

we had 300 conversions—300 new tabernacles which our Blessed Lady offered to her Divine Son.

A prisoner presented our chapel with a statue of our Lady of Lourdes; and as we may not reserve the Blessed Sacrament, it is our Lady—our Lady of Lourdes, the Patroness of France—who is our companion and our refuge. From 5 o'clock in the morning till 9 at night, the prisoners come to pray before this statue, for themselves, for those who are dear to them, and for France. There are sometimes 200 there together, and there are never fewer than thirty or forty, and to see them you can readily divine that their whole soul is lost in their prayer. For this reason our Blessed Lady is working wonders here which are beyond counting. Many say that they owe their lives to her. They show us a medal or a rosary, which their mothers or their wives gave them before leaving home. They preserved these souvenirs with care, and the souvenirs caused them to pray, and our Blessed Lady assisted them, and now they return to God. We have had here about 4000 conversions in four months. We can give the number of these conversions, but we can not describe their fervor. A priest remarked to me the other day: 'I have been sixteen years in the ministry, and I have never met with souls so well disposed.'

Touching Incidents of Conversion.

Many are so touched by grace that they shed tears at their confessions; and the confessor, indeed, not infrequently weeps with them. Instead of having to exhort them, he listens with delight to the touching expressions of their repentance, and to the beautiful resolutions which they, unasked, make known to him. I have often been thinking, since I came here, of the times of the Apostles, and I have said to myself that the first Christians must have confessed in the same manner as our men do. Our place of worship, too, recalls the souvenirs. There are no confessionals, of course, but there are benches along by the walls, and seated on these we hear confessions. We had 1800 confessions the two days before Christmas. We had ten confessors then; now we have only six, as four have gone to the camp of Minden, where priests were wanted.

One of the most touching things in the camp is the fervor with which some of the men carry on an apostleship. It often happens that those who come to confession have been induced to come by their companions, or they tell us that they have been brought by others to the chapel, and that the sermons appealed to them and that they were very much touched too when they saw how fervently other men prayed and practised their faith. In truth it is impossible to enter the little church without being impressed by the sight of those men who pray so well.

Miracles of Grace.

With so many prayers it is not astonishing that grace is doing wonders here. The men are themselves surprised at the changes they see round about them. A Belgian officer said to me recently: 'Some people fancy that there are no miracles nowadays. Yet we see new miracles here every day. Is it not a miracle to see all these men who blasphemed and scoffed at religion, passing hours in prayer, and speaking of God with tears in their eyes, and incapable of finding words to describe the good which religion is doing to them?'

Yes, God is wonderful in His Providence, and this is the good He is bringing from the fact that priests have to serve in the army. Thus it is that the plans of the Evil One to ruin souls are turning against himself. Without us these 20,000 prisoners would have been deprived of the assistance of religion which is now their intimate consolation and support. We are in touch with all the nationalities here—English, Flemings, and Russians. Father Tibauts and I speak English, and we hear the confessions of the Flemings, and the Catholics among the Russians, by means of a set of questions.

The goodness of God is making use of us to prepare true Christian men who will yet be apostles in

their own families, and in their parishes, and who will make of our fatherland a new France, a Christian France, a France worthy of the most beautiful ages of its history.

Eltham

(From our own correspondent.)

Mr. P. A. Ongley, of the Eltham High School, has accepted an important engagement at the Wellington College. Mrs. Ongley, her daughter, and Mr. P. A. Ongley will be greatly missed by their Eltham co-religionists.

A successful meeting of the Catholic Federation of Eltham was held in the schoolroom after the 11 o'clock Mass on the 2nd inst. Besides the ordinary business of the meeting, it was necessary to elect a secretary owing to the early departure of the present secretary (Mr. P. A. Ongley), and the choice fell on Mr. N. Reardon. The opinion was freely expressed that the choice was a good one.

A very old resident of this parish, in the person of Mr. James McVeagh, has left us to take up his residence in Auckland, and practise his profession there. He will still retain an interest in the local legal firm of McVeagh, Morrison, and Stewart. After Mass on the 25th ultimo, an illuminated address was presented to Mr. McVeagh, and read by Mr. L. H. Grimstone, manager of the Bank of New Zealand. The address was as follows:—

'Dear Mr. McVeagh, — We, the priest and parishioners of St. Joseph's Church, Eltham, desire, on the eve of your departure for Auckland, to convey to you our appreciation of your many sterling virtues as a Catholic gentleman. During your twelve years' residence in this parish your exemplary life amongst us has been truly edifying, and your valuable services in all that pertained to the welfare of religion have done much to promote the great progress of the Catholic Church and school in this rising town. It is with very sincere regret that we say good bye to you and your family. We shall pray that the good God may bless Mrs. McVeagh, you, and your dear children with continued happiness and prosperity in your new home in Auckland. — T. J. CAHILL (parish priest). On behalf of the parishioners: J. O'HAGAN, A. R. CRONIN, P. A. ONGLEY.

Eltham, April 25, 1915.'

Marvellous is the manner in which the periscope has forced its way to the front in the present war. And, when one learns its value in land operations, one is astonished that its virtues were not discovered sooner. Nine out of ten of us had never heard of the instrument six months ago except in connection with submarines. It has now become one of the most important items in an officer's equipment, being of immense value in almost any form of land operations, provided sufficient light is available. It enables a man to see without being seen. In street fighting the operator can see round a corner without exposing himself to view or to the enemy's fire. On reconnaissance accurate observations can be made from behind a wall and completely under cover. In the trenches periscopes have proved invaluable, and have been the means already of a great saving in the lives of young officers.

The builder built a house of brick,
'Twas as sound as sound could be,
But the builder himself was out of repair,
And a ragged cough coughed he.
'Tis a wooden suit I'll be wearing soon,'
Said he, and his face was dour,
But he beat the old Reaper in just two hours
With Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

W. F. SHORT

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