

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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THE TEMPORAL POWER

HOW THE POPE'S SOVEREIGNTY ORIGINATED

(By "M. C. L.")

A letter recently published in this paper indicated, as we remarked, that there is room for enlightenment amongst Catholics on the subject of the Temporal Power of the Pope, what it means and involves, and how it originated; consequently it may be useful to give a brief explanation, pending the desired issue of a C.T.S. pamphlet, in which the matter could be more fully dealt with. The temporal power is no new thing. As Cardinal Gibbons reminds us, though the first Pope, St. Peter, had no personal property, he received from the faithful large donations to be distributed in the relief of want and necessity. In the Acts of the Apostles we read that as many of the faithful as were owners of houses or lands sold them, "and brought the price of the things which they sold, and laid them before the feet of the Apostles, and distribution was made to every one according as he had need." (Acts iv.) Such was the confidence reposed in the Bishops of the Church by the first Christians and such was their filial devotion. During the first, second and third centuries of Christianity the Popes were unable, generally speaking, to hold property in Rome, for there was a proscribed religion, whose followers were subject to violent persecution. In the fourth century peace and liberty for the Church came with the Emperor Constantine, and he endowed it liberally with money and estates, which were added to by succeeding Emperors. The Popes expended this wealth in works of charity and religion, in sending missionaries to pagan Europe, and in supporting and relieving the necessities of the poor. The Emperor Constantine transferred the seat of Empire to Constantinople; and the city of Rome, thus abandoned, was attacked by hordes of barbarians, Goths, Huns, and Vandals, who were over-running Italy; unable to obtain aid from the absent Emperor, or from his deputy at Ravenna, the Roman citizens turned to the Pope for protection, and not in vain. The city was saved from plundering and pillage and its people from slaughter by Pope Leo the Great, who, unaided by any troops, met Attila and his army as they marched upon Rome and prevailed upon him to retire, one of the most wonderful scenes in history. A second time the same Pope prevailed upon another enemy, Genseric, to spare the people of Rome; and acts such as these were naturally calculated to attach the Romans strongly to their spiritual Fathers, who proved themselves also wise and fearless governors. In the eighth century the King of the Lombards invaded Italy, and captured several cities, and having appealed vainly to the Emperor for succour, Pope Stephen appealed in person to the King of France; this monarch defeated the invaders, and placed the Pope at the head of the Italian provinces, a grant confirmed by Charlemagne, the King's successor, who donated some additional provinces to the temporal domain of his Holiness, and the territory was from that time till 1870 governed by the Bishops of Rome. Thus, to quote Cardinal Gibbons, the Pope possessed his temporality by three titles which render the tenure of a sovereign honest and incontestable, namely, long possession, legitimate acquisition, and a just use of the original grant confided to him. The temporal dominion began in the eighth century, and the Pope's civil authority was established neither by usurpation nor by the sword; he was called to rule by the voice of a grateful people, and the power he possessed by their suffrage was ratified and sanctioned by the sovereign act of France. Even the infidel Gibbon admits that the noblest title of the Popes to the Temporal Power "is the free choice of a people whom they have released from slavery. The end and aim of the Temporal Power was to secure for the Pope freedom and independence in the government of the Church. It follows from the doctrine that the Pope is Supreme Head of the Universal Church that he must be free to teach and guide his entire flock, and ought not to be a subject of any outside authority. As ruler of Christ's Church, he must be independent, and unless he possesses a territory which is entirely his own he cannot have that independence to the full. He cannot forego his claim to the Temporal Power; the Popes have always declared that it is the patrimony of St. Peter, not theirs to give or forego. They are simply its administrators. Though robbed of his territory by freemasons and anti-Christians in 1870, the Pope is still independent by his continued protest against that spoliation and outrage, that sacrilegious plunder of the Church which had for its ultimate aim the destruction of the

spiritual power held by the Popes as Vicar of Christ. It is urged by anti-Catholics that the Roman people by vote expressed their desire to be annexed to the Piedmontese Government; which plea leaves unaltered the fact that the patrimony of the Pope was not theirs to give away; it did not belong to them, for it had been granted to the Popes for the use and benefit of the Universal Church, not merely for the Roman citizen. Another fact, conveniently ignored by defenders of the spoliation, is that the vote took place under duress, and was an occupation army of about 100,000 men was in Rome. Moreover, the occupation was an act of injustice, which no vote could justify; it was an act of violence, and a vote ordered and managed by the perpetrators of the violence could neither justify, alter, nor remedy the violence. The Papal party abstained from voting, in protest, and the vote given by the party of occupation was not even given fairly; all Italians who entered Rome in the train of the army voted, all foreigners were admitted to vote, and hands of voters went from booth to booth and voted at more than one place. It is easy to show a huge majority when methods such as those are employed. For the rest the Popes received their territory from man, and what man gives man may take away. But the spiritual authority of the successor of St. Peter is above and beyond human aggression and spoliation; no human power can destroy that which takes that away. Through Peter Christ still teaches, still feeds His lambs and His sheep, still abhors from sin, and Peter still lives to bear witness until the end of time to the Divinity of the Master Who appointed him Head of the Church. Who founded on a rock that House against which rain and floods and winds beat in vain. No human power, no might of arms, no myriad voices, can render void the promise of Christ or can take away what He bestowed upon His Vicar on earth. "The gates of hell shall not prevail."—Edinburgh Herald.

AN EDITOR OFFENDS AND IS INFORMED

WILL HE PROFIT?

Chicago New World

In his issue of February 14, 1918, the editor of the Presbyterian Continent tried to calm the perturbation of many Protestants who read in the Literary Digest of the astonishment of the Y. M. C. A. workers at Camp Dix at the great throngs of soldiers present at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass as contrasted with the small number present at the Protestant services. In his attempt to ease the questioning Protestants, the editor of the Continent tried to show that attendance at Mass had no significance of sincere devotion whatsoever. To uphold his assertion he stated:

"The priests represent to their people that coming to Mass is an act of religious merit, going far to cancel all their sins, and the people take it as an easy way of getting square with God without any trouble to speak of."

It chanced that a young Chicago woman came upon this editorial of the Continent and was stirred to deep pity that this country should number one who, despite his opportunity because of his contact he must have to the extent of securing a sound opinion on a Catholic matter of primary importance. Surely, thought the young lady, the editor of the Continent would not be guilty of a malicious misstatement of facts, and if only advised would see his error and make correction. Consequently she addressed to Nolan R. Best, who is the editor of the Continent, the following kindly and informing letter:

Chicago, Ill., February 20, 1918.
To the Editor of the Continent:
As a reader of your paper may I ask you kindly to refer me to a book of Catholic teaching where I can find a justification for two assertions contained in your issue of February 14th? The first concerns the reasons for Catholics going to Mass and is contained in this sentence: "The priests represent to their people that coming to Mass is an act of religious merit going far to cancel all their sins." This is an assertion that never, in all honesty, I am writing you this with no hopes whatsoever of making an impression on you or your type. You are the best answer why ministers fail with men.
Sincerely,
L. T. C.

headed "Apply the Golden Rule." Have you applied this in these two charges? Let us be candid in this matter and permit me the liberty of saying that the evident impulse by your editorial "Just What's Seen Everywhere" has a much better motivation than you think. It is failure that confronts your clergymen in dealing with man and the success of the priests in the same endeavor. That puts your attack in a much better and saner and more intelligent light. If this interpretation does not rob it of its utter lack of Christianity then I hope you will find in your heart some pagan justification for your diatribe.

Sincerely,
L. T. C.
AN EDITOR REPLIES

And an answer came back quickly from the unconvicted, though slightly baffled editor of the Continent, baffled because he must confess that his own supposed observations and not any manual of Catholic teaching had given him his information concerning the Mass. Said the editor of the Continent in replying to the Chicago young lady:

My Dear Madam:
The assertions which you challenge concerning the priestly teaching in the Catholic Church relative to the religious values of the Mass, are founded upon personal observation, and I am therefore not able to cite you any book of Catholic teaching in support thereof.
I confess to the greatest surprise that the statements should be challenged by any one who enjoys opportunities of equal observation. Considering that the privileges of attending Mass is connected with previous confession and absolution, I should be inclined to say that the Continent's measure of the value set on the Mass by Catholic priests is rather an under-statement than an over-statement.

Responding to your inquiry whether I think that the editorial in question is consonant with another editorial in the same issue on the application of the Golden Rule, I can only put on record my answer that I think it is.

Very sincerely yours,
NOLAN R. BEST.
A GIFT OF OPPORTUNITIES

This letter gave the young lady a great deal of information though it did not supply particular items, such as the name of the Catholic manual, which she had requested. From the editor's letter she learned that he was of the type of men who do not possess, nor yet seek any information regarding the subject upon which he was writing, the Catholic Church. However, she thought it worth the few cents postage to throw in Mr. Best's way the opportunity to check upon the soundness of his personal observations on Catholic practices and accordingly sent him a small Catholic catechism, for which kindness Mr. Best has failed to date to make reply. But the young lady has come upon a discovery as a consequence of her correspondence with the editorial light of the Continent; she has come upon the answer to the very generally asked question: "Why do Protestant ministers fail with men?"
February 28, 1918.
Mr. Nolan R. Best,
156 Fifth Ave.,
New York City, N. Y.

My Dear Sir:
As you fill a very important position, I feel it is only fair to assume that you are an honest man, and that if facts are set before you, you will be inclined to acknowledge their truth. You state that the priestly teaching of the Catholic Church about the Mass is founded on personal observation. Now, suppose that I were to say that the Hard Shelled Baptists taught that God was worshipped by climbing a chestnut tree, because I had seen one of that sect so occupied? I am not exaggerating if you would say that my inference was somewhat far fetched. Permit me to say that your inference of priestly teaching about the Mass is not less wide of the mark.

In your second paragraph you illustrate even more hopelessly your utter lack of knowledge about the teaching of the Catholic Church and the Mass. You confound confession and absolution as being intimately associated with the hearing of Mass. Evidently you had in mind the receiving of Holy Communion, wholly different things. As the editor of a Presbyterian organ who presumes to write criticisms of a Church that numbers 16% of our total population, and whose sons make up 40% of the entire army and navy, I am sending you a small catechism of Catholic teaching, which henceforward you might consult with some benefit to truth when you presume to write about the Church's teaching. However, in all honesty, I am writing you this with no hopes whatsoever of making an impression on you or your type. You are the best answer why ministers fail with men.
Sincerely,
L. T. C.

The write-up man on a daily newspaper is frequently called upon to write people down.

MINISTERS PROTEST

AGAINST THE ANTI-CATHOLIC OUTBURST

After the opposition to Conscriptio on the part of Ireland, enemies of the Catholic Church in England raised the no-Popery cry. But it was short-lived. There is no doubt but that the end of the affair was hastened through the splendid protest of certain Anglican clergymen and members of their congregations. This protest, embodied in a resolution, is well worthy of reproduction.

A PROTEST AGAINST THE "NO POPERY" CRY

"To the Editor of the Tablet:

"Sir:—Without wishing to express here any opinion on the attitude of the Irish hierarchy towards conscription, regarded as a purely political act, it is not true that the Catholic Church ever appears as the enemy of the Allies all over the world; the English, French, and Belgian Bishops have distinguished themselves by their patriotic devotion. It is not true that the Church 'had not one word to say in denunciation of the rape of Belgium; this crime was explicitly condemned by the Cardinal Secretary of State. It is not true that the Vatican 'has never hampered Germany'; it protested against the air raids on Italian cities, and there is no evidence against the Church that 'her operations have always told against the Allies' whatever particular group of Catholics may have done or left undone.

"We shall, therefore, be grateful if you will give publicity to this protest against an unauthorized campaign, which is dishonorable to the country in general and to the Church of England in particular.

"Signed by Rev. A. H. Baverstock, Rt. Rev. T. C. Calvert Brown, Rev. E. E. Kilburn, Rev. L. Langford James, D. D., Rev. Courard Noel, Rev. R. S. Thornwell, Rev. Sandys Wason, Rev. Vincent Baker, Rev. Wilfrid Knox, Rev. Magnus Laing, Rev. R. P. Wodehouse, Rev. A. P. Young, Mr. H. R. Baylis, Mr. J. E. C. Horder, Mr. A. E. Manning-Coster, Mr. D. L. Murray, Mr. W. J. Ross."

BELGIAN CLERGY THANK POPE

LED BY CARDINAL MERCIER THEY PAY TRIBUTE OF HOMAGE

C. P. A. Service

Rome, July 20.—His Holiness has received from Cardinal Mercier and the Belgian Clergy the following letter, which speaks for itself:

"Most Holy Father, Desire Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, the Vicars General of the metropolitan Church, the canons and clergy of the Archdiocese of Malines, humbly lay at the feet of your Holiness the expression of their homage, their veneration and filial affection. It is with feelings of special gratitude and happiness that they approach the Holy See. While on the point of applying, in their own case and for the government of the Church, the Code of Canon Law which they have received from your august hands, they wish to express to the Supreme Pontiff the feeling of entire obedience with which they have welcomed this splendid monument of Holy Mother Church. It will be to them a source of the greatest possible happiness that in their diocese and for all interested this shall have full force and shall regard and defend for the good of souls Christian discipline. It is not for them to add their praise to exalt this noble testimony of paternal solicitude; nevertheless they may be allowed to welcome this benefit with joy, as devoted children, to rejoice that a work so great, so fruitful and glorious for the Church, initiated by your predecessor of undying memory, has been happily concluded and established for the government of the Catholic world by your Holiness' desire and care.

"And a further great joy which increases the universal gratitude to your Holiness has been brought by the news just received from the Holy See that the bells and organs of the Belgian churches, already condemned to destruction, will be preserved for Catholic worship and the veneration

of the faithful. Everyone must see that if our parishes had been spared such serious injury that is due to the firmness and prudence of your Holiness. This fact is indeed worthy of being put on record and will be thus learned by our descendants in the history of Belgium, and they too like those of our time will celebrate and exalt the glorious name of Benedict XV, as that of a noble protector and benefactor of Belgium.

PROHIBITION AND THE SUPREME COURT

Michael Kenny, S. J., in America

The Constitution was ratified as a national instrument and not as a mere compact between States, but mostly by narrow majorities; and strict construction held wide sway till Jefferson, its leading exponent, discarded it in 1800 to effect the Louisiana Purchase. Popular approval of this achievement and the national self-consciousness that grew out of the war of 1812, and buoyant western expansion strengthened the national Government; but the strongest nationalizing factor was the Supreme Court, which under Chief Justice Marshall, brought first into exercise the large powers granted it by the Constitution. As member of the Virginia Constitutional Convention, Marshall had said: "To the judiciary you must look for protection from an infringement of the Constitution"; but he held it no infringement to limit the powers of the States, as in the Dartmouth College case, for the protection of individual rights to allay popular indignation. This has become an accepted principle of constitutional interpretation; and hence the converse should equally control: Let the end be legitimate—as the continuance of a "mode of worship" coeval with the Constitution assuredly is—all means and laws which, though not prohibited, are inconsistent with the letter of constitutional acts and the spirit of the Constitution, are to be considered unconstitutional.

The Civil War, as successful wars are wont, expanded the central Government's powers; and the Supreme Court, enlarging the Marshall doctrine, usually interpreted them to extend to whatever the Constitution did not forbid. This tendency has been operative even to our day, and the Constitution has been found at times strangely complainant.

Whether we approve or disapprove the evolution, the fact is obvious. The Supreme Court has jurisdiction in all such cases as implied State or national prohibition of Sacramental wine, if only because it has frequently exercised it. Article III of the Constitution gives the Supreme Court either original or appellate jurisdiction, "both as to law and to fact," in almost every conceivable case "in law and equity, arising under the Constitution, the laws of the United States, and Treaties made, or which shall be made, under their authority;" and in "Texas v. White" and numerous other decisions, the Court has itself formally asserted its far-reaching powers. The danger lies not in the limitations of its jurisdiction, but in the undue extension of it to justify executive encroachments, insidious or open. The words of laws and constitutions should be interpreted, as Justice Story defined, "in their natural sense, and not in a sense unreasonably restricted or enlarged;" that is, implied powers must be really implied, and the Courts should apply the "rule of reason" reasonably.

We have no reason to fear such application. Fundamental law, compacts, treaties, custom, judicial precedent, enforce our natural right to exercise our "mode of worship" unrestricted, and therefore to procure the elements requisite for its vital and essential act. "You take my life when you do take the means whereby I live." Religiously, the Mass is our life; and true wine, that which Christ used and the Church has ever ruled indispensable, is a means essential to its living. That laws prohibitive of such wine are destructive of our freedom of worship, and therefore are, and should be declared, unconstitutional and invalid, needs no further elaboration. That the Supreme Court will actually so declare is a presage of future contingency which none but a prophet may utter of any body of

fallible and more or less flexible interpreters.

The Supreme Court has been the mainstay of the U. S. Constitution, laws and treaties, making them in fact what the Sixth Article defines them, "the supreme law of the land." Its guardianship of our organic law is the unique American feature of what Gladstone termed "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." The Supreme Court has executed its trust with wisdom and fidelity. By sound and broad vision interpretation it has, with rare exceptions, exercised wide restraint on hasty legislation and biased construction, and beneficently evoked the latent powers of the Constitution.

But the Supreme Court is human. Of different origins, traditions and environment, its members hold different views on political, religious and social questions; and that they are influenced thereby appears from the fact that on questions of political bearing they usually divide on party lines, and when feelings run high and views are dominant their decisions follow the popular beat. They are influenced like others by the atmosphere that encircles them, and this circle of influence compasses the nation. It is therefore incumbent on us to purify this atmosphere and eliminate or neutralize its vitiating elements.

We must continue resolutely to insist on our constitutional rights, individually and collectively, and support them from the ample legal and historical sources at our disposal. We must make it clear to the people at large that any prohibitive law which in effect prohibits our essential worship not only inflicts a great wrong upon us, but also upon them, inasmuch as it undermines those fundamental rights which are the basis of our common liberties. We must not quibble over technicalities nor let the occasional obstacles frighten us that necessarily arise in the centuries paths trodden by not a few devoted lawyers and legislators. We must stand on the plain sense and intent of our organic laws, our customs and constitutions; and we must in all loyalty, sedulously abstain from lightly pointing flaws in the defense of our friends and playing devil's advocate for our enemies.

H. G. WELLS ON THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

There is a powerful passage in a book entitled "Anticipations," by Mr. H. G. Wells, the novelist. Speaking of the near future, he says: "There is a steady decay in the various Protestant congregations. The rich, as a class, and the people of the abodes, so far as they move towards any existing religious body, will be attracted by the moral kindness and picturesque organization and venerable tradition of the Catholic Church. We are only in the very beginning of a great Catholic revival. The countryside of the coming time will show many a splendid cathedral, many an elaborate monastic palace towering amidst the abounding colleges and technical schools. Along the moving platforms of the urban centre—amid the shining advertisements that will adorn them—will go the ceremonial procession, all glorious with banners and censurers. Countless ecclesiastical nuns will shelter from the world in simple refuges of refined austerity. Where miracles are needed, miracles will occur. Except for a few queer people, nourished on Maria Monk and such like anti-Papal pornography, I doubt if there will be any Protestants among the rich. But, of course, there will be much outspoken atheism and anti-religion."—Exchange.

A LEPER'S SHARE

A press item tells of the bequest made by a leper, a native of the Philippines, who died recently. He left \$140,95 to the United States Government towards "bringing everlasting peace." The report gives the President's reply to those who forwarded the gift. According to this source of information, Mr. Wilson wrote: "The facts recounted in your interesting letter have touched me very deeply. I wish that the poor fellow who left the little sum of money might be accessible to a message from me, but since he has gone I can only express to you the deep feeling which the incident has caused, a feeling of gratitude that the simpler people, as well as the better informed, in the Philippines should have acquired in this short time such a friendly sentiment toward the country. I shall not know exactly what to do with the money, but you may be sure I shall try to apply it to the object that Garcia had in mind."—Sacred Heart Review.

The saints threw immense effort into their least actions, says Father Faber. Immense efforts cannot help being limited in number. Hence the saints were men of few actions and of few devotions.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The episcopal ring worn by the successive bishops of Marquette, was a present from the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria to Bishop Baraga, who assisted at His Imperial Majesty's marriage in 1854. The ring is an amethyst of rare beauty, encircled by an oval crown of small diamonds. The stone is engraved with the name of "Jesus."

Away back in 1856 France gave to California her first prune trees. Now the Golden West is paying back her debt by sending to France 1,500,000 two-year old prune trees to help in restoring the French orchards and enough seed beans to plant 60,000 acres. Canada is likewise aiding in the scheme to restore the aspect of Sunny France. It is undertaking the planting of thousands of Canadian maples in France, and everyone knows there is no cleaner, prettier shade tree than the maple.

At Glastonbury Abbey is a thorn which is said to bloom on Christmas night. After the death of Jesus, Joseph of Arimathea, he in whose tomb the Saviour had lain, wandered about the world preaching the new gospel of love. In England he rested at the spot where Glastonbury Abbey was later built, and while there he planted his walking staff into the ground. And, behold! It took root and bloomed. At Christmas, it is believed, this thorn miraculously bloomed.

In the eighth annual contest for the school championship in typewriting of the New York Metropolitan District, which was conducted at the High School of Commerce, New York, La Salle Academy scored a signal triumph, when its fifteen representatives won the team championship, which carries with it the banner, a token of school supremacy in typewriting in Greater New York. The contest was open to all commercial high schools of New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City.

A statue of the Blessed Joan of Arc, the immortal Maid of Orleans, who was declared blessed among the holy virgins of the Church of God by the late Sovereign Pontiff, Pope Pius X., and who is now venerated upon our Catholic altars, was presented to the Louisiana Historical Society by the Museum of French Art on Wednesday, May 1st. The presentation took place at the "Cahidiu," the Government House of Spanish colonial, the Government House of Spanish colonial days, now the Louisiana State Museum.

Georgetown College, on the Potomac, and St. Mary's Seminary, at Baltimore, are twin sisters. At Georgetown, a then young professor, Dr. Matthews, welcomed George Washington, who so greatly admired the surroundings of Georgetown. Dr. Matthews, of Georgetown College, lived to the age of eighty-four years. He was the first native-born priest, as also the fifth priest, ordained in the United States. Father Stephen Theodore Badin, the Vicar General of Kentucky, was the first foreign-born as also the first priest ordained in the United States. Both priests attained to the same age.

Right Rev. Mgr. Emard, Bishop of Valleyfield, P. Q., has been appointed Chaplain General of the Canadian Catholic troops in France, England, and Canada, and will have as assistants: Rev. Canon Sylvestre of Montreal, and Rev. Father Workman, O. F. M. All the Catholic chaplains will henceforth be under the jurisdiction of the Chaplain General and not as heretofore under that of the Bishop of their respective dioceses. The appointment was made by Rome and came to Bishop Emard through the Apostolic Delegation at Ottawa.

Word has been received that Rev. Father C. F. Donovan, assistant pastor of the Immaculate Conception Church, Chicago, and a native of Hamilton, has just been appointed a chaplain in the regular army of the United States, passing the government examination recently. This priest volunteered for service when the Americans entered the War, and later was highly recommended to the government for appointment by the archbishop of Chicago, who stated that he chose for recommendation for service the most capable and zealous of his priests. Father Donovan is a son of the late Cornelius Donovan, separate school inspector, and Mrs. Donovan, Hamilton. Rev. P. J. Donovan of Dunnville is a brother.

Coal deposits have been found on Mount Lebanon. The name Lebanon is derived from an old Jewish word meaning "white"; the Lebanon range meant to those who named it, "white mountains." Under the white crust, white not from snow but from the color of the limestone, lurk the precious black diamonds, as coal is now called. This is very interesting, for it takes the workmen of the twentieth century to the scene where Solomon's subjects toiled when the temple of Jerusalem was building, a thousand years before Jesus was born. There it was that they cut down cedars for the temple of the Lord; cut them from forests of cedar which remain to this day.

THE RETURN OF MARY O'MURROUGH

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

CHAPTER VIII
A "BIG EMIGRATION"

The ranks of the army of emigrants were swelling every day. Up high on the hills there was mourning in the cabins. Mrs. Mulquin was not the only mother whose heart strings were rent. Other boys and girls were suffering from that final crush of youthful hope which Miles and Bess had, as yet been spared.

A few days before the great departure, a head was put in at the door of Father Faby's little parlour.

"Widow Farrelly's only daughter is here."

The priest shut his book.

"Will you have another sod o' turf on the fire, yer reverence?"

The father did not hear. When the fire was mended and the door closed between him and the kitchen, he stood up, groaned, and made a stride to the corner of the little room where his blackthorn stick was standing. Another step to the door with the stick in his hand, and then he stopped.

"If one could get at the monster fatality that is draining the country's blood. As well beat the air!"

"I want no dinner. Give it to the *Deesagh* outside," he said to the old Bridget who "minded" his domestic affairs; and rushed out of the house the stick erect in his hand, to the surprise of the lame old beggar who sat waiting at the wicket.

In a few minutes he was at the door of one of the poorest cabins in the district.

"Are you there, Mrs. Farrelly?"

"Sure I am, yer reverence. An' it's kind o' you to come whin' y' heard the blackness of desolation that's come on me! My little Honor to be goin' wid the emigrants!"

She covered her face with her apron.

"An' me to be goin' soon to the Kille! (churchar) An' well I have it to go to. But to lave the world widout her to say good-bye to me, an' I knowin' that an Irishman's childer will never sit on me little girsh's knee—"

"I thought Honor was earning at the English harvestin'."

"Sure she was, yer reverence, killin' herself, but the work's hard to get now, for there's too many hands. An' she can't pay the shop bills any more, an' meself can't make out the rint (the pig used to see to it the creature, but he's dead bet at it now!) An' she says to me, 'Mother,' says she, 'I be to be goin' like the rest o' them. There's money over there, says she, an' the postman'll bring it to y'.' A cousin of hers in New York has got the promise of a situation for her where she can wear shoes, besides sendin' home the few sh'pence to me. Sure the same notion's in the heads o' the whole o' the young people."

"What about Patsie Doyle?"

"Oh, now, yer reverence, don't be mintonin' the likes of it. Sure Patsie hasn't an eye in his head wid cryin' at the bare thought; but himself is caught an' spancelled by the leg where he is. His father's strivin' to hold on, an' he wants Patsie. An' why would me little girl be breakin' her heart for a boy that'll never be able to say to her, 'Honey, the time's come!' even for as long as!"

Och, sure thin that wants to marry 'll have to go out of Ireland, an' they can't always go in pairs sorted to their wishes. Patsie Doyle's wan that'll have to make less nor marriage do him, I'm thinkin', an' Honey 'll have to put the bread into her mouth as long as she lives. The young people might as well be born as old Auntie Dilivva (whoever she was) for the nature that's laid to them, an' unless the politics stir up a bit an' does somethin' for us; but I declare they're so long at it, that I don't think the good days 'll come till the end o' the world is down on us!"

While the mother poured out her heart to the priest, her girl was moving slowly through the fields not far away, looking round with wistful eyes, stopping to pick a few primroses, and listen to a linnit singing its thin clear song from a bush of them. Grey sea and grey cloud and black mountain on the horizon, grey rocks breaking the vivid green pastures, a shining ribbon of stream threading the grass; after another week she should know the scene no more. Going to England in the fine weather and coming back for the winter, with the rent maybe, tied in a handkerchief, was one thing; departing for America, never to come back, was another. She could not realize the idea of complete separation, more than she could feel what it would be like to have all her limbs amputated and to live without them. Yet the wave of this great departure was steadily rolling towards her. Never to walk with her feet in this cool sweet grass again; never to peer at the blackbird's nest full of eggs in the budding hedge; never to leave the lark in the morning hush, or the plover whimpering on the bog in the evening; never to lie on the top of a turf stack counting the stars as they appeared, or the flocks of birds hieing home; never to cross the worn stones of the cabin threshold where her mother's heart was beating for her, and her mother's eyes with love in them welcomed her coming back! Was it possible that next week was bringing to her this death?

She stood on a stone in the gap between field and field, and looked over the green slopes and the brown levels, bog and pasture. Standing thus, with the sun on her, Honor Farrelly was a typical Irish girl, well-grown for her seventeen years, a keenly intelligent, serious face, sun-tanned from many hardships; hair brown, with a dash of rust across it, as if the sun had burnt that too; eyes full of cool light, strong hands fit for toil—a girl to milk Irish cows on Irish pastures, to nurse on her lap the Irish babes that grow up into valorous fighting men.

Soft and strong, resolute though timid, Honey dashed the tears from her eyes with the backs of her hands and squared her young mouth while the red paled on it.

Never again to see— Stop, Patsie. Don't! It's no kind o' use. You be to stay, an' I be to go."

A youth had started up out of the rushes at the other side of the gap, and had caught her by the hands.

"God's a hard God!" said Patsie. "You be to goin', an' I be to stayin'!"

"Y' mustn't say it, Patsie. It's wicked. We darnt put bad words between us an' Him. Maybe He'll make a manage to let us be together Somewhere, yet!"

"If it was only this side of the big water y' would stay!" groaned Patsie.

"I couldn't stay to see them starve, an' the money waitin' for me there; no more'n you could go an' lave your own that wants y'."

"God knows I'll follow you, Honey, some day when the politics gets my father settled, and the little place bought out. But wherell y' be then, ochne, ochone? What big talle wid pocketfuls 'll ha' snapt y' away from me?"

Honey shook her head. She believed as little in politics as in the fella with the pocketfuls who could have power to change the heart in her. One solid reality of life was the fact that this day week she would be wiped out of the world that was so dear to her.

When that day week came round, Father Faby stood on the altar steps at five o'clock in the morning, lowering over a weeping crowd, the emigrants and their friends who were forced to see the loves ones go; the pastor saying his farewell to the priest he was losing out of his flock.

"Boys and girls! Children I baptized and taught you your religion—"

"Thurs for y', father!" sobbed an old man whose only son was of the "going" band.

"You're putting the foot on the ship, an' those that lave you will see you no more. You know that if your old *soggarth's* heart's blood could keep you on the hill and in the glen, you would be staying where you are!"

A murmur of assent ran through the crowd.

But he has no power. Means to live must be got from somewhere, and I'm not blaming you. I can't stop your going, but I can send a few words along with you to be kept in your hearts till yourselves or your children, or your children's children can find a way back to Ireland. Wherever you go, to the big city or the wild bush, remember y' are God's people, and let His word reign over your conduct. Let the faith be printed in your souls, printed red in the blood of martyrs. Girls, take the modesty of an Irish woman with you, and part with the hair off your heads sooner than lose it! Boys, be brave, Christian, fighting men, and let the devil go elsewhere when he's on the lookout for his recruits! Remember there's another Ireland growin' big out yonder, and if you don't take the good seed in your hands and sow your new country with it, the Lord will have something to say to you about it on a day that'll see every land on earth as one! Now, if I never see you again—"

Father Faby faltered and broke down, and the crowd rocked like a wood in the storm, and thunder-rain of tears fell.

"That's all now, I think," said the priest, pulling himself together again. "We're not to be marching to battle crying like the young babies. God go with you all, and remember the *soggarth* in your prayers, when you're thinking of the turf fire at home, and the young lams and primroses in the field—"

They were soon on their road now, a little army of the emigrants and their friends, Father Faby walking in front. A good many miles had to be travelled to catch the train that would take them a long journey to reach the ship. Between the sweet green hedges they marched, and the larks sang over their heads the whole of the way. At a crossing of roads they met a number of people hastening to a political meeting. Father Faby looked over his shoulder and nodded at them as they stopped and cheered, and passed on. All along the way groups of men, women and children stood to see them pass, weeping or cheering as the case might be.

At last the railway station was gained, and the train ran screaming to meet and swallow them. There was not much time for a final scene when the agony of parting reached its climax. The emigrants were bundled into the train, and the wreath of those left on the platform mingled with the yelling of the engine.

Blessings, lamentations, maybe a few curses, followed the locomotive as it moved away, many streaming faces and waving arms thrust out of the carriage windows.

"Give us yer blessin', Father!"

came back on the breeze. The Father extended his arms, looked up higher than the cloud of steam above the train, and made the sign of the Cross in the air. Heads were bent, and the waving ceased a minute, then broke out again. The train went round a curve in the way, and all was over.

"Now, children, home with you, and into the chapel to your knees. I've a bit further to go myself, as you know, but I'll see you in the morning."

He marched with them again as far as the cross-roads, and then left them, taking the road travelled by the people who had passed them in the morning, followed silently by the men, while the women and children set their faces homeward with a long sorrowful cry; lamentation and great mourning; Rachel bewailing her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not."

It was late that night when the old pastor got back to his roadside cabin, weary, footsore, heart sore; and a few hours afterwards London morning papers were criticising severely Father Faby's partisan speech at the latest political meeting in Kerry.

CHAPTER IX
THE OUTRAGE

In the grey gloaming of a November day, Shan Sullivan walked slowly across his little farm of twenty acres, full of anxious thoughts, restless with expectations of Mary's coming home, impatient of the delay which had so long seemed necessary.

Since that evening of his father's sudden illness when the priest had given him a warning, the old man's cry of "wait, wait" had grown more and more irritating in the ears of the son, whose own prudence had too long tolerated, and even echoed it.

He had been down in Ballygorlin, and had learned that the purchase of the farm was as uncertain as ever. The landlord was holding out for more money than the people could give.

Passing across the street, he had stopped to listen to an old man singing a rude ballad, slowly going along in the rain, as is the worst of vagrant street singers whose hope is in the bad weather, and in the pity of it for the homeless, in pitiful hearts.

The song was set to the tune of the "Boys of Wexford," droned forth in dragging measure by a feeble and melancholy voice. Shan had bought the ballad, roughly printed on a narrow slip of poor paper fluttering from a crippled hand. Here are the doggerel lines:

My name is little Maury Oge,
I live at Gasteen Clough,
It's over there keant the bog,
Just whar the sea is rough.

An' that's our housen in the cave,
The rock is for our fur;
In winter, sure, the thunderin' wava
Comes tumblin' through our door.

We've got a weekeet bit o' lan'
Betwix the bog an' see,
It's that can grow the tatties gran',
When stormurs let them be!

I'm goin' on sixteen year old;
It's me that was at night,
Fer whin the moon is big an' gold
The tide is at its height.

I do go wadin' from the sea's,
The water's round my neck,
An' I be gropin' wid my han's
To haul in the sea-wrack.

O masha, yis, I'm always drownded;
But little matter so—
When wrack is spread out on the ground
To make the tatties grow!

It's me that always does be sint
Goin' foreign ivy year;
Fer still we have to pay the rint,
An' stay is awful dear!

It's me that picks the hops that grows
In lan' that's not like ours;
Where cruel stormurs niver blows,
An rains is only showers.

Then I do bind the farmer's sheaves,
An' He the summer's night
In under hedges fall o' leaves,
Till dawnin' of the light.

Och, whin I bring the money home
It's niver half enough
To pay the shop that must get some,
An' rint of Gasteen Clough.

I wish the tatties wouldn't fall
(It's rain that brings the rot)—
For buyin' of the Indy male,
It swallows all we've got.

Oh, whiles I climb the rock up there,
An' look out on the sea,
For there's a sailin' ship somewhere
Will soon be gettin' me!

"There's a crowd o' them goin',
poor girshas," thought Shan. O Mary, thank God it's comin' y' are, an' not goin'!"

Scrolling through his fields now in the gathering dusk, he was staring at the bleak horizon, a long undulating line of sullen mountain half under a cover of slowly descending night clouds, to one side a stoop in the hills with a long level of grey water sky, like a mystical lake of Other where, fearfully revealed. By the side, and along the top of a boundary bank of the field, was a massing of gnarled and knotted elder trees in their winter nakedness, clinging together in the penitential attitudes and with the expressions of enduring fortitude assumed by these of suffering children in their season of suffering and bereavement.

Familiar as they were to him in

this as under every other aspect, Shan could never see them as such moments without a sense of comradeship and pitying sympathy.

"We haven't all the pains and the troubles to ourselves," he would think, looking at their knotted joints and the ding of their writhing arms. "God pity yez; it's a thing that yez are souls doin' out your penance!"

Such a thought was not in his mind now, however, as he suddenly stood still with straining eyes fixed on a spot where between the parted branches of the naked elders the grey sky-lake gleamed through, and he saw a figure as if waiting for him—the outline of a girl's form, the set of a head he knew.

The branches stirred as a darkening wind swept the night-clouds lower, but the sky-gleam and the girl remained; only, with the movement of the wind the a face was turned towards him.

"Mary!" faltered Shan, and made a step forward; but at the same moment the night veil dropped over the sky-water with its gleam, and the vision disappeared.

A cold trembling seized Shan, and he went slowly back through the fields to the house.

Owney was in his straw chair by the fire when Shan pulled a stool to the hearth, and sat staring at the blaze with his hands extended towards it.

"It's a cold night, I think, Shan," said his father. "Y' have a shiver on y'."

"It isn't the cold," said Shan; "it's somethin' I seen."

The old man sat forward in his chair.

"What was it y' seen?" he asked eagerly.

"I seen Mary; an' her in America!"

Owney stared, and his lips worked before he said:

"Is it her fetch y' seen?"

"Why would y' put it that way?" said Shan, controlling a shudder. "It's maybe she was only thinkin' o' me, an' shirkin'."

"Would that bring her?" whispered the old man.

"How do I know? I heard of it, once. If it's her fetch, there's no use in anythin'. But if she's livin', we'll have to bring her home."

"If the farm—" began Owney.

"Farm or no farm, by the Almighty I'll write for her to come. If we have to live in under the ould cart, I'll get her!"

"Don't shout at me, Shan; don't frighten me—I'm a wake ould man," whimpered the father. "All I ivir did was for your gain an' hers."

"I'm not blamin' y'. I'm blamin' myself. I was doin' for her gain, too; but if she's gone from me, there's no gain for me in this world, an' maybe none in the next. I'm goin' to post the letter tomorrow that'll bid her come."

Owney was cowed and silent. No more was said, but next morning the letter was written and posted; and the following evening Shan went down to Killeigh to inform Tom Donohoe the blacksmith of what he had done.

The forge was full of red light, and Tom was busy. Frost had set in during the day, and a number of horses, "junite," and donkeys had arrived to be "frosted." Shan sat on a bench outside the door and smoked his pipe, waiting for the moment of Donohoe's leisure. The sinister clouds of last night were gone from the sky, and the winter constellations hung in golden phalanges about the clear dark dome overhead. At last the ring of the hammer ceased, the last animal was led off down the frosty road, and Tom produced his pipe and declared himself ready for a gossip.

"You done the right thing!" he said. "When 'll she be comin'?"

"I bid her take the first boat she could be ready for, an' I would meet her at Queenstown. I'm sure Mrs. Dermody would take her in till Father Faby ties up." Of course, she'd send me a word before she starts."

"I'm as glad as ten pounds," said the blacksmith. "Yez'll struggle along better nor most. An' if all comes to all, yez'll sink or swim to gether. What does Owney say?"

"He's dead bet because things isn't more settled, but he's gevin' up fightin'." He knows that my mind's made up, whatever, an' when Mary come's he'll not know what to make of her."

"The lan'lords might as well sell," said Tom, watching the smoke of his pipe circling in the frosty air. "I don't know what they mane to do with the land when the people's all gone. What do themselves want with lan' they can't work? It want more fortune for them. The cattle an' grain from America and New Zealand is too many for them. It's you an' you else that knows how to make the most of it, an' to live on the least of it."

"A man from Connaught I was talkin' to in Killarney the other day told me about a place in his part of the country where five hundred families were put out, an' the lan' give up to be eaten, an' not a roof or a wall to be seen for miles but a herd's house here an' there, an' 'steadings' for the horses. The Englishman that done it lost his money, an' went away cursin' his luck. He said the Irishman knew how to manage the fagies of his own soil an' his own weather better nor ever a foreigner could do with his 'improvements.'"

"I'm often thinkin'," said Tom, after a long draw of his pipe, "what'll Home Rule do for us at all, at all?"

TO BE CONTINUED

THE UNBELIEVER

By Katherine Tynan Hinkson

It was when the child died that Tom O'Keefe uttered his first blasphemy against God.

"Don't tell me that it is the will of God," he said to the pale-faced curate who tried to comfort him. "Tis more like the will of the devil, if devil there is or God either. 'Tis as a devil's act to rob me first of Mary, and then of the child. What do you know of the loss of a woman and a child that never had the like nor ever will have?"

"God help you, Tom," said the curate, lifting his hands in horror, "and forgive you! The trouble has driven you mad surely!"

For it was the first time in that parish, since St. Patrick surned men from idols, that any had said there was no God, or had stiffened their neck against the yoke, however heavy He would lay upon it.

The mood did not pass with the first despair as the curate had hoped.

The third day after the death Tom carried the little coffin in his arms to lay in the new grave that was only opened a year before for his young wife. A little coffin it was, yet the sweat was on the man's white face as though he were carrying the round world.

A group of the neighbors waited by the grave. Tom's terrible way of taking the child's death had indeed caused something of a scandal, but talking it over the most of the people were agreed that God would not take seriously, or perhaps did not pretend to hear the man's denial of Him.

"Tis like a sick child," said Judy Malone, who had lost her seven children in the great famine. "You'd never know them, they do be that cranky and impatient when they're down, but whod be remember' it agen them the cratures, wance they're about again?"

They drew closer to Tom as he laid the little coffin in the grave and hid it with the clay. Then as he put on his coat and turned to go an old man approached him.

"God help you, Tom," he said "to be a man and bear it."

Tom turned a ghastly face upon him.

"There's no God," he said, "I think there's a devil, but I'm sure there's no God."

After that people held away from him, but he didn't seem to know or care. And presently when it was hay-making time the roaming fit came upon him and he left his spade stuck in the ground one day and was off with the harvesters to England.

"He'll come back in his right mind," said the curate who had a tenderness for poor Tom even now.

Maybe he might have, too, only that when the harvest was over, instead of going back with the other men to Ballygryu, he tramped to Liverpool and got taken on as a deck laborer.

He was still sick of his trouble when one day he stopped in the street to hear a man who was preaching on the pavement that there was no God, and that the image men had formed of Him was a tyranny that blasted the joy of the world. The things the preacher said went to Tom's head like strong drink. It wasn't in him, though he didn't know it, really to disbelieve in God. He said "there is no God," but all the time he hated that Power which had robbed him of his wife and child, and had a blind desire to insult, to outrage, to destroy if he might, the image he had formed of a devil God.

He remained a year in Liverpool, and was known at every hall and below every platform where men said like himself that there was no God, hating God all the time.

For Tom's unbelief meant no easy way for the sins of the flesh, as it might have meant with another. He was an abstemious man by nature, and the coarse vices only sickened him when he saw them in others. But he grew paler every day, and his eyes greater in his head. He worked like a man consumed by an inward fire; and so he was with the fire of his hatred for God and his futile thirst for revenge upon Him.

Then one day he went home. The grave in St. Declan's churchyard at Ballygryu, was calling him, and he had a sudden loathing of the fine and murky streets he knew. It seemed to him that there was one little plot of earth his own forever, and he was homesick to look upon it. It was not his wretched bit of mountain and bog; it was the sacred grave which tugged at his heart strings.

He opened his cabin door one wet spring afternoon and went in, as if he had only been gone one hour. The place smelt moldy and the rain dripped through a hole in the thatch; the white ashes of last year's fire lay upon the hearth. He looked out of the window and saw the spade sticking in the earth where he had left it.

"Tis time to be turnin' the ground again for the seedin'," he said to himself, and taking off his coat he went out and turned a portion of the sod.

He didn't look for living long, people thought, but there was nothing the matter with him really save that consuming hatred. The pursuit of it took him to the public-house, the most likely ground in which to sow his tares in other men's minds. When men had drink taken they didn't mind a little wild talk, and what they got accustomed to be when warm with the drunk seen

didn't shock them when they were sober.

There were one or two returned Irish-Americans in the village, who had come back because they were no more used to the country they went to than the country they had left. Tom wasn't likely to shock them. They listened with a cynical grin to his wild speeches and applauded him to further violence. Not that Tom wanted them, he wanted believers, but these fellows served his turn, for they encouraged the more timid ones who didn't like to seem untravelled men, and not used to the ways of the world.

The curate did what he could. His love of God was as real a thing as Tom's hatred, but strive how he would that little center of infection that was Tom grew and extended its shadow in the place. The people, even those who were not to be turned, shuddered no longer when they heard it said there was no God.

They had looked at first for His lightnings to fall, but He made no more sign than the old gods St. Patrick and overthrew. Some yet said that in His own time He would strike, but others, and they were mainly young men, felt that Tom's defiance of Him was somehow a fine thing justified, since He did not trouble to defend Himself. So, little by little, the number of those who came to listen to Tom was increased, and for some it was pleasanter to hear there was no God, since there were so many desirable things His law had forbidden.

The curate wasted himself in prayer against this blasting evil which had grown among his people. He was not the one to go down to the public house or among the little parliaments in the forge to answer Tom and confute him. Perhaps if he had, the knots of men who were not afraid of God might have melted like snow before his meek face. Perhaps he might have worsted Tom in a wordy conflict, and carried his stray sheep back to God in a wave of admiration and wonder. But he did not attempt it. He was not the militant sort. He contented himself with calling God to take His own part and save His people; and his prayers went on day long and night long, till he was like a ghost from watching and fasting and extremely of prayer.

During this time Tom did not go much to the churchyard. Indeed, once he had satisfied his hunger to look upon the plot that held his all, he went there no more. He knew that Mary would be unhappy if she could know the thing he was doing; and woman-like would not understand that it was because he loved her and the child so much. He mocked at Heaven as a delusion, and yet standing by the grave in Ballygryu churchyard he felt ill at ease, as if somewhere she must know and would turn him from his purpose.

He did not take to drink, though he went so often to the public-houses. He was but a poor customer himself; but he brought others, and the publican, who was miserly, did not complain. Those hours of his propaganda were what kept Tom O'Keefe alive during the long days, when he dug and planted the bit of land on the mountain side. He had in no way departed from the old industrious ways that were his while Mary was alive. He had mended his thatch and repaired his floor and replenished his turf stack, and then set to work to reclaim another little bit of land from the mountain, and another and another. It was fierce work, and entailed labor fitter for a beast than a man, but he liked it; it was of a piece with his war against that silent and impassive God who had taken his all.

It was a year since Tom had come home, and still the numbers of his disciples grew.

One night, the blackest night it was, though there were points of stars in the black, and now and again a meteor trailed its fiery length across Heaven ere it leaped to earth, Tom was going home from the public-house.

He was in a very black part of the road, where trees overarching made a matted roof of boughs, and he could hear far below the sighing of the surf, when he saw a little way ahead in the road a light no bigger than a will-o'-the-wisp.

It was coming towards him, and then it was at his side, and circling about him; and he felt the air grow lighter and lighter. Presently the thing took shape, and he saw it was like a tree, yes, just like the burning bush of which the curate had told him in his sermon.

He saw the leaves plain, all glittering, for they had a hard bright surface like holly, and the little tips of them were small flames, radiant and not burning. On one side of the tree there was a nebulous brightness, white and sharp, and at first Tom could not make out what it held.

Then little by little he saw. And what he saw was his own little Patsy, whom he had laid in the coffin himself more than two years ago, and covered with the sods of the churchyard. The child was looking at him. He saw the soft innocent little features and the eyes with their deep irises, and the pretty hair curling in little rings at the neck. The little figure perched as prettily among the lit boughs as a robin in the holly.

Tom went down on his knees in the middle of the road and stretched his hands to the radiant little figure. He would have seized it, if he could, and held it to his hungry heart but something invisible beat him back. It was as though he saw his bird in a cage; and his hungry desire to snatch him one instant to his breast

had something wolfish in it. "Patsy," he panted, "is it you, Patsy?"

"It is I, Dada," said the little voice, that had been sweeter to him than even the birds of Heaven could be.

"But your grave is in Ballygrua," said the man. "I buried you there myself."

"Not my soul, Dada, only my body." "Where have you been since, Patsy? And where is your mother that she doesn't come too?"

"She is in Heaven, praying for you; and I cannot go to her."

"What keeps you out of Heaven, Patsy?" said the man, and his hands worked at the thought of his invisible enemy.

"Not God, Dada, but you."

"Oh, my God!" said the man, returning unconsciously to the cry of the anguished.

"How do I keep you here, Patsy? I who would stay in hell forever to buy you an hour of Heaven."

"Look about you and see."

Tom O'Keefe peered about him in the darkness. Then he saw beyond the circles of the light, fangs and claws and eyes of torment innumerable and the eyes glistened towards him.

But where the light from the child and his tree fell upon the road there was a sharp circle, and within that space was clear of the demons.

"They come nearer and nearer," said little Patsy. "Every minute they remind God that your cup is full. 'Tis only for my sake and mother's that God has patience. Your angel went back to Heaven long since. If I left you, you would be lost."

"Don't stay with me, Patsy agra," said the man, "if you would rather be in Heaven."

"Because of you," said the child, unheeding, "I have never crossed its door, I have never tasted its blessedness. God allows it. The other children are with God and Our Blessed Lady in Heaven. I keep my watch still on earth."

"An' He's Dada that's keepin' you, Patsy?" asked the father.

"It is then," said the child. "There are millions and millions of children in Heaven, this holy month all singing Our Lady's praises while the angels light the tapers."

Something of longing in the child's voice stabbed the man's heart. "Is it lonesome out of Heaven, Patsy?" he asked.

"It is lonesome. And I cannot sleep by night or day for watching you lest the fiends seize you. The other children have their beds of down where they rest when the sleep takes them."

"How long have you been watching over me, Patsy?"

"Since you laid my body in the churchyard and said, 'There is no God.'"

"Ob, my God!" cried the man again, "two years and a half-year! It is a long time to keep you between earth and Heaven, Patsy."

"'Tis an eternity," said the child. "Listen now, Patsy. A poor old battered seal like mine isn't worth it. Leave me to the torture and go to your mother in Heaven."

The child smiled, a strange, wise smile for a little lad. "Am I to go, Dada?"

"Yes, go, Patsy. But if you can, kiss me once before you go; it will keep the dew on my lips."

"God is love. God is love!" and as he said it to them the tears ran down his face.

Tom O'Keefe died the other day a very old man, and with the reputation of a saint. He had led more sinners to God than ever he had drawn away from Him, with his simple gospel that was the last word on his lips.

They say now in that part of the country, when there is a death or troubles are hard to bear, "Well sure, God is Love, as Tom O'Keefe, Lord rest him, used to say."—Truth.

THE HAND OF GOD IN THE CHURCH

By Rev. Martin J. Scott, S. J., in The Catholic Convert

The Wisdom of the Creator is shown in all things. The ways and means of the universe become a greater marvel in proportion as we know them.

The most reverent men are the students of nature. Astronomers are lost in admiration at the magnitude and exactness of the firmament. Chemists meet surprise after surprise being the wonders of the reaction and reaction of the elements.

Physicists behold a miracle of adaptation in the various departments to which they apply themselves. In man himself what a masterpiece of the Creator do we contemplate. The mind of man, the will of man, the memory of man, the senses which like outer servants minister unto the brain of man, how wonderfully are they adapted to their task.

Sight, touch, hearing and taste bring the outside world into the very mind. How we know not. In some way material impressions from without are transmitted to the immaterial. By speech the intangible thoughts of the mind are conveyed to the outside world. No matter what we consider in the world about us we find always a marvelous adaptation of means to the end. This is the wisdom and power of God who knows all things and can do all things.

There is another masterpiece of God in the world which excites our wonder and admiration no less than the heavens and the earth and man. God has made a creation on earth which shows His Wisdom and Power as visibly as does the firmament. Upon this rock I will build my church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

He Who made ocean, sky and mountains made the Church, the Catholic Church. We should find in this creation, therefore, the adaptation, the perfection and the marvels which characterize His other works. And we do. Everybody who has studied nature is struck by its wonderful adaptation of means to the end. The wings of a bird so light and so strong, the shell of a tortoise, so armor like in its protective build, the hand of a man so strong to grasp, so delicate to execute. The more you go into detail the more you see to wonder at. The tiniest insect shows as many marvels of adaptation as does the huge elephant. There is the same evidence of design in the firmament that we find in the fig leaf. Let us now look at the plan God had in building His Church and see the means He adopted to carry out that plan. God built His Church as an institution to guide and help man on his journey through life. This establishment supplies mortals with everything needed on the way from time to eternity. First of all by baptism it gives him a clear title to a heavenly estate. Afterwards in the difficulties of the journey it nourishes him with heavenly food. If he falls from fatigue, or succumbs to the allurements of the wayside it raises him up again by healing sacraments. When the deceptive voice of the by-paths invite him away from the right road it sounds the warning of God's judgments. Ever its protecting arm and helpful direction accompany him until by its last rites it sees him passing into his eternal inheritance. Every weakness of man finds in the Church a help to strength, and against every temptation it supplies heaven-made armor. From birth as mortal to birth as immortal the Church established by Christ accompanies the human pilgrim. Mind and heart are directed, encouraged, nourished and conducted aright. One only thing is necessary, the wayfarer must entrust himself to the appointed guidance. Then, as certainly as the sun keeps its appointed course, will man arrive at the portals of heaven. To as many as receive Him He gives the power to become the children of God.

By her adaptation therefore to her purpose the Church shows she is the handiwork of God. But not only by her marvelous adaptation to the end for which she was made does she show divinity, but also by the inherent qualities which characterize her. In nature's works we observe certain features which plainly indicate divine workmanship. These stand out boldly in creation three things: indestructibility of matter, infallibility of nature's norm and perfect organization. Likewise in the Church built by Christ there stand out perpetually, infallibility and marvelous organization.

There is in the universe the law of indestructibility of matter. Christ has endowed His Church with this quality. "I am with you all days to the end of the world." (Matt. 28:20.) "I will ask the Father and He shall give you another Paraclete that He may abide with you forever." (John 14:16.) "He gave Apostles . . . and pastors . . . for the work of the ministry until we all meet into

the unity of faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God." (Eph. 4:11.) In the works of nature we find invariable laws, absolute reliability according to established norms. So also in the Catholic Church. God has endowed her with infallibility. "He who hears you hears Me." "The spirit of truth will abide with you forever." "The Church of the living God the pillar and ground of Truth." (1 Tim. 3:15.) In the works of creation we behold system and order. The organization of the firmament and the subtle co-ordination of the physical and chemical world surpass conception. In the Catholic Church we see an organization so perfect that it is the admiration and puzzle of the world. It is God's work. Twelve fishermen did not do what the greatest statesmen of the world cannot do. Indestructibility, inerrancy and organization, the three great characteristics of the universe we find standing out prominently in God's creation, the Church. Every other organization of the world changes, wears out, disorganizes and breaks up. The Catholic Church stands forever the same. Every other organization admits the possibility of error. The Catholic Church in God's name guarantees the truth. She runs her course as regularly and surely as the sun. Other organizations like meteors flash for a moment, speed on, whither no one can tell, and disappear forever. The sun goes down but only to rise again in all the glory of morning. And so the Church fought hard by a wicked world has often seemed to go down and her glory to vanish, only to rise again more brilliant than ever, always to give life and light to the children of earth. We do not know how the sun holds its course in the firmament. The law of gravitation is but a name. What it is no one knows. It is the power of God, that we know. And so the Church continues her course in the world and it does so not by any power we know on earth but by the power of God. If the Catholic Church were not a divine creation she would have gone to ruin a thousand times. There are more discordant elements in her than in any other organization on earth. Different nationalities, different epochs, different passions, ambitions, aims, temperaments and cultures. And yet every thing is co-ordinated, ruled and directed with the precision and cohesion of nature's works. There have been upheavals and disasters in the life of the Catholic Church, but these only serve to emphasize the difficulties of her course and the triumph of her God-given forces. Volcanoes, earthquakes and cyclones are found in nature. We should not be surprised to find them in this work of Nature's Creator.

CARDINAL AND THE CHILD.

A Belgian priest who was a student in the University of Louvain, under Cardinal Mercier, recalled an incident that shows how tender of heart this great prelate is.

"A few years ago the Cardinal was driving in his automobile from Mechlin to Antwerp. A little child was crossing the road in front of the automobile. The cardinal, upon noticing the danger to the child, lost no time in shouting to his chauffeur to turn the machine on the wall alongside the road, with the result that he was violently thrown out of the automobile and severely injured. His face today bears the mark of this accident, and he has often been heard to say how much better it was for him to have met with this accident than to have had the slightest injury befall the little child."

AN UNASSAILABLE REFUTATION

As the weeks roll on and the country's resources are being utilized to the utmost in the prosecution of the War it is becoming increasingly difficult for the anti-Catholic American bigot to propagate with any chance of success the obsolete lie that Catholicism is a menace to the welfare of the Republic or that individual Catholics give to their country only a divided allegiance, says The Ave Maria.

The public and private utterances of our hierarchy and of our most representative laymen; the activities of the Knights of Columbus and other Catholic associations of men and women; and, more particularly, the authentic records, in black and white, of the percentage of Catholics in both Army and Navy—these constitute an unassailable refutation of any charge of disloyalty or disaffection on the part of the Church.

The proportion of Catholics among our soldiers and sailors is considerably greater than the proportion of Catholic citizens in the whole population of the country is recognized at present by all save those who shut their eyes to palpable facts; and a non-Catholic officer has recently accounted for what he declared repeatedly to be a fact—that sixty per cent of the American Expeditionary Forces are Catholics. The Catholic boys, he says, were the first to enlist and be prepared for the front; and among recruits who were found clean and strong and fit for the service of their country, the highest percentage was discovered among the Catholics.

THE PRESIDENT'S TESTIMONY

Many people are restless these days and some are quite hysterical. Their imaginations are aglow with the terrors or glories of war, as the case may be, and there is a reaction on the nerves, which finds outlet in sundry amusing ways. One consequence of this is that editors will scarcely pine away for lack of diversion. Their mail-bag is heaped high with letters which bristle with wonder-points that resemble the pikes of Ireland's fateful '48. This is as it should be, for editors are a canny lot, a "gona lucifuga," so fruitful of darksome plots and plans that the salvation of the country depends on the ability of their friends, and others, too, to expose them or to enlighten them. And this is an example of the enlightenment, an abstract from a letter signed with the mellifluous name "Pelles":

"Of course everybody knows that your Church has been an age-long and consistent foe of democracy, both within itself and in civil society. In fact, it was the originator, and preserver of the tyranny of the Middle Ages. It is too bad that in those days there was no Wilson to testify to this to the world."

For the sake of his sweet nems, and no doubt, for other reasons also, Pelles should be spoken to gently. Poor lad, or is it a lass? he has never read history with an unclouded eye. However, there is here for him. Mr. Wilson is his hero, whatever the President of the United States says is true, convincing beyond appeal. He is so no one at least of all an editor, cares to add to Mr. Wilson's present trials by contradicting him. And fortunately in this particular case there is no reason for lack of agreement, for in his "New Freedom" the President of the United States has written:

"There is one illustration of the value of the constant renewal of society from the bottom that has always interested me profoundly. The only reason why government should not suffer dry rot in the Middle Ages under the aristocratic system which then prevailed was that so many of the men who were efficient instruments of government were drawn from the Church, from that great religious body which was then the only Church, that body which was now distinguished from other religious bodies as the Roman Catholic Church. The Roman Catholic Church was then, as it is now a great democracy. There was no peasant so humble that he might not become a priest, and no priest

so obscure that he might not become Pope of Christendom; and every chancellor in Europe, every courtier in Europe, was ruled by these learned, trained and accomplished men, the priesthood of that great and dominant body. What kept the government alive in the Middle Ages was this constant rise of the sap from the bottom, from the rank and file of the great body of the people through the channels of the priesthood. That, it seems to me, is one of the most interesting and convincing illustrations that could possibly be adduced of the thing that I am talking about."

Pelles' nerves are quiet. President Wilson has spoken.—America.

GIVE YOUR BEST

A gentleman was walking up the street carrying in his hand a bunch of beautiful white water lilies, which he had gathered as he returned from a pleasant sail on the bay.

"What lovely lilies!" exclaimed an acquaintance, a young girl, as she inhaled their fragrance and looked longingly at the bouquet in his hand.

"Yes, they are rather nice," he replied. "Take your pick if you care for one."

"May I? You are very kind," she said, as she reached over and selected a medium sized flower from the bunch.

"How modest you are; I do believe you have chosen the smallest one you could find. Here, take this one," he said, as he detached the largest and finest flower from the rest and handed it to her.

"You are generous, indeed," she said. "You have given me the best among the lot."

"Well, it is a pleasure to give, and still more of a pleasure when we give our best," he replied.

Is not this sentiment worthy of thought? It may not always be easy to give our best. Selfishness says "keep the best for yourself and give what is less valuable to your companion or friend."

But the greatest happiness to ourselves and others, and the highest ideal of life can be reached only when we give the best we have—to our employer, the best service we can render, to our friend our most valued treasure, and to our Savior the fullest love of a loyal heart.—Exchange.

GOD STILL REIGNS

A prominent American who has just returned from France, appalled by the vision of fields covered with bleeding men, torn and tormented with thirst, dying alone, asks the question: "It seems as if the overruling, guiding Hand had not taken charge, had left man mind to drift."

The dread realities of the present war may well cause us to ask if God has not abandoned His creatures, for, above all consideration of politics or commerce the ultimate question raised by war is one of religion. Has God forgotten us? Has He left us helpless, torn by our passions we ourselves have forged? Truly mankind has been left to drift. But it has not been left to drift without faith and hope.

We do not live in a world without order and law. Justice and morality are not dead. We are left to drift but we need not drift. God has left mankind to drift because He has given man a free will, has revealed to him the moral law. Man is free to choose right or wrong to slay and be slain; to widow the wife and orphan the child and to commit every abomination of war. God is not a Czar, crushing before Him the individual will. He creates us with a God-like freedom of will with all the tremendous respon-

so obscure that he might not become Pope of Christendom; and every chancellor in Europe, every courtier in Europe, was ruled by these learned, trained and accomplished men, the priesthood of that great and dominant body. What kept the government alive in the Middle Ages was this constant rise of the sap from the bottom, from the rank and file of the great body of the people through the channels of the priesthood. That, it seems to me, is one of the most interesting and convincing illustrations that could possibly be adduced of the thing that I am talking about."

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It could not be, my Queen, that thou shouldst lie Within a noisome grave, and exile know From Him, Who, as thy Son, had blessed thee so With tender love thy life to glory! Anear on earth, in Heaven He wished thee nigh, That thou to man thy gracious pow'r might show, That thou to him shouldst point the way to go, And from this Vale of Tears hear each one's cry!

Let us then, Mother dear, rejoice with thee, And thank our God for this exceeding grace Which crowns thee as the Queen of Heaven's domain! Grant unto us that we may one day be Where we may see the beauty of thy face. And evermore with Christ and thee remain!

THE FIRST STEP

The first step towards removing prejudice against the Church is to make it and its doctrines known, says The Catholic Herald. But that you can not well do if you are not up to date in your knowledge of Catholic matters. Often we see Catholics apologizing for something that does not exist, and which is a mere invention of the enemy.

Luxury and dissipation, soft and gentle as their approach are, and silently as they throw their silken

chains about the heart, enslave it more than the most active and turbulent vices.—Hannah Moore. Phone Main 7215 117 Yonge St. Toronto. COUT FLOWERS PERFUMES GANDIES

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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUG. 24, 1918

HUTS WILL BE ASSETS AFTER THE WAR

"The Knights of Columbus in the States are planning to raise Fifty Million Dollars for Soldiers' Huts next year," said a Canadian Knight, looking up from his newspaper.
 "Fifty Million Dollars for Huts," echoed his wife. "I hope they won't need them. I hope the War will be over next year."
 This is a report of an actual conversation. A great many people have felt indisposed to make any hard sacrifices to provide Soldiers' Huts because they think a speedy end of the War would render the Huts useless and the money wasted. This is a very mistaken attitude. Even on the optimistic assumption that our half-million Canadian soldiers and the much larger American forces are not only out of the trenches but back at their homes within the next twelve months the huts will not be left derelict. On the contrary they may well be the very centres of the work of reconstruction in the war-devastated areas. In the countries where the tide of battle has surged backward and forward homes and schools and churches have been razed to the ground. It will be a providential thing if the Knights of Columbus can go to the Bishops of France and Belgium and say: "Monseigneurs, your priests and people and your communities of religious have lost churches, houses, schools and convents. We place our Huts at your disposal with the respect and good wishes of your fellow-Catholics in Canada and the United States. Use them as churches, schools or parish halls until you can build worthier centres for your Catholic work."

THE ANGLICAN HIGH CHURCH PARTY

In all the history of human inconsistency there is nothing stranger than the attitude and actions of the extreme High Church party in England, the Anglican Catholics as they call themselves. There is something solemnly childlike in the manner in which they persuade themselves they are Catholics whilst they remain Protestants, for Protestants they are as long as they are out of communion with the See of Peter. A short time ago a meeting of Anglicans was held in London and we are gravely told that "eighty priests and over a hundred of the laity" attended. The meeting was called for the purpose of "affirming the necessity of a wider and bolder introduction of the service of Benediction into our churches immediately." Unfortunately for these Catholic-minded Anglicans the introduction of the service of Benediction into Anglican churches is opposed by the law of the land governing the Established Church as well as by the majority of the Bishops, clergy, and laity of that Church. The High Church party will not allow themselves to be stopped by an Act of Parliament, unless that law of the civil power is in harmony with Canon Law, the law of the Church. So these Anglicans speak very legalistically about appealing from Parliament to "a truly Spiritual Court constituted under the Canons of the Western Church, in accordance with pre-Reformation custom." They keep up the fiction that Canterbury and York, the two provinces of the State Church of England, are provinces of the Western Church, but they are sadly aware of the fact that "the Western Patriarchate would refuse to consider appeals from the Provinces of Canterbury and York under present circumstances." In other words they proclaim the supreme jurisdiction of the Pope over the Church of England

yet they know that the Pope regards the Church of England as both schismatical and heretical. The Church of England, for its own part, denies the authority of the Pope. Yet the High Anglicans keep on professing allegiance both to the Pope and the Church of England. The new Code of Canon Law has been published and now the High Anglicans are industriously studying and quoting the "Codex" and complying with it meticulously in all sorts of details. Yet these same men remain schismatics. They strain at gnats and swallow camels. No one can explain their inconsistency and probably no one except a convert from their ranks can understand it. Their sincerity we do not doubt, but we can only believe in it by faith, for it is a mystery that baffles understanding. We say this not ironically, because we know that the "Anglican Catholic" position appeared tenable for many years to many men of deep learning and acute minds and noble souls who later became illustrious converts to the Catholic Church. It is not necessary to doubt the sincerity of men who are now in the position that was at one time the position of Cardinal Newman and Mgr. Benson. With all its astounding inconsistencies and illusions the High Church movement is really doing a Catholic work for England. The stream of converts never stagnates, though it may be temporarily accelerated or slackened. For three-quarters of a century the Catholic revival in England has been going on with wonderful results for the whole Catholic world. Only one-fourteenth of the population of England is Catholic, yet English Catholicism has been a mighty force contributing to the strength of the Church in modern times. The literature produced by Catholic England in a few decades is marvellous and incomparable. Newman and Francis Thompson were the transcendently great writers in prose and poetry of the nineteenth century and they have gloriously enriched the Church for all ages. They were but two of a host of great writers. The creation of literature is not a matter of skill or cleverness or learning. It is born of the soul and it comes of sweat and agony and travail. Newman himself compared the labour of writing to the pains of gestation and Francis Thompson expressed the same idea when he said that the poet does not love his art but his art loves him, cleaving to him jealously and fiercely and draining him of his heart's blood. It is not a facility in the choice and arrangement of words that enables a man to write a great book, a book that is food for the minds and souls of other men. Into a book that will belong to the Literature of Power a writer must put nothing less than himself. What he communicates to others he has first felt himself with exquisite sensibility and the translation of his intimate experiences and feelings to the printed page is not accomplished without reading agonies. In choosing man to be the literary Apostles of His truth God gave them a crown, but it was a crown of thorns as well as of glory. It has been the design of Providence that the literary mission for Catholicism in these later times should be entrusted largely to those who owe their Faith to the renaissance of the Church in England, begun by the Oxford Movement. For many reasons the British Empire is a great factor in the reckoning of the Catholic Church. It contains some of the widest and most fruitful of mission fields. The prestige of its power is a tremendous asset to evangelization. It is important that the Catholic element in England, the heart of this vast Empire, should grow greater and stronger. The High Church movement has been, whether it wished it or not, a Catholicizing force. All Catholics will pray that these of our separated brethren will be brought soon to see the only way in which their yearnings for unity and Catholicity may be satisfied.

PROHIBITION

Prohibition is one of those questions which must be discussed with great restraint. There are good and earnest people on both sides of the controversy whose sensitiveness is extreme. This hyper-sensitiveness may be unreasonable, but charity requires us to treat it with respect when there is no important reason for keeping up debate. Catholics who take opposite sides on the question can both quote eminent ecclesiastical names in their support. Cardinal Gibbons, the Primate of the United States, is against Prohibition and has publicly declared himself as such. Cardinal Begin, the Primate of Canada, was a most strenuous advocate of Prohibition in his own diocese. Perhaps the difference between these two great churchmen is entirely due to differences of local circumstances. It is more than possible that Cardinal Gibbons in the city of Quebec during war-time would be prohibitionist and that Cardinal Begin would not have considered Prohibition the best policy in Baltimore. Throughout Canada we are more or less committed to Prohibition for the duration of the War, but the question is by no means permanently settled. In the United States the situation is different. Although a far smaller proportion of the people of the Republic are living in "dry" territory than is the case in Canada there is a strong movement in progress for such an amendment of the United States constitution as will establish Prohibition over the whole country, and also make it permanent, at least throughout a generation. With such a prospect, Catholics in the United States are bound to consider very seriously certain tendencies which are revealing themselves in the American Prohibition movement at the present time. In two States where "bone-dry" laws were passed it became illegal to obtain and use wine for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. In one of these States a decision by the Appeal Court stored to Catholics this most essential of their religious liberties. In the other State the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice has been continued though it is technically illegal. A few instances have been reported where priests have been temporarily unable to offer Holy Mass owing to the difficulty of getting supplies of altar wine. More sinister is the refusal of some of the leaders of the Prohibition forces to assist Catholics in getting the legal guarantees that would assure the supply of wine for sacramental purposes. At least one instance is given of a very prominent Prohibition leader speaking blasphemously in public about the Mass and rejoicing in the prospect of this greatest act of Catholic worship being stopped by means of Prohibition.

EDUCATION AND CATHOLIC GIRLS

Under such circumstances it is not a matter for wonder that Catholics are seriously alarmed about the danger to their religious liberties. One Archbishop has strictly forbidden any speeches in favour of Prohibition being given on any church property within his jurisdiction. The famous Catholic weekly journal America is showing itself definitely opposed to Prohibition, and a paper edited and published by the Society of Jesus would not take sides on such a question without the gravest deliberation. All Catholic prohibitionists admit that alcohol is not an evil in itself, but they oppose its sale and use as a beverage because of the terrible abuses coming from it. It is manifest that though Prohibition may not be an evil in itself it is like alcohol in being subject to abuse, very terrible abuse if it can be turned against the celebration of the Holy Mass! Whatever views individual Catholics may take on the general question of Prohibition we shall all be united in fighting such an abuse of the policy as would deprive us of the one supremely essential thing in our religion.

tion. The woman bank clerk, for instance, has probably come to stay. In law offices and great business establishments the demand for competent women will certainly be greater than the supply. No Catholic parents who are able to send their daughters to High School or college should neglect to do so.

QUESTIONS FROM CORRESPONDENTS

A correspondent enquires as to the religious beliefs of Irish leaders, Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmet, Henry Grattan, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Sir Roger Casement, Daniel O'Connell, C. S. Parnell, John Redmond and John Dillon. Of these nine men there are three, O'Connell, Redmond and Dillon, who are universally known to be Catholics. Casement died a Catholic, but throughout his active life was a Protestant. We have seen statements in the Irish press that Casement was baptised a Catholic when he was a boy and that therefore he did not receive conditional baptism when he was reconciled to the Church after his arrest, but we cannot vouch for the accuracy of these statements. Tone, Emmet, Grattan, Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Parnell were Protestants. Our correspondent who sends the enquiry says that in a discussion with a friend he had contended that "nearly all the leaders in the revolutionary movements in Ireland were Protestants while the leaders in the constitutional movement have been mostly if not all, Catholics." We are glad that we are not called upon to referee this debate. Our own opinion is that no generalizations on this point can be made, except with great reservations. Moreover, there is doubt as to whether certain men are to be reckoned as "revolutionary" or "constitutional." There would be differences of opinion as to the designation of Parnell, for instance, because some people regard the Land League campaign as revolutionary. Another correspondent has had a discussion with a friend on a very different question from the above and he asks us for information. The question is whether St. Mary Magdalen was the sister of Lazarus whom Our Lord raised from the tomb. The answer is that we cannot say with certainty that Mary Magdalen was the Mary who was the sister of Lazarus and Martha. Most Catholic scholars, following the popular tradition, believe that Mary Magdalen was the sister of Lazarus. It seems certain that it was Mary the sister of Lazarus and Martha who was the public sinner and who anointed Our Lord for St. John in the second verse of the eleventh chapter of his gospel says: "And Mary was she that anointed the Lord with ointment and wiped His feet with her hair, whose brother Lazarus was sick." The incident of the penitent woman anointing Our Lord's feet is narrated by St. Luke (7, 36-50) and the other evangelists without giving the name of the woman. St. Luke (8, 2) and St. Mark (16, 9) when they name Mary Magdalen speak of her as one "out of whom Jesus had cast seven devils." It is hardly possible to escape the conclusion that St. Mary Magdalen was the Mary who anointed Our Lord's feet and who was the sister of Lazarus and Martha. There were three women of the name of Mary standing at the foot of the cross. One was the mother of Jesus; one was the Magdalen whom we believe to be the sister of Lazarus, and the third was "Mary of Cleophas." The identity of the latter is obscure but she is believed by the best scholars to be the mother of James the Less and Joseph (Mark 15, 40; Matt. 27, 56) and the sister-in-law of the Blessed Virgin.

what matured genius, tempered and chastened by suffering, can accomplish.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

AN ENGLISH lawyer of eminence, Sir Edward Clarke, who is writing the story of his life in a periodical of wide circulation, has given it as his opinion that the age of thirty-seven "marks the attainment of the highest level of the faculties of man." This pronouncement has precipitated an interesting discussion in the course of which one of Sir Edward's critics concedes, that if attention be limited to imaginative literature the pronouncement is in a measure true. It is pointed out, for example, that Shakespeare was thirty-seven when he produced "Hamlet;" that Spencer put the finishing touches to the "Faery Queen" at the same age, and that, to come down to moderns, Thackeray too was thirty-seven when he finished "Vanity Fair."

LIKE ALL such pronouncements Sir Edward Clarke's is necessarily subject to qualification. It is perhaps not in the same category with Sir William Osler's celebrated axiom of a few years ago as to the limits of man's usefulness in the point of age but it would be quite easy to remind him, as has already been done by writers of name, that many of the world's greatest literary achievements have been accomplished by men of mature years. Scott, Hawthorne, Hugo, Tennyson, and even Shakespeare himself, have been cited in illustration, and by a little research the list could be extended indefinitely. Many men who in the realm of imagination alone have made humanity their lasting debtor have come into their own inheritance when the sun of life was far down to its setting. All this without in the least denying that youth is the golden age of poetry.

FOR CATHOLICS the subject should possess deeper interest when applied to writers of their own Faith. To name but one or two examples is sufficient. Robert Stephen Hawker, then, the celebrated Vicar of Morwenstow in far Cornwall, who in his last days became a Catholic, was fifty-nine when he produced his greatest poem, the "Quest of the Sangrael." Though left in an unfinished state this poem which, as its title implies, deals with the celebrated Arthurian legend of the "Cup of Christ," ranks with the greater English poems and, in the judgment of discerning critics, transcends Tennyson's excursion into the same field. It is a splendid example of

cessful in blowing up the foe's ammunition dumps. There is increasing evidence, too, of the far-reaching effects of Haig's Picardy drive on the German man-power. It is stated that the German reserves are insufficient to stay the Allied advance, and that drafts are being made upon enemy troops in other sectors, even as remote as Verdun. Hunn from that region have been identified by the French, who opposed them in the epic struggle along the Meuse. The German War office admits the loss of Attich Farm to Humbert's troops, but claims that the French suffered heavily around Lassigny. The German official statement says the French stormed the line six times, and after ten hours of bitter fighting were driven back. On the other hand there has been no authentic news to show that the French have lost ground in their fighting in the triangle. Berlin claims the destruction of twenty-four Allied airplanes. Last night's German statement was to the effect that Allied attacks on both sides of the Avere River failed with heavy losses. In a day or two the foe will be forced to make an effort to conceal the loss of Roye.

LAYMEN AND CANON LAW

THE ITALIAN war office announces that enemy counter-attacks in the Tonalé region were driven back, and that three hostile assaults on the Piva River southwest of the Grave di Papadopoli on Wednesday night were repulsed with heavy losses. Four enemy airplanes and a captive balloon have been brought down. The official statement from Vienna dealing with the operations of Wednesday says that the Italian efforts to take Morozzo positions in the Tonalé sector failed. It also reports that efforts by the troops of General Diaz on identical positions were frustrated.—Globe August, 17.

CITIZENSHIP in the Church is acquired through Baptism. Baptism supposed, a person becomes a citizen of a diocese or of a parish in two ways, either by fixing his domicile there permanently, or by what is known as quasi domicile, which supposes actual residence in a locality with the intention of remaining there more than six months. A married woman necessarily has the domicile of her husband, and the domicile of a minor is identified with that of his parent or guardian; but it is possible for a wife or f.c.c. child over seven years old to acquire a quasi-domicile distinct from the residence of husband or parent. All these provisions have a serious practical importance in relation to rights and duties, and furnish the means of determining who is one's bishop or one's parish priest.

Good citizenship in the Church evidently means, first of all, good Catholicism. Hence the law that care must be taken to avoid not only what is clearly heretical but all errors as well that approximate more or less closely to heresy. To this end, it is the duty of a Catholic to observe, in addition to the dogmatic definitions of the Church, those rulings and decrees of the Holy See in which erroneous tendencies are proscribed. A Catholic must never over avoid any conduct that would endanger his faith or proclaim its weakness. He is not allowed to

discussing the subject, he pointed out that the enlarged army, when it is brought into being, will require the services of more than half the doctors of the country, and that unless measures are taken to make the services of those not attached to the army available for the civilian population on a basis of distribution, there will be communities entirely without medical help. "The anticipated conditions of war," said Dr. Goldwater, "will restrict 95% of the people of the country to the services of less than half the number of physicians to which they have always been accustomed, and the need of Government control is, therefore, obvious."

THE EXPERIENCE OF GREAT BRITAIN

THE EXPERIENCE of Great Britain and France in this particular is instructive. Until the Governments stepped in there, conditions were simply chaotic. Now, thanks to central direction the situation in both countries has been made to meet the needs of the hour. If the Director-General of National Service decides that similar measures are necessary in the United States, there will result a widespread disturbance of long-settled practices. Such doctors as are not drafted into the army will be transferred from district to district until they are distributed equitably over the country, so that no section will be left without some measure of medical advice and assistance. As the shortage of physicians and nurses has already been felt in hospitals and in dispensaries, some such adjustment appears to be among the necessities of the hour. The entire situation in Canada no less than in the neighboring Republic would seem to call for a high degree of practical statesmanship.

THIS CLOSENESS to Roye has not been attained without heavy fighting. In "Z" Wood and Damery wood, which the French took by a brilliant manoeuvre after the capture by them and the Canadians of Damery and Parvillers, the Germans held out desperately for several days. A despatch from the Associated Press correspondent with the British army says that the little patches of forest now in the hands of the Allies constitute the extreme right of the British line, and from their eastern fringe can be seen a wide stretch of territory. Their occupation by Haig's men has improved the Allied positions for some distance on both sides. The British War Office last night announced that Thursday evening a strong German counter-attack at Damery was repulsed after sharp fighting and the capture of 150 prisoners. During Thursday afternoon and early yesterday several other actions in this district were carried out to improve the line, and 200 prisoners and four machine guns were taken. The total casualties inflicted on the enemy in these actions is estimated at over 1,800. The British made progress northeast of Melancourt Thursday night. In the outskirts of Thiepval Wood Haig's men crossed to the left bank of the Ancre.

GENERAL HUMBERT continues to drive the foe out of the Lassigny-Ribecourt-Lassigny triangle. The taking of Monoithe Farm on Thursday is of great value, as it makes the operations against the Loermonth Heights, a short distance to the northwest, less difficult. When the last elevation has been conquered Humbert will be virtually in complete control of the triangle, and Lassigny and Noyon will be indefensible, for Loermonth spur also dominates Pleumont, the strongest foe position in the massif. The French advance in this region is slow, but methodical and without a setback. The Fall of Ribecourt laid the foundation for this more crucial operation, where French artillery is now more effectively assisting the infantry.

GERMAN PRISONERS bear testimony to the effectiveness of the Allied artillery and airplanes. British guns, they admit, have caused considerable destruction to the enemy lines, and have been unusually suc-

participate in non-Catholic religious services, although the law tolerates, for grave reason, a merely passive assistance...

But the Church makes it clear in her code that uncompromising Catholicism does not connote hostility to members of other churches. No one is to be constrained to become a Catholic...

Because the vigor of Catholic life depends largely on the extent to which the faithful avail themselves of what is so distinctively a trait of the Church, its sacramental system, a considerable section of the code is devoted to the Sacraments...

The old rule requiring as a minimum the reception of the Sacrament of Penance at least once a year is reaffirmed. Freedom in the choice of a confessor is strikingly emphasized in the provision which authorizes confession to any approved priest...

The code enacts that the period for Easter Communion shall run from Palm Sunday to Low Sunday, and at the same time gives to bishops the right to extend this time, if they see fit...

But we are affected by the canon which directs that all should be permitted to receive their Paschal Communion in their own parish churches, and obliges those who communicate elsewhere to inform their parish priest of that fact...

Of interest to some will be the knowledge that the law of the Church expressly declares it a crime for any person or in any manner to force a youth to become a priest or to hinder one called to that state of life from following his vocation...

The important section devoted to marriage contains much that is familiar—like the declaration that any conditional agreement frustrating the primary end of matrimony, the procreation of children, renders the contract null and void—but it is especially interesting because of the innovations it contains, only the

more important of which may be noted here. The impediment of consanguinity has been restricted to a third degree, reckoning canonically, which means that henceforth marriages between third cousins will be lawful, but not between second cousins. The impediment of disparity of worship which formerly nullified marriage between an unbaptized person and one validly baptized in any church, now applies only when the baptized person is a Catholic...

The new law on fast and abstinence allows the use of fish and flesh at a meal, thus removing the reason for some interesting subterfuges employed by the laity in the past. Also the law distinguishes between days of abstinence, days of fast, and a distinction that will be of importance in the comparatively few cases in which our many indulgences and more numerous dispensations make its application necessary for us...

The limitations necessarily put upon an article such as this which we now bring to a close force us to be content with the foregoing summary of certain notable features of the code. Anyone who will have the curiosity to read for himself the new law will realize how incomplete this summary is. However, a book and not an article would be required if one were to attempt even a measure of completeness. Especially is this true since what has been left unremarked is, much of it as noteworthy as the rule which requires that contracts coming before the ecclesiastical courts shall be adjudicated according to the civil law of the locality in which the contract was made...

THE TERROR BY NIGHT

E. L. WOLFE

When the great grey ship, of which Abela sang in prophecy: "Vere Hierusalem est illa civitas," left a port on the Atlantic sea board with 1,200 or more troops and sundry civilians on board, there were few people who knew of her departure. To be accurate, six persons and a dog stood on the pier and watched the vessel swing out from her moorings...

Past tall office buildings, in which flickered a multitude of lights, by gant many-masted sailing vessels that stood out like skeletons in the night, through the midst of squat, sleek-looking freighters, under the nose of a fort she hurried swiftly. Then when the lights of coast towns

glimmered dim in the distance, and the open sea stood out black and shapeless before her, she stopped. Suddenly, like a sword-blade, a flash of white light stabbed the darkness of the night and then disappeared. Far away two eyes of light flashed and winked, some message in code. It was the destroyer that was to escort the transport on the first part of the voyage, and the great engines began to thud again, never to stop until the vessel had reached her destination in safety, or was sent to the bottom of the sea as the victim of German frightfulness.

Those who go down to the sea in ships, these days, and see the wonders of the Lord are still at liberty to tell of them. But with the wonders of men it is different; there is a censor who attends to that. On the morning of the first day out there was a destroyer circling the transport, but towards night she returned to her station. And along the vessel went along the secret course that was known to one man only of all those on board, the captain.

One day on board ship is very much like another. A person rises in the morning, bathes, has breakfast, and for the remainder of the day tries in the most amicable manner to fill in the time between meals, until it is time to go to bed again. In these days, however, one is not quite so certain that the morning will ever dawn again; for there are hungry wolves lurking in the depths of the sea whose appetite for human blood is insatiable. Hence the words of the Complains Psalm come to have the more significant meaning to the traveler by sea: Non timetis a timore nocturno. "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night." For the terror by night is something more than a pious phrase, it is a reality that is ever present, lurking in secret. And the seafarer knows, as he has never known before, that he is entirely in the hand of God.

The submarine has extended its field of operations, and although there is a definite area known as the danger zone, the seven seas are, in fact, one vast danger zone. The look-out is on watch day and night throughout the whole of the voyage. Not the least glimmer of light shows on the vessel at night, and at sunset all smoking on deck is forbidden. To go out on deck after nightfall is like venturing upon a mythical ghost-ship, and through the darkness the hushed whispering of the troops sounds like the devilish confessions of the wraiths of drowned sailors. But there comes a time when even this diversion is no longer allowed, and after dark the decks are forbidden to all save the look-out and ship officers who have business on deck. And every hour the vessel was drawing nearer to those waters where death springs suddenly and horribly from the depths of the sea.

The Sunday that fell about the middle of the voyage was given up to religious exercises. The solitary Catholic priest on board, a passenger, offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in the second class saloon. The small passenger list was well represented, and of the troops it is safe to say that quite thirty per cent. of them were at Mass, nearly all of them with rosaries. The Protestants of all denominations gathered together and enjoyed the ministrations of a bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It is difficult for any living man to describe, with any respect for accuracy, what is likely to happen when the archangel blows the Last Trump. The only thing that approaches it is the signal, five blasts in succession on the ship's horn, which is the announcement that death is about to fling itself on us. But when, on a certain day the ominous signal was heard, it was known by pre-arrangement that it was the sign that boat drill was to be held. Places were assigned in the different boats, and each boat's crew was told off to its station, so that when the signal was given passengers and crew were all in place. "Ladies and gentlemen," said the purser, "we are now entering the danger zone, and you will all do well to keep your life preservers by you day and night. You will do well to sleep in your clothes, and to remain on the upper decks all the time. In the case of an emergency," so he spoke of the horrors of being torpedoed, "you will go at once to your station, and obey the orders of the life-saver in command." That was all, and he spoke of death as one would speak of making a change in pursuing a journey. All the while the vessel was penetrating farther and farther into the danger zone.

For days the weather had been both rainy and foggy; unpleasant from the point of view of enjoying an ocean voyage, but the most secure kind of weather when submarines are about. Then, at length, the sun came out, the wind dropped, and the sea was as calm as a lake. Every one of the passengers had found life a little dreary, for the preserver is cumbersome, and it conduces to continual unpleasant thoughts and uneasiness. The day had nearly come to an end, and some of the passengers, girt about with their life preservers, prepared themselves for sleep in the reading room. Others, armored in like manner, tried to find comfort in the smoking room, while certain hardened ones, having perhaps little more than their lives to lose, went below and slept the sleep of the just. In the northern latitudes the twilight lasts longer than in the south, and in summer it is not quite dark until nearly ten o'clock. Suddenly behind the vessel, a good

salvation of innumerable souls in danger outside your diocese and parish! Look over the Dominion and view its complex religious problems and add to your religious conviction the truth that if Charity begins at home it was never intended by Christ to remain at home all the time! Christ, the Charity of God incarnate, came forth from the Father and came into the world to save souls. Here is the example!

Ponder well these words of Bishop Ullathorne? "I believe our own future will be blessed with increase in proportion as we, with earnest Faith, send help to them who cry to us as we have cried to others and received their help. I believe it because it is the disposition of our Almighty Father greatly to help those who do such works of Faith and Charity. I believe it because there is no work of Charity more blessed than that which co-operates with God in sending His servants forth to spread His light and minister His Grace to those who sit in darkness and alienation of soul from their Supreme Good. I believe it because heroes, whose works of Faith and sanctity will bless the diocese and parishes that send them forth and support them. I believe it in the Word of Our Blessed Lord, "Give, and it shall be given unto you again, full measure, and heaped up and overflowing into your bosom."

Donations may be addressed to: REV. T. O'DONNELL, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 67 Bond St., Toronto. Contributions through this office should be addressed to: EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont. DONATIONS: Previously acknowledged \$708 50. Noonan Children, Cut Knife Sask. 2 00. J. O. C., Attercliff Ont. 10 00.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

LOOK UP AND LIFT UP YOUR HEADS!

Mission work should hold first place in the minds of Catholics. We believe, and rightly so, that the Catholic Church is the ordinary means of salvation given by God to men for the salvation of their souls. We believe that, "without Faith it is impossible to please God," that "Faith comes by hearing," that "he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved," that the infallible mouthpiece of God is the Church, the guardian and preacher of the deposit of Faith. What are the facts? Are Catholics interested greatly in mission work? As a general rule, no; the opposite is the case. The personal interest in this work so striking among Protestants is most conspicuous among us by its absence. This is deplorable. The lack of interest in mission work may be traced mainly to lack of knowledge. Ignorance of a thing does not usually beget love and interest, let alone sacrifice. Cardinal Bourne, addressing his people in a Pastoral Letter said to them: "We cannot appreciate unless we know, and it is a very important thing for Catholics to avail themselves of the opportunities that may be within their reach of learning something about the missionary life of the Church at the present time. They must not be indifferent to the labours and sufferings of their brethren but their zeal and interest should extend to them." There is no doubt but that the ignorance of mission work so prevalent among our people strangles the work of Christ in many instances and destroys Catholic zeal and interest, the by-products of the Catholic instinct. How many times have we heard missionary Bishops and priests say, "Oh if we had only one-tenth what the Protestant preachers have, how much we could do and how secure we could make the Church in the future!" There are parishes in Canada—we might say dioceses—where little or nothing is contributed for the propagation of the Kingdom of God. Would that the narrow provincial and parochial philosophy which thinks exclusively of home needs and little more than their lives to lose, went below and slept the sleep of the just. In the northern latitudes the twilight lasts longer than in the south, and in summer it is not quite dark until nearly ten o'clock. Suddenly behind the vessel, a good

WHAT DAILY MASS DOES: You know what is done each day during the heat of summer by those who rise early. They open all the windows; a fresh and vivifying breeze enters; it drives out the heavy atmosphere of the night; it renews the air of the interior, and prepares a provision of freshness for the rest of the day. Then they draw the blinds and thus preserve themselves from the increasing heat of the day. Each morning, if possible, open the windows of your soul during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; call God to your help; consecrate to Him all the actions of the day; let grace enter and renew the life of your soul; and when the heat of the day comes—that is to say, the work, the weariness, temptations under the weight of which you have too often to sigh—you will have in your heart your provision of freshness and strength to bear all.—Archbishop Mathieu.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION: Tschowfu, China, Nov. 28, 1918. Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: That your charity towards my mission is approved by the highest ecclesiastical authorities of Canada let me quote from a letter from His

Excelsency, The Most Rev. Peregrina F. Stagni, O. S. M., D. D., Apostolic Delegate, Ottawa: "I have been watching with much interest the contributions to the Fund opened on behalf of your missions by the CATHOLIC RECORD. The success has been very gratifying and shows the deep interest which our Catholic people take in the work of the missionary in foreign lands. I bless you most cordially and all your labors, as a pledge my earnest wishes for your greatest success in all your undertakings." I entreat you to continue the support of my struggling mission, assuring you a remembrance in my prayers and Masses. Yours faithfully in Jesus and Mary J. M. FRASER.

Table with columns for Donations and Mass Intentions. Includes names like J. O. C., Attercliff Ont., T. J. Murphy, Carmangay, etc.

WHAT DAILY MASS DOES

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Fires Break Out

and thieves break in. Don't risk the first, or invite the second, by keeping money in the house.

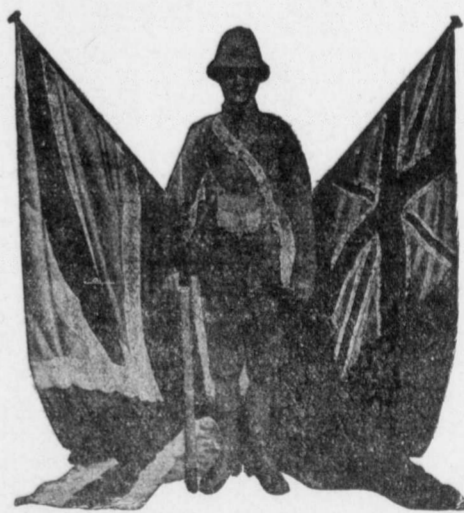
Put it in The Merchants Bank, where it will be safe from loss—always available—and earn interest at highest current rates.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. F. P. HICKER, O. S. B.

FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

THE FIRST, SECOND, AND THIRD COMMANDMENTS

"The Lord thy God thou shalt adore, and Him only shalt thou serve." (Matt. iv. 10.)

These words of our Blessed Lord, my dear brethren, remind us of the authority and power of the Commandments. They are a quotation from the words of Moses, and he gave them to the children of Israel as the words of the Almighty giving him the Law. The Commandments of the Old Law were renewed by Christ, the Son of God, in the New Law. They, then, have a double claim on our obedience and reverence. Stand by them, and your salvation is assured. "Thou shalt know that the Lord thy God, He is a strong and faithful God, keeping His covenant and mercy to them that love Him, and to them that keep His commandments unto a thousand generations." (Deut. vii. 9.)

Yet there are men who resent them. They declare that the Commandments infringe on their liberty; and because no immediate penalty is dealt out to them for breaking them, they deride those who keep them as being slaves to tyranny. Wherefore, how thankful we should be for the Ten Commandments! God knows what is good for us; He gives us them as safeguards. True, obedience costs something; but remember, obedience is always rewarded. The Commandments are an infringement on our liberty! As well say a freeman in a nursery is an infringement on the liberty of the children! Instead, then, of resenting the Commandments, we should accept them with gratitude, and the work of our life is to keep them faithfully.

Knowledge of them, therefore, is necessary. And the more we understand them, the more we shall be led to love and reverence them.

The first three Commandments regard Almighty God: our worship for Him; our respect for His very Name; our obligation to keep holy one day each week in His honour. The first is fulfilled by our acknowledging the one true God, by adoration and worship, and turning from all others to Him alone. Prayer, then, practically is the fulfilment of it—prayer, by which we acknowledge Him Lord and Master; by which we desire His honour and glory; by which we turn to Him in all our needs; by which we ask our Father's pardon for all our shortcomings and negligences. Each day claims this time for prayer, and we cannot even limit it to certain times, for in danger and temptation we are bound to seek help and protection in prayer.

And the second Commandment hedges round the Name of God with respect and veneration. "Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain; for He shall not be unpunished that taketh His Name upon a vain thing." (Deut. v. 11.) This is the Commandment which is broken, more than any other, for nothing! In laughter, in a joke, in surprise, as a mere exclamation, the sacred Name of God, the sacred Name of Jesus, is drawn down by young and old alike in vain. But how much more terrible, when greed, drink, rage, revenge, burst out into oaths and curses and blasphemies! Any exclamation can show your anger; why offend the Almighty by dragging down His sacred Name? Check yourselves, lest you give bad example by such words. The habit is soon learned, and seldom overcome. What a judgment awaits those who contaminate the young! "He shall not go unpunished."

Impressive is the wording of the third Commandment: "Remember thou shalt keep holy the Sabbath day." God demands this observance from us, week after week. By observing it, we acknowledge that we are His servants and His children; we bless Him for the Redemption He has granted us; we draw down fresh graces and blessings on our souls. And those who do not remember? Those who forget and wilfully neglect—what of them? They insult the great God by their disobedience and contempt. Their forgetfulness even is no excuse, for they are commanded to remember!

And how are we to keep the day holy? So that there should be no error or mistake about this, the first Precept of the Church lays down: "To keep the Sundays and holidays of obligation holy, by hearing Mass and reading from servile work." And the Catechism declares a mortal sin to neglect Mass on those days. And we are bound to obey the Church and accept its ordinances, for Christ has said: "He that heareth you heareth Me; and he that despiseth you despiseth Me." (Luke x. 16) There are certain valid reasons, excusing from Mass and allowing work. In certain employments, to prevent grave loss, the work, of a necessity, has to be continued on Sundays. In those cases the workman are free from sin both in labouring and in missing Mass. Again, the sick, those nursing the sick, those dwelling too far off, are free from the obligation of Mass. But we have to be on our guard against laxity, against opening the door too wide to excuses and pleas; else laziness, unwillingness, neglect even, dress themselves up in a cloak of some kind of excuse.

It is sad to see how easily the habit of missing Mass can be acquired. How the conscience becomes torpid, and never gives any sign of fear or remorse for the

dreadful sin. No wonder their souls are dead, for they stay away from that which would give them life. It is the cry, wrung from the Sacred Heart of Jesus by those who miss Mass: "You will not come to Me that you may have life." (1 John v. 10.)

How can such neglect be accounted for? Do they know their obligation? Yes. Do they believe in the Sacrifice of the Mass, and understand it? Yes. Any excuse is made—you know what frivolous ones—but the reason, not the excuse, is their insolent indifference to God. They have learned to have no respect for Him, no care, no love, no fear. St. Paul cries out to them: "O senseless Galatians, who hath bewitched you, that you should not obey the truth, before whose eyes Jesus Christ has been set forth, crucified among you?" (Gal. iii. 1.) This is what takes place at every Mass, but they care not.

My dear brethren, reverence Holy Mass! Pray for those who neglect it. Let your prayer be: O Lord, "look not on their stubbornness of this people, nor on their wickedness and sin." (Deut. ix. 27.)

THE ANGELUS

Sacred Heart Review

"If we fight like heroes and pray like saints," say America's Cardinals, "soon will America overcome more force by greater force, and conquer lust of power by the nobler power of sacrifice and faith."

Exhorting the nation to turn to God in prayer while the American army confronts the enemy, the Cardinals counsel continued obedience to the request of the Holy Father in petitioning our Lord that peace may be restored, and they recommend: "Let us, moreover, each day, until the peace for which we fight crowns our efforts, say daily, three times, morning at rising, at noon and in the evening, the Angelus, for the guidance of our rulers, the success of our arms, the unity of the nations and the welfare of heroes."

Another result of this instruction must be an increased devotion to the recitation of the Angelus, a custom of Catholic lands that has given inspiration to warriors, to men of prayer, to artists, and poets, from the mightiest down to the lowly peasants whom Millet made his theme.

The "Evening Song of the Breton Fisherman" tells of the holy practice when:

The tolls of the day are over and past, The fisherman comes to his rest at last, The bells are ringing the vesper chime

In buried cities beneath the sea; And the calm of the holy even-time Has wrought its peace on the world and me. Ave Maria! in mercy keep The resting land and the restless deep.

The universality of the salutation is suggested by Dr. Maurice Francis Egan in these lines:

"Ave Maria" prelude of the Word; "Ave Maria" first on Gabriel's lips; "Ave Maria" soft as sound of ships White winged and speeding the sweet words are heard Upon the world's dark flood.

Twas last upon the lips of Charlemagne; False Julien fell when he uttered them; Napoleon lost it—twas not quite forgot— And, at the end, he spoke it not in vain, Because he spoke it well.

Charles Warren Stoddard describes the triple beads of Ave Maria beads, from church towers:

At dawn, the joyful peal of bells In consecrated citadels, Rings on the sweet and drowsy air A brief, melodious call to prayer; For Mary, Virgin, meek and lowly, Conceive of the Spirit Holy, As the Lord's Angel did declare.

At noon, above the fretful street, Our souls are lifted to repeat The prayer, with low and wistful voice, "According to Thy word and choice, Though sorrowful and heavy laden, So be it done to Thy Handmaid." Then, all the sacred bells rejoice.

At eve, with roses in the west, The daylight's withering bequest, Ring, prayerful bells, white blossoms bright The stars, the lilies of the night: Or all the songs the years have sung us, "The Word made Flesh has dwelt among us," Is still our ever-new delight.

In an exquisite poem, "Ecce Ancilla Domini," Jean E. U. Nealis pays tributes to the Angelus:

The morning breaks, and the vapors cling Heavy and thick, over land and sea; But sweet and clear are the bells that ring Their beautiful "Angelus Domini!" Nearer and clearer, thro' mist and rain,

O Angelus bells, your music thrills; Till the clouds are lifted of care and pain, And we say, "Be it done, as the Master wills!" Ecce Ancilla Domini.

SUFFERED TERRIBLE AGONY

"Fruit-a-tives" Alone Gave Him Quick Relief

Buckingham, Que., May 3rd, 1915.

"For seven years, I suffered terribly from Severe Headaches and Indigestion. I had belching gas from the stomach, and I had chronic Constipation. I tried many remedies but nothing did me good. Finally, a friend advised 'Fruit-a-tives'. I took this grand fruit medicine and it made me well. To everyone who has miserable health with Constipation and Indigestion and Bad Stomach, I say take 'Fruit-a-tives', and you will get well."

ALBERT VARNER.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

All night the tempest raged loud and high, And the troubled waves, with crash and roar, Still sob out their sorrow remorsefully On the rocky breast of the sounding shore; While over their restless turbid swells The Angelus floats like a "Peace, be still!"

And we pray with the prayer of those noontide bells; "Be it done in us ever, Thy blessed Will!" Ecce Ancilla Domini.

But at eventide, when the winds are calm And a sea of glory the sunset seems; Like the last sweet strain of the Complin psalm, Or the angel's songs, that we hear "in dreams," The Angelus throbs through the fragrant air, O'er the ruddy glow of the sunlit sea;

And we answer the Church's evening prayer, "In life or death, be it here, or there, Ecce Ancilla Domini.

Another Catholic poet, Mary Catherine Crowley, expressed in verse a very lovely thought, in answer to the question: "When first rang the Angelus?"

What master wrought the sweet toned bells, That, soft o'er vales and sylvan dells, The Angelus first rang? Gleaned silver pure and virgin gold, Like souls, within the dark clay mould,

Ere rich their spirit voice rolled As though an angel sang? Or, voicing the celestial thought, Pealed forth the chimes, by seraphs' fraught

With melody, that thrilled From star to star, when Gabriel soared, Before the flame-white Throne adored

With Mary's answer, and the Lord The earth with heaven filled? Or, first in Nazareth's holy glade, When Christ, a Child, there dwelt and prayed,

The flower-bells of spring Bade He, with fragrant breath of song, To hail His mother blessed among All women, and the wind-swayed throng

The Angelus did ring— Till music laden was the air, Till rose above the valley fair The chanting echoes; thus Was nature's sweetest anthem heard.

THE ANGELUS

CATHOLIC IDEALS IN ANGLICAN CHURCH

During the past seventy years there has been a very remarkable renaissance of Catholic ideas in the Anglican Church. The schism which the despotic caprice of Henry VIII. imposed on a servile clergy tended at first merely to substitute the supremacy of the King for that of the Pope. The other dogmas of the Church were not tampered with, and scarcely a single change was made in the exterior of worship. In the succeeding reign, the governing party, infected by the notions of Zwingli and Calvin, began to mutilate the doctrine and the liturgy; they proscribed the Mass, replaced the altars by tables, despoiled the churches, and gave a general license to the priests to take to themselves wives. The revolution resulted in very little more than a state of great confusion and religious anarchy. And when the Crown passed to Mary Tudor the first measures she took to re-establish the Catholic religion were accepted with sentiment and relief. Queen Elizabeth found herself involved against the Pope and Spain, and although she would gladly have remained faithful to the headless Catholicism, the political situation obliged her to accentuate the Protestantism of her Church more than her taste directed.

With the advent of the Stuarts came the return to activity of a party which deplored the recent Protestant ravages; but the Puritans attacked more fiercely than ever anything that professed to retain or to re-establish Catholicism, whether

in the hierarchy, the Articles of Belief, or the forms of worship. Archbishop Laud was impeached, and he preceded by some years his master, Charles I. to the scaffold. The result of the civil war was the triumph of the Puritans, and a Presbyterian Calvinism supplanted the Episcopal Church, which was disorganized and proscribed. The Restoration, however, gave an opportunity for re-establishing the Church on the principles of Laud and the "Carolines divines," and then drawn up and promulgated the final edition of the Prayer Book—the one it is now proposed to revise, and in which the sacramental and sacerdotal character of the English Church is most brought into relief. But the strange regime to which men's consciences had been submitted for more than a century, they could not recover lost ground, and the accession of George I. marked their definite defeat.

In the midst of the 18th century, however, two religious movements arose, Methodism and Evangelicalism. Methodism only resulted in the detachment from the Anglican Church of yet one more Protestant sect, which estranged itself even more than Anglicanism from Catholic forms and Catholic ideas. And all the principles of the Evangelicals tended to thrust Anglicanism deeper into Protestantism. They are still powerful elements in the Church, and they have scarcely any notion of the Church as a living and visible body, of the episcopate as the depository of the Apostolic succession, or the priest as the minister of the Sacraments. The sacramental dogma is a thing about which they give themselves no concern. The doctrine of the Real Presence appears to them a grave superstition. The, from the revolt of Henry VIII. to the first quarter of the 19th century, we see one law in operation. We see that of the two elements which at first professed to combine in the Anglican Church, the Protestant element always found the advantage, and the Church steadily receded, not only from the Pope, but also from those Catholic ideas and ceremonies which she had at the beginning of the estrangement seemed anxious to preserve. In the first quarter of the 19th century, if any member of the Church of England, cleric or lay, ignorant or learned, had been asked if he were a Protestant or Catholic he would have chosen the questioner were jesting. He was a Protestant, glorying in the fact. The very word Catholic called up to him a vision of a medley of superstitions, from which it was the glory of his forefathers to have escaped three centuries before. Then, oddly enough, the tide turned towards Catholicism, and we found groups of distinguished Anglicans laboring to revive Catholic dogma within the Anglican fold. The Anglo-Catholic movement received the most staggering blow from within its own ranks, when its eminent leaders, Newman, Manning, the two Wilberforces, and many others, entered the Catholic Church, and proclaimed the failure of Anglo-Catholicism. Yet the reaction towards Catholicism continued to grow within the Establishment, until today in England Catholic ideas and practices have taken a powerful hold upon the Anglican Church.

In 1895 there was a strong movement, led by Lord Halifax, in favor of reunion with the Holy See. Speaking on behalf of a powerful association of Churchmen he gave the Pope an assurance that he could count on a sympathetic response to any appeal which might be addressed to the Church of England. This was upon the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII., put forth his famous letter, "Ad Anglos," in which he congratulated the English on the signs of divine grace visible in their nation, and the efforts they had made towards reconciliation with Catholicism. At the same time he appointed a commission to inquire into the validity of Anglican Orders. One of the Prelates of the English Church, the Archbishop of York, made at the Congress of Norwich a speech in which he greeted with respect the voice from Rome, and regarded it as a duty to give a good reception to a letter so remarkably favorable in tone, and, in a certain sense, unique. He reminded his hearers that its author presided over a Church which had produced a multitude of martyrs, and set forth a noble army of martyrs, a Church to which they owed a vast treasury of theological literature; a Church from which the English had received in past ages, in times of weakness and misfortune, considerable and affectionate succor. Gladstone, in a public memorial proclaimed the necessity of union. He showed how Anglicans, by increasing resemblance on many points to the usages of the Church of Rome, were acknowledging the errors of the past. He spoke with deference of the Pope as the first Bishop of Christendom, and paid homage to the attitude Leo had assumed.

A few months later all these glorious visions abruptly vanished. The Papal Bull which definitely declared the invalidity of Orders conferred by the English hierarchy had already been issued, and the attempt to bridge the gulf between the Anglican and the Catholic Church failed for the time being. But the progress of

Catholic ideas in the Anglican Church will go on. In the meantime, the Catholic Church itself has made tremendous headway in England. In 1814 there were only 160,000 Catholics in England, and churches or chapels were few and hidden away in obscure corners of towns. Today in place of 160,000 there are nearly 2,000,000 Catholics in England alone, exclusive of Ireland and Scotland. The late Cardinal Vaughan gave the conversions at 600 a month, and these included the most intellectual classes. England has once more a great Catholic hierarchy, with religious Orders and priests in every center, while cathedrals, churches and convents rise in the midst of cities, and by their outward adornment proclaim on high the Faith of the faithful.—Truth.

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STAMMERING. Stuttering overcome positively. Our natural methods permanently restore natural speech. Graduate pupils everywhere. Free advice and literature.

Put Vim in Jaded Muscles. by stimulating and arousing the circulation with light applications of Absorbine, Jr., rubbed in thoroughly. This invigorating liniment acts quickly and surely. It is fragrant and pleasant to use—leaves no greasy residue on the skin.

The Safest Matches in the World. ALSO THE CHEAPEST, ARE Eddy's Silent 500's.

SAFEST, because they are impregnated with a chemical solution which renders the stick "dead" immediately the Match is extinguished. CHEAPEST, because there are more perfect matches to the sized box than in any other box on the market. WAR TIME ECONOMY and your own good sense will urge the necessity of buying none but Eddy's Matches.



Beautiful things are everyday things now— Look around you. See the large number of dainty silk blouses in beautiful tints that are being worn. And the quantities of dainty underwear the stores are showing—sheerest, most beautiful things you have ever seen. It was not so a few years ago. What has caused the difference? Certainly and surely—one big factor has been Lux. Women would not buy these things right along unless there was a gentle, sure way of washing them—without discoloring, warping or fading.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, - TORONTO. LUX. There is—it's the Lux way. Won't turn silks yellow—won't hurt chiffons—won't shrink woollens. Lux won't hurt anything that pure water itself may touch.

Tea in the Garden of Eden. A Tommy wrote to his mother from Mesopotamia: "This may be the Garden of Eden, but the only thing that makes it endurable is our daily ration of Lipton's. In fact, Lipton's is the only thing hereabouts that I'm not 'fed up' on!" There is a universality about Lipton's that strikes home to English-speaking people wherever they may be. To thoroughly enjoy Tea you must get Lipton's, and make it according to the directions on each package. Don't be put off with substitutes. Demand— LIPTON'S TEA PLANTER, CEYLON THE UNIVERSAL TEA 300 CUPS TO THE POUND SOLD EVERYWHERE

STAINED GLASS MEMORIAL WINDOWS AND LEADED LIGHTS. B. LEONARD QUEBEC: P. Q. We Make a Specialty of Catholic Church Windows.

"Silver Gloss" Starch. In 1 lb. Packages and 6 lb. Enamelled Tins. FOR HOME LAUNDRY WORK. For more than 60 years, the favorite laundry starch, particularly for fine fabrics. MANUFACTURED BY - THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED, MONTREAL.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

LET US BE SWEETER

Let us be sweeter Than envy or hate; Let us be roses To bloom by the gate. Let us make mellow life as we go; Let us be gentlemen, Not the rough blow!

WHY WORRY?

A man worried himself because he could not sleep. The whole trouble was in his mind—he did not need to sleep. Nature would put him to sleep, if sleep was necessary.

Some men have no appetite for their meals. It is better than that they do not eat. If they worry about it, the trouble is in their minds, not in their stomachs.

Why may not the controlling mind joy in the difficulties, setbacks and oppositions that come as part of the day's work—joy in them as the competent athlete does in accepting some handicaps in the race, so as to show his skill?

HIS BABY

She is my mother, said the young man, but I call her my baby. She is eighty years old. Old people are very like babies, and we ought to love them, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

She loved me when I was ignorant and backward, needing constant care, and all because I was hers, born of her body and part of her soul.

A GENTLEMAN

Some time ago, says the St. Paul Bulletin, Charles H. Butler, military instructor of the Sioux City, Iowa, Catholic Cadet Corps, offered a prize for the best brief essay on the subject, "What is a Gentleman?"

"The chief qualities of a gentleman are charity, courage, courtesy, character and will power. A gentleman does not have to be born of a high family or, as the dictionary says, 'one above a yeoman'.

"A gentleman is a fine title for one who really deserves it. A gentleman is always respected by others, and I consider that there is no better man in the world than an American gentleman."

A gentleman is never overbearing, but, on the contrary, has a more or less retiring disposition. He is courteous to everybody, rich and poor; he is honest, upright and true to his word.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SHORT SKETCH OF LIVES OF SAINTS OF THE WEEK

AUGUST 20.—ST. BERNARD

Bernard was born at the castle of Fontaines, in Burgundy. The grace of his person and the vigor of his intellect filled his parents with the highest hopes, and the world lay bright and smiling before him when he renounced it forever and joined the monks of Cîteaux.

AUGUST 24.—ST. BARTHOLOMEW, APOSTLE

St. Bartholomew was one of the twelve who were called to the apostolate by our blessed Lord Himself. Several learned interpreters of the Holy Scripture take this apostle to have been the same as Nathaniel, a native of Cana, in Galilee, a doctor in the Jewish law, and one of the seventy-two disciples of Christ.

AUGUST 21.—ST. JANE FRANCES DE CHANTAL

At the age of sixteen, Jane Frances de Frénoy, already a motherless child, was placed under the care of a worldly-minded governess. In this crisis she offered herself to the Mother of God, and secured Mary's protection for life.

AUGUST 25.—ST. LOUIS, KING

The mother of Louis told him she would rather see him die than commit a mortal sin, and he never forgot her words. King of France at the age of twelve, he made the defence of God's honor the aim of his life. Before two years, he had crushed the Albigensian heretics, and forced them by stringent penalties to respect the Catholic faith.

the death of children, friends, and of St. Francis himself followed, while eighty-seven houses of the Visitation rose under her hand. Nine long years of interior desolation completed the work of God's grace; and in her seventieth year St. Vincent of Paul saw, at the moment of her death, her soul ascend, as a ball of fire, to heaven.

AUGUST 23.—ST. PHILIP BENIZI

St. Philip Benizi was born in Florence, on the Feast of the Assumption, 1293. That same day, by means of himself, was founded the Order of Servites, and as an infant of the breast, Philip broke out into speech at the sight of these new religious, and begged his mother to give them alms.

OUR HOLY FATHER

Throughout the present conflict

one teacher has sought with great courage and fidelity to keep before men and nations the Christian principles that must guide all in time of war and that must rule any council table that is to make sure a lasting peace. For some it is almost impossible to understand such an office or to give credit for singleness of intention and purity of motive to him who claims to hold it. That is

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knights. When a captive at Damietta, an Emir rushed into his tent brandishing a dagger red with the blood of the Sultan, and threatened to stab him also unless he would make him a knight, as the Emperor Frederick had Paderin. Louis calmly replied that no unbeliever could perform the duties of a Christian knight.

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occupant should consistently and solely take the spiritual viewpoint which necessarily lifts him above human policy and human politics to a level almost incredible. Yet if they are ever to judge and measure justly, they must understand at least his viewpoint with regard to his office, his conscience with regard to its field and its administration.

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STANDARD LIBRARY. 60c. Each Postpaid. Freddy Carr And His Friends. The Gift of a Tenement House. The Queen of the Forest.

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The Liver regulates the health. ENO'S FRUIT SALT. —regulates the Liver.

The Stretchable Firebox. Durability in a firebox depends mostly upon its ability to expand when hot and to contract when cold, without cracking.

McClary's Kootenay Range. "Service in the Kitchen."—Booklet Free. Ask for Quantity Discount. The Catholic Record. LONDON, CANADA.

SOLDIERS OF THE SOIL

When in early June the shortage of farm laborers, arising from the extension of the M. S. A., threatened to result in the loss of large areas of essentially necessary crops, the Government issued an appeal for everybody to do his bit at guaranteeing production. And to sanction this appeal it ordered a nation-wide registration of all persons over sixteen. Those below that official age were urged to help to the best of their ability.

Alive to the splendid opportunity offered, and anxious to give tangible proof of his deep patriotism, the Superintendent of St. John's Industrial School, offered to employ some of the boys of that institution at work suitable to their age and experience. Dr. Riddell, local organizer of farm labor, accepted the offer and assigned the best fields around Forest as the scene of their labors.

Twenty of the most intelligent and promising boys of the institution were tutored out by a farm and under the direction of Rev. Brother Anthony, Prefect of the Industrial School, and Rev. Brother Lewis, Principal of St. Mary's Separate School, they left for Forest on June 17th. Pitching their tents close to the shores of Lake Huron, they at once attacked the weeding and thinning out of the magnificent one hundred acres of beets belonging to Messrs. King, Sheppard, Elliott, Hubbard, Bannister and Gammon. Apart from the difficulty of this new kind of recreation (for they are all town lads) the boys had to overcome the serious prejudice that possessed the people of the district. They were not only as institution products, foreigners and nuisances. Fortunately the manly spirit of the boys and their honest work soon proved to the employers and their neighbors that their hastily formed opinion of the newcomers was wrong. And the people of the neighborhood of Forest afterward showed the sincerity of their conversion by the kindness and gratitude they continually displayed towards the youthful farmers. On Sundays Rev. Father Labelle, the local parish priest, secured motors to transport the boys from their camp to the church. Moreover, he profited by the occasion to extend a hearty public welcome to the boys.

Towards the middle of July the character of the boys' work changed. Mr. Frailey, who has such extensive interest in flax, secured their services for his four hundred acres of flax in the neighborhood of Forest. In short order the boys mastered the operations of pulling, binding and shocking the flax. The average was one-eighth acre per boy a day, while some of the more skillful had to their credit one-fourth, and even one-half an acre.

Mr. Frailey's territory cleared, Messrs. Castner and Owens of Stratford engaged the boys to gather in their flax. And here as well as at Forest they have established a reputation for themselves by the excellent quality and speed of their work. However, it is not all work and no play for Jack. St. John's S. O. S. Camp is located near a beautiful stream. After the hard day's work these juvenile farmers enjoy the luxury of a daily dip. And besides, they are well equipped for ball and other games at which also they are securing honors. So that, while showing their patriotism by helping production they are gaining great experience by learning lessons of industry and initiative.

RE-EDUCATION BY WAR

Thoughtful men have lost their habitual certainties on which all mental peace depends. Personal ideas which were yesterday the objects of reverence, assurance of refinement, ambition and discipline have lost their authority because we have been thrown into the world of larger purpose and deeper relationship to which they are unfitted. Solicitudes and affections that were honorable and adequate yesterday take on the color of treason today unless they serve well the nation and those who fight its battles. The blood of the American soldier, champion of each of us, who was the first to die overseas, is the Itasca from which a Mississippi of blood will yet flow before we shall again know peace. An imperative call sends us forward through a wilderness of hovering uncertainties toward a future that is less understood, less accurately anticipated than any other with which the mind of the world has been engaged. This is the time of all times when a docile mind is proof of wisdom and a humble heart is one's only certain guide. Obsolete holding to the standards of yesterday hinders one from all understanding of the newer day which the mysteries of God's providence have set before us. Narrow definitions of duty that satisfied conscience and moral aspiration must be set aside. Larger duty that comes out of the proof of its Divine origin in the outstretched hand which indicates appeal as much as mandate, waits to be recognized and accepted. Just as the work of education prepares the young for their place in the world to which they come, the re-education which is forced upon us by war must prepare us for the new time upon which we now enter. Just as we ask children to be docile, trustful, willing, to be as children, and must accept the teaching forced upon us by facts, processes and relations which are now read-

justing the world. Just as we ask children to surrender gradually the world of fancy to the discipline of fact, standards to be prepared to revise standards, to vary preferences, to deal with facts and accept them in the process of our re-education.

Our re-education must enable us to understand the changing functions which our emergency has forced upon the Government itself. Those who are familiar with the political thought of the last century and a half are in position to estimate the abrupt departure from supposedly final principles which the Government has taken almost without thinking. We who twenty years ago disliked state intervention, lamented the increasing intervention of Government in the field of industrial liberty, predicted every kind of fatality to follow upon this tendency. Today we are so familiar with concentration of power, with the thought of Governmental control of industry, the fixing of retail prices, the determination of the rate of interest on capital that we would wonder at ourselves. It is beside the point to say that these are emergency measures and that they are of but transitory application. No one who thinks, believes for a moment that the state will ever return to the narrow sphere with which it had been content. Immediate experience is much stronger in shaping political thought than any abstract principle can be. Competition as a supreme philosophy of industry has undoubtedly received a deadly blow. Furthermore, a nation faces the greater problems of war after the War is over. There will be motive in abundance long after peace is declared for maintaining the expanded functions that the state has lately assumed. Text-books in political science have been antiquated in the last four years, perhaps most of all in the last year. Our re-education must lead us to the understanding of this wider concept of state functions. It must interpret all of the implications of these changes and prepare us for parties and party thinking which will be entirely unlike the parties and party thought with which we have been familiar in the past.

THE WESTERN FAIR

LONDON, ONT. If space is required for an Exhibit at London's Exhibition September 6th to 14th, it should be applied for at once, as several of the buildings are already filled. The Government is sending a number of Exhibits of unusual interest. For the Art Gallery a loan of excellent pictures has been received from the National Art Gallery, Ottawa, which will make a visit to this building of great interest to all lovers of Art. The Agricultural Building will have several Government Exhibits relative to agricultural pursuits and should be of especial interest to the farmers who make up to such a large extent the thousands of visitors at the Exhibition. Government Exhibits of eggs and wool will be shown in the Dairy Building which will be very attractive. All the buildings will no doubt be filled with Exhibits of especial interest. All applications for space and anything pertaining to the Exhibition should be addressed to the Secretary, A. M. Hunt, London, Ont.

OBITUARY

It is with the deepest regret that we learned of the sudden death of Mrs. Johanna Healy. Her numerous friends, many of whom were readers of the CATHOLIC RECORD, will join with us in extending to the bereaved family heartfelt sympathy and sincere condolence in the loss of a devoted mother who through her life did much to endear herself to all with whom she was associated. Mrs. Healy had gone on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. L. D. Connelly of Bear Lake, Mich., where she passed peacefully away in her sleep. The remains were brought to her home in Stratroy where Requiem High Mass was celebrated in All Saints Church by her nephew Father J. Walsh, assisted by Rev. Father Quinlan. Mrs. Healy was in her seventy-sixth year and was the widow of the late James Healy who predeceased her about four years ago. She leaves to mourn her loss three sons and four daughters: John of Adelaide, Albert F., of Windsor, and Joseph of Stratroy. The daughters are: Madam Healy, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. L. Connelly, Bear Lake, Mich.; Mrs. F. Vining, Ogdensburg, N. Y., and Mrs. R. G. McDonald, Sarnia. May her soul rest in peace.

BIBLE WITHOUT AUTHORIZED INTERPRETER MAY DO HARM

The Grand Rapids Press, June 24, 1918. "There is nothing more fascinating than the pursuit of Bible texts to fit a doctrine and nobody more stubborn than the man who plants himself not upon passages from the good book but upon his interpretation of them. This tendency of human nature has been used time and again by crafty persons seeking to exploit others and it will be remembered with what fine indignation a committee of the International Bible Students' Association here resented the seizure by government agents of the book called 'The Finished Mystery' as a seditious publication. 'The Press does not believe that a

single member of the local organization was seditious or really unpatriotic at heart, but some had become so enmeshed in the Pastor Russell doctrines that they were blind to the dangerous character of his posthumous book. It must have been something of a shock to them when Joseph Rutherford, the national head of their organization, and six of his associates, the men concerned in the issuing of 'The Finished Mystery,' were convicted by a jury in New York federal court of conspiracy to violate the espionage law, and, to make the point still clearer, it is well to quote from the language of District Judge Howe, who presided over the case, in sentencing each of these men to twenty years in prison: "In the opinion of the court the religious propaganda which these defendants have advocated and spread throughout the nation, as well as among our allies, is a greater danger than a division of the German army. If they had taken guns and swords and joined the German army we have been insignificant compared with the results of their propaganda."

DIED

HURLEY.—In Peterboro, Ont., on Monday, July 15, 1918, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Hurley, relict of the late Edward Hurley, funeral from her late residence 301 King St., Wednesday 9 a. m., St. Peter's Cathedral, thence to St. Peter's cemetery, Peterboro. May her soul rest in peace. DRAGO.—At Niagara Falls, Ont., July 9th, 1918, Louis T. Drago, in his fifty-ninth year. May his soul rest in peace. MCCaULEY.—On the old homestead, Sixth Thurlow, Catherine McCauley, daughter of the late Danis McCauley and Mary De Large, in her seventy-ninth year. Funeral from St. Michaels Church, Belleville, Ont. May her soul rest in peace. MORAN.—Accidentally drowned at Caledonia Springs, on July 27, 1918, Frank Moran, brother of Miss M. Moran. May his soul rest in peace. FLYNN.—At Vinton, Que., on July 17, 1918, Mrs. Wm. Flynn, born in Kilkenny, Ireland, aged seventy-eight. May her soul rest in peace.

If it weren't for the "hard knocks" there would be fewer home runs.

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED HOUSEKEEPER WANTED BY PRIEST in country parish in West. Apply Box 8, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2079-3.

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. NO. 5, Bagot. Normal trained teacher with some experience. Duties to begin Sept. 3. Apply stating salary and experience to Wm. J. Brown, Sec.-Treas., Ashdale P. O., Ont. 2079-2.

A TEACHER WANTED HOLDING A SECOND class professional certificate, able to teach both English and French for R. C. Separate School Section No. 17 Township of Woodville, County of Essex. Salary not to exceed \$500 per annum. Duties to commence Sept. 3. Apply to Michael L. Byrne, Sec., Belle River, Ont., R. R. No. 2. 2079-3.

WANTED, A QUALIFIED TEACHER FOR R. C. S. S. No. 2, Tyendinaga. Apply stating qualifications, salary expected, and experience, to Jas. V. Walsh, Sec.-Treas., Marysville P. O., Ont. 2079-3.

WANTED, FOR S. S. NO. 4, HUNTLEY, A second class professional teacher. Duties to commence Sept. 2nd. Apply to W. J. Egan, Ashby, Ont. 2079-4.

CATHOLIC TEACHER WANTED FOR PUBLIC school section No. 2, Belleville, holding a 3rd class certificate for Ontario. Duties to begin Sept. 3rd. Salary \$575. Apply with reference to George A. Miran, Sec.-Treas., Esplanade Station, Ont. 2079-2.

A DULY QUALIFIED TEACHER, CATHOLIC preferred, for S. S. No. 2, Gurd, Parry Sound District. Salary \$450 per annum. James McGuinness, Sec.-Treas., Trout Creek, Ont. 2079-3.

TEACHER WANTED FOR P. S. HAGAR, second class professional certificate. Salary \$450 per annum. Duties to commence Sept. 3. Apply to J. Brown, Sec.-Treas., Markham, Ont. 2079-3.

WANTED, TWO SECOND CLASS QUALIFIED teachers for primary rooms, by Arrprior Separate School Board. Apply stating qualifications and salary to G. H. Devine, Sec.-Treas., Arrprior, Ont. 2079-1.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. S. NO. 24 I Woodlee. Duties to begin Sept. 3. Apply stating qualifications and salary expected to P. E. Fourth, Sec.-Treas., Woodlee, Ont. 2079-2.

TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. NO. 12, LANCASTER with second class professional certificate. Small school attendance last term, 9 pupils, every convenience. Salary \$550. Apply to D. J. Bathurst, Dalhousie Mills, Ont. 2079-2.

QUALIFIED TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. NO. 9, PERCY. Duties to commence Sept. 3. Apply stating salary and experience to Thos. Collins, Sec.-Treas., Hastings, Ont. 2079-2.

TEACHER WANTED FOR GRANT, ONT. R. C. Separate school. Duties to commence Sept. 1. State salary and qualifications to J. H. Tremblay, Grant, Ont., via Cochrane. 2078-4.

A QUALIFIED TEACHER WANTED FOR Separate school, Section No. 3, Griffith, Ont. One holding Normal certificate preferred. Apply stating qualifications and salary to Rev. I. Rice, P. P., Griffith, Ont. 2077-2.

FEMALE TEACHER WANTED FOR JUNIOR room, second class certificate. Salary \$500 for full term. Duties to commence Sept. 3, 1918. Henry Bruder, Sec.-Treas., Sep. School, Hanover, Ont. 2077-2.

Altar Wine

(Sold Under Government Authority) WE HAVE AN AMPLE SUPPLY OF VARIOUS ALTAR WINES Terragona, Sherry Muscatel, Sauterne St. Nazaire, Etc. Orders shipped same day as received from indignation a committee of the International Bible Students' Association here resented the seizure by government agents of the book called 'The Finished Mystery' as a seditious publication. 'The Press does not believe that a

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA "Opportunity, sooner or later, comes to all who work and save." Branches and Connections Throughout Canada LOCAL OFFICES: LONDON DELAWARE ILDERTON KOKOKA LAWRENCE STATION MELBOURNE THORNDALE

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Our Soldier Boys POCKET FOLDERS Measuring 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 inches. Contains Gilt-embossed Medal Crucifix, Lord's Prayer, Hall Mary, Act of Contrition, Prayer before the Crucifix. 75c. EACH Postpaid W. E. BLAKE & SON, Limited CATHOLIC CHURCH SUPPLIES 123 CHURCH ST. TORONTO CANADA

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