

kept grave. We stopped before it, and as I read my eyes grew dim: "Sacred to the memory of our beloved Pastor, Rev. William Fitzpatrick. Born 18—, died 19—, in the twenty-seventh year of his priesthood."

There was a quotation from the New Testament which he had greatly loved:

"And when he hath let out his own sheep, he goeth before them; and the sheep follow him because they know his voice." St. John, chap. x, verse 4.—B. J. Murdoch in the Rosary Magazine.

MARY'S MONTH

If devotion to the Blessed Mary ever was necessary surely in this our age and land such need is imperative. For the spirit of the world is making inroads into the fold of Christ and the weaklings of the flock frequently browse in strange pastures. Wealth and luxury keep worldlings far from God, while comparative wealth and luxury often turn Christians into abandoned worldlings. Mary was the first Christian, for her consent made possible the birth of Christ. Other Christians, or followers of the Christ, were expected to be worthy of Him. Hence, what more natural than to pattern their lives and conduct after her who first saluted the Founder of Christianity.

If there is one devotion towards which Catholics are partial, surely it is that which honors the Blessed Mother. Pre-eminently is Mary the Queen of the Church on earth, as she is the Mother of the heavenly courts. Catholics the world over reverence Mary because God first gave them the example. The highest brilliance of Catholic genius has shone forth in the effort worthily to exalt Mary. From the earliest ages East and West joined hands in the beautiful endeavor to outdo each other in showering encomiums upon her whom God had chosen as the new mother of the race. Not an art but has contributed its very best in this splendid work; not a Catholic but has felt his heart thrill and his soul at peace in contemplating the grandeur of this humble Maid.

On one plane do all Catholics, from Pope to peasant, meet in a common democracy: the recitation of the rosary in honor of the Mother of God. In this beautiful act all distinctions disappear and every devout client of Mary pours forth his soul in the same words and with the same spirit in tender acknowledgment of love and affection for her whom God first loved.

The month of May is peculiarly the month of Mary; hence it is that the Church exhorts every faithful Catholic to remember his Mother during this time and in especial manner to invoke her intercession. The means to all this is the holy rosary.—Catholic Bulletin.

WHY I AM A CHRISTIAN BROTHER

The following reasons "Why I am Christian Brother" by a member of the Order of the Brothers of the Christian Schools of Ontario will prove interesting and instructive to many of our readers who do not fully understand the life and purpose of our teaching Brotherhoods. May they also be a source of inspiration and encouragement to many of our boys and young men, who, as yet are undecided as to their life-work!

I am a Christian Brother:

1. Because I want to save my soul. The Christian Brothers are religious, consecrated to the service of God by the vows of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience, and living according to a Rule solemnly approved by the Church. They follow the invitation of Our Divine Lord: "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven and come follow me." And they look for the reward that He promised in these words: "There is no man that hath left home, or parents, or brethren for the Kingdom of God's sake who shall not receive much more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting." As St. Mary Magdalene of Pazzi says: "The religious life is the simplest, surest, and shortest way to Heaven."

2. Because I want to help save the souls of others. The Brothers labour, not only for their own salvation, but for the salvation of others by means of the Christian Education of youth. If it is a noble and blessed action to save a life, which can last only a few years, what must we feel of snatching a soul from endless misery? How content we should feel if, when we came to die, we could say, "There is one soul in Heaven now who would have been in Hell, if it had not been for me!" If he who causeth a sinner to be converted from the error of his way shall save his soul from death and shall cover a multitude of sinners, what comforting assurance shall be dealt a multitude of souls and presented them as an offering of love to the Heart of Him who is about to be his Judge!

3. Because, at the present time, especially, Christian Education is the greatest of soul saving works. Pope Benedict XV. says: "The welfare of Church and State depends entirely on the good condition and discipline of the schools, and the Christians of the future will be those, and those only, whom you will have taught and trained." The late Archbishop Ire-

land said: "The Apostleship of the Church in these present times I consider to be principally in the hands of Christian teachers," and Bishop Byrne says, "There is at this hour no work so important as that of Christian Education. It means the saving of man, the saving of Christian civilization, and the saving of the Church."

4. Because the Brothers devote themselves exclusively and solely to the work of education and are, therefore, in a position to produce the best results. They make a sacrifice even of the dignity of the holy priesthood so that, free from the duties and responsibilities of the ecclesiastical state, they may be able to concentrate on educational problems and become, in a correct sense, specialists in the work. "Education is a divine work," says Bishop Dupanloup. "The education of men will always be the greatest of works, a providential and sacred labor, a task, entirely divine—a priesthood." The late Cardinal Gibbons said: "I do not know any office or work in which any man can be engaged so worthy of a man as the office of teaching the young. I think it is the most sublime and important Christian occupation in which any one can be engaged."

5. Because, at the present moment, no work is more important for the future of the Church in Canada than that of Christian Education. The Very Rev. President of the Catholic Church Extension Society asks: "What is the remedy for the leakage in Western Canada?" And he answers: Only one cure—Catholic schools and Catholic teachers! Christian Brothers and Sisters have it in their power, if they take up the work, to save thousands of souls.

6. Because the Brothers of the Christian Schools have a two hundred year old tradition of religious life and pedagogical experience received from their holy Founder, St. John Baptist De La Salle. They embrace every phase of educational activity and have an organization that is world wide in extent and influence. "I regard the Brothers of the Christian Schools," said the late Archbishop Ireland, "as one of the most important of the Church's agencies in the fulfillment of her divine mission."

7. Because, in the great field of Catholic education, "the harvest is indeed great, but the laborers are few."—B. S. S.

THE BLACKROBES' REVENGE

John C. Reville, S. J., in America

Long after the death, at the battle of Orléans in Bavaria, June 27, 1800, of Latour d'Auvergne, the hero whom Napoleon called the First Grandee of France, the name of the dead soldier was still called at the regimental muster. As soon as it was heard, the oldest sergeant saluted and answered: "Dead on the Field of Honor." Even up to the present day when the colors of the Forty-sixth Regiment are carried on parade, the same inspiring ceremony is observed.

Once a year in every community of sons of the soldier Saint of Loyola, the list of the deceased members of the Order is read aloud. It is a tribute which the living owe to their departed companions in arms, of many lands and races and tongues, those by whose side they toiled, those whose names tell them little more than that they were banded with them in a common cause, the cause of Christ and His Church.

When, after the late War, the Jesuits of France were enabled to meet together to cheer their returning soldiers—priests and chaplains who had gone out in obedience to French law, those whom the bursting shell and the poisoned gas had spared, they called the same roll. But then a deeper meaning, poignant sorrow but exultant joy, must have been added to the scene. The reader's eyes cannot have been undimmed by tears, nor his voice unchoked by sobs, when the names of the war-dead fell from his lips. At every loved name, the answer of the heart at least, must have been that which so long greeted the name of the First Grandee of France: "Dead on the Field of Honor."

The hand of one of their brothers in religion, that of the distinguished historian of St. Francis Xavier, Father A. Brou, has preserved for this splendid roster of heroes ("Les Jésuites Morts pour La France": Tours, Mame). The book is as simple as the lives and the heroism of the men to whose memory it is dedicated. It is little more than a list of the French Jesuits, priests, scholastics or ecclesiastical students, and lay brothers who in the Great War laid down their lives for the motherland. Its pages are Attie in their simplicity and brevity, but eloquent with the pathos of more than Spartan deeds and sufferings. It is the roll call of another Theban legion. Names, dates, facts, these are nothing more! No artifice of presentation, none of the tricks of the panegyrist. In the case of these 169 martyrs of the cause of duty and of France, little more is given than the date of their birth and their entrance into the ranks of the soldier hero of Pampeluna; their occupations as religious, the record of their military service, their death. The wording of these mortuary notices is as succinct almost as the few words inscribed on the humble crosses, erected under the guns, over the shell of the enemy's guns, over the tombs of the victims of the War. In many cases the brief record is

slightly lengthened by the addition of the text of official "citations" in the case of those who won decorations for exceptional bravery.

In the very first month of the War, August, 1914, 498 French Jesuits were under the colors. On Armistice Day, November 11, 1918, 841 had been mustered into service or had volunteered. By August, 1919, 168 had died in the service of France. Six others must be added to the roll, not actually killed in battle, but who in different ways sacrificed their lives for their country. A mere glance at the military decorations they won proves that many were of the breed of the old paladins of France from whom not a few were actually descended. By August 15, 68 of these blackrobes had received the Cross of the Legion of Honor, 48 the Médaille Militaire, 320 the Croix de Guerre, and 590 at least had been mentioned in dispatches, regimental, divisional and general orders, all for exceptional gallantry under fire. To these must be added 4 years of medals won in the service of the sick, 3 decorated for heroic conduct in Tunisia and Morocco, and 15 awarded military distinctions for foreign governments. Without exaggeration, might not the Jesuit soldier of the World War rightly deserve the title given by Napoleon to Marshal Ney: "Le Brave des Braves?" The Bravest of the Brave.

These pages breathe the aroma of epic and romance. At times they recall those touching lines in which Virgil sings youthful boy heroes like Ruryalus dying side by side with the veterans of well-fought fields: Joseph Radisson, for instance, a boy of nineteen, but already in his fourth year of religious life, is killed while holding with the 28th Regiment a dangerous advance post on the Aisne. Not far from the page that tells of the death of this youthful knight, is that which speaks of the venerable Father Maturin Le Texier, a veteran of the war of 1870, then missionary in Brittany, decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor and the Croix de Guerre, mentioned in the general orders of the Second Army by General de Castelnau, and twice again by Joffre and Pétain as a type of absolute devotion and fearlessness, a model soldier and priest. On the Ombra des Dames when trying to save the Blessed Sacrament from his shattered regiment, he is mortally wounded, and made prisoner. He dies in a German prison camp from the results of his wounds. Indomitable old man! He is the Nestor of this Ignatian epic.

In this roster are names well-known to scholars, to letters and arts. Five professors of the sacred sciences are found there: Autry, doctor of civil law, professor of canon law; Rivet, who to his scholastic laurels earned as professor in the Gregorian University, Rome, adds the laurels of the Legion of Honor; Roiron, awarded the Médaille Militaire, a doctor of the Sorbonne, a specialist in Virgilian studies, one of whose theses for his doctor's degree was written in Greek; Bouvier, professor of theology, an authority on the history of religions, a hero of the titanic fight of Verdun, winner of the Médaille Militaire and the Croix de Guerre; Ronssellot, a doctor of the Sorbonne, like Roiron, professor of dogmatic theology in the Catholic Institute of Paris, whose writings on the most difficult questions of mysticism and metaphysics were welcomed in the reviews of France, Germany and Italy; Aucler, a distinguished archaeologist. Close to them are Da La Rouvière, professor of Arabic; Casca, doctor in the history of the Gregorian University, doctor of the School of Oriental Languages of the University of Beirut, whose courage, said one of the Chasseurs Alpins, popularly known as the Blue Devils, made one's hair stand on end, and won for him the Military Medal and the War Cross. And these names are picked at random; others equally distinguished for their military record might be cited: the magnificent Soury-Lavergne, Lenoir, Raymond, Gauthier, all decorated, mentioned in dispatches three, four, five times, all dead on the field of honor.

Among the victims are missionaries from Syria, Armenia, Madagascar, the forests of Brazil, the uplands of Colombia. Five newly-made priests, ordained on the 2nd of August, 1914, amid the sound of the guns, are killed in the first favor of their priesthood, among them Lieutenant Paul Dubrille, author of a stirring book, "My Regiment in the Furnace of Verdun." The book was written on his kit in the trenches amid the inferno of battle. The author is a winner of the Cross of the Legion of Honor and the War Cross, and is mentioned in army orders by Marshal Pétain. There is Lieutenant Gilbert de Gironde, wearer of the Cross of the Legion of Honor, the Croix de Guerre and the Médaille Militaire, the incomparable, the hero among heroes, the man with the gallantry of a Machabees, the priestly zeal of Oisies, the Bayard, the Galahad of this cohort of heroes. He counts but five months of service, but months rounded to years by the splendor of his virtues. His death before Ypres was that of a crusader and a priest. It spread dismay in the 81st regiment. The men of that heroic unit declared that the absence of Lieutenant de Gironde had almost made them cowards. When it became known that he was to lead them no more, a cry of sorrow went up from officers and men, like that heard on that evening so dramatically described by Maurice Barres, when the terrible news flashed through the army that

the Knight of the Air, Georges Guynemer, had not returned! Gilbert de Gironde was killed December 7, 1914. Five days after, André de Gailhard Bancel, sixth child of M. de Gailhard Bancel, the fearless Catholic Deputy from the Ardèche, was shot down while leading his men against the German trenches. He too wins the Cross of the Legion of Honor. On that same day, almost on the very spot where André had fallen, his brother Pierre, a lieutenant in the same regiment, met a glorious death. It is like a scene from Virgil. It is Alcanor rushing to clear his dying brother Maosen in his arms: "Hic, frater subit Alcanor, fratremque ruerentem Sustinet deorsum."

A Catholic Deputy offers these two boys, to his beloved France just as Marshal Foch sees his son, Captain Germain Foch, die a soldier's death, and General de Castelnau sacrifices three of his children to the cause of the motherland. French Catholics of every rank and class, like Paulus Amillius at Cannae, were spend-thrifts of their lives and their blood in the World War. One more name must close this heroic roster: on October 1st, 1915, Henry Vuilliot was killed before Senonhe. He was the grand-nephew of the illustrious Catholic writer, Louis Vuilliot. His last words will stir American hearts. They echo the sentiment of brave Lawrence when he fell mortally wounded on the deck of the Chesapeake: "Don't give up the fight!" These 169 martyrs of duty showed to the world what the sons of St. Ignatius really are. Jesuits are frequently depicted as cold, calculating, locked in a tower of icy reserve, barricaded behind a frowning rampart of formalism. But the Jesuits in the armies of France were soon discovered to be broad minded, human sympathetic, light hearted, gay. Summoned from the solitude of novitiate, or college, from a missionary's pulpit or a professor's chair, they quickly learn the ways of the politics and become their best friends. As chaplains or fighting priests they win the respect and admiration of the whole army.

The War proved the worth of Jesuit training. That training made men. It marked them all with an unmistakable seal. They were obedient and self-sacrificing men. Obedience to authority, submission to rule and order is the Jesuit's special virtue. That obedience has been misrepresented as slavish and foolishly blind. But France at bay, needing men ready for any danger, and any death, must thank Ignatius for that obedience. She had but to hint her will, they never faltered. They were ordered to death in Flanders, in the Argonne, before the forts of Verdun, in the air, on the high seas. They never reasoned why. They sallied forth and died. In the citations won by these heroes and signed by generals like Nivelle, Gouraud, Grossetti, De Laugle de Cary, the dead are praised for their very virtues dear to St. Ignatius, for their obedience, their devotion or spirit of self-sacrifice, their loyalty to their comrades and their chiefs, their priestly zeal, their contempt of death. This Jesuit martyrdom eloquently proves that Ignatius Loyola, the stern fighter of Najera and Pampeluna, had every reason to be proud of his soldier sons.

The Jesuit is painted as unapproachable. He is said to be a man without a country and to place the interests of his Order above all others. The Jesuits of France might have been excused had they manifested any resentment against the land of their birth. They had been the victims of unjust laws. Their colleges and educational centers had been closed. As a corporate body, these "black-robed conspirators" were not allowed to live in their own country, but were driven from its Government, and rather its atheistic Government, would not tolerate them in peace. They had to find a home in other lands, in England, in Egypt, in Syria, in far-off China. The laws that drove them out were tyrannical and unjust. No other crime had ever been brought home to these men, save an unalloyed fidelity to Christ, to Rome, to the Faith of the vast majority of Frenchmen, the Faith of St. Louis, of Bossuet, Vincent de Paul and St. Jeanne d'Arc. Those that knew them, who knew their lives in their college days under them, rendered them the homage which even Voltaire could not withhold, and declared them priests of irreproachable life, refined, peace-loving, scholarly gentlemen, lovable and kind hearted men. Heartbroken, the exiles bade farewell to the land of their birth and their love.

But when in the tragic summer of 1914 the exiled Blackrobes heard from afar the rumblings of war, the thunder of the cannons, the shouting, and then saw the enemies' borders plunging through every open gateway to the very heart of France, when they saw their mother's blood trickling from a hundred deadly wounds, they forgot and forgave all the wrongs of the past. From the ice fields of the North and the palm groves of southern seas, they trooped back to her shores and made of their bodies a living rampart for that agonizing and bleeding form. They knew they would fall. But the law was there and they obeyed. One cry rose from their serried ranks: "Moriuri Te Salutamus. Mother France, Hail! For Thee we gladly and proudly die." That and that alone was the Blackrobes' revenge. How will France answer such heroism?

Be silent and safe—silence never betrays you.

MAY PRAYER TO MARY

(For All Teaching Sisters)

O Virgin mother blest,
Highest and holiest,
Chaste warden of the wondrous word
of God;
Inflame our hearts to raise
This day in grateful praise
One prayer to heaven's gate;
Look down on us this day,
In this thy month of May,
Look down upon this earth that
Jesus trod
And hear us as we supplicating pray
And cry importunate.

Not for ourselves alone, O Queen of
heaven's courts,
Do we lift up this prayer unto thy
throne,
Not for ourselves alone,
But ah, for those whom He has given
us.

To shelter and support,
You know whose love it is has driven
us
To teach His holy name,
You know His secrets who has bid us
give,
Our lives that these chaste souls may
learn to live,
For He is still the same
That welcomed little children to His
side
And these our little ones are not less
dear.

Than those for whom the blessed
Jesus cried,
"Nay, bid them come to me and not
to fear!"

Do you remember, Queen, those
happy days
At Nazareth, when Jesus was a child,
And how He strove with little
childish ways,
To please you, while you looked at
Him and smiled,
To think that this sweet-tempered,
willing boy,
Who pondered o'er the ancient
Hebrew scrolls,
Was sent by God to fill the world
with joy,
And open heaven's gates to child-like
souls?

Do you remember that first Christian
school,
Whose only pupil was God's only
Son?
Small need was there, O Queen, for
book or rule,
When little Jesus lessons were
begun,
For in those tender eyes,
Visions of Paradise,
Shone forth to light the gentle
scholar's face.
And thou wert glad to see,
The Child beside thy knee,
Advance each day in wisdom, age
and grace.

And these our children here,
Shall they not seem more dear,
Because we know that Jesus from
above
Still showers them with love?

Ah, yes, sweet Queen, we know this
day they share
Thy tender loving care,
And we who strive to mould each
childish aim,
Are only servants in thy holy name.
We know our weaknesses, be thou
our strength
Yes, shelter and enfold us, till at
length,
Urged on by thy love for Jesus
crucified,
We bring thy tender lamblings to the
gate,
Sheltered and safe from sin,
Then grant, O Queen, that we who
watch and wait,
We, too, may enter in!

IRISH SPIRIT

Irish spirit will be the deciding factor in Erin's fight for freedom. Mr. Hammond, correspondent of the London Nation, has written the following estimate of Ireland's magnificent morale: "I asked a Bishop, who is well known here and in Ireland as a man of very moderate views, whether the spirit of Ireland was breaking. He told me this story as his answer. In the War it was the custom to give a condemned man twelve hours notice, and to give the same notice to his chaplain. When X. was shot the other day for possessing a revolver, the authorities only gave two hours' notice. The chaplain hurried to him and was with him till his death. He then went to break the news to X's brother, who is in prison—having been found guilty by court-martial of the crime of refusing to turn informer against his brother. 'Your brother has been shot this morning.' 'How did he die?' 'He died bravely for the sake of Ireland.' 'Then I am happy.' 'That,' said the Bishop to me, 'is the spirit of Ireland. I have comforted many an Irishman whose son is dead or in prison or in mortal danger, and they all give the same answer. 'Nobody can move about in Ireland without becoming conscious of this spirit. It is to be seen, amid all the strain and sorrow of this wearing life of conflict, in the eyes of people, in the way they walk, in their whole bearing and temper. There is a common saying in Ireland, 'we are not going to leave this struggle to our children.' In that spirit they face the prospect of death, torture and imprisonment. The story of the death of Kevin Barry brought Irishmen to the Republican army as the Belgian atrocities drew Englishmen six years ago to our army. The proclamation that Irishwomen would avenge their sons at peril of their lives three hundreds of doors open to the rebels where they had never been made welcome before.

Men and women dread only one thing for themselves and their friends: one hour of weakness. The flames that ravaged Cork spared the monument to Ireland's martyrs."

THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST

Allen Sinclair Will, author of "Life of Cardinal Gibbons," writing of the Cardinal, says in a newspaper article:

"One evening, while the Cardinal was chatting with a friend in the quietude of his study, the subject of relative precedence of civil and ecclesiastical authorities on public occasions, then recently brought to public attention by an incident in which he was not a participant, came up. The Cardinal sprang up from his chair, remarking: 'I will show you my rule in such matters.'"

Walking to a bookshelf he took out a copy of the Bible and read the following from the fourteenth chapter of St. Luke: "And it came to pass, when Jesus went into the house of one of the chief of the Pharisees on the sabbath day to eat bread that they watched Him."

And He spoke a parable also to them that were invited, marking how they chose the first seats at the table, saying to them:

"When thou art invited to a wedding, sit not down in the first place; lest perhaps one more honorable than thou be invited by him;

"And he that invited thee, and him come and say to thee: Give this man place. And then thou beginst with shame to take the lowest place."

"But when thou art invited, go and sit down in the lowest place; that when he that invited thee cometh, he may say to thee: Friend, go up higher. Then shalt thou have glory before them that sit at table with thee."

"Because every one that exalted himself shall be humbled; and he that humbled himself shall be exalted."

The Cardinal looked up from his reading and added musically: "I have never claimed precedence in any gathering, whether it was attended by Catholics or non-Catholics, civil or Church dignitaries, or both, and I have never failed to receive it."



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