

Nay, there is one group, happily not the largest, which not only does not encourage the fighters, but positively discourages them, and all, oddly enough, with the best of intentions. Their methods, they say, are antiquated, unconventional, wrong. Are some unusual, some unconventional features introduced into an unusually successful mission, there is instant condemnation. Does a motor-chapel heroically toil along highways and byways, halting in places where it is impossible to put up a permanent church—columns of disparaging criticism and useless suggestions appear, half of which, if adopted, would harry and hamper the whole venture far more effectually than could the enraged and nonplussed bands of Wycliffe preachers. Does a long-expected hymn-book make its welcome appearance, weeks before its virtues are unfolded and appreciated, its blemishes are ferreted out, and chilling things are. We need encouragement! To come to our own department. A branch of the C.T.S. is started. The publications are exposed for sale, and energetically supervised in a desk or case, in the only place available, the porch, or near the church doors. At once, on the part of the aforesaid critical, discouraging friends, there is a gathering up of shocked skirts, and a scurrying away from the profanation, this trafficking in the Temple, but not always to buy the books elsewhere. Nobody likes controversy less than a Catholic; he knows well far more good is done by the simple exposition of Catholic doctrine.

#### But Sometimes it is Forced Upon Us;

we cannot discuss the question under treatment without what is called controversy. And then we hear the parrot-cry from a certain direction, 'I don't like controversy!' Who does? I feel tempted to call all these good people sharpshooters, but they are on our own side; and they say they are using blank cartridge; they do not mean to hurt; it is all for our good. Very likely, but it is very disconcerting, when what we need is encouragement. I might remind them that when that God-fearing youth, David, stepped forth to do battle for Israel with the armor-clad Goliath, his weapons were not exactly conventional, but all the world knows they were convincing. I would beg all that multitude, then, by the windmill to come down, and at once. There is a place for every one of you in our ranks. Here, at all events, is work for you; if you cannot fire or train a gun, you can carry or supply the ammunition. If you ask me what should be the measure of your interest, I would answer, surely not less than that of the Pagan poet in his fellow-man, so magnificently enshrined in the immortal verse: *Homo sum: et nihil humanum a me alienum puto.* Every Catholic worthy of the name should be able to affirm: *Catholicus sum; et nihil Catholicum a me alienum puto.* I am a Catholic; and nothing concerning Catholicism is unworthy of my attention. Should you enquire how this encouragement is to be expressed, I would answer, not only by cheering words, which are always welcome, but also in coin of the realm. When in Malta, years ago, a very popular song in the concerts we got up for the soldiers was called 'Later on.' Some desirable reform, oft-repeated promise, long-talked-of beneficent scheme would be realised later on. One line ran: 'The old Duke of Cambridge is going to retire,' and the chorus would answer 'Later on.' Now do not let your good intentions with regard to the C.T.S. pass into a song. Gladden your eyes with the sight of the good works made possible by your generosity. Posthumous benefactions have a way of shrinking in size, even if they do not entirely disappear. Are you anxious about the form, the nature of the reinforcements? Let there be some at least, if you cannot spare much, personal service, the most valuable kind of all. Spare a little of the time so ungrudgingly given to Ascot, Henley, Brooklands, and Cowes. The reign of Edward III. was rich in situations which, in these days of submarines, flying machines, and intelligence departments, resemble those to be found in the pages of comic opera. On one occasion, during the war with Scotland, both armies seem to have exhausted themselves by a long game of hide and seek. His patience at an end, Ed-

ward offered a knighthood and a pension to the soldier who should discover the canny Scot. Shortly afterwards, when the English and Scottish armies found themselves face to face, with a river flowing between them, the King sent heralds to propose that either army should retire a little, to allow the other to cross with comfort! Now, in our campaign, we have no need to offer

#### Rewards for the Discovery of the Enemy.

He stands unabashed before us in a long extended line, at one end of which his black battalions are feverishly busy trying to blot God out of His own creation; and at the other (I grieve to say it) a division of earnest combatants, with a zeal worthy of a better cause, under a banner with a stranger device than that borne by Longfellow's hero—'Continuity'—are deluding their comrades, when they are not being trampled upon by them. One more journey to our windmill, and I have done. The battle of Crecy was fought in the month of August. 'When the conflict was growing fierce and doubtful,' the historian says, 'Sir Thomas Norwich was sent for reinforcements.' Edward inquired if his son was killed or wounded. The messenger replied 'No.' 'Then,' said he, 'tell Warwick that he shall have no assistance. Let the boy win his spurs. He and those who have him in charge shall have the whole glory of the day.' In this month of August, a request for reinforcements went out, and this time it has been generously responded to. His lordship, Frederick William of Norwich, summoned assistance, and to his summons have come Cardinal and Earl Marshal, archbishops and bishops, abbot, provincial, and prior, clergy and laity from every part of the kingdom—till Norwich has beheld an assemblage, distinguished, representative, and united, the like of which has probably not come together within her walls since the golden days of English chivalry, ecclesiastical independence, and civic splendor. It must not be inferred from the war-like expressions used in my little paper that we entertain any hostile designs against our non-Catholic neighbors. With them it is our sincere desire to live in peace and amity. We are really the most peaceably disposed of all the subjects of King George, as we are also amongst the most loyal, our loyalty resting, as it does, not on frothy sentiment, but on the bedrock of principle. And no one knows this better than his Gracious Majesty. Our operations are directed, not against our fellow-countrymen, but against the multitude of soul-destroying errors working havoc amongst them. As we are all proud to live under one flag, so all our efforts are directed to the glorious task of uniting again all in one faith—the faith of our fathers. We are pausing but for a moment in these picturesque and inspiring surroundings to renew our whole-hearted allegiance to our leaders, to welcome our reinforcements, before returning, fired with fresh enthusiasm, to the field. Crecy's fight was 'fierce and doubtful.' Ours, too, may be, will be 'fierce,' it will not, cannot, be 'doubtful.' As did the English soldiers at Crecy, so let us put ourselves under the protection of St. George. For our motto let us take that of the Royal House, which should, but does not, give a lead in the service of Holy Church—Avanti!

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A little sigh, a watery eye,  
A cold, a cough, a sneeze;  
And bye and bye, a gallant try  
To get a little ease.  
'Tis simple, too, for me and you  
To take a little ewer,  
And from it drink a draught or two  
Of Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

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