not been the dominating spirit of the modern world. It opened the gates to social individualism and political State domination. And though the materialism has often seemed to triumph over the Church in Southern Europe, it is doubtful whether it has achieved worse ravages than has the pagan Christianity of Prussia.

Paganism and the Catholic Church are the two living forces of the modern world, in deadly conflict. Which will win? At first sight everything would seem to point to the triumph of pagan ethics and intellectual materialism or pantheism. Yet even now the Church has her opportunity. After all, this war is the failure not so much of the Church as of the world. It is the Modern World that has failed. A firm faith in this world and in "progress" is not found sufficient for these times. The world must look elsewhere.—The Universe.

CARDINAL GIBBONS TALKS OF THE WAR

Baltimore, Md. July 23.—Cardinal Gibbons to-day celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday anniversary Mass in the private chapel in the home of the family of the late Gen. T. Herbert Shriver, at Union Mills, Carroll County. For many years the Cardinal has always spent the anniversary with the Shriver family. He is now the oldest ranking member of the College of Cardinals.

To a friend the Cardinal talked of the War, praised the patriotism and loyalty of the American people, and said:

"There are two leading figures who at this moment are commanding the united attention of the whole nation. The first is our great Commander-in-Chief at the White House, who though far removed from the scenes of actual conflict is bearing nevertheless the brunt of the battles, whose eagle eye is surveying the whole expanse from Siberia to Tokio, and from Tokio to Soissons.

"The other is our former President whose youngest son has already sacrificed his life in his country's cause and the other three are covered with honorable wounds.

"Two more majestic figures it would be hard to contemplate at the present moment."

The venerable prelate, continuing, said the united prayers of a united people should daily be lifted up that President Wilson might continue under the Divine guidance, that wisdom from above may be given him, and that he may be preserved in vigor of body and of mind for the full accomplishment of the great work that has been impressed upon him, and that so Colonel Roosevelt should not only go forth the sympathy but for him should ascend the prayers of all the people that in his sorrow he may have the Divine comfort.—N. Y. Catholic News.

CRUCIFIX IS UNTOUCHED

A REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE ON THE BATTLE FRONT

The Washington Post has printed a cable message from George R. Brown, its special correspondent with the American army in France, which makes this remarkable statement:

"On the broad highway that leads straight into the German lines at Montdidier is a famous and beautiful shrine. On the lofty crucifix the white figure of the Saviour is almost life size. It stands at a crossroad, and the French signboard on a post at the turn of the road informs the passerby that Montdidier is distant ten kilometers. That road has been shell-swept for weeks, for over it troops and munition trains and sup-

plies for the men directly at the front are taken every day. The crucifix has been under shell fire here since the offensive began on May 4, but although bombs and shrapnel have fallen all around that serene figure, it has not been touched."

"OVER THE TOP"

The results of the Entrance Examination this year furnish a practical proof of the efficiency of the parish schools. Fifty boys tried the examination and forty-eight were successful. The two passing the highest from the Separate Schools were won by John Cosgrove and Joseph Burns of St. Patrick's School.

In the Girls' School thirty-eight pupils tried the examination and thirty-four passed. The first Harmon Scholarship was won by Lilian Teaffe and the fourth by Marion Nolan. The Harmon Scholarships, four in number, are competed for by the girls of both Public and Separate schools and are awarded to the four girls passing the highest. The success attained by both boys and girls must be a source of pride and satisfaction to teachers, pupils and parents.—The Calendar, St. Patrick's Church, Ottawa.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

IN THE NEW PLACES

The churches and parishes in the West and North aided by the Extension Society during the year are new foundations. Everything has to be supplied. With additions to our donation of \$500 a poor little chapel is built and long before the last board is placed the funds at the disposal of the missionary are exhausted.

The Extension Society aids not only in the construction of the nucleus of a parish but tries also to give a decent supply of vestments and altar linen. Very often through the generosity of our contributors we are in a position to donate Chalices, Ciboria, etc. Let us say now that undoubtedly many parishes in the East have Chalices and Ciboria and Monstrances not now used, because they are old or tarnished. Their old vessels would be of great help to a poor parish at the outset. We ask you to take a look at your sacristy treasures, with the hope that you may find something really useful for Extension.

The priest in the West and North is engaged in pioneer work. Last week a priest visited Extension and told us that he attended seven churches and four active missions. How many sets of vestments would be needed you may imagine! He generally takes his altar-pack from mission to mission. We could procure for such a priest, a very compact case, containing everything necessary for the Holy Sacrifice and administration of the Sacraments, for the sum of \$100.

The people for whom we are providing chapels, vestments, etc., have come from Ontario, Quebec, the Maritime Provinces, etc. They have some claim at least to the helpful interest of the parishes from which they came. Our forebears, Scotch, Irish and French received aid from the home-lands when they crossed the seas. Why should we be indifferent to the call now, when it comes to us so persistently and driven by such distress?

We feel that illumination is coming, slowly but surely. The fog of indifference and selfishness is dispersing. Catholics are thinking that Charity, not in word only, but in deed and in truth, has something to do with them and their relations to fellowmen. Catholic missionary literature is pressing home, more and more, every day, that it is a Christian duty to give thought, prayer and financial aid to the missionaries in the uncultivated parts of God's harvest field.

Let literature do its part! But Catholic men and women, Catholic congregations and schools must aid and aid more and more before the leaven of Charity will permeate the whole mass.

Donations may be addressed to: REV. T. O'DONNELL, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 67 Bond St., Toronto.

Contributions through this office should be addressed:

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Honor makes men to be respectful to everybody, but especially to those below them in station or education, or social advantages.—Cardinal Manning.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. F. P. HICKY, O. S. B. TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

THE GOOD SAMARITAN THE TYPE OF OUR LORD

But a certain Samaritan, being on his journey came near, and seeing him, was moved with compassion. (Luke x. 33.)

The very name of this parable has passed into a proverb; one word recalls it all—the good Samaritan.

The parable being given as an answer to the question, "Who is my neighbor?" we are struck by the infinite skill with which Our Blessed Lord embodied so much in a seemingly simple answer.

He explained to the lawyer; He rebuked the Pharisees with a life-like sketch of their own days and doings; He praised the poor outcast Samaritan; to future ages He withdrew the veil, and disclosed Himself as the Samaritan; to the eyes of faith He showed the scheme of redemption, the sacramental powers, the refuge the Church was to be to the souls of men.

The scene was well known to our Blessed Lord's hearers. The inn they had passed many a time. They knew why He mentioned priests and Levites as the travellers, because of the great college at Jericho, whence they came and returned after their ministrations in the temple at Jerusalem. They knew why the place was subject to robbers, as it lay on the borders of the desert; and that it was the route for the Samaritan's journey.

Thus they saw the splendid answer to "Who is my neighbor?" "He that showed mercy." They smarted under the covert rebuke, that priests and Levites should know not charity, but that a despised Samaritan should teach them the lesson.

But there is a wider and more sacred significance than this. It is a picture of Christ by Christ Himself! No wonder our Blessed Lady kept all such words in her heart, and that St. Luke narrates them so beautifully.

Who is the original good Samaritan? Our Blessed Lord. The traveller was mankind, and his enemy the devil met him, robbed him, stripped him, and left him half dead. Former religions, the priests and Levites, passed by; they could give no redemption to fallen man. But at length Christ came on His journey from heaven through the world; "being on his journey came near him, and seeing him was moved with compassion . . . bound up his wounds . . . and took care of him." (Luke x, 33, 34.)

The Jews only saw the rebuke about their want of charity, but all Christians can see this application. But here Protestant and Nonconformist stop, or see but little more. To us Catholics every word has a meaning and a value.

In the remedies we see the Sacraments—oil and wine—sacred symbols are they to us. Into our wounds Christ pours the oil. Twice at Baptism is the child anointed with holy oil, again at Confirmation. The sacred chrism again used at the ordination of a priest, blessing his hands to offer the Holy Mass, and at the consecration of a bishop, giving him the fulness of sacerdotal grace. And again the holy oil is used to strengthen the dying in their last conflict, to cleanse and comfort their souls, in the sacrament of Extreme Unction.

And the wine to revive the poor, half-dead traveller tells us of the Precious Blood of Jesus—the Blood that redeemed us, the Blood which is on our altar, when the wine is consecrated during Mass.

And he took him to the inn. The Church is the inn, for our home is heaven. The Church, then, is a shelter, a house, where we travellers find rest, food, comfort, medicine at the sole charge of Christ. "Take care of him; and whatsoever thou shalt spend over and above, I at my return will repay thee." (Ibid., v. 35.) The treasures and the merits of Christ's Redemption to be used for us by the Church, till He returns.

Does not this parable, then, contain the scheme of our redemption? Is it not good for us to understand and ponder over this parable? What else could teach us and instruct us as well as the words of Christ Himself? The fall of man; our ruin by sin; our enemy the devil; our helplessness only for the mercy of God, which came down from heaven, journeying through this valley of tears, and seeing our utter desolation, was moved with compassion—is not all this brought home to us in a word? And the mention of the elements of the Sacraments—oil and wine—fill us with consternation at the thought of how little remembrance and gratitude we have had for them. And the safe shelter and guardianship of the Church—have we thanked God for that? And every grace and favor we need; to be given us from the merits of Jesus Christ. In our dark hours and trials, it comforts us to know all this and to remember it. The good Samaritan is our own Blessed Lord. We know it and believe it.

Just before this parable our Lord had said: "Blessed are the eyes that see the things that you see." (Ibid., v. 23.) Ay, that see God's mercy; that see the Good Samaritan is indeed our Lord; that see how often He came near and befriended us. For willfully we have left the shelter of the Church, and ventured into the paths of the wicked, and fallen again among thieves; and yet we have been searched for and found

by the Good Samaritan, and brought back again and cared for, and never a word of reproach, not a harsh look, but only pity and tenderness from a loving heart.

But what meanness and ingratitude to treat in this way our good Neighbor, the Saviour, Who has shown mercy to us. Let it be our life's work, humbly to keep near Him, to follow Him, to be faithful to Him.

THE POPE AND COMING PEACE

By Rev. John T. Smith, LL.D.

Cardinal Gibbons has surely added to his fame by his recent letter in defence of Pope Benedict XV., which appeared several months ago in America. His Eminence in public questions has always been outspoken and has hit the nail on the head every time. When one recalls the many delicate matters with which he has been compelled to deal since 1896, and the success with which he has steered between Scylla and Charybdis, while always retaining the respect and admiration of the country, one can hardly admire too much the skill which has escaped even a single blunder. His Eminence has sought counsel and has never been ashamed to take it. His advisers have been the most notable people of the time. His skill and his success have made him the spokesman of American Catholics. His defense of the present Pope against the slanders, the prejudiced, and the hostile is as fine as anything he has ever done; and it will remind Catholics of their duty to the Pontiff and call their attention to many things which otherwise might have escaped notice and study. Curious facts in connection with the Papacy are now becoming public property and are disturbing the consciousness of mankind. One has always been before the public; the determination of the ultra-Protestant party to prove Pope Benedict a tool of the Central Powers. Another became public when Russian archives revealed the conspiracy to keep the Pope out of future peace conferences in order to please certain Italian officials. A third is becoming more apparent every day, that in some obscure fashion the Pope is advancing in the esteem of the suffering world, that alone of the rulers hope and peace radiate from his throne, whereas despair and murder seem to flow from all the others; and that the human race is turning instinctively to him for the peace which the world cannot give.

HOW COULD THE POPE TAKE SIDES? Evidently European diplomacy saw much of this years ago; hence the readiness of its agents to conspire against him. If the Papacy were of little or no importance, as in the piping times of peace we are taught to believe by the wayside orators and the sneering press, why the Italian demand to make the Pope a cipher, why the steady calumny that he is a tool of the Central Powers, why the willingness of the diplomats to shut him out of conferences? Do the great usually pay so much attention to the trivial and the negligible? Will it convince the world of the Papal impotence to take so much trouble to hedge it in by hard conditions? Do the diplomats see so much green in the eyes of the common people as to think they will accept their explanations? We are enclosing the Pope in a cement cell, surrounding the cell with parks of artillery, and informing us of these facts, because he is a monarch of no consequence, but may escape to the Central Powers, where he cannot do any mischief, of course too weak, but in a War like this trifles often count, and we cannot be too careful, the diplomats explain to the people. Do the people believe them? It is certain many of them do; hence the defense and explanation of Cardinal Gibbons as to the Pope's policy during the present War. Catholics do not believe the slanders, because they understand the situation; Catholics forming a part of each army, in Austria, in Germany, in Italy and France, infidel as they are, in England and her colonies, and in America, while Poland and Belgium, the two heaviest sufferers by the War, the martyrs of modern military barbarism are entirely Catholic. How could the Pope take sides in such a mess?

POPE BENEDICT THE STRONGEST MONARCH OF A TOTTERING WORLD Why is it that in spite of the slanders and the diplomats the Pope stands forth so prominently in the midst of the struggle? He has no army, no money, nothing of external power. He could not, as in the days of the Temporal Power, send help to an ally, or join in the diplomacy of the time. He is the prisoner of Italy with the consent of the Powers. Why do they not make an end of him and his irritating insignificance? Because he happens to be the strongest monarch of the tottering world at this precise moment when all the thrones are wobbling. Mankind gazes upon the everlasting confusion of battle, the debts piling up along with the dead, and no end in sight, and asks: "Did we not put up rulers to rule, and whence this ruin? Only that the wise dread that alternative of besotted monarchy, a differently besotted Socialism, the kings and kaisers would go tomorrow to Siberia. This Pope Benedict owns a throne which stands upon the rock of Peter, and is outside the fluctuations of this world. He has a follow-

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ing of over 370,000,000 scattered among the nations. That Italy which fears him while it hates him—I mean its political parties and leaders—dare not let him out of its boundaries for fear of the deluge. When statesmen suggest Malta, or Spain, or America as a refuge for the Pope, the men in power protest openly and vigorously against his departure. And wherefore? Because Rome would lose its prestige without him, and the dollars of the million pilgrims to Italy; because commercial Italy would complain in consequence; because peasant Italy, which is satisfied while the Pope is in the Vatican, might get boisterous and revengeful to learn that other countries had won the Holy Father; because Italian statesmen would no longer enjoy his influence in critical moments, for it is no secret that the Pope has frequently come to their aid; because the Reds would grow stronger and hatefuller were the Pope out of the Italian peninsula.

MILLIONS IN ALL THE WARRING COUNTRIES DEVOTED TO BENEDICT XV.

Even in France the Pope is a power, despite the machinations of an infidel government, whose entire aim is to avoid crucial questions, which would wake the intelligence, the conscience and the sympathy of the common people too suddenly. It is said the War has done this for the multitude, and that the men in power are preparing for the reaction when the War is ended. Austria is entirely Catholic, and Germany owns the celebrated Centre Party, the bulwark of the Church against oppression and persecution. These all listen to the words of the Pontiff. As to our own country and the British dominions we are fifty million there, and perhaps the most devoted section of the universal Church in loyalty to the Pope. Just look at that shining fact, that these millions in the warring countries are the devoted children of Benedict XV., and learn at once the nature of his singular power at this terrible hour. He is the most powerful monarch on earth, his position is the surest, it is the only position which is sure. It is not to the interest of uncertain kings to attack the only monarch of a sure kingdom. While French rulers would like to make an end of him in order to prove that Christ was a false prophet, others oppose for their own sake his immediate destruction. They are content to help in making and keeping him a nullity.

THE ONLY MONARCH THAT DARES TO TALK OF PEACE

The question with them, however, is, how long can he be kept a nullity? His present power looms large through one indisputable and shining fact; he is the only monarch that dares to talk of peace. All the others must talk war or keep silent. If they have taken sides in the struggle, their language must be bloodthirsty. If they are neutrals, they can starve, but they cannot plead for peace. This one man, claiming to be the Vicar of Christ, who is the Prince of Peace, proves his claim by his steady appeal for an end to this War and all wars. The Socialist may talk and plead for peace, but he must go to jail for his temerity. The press may talk of the golden day when peace shall come again, but beyond that rainbow it dares not go. The high prelates of the national churches in all their public announcements must first talk loudly of determination to keep up the War before they are permitted to speak of a possible peace. Individuals who preach peace in any form are classed as traitors or copperheads, no matter what their country. This solitary man, Benedict XV., serene upon the throne of the Fisherman, alone has the power to fulfill the command the command of His Master, and to demand peace in the name of Christ, in the name of civilization, in the name of common sense, in the name of the common people. His voice resounds in the desert of war, crying the woe of the people and voicing their demand for peace.

TRUMPET OF PEACE RESOUNDS ONLY FROM THE VATICAN

Consequently the suffering, grieving, starving, frightened peoples of the world are looking towards Benedict the Pope for salvation. They have given up their trust in chancelleries and rulers, who have emphati-

cally convinced mankind of their inability to stop the War. Even those who dislike the Papacy, and interpret its history as malevolent, turn to this singular power, this blessed light, which still shines through the storm, all other lights extinguished in blood. Why should they not turn to him? How can they help it? All over the earth the war trumpets are sounding. At this moment Japan may have sounded hers on the Siberian shore. Only from the heights of the Vatican the trumpets of peace resound. Belgium under the heel of the conqueror sees no hope but in the Pope, who has already protested against the barbarities of German rule, which have revived the worst features of ancient wars. Most innocent and most wretched Poland has no other friend and advocate in the courts of the kings. Between Russian and German her children have perished by the million. The nations who are in fear that war will seize them soon look towards the Pope for rescue. The prayers of millions are rising that God may strengthen his arm, and give him the grip that will break the kings of finance and force, who direct the war. It is this concentration of human fear and prayer upon this man, which has made him so powerful at this moment. The kings and the other tricksters playing the war-game must listen to him now above all other times. He represents the common people on our globe. He alone feels their anguish, knows their desires, speaks their will. It is an astounding consequence of this world-war that it has revealed the Pope once more as the spokesman of the nations against the barbarians.

POPE BENEDICT'S PLACE IN PEACE CONFERENCE IS ASSURED History has set him forth often enough in this marvelous fashion, but its modern interpreters have taken pains to prove the phenomena accidental and insignificant. Napoleon, called the Great, lifted a Pope of mediocre ability out of comparative obscurity and by grotesque persuasion made him an immense political force for his time. That was Pius VIII. When the Russian diplomatic records exposed the Italian intrigue against admitting the Pope into the next peace conference the world laughed at the situation; impecunious and helpless Italy snarling at the heels of the one real man in the peace situation! Baron Sonnino had to make his apology of explanation for it in the Italian Parliament, but no explanation will conceal his ridiculousness. His intrigue was a confession, quite unnecessary now, that the Pope is a power for peace not to be ignored. His place in the peace conference is assured. It is the one seat already engaged. Cardinal Bourne has reproved the English government for listening to the words of the Pontiff, and several Irish Bishops have done likewise; and an English secretary has explained that the intrigue meant nothing, only a little bribe to secure Italian assistance in the War; but the experienced king perfectly the meaning of all these said and sayings. They mean that the next peace conference must be a game like the war game, and that craft must take the place of force. Instead of force and blood, craft and language. Nothing so sincere, nothing so representative, nothing so unbiased as the Pope must be admitted. His candor as the representative of the common people would spoil everything. He knows that the common people want arbitration to replace war; that they desire so to restrict and display the activities of rulers and diplomats that war cannot be sprung upon them without full notice and full debate, and in the conference he will deliver that information with all the power of his high office. It would be an effective measure if the common people, now fully aware of the Pope's relation to their welfare, should formulate by nations a demand for his admission into the peace conference as their representative.—Irish World.

DO CATHOLICS THINK?

In some quarters the taunt that the Catholic Church does all the thinking for her members may still pass current. But the English non-Catholic writer, G. K. Chesterton, has answered it so concisely and so completely that it should be heard no more. A certain Mr. Dell, having stated that "a man becoming a Catholic leaves his individuality on the threshold and is converted to saved the trouble of thinking," Mr. Chesterton declares that the assertion constitutes "a very thoughtless and threadbare argument." Continuing in this characteristically Chestertonian style, he says: "Mr. Dell must know better. He must know whether men like Newman and Brunetiere left off thinking when they joined the Roman Church. Moreover, because he is a man of lucid and active mind, he must know that the whole phrase about being saved the trouble of thinking is a boyish fallacy. Euclid does not save geometers the trouble of thinking when he insists on absolute definitions and unaltered axioms. On the contrary, he gives them the great trouble of thinking logically. The dogma of the Church limits thought about as much as the dogma of the solar system limits physical science. It is not an arrest of thought, but a fertile basis and constant provocation of thought. But of course, Mr. Dell really knows his as well as I do. He has merely fall-

on back (in that mixture of fatigue and hurry in which all fads are made) upon some journalistic phrases. He cannot really think that men joined the most fighting army upon earth merely to find rest. It is on a par with the old Protestant fiction that monks decided to be ascetics because they wanted to be luxurious. I should keep out of a monastery for exactly the same motives that prevent me from going into the mountains to shoot bears. I am not active enough for a monastery."—Parish Monthly.

THE UPPERMOST THOUGHT

Do not we owe to all those who live under the same heaven as ourselves the aid not only of our acts but of our purpose? Ought not every life to us like a vessel that we accompany with our prayers for a safe and happy voyage? It is not enough that men do not harm one another; they must also help one another. The Papal Benediction, "Urbi et Orbi" should be the constant cry from all hearts.—Catholic Columbian.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

GOOD BUSINESS

If I possessed a shop or store I'd drive the gronches off my floor I'd never let some gloomy guy offend the folks who came to buy, I'd never keep a clerk, With mental toothache at his work Nor let a man who draws my pay Drive customers of mine away.

I'd treat the man who takes my time And spends a nickel or a dime With courtesy and make him feel That I was pleased to close the deal, Because tomorrow, who can tell? He may want stuff I have to sell And in that case then glad he'll be To spend his dollars all with me.

The reason people pass one door To patronize another store, Is not because the busier place Has better silks or gloves or lace, Or cheaper prices but it lies In pleasant words and smiling eyes: The only difference, I believe, Is in the treatment folks receive.

It is good business to be fair, To keep a bright and cheerful air About the place, and not to show You customers how much you know. Whatever your patron did I'd try to keep my temper hid, And never let him spend along The word that I had done him wrong.

BOYS, DON'T

Don't forget that you are to be men and husbands, Don't smoke in the presence of ladies, It is never respectful, Don't measure your respect to a person by the clothes he wears, Don't try to make your fortune by easier means than hard work, Don't speak carelessly of a lady's character, It is her only anchor, Don't forget that the best and greatest man that ever walked the earth was a boy, Don't neglect your business, Take pains to do your work well, Good workmen are always in demand, Don't sneer at the opinions of others, You may learn wisdom from those far less pretentious than yourself.—St. Paul Bulletin.

CHARLES M. SCHWAB; HIS RISE FROM POVERTY TO POWER

CHARLES M. SCHWAB; HIS RISE FROM POVERTY TO POWER "HE ALWAYS DID MORE THAN HE WAS ASKED" Charles M. Schwab, builder of Catholic churches and benefactor of various charitable institutions, was appointed National Ship Director not long since. The general consensus of opinion is that, if there is any man in the world who can build the number of ships and the kind of ships needed in the present great emergency within the shortest possible time, Charles Schwab is that man. He was prevailed upon to accept the position by Edward Nash Hurley.

Mr. Schwab was born Feb. 18, 1862, in Williamsburg, Pa. His parents were poor. His educational advantages were limited. Besides a local school training he spent two years in St. Francis College, Loretto. He took great interest in mathematics, chemistry and engineering. At sixteen he drove a stage between Loretto and Cresson Station, Pa. His first real job was as a grocery-boy in a store at Braddock, Pa. He always did more than he was asked or expected. While employed in this grocery store at \$30 a month he met Capt. W. R. Jones, who was then the right hand man of Andrew Carnegie. One day he struck Captain Bill for a job and got it. The next day he was driving stakes for \$1.00 a day at Carnegie's Steel Plant. He was then eighteen years of age. Within six years he was superintendent of the plant. He constantly studied chemistry and engineering and experimented with efficiency and improved processes. He planned and built the Homestead Steel Works. At thirty-three he was president of that institution. At thirty-five he was at the top of the steel ladder.

The Carnegie plant began to cut into European competition. Arthur Keen, the leading steel manufacturer in England, bought Schwab and offered him a fabulous salary—the largest salary that had ever been offered to any living man. Schwab refused the offer but did not mention it to any one. Keen afterwards met Carnegie and told him of the incident. Andy Carnegie appreciated Schwab's loyalty and promptly gave him a long term contract worth more than \$1,000,000 a year. And he earned the money. Schwab was the prime mover in the organization of the United States Steel Company. His long term contract with the Carnegie Company appeared to be an obstacle. The elder J. P. Morgan called Schwab into private conference, handed him the contract and stated that he didn't know how to handle it. Schwab promptly tore up the contract. He is undoubtedly the only man who ever tore up a \$1,000,000 a year contract.

The U. S. Steel Company was a billion dollar corporation. Schwab owned \$28,000,000 of the stock and became its first president. He was then thirty-nine. After three years he voluntarily resigned his position with this gigantic company. Schwab next rested for a period of two or three years. He then took hold of Bethlehem Steel Works, which were virtually bankrupt. He selected fifteen young men right out of the mill for partners. One of them was making \$75 a month at the time. Not one of them failed to

make good. All of them are millionaires today. Early in the War Schwab was offered \$50,000,000 for his personal holdings in the Bethlehem plant. There is a strong and persistent rumor that he was offered \$100,000,000 for a controlling interest in the plant by interests that were not British. Schwab refused all offers. That much is certain.

Early in the War the Bethlehem Steel Company entered into mammoth contracts with Lord Kitchener. All deliveries were made in less time than was agreed upon. Within two years the Bethlehem plant supplied England with more than \$300,000,000 worth of war materials. No plant ever equaled this production.

Charles M. Schwab is undoubtedly the greatest steel manufacturer the world has ever known. His ship-building plants on both coasts equal 40% of America's ship-building facilities. He has had the training. He is always ahead of the schedule. He has virtually been drafted into the War-service of the American people. This miracle-man in steel will soon be giving the world ships, ships and more ships until the requirements of ocean transportation are more than met.

Charles M. Schwab is making great personal sacrifices. But he is a grand soldier. And the American people will not forget.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SHORT SKETCH OF LIVES OF SAINTS OF THE WEEK

AUGUST 6.—THE TRANSFIGURATION OF OUR LORD

Our divine Redeemer, being in Galilee about a year before His sacred Passion, took with Him St. Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, Sts. James and John, and led them to a retired mountain. Tradition assures us that this was Mount Thabor, which is exceedingly high and beautiful, and was anciently covered with green trees and shrubs, and was very fruitful. It rises something like a sugar loaf, in a vast plain in the middle of Galilee. This was the place in which the Man-God appeared in His glory. Whilst Jesus prayed, He suffered that glory which was always due to His sacred humanity, and of which, for our sake, He deprived it, to diffuse a ray over His whole body. His face was altered and shone as the sun, and His garments became white as snow. Moses and Elias were seen by the three apostles in His company on this occasion, and were heard discoursing with Him of the death which He was to suffer in Jerusalem. The three apostles were wonderfully delighted with this glorious vision, and St. Peter cried out to Christ, "Lord, it is good for us to be here. Let us make three tents: one for Thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias." Whilst St. Peter was speaking, there came, on a sudden, a bright shining cloud from heaven, an emblem of the presence of God's majesty, and from out of this cloud was heard a voice which said, "This is My beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased; hear ye Him." The apostles that were present, upon hearing this voice, were seized with a sudden fear, and fell upon the ground; but Jesus, going to them, touched them, and bade them to rise. They immediately did so, and saw no one but Jesus standing in His ordinary state. This vision happened in the night. As they went down the mountain early the next morning, Jesus bade them not to tell any one what they had seen till He should be risen from the dead.

AUGUST 7.—ST. CAJETAN

Cajetan was born at Vicenza, in 1480, of pious and noble parents, who dedicated him to our blessed Lady. From childhood he was known as the Saint, and in later years as "the hunter of souls." A distinguished student, he left his native town to seek obscurity in Rome, but was there forced to accept office at the court of Julius II. On the death of that Pontiff he returned to Vicenza, and disgusted his relatives by joining the Confraternity of St. Jerome, whose members were drawn from the lowest classes; while he spent his fortune in building hospitals, and devoted himself to nursing the plague-stricken. To renew the lives of the clergy, he instituted the first community of Regular Clerics, known as Theatines. They devoted themselves to preaching, the administration of the sacraments, and the careful performance of the Church's rites and ceremonies. St. Cajetan was the first to introduce the Forty Hours' Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, as an antidote to the heresy of Calvin. He had a most tender love for our blessed Lady, and his piety was rewarded, for one Christmas eve she placed the Infant Jesus in his arms. When the German, under the Constable Bourbon, sacked Rome, St. Cajetan was barbarously scourged, to extort from him riches which he had long before securely stored in heaven. When St. Cajetan was on his death-bed, resigned to the will of God, eager for death to attain to life, he beheld the Mother of God, radiant with splendor and surrounded by ministering seraphim. In profound veneration, he said, "Lady, bless me!" Mary replied, "Cajetan, receive the blessing of my Son, and know that I am here as a reward for the sincerity of your love, and to lead you to paradise." She then exhorted him to patience in fighting an evil spirit who troubled him, and gave orders to the

choirs of angels to escort his soul in triumph to heaven. Then, turning her countenance full of majesty and sweetness upon him, she said, "Cajetan, my Son calls thee. Let us go in peace." Worn out with toil and sickness, he went to his reward in 1547.

AUGUST 8.—ST. CYRILUS AND HIS COMPANIONS, MARTYRS

St. Cyrilus was a holy deacon at Rome, under the Popes Marcellinus and Marcellus. In the persecution of Diocletian, in 308, he was crowned with a glorious martyrdom in that city. With him suffered also Largus and Smeragdus, and twenty others. Their bodies were first buried near the place of their execution, on the Salarian Way, but were soon after removed to a farm of the devout Lady Lucina, on the Ostian Road, on the eighth day of August.

AUGUST 9.—ST. ROMANUS, MARTYR

St. Romanus was a soldier in Rome at the time of the martyrdom of St. Laurence. Seeing the joy and constancy with which that holy martyr suffered his torments, he was moved to embrace the Faith, and addressing himself to St. Laurence, was instructed and baptized by him in prison. Confessing aloud what he had done, he was arraigned, condemned, and beheaded the day before the martyrdom of St. Laurence. Thus he arrived at his crown before his guide and master. The body of St. Romanus was first buried on the road to Tibur, but his remains were translated to Luca, where they are kept under the high altar of a beautiful church which bears his name.

AUGUST 10.—ST. LAURENCE, MARTYR

St. Laurence was the chief among the seven deacons of the Roman Church. In the year 258 Pope Sixtus was led on to die, and St. Laurence stood by, weeping that he could not share his fate. "I was your minister," he said, "when you consecrated the blood of Our Lord; why do you leave me behind now that you are about to shed your own?" The holy Pope comforted him with the words, "Do not weep, my son; in three days you will follow me." This prophecy came true. The prefect of the city near the rich offerings which the Christians put into the hands of the clergy, and he demanded the treasures of the Roman Church from Laurence, their guardian. The Saint promised, at the end of three days, to show him riches exceeding all the wealth of the empire, and set about collecting the poor, the infirm, and the religious who lived by the alms of the faithful. He then bade the prefect "see the treasures of the Church." Christ, whom Laurence had served in his poor, gave him strength in the conflict which ensued. Roasted over a slow fire, he made sport of his pains. "I am done enough," he said, "eat, if you will." At length Christ, the Father of the poor, received him into eternal habitations. God showed by His glory which shone around St. Laurence the value He set upon his love for the poor. Prayers innumerable were granted at his tomb; and he continued from his throne in heaven his charity to those in need, granting them, as St. Augustine says, "the smaller graces which they sought, and leading them to the desire of better gifts."

AN EXPRESSION OF FAITH

"What is the name of that beautiful Cathedral?" asked a Protestant, pausing in front of a massive stone church. "That isn't the cathedral," said the boy to whom the question was put. "That's our parish church, St. C." "With a word of thanks the stranger went on his way, possibly wondering why Catholics in an evidently poor locality had such a fine church. Indeed, this question frequently arises, and the critic of Catholic doings has not hesitated to charge Bishops and priests with levying heavily on their people to erect beautiful churches. Only the Catholic can understand why the House of God is made so fair. It is because the Catholic Church is truly the House of God, the abode of His Majesty, that they give so generously to make a fitting residence for the King of kings. An eminent authority, dwelling on this way of expressing faith and devotion says: "The edifice which is constructed to be for a congregation of the faithful, the House of God and the gate of Heaven, the chosen place for the Divine Sacrifice, the permanent abode of Christ, really present under the sacramental species in the sacred tabernacle, the audience hall in which is erected the mercy throne of the King of glory, should, of course, be the finest structure in any locality and be furnished with the richest ornaments that the loving worshipers can procure. "The temple of Solomon was such by the direct order of God Himself, and the Catholics have always understood, and understand today, all over the earth that such should be, to the best of our power, places of sacred worship. A poetic inscription, written by Fortunatus, about A. D. 550, for a church built by saint Felix in Nantes, France, bears witness to this conviction in the early ages, and the masterpiece of architecture since erected all over the Christian lands testify to it in every subsequent century. "If rulers and other men of eminence have costly dwellings, beautifully furnished and adorned, why should the Lord of All be denied a

fitting abiding place? It is a joy to the Catholic heart to give to the Church. "Nothing is too good for God," is the motive back of the giving. So, in city, town or remote country region, the Catholic Church is an expression of the worshiper's faith in and devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.—Sacred Heart Review.

PULLING UP ROOTS OF BIGOTRY

By Rev. J. F. Noll, L.L.D.

With due allowance for the proverbial fair-mindedness of the American people, and for the friendliness of Protestant individuals in every community, the fact cannot be ignored that the attitude of non-Catholics generally towards the Catholic Church is not friendly. Any one, to whose lot it falls to scan the columns of the denominational weeklies, the Masonic magazines, etc., must hold to this conviction, no matter how much he should prefer to believe otherwise. No one needs to be a critical observer, either, to note the same unfriendliness in the comments of editors of our big dailies, and of our secular magazines. If these men occasionally say a word in praise of the Church or of her work, it is usually done to reconcile the Catholic to the frequent criticisms which appear in the same columns. Even the "Literary Digest," which is controlled entirely by Catholic money, sins in this way. While this magazine only reproduces without comment, it is easy to observe that it caters to its large list of non-Catholic subscribers by its selection of matter for the religious section. The predisposition of the American people to non-Catholicism is quite general, though the great majority could hardly tell why. Our critics hold the price as well as the narrow when there is question of their son or daughter becoming a Catholic or when the name of a Catholic is considered for appointment on the school board, or when they go to the polls and cast their ballot in secret. These men do not want any anti-Catholic agitation to be carried on in the town, and they often hold the price as well as Catholics of their acquaintance in high esteem; but Catholics generally are narrow from their viewpoint—are good people, but to be pitied. Policy governs the editors of most papers, and if more frequent defense of things Catholic fails to appear in their papers, it is because they are aware of the quite general unfriendliness of non-Catholic attitude. Now, we declare that this situation is largely due to Catholic inertness. Our own literature should be brought to the homes of our Protestant people, and particularly to the homes of those who influence public opinion. Germany, England, France, the United States, and other nations engaged in the world war, keep the printing press working overtime in an effort to defend the justice of their respective motives and acts. If the Rockefeller foundation be attacked, if the sugar trust or the U. S. Steel Corporation be censured, these organizations are quick to send out to the newspaper offices of the country, and to all prominent citizens, a statement of their case in pamphlet form. The Catholic Church, more unjustly criticized than any other influence, is not defended for the benefit of her many calculators: she lets the non-Catholic believe as he will with reference to her teaching, practice, principles, etc. Every effort of the Holy Father in the interest of peace has been misinterpreted: the motives behind his Peace Note have been wickedly misconstrued. It is true that a Mr. Watson of New York did recently publish a brief statement of Pope Benedict's activities during this world conflict, but it will fail of its purpose because only the Catholic press will copy from it, and the Catholic press reaches only Catholic readers. The old calumnies against the Church will be repeated, new ones

will be invented and given wide publicity; unjust suspicions and judgments will continue to be harbored by 85% of our population until we bring our literature into Protestant homes.

It is true that Catholic papers of the country have been answering Protestant objections for years; they have often called attention to the greater loyalty of our people as exemplified in the percentage which our soldiers bear to the total enrolled in the regular army and navy; they have frequently referred to the election of Protestant candidates to the office in Catholic communities; they have proved the greater thoroughness of the parish school even in the secular branches; they have submitted replies to the traditional stock charges that Catholics are not allowed to read the Bible, that they pay divine honor to the saints, etc.; they have quoted our most reputable Protestant historians in refutation of charges made by the uninformed, they have often presented the true philosophy of the backwardness of Mexico, South America, and their defense reaches only our Catholic people.

There is no reason why Catholic papers cannot be charitable to non-Catholics, while being just to Catholics, and most of them are. Our Catholic people are not interested in having Protestants criticized, while they are interested in having their neighbors, their fellow-workmen, and the business and professional men of their community believe the truth about their faith.

Though most Catholics are unable to order a paper sent by the publisher to their non-Catholic friends and neighbors, they could afford to remail their paper or magazine regularly. It would cost only 52¢ a year to do this. There should be a Catholic literary committee appointed by some society in every parish, and this committee could outline a system for the remailing of papers regularly, so that the same individual would not receive the remailed copy of several Catholic subscribers.—New World.

AN UNIQUE INCIDENT

The Rev. A. Prolé resigned the living of Aldbrough near Hull on Jan. 1 of the present year, and was received into the Catholic Church by the Rev. Father Flanagan, Chaplain at Burton Constable Hall. Mrs. Prolé was received into the Church twenty five years ago and ever since she has not only been a faithful member of the Holy Church but has employed her spare time in making vestments and working altar cloths for the Catholic Church in Hull and district, and Mr. Prolé always displayed interest and sympathy in this excellent work. They will continue to reside at Aldbrough, as the vicarage is their private property. Recently Father Flanagan had occasion to say Mass at Aldbrough in order to give an opportunity to the soldiers stationed there of fulfilling their Easter duty, and the vicarage

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was readily placed at his disposal for the purpose, and Mr. and Mrs. Prolé were amongst the communicants and afterwards entertained the men to breakfast and supplied them with other comforts.

The incident is perhaps unique in the Catholic revival in England, and all happened under the shadow of the ancient Parish Church, which was once Catholic, for its embattled tower shows that the living was once in the gift of the Pope.—Catholic Times.

AN IRISH ANECDOTE ABOUT THACKERAY

Persons who are always sure of not being mistaken about anything might profit by a story which Thackeray was fond of telling on himself—"for the benefit of other folk." Driving along a road in Ireland, he saw at due intervals posts set up with the letters "G. P. O." upon them. Overtaking a peasant, he inquired the meaning of these initials, and was gravely informed that they stood for "God Preserve O'Connell!" Out came the tourist's notebook in which a memorandum was at once jotted down of the curious statement. In the first edition of the "Irish Sketch Book" the fact was duly mentioned; but it was suppressed in all the subsequent issues, owing to the discovery

that the initials stood for General Post Office, indicating that the highway was a post road.—Ave Maria. THE VIRGIN OF THE BATTLEFIELD Ah! in that turmoil of revengeful flame I see them fall! I see their startled eyes Go wandering to the blue unshaken skies, And hear their quivering lips repeat— "a Name. "Mother!" in every mortal tongue the same, The first they learned to lip; the last to rise From their parched throats. They yearn in childish wise For sheltering arms, remembering whence they came. Their mothers are afar. But Thou, I know, Most wistfully, who mother art to all, Forever through the battle's rage dost go To soothe thy piteous sons where'er they fall. When their poor plaintive tones for mother cry, Thou hear'st—and swift thy Heavenly Mother's sigh. —EDWARD F. GARESCHE, S. J.

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