

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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INVOCATION OF SAINTS

To an enquirer we beg to say that no Catholic ascribes inherent power to the saints; they are mere instruments, mere channels: God is the real author and source of all grace. "You will not open a single Catholic work," said Cardinal Wiseman, "from the folio decrees of the councils down to the smallest catechism placed in the hands of the younger children in which you will not find it expressly taught that it is sinful to pay the same worship or homage to the saints or the greatest of saints or the highest of the angels in heaven that we pay to God: that supreme honour and worship are reserved exclusively for Him: that from Him alone can any blessing possibly come: that He is the sole fountain of salvation and grace and of all spiritual or even earthly gifts: and that no one created being can give any power, energy or influence of its own in carrying into effect our wishes or desires."

Charles Kingsley in his "Letters and Memories," p. 264, says: "Why should not those who are gone to the Lord be actually nearer us, not farther from us in the heavenly world: praying for us and it may be influencing and guiding us in a hundred ways of which we in our prison house of mortality can not dream. And just one more testimony from the Protestant Dr. Lange, a scholar of acknowledged repute: "Scripture," he says, "demands the recognition that the triumphant spirits in heaven, the faithful on earth and the suffering pious stand in an intimate intercourse with one another; and that the blessings of the heavenly Church be made salutary to the terrestrial Church."

NOT SURPRISING

Carlyle feared that he considered the follies of the time with the flame of invective. It blazed and destroyed but was too intense to draw up from the souls of men the flowers that give shade. But if he were on earth to-day he would find his vocabulary all too limited to express his astonishment. He bade Catholics begone and saw in his visions our decay and death, a yet in England the Church's roots are deep in the soil and growing with each recurring year. But what would he say of Anglicanism—that wondrous medley of opinions mutually antagonistic. It is comprehensive and flexible and there is no getting out of it by any doctrinal route. It is polite and well-bred, and so long as Anglicans observe the laws and conventions of etiquette they are orthodox beyond a suspicion of doubt. Their Bishops croon indulgently over their flocks: their divines say what they think best, and all hand in hand dance around the maypole of unity. We have the greatest sympathy for the bishops who are so pathetically futile when it comes to making a clear-cut pronouncement or in enforcing their authority. We see so many things happening in that conglomeration of sects that we are not surprised that some of the women Anglicans wish to have women priests and women Bishops. The good ladies cannot understand why they should not be allowed to don the mitre and wield the crozier. They would, we fancy, set a new style in mitres, and as for the crozier they could carry it as effectively and more gracefully than the sterner sex. And what pleasure it would give them to be able to announce the ordination of Miss Gladys Robinson or the marriage of Rev. Mrs. Dooley to Bishop Sanderland or that the celebrated missionary Rev. Miss Vincent will deliver an address to the ordinary laywomen. The ladies seem to be in earnest and determined to increase the stock of ecclesiastical millinery. As to doctrine they need not worry.

THE CONCLAVE

The fear that the Cardinals would not on account of the war assemble in Rome has been found baseless. It is said to know that while these Princes of the Church pray and meditate, the clash of warring millions is making infernal music. But few of the Popes ascended the papal throne in times of peace. War was

going on when Alexander III. and Clement VII. were chosen. And we might mention others. But never did Peter see such a war as that which is now raging. Were his voice heeded the sword would be sheathed, and nations would bring their differences to his impartial tribunal. He has done this many times to the peace of the world.

THE DIPLOMAT

The diplomat is, according to report, a very wily and unctuous individual. He can becloud an issue which is clear to the average citizen and can advance reasons to show that any scheme approved by his ruler is eminently correct and in harmony with all laws human and divine. When, however, he says that God is with us in this war he is taxing our credulity. When he calmly asserts that God is with us in the slaughtering work of bombs and howitzers, of wrecked homes and riven countryside, of grief-stricken orphan and widow he is giving evidence of insight which may be due to preconceived ideas, or to mere nauseating cant. It may be but a blasphemous jest, which perchance provoked the laughter of those who transformed the city of Louvain, a home of culture and of beauty, into a heap of ashes. Who knows what is in the heart of the man who uses the typewriter while his soldiers fight and die. And yet it may be a holy war in this sense that when the time shall come, as assuredly it will come, nothing shall prevent the people from taking steps to break their bondage to war lords.

LEST WE FORGET

We have but praise for the Canadians who are going to the front. They are enthusiastic and aware of the importance of their service. But let us not forget their women and children who are already on the firing line, repelling the assaults of distress and poverty. They should not lack the reinforcements which every dweller in this land can and should give them.

LOUVAIN

"O solemn groves that lie close to Louvain and Freiburg," said Archbishop Spalding. "What words have ye not heard bursting forth from the strong hearts of keen-witted youths who Titan-like believed they might storm of citadel of God's truth. How many a one, heavy and despondent in the narrow, lonesome path of duty, has remembered you and moved again in unseen worlds upheld by faith and hope." Many clerics treasure also the memories of happy days in the famed University of Louvain. But where the University stood there is now a heap of ashes. The khaki-clad squadrons have set up there another seat of learning in which they teach the omnipotence of steel. There are incidentally the weeping of women and devastation of homes, but the principal doctrine is that a neutral nation battling for its liberties and, scorning bribes and promise rather than sully its honor must be ground into the dust and have its trophies of art and education, garnered during the centuries, given to the flames to make holiday for soldiery. But Belgium has earned a place among the honored of history. Its story, written in blood and tears, shall ever be a source of inspiration and of strength. This little Catholic country endeavoring to stem the tide of onrushing thousands and giving generously of its indomitable courage for honor's sake is like a star in the welter of blood and savagery.

SPECULATION

Speculation may be the veriest thief of time. Hypotheses are good so far as they issue in solid facts. Not so long ago some fashioners, made in Germany for the most part, of fanciful speculation decided that many statements of the Bible were unwarranted. They moved in a world of preconceived ideas and hung their judgments on the clouds of fancy. But they were dropped on solid earth by men such as Petrie and Layard who dug facts out of the ground on the East and strangled rampant scepticism. Huxley designated their work as the slaying of a beautiful hypothesis by an ugly fact. The

speculators who frame new religions are viewed with contempt by those who know that man's essential needs cannot be satisfied by statements cooked in laboratories.

LINCOLN

During the darkest hours of the Civil War Abraham Lincoln was asked whether he was sure that God was on "our side."

"I do not know," he replied: "I have not thought about that. But I am very anxious to know whether we are on God's side."

ON THE HONOR ROLL

We place the name of Captain P. Mockler, of Colchester Co., N. S., on the honor roll of distinguished Catholics. He understands that whoever has received from the Divine bounty a large share of blessings has received them for the purpose of using them for the perfecting of his own nature, and at the same time that he may employ them as the ministers of God's Providence for the benefit of others. His donation of \$10,000 to the University of St. Francis Xavier is, therefore, a magnificent object lesson in Catholic principles. We congratulate Captain Mockler on his contribution to the cause of higher education and we are pleased that St. Francis Xavier has been the object of his generosity. His donation will be given to the building fund for the proposed new dormitory. The university is coming into its own. With men of the type of McNeil, Somers and Mockler rallying to its support, and with the enlightened policy that makes for excellence in the teaching body, St. Francis Xavier is on the highway of prosperity.

THE "TIMES" ON PIUS X.

Catholics all the world over will be grateful to the leading English journal for the following generous and discerning tribute to the memory of Pius X:

All men who hold sincere religion and personal holiness in honour will join with the Roman Catholic Church in her mourning for the Pontiff she has lost. The policy of Pius X. has had many critics, not all of them outside the Church. He ruled, but none has ever questioned the transparency honesty of his convictions or refused admission for his priestly virtues. Sprung from the people, he loved and understood them as only a good parish priest can do. That was the secret of the love which he won amongst them from the first, and which at Venice made him a great popular power. Not that he ever courted popularity; he taught them as one having authority and could insist upon obedience. But the Roman Church mourns in him something more than a saintly priest and a great bishop; in him she also deplores a great Pope. In the sphere of Church politics his reign has witnessed the separation of Church and State in France and in Portugal, and the whole process of "dechristianizing" national and social life, of which that measure was the symbol. Unprejudiced judges cannot blame a Pope for rejecting all compromise of his authors, was deliberately aimed at the destruction of the faith it was his mission to uphold. Compromise, it has been said, ought to have been possible, but there are principles which Rome cannot waive or abate. Pius X. conceived that such principles were jeopardized in all the accommodations with the new system which were suggested to him. It was no light thing for him to impose upon the faithful clergy of France and of Portugal a course which brought to them the loss of their revenues, their homes, and even of all legal right in their churches. But his decision was to him a question not of expediency, but of right and wrong. He gave it in accordance with the dictates of his conscience, and the wonderful obedience which the priests whom it imposed upon have shown to his commands has filled with a just pride his children throughout the world.

THE ANCIENT CHURCH AND THE MODERN STATE

The sweeping condemnation of "Modernism" was the most conspicuous act of his Pontificate within the domain of dogma. It was a consequence of his position and of his character as inevitable as his repudiation of compromise with the secularism of M. Combes or M. Briand. Few persons familiar with the elementary doctrines of the Roman Church could suppose that the tendencies of the new school were compatible with them. To the downright plain sense of the Pope the desperate efforts of men who had explained away the content of historical Christianity to present themselves as orthodox Roman Catholics were simply disingenuous. He looked upon such men as disguised heretics, and he was resolved that they must either strip off the disguise or recant the heresy. Towards the Italian kingdom his relations were as a whole not unfriendly. He could not derogate from the temporal claims of the Papacy, but as a true son of the Veneto he was an Italian patriot in his native province. He did homage to the King when the King came to Venice; it has been stated that the bells which he gave the new Campanile are inscribed with the year of the Sovereign's reign together with that of the Pontificate, and that the restoration, now in progress, of the "Capella del Rosario" in San Giovanni a Paulo—the Westminster Abbey of the Re- Pontiff and the King. When Socialism appeared to menace Church and State with a common ruin he was ready to waive, though not to retract, the rule forbidding Catholic voters to go to the poll. Friction with Ministers was occasionally inevitable but the Pope who had been the King's loyal subject in Venice could not be his very bitter enemy in Rome. The elevation of Giuseppe Sarto to the most ancient and the most venerable Throne in Europe is a striking il-

LOVE OF METHOD

It is not, however, because Pius X. did in this question what any other Pope would almost certainly have done that his own Church believes he will hold a distinguished place in the long line of Roman Pontiffs. It is in the internal affairs of that vast and elaborate institution that he has done work which promises to leave its mark upon the ages. It has not been work of the kind which strikes outside observers. Small fragments of it here and there, like the *Ne temere* decree and the reassertion, as concerns Roman Catholics, of the *privilegium fori* for clerks, have accidentally aroused their attention; but the extent and the significance of the reforms he initiated have been hardly noticed beyond the limits

of his own communion. It is no exaggeration to say that Giuseppe Sarto, the child of the labourer and the dressmaker, has made greater changes of his own motion in the domestic discipline of the Roman Church than almost any of his predecessors since the period of the Council of Trent, or perhaps since the days of the medieval legislators who declared the Canon Law. It remains to be seen whether the work of digesting the immense mass of material constituting that law into a code, as distinguished from a mere compilation, which he undertook in the first year of his Pontificate, will be prosecuted to a successful end under his successors. But the undertaking itself is characteristic. It reveals the love of method and clearness which was part of Sarto's nature. It shows, too, another trait which is common to many changes he carried out and planned. His reforms were usually based on reversion to ancient usage. Rubrical changes, for example, have been made which answer in a way not unamusing to note some of the criticism set forth in the English Book of Common Prayer. The "mass of changes" of the "service," chiefly due to the multiplication of saints' days, had not grown fewer since the Reformation. Not only did it remain "a hard and intricate matter" to turn the Book, but the beautiful and varied offices appointed for the several seasons were constantly superseded by the monotony of those ordained for certain classes of saints, in which little or nothing differs but the name of the particular confessor or martyr who is commemorated. Pius X. restored the old offices for their proper days in a great many cases, and so re-arranged the psalter that, as the prayer book says, none of the psalms should be "utterly omitted." His reform of church music was in the main a return to the pure and noble manner of the best masters of the sixteenth century. That manner best expressed the reverence and the love of ordered simplicity which in all things were his. A change was needed. In many southern lands the most solemn portions of the service had been set to profane airs, as in the days when the *Messe* "Bella Venere" and "Les Nez Rouges" moved the Fathers of Trent to consider whether the liturgical use of music must not be forbidden altogether. Pius X. was convinced that such music might raise the soul heavenwards as no other art can do, and definitely saved for the Roman Church not the least potent element in the mystic beauty of her rites. Pius X. had no Palestrina at his command, but he went back to the school of Palestrina and restored to the solemn functions of his Church an elevation, a majesty, and a sense of chastened power which her music had long lost. His zeal for establishing the true text of the *Vulgate*—the "authorized version" of Latin Christianity—illustrates in yet another field the plain practical sense of his mind. On questions of Biblical criticism and interpretation he steadily maintained the cautious and conservative attitude traditional in the Vatican, but while he upheld the authority of the text of St. Jerome, he desired to have its wording definitely and exactly ascertained.

It is this bond of union in sorrow which draws the faithful closer around the bed of death, where the most exemplary of humanity must pay the penalty incurred by original sin. If the Catholic world had its way, Pope Pius X. would have dwelt more years here, so loth was it to lose a father who had directed it with immeasurable paternal love and immeasurable spiritual wisdom. Falling to keep him, it follows him with messages of faithful love that pierce the eternal skies, *Messe*, holy Communion and prayers.—Buffalo Union and Times.

illustration of the democratic side of the Roman Church to which she has largely owed her power. The story of the Popes who have risen from obscurity and poverty to the Chair of Peter is one of the great romances of history. Hildebrand himself, who brought the Emperor as a suppliant to Canossa, is said to have been the son of a carpenter; Sixtus IV. Julius II. and Sixtus V.—whose father was a market gardener, were poor Franciscan monks. The only English Pope began life as a servitor and perhaps as a beggar. Has not his own friend bookkeeper recorded how the poor priest, to whom mankind owes the library of the Vatican, used to get into debt for the beautiful books, "bellissimi in tutte le condizioni," which they both loved? The story is not without its lessons for statesmen and for educationists. The Church did not attempt universal education, but by her monastic schools, her bursaries, and her seminaries she set up a ladder leading to the most exalted of all her dignities for the most fit. It was long since a peasant son had worn the Triple Crown. In this, as in so much besides, the reign of Pope Pius X. was a return to the past.

MASSES FOR THE POPE

If heaven can be taken by storm, then Pius X. is now enjoying the bliss of the Beatific Vision, for surely no Catholic dying within the pale of the Church has had so many *Messe* offered for his eternal rest than has the late Roman Pontiff. From the rising to the setting of the sun during the ten days following his death, the holy sacrifice has been offered for the late Pius X.

The Pope of Rome is the only sovereign whose domain knows neither frontier nor degree; his is a spiritual sway over the hearts of all men who acknowledge One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. And the humblest priest in that all-embracing territory can render homage to the Pope's memory equal to that of the most illustrious prelate when he offers the unbloody sacrifice of the altar.

Is this bond of union in sorrow which draws the faithful closer around the bed of death, where the most exemplary of humanity must pay the penalty incurred by original sin. If the Catholic world had its way, Pope Pius X. would have dwelt more years here, so loth was it to lose a father who had directed it with immeasurable paternal love and immeasurable spiritual wisdom. Falling to keep him, it follows him with messages of faithful love that pierce the eternal skies, *Messe*, holy Communion and prayers.—Buffalo Union and Times.

THE CHURCH IN THE WORLD TO-DAY

The Catholic Church is the greatest conservator of order in the world to-day. Her age, her well-defined doctrines, her fixed and unchangeable dogmas, the beauty of her ritual, the splendor of her ceremonies, her power and influence, her care of the poor and her protection of the weak and afflicted, her perfect organization, and her rigid, yet reasonable discipline compel the respect and admiration of men. Even those who deny or dispute her divine origin and commission point to her as a high type of an efficient, human institution.

The writer knows men without religious convictions of any sort who insist that the help in their homes be restricted Catholics. Experience, they declare, has amply demonstrated the soundness of their judgment in this regard. A friend of the writer, a Protestant in his boyhood and agnostic in his early manhood, regretted, after an unhappy marriage, that he had not wedded a Catholic, who, as he expressed it, "would have been a home-loving wife with children at her knee." He might not have made a model husband, but his bitter experience taught him where to seek a model wife. Catholicity appeals to these self-centered men because it shows results. Good help and good helpmates are among the products of its teachings.

The influence of religion once implanted in the human heart is not easily eradicated. The writer shall not soon forget an incident he witnessed in a sleeping car several years ago. A mother ranged her three small children on their knees in the aisle beside their berth. All said their simple prayers aloud, beginning and ending with the sign of the Cross, and then the little ones were then tucked into bed. A fellow-traveler, a stranger of middle age, who had also been an interested spectator, beckoned the writer into the "smoker," and with a noticeable catch in his voice, explored the fact that for years he had been utterly neglectful of his mother's training. He had not quite recovered his composure when we parted for the night. These are but typical illustrations of how closely religion is interwoven with our everyday life.

Respect for religion, in all probability is not diminishing, but that it

is noticeably increasing is indeed doubtful. Nor is a steady increase to be expected under existing conditions. Indifference to religion is one of the black marks of present-day radicalism. Our system of public education, tolerated because nonsectarian, but a constant menace to social well being, because Godless, is largely responsible for this condition. Culture without conscience is a pagan accomplishment. We are graduating thousands of pagans—not all of them cultured—every year. Men of all religious beliefs, and of some, realize the impending danger and admit that Christian education is the only available and effectual weapon of defense. Dr. Brownson years ago declared that if our form of government were to endure, it would be through the influence of the Catholic Church. It is not too late, though none too early to lay his words to heart.

Men and religion are a combination in restraint only of that trade, forbidden alike in morals and in law. It is a combination not only sanctioned, but commanded by the Founder of Christianity, and is epitomized in the simple and all-embracing edict: "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's." It is the only combination that guarantees a solution of the perplexing problems of our complex civilization.—Joseph F. Keane in America.

CARDINAL GIBBONS ON THE WAR

Cardinal Gibbons is reported to have spoken as follows about the European conflict:

"Is it not frightful to think that such a thing could occur in the twentieth century? It is, indeed, an awful calamity. It is pitiable to think that in these times men could not settle a quarrel without the use of murderous weapons. Mind you, I am not to be understood or put forward as even hinting that anybody or any nation in particular is to be blamed. Such a thing is not in my mind. But—well—it's all so inhuman and so un-Christianlike to me!"

"For us here in this free land there is the solemn duty of a neutral mind, so well and thoughtfully suggested by President Wilson. I am a firm believer in a strict interpretation of the kind of neutrality the President has suggested. That forbids criticism of any of the powers concerned. It cannot, of course, and is not intended to, I think, prevent us from feeling profound sorrow that some manly course could not have been found to settle whatever questions of right or privilege are involved."—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

COMPREHENSIVENESS

Our readers will remember the immediate cause of the revolt of the Anglican monks of St. Benedict at Caldey, Wales, from the Established Church, and their petition to the Catholic Church for reception into her bosom. It was because Bishop Gore of Oxford, deputed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, refused them leave to say Mass in Latin and from the Roman Missal, and insisted on their using the English communion service; together with other prohibitions and limitations administered in the same spirit, that the revolt was made. Under God's providence, it was this attitude of the Anglican Archbishop that led Aelred Carlyle, the abbot, and his sixty-four would-be monks and nuns of the Episcopal belief to become true monks and nuns in the Catholic Church.

Says Father Fletcher, the Ransomer, in the Second Spring, now comes the amazing sequel:

A denouncement which is only possible within the "comprehensive" boundaries of the Anglican system. At the time of the submission of the Caldey Community as a body it was stated that two or three members could not make up their minds to become Catholics, and vigorous efforts were at once put forth to "pull" these unsettled ones into settling down somewhere else as "Benedictine" monks. A roomy house adjoining the Abbey Church of Pershore has now been given them, and we read the other day that one of the original monks and three new novices have taken possession. All this of course, is quite in order, but the amazing part of the affair is that the Anglican Bishop of Worcester, in whose diocese the house is situated, has not only "blessed" it, but permitted the inmates to use the Mass taken from the Roman Missal, and to reserve the Sacramental species in a pyx for adoration, thus absolutely reversing the attitude taken up by his fellow-prelate of Oxford. Is it possible to believe in the honesty of this sort of thing?

Remember you are immortal; realize your own immortality. Remember it all day long, in all places. Live as men whose every act is ineffaceably recorded, whose every change may be recorded forever.—Cardinal Manning.

CATHOLIC NOTES

After thirty-two years spent in research in libraries, the Franciscan Fathers at Quaracchi have published a complete edition, historical and critical, of the works of St. Bonaventure, the Seraphic Doctor. While also waiting for the publication of the complete works of Dun Scotus, they are engaged in the preparation of the first "Summa Theologiae," of Alexander de Hales.

Rev. Charles E. Woodman, C. S. P., who is a convert from Episcopalianism, is the only priest on whom Trinity College, England's great Anglican school, has ever conferred a degree. He is at the head of Newman Hall, a unique institution conducted by the Archdiocese of San Francisco, in connection with the University of California, at Berkeley, Cal., just across the bay from the Golden Gate.

Population of Newfoundland, including Labrador, is estimated at 242,619.—According to census for 1911, Newfoundland Year Book 1914. Population of Newfoundland, according to denomination census of 1911: Roman Catholics, 81,177; Church of England, 78,616; Methodists, 68,044; Salvation Army, 10,139; Presbyterian, 1,876; Congregational, 1,012. Other denominations, 1,755. This is a correct abstract from Newfoundland Year Book, 1911.

Among the many treasures of the Czar of Russia is a ring containing a piece of the true Cross. It was presented to a former Russian autocrat by the Vatican, and Nicholas plans never to be without it. It is told of him that several years ago he started on a trip from St. Petersburg to Moscow. When he had gone a considerable distance he discovered that he had left this ring behind. He immediately had the train stopped, returned to St. Petersburg and once more started on his journey with the precious relic in his possession.

Like her predecessor in the office, Madame Janet Erskine Stuart, Mother General of the Religious of the Sacred Heart, who is at present visiting the houses of her order in this country, is a convert. She is a daughter of the late Hon. and Rev. Andrew Godfrey Stuart, son of the second Earl of Castle Stuart, and a direct descendant of the royal Stuarts (from Robert, third son of King Robert the second of Scotland), Madame Stuart's uncle, the third Earl of Castle Stuart was also a convert.

The Holy Father's will, which is dated 1911, opens with an invocation of the Blessed Trinity and an expression of confidence in the mercy of Almighty God, after which follow the words, "I was born poor, I have lived poor, and I wish to die poor." A sum not exceeding £12 a month is left to each of the Pope's sisters, and 48s. a month to his private valet, while a legacy of £400 is bequeathed to his nephews and nieces, subject to the approval of the next Pope. The will, which has been described by one of the Cardinals as the will of a saint, also provides for the maintenance of 400 orphans, the victims of the Messina earthquake of 1908. The Holy Father expressed the wish that his body should not be embalmed, but that it be buried as simply as possible in the crypt of St. Peter's.

Many Americans will regret to hear of the death of a noted Jesuit convert, Father Purbrick, S. J., who passed away at Manchester, Eng., where the aged priest had been living in retirement for the past six years. Father Purbrick was in his eighty fifth year and became a convert to the Church while an undergraduate at Oxford University in the year 1850. After completing his studies for the Society of Jesus in Rome he returned to England and became rector of Stonebury, which important position he filled for ten years from 1869 to 1879. For a year after he acted as visitor of the Canadian Missions of the Society and returning in 1880 was appointed Provincial.

People here in England will be surprised to learn of the great number of French clergy who have been affected by the mobilization orders, and are now with their regiments. The exact number is not as yet known, but it may be placed between 15,000 and 20,000, or about two-fifths of the whole clergy of France. The Croix has obtained the following figures for the dioceses. Some are only approximate, and in some cases no return of the seminarists summoned to the colours has been forthcoming: Agen, 150; Albi, one-half; Amiens, over 200; Annecy, 200; Arras, 300; Auch, 150; Aux, 278; Avignon, 64; Bayle, 250; Besancon, 800; Bourges, 200; Cahors, 200; Cambrai, 300; Blois, 105 and 15 seminarists; Clermont, 100; Digne, 100; Grenoble, 285; La Rochelle, 150; Le Puy, 200; Lille, 300; Limoges, 200; Lyon, 400; Mende, 144; Montpellier, 66; Moulins, 100; Nevers, 100; Orleans, 168, and 22 seminarists; Paris, 487; Perpignan, a third of the clergy; Poitiers, 230; Rouen, 180; Saint Flour, 160; Toulouse, 250; Valence, 150; Vannes, 350, and 75 seminarists; Versailles over half the priests.

SO AS BY FIRE

BY JEAN CONNOR

CHAPTER II. BARBARA'S PATIENT

"And there—there was no letter, Bobby?" asked Elinor, turning wistfully on her pillow. She had been in bed three days now, for the red stain on the handkerchief had weakened her sadly.

"No," said Barbara, "none yet. But I'll go down again this evening and see."

"Oh, no, you needn't, you needn't," said the sick girl, wearily. "I know you hate to go to the quarry-store, Bobby dear."

"Oh, I don't mind it so much now, the men are not there—there is a preacher at the Union Hall, and they are all crowding to hear him. He is a new sort out here. Wears a long black gown, and has a cross stuck in his belt and has sworn off marrying, Daffy Mills says, so he can just travel around and preach and pray. Told the men how he had been in China and Japan and out among the cannibals and everywhere. They call him Father. Queer, ain't it?" said Barbara, with her little odd laugh.

"Oh, then he is a priest!" said Elinor with a catch in her breath. "Priest or preacher, it's all the same, isn't it?" said Barbara, as she twisted up the coil of red golden hair that had tumbled down in her brisk race over the hills.

"Oh, no—they are not—not the same at all," answered Elinor, quickly. "What's the difference?" asked Barbara, jabbing her broken comb into the rippling tresses, knotted now in her usual careless style.

"A great deal," answered Elinor. "I cannot explain it to you, Bobby, because I'm not very much of a Catholic myself. But mamma was one, and she made papa promise I should be one, too, so he did his best. I went to Catholic Sunday school and church whenever I went anywhere, and I wouldn't be anything but a Catholic for the world, and if I were very sick I'd send for a priest."

"Would you?" asked Barbara. "What for?"

"So that he would help me—help me to die," answered Elinor, with a shudder. "Oh, I know what dying is! I saw papa, and I'm afraid, I'm afraid. Last night I woke up in the dark and I felt so cold, so queer, Bobby! My breath didn't come right and my heart was jumping—and I thought I was going to die, too, before—before the letter could reach me, and that I might never see Rosacrotte after all."

"What's the good of thinking things like that?" said Barbara. "I'll make a bed up on the floor and come down here and sleep to-night."

"Oh, if you would, if you would, Bobby," said the sick girl gratefully. "And if you don't mind—I get nervous lying here, Bobby—I'll get up in the corner of my trunk, and see if the black box is all right. Papa told me to be careful of it, very careful, and last night I had a dreadful dream that it was gone. It holds all dear mamma's papers and letters, and the certificates of my birth and baptism—all that proves I am mamma's child. And there's money there—all that is left of papa little insurance. I got \$200 when he died."

"It's all right," said Barbara, as humoring the sick girl's nervous fears she looked in at her poor little treasure-box. "Everything is safe, and I'll lock it up again as you can see. Now for goodness' sake turn over and go to sleep. I won't listen to another word or you'll be coughing up blood again," and Barbara turned her back resolutely, and with her little thin face resting on her hands stared out of the window, a pang in her heart—a strange, chilling pang such as she had never felt before.

For Elinor was dying—dying slowly, but surely, as both Barbara and Rip, croaking harshly on the ledge beneath the window, knew.

And with this declaration, against which even fierce old Granny Graeme felt there was no appeal, Barbara sped off to the nests in the hollow to find the fresh-laid eggs for Elinor's lunch.

All through the afternoon she coddled and watched and scolded by turn, for Elinor had grown restless and nervous as the rainbow of hope darkened in the shadow creeping slowly but surely on. It was Barbara who built up the airy dream-castles now.

"If you are going to give up like this you won't have the strength to travel when your letter comes—as it may any minute. It's nearly a thousand miles from here to Rosacrotte, you know; we measured it on the railroad map last week. But you will go in a parlor car, of course, and may be some of your folks will meet you half way. And it will be almost summer time there, I suppose, and you can just live out doors."

"Oh, yes, yes, I will." The sick girl caught feverishly at these shining hopes. "I will stay out under the big oaks. And the roses will soon be in bloom, and the honeysuckle. Papa said it grew all over the south porch."

"And they will have horses," continued Barbara, "and you can ride and drive whenever you please."

"I believe I would rather sail," said Elinor; "just drift down the beautiful shining river, Bobby. It would seem so much easier."

"Would it?" asked Barbara. "Well, I'm not much on drifting. I'd rather ride, ride fast and hard on a galloping horse that could go like the wind. But you can take your choice. That's the lot of rich people; they can drive or drift just as they please."

"And dress or dress as you please," added Elinor, roused to interest again. "Bobby, when I go to Rosacrotte I don't think I'll ever wear anything but white. I'm so tired of dull, dingy clothes. Of course I can't put on colors yet because I am in mourning for poor papa, but I can wear white, soft, cloudy dresses and pretty white ribbons. And flowers! Oh, I will always have flowers—big bunches of them on my breast or in my belt. Oh, if the letter would only come! Sometimes I feel as if I must get up and go anywhere. I have the money, you know. Just go and tell grandfather who I am and say to him, 'I have come of these heathen lands. And though there ain't much abouting or praying or mourning going on, he's a hauling the boys in hand over fist. There was a good fifty of them stayed up there professing or confessing with him half of last night. I tell you the Sperrit is a stirring over here place, sure. Why, Micky Blake come over this morning and give me 68 cents he had sneaked from the till four months ago. I tell you, when religion hits you like that it's a sticking in. This here Father Lane is a winner, you bet. And he don't snoop for nothing, either. Why, Jake says when he heard that Tom Dealey's old bedridden mother was a crying and praying to see him he got on a horse and rode the good ten miles to Durham so the poor old critter could die in peace."

"And did she?" asked Barbara, who had been listening to this narration with breathless interest. "Did he help her to die in—peace?"

"Well, she ain't—so to say—dead yet," answered Daffy. "But it's most as good as if she was. For Tom said there was no living with the old woman, she had got that crooked and cross and cantankerous, and since the priest has been to see her she has quieted down peaceful as a lamb—"

"The girl at our house is—dying," said Barbara. "Do you think he would go and—help her?"

Daffy hesitated. The Road House, with its shadow, its blight, its flower-eyed, sharp-tongued old chateleine, was not a place to invite visitors, even from a missionary who had braved cage and cage—

"She is his sort," continued Barbara, eagerly. "I mean she is a Catholic, or a Papist, or whatever you call them. And she said if she were very sick she would want a priest to come and help her to die." The speaker's voice trembled over the word as Daffy never had heard it tremble before. "And—and she is—dying now."

"Did the doctor say so?" asked Daffy. "Yes—just as much. He said he couldn't do any good. And perhaps—Barbara was still young enough to catch at any whisper of hope—"perhaps this preacher might—"

"Oh, back again, are ye?" greeted Daffy, as Barbara entered in breathless haste. "Well, it's no good; there ain't no letter come."

"Is the last mail in?" asked Barbara, sinking down on an upturned box near the door.

"Yes," answered Daffy, "half an hour ago. You're dreadful anxious about that letter, seems to me, Weasel. What is it to you?"

"None of your business," answered Barbara, sharply. "And don't call me by that horrid name, Daffy Mills. I hate it."

"Miss—Miss—Miss Graeme," stampered the young Fritzie, taking warning by this reproof, "you ain't a wanting to sell that crow of your's yet, are you?"

"No, I ain't," said Barbara, quickly. "I've told you a dozen times, haven't I?"

"I'll give you \$2 for him now," said Fritzie. "Father says he knows how to split his tongue and make him talk almost like a parrot."

"You can't have him if you were to pay me \$20," said Barbara, who was in no mood for either friendly or business conversation this evening. "Split the bird's tongue, you cruel little wretch! Not for your life."

"It wouldn't hurt him much, father says," continued the stolid Fritzie. "And I guess he'd like to talk. I would if I was a crow."

"Well, you can't have him, so that ends it," said Barbara impatiently. "Give me a pound of rice, Daffy Mills, and I'll go."

"Oh, don't be in a hurry," said Daffy. "If you will wait until Jake Brown come back from the preaching I'll take you home."

"I don't want you," said Barbara, bluntly. "And all-fired good preaching it is," continued the unabashed Daffy. "I do like to hear it myself, but somebody has to keep store, so I let Jake go because he's a Papist on his mother's side, while our folks has allus been Baptist straight through. I've allus heard these here Pope's priests preached in Latin, but this one gives ye plain English hard and fast as ye cad take it and sort of entertains 'em," continued Daffy as he weighed out Barbara's rice. "He's been most everywhere, the boys say, among the Injuns and Chinooks and cannibals. Was shut up in a cage with a wooden collar around his neck for three months in some of these heathen lands. And though there ain't much abouting or praying or mourning going on, he's a hauling the boys in hand over fist. There was a good fifty of them stayed up there professing or confessing with him half of last night. I tell you the Sperrit is a stirring over here place, sure. Why, Micky Blake come over this morning and give me 68 cents he had sneaked from the till four months ago. I tell you, when religion hits you like that it's a sticking in. This here Father Lane is a winner, you bet. And he don't snoop for nothing, either. Why, Jake says when he heard that Tom Dealey's old bedridden mother was a crying and praying to see him he got on a horse and rode the good ten miles to Durham so the poor old critter could die in peace."

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"No, she isn't," was the bitter answer. "You needn't tell me that, Daffy Mills. There is nobody in the world anything to me."

"There is somebody who would like to be, though," said Daffy eagerly. "I don't know why you are so mean to me, Weasel—I mean Miss Barbara, when—I care for you so much. Durned if I can tell why it is, but my heart begins to pit-a-pat whenever I see you coming. And just to have you setting there on that old soap box does me more good than taking in a five dollar bill."

The sharp answer, that was as natural to Barbara as the prickle to the rose, died on her lips. In the chill new shadow deepening around her the light in Daffy's honest eyes seemed a gleam from some far-off sun, to which all young life turns.

"You are such—a such a fool, Daffy," she said in a tone that softened the rude words strangely.

"I guess I am, Weasel—there, I've said it again—but it's the name I've always known you by since the first day you came, a little white, cold, sharp-eyed kid to the store for a bar of soap. I gave you a sugar-topped bun, for I thought—I thought you looked sort of hungry, and you flung it back at my head. Do you remember—"

"Yes," answered Barbara. "I wasn't a beggar—and I told you so."

"You did," said Daffy, with a chuckle. "Seems as if that ere sperrit and pluck of yours took me then and there, Weasel. For I had heard things, you know, Daffy spoke hesitatingly, as if he felt he were on dangerous ground, "and knew it was pretty tough on a pale, lonely little critter up at the Road House. Lord, you don't know how I used to long, those days, to take you in here behind the counter and give you a good warm feed. And that ar feeling has been a-growing and growing on me, Weasel, till now—now—Daffy drew a long breath as if he needed stronger voice—"now there's nothing on God's earth I want so much as you, Weasel, to work for and care for; and keep safe and warm and comfortable all your life. And I can do it, too. I've got \$2,000 saved, and I'm going to put every cent in a machine for grinding stone. I'll be able to take care of you fine. You shan't stay around here, neither. I'll put you in a pretty house, all new and bright and shining, where you will bloom like a rose."

"No, I wouldn't," answered Barbara, and the cold gray eyes she lifted to Daffy had no answering light in them. "I would be all thorns."

"I'd risk it, by Ginger, I'd risk it," said Daffy, bringing his hand down with a great thump on the counter. "Thorns or rose, you are the only girl in the world for me. And if you'll say the word—'Weasel, if you, only say the word—'"

"What word?" she interrupted him, with her little hard laugh. "That I will marry you, Daffy Mills, marry you, to be kept clothed and fed and warm? No, I won't," she said, firing up into sudden wrath. "I'll never marry any one for that. I'd rather starve, and freeze, and die. And—and—she stopped suddenly as she caught the look in Daffy's eyes. "I guess you mean all right, but marry you—I'd rather die, I tell you, I'd rather die! There! She started to her feet and flung her faded sunbonnet on her head. "The preaching is over. I am going to ask the priest to come with me to the Road House right now."

JOE'S VIOLIN

BY F. STANGE KOLLE, M. D.

Joe was poor. His father and mother had both died, leaving him alone in this great world to earn a living as best he could. Luckily his father had taught him a little about printing, so that he managed to earn enough to support himself by cleaning type and ink rollers and running errands for the printer who employed him.

Each week he gave up his wages to the lady with whom he boarded, keeping little for himself. This he would save for clothes and, once in a while, for a book.

One day he met an old fiddler on the street. It was cold and his hands were blue and stiff, and yet the sweet, sweet music came from the instrument he knew so well how to play. For hours he had been in the one spot playing tune after tune, but everyone passed him by, too busy to listen, too cold to stand still. Joe's kind heart went out to this poor, gray-haired man. In an instant he stood by his side listening to music that seemed to sound like his mother's dear voice far, far up above.

In his pocket he had 12 cents. If he could get 13 more he could buy the book for which he had long wished. His little ink-stained hand had turned the coppers over and over. The longer he waited, the sweeter grew the music. At last he pulled out the hand and dropped all the money into the trembling hand of the old musician. Merely it clicked and jingled as the thin, cold hand dropped it one by one into a ragged pocket.

A happy smile lighted up the fiddler's face. "Ah, kind boy," he sighed, "you are the first to pity me this cold day. My heart was low and I felt like giving up playing, but now I have enough to do me. I am very glad, sir. You'd better get a cup of hot coffee, sir, and go home, for it's too cold to stay here,"

minutes flew by and the men forgot their work. The printer came in, surprised to see his machinery lying still, and was about to scold his men when the soft music fell on his own ears.

He approached cautiously, in order not to disturb the player and listener. Softer and sadder the music grew, now gay for a moment, now low, now trembling, now like a storm. His heart went out to the delicate boy whom he had rushed about the heavy presses and type cases and he wept, and thus his men found him.

From that day on Joe became renowned. He had to give up his work at the shops, so great was the demand of the people to hear him play. Happy, bright days followed. He became the idol of his many friends. Riches soon surrounded him, but each night he would steal away all alone, unpack the old violin and play softly to himself the first sweet, simple tunes he had listened to that cold, dreary day when he gave his last penny to the old fiddler years ago.

GEMS OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT

FROM ADDRESS OF DR. MAC-MANUS ON OCCASION OF JUBILEE CELEBRATION OF BISHOP SCREMBES OF TOLEDO

I proclaim for you our pride in the fact that we have held fast to the faith as it was given to us by the Son of God nearly two thousand years ago; and the deep sense of unworthiness which we experience in that precious possession.

I ask you to join with me in the heartfelt declaration that there is nothing we prize above and beyond that splendid heritage.

And I will add to that declaration my own thought, that no one of us can come to maturity and pass through the illusions and disappointments of life, without arriving at the profound but simple conclusion that there is nothing worth while under the heavens but the Church of Jesus Christ.

That is, indeed, the lesson of life, my friends—that all else shall fall, and all else does fall, but that the peace and consolation of the sanctuary is without end.

It may seem a strange thing to say in such a presence as this, but it has often seemed to me that one of the reasons why we Catholics are so frequently and so sadly remiss, is that we know so well that peace does wait for us in the hush and the silence of the sanctuary.

It is so easy, we think, to turn and find solace, that we will tarry awhile in the glamor and glare of the outside world.

But when the world had bruised and beaten us; when we have been seared and striped with sin; when our ambitions have proved abortive; when we have been wounded by, and for, the things we love; when the hollowess, and the sham, and the mockery, of modern life are intruded upon us at every turn, and in every human relation—then, if God be willing, we come creeping back, satisfied to the nethermost depths of our soul, that there is nothing worth while under the heavens but the Catholic Church.

And it is well in these dangerous days that we should not lose our hold upon that thought—which is for all time and for all eternity—by so much as a single second.

There is nothing beautiful in the world and outside the Catholic Church that is not being made less beautiful by the corrosive action of a purely pagan philosophy.

So still and silent is the crash and collapse of creeds which once were Catholic, that the sociologist seeking a cure for the ills of society is not even conscious that the ruins of religion are falling all about him.

The walls and ramparts of doctrine and dogma make no sound when they fall beneath the battering rams of destructive doubt, and change and infidelity.

Not being sure of a heaven hereafter, he is busily engaged in trying to make one here on earth. In pursuance of that amiable purpose, he has made unto himself a graven image, and its name is Man.

Supernatural graces he has rejected in favor of a fearful and wonderful thing called progress.

This theory of progress, as nearly as I can interpret it, implies that each of us contains within himself a set of tools whose names we do not yet know, and whose use we have skill to discover.

By the use of these nameless, and as yet useless, tools, each of us is to make of himself a nobler and a better man.

In other words, modern man has undertaken once more the difficult and heroic task of lifting himself by his own boot-strap.

And in order to keep up his courage, and distract attention from the fact that he is making a frightful botch of the whole business, he stops every now and then and crows lustily over the achievements of the race.

There has never been a period in the history of Christian peoples in which the average man possessed as much miscellaneous information as he possesses at this moment, in regard to the affairs of earth life.

And there has never been a period in which so many men were cursed with so much misinformation concerning the nature and destiny of man.

If happiness came from the mere ownership of things, or the gathering of information, or facility in moving about, or in harnessing the forces of nature, this age of ours should be a veritable millennium of joy.

But the first man you meet who has lost his spiritual way, who is seeking life's all-in-all in the things of the flesh and the intellect, will give you an unflinching index to the dreariness and misery of the age.

Modern thought concerning the nature and destiny of man has resolved itself into a huge surrender of certitudes, convictions and opinions.

If there is any one thing a man must not have, nowadays, if he would retain his respectability, it is a sound conviction in regard to whence he came and whither he is going, and how he is to get there.

To have a definite idea of his destination and of the ways and means by which he may arrive thereat, is to set himself down as a reactionary and a dangerous citizen.

Vagueness with regard to the hereafter has actually become the grand central virtue of the age.

contents. And the creeds have been emptied of their contents in pursuance of the principle that every man has the right to make his own heaven and his own hell.

Not being sure of a heaven hereafter, he is busily engaged in trying to make one here on earth. In pursuance of that amiable purpose, he has made unto himself a graven image, and its name is Man.

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ciously this simple, wholesome man of the people who is being seduced and led away from Christianity to-day.

It is precisely the old, simple Christian relations of man to man which are being attacked and overturned in this modern saturnalia of unbelief. And again it is precisely these relations which are sanctified and made holy and beautiful by the Catholic Church. The Church touches nothing that it does not illumine. It intervenes in no human activity or association, without bettering the individual and the race. For every qualm or question that arises, from the cradle to the grave, it has the answer of the Son of God. It is exquisitely ideal, and superbly practical. It is the only definite reply in a world defaced by a chorus of doubts and denials.—Catholic Columbian.

THE WISDOM OF GOD IN BRINGING GOOD OUT OF EVIL

A man inexperienced in war would be puzzled by the order issued by the general, and would not be able to understand how they all could tend to insure victory. We shall understand God's ways in heaven but we cannot understand them here. A child saw how the thorns tore away little pieces from the fleece of a sheep and wanted to remove the thorns. Presently the child saw how the singing birds collected the bits of wool to make their nests, and no longer wished to remove the thorns.

The wisdom of God is displayed in making use of the most unlikely means for His own honor.

St. Paul says: "The weak things of this world God has chosen to confound the strong." God chose the small and despised land of Palestine as the cradle of Christianity; He chose a poor maiden to be the Mother of God, and a poor carpenter to be His foster father. He chose poor, ignorant fishermen to preach the Gospel and spread it over all the earth. He often uses the most improbable means in helping His friends. St. Felix of Nola, when flying from his persecutors, took refuge in a hole in a rock. A spider came and spun its web at the mouth of the cave, and his pursuers, on seeing this, concluded that he could not be inside. It is God's law that all works done for God should meet with difficulties and hindrances. "A work that begins with brilliant promise," says St. Philip Neri, "has not God for its author and protector."

The wisdom of God shows itself in directing the course of the world to carry out His purposes:

All things in the world have a mutual relation to one another. If a man removes or displaces a single wheel in a watch, the watch stops; so if anything were altered in the arrangement of the world, all things would be confused; for example, without the birds the insects would soon destroy all vegetation. So the animals that serve us for food increase rapidly while the breeds of prey breed but slowly. Nothing in the world is useless; the alterations of sunshine and rain, summer and winter, day and night, all serve some useful end. How useful is the uneven distribution of wealth, of the talents of men, etc. The smallest insect has its usefulness in the world; the butterfly going from flower to flower, carries with it the fertilizing pollen. Even the destructive agencies in the world, storms, earthquakes and floods, serve God's purpose and are intended by Him to help men to save their souls.—Spriggo-Clarke, S. J.

A PROSELYTIZING CAMPAIGN

FIVE PROTESTANT DENOMINATIONS WILL TRY TO EVANGELIZE MEXICO THROUGH EDUCATION

The Protestant denominations are not slow to take advantage of the situation in Mexico, which has since the inception of the Revolution, taken a change for the worse as far as that Church is concerned, says a Press Bulletin of the Central Verein. In the State of Saltillo, in Chihuahua in Nuevo Leon, and in others the Church has been persecuted, the priests and religious orders have been either driven out or made to feel the hatred of the revolutionaries. Villa has declared that he will drive the last priest from the country, and he and his colleagues have promptly set about putting the threat into practice.

While the Catholic clergy are thus seriously handicapped, the performance of their duties, being even made utterly impossible, five Protestant denominations have determined to avail themselves of the disadvantage in which the Catholic clergy are placed. Announcement was recently made that the Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and the Church of the Disciples have formed an alliance to carry on educational and missionary work in Mexico. A comprehensive program, we are informed, has been outlined, and preliminary arrangements for its execution have been completed. According to the Indianapolis Sun, it is part of this program, and the most important part, to establish at least two hundred elementary schools, a high school for each sex in each missionary district, and a central university, and to provide teachers for these schools and for Sunday schools as well.

The Indianapolis Sun gives it as its opinion that this arrangement

will confer upon Mexico "what it needs most—education." After all, we read, "Mexico to-day doubtless stands in greater need of enlightened education than of anything else—even religion." The enterprise is lauded because it proposes to give education first and evangelization last, and at that, evangelization without creed. Of course, the school will be the forerunner of the Church. The enterprise means simply that proselytizing will be conducted under the guise of education, with the aid of those who are using every means at their command to fetter or proscribe the Catholic Church, and have robbed the churches and institutions as often as an opportunity presented itself. Villa's declaration that he proposes to govern the Church in Chihuahua himself proves anew the animus of the revolutionary elements towards the Church by which these sects are profiting.

The entire plan savors greatly of bitter religious bias and embodies an accusation against the Catholic Church, which has for the past four centuries labored, to the extent of her means and the liberty granted her by successive governments, for the education and the religious advancement of the people of Mexico.

In view of the insinuation that the Church has been backward in advancing the cause of education in Mexico it may be well to recall that the first books printed in the New World were not printed by the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England, but by Catholics in Mexico City. That the first university in the New World was the Catholic University at Mexico City, which was spoken very highly of by the noted traveler, Alexander von Humboldt, as late as one hundred years ago, when many now famous American schools were still in their infancy. That there are at present numerous good schools in Mexico, a number far greater than that which the united denominations propose to open. The statistics furnished by the Catholic Directory, however inadequate, show that there are 50 seminaries and colleges, 81 academies and 841 schools in 20 Mexican dioceses selected at random out of the total of 80. And this list does not include the orphan asylums, etc., in which children are taught. It would be only fair if the self-called saviours of Mexico were to recognize the labors of the Church for the education of the people, and if the press would realize and emphasize that the allied denominations, even if they should attain any success worthy of the name which may well be doubted—will by no means be the pioneers of education in "benighted" Mexico.—St. Paul Bulletin.

PROTESTANTS AND THE BIBLE

The Bible is God's own book. Many Protestants, even at the present day, use these words. Few of them can give any explanation of their meaning; fewer still any proof of their truth.

Among the Protestants who wish to be regarded as peculiarly enlightened and modern the view is that the Bible is about on a par with the so-called sacred books of the Hindus and of the Chinese. They graciously agree with the Bible where the Bible is fortunate and they are not enough to agree with them; in other cases they just shrug their shoulders and say they know a thing or two more than the people that burned old women in Salem. Even in this class there is a good deal of follow-the-leader, and go with the fashion and the fad of the passing hour. The small number who attempt the difficult task of exhaustive Biblical study wind up far away from the dogmas of the narrow little sect they started from.

As to reasons for believing that the Bible has God for its author, practically they amount to this, that Sunday school and minister and, perhaps, parents said so. There is scarcely a Protestant alive who found out by independent, personal investigation that the Bible is the Book of God. They all believe it on tradition, and mere human tradition too. They expressly deny that tradition has any value in matters of Faith, that to attribute any such value to it is mere popery. But the inspiration of the Bible is surely a matter of faith. Hence they believe in the Bible without rational ground for their belief. To be sure, the teacher, or the parent, or the minister will point out texts in the Bible itself and say that these texts show that the Bible is inspired. But belief is already gained, implanted in the mind and based on parental or other authority before the proofs are sought; and indeed the proofs are believed in just because parents or teachers say they ought to be believed in. Afterwards when the pupil grows up, he may investigate the matter for himself; in nine cases out of ten he loses his belief in the dogma of Protestant tradition, and either substitutes for it the coherent and rational doctrine of the Church, or becomes just one more up-to-date Protestant.

A large number of Protestants see no use in the Bible except as a source of texts to be twisted in mischievous attacks against the Church. This suits their temperament when the periodical attack of hereditary anti-Catholic mania seizes them. In cooler moments they may reflect and see that in their attacks on the Church they are playing the game of the infidel and the atheist; for every word they say against the Church, when traced to its source and its principle, is found to be an attack on all religion, and a blasphemy against Almighty God.

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There is still another class of Protestants who try to use the Bible seriously for their own personal edification. They do not go out of their way to slander Catholics; they try to give Catholics credit for their good qualities. They are living upon the tradition of Catholic Faith which heresy could not quite blot out, even in Protestant countries. They never realize that their belief in the Bible, such as it is, is traceable originally to the Catholic Church. When they do realize this, their trial begins; for that realization is nothing less than a special call from God, bidding them return to the home whence rebel heresiarchs persuaded or compelled their fathers to go forth. Many are receiving this grace. Catholics should help them by prayer, by sympathy, by clearing up their difficulties, by giving such an exhibition of Catholic principles in action as may remove the last of their prejudices. For they are not far from the Kingdom of God; and it is a privilege to be enabled to assist them in taking the last steps into it.—St. Paul Bulletin.

A SPLENDID GIFT

"When Bishop Aldering, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, was in New York on his way to Rome," says the Missionary, "he paid a visit to Elbert H. Gary, chairman of the board of directors of the United States Steel Corporation, and discussed with him the social and other conditions of the vast number of Catholic immigrants employed in the company's mills in the city which bears his name in Illinois, and which is in the Diocese of Fort Wayne. He explained that the only efficacious way to keep men good citizens and preserve them from the taint of Socialism was to establish special parishes for each of the nationalities in Gary, with pastors speaking their own language. This he assured Mr. Gary, he had already done, with the happy results of which he himself must be aware. Mr. Gary expressed his gratitude for this good work done by the Bishop, and handed the latter a check for \$50,000. When Bishop Aldering told the Pope of this generous act on the part of a non-Catholic, the Holy Father was greatly pleased, and ordered his Secretary of State, Cardinal Merry del Val, to have a special gold medal, engraved on one side and Mr. Gary's name on the other, to be presented to him, together with an illuminated document setting forth the reasons for it."

CATHOLIC LAWYERS AND DIVORCE

The question of divorce is pressing for some sort of a solution. Thinking men realize that divorce is undoubtedly the greatest evil that afflicts the social body in this country, for it strikes at the very foundation of our existence and stability as a nation. Many attempts have been made to lessen the evil but without success. The number of divorces is increasing year by year. Our legislation on this question is a disgrace to a civilized country. Its purpose seems to be to facilitate the sundering of the marriage tie.

The Catholic Church is recognized as the one great bulwark against this ever-menacing danger. Every Catholic is, or at least, ought to be, a valiant soldier in enforcing the teaching of the Church and defending her position against the assaults made upon it by her enemies. Among them no class of men can do more to make the Church's teaching on divorce prevail, than Catholic lawyers who are not infrequently solicited to procure a severance of the marriage bond. Catholic lawyers should never forget that the Church is unalterably opposed to divorce and that she never allows the complete rupture of the conjugal tie. They should, therefore, do everything in their power to uphold her hands in such an important matter. There are cases, of course, where, for good and sufficient reasons, the Church permits a separation to the extent of allowing married persons to live apart from each other; but in such cases she never grants to either party an authorization to remarry. The civil law, often for very little cause allows divorce and re-marriage.

Now an academic question may be raised as to how far a Catholic attorney, leaving aside the religious aspect of the question, may argue for a literal interpretation or construction of the law when it gives the right of divorce to a married couple determined to secure it even though they have to go to another lawyer. Without entering upon this phase of the question, it may be said that in no circumstances may a Catholic

attorney in conscience seek divorce cases or help by argument or other inducement to secure a divorce. His duty is to advise the parties to keep out of the court. Nor may he handle divorce cases for his clients unless to state to them the exact provisions of the civil law bearing on the case. If he is constrained to take the case to court, he must not seek by particular research or eloquent pleading to secure the divorce or amplify the scope of the civil law applicable to the case. He must confine himself entirely to an exact statement of the law and seek nothing more than a literal construction of it.

A Catholic judge who tries a divorce case in a position somewhat different from that of a Catholic lawyer who takes a case for a client. The judge's duty is merely to state what the law is and to apply it strictly to the case under consideration. A Catholic judge who does this in a conscientious manner never fails to set forth clearly the evils of divorce and to deplore its prevalence. Only in this way can Catholic judges and lawyers enforce the teaching of the Church in regard to divorce and throw the weight of their influence against this ever-increasing evil.—St. Paul Bulletin.

TRADE AND RELIGION

Inordinate desire for wealth is a greater curse than wealth itself. The former is by its very nature sinful, while the latter, though usually ruinous to the soul, becomes so by abuse only. There are many men fairly obsessed by lust for money. They dream of it, talk of it, sin for it. It is their life; it dominates them, rules their very action, closes their eyes to all that is noble and hurries them off to join Dives in a plea for a drop of water for their parched lips. Such men are beyond the influence of a warning. They are inhuman; the voice of man has no meaning for them. The click of gold alone awakens a response in their sordid souls. They can be left to their base passions and to the demons. Eternity alone can teach them a lesson. It will do so. There is another class of men not so hopeless as the former. A shred of self-respect is left in them. They have some hope of heaven; some fear of hell. They are in a bad way though. They have succeeded in dividing their souls into two compartments, one for God, one for trade. On Sunday they open God's compartment. The result is a psalm and a hymn or two. At the fall of Sunday's sun that compartment is closed. The second is made ready for Monday morning. Trade and the demands of trade rule the soul. The religious man of yesterday becomes the canny buyer and seller of today, who is not above practices indefensible in the forum of a true conscience. Many Catholics are numbered in this class. They, too, have learned the ways of worldly wisdom. They have caught some of the spirit of Mammon. Their week-day practices are inconsistent with their Sunday professions. Some of them are not above turning a penny at the discomfort of Mother Church. They are doing the very thing that we condemn in our enemies, selling anti-Catholic literature. Their defence is "trade." Thirty pieces of silver. The retort is "crime," another betrayal of Christ. Such men are in a parlous state. Their fate is in the balance. Their bowels may gush out, or they may be saved, yet so as by fire. Repentance may come in the end. They have a little faith left. Not much it is true; and their sense of honor and manliness is less than their faith. They are bowing before an idol. Before long they may be prostrate before it. Then they are lost. Dives will have new companions. The world will sneer and laugh a hollow laugh. Another soul is ruined.—America.

FRANCE

EFFECTS OF THE WAR

The war has sobered the French people and brought out some of the best elements of its character. Forgetting party lines, all Frenchmen are now united in a common cause. Princes Charles and Louis de Bourbon, and Louis Napoleon, prevented by a special law from serving in the French army, has begged the Minister of War to be permitted to enlist as a private. The country is quietly determined and confident of success. The undercurrent of internal dissatisfaction and unrest, so widespread in 1870, is absent. In dealing with Germans stranded in the country, the Government has shown extraordinary consideration and reasonableness. Every facility has been given them to return home. French officials have cordially cooperated with the American Ambassador who has been keenly vigilant and energetic in behalf of our own countrymen now in France. Frenchmen show they still possess the French virtue of self-sacrifice. While their husbands and fathers are at the front, women are managing the Paris subway trains; owners have given over motor cars to the Government and the "Cruesot Steel Works" has donated 26 complete batteries of 105 millimetre guns of a new type. The batteries had been ordered by a foreign Government, and the company is ready to pay indemnity for non-execution of contracts to the extent of \$3,000,000.

But the most consoling feature is an unexpected revival of religion. Soldiers departing for the front crowd the confessionals. Thousands have had their marriages revalidated and blessed by the Church. Cardinal Amette was loudly cheered when, at the anniversary Mass, in the Madeleine, for the cuirassiers of Reichsfeld he addressed and saluted the tattered flags of the regiment.—America.

HILAIRE BELLOC ON THE WAR

"The root of the war," is discussed in a striking article in the current issue of T. P.'s Weekly by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, who asks the question: Is it a war of defence against Prussian atheism? After premising that at the root of any human action when it is highly defined and deeply founded is religion, he concludes that at the root of this war lies the Prussian creed, which is Atheist. The fundamental characteristic of Atheism, he defines, as not the formal denial of a God, but the denial of indifference to the divine effect in mankind, hunger and thirst after justice, pity, a sense of honor; when calculation if set first and a general sense of humanity second, when one depends on the blind sequences of certain known material causes as sole allies, when the normal impulses of mankind are regarded as direct inducements to the achievements of one's ends. In this sense Prussia has long been Atheist. There has long been a tendency to look lightly on the violation of neutral territory, but such thoughts have hardly taken growth in men's hearts save in Prussia. "And now," says Mr. Belloc, "we are about to see whether this denial of ultimate sanctions, this anarchy or emptiness of morals, is compatible with military power. . . . The chief lesson of the war will be, not some strategi-

cal, technical, or material test—but whether the native western conception of right and wrong (I believe it to be not western, but eternal) can be defied." He then considers the policy that led up to the war, which many call calculated; and so regard the war as premeditated; but Mr. Belloc would rather call it "an attempt to do ill and yet shirk the consequences; rather the calling of a bluff than a challenge accepted." He considers that the threat of producing a universal war was deliberately made by Austria at the instigation of Prussia, in the expectation that Russia would be too weak to reply. As to the result of the war, he declares that on it "the whole international future of Europe depends." If the aggressors are successful, the whole European conception of national rights has gone. If they are defeated, we shall have a rather strictly regulated European community of nations, not highly armed, more numerous in its units, the smaller nations rehabilitated, and our decent populations at ease again.—The Tablet.

SOVEREIGN CHURCH

Pregnant are the words of Von Hartmann, author of the Philosophy of the Unconscious: "Knowing Protestantism he says: 'If there should really be a church which leads to salvation, no matter how, then at all events I will search for an immovable sovereign church, and will rather cling to the Rock of St. Peter than to any of the numberless Protestant sectarian churches.'"

The great positivist Harrison peaks of the Church as the most permanent form of Christianity, compared to which "all forms are more or less perversions or transitional and morbid and sterile offshoots."

And, says Mathew Arnold speaking of divisions as alien to religion: "I persist in thinking that Catholicism has from this superiority, that is, unity, a great future before it; that it will endure while all Protestant sects dissolve and disappear."—St. Paul Bulletin.

SOME SHAKESPEAREAN EXPRESSIONS

Shakespeare's influence is shown by the extent to which his phrases have become incorporated into our language. Among these are "bag and baggage," "dead as a doornail," "hit or miss," "love is blind," "selling for a song," "wider world," "fast and loose," "unconsidered trifles," "westward ho," "familarity breeds contempt," "patching up excuses," "mystery makes strange bed fellows," "to boot," "in trade," "short and long of it," "comb your head with a three-legged stool," "dancing attendance," "getting even" (revenge), "birds of a feather," "that's flat," "Greek to me" (unintelligible), "packing a jury," "mother wit," "killed with kindness," "mum" (for silence), "ill wind that blows no good," "wild-goose chase," "scare-crow," "row of pins" (as a mark of value), "viva voce," "give and take," "sold" (in the way of a joke), "your cake is dough."

The girl who playfully calls some

HUMOR IN COURT

Lawyers become expert in the confusing of witnesses' testimony, but sometimes they are overmatched. "When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug-of-war." It is not safe to try to "rattle" a witness who is himself a lawyer, a doctor or a journalist with well trained wits, ready for any emergency. A certain doctor had occasion, when only a beginner in the medical profession, to attend a trial as a witness. The opposing counsel in cross-examining the young doctor, made several sarcastic remarks, doubting the ability of so young a man to understand his business. The result proved the young physician to be as quick-witted as the learned counsel. "Do you know the symptoms of concussion of the brain?" "I do," replied the doctor. "Well," continued the attorney, "suppose my learned friend, Mr. Baging, and myself were to bang our heads together, should we get concussion of the brain?" "Your learned friend, Mr. Baging, might," retorted the doctor.

Sir Robert Finlay, Attorney General of England, was once engaged on a case of warranty of a horse, the age of the animal being the chief matter in dispute. Sir Robert was examining a hostler who had every appearance of rustic simplicity. "Upon what authority do you swear to the age of the mare?" Sir Robert asked.

"I am sure of it," was the reply. "Half a dozen more questions failed to elicit from the witness any more specific answer."

"But how do you know it?" thundered Sir Robert at last.

"I had it from the mare's own mouth," replied the hostler.

One of the easiest ways for a lawyer to confuse a witness is to make him explain the meaning of a word. Few people can define a word satisfactorily, even if they know its meaning. A Western lawyer was cross-examin-

ing a young woman who had rather an impatient Western temper when provoked. She had testified that she had seen the defendant "shy" a book at the plaintiff.

The lawyer seized the word. "Shy? Shy a book? What do you mean by that? Will you explain to the court what the word 'shy' means?"

The girl leaned over the desk beneath the witness box, picked up a law book, and threw it so accurately and so forcibly at the lawyer that he had hard work to dodge it.

"I think the court now understands the meaning of the word 'shy,'" said the judge, gravely. The girl was allowed to finish her testimony.

Next to a too sharp witness, the opposing lawyer dreads one sufficiently simple-minded. For instance: A horse from a livery stable died soon after being returned, and the person who hired it was sued for damages. The question turned largely upon the reputation of the defendant as a hard rider.

A witness was called—a long, lank stable boy.

"How does the defendant usually ride?"

"A-straddle, sir."

"No, no," said the lawyer. "I mean, does he usually walk, or trot or gallop?"

"Well, said the witness, apparently searching in the depths of his memory for facts, "when he rides a walkin' horse, he walks; when he rides a trottin' horse, he trots, and when he rides a gallopin' horse, he gallops; when—"

The lawyer was now angry. "I want to know at what pace the defendant usually goes—fast or slow."

"Well," said the witness, "when his company rides fast, he rides fast, and when his company rides slow, he rides slow."

"Now, I want to know, sir," the lawyer said, very much exasperated, and very stern, "how the defendant rides when he is alone."

"Well," said the witness, very slowly and more meditatively than ever, "when he was alone I warn't there, so I don't know."

young a "milkop" is also unconsciously quoting Shakespeare, even "logger-head" is of the same origin. "Extempore" is first found in Shakespeare and so are "almanacs," Shakespeare is the first author that speaks of "the man in the moon," or mentions the potato or uses the term "eyesore" for annoyance.

The darkest shadows of life are those which a man makes himself when he stands in his own light.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 19, 1914

THE "PROPHECIES" OF ST. MALACHY

St. Malachy, whose family name was O'Morgair, was born in Armagh in 1094. After a long course of studies he was ordained priest in 1110. He was chosen Abbot of Bangor in 1128, a year later was consecrated Bishop of Connor, and in 1132 he was promoted to the primacy of Armagh. He died at Clairvaux in the arms of St. Bernard in 1148. St. Malachy was a great man, a great bishop, and a great saint; but here we are considering not St. Malachy's life and work, but the so-called prophecies which have been attributed to him and have recently been freely quoted in connection with the Holy See.

It is hardly necessary to say that no such private revelations or prophecies, even when genuine and authentic, are matters of faith. If the writer had lived a life of heroic sanctity one may without superstition regard such revelations with pious belief provided they do not conflict with the teachings of God's Church. As indicated in Deuteronomy, xvii: 22, fulfillment is the only real test:

"Thou shalt have this sign: Whatsoever that same prophet foretelleth in the name of the Lord, and it cometh not to pass: that thing the Lord hath not spoken, but the prophet hath forged it by the pride of his mind: and therefore thou shalt not fear him."

The "prophecies" of St. Malachy concerning the popes are a series of mottoes which are supposed to indicate the occupants of the Holy See and purporting to be written before the election of Celestine II. in 1143. Arnold Wion, a Benedictine monk, first published them at Venice in 1595, that is 447 years after St. Malachy's death. Wion himself thought that the alleged prophecy was a forgery only a few years old. Bearing in mind the intimate friendship between St. Malachy and the great St. Bernard and that the latter wrote a "Life of St. Malachy" without the remotest reference to the "prophecies," it is not surprising to find that no serious Church historian attached any weight to them. If they were written over four hundred years after their reputed author died, the fact would explain why the first 74 popes are clearly and unmistakably indicated; indeed up to 1590 the mottoes are simple plays or puns on papal Christian or family names. If written by St. Malachy three were strikingly fulfilled before the author's death; and a fourth before the death of St. Bernard. Yet St. Bernard makes no reference to them either in the Life of St. Malachy or in the funeral sermon which he preached over the remains of his dearly loved friend.

After their publication the mottoes are often far from being appropriate. "The interpreters," says the Marquis of Bute who studied the question seriously, "have been obliged to abandon many in despair, and in the case of many others their explanations are remarkable for ingenuity rather than force."

Pius II., 1458 1464, is indicated by the motto, *De Capra et Albergio*; in English, from a she-goat and a tavern. He had been secretary successively to Cardinals Capranico Albergati; Capra, a she-goat, and Albergio a tavern. Looking back towards the writer could indicate Pius II. clearly enough by such a motto, which if written some centuries previously could not throw much light prophetic or otherwise on that pontificate. Again, Julius II., 1503-1513, also before the "prophecies" were written, or at least before they saw the light of day, is indicated by the astonishing device: *Fructus Jovis jusevabit*, the fruit of Jove will

help. In the arms of Julius was an oak tree which in pagan mythology is sacred to Jupiter. Many consider that this is a clear indication that the writer was so steeped in the paganism of the early renaissance that he was not even aware of the impropriety of thus describing the Vicar of Christ whose arms he well knew bore an oak tree.

Coming to some of the popes after the publication of the prophecies: Benedict XIV., 1740-1758, is "foretold" by the cryptic motto *animal rurale*, a country beast. No explanation seems to be offered. "The expression itself is so very odd as to convey the idea of a joke, in which respect it can hardly be said to stand alone."

His immediate successor Clement XIII. is designated as *Ursus Velox*, a swift bear; no interpretation is attempted. Nor is any solution offered for *Canis et Coluber*, a dog and an adder, by which Leo XII., 1823 1829, is designated.

On the other hand, Pius VI., 1775-1799, *Peregrinus Apostolicus*, the Apostolic pilgrim, made a journey to Vienna in the early part of his reign; and towards its close was forcibly taken from Rome, first to Sienna then successively to Florence, Parma, Piacenza, Turin, Grenoble, and finally to Valence where he died. Pius VII., *Aquila Rapax*, an eagle carrying away, was carried away into France by Napoleon on whose arms was the Imperial eagle. Pius IX., *Crux de cruce*, a cross from a cross. Dr. Neale interpreted this as indicating the arms of the House of Savoy—gules a cross argent—a cross which was a heavy cross—Pius IX. Perhaps it is needless to recall the fact that it was the House of Savoy despoiled the Pope of the papal states.

Leo XIII., *Lumen in coelo*, a light in the sky, had on his arms an irradiated and fiery star. *Ignis Ardens*, a burning fire, was the motto attributed to the zealous Pope just called to his reward.

The fitness of the last three mottoes following the instances of Pius VI., Pius VII., has had much to do in the present day with reviving the interest and half-belief in the "prophecies." The present pontificate is characterized by the words *Religio depopulata* which has been variously translated or mistranslated.

Vance Thompson's article of three years ago has been reproduced in the press. Though Thompson is a Protestant he was on many things well-informed, on others easily misled by his unconscious Protestant bias, and on others again egregiously astray. However, that is another story. He closes his article thus:

"A melancholy heritage; St. Malachy foresaw it; the next pontiff (if that prophecy be true) will be the Pope of a depopulated church—the high priest of an empty tabernacle."

As we have seen it is altogether improbable that St. Malachy had anything whatever to do with the "prophecies" attributed to him. But whether the writer was an impudent forger, or a real prophet himself, does not affect the meaning of *religio depopulata*. While it is possible to take from it the significance given to it by Mr. Thompson, it is not at all likely that such was intended by the writer. "Religion" even in English was ordinarily used in the middle ages to denote the monastic life. "Religious persons" meant monks and nuns. Dispensation from "his religion" meant release from monastic vows, or permission to travel and study which otherwise would be incompatible with such vows. "In religion," and "religious" are still commonly used by Catholics in this sense. But in the middle ages the context alone distinguished "religion" in the sense of monasticism from the ordinary meaning of the term. The Marquis of Bute, therefore, Englishes *Religio depopulata* as "monasticism plundered," which in all probability is the correct rendering of the Latin of the medieval writer.

It matters very little in any case. Bute thus summarizes the conclusions of his study of the question:

"The case may be summed up thus: These so-called prophecies are utterly destitute of any support from external evidence; on the contrary, every external circumstance is strongly against them, beginning with the silence of Bernard of Clairvaux. The internal evidence is also very heavily against them in almost every conceivable way, with two exceptions—viz., their apparently striking fulfillment in some recent cases, and, in the eyes of one school, the remarkable piece of chronology

which has just been pointed out above."

The "remarkable piece of chronology" referred to is a calculation determining the inauguration of the millennium, and its agreement with the "prophecies of Malachy," basing the duration of future pontificates on the average of the past.

All such accurate calculations based on Scriptural prophecy seem to have a fascination for certain minds, but are not given much credence by well-balanced pious persons. For ourselves Christ's answer to the Apostles is quite satisfactory:

"They, therefore, who were come together, asked him, saying: Lord, wilt thou at that time restore the kingdom to Israel? But he said to them: It is not for you to know the times or moments which the Father hath put in his own power." (Acts I, 7.)

The internal evidence, therefore, which depends on determinations of the times and the moments of the millennium, does not give the "prophecies of St. Malachy" any greater credibility unless, perhaps, "in the eyes of one school."

TURKEY?

"This war is Turkey's opportunity" is the ominous remark of Rustom Bey, Turkish Ambassador at Washington.

By the Treaty of Berlin each subject of the fourteen states enumerated, resident in Turkey, acquired extra territorial standing (that is he is placed out of the reach of the law of the country) together with his servants and dependents. They were tried by their own judges, diplomatic representative or consuls. Now Turkey informs the nations of the world that all such rights are abrogated. The Sultan of Turkey is regarded as the successor of the Prophet and the spiritual head of Islam. Germany has openly threatened to stir up the millions of Mohammedan subjects in Egypt and India to revolt. Such a rising would be regarded by Mohammedans as a holy war. A writer in the Nineteenth Century a couple of years ago when it was feared that the Balkan war might inflame Mohammedan religious zeal, said:

"Their loyalty (to the Sultan) is a religious sentiment, extending far beyond the Turkish Empire into ours. The world of El Islam is still what Christendom has ceased to be, one mind, one body for religion. Upon the Turks, with their prestige as fellow-tribesmen and companions of the Caliph, as liberators of the Islamic world. The indignation felt by Moslems everywhere at their unjust treatment by the Powers of Europe is immeasurable, and may at any moment become dangerous. . . And who can say how far the flames may spread."

Hence the comment of the Turkish Ambassador in Washington may have an ominous and awful significance.

ROUMANIA

That Roumania may join in the great European war is a contingency now discussed by the papers. A good many readers are asking where is Roumania and few, indeed, would be disposed to regard her action as an important factor in the gigantic struggle.

During the first century after Christ the Eastern frontier provinces of the Roman Empire were frequently ravaged by the powerful barbarian tribes of Dacia. In 101 A. D., Trojan led an army against them and conquered their country. To protect their Eastern border against the teeming millions of the East the Romans then created a large military settlement in Dacia on the lower reaches of the Danube. The Roumanians of the present day are the direct descendants of these Roman settlers, their language is a Latin language. Racially they are akin to the Italians, the French and the Spaniards, and they are quite as distinct from the Slavs as any of these. They are small, wiry, alert, in striking contrast with their large-bodied, heavy and phlegmatic Slav neighbors.

In the beginning of the Russo-Turkish war in 1877 Russia in a very offensive tone declined the aid of Roumania. Later, however, after suffering disastrous defeats at Plevna the Russian Grand Duke Nicholas urgently sought Roumanian assistance, which saved the Russian army from defeat, perhaps from annihilation. The war over, Russia treated Roumania with shameless and brutal ingratitude. Roumania was not allowed to take part in the peace negotiations at San Stefano. The territory Russia took with Roumania's

assistance from Turkey was given to Bulgaria. Russia insisted on taking from Roumania Southern Bessarabia. Though Prince Charles appealed in vain at the time to Germany and Austria, Russia's treatment exasperated the Roumanians and left among them a deep and abiding resentment. Roumania became a supporter of the Austro-German alliance. Moreover King Charles is by birth a German and the tendency given by Russia was strengthened by dynastic and personal ties which connect the Roumanian, German and Austrian ruling houses.

Other considerations, however, may determine the side Roumania will take in the struggle now going on. The Roumanian population is thus distributed amongst the following States:

In Roumania	8,000,000
In Austria-Hungary	3,500,000
In Russia	1,600,000
In Turkey	400,000
In Servia	350,000
In Greece	50,000
Total	13,900,000

The territories of Roumania and the territories of Austria-Hungary and Russia, inhabited principally by Roumanians, have the following extent:

In Roumania	131,353 sq. kilometres
In Austria-Hungary	247,316 "
In Russia	20,000 "
Total	298,669

If Russia were defeated Roumania would in all probability regain Bessarabia. If Austria-Hungary should be defeated and dismembered Roumania might double her territory and add to her population 8,500,000 Roumanians living near her border as well as 2,000,000 people of other races who live among them. These considerations may induce Roumania, with an army on a war footing of 500,000 men, to join the Triple Entente. A glance at the map will show how formidable an enemy this little known country might be on the flank of either Russia or Austria-Hungary. Doubtless the war of diplomats is being fiercely waged to secure her co-operation. Doubtless, also, Roumania will wait until the fortunes of war indicate pretty clearly which side will be able to implement diplomatic promises.

With great changes in the map of Europe impending the national aspirations of 14,000,000 Roumanians may be deeply stirred. On her action may depend the issue of the European conflict. Will this "Romanic island in a Slavonic ocean" be sufficiently in dread of the onrush of victorious pan-slavism to throw in her lot with the Teuton? That would be disastrous if Russia won out. It is pretty safe to say that any announcement of Roumania's decision is as yet premature. When she does take part it will be when her action may have a decisive influence in the final issue of the war. If it be true that she has already decided, and against Germany, then the end is in sight.

THE TIMES ON PIUS X.

The kindly and sympathetic tone as well as the deep insight of the Times' editorial tribute to Pope Pius X. is another sign of changed conditions in the attitude of the non-Catholic English-speaking world toward the Catholic Church. With regard to painful development of ecclesiastical affairs in France the Times remarks: "Unprejudiced judges cannot blame a Pope for rejecting all compromise with a policy which, on the admission of its authors, was deliberately aimed at the destruction of the faith it was his mission to uphold." Again, in appreciating the work of the late Pontiff: "It is in the internal affairs of that vast and elaborate institution that he has done a work which promises to leave its mark upon the ages." With regard to Modernism The Times sympathizes not at all with the shallow critics of Pius X. "Few persons familiar with the elementary doctrines of the Roman Church could suppose that the tendencies of the new school were compatible with them. To the downright plain sense of the Pope the desperate efforts of the men who had explained away the content of historical Christianity to present themselves as orthodox Roman Catholics were simply disingenuous."

Again, the true democracy of the Church is thus appreciated: "The elevation of Giuseppe Sarto, (the child of the laborer and the dress-maker) to the most ancient and most venerable Throne in Europe is a striking illustration of the democratic side of the Roman Church to which she has largely owed her power. The story of the Popes who have risen from

obscurity and poverty to the Chair of Peter is one of the great romances of history."

If the tone of the great English newspaper suggests something quite different nearer home it is consoling to know that The Times represents a large and constantly increasing body of English non-Catholic sentiment. In another column we reproduce the entire article.

ST. MALACHY AND IRELAND

Besides the prophecies attributed to St. Malachy concerning the Popes, which as we have seen lack all bases of authenticity if not credibility, there is a prophecy of his concerning Ireland. This prophecy is said to have been copied from an ancient manuscript preserved at Clairvaux and transmitted by the learned Benedictine Mabillon (1632 1707) to his contemporary the martyred successor of St. Malachy, the venerable Archbishop Oliver Plunket. This prophecy is to the effect that beloved Ireland would undergo at the hands of England, oppression, persecution and calamities of every kind, during a week of centuries; but that she would preserve her fidelity to God and to His Church amid all her trials. At the end of seven centuries she would be delivered from her oppressors who would in their turn be subjected to dreadful chastisements, and Catholic Ireland would be instrumental in bringing back the British nation to that Divine Faith which Protestant England had, during three hundred years, so rudely endeavored to wrest from her.

Taking into account the intimate personal friendship and cordial relationship that subsisted between St. Malachy and St. Bernard of Clairvaux there is no positive reason to doubt its authenticity. History bears witness to its evident partial fulfillment. Are we on the eve of its entire realization?

MR. REDMOND

Mr. Redmond's historic speech in the House of Commons, immediately following the declaration of war, reported in full in the RECORD, proclaimed him a statesman of the very first rank. No mediocre politician, no mere agitator, could so have risen to the great occasion. Centuries of evil memories and hoary prejudices might have deterred a lesser man from taking the bold step that signified a genuine union of hearts between the Irish and the British people. But true statesman that he was, Mr. Redmond knew that the hour had struck, and not all his splendid strategy of the past momentous years so entitles him to our respect and admiration as his dignified offer of assistance in England's hour of need. In one brief moment he sealed his oft-repeated professions of loyalty in return for freedom. England had reason to rejoice, and Ireland to be thankful that at such a crucial hour her destiny was in such capable hands. A disloyal Ireland, possibly welcoming the German invader, would be a supreme peril to Britain. Mr. Redmond's eloquent assurance laid that spectre. In Ireland itself things had come to such a pass that nothing short of a miracle could have prevented civil strife. But does anyone believe that the war-scarred veterans who have fought side by side across the Meuse will ever again line up on opposite sides of the Boyne?

His House of Commons speech placed Redmond in the front rank of Empire statesmen. A later address of his to the Maryborough Volunteers proves him to be no less an Irish patriot with a full knowledge of the great responsibility that is his. After telling his auditors that the government were about to arm and equip the Volunteers he spoke these sane and noble words: "Now, mark you, that means a grave responsibility. A body of men armed, if it is not steady and sober and disciplined and obedient to orders without questioning, is a danger to itself and a danger to the community. I give you this word of advice. Any man in your ranks who gives way to intemperance, turn him out ruthlessly. Any man who is merely playing at this work, coming out on a glorious evening like this simply for a sort of picnic, but who is not in earnest, turn him out of your ranks. Any man who will not undergo the hard work of steady and continuous drill, turn him out of your ranks. You can only be of assistance to your country if you are a sober, steady, hard-working and disciplined force."

It is such words as these that make us proud of Mr. Redmond. The arming of a nation is a serious business, but in Mr. Redmond the Irish nation

has a wise and capable Commander-in-Chief. He will see to it that the Volunteers are a danger, not to themselves, but to the enemy. And when the hour of their testing comes, though God forbid that that hour should ever strike, Mr. Redmond will take care that history does not repeat itself in as much as drink will never again "bring them down."

Mr. Redmond is equally worthy of our respect as a Catholic. "All that I am," he once declared at a St. Patrick's Day Banquet in London, "I owe to the Jesuits." At the centenary Banquet at Clongowes College this summer he reiterated that statement. Broad-minded and tolerant almost to a fault he is unyielding as adamant when there is question of Catholic principle. We have not forgotten that he was publicly thanked by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster for his championing of the cause of the English Catholic schools. Much as we admire Parnell's matchless leadership it is a source of genuine satisfaction to us to know that the bright diadem of liberty will be placed upon Erin's brow by Redmond's stainless hands.

COLUMBA

NOTES AND COMMENTS

DISCUSSING WITH a friend, during the interregnum, the possible successor in the Pontificate of the valiant soldier of Christ who has just been called to his reward, we were led to express the hope that upon whomsoever the choice of the Holy Ghost might fall (for it should not be forgotten that in this great office the Sacred College is in truth and in effect but the instrument of Divine Providence) one of the great historic names of the past, long disused, might, in his person, be revived.

WITH THE single exception of Gregory XVI. (1831-1846), all of the Popes since the beginning of the nineteenth century have borne the names, Pius or Leo—names, we hasten to add, of high significance, and reminiscent in themselves of the glories of the Papacy. But men have grown so used to these two names in this connection as to (the unreflecting at least) have lost sight of the Innocents, the Clements, the Urbans, the Pauls, the Johns, the Adrians and the Benedicts, all of which have had many representatives in the long line of Peter's successors, and have each contributed their share to its blessed memories. In the selection by the new Pontiff of the name Benedict XV. our wish has been abundantly gratified. It may not be unacceptable to our indulgent readers if we devote a few paragraphs to his predecessors of that venerable name.

FOR THE FIRST Benedict we have to go back a period of over thirteen hundred years. He was called to the Supreme Pontificate in the year 574 and died in 578. Like all his successors of the name, down to Benedict VII., he was by birth a Roman, and, as we are told by the chroniclers of the time, ever held his birthright in high esteem, and by his beneficence to the poor of Rome, and his patriotic defence of the city against its enemies, earned the love and gratitude of its people. Platina, the historian of the Popes, who was not always tender to their memories, says of Benedict I. that "he was adorned with all the princely accomplishments of clemency, justice, piety, religion, wisdom, resolution, and unshaken fortitude." His lot was cast in troublous times, and because of the calamities which befel Rome and all Italy, is said to have died of grief after a pontificate of four years and two months.

A CENTURY elapsed before another Benedict ascended the Papal Throne. Benedict II. became Pope in 684, and lived for less than a year. His lot, too, was a troubled one, but he bore himself as a true shepherd of his flock and left behind him a holy memory. It is said of him that upon the death of Leo II., a Pope renowned for sanctity and learning, Benedict was by popular acclaim fixed upon as the only person competent to succeed him. The Emperor Constantine held him in the highest veneration. He was, during his short reign, assiduous in promoting learning and caring for the welfare of the poor, so that his early death was regarded as a calamity, not alone to Rome but to the entire Christian world.

THE THIRD Benedict did not arise until the year 855, and like his two predecessors of the name was destined to a short reign. Like them, too, he was a man of holy life and

great charity. It is told of him that when his election was announced to him, he with tears and prayers, calling upon God to witness the sincerity of his protestations, begged that he might be passed over, being, in his own estimation, utterly unworthy of so high a dignity and unequal to so great responsibilities. He was a frequent visitor to the sick, a nursing father to the poor, and a comforter to all. Amid the lamentations of all Rome, he died in 858, after a reign of a little over two years.

BENEDICT IV. became Pope in the year 900 and died in 908. He was of a mild and amiable disposition, but quite unfitted for coping with the license and turbulence of the time. It was a period of unrest, following upon the breakup of the Empire, and licentiousness and disorder prevailed. Yet, it is said of Benedict that in that turbulent age he bore himself with gravity and constancy. A Pope of more robust character and greater resolution might have stemmed the tide, but Benedict was unfitted by nature for such an undertaking. Of Benedict V., who came to the Papal Chair in 963 and reigned only six months, all that we know is that his election was disapproved of by the Emperor Otto, and that in the turmoil that succeeded he withdrew to Germany and died there.

ALL OF THE Popes of that period had a heavy cross to bear in the turbulence of the civil power. Most of them rose superior to their surroundings; some of them were helpless in its presence. Very few of them had a long reign. Benedict VI. was Pope for a year and a half only. Soon after his accession he was thrown into prison in the Castle of St. Angelo, that huge circular tower which still stands and is a conspicuous feature in pictures of the Vatican and its environs. It is said that he was strangled or starved to death. Certain it is that he did not regain his liberty, and had no opportunity, therefore, of showing what manner of man he might have been in that exalted office.

OF BENEDICT VII., who became Pope three years later, we know rather more. During his reign there was constant warfare between the Emperor Otto and Henry Duke of Bavaria, hostilities extending into the Rhine Provinces and to France. On the death of the Emperor there was much contention as to his successor, the choice falling eventually upon Otto III., son of the preceding. In this crisis the Pope, who was a man of great prudence and discernment, was assiduous in urging that in the decision regard should be had for the Church which needed a protector of virtue and diligence. In the event he gave his approval to the election of Otto III. He occupied the Chair of Peter for a little over eight years, dying in 983, much regretted by the people of Rome.

BENEDICT VIII., who was a Franciscan, was the first Pope of the name not a native of the City of Rome. He came to the Papal Throne in the year 1012, and—quite an unusual event in that seething age—reigned for eleven years. He had the good fortune to be contemporary with Henry Duke of Bavaria who had become Emperor on the death of Otto III. Henry was a man of great uprightness of character and of practical wisdom as well. His Empress, Cunigunda, shared with him these virtuous qualities. On Emperor Henry's death, however, the Pope's troubles began and for a time he was even in effect deposed. But the schism being terminated he was restored with honor, and died later in peace.

OF BENEDICT IX. the less said, perhaps, the better. His occupancy of Peter's chair extended over a period of eleven years, 1033-1044. He was a mere lad when thrust into this responsible office, and Canon Barry is responsible for the statement that "lower than Benedict IX. it was impossible that the Papacy should fall." His pontificate, however, was in a measure redeemed by the labors of several learned and godly men to whom it fell to keep the lamp of Faith burning through a period of almost universal decadence. And the reign of Gregory VII., the great vindicator of the Papacy, and a man after God's own heart, was not far off.

ERE ST. GREGORY VII. came to the chair of Peter in 1073, it was to see

another Benedict X., who filled the office for less than a year. He is described as a very good and prudent man but suffered himself to be elected by means that were not consonant with the law of the Church, and through the influence of Hildebrand (Gregory VII.) was deposed, and Gerard, a man worthy in every way of so high a dignity, elected in his place, as Pope Nicholas II. By some historians Benedict is not ranked as Pope at all.

THERE WAS NOT to be another Pope Benedict for two centuries and a half. In 1808, Benedict, Eleventh of the name, was called from comparative obscurity to the most exalted office in the world: He was a Dominican monk, a native of Treviso, and so well was he regarded by his brethren that from the lowest office he became their General. As Pope, too, he was conspicuous for his virtues, and although he occupied the Chair for only eight months did much to reform abuses and paved the way for the momentous pontificate of Clement VII. Benedict XI. is described by contemporary historians as a man of great goodness and holiness, and many miracles were attributed to him after his death.

BENEDICT XII., one of the Avignon Popes, occupied the Papal Chair from 1344 to 1342. He had all the disadvantages of the Avignon episode (sometimes termed the 'Captivity of Babylon') to contend with, but throughout it all bore himself with dignity and decorum. He was in intention, if not always in effect, the Peacemaker of the Age, and strove diligently to raise the standard of religion and of learning. We have not space here to relate the many stirring events of his reign. Everybody, it is related, was grieved at his death, he was so good and so learned a man. He had a design to have Zoto, a famous painter of his age, to draw the histories of the martyrs in the Palace he built, but death prevented the execution of the design.

POPE BENEDICT XIII. was elected to the Supreme Office in 1724. He was of the great family of the Orsini. He was a learned, industrious man of simple habits and exemplary character, who exhibited always moderation in affairs of state and strove sedulously to preserve peace. He was instrumental in bringing about the Seville Treaty of 1729. During his pontificate many names were added to the Calendar of Saints, a circumstance that will make his age forever memorable. He died in 1780.

POPE BENEDICT XIV. is the most illustrious among the Popes of all those who have borne the name. His career has been thus succinctly summed up by a modern writer: Born at Bologna in 1675, he had, before his elevation, distinguished himself by extensive learning and by marked ability in the lower offices. Succeeding Clement XII., he began his pontificate in 1740 with several wise and conciliatory measures; founded chairs of physics, chemistry and mathematics in Rome; revived the academy of Bologna, and instituted others; dug out the obelisk in the Campus Martius, constructed fountains, rebuilt churches; caused the best English and French books to be translated into Italian; and in many other ways encouraged literature and science.

HIS PIETY WAS sincere, enlightened and steadfast, and his faith was well exemplified in his practice. He was extremely concerned for the character of the clergy and exercised careful supervision over all nominations to the episcopacy. Ranke, the Protestant historian of the Popes, says of him that "he was particularly determined and vehement respecting ecclesiastical affairs." His was a life of constant and well-directed labor. As Prospero Lambertini no less than as Pope Benedict XIV. his name will always rank with honor in the realm of true learning. His treatise on "Heroic Virtue" is a theological classic. After a painful illness he died on 3rd May, 1758.

AN INTERESTING summary has been compiled showing the ages of the several modern Popes at the time of their demise. From this it appears that since the closing of the Avignon episode (1877) seventeen of the occupants of the Holy See have passed eighty years. Pius X. came short of this by less than a year. Gregory XVI., who died in 1845, at the age of eighty, was the youngest of these

octogenarians. Gregory XII., Calixtus II., and Benedict XIII. completed their eighty-first year; Alexander VIII., and Pius VI., were eighty-two; Gregory XIII., Innocent X., Benedict XIV., and Pius VII., were over eighty-three; Paul II. was eighty-four, and Pius IX., Clement X., and Clement XII., were eighty-five. The three nonagenarians were Clement XI., who was ninety-two, and Paul IV. and Leo XIII. who were each ninety-three. The oldest of all the Popes was Gregory IX. (1227-1241) who was almost a centenarian. Of this remarkable man, who was not elected Pope until he was eighty-six, it is related that few in the premature of their powers have surpassed him in the vigor or the vigilance of his rule.

THE LATE MGR. MEUNIER

Just as we go to press we receive the sad news of the sudden death of the Right Rev. Mgr. Meunier of Windsor. Though the late pastor of St. Alphonsus' Church has not been in robust health for some years, his death came as an unexpected shock even to those who knew him well.

Joseph Edmund Meunier was born June 22nd, 1860, at St. Rose de Lima in the archdiocese of Montreal. With the exception of a short time spent in the Grand Seminary in Montreal he made his entire course of studies at the college of St. Therese de Blainville, where he was ordained twenty-eight years ago. After two years as assistant priest in the diocese of Montreal he was appointed parish priest of Magdalen Islands in the diocese of Charlottetown, P. E. I., whence he came to London. He was shortly afterwards given charge of Belle River where he remained ten years. For the last thirteen years he has been pastor of the important parish of St. Alphonsus, Windsor.

Monsignor Meunier was made Vicar-General during the administration of the late Bishop McEvay, and administrator of the diocese from the time of Bishop McEvay's translation to Toronto until the appointment of Bishop Fallon to the See of London. He celebrated Mass as usual on Sunday morning and preached on "Death." "Death does not end all; it is but the beginning of our eternal destiny. We must live in the conviction that death will come to us all sooner or later, and we know not how nor the moment of its coming, but come it will." Four hours after the preacher urged so impressively the duty of preparing for the inevitable end, he himself was summoned before the judgment seat of God.

Father Meunier celebrated Mass in his church, ate a hearty dinner, and expressed the intention of taking an auto ride with P. Ouellette, organist at St. Alphonsus. They set out from the rectory shortly after dinner, and it was while entering the village of Tecumseh that Father Meunier was taken ill. Mr. Ouellette noticed that something was wrong, and as he brought the machine to a stop he saw that the priest was very ill. He carried him to a near-by house, and physicians were summoned. He was carried on a stretcher to the residence of Father Langlois, pastor of Tecumseh Catholic Church, and there became unconscious. He died about 4 o'clock, after receiving the last sacraments of the Church.

Not only to those who listened to the late prelate's sermon but to all our readers the sudden though we confidently trust not unprovided death of Mgr. Meunier will bring home the lesson that his last words in the pulpit sought to impress on his faithful congregation. Let us join in the prayers of the Church for the repose of his soul. "Eternal rest give unto him O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him."

SIGNAL HONOR CONFERRED ON LONDONER BY THE MILITIA DEPARTMENT

London Free Press, Sept. 14.

A signal honor has been conferred on Major William Coles, of this city, at Valenciennes camp by his appointment to organize and command the supply department of the overseas contingent.

Word has been received in this city of the appointment and military men conversant with the abilities of Major Coles state that he is the right man for the position. His appointment to such an important office is not only a high tribute to him but a compliment to London.

Probably no man who has volunteered for active service is as competent to fill the position as Major Coles and few have sacrificed as much in going to the front. When war was first declared Major Coles was one of the first to volunteer in spite of the fact that he has extremely large business interests that could not be left without enormous sacri-

fice. In addition to this he has a large family and at first the authorities would not accept his offer of service. Finally he prevailed on them and since his arrival at Valenciennes with the Army Service Corps he has been twice promoted.

[Major Coles, Controller of the City of London, is a Catholic and a member of St. Peter's Cathedral parish.—Ed. C. R.]

ON THE BATTLE LINE

THE BRITISH MILITARY STRENGTH

Between August 6 and September 9, 439,000 men joined the British army agreeing to serve during the war or for three years should the war not end before the summer of 1917. The regular army and reserves when the war broke out numbered about 400,000. The new army now under training numbers 439,000 men. Mr. Asquith secured the consent of the House of Commons Sept. 10 for the raising of another half million. If to these great forces are added the native Indian troops and the contingents from Canada and Australia, Great Britain will shortly have under arms 1,500,000 men, and should be able without difficulty to maintain half a million or more in the firing line in France and Belgium. Such an addition to the defensive strength of France would make the conquest of that country by Germany an utter impossibility.

When the Government's plans are completed the British army for the continent and for home service will consist roughly of the following: Regular army, 420,000; territorials, 300,000; reserves, 214,000; Indian contingent, 70,000; Canadian first and second contingents 40,000; Australians, 20,000, and New Zealand 10,000, making a total of 1,854,000 men.

IN SOUTH AFRICA

General Botha has announced that German forces from Southwest Africa have entered the territory of the South African Union, and that a large German force is on the frontier. The Government has, therefore, undertaken to carry through military operations in German Southwest Africa. The Imperial Government has loaned the South African Government 325,000,000, and with the war chest replenished the united Boers and Britons will go forward to the conquest of Damaraaland. Speaking before the Parliament of South Africa, Premier Botha said that although there were many among its members who in the past had been hostile to the British flag, they would to-day ten times rather be under the British than the German flag. Louvain has cut deep. The South African Boers were in their origin Hollanders, men of Flanders and French. The Kaiser's telegram to Kruger in 1896 is forgotten in the menace of Germany to-day to the little peoples of the Low Countries. German Southwest Africa will not long withstand a serious invasion by the forces of the Union. The country is vast in area, occupying 322,450 square miles to the west of Bechuanaland, and the German population of from 10,000 to 12,000 is centered mostly on the west coast. The populous parts of the Transvaal and the Cape are more than 700 miles to the east and south across a great desert. Operations, therefore, will have to take the form of a military expedition carried by sea to German territory and landed at Swakopmund, the chief coast town, whence a railway 237 miles in length runs to Windhoek, the capital in the interior. Next to the Kimberly mines those of German Southwest Africa are the world's principal sources of diamond supply. The native population of 80,000 consists of Hottentots and Bushmen, with whom the Germans have frequently waged war. The conquest of German Southwest Africa will be troublesome, but an expedition of 20,000 men should accomplish it in two or three months.

BRITISH CASUALTIES NOW TOTAL 19,259

London, Sept. 10.—Additional British casualties up to September 7, to an aggregate of 5,589 were officially announced by the War Office today. Officers killed 10; wounded 63; missing 61. Men killed 61; wounded 510; missing 2,888.

Previous casualty lists, army and navy, totalled 15,681, so that with the above the total now is 19,259. As previously explained, the casualty lists include those indicated as missing and who may later turn up.

A CONTRAST—1914-1870

Very few prisoners of war have been taken as yet during the campaign in France by either the Allies or the Germans. The claim has been made that in the surrender of Maubeuge 40,000 men were made prisoners by the Germans, but the French say that Maubeuge has not fallen, and that at most the men garrisoning two forts have surrendered. The garrison of the small fortress of Longwy struck its colors after a heroic defence extending almost a month. It would appear that after almost six weeks of war the Germans have captured less than 20,000 French and British, while in the fighting along the Marne, now in progress, several thousand Germans have been cut off and captured by the British and French armies. In the earlier phases of the campaign in Alsace the French took a few hundred stragglers. All this is very different from 1870. Before the campaign had lasted a month Metz had been sealed up, with a great French army in it, and the Emperor and the army of MacMahon had surrendered at Sedan. During the entire campaign 21,508 officers and 792,048 men surrendered. This, of course, included almost a quarter of a million men in the garrison of Paris and Bourbaki's army of 90,000 men, which crossed the frontier and gave up arms to the Swiss rather than become German prisoners of war. No less than 380,000 French officers and men were actually held as prisoners in Germany till peace was declared. The contrast between the conditions of 1870 and those of to-day indicates that this is much more a struggle "to the death" than the former trial of strength between France and Germany.

IN WEST AFRICA

There has been fighting in the Kameroun Colony in West Africa and on Lake Nyassa, where Mr. Asquith said the other day that Britain by the capture of a German vessel had secured control of a large portion of equatorial Africa. In the Kameroun it looks as if the Germans had scored an initial win, eleven British officers being returned as killed, wounded or missing. This would seem to indicate that the native troops had bolted and left their officers to fight it out with the Germans. British troops from Nigeria and French from the Congo will speedily redress the balance. The Kameroun cannot long be held against the overwhelming strength of the Allies on the West African coast. The negro population is over 8,000,000, and there are but little over 1,000 Germans all told in an area of nearly 200,000 square miles.

CRUISER PATHFINDER SUNK BY TORPEDO

London, Sept. 10.—It is stated that the British cruiser Pathfinder, which was destroyed in the North Sea Sept. 6, with a loss of over 200 lives, supposedly by contact with a mine, was in reality sunk by a torpedo. This information is released by the Official Information Bureau. The cruiser was destroyed in four minutes.

A RETREAT THAT WAS GLORIOUS

Mons will take its place beside Coruna in British military annals as a retreat that was more glorious than many of the greatest victories of the nation's armies, says the Toronto Globe. Sir John French, who is not an emotional man, in reporting the result of the four days of fighting which began at Mons on August 23, speaks of the battle as "this glorious stand of the British troops." It would appear from his report that the strength of the British expeditionary force has been over-estimated even by military critics in Great Britain. General French had under his command at Mons not 120,000 combatants, as has been supposed, but two army corps and an attached cavalry division. This would give him not over 90,000 fighting men, and with this force he held off for four days the determined attack of five German army corps, totalling 200,000. The odds against the British troops were considerably over two to one, and the battle was fought by an army in process of organization against a German army that had fought and marched across Belgium, during which advance its units had become thoroughly co-ordinated.

The Field Marshal speaks in terms of the highest praise of Sir Douglas Haig and Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, the commanders of his two army corps, who extricated their men more than once from positions which were nothing short of traps for the British army. The unexpected retirement of the hard-pressed French on the right—of which General French was not notified until it was almost too late for him to take a similar step—left both his flanks exposed to the German corps sent forward to attempt a turning movement. Day after day French's army fought as long as daylight lasted, slept a little in the early hours of night, and resumed the retreat before dawn, sometimes covering the withdrawal, as on the morning of the 24th, with a pretence of taking the offensive. The German's added night attacks to the perils through which the British had to pass and it is clear that only what General French speaks of as "the most devoted intrepidity and determination" of the artillery saved the army from annihilation.

The big thing in this official story of the battle of Mons is that it proves the steadfastness of the British troops under the most trying conditions to which an army can be subjected. The dogged persistence with which this rear-guard action was conducted is but an illustration of the spirit in which the British peoples all over the world have entered into the struggle against Prussian autocracy. In the great battles still ahead, success, as at Mons, will be achieved by men of the true British bulldog breed, men with the tenacity to hang on against overwhelming odds and so snatch victory from defeat.

EPISCOPALIANISM AND THE CHURCH

A good old Catholic was telling his adventure with a minister: "Seeing him in a Roman collar and all, 'Good-morning, Father,' says I, 'I am not one of yours,' says he, 'I am an Episcopalian.' 'Well,' says I, 'I respect every one who will preach religion in these days.' Then he said something I didn't like, so I answers straight back, 'And who put the gowp on your back, pray? Wasn't it Henry VIII, with his eight wives; and he cut off the heads of six of them? Wasn't it Queen Elizabeth who shut up Queen Mary in the Tower of London for twenty years, and then cut off her head because she wouldn't turn Protestant?' With that he gave me a look, but said nothing. Then he walked off; and when he reached the corner he turned round and looked at me again. And now, when we meet, he never looks at me at all."

THE CHURCH

Those last three sentences are literature; but not for that is the story told. The old man had the essential facts of history. There are some of higher culture and wider reading who do not grasp the essential elements of the controversy between Episcopalianism and the Church. Did Christ establish a visible infallible Church? Did he establish it unchangeable in its constitution to the end of time? Has that Church as its fundamental function the mission to teach infallibly all people, in all places and at all times? If so, is not infallibility in teaching as essential to day to the vital activity as in the apostolic age; so that if this be lost, or only remotely potential, its mission and functions are changed? Answer these questions affirmatively, and the acceptance of the whole Catholic position is the necessary consequence. Answer them negatively, and the sects, with their contradictions, mutations and multiplications can not be gainsaid. It is infallible authority against private judgment. Whether the subject matter be the Bible, or tradition, or ecumenical councils, or ecclesiastical history, all are in themselves essential to day to the vital activity as in the apostolic age; so that if they are to have living force in the present, they must be vivified by the interpretation of the living voice. This must be the voice of living infallible authority, or that of the living fallible individual. In doubtful points one must follow his own private judgment, or hear the living Church. To interpret them for one's self according to one's understanding of the voice of the Church in ages past and gone, is but a particular phase of private judgment.

Those who do not face the essence of the problem, busy themselves often with matters unessential. It is as if the minister would have refuted my old man by pointing out his mistakes regarding the number of Henry's wives, the number he beheaded, the place of Mary's imprisonment, and by recounting the plots undertaken for the substitution of Mary for Elizabeth on the throne of England, as if the fact that Mary was a Catholic was not the foundation of all objection to her, and as if her enemies would not have ceased action at once, and opened her prison instantly, had she become a Protestant. They find differences of opinion among Catholics. Some theologians hold, for example, the Syllabus of Pius IX. as *ex cathedra* utterance: others deny it. The Episcopalian, seeking to justify himself, assumes that this diversity of view reaches out to the dogma itself. The assumption is absurd. The truths revealed by God and contained in the deposit of faith as defined by the Vatican Council constitute one thing composed of many essential parts or articles, and these are believed by all in their entirety, implicitly at least, when an act of supernatural faith is elicited in any one article, whether it be the doctrine of the Trinity, or of the Incarnation, or of Transubstantiation, or of the Immaculate Conception.

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Again, much is made of the differences between those who to-day are called Integralists and Liberals, as

if in them papal infallibility were involved directly. The most fervent Integralist in proclaiming the duty of Catholics to be with the Pope in all things, does not dream for a moment that the Pontiff in his dealings with the Church in France, his regulating of seminaries, his prohibition of the admission of certain books into them, his prescribing of the method of teaching in certain universities, and so on, is exercising his prerogative of infallibility. It is his authority that is in question. As this is supreme, as he is the Vicar of Christ, responsible to Him only, and to none other, it is the duty of every Christian to subject himself absolutely to that authority, and to obey in all sincerity the voice of him who, set to rule the whole flock of Christ, has all those special helps to discharge his office, which we call the "grace of state." To criticize, to minimize, to economize, to detract from obedience, according to the degree to which they are carried, not necessarily from faith. One may deplore the fact that the revolt against authority, characteristic of the world to-day, manifests itself ever so faintly in the Church of God; one may grieve that such a spirit hampers, however so little, the Father of all the faithful in his functions, and adds to his difficulties and cares; one may foresee that a spirit of disobedience may have sad results for those who persist in it; but no one will dare to say that it involves immediately and formally the faith of the individual, still less that of the Catholic Church.

For there is this essential difference between the Church and the sects. The Church lives, animated with the Holy Spirit. It lives a supernatural, divine life. It has the power, therefore, to cast out the errors that arise among its members, and so preserve itself pure and stainless, the true bride of Christ. Not so the sects. These temporize, and make terms with error. Heretical themselves, cut off from infallible authority, established on private judgment, they are powerless in the presence of heresy. Compare the action of the Church regarding Modernism with the passivity of the Episcopal Church in England and America. The former dealt with it, as it dealt with Arianism, Nestorianism, Lutheranism, Jansenism, with all the heresies. It spoke the word; and those who would not hear the word were cast out. Their talents, their reputation, the favor they enjoyed with the world and its rulers, did not save them, while those who heard and obeyed, however painful they found it, were withdrawn from the path of error. The Episcopal denomination, with no share in the living voice, came to terms tacitly. Had one told its members thirty or forty years ago that a day would come when clergymen might deny the inspiration of Scripture, the Incarnation, the Virgin Birth, the Resurrection, the Trinity, or claim the right to restate these in such a way as to empty them of all Christian significance, he would have been held a madman. Yet dignitaries of that body are found to-day clamoring about a crisis in the Catholic Church to keep their people from entering it, and denying coolly that there is any crisis in their own sect. In one sense they are right. There can not be a crisis in a denomination founded on private judgment. But there may be a grave crisis in the spiritual life of its individual members.—Henry Woods, S. J., in America.

CRUISER PATHFINDER SUNK BY TORPEDO

London, Sept. 10.—It is stated that the British cruiser Pathfinder, which was destroyed in the North Sea Sept. 6, with a loss of over 200 lives, supposedly by contact with a mine, was in reality sunk by a torpedo. This information is released by the Official Information Bureau. The cruiser was destroyed in four minutes.

CAPTURED SUPPLY SHIP FOR GERMAN CRUISERS

Kingston, Ja., Sept. 11.—The Hamburg-American Line steamer Be-

thania was captured by a British cruiser on Monday morning, when she was two days out from Charlevoix. The prize, which was brought here last night, had aboard six hundred tons of coal and a six months' supply of provisions for the German cruisers Dresden and Karlsruhe.

The Bethania had been equipped as an auxiliary cruiser, but threw her armament overboard on sighting her pursuer. The crew was composed of five hundred reservists.

The Admiralty reports that most of the prisoners aboard the Hamburg-American Line steamer Bethania are from the crew of the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, who escaped in a collier when the converted cruiser was sunk by the British cruiser High Flyer. The Bethania is of 4,847 tons.

EPISCOPALIANISM AND THE CHURCH

A good old Catholic was telling his adventure with a minister: "Seeing him in a Roman collar and all, 'Good-morning, Father,' says I, 'I am not one of yours,' says he, 'I am an Episcopalian.' 'Well,' says I, 'I respect every one who will preach religion in these days.' Then he said something I didn't like, so I answers straight back, 'And who put the gowp on your back, pray? Wasn't it Henry VIII, with his eight wives; and he cut off the heads of six of them? Wasn't it Queen Elizabeth who shut up Queen Mary in the Tower of London for twenty years, and then cut off her head because she wouldn't turn Protestant?' With that he gave me a look, but said nothing. Then he walked off; and when he reached the corner he turned round and looked at me again. And now, when we meet, he never looks at me at all."

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THE Thornton-Smith Co. have just completed the Interior Decoration of several Churches in Ontario to the entire satisfaction of their clients. They ask to be consulted regarding further work of this character. Correspondence receives Prompt attention. STUDIOS 11 King St. West, Toronto

still being done occasionally to stimulate Catholics to the better support of the religious press. But it ought to be done incessantly. To make an increased circulation of the propaganda must not cease. It is the Catholic newspaper that may reach the lost sheep in the desert and bring him safely back to the fold. God bless the increased circulation of the Catholic newspaper.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

MOTHER O'MINE: A SONG OF THE GAEL

There's a joy in the heart of me, Mother o'mine, 'Tis the real Irish part of me, Mother o'mine; Aglow with sweet dreams of thee, Childhood's bright memory, Thou art the life of me, Mother o'mine.

Love for thee sings in me, Mother o'mine, Prayers of thee strengthen me, Mother o'mine; None takes the place of thee, Dreams of the face of thee, Waken God's grace in me, Mother o'mine.

Sure, I'm the child of thee, Mother o'mine, God has been mild with me, Mother o'mine; The bird's sweetest melody Chimes with the knell o' the Years, while I tell o' thee, Mother o'mine.

God save thee, soul of me, Mother o'mine, Blood of the whole of me, Mother o'mine; God's mirrored trinity, Faith, hope and charity, Pulse in the heart of thee, Mother o'mine.

Love for thee blesses me, Mother o'mine, The smile and the tear of thee, Mother o'mine; Bring me so near to thee, Binding thee, dear to me, Closer each year, *machree*, Mother o'mine.

Hail, Mary's purity, Mother o'mine, Throne of the deity, Mother o'mine; Through whose maternity, Christ for eternity, Reigns in the heart of thee, Mother o'mine.

—By REV. HENRY B. THRENEY

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

The noble response which has been made to the CATHOLIC RECORD's appeal in behalf of Father Fraser's Chinese mission encourages us to keep the list open a little longer. It is a source of gratification to Canadian Catholics that to one of themselves it should have fallen to inaugurate and successfully carry on so great a work. God has certainly blessed Father Fraser's efforts, and made him the instrument of salvation to innumerable souls. Why not, dear reader, have a share in that work by contributing of your means to its maintenance and extension? The opportunity awaits you: let it not pass you by.

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In Memory of Mother..... 2 00
A Friend of St. Anne..... 1 00
"Charity"..... 3 00
Fr. and St. Catharines..... 3 00

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

KEEP PEGGING AWAY
We seldom mount at a single bound
To the ladder's very top;

A CALL TO MEN
Brave men are needed in every age.
They were needed two thousand years ago;

Brave men are men who have the courage of their convictions; men who hold fast to principles in the face of the enemy;

Brave men, therefore, must be strong and virtuous. There are not enough of these to-day. There are rich men in plenty, quite enough of them;

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

HEART OF GOLD

"Let me carry your suitcase, lady!" he piped breathlessly. The jolly fat woman looked down at the little pipette of arms, the thin, eager face and wistful eyes and laughed until her capacious sides shook like bowls of jelly.

tured the youngster, gazing timidly at the masses of pink and purple and white hyacinths.

The old lady looked pityingly down into the small, thin face. "I live on a farm," she said, moved by a sudden impulse.

"Indeed they can!" smiled the old lady. "Here's your dime for carrying the suitcase, and here's 10 cents besides and a nickel for car fare."

He looked covetously into a window where marbles of all colors and kinds were displayed. This shining, beautiful open sesame to ball and game and marbles and summer joys was his very own, to do as he liked with!

Why couldn't he make a harness out of a piece of clothes line and the top of an old shoe? There were all Jack would make a capital horse.

More than a year before he had rescued a small, half starved dog from his tormentors, and ever since the dog had been his faithful friend.

Now he and Jack, with the aid of the roller skates, could enjoy the miles of smooth pavement stretching far out beyond the city limits.

Yesterday his mother had told him of the white lilies which grew on each side of the path leading up to the door of the old farm house, back in the hills of New England.

"If I could just hold one of those lilies in my hand—if I could look into its heart of gold and drink in its sweetness, it seems to me that I could be happy again," she said.

Here, surrounded by ferns and palms, stood the lily of his dreams. For a moment he scarcely dared to breathe lest the beautiful thing should leave the green stem which held it to the brown earth and float away like a white winged butterfly.

He saw mother, late in the night bending over his torn little coat with red eyes and flying needle, as she tried to make it presentable for school next day.

"It must be pretty hard for you to catch 'em," remarked the boy politely. "I don't believe you'd come in very fast on a home run."

His mother happy? The Lively Bouncer, the roller skates, the candy, what did they amount to beside his mother's happiness?

Outdoors the wind was blowing from the north and its breath was keen. Although spring was on her way, not a bird nor a bit of greenery, nor even a smiling face was to be seen.

The Flower Mother, who had children of her own, watched him for a moment and, as she did so, all the longing of the child's heart tumbled tumultuously over into her own.

"How much is it?" he whispered. In his excitement he dropped the silver quarter and it rolled merrily away across the blue and white tiled floor.

"I wanted to get a lily for my mother," repeated the boy. "How much is it?"

Fifteen minutes later a boy with a shining face left the flower shop. He paused at the corner almost bewildered by the lights. Shining carriages and automobiles with clanging horns were hurrying homeward.

How his heart would have jumped if some one had asked him to ride! It was late, much later than he had thought. His feet were tired and his arms ached.

He was lonely and perhaps a little afraid when he left the business section far behind. There was, too, a curious tugging at his heart strings.

Under the beautiful lady's orders he was bundled into the shining motor, and as it sped smoothly and noiselessly on its way he bent a sympathetic ear to the story of the much coveted Lively Bouncer, the roller skates, and the little dog Jack, who never had quite enough to eat.

"My boy, what are you doing here?" Her voice as she addressed the tired child was as sweet as a silver bell. The boy did not know that he had even closed his eyes, but as the clock struck 8 he realized that he had been asleep.

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Long after his drowsy lids had dropped over his eyes the last words the child heard as he drifted into dream-land was the lovely stranger's bell-like voice.

"My dear old nurse and companion who went back to her childhood's home to-day, was so taken with your little boy that she telephoned me before she left town," she explained.

"She didn't know the lad's name nor where he lived, but she described him so well that when I saw him on the church steps I knew him at once. I must ask you to give me your boy, but if you would come to me and help me manage my house, we could both do for him. There is room for you. If you think well of my plan, I will send for you to-morrow."

The next day the boy, and Jack

ALLOW ME TO PRESENT MY BEST FRIEND ROYAL YEAST CAKES
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and Sister Louie found themselves installed in their beautiful new home. The charm had worked. Mother was happy. Wasn't that enough to make any fellow glad? But that was not all, for the lovely lady led the boy and the little girl away into a big, sunny room.

Over the walls festive children in bright garments were strewn flowers, and on the table by a window lay the Lively Bouncer, a shining pair of roller skates, the harness for Jack and dozens of other toys in which boys and girls delight.

IMMODESTY IN DRESS
We have on previous occasions called attention to the lamentable vulgarity and immodesty of the modern dress of our women.

Many a woman appears in our streets attired as though she were the star performer in a freak exhibit. Probably the majority of the women who wear clothes too tight or too thin or too spectacular do so without any deliberated bad motive.

If the women who wear clothes with immodest results, however modest their intentions may be, could hear the comments upon their appearance they would consent to forego the notoriety that fashion sometimes demands and return to the more graceful and respectable clothing that womanly modesty and refinement would suggest.

It is enough to make one's heart sick to see the attire of some of our young girls. We do not mean the ones who come from the dens of vice, but from good Christian homes. These young Amazons soon become bold of countenance and loose in action. They have forgotten how to blush and it is only a step to a loss of all sense of shame.

In most cases the parents of these girls are to blame. They may be pious and modest but if they permit their daughters to sacrifice modesty and virtue at the altar of fashion, the sin is at their door.

They ought to know that modesty in dress is an open invitation to the libertine and corner route to take advantage of a young woman. When a girl dons the garb of a woman of the streets, she should not be surprised that she is mistaken for one.—Sacred Heart Review.

SAFETY FIRST

"Crossing the river of life" is a common metaphor, and our common convenience. Most men take the inconveniences and dangers of the crossing good-naturedly enough, but some of us make ourselves very objectionable by the way we complain at the unavoidable jostling. It reminds one of the putting of the poor little ant in the old song about Noah's ark:

The animals went in seven by seven, One more river to cross;

Hell is the principal peril of this navigation of ours, the reef in front of the harbor. Mr. A. C. Benson is the hardy mariner who dares to dispute the chart marked "Hell's Reef." He says there is no "Hell's Reef." These are his words:

Hell is a monstrous and insupportable fiction, and the idea of it is simply inconsistent with any belief in the goodness of God. It is easy to quote texts to support it, but we must not allow any text, any record in the world, however sacred, to shatter our belief in the love and justice of God.

This is a frantic speech from the author of a book entitled "Where no Fear Was," not at all the calm utterance of a quiet mind. It is after the manner of a man who reassures himself in a doubtful cause by talking loud. Take an example. Here is a man, a Christian Scientist, lying on a sick-bed, and it is plain to see that he is dying. The doctor, sitting at the bedside, has told him that he has only a few more moments to live.

He struggles up in bed, with a rebellious effort of his small, remaining strength, and cries, "You must, you must give me something to make me live!" and falls back lifeless. That "must" was ineffectual, a voice and nothing more.

Mr. Benson, however, is a Christian. He admits death. But he denies hell. How can we bring him to reflect, being a Christian, that perhaps, perhaps there is a hell. Whom will he believe?

Recently we tried to tell a man who had been out of the recent swift current of events that Germany had declared war on three of the big nations of Europe. He denied it vehemently. He said it could not be true; it was preposterous. He is no doubt convinced of it now, for all that, or rather for the very fact that a great deal of his money was invested in Europe.

Blinking hard facts does not change them, no more than a child avoids a whipping by closing his eyes and fighting his mother. It was not a quarrel between the sick man and the doctor about the matter of life and death; it was not a quarrel between us and the rich man about peace and war. It was merely a question of authority. What right had the doctor to pronounce death imminent, what right had we to say there was a war?

So, too, there is no quarrel between Mr. A. C. Benson and the Catholic Church. Again it is merely a question of authority. What authority has the Catholic Church for saying there is a hell? She has good authority or she has not; if she has not, Mr. Benson is welcome to his own opinion; if she has, that ought to settle the fact, except "where some fear is." Or does Mr. Benson blink the whole argument somewhat in this way:

"God says that there is a hell." "Nonsense; He couldn't say such a thing."

"But He does." "I tell you, it is absurd. He could not; it would be too cruel."

"Well, but if He says so, that ends the matter. It must be so; it can not be too cruel."

"But it is too cruel; He could not say so." "But I tell you He does. Listen; either He does or He does not."

"Oh, bother your dilemma. He could not; that is all there is about it."

"But I'll prove to you that He did." "What is the use of talking like that. He could not."

"And there you are, Mr. Benson's 'I think not' against the claim of God's 'I say so.' Private judgment has made a fool of many a man, but there is no foolishness about God's authority. There is a big difference between foolishness that denies a danger and rushes into it blindly with its eyes closed, and fearlessness like that of the saints who outlived their dangers through their greater confidence in God. Where, too, is our ordinary worldly prudence of 'safety first'—America.

Ever since the wicked angels fell, says Bishop Hadley, pride has been the curse of spiritual and rational beings, and has turned them from their God. Pride means conceit, vainglory, disobedience, and rebellion. These evil dispositions characterize the world as we know it at this moment. Men will tell you they believe in a God; but they will reject with scorn the idea of obeying God's commands or those of His Church. They will tell you that what passes for God's commandments are probably nothing more than the ideas of men. They will protest that neither Church nor priest nor book has any title to command them; and they will declare that they intend to be free in thought, word and deed, so far as they do not interfere with civil society. We cannot too clearly and definitely face the fact that this spirit of disobedience and rebellion, vainglory, and pride in all its branches, is the exact contradiction of the spirit of Jesus Christ. It is the very essential mark of what He denounced as "the world." The impulse to refuse to obey, to scorn dictation, to criticize, and to set up as our own masters in religious and moral matters—this spirit may be natural; it may be extremely human; no doubt it is so. But we have to make our choice. Either we give in to it, and then we range ourselves in the army that is opposing Christ; or we elect to be Christ's disciples, and then we must repress and resist it to the utmost. The Gospel spirit is that of humility, childlike docility and obedience. In all that concerns religion

and morality, it is most essentially the Gospel spirit to obey, not only the commandments of God, but the instructions of men whom Christ has appointed to teach. Any man who rails at the priesthood, or is indifferent to the Church, is on the world's side. Any one who, in serious matters, judges, criticizes, or condemns religious authority, is on the side of the world. Catholics must recognize, in the modern and actual development of pride, an actual and pressing danger. They are bound to separate themselves in these matters from the common and prevailing way and practice of those around them. Otherwise, they are in extreme peril of sharing in the condemnation pronounced on "the world" by our Lord, and of sacrificing their hopes of the world to come.—St. Paul Bulletin.

Jealousy is the danger signal in the game of love. A man who dares waste one hour of time has not discovered the value of life. A man never realizes how little he knows till his smallest boy begins to ask questions.

SELDOM SEE ABSORBINE
A big knee like this, but your horse may have a bunch of bruises on his ankle, hock, stifle, knee or throat.

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