

# 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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LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1915

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### NEAR SIGHTED

Mr. James O'Donnell Bennett, a correspondent of a Chicago paper, tells us how charitable and artistically the Germans have dealt with France and Belgium. He speaks of their kindness and discipline, of their ministrations to the needy; and of the affection they have evoked from the Belgians. We may, if we wish, imagine that the Germans were but on a pleasure jaunt through Belgium, and that the sacking and destruction of its cities were but signs of an exuberance of animal spirits. Rape, murder, pillage were but minor tunes in the music sung by the Kaiser's squadrons out for a holiday. Some correspondents, however, saw what escaped the observation of Mr. O'Donnell Bennett. Many of their letters disclose facts which are unprintable.

Mr. O'Donnell Bennett says that one seventh of Louvain is gone. We prefer to believe Cardinal Mercier, who says that one third has been destroyed. Evidence of atrocities which should shame even those who adopt the methods of savage warfare at its worst, is now too clear and unassailable to be disputed. German professors may in wondrous ways try to influence the outsider, and correspondents who appear to be near-sighted, may weave their fairy tales, but Belgium, disconsolate and starving, arraigns Germany before the tribunal of the world as a violator of treaties and a menace to Christian civilization. We are also told that these atrocities were the acts of drunken soldiers who got out of hand. Well what about their much vaunted discipline? Where was the repressive power extolled so often of their officers? But there is evidence to show that their revolting brutality had the sanction of the military authorities. Along with the goose step they were taught that war is an act of violence which in its application knows no bounds.

### FATHER PARDOW, S. J.

The most valuable part of every biography is that in which the subject speaks for itself. In the "Life of William Pardow, of the Company of Jesus," issued lately from the press of Longmans, Green & Co., the author, Justine Ward, attempts, she says, no biography in the usual sense of the word. She has aimed rather to set forth the principles which animate Father Pardow's life, and to do it as much as possible in his own words. Owing to the brief character of the notes left by Father Pardow, many of them hardly more than gems of thought, the author's plying and filling in made direct quotations frequently impossible, but the thoughts and expressions of the Jesuit illumine every page.

This book is in its essence the story of the training of the Jesuit, concretely of a man who responded fully to that training, whose life was a direct outgrowth of those great principles taken literally which St. Ignatius gave to his little band as their working principles. Here is a man, who brought them to bear in practice directly and without reservation of any kind, without thought of self, or fear of others. He fought so gallantly that few suspected the struggle. Yet the scars of battle showed plainly on his face, deeply lined, emaciated with suffering but surrounded by that calm brow and serene glance which told of victory.

It is truly a speaking likeness of the celebrated Jesuit that looks out from these pages. He tells us "When I had made up my mind to become a Jesuit, I sat down and cried." But having put his hand to the plough he was not one to turn back. When his superior some time later had decided that owing to physical weakness, of which severe headaches were a distressing symptom, he must give up the idea of being a Jesuit, young Pardow obediently made his preparations for departure, but his sense of vocation was so strong that he got no further than the doorstep, and there he sat, determined and patient, asking for one more trial, until Father Perron readmitted him. From that time on it would seem that his health improved, or else that our Lord accepted him. To those who recall Father Pardow's wonder-

ful preaching in later years, it seems incredible that his early efforts at preaching were below, rather than above the average, and that the young Jesuit struggled for many years before he attained that security of touch, that knowledge of human nature, that combined vividness and austerity of style, that carrying power of voice, and clearness of diction, produced without apparent effort, which combined to make his preaching what it was. Yet not one of these things were his by nature; not one was his when he emerged from his seventeen years of training. He won them for himself laboriously at the price of incredible pain.

Nevertheless, he was firmly convinced that his vocation was to preach, and nothing could shake his conviction. The author tells how painstakingly he set to work to perfect himself in that vocation. And so well did he succeed each year that his style grew more transparent and luminous and concrete, each idea was more simplified, but the application made was so vivid and personal, so vital and living that it is a common experience among his hearers to remember the subjects they heard him treat not only in his words but in his characteristic voice and manner, and this for the rest of their lives.

In the chapter of Father Pardow's dealing with penitents and converts, the latter being of every class and every degree of mental equipment, we read with interest that as Father Pardow grew older he counted more upon the power of prayer and less upon mere argument. About five years before he died he wrote: "Prayer is what is needed. Argument comes often from pride. Prayer is humility."

One could go on interminably quoting vitally interesting passages from these noble records of a noble life. The author understood her subject well and her summing up of the lessons of Father Pardow's life is complete, comprehensive and clear. He was not made of different clay from the rest of us. He started out with no advantage over mankind in general. It might be rather said that he began his fight under handicaps. His life is a record of hard work balanced by the realization that work is not enough; of boundless faith and dependence on the power of prayer balanced by the realization that though prayer will remove mountains when necessary it will not take the place of a pickaxe in removing the every-day boulders that block our paths. He was a man of clear and powerful intellect, who knew the limitations of the human mind and acted on that knowledge; a man wholly given to God, who neglected no human means of serving Him, and did not expect supernatural power to take the place of human effort, but rather to reinforce it. He made use of human instruments with all their intrinsic imperfections and turned them to heavenly pitch. What he has done we may all do. This is the real lesson of his life.

### THE IRISH BISHOPS AND THE NEED OF NAVY CHAPLAINS

The standing Committee of the Irish Bishops (of which Cardinal Logue is Chairman and the Bishops of Waterford and of Cloyne are Secretaries) at its meeting on Tuesday issued the following: Scarcely any of the catastrophes that occur in the course of a great war so appal the minds of the people as the destruction, now so rapid, of a battleship, with all its freight of brave men. If soldiers in the trenches need to be well prepared to meet death by the timely ministrations of religion, the sailors in the fighting line at sea stand no less in need of proper facilities to receive the Last Sacraments. Yet it is within our knowledge that Catholics wounded in the fleet since this devastating war began had no opportunity to see a chaplain for months before they were confronted with death. Therefore, as pastors of our brave men, who are so heroic in the service of the State, we will not, and cannot, cease to cry out till their spiritual rights are duly protected. A much larger number of chaplains, and much improved facilities are absolutely necessary. Something has to be done at once corresponding with what has been recently arranged, with great advantage, as we gladly recognize, for supplying the ministrations of religion to Catholics in hospital and in the field.—The Tablet.

### CARDINAL MERCIER'S MESSAGE

From The Presbyterian Witness, Halifax  
Editor Presbyterian Witness:

Sir,—One of the noblest, most exalted and most exalting of human documents is the Pastoral of Cardinal Mercier, recently suppressed by the Germans. It is an intensely Christian as it is a sanely patriotic and profoundly pathetic. Indeed, the spirit of pure and beautiful Christianity which breathes through it, is its distinguishing characteristic, its crowning glory. It is like the white winged angel of light, dashed from the war, and murder and rapine surging and bellowing beneath. No one need wonder that the Germans ordered its suppression, forbade the Belgians to hear it, and sent their minions to imprison and attempt to intimidate its author. That was in strict accordance with all their recent record for suicidal stupidity.

Had Cardinal Mercier's message been allowed to go without question to the tortured Belgians to whom it was addressed, probably few of them would ever have heard of it, they being completely under the iron heel of Germany, and, for the time being, voiceless. But by their own brutal blundering, the Germans have given world wide wings to Cardinal Mercier's Pastoral. Round and round the globe it will circulate wherever there are Christian ears to hear it or civilized hearts to understand. One can fancy none unmoved by it except Germany's Turkish hirelings. Even enlightened Mohammedan minds must respond to it as inevitably as all Christian souls.

To be at all appreciated aright, or its unique merits comprehended as they should, the Pastoral must be read in full, and every one of its words and sentiments weighed as they deserve. The personal element naturally premeates the whole of it. In almost every sentence the Cardinal discloses his ardent love of his native land, and his anguish over its sufferings. Yet not a note of bitterness mingles with the thrilling melody of his sorrow, his faith and his hope. He is a stricken man who realizes the full how terribly his beloved people have been struck, yet he counsels and encourages them only as Christ Himself might have done. When disposed, at first, to murmur at the sufferings of his country and to ask if God had forgotten, he tells us, "I looked upon Jesus, most gentle and humble Lamb of God, crushed, clothed in His blood as a garment," and remembered that "The Christian is the servant of a God Who became man in order to suffer and die. To rebel against pain, to permit grief and bereavement to be a revolt against Providence because it forgets whence we came, the school in which we have been taught, the example that each of us carries graven in the name of Christian."

There is nothing in the whole Pastoral to which even modern Huns could rationally object except the irrefutable testimony which it bears to their vile misdeeds. It was such evidence as the following that they evinced, and foolishly hoped, to suppress. They have only helped to publish it.

"In my diocese alone," says the Cardinal-Bishop, "I know that 18 priests or religious were put to death. One of these, the parish priest of Gerolde, suffered, I believe, a veritable martyrdom. We can neither number our dead nor compute the measure of our ruin." Made in Germany falsehoods will be of small avail against such damning truth from such a source.

No more splendid and impressive definition of true patriotism has ever been given than that which Cardinal Mercier embodies in his Pastoral. He writes:

"Our country is not a mere concourse of persons or families inhabiting the same soil, having amongst themselves relations more or less intimate, of business, of neighborhood, of a community of memories happy or unhappy. 'Not so; it is an association of living souls subject to a social organization to be defended and safeguarded at all costs; even the cost of blood, under the leadership of order and an internal principle. Patriotism is an internal principle. Patriotism is an organic bond of order and unity, an organic bond of the members of a nation, placed by the finest thinkers of Greece and Rome at the head of natural virtues. And the religion of Christ makes of patriotism a positive law; there is no perfect Christian who is not also a perfect patriot."

Cardinal Mercier sustains this thesis by absolutely convincing argument, the elaborateness of which forbids its being reproduced here in full. His conclusion is that the interior order of a nation founded upon Justice, and Justice itself is absolute only because it formulates the essential relation of man with God and of man with man. Moreover, war for the sake of war is a crime. \* \* \* When, therefore, humble soldiers whose heroism we praise answer us with characteristic simplicity, 'We only did our duty,' or 'We were bound in honor' they express the religious character of their Patriotism. Which of us does not feel

that Patriotism is a sacred thing, and that a violation of national dignity is in a manner a profanation and a sacrilege?"

After this follows one of the most wonderful and memorable of passages:

"But, if I am asked what I think of the eternal salvation of a brave man who has consciously given his life in defence of his country's honor and in vindication of violated justice, I shall not hesitate to reply, that, without any doubt whatever Christ crowns his military valor; and that death, accepted in this Christian spirit, assures the safety of that man's soul. Greater love than this no man hath that a man lay down his life for his friends. And the soldier who dies to save his brothers, and to defend the hearths and altars of his country reaches the highest of all degrees of charity."

The Pastoral in the most practical and direct manner gives loving, fatherly advice to the Belgians on how they should conduct themselves in view of the present German possession of the greater part of their country. It counsels no patriotism or patriotic hope, but it urges patience and toleration, and it solemnly warns against useless violence. There is not a word in it, from beginning to end, which should displease the Germans, were they other than what they have of late proved themselves to be, with the exception of the witness which it bears to the barbarities and brutalities of their entry into Belgium. Thanks to their blundering, short-sighted stupidity, all the world will now hear Cardinal Mercier's testimony against them, which might otherwise have remained almost as a sealed book.

W. E. MACLELLAN  
February 5, 1915.

### "BAITING" LORD ABERDEEN

Perhaps Lord Aberdeen would, on the whole, act wisely did he decide to choose some subsidiary title other than "Tara"—if his "promotion" in the peerage necessitates any addition to the historic name of "Aberdeen." But we do not suggest that he should abandon "Tara" in response to the hypocritical series of "protests" penned for English Tory journals during the past few days by gentlemen who wrote "with their tongues in their cheeks." The retiring Lord Lieutenant is a Scotman; and if Tories bar Scots from any connection, actual or sentimental, with this country, there will be a wonderful exodus from some parts of our native land. As a Scot, and a member of the Highlands, Lord Aberdeen is a Gael. While King Lugalbh reigns over Ireland in A.D. 503, Fergus, Angus, and Lorn, the sons of Erc, left Dalriada and established themselves, with a regular colony of Ulster Irishmen, on the shores of Argyll, whence their descendants spread to the North and East so rapidly that when Columbus crossed the Sea of Moyle some years thereafter he found himself amongst kinsmen who hailed him as a brother.

It was not until A. D. 568 that some holy but ill-tempered and impolitic king cursed Tara—according to the Annals of Clonmacnoise—and ruined its reputation as a dwelling place of kings; so the present Lord Aberdeen's remote ancestors carried memories of Tara as a Royal seat with them into Caledonia. "Tara" has been used as a title in the Peerage by past persons whose right to do so was no more defensible than that of any Gaelic Highlander. One of them was a Dutchman—the son of Marshal Schomberg—the other was a Preston who got the title as a reward for foul and flagrant treachery at the period of the Union. And now, let us suppose the Marquis of Londonderry was "raised a step" in the Peerage, and that he decided to call himself "Duke of Londonderry and Tara"; would the letter-writers, and polemicists, and other camp-followers of Toryism wax angry over such an identification of Royal Tara with the memory and title of the wretched knave who then his own? Not a word of protest "first cut his throat" or uttered under the circumstances; nor would the busy bees of the Tory camp have howled aloud in the columns of Lord Northcliffe's bitter and unscrupulous anti-Irish press, if the London Gazette announced last week the actual "creation" of the "Duke of Clanciarde and Tara," or the "Earl of Ashdown and Tara," or the "Marquis of Midleton and Tara." The "protest" here is merely a Tory's political manoeuvre—a "faked" performance carried out by persons whose daily occupation is libelling and ridiculing Ireland, and sympathized with by the gang who made Lord Curzon of Hedleston an "Irish (i) Representative Peer." One (bogus) Scotman wants to know what would his countrymen think if an Irishman called himself the Marquis of Bannockburn or Holyrood. We do not suppose any sensible Scot would care a button; certainly no sensible Irishman bothers himself in the slightest degree about the titles of peers; they deal with men, not with titles; they

would regard exterminators, defamers, and malignants named Nooks, Snooks, and Spooks with the feelings that are awakened by the titles of Clanciarde, Mayo, and Midleton. Mr. William Watson, the panegyrist of Orangism, has been moved to rhyme on the subject. He says: God made me English—English thro' and thro'; But bound to Ireland by one bond supreme, I know her soul—something unknown to you— Her vision and her passion and her dream.

If Mrs. Watson has not wearied of her William's inveterate habit of "jugging in" a reference to her Irish birth at every conceivable opportunity, we can assure her that readers of her husband's verses have become tired of it. Mr. Watson's claim to know the soul of Ireland is not merely ridiculous—it is decidedly impertinent. It is in England only that the stupid affair has attracted the slightest attention; and we are reminded daily that England is fighting a desperate battle for her very existence. So she is; so are Ireland and Scotland; but it is in England only that we find tricksters and play-boys idle and indifferent enough to take part in the latest exhibition of "Aberdeen baiting." A few Irish Tories have joined the ranks of the baiters; but, as usual, they are only shoddy imitators of the English "humorists."—Irish Weekly and Ulster Examiner.

### SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT WAR

PRIEST SAYING MASS STRUCK BY SPILTING

Hazebronn, via Paris, Feb. 23.—A soldier priest was saying Mass yesterday in a church at Elverdun near Ypres, when a German shell exploded over the building. A portion of the missile came through the roof and struck the priest on the head. He was taken to the nearest ambulance where an operation was performed and it is hoped he will recover, although his condition is serious.

DESTRUCTION OF AN ALGATIAN VILLAGE

Within the last three months the Germans have not had many opportunities of returning to any village in Alsace, out of which they have been driven by the French. What they would do may be imagined from the following account by Mr. A. Beaumont, the Daily Telegraph special correspondent in the Vosges:

The Germans, driven out of any of the villages and enabled to return to them temporarily, show no mercy to the inhabitants. This does not tend to improve the relations between them and the natives. At Sengern, not far from Gebwiller, which the Germans recaptured after they had been driven out by the French, they took a terrible vengeance. They collected all the empty tins and bottles in the valley, filled them with petroleum, and started systematically to set fire to the houses. The petroleum bottles were placed in front of the houses to be burnt, three or five, or more, according to the size of the house, and an officer then distributed a certain number of gangs of soldiers, who with firebrands went through the village and threw the petroleum bottles into the houses and set fire to them. The officer himself undertook to superintend the burning of the village church. Among the men pressed into this service there was a Catholic soldier. He openly refused to help in the task, and for this refusal he was court-martialled the next day and shot. The other soldiers blindly obeyed the officer. They first smashed the high altar, the pulpit, the confessionals, and the organ, and then split the petroleum over the debris. When all was ready they set fire to it, and the sacred building was completely destroyed. Only four houses of the village escaped the burning.

SILENCING THE CHURCH BELLS

In the Manchester Guardian of Friday last week was printed part of the diary of a priest of Armentieres which had been sent by a Manchester firm with branch works in the town. Under the date of Saturday, October 10, is the following entry:

The town was occupied by the Germans at 6 a. m. coming from Nieppe. They at once close the Church of St. Louis, because they believe that the bells, which are rung every day for Mass, were rung specially to inform the French that the Germans had arrived. Other church bells were rung as usual. Monsieur L'Abbe Mourat, the curate in charge, who replaced the vicar when he joined the army, was allowed to finish the Mass, was then arrested and taken before the commander.

GERMANS BILLETED IN COLLEGE

On October 18, 100 dragoons and hussars, men and horses were billeted in the College in the town. The priest describes what happened as follows:

They stayed the night in the covered portion of the playground and I lit the big lamp. I opened two class-rooms for the men, but horses were put in them. The following day we objected to this, and they

took the horses into the playground and put men in the classrooms. At 1.00 a. m. officers arrive, amongst others a prince and two captains. They were very courteous. They asked for food and expressed a desire for chipped potatoes and jam, as we had no meat. The Sisters of Mercy served them, whilst I prepared rooms and beds. Only one of them, a young lieutenant, was objectionable, and he did his best to be so. That all went in order and to keep the men in their proper places. I was a strict disciplinarian combined with a night watchman. I was not in the least afraid.

A FRENCH PRIEST AND THE ENGLISH

The priest had an argument with one of the soldiers, which he thus describes:

After the officers had gone to bed I made the acquaintance of a young soldier, a law student. I had been speaking to the Prince (a gentleman in every respect) of the atrocities in Belgium, of the burning of Louvain, of Rheims Cathedral. I was surprised at my audacity, but went still further. I predicted their defeat by the English. "Read history," said I. "Have they ever been defeated at the finish? They may suffer defeat for a time, but at the end, all through their history, they have succeeded in defeating. A map of the world proves this." They listened and argued, but never threatened me. I was sure I was right.

INDESCRIBABLE FIFTH

Here is the picture of the place after the Germans left.

October 14, (Wednesday)—At 6 a. m. they prepare to leave. Coffee, milk, bread with plenty of butter for the officers, nothing for the men. I stood at the door and watched them all leave. They stole nothing. After this I was busy until 7.30 p. m. What dirt everywhere! The weather was threatening, but I went into the town to get the news and see how the people had fared. All uninhabited houses had been broken in, and in many cases the furniture broken as well. They took all eatables and wines, beer etc., and both men and horses passed the night in the houses. The filth was indescribable.

INDESCRIBABLE

FATHER DEGLISLE, OF OTTAWA, RECEIVES HIS BAPTISM OF FIRE

Ottawa, Feb. 14.—"I have received my baptism of fire, the ceremony lasting 36 hours, one day and two nights," writes Father Deglisle, formerly of the Notre Dame, Hull, Presbytery, in a letter received yesterday.

Rev. Father Deglisle, who was a French reservist, was called to the colors shortly after the outbreak of the war. He is now with the 21st Company of the 151st Brigade, French army, and at the time of writing was before Cernay, where some of the fiercest fighting of the war has taken place.

"I write with difficulty on my knees," he says, "with my paper on my pack in a trench within reach of the bodies of dozens of my comrades all leave. They stole nothing. After this I was busy until 7.30 p. m. What dirt everywhere! The weather was threatening, but I went into the town to get the news and see how the people had fared. All uninhabited houses had been broken in, and in many cases the furniture broken as well. They took all eatables and wines, beer etc., and both men and horses passed the night in the houses. The filth was indescribable."

REPORTED FINAL DECISION AGAINST DE CASTELLANE

Paris, Feb. 10.—The Journal states that the suit of Count Bon de Castellane for a declaration of nullity of his marriage to the Duchesse de Talleryrand, formerly Anna Gould, has been rejected by the Rota Tribunal at the Vatican. This is the third judgment, hence it is probably the last.

The Duchess has received no official communication concerning the decision, although she has received a private telegram from Rome confirming it. As she withdrew her intervention to the proceeding some months ago, it is possible that no official notification will be sent to her.

THIS IRISHMAN A HERO

The London Times relates the following story of a young Irishman's heroism:

A scouting party had been sent out to survey the surrounding country, when they were surprised by the Germans. All succeeded in making good their escape except a young Irishman, who was captured. Imagine the Irishman's surprise when he was told by a German officer that, on giving up his rifle he might return to his own lines.

He started to go back, but he had not gone a hundred yards when it suddenly dawned on him that this was a trap, and that the enemy wanted to ascertain the exact position held by the British. He turned, and faced the Germans. They ordered him to go forward. But he refused, and the next moment he fell to the ground, riddled with bullets.

### CATHOLIC NOTES

The will of Mrs. Elizabeth O'Connor, which was filed for probate in the surrogate's office, New York, February 6, leaves \$80,000 to Catholic charities.

In Bishop Jarosseau's Vicariate, Abyssinia, the majority of the lepers have abandoned the Mohammedan religion and embraced Christianity. The mission work carried out amongst the lepers is bearing fruit.

During 1913 the Apostleship of the Press in Spain published 373,000 volumes, 31,000 booklets, and distributed 43,000 publications free of charge in the various institutions of that country.

Pope Benedict has turned over for the use of children made orphans in the recent earthquake the papal palace at Castel Gandolfo, 13 miles south-east of Rome on Lake Albano. The refugees will be under the patronage of Queen Helena.

One of the most recent additions to the growing list of converts in Kerrville, Texas, is the wife of Vincent J. McAteer, editor of the Comfort News and one of the organizers of the State bank in that village. Mrs. McAteer's sister, Miss Thelma Redmond, was received into Mother Church last summer.

A notable conversion was made at St. Joseph's Church, Grand Junction, Colo., recently when Miss Harriett L. Weir, only daughter of Rev. O. J. Weir, an active member of the Presbyterian clergy of that city, was taken into the Catholic Church. She was born and raised a Presbyterian and was a prominent member of the Church.

There were at least 80,000 persons present at the great public demonstration in Dublin under the auspices of the National Catholic Total Abstinence Congress. Forty special trains brought temperance advocates from all parts of the country, and thousands were unable to attend, owing to the fact that the rolling stock was not equal to the demand upon it. It is estimated that at least 87,000 persons came from the provinces to participate in the demonstration.

An event of great interest and importance to the Catholics of Cudworth, England, has taken place at that village. Father O'Shaughnessy, parish priest of Grimthorpe, celebrated Mass in the Workingmen's Club in that village recently. It is the first time for over three hundred years that Mass has been offered there, and naturally it was the occasion of great joy to local Catholics, who assembled in large numbers in the spacious hall of the club, where an improvised altar had been erected.

The New Zealand Tablet tells us that the new Apostolic Delegate to Australia, the Most Reverend Archbishop Cerretti, will reach Wellington, New Zealand, the last week in February, and will be accorded a royal welcome by the Catholics of that country. All the Bishops will be present and as the Dominion Council of the Catholic Federation will be in session, the Catholic laity will be well represented. Mgr. Cerretti will then proceed to his official residence at Sidney, New South Wales.

Father Michael Dowling, S. J., died on Saturday afternoon, February 13, at Kansas City, just one week after the death of his brother, Rev. J. A. Dowling, S. J., of Chicago. Father Michael Dowling was a scholarly man and a great administrator, possessing great ability for college building. He was the founder of Rockhurst College in Kansas City, and succeeded in putting Creighton University at Omaha on its present footing. He was well known in the province, and had at one time represented the Jesuit Fathers of this province at Rome.

Mr. Kimball, ex-judge of Texarkana, Texas, but making his home now in Stamps, Ark., was received into the Church recently by the pastor of St. Mark's Church, who resides in Hope, Ark. Judge Kimball was preceded into the Church by two of his daughters, one of whom has become a religious. The family was of the Baptist faith and their conversion resulted from an examination of the teaching of the Church. The daughters were led to examine Catholic doctrine by listening to the columns about the Church. The result was, that both entered the Church, one embracing the religious state. Mrs. Kimball, wife of the judge, is now under instruction.

Bishop Everaerts, O. F. M., of China, writes that his work has met with great success. Of the newly converted, 2,000 have received the sacrament of baptism, and in a province where before the change of government took place there was not a single Catholic church or school, there is now to be found a flourishing Christianity. Two hundred Tartar children attend the Catholic schools daily, and in the workshops provided for the women, 300 are being instructed by the Sisters in different branches of manual labor. Already many of them are able to earn a living for themselves, and the prospects for the coming generation are very bright.

BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT

By ANNA C. MROGUS

CHAPTER XIII

Three days passed. On the first Preston had met Teresa, escorted her home, and asked permission to take her for a drive the following afternoon. On both occasions he had been cordial and friendly as of old, and the heart of the girl was somewhat set at rest. She had, at first, been sorely puzzled and not a little grieved by his constant and unusual absence. She thought, perhaps, she had given him offense by her words at the graveyard and trembled lest he should have driven this wandering soul farther away from its true abiding place. In her trouble she wrote a long letter to Sister Mechtildis. On the morning of the day after the drive with Preston, the answer came.

"My Beloved Child," wrote the nun, "your letter is one that calls for an immediate answer. I am pained to note your despondency, your murmurs against your new life. You speak with longing of the peace, the tranquillity, the beauty of life at Loreto. Ah, child! What makes it peaceful? Resignation to the will of God, which ordained that we should give our lives to Him in the schoolroom and the cloister. What makes it tranquil? Faithfully performing the work ordained for us, no matter what the pain, what the repugnance; steadfastly holding before our eyes the example of Christ, our Master, who was subject unto His creatures in the lowly house of Nazareth; yet who sedulously closed His ears against the calls of His Mother and His brethren, when the work entrusted to His hands by the Father was to be accomplished. What makes life at Loreto beautiful? Sacrifice. In the true, the perfect religious nothing remains of self. In the furnace of abnegation her soul has been purified. These are the keys to the happiness of convent life. Think you that they are easily found? That when found they are readily fitted into the lock? Nay, child. We are but human. We reach upward by faithful, patient, hopeful striving. Are not God's will, God's work, God's demand for sacrifice, in the world also? If we fretted against God's will in the convent, disregarded His work, refused Him our sacrifice, could we throw over our lives this peace, tranquillity and beauty? Is your life a hard one? God mapped it out for you, and by accepting it as a manifestation of His will toward you, you find the key to the abode of peace. Is your work ungenial? He selected it for you. By accepting it as His decree you find the key to tranquillity. Is there a sacrifice confronting you? It came not without God's design. He intends that by it you shall crown your life with undying beauty. Thus you may have in the noisy, troublous world the peace, calm and beauty of the cloister.

"Some passages of your letter perplex me, as when you say, rather irrelevantly, that there is a mission for you, but something in your heart seems to ward you away from it. Is that mission a worthy one? Is it the brightening of human lives? Is it the bettering of human hearts? Is it the reclaiming, through God's mercy, of human souls? If it is any of these, it is a worthy one, and, child, dare you let any earthly motive, any selfish desire, stand between you and your call to do this work? Christ lived to show man how to accomplish the Father's will. Are you, too, to be one of the great, great many upon whom the divine lesson is lost? What is that 'something' in your heart? Examine it carefully. Is it fear of what the world may think or say? A desire not to run counter to the wishes of your friends? The promptings of easily hurt vanity? Or the voice of self-bidding you to avoid sacrifice, urging you to grasp the joys desired and within your reach, and leave the work which calls for abnegation forever undone. Dear, if that 'something' is any of these it is unworthy of you. It is not the way we expected our little Teresa to conduct herself in the great conflict; and I believe that if you have ever wavered, you will now hark back to the old command, where the loyal souls are fighting; that you will strike down fear and weakness, longings for flight or surrender, and live out in your great, sorrowful world as true a life as lived in the cloister."

There were other pages, filled with gossip about Loreto and its dwellers, but it was to the first part of the letter that Teresa's eyes returned, and the words sank into her heart. What had happened since Saturday evening by the graveyard that had made the conversion of Preston Martins, the reclamation of his father, seem of less moment to her, made her push farther and farther away the thought that their souls were worth any sacrifice? That following Monday morning, St. John Worthington, contrary to his custom, had waited to breakfast with her, and that evening he had walked home with her from the college. He had accepted invitations to entertainments which included her, and while his attentions to her had not been marked, they were apparent enough to make her marvel at the change which had come over him and the corresponding happiness it had awakened in her heart. In the joy which had taken possession of her, former interests grew less important. It did not now appear such an overwhelming calamity that the world was misjudging her relations with

the Martins, and she even came to forgive Mrs. Halpin for her cruel words. But thought of the Martins was not without attendant painful reflection. What had become of Preston these many days? She recalled the sadness which had shadowed his face as he said good-bye the Sunday evening when he had driven her home, a sadness which had crept into her own heart and remained there for many hours afterwards. It was the remembrance of that sadness, and perchance remorse that made her, in a fit of melancholy, write her half-incoherent letter to Sister Mechtildis.

The answer came in one of those hours of high exaltation which intensely imaginative natures experience, and which are often followed by days of despondency, during which they drift along with the current of the life around them, as weak and helpless as a straw cast upon the bosom of a river. As she read, her spirit caught fire from the words. To sacrifice self, lay her own desires and hopes and joys down on the altar! In her present mood, and with Sister Mechtildis' words ringing in her brain this seemed an easy thing to do. But when the long day's work was finished, and she turned from the familiar college doors, the young heart was crying out its rebellion. She longed for solitude, and as this was not to be found in her little room above Mrs. Halpin's parlor, she thought of the wood, the quiet, cool and extensive wood, where she had walked with Worthington that autumn day. When she found herself out of the town, she discontinued her rapid walking, and as she sauntered under the green canopy made by the oaks edging the road, her mind returned to the day on which she had first walked this way. All came back with that startling distinctness which memory can give to some pictures, and she felt the too-frequent sigh rising to her lips. Entering the wood she followed a grassy path until it led her to a place screened from the eyes of the occasional passer on the country road. Here she seated herself, for she was weary. The long months of work, and the not less severe exactions of social life, had left her physically exhausted, while the high pitch at which her sensitive, imaginative mind was almost constantly sustained, aided bodily nervousness in reducing vitality. Sometimes, of late, this intense, quivering life had been extinguished in apathy, scarcely less painful, and then she craved to lay her head on Sister Mechtildis' lap, weep over the bitterness of her life, acknowledge the humiliation of her defeat, and beg her to love and protect the woman as she had done the child. As she sat under the tree, with the declining May sun sending its light down on her in shivers, golden rays that listlessness of mind and body again overtook her, and while her heartbeats sounded dull and heavy in her ears, leaden-footed thoughts carried her from past to present and from present to past again. All her social triumphs passed before her mind, and they looked tawdry and insignificant, shorn now of the evanescent beauty that had been poured over them by enjoyment; while the remembered praise of her work from the college faculty and thankful parents was as monotonous and uninspiring as the buzzing of bees. What did it all amount to—homage to beauty, praise for successful effort? Homage had fed her vanity, praise her ambition, until these passions bade fair to become the motive powers of her life. These were the keys to turmoil and unrest, and yet she had expected them to unclog her from the abiding place of peace and tranquillity! She took Sister Mechtildis' letter from her pocket, and spreading it out on her knees, let her eyes pass over its familiar words. The enthusiasm they had called forth in the morning was gone, but the determination they had awakened remained. Life was not given her to be fretted away as she had done with it during the past year. Her work she loathed, her one prayer was for deliverance from it; but from this time forth, she would do it not for the foolish desire of commendation, but because it was the work which God had designed for her, and she would perform it without murmuring, although her heart should break under it. It was slavery. She knew that she was fitted for another, better sphere, and she read this: opinion on the faces of all whom she met. She would have scorned to accept their most delicately-proffered assistance, would she take, almost court, their pity? At the thought, indignation leaped up in her and it aroused her half-paralyzed mental faculties. Pity from the Martins and their friends? Pity from St. John Worthington? Pity from Mrs. Halpin and her boarders? God helping her, they should never again be given cause to suggest, delicately or indelicately, that her lot was harsh, almost unbearable, when it had been selected for her by the All-Wise and Greatest Love. As she reached the closing words of the Sister's second page, she raised her eyes. Yes, that was the motive that had made her regard with indifference, or strive to put from her, the work which had a few days ago, made to her its direct, compelling appeal? The warmth crept over her face and neck as conscience replied that it was the selfish pleasure she derived from the society of St. John Worthington. She recalled the inexplicable sorrow of George Martins' voice and face as he said to her that Saturday night that perhaps she would make good his failure to rear his son in the Faith, and even reclaim the father from the error of his ways? Her imagination carried her into the

depths of remorse where she thought that father dwell, because of his neglected duty; as if pictured for her the penalty, which, according to her belief, God would exact from him in the judgment hour because of this criminal remissness. Here was a soul to be assisted, perhaps saved from unutterable future woe, and she had dared to close her eyes against the peril of its situation! And who had been so kind to her as George Martins? Ah! but what was his reason? From some secret cell came a voice uttering that question, a voice of warning. She silenced it harshly. Was she again to be disturbed by the gossip of such a person as Mrs. Halpin?

And how sad Preston's face and voice had grown since that night! He had apologized for his absence by the simple statement that he had been mentally ill, and that he believed such patients should be kept alone and under treatment. This disquietude of mind she attributed to the religious study he had promised her to make. She was conscious of a change in his attitude toward her, a certain tenderness of voice and eyes against which she had inwardly rebelled was gone, replaced by an expression which she could not analyze, but which brought a dull ache to her heart. Might he not be waging a fierce battle against the enemy of his soul? And in this time of his turmoil, she had not given him the assistance of a prayer, she had almost forgotten him in her new happiness. She despised herself at that reflection, as she wished that she could hate the one who had made her false to her better, nobler nature. Instead, the thought of him seemed to enter her soul with giant power and thrust out every other sentiment, save this strangely sweet feeling. Against it, after a moment of yielding, the sacrificial desire to which the Sister's words had given birth began its first struggle.

Then there fell on her ears the noise made by some one jumping over the stone fence. In her heart lived an old, haunting, unaccountable fear of Indians, and although she knew this fear was groundless, it made the cold perspiration break on her brow and sent a shivering along her frame. Nearer came the feet, and gathering her fast-falling strength, she sprang from her place on the grass, and flung herself into the young thicket that grew back of the oak tree. There she waited, scarcely daring to breathe, and she noted that the sun had set and the weird fission of twilight was creeping through the forest. As the walker came to the oak tree, he paused, and the girl's breath came in gasps, for she remembered that she had left the envelope on the grass, on reopening her letter. She was preparing to make a wild race to the road, should the feet turn toward the place of concealment, when she heard Worthington's voice calling softly, as if to himself.

The tones thrilled her heart with undreamed of joy, made every fibre of her being leap with glad tumultuous life. "Teresa!" he spoke the name again, in softer, sadder tones, lingering on it.

The girl's arms dropped to her side. "Sacrifice! sacrifice!" The words fell like blows upon her brain. There, almost within touch of her hand, was joy calling to her and here was pain savagely holding her alone in the darkness. She felt that the supreme moment of her life had come. She must either choose that joy or sacrifice it that she might perform her mission. He went down the woodlands' grassy path, and when she did not hold him back, she knew her choice was made; but something seemed to snap in her heart. She stole from the thicket, fled up the walk toward the road, and half an hour later was at home. Mrs. Halpin met her at the door, with a white, anxious face.

"I went out for a walk into the country," explained Teresa, hurrying upstairs.

"Didn't you see Mr. Worthington? He came home early and not finding you here, went out to meet you."

"I missed him," she said hoarsely, from the steps and crept blindly to her room. As she looked into the mirror she shuddered to see that in her eyes and around her mouth was the sadness that overshadowed the face of Mr. Worthington and made Preston Martins' unfamiliar.

CHAPTER XIV

The next day was Saturday and as Teresa unclosed her eyes, after the fall stumble into which she had fallen toward morning, and thought of the long day with no employment stretching mercilessly before her, she realized that a blessing was the work she had despised. She had neither the physical strength nor moral courage to rise and face it, beginning as it did with meeting Worthington at the breakfast table, feeling his and the other men's critical eyes as she explained her absence of the evening previous, which, as she had learned from the negro maid, had been the cause of some comment and not a little anxiety.

"I might as well be in a prison," she thought bitterly. "Mrs. Halpin's surveillance is becoming unbearable, and the watch kept by her boarders on me and my affairs is insulting. I shall write to Mother to-morrow and tell her I am not happy here, and she turned her white face again to her pillow. When the girl tapped at the door with the warm water, Teresa told her that she did not require it

yet; whereupon the negro inquired anxiously through the keyhole. "Is you sick, Miss Creasy?" "I am not feeling very well," replied poor Teresa, "but Martha," she commanded, "don't say anything about it to Mrs. Halpin."

The admonition was spoken to this air for the servant had flown down the stairs and in the next moment was saying to Mrs. Halpin, that "Miss Creasy wuz awful sick, an' couldn't git up to unfans 'de doh'."

Thoroughly alarmed, Mrs. Halpin climbed the stairway as hurriedly as her ample proportions would permit. "Teresa," she called out, between gasps of breath, "are you sick, dear?" "Oh, no! Mrs. Halpin," answered Teresa, sitting up in the bed, with impatience on her face and in her voice. "When I told Martha I was not feeling well, I meant I am tired and want to rest."

But Mrs. Halpin was not to be thus put off, for visions of Teresa's illness and death were rising before her, all due to her want of precaution toward this poor, motherless girl. Had she a headache? she asked tremulously from behind the closed door. No. Couldn't she drink a cup of coffee and eat a piece of toast? No. Not even take a little coffee? No. Her'n't she better send for the doctor and let him prescribe a tonic? No. Wouldn't she like Martha to bathe her face and brush her hair? No. There was something in the brief replies that mocked her solicitude, and Mrs. Halpin abruptly abandoned her post by the door, declaring to herself that she didn't know what had come over the girl. As the hours passed and there was no sound in the little bedroom, Mrs. Halpin again mounted the narrow stairs and again knocked on the door. What is it? demanded Teresa. Was she better?

Yes. Was she up? No. Was she going to get up? Perhaps. Didn't she want a little breakfast? No. Was she sure that she had no headache, no pain? Quite sure. Couldn't she drink a cup of coffee? Certainly she could, but she did not want it. Would she like a cup of tea, or a glass of milk? She wanted neither. Was there anything she would like? There was something she would like very much indeed. And what was that? "To be let alone!" returned Teresa, and as she heard her persecutor's indignant "Huh!" she smiled. A little later Martha's soft, cat-like tread was on the stairs.

"O Miss Creasy! Miss Creasy!" she called in her shrill voice. "Yes," said Teresa. "Is yoh 'wake Miss Creasy?" "No," returned Teresa, "I am fast asleep," and Martha's lazy laugh followed.

"Lemme in, honey," said the servant. "I've got sum'fin' foh yoh." "Breakfast? I don't want any." "No, honey, 'tain't no break'as'. Missus is mad an' tole Sairy to give yoh break'as' to de dogs."

"What is it then?" asked Teresa, rising and leaning on an elbow. "A lettah. Yes, ma'am, a lettah! Mis' Ma'tins' man, he jest bring int' an' he's waitin' on de porch foh de anah."

Teresa arose and unlocked the door. "Whey," exclaimed Martha, as she entered, "yoh's not a bit sick!" "I didn't say that I was sick," said Teresa, taking the letter. "An' wats yoh go an' played possum foh, an' ak'er 'ole Missus' mo' to deat?" said the negro, as she began to move noiselessly around the room, settling chairs and adjusting curtains. "We wuz all 'most sure yoh wuz goin' to be sick, an' Missus she t'inks it's goin' to be fevah, an' she says at break'as' dat if Miss Creasy teke down, she ain't evah goin' to 'kivah, 'cause she ain't strong. An' de Majah he sez: Pahaw! dat dah ain't nuffin' de mat'ch wif ouh leetle gal, but he doan talk no mo' 'tall, and jus' gobble down his wif's, tell he ak'er 'less' he's 'goin' to chok' hisself. An' Mistah Benson he gins to talk an' laugh so loud, I jus' 'toun' 'roun' an' look at him, an' I sees him a-sittin' dah, sayin' 'all dem wile t'ings serbout politics, an' mekin' 'all dem jokes about mek, an' dah he is a-cuttin' up his mek, an' stuhun' his coffee, an' 'not techin' mouthful. An' de boys dey doan eat much an' doan talk eny, an' de Fessoh he look lak he done lose de las' frien' he has. An' den Mistah Benson, he sez, all of a sudden, at Missus doan t'ink dat he bettah call at de Doctah's rapot, ez he goes down town, an' hev him to come up see Miss Creasy; an' Missus she shakes h'ed an' sez tain't no use, foh yoh done said dat yoh won't see no doctah. An' den dey all goes away, ceptin' Mistah Worvingun, he sits and looks at Missus, an' she looks at him. An' den Missus she bur' into tears, an' he goes 'way."

Retrospectively, she went away. The tears came to her eyes. She ought to have been accustomed to it. This was but a repetition of many a Sunday morning—of every Sunday morning for the last three years. Here was the root of the big sorrow Honor clasped to her breast. Seven years earlier she had married Mike Casey, and had at first been happy with him. He was a strong, big-hearted fellow, simple as a child. How often she prayed to God to bless their lives. But her husband began to drink. "A good man's fault," said the neighbors: "he hurs no one but himself, poor fellow." Worse was to come. Two years harvest in England sowed the seeds of unbelief in his heart. He had read pamphlets, heard lectures which he but vaguely understood, but whose teaching he imbibed. He would become emancipated, would free himself from the superstitions of ages as great thinkers had done. He told himself secretly in his heart that he was an unbeliever.

So Honor dressed little Pateen, and made him ready for the church. Dressed herself, and both went to last Mass. She knew not why she felt so lonely. It was a beautiful morning when but an hour earlier, she stood, with golden peace in her heart, looking out on the smiling fields. It was still as beautiful, but the bitterness of despair was in her heart. The dark wings of fear and coming sorrow shut out the brightness of the day, leaving her in the twilight gloom of doubt and dread. She tried to shake off the oppressive weight from her spirit, but could not.

Mrs. Dempsey's talk, as they walked to the little church shaded by the centuries old moss-covered elms, was almost intolerable. What did she, who talked so piteously of troubles because her hens were nesting where the eggs could not be found, know of real sorrow? The irony of it. She had to nurse her trouble in silence for her breast when her husband, whom she loved next to God and His saints, was a drunkard and an unbeliever. She tried to keep a brave face, and show an interest in her companion's little worries, to pretend they were of momentous importance, though all the while she was conscious of failure. It was with a feeling of great joy she passed through the gate to the church. Here she would have peace for a time.

"Pateen," she whispered, as she brushed back the hair from his forehead and straightened his collar, "pray harder than ever to-day that I may get what I want."

"Yes, mammy. Do you want it badly?" I have a penny faddy gave me. I'll give it to you." "It's not money this time," she smiled, "but pray hard."

She knelt in wrapt attention, in deep prayer. Her heart went upward on the wings of love to God's throne, asking, beseeching, groaning for mercy for her husband. She raised her head to look towards the altar. Near it was a picture of the Blessed Virgin and Child. It was a cheap lithograph, a hideous production, yet the world's masterpieces were miserable caricatures compared with what Honor Casey saw. She looked beyond the picture on which her eyes rested. The Virgin Mother was there, there in the little church shaded by the centuries-old moss-covered elms. The eyes of faith saw her in all her beauty and loveliness. Honor looked in silence for a long time. Then she prayed.

Was it a fancy. No, no. The Blessed Mother gave an answering smile. Yes, there was a smile on her face, a smile of sweetness and love. She moved from the picture towards her.

The noise of the people leaving the church brought Honor back to earth again. In a moment she raised her eyes to the picture, but it was only a picture.

Again as she went home with the sense of impending doom weighed heavy on her spirit. She feared with a terrible fear she knew not what. She hurried so fast that little Pateen began to whimper, but in silence he never came to an end? After what appeared an age she reached the house. With a deep sigh of relief and thankfulness she saw her husband was inside. Now she knew what it was she feared. He was safe. Nothing had happened to him. With a glad cry she sprang forward. He repulsed her. "None of that," he cried, harshly, "you've fooled me long enough. You'll do it no more."

Reluctantly, she went away. The tears came to her eyes. She ought to have been accustomed to it. This was but a repetition of many a Sunday morning—of every Sunday morning for the last three years. Here was the root of the big sorrow Honor clasped to her breast. Seven years earlier she had married Mike Casey, and had at first been happy with him. He was a strong, big-hearted fellow, simple as a child. How often she prayed to God to bless their lives. But her husband began to drink. "A good man's fault," said the neighbors: "he hurs no one but himself, poor fellow." Worse was to come. Two years harvest in England sowed the seeds of unbelief in his heart. He had read pamphlets, heard lectures which he but vaguely understood, but whose teaching he imbibed. He would become emancipated, would free himself from the superstitions of ages as great thinkers had done. He told himself secretly in his heart that he was an unbeliever.

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dazed feeling from his brain. Honor sat by the table reading. "Mammy, may I go to fish?" asked Pateen. "I seen a big trout at the bridge, and I want to get him."

"Stay with mammy like a good boy, and I'll tell you a nice story," she said, clasping him in her arms. "But, mammy, I want the trout, an' I'll have to go to school to-morrow," he coaxed.

"All right, but won't you take care of my little boy, and don't go too near the water?" "Good mammy," he cried, kissing her. "I'll give you the trout for your supper. Won't you give me a little bit, just the tail?" he asked. "You'll have him every bit, darling. You may give me a bit if you like."

Again she kissed him, and he ran away joyously, pausing at the door to assure her that the trout would be hers.

Honor sat at the table by the window, reviewing the past, trying to lift the veil that hid the future. The stillness, the heat of the afternoon overcame her, and she dropped asleep. A vivid flash of lightning, a deafening crash of thunder awoke her, and made her jump to her feet. The brightness of morning was gone. The beauty and smile of the sky had departed. Heavy black clouds had crept over the eastern horizon, high into the heavens. The lightning flashed. The blast shot across the sky, danced a moment, and plunged in fiery zig zags to the earth. Peal followed peal in quick succession. A merciless rain came down in heavy sheets. Her son was out and he was only a child. Hatless and coatless she rushed into the crashing storm. The vivid flashes struck terror in her soul, but love for her boy overcame her fear.

With quick steps she reached the little stone bridge where her child had gone. There was no trace of him. She called to him, but no answering cry came through the storm. A new terror entered her heart. The water of the little river ran turbid and yellow, in cruel swirls and gurgling eddies; an angry flood had come down the side of Slieve Rce. For a moment she stood fascinated, watching the heavy rain-drops lash the water into foam. With a moan she rushed along to Paul no Marb, eagerly scanning the banks of the river for trace of her son. The lightning blazed, as she raced madly onwards; the thunder came in quick, sharp cracks, like the crack of a mighty whip-lash in a giant's hand, then died away in a dull rumble. She no longer feared the storm. Wild-eyed, her hair hanging in wet wisps behind her, she ran. Her wretches, her screams rang out above the storm. "My boy! my boy! My little lamb! Oh, God, give him back to me."

"Pateen, Pateen, where are you? Come to me," she screamed, but only the lightning flashed, the thunder pealed, and the heavy rain fell in thick sheets. Long Pat, sitting by the fire, heard the cries. He came to her.

"What's wrong Honor?" he asked. "My little boy, my little lamb," she moaned. "Can't find him. He's gone. Will you help me look for him?" He tried to say some words of comfort, faltered, was silent. No words of his were of any avail against the madness of fear and despair in the mother's heart. Three, four others joined them, and they continued the search. At last they stumbled across the little field, lying with fishing-rod clutched tightly in his hand, where he had been struck as he tried to reach home. His clothes crumpled at their touch. Honor threw herself on her knees beside him, covered his face with kisses, clasped him tightly to her breast, and pushing the hair back from his forehead, looked long and eagerly into his loving eyes for sign of recognition. He was dead to her loving words. Slowly she realized the meaning of the blackened face, and staring, wide open eyes.

He was not quite dead. There was a faint pulsation of the heart. They hurried home towards. They would have carried the little fellow, but she put them aside, clutched him tightly to her breast. It was a quiet procession that went to the little house with the ivy-covered gables. These strong men, who were so gay and light-hearted, felt the presence of death, and recognizing the weight of a mother's sorrow, walked silently behind her.

He was laid on his little white bed. A faint twitching of the eyelid, an almost imperceptible fluttering of the heart, was all that told he yet lived. The doctor who came gave no hopes of recovery. "Is there no chance?" Honor whispered. "No," he answered, tears springing into his eyes, for he knew the sadness that an empty cot brings. The storm passed as quickly as it came. The sun shone out in full glory again from a cloudless sky. The birds sang in joy around the house. The refreshed grass and leaves and flowers lifted up their heads in thanksgiving for the beneficent rain. Nature was now happier than it had been in the morning. But the heart of Honor Casey was heavy. The sun might shine, the birds might sing, joy could not enter her heart again. She sat by the bedside of her only child, whose death might any moment come, her drenched hair hanging on her shoulders, her soaking clothes clinging to her body, her face white as the face of the dead, her arms hanging in her lap, gazing at the face of her child. The men spoke in whispers, the women moved quietly around the house. Suddenly the silence was broken. From outside came the words of a

song in the thick voice of a drunken man: "But I more blessed than they...

Mike Conroy's staggering footsteps were coming to the door of his own house, where his only son was dying...

"Honour, Honour," he whispered. She looked scornfully towards him, then turned to her child.

"Oh, God, what will I do?" he said. The disbelief was gone, the faith of his childhood had returned in the face of great tribulation.

"Oh, God!" she cried in shame. "I've been a fool. Forgive my sins, Father, me, but give her back to me."

Honor understood all at that instant. Joy sprang into her eyes. Her prayers were at last answered.

A long shudder passed over the body of the child, as if in answer to the prayer. Then the eyes opened.

"Daddy, daddy, where was I?" he asked.

She clasped him impetuously to her heart. Was not God ten thousand times more than good!

GENERAL INTENTION FOR MARCH

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS PIUS X.

DEVOTION TO ST. JOSEPH

There is no mention of this great patriarch in the Bible except what is found in the first and third Gospels.

His name is met with in apocryphal works and in ancient martyrologies, but this distinction was given him chiefly because he was considered the last of the Old Testament saints.

It would be hard to believe, however, that in the course of ages, mystics and other pious persons, had not studied the life of the Spouse of Mary or nourished their souls with the lessons to be drawn from the Gospel story;

but authors tell us that public devotion to him, as we understand it now, was quite unheard of.

Any feast dedicated to his honor was unknown in the Eastern Church until the fifteenth century, when St. Vincent Ferrer and St. Bernardino of Siena became zealous promoters of devotion to St. Joseph.

Through their efforts Pope Sixtus IV. was persuaded to give public recognition to his cult and to introduce his feast into the Roman calendar.

More recent saints, like St. Theresa, St. Francis of Sales, and others, were also zealous promoters of the devotion.

Urban VIII., in 1642, made the feast a holy day of obligation, and Benedict XIII., in 1726, inserted the name of St. Joseph in the Litany of the Saints.

In 1871 Pius IX. placed the Universal Church under his protection, and, in the language of the ritual, raised his feast to a "double of the first class."

This is an imperfect outline of the history of the devotion to St. Joseph, and what one marvels at is that it took a saint, so highly privileged, so long a time to come into his own.

It may have been a special dispensation of Providence, which arranges all things wisely and well, that the prerogatives enjoyed by this glorious patriarch were not fully recognized, and that it was reserved till later ages for men to profit by the lessons of his life.

also the foster-father and natural protector of the Child of Mary Who was the Son of God made man.

He spent long years in familiar intercourse with the Incarnate Word at Nazareth, in Egypt and probably in Galilee. Artists revel in presenting him on his canvases with the infant Saviour in his arms or working with Him in his carpenter's shop.

Joseph saw Jesus growing from infancy to youth; for twelve years at least,—probably longer, for we know not when the patriarch died—he lived in intimate relationship with the Redeemer of men.

During those delicious years he heard words of wisdom falling from the lips of Wisdom itself; undoubtedly he had confided to Him many of the secrets of the Most High.

Until his death Joseph had the Divine Model constantly before him where he could contemplate Him and appreciate Him in sentiments of rapturous love.

He literally lived in the presence of God; and as a result he stored up treasures of holiness in his soul. In the end he died with Jesus Himself near his pillow, promising him heaven as the end of his well-filled life.

And yet the life and example of this just man was more or less hidden from our view for centuries. It is a hard task to sound the depths of the mysteries of Providence, and we dare not venture far; but God evidently had His own reasons for withholding the example of St. Joseph from the world for so long a time, thereby preventing the devotion to this great saint from flowering in the souls of hundreds of millions.

However the Church has at last given him to us as a model to study and admire, while at the same time she urges us to seek opportunities to invoke his intercessory power.

This should not be a difficult task for us, for St. Joseph, having been the head of the holiest family that ever lived, is a model for men in every walk of life, just as he is the protector of Christian homes, and the patron of a good death.

Those in lofty station can learn to be humble like Joseph, who was of the royal house of David. If they fulfil honorable functions among their fellowmen those functions are not greater than the ones exercised by St. Joseph, who was the foster father of the world's Redeemer.

The poor and lowly who have to earn their bread in the sweat of their brow, may get inspirations from the Carpenter of Nazareth. The example given by him and his Foster-Son teaches that manual labor is not dishonorable, that poverty borne in the spirit that prevailed in the little workshop at Nazareth, is the poverty that becomes wealth in the world to come.

The meager Gospel story tells us that besides his poverty, he had his trials in life, sorrows and doubts and contradictions which his own reason could not well justify and which to our limited vision appeared so foreign to the wisdom and justice of God.

How, for instance, could unaided human reason explain the rebuff received by him at the inn at Bethlehem? or the mystery of the birth of the Son of God in a stable? or the sudden order to fly to Egypt away from a mere earthly tyrant who was powerless to do evil unless the would-be Victim permitted it?

These trials must have troubled the soul of Joseph, but he blindly followed the directions given from heaven and relied on the Supreme Wisdom to make all things right in the end.

His is an illustrious example of complete submission to the will of God. His humility, prudence, charity and abnegation of self in the exercise of his office were also admirable.

He concealed the great secret of Almighty God, says a pious author, "and no ray of the after glory of Jesus in His public career brightened St. Joseph's quiet and humble life."

As the protector of Christian families we have simply to contemplate him at Nazareth, giving his orders with authority and receiving the veneration and obedience due the head of the first Christian family that ever existed.

What an atmosphere of piety and cheerfulness, peace and fidelity, unselfishness and love, must have surrounded the home at Nazareth!

But it is as the patron of a good death that the example and power of St. Joseph should appeal to us. At that supreme moment in his own life he had the consolation of resting his head in the arms of the Divine Hip; he heard falling from the Divine Lips those pious aspirations that help to strengthen a departing soul.

How consoling to die as Joseph did! If during our lives we are devoted to this great saint, we too may confidently hope to experience his power at our own supreme hour. Surely our Blessed Lord who favored him so highly, will not then turn a deaf ear to his intercession on our behalf.

As a pledge of our good will, let us honor this great patriarch more especially during the present month which is dedicated to his memory. Let us thank him for the assiduous care he took of the Immaculate Mother and her Divine Son. Let us congratulate him for the high dignity with which he was clad, and praise him for the treasures of grace which he received, for the virtues he practiced, and for the example of the beautiful life he gave us.

So hidden was his life from the eyes of men, that for many centuries St. Joseph was practically unknown to us, but God has rewarded him in these later ages by bringing him to the fore even from among the saints. Devotion to the great St. Joseph is growing in the Church, and the incidents of his career as studied in the Gospel are having an influence on the lives of God-fearing men. In



an age such as ours when the disruption of homes and the loss of the Christian spirit in families are so prevalent, a sublime model and intercessor was needed to whom the world might turn for inspiration and help.

This leads us to believe that the devotion to the Spouse of Mary is still in its first developments, that in the designs of God the example of the life of St. Joseph is destined to have greater and more consoling results on the lives of men in the coming centuries.

THE MONTH OF MARCH

March, to most people, stands out as a month cold and chill with piercing winds and blustering days. Yet we should feel glad when the month of March arrives, for it brings with it the first intimations of spring—that most beautiful season of resurrection.

Apart from all this however, we should be filled with joy when March comes, for it is the month especially set aside to honor St. Joseph, the foster father of Our Saviour. Next to the Mother of God he is the most powerful saint and advocate in heaven.

In a special manner he is the patron of youth, since by Divine appointment he was the guardian of Our Lord's youth with a most zealous care and love.

So, too, does he specially watch over and guard all those who ask his powerful intercession. St. Theresa writes: "I do not remember having asked from St. Joseph any favor which I did not receive."

And St. Thomas tells us that St. Joseph will obtain for us help, not only in one, but in every necessity. Moreover, St. Joseph is the patron of the dying. It should be the chief aim of our lives to live so that we may die a death like St. Joseph did in the arms of Jesus and Mary.

Every Catholic knows by heart the prayer to St. Joseph for a happy death. They should begin the very first day of March and say the prayer every day. It is a most beautiful prayer, and carries with it an indulgence. Indeed we should say it every day in the year and if we do we shall get the grace of a happy death.

Let us, Mary and Joseph for our intercessors. If these be on our side, nothing else matters; we cannot be lost.—True Voice.

UNCHANGING ROME

The world has not failed to attack the immutability of the Church and her doctrines. And surely it is an extraordinary privilege, a prodigy, a challenge to mankind! Therefore, all ages, jealous of glory which disdained their own, have tried their strength against it.

They have come, one after the other, to the doors of the Vatican; they have knocked there with buskin and boot, and the doctrine has appeared under the frail and wasted form of some old man of three-score years and ten, who says: "What do you desire of me?"

"Change."

"I never change."

"But everything is changed in this World. Astronomy, chemistry, philosophy have changed, the empire has changed, why are you always the same?"

"Because I came from God, and because God is always the same." "But you know that we are the masters; we have a million of men under arms; we shall draw the sword; the sword which breaks down thrones is well able to cut off the head of an old man and tear up the leaves of a book."

"Do so: blood is the aroma in which I recover my youthful vigor." "Well, then, here is half my sceptre; make a sacrifice to peace and let us share it together."

"Keep thy purple, Caesar. Tomorrow they will bury thee in it; and we will chant over thee the 'Alleluia' and the 'De Profundis,' which never change."—Lacordaire.

TWO ITEMS THAT WILL NOT BE SEEN IN THE MENACE

By a formal decree recently entered at Joplin, the Menace was found guilty of libelling Rev. Father Roseman of Wheeling, W. Va., and the sum of \$1,500 was awarded to the plaintiff. Thus a check has been put on the wholesale assassination of the characters of bishops, priests and nuns, by that indecent paper. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to maintain a suit on the charge of libelling the Church as

such. American law will not sustain it. The torrent of abuse, therefore, will be diverted henceforth against the Church. But unfortunately for this new crusade of the Menace, the Government has taken a hand in the matter.

Continued attention has been called to the gross abuse endured by Catholics through the torrent of filth weekly poured out against them from Aurora, Mo. The Federal district attorney was directed to take legal action for the abatement of this nuisance. On Jan. 14, before a Federal grand jury, sitting at Joplin, the owners of the Menace—Phelps, Brown and Reverend Walker—were indicted on the charge of sending obscene and filthy matter through the mails.

Of course this is only the first step towards proving them guilty of the crime charged. It is the general opinion, however, that the indictment will lead to conviction. The happy trio stand a mighty fine show of a sojourn in three quiet cells. Even to such men who coined filthy dollars in trying to befoul the public mind, a nice penitentiary sentence might be salutary. Without undue malice, here's hoping.—New World.

AN IRISH PRIEST WHO SPEAKS CHINESE AND SEVERAL OTHER LANGUAGES

The universality of the Church is best shown by turning to the foreign missions for an example. We have heard of priests, mostly French, who have received decorations for research work, but the one who seems to be most worthy of attention just now is an Irish priest, a member of the Society of Jesus. Father Kennedy, S. J., is connected with the mission of Shanghai, China. He has a brother who is a parish priest in Australia and two sisters members of the Mercy Sisters of California. They belong to a North Kerry family in Ireland.

This Chinese Irish priest speaks English, French, Spanish, Italian, several Chinese dialects and is proud of his knowledge of his own Irish tongue. His many years' sojourn among the Chinese has given him an intimate view of the Orient and his contributions to various magazines, religious and secular, are of great value.—Church Progress.

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A SCHOOL QUESTION

A few weeks ago the Supreme Court of Canada delivered a decision affecting adversely the Separate Schools of Saskatchewan.

We are accustomed to seeing man divide on denominational lines in the Legislative and Executive branches of our various Governments; but it is somewhat startling to see a similar division on the Supreme Court Bench of Canada.

The questions involved are two, and to understand these it is necessary to state how the law stands.

When Separate Schools were adopted in Saskatchewan, section 54 of the Ontario Separate Schools Act was copied in its essential features. A company may, by notice to the Secretaries of the Public and Separate School Boards of the school district, require part of the land of such company to be entered, rated, and assessed for the purposes of said Separate school, provided always that the share or portion of the land so assessed for Separate school purposes shall bear the same ratio and proportion to the whole land of the company assessable within the district as the amount or proportion of the shares or stock of the company held or possessed by persons who are Roman Catholics bears to the whole amount of the shares or stock of the company.

This provision of the law was found to be unworkable in Saskatchewan as, in fact, the corresponding section of the Ontario law is ineffective. Large companies cannot know what religion their shareholders profess, and it is against public policy for Canadian companies to enquire of foreign shareholders what religion they profess.

Therefore, a couple of years ago, the Saskatchewan law was amended by adding a clause to this effect: That in the event of any company failing to give notice, as provided, the Board of Trustees of the Separate school district may give to the company a notice in writing to the effect that unless and until the company gives notice as provided, the school taxes payable by the company in respect of land within the district will be divided between the said Public school district and the said Separate school district in proportion to the value of lands assessed to individuals for Public school purposes and the total amount of the assessed value of lands assessed to individuals for Separate school purposes respectively.

That is, we may suppose the properties of the district to be divided into three lists; one list consisting of properties of individual Public school supporters; another list of properties of individual Separate school supporters, and a third list of properties of companies which failed to give notice as provided. Then the taxes assessable upon these companies are divided between the Public school and the Separate school in the proportion of the value of the properties of the first list to the value of the properties in the second list.

before the Supreme Court at Ottawa

on appeal, the Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Anglin held that the amendment was constitutional, and that upon its proper interpretation it entitled the Separate schools to a portion of the corporation taxes which they claimed.

Only one of the three Protestant judges expressed an opinion on the constitutional question. Mr. Justice Idington held that the amendment was unconstitutional and allowed the appeal on that ground. Mr. Justice Davies and Mr. Justice Duff distinctly stated that they refrained from expressing any opinion on the constitutional question. In their view the amendment upon its proper interpretation did not apply to the corporations in the schedule and did not therefore entitle the Separate schools to a share of the taxes of these corporations.

They argued that the amendment affected only corporations which could properly have given notice under the existing section in regard to the destination of their taxes, and that in the absence of evidence that the corporations named in the schedule were entitled to give such a notice, they were not affected by the amendment. In their view the basis of the right to give a notice was that the corporation should be in a position to show that it had shareholders of the religious faith of the minority supporting the Separate schools.

A PRESBYTERIAN TRIBUTE

In another column we publish a letter from Mr. W. E. Maclellan in the Presbyterian Witness of Halifax on Cardinal Mercier's famous Pastoral which he characterizes at the outset as "one of the noblest, most exalted and exalting of human documents." Our Presbyterian friend's appreciation of "the spirit of pure and beautiful Christianity which breathes through it" is evidence that the same spirit of pure and beautiful Christianity possesses his own soul. Though he truly says, "to be at all appreciated aright, or its unique merits comprehended as they should, the Pastoral must be read in full and every one of its words and sentiments weighed as they deserve," his excerpts from it evince discriminating judgment. No subject is more timely, none demands more urgently clearness of thought than the extent and limits of the claims of patriotism. And our Presbyterian critic writes: "No more splendid and impressive definition of true patriotism has ever been given than that which Cardinal Mercier embodies in his Pastoral."

Taken all in all Mr. Maclellan's review of the great Pastoral is the most remarkable, and in many respects the best that we have seen. At a time when a noisy and noisome group of Protestants are indulging in scurrilous and mendacious attacks on the Catholic Church it is pleasant to find such evidence of positive Christianity in the columns of a Protestant religious weekly. Here we have faith and hope and that charity which is of the spirit of Christ. It is well that we Catholics at such a time should have before us the proof that not all Protestants are apostles of negation and destructiveness; but that many, like Mr. Maclellan, are united with us, according to their light, in a common love of the common Redeemer.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE

Everyone knows the long and constant drain by emigration on the lifeblood of Ireland. Not only has her population been steadily declining in numbers for nearly seventy years, but the loss of the young and vigorous has left the motherland with an undue proportion of the weaker elements of population. However, for many years there has been a gradual improvement as the following figures will show: From 1890 to 1900 the average annual exodus from Ireland was 44,741; while in the following decade (1900-1910) it had fallen to 35,886.

In 1913 the same steadily improving condition is indicated by 30,977 emigrants for that year; while last year, 1914, the total number was reduced to 20,814. 1914 was the first year since accurate statistics have been kept (1861) that they have shown a natural increase in Ireland's population. The excess of births over the combined number of deaths and emigrants being 5,000. Had the number of immigrants (returned emigrants) been included, the increase would be 18,000. The significance of the figures does not lie in the size of

the actual increase in population but in the indication they afford of the turn of the tide.

The Freeman's Journal thus justly sets forth that great significance:—"The reduction of emigration to an extent that results at least in an increase in the population is a happy augury for the future of Ireland. The tide of decay has been stayed at long last, and the new conditions will enable the country to rise to a future of thriving prosperity."

THE WHOLE WORLD KIN

We are glad to be able to light up the black record of brutality in war by a couple of instances of humanity and considerate kindness. The head of a religious order whose houses are scattered through the war zone, has exceptional facilities for accurate information. Through the Redemptorists of this city we learn that in Germany the fathers of that order who are prisoners of war are well treated by the officers of the guard who permit them even to receive books from which they turn the long weary days of imprisonment into a time of useful study.

In a part of Galicia occupied by the Russians a lay brother of the order was taken prisoner. On finding that this lay brother was the community's cook the Russians sent him back to resume his duties in the Redemptorist house which was situated in the occupied territory. However unimportant in themselves such little acts of kindly consideration may be, they throw an interesting and welcome sidelight on the humanity of the men who are engaged in the inhuman business of war.

SERGEANT MICHAEL O'LEARY, V. C.

A young Irishman, the son of a Cork farmer, recently performed a feat that might well be considered incredible. However, the Victoria Cross is conferred only when the incredible becomes actual. Michael O'Leary, who formed one of a storming party, rushed to the front and killed five Germans who were holding the first barricade; he then killed three others and took two prisoners. "Thus," says the official report, O'Leary practically captured the enemy's position by himself and prevented the attacking party from being fired upon." He was promoted to the rank of Sergeant and given the Victoria Cross. Canadians are proud to recall the fact that he spent two years in Canada serving in the Northwest Mounted Police. When the war broke out he returned to join his regiment, the Irish Guards.

THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS SAVE MILLIONS TO THE STATE

Mr. Bird S. Coler was formerly comptroller of New York City, that is to say it was his duty to examine and certify all accounts in the huge expenditure of the American metropolis. A writer in the New York Times says that Mr. Coler's "experience in the financial district, supplemented by his experience in the city government, assures him a respectful hearing." "A continuation of the present course means confiscation of property" was the emphatic declaration with which the interview opens. It is not, of course, with the finances of New York City that we are concerned; but incidentally the former comptroller deals with some things of general Catholic interest.

For instance: "And whenever New York City does a thing in these days it does it in the most expensive way. The cost of caring for a child in a municipal disciplinary or refuge institution will total three or four times as much as the cost of maintaining a child in a sectarian institution of the same character and probably as good."

"Sectarian institutions" are not necessarily Catholic institutions, but Catholic institutions are sectarian in Mr. Coler's use of the term. And in New York, as elsewhere throughout the world, Catholics assume, in overwhelming proportion, the burden of caring for the aged, the orphan, the sick and infirm, in what are here called sectarian institutions. These institutions are conducted by our religious communities of women who consecrate their lives to the works of charity, and whom this world does not, and can not, remunerate. Thus they actually effect an immense saving to the State.

Again:—"There is suggested a detail of the situation which indicates to me far more than money waste. The social reformers who are very largely responsible for New York's unnecessary and likely to be very dangerous

burden of taxation are harming those whom, theoretically, they wish to help.

"If they had their way, and no schools were allowed but State schools, at least \$8,000,000 a year would be added to the city's expenditures, (exclusive of the cost of the necessary new buildings,) and I don't believe anything whatever would be added to the advantage of the 160,000 children now being well educated in these institutions without expense to the municipality."

Here again besides the magnificent object-lesson on the vital importance of religion in education, infinitely more effective than resolutions and speeches, Catholics effect an enormous saving to the State. But they are doing much more; they are teaching the thinking people of America that the spiritual element in education is not merely something vaguely to be desired; not something whose absence can be supplied by purposeless resolutions or hazy generalizations. The time will come when Catholic loyalty to Christian education will be recognized as having played a large part in the history of education in America.

The following two extracts are not in juxtaposition in the article we clip them from; but side by side each is an eloquent commentary on the other:

"At least \$25,000,000 of the present budget is devoted to fads masquerading under the banner of what is called 'social service.'"

and, "Heart sympathy cannot be bought with money. You can't bring up a baby by the civil service, rules nor under the eight hour law."

Referring to expensive fads he says: "Perhaps the chief among these have developed in the schools."

But the worst is yet to come. If Mr. Coler were a Catholic a great many people could dispose contemptuously of anything he might say to their own entire satisfaction. Fortunately, however, their "sphere of influence" is getting small by degrees and beautifully less. But Mr. Coler is a Methodist. It will be all the more difficult for the faddists—who are, of course, the sole exponents of educational progress—to get him committed to a lunatic asylum for this extraordinary douche of common sense. Still disrespectfully calling the prophets of educational progress faddists, he continues to enumerate their fads:

"Others have been the addition of special courses, lectures, so-called medical care, etc. All have been expensive."

"In a city whose finances are in a situation as precarious as that which surrounds those of New York, anything which goes beyond the school essential of imparting sound knowledge to the young may properly be characterized as a fad. The assumption of certain duties of the Church and home by the Board of Education may be characterized as a fad. The appointment of a thousand and one committees, each with its salaried secretary attached, is a fad and a costly one. In our schools superintendents are continually increasing in number. Costly fads. "A school enthusiast of the average New York variety would have no difficulty in showing why the entire budget should be spent on schools. The health enthusiast could show why a similar amount should go to sanitation. And so on. They would be honest, but to allow their lead would be municipal suicide."

With all the fads and all the cost the public schools are so far behind the parochial schools in "school essentials" that in despair the petty envy of the anti-Catholic bigot impels him to a frontal attack on parochial schools. Bird S. Coler is not that sort of Protestant. In "Two and Two Make Four" he relates the story of his conversion from an attitude of hostility to parochial schools to one of genuine appreciation of their utility and necessity.

"I have to study municipal finance. That is my private business. I have kept out of print for years, but I am sure that I am justified in speaking now, for the present riot of spending, as imposed by the faddists, has got to stop or New York has got to stop."

Parochial schools demonstrate the fact that a "riot of spending" is quite unnecessary to attain the object for which elementary schools are supposed to exist; and that is another service which will ultimately though indirectly save the State and its subdivisions many millions of dollars which otherwise the faddists might convince an easygoing public were a useful if not necessary expenditure.

For every life there is a summit. Happy are they who gain it, and sad the lot of those who faint and fall in the struggle. Short or long to the top, it can only be scaled by persistence to do and dare or the prize will not be secured.

SOCIETY, THE PAPACY, AND PEACE

Verily strange and wonderful are the ways of God. But yesterday every scoffing penny-a-liner hailed this world-war as the death knell of Christianity. And lo! to-day men rub their eyes in amazement at the almost miraculous manifestation of faith that has followed close upon this testing time of the nations. According to all the rules of the game the tragedy of August, 1914, should have been the death bed of revealed religion. But it has proved to be its most eloquent apologist. Appalled by this dread catastrophe, men are thrown back upon themselves, and are seeking a reason for the ruin that has befallen the proud edifice of that civilization that they build so exultantly. And day by day it is becoming clearer that the reason lies not so much with the mad ambition of the German war lord, as in the neglect of that which alone gives permanency to society. The world of to-day is but witnessing the logical outcome of the nation's outlivity of God.

From out the dread inferno of a world war the omnipotent hand of God is able to point a lesson. And if men do but learn that lesson the dread sacrifice humanity is now making will not have been made in vain. Since the "Reformers" first threw down the gauntlet to Authority the world has striven to get along without God. It is now paying the price of that experiment. Will it learn to remedy its mistake? Already the signs are that it is becoming conscious of the fundamental fact that God has to be taken into account. It is turning to Him as it has not turned to Him for three hundred years. The outstanding feature of this unheard of conflict is the wonderful revival of the people's Faith in God. The bitterest sceptic is compelled to pay tribute to it. It is the one bright page in what is from every other point of view the blackest chapter in all human history.

It is only in the time of misfortune that we really come close to God. It required a disaster of this magnitude to bring the world to its knees. He who is well nigh dead to the physician, but he who is sick. When things were getting along somehow, the world was content to sit at the feet of its own prophets, and troubled but little about a Higher Power. But when civilization has fallen back into chaos, and the gates of hell are deluging a continent with blood and tears, men turn to God, for there is no one else to whom they can appeal. In the day of trial their prophets have failed them. It seems a bold assertion to make, but since we know that the Providence of God directs all things to His own wise ends, may we not suppose that this destructive war has been permitted by the Almighty in order to bring home to men's minds the consequences of their neglect of Himself. They were so busy about planning and contriving that they had forgotten Him. And in their plans He had no part. The civilization that they so exalted was godless. It needed such a catastrophe as the present to bring home to the world how entirely godless it was. We now see, as we could never have seen before, how far we had drifted away from the ideals of the Founder of Christianity.

The Prince of Peace came to found His kingdom in a world which peace had quitted. He came as "the Way, the Truth, and the Life," "Love one another," He said, and "My peace I give unto you." He taught men that Love was the only sure foundation of Peace. It was a strange doctrine to preach to a world that heretofore had worshipped Force. Before His time throughout the pagan world the *ius gladii* was the *ius publicum*. It could hardly be otherwise, for where there was no higher principle defining the rights of men and deciding their controversies, nothing remained but to rule one another by force. Christ declared that *right*, and not *might*, should rule. He founded His Church to continue His mission. To her, then, it was given to change the old pagan concept of things. She endeavored to get the world to recognise a *ius gentium*, to which appeal should in the first instance be made for the settlement of international disputes. It was only when all other means had failed that appeal was to be made to the sword. She did not gain her point all at once. To eliminate the spirit of Force that penetrated society was, of course, slow work, but as the sphere of her influence was enlarged the nations gradually assimilated

her principles. They began to look upon her as an impartial court of arbitration to which they could submit their differences in the sure confidence that they would get a square deal.

As the leaven of Christianity permeated more and more the mass of society the Church's position as the arbiter of nations became assured. Men began to realize that, whereas Might could never be a just method of settling a dispute, Right could not be otherwise than just. Hence in the new civilization which she had created, her authority was acknowledged, her sanctions feared, her decisions respected by rulers and people. Brute force yielded to Authority. Of course there was now and then an attempt to throw off the restraining influence of the Church, but the Church eventually won out in the trial of strength. The weight of public opinion was upon her side, and many a proud and haughty prince had to make the journey to Canossa. All this time the world was knit together in the unity of faith, and the Church's voice was listened to unquestioningly. If an individual ruler, conscious of his power, did question her right to interfere or dispute her decisions, he soon found himself outside the pale of civilization, and deserted by his following. But the unfortunate schism of the sixteenth century changed this happy condition of things. Christendom was rent in twain, and the Church could no longer speak for the whole people. The "Reformers" had successfully defied the Church, and they in their turn were defied by the secular powers. Civil rulers cared no more for religious sanction. From the revolt of Protestantism to the pan-European war is but the logical sequence of events. It is only when measured by decades that it is a long, long way from Luther to Nietzsche and Bernhardi.

COLUMBA

TO BE CONTINUED

NOTES AND COMMENTS

WE ARE inclined to believe, says the Madras Catholic Watchman, that this war will be the last great war until the next one.

IT TRANSPIRES that Max Pemberton, the versatile and well-known novelist, is a Catholic, and a convert at that. We had not until a few days ago heard of him in this connection. He is but one more of the long line of present day writers whose excursions into the past have opened to them the beauty and consistency of the Catholic Faith, and its adaptability to every phase of human endeavors.

IT WILL be remembered that when the will of the late Duke of Argyll (known better to Canadians as the Marquis de Lorne) was made public, it was seen that all sorts of penalties were threatened to any of his heirs who should become Catholics. The Duke was an ardent Calvinist as was his father before him, and both were obsessed with the same bitter hostility to the old Faith. It is averred that the older Duke bequeathed Iona to the Kirk out of fear lest somehow it might fall into Catholic hands. His son, the late Duke, confirmed the gift and did everything in his power to prevent any other of the Argyll estates from a like contingency. Hence the no-Popery clauses in his will.

BUT THERE is some probability that he reckoned without his host. Unlike his forbears, the new Duke, (brother to the late lamented) is an Anglican of decidedly "high" tendencies, and he has not let many months go by without showing his partiality for things Catholic. He has just published an account of "A Breton Pilgrimage," in which he recently participated, and has therein expressed himself in terms which leave no room to doubt the depth or tenderness of his impressions. The participation of the people in the "Pardon"—the central feature of one of these pilgrimages—filled him with "great enthusiasm," and his "indignation" at the loss by the Reformation, of such gatherings to England rises high. "In England itself," he writes, "legitimate devotion, which once centred round such spots as Our Lady of Walsingham or the Martyr's Shrine of Canterbury, now finds a singularly poor and rather maudlin outlet at what is called Shakespeare's Shrine at Stratford-on-Avon." Such sentiments as these certainly indicate more than a superficial sympathy with Catholic faith and practice, and, in the light of the ancestral church affiliations of the Campbells are significant enough. So too is the Duke's reference to

Luther and Calvin as "self-satisfied heretics"—an expression sufficient almost to make his two immediate predecessors turn in their graves.

The future course of this emancipated Argyle will be watched with interest.

AN OVERSEAS contemporary, the Inverness Courier, whose editorial comments on the war are singularly sane and lucid, points out as a remarkable fact that at no previous period in history have so many men been clad in the Highland garb as during these eventful months. It is estimated that there are at least 50,000 men in the old and new battalions of the five kilted Scots regiments, and, besides these, there are the London and Liverpool Scottish, and the Highland regiments in Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and Canada, bringing the total up to about 75,000 men. Never in the past have these figures been anything like equalled, and the fact speaks volumes for the sanitary character and practical utility of the kilt however much it may be regarded in some quarters as an anachronism—at least outside of Scotland.

WE HAVE HEARD much about the revival in faith and piety in France since the beginning of the War but we were scarcely prepared for the intelligence that comes to us through a former Baltimore priest, now resident at the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Issy. Writing to a former confere in Maryland, he tells how one of the Seminary priests who is sharing the soldiers' lot in the trenches, was not only able to say Mass there, but for the space of twenty-four hours actually had perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, during which the soldiers took turns in watching before the improvised Tabernacle. Further, that on the following morning twenty-five of them, led by their officers, received Holy Communion in what has been called these "new catacombs." Intelligence of this kind is full of consolation to those who, notwithstanding the course of public events in France for the past ten years, have steadfastly maintained their faith in the religious integrity of the French people as a whole and in the ultimate return of the nation to its spiritual allegiance as the "Elders Daughter of the Church."

FROM THE SAME source we learn that of the armies of France in the field three fourths are practising Catholics, and that day by day conversions are recorded of many who in times of peace had ranged themselves under the banner of irreligion. The example set by the clergy of whole-souled devotion to the cause of their country and of selfless effort for the welfare of the sick and the dying has no doubt had much to do with this. But this only partly explains it. The ultimate cause may rather be said to be that Almighty God has looked with pity and compassion upon a race that in the past has reared such noble monuments to His name, has instituted so many works of devotion and piety, and has been so lavish of its sons and daughters and of its treasure in spreading abroad in our day among the heathen nations a knowledge of the True God and of the truths of salvation.

FROM THE Seminary of Issy, alone, we are told, fully a score have already laid down their lives for their country. Something similar is true of practically every religious house in France. There is not one that has not furnished its quota to the ranks. Many of the Seminarians have been instrumental in organizing the perpetual rosary in their regiments and the spectacle weak by weak of the great hosts who flock to confession and Communion is one of the most inspiring that can be imagined. "I do not believe," writes the priest already quoted, "that there ever was an army so Christian, in which there was so much prayer or so frequent reception of the Sacraments. All of which, if persevered in, spells moral regeneration for the French nation. Even an infidel government must give place to such a spirit."

MGR. BENSON'S BIOGRAPHY

The Rev. Fr. C. C. Martindale, S.J., has accepted the invitation of Cardinal Bourne and Mr. A. C. Benson to write the authorised Life of Monsignor R. Hugh Benson. He will be glad to receive letters written by Monsignor Benson from any who are kind enough to lend them. They may be sent him at Stonyhurst College, Blackburn, and will in all cases be returned. No other biography will be authorized by Monsignor Benson's representatives.

BILINGUAL SCHOOL QUESTION

The following letter is from one of the most prominent and scholarly Catholics in Canada.

To Editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD: Dear Sir,—In the Casket of Feb. 11, there is published a letter under the heading of "Some Encouragement for Us." It purports to have been "written by the parish priest of one of the largest and most important parishes in Eastern Canada."

"It is a pity we do not all realize that in siding with the Ontario Orangemen against our French-co-religionists we are cutting the ground from under our own feet. With non-Catholics our strong argument for religious schools is that the children's parents have a natural right, which no law can take away, to decide how their children should be educated. It may be urged that it would be impossible for the State to provide schools for the various foreign elements now flowing into Canada. But the case of the French is entirely different from that of the more recent arrivals. The French are not aliens in Ontario. Their ancestors were reclaiming the country and evangelizing the inhabitants while the ancestors of the United Empire Loyalists were killing Indians in New England and it today the French are crowding out the English speaking inhabitants of some of the counties of Ontario, should we punish them because of that fertility which is the concomitant of pure and virtuous living?"

This is a specious plea—specious rather than solid. Let me say at the outset that the Ontario Orangemen and United Empire Loyalists should not have been dragged in. In discussing the question of bilingual schools, we have nothing to do with them, and they have nothing to do with us. The case must rest on its own merits. Can, then, the case for bilingual schools be made to rest on the natural right of the parents to educate their children? I conceive not. The religious education of the child stands on an entirely different footing from the teaching of a given language in the schools. The right of parents to control the religious education of their children springs from the law of nature and finds its ultimate sanction in the positive law of God. This is, indeed, a right which no human law can take away. But the right of French Canadian parents in Ontario to have their children taught French in the public schools cannot be made to rest on either the law of nature or the positive law of God. Not on the law of nature; for under the law of nature all languages are equal; and French has no better right to be taught than German or Gaelic. Nor on the positive law of God, which for us is the law of Christ; for in Christ "there is neither Jew nor Greek" (Gal. 3: 14). The Church of Christ is the Church of all nations and of all tongues. What, therefore, is sought to be set up as a right must rest on the conventions of men; and I have yet to learn of any convention of men, whether under the Federal Parliament of Canada or the local legislature, whereby the right to have the French language taught in the schools has been indefeasibly secured to the French Canadians of Ontario—or of any province outside of Quebec.

Ontario was established as an English-speaking province under the British flag. So was every other province of Canada but Quebec alone. Each province has a right to maintain itself such as it was established—the French province of Quebec as a French-speaking province, the English province of Ontario as an English-speaking province. If the French-speaking people of Quebec come into the English-speaking province of Ontario, they do so under such terms as Ontario has a right to lay down for them. Ontario has a right to maintain itself an English-speaking province. Therefore it has a right to insist that English shall be the medium of instruction in the schools and that French shall be used only for pedagogical reasons, or hold its place with German or Italian or any other foreign language on the course of studies.

The movement to make Canada a dual language country is not in the interests of the Dominion as a whole. It would be idle to maintain that the thing is expedient. As for constitutional and political considerations—well, we must not forget that the question whether Canada is English or French was decided once for all on the Plains of Abraham. The constitution of Canada is the British constitution; the flag of Canada is the flag of Britain; the language of Canada is the language of Britain. It might have been otherwise; but so it is. And I for one, as a loyal Catholic and a loyal Canadian, thank God from my heart that I have been born and bred under the British flag and not under the tricolor.

A CANADIAN CATHOLIC.

The Catholic who does not know his religion intelligently is in his religion in the house of God. It is your God-given, bounden duty to spread the faith, to spread Catholic literature, to spread the light by word and pen. The Catholic newspaper is the catechism of the twentieth century, and this catechism in newspaper form should receive your earnest and hearty support.—Morning Star, New Orleans.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

The news of the past week is distinctly good. The submarine blockade proclaimed by Germany has failed to accomplish anything formidable during the ten days since Feb. 18th, averaging only about a ship a day of small slow going type of vessels; some of these were sunk by mines, others were neutral ships, one German submarine is reported wrecked.

IRISH SEA CLOSED

(Special Cable Despatch to The Globe) London, Feb. 23.—The Official Press Bureau to-night made the following announcement: "The British Admiralty has issued an order closing the Irish Channel and the North Channel to the shipping of all nationalities. The order takes effect from to-day. "All traffic wishing to proceed through the North Channel must pass to the southward of Rathlin Island between sunrise and sunset."

The British admiralty has been planning the largest rat-trap ever contrived. The manifest intention of the Admiralty is to close effectively the deep-water channel between Rathlin and Kintyre with row upon row of mines from the surface to the ocean bed so that German submarines may not use it. The narrower and shallower channel between Rathlin and the mainland is evidently to be closed by mines or some other protection against the ingress of hostile submarines at night. In the daytime the channel can be guarded by British destroyers, submarines and heavy netting below the level required for the passage of shipping. A similar plan has no doubt been worked out to guard the relatively wide entrance to the Irish Sea from the south. The results of the precautions taken should be to make it difficult for German submarines to enter and doubly difficult to leave, because at any time the narrow fairways left may be blocked by mines or torpedo nets.—Globe Summary, Feb. 24.

RUSSIANS COMING BACK

What for some time looked like a crushing disaster for the Russians has apparently been turned once more into a practical victory. Having owned up to a Big Defeat, the Russians announce that they are already coming back. Around Lomza they have driven in a German attack, and at Osowezek the endeavor of the Germans to mask the fortifications and continue their advance resulted in a similar check. It is not too much to say that the momentum of the German rush which drove the Russians out of East Prussia is already exhausted, and that there is no probability of an advance from the north in such force as to win for the Germans a way across the Bug. They will still be as far from Warsaw, on the north bank of the Bug, as they are on the west bank of the Bzura.—Globe Summary, Feb. 24.

By Frederick Bennett

(Special Cable to The Free Press) Petrograd, Feb. 26.—The Russians have broken the onrush of the Germans in the region of Praznyel, a Polish town of much strategic importance, about 50 miles north of Warsaw, and the invaders are retreating along the whole front in that section, abandoning, as to night's report says, "prisoners, cannon and machine guns." At the same time the German infantry column, which had crossed the Niemen, near Sventoyansk, was forced back across the river. South of the Lower Vistula, in the Borjnow region, another German attack was repulsed.

CHASED BY MOTOR CARS

Armored motor cars crowded on the retreating Germans' heels, pouring into their ranks a deadly machine gun fire. THE SITUATION Altogether it appears that the Russians are more than holding their own in North and Central Poland, and that in the Carpathians they are making such a steady advance that not only the Hungarian, but Austrian armies fighting in Bukovina, are threatened.

FORCING THE DARDANELLES

(Canadian Press Despatches) Paris Feb. 26.—The Athens correspondent of the Havas Agency sends the following despatch regarding the bombardment of the forts at the entrance to the Dardanelles by the French and British fleets: "News received from the Island of Tenedos last night says that the bombardment of the Dardanelles continued with violence from 9 o'clock in the morning until 6 o'clock in the evening. The fire from the forts was intense during part of the day, but diminished and ceased before nightfall. "Forts Orthogroll, Sedd el Bahr and Orhanie suffered a great deal especially Sedd-el-Bahr, which was on fire, the flames being seen from Tenedos. One of the allies' cruisers entered the strait during the evening and bombarded the forts for an hour. It then withdrew safely. "The result of the fire of the Turkish forts is not definitely known, but it appears to be established that none of the allies' vessels have been seriously damaged."

MUCH YET TO DO

The process of forcing a way through the Dardanelles continues, and as the guns of the allies bring down the Turkish masonry the price of wheat tumbles in sympathy. The suggestion that the United States may refuse to sell foodstuffs to belligerent nations unless they conduct their maritime warfare in the way that Washington proposes has made the opening of the Dardanelles more urgent than before. There is plenty of wheat at Black Sea ports to carry Britain along for months if it can be got through the Straits. A French official report says that four of the forts have been "completely destroyed," and that mine-dragging in the Straits is now in progress. A press despatch from Athens says that no vessel of the allies has been seriously damaged. This is good news, for a lot of work has yet to be done by the warships engaged before they come within range of the walls of Constantinople.—Globe, Feb. 27.

superhuman exertions, privations and deadly dangers they raised themselves up to Him Who said of Himself: "I have come not to be served but to serve and to give My life as a ransom for many." They invoked Him before the battle and during the battle, and implored Him in the trenches "Lord remain with us for the evening is nigh." And He remained with them and gave them to strengthen them His Flesh and Blood in the Most Holy Sacrament. Like a compassionate Samaritan He made His way over the blood soaked field of battle and through the hospitals, consoled the wounded, blessed the dying and said to those who tended them: "Whatever you do to the least of My brethren ye do to Me." He visited the parents bowed down with sorrow and the heart broken widows and orphans and said to them "Weep not" and consoled them as only He can console. He has raised us all up when our own spirits began to sink. "Have confidence, it is I, fear not." He has above all opened the fountains of His mercy which united into one mighty stream of love and beneficence beside the blood-stream of the war. In Him was remained established the bond between us and ours in the field, between the fighting hosts abroad and the praying hosts at home, an unconquerable victory-plugging union of all in Christ Jesus Our Lord. Thus have these hard times brought us nearer to the Saviour. We could rejoice in the special mercies of His divine heart and hear throughout all the noises of war the beating of that quiet loving soul-seeking heart. It we thank for these salutary fruits of the war. It we thank for the glorious successes and victories with which heaven has blessed our arms. Truly in us has been accomplished the word of the great Pope Leo XIII. in his encyclical of May 25th, 1899, with which he announced the dedication of the whole world to the Sacred Heart of Jesus: "When the Church in the early ages groaned under the yoke of the Cesars the Cross appeared in heaven to the young Kaiser Constantine as the sign of a speedy and glorious victory. Before our eyes stands another propitious sign, the most holy Heart of Jesus surmounted by the Cross shining brightly in the midst of flames." This sign which has remained to us still now the sign of salvation would we also give, beloved, for the entry into the year 1918, which must take over from its predecessor the bloody inheritance of the war. We do it in the conviction that nothing can bring more to our minds, can make more easy for us our first and weightiest duty in this world war than an affectionate strong-willed adhesion to the most holy Heart of Jesus.

CANADIANS UNDER FIRE

Toronto, Feb. 26.—The following resolution was then prepared and given to the Speaker to cable direct: "The Legislative Assembly of Ontario congratulates the officers and men of the Ontario Brigade on their steadiness and valor when under fire for the first time in the present war and gratefully recognizes the sacrifices they are making for our liberties as well as for the liberties of the world, and this Legislature is fully assured that they will always maintain the honor of Canada and the empire."

ANOTHER GREAT EFFORT PLANNED

(Special Cable to The Free Press)

London, Feb. 26.—By day and night, according to reports coming from Holland, big motor cars, loaded with German soldiers, are hurrying through Belgium to the western field front, and the troops which had been sent to Northern Belgium are going back to the trenches. "The fact that some of the troops now passing through Belgium come from the eastern front suggests to the military observers that the Germans have decided that they are able to hold the Russians in their present positions while the Germans are carrying out their new offensive in the west. The silence of the German general staff, which to day simply said that there had been no change on either front, is taken in London as confirmation that some big move such as that suggested is under way."

ARTILLERY EFFECTIVE

The work of the French artillery during the last few days has been particularly brilliant. Their big guns have mowed down the enemy by thousands all along the line, allowing the French infantry to take position after position. Special progress is reported in the vicinity of Perthes and in the Argonne. In the district south of the Champagne a German column marched unwittingly into the very face of a French battery of machine guns and were practically annihilated. They were forced to retire from their position, which was at once occupied by the French.

SERIOUS INVASION OF GERMAN COLONY

London, Feb. 26.—A serious invasion of German Southwest Africa by the Union of South Africa forces is now under way. The troops, led by General Botha himself which landed in Walvisch and Luderitz Bay, are advancing along the railways from those ports to the main line, which runs north and south through virtually the whole length of the colony, while another force is concentrating in Northern Cape Colony to advance from the south.

THE GERMAN BISHOPS AND THE WAR

A JOINT PASTORAL

The Archbishops and Bishops of the German Empire to all their faithful, greeting, benediction and consolation in the Lord. Beloved Diocesans,—We have celebrated Christmas as never in life before, Christmas in the world-war, serious and sorrowful but also rich in grace, blessing and supernatural joy. The war was a stern Advent school; it has brought us and our people nearer the Saviour. The more fearfully the war-clouds gathered over our country the more clearly, to use a beautiful word of the Apostle, did that God Who once said "out of darkness let the light shine forth" light up within us the radiant knowledge of the Glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. Like a hurricane the war burst on the cold clouds and the evil vapours of infidelity and scepticism and on the unwholesome atmosphere of an un-Christian over-culture. The German people recovered their senses; faith returned to its right; the soul lifted up its eyes and recognized the Lord. We saw His glory as it were of the Only-begotten of the Father full of grace and truth. Following the attractions of grace, following the voice of their Pastors and the exhortation of their God-fearing Kaiser the people entered the churches and found there the Saviour; many found Him again who had wandered far from Him. In the hour of misfortune the truth was realized that He alone was holy, He alone Lord, He alone most high. We heard Him saying to us the earnest and consoling words—when you hear of wars and rumors of wars fear not for such must come to pass. Our soldiers before their march renewed with Him in Holy Communion their covenant for life and death. If their spirits began to sink in the

before its tribunal and has exposed its worthlessness, its hollowness and emptiness, its guilt. But into our country, too, has this culture already considerably penetrated, an over-culture—an Christian, an German and ungodly in its whole being, with its external varnish and its internal rottenness, with its coarse pursuit of wealth and pleasure, with its no less arrogant than ridiculous superstition, with its dishonourable imitation of a foreign infected literature and art, and even of the most shameful extravagances in the fashions of women. This is our people's and, therefore, our own grievous and most grievous fault. It demands penance and expiation. Our soldiers have heard of once in the call to war a call to penance; and, therefore, their first search was to the confessional. Their good example has been imitated in all classes of the people, public opinion has changed about; there breathes in German districts a different spirit from that of a few months ago. But it would be a fatal mistake to think that now all guilt has been blotted out and the German people have been born again together to a new and better life. Long guilt is not atoned for by short repentance. True repentance blots out the guilt but not all the punishment as well. And the guilt of an entire nation is only expiated by the earnest penance and radical conversion of the entire nation. Therefore, do your bishops invite you all with one voice to a common and decisive act of expiation on the Sunday after the feast of the Epiphany, January 10. Our invitation is addressed to all, but quite particularly to men and youths; for they must have as in the field of battle, stand in the first line for people and country. We shall also inform our soldiers in the field, and invite them to take part as far as they can. We will above all purify and sanctify ourselves by a devout reception of the holy sacraments; we will, next, on the three preceding days, united in divine worship, make a solemn reparation to the divine Heart of our Saviour and through it to the Triune God, above all for our own sins, for our negligence in God's service, for our weakness and cowardice, for our tepidity and lukewarmness; then for the guilt of the entire nation, for so much blasphemy and denial of the eternal Truth, for such shameful transgressing of God's eternal commandments, for so much contempt of grace, for so much ingratitude towards the infinite Saviour love of our Redeemer, for so much injury done to God's kingdom. We will cry to Heaven with the Prophet Daniel: "O Lord God, great and terrible, who keepeth the covenant and mercy to them that love Thee and keep Thy commandments, we have sinned, we have committed iniquity, we have done wickedly and we have gone aside from Thy commandments and Thy judgments. O Lord to us belongeth confusion of face, but to Thee, the Lord our God, mercy and forgiveness."

How graciously will the divine Heart of Jesus and the heart of the Heavenly Father receive this reparation from so many thousand repentant sorrow-stirred hearts! So do we pay off the war debt of our nation. So do we do our part to shorten the time of the visitation, to hasten the return to peace, to make our people be born again to truth. Let the act of atonement be followed by the act of dedication. We know, beloved, that Pope Leo XIII., on June 11th, 1899, dedicated the entire world to the most holy Heart of Jesus. We will, at the beginning of the year 1918, dedicate afresh to the most holy Heart of Jesus our hearts, our families, our parishes, our dioceses. The gravity and the needs of the time force us thereto. In all Europe the nations stand opposed to each other in two hostile camps. The fire is already flaming from the west over into the east. A great turning point in the world's history has made its appearance. On the bloody field of battle the fate of the nations is being decided. Everything suffers from the consequences of the war, and there is scarcely any longer a house that has no dead member in view. So much only is sure, that much misery still awaits us. Therefore will we do everything to make of a time of need a time of grace by closest union with our Saviour and Redeemer. And so let children and adults, men and women, youths and maidens, those at home and those in the field, priests and Bishops, unite together for this solemn act of consecration. In truth, this union with the Saviour will bring us blessings and make of the year 1918 a year of salvation. In the heart of our Saviour our hearts become sound again and their life beats stronger. From His heart shall we draw strength in the pains and sorrows of the war, to live a life of strict self-denial, as everyone is bound to do in time of war, to endure in patience and prayer; strength to take our victories humbly and the final victory which may God grant us soon; yes, strength and grace that the victory may not make us arrogant, that we may not be overcome by our own victories but in humble thanks give God the glory and after the return of peace remain on the right paths and strive to advance mindful of the Prophet's word: "Thus saith the Lord thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel; I am the Lord thy God that teach thee profitable things, that govern thee in the way that thou walkest. O that thou hadst hearkened to My commandments; thy peace had been as a river,

and thy justice as the waves of the sea, and thy seed had been (numerous) as the sand of the sea."—Is. xlviii, 18-19. Such good results do we expect for ourselves and for our whole country from the holy exercises to which we urgently invite you. In this glad conviction we, your Pastors, united with you in spirit, consecrate before all ourselves and our dioceses to the most Holy Heart of Jesus. We commend to this divine Heart full of love and grace each and every one of you for you are all in our hearts in life and in death—our soldiers, to whom our thoughts and prayers go forth day and night; the widows and the orphans of the war on whose wounded hearts may descend, we pray, the balm of divine consolation; our dear country, to which our hearts are devoted with very special love and loyalty at such a time as this. O word of the Lord, how long still wilt thou rest? Return to thy sheath, calm thyself and be still, Jesus, holy Lamb of God that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us and grant us peace! Holy Mary Virgin Mother of God, entreat for us from thy divine Son pardon, grace and peace. Amen.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. F. PEPPER
THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT
Every kingdom divided against itself shall be brought to desolation, and house upon house shall fall.

Our Lord was proving that He did not drive out devils by aid of the devil, and pointed out that wherever strife, emulation and division prevail, desolation and destruction must inevitably follow.

These words may, however, teach us another excellent lesson, viz.: that if we suffer discord to reign within us, we must expect nothing but misery. Yet has been warning very common; it is a state of discontent, due to absence of peace of mind, in spite of the enjoyment of temporal prosperity.

This discord entered into us with original sin, since which time, as St. Paul says, the flesh has been warring against the spirit; and we can overcome this inward disturbance only through the grace of Him Who had crushed by the serpent's head.

If we wish to avoid this inward discord and discontent, this sense of unhappiness at heart, we must be resolute. First of all try to ascertain clearly what God wants of you; for where there is no real recognition of His will there will be constant uncertainty and questioning whether we ought to do this or that; and in such a state of doubt determined action is impossible.

be resolute in quiet retirement, but to abide by what has once for all been recognized as a right, although countless voices reject it as foolish, false and ridiculous—that is a difficult task. The world has often been compared with a market, and the comparison is apt. Especially at the present time there is so much contention of opposing theories, each man wishing to draw attention to his own, so that, unless we cling fast to Jesus Christ, we shall be hopelessly bewildered.

How can we overcome want of resolution in ourselves and of weakness in face of temptations and false teachings from without? "If God be for us," says St. Paul, "who can be against us?" (Rom. viii, 31), and this thought is our comfort and strength. By means of earnest prayer, renewal of good resolutions, and constant efforts to increase our knowledge of our holy religion, we may steady ourselves, and God will give us strength and not allow any one to be at variance with his better self, but will help us to act as we think, and always to think in a way pleasing to Him. He will warn you when false principles are likely to

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Pure blood is the result of perfect health and harmony of stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys and skin.

"Fruit-a-tives", by their wonderful action on all these organs, keeps the whole system as clean as Nature intended our bodies to be clean.

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closed gold brooch to you. I put you in cognizance of this at His Majesty's order."—Church Progress.

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CHANGE OF MIND IN OREGON
The State of Oregon has gone for prohibition by many thousand votes. The women were a large factor, doubtless, for a majority of them were known to be "dry," but it is probably true that more men also voted "dry" than "wet" at the election. In any event it is a remarkable reversal of the verdict of 1910, when the State declared against prohibition by more than 20,000 in a total vote of a little more than 100,000. It is clear that the State has in four years decidedly changed its mind.
The people of Oregon have rendered judgment against the saloon as an institution rather than against liquor. Possibly there can not be a general use of liquor without the saloon; but it is certain that there can be no saloon without liquor. The effort in Oregon now, where the manufacture and sale of liquor is to be prohibited after July 1, 1916, is primarily therefore to abolish the saloon. Just what will take its place, if anything, remains to be seen; but no one for a moment can possibly think that the war on the saloon or on liquor is over.

NEED OF FATHER MATHEW SOCIETIES
In the annual report of Attorney-General Fellows, of Michigan, for the year ending June, 1914, may be found the following:
"By far the greater number of prosecutions, 9,811, were for drunkenness, of which there were 9,552 convictions. There are many other prosecutions resulting from the use of liquor."
This confirms what thinking people have noted for some years, that the Michigan Catholic, i. e., that the evil of intemperance is on the increase, and here in Michigan there is much misery caused through the excessive use of liquor. Sad to relate the sin of intemperance is rampant in some Catholic centers, especially in the factory districts, and although pastors in general work assiduously to counteract the great evil, there is urgent need of Father Mathew societies if we want to rear Catholic youth to a credit to themselves and to the community. Indulgence by parents and a too close companionship with brazen acquaintances is the cause of much dissipation among youth. At this moment a revival of Father Mathew temperance societies all over Michigan would work wonders for the betterment of young people and would be a boon to parents and suffering wives and sisters."

WINS HANDSOME REWARD FOR HER PATRIOTIC SACRIFICE
A short time ago it was reported that a Catholic servant girl in Cologne gave her savings, amounting to more than 2,000 marks (\$500), to the war fund. The Empress thereupon presented the girl with a Catholic prayerbook with a dedication in her own handwriting. Since then she has received the following letter, which is published in the 'Taegliche Rundschau':
"General Headquarters, November 8, 1914.
"His Majesty the Emperor and King heard with pleasure that you have generously put your savings at the disposal of the war fund of the city of Cologne. In recognition of this evidence of a sacrificing patriotic spirit His Majesty has been graciously pleased to present the en-

THE DUTY OF CATHOLICS
In these perilous times when bigots are industriously circulating false charges against the Church, it behooves Catholics to be on their guard and not give scandal or afford the enemies of the Church an opportunity to blame her for their discreditable conduct. But their negative attitude

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

COURTESY

To some courtesy may seem a lost art, little worth bringing back. But it is not. Courtesy is one of the old fine arts that dies only with the man or the business. For the rise of many a man and business has started with it.

Take time to be courteous. Emerson once wrote: "Give a boy address and accomplishments and you give him the mastery of palaces, and fortunes wherever he goes."

Courtesy is of more value to a man than a thousand letters of written recommendations. Courtesy is an asset of more power than money or influence.

Take time to be courteous. A few years ago, a young man by the name of Wallace stood behind a railroad office window in Oil City, Pa., as a ticket agent.

Also, he sought out new ways of giving service. Business grew. A bigger job came after him. To-day, still a young man, he is general passenger agent for the entire Erie railroad.

Courtesy lightens the burden of toil. Courtesy demands respect. Courtesy is a little brother to opportunity and follows her around through the hours of the busy day.

Take time to be courteous.—St. Paul's Bulletin.

JUST A TOUCH

We cannot expect to find rules and regulations, set down, numbered, printed and published, to guide us in our living. It is living you know, and we all live differently, and in different ways.

Have you ever seen an opal lying in a show case—dull, lifeless, without color, without luster? What a common bit of glass! But take it up into your hand, and let it lie there a moment.

Yes, just a touch is a very wonderful thing sometimes. There lay the stone, dull, dead, lusterless. The human touch, and then how brilliantly, how radiantly bright it gleamed.

LET YESTERDAY ALONE

Learn to let yesterday alone and you will have a happier life. There is nothing more miserable than to be

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

WHEN FRED CAME HOME

It was Saturday morning and Roger Mason and Skip, the little water-spaniel, were on their way to the Centerville Station to meet Fred.

It had been nearly a month since the younger boy had gone to visit Uncle Henry in Weston, and now he was coming home. Roger's heart beat fast with joy, and even Skip seemed to know that there was good reason for being happy.

Roger crossed the new bridge, bright with its coat of red paint, and was soon at the station. When the train rushed in, Fred who had come all the way from Weston in care of a friendly conductor, stepped off.

Soon they were on the road home, and Fred was listening to Roger's stories of the adventures he had had with his companion, Skip.

Before the red bridge was reached, the boys and the dog came to an old farmhouse where no one lived. The roof had sagged and nearly all the windows were broken, and the paint on the walls had long since been washed away by the rains.

It was a deep well, walled with rough stones; and way down at the bottom, in the round mirror of water they could see their own faces as they stood cautiously near the edge.

Skip came panting from the squirrel thicket and stood beside them. Roger poured half a pailful of water into a cup like hollow in a flat rock, and the spaniel lapped thirstily.

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DO PENANCE

It was a wise old Irish woman who measured her life by the number of Lenten she had kept. Life was a serious affair with her. It was not merely something out of which her great aim was to get all the enjoyment possible in the next enjoyment.

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ROYAL Yeast Cakes BEST YEAST IN THE WORLD. DECLINE THE NUMEROUS INFERIOR IMITATIONS THAT ARE BEING OFFERED. AWARDED HIGHEST HONORS AT ALL EXPOSITIONS. E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED. WINNIPEG TORONTO ONT. MONTREAL

THE UNDERSEA TERROR

It is not everyone who knows that though the submarine was first invented by an American, a Yale student, in 1771 or around that time, it was John P. Holland, an Irish Fenian, who perfected the invention in the early 80's and made it the under-sea terror it is to-day.

In a very interesting article in the current number of McClure's Magazine, Burton J. Hendrick tells us in brief outline the history of the submarine. In his introductory he says: "It is the only enemy that England fears. It threatens her disintegration as a nation, by threatening her control of the seas. For a hundred years she has struggled desperately to find some answer to it. She tried to suppress the original invention. When that failed, she succeeded in blinding the world into a disbelief in the submarine. But this blind enemy cannot be attacked, that cannot be investigated, and that cannot be destroyed, she forged ahead in spite of England, and to-day schools of submarines are hunting England's ships through the seas."

When David Bushnell tried his first submarine New York Harbor was blockaded by English ships, and, of course, the rebelling colonies had no fleet to send against them. This gave the young inventor his chance. Israel Putnam sent for him and com-

missioned him to try what the "Turtle" could do against the British flagship, the Eagle, then lying off Staten Island.

The "Turtle," which was shaped like a round clam, accommodated one operator, and was worked with one propeller turned by hand. It was submerged by letting water into a tank and raised by emptying out this tank. It had an air chamber in which an operator could exist for half an hour, and could travel about two miles an hour.

Bushnell (who also had invented the submarine mine) had selected a man named Lee to go out on the expedition, as he was not physically strong enough to operate his own invention. On reaching the flagship, however, Lee found his hull sheathed with copper and no place available to affix the torpedo, which was timed for thirty minutes. Having to escape before daylight he simply left the mine afloat and backed away.

A huge geyser of water flung up over the flagship showed the torpedo exploded all right, but the "Turtle" was discredited as a feature in sea-fighting, and its inventor retired from public life, a disappointed and discouraged man.

About twenty-five years afterward, Robert Fulton, the famous Irish-American inventor and perfecter of steamboat navigation, brought his improved submarine, a development of Bushnell's original idea, under the notice of Napoleon, who was then contemplating an invasion of England. The great dream of Fulton's life, probably inherited from some of the Kilkenny forerunners, was in the destruction of England's navy, for in the peace and liberty, Napoleon commissioned him to bring his submarine to Brest, and show what it could do. This new submarine was a big step in advance of Bushnell's; it could stay four hours under water and carry four persons.

The demonstration given at Brest impressed the French Government and people immensely, for Fulton succeeded in blowing to pieces all the craft given for that purpose by the admiralty.

It was another matter, however, when Fulton started pursuing the British fleet. Information concerning him and his invention had put them on their guard, and all in vain did the eager Irish-American chase ships that could run away much quicker than he could follow. Napoleon lost patience waiting for results and recalled Fulton, so again was the submarine discredited and its inventors laughed to ridicule.

England laughed with the rest, but wisely she foresaw what future possibilities lay hidden in her uncouth assailant, and made up her mind to investigate the despised submarine. At the Earl of Stanhope's invitation (who was something of a mechanical himself) Fulton went to England.

Neither Pitt or the British Government wanted the submarine, their object in having Fulton come over there was to offer him a large bribe to pigeonhole his invention and repress it, but he refused. He was turned quickly to America. "Not for £10,000 a year would I do what you suggest," he said, and returning to America, he bent all his energies to the perfecting of his steamboat.

But a third actor was waiting for his cue to enter this drama, an out-and-out Irishman in time, John P. Holland, a Fenian who escaped to America after the rising in '67, and who was destined to bring to full perfection the dream of David Bushnell and Robert Fulton.

Of him and his work, Mr. Hendrick writes: "The writer of this article well remembers, as a small boy in New Haven, Conn., peering awestruck through the cracks of an old shed bordering on the Mill River. Within I could just see the outline of a cigar-shaped iron craft. One suspicious day its guardian unlocked the door, took me in and permitted a brief inspection. Locally this boat was known as 'The Fenian Ram.' Its inventor was John P. Holland, now one of the greatest names in the history of naval warfare. New Haven was one of the Fenian headquarters. The society there included Captain Jim Reynolds, who had fitted out an expedition that rescued several Irish political prisoners from Botany Bay, Australia, and Larry O'Brien who had been imprisoned in Clonmel as a penalty for his Irish patriotism."

John P. Holland was an ardent member of this group. The chief object of this organization was a war upon England and the making of an Irish republic. Fifty thousand dollars was raised toward the building

TWO CONFESSIONS

Father Robert Plowden, S. J., died in 1828, aged eighty-three. He used to tell these two stories: A young midshipman, who had been a penitent of his, was dying at sea. He confided to a young comrade the confession that he would have wished to make to Father Plowden, if he could have seen him at the end. The poor young fellow died of the fever and was buried in the sea. His friend repeated to himself now and then the confession he had been entrusted with, yet when the vessel came home and he was able to see Father Plowden, the message dropped completely out of his memory. Please God, the poor midshipman's sins had all been forgiven.

The other story was this: One day, at Bristol, a sailor called as Father Plowden was sitting down to dinner. The servant tried to make the man wait. "No, I have not a minute to catch my ship," Father Plowden overheard him. The poor sailor made a very sincere and earnest confession. During his evening's walk an hour or two after, Father Plowden saw a crowd on the quay. A boat had capsized, and there were so many ships crowded together at that point that it was difficult to rescue the men. But all were saved except a sailor whom they were taking to his ship. Father Plowden, drawing near in order to see if life was really extinct, recognized the poor fellow who had made so good and contrite a confession. It would be well for us if we could make our confessions habitually as if some such fate was just hanging over us.—Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.

SCOTTISH SOLDIERS WHO ARE IRISH

That all the Irishmen in the British army are not in the regiments labeled Irish has long been well known. Just at present striking illustrations of this are coming to light. From Scotland, drawing near to the army, doubtless they will go into the army. Doubtless they will figure as Scotchmen, although Scotland is already so well represented that she does not need to pad her returns, and will not consciously do so. An Irishman writing from Scotland to an Irish paper says: A few nights ago I dropped into a recruiting meeting in Dixon Hall, Glasgow. The chairman introduced three of the soldiers who were wounded at the Battle of Mons. He described them as "Scots Fusiliers," and then gave their names—William O'Brien, William McLaughlin, and Bernard Callaghan. I interviewed them afterwards and found the three were Irish Nationalists. Just recently the Dunfermline Free Press stated it was untrue that recruiting was slow in Dunfermline, and printed seventeen photos of "local" men who had joined the Seaforth Highlanders. Four of the "Highlanders" are Private William McMahon, Private T. Smith, and two young men of the name of William Tracey. The four are Irish Nationalists. There are many such "Highlanders" in Scottish regiments.

When the returns are completed from every Irish center in Scotland, and verified, any one anxious to deny their accuracy can, by paying for the cost of printing the names and the places in Scotland where the men resided, obtain the list. Perusing the lists already received has been an eye-opener. Murphys and Gallaghers we have had back from the seat of war. In hospitals here there are many such "Highlanders." In the hospitals: I find on the list an O'Malley and Boyle, A Murphy, a Kelly, a Riley, and Doyle, A Casey, a Carney, a Rourke and M'Conn, Highlanders every man.

I suddenly realized that, if the Church of Christ was God's way of salvation, it was impossible that the finding of it should be a matter of shrewdness or scholarship.—Mgr. Benson.

CHURCH ORGANS TUNING, REPAIRING, WATER PUMPING, ELECTRIC LIGHTS, ORGAN REPAIRING MACHINES, LEONARD DOWNEY, LONDON, CANADA

ABSORBINE Will reduce Inflamed, Strained, Swollen Tendons, Ligaments, Muscles or Bruises. Stops the lameness and pain from a Splint, Side Bone or Bone Spavin. No blister, no hair cure. Horse can be used. \$2 a bottle delivered. Describe your case for special instructions and Book 2K Free.

SAVE HALF the cost of your dresses Make your dresses at home—using a Hall-Borchert Adjustable Dress Form for the fitting out. Save half the expense of tailor made gowns, and sacrifice nothing in appearance.

FITS CURED By TRENCH'S REMEDY The Famous Home Treatment for Epilepsy and Fits. Recommended by Clergymen of all Denominations. Twenty-five Years Success. Over 1,000,000 unassociated testimonials in testimony.

THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a horse for my work, and I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

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Beautiful Rosary Complete with Crucifix This exquisitely designed Rosary is made from our best quality of faceted cut glass, with color beads, with a strong lock, link attachments, and dainty crucifix. Our regular price for this Rosary is one dollar, but as our representative in your district is offering it at a special price of only 75c, we are offering it at a special price of only 50c. Order today. When pictures are sold, remit us the amount of your sales \$1.00, and your Rosary will be sent you by return mail. Address: COLONIAL ART CO., Box 12, Toronto, Ont.

COWANS SOLID CHOCOLATE MAPLE BUDS "Maple Buds" is a name which distinguishes a quality, a flawless standard of chocolate purity and deliciousness, rather than simply the form in which the chocolate is moulded. "Made in Canada."

CRIPPLED BY RHEUMATISM 434 N.Y. Ave., Whiting, Ind., Jan. 20th. "Will you please send me a box of Gin Pills? When I sent for the last box, I was all crippled up, but after taking about six of the pills, I felt some better, and after a few days, I had no more pain. I have recommended Gin Pills to some of my friends who are troubled in the same way. I never intend to be without them as I have tried so many other pills and got no results." Mrs. ED. DEAN.



