

BRITISH CHAPLAIN CHARMED WITH ITALIAN PEOPLE.

Piety of People and Industry of Women and Children.

Travellers in Italy have frequently dwelt upon the sterling qualities of the people as shown in their piety, their love of art and literature, and their strict adherence to the essentials of faith in spite of frequent lapses in non-essential matters. The traveller who tells of plain fishermen reciting their Dante and Torquato Tasso vouches for the living union between the people and their art and literature. Now comes a chaplain, to whom the Italian people seem ever so strange, but who needs must admire the basic religious convictions and the piety of the Italian peasants.

A British chaplain, writing from the Italian Front to the London Tablet, thinks that "Italy is rather a nice place," though not then seen at its best. He then proceeds to give the following observations on the people:—

"Up in these parts the peasant folk are very religious—from every little barn of a farmhouse one hears grandfathers and grannies chanting away at the family rosary as night sets in—many of them rush in to Mass from the neighbouring fields every morning at the sound of my church bell, and positively demoralized me in the early days by the audible fervour of their prayers. The women and children are miraculously industrious from rise to set of sun—but the lord of creation proves his manhood by a more than average daily dose of 'dolce far niente.'"

"There is something of the democratic and cultured Athenians about these Italian soldiers and farmers and road menders—not in the extremely leisured way in which they tackle a job, nor in the dense growth of their moustaches, nor in the 'brassard' which they all wear on their arms (implying as it does that they are—heavens knows why—indispensable) but rather in their intense love of an argument. They simply curl me up with laughter to see them at it—hands, eyes, nose, lips, all co-ordinating in a positively miraculous focus of eloquence, and the contemptuous disdain they can throw into their voices and the way they round off a rolling period with a gurgie and a spit right across the road! Demosthenes couldn't have polished Aeschines off more sublimely!"

"They have, I fear, a painful habit of cutting short these little affairs with a pocket-knife stab in the 'basso ventre', but in a highly emotional and sensitive people one must expect this, and the poor boy I saw yesterday (with a protruding intestine) just as he was about to receive the anaesthetic felt no bitterness against the dealer of the blow below the belt. 'Ognuno deve morir,' (every one must die) he said, in a rather touching access of self-pity, and when I asked him to make an act of contrition with the second half of 'Our Father' (which they all say in Latin in Italy), the way he threw his whole palpitating soul into 'Sicut et nos dimittimus' made me feel very humble. He is still alive, but in a bad way."

The influence of religion on the lives of these "highly emotional and sensitive people" has been most marked. Visitors to Italian cities may tell a different tale; but in the country, where good influences are not so readily counteracted by evil ones, the wholesome workings of the Faith on the lives and habits of the people are as evident as they are in Spain.

ST. MICHAEL'S GUILD FOR AIRMEN FORMED IN GREAT BRITAIN.

According to the London Tablet, a St. Michael's Guild for Airmen has recently been formed in Great Britain. The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster has invited all members of the Royal Air Forces to join the guild, and thus to place themselves under the special protection of St. Michael the Archangel. Members of the guild wear a medal of St. Michael, and undertake to invoke their patron every day, especially before flying. It is expected that all men in the Royal Air Forces will join the guild, to which Canadian and U.S.A. airmen are also eligible. Others may become associates by undertaking to pray for the members. Rev. A. N. Morgan of St. Michael's Presbytery at Ashford, Middlesex, has been placed in charge of the enrollment of the members and the business of the guild.

C. B. of the C. V.

K. of C. Call for 2,000 Men.

No better opportunity for war service than that afforded by the Knights of Columbus could come to the man not of military age. The demand for K. of C. service by the men with the colors has been so marked in recent months that it has necessitated a vast expansion of the plans of the Committee on War Activities, with the result that the original appeal for five hundred men to volunteer as secretaries for work at the front has been revised. Now two thousand men are needed, one thousand to be secured by September 15, and the total to be enrolled by the end of the year.

The duties of the secretaries at home are manifold, calling for a large variety of qualifications in the men who receive the appointments. Abroad, conditions are such that the work is rendered more difficult than it is at home on account of the marked lack of many of the conveniences that aid the operation of the work here. This lack, the K. of C. secretary working abroad must discount by savoir faire, in short, by initiative backed up with experience to solve the hundred and one knotty problems of transportation, management, etc., arise.

In the first place, the duties of a K. of C. secretary are such that one qualifying for an appointment should be able-bodied and of tolerably strong physique, for there are no office hours at the front—a man must be prepared to be on duty at all hours and under all conditions. The secretary must also be a man who knows how to deal with large bodies of men in such a manner that none of them is denied the cordial attention which the K. of C. slogan, "Everybody Welcome and Everything Free for the Men Here and Overseas" implies. The secretary must also have initiative to "start things"—to entertain the men and keep them interested during their hours of relaxation, and energy to maintain the things he starts. He should also be well-informed on general topics, as this will greatly enhance his value both to the men and the service; as it is doubtful whether even a traffic policeman is asked as many questions during any single day as a K. of C. secretary.

Peace, Be Still!

BY E. M. MCCARTHY

[Continued from last week]

Souls who long and desire to serve Christ, our Divine Lord, are not content nor happy until they are with Jesus wholly and entirely, and surely they are the ones who do his Holy Will, as it is done in Heaven. Her aunt knew the longing of her heart and made everything possible for her to go. Her father was perfectly willing that she should go, as he held his beloved child in his arms, saying: "My daughter, God gave you to me as the light of my life; I am happy in giving you back to Him, our Blessed Saviour. Go work for Him in His vineyard, and you can do for me and your brother and dear Aunt Clare more than if you were with us out in the world."

Aunt Clare said, "see, dear, what prayer can do; we must always, trust in the holy will of God. He will not forsake us, though all else may flee."

Madeline felt so happy and was so pleased that her dear sweet Pansy would be with her father and aunt, and she laughingly said, "you must all call me Madeline, as I will take another name in religion." As she was going the next day she wrote to Raymond and Thomas, saying, "you know my darling brothers, I will always have you in my prayers, and do pray for me that I may be worthy of this high calling. Little did she know the ways and wishes of God, how in various ways He calls those to His service.

Thomas, "over there" is also the life of the camp. Young as he is, they all hail him, always so full of fun, and an angel in disguise. If any of the boys are ill or homesick, Thomas is the one to help and cheer them up. Their young priest chaplain is a fine soldier and perfect priest of God. Raymond and Thomas serve Mass every morning out in the open field, with the blue canopy of God's Heavens shining down upon the war altar where Jesus, the Son of God, is offered for the salvation of the world. Oh! may this Blessed Saviour who said to the raging sea "Peace, Be Still!" grant to all the world a lasting peace; that instead of hate, love for humanity may reign. When Thomas returned after receiving one Friday morning, what holds his attention so long? Raymond has changed the Gospel book and the last blessing has been given and all the soldiers stand up in belief in the sacred Gospel. Thomas is in deep communion with our dear Lord himself, and he hears those beautiful words, "My child, my child, give Me thy heart, My heart has bled for thee." Not until the priest and Raymond were going did Thomas realize where he was.

After the priest had made his thanksgiving, Thomas had a talk with him, and told him, "I feel, Father, I must serve my God in the priesthood; do you think I could become worthy?"

"Why, my boy, none of us are worthy, but Jesus accepted our humble efforts; pray earnestly for light, and I will try and give you instructions which will help a little.

Thomas told him where he graduated and Latin and the other classics were favorite studies with him. "Father," he continued, "I never will be happy until I am a priest of God; I would rather save the souls of men than kill their bodies."

"You are right, my boy, but our country calls us, and may this war make a lasting peace for all mankind."

In a few days the division was sent to the front. Thomas and Raymond were together. The young chaplain stayed in the rear, blessing every man engaged in the battle. And then, in a few moments, helping the dying and the wounded.—If the Red Cross could not penetrate the black cloud of smoke and powder, Father Gilfoil's big strong figure could be seen searching for and carrying those who were in the most isolated parts, until he nearly fell himself from exhaustion. He was called once or twice by those who gave first aid to stop.

"Yes," he said, "in a minute," as he saw Thomas fall from a blow delivered by the enemy. Father Gilfoil, with supreme effort flung him back, and one of our boys made him bite the dust. Father raised Thomas up tenderly and carried him to the edge of the wood, and the Red Cross gave the first aid. He was stunned and wounded, but he looked up in Father's face and said, "he did not get our flag did he? And our bearer held it high and ran on. He would have killed me but for you, Father; I thank you."

"Oh; it is nothing, my boy; rest now."

"Am I mortally wounded, Father?"

"Oh, no; you will be all right. I will see you in the hospital."

As the evening began to close, our boys had driven the enemy back five miles. Then a halt was called.

Father Gilfoil could not rest until he found Raymond. When he did, he found him unconscious from loss of blood from a bayonet wound in the arm and leg. When Raymond had been placed on the stretcher and revived he asked Father for Thomas. "He is all right, thank God." As they were taking him away Raymond said, "Father, I wish you would come, you look nearly dead yourself."

Father smiled and said, "my work is not done yet." Then he hurried to those who were dying until late in the night, when at last he fell in a heap. The Red Cross saw him and raised him up and gave him a refreshing cordial. But with a good night's rest, Father Gilfoil was almost as well as usual, although he complained to the doctor who was a real friend, a few days after. "Why, doctor, I feel so achy and so heavy."

The doctor said, "you are having a touch of malaria. I must see to that." So he was on the sick list for a while. When he did not improve, the doctor insisted upon him going home for a while. If you don't go now, you will be down in bed," he said.

Mr. Duebin when he learned of his boys being wounded would go "even into the enemy's camp"; so off he was on the first boat he could go on. "All safe," he wired home, "am with the boys, pretty badly beaten up, but will live."

In two weeks he wired home again saying: "Will be home with the boys. They are to have a furlough of three months, and Father Gilfoil is coming with us." So it was a very happy party that came home to Aunt Clare. She had two trained nurses ready for the boys and they certainly needed their attention. Raymond seemed to get on faster than Thomas, for his wounds were only deep flesh wounds, but the heavy blow Thomas received injured the vital organs. He was gaining slowly, and Father Gilfoil was on the road to health again.

Estella Donnelly was at the home of the Duebins as much as she could be. Raymond insisted upon their marriage, so it was settled as soon as possible. Thomas could just go to the church with the nurse. He was to have been best man, but was too weak, so Edward Donnelly took his place. St. Francis' church was filled with the elite. The ushers were military men, and Father Gilfoil married them. How beautiful they looked as they march out to the music of the wedding march.

Thomas was happy, too, but a far different happiness; his soul was turned to Christ's work, and he would do that work with all his heart. As he gazed upon the altar throne, he felt those words deeply:

"Peace, be still! our God is dwelling."

Silent on His altar throne,

Let us kneel, our bosoms swelling,

With a joy but seldom known.

Heart of Jesus! Strength super-

nal,

Send us power from above,

Heart of Jesus! light eternal,

Fill our souls with light and love.

When all was over, Thomas asked Aunt Clare to come to his room. "I have something to tell you, dear Aunt Clare," he said.

She was not very much surprised but was deeply moved.

"Are you displeased, Aunt Clare?"

"Oh, my dear boy, no; I am so delighted I can hardly realize it is my little Thomas, a priest. Oh, how I thank God! It was my prayer when you were a child, but I always said, 'If it's God's will.'"

As soon Aunt as I can be honorably discharged, I will go into college. Father is helping me now, and I know you will pray for me always that I may do my Master's work well."

"Yes, dear, I will; blessed be the Holy Name of Jesus."

[The End.]

Late News of Ireland

Carlow.

Bagenalstown magistrates expressed sympathy with Denis P. Pack-Beresford, J. P., D. L., on the death of his wife.

Cork.

Rev. P. O'Connell, G. C., Cork Cathedral, has been appointed P. P., Enniskeane.

Skibbereen, U. D. C., passed votes of sympathy with the relatives of the late Mrs. M. A. Fuller, Highfield, and the late Rev. J. O'Hea, P. P., Leap.

D. J. Lucy reported to the Cork Harbor Board that the Director of Cross Channel Transport had promised to send vessels immediately for the trade of the port.

J. W. Richey, J. P., Cork, has died, aged 88. T. Hanrahan, Gurrane, Mitchelstown, has died.

Dublin.

It was stated in Dublin that the G. P. O. is going to be rebuilt.

The obsequies of Rev. Fabian Madden, C. P., took place at Mount Argue, Right Rev. Mgr. Fitzpatrick, P. P., V. G., presided. Solemn requiem mass was celebrated by Very Rev. Father Sebastian, C. P., Provincial Consultor; deacon, Rev. Father Joseph, C. P.; sub-deacon, Rev. Father Gerald, C. P. There was a large attendance of clergy, secular and regular.

The Centenary of Drumcondra Hospital was celebrated by a fete in the grounds at Whitworth road.

Kerry.

The following transfers of curates took place in Kerry Diocese: Rev. M. O'Brien to Dingle; Rev. P. Griffin, Boherbee; Rev. W. O'Riordan, Kenmare; Rev. M. Daly, Listowel; Rev. J. S. Dillon, Ardfer; Rev. J. Prendeville, Ballygunion; Rev. J. Dillon, Castle-town; Rev. J. Lynch, Brossa; Rev. M. O'Flaherty, Ballylongford; Rev. M. Breen, Kilgarvan; Rev. D. Moynihan, Cahirdaniel; Rev. F. Murphy, Glenbeigh.

Listowel Guardians and R. D. C. adjourned as a mark of sympathy with the relatives of the late Thomas Quilter and with Thomas Lawlor, on the death of his mother at Lixnaw.

Limerick.

B. C. Collins, J. P., presided at a meeting in Abbeyfeale, which arranged for an address to Canon P. Lee, P. P., V. F., on his transfer to Newcastle West.

J. Canty, before leaving the firm of Messrs. W. Lloyd, Limerick, was presented with a gold watch by the staff.

Mayo.

Married—June 3, at the Church of the Holy Rosary, Castlebar, by Rev. J. W. Meehan, Adm., J. J. Owens, C. D. Board, son of the late Charles P. Owens and Mrs. Owens, Cory City, to Gertrude, daughter of Richard Creagh and Mrs. Creagh, Castlebar.

Tipperary.

Before leaving Newmarket-on-Fergus for Terryglass, Rev. T. D. Tuohy, C. C., was presented with an address by the local S. F. Club.

Ed. Dunne, Main street, Thurles has died.

Died—June 8, at sea, Dr. Daniel Hart, son of the late John Hart, J. P., Nenagh. At 17 Main street, Thurles, Edward Dunne, interment at Fenner.

Wexford.

Died—June 18, at Legilly, Dunganon, Arthur Byrne, interment at English.

Foreign Mission News

The Propagation of the Faith Society 343 Lexington Ave., New York City

ALL TRIBES OF AMERICAN INDIANS ARE REPRESENTED IN THE WAR.

The latest number of The Indian Sentinel gives an account of the splendid part being taken in the present war by American Indians. Of course The Sentinel deals chiefly with Catholic Indians, many of whom have won officers' appointments. The students in the Indian school are also working nobly for the Red Cross. The Sentinel says:

"Those who think that the Indian is a 'dead one'—if I may use the parlance of the enlisted man—have certainly fallen short in their deductions. In the service of our country there are many loyal Indians, both on land and sea. The American Indian makes an excellent soldier, especially when he is assigned to the cavalry or field artillery. Put him on a horse and he is happy. Hard work, long hours of sentry duty, hunger, thirst, sleeping on the ground, are natural experiences to the Indian, although similar conditions will tax the patience of the pale-face. In athletic exercises an Indian will fairly play his head off before he will realize he is tired. Indeed, whenever there has been a demand for physical exertion the Indian has not been found wanting."

"There are many Indians enlisted in all arms of the service, every regiment having a number of them, and invariably they are favorites with their comrades. They are happy-hearted and good-natured, and generous."

ALL IN A DAY'S WORK.

A glance at the program which is followed daily at the catechumenate in Saint Patrick's Mission, Soroti, British Africa, will give one an idea of how very busy Father Ram and his curate must be. Every moment is accounted for. At six o'clock Mass is said, followed by public prayer for the catechumen. Then each catechumen works on his or her food plot until eight o'clock, when the drum summons all to a short religious instruction of fifteen minutes. From 8.15 until 10 o'clock all are at work in the catechumenate.

Next comes a short recess for the boys, when an intermission is enjoyed until 1.15. The afternoon is taken up with religious instruction in the various classes, followed by the ordinary secular subjects, and at 4.45 the boys are dismissed.

Father Ram explains that "in between times" he has to superintend the gardening, building, etc., as he has no lay brothers to help him. As a postscript he adds, as if it were merely an after thought, that he is "out for a sufficient sum to erect a chapel large enough for his flock." He wants to dedicate it to Saint Patrick, and is begging that good Saint to find a benefactor, who would bring down God's blessing on the donor and would earn the lasting gratitude of an African missionary and his people. As the natives are only too willing to furnish all the labor free, the only thing necessary for the chapel would be the materials.

RIISING ABOVE CONDITIONS.

The Superior of the Mission of Ninyuanfu, China, is Father C. Sirgue, P. F. M. The post was opened six years ago by Mgr. de Guebriant, but since then he has been transferred and the outlook without his parental care is not too bright. Father Sirgue writes:

"Humanly speaking, my companions and myself fear much for the future of this post, but the works of God do not progress according to worldly laws; they are sustained by grace; and, while material aid is most necessary, I particularly ask abundant prayers. With them spiritual fruits will not be lacking, and we will be able to add many other souls to those already brought to the light of our holy religion."