

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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HELP FROM ABOVE

Now as aforesaid simple folk look for signs and wonders to attest their belief in a protecting providence. The legendary law of East and West teems with instances; in their struggles with seen or unseen foes men have expected what Shakespeare calls "metaphysical aid." Thus the great Twin Brethren were thought to hover over the Roman armies in the field; and after the Empire took over Christianity, Constantine had the vision of the fiery cross in the sky, and read the words, "In this sign conquer," brightly flashed beneath it. The story of the Thundering Legion belongs to the same order of tangible proof relied upon by the multitude everywhere. Charlemagne's paladins, headed by Roland with his magic horn, match Arthur and his Knights in old Malory's book. In the course of this terrible War many strange tales of celestial intervention have got abroad. We have all heard of the Angels of Mons, and French soldiers have been known to invoke daily the aid of La Pucelle—the stainless Joan of Arc. In such forms does the intuition of a Presence that has unlimited resources of power and goodness foster an inextinguishable trust. By degrees, through many struggles it may be, men and women have reached an inward assurance that, as Tennyson sang, "All is well, though faith and form be sundered in a night of fear." These are not put forward to debate the "why and the wherefore" of our conjectural future. They feel that a certain ripeness of experience is necessary before profitable intercourse can take place with regard to such topics. Without barring reverent speculation, they feel that beyond a reasonable limit it tends to distract good people from the pressing duties of daily life. The claims of the weak and tempted are so insistent; casuistry about social obligations in these exacting days must needs occupy so prominent a place; the few years of our pilgrimage here are so inadequate to the growing consciousness of tasks awaiting accomplishment that we may well concentrate our strength upon our calling—surmising that the discharge of the immediate demands upon our sympathy with the best things puts us in right relation to the Infinite which envelops and sustains us. The good soldier does not stay to ascertain how the fight goes or to discuss the chances of victory; his business is to see that his part, though small, shall contribute to the desired end. The sentry on his lonely round should feel that vast consequences may hang upon his alertness, courage and fidelity.

All cannot receive this, for minds and hearts are not all cast in a single mould. Yet we doubt that, as in the past, so in the years that are to come, men and women will close with an immortal hope, finding in it at once an explanation of life's most exigent problem and an inexhaustible impulse towards an elevated and useful career, so to rise above the din and smoke of the warfare that all true soldiers must wage is surely to be armed against fate. Happy are they to whom self-surrender and confidence thus mean the same thing.

THE GREAT GIFT

There is much that savours of wrong and ill desert in the world which on a nearer view resolves itself into remediable error and miscalculation of ends and means. At such times as the even current of events is broken up to its depths by some catastrophe, even the rigidly righteous are shaken in their smooth conformity to mechanical patterns of opinion and conduct. They reflect uncomfortably upon pictures which genius has made immortal—the truculent Pharisee and his despised fellow sinner; the woman who loved much and was forgiven all; the Prodigal who came back and was welcomed at the eleventh hour. Also they sometimes awaken, under the stimulus of loss and trouble, to the fact that society fosters sins which do not hurt its self-respect, merci-

lessly banning offenders who come betwixt the wind and its nobility. That is why all the supreme thinkers suspect inflexible codes, laying stress on motive and spirit as opposed to profession and formality. "There is a soul of goodness in things evil, would we but distil it out," is a truth, and how constantly and well the poet illustrates it let his best interpreters testify. Touchstone, in "As You Like It," while deeming the world good in itself, allows that "in respect that it is not finished it leaves much to be desired." There speaks Wisdom through the mouth of Prudence. Clown and philosopher meet on this neutral ground. The true humourists discern the incongruity that marks stages of moral growth; their vision is at once more penetrating and more hopeful than that of mere legalists. Irony often strikes home where denunciation hardens. In the Valley of Humiliation, where fierce Apollyon lay in wait for pilgrims, they heard a boy singing, "He that is down need fear no fall." Said Mr. Greatheart, "I dare say that boy leads a merrier life and wears more of the herb called heart's-ease in his bosom than he that is clad in silk and velvet." Yet Matthew Arnold, thinking of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, reflected that "even in a palace life may be lived well," and we cannot doubt that pure and tender souls exalt their fragrance in St. James's as in St. Giles. Let us abjure false and narrow standards of morality; they only block the way of reform in small things as in great. The shapes and tints of good and evil are manifold, and their spectra dissolve in the beam of glorious light which issues from life's centre. We stoop, alas, when we forgive! Only Heaven crowns the penitent with pardon and blesses with noble forgetfulness. Divine charity evokes loathing of the evil out of which the white flower of virtue springs—not the proud consciousness of the crowd's approval, but the gentleness which suffuses a transformed nature, now fully aware of its own weakness and vigilant against wrong. Pain and sorrow too, in the new orientation of causes and results, is seen as the wound in the perforated shell which is closed by the pearl that irradiates beauty and is precious beyond compare.

THE APPEAL

Romain Rolland's book, "Above the Battle," with its melting appeal to the conscience of mankind and its poignant survey of the ruined lands over which the destroyer has passed strikes a tragic note which has echoes and reverberations everywhere. The War obtrudes itself in all places at all times. It colours our hours of thought and casts a shade over our attempts at recreative relief. It is the fugue-like refrain that dominates our varying moods. Yet in the hushed moments which all but the most heedless welcome, a Voice makes itself heard in the heart's depths; we are aware that behind and above the din and smoke of contending hosts cosmic powers are in control. With some of Rolland's sentimental regrets over the artistic losses—the shrines laid waste, the beautiful chateaux reduced to a desolation made hideous by brutal willfulness and brigandage, the spoiled contours and levelled forests that meet the eye where once smiling landscapes delighted the poetic sense—the practical philanthropist may have only imperfect sympathy. It depends upon the point of view. All the same "Above the Battle" is one more reminder that seen and unseen forces are engaged in this vast struggle; that it is primarily a war of ideas that is convulsing the later world, as in earlier epochs the clash of beliefs gave rise to catastrophes that changed the face of Europe and altered the course of civilization, so that even good men's hearts failed them for fear.

Above the battle, behind the veil of mundane affairs, audible to the consecrated spirit alone, the mandate falls with constraining force—its results are the signs and wonders that eclipse all grosser marvels. The quickening spirit subdues the reluctant flesh and makes it serve high ends. To forsake parents and children, houses and lands, is not a strange call; the claims of the future with its regeneration sealed by the

blood of martyrs, have always swept aside the interests of the present. Undying figures of heroic build arise in the halls of memory to rebuke weak fears and groundless convictions. We are greater than we know.

NO FAVORS FOR THIS MURDERER

It is perhaps the first time on record that the London Spectator has lent its prestige to a mischievous agitation, but assuredly the campaign it has been carrying on in both its editorial and correspondence columns for the release of Captain Bowen-Colthurst, who during the Dublin rising of Easter week, 1916, ordered the shooting, without trial, of the Irish journalist, Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington, is mischievous in the highest degree. It is quite possible that the editor of the Spectator, moving in the comparatively narrow circle of London officialdom, is unaware of the fact, but it is unquestionably true that in Canada, Australia, and the United States, the lenient shown by the military authorities in Dublin toward Capt. Bowen-Colthurst, did more to arouse toleration and even sympathy for the Irish rebels, than anything which has occurred in Ireland of recent years. It seemed to afford prima facie evidence that there was one kind of justice for Sinn Fein murderers, and another for similar offenders wearing the British uniform. The only consolation that the case afforded was that the charge that Bowen-Colthurst's crime was evidence of British savagery in dealing with the Irish was false, because the culprit himself came of a well-known Irish family, established in that country for at least three centuries.

When the court martial found Capt. Bowen-Colthurst guilty of murdering, not merely Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington, but two others, it accompanied it with the statement that the act was committed while he was temporarily insane. This saved his life, and he has ever since been confined in Broadmoor Asylum for the Criminal Insane. It will be noted that the defence was identical the same as in that of the American murderer, Henry K. Thaw, namely that he committed murder while suffering from a brain storm. Now, it is alleged, as in the case of Thaw, he has gotten quite sane again, and therefore, an appeal is being made, backed by the Spectator, to have him released.

Meagre as were the reports of Bowen-Colthurst's case they revealed several facts much more sinister than anything connected with the Thaw case. Prior to ordering his men to shoot Sheehy-Skeffington, and it is alleged, firing some shots from his own revolver to complete the assassination, he had murdered in cold blood two others (one a mere boy, who were not rebels in arms), Sheehy-Skeffington was an eye witness of these crimes, and since he was not a rebel, but was actually abroad persuading the Dublin people to preserve order, the inference was clear that his murder was conceived in order that the other killings might be concealed. Afterward he showed sanity enough to draw up false statements designed to exonerate himself; and so nearly succeeded that it was only on the personal orders of the late Lord Kitchener, who learned the facts from another officer, Sir Francis Vane, that he was court-martialed at all.

Under the circumstances it is disingenuous folly for the Spectator to dismiss his crime in these words: "In these circumstances he took upon himself (criminally, as one would have to say in the case of a man in normal possession of his wits) to order the execution without trial of Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington, an Irishman whom his men had taken prisoner, and whom he suspected of being a dangerous focus of rebellion." Apparently, Bowen-Colthurst, whether demented, or drunk, or merely blood-thirsty on that fatal night, regarded everyone not in uniform who came within range of his revolver, as a "dangerous focus of rebellion." As well might the Sinn Fein leaders who were justly executed, have pleaded that they regarded each of their unarmed victims as a dangerous focus of tyranny. And it must be remembered that there was a double obligation on Capt. Bowen-Colthurst to preserve the law, because he wore the King's uniform, and was in command of men enlisted to that end.

If a technical injustice is being permitted in confining him among the criminally insane when he is no longer suffering from any mental malady, there is but one course for the British Home Office to pursue. He has never had a civil trial. Let him be handed over to the judicial authorities, and tried in the full light of day. Then if it shall appear that there were any extenuating circumstances let him have such benefit of them as the law provides. If not, and guilt is proven, let him meet the fate that has befallen many a better man. Any other course

would utterly destroy confidence in the impartiality of British justice, so far as Ireland is concerned.—Saturday Night.

THE PROPAGANDA OF PAGANISM

Dudley G. Wooten, in the Catholic World

Christianity, as represented by the ablest of its Protestant advocates, is to-day in this country little more than a sentiment, a system of social service, of ethical philosophy, of philanthropic enterprise; and in more than one instance its "divine philosophy" has indeed become "procuras to the lords of hell." Its professions of humanitarian service and sacrifice are no longer illumined by the radiance of faith in the mysteries of the Godhead or in the authority and authenticity of revealed truth. Its sacred symbols have been transmuted into mere types of earthly virtues. The president of a great American university, once the citadel of orthodox Protestantism, very recently disclosed the bareness of Protestant conceptions of heroism and noble deeds when he said: "The cross, whether worn as a decoration upon the breast, or marking the dust of the noble dead, is to-day the sacred symbol of the world. It is the symbol of honor, because it is the symbol of sacrifice. The way of honor in this day of darkness and confusion is the way of sacrifice. That is the conclusion of the whole matter, as Protestantism views it. The cross—not the Crucifix; sacrifice—not the holy humility; human honor—not holy humility; faith—not the Faith delivered to the saints, without which there can be no real faith in anything, sacred or profane."

It is not the finger of pessimism that points out these plain and unpalatable facts in the history of our times. It is rather the organized propaganda of a real and potential pessimism that has made them possible—a pessimism that preaches the gospel of irreverence and dishonors the noblest monuments of piety and patriotism that mark the annals of the race; that storms the impious audacity of the bulwarks of the world's ancient trust in truths upon which change lays not its hand and time leaves no impress; that sears man's spiritual vision and mutilates his divinity, and condemns the human soul to wander in despair, sightless to the beauties of holiness in this life and of happiness in the life beyond the tomb. But there is an antidote for the disease of this modern iconoclasm—a panacea for the ills of a paganism that is worse than the mythical monstrosities of the past. It will be found in the perdurable promise that is the cornerstone of the age-old and indestructible edifice of Catholic Christianity. The Church will never change or compromise her dogmas, and she cannot die. She has "never sold the truth to serve the hour." She stands for the only democracy that deserves to live or that is safe for a waiting world—the constitutional democracy that guards freedom on authority and liberty on discipline, and scorns the rule of the mob, "fantastic, fickle, and blind." She clothes with a sacrosanct security the felicities and purposes of domestic life, and guards with flaming sword the Christian home as the source of social order and the citadel of enduring civilization. Her Faith is the one immutable thing in a universe of ceaseless mutations. Her voice is the Voice of her Founder, and her consolations shall yet be the balm for the healing of the nations.

GROWTH HAS BEEN RAPID

CHURCH IN ENGLAND NOW HAS OVER 3,800 PRIESTS

Rev. James Nicholson, S. J., of Liverpool, speaking of "The Church in Modern England," says:

"The position of Catholics in this country from the time of the so-called 'Reformation' until the passing of the Emancipation Act, was a sad one—many cruel laws existed for the purpose of stamping the faith entirely out of the land. Every device—cruel, crafty, clever and ingenious, almost diabolical—was taken advantage of with the one object in view: to stamp out the faith they held, the dearest thing they possessed, the faith of the Holy Roman, Catholic and Apostolic Church. And so they were not surprised to hear that so many finally fell away from the Church; the wonder was that a single Catholic was left at all."

The Emancipation Act, however, afforded them relief, and from that time onwards Catholicism rapidly grew in extent and influence. In a short time there was a phenomenal increase of Catholics.

"In the year 1850, for instance, there were 587 priests in England. To-day there are 3,865. In that year there were 770 churches; to-day there are 1,895. There were forty-one convents in this country in 1850, whilst to-day there are 822."

O woman, so live that even your sister-in-law will approve you!

IN A BELGIAN GARDEN

E. S. Sharpe, M. A., in America

In a little town in Belgium, not very far from the front, is a peaceful convent of nuns. The convent stands in its own grounds, and in the silence of the garden, where the tall poplar trees rise like dark sentinels round the walls of the enclosure, there come at intervals the dull thud and boom of the heavy guns in the distance, slowly but surely driving the German invader out of Belgium.

In a corner of the convent garden lies a low mound, on which the earth is still fresh, for it was piled up only a day or so after June 7 of this year. Beneath the mound, with his feet turned towards the east as one who sleeps until the coming of the dawn, lies a gallant gentleman and brave soldier, who went up "over the top" at the head of his men at the battle of Wytschaete on June 7, and fell most gloriously in action, with his face towards the enemy. It is the grave of Major Willie Redmond of the Irish Brigade, younger brother of the Irish Leader, and up to the time of his death Member of Parliament for East Clare.

He was over fifty years of age when he first volunteered, shortly after the outbreak of the War. He was appointed Captain in the Royal Irish Regiment, in which he had served before his election to the House of Commons, some thirty-three years previously. He had said that if Irishmen were to come together it was to be by fighting side by side against the common enemy. And he had been as good as his word. His services at the front brought him promotion to the rank of major, and he had been mentioned in despatches by Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig.

Then on June 7 last came the great bombardment and the setting off of the mines, and the Royal Irish Regiment went up to the attack on Wytschaete Wood. Major Redmond could have stayed behind. But he loved his men and he preferred to go over the top with them and face the common danger. So he went, and gave his life for a cause and a faith that were more dear to him than life itself.

His dead body was carried to the convent behind the lines, where in company with other officers he had paid many a visit and where, on the walls of the refectory the hand of an artist nun had painted side by side the Irish Harp and the Red Hand of Ulster; the symbol of the union of the fighting men of Ireland. In a corner of the convent garden his body was laid to rest, and the grave was tended by the loving care of the nuns.

On Sunday, October 21, a little company was gathered round the grave of Major Redmond for a touching ceremony. The General of the Irish Brigade in which Major Redmond served was there; there were staff officers of the Irish and Ulster Divisions, staff officers of the French army, three officers of the United States army, and the Mother Superior of the convent and her nuns. A guard of honor was formed of men of the Royal Irish Regiment, men from Major Redmond's Battalion, and the Inniskillings. Catholics and Protestants were the dead man's guard of honor; the men of the South and West on one side of the grave; the men of Ulster on the other, comrades in arms, the symbol of Major Redmond's ideal.

But closer still to the grave were the men who had come from Ireland to offer a tribute to the dead hero; a delegation from the Redmond Memorial Committee, representing men and women of all political parties and of both the Catholic and Protestant religions, united to pay honor to their departed countryman. The delegates were the Mayor of Wexford, Mr. Nicholas Byrne, the High Sheriff of Dublin, Mr. Myles Keogh, and Dr. Jas. S. Ashe.

The silence of the garden was broken only by the rustling of the dry leaves on the trees and the far-off, dull thud of the heavy guns on the Ypres salient, as Dr. Ashe laid on the wreath a wreath of Irish autumn leaves and berries, and then the High Sheriff of Dublin laid beside the wreath a bunch of Irish heather bound up with ivy leaves, that had been picked by Mrs. Redmond in the garden in Wexford that the dead man had loved so well.

But more touching than these simple tributes was the ceremony that followed, when a sod of shamrock, with the soil of Ireland thickly clustered round the roots, which had been brought from Vinegar Hill, was planted on the grave, and the soil of Ireland and of Belgium became mingled together in one. It was, so to speak, a sacrament of union; eloquent of the cause for which Irishmen are daily pouring out their blood on the fields of Flanders.

From the shamrock Dr. Ashe took the theme of his address. The mission of Major Redmond was, he said, to bring together Irishmen of all parties. He likened the shamrock leaf, as St. Patrick had done so many centuries before, to a typification of unity. And so it was planted on the dead man's grave as foretelling the unification of three contending parties in Ireland. Then he went on to speak, addressing himself to the

soldiers of the guard of honor who stood round, of the wonderful co-operation of the North and South Irish troops who had stood, had fought and bled and died side by side in this the greatest of all wars, for a common principle of justice and righteousness. From their union, their forgetfulness of self-interests in a great cause, he saw the coming of the day that should bring justice and happiness as well as peace to their own country.

He finished speaking, and silently the delegates left; the military officers left, the guard of honor and the few spectators were gone, and only the Mother Superior and her nuns remained. As they still stood by that grave in the Belgian garden, in the distance the big guns roared and boomed. For the life-work of Major Redmond is finished, and his name has gone down in imperishable honor; but the cause and the Faith for which he lived and for which he died still go on. And when the last gun has been fired, and the last shell has crashed its way to the earth; when the red and bloody night of war has passed, and the day of peace returns, the shamrocks from Vinegar Hill will yet be green on that grave in Belgium, and it may be that their prophecy is fulfilled.

SACRED HEART AND BANNERS OF FRANCE

The Bishop of Autun, in a letter to his flock urging a fresh outburst of devotion to the Sacred Heart, reveals a new phase of the life of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque. In addition to her general mission she had a special mission to France as a nation, which is attested by letters in the archives of the Visitation convent at Paray le Monial which were not hitherto published and from which Mgr. Berthelot quotes. Louis XIV., the head of the state, was urged to build a church in honor of the Sacred Heart, and to consecrate himself and his family to the Sacred Heart. It was also promised that if the armies of France bore on their standards the image of the Sacred Heart they should be invincible. The Bishop concludes from this that it is not merely the pious Catholics of France who can save the situation, but that the whole nation officially must turn to God and offer their homage to His Sacred Heart. At present the image of that emblem of divine love is forbidden not only on the national flags but on the breasts of the soldiers. It is said, however, that many a banner carried the badge secretly pinned in its folds.—The Monitor.

THE CHANGED ADDRESS

In the moment you read that henceforth his address was "The American Expeditionary Forces" you lived through the agony of years. Many a mother read it through her tears, and the brief legend stirred love in many hearts. Yet in its deep longing, its tenderness, its yearning to shield him from all harm, that love would not hold him back. There was pride in it that one dear to us had crossed the sea in answer to his country's call to fight for liberty. Wreathed with love, his name lives in hearts that can grieve but never forget. They are the hearts of mothers who bear their sorrows to the merciful Master; the hearts of children made sanctuaries by the Eucharistic Christ, whose every throb is a prayer that God "may bring him back," with peace secured through victory, speedy, righteous and stainless.

Immeasurable is the cruelty of the man who would add one degree of suffering to the burden of fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters and sweethearts, so brave in their sorrow, who remain at home to watch and work and pray. Hence to suppress false reports of reverses in the field, is a matter of deep concern to all men worthy the name, and no doubt, is engaging, as it should, the attention of the authorities at Washington. Unfortunately, there is reason to believe that what seems a conspiracy for the propagation of falsehood is at work. Last spring the utterly unfounded report of a great battle in which our navy suffered severe losses appeared almost at the same time in many American cities, and with it came gruesome tales of wounded men transported to the naval hospitals. More recently, under circumstances that point to a common source, statements that soldiers were committing suicide in the various camps were circulated, to be capped by the preposterous statement that the secretary to the President, discovered in treasonable acts, had been sentenced to death by a secret tribunal.

The harm done by the thoughtless repetition of these "rumors" may be very great. We may look for more and even sillier reports before the war is brought to a successful conclusion. If bad news comes, and it may, let us not make it harder to bear by foolish exaggerations.—America.

An itching palm is a poor decoration for the sanctuary.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The Chinese have discovered a process of weaving textile fabric suitable for clothing from fiber derived from banana stalks.

Mr. M. J. Haney, the President of the Home Bank of Canada, is to be classed as one of the large individual participants in the Victory Loan. He has personally subscribed for \$100,000 of the Bonds.

Philadelphia, Nov. 8.—Five million dollars, in addition to the \$3,000,000 now being raised by the Knights of Columbus for recreation work in army cantonments will be collected, according to Supreme Knight James A. Flaherty, this city, head of the order in this country.

What is known as the "cottage plan" has been adopted by the diocese of Fort Wayne, Indiana, for a new orphanage to be located on a tract of 90 acres of land. A group of five cottages, two stories in height will be erected at a cost of about \$160,000.

Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore has warned his people to be on their guard against what is called an endless chain of prayers for peace. If Catholics get these prayers with the request to pass them along, let the literature be thrown into the waste basket. In fact, all such requests—in the matter of the endless chain business—should be treated in the same manner.

Very Rev. A. F. Carlyle, Lord Abbot of Caldey Island, Wales, who with twenty-two Church of England clergymen joined the Catholic Church in 1913, has arrived in America to study Catholic seminaries and industrial schools. "Fifteen thousand men have been converted to the faith at the front. Christianity is not losing because of the War," said Lord Abbot.

Great satisfaction has been felt in Ireland on the decoration of Mr. Redmond's gallant son, Captain Redmond, on the field of battle with the D. S. O., and at the autograph letter sent by the king to the Irish leader on this occasion. A deputation from his native county has also been invited by the military authorities to visit the grave of the late Major Redmond in France.

Another proof of the broadmindedness, which is becoming more and more characteristic of the American people, was furnished by the will of the late Isaac Taylor of St. Louis, Mo. He was a student of St. Louis University in the 60's, but remained a staunch Protestant all his life. Nevertheless he left \$3,000 to his Alma Mater, and \$5,000 to Father Dunne's Newsboys' Home, gifts which could be called generous in view of his meager estate.

The fund for the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, to be erected on the campus of the Catholic University of America has reached \$79,000, and on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8th, the first chalice of the Shrine will be completed. This sacred vessel has been made from the gold, silver and precious stones sent to the University for that purpose, and the names of the donors have been placed upon a small scroll and inserted in the stem of the chalice.

Mr. J. L. Murray, Secretary-Treasurer, Catholic Army Huts, acknowledges the receipt of \$30 for Catholic Army Huts, collected by the promoters of the Shrine in the Sacred Heart, St. Mary's Church, Indian River, P. E. I., and forwarded to Major Rev. J. J. O'Gorman, Ottawa. Father O'Gorman has now proceeded overseas, and requests that further contributions to Catholic Army Huts be forwarded not to him, but to Mr. J. L. Murray, Canadian Secretary-Treasurer, Renfrew.

The Rev. C. S. Sheehan, who, before he volunteered for the front as a chaplain, was a professor at St. Colman's College, Fermoy, has been decorated with the Military Cross for gallant conduct on the Somme. "On hearing," says the official report, "that there were a lot of wounded in the front trenches, he went there, and remained with one of the battalions three days. His conduct was most conspicuous in attending the wounded and burying the dead, particularly so when, on hearing that some men of another battalion had been killed in the front line trench, he proceeded there under heavy fire, and carried out the burial service."

The Jerseyville (Illinois) Knights of Columbus has arranged to give gold rings, with the red, white and blue emblem of the order, to all the members of the council who have enlisted and who are going into the draft army. The rings are given as a token of esteem from the lodge to the soldier boys who are to fight for principles of liberty and democracy. A ring is the only piece of jewelry a soldier is allowed to wear, and the K. of C. emblem rings will serve, not only as a reminder that the council members "back home" appreciate what the boys are doing, but will also be a means of recognition to other members of the order in service and to army chaplains who may administer the sacraments to the wounded and dying on the field.

GERALD DE LACEY'S DAUGHTER

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF COLONIAL DAYS

BY ANNA T. SADLER CHAPTER IV

JACOBITE AND CATHOLIC

The house which Evelyn de Lacey inhabited with her father stood upon Pearl Street, at that portion which was then known as "The Waterside." It was upon the corner of what was once Winckel Street, but was later named Whitehall after the famous residence which the great Governor Stuyvesant built there.

The garden of this ideal home was most absorbing to Evelyn. In addition to those flowers which grew in such abundance, and with a degree of disorder which to the mind of their owner constituted their chief charm, Evelyn had a corner reserved for vegetables to supply their daily needs, and a piece of ground devoted exclusively to the herbs and simples which she compounded into medicines with a skill acquired from an old and once famous physician, now dead.

When Evelyn returned from the pageant that afternoon she found her father in his study, and as it seemed to her, in an unusual mood of dejection. The broad casement of the room was thrown open, as if inviting in the tendrils of the vines upon which later honeysuckle, wisteria and rambling roses would cluster in luxuriant abundance.

Gerald de Lacey was still in the prime of life, but had travelled much and seen much active service, particularly in the Low Countries, as Major in one of the Hussar regiments. He had first come over to the colony with Governor Dongan, accompanied by his wife and young daughter. He had subsequently returned to England, whence the course of events, resulting in the accession of William of Orange, had again driven him forth.

Recognizing perhaps the incompleteness of such a life as his, he made every possible effort to keep Evelyn in the forefront of the city's social circles. He admired almost inordinately the qualities which he discerned in her, as well as the rare-

ness and fineness of her beauty, which recalled that of her dead mother and appealed to his fastidiousness. His means, though not large, were sufficient for their needs, and by a rigid personal economy, which he did not permit Evelyn to realize, he contrived to give her the modish and often expensive costumes which one side of the nature of the girl passionately loved.

Even had Evelyn been aware of the sacrifices which her father made to supply her with all she needed, she could not have offered any successful opposition. For that was one of the matters upon which Gerald de Lacey was inflexible. Rarely had his will run counter to that of his child; but, when it did so, it was as effective as finely tempered steel in the hands of a skillful swordsman. He always declared that she was to dress as he thought fitting, and according to the state in life to which she properly belonged.

The father had watched her from the window, as she alighted from the Van Cortlandt carriage in that gown of gold lustrous which had been so much admired, and the perfection of her appearance filled him with a pride which partly consoled him for the bitter reflections of the day. When Evelyn entered the study he was sitting at the table with the same volume of poetry open before him which had been unread all that afternoon.

The garden of this ideal home was most absorbing to Evelyn. In addition to those flowers which grew in such abundance, and with a degree of disorder which to the mind of their owner constituted their chief charm, Evelyn had a corner reserved for vegetables to supply their daily needs, and a piece of ground devoted exclusively to the herbs and simples which she compounded into medicines with a skill acquired from an old and once famous physician, now dead.

Entering the room in her yellow dress, Evelyn brought with her as it were a splendor of sunshine. Her young beauty concentrated all that remained of the sun that was setting and likewise, as it seemed to the observer, all that remained to him of life. She approached him softly and laid her hand ever so gently and caressingly on his shoulder. She was not given to effusive demonstrations, which indeed were rare between them. But, after one look at his face, she bent and kissed him. She realized, as in a flash, how much need he had of sympathy and tenderness.

"You did not go out to see—?" "The passing show," said her father, completing the sentence. "No, love, for in such an assemblage there could be no place for me. I could not raise a cheer, nor," he added more lightly, "even my hat to the representative of the usurper. So I would have been in all truth a marked man, and that would have been perilous for us both."

Evelyn sat down beside him with a countenance that was sober and thoughtful, putting aside her taffeta scarf which was of a deeper shade of gold than her dress. "Perhaps it was not meet that I should have gone," she said. Her father interrupted her quickly. "Most certainly you should have gone," he said emphatically. "Our cases, my dear daughter, are different indeed. My life is done, and yours but begun; I have sworn allegiance to one prince, and may not take such an oath to another. At least, that is my way of thinking, though, how the fact is accomplished, I shall meddle no more with public concerns, and there is no danger that I shall plot treason. Besides," he added, "you, as a young maid, were not obliged to give outward token of

loyalty." "No, no," cried Evelyn, "I never so much as bowed my head nor waved my handkerchief." The father smiled. "So that was the way of it," he said, "absent in spirit, though present in the body."

And he thought how like that little touch was to her mother. "It was a fine sight," Evelyn cried, warming to enthusiasm, "all save the Governor himself, who was odious." Mr. de Lacey laughed a pleasant, mellow-sounding laugh, that had something contagious in its melody. "Governors are not chosen for their personal attraction, I trow," he said, "but a matter more grave than his personal appearance is the stock of which he comes. He is of a family which the poet, Dante, would have described as 'an evil brood.' If we can estimate these colonies by Ireland, and the new Governor's policy by the proceedings of these Colonies in that country, then is there little hope for us Catholics."

There was silence for a brief interval in the study, of which the shadows had come early to take possession. Evelyn moved restlessly but did not speak. The expression of His Excellency's face had filled her with a pronounced hostility and a vague anxiety. Her father presently resumed: "But I would not do this man injustice. There are those who say that he is both honest and well-meaning, and hath in his head some ideas of good government. So that perchance the day that is dawning for these colonies may be fair, after all."

Evelyn, with an impulsive movement, laid her hand upon the finely formed one of her father, which lay flat on the table before him, and upon which shone a blood red garnet catching the last lingering gleams of light. "You will be prudent, father dearest," she cried. "Aye, I will be prudent," he answered, adding quickly, "unless honor should counsel otherwise."

He raised his head proudly as if the emergency had already arisen, and, rising to his feet, looked down on Evelyn, who had likewise stood up. "What would my little Evelyn counsel in that case?" he inquired. "That we should both die," she answered with sudden passion. "May God avert the occasion, at least from you!" the father said solemnly.

By the girl knew that he was pleased, and her heart had answered this other dear heart which had been her all during her years of childhood and of youth.

CHAPTER V. NEW FACES

On the next afternoon Evelyn de Lacey, wearing this time a sober costume of cloth which she herself had woven and dyed, accompanied her father on a walk which led them down past the Fort, where in bygone days he had occupied the room above the gate. He noted, with an involuntary contraction of the brows, the Orange flag waving, but he said nothing. Evelyn noted the expression that had crossed his face and understood its cause. He had never got accustomed to the sight. Probably the father's inclination would have been for a quiet walk through the fields or along the waterfront, but he knew that his daughter would naturally prefer to meet some of her friends, who were sure to be upon the parade, then the fashionable promenade.

As they passed the Bowling Green, a number of officers were playing bowls with the keenest zest, and with jests and laughter that rang out gaily in the silence of that spring afternoon. At intervals during their sport they paused to survey the passing groups of gaily dressed women and men, for in richness the men's attire almost surpassed that of their female competitors. Evelyn de Lacey was once more the cynosure of all those observers, who, in their careless or supercilious ignorance, believed these colonies to be barely on the verge of civilization and a place where there was little to admire and much to criticize. Scoffs and jeers were alike silenced by the face of the girl, to which corresponded a well-proportioned figure, her erect as a dart and supple as a willow. It was evident, too, to those who took the trouble to follow her movements, that she was a person of note in the community. Hats were continually being doffed to her, and there were smiles and cordial greetings alike from those in carriages and pedestrians.

There were two officers upon the Green, who, suspending their sport, had given a closer attention than all the rest, not only to this girl, but also to her companion. They took particular note of Gerald de Lacey. There was something in his tall, erect figure that betrayed the soldier, and something in the profile of that face, which was never once turned towards them, that marked him out from his fellows. He was unconscious of that gaze, which he might perhaps have found disturbing. Just at the moment, as if to give the observers a still better opportunity for their observations, Polly Van Cortlandt, attended only by her negro maid, intercepted her friends, and began an animated conversation. As they stood thus in the full sunlight of that April day, her brilliant beauty made as usual a foil for that other companion whose subtle charm was even more percep-

tibly felt by the two who stood still upon the Bowling Green.

The men on the Green offered an equally strong contrast to each other. One was a medium-sized, compactly-built man, with an eye that would be invaluable in the field, a lean and bronzed face that at once commanded attention and inspired confidence. It was that of a strong and resourceful man, who had had experience of life and its evils. He was, in fact, Captain Egbert Ferrers, who had already won distinction in active service. His companion was taller and paler, as if the sun had been unable to take effect upon a skin that was thick and a complexion that was dull. His hair was red and his eyes of a pale blue, with a trick of making themselves as expressionless as a mask. Lieutenant Prosser Williams, who bore by courtesy the title of captain, was counted by some a handsome man, and was quite willing to baffle with that opinion. But to the close observer there was a suggestion of coldness, of craft, even of cruelty, which repelled. For the rest, with slightly stooping shoulders and an almost exaggerated slenderness, his general appearance was that of a man of fashion, rather than of a soldier.

"Where in the name of all the Gods of Greece," he said presently, "have I seen that face before?" "Do you refer," Captain Ferrers inquired, somewhat curtly, "to the beautiful face of the lady?" "For Captain Ferrers, reasoned as he was, had himself received from that exquisite face an impression so strong that it seemed to blot out all other features in the landscape. It had shaken, too, his pride and self-confidence, and that belief in his power to resist feminine charms which had become proverbial amongst his comrades.

"No," said Prosser Williams. I can take my oath that, save for a momentary glimpse of it at the carriage window yesterday, I have never seen that face before—no, nor one like it. I was speaking of her companion—a youthful father or an elderly husband, it matters little which."

The suggestion, no less than the other's tone, irritated Captain Ferrers. Nor would he admit to himself the idea of a husband. The next instant he smiled whimsically. "What a man of straw he was proving himself, after all!"

"I did not overmuch observe the lady's companion," he said quietly. "Eyes only for the fair," said Captain Williams, with the faintest perceptible sneer. "Yet even that perfection of beauty, which I did not dream these colonies could produce, did not blind me to the man. He is worth noting, and I could swear that I have seen him before and at no distant date."

His attention thus specially directed to the father, Captain Ferrers, perceiving that the two were still in sight, strolled away from his companion, and took up his position at a better point of observation on that smooth greensward, where so lately he had been strenuously engaged in rolling about the balls as if that endeavor were the sum total of his aspirations. Now something serious had happened, though it was only the second glimpse he had caught of the face of a girl, earnest, innocent and hauntingly beautiful. Her back was now turned towards him, so that he saw instead the radiant countenance of her friend, whose sparkling eyes of black, raven hair and damask cheeks did not in the least appeal to him. Moreover, he was curious to have another look at that man who had attracted Prosser Williams' attention, for something in the latter's remark had struck him. From where he stood, in such a position as to be unnoticed by those whom he wished to observe, his keen eyes had a very distinct view of Gerald de Lacey's face, lined and careworn in the strong light as he smiled down at his daughters' friend. Egbert Ferrers drew in his breath with a sharp exclamation: "By heaven," he cried, "I too have seen him before, and I remember where." Then he added, with growing irritation: "If that sleuth-hound of a Williams has but got hold of a clue, there will be trouble, but I will be hanged, drawn and quartered, if I assist his memory."

Something in the alternative he had proposed for himself made him shiver slightly. There had been so much of such happenings within the memory of living men in England. At the moment he stepped forward unconsciously from his place of concealment, and his eyes met those of Gerald de Lacey, which had in them at first merely a look of careless inquiry, suddenly changing, as it appeared to Ferrers, into one of uneasiness. At the same instant, too, Evelyn, turning her head, looked full into his face. The double sensation he thus experienced so curiously upset him that, scarcely waiting to perceive that the tall man on the pavement was hurrying his daughter away, he walked swiftly across the lawn where a game was still in progress and eager bowlers called out to him as he passed. He walked on rapidly, hardly knowing whether he was going, till he found himself on the shore where rows of palisades had been erected against suspected inroads of the French. He was unnerved to a degree that neither he nor any of his friends would have believed possible. For these comes no doubt in every life moments when some great issue seems forcing itself to the front and forcing into the background all that has been previously of paramount importance.

He stood staring out at the water where miniature waves chased one another under the cool brightness of that sky, deeply blue though mottled with white clouds. The breath of the salt air coming up from the ocean was reviving. He was still warm from his game, and felt the need of such refreshment, as he watched with abstracted gaze the sails of the fisher-boats and some Indian canoes, which dotted the wide expanse of water before him. He had only one idea clear in his mind: to avoid any questioning from Williams, which might complicate matters, and to advise the father of this girl, whose very name was unknown to him, to leave that town at the earliest moment and to take with him his daughter (or his wife) out of reach of influences that might in some fashion be brought to bear upon them.

He began to argue too in his mind, as if the matter were of vital importance, that this girl could not possibly be the wife of the man whom he had just recognized. For he had perceived at the time that he was married, and had been married some years. Why, his wife would be nearing middle age! He drew a breath of relief, and then it flashed upon him with disturbing force that death might have intervened, and the man be married again to this young and charming girl. He suddenly felt a curious sense of desolation darkening his mind as that cloud was just then darkening the Bay. A sense of danger to come and a possible loss smote him, so sensitive is the human soul to weird impressions. If it was necessary that the tall man with the white face should remove to some distant place with his daughter (for so he persisted in calling her), he knew that he himself would miss something that gave color and interest to these landscapes and to the quaint Dutch town, the characteristics of which he had previously scarcely noted. He felt a strong desire to study that face and that character, and find out for himself what lay behind that beauty, which he assured himself with the power of experience could not be merely superficial. He wanted to know the meaning of the expression lurking behind those uncommon eyes, and he told himself with sudden resolution that he would do so at the earliest possible moment. He walked back again across the Bowling Green and through the stone courtyard to the Governor's residence where he had his quarters. The father and daughter, who had awakened such interest had gone; the gay groups on the pavement had thinned out, and the balls on the green had ceased to rattle. Prosser Williams was nowhere to be seen.

Meanwhile, Mr. de Lacey and his daughter had returned home, unaware that new influences had come into their lives. Evelyn lingered amongst the herbs and flowers in her garden, conscious of a new excitement, which she was young enough and impressionable enough fully to appreciate. Surely, those groups of bowlers on the Green, typical of life and energy had given a new interest to the sometimes monotonous existence of Manhattan. Nor had she been unmindful of the glances of interest and admiration she had caught on those two faces which had most impressed her. They seemed to have singled themselves from the others in her consciousness. Towards one she felt a half formed dislike or annoyance, which had its origin in something that was bold and insolent in his glance. And that man's hair was red and his eyes were pale blue. As for the other, she had got no farther in her impressions than that she would like to know his name, and perhaps to discover if he danced as well as he bowled, and if he were really as bright and full of interesting experiences as he seemed. But her father, having hurried into the house, sat with his head buried in his hands in deep and anxious meditation. So far removed are the preoccupations of one generation from those of another.

TO BE CONTINUED

REMEMBERING AUNT ANN

Some insistent sound had roused Ruth Vincent from refreshing slumber. Still only half awake, she thought impatiently that the family next door had begun their Friday cleaning at an unearthly hour. Opening her eyes, she stared at the rough board ceiling overhead, and then at the unbeam creeping through a knot hole in the opposite wall—and remembered with a happy chuckle that she was far from next door neighbors. She rose hastily and began to dress, for the days in camp were so precious that she did not wish to lose one moment of them.

Mrs. Graydon, her hostess, heard her stir and slipped a letter under the door. "Here's a letter for you, dear!" she called. "Jackson roved across the lake early this morning to get the mail."

"Thank you!" Ruth answered. "I hope it's from the folk at home." But when she stooped to pick up the letter, she frowned in disappointment. The letter had been forwarded from the home post office. "Aunt Ann! Why—she never writes except to thank me for Christmas and birthday gifts—"

As her mind ran back over the past month, she felt that it was quite natural that she should have forgotten the birthday of an aunt—especially a great-aunt whom she did not remember distinctly. There had been the excitement of getting ready for the high-school commencement, and then commencement week with all its gay hours filled to the limit. After that had come the invitation to spend two weeks at the Graydon's summer camp. The last ten days had been brimming over with the pure joy of living.

But why had Aunt Ann written? Surely not to upbraid her because she had failed to remember. Ruth had grown up with the impression that Aunt Ann was—well different. Opening the envelope, she drew out the note, written in a clear, precise hand; it read:—

Dear Niece, I am writing to express to you my thanks for your remembrance of my birthday. All three of the packages arrived on the morning of that day, and I wish to assure you that I greatly appreciate your thoughtfulness. Very sincerely,

Your great aunt, Ann Vincent. "My three packages! What in the world does she mean?" Then suddenly Ruth rolled on the bed in a paroxysm of hysterical laughter. The thin walls of the summer cottage could not shut in such a tumult of merriment try as she would, to muffle it, and immediately three girls in kimonos came rushing in and demanded to know at once what was causing such hilarity.

"It's—it's—my Aunt Ann," Ruth gasped, "and mother—and Aunt Helen and Aunt Grace!" "Well, you've known them all for some time. How did you happen to discover all at once that they were so very amusing?" Irma Graydon asked, shaking her guest soundly.

"It's about Aunt Ann's birthday—I forgot it! But evidently the folks at home remembered in time, and to save me from disgrace each of them sent a present in my name, for Aunt Ann writes to thank me for her three gifts. I'm wondering whether it was three breakfast caps that they sent, or three handkerchiefs with tating on, or three pairs of bedroom slippers."

Her friends joined in the laughter, and Mrs. Graydon, who had entered in time to hear Ruth's explanation, laughed, too; then her face grew thoughtful. "We'll hope that your Aunt Ann was not offended in any way," she said.

Everyone in the home town knew how little Mrs. Vincent and her two delicate maiden sisters had had to struggle to keep a home together and to keep boisterous, romping Ruth in clothes, shoes and books while she climbed steadily from the baby room, through the grades and through the high school. Occasional gifts from Aunt Ann, the one living relative on the Vincent side, had helped; but since the funeral of Ruth's father, whom Aunt Ann had reared, educated and loved in her own undemocratic way, that lady had never visited his family.

Early in June Ruth's mother had written to Aunt Ann and asked her to visit them during commencement week; she hoped that when Aunt Ann should hear about Ruth's wonderful achievement in the high school, and her longing to go on with her education, she would offer to lend the money for the college course. Aunt Ann had replied very briefly that she could not accept the invitation, because it was the busiest time on the farm. She had added that she hoped Ruth would go to work now, and waste no more time in school as she, for her part, did not believe in sending girls to college.

Mrs. Graydon knew Aunt Ann's views on the education of women very well, but nevertheless had hoped that this well-to-do relative would change her views and give Ruth the opportunity that she deserved. This episode, she feared, might make matters worse.

When they had all left the room, Ruth sat down in front of the mirror to rearrange her tumbled hair. She glanced squarely into the face reflected there, and suddenly all her laughter vanished.

"I'm ashamed of you, Ruth Vincent," she said soberly. "Seeing only the funny side of what must have seemed almost a tragedy to three of the dearest women in the world." Their faces came to her very clearly. She could see the little worried wrinkle that had come between mother's eyebrows when she had realized that Ruth was too far away to be reminded in time of Aunt Ann's birthday. Then mother had taken down the baking powder can from the top of the kitchen cabinet, counted carefully the week's allowance, and slipped out enough to buy some little gift, which she had mailed without telling her sisters that thoughtless Ruth had left another burden on her mother's tired shoulders.

Then, as Aunt Helen had hurried down to the office, she had remembered, too. She had decided loyally to keep Ruth's forgetfulness from the others, and had also mailed a package to Aunt Ann.

Gentle Aunt Grace, working ceaselessly over her embroidery or crochet work, had remembered and, snatching time from some of the orders that gave her a small supply of pin money, had made some beautiful thing and, keeping her own counsel, had mailed it to Aunt Ann.

"How dear they are!" Ruth whispered contritely. "I'll try to make it all up to them, but I don't know

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how to explain it to Aunt Ann."

She was quieter than usual during breakfast, but the others were so much excited over the projected motor trip to Great Caves, that they did not notice her silence.

"Allowing for anything that could possibly happen, we'll reach the hotel in time for supper," Irma announced. "And early in the morning we'll get our guide and start through the caves, having all the time we will need to see everything. They say the trip up there is great—such picturesque scenery all along the way. Listen to some of the funny names of the little towns along the road."

Suddenly Ruth sat erect. Irma had rattled off the queer postmark on Aunt Ann's letter.

"Do you really go through Joppa?" she asked. "That is Aunt Ann's postoffice address, and her farm lies just beyond the little village. I remember going there once with father. I thought that it was across the world from home then. I can't get used to the way our car annihilates distance."

A little later she caused consternation by announcing calmly, "Girls, I'm going to stay with Aunt Ann while you go on to Great Caves." No amount of expostulation or argument seemed to affect her decision, and Irma rushed to her mother for help.

"Make her give up this foolish plan," she said. "She's been wild to go, and I can't understand her. She acts so different. Come and talk to me, and make her see that it is all foolishness."

"Let her alone," said Mrs. Graydon gently. "I think that Ruth knows best."

If Ruth's high courage waned a bit when she stepped from the big car to the roadside where the gate opened into a lane, and where the mail box bore the grim name "Ann Vincent," she did not let the others know; she waved gayly to them as the car rolled away. Walking toward the big, square white house with its green shutters, she remembered that far away day when she had trotted up the lane by her father's side, holding tight to his strong hand. Something like a sob caught in her throat as she thought of the many times that his dear feet must have passed this way.

There was no sign of life at the front of the house, but, hearing voices, Ruth followed the walk to the rear. A man in working clothes was starting from the pump toward the back gate, where a horse and plough were waiting, and a woman called after him. "And if you've finished that south patch, you will have time to work the garden over before supper!"

She was a tall, straight woman with snow-white hair, but when she turned toward the girl the two pairs of dark eyes that met were very much alike.

"Aunt Ann, I have come to stay over-night with you," Ruth said in her quick, direct way.

The woman started at the sound of her voice, looked at her keenly, and then held out her hand and said, "You are John's girl."

There were no demonstrations; they shook hands like two women. Then they went into the straight-forward manner began at once to tell how she had happened to come as an unexpected guest. When she had explained, she added, "I came to tell you about the three birthday gifts."

Aunt Ann's firm mouth twitched slightly at the corners.

"I didn't send them," Ruth went on and told the story. "And while I'm here," she said, "I might just as well tell you, Aunt Ann, that I never have remembered your birthday—though I didn't realize it until this morning; but I know now that it was always mother or Aunt Helen or Aunt Grace who reminded me in time. The part of me that was intended for the purpose of remembering birthdays either doesn't work well, or it was left out entirely. I've a notion that you would have survived without the hug-me-tights and caps and bedroom slippers—but I'm sorry I couldn't remember to send a friendly greeting anyway."

Aunt Ann's lips had parted in a broad grin now, and, beckoning, she led the way into her bedroom, opened a drawer of the old-fashioned cherry bureau and pointed to the orderly rows and stacks of unused articles, each labeled, "From your loving niece Ruth."

"Do you mean to tell me that you did not make all these things?" she said.

"I'm sorry to say that I did not," Ruth admitted. "It seems that the part of a person that is used to contrive fancy things was left out of my make-up, too. For the life of me, I can't see the use of things like those."

out across the fields and woods, thinking of him, when Aunt Ann came in.

"You look just like your father, child," she said, putting one hand almost timidly on the girl's shoulder, "and—I am glad, since yesterday I've made a decision. I am going to rent the farm and move to the state university town, and I want you to stay with me during school terms for the next four years, and attend the university."

"But—I thought—you didn't approve—"

"Of the higher education for girls?" Aunt Ann finished. "I don't for all girls. Maybe I've been bitter over that subject. You see, I had wanted to go away to school, and finally father had given his consent and I was going in September; but mother died in August. I couldn't go away and leave father and brother right then, so I decided to wait a while. Just after Thanksgiving Brother John got married and brought his wife home. She was like a dear old sister to me, and helped me plan my clothes and get ready to go the next fall. When I was ready to start, she died—leaving her baby boy in my care. Late that fall John took typhoid and never seemed to want to get well, and then father had a stroke, and went, too."

"I was all that I could do for him, and I did the best I could by him. I managed the farm, and raised him, and I had managed to lay by enough for his education. Then he married, and I was left alone, too old to try to make of myself anything except a plain farm woman. All these years I've been watching how easily education comes to most girls, and how little most of them appreciate it; but I hadn't any right to say that none of them deserved it. I got the notion that you were one of the kind that didn't. Since I've seen you, I'm willing to risk it on you."

The morning was filled with their planning for the future, and Ruth heard the distant call of the auto horn with genuine regret.

At the door she hesitated, then said firmly: "Aunt Ann, they will be so glad at home—those three dear little women. One by one they will take me aside and tell me about remembering your birthday for me. They will be sure that they helped me in that way to a college education—and Aunt Ann, I don't want to be deceitful, but I can't tell them that they didn't."

Aunt Ann cleared her throat and her shrewd dark eyes suddenly grew moist. "That isn't deceit," she said very decidedly. "That is only some of the tact and grace they've been all these years trying to drill into your matter-of-fact Vincent nature and I'm glad to see it's taking hold—in the right places."

The horn sounded insistently now from the end of the lane. They started to shake hands as they had done the day before; then Ruth suddenly threw both arms about Aunt Ann, and gave her a hug that nearly lifted the older woman from the floor.

"Oh, I love you so! I may forget your birthdays to the end of time—but I'll always love you!"

And she was away, down the lane as fast as her feet could carry her.

Aunt Ann stood quite still until Ruth had vanished from sight, then she wiped her eyes and said to herself:

"I used to think it was just palaver and put on, when John's wife was always trying to be nice to everyone, but I guess it came from her kind heart. Seems like Ruth's got her father's straight, honest way and strong brain and her mother's gentle heart, and after all it isn't a bad combination.—Lulu Linton in the Youth's Companion.

FORGIVENESS OF SIN

In these trying days when the very foundations of our civilization seemed threatened, it is good to know that amidst the din of arms and the strife of nations some men are thinking calmly of those things which touch the life of the soul, and affect the deeper currents of man's being. It was for this reason that I was surprised the other day to be asked by one who felt the burden of sin of our awful world, by what authority the Catholic Church claimed the power to forgive sin, the "power of the keys," and was there evidence of the use of the power in the early days of Church history? I told him it would be long to go in detail then, but I promised to make clear our warrant, and it is in fulfillment of such promise that I give the position of the Catholic Church, and the reasons for such positions.

The doctrine of the Church is put clearly by the Council of Trent (Sess. xiv, Chap. I.) "But the Lord then principally instituted the sacrament of penance, when being raised from the dead He breathed upon His disciples saying, 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost, whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain they are retained.' By which action so signal and words so clear, the consent of all the Fathers has ever understood that the power of forgiving sins was communicated to the Apostles and to their lawful successors for the reconciling of the faithful who have fallen after baptism." It is then a part of Catholic belief that the power to forgive sins committed after baptism has been communicated to the apostles, and to their successors, the Bishops and the priests of the Church. Proof of this divinely granted power we find in Holy Scripture itself. The text quoted throughout

the tradition of the ages are found in Matthew xvi, 19; Matthew xviii, 18, and John xx, 21-23.

To the Prince of the Apostles are given the "Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven." From that kingdom sin is excluded, and over sin Peter has indelible power—"Whosoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in Heaven." To Peter and to all the Apostles is given the power "to bind and to loose;" this power is granted without limitation, and of a consequence implies a jurisdiction at once legislative and judicial—power to forgive, power to set men free from the penalties that come of sin. This meaning which is clear from the context, becomes clearer in the light of the literature of the time, in which the phrase "to bind and to loose" was in very common use.

The Gospel of St. John puts this power with clearness so unmistakable that one wonders how any interpretation save that of the Catholic Church is possible. "Receive ye the Holy Ghost, whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven, and whose sins you shall retain they are retained." At the time of the Reformation there were some among the Reformers who saw in this text only the right to announce the Gospel of Christ, while others again contended that no power was given here save the power already granted in baptism. But surely these words cannot in any way mean only the right to interpret, nor can they be restricted to baptism alone, for the words of St. John imply a strictly judicial act, and the power to retain sin suggests so clearly an action of discretionary judgment, the power to retain sin is granted so universally, that it becomes impossible to limit it to baptism.

The power, then, to forgive sin has been in the Church from the beginning, nor is there lacking evidence that the Church made use of this power from the dawn of Christianity. In the first days of Christian history, the new birth of Christ was judged inconsistent with return to sin, and the use of the power of the keys was indeed less frequent than in after years. But the clearest evidence is found in the Pastor of Jerms, III, Sim. VIII, II.—Sim.—VIII, 6, 5, ibid IX, 19, where the author basing his contention on the received tradition takes to task the men who would exclude from penance those who fell after baptism.

St. Ignatius Martyr, in his letter to the Philadelphians, asserts that the Bishop must preside over penance, clearly asserting, of a consequence, the practice of forgiving sin in the days closest to the Apostles. The "Constitutions Apostolicæ" embodying almost the earliest of Roman documents (P. G. O. 1073), direct the consecrating Prelate to pray this over the Bishop. "Grant him, O Lord, by Thy Christ, the fulness of Thy spirit that he may have the power to pardon sin in accordance with Thy command, that he may loose every bond which binds the sinner, by reason of that power which Thou hast granted Thy Apostles."

FORGIVENESS OF SINS ALWAYS PRACTICED BY CHURCH True, some early writers restricted this power and refused to allow pardon for certain sins. This may have been for disciplinary reasons, but grants for a moment that men such as Origen and Tertullian erred in the matter, the Apostolic See speaking by the mouth of Calixtus (218-222) asserted with great clearness the power of the Church to forgive even the heinous crimes to which Tertullian and others made exception. After the days of Calixtus the tradition is so clear and so abundant that no one may deny it, and the universal practice of public penance after the middle of the fourth century precludes the possibility of denying the constant exercise of the power of the keys.

"Verily," so the words of St. Chrysostom in his work "De Sacerdotio," "Migne P. G. LXVII, 643, 'The Father has given all judgment into the hands of His Son, and the Son in turn has given all judgment into the hands of His Son, and the Son in turn has granted the power to His priests,' and again, 'He has given to His priests a power he has not granted even to the Angels for He has said to them, 'Whosoever you shall loose, shall be loosed.'"

The sacrament of Penance has been through the Christian centuries given to theologians many difficult and delicate questions, but the constant tradition from the beginning has made it impossible to deny either the granting of the power, or its exercise even from the first days of Christian faith. It was for this reason that Pius X., of holy memory, in his decree "Lamentabili Sane," condemns severely all those who would assert that "in the primitive Church there was no concept of the reconciliation of the Christian sinner by the authority of the Church, but the Church by very slow degrees only grew accustomed to this concept."

The position of the Catholic Church has through the centuries stood the attacks of many, but has ever endured, not only because it is divine, but also because it appeals so powerfully to the best instincts of men who see in the tribunal of Penance a work worthy of the "Divine Wisdom," a work of great usefulness to society.—Providence Visitor.

In former days public scolds and gossips were dipped until they were cooled off and their teeth chattered. Would that this cooling argument still prevailed!

Men who become ascetics to win a silver mug, will not practice self-restraint to win heaven.

WEAKENING MARRIAGE BONDS

One of the commandments of God which has been continuously assailed by the perversity of man is the injunction: "What God has joined together let no man put asunder." Established for the highest and holiest purpose in the order of nature and of the divine plan, marriage has ever been well attacked by those who would pervert the laws of the Most High. The sacred bond which unites man and woman, be they Christians or pagans, bears upon it the impress of Nature's approval as well as the sanction of God Himself. Springing from a common stock, our first parents, the human race was destined by God to extend its ramifications in countless directions.

Marriage has both a subjective as well as an objective purpose. It is intended to promote the moral and spiritual well-being of those who enter its sacred precincts. For the few, this welfare is attainable in the single state; for the majority, it follows naturally from the conditions of wedded life. This welfare is promoted when certain rules and requirements are observed. Disregard the underlying principles of this state, tamper with the sacred bonds which unite two persons, refuse compliance with the obligations which this state entails, and the subjective nature of marriage both as a contract and as a sacrament will quickly be impaired.

The well-being of the human race as a whole depends upon the successful attainment of the objective nature of marriage. This objective nature includes the perpetuation, both numerical and moral, of the race. One of the conditions necessary for its successful achievement is the permanency of the marriage tie. Nowhere else, perhaps, in the realm of Nature is the violation of her laws so effectively and a thoroughly punished as in the case where the sacred nature of marriage is disregarded.

Recently, a movement was inaugurated in England which proposed to make "marriage a three-year contract." Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the novelist, is credited with being one of the leaders of this neo-paganism. If it be true that Sir Arthur has allowed himself to be allied with such a cause, it is but one more proof that highly specialized talent in one line frequently expose their owner to ridicule and compassion when he applies these gifts in a foreign field.

Aside from the Christian aspect of marriage as a sacrament, the very nature of this institution makes it imperative that permanency be one of its salient features. Human beings, the units of the race, have a right not only to be born but also to be reared and nurtured, to be guided, educated and protected. This three-year absurdity, if allowed to become effective, would be one step more toward the present prevalence of divorce.

The automatic release, after a three years' trial, would not only wreck the prospect of population increase, but would also tend to hold the marriage state but a trifle above those depths which we warned should never even be mentioned.

The lack of stability in the home, the ease with which divorce or such a trial farce can shatter the marriage bonds, are known to all students of history as the underlying cause of ancient Roman decadence. Looking around us at home, writers and thinkers continually point to the fact that the old so-called American stock in the East is fast dying out, while the humbler and more vigorous blood imported from foreign shores is fast taking its place. The result of such a state of things, even from the natural and the economic standpoint, is everywhere showing itself. In many sections of the country the so-called native stock has been so cut up and dwarfed by the entanglements of divorce and other allied evils, that foreign elements in their midst now possess the reins of power. This is but the inevitable result of tampering with the marriage bond.

From the Christian and Catholic viewpoint, the evils of divorce and of trial marriage are among those sins which are constantly crying to heaven for vengeance. Is it too much to hazard the conjecture that this evil may be one of the causes which have determined an all-wise Providence to purify the world by the present conflagration which is striking down millions of human beings, by branding countless numbers with suffering, and chastening the spirit of others? —St. Paul Bulletin.

CATHOLICISM AND SOLDIERS

(Rev. G. C. Martindale, S. J., in The Tablet.) It is often asked whether the War makes a man worse or better. In this shape the question is, we believe, misleading and should not be asked at all. To our mind, the War does not, immediately, do either the one or the other; but it breaks up the crust of convention, habit, and average thought and behavior which forms itself round each man's soul, and reveals what is latent in him of unsuspected good or bad. At the same time it leaves the sensitive and emotional part of the soul unsheltered and susceptible of all manner of new and elementary influences. And the tendency to religion is at least as elementary as the tendency to kill or steal. If, therefore, a congenial religious fact meets a man in this receptive and responsive condition, it will affect him in that very inmost of his soul, where associations of

CONVERTED BY GENUFLECTION

When the saintly Tertiary Bishop Mermillod of Geneva was a curate in that city he delivered a series of sermons on the Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the Holy Eucharist. One evening, after all the faithful had left the church and the doors had been locked, the pious priest trimmed the sanctuary lamps, as was his daily custom, and then knelt for some moments in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament. He then rose and made devout genuflection. Just then he heard a slight noise in the church and turning about he saw a well-dressed lady emerging from the confessional. "What do you wish here, madame, at this time of the night?"

asked Bishop Mermillod, much surprised. "Your Reverence will please excuse me," replied the lady, "for, although I am a Protestant, I have regularly attended your Lenten sermons on the Eucharist, and I must confess that your words have convinced me of the truth of this great mystery. I had but one doubt—for which I humbly crave your pardon—namely, whether you yourself really believe what you preach. Hence, I sought an opportunity for observing your actions in secret before the Blessed Sacrament whether they are in accord with your professed belief. I am now satisfied that they are; for you would never have made so devout a genuflection as you did just now if you did not really believe in the Real Presence, and I humbly beg to be received into the Catholic Church."—The Monitor.

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PRIEST AND PARSON

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THEM ON THE BATTLEFIELD

An Ohio attorney preached from a Protestant pulpit, recently, on "Efficiency and Culture," giving expression to words now threadbare from repetition. "This War is the greatest opportunity the Church has ever had, etc." However, what interests us is his statement that, "about only one man in ten in England believes in the future life. Countless numbers of English soldiers, who in reality are atheists, have joined the Catholic Church because of its simplicity."

One knows not the authority for all this, but surmise may not be far off when one might suggest this man had recently read Michael Macdonagh's "The Irish on the Somme," in which he describes how the English soldiers in great numbers beg for Rosaries, Sacred Heart badges and other Catholic emblems, although not Catholics, and many show the highest respect for everything Catholic; hence, to say that they are at heart atheists is rather far-fetched and uncalled for. The truth of the matter is they note what the Catholic chaplains do for the wounded and dying, hence they yearn for something similar.

Here is a case as stated by an Irish Catholic soldier: "These non-Catholic soldiers see the chaplain hurry to the side of the wounded and dying, raise their hands over them in absolute adoration, and say the prayers for the dying, leave them holding the little crucifix and patient to the last. As one of my English cronies said after witnessing such a scene a hundred times and more: 'You see, there is an awful blooming difference between your priest and our parson. Your priest does things, our parson asks us if he can do anything for us.' No wonder the soldier is impressed and this bears out the above quoted remark of Dr. Brown, of Yale, that the Protestant church "has never been brave enough to deal with this human life of ours in its entirety." The Catholic Church has her Sacraments for the living and the dying and from the cradle to the grave, meets humanity in all its needs and even after death reaches over the borderland and whispers to God. Eternal rest grant unto them. Thoughtful minds outside the fold are wondering and surmising what is to become of Christianity after this great upheaval of society. God's Church marches on serene and calm, confident as in the days of old of God's promise "to the consummation of the world."—The Tablet.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, DEC. 1, 1917

THE CASE OF SISTER BASIL

The case of the ex-nun Johanna Curran, in religion Sister Mary Basil, has attracted a good deal of attention, and for the moment at least caused a good deal of a sensation. The press throughout the country gave considerable space to the testimony. Their summaries, however, were what many of their readers doubtless would consider interesting rather than a clear or complete presentation of both sides of the question in issue.

The Canadian Freeman, published in Kingston, says:

"The plaintiff in this action, Johanna Curran (Sister Basil), was for twenty-nine years a member of the Community of the Sisters of Charity of the city. For the greater part of that time, according to the sworn testimony of the Sisters, she has been an unruly and rebellious member of the Community. She adopted an attitude so directly contrary to the Rules and Constitutions of her Order as to become a source of scandal to her sisters in religion."

This being the condition of things a Catholic naturally wants to know why Sister Basil, if sane, did not ask for a dispensation from her vows and withdraw from the community, retaining her good standing as a Catholic. It appears that she did so. "She asked for a dispensation," says the Freeman. "The dispensation was granted, and then she refused to accept it." We understand that she was offered such dispensation many years ago by the predecessor of the present Archbishop. This would seem to throw a light on the peculiar temperament of Sister Basil. Still such a woman may consider this dog-in-the-manger attitude a virtue.

The Freeman thus summarizes the essential facts leading up to the civil action:

"The Superior-General swore that she purposed removing plaintiff to the Hospital of St. John of God in Montreal, an institution kept by Sisters of Charity similar to the Community to which she belonged. Her intention was to have plaintiff under medical care there so that the Community might be enabled to arrive at a decision as to her mental state. In the event of her being pronounced insane the Community would pay for her maintenance in this institution. If not, then they would be free to give her another chance or to dismiss her as an incorrigible subject. It should be borne in mind that the Hospital of St. John of God is not a lunatic asylum in the strict sense of the word. Lunatics are kept there, but there are other departments in this large institution apart from the lunatic department. Plaintiff was to be examined after her arrival by competent medical authority and assigned to the department to which the examiners decided she belonged. Why was not this examination made before her removal? (1) Because they were convinced that plaintiff would not consent to an examination, and (2), because certificates from Ontario doctors would be of no value in Quebec. Why was she not removed to an Ontario institution? Because there is no institution of this kind in Ontario. Witness testified that under the Constitutions she had power to dismiss plaintiff without a cent, and that this course was not followed because the Council was unable to decide as to plaintiff's ability to provide for herself if so dismissed."

"Plaintiff remained at the Orphanage for some time after the attempted removal, and then went to Belleville. The Superior at Belleville she considered her friend. For a time she was apparently contented enough, but after a few months she decided that life at Belleville was impossible, and she finally left the Community altogether and instituted proceedings in the civil courts. Her appeal to Rome was still pending. Father Mulhall, C. S. S. R., Toronto, had made an investigation and reported to the Sacred Congregation,

but apparently plaintiff decided that Rome would dismiss the action, so, without even withdrawing the case from the Roman Courts she initiated proceedings in the Civil Courts."

Briefly the jury decided that Sister Basil was not insane, that it was the intention of the defendants to remove her forcibly to an insane asylum; and they awarded her substantial damages. The Archbishop was found innocent of any complicity in the alleged conspiracy.

We have gone thus far into this question to comply with the wishes of several readers who wrote desiring information. Together with what has been furnished by the daily papers this is sufficient for them to understand the case. We have no opinion to offer as to whether this ex-religious is mentally unbalanced. Those who know her best seemed to be in doubt whether or not she was insane in that legal sense which would justify her incarceration in an insane asylum. The jury decided that she was not, in this sense at least, insane.

That Catholics should find the whole case and the way it was presented to the public extremely painful and in the nature of a scandal is most natural considering the affectionate esteem, the reverence, in which they hold the noble army of women who consecrate their lives to education and charity. They know the Sisters—their own sisters, daughters, relatives and friends. The happy and holy memories of childhood are for tens of thousands associated with their loving care, their heroic self-sacrifice.

But when all is said and done why does this case cause such a sensation?

Hysterical, unbalanced, wrong-headed women are unfortunately not so rare in life's experience. Nor, for that matter, are hysterical, unbalanced, wrong-headed men. Incompatibility of temper may have become a jest in these days of easy divorce; but for all that it is something tragically real at times. The breaking up of homes, divorces, murders even, are amongst the tragedies due to such sources and of everyday occurrence. The very fact—and we wish to place all possible emphasis upon it—the very fact that complications due to such human weaknesses and limitations, because nuns were concerned, caused such a tremendous sensation is the highest conceivable tribute to the sanity, the piety and the unobtrusive humility with which tens of thousands of these holy women fulfil the duties to which they have consecrated their lives.

That is the only sane view of the case; that is the only view that will be taken by self-respecting and fair-minded Protestants—the others don't matter.

"NO FAVORS FOR THIS MURDERER"

Saturday Night is usually fair and outspoken, indeed we should say unusually so. A lack of up-to-date information on Irish affairs in general and on Sinn Fein in particular is not the fault of Saturday Night but of the rigid censorship which places the sources of information—and misinformation—in the hands of those who would shield the murderer of Sheehy-Keffling from even the farcical punishment meted out to him.

In the honest and fearless article we reproduced on page one our esteemed contemporary refers to Sir Francis Vane, a brother officer who informed Kitchener of the facts of this cold-blooded murder which did so much to "utterly destroy confidence in the impartiality of British justice, so far as Ireland is concerned."

The murders of the journalists took place on the twenty-sixth of April; it was not until the sixth of May that any notice whatever was paid to this "insane" criminal, who was allowed to retain his command and his liberty, and to conduct himself privately and officially as his "insane" impulses might dictate. Major Vane exhausted every effort to have the military authorities in Dublin take some action, but absolutely without result. In desperation he went directly to the War Office, but to do so had to absent himself without leave, an offence for which he was promptly dismissed from the service; contrast this treatment with that accorded Bowen-Colthurst. And think it out a bit for yourselves; it makes Sinn Fein intelligible.

When it was no longer possible to avoid it Bowen-Colthurst was court-martialed, charged with murder, found guilty, but declared insane and ordered confined during the

King's pleasure. "British justice so far as Ireland is concerned" is a peculiar thing. The natural sense of justice and fair play of the English people would have indignantly blazed forth at any other time against many things done in its name in Ireland since the War began. Now appeal is made to that peculiar British justice to restore Bowen-Colthurst his liberty; but ex-Major Vane is still deprived of his commission. It is not too much to say that "British justice" is typified in the popular mind in Ireland by Bowen-Colthurst, and Sinn Fein by the natural indignation of Sir Francis Vane.

SACRIFICING PRINCIPLES

The past few weeks, and especially the past few months, have witnessed some revolting episodes in the public life of Canada. We have seen the most brazen graft go unwhipped of justice. We have seen political trickery that would cause the members of that legislative body, designated by a certain western paper as "The Town Council of Hooch," to blush for shame. We have seen hypocrisy decked out in the mantle of patriotism, with one hand in the public chest and the other holding aloft the flag. We have seen the leading newspapers of the country substituting vituperation and sophistry for argument, vainly striving to conceal under rills of oily eloquence and cataclysms of declamation their dearth of information and good sense. Time there was when a leading newspaper exercised a great influence in forming public opinion; but a venal and truth-concealing press has brought matters to such a pass that its advocacy of a public measure or of a public man but weakens the cause of both. All this is enough to disgust any normal individual.

LUTHER AND LIBERTY

The celebration of the fourth centenary of Luther's posting of his theses against indulgences has been half-hearted, and half-ashamed of itself. Here and there an uncritical and ignorant outburst of praise for Luther as the great anti-Popery champion and the author of religious freedom appeared in the press; but it was something perfunctory addressed to the unthinking prejudice of the Protestant tradition.

Luther believed himself to be favored with a special illumination of the Holy Spirit and chosen by God to effect a great work. Uncritical Protestant tradition affirms that such great work he accomplished. Awkward is the question suggested by the common sense and natural logic of the average man: How then is it that Lutheran Prussia has now become the scourge of God to the world? He is answered sometimes that Prussia has fallen away from Luther's teaching. But we have Luther's own evidence and that of his Reforming contemporaries as to the immediate effects of his rebellious movement.

In 1580 Justus Jonas, friend and constant companion of Luther, wrote: "Those who call themselves evangelicals are becoming utterly depraved and not only is there no longer any fear of God among them but there is no respect for outward appearances either; they are weary and disgusted with preachers and treat them like dirt and dust in the streets." And Melancthon's friend Camerarius, a little later, says: "Mankind have now attained the goal of their desires, boundless liberty to think and act as they please. Reason, moderation, law, morality and duty have lost all value."

And Luther himself, in his Hauspostille quoted by Father Griesar, admits and confirms the facts to which others bore testimony: "This (evangelical) preaching ought by rights to be accepted and listened to with joy, and everyone ought to improve himself thereby, and become more pious. But unfortunately the reverse is now the case, and the longer it endures the worse the world becomes; this is the work of the devil himself, for now we see people becoming more infamous, more avaricious, more unmerciful, more unchaste, and worse in every way than they were under Popery."

The law of liberty not working out, the Reformers soon invoked the authority of the State in matters of conscience and by the time of the Treaty of Westphalia this odious tyranny was accepted in the well-known formula: Cujus regio ejus religio. The State is supreme in matters of conscience. The divine right of the Kaiser to dominate and reform the world is no better or no worse than the right of Luther to impose by the authority of princes a new gospel on the people; and the one is a logical outgrowth of the other.

Interesting in this connection is a letter from the Duke of Argyll to the Glasgow Herald of October 18 commending the Free Church Presbytery of Edinburgh for refusing to identify itself with the celebration of the Luther centenary:

"It is a strange mania," writes the Duke, "that Scotsmen who have a Columbia, a Margaret, and a Kentigern of their own should wish to commemorate a couple of long dead Aliens (Luther and Calvin) who worked nothing but evil and destruction in their lives, and whose fruits we see in the charnel house of Europe and the ashes of the shrines of France, centuries after they have passed to their account. There is a direct chain of causation between Luther's bloodthirsty ravings against the German peasantry and the recent horrors which shocked civilized nations at Wittenberg itself. . . . This gaping back at the sinister figures of Dr. and Mrs. Martin Luther,

the apostates who tore the unity of the West in twain, is the attitude of a type of professor who feels a whole world slipping away from him."

our citizens, irrespective of their religion. We must not lose sight of the fact that not only the rank and file, but many among the leaders of thought in the country, are blind to the dangers ahead of them. They may be perfectly sincere, as we are afflicted by their training and education to grapple with the situation. It is surely a time when Catholic public men, who are heirs to the Church's centuries of experience, should not hide their light under a bushel, but, eschewing the attitude of "bated breath and whispering humbleness," manfully proclaim those principles of democracy that have made Canada a happy and a prosperous land.

"What crime have I committed," said O'Connell, "that The Times should praise me?" There are some amongst us who should examine their consciences, and ask themselves the same question. If some one of our Canadian co-religionists speaks out in arguments that are irrefutable and in terms that we would applaud in a Belgian or a Serbian, we heap contumely upon him, that thereby foresooth we may gain the applause of self-seeking worldlings. When principles are at stake, a man is a traitor to his country who takes shelter in cowardly silence, or makes cheap appeals to popular sentiment to gain the plaudits of the unthinking. Ah! but the people are thinking. They have intelligences, and truth is the adequate object of the intellect. Why should we, therefore, fear to speak? The great majority of them will be glad to hear it. Proclaim the truth and the truth will make us free. It is a duty we owe to our country, especially in this hour of trial and uncertainty.

THE GLEANER

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE WEEKLY Bulletin of the Department of Trade and Commerce reproduces from Mr. Watson Griffin's "Canada the Country of the Twentieth Century," published in 1915, some interesting figures regarding the geographical extent of the country and its possibilities for living up to its destiny as one of the world's great centres of population in the years to come. It is fitting and proper that attention should be called to the subject at this time, in view of the stream of immigration which, all authorities agree, is likely to flow to this continent when peace returns, and war-riven Europe has had time to readjust itself after the great stress.

WE HAVE in these columns expressed the opinion that as to the inflow of population from Europe expectations are liable to be disappointed. This, however, refers to the years immediately following upon the restoration of peace. The decimated man-power of Europe will have its hands full perhaps for years to come, in rebuilding ruined cities, restoring the land to cultivation and in re-organizing social order. The fearful havoc made in the male population will, it is only reasonable to suppose, necessitate the retention at home of those who have come safely through the fiery ordeal, and it may be many years ere the tide of emigration turns again to the Western Hemisphere. Whether this conjecture is right or not, must be left to the future to decide. But that in due time Canada will come into its inheritance, and become the home of millions yet in their youth or unborn, seeking escape from the thralldom of class which still sits enthroned in the older lands, is scarcely open to question. And with this prospect in view Mr. Griffin's figures are of absorbing interest.

CONTRASTING CANADA, the "country of the Twentieth Century" with the United States the "country of the Nineteenth Century," as regards rapid increase of population and development of natural resources, it is pointed out that in the year 1810 the population of the latter was 7,239,881, whereas the population of Canada in 1911 was 7,206,643. The population of the United States at the close of the nineteenth century was a little over 75,000,000. There is reason to believe that Canada will have attained that figure long before the close of the twentieth, and for this reason. In the early days of settlement in the United States the population of the British Isles and continental Europe was very much less than now. Ireland alone is the exception to this rule, and the causes thereof form one of the tragedies of history. With the lesser population of Europe as a whole, however, im-

migration from there was necessarily less than in later years.

It should also be remembered that a century ago emigrants had to cross the wide Atlantic in slow-going sailing vessels entailing discomforts and hardships unknown in our time, and, in addition, the United States had no well-settled neighboring country from which to draw settlers. Canada, on the other hand, drew from the United States in 1914 over 107,000 settlers, and as the great Republic becomes more densely populated Canada will receive from that quarter a steady stream of settlers looking for new opportunities in this vast North Land.

It is also pointed out that while in 1913, 402,432 immigrants landed on our shores, and 384,878 in 1914, it was not until the year 1842 that immigration to the United States passed the 100,000 mark, and that in no year prior to 1850 did it reach 300,000. A very small number arrived during the first quarter of the century, and in the year 1825 the total was but 10,199. For 5 years thereafter the average was 20,587. It was after 1850 that the tide really set in and from then on until the close of the century it came in ever-increasing streams. The high water mark was reached in the decade 1881-1890, when 5,245,613 immigrants landed in the United States.

DURING THE ten years ending with 1914 the total immigration to Canada was 2,530,799, as compared with 2,577,580 arriving in the United States during the decade ending with 1890, when that country had a population of 31,443,321. During the decade ending with 1870, with a population of 38,558,371, the immigration into the United States was 250,000 less than that to Canada in the decade ending 1914, when our population was under nine millions. For the decade ending 1880, when the population of the States was over fifty millions, the immigration averaged only 28,189 more annually than the Canadian average for the decade ending 1914. "These figures," remarks the Bulletin, "have great significance in considering the probable growth of Canada during the present century. The development of the United States in the nineteenth century was regarded as more marvelous than that of any other country in the world's history, but the percentage of growth of Canada since the beginning of the twentieth century has been far greater than that of the United States in any period of equal length during the last century."

WHAT FACILITIES has Canada, it may be asked, for absorbing and sustaining the great population which scientific statisticians predict for her? It has come to be an axiom that our material resources are practically inexhaustible, and that in the matter of their development we have as yet merely scratched the surface. Leaving figures in this regard aside for the present, Mr. Watson Griffin's comparison of our geographical extent and density of population with the countries of Europe may be glanced at. Prince Edward Island, the pigmy among our Provinces, with over thirty-one times the area of Jersey and Guernsey and nearly the whole of it very fertile, might have a population of over three millions, and still be less densely populated than these Channel Islands. Nova Scotia is almost as large as Belgium and Holland combined, which together have over twelve million people. And (what may surprise some people), Nova Scotia's most northern point is several degrees farther south than the most southern point of the British Islands. New Brunswick is almost as large as Scotland, which has nearly five million people. No part of the Province is as far north as Paris, and Saint John, the chief Atlantic port of Canada, is farther south than Venice.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

BYNG'S GREAT VICTORY

DURING THE week a smashing victory by the British under General Byng broke through the Hindenburg line on a wide front. Eight thousand prisoners and scores of guns fell into the hands of the victors. This great battle was unique in the War. It was preceded by no bombardment, tanks taking its place to break down the enemy wire entanglements. For this reason the long absent element of complete surprise enabled the English, Scottish, Irish, and Welsh troops engaged to achieve the impossible.

General Byng's army is again on the move, with success in its operations west of Cambrai. Last night's brief report says that these operations on the "Somme front," as the bulletins designate the area, were attended with success, and are developing satisfactorily. The enemy artillery has shown great activity in the neighborhood of Passchendaele, where it was probably intended to conduct a counter-offensive in the hope of drawing the British from other areas. Unofficial dispatches tell of hard fighting continuing at a number of points, notably in the vicinity of Crevecoeur, Moenry, and Bourlon Wood. Near Moenry a hill dominating a large section of the canal running east of the town, which is still in German hands, was the scene of a heavy battle in which the British drove off the attackers. Consolidation work was still going on.

THE ITALIAN FRONT

ON BOTH the Asiago and the upper Piave River front Italian forces are still holding their own magnificently. In the former sector the enemy, having received reinforcements, passed from the defensive enforced upon him by the aggressiveness of the Italians and began a great attack with the idea of conducting an encircling movement against the height position, the loss of which would have endangered the whole Italian line along this front. The result of a great victory by the enemy here would be not only the driving of an enormous wedge between the forces on the Piave and those a considerable distance to the west, but the over-running of great sections of industrial Italy. Our Allies would thus suffer a loss of territory of vast importance and a military disaster hardly equalled in the war. The Italians, however, rose to the occasion, and in a series of counter-attacks, and despite the enemy's use of fear-producing shells and heavy artillery, held all their positions, and captured a few prisoners. To the east, between the Brenta and the Piave Rivers, dense waves of enemy infantry made an equally unsuccessful series of attempts to smash the Piave line. Some positions were lost here and retaken in gallant style. In the end, Rome declares, the attacks were definitely checked. If the Italians can hold out for a few more days they will be able to declare that the invasion has been halted, and to enter upon the task of driving out the invaders, with every prospect of success. The tenacity of the Austro-German attacks show that they will not give up the attempt to smash the Italian armies unless they in turn are so badly

South than Florence, and Hamilton is in about the same latitude as Marsailles.

It has been conjectured that the Western Provinces of Canada could house the population of Europe. What is certain is that Manitoba alone is larger than Germany, Belgium, Holland and Switzerland combined, and that, notwithstanding its severe winters, Winnipeg is farther south than any city in the British Isles. Saskatchewan is as large as Austria-Hungary with half of Serbia added, and Regina is farther south than Portsmouth, on the English Channel. The area of Alberta exceeds that of Italy, Greece, Montenegro, Serbia, Roumania and Bulgaria combined, and Edmonton, its capital, is in about the same latitude as Manchester.

BRITISH COLUMBIA and the Yukon are as large as the combined area of the United Kingdom, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Germany, Denmark and Sweden, which together have a population of over 135,000,000. Vancouver Island is more than sixteen times as large as the State of Rhode Island, and if as densely populated would have 9,000,000 people. Victoria is farther south than Paris, and its climate more nearly approximate to that of southern France than that of any other part of Canada. Of the great and wholly undeveloped Northwest Territories it may at least be said that they are as capable of sustaining a white population as the northern provinces of Russia, and of Canada as a whole, that she is not only one of the great granaries of the world but is capable of sustaining within her own borders a population almost if not quite equal to that of China. If she is but true to her destiny, and eschews worship of the material her future is secure.

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mauled that the offensive must be abandoned. Of this there is as yet no sign. The enemy is not being punished so badly as he should be because of the loss of Italian guns in the earlier retreat, a deficiency which is not yet made good to the limit required to meet the heavy artillery being rushed forward by the foe. It is probable that the British and French reinforcements are now getting into line in strong numbers, and their artillery should be a great help for the Italian armies.

JERUSALEM INVESTED

German newspapers are telling their people that Jerusalem is to be abandoned to the British because it is of no military value, and for that reason would not be worth their sacrificing the troops to hold it. They have nothing to say about the immense loss of prestige that will accrue to the Germans as much as to the Turks, although the latter have long been masters of the Holy City. Jerusalem has always been counted by the Germans as within the scope of their Eastern conquests to come, and some of their buildings in that city are in the nature of fortifications. It is to be hoped that Jerusalem is now in the hands of the British, whose campaign through Palestine has been conducted with such brilliant success.—Globe, Nov. 24.

NEWMAN

AND THE ROMANCE OF RELIGION

Joseph F. Wickham, M. A., in America

On a pedestal in the gardens of Trinity College, Oxford, there stands a bust of an old Oxonian. You might pass it by if you were in a hurry, and not stand to gaze at the pensive features that seem to ask you to stop and dream. It is quite unremarkable, perhaps, that this bronze memorial should be here, for it is the common way of telling the world that a man lived, and was great, and died. And in very truth this old graduate of the old seat of learning, whose thoughtful face in the garden seems to be dreaming today of the Oxford thousands fighting in France, this old man, indeed, was great. He lived, if anyone in the nineteenth century lived; and when he died, the English world stopped still for a moment, for it had lost John Henry Newman.

The story of Newman is more than a twice-told tale. He has told it himself best of all; Mr. Hutton has told it, and the late Wilfrid Ward and Dr. Barry; and every man of letters from Mr. Birrell to Monsieur Bremond, and Mr. Benson has found him an inspiration for his thoughts. And today, when Oxford is wide awake, and thinking of today's battles of armies set in array rather than of battles of the spirit fought in the long ago, it seems a work of supererogation to recall to memory those far-off days when Oxford was asleep and Newman woke it up.

But romance is never out of fashion, whether it be the romance of love, the romance of dying for one's country, the romance of finding new lands, or the romance of finding God. And Newman, though he was many things also, was certainly a figure of romance, standing forth as bravely in the nineteenth century as Washington in the eighteenth or Joffre in the twentieth. His romance was not that of love, or of discovery of continents, or of dying that others might live, but was the romance of religion, of a soul seeking the Soul.

It was an age of high aspiration and endeavor. Carlyle was crying against the shams of society with a voice that thrilled with indignation; Ruskin was teaching sincerity in art to an age that had forgotten what art was; Matthew Arnold was preaching the sweetness and light of an intellectual culture; truly Newman was no isolated figure winning the attention of an England that had no one else to hearken to. His rise to glory was no easy triumph; but triumph it was, and it grows greater the farther it recedes into time.

In Newman's youth-time the youthful poet Keats had summed up all truth in the word beauty. "That is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know." The creed is not as simple as it may seem, and if carried to its widest interpretation, it is sound philosophy. Newman carried it to the forecourts of heaven and proved it true; and it is in that journey, in that wonderful Odyssey of religious adventure, in that dauntless faring-forth of him who in the Siege Perilous had no dread, that lies the romance of the future Cardinal-Prince.

Many men and women have lived this romance; it is not new; it is not uncommon; and Newman's living it is in no sense a more precious thing than the experience of an unknown saint in the wilderness of the world. But all who have trodden the paths that lead to Rome will accept him as their leader and their hero, for their story is but a variant of his, and in him the tale is a classic, even as the tale of Troy divine. It is a tale of a man seeking truth, questing for it as the pearl of great price. And that day in Palermo, in 1833, when he wrote "Oh, that they could were sound, thou Church of Rome," he uttered the aspiration that was the watch-word of his heart's pulsation; it told the story of a soul's desire even as the device on a warrior's shield.

"Love," sings the Roman, "conquers everything." It was the love of the English Church that conquered Newman's love of the Church

of England. It was love of things that hailed their origins from more ancient sources than a monarch's decree or an act of parliament, that made him a soldier in the Tractarian movement at Oxford. It was the love of the ideal embodied in Tract 90 that broke about him the storm of protest in the halls of ancient Oxford, a tempest that drove Newman closer to his destined harbor, and that boded to Oxford and to all England that in the world of the spirit a new day was about to dawn. "I have no romantic story to tell," writes Newman in his "Apologia," and yet his life in that splendid span of years from 1833 to his death is one long season of knight-hood, a seeking of the Grail that was lost, and a watching the Cup as the only work worth the doing. These years are the answer to the prayer of "Lead, Kindly Light," that wonderful poetic cry out of the depths of the half-light when he saw darkly what he would see in the glory of the sun's full gleam.

To cross the stream that separated the Church of England from the Church of Rome was no mere crossing of the Rubicon. For Caesar the Roman meant glory or defeat in the Roman world; and Caesar brooked no defeat. For Newman, in his English world, it would seem to shadow the answer to the prayer of "Lead, Kindly Light," that wonderful poetic cry out of the depths of the half-light when he saw darkly what he would see in the glory of the sun's full gleam. To cross the stream that separated the Church of England from the Church of Rome was no mere crossing of the Rubicon. For Caesar the Roman meant glory or defeat in the Roman world; and Caesar brooked no defeat. For Newman, in his English world, it would seem to shadow the answer to the prayer of "Lead, Kindly Light," that wonderful poetic cry out of the depths of the half-light when he saw darkly what he would see in the glory of the sun's full gleam.

And so it was. The old England, the England that began when the eighth Tudor repudiated his Spanish queen, forgot him, for a while, but the older England that knew Augustine and Thomas of Canterbury welcomed the new ally to its thin battle-line. And now with the old courage and the new light Newman did the work where he found it to do. Ordained priest of the Catholic Church, he preached again, and delivered those marvelous lectures on "The Idea of a University," and was joyful in heart at the new gladness which was to come to him. And then in 1864 the England that had forgotten him again remembered, for Charles Kingsley had thrown down the gage of battle in the query "What, then, does Dr. Newman mean?" And Newman picked it up, and wrote one of the three or four most famous confessions in the history of the world, the "Apologia pro Vita Sua."

There is no need today to say even a word about the "Apologia"; there was a reason for offering it more than the sufficient compliment of reading it; for it is its own best introduction to itself, and its own best critic. All of Kingsley's books could well be spared from the accomplishment of the nineteenth century, but to conceive the nineteenth century in England without Newman's "Apologia" is to dream a garland of years quite at variance with one of their essential meanings.

From the thrilling pages of the introduction to the point where Newman came, as he says, "into port after a rough sea," and from this record of his new peace to the beautiful closing page dedicated to Ambrose, St. John and Newman's other fellow-priests of the Birmingham Oratory, the "Apologia" is a rare human document in the form of a work of art; a truly wonderful book, portions of which stand unrivalled in the prose of the nineteenth century, and easily challenge the test of comparison with the best pages of the half dozen prose masters in all British letters. To read it through, slowly and thoughtfully and comprehendingly, letting the mind travel in a real companionship with Newman's is a voyage into the seas of a soul's romance quite as actual as a mariner's adventure into undiscovered oceans seeking the land of promise.

The land of promise was come to Newman when he wrote this book; and the promised land was right at home in England. He had become a prophet with honor, in his own country; and the men who were seas away from him in the belief of the soul clasped his hand in an ecstasy of joy over the great book of a great sincerity. Poeman in creed were honored in his friendship; and the old friends of his heart were happy in his triumph. Henceforth in the estimation of the British world Newman was not merely a great Anglican become Roman Catholic, but a great man of his time, a name upon men's lips with Gladstone and Tennyson and the Prince of Wales.

This is not a critical essay on Newman as a writer. If it were, we could not but tarry on the delights of "The Dream of Gerontius," that beautiful strain of music that breathes the mystery and the sweetness of Christian death; a strain of music in very truth, for its words are a melody and a heavenly harmony that sing themselves to the soul of the man of faith quite as appealingly as Elgar's composition chants the hymn to all the world. "The Dream" was written soon after the "Apologia." The prose work gives us Newman's view of life, his own life; the poet conjures for us his vision of death, the fair vision

that came to him in the solitude of Edgbaston, as he thought of the glory that was God and the grandeur that was man, if man but chose to grasp it.

Probably most great men suffer many disappointments in the course of their lives. Certainly Newman was not an exception in this respect. Not all of his plans could be carried through; not all of his contemporaries understood his ideals and motives; and many a brooding hour must have broken his peace of mind as he pondered on the ways of men. But the length of years that carried his sorrows gave him also his vindication and his crown. In 1878 Oxford called him home as honorary Fellow of Trinity, and after his thirty-three years of absence Newman was free to sit again at the high table and to make friends with the things of his youth. The next year saw the final touch of glory, when on the twelfth day of May Leo XIII. made the priest of the Oratory Cardinal of Saint George. It was a splendid day for Newman, a fair day for all England, when the great Leo gave the word. Never, indeed, was a choice happier than this. The fitness of things displays itself more than once in a while in the ordering of human affairs; and this was a conspicuous example of princely honors finding their way to a prince of men, a unique occasion in history when one rare soul could offer to another the title that a critical world would hold as flawless. For with Newman the world had been nothing if not critical; but it had found him true, and it rushed to him now, and gave him all the love and all the friendship and all the glory that it had. And this is a very dear thing in life.

Eleven years more the Cardinal dwelt in the peace of Birmingham, the calm and serenity of old age falling upon him very gently and very sweetly, touching his spirit with that singular tenderness that looks upon you from the painting in the National Gallery. And then came the end of things, of the day and the even-time, and of dreams, and of earthly toiling. The life of the great man was rounded with the sleep that is life, the dawn of the deathless day; the great heart was at home with the Heart he had loved and served; and the motto on the Cardinal's shield, "Cor ad cor loquitur," was being lived to the uttermost.

A new generation has grown up since that August day in 1890 when Newman died. It is no doubt richer in many things than the generation that preceded it; but it is less rich in at least one thing, the precious personal memory of a man who followed the gleam faithfully as the knightliest of the knights of old, who chanted through the years the chronicle of his glorious adventure in language like the Angel's own, and who died at the last in all the beauty of death, and was laid away with the whole world weeping as at the passing of a friend.

MURDER PURE AND SIMPLE

Dr. Haiselden, of Chicago, is again attracting public notice, this time by announcing that he intends to put to death, "in a painless manner," such incurable cases as he deems fit for his method of execution. This is the same Dr. Haiselden who permitted some babies to die, rather than perform operations which might prolong their lives, but, in his judgment, would not restore the children to a normal condition or enable them, in his judgment—to become useful.

His latest proposal is to accept the judgment of parents—in the case of diseased and, supposedly incurable, children—and his own, added to the desire, or permission of the ill person—in the case of adults—as sufficient reason for him to terminate the life of the afflicted one. It is so shocking that one can hardly realize that so coldblooded a man is actually a member of the medical profession, noted from the beginning of civilization's history as devoted to the preservation of life and the amelioration of human suffering.

No parent has the disposition of a child's life put in his or her hands. The gift of human life is not an act of will on the part of any human being. It comes from God. Only under the most restricted circumstances, with specific conditions fully met, can any assemblage of human beings gathered into a state acquire the power of ordering the ending of a human life. The act of a judge, in sentencing to death a culprit, is not the act of the individual who chances to occupy the judicial position. He is expressing the penalty fixed by the State, which is composed of all the people in the community capable of participating in the government.

In the case of this physician who apparently seeks notoriety—for after his previous exploits he went into the moving pictures to impress his appearance and his views upon the public—an individual, uncommissioned by the State, takes into his hands the solemn functions of judge and executioner. The acts he announces he will perform are violations of human rights and violations of the State's prerogatives. No very ill person is competent to pass judgment upon his own case or his own life. Thousands of cases believed to be hopelessly ill have recovered health and usefulness. The one sadly stricken and believed by himself and by his physician and by his family to be on the brink of death may get well. Such things have frequently happened. In the case of

children, many believed to be doomed to permanent blindness or mental infirmity have been restored to sight or useful mental and physical life by operative measures.

What would be the verdict of the world were any such case of illness or defect to be put to death upon the say so of some parent, guardian or physician? It is horrible to contemplate. The public opinion of Illinois must recoil from this physician's deliberate program of taking human life. Medical men should ostracize him. Society should denounce him. The law should stop him from practice of his profession.—N. Y. Catholic News.

TWO VIEWS OF THE WAR

"Better editorials than I or any other editor can write are being written by the young men who, for an ideal, are giving up their lives in France," says the editor of Every Week, quoting the letters of two boys who both sacrificed their lives for their country at the early age of nineteen. To "the France of tomorrow" the thoughts of Alfred Eugene Cazalis turned before he fell in his last brave charge: "It is not for death I would prepare myself, but for life. For life eternal, no doubt, but for the more immediate matter of earthly life as well. When war is over and I go home, I must be a changed being. I shall have no right to be as I formerly was—or the lesson will all have been in vain. Through the War mankind must be reborn, and is it not our duty to be reborn first of all?"

And to his kinswoman Jean Rival wrote the day before his death, asking her to console his mother: "If time goes by and she hears nothing of me, let her live in hope; keep up her courage. Then if you learn at last that I have fallen on the field of honor, let your heart speak those words that will bring solace. This morning I attended Mass and received Communion some meters back from the trenches. If I die, I shall die as a Christian and a Frenchman. . . . God guard me to the very end. But if my blood is needed for our triumph—Thy will be done, O Lord!"

So on each side of this great conflict souls are drawn nearer to God in this fiery ordeal. But we must not overlook the equally undeniable fact that together with heroic virtue the most flagrant vice is often known to flourish in the trenches. While some profit by the lessons of the War, others return with manhood and innocence ruined. No efforts therefore which can be made to surround our young men with all the safeguards of religion in the camps and at the front should be considered needless or superfluous.—America.

LET US PRAY

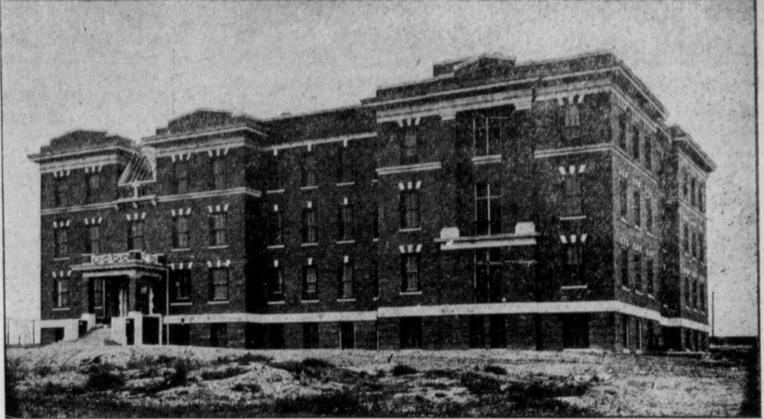
There are people who would make light of President Wilson's recent proclamations of a day of prayer. There are men who would ridicule the effectiveness of pious petitions and assert that in this war the prayer of results is in the hands of the man in the trenches.

Then follow all those befuddled ideas of God and our relation to Him. Fortunately, men of such perverted notions are not directing our government. When the nation approached the altar on a recent Sunday, it was not with the suggestion that God accomplish our will, but with a humble petition that He light further for us the path we are treading at His will. Surely that is our conviction, our justification for charging our cannon, that we are His instruments, contending for the liberty of the human race. And our prayer for victory is a petition that in our human weakness we may not fall as His tool. Nor is prayer fruitless. True, the man with the gun is a fearful argument in our favor. But his effectiveness is in measure to the courage in his heart. The supreme courage is that begotten by prayer. But for the power of prayer men would be shrinking, conquerable cowards. There is, too, another effective prayer spoken in war-times. It is that of the mother at home. There is heroism needed for sending a son to battle. And the strength for the sacrifice is given in prayer.

A nation that would vaingloriously approach the field of battle, scorning the Almighty, would be treading the road to early defeat.—New World.

NUNS SAVE FOUR HUNDRED WOUNDED

A special cable from the London Times to the Washington Post says: "Galatz is frequently bombarded. Since the occupation of the Dobrudja by the Central Powers this open town has received not less than 8,000 shells. Last week the bombardment was stronger than usual, especially against hospitals. Last Friday an aeroplane flew over the building of the Catholic nuns hospital of Notre Dame de Sion, which sheltered 400 wounded, marking it as a target. Soon after the bombardment started 30 shells of heavy calibre fell on the building. The hospital nuns were able to move in time all the wounded to the cellar. Thanks to the celerity of their work, there were no casualties except two nuns wounded while in the chapel. The building was hit by 10 incendiary shells but none burst. The whole first floor was wrecked, and it was almost a miracle that the building did not catch fire."



NEW PROVIDENCE HOSPITAL, MOOSE JAW, SASK.

NEW PROVIDENCE HOSPITAL, MOOSE JAW, DEDICATED

On Wednesday, the 14th inst., the beautiful New Providence Hospital, conducted by the Sisters of Charity, Moose Jaw, so modern and spacious in construction and equipment, was solemnly dedicated by His Grace, Most Rev. O. E. Mathieu, Archbishop of Regina, who was assisted by a number of clergy of the diocese and other places. After the Mass, which was celebrated by Rev. Father McCoy, Medicine Hat, His Grace delivered a pleasing eulogy fully portraying the advantages of such an institution in the enterprising City of Moose Jaw. He paid a well-merited tribute to the Sisters for carrying out to completion the grand building which affords many comforts and conveniences for patients of all classes. The best results in administering to the needs of the sick and suffering might be expected owing to the fact that the Hospital could honestly boast of the best professional skill from an efficient staff of physicians and surgeons.

In a most touching manner the Archbishop invoked heavenly blessings on the great and heroic work on all who were identified with it—Benefactors, Pastors, Doctors, Nurses and Sisters.

A solemn procession formed and each apartment visited, at the close of the ceremony the distinguished guests were conducted to the spacious and tastefully decorated Banquet Hall and served to a delicious repast by the "Ladies Auxiliary."

The hospital management wish to express sincere gratitude through these columns to their generous contributors and heartily solicit the sympathy and material assistance of kind friends to enable them to maintain and conduct their great undertaking.

A NON-CATHOLIC EDITOR PAYS TRIBUTE TO POPE BENEDICT

The Editor of Brann's Iconoclast says:

"Pope Benedict will be known as 'A Prince of Peace.' Regardless of the final outcome, no power can rob him of this glorious title. The Allies have declined to accept his Christ-like plea for the bleeding people of all the warring nations, but they have not closed the door to Hope. In fact, I think President Wilson's answer opens it a little wider. Pope Benedict's suggestions could not be ignored. They may be subjected to some modification, but none of the belligerents can afford to treat them lightly. There are 300,000,000 Catholics in the world. Loyal to every flag under which they live, Catholics are fighting on both sides of every battlefield. Their devotion and sacrifice give the Pope a perfect right to enter a plea for peace. He has spoken not only for his own children but for all mankind and for Christ. He has given form and expression to the soul of civilization and challenged the Christian conscience of the world. His action is worthy the exalted station he occupies. He has placed civilization, Christianity and the human race itself under everlasting obligations."

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

To the CATHOLIC RECORD the Catholic Church Extension Society expresses sincere thanks for the donation of the space on this page used each week in the interest of the propagation of the Faith in Canada.

This kindly act is a public expression of that Catholic co-operation for which we so ardently pray.

There are hundreds and hundreds of Catholics in Canada eager to help the Catholic Church in her divine mission of making known the truths of salvation if only the way be pointed out. The way and means are at hand.

In the large dioceses of Western and Northern Canada there are today thousands of Catholics without the means of practicing their holy Religion. They are our brethren in Christ Jesus and belong to the household of the Faith. Charity, without which we cannot be saved, demands that we listen to their cry of distress and for the love of God and our neighbor give a hearty

RESPONSE, ACCORDING TO OUR MEANS.

To bring the Faith of Jesus Christ into the souls of these Catholics famishing for this heavenly nourishment is the only reason for the existence of the Catholic Extension Society.

The President of the Catholic Church Extension Society is only a small instrument for the direction of Catholic Charity. He holds office through the gracious favor of the Holy See, to give, in as far as he is able, a public expression of and response to, the desires of the Archbishops, Bishops, Priests and Catholic people in regard to the extension of Catholic Missionary work in the sparsely settled districts of Canada and Newfoundland.

The Catholic Church Extension Society, in doing the work for which it was instituted, will pursue one object solely; namely, to be an honest, honorable and devoted medium of Charity, standing in full light, begging and receiving aid with one hand and paying out with the other the generous contributions of clergy and people to the most needy missions in Canada, without regard to race or nationality.

Amounts, great and small, received through the RECORD for Extension work, will receive acknowledgment in this space each week.

REV. T. O'DONNELL, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 67 Bond St., Toronto.

Contributions through this office should be addressed:

EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

FAILURE OF PROTESTANTISM

The War is bearing so hard on the nerves of men that many people are speaking their minds freely and in a most interesting way. The latest addition to this group is Charles Reynolds Brown, dean of the Yale School of Religion, who recently lectured to the students of Goucher College, Baltimore, on "Four Hundred years of Protestantism." According to the Baltimore News he declared that Protestantism "had not fulfilled its promise because it was not brave enough to exalt and insist upon the imperialism of Christ's spirit." The News continues as follows:

"Whereas, the Catholic Church with its seven Sacraments, the lecturer said, touches life at every point, the Protestant Church had not been willing to make an honest effort to reach human needs. He complained bitterly of the sectarianism that divides the body of Protestantism and which makes of the Church not a strong cable about humanity, but has frayed it into many strands, each of which is not strong enough to sustain the whole. There is nowhere a great Protestant Church, he declared, equal to the great Catholic Church.

"The War, Dr. Brown maintained, is the greatest challenge to Protestantism since the days of Luther. But if the Church is to rally herself now, he argued, she needs most of all a great leader, a man of the temper of Lincoln with 'malice toward none,' whose broad and catholic temper could sweep together the antagonistic elements into a reunited Church."

But if all this be true why is Dr. Brown giving his life to the propagation of Protestantism, an utterly discredited cult in his eyes. Because he is a Protestant.—America.

TURNING TO CATHOLIC IDEALS

The weak-kneed Catholic who is now so eager to run after every fad in social service will find after a while, if he is fortunate enough to finally reach the higher strata, that the best moderns in social work are unlearning a lot of fads and are studiously copying Catholic methods. What is needed to-day among all classes of Catholics here in America is more confidence in themselves and less weakly imitation and spineless subservience to what is called the spirit of the age, this up-to-dateness, this yesterday civilization with its cocksure methods and its empty boastfulness. By this time the most needed to realize that what is most needed to-day is not a new batch of fads, but a glance backward at the ages of faith.—Cardinal O'Connell.

DUTY

I know not where the path may lead nor what the end may be, The clouds are dark above us now, the future none can see, And yet when all the storms have passed, and cannons cease to roar We shall be prouder of our flag than we have been before.

We could not longer idle stay, spectators of a wrong, The weak were crying out for help against oppression strong And though I pray we may be spared for the bitterness of strife, 'Twere better that we die than live the coward's feeble life.

We could not longer silent sit, our glory at an end And blind ourselves unto the wrongs committed by a friend; We must be tolerant with all, yet in these days of hate Some things have happened that it would be shame to tolerate.

And now we stand before the world erect and calm and grave And speak the words that decency must rule the land and wave; Into the chaos of despair we fling ourselves to-day As guardians of a precious trust hate must not sweep away.

We must rejoice, if we are men, not weak and soft of heart That we have heeded duty's call, and taken up our part. And when at last sweet peace shall come, and all the strife is o'er We shall be prouder of our flag than we have been before.

—EDGAR A. GUEST.

THE TABLET FUND

Toronto, Nov. 21, 1917.

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD: I thank you for giving space to the Appeal for the Tablet Fund for the Relief of the Belgians. So far I have received because of this appeal: Previously acknowledged, \$149 49 Miss Kinzinger, Niagara Falls 2 00 A Friend, 2 00 Mrs. O'Leary, Keeney 50 Women's Institute, Clayton 6 00 J. Buckley, Toronto 5 00 N. C. Mount Carmel 5 00 D.A.F. 10 00

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

Respectfully yours, W. E. BLAKE, 93 Pembroke St. Toronto.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Nov. 26, 1916.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: That your charity towards my mission is approved by the highest ecclesiastical authorities of Canada let me quote from a letter from His Excellency, The Most Rev. Peregrina F. Stagni, O. S. M., D. D., Apostolic Delegate, Ottawa: "I have been watching with much interest the contributions to the Fund opened on behalf of your missions by the CATHOLIC RECORD. The success has been very gratifying and shows the deep interest which our Catholic people take in the work of the missionary in foreign lands. . . . bless you most cordially and all your labors, as a pledge my earnest wishes for your greatest success in all your undertakings." I entreat you to continue the support of my struggling mission, assuring you a remembrance in my prayers and Masses.

Yours faithfully in Jesus and Mary J. M. FRASER

Previously acknowledged, \$12,005 56 St. Thomas Branch, L.O.C. Reserve Mines, N. S. 15 00 M. E., Puce 1 00 D. J. O'Sullivan, Carroll 1 00 Robt. McCarthy, St. John 1 00 Rev. C. D. McKee, Moose Creek 5 00 A. A. G., St. Lawrence, Nfld 10 00 A. L. F., St. Lawrence, Nfld 1 00 Thanksgiving to Holy Souls in Purgatory 2 00 S. C., Mabou, N. S. 1 00

False friends are like our shadow—keeping close to us while we walk in the sunshine, but leaving us the instant we cross into the shade.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. F. P. HICKEY, O. S. B. FIRST SUNDAY OF ADVENT

THE EVIL OF MORTAL SIN

Tribulation and anguish upon every soul of man that worketh evil.—(Rom. ii. 9)

Fear, my dear brethren, is the pain arising from the apprehension of evil, threatening and destructive. And what we fear we try to avoid. For what precautions we take against anything unpleasant or painful! How we dread poverty, diseases, and the approach of death!

But we are not always wise in fearing just what we should. Not seeing and appreciating thoroughly what really is evil, we fall into the mistake of fearing things that are harmless, and not fearing those that are dangerous. Poverty and suffering are most men's idea of evil. But there is a mistake somewhere.

Our Blessed Lord teaches us, "Blessed are the poor," and suffering He chose for Himself and His Blessed Mother. But there was one thing that He did fear, one thing that wrung from Him a bloody sweat, that nailed Him to the cross, that broke His adorable, loving Heart, and that was mortal sin.

That is the one evil that we must learn to fear and try to avoid. We have often shut our eyes to the deadliness of sin. Our nature leads us to commit it; it is so hard to be ever resisting, so easy to fall, that we are disinclined to acknowledge that sin is really the only evil to be feared.

With the light of God's grace, let us look into mortal sin. Let us see what it is, what it entails, and how it entrails us. We need not fear all evils. But those that are near, threatening, destructive, secret, and hidden—those are the ones from which we draw back appalled.

Test it thus, and see how mortal sin is to be dreaded. It is near. Your own bad desires and passions, the wickedness of the world around you, make you feel that you are hemmed in by sin and the danger of it. Near? Why, in your thoughts, on your lips, in your heart, a mortal sin may be lurking.

Not only near, but threatening. Falling into sin is not chance work. You have an enemy, clever, cunning, who is always trying to make you fall into sin, or having fallen, to keep you in it. Such is the devil's implacable hatred that it is war to the death.

And the danger is the greater because it is partially hidden and concealed. Partially hidden even from the devout and watchful, wholly concealed from the careless, the thoughtless, and the dissipated. What is hidden? Its malice against God. Temptation is so pleasant and plausible, but do not trust to that. See how God hates sin, how He punishes it, and how sin punished our Lord when He took upon Himself the iniquities of us all; then you will realize with horror the malice of mortal sin.

What is hidden? Its power of enthralling the poor soul. Habits of sin are formed, the soul is darkened, the will loses its strength; of themselves sinners are helpless.

What is hidden? The miseries that mortal sin entails. The devil is not loyal to those who follow him and give themselves to him. Promises at first and enticements; and when they are securely in his power, remorse, despair, the fear of hell haunting them. Even in this life, as far as we can help ourselves, these miseries cannot be remedied. We cannot even ask for mercy from the offended God, unless the good God gives us the grace. There are many so contented in their sins, so blinded, so besotted, that they never even ask God for pardon. Pray "that none of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin." (Heb. iii. 13.) Unless the infinite goodness of God intervenes, such people are already victims devoted to the fire of hell, "reserved under darkness in everlasting chains unto the judgment of the great day." (Jude i. 6.)

But if death finds us in mortal sin, the evil is altogether irremediable: we are beyond redemption then.

But let us bless Almighty God that this evil of mortal sin, which is so near, so destructive, so malicious, is not altogether unavoidable. If there were no gleam of light on this dark picture, our fear would become despair; for we cannot fear unless hope tells us that we may avoid the evil.

Yes, it is to holy fear and prayer that we must look to be delivered from the hands of our enemy. Fear the evil of sin. As the Scripture says, "Flee from it; pass not by it; go aside, and forsake it." (Prov. ix. 15.) If you make light of the evil, if you trust to your own goodness or cleverness, you are lost. The wise man warns us: "My son, hast thou sinned? Do so no more; but for thy former sins also pray that they may be forgiven thee. Flee from sins as from the face of a serpent; for if thou comest near them, they will take hold of thee. The teeth thereof are the teeth of a lion, killing the souls of men." (Eccles. xxi. 1, 3.)

Keep from the evil and pray. Pray that you may have a good will to cling to God, to obey God, to try to please God. All depends on that good will. The devil is powerless unless your will consents. Without consent there is no sin, no evil, but only temptation. Fear and prayer will keep your will safe, adhering to God.

We see, then, what mortal sin is. The one evil that we need fear and avoid. Who can hesitate to resolve to do this, when he remembers its malice and its terrors? It is a great work—the work of our lifetime; a

work in which we are sustained and helped by the grace of God; a work for which God is faithful to reward us.

TEMPERANCE

LITTLE BENNY

"Why don't father come home, mother dear? It's so lonesome here without him, and poor little Benny is so sick. I don't see why he stays away so long." The speaker was a fair, curly-haired boy of six, whose sunken blue eyes and pale, emaciated cheeks told a story of misery and want.

He had his head on his mother's breast and continued talking in his sweet, boyish accents: "I wonder why father don't stay at home like he used to long ago. He used to help me, mother, and what fun we had playing. Now he comes home so late, and acts so queer, and is so cross that I am almost afraid of him sometimes. I think poor father must be sick." For a few moments the boy was silent, and then said:

"Mother, what makes you so sad? I saw you cry once, and you hugged me when you thought I was asleep. A big tear dropped on my face. I wish you were not so sad, because you make me feel so bad."

Poor mother, she had cause to be sad. For ten years she had been married, happy at first in her own little home, with her lovely boy, and best of all, a good husband. But a financial crash came, and they were forced to surrender their pretty little home. They moved into two rooms in a large tenement house. She thought the change would break her heart, but she hid her grief like a brave woman, and in order to help her husband she took in needle work.

Discouraged and disappointed with the outlook, the man finally began to drink, and from visiting places where liquor was sold he began to gamble. His tender love for his wife seemed changed to hate, and the loving husband became a demon and a slave to drink. His love for drink became so great that he spent every cent he earned and finally was discharged by a most patient employer.

The poor mother did not despair. She knew God's love and mercy was as boundless as the sea. She labored harder than ever, and prayed with her whole soul. She began a novena of First Fridays, and all her prayers and works were offered for the husband. This was the last Friday, and with a hopeful heart she had waited and prayed till night came, and as yet no husband.

Benny had fallen asleep; Jack aged four, was playing with some blocks, while Michael, the oldest, was looking out on the gloomy street. The mother put her hand on the shoulder of the oldest, and said: "Honey boy, mother is not sad, only tired. You know she has been working very hard to keep you all, but she will be strong again in a little while." Then as the tears sprang to her faded eyes, she added: "When you grow big and strong, you will help me, won't you dear?"

"Yes, dear mother, when brother and I grow up to be men we will go out every day and bring home lots of money, so that you can dress up nice as you used to, and go out with papa and us."

"I know you will be a good boy, bless your dear little heart," replied mother. "And now will you remain in the house and mind Jack and Benny while I go out and try to find father?"

"Yes, mother; but please do not be long, because it's so dark and lonely here," the little fellow answered.

"No, dear children, I will return as soon as possible; so goodbye for a little while," and she bent over and kissed each one. Then with a prayer on her lips she went out into the night to find her husband.

Up the damp, cold street she passed drawing her shawl closer about her as a gust of wind and rain slashed against her frail form. Shivering, she passed the gloomy figure of a policeman, who looked seriously after her. Bravely she continued on her way till she reached the glaring lights of a saloon. Here she paused for an instant, then, gathering fresh courage, she made her way through the swinging doors.

A few rows of looking men were lined up against a bar of clinking glasses and bottles and, noticing the woman, started as if their consciences had been pricked, perhaps at the thought of some venerable mother or faithful wife sitting up worrying and waiting for them at home. In a gruff voice the bartender demanded what she wanted. With all her womanly dignity she replied that she sought her husband. Not waiting for the man's answer, she boldly entered into the rear room. There she could distinguish among all others the once erect and manly form of her husband. He was drinking and gambling madly, and appeared much excited.

Quietly she walked up behind him, and gently laying her hand upon his shoulder, softly called his name. At her voice he turned and faced her with dark and lowering eyes. Then a change came over his face, a look of horror, as if he had seen a ghost. He tried to speak, but it was some seconds before he uttered: "You here! You in this place! Come away!"

He sprang up and, taking her by the hand, hurried out. He ran as if eager to get her away from such a place. Just as they were passing the Church of the Holy Name, the wife said:

"John, I'm faint; let us go in here."

With some of his old tenderness he helped her up the steps, and both entered the church. After resting a few minutes, she knelt and her husband beside her. The tears rolled over her face as she said over and over again:

"Dear Sacred Heart of Jesus, I thank you! I thank you for bringing my husband back to me!"

The husband was praying also, asking forgiveness and grace to keep the good resolutions he had made before the altar.

They did not remain long in the church, for the mother remembered that the children were alone. When they came out the husband said: "What a place I brought you to! What a wretch I have been! Can you ever, ever forgive me? I can never forgive myself!"

When they arrived at the poor tenement they both looked in the window. And what a picture they saw—the three children on their knees praying for their father. Then they began to sing a hymn to the Sacred Heart, one that their father had taught them. Who can picture the joy of the children as their father and mother entered?

It was many years later when the sun, slowly sinking behind the fair, green hills, seemed to throw loving rays on the porch of a pretty little cottage on which sat a man and his wife. A little golden-haired girl was singing happily among the flowers in the garden. The gate opened and two young men entered. One of them, seeing the little girl, lifted her high in the air, while the other said:

"She always wears her medal of the Sacred Heart. We must see that Penny teaches her that new hymn to the Sacred Heart."—Denis Horgan, in Sunday Companion.

THE FOUNDING OF THE PAPACY

By the word "papacy" is understood the power exercised by the Pope of Rome as the visible head of the Church. That this authority was vested in Peter, as the first of the Apostles, and was handed down by him to his successor, Linus, and by Linus to Anacletus, and by Anacletus to his two hundred and fifty seven successors, until it now rests in Benedict XV, gloriously reigning, is what is meant by "papacy."

Experience proves that the founders of all human institutions, the most insignificant as well as the greatest, have always endeavored to give a lasting character to their work by establishing some order of procedure in their organization. History proves that the conquerors of nations organized governments to secure their stability. Even the heads of modern sects have each sought to establish some semblance of authority through which they might protect their favorite tenets. The founders of our republic were not satisfied with merely working out their independence, and proclaiming to the world the great doctrine of the political equality of man, but they cemented the several commonwealths into a united government, and formulated a constitution under which the nation might be governed under one chosen head.

Can we believe that Christ did less? Must we suppose that the Son of God, the Eternal Wisdom, Who came down to earth to preach the truths necessary for the salvation of all men throughout all time, was, after a few short years, to be taken away, leaving behind nothing but confusion and dissension? Did He not leave after Him a doctrine that was to be perpetuated under the guidance of His chosen leaders with some visible head? Are we to believe that His life ended in the tragedy of Calvary, only to be followed by a farce in the world? If Christ established no organization for the purpose of perpetuating His doctrine, or appointed no teachers to inculcate it, or chose no head to govern it, how has His message been handed down to the world for nearly two thousand years? Many will say the Bible, forgetting that the New Testament is the product of the very organization which Christ established.

Christ was God. He left no Himself without testament. Through His chosen representatives His doctrines and revelations have been handed down according as they have delivered them to us, who from the beginning were eyewitnesses and ministers of the word." He gathered around Himself the twelve Apostles, Peter and Andrew, Philip and John and James, and the rest of them whom He designated at one time publicly (see Luke vi, 14-16) in like manner He designated Peter as the chief of the Apostles and placed in him the primacy. The proof that Christ constituted St. Peter as the head of His Church is found in the Gospel of St. Matthew, chapter xvi, verses 17 to 19; St. John, chapter xxi, verses 15 to 17. In the Gospel of St. Matthew the office is solemnly promised to the Apostle Peter. In response to his profession of faith in the divine nature of his Master, Christ thus addressed him: "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona; because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but my Father who is in heaven. And I say to thee: That thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build My church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth,

APPLES, ORANGES, FIGS AND PRUNES

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it shall be loosed also in heaven." The prerogatives when promised were evidently personal to Peter. It is clear from the words of Christ that Peter's profession of faith was not made in the name of the other Apostles, but in his own alone. Therefore it was that Christ pronounced on Peter, distinguishing him by his name, Simon, son of John, a peculiar and personal blessing, declaring that his knowledge regarding the divine Sonship sprang from a special revelation granted to him by Almighty God. Christ went further and recompensed this personal confession of His Divinity by bestowing upon Peter a personal reward: "Thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build My Church."

In these words Christ plainly taught that His Church was to be the congregation of those who acknowledge Him and His organization built on Peter. The early doctors taught that Peter is to the Church of Christ what the foundation is to a house. Moreover he must be the principle of unity, of stability and of growth. Peter is the principle of unity, since what is not joined to the foundation is no part of the Church; of stability, since it is the firmness of the foundation by which the Church remains unshaken; of growth, since as the Church increases it can only be because the new stones are built upon the old foundation.

The only manner in which an individual can govern any corporate body is by possessing authority over it. The supreme head of any organization, in subjection to whom all subordinate authorities hold their power, is the only one of a society in whom it may be said that the principle of unity, stability and growth resides. No one questions the power of Christ over the Church that He founded; and who will say that it is not within His province to assign to Peter a prerogative which is His Own, thereby associating Peter with Himself in an altogether singular manner.

In the sixteenth chapter of St. Matthew, verse 19, Christ promised to bestow upon Peter the keys of the kingdom of Heaven. Were not Christ's own words, therefore, a promise that He will confer on Peter the supreme authority necessary to govern the Church? In all countries, even to this day, the key is the symbol of authority. Peter is delegated to rule in His place, to be His vice-regent. Christ even indicated the character and extent of the power bestowed upon Peter. It is a power to "bind" and to "loose," which words denote the granting of legislative and judicial authority.

The promise made by Christ to Peter received its fulfillment after the resurrection in the scene described in the twenty-first chapter of the Gospel of St. John. Here Christ, when about to ascend to heaven, placed His whole flock, both the sheep and the lambs, in charge of the Apostle. This portion of the Gospel of St. John stands in striking parallel with the sixteenth chapter of St. Matthew. In St. Matthew's Gospel we find the reward was given to Peter after a profession of faith which singled him out from the other eleven Apostles, while in the Gospel of St. John Christ solicits a similar protestation of a higher virtue: "Simon, son of John, lovest thou me more than these?" In St. Matthew Christ promises to make Peter the foundation stone of the house of God. In St. John He makes him the shepherd of God's flock to take the place of Himself, the Good Shepherd. St. Chrysostom, in commenting on the passage of St. John, "feed my sheep," asks the question: "Why does Christ pass over the others and speak of the sheep to Peter?" The great doctor goes on to say that it was because Peter was chosen as the first of the Apostles, the mouthpiece of the Disciples, the head of the followers of Christ.

The position of St. Peter after the ascension, as shown in the Acts of the Apostles, demonstrates that Christ had chosen him as the leader of His followers. From the very beginning he is the chief of the apostolic men; and we know that even St. Paul consulted with him rather than with the others. Christ gave to His Church a leader who might conserve her strength against her foes, so that the gates of hell should not prevail against her. The contest with the powers of evil

did not belong to the apostolic age alone. It is said that he a permanent feature of the Church's life. Just as Christ placed in Peter's hands the primacy, or papacy, as it is called today, so throughout the centuries the office of Peter must be realized in Christ's Church in order that she may prevail in her everlasting struggle. An analysis of Christ's words in the Scripture proves conclusively that He instituted the papacy and that the office of the supreme head of the Church must be perpetuated.

Down through the nearly two thousand years of the Christian Era, from Peter to Benedict XV, prove conclusively that Christ did not promise in vain when He said to Peter: "Upon this rock I will build My church."—Rev. W. D. O'Brien, in Extension Magazine.

SUCH FRUITS COULD GROW ONLY ON A GOOD TREE "Marquette and his compeers travelled on snow-shoes when they did not go barefoot; they lived on moss when they could not luxuriously feast upon pounded maize; they lived in bark huts when fortunate enough to sleep indoors; and they died of labor and exposure when they were not murdered by the Indians. Their missions, therefore, existed without great revenues, and the most they asked of their friends at home was prayers for the souls they had come to save.

"Nor let us fail to conceive the phenomenal nobleness of these Frenchmen because they were heroes and martyrs in the name of a Church that may not be ours and which expresses itself in ways that we may not prefer. Whosoever Church it is and whosoever it is not, it is at least a great Church beyond compare; and it has in its history splendid epochs, when it commanded greater self-sacrifice and higher endeavor than Christianity has otherwise known since its first lofty days. One such epoch, raised distinctly above the level of the centuries, was the epoch of the French Jesuits in North America. They were the elect of a society which had a first claim upon the most fervent souls. The records of humanity will be sought in vain for the story of purer lives, of more steadfast apostleship, or of sterner martyrdoms. Jogues, Bressani, Daniel, Frebenf, Lallemant, Garnier, Marquette, living and dying, illustrated the loftiest virtue in the world. No praise is too extravagant, no language is too sacred to apply to them. They were a glorious company of apostles; they were a noble army of martyrs."—Franklin McVeagh.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE LONELY BOY
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EASY BY DEGREES

Everything is easy. Unless we make this discovery for ourselves, we lose one of the most important benefits of experience.

THE CLEAN MOUTH

A distinguished author says: "I resolved when a child never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother."

BE ON TIME

"Why did you not run faster?" said a by-stander at the depot as a boy came up nearly out of breath just too late for the train he wished to take.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

hour, one of the boys appeared. He was engaged at once.

SHORT SKETCH OF LIVES OF SAINTS OF THE WEEK

NOV. 26.—ST. PETER OF ALEXANDRIA, BISHOP, MARTYR

St. Peter governed the Church of Alexandria during the persecution of Diocletian.

NOVEMBER 27.—ST. MAXIMUS, BISHOP

St. Maximus, abbot of Lerins, in succession to St. Honoratus, was remarkable not only for the spirit of recollection, fervor and piety familiar to him from very childhood.

NOVEMBER 28.—ST. JAMES OF LA MARCA OF ANCONA

The small town of Monbrandon, in the Marca of Ancona, gave birth to this Saint.

NOVEMBER 29.—ST. SATURNINUS, MARTYR

Saturninus went from Rome, by direction of Pope Fabian about the year 245, to preach the Faith in Gaul.

NOVEMBER 30.—ST. ANDREW, APOSTLE

St. Andrew was one of the fishermen of Bethsaida, and brother, perhaps elder brother, of St. Peter.

to go in search of his brother, and he said, "We have found the Messiah," and he brought him to Jesus.

DECEMBER 1.—ST. ELIGIUS

Eligius, a goldsmith at Paris, was commissioned by King Clovis to make a throne.

DECEMBER 2.—ST. BIBIANA, VIRGIN, MARTYR

St. Bibiana was a native of Rome. Flavian, her father, was apprehended, burned in the face with a hot iron, and banished to Aquapendente.

ADVENT

With Advent we enter upon a new ecclesiastical year. Different from the astronomical years which mark our physical growth and decline.

Among the external appliances toward our spiritual growth the events of the ecclesiastical year play an important part.

As sunshine and salutary air are of no avail to him who shuts himself up in a dark room, so the rays of light that emanate from the mysteries of God's supernatural Providence do not touch the heart that is imprisoned in its own sombre self-sufficiency.

faith and hope and charity, and our hearts are hungry for the manna of heaven.

During Advent we meditate on the creation and fall of man and the promise of a Saviour: we endeavor to enter into the longing for the Saviour which burned in the souls of the patriarchs and prophets.

LAST MOMENTS OF MGR. BENSON

In his beautiful book, "Hugh: Memoirs of a Brother," Arthur Christopher Benson, the English novelist, tells the story of his more famous brother's life and work.

My room was far away, a little plain cell in a distant corridor high up. I slept a little; when suddenly, through the glass window above my door, I saw the gleam of a light, and became aware that someone was rapidly drawing near in the corridor.

I saw Hugh sitting up in bed; he had put a chair beside him, covered with cushions, for him to lean against. He was pale and breathing very fast, with the nurse sponging his brow.

"I knelt down near the bed. He looked at me, and I knew somehow that we understood each other well, that he wanted no word or demonstration, but was just glad I was with him.

"You will make certain I am dead, won't you?" I said, "Yes," and then the prayers went on. Suddenly he said to the nurse: "Nurse, is it any good my resisting death—making any effort?"

"No, Monsignor, just be as quiet as you can."

He closed his eyes at this, and his breath came quicker.

Presently he opened his eyes again and looked at me, and said in a low voice: "Arthur, don't look at me! Nurse, stand between my mother and me."

He looked very pale and boyish then, with wide open eyes and parted lips. I kissed his hand, which was warm and firm, and went out with Canon Sharrock, who said to me: "It was wonderful! I have seen many people die, but no one ever so easily and quickly."

It was wonderful indeed! It seemed to me then, in that moment, strange rather than sad. He had been himself to the very end, no diminution of vigor, no yielding, no humiliation, with all his old courtesy and thoughtfulness and collectiveness, and at the same time I felt, with a real adventurousness—that is the only word I can use, I recognized that we were only the spectators, and that he was in command of the scene. He had made haste to die, and he had gone, as he always used to do, straight from one finished task to another that waited for him.

It was not like an end; it was, as though he had turned a corner, and was passing on, out of sight but still unquestionably there. It seemed to me like the death of a soldier or a knight, in its calmness of courage, its splendid facing of the last extremity, its magnificent determination to experience, open-eyed and vigilant, the dark crossing.—N. Y. News.

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"THE PADRE"

By Patrick MacGill, Irish Soldier-Author

They came down the road towards the village, four men and a pony. All the men were soldiers coming back from days of hard battle at Bullecourt, and all bore traces of the rough and tumble of the fighting line. The man sitting in the saddle, with a bandage round his forehead, his mouth hanging open, and his fingers fumbling with the reins, had received his wound the night before. It was quite a light one, but on the march it had become painful and the boy (his age was not twenty) was glad enough to get a lift on the way. Two of the other men, hanging on the stirrups, were suffering from sore feet, and even now, helped though they were by the willing pony, the men grunted a little as they neared the billets where they were going to rest for a week or two.

The fourth, a tall lank officer, was a soldier in the double sense of the word, for his rules of conduct had been laid down by the higher command of the British army as well as by the high command of his Church. He was Father Quinn, Catholic chaplain to the British expeditionary force. As usual he was engaged in helping the lame dogs back from battle, and the job was one after his own heart.

NOT ALWAYS NEIGHBORS

Once he said, speaking from a makeshift altar in a barn that was pitted with shell holes: "Love God with your whole heart and soul, and your neighbor as much as you can. Remember that every man, even a German is your neighbor. To forget this in ordinary life is a mortal sin, but it is scarcely a venial sin to forget it in a bayonet charge."

On another occasion he said: "A man who refuses a tot of rum on a cold morning in the trenches is more fool than teetotaler."

Remarks like these greatly please the soldiers and do a lot to secure Father Quinn admission to all minds. He has the gift of saying the grandest things in the most common idiom. His sermons are full of trench slang, drillbook phrases and soldiers' catchwords, and because he speaks like this he enters all hearts. But in war it is actions, not words, that make a man, and this good priest, who is loved for his humorous and kindly words of counsel, is admired for the perfect fearlessness he shows when visiting the firing line. He is a man after the soldier's heart.

ON HAND AT ATTACK

He is always on hand when an attack comes off. One time the brigadier remonstrated with him.

"But some of the boys may want to confess their sins if they are lying out there wounded," said Father Quinn.

"Then why not get them to confess before they cross the top?" said the brigadier.

"Dying men get more consolation from confession than a healthy man," said Father Quinn.

One morning when he was in the trenches a wounded German was seen lying out in No Man's Land. This man had been wounded when on a listening patrol the night before. Without telling anyone of his intention, Father Quinn crossed the parapet in broad daylight, went out to the man, and carried him in. The German, who was a Catholic, died two hours later.

The C. O. complimented the padre on his work, saying: "Some valuable papers have been found on the man and they'll be very useful."

"That may be," said Father Quinn. "But the thing to be thankful about is this—the dying man has received absolution for his sins."

REASON FOR CHANGE

A strange incident happened not long ago. The regiment to which the padre was attached was ordered to attack one morning, and the priest was in the trench waiting for the command to advance. The enemy was shelling the position with heavy stuff, and the casualties were severe. When the whistle was blown Father Quinn gripped a sandbag preparatory to the spring into No Man's

Land. Then he heard his name called by a wounded soldier lying on the floor of the trench.

"Well, what can I do for you?" asked the padre, coming back. He recognized the wounded soldier boy as a soldier who had won some notoriety as an unbeliever—in fact, the men dubbed him an atheist, and the boy took great delight in being called this.

"I want to make my confession," said the atheist.

"Your what, my boy?" asked Father Quinn.

"My confession."

"You've changed your mode of thought, surely?" said the padre.

"I have," said the boy. "I was born a Catholic, and now I want to die one."

Father Quinn heard the soldier's confession, and was on the point of crossing the bags when another man called him back, a Jew. He also wanted to make his soul. The good padre was dumfounded. It would be a long job if all the casualties took it into their heads to become converts; then a third man wanted to confess. This soldier belonged to the Church of England. It was then that light broke on the padre's mind.

THEY ALL LOVE HIM

"I could forgive you for changing your religion when you see fit, boys," he said. "Everyone of us must work out our salvation as we think best. But I can't let you becoming Catholics rob me of my jaunt into No Man's Land, where other of my own lads are waiting for me."

So saying, he gave each man a cigarette and crossed the top. But by now the enemy's fire had decreased in volume, and that night Father Quinn came back safely.

All the soldiers in his brigade love him, and they tell tales of long nights when they have seen him out from dusk to dawn in "No Man's Land," digging graves for the dead; of weary marches back from battle, when tired men hung on to the stirrups and tail of the padre's pony, while the padre himself marched by their side carrying their equipment. And men who are resting in a quiet village to the rear of the firing line can tell tales of his giving the French children rides on his pony through the village streets. These later tales, however, are best when they exchange confidences over the village pump.

CONGRESS AND THE ARMY CHAPLAINS

By Howard B. Grose

Congress at the last session failed to make provision for army chaplains in numbers sufficient for the needs of the new army. The Senate in the closing hours passed a bill authorizing the appointment of army chaplains on the numerical basis—one every 1,200 men—instead of on the regimental basis, as now provided by law. The present law authorizes only one chaplain for a regiment. This law was passed when a regiment consisted of 1,200 men. Now that the regiments are composed of 3,600 men the inadequacy of the old regimental law is clear. The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America and the Roman Catholics worked in conjunction for the bill establishing the rule of one chaplain to every 1,200 men. The bill did not specify that three chaplains should be assigned to a regiment, but left the assignment optional with the Secretary of War, so that groups not organized into regiments might be provided for and the chaplains placed where they were most needed. The church leaders who have been working on the chaplain and other war-time problems are convinced that 1,200 men are as many as a chaplain can serve efficiently. The Federal Council representing all the Protestant bodies in its report on the Roman Catholic Church, stand as a unit for the Chamberlain bill, as the measure passed by the Senate but not by the House is known. They have spoken for 40,000,000 members, besides millions more of adherents, and they propose to continue the vigorous advocacy of this measure before the House in December. The creation of a mighty public sentiment before Congress meets is the first step, and in this the religious press can play an important part.

Just before Congress adjourned a large group of representative leaders of various denominations, both Catholic and Protestant, visited the President and Secretary of War, presenting petitions from all denominations, asking the Administration to do all in its power to hasten the desired legislation. President Wilson received the delegation most cordially, expressed his entire sympathy with the aims of the petition, and promised to give it his careful attention. Secretary Baker said he would do whatever he could properly to secure some action immediately. The Senate acted; the House Committee could not be gotten together at that late date.

So the matter stands, and legislation must wait till December. Meanwhile the denominational bodies must do what they can to meet special needs in training camps and cantonments where thousands of men are left without chaplains, by providing voluntary workers where this is practicable and by aiding in every way possible in the religious work in the cantonments and in the outside zone. Our Christian people should also make their opinion known. The new law is necessary if the religious needs of the army are to be met. One chaplain to 1,200 cannot do thoroughly the arduous

work given him. While the number of chaplains would be largely increased, the expenditure would be real economy owing to the increase of personal self-control, the reduction of disease and disability, and the strengthened morale. An insufficient ministry in the army is as costly as an inefficient commissary. The Chamberlain bill, based upon petitions of millions of our people, is intended to assist in the conservation of the spiritual forces of the country. As the churches are selecting their finest young men for the chaplaincies, men fully equipped by training and experience, the chaplains should be given an opportunity to do their difficult work under the most favorable conditions. Certainly our Christian people should impress upon Congress the necessity for prompt action when it reassembles in December.

COMPULSORY SERVICE IN 1863

VOLUNTARY SYSTEM GAVE PLACE TO CONSCRIPTION UNDER LINCOLN

It is a matter of record in United States history that President Lincoln, after attempting to prosecute the Civil War with volunteer troops, at last, in 1863, turned to conscription in order to secure the necessary forces.

Since Lincoln is regarded as one of the greatest statesmen this continent has produced, it is instructive at the present stage of Canadian history, to see how he dealt with the problems that arose.

The President was warned that grave disorders might follow the enforcement of the conscription law, which it was argued, was in opposition to the constitutional privileges and liberties of the citizen.

Lincoln took the ground that democracy means an equal share of the burdens, as well as in the blessings of a republic, and decided on the firm enforcement of the law. All opposition was firmly repressed.

On entering the present War, the United States profited by past experience and promptly adopted compulsory service.

Now that Canada has adopted a similar course she is in a better position to do her full share and though opposition is unlooked for, repressive measures are provided in the Act.

THE VICAR OF CHRIST AND THE JEWS

The petition of the American Jewish Committee addressed to the Vatican to secure its intervention amid "the increasing horror of the unspeakable cruelties and hardships visited upon their coreligionists in various belligerent lands," and the benevolent reply of the Holy Father are reproduced in the "American Jewish Year Book 5678" (September 17, 1917, to September 6, 1918). The publication of this correspondence, we are told, called forth universal comment of a favorable nature. As an instance, the remarkable words of "the notorious French anti-Semite," Edouard Drumont, editor of La Libre Parole, are quoted. Describing the reply of Rome as "cordial, charitable and consoling," he says:

"These citizens of the United States, who have given proof of such splendid solidarity on behalf of all the scattered members of their race, appear to me to be more inspired than all those monarchs, all those leaders of peoples, who are tainted with the general prejudice and who have denied the moral force of the Church. Those who govern have refused to listen to the representative of Christ on earth, the man who, without a kingdom and without an army, and from the temporal point of view despoiled of everything, as he is, still remains a sovereign. No appeal has ever been made to this sovereign in all the peace congresses which have ended in the present catastrophe. . . . By a strange phenomenon, those who, in their belief and in their religion are further removed from Christian doctrine, now ask the help of this beneficent and world-wide influence."

Referring then to the words of the New York Jews, in which they recall "with admiration and gratitude" the benevolence which the Papacy had on numerous occasions shown them in the past, Drumont continues:

"They can, indeed, recall long persecutions, innumerable years full of intense anxiety, always threatened by perils just as agonizing. They cannot forget that during more than 1,200 years one man alone has constantly spoken in their behalf, has declared without cessation that their liberty of conscience must be respected, has intervened with kings in order to protect the persecuted, has given the example of tolerance by according to the Jews in his domains better treatment than was accorded to them anywhere else. This man, always equal in his goodness, this man who never dies, is the Vicar of Jesus Christ."

The reply of the Vatican is described in the Jewish Year Book as "a virtual encyclical against anti-Jewish prejudices."—America.

BENEFITS OF DAILY MASS

"The Boston Evening Transcript's 'Listener' recently published this communication from a 'valued correspondent':"

"Did, or didn't I tell you what I think of a truly beautiful story of our occasional choroeman, a simple West-of-Ireland peasant, with little education

but a sound natural mind, and a heart of gold? It is a 'Listener' story, even though it magnifies the R. G. Church. My wife, in her blind protestant way, asked him if he went to church, and he answered gravely that he hadn't missed a Sunday for twenty years, adding that his daughter, a girl of thirteen, rose at six every morning to attend early Mass. At my wife's expression of surprise he said: 'You know, ma'am, it helps to keep you nice and quiet all day long.' I wish Protestantism afforded something to keep me nice and quiet all day long.

In his "The Path of Rome" Mr. Hillaire Belloc, it will be remembered, confirms the testimony of the 'Listener's' gold-hearted Irishman, for he gives four causes for "The pleasing sensation of order and accomplishment which attaches to a day one has opened by Mass."—America.

BELIEF ON AUTHORITY

The age trips merrily along to the rollicking song of liberty. Man's will, instinct with new life, which, dormant for years, has awoke at the clarion-call of liberty and equality, is off in its race and will set its own bounds which are infinity. Meanwhile, reason, speeding far in advance, seeks out a path or blazes a trail through nature's most luxurious growth. Such, then, are the times! Little wonder, then, that the voice of authority or anything conceived as such seems harshly out of place. Authority's arm is shortened; authority's feet are leaden.

To trammel the "innate right of man's mind to roam about as it lists" in search of a solution of the riddle of the universe is the height of tyranny, and subjection to any such restraining force, the basest of abject slavery. Authoritative teaching is an abomination to the man who is able to think for himself. He will not be led blindfold, nor kept within leading-strings all his life. As his mind expands, his whole being expands with it, and the sense of the nobility of man's intellect is his greatest pride; it controls and sets in motion the very forces of nature. "What power, then, can constrain it to embrace as truth what to him bears on its face the mark of unintelligence, the so-called supernatural: a word so he thinks, used to cloak an absurdity? What institution so mighty that its voice Reason recoiling will so forget herself as to narrow down to dodge the anathemas of a 'dogmatic creed?' Believe on authority. Never!

Such in some form or other is the burden of much present-day opposition to the Catholic Church. But never was indignation more sadly misplaced, nor opposition so ill directed. In an effort to avoid the "authority" of Rome, Protestantism, acknowledged by many, even of its own children, as the most illogical of systems, if what lacks the mortise of logic may be called a system, is welcomed and embraced as a champion and a defender against the "overweening intolerance of Catholic dogmatism." It is proclaimed to be the world as a heaven-inspired uprising of the human mind against the "intolerable mental despotism of Rome."

Protestantism, as varying and unstable as the pictures of a kaleidoscope without any of their symmetrical beauty, its adherents are willing, many of them at least, to relinquish, but into the protest they throw both heart and hand. "Heart and hand," indeed, but hardly the intellect, for they know not wherewithal they object.

The Catholic doctrine of "Belief on Authority" is totally misunderstood by its professed opponents. The term "authority" is answerable for the misunderstanding. It may convey either of two ideas. As commonly accepted by the opponents of the doctrine, it is formally that which vivifies a command, lends justice to its sanction or concretely, the command act or agency which bends and directs the will and external conduct of a subject. In this sense, it has nothing to do directly with the intellect or with the truth or non-truth of any proposition whatsoever that it may present for consideration or acceptance. It is neither a light to the intellect nor a lamp to the feet in the quest of truth. And hence if Catholics in their doctrine of belief on authority really used the term in this precise sense, their position would be quite hopeless, impossible of defense. But the Catholic is too logical for that.

"Authority" has another sense, one conveyed by the term as used by Catholics. It is this: competent evidence or testimony of a trustworthy witness, the extrinsic reason for accepting a given proposition, or the person or persons testifying. Thus the Catholic when believing a given proposition on the authority of the Church elicits this mental process. He knows, not thinks or believes, that the testimony, the witness of the Church is competent, and in the supernatural order solely competent and thoroughly trustworthy hence he accepts, believes, the proposition by reason of her "authority" (in the sense stated). He knows that her authority is infallible and exercised frequently with regard to questions which lie above the human power of comprehension; hence it is not to be checked off by the findings of human reason on the proposition in question. We are here examining the intellectual process alone, prescinding from the theological virtue of a Faith. He is not, therefore, cringing before a power that yields the "tyrannical sword of anathemas." He is not sac-

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rificing his intellect to the threatened fire of hell whose flame illumines not, but can serve only as a goad to the will.

The use of the term in the latter sense is very common. How it comes to be misinterpreted is hard to understand. Thus, what is asserted that Brownson is authority for the statement that, "it is the fact of taking authority in the sense that it commands, and not in the sense that it enlightens and convinces, that has excited the hostility to belief on authority we so frequently encounter," namely, that Brownson was in a position to know whereof he spoke and enjoys a reputation for honesty, therefore, the person adducing his words believes what he says, though perhaps he had no personal experience of the truth of the statement. If the Church "knows what she is talking about," to put it in plain language, and is honest, or—if the Church is infallible in knowing and cannot err or deceive in teaching, then it is most logical that one believes what she says: her authority in the sense of evidence or testimony is convincing.

There is here no slip of logic, nor yet an ignoble submission of the intellect to the Church's position is correct. This the logical non-Catholic must perform admit. If Christ has founded the Church and endowed her with prerogative of infallibility, then belief on her authority, in the sense explained, is the most sound and sane thing possible. The question, therefore, should not be about "belief on authority," but about the claim of the Church to her prerogative of infallibility. Has she de facto received it or not? Once the question is straightly put, the answer is not far to be sought and controverted ceases.

The evident tautology in the expression "belief on authority" may also have something to do with the misunderstanding. "Belief" suffices to express the sense to be conveyed: the assent of the mind to a proposition on the testimony of another. "On authority" neither clarifies nor simplifies but clouds the meaning.

The satisfaction, peace and calm of this very doctrine, offensive only to those who misunderstand it brings to the believing Catholic whom it frees from harrowing doubts and painful uncertainty, and frees most logically, can hardly be conceived by the non-Catholic till true to reason and grace he says manfully "Credo," I believe. Prove to him the infallibility of the Church, her authority or credibility in matters of belief, and in submitting to her must perforce say with Brownson: "In submitting to her I yielded to the highest reason, and my submission was intelligent, not an act discarding reason, but an act of Reason herself in the full possession and free exercise of her highest powers. No act of belief is or can be more reasonable; and in performing it, I kept faithfully the resolution I made on leaving Presbyterianism, that henceforth I would be true to my own reason and maintain the rights and dignity of my own manhood. No man can accuse me of not having done it."

Nor does the Catholic shrink from an examination and scrutiny of the individual tenets of his Church. He sifts them as far as human reason can go. Yet his faith falters not. "I have been," says the same illustrious convert, "during the thirteen years of my Catholic life (he writes in 1857) constantly engaged in the study of the Church and her doctrines, and especially in their relations to philosophy or natural reason. I have had occasion to examine and defend Catholicity precisely under those points of view which are the most odious to my non-Catholic countrymen and to the Protestant mind generally; but I have never, in a single instance, found a single article, dogma, proposition or definition of faith, which embarrassed me as a logician, or which I would, so far as my own reason was concerned, have changed or modified or in any respect altered from what I found it, even if I had been free to do so." What follows is more striking still. In the face of all that is said against belief on authority and after himself thus believing he says: "I have never found my reason struggling against the teachings of the Church, or felt it restrained, or myself reduced to a state of mental slavery. I have as a Catholic, felt and enjoyed a mental freedom which I never conceived possible while I was a non-Catholic."

The truth alone has power to set us free. Error and falsehood are shackles alike to the head and heart. The Church, the depository of truth and its infallible dispenser to all mankind, is a boon whose value is above the praise of men. It is worthy in all respects of its noble Donor, the All-knowing, the Almighty. —Rev. Martin E. Gounley, C. S. S. R., in Truth.

SAW MOTHER DO IT

The doctor, a fallen-away Catholic, was passing through the wards of a Chicago hospital. He came to the cot of a poor little fellow who had been burned in a gasoline explosion, and who lay there tortured night and day with fearful pains. The doctor saw that the little fellow held a crucifix in his hands. "Why do you hold that thing, little boy? It will not do you any good." The poor lad looked up; his face drawn with pain appeared patient and resigned. "I saw my mamma holding the crucifix in her hand, when she was sick, and I want to do it too."

BORN

QUINN.—On November 12th, at the family residence, 142 Kohler Street, St. Paul St. Marie, Ontario, to Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Quinn, a son.

DIED

GILLEN.—At the Holy Cross Hospital, Calgary, on Friday, Nov. 2nd, 1917, Rose Cecilia Gillen, beloved daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel J. Gillen, Macleod, Alberta. May her soul rest in peace.

KELLY.—At St. Joseph's Hospital, Port Arthur, Captain Martin G. Kelly. May his soul rest in peace.

BELL.—Suddenly, at the residence of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Peter Bell, Wyman, Que., on November 14, 1917, Charles Spence Bell, in his sixtieth year. May his soul rest in peace.

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