

Another modern investigator frequently appealed to for proof of spirit activity is Dr. Crawford of Belfast who not long ago committed suicide. A criticism of his published accounts will be found in the Catholic World for July, 1919. Like so many investigators before him he fails to provide the alleged scientific evidence.

Much of the matter contained in the doctrines of spiritists is claimed to have been obtained by automatic writing. Automatic writing is one of a series of phenomena well known and well understood by psychologists. It does not depend upon spirits of one kind or another. Neurotics and neurotically predisposed persons exhibit automatisms of different kinds, that is to say, they show organized reactions to such as postural adjustments, gestures, speech, etc., which are involuntary, and by which they give symbolized or overt expression of their neurotic conflict. Such people are often able to perform automatic writing, that is, to write coherently without being conscious of what they write. In such manner they express ideas and impressions which are repressed from or have always been beneath the threshold of consciousness.

Over the French lands in Northern Africa, which I am going to visit, hovers the figure of a Cardinal, Archbishop of Algiers who was at the same time a great churchman and a great patriot. (Cardinal Lavergne, who urged the Catholics to rally to the Republic). I do not forget that he succumbed with great energy the magnificent efforts of the illustrious Pope Leo XIII., and that together they desired to establish the union of French Catholics and legitimate authority and institutions—a just and noble undertaking which the memories of the War, the causes of victory and the needs of peace today render more necessary still.

I thank you, Monsignor, for the just and delicate thoughts to which you have given expression. They do not surprise me coming from you. Kindly believe that they find a sympathetic echo in my own feelings.

Monsignor Eyssautier, deeply moved, could not refrain from saying: "Mr. President, we shall preserve in our hearts, with deep gratitude, the memory of your noble words."

ORDER TO HONOR HOLY EUCHARIST

KNOWN AS KNIGHTS OF BLESSED SACRAMENT

By Peter M. Duane, S. J.

London, Eng.—Two priests in Glasgow were going recently to one of the big foot-ball games between the Celtics, a Catholic team, and the Rangers. One of the priests was a visitor, the other an old parish priest of the city. As they approached the grounds the latter took out a small badge which he was wearing inside his coat and placed it out on the lapel.

"This will distinguish me," he said to his companion. "Most of us wear this and you may be sure no Protestant minister does."

They entered the grounds without question, free of charge.

"Most of us wear this." That statement was just about true; the young priests especially have almost all taken to the badge, and worn by the Catholic men and women one sees it frequently in the streets and in the churches of Scotland and England. The badge referred to is the distinguishing mark of a K.B.S., or of an H.B.S.: Knight of the Blessed Sacrament or Handmaid of the Blessed Sacrament. It represents a movement which for the last few years has been growing apace, beginning in England and Ireland, and spreading to France, Italy, to Australia, to South Africa, to Uganda, to Canada and the Philippines. Hundreds of thousands of Catholics are Knights of the Blessed Sacrament.

HOW ORDER IS CARRIED ON

The movement was begun and is furthered chiefly by the Catholic laymen and women, to carry on a crusade of increased devotion to the Blessed Sacrament according to the spirit of Pius X.

These forward-looking Catholics call themselves Knights because they offer a chivalrous service to their Lord and God. They give their pledged faith, their word of honor, to receive once a week in Holy Eucharist their Great Knight-Commander. The Knights of the Blessed Sacrament are not a "confraternity," "guild," or "sodalities." There is an individual service. There are no rules or by-laws or regulations; no regular meetings or monthly dues. A Benedictine Priest-Knight has called the movement "self-propagating, self-reproducing, self-sustaining."

The Catholic young man—or middle-aged or old man for that—becomes a Knight by signing a card by which he promises on his word of honor "to receive the most Holy Body and Blood of my Lord in Holy Communion at least once a week and to observe all the customs of the Knighthood."

This promise he puts into the hands of another Knight and is dubbed by him "Knight." An important point is this, that the promise made upon the individual "word of honor" is in no way binding under sin. It is a question of honorable and of individual service. This promise of weekly Communion is the chief factor. Others are: never consciously to pass a Catholic Church without a full salute, and to endeavor to make a Knight's vigil by an occasional visit to the Blessed Sacrament. An important factor in the Knight's activity is "to hand on what he has received by explaining the crusade and by knightizing others in receiving their word of honor." Thus does every Knight assure the continued growth of the army of the Great Knight-Commander, Jesus Christ.

This card is a memorial of the greatest deed that the Knight has done in his life," states the card, the mark of Knighthood. There are Priest-Knights and Religious-Knights. They are the Knight-Commanders; they too sign a card and promise to pray for the Crusade in their Masses and to promote it in their daily activities.

Each Knight receives a badge, the emblem of his Knighthood. It is a neat little cross centering a monogram with the letters K.B.S., one letter at each extremity. The Knights are not obliged to wear this badge, but most of them do for it helps make known the good cause and further the noble Crusade.

But what of the Handmaids? They are as numerous as the Knights and as ardent. They, too, have their badge—a neat cross, of different cut from that of the Knights, centering a ciborium and host, with the letters H. B. S. at the three extremities and M. at the base. Boys too young to be Knights are from the day of their First Communion, if they so desire it and live up to the promises, Pages of the Blessed Sacrament with their own P. B. S. badge suited to their youth. When they turn thirteen they may be knighted.

APPROVED BY POPE

On January 17, 1917, the K. B. S. were approved and blessed by the late Pope Benedict XV. Four Cardinals and thirty Archbishops and Bishops the world over have heartily endorsed and encouraged the K. B. S. The Catholics of England and Ireland expect to see the army of the Knights of the Blessed Sacrament spread and flourish in the States by that push and enthusiasm which Americans know how to put into everything they undertake.

BRITISH PREMIER AND CATHOLIC CHURCH

By H. C. Watts

London, Eng.—Although Premier Lloyd George is a Welsh Baptist of the stricter sort he seems, on the whole, to have had a strong private friendship for Catholics, and a Catholic can generally be discovered floating around somewhere in the Prime Minister's entourage.

During the recent famous period of political convalescence down at Criccieth there was a small house party at Mr. Lloyd George's private residence, among the members being some famous English musicians who got up a sacred concert for the Premier's behalf. The concert was to have been given in the local Anglican church, but the divine in charge would not hear of it, and so the performance was given in a non-episcopal conventicle.

But what emerged from this incident was that the accompaniment was conducted by Dr. Terry, the musical director of Westminster Cathedral, who is a close friend of the Premier.

One of the close friends of the Prime Minister is His Eminence Cardinal Gasquet, who is a frequent caller at Downing Street when in England. Mr. Lloyd George is credited with being an admirer of the Cardinal's many writings, and it has been said that there is not a book written by Cardinal Gasquet that the Premier has not read with attention.

It was Cardinal Gasquet, too, that Premier Lloyd George is reported to have made his remark that the Welsh people had never really assimilated the Protestant Reformation; a statement that is well borne out by the way the Catholic revival has seized hold of the Welsh people since the restoration of the Catholic Hierarchy in the Principality.

There is something, too, to be gleaned of the Prime Minister's attitude towards the Catholic Church in the famous telegram sent to Cardiff, on the occasion of the enthronement of Monsignor Mostyn as Archbishop and Metropolitan of Wales. After commenting on the fact that it was a native son of Wales that had been promoted by the Holy See to this high ecclesiastical dignity, the Prime Minister went on to point out that the attempts to secure a Welsh Metropolitan, which had been conducted at Rome in the twelfth century by the famous Gerald the Welshman, had been conceded by Rome in the twentieth century.

Nor does the Premier seem averse to have a Catholic in close attention upon himself. The most successful of all his private secretaries, Mr. Philip Kerr, who as political private secretary to the British Prime Minister has been very closely associated with his chief in important international political events since 1918, is a Catholic and an old pupil of the Oratorian Fathers at their famous school founded by Cardinal Newman at Birmingham.

There was one sharp passage some years ago in Parliament when the present premier, who was then an ordinary member of the Cabinet, came out very strongly if not on the side of the Catholics, at least in opposition to a certain section of the Anglicans.

The occasion was when the Bill for the Disestablishment of the Anglican Church in Wales was before the House, and one of the members of the Cecil family was heard to speak of such matters as sacrilege and the spoliation of the Church.

At once Mr. Lloyd George leaped to his feet, and with scorn in his every word asked how the House of Cecil came to acquire its vast possessions—for it is a well known fact of history that the Marquesses of Salisbury waxed fat on the plunder of the abbey and monasteries under Henry VIII, and his daughter Elizabeth. Thus were the tables turned on the holders of church lands who spoke of ecclesiastical spoliation.

On the whole Premier Lloyd George is not regarded with disfavor by Catholics in these islands. In the face of a strong and organized Protestant opposition, both in and out of Parliament, he refused to abolish the British Legation to the Holy See to please a handful of sectaries.

Nor can it be forgotten that it was under the Premiership of Mr. Lloyd George that the Catholic community in the Island of Malta secured self-government, and that special directions were issued to the island legislature at its first session to decree the Catholic religion to be the recognized religion of Malta.

SERMONS CENSORED

RUSSIAN SOVIET ENACT NEW LAWS AGAINST CHURCH

Cracow, Poland, April 17.—According to an article published by the *Ozas* of Cracow, the Church in Russia has been placed in a more difficult position than ever as the result of recent Bolshevik laws.

A decree of the Bolshevik government of January, 1922, forbids the teaching of catechism in the churches and in private homes. "The churches," says the decree, "are placed at the disposition of the communities for the celebration of services only." The order states that "course in theology" may be held, but that they may be attended only by "citizens over eighteen years of age, capable of discussing intelligently the instruction given them," and even these courses may not be held without special permits from the Soviet authorities. The decree adds:

"In order radically to prevent any attempt on the part of the clergy to give religious instruction to young people under eighteen years of age, thereby maintaining them in their religious traditions and the worship of God, such instruction will be opposed with all the rigor of the revolutionary laws."

In another decree dated January 3, 1922, teachers and educators are forbidden to discuss religious matters with the children, to explain the meaning of feast days, or to take them to church, under pain of imprisonment.

SERMONS NOW CENSORED

On December 26, 1921, a decree was issued compelling all priests to submit the text of their sermons for censoring.

The policy of the Soviets is the destruction of the Church, and no measure is neglected which will succeed in achieving this object.

According to Soviet laws, a parish has no civil status, and is considered merely as a group of individuals, a sort of committee, or soviet, which must negotiate with the government authorities for permission to use the churches and religious objects, all of which are considered to be the property of the nation.

Some of the Polish Catholic churches, among them the Church of our Lady at the Wiborg Cemetery in Petrograd, refused to comply with these regulations, basing the legitimacy of their resistance on article 7 of the treaty of Riga.

The Bolshevik authorities maintain, however, that article 7 of the treaty of Riga makes exceptions for no churches whatsoever, not even for the Catholics residing within the limits of the Soviet Republic. According to the Soviets, Catholic churches have no civil status, and their property is the property of the nation. The treaty of Riga, they say, makes no exception in favor of the Catholic Church, since article 7, paragraphs 2 and 3, specifies that the churches and religious associations to which the Poles in Russia may belong have the right to organize the interior administration of their church "within the limits of the entire legislation of the country." Consequently, says the Bolshevik order, the law on the separation of Church and State is applicable despite the treaty of Riga.

CHURCH VESSELS CONFISCATED

By virtue of this decision the Soviet authorities have recently ordered all local Soviets to confiscate all gold and silver church vessels and ornaments and all precious stones still remaining in the churches. In addition to this wholesale confiscation, enormous taxes are being imposed on the churches. In Molev for instance, the church was ordered to pay a tax of thirty million rubles or submit to sale by auction.

These measures are particularly oppressive when it is considered that all sources of revenue have long since been confiscated, that even the rectories have been seized, and that the priests are obliged to seek homes and support among their parishioners.

A THOUGHT ON ST. MICHAEL, ALASKA

"On the sides of the north, I will set my throne!"
Thus did the proud one boast;
But the rebel chief in his jealous pride
Has reckoned without his host,
For the Northland shall never to Satan yield
While St. Michael guards the coast.
"Who is like to God!"—rang the trumpet tone
Thrilling the heavenly host;
"For God's greater glory!"—re-sounds on earth
From the soldiers' lead dreads the most;
And "the sides of the North" they shall hold for God,
While St. Michael guards the coast.

—MIRIAM

THE PASSION PLAY

Thousands of devout pilgrims from all parts of the world will soon be flocking into the little Bavarian village of Oberammergau to witness the historic Passion Play. For months preparations have been made for the first performance which will take place on Sunday, May 14. From then until September almost continuously at the close of each decade.

The Oberammergau Passion Play is the chief survival of the mediaeval passion plays, which were a solemn and picturesque feature of the ages of faith. Since its first performance in 1634 in fulfillment of a vow that it should be presented every ten years, in commemoration of the escape of Oberammergau from the black plague, the play has been produced almost continuously at the close of each decade.

The only exceptions occurred during the Seven Years War in the seventeenth century, and in the decade following the close of the recent World War. Although 1920 was the year for the play, conditions were such that it was postponed until this year. At the last presentation in 1910 nearly three hundred thousand people, including 120,000 Americans, attended the performance.

Nearly 700 people take part in the play. The most important actor is Anton Lang, who will appear again as Christus, a role which he filled in 1900 and in 1910 in such a manner that he has become world famous. He has probably been more often written up and photographed than any of the world's greatest professional actors.

The performers are all selected from among the inhabitants of the town, and are mostly wood carvers, local business men, and farmers. Yet they are such natural artists, so highly trained in stagecraft, and so imbued by centuries of pious traditions with the spirit of the sacred drama that their rendition of the Passion Play produces a lasting impression on all who have seen it, and has been pronounced by all to be the dramatic masterpiece of the world today.

All attempts of the outside world to induce the pious villagers of Oberammergau to commercialize the Passion Play have been without avail. It still remains today as it was in the beginning a spiritual exercise performed in fulfillment of their vow, and nothing can make them change their ideals. Vast sums said to aggregate millions have been offered this year by motion picture producers for the rights to film the Passion Play, but have been immediately rejected.

So ingrained in the people has become their spiritualized conception of their sacred drama, that they teach their children to lip the words of the drama, and the mother's daily prayer is that her boy may live to play the part of Christus, or her girl to play the part of Mary.

Thousands will journey to this little Bavarian village to witness the Passion Play. Curious sight-seers will mingle with devout pilgrims. But all will take away new thoughts and inspirations. For the story of the Cross has power to move the hearts of the world.

The play that is to be performed at Oberammergau this summer is but the scenic representation of that redeeming sacrifice that was once offered in a bloody manner on Calvary's hilltop, and is offered daily in an unbloody manner on hundreds of thousands of Catholic altars throughout Christendom. It is the final appeal to the human heart by Him who made the heart, and it contains the lessons that the world needs most to learn.—The Pilot.

CANADA ENTERS FIELD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS

Quebec, May 1.—Announcement of plans for the foundation of a seminary for the education and preparation for foreign mission service has been made here in a pastoral letter issued by His Eminence, Cardinal Beaudry, and signed by all the Bishops of the province of Quebec.

The letter declared that the matter had been given due consideration by the prelates and that it had been decided that the time was ripe for Canada to enter the field of the evangelization of other countries. The seminary will be called after St. Francis Xavier, Apostle of India. The project has received the approval of Cardinal Van Rossum, prefect of the Congregation of the Propaganda.

100,000 CONVERTS

The fortieth anniversary of the Society of the Divine Word in the mission province of South Shantung, China, finds a native population of 100,000 Catholics as compared with 158 converts when that organization accepted the responsibility of the province, according to advices received here.

Bishop Henningshausen, S. V. D., has done remarkable work in the past few years in the organization of native catechists. There are upwards of seventy-five priests, assisted by eleven brothers and about twenty native missionaries and teachers at present laboring in the province.

The jurisdiction of the Society of the Divine Word in China has been extended over the vast ecclesiastical

province of Kansu, just north of Tibet. Eight priests from South Shantung, accompanied by four Capuchin fathers left for the new field in February. The trip required a five-week caravan journey.

The Rev. Agatho Rolf, O. M. Cap., and the Rev. Rudolf Blockinger, O. M. Cap., of the Pittsburgh province, were included in the party which was assigned to Kansu.

BURSES FOR CHINESE MISSIONS

PLEASE HELP

To complete the following burses for the education of Missionaries for China. It requires \$5,000 to complete a Bursar. The interest on that amount will support in perpetuity a student in

CHINA MISSION COLLEGE, ALMONTE, ONTARIO
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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

TRAVELLING FOR CHRIST

A WESTERN MISSIONARY'S NOTES

I

It is quite quite easy to catch the "flu." All one has to do is to get within radius of the Bugs from which the fell mischief is hatched, and the trick is done. To the average missionary, for instance, an occasional attack is almost inevitable. One way of catching it is to get well warmed up at supper in some hospitable home before setting out for a quick walk in a keen wind. Then, unless one leads a charmed life, the Bugs arrive, invade the system, make the arms weaker and the head lighter, bring on the backache and finally persuade one to "report sick."

The last time that I came down the hill from Brule I felt sure that the Bugs were in possession. I had all the symptoms, as described by Mr. Dooley, and then some. I therefore boarded the Edmonton train with relief, and sprawled in undignified misery on the green plush seats of the day coach until we landed with the dawn. Several auxiliary Bugs registered their arrival while I waited on a windy corner for the early street-car. I realized (afterwards) that I should have treated myself to a taxi, but at the time I thought of my precarious income, and took a chance. After a while the car carried me to a friendly home, and kind hearts gave me a shelter from which the doctor later moved me to the hospital. And there, in a high and narrow bed I attained the dignity of pneumonia and the generous voluntary services of one doctor, one Grey Nun, two special (and especially nice) nurses, with the auxiliary forces of the whole staff in open warfare on the intrusive Bugs. By the grace of God and the best of human co-operation, my recovery was as sudden as my collapse, but, after two weeks of convalescence, I still have a wibbly-wobbly feeling which is a poor companion on the road. Frankly, I am half scared to leave the city, to come out as it were from under cover and change the "dolce far niente" of convalescence for the unmerciful hazards of everyday life. I feel in my bones that I'm not much good, and I can only hope that some robust scholastic or seminarian, now in training at Edmonton or elsewhere, will soon be ready to "take over."

II

Meanwhile Friday night has come, and the good people of Brule are expecting me for Sunday Mass. In the comfortable solitude of a hospitable flat, I set about packing my grips, hoping that I had not forgotten anything. Of course I have—and at the last moment I am obliged to wake up our venerable Provincial to procure some altar-breads!

The streets are almost deserted by the time that I set out for the

depot with a couple of dear friends to carry the suitcases which I shall later have to manage all alone. The wind is cutting cold, and the steady sky is swept with weird effect by the coming and going of the "aurora borealis." We stand on the platform with upturned collars and try in vain to find a corner that is not invaded by the chilly breeze. Presently the train lurches in, and disgorges some of its sleepy passengers. I take my place in the pushing crowd of new arrivals, and make my way into the familiar day-coach. It seems more "frosty" than usual. I subside into a seat next to a Doukhobor lady and her progeny. She sits up and blinks at me with that feeling of irrational resentment which all railway travellers feel towards new arrivals at divisional points. I often have it myself, so I know her sentiments.

After assuring herself that her little brood on the other side of the aisle have not been disturbed in their sprawling sleep, she takes up her whimpering baby with that wonderful patience which is the glory of all good mothers—even Doukhobors! The train-cleaner hustles in and stirs up the bug-laden dust in an effort to remove the traces of former passengers. I take out my breviary and try in vain to stifle the cough which will insist upon registering a protest against the rising clouds of potential streptococci.

I shrink more than usual from the prospect of spending the night on these green-plush seats—and, thank goodness, I don't have to. One of the faithful friends has just stuffed a couple of bills into my hand, and I presently purchase one dollar and eighty cents worth of vitiated atmosphere and twenty cents worth of draught! In the tourist sleeper. Anything, however, is better than the higgledy-piggledy of the day-coach. I draw the curtains of my sanctum, and pass from drowsy prayers to heavy slumber. When I come to myself it is broad daylight. The train is "loping" along through interminable prospects of burnt jack-pine. We are evidently in the neighbourhood of Brule. I get up and dress without the least enthusiasm. I realize that it is the Feast of the Annunciation, but I know also that I can't manage the hill without food, and I hustle to the restaurant car, where a good friend again foots the bill. The wheels begin to squeak as we slow down, and I rush from the car with a fragment of toast in my teeth as the train halts for a few brief seconds.

III

Then comes the walk up the hill. For various reasons I take it this time "on low." I have a little strength and have more time than money. Therefore I pause every now and then to straighten out my stiffened fingers, and light up a "Millbank." At one such pause I look up at the morning sky and address an apologetic "Ave" to the Virgin of Nazareth, who will, I hope, return the compliment which comes to her from a poor client who can't say Mass on Lady Day!

The friends at the staff house are as kind as ever, and during the day I get about my accustomed rounds. In the evening I am enjoying myself so much in social converse with my hosts that it is nearly midnight, and I am just undressing for bed, when a fur-coated messenger from the depot below arrives with—oh discomfiting omen!—a telegram. A glance suffices to tell me that one of my parishioners, a hundred miles back is dangerously ill and wants a priest at once. Father Pat, I know, is up the Whitecourt branch as a pioneer trip, and Father Louis is goodness knows where on the Coal branch, so that I have no choice but to pack up my grips, leave a hasty message to explain my departure, and follow the kind-hearted messenger who has left his bed to fetch me on the "speeder." Luckily the east-bound train is very late, and I am thus able to catch it. In the small hours of the morning I find a charitable neighbour and a weeping sister of the sick lad waiting to conduct me through the darkest hour before the dawn to the shack where I am so anxiously awaited. The poor, thin face of the patient, with its unaccustomed fringe of beard, and its pain-ridden eyes, lights up with faith and hope as I come into the room. In a few moments I have given him the short Unction of the Sick, and promised to bring him the Blessed Sacrament in the morning. Then I make tracks for the well-rendered shack, and build a fire in the eerie stillness. I am "all in" and in a few moments I am fast asleep.

IV

Donations may be addressed to: Rev. T. O'Donnell, President Catholic Church Extension Society 167 Bond St., Toronto.

Contributions through this office should be addressed:

EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE London, Ont.

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