

mistake that we are failing to get, failing to seek even, because we suspect it is there and are partial to it?

It is a sure sign that in the constant and undiminished repetition of the same old sins we are losing a big fault somewhere, and that we really don't know ourselves as well as we thought we did. We think we have done enough when we recount our sins, resolve to do better, and repeat this process indefinitely. But this isn't nearly enough. The truth is that the real work is hardly begun at the counting stage. We have been merely enumerating symptoms; we have not diagnosed the disease. Let me outline for you a few obvious little parables.

Oliver was a boy who had a garden to care for, and every morning he used to find a tiny ridge zig-zagging all over the garden. And he took a spade and flattened out the ridge nicely. Sometimes in the afternoon there were more ridges. He smoothed these too. They were mole tracks. And he kept faithfully at the task for ninety-seven days, until the summer was over. Of course, Oliver's garden was over long before.

Clara was a little girl who loved canary birds. If Clara didn't have a canary bird in the house she would slowly pine away. But every week, and sometimes twice a week, when she came downstairs in the morning, she would find in the cage only a bunch of yellow feathers. "Just think," she remarked to her mama at breakfast one morning, "tomorrow I shall be on my fourteenth canary!"

Mr. Reachup was a neighborhood grocer who had arrived at the cash register clerk. He also employed several clerks. And the cash register didn't work well at all after a certain clerk had been hired. But Reachup was a very careful man. Each evening, just as the sun went down, he counted the cash, found exactly how much he was short, and noted it in a book. At any time he could tell the shortage off-hand to the very cent. Only yesterday he remarked proudly to one of his competitors that he had in the last four months detected the absence of three hundred and thirty-eight dollars and forty-eight cents.

Old Abner Wethershead was a farmer who raised sheep. But as fast as he raised them someone else came along and "lifted" them. The process kept Abner busy, but he was a shrewd old farmer. He kept a strict up-to-date tally of all the missing sheep. Last week he remarked in his forceful bucolic way that he'd be "hogwalleder" if he knew how he was a goin' to keep that flock on its feet. He reckoned he'd "have to buy sheep to fill up them missin' numbers."

"Stop!" you will exclaim. "Don't go on. These are parables for the feeble-minded. The answer is too easy. Anybody can count. What Oliver and Clara and the Messrs. Reachup and Wethershead ought to do is to stop counting and go after the mole and the cat, the thief and the wolf that cause the trouble, and get them out of the way."

You have hit it, son. Absolutely the correct answer.

But when we seek to know ourselves, when we examine our faults with a view of, as we say, correcting ourselves, do we not follow a line of action very similar to theirs? We count the precise number of times we fall, and we keep on counting over and over again, rather proud of ourselves, too, that we are so accurate. But we never reduce the count, never get at the final root of the trouble. We tell lies so often and so often, but we balk at admitting that we are uncandid, sneaky in our soul; we disobey, but will not find out that we are ungrateful; we are impure, but stop at saying that we are selfish, sensual, animal in our make-up; we fail in our duties of study, but will not concede that we are lazy "stallers," loafers; we go with evil companions, but resent the notion that we are cowards and easily led.

There is the real fault, the big mistake under all the other mistakes. We do not find out *why* we have to keep on with all this interminable counting. We never discover the great source of all this river of sins and mistakes. We call in the doctor, and when he simply says, "Yes, it is all clear; this is my fifty-third case of typhoid," we are fully satisfied with the treatment. We have the building tumbling about

our heads time after time, but we go poking around in the ruins and think we are doing lovely if we count the bricks.

Anybody can count bricks, or dead canary birds, or mistakes. The thing to do is to get under all this counting and see what it is that causes it. What is the radical, the characteristic blunder we are making deep down under all this adding-machine stuff. Why do we fail to dig to this spot? Because we lack the courage; we are afraid it will hurt. We scotch the snake; we don't kill it. It curls up for a while, and presently it uncoils and bites us again. And we label it: Bite No. 73.

If we ever wish to get over being mere "eaters and drinkers," to turn sincerely to "seek the kingdom of God and His justice," we shall begin right here to do it. "The kingdom of God is within you." Inside of us is the place to begin, and so far inside that we strike at the taproot of the trouble. Then we shall find that all the branches that shoot from it will shrivel up and die.

TO BE CONTINUED

HONORS CONFERRED AT LONDON

The last Sunday of October was a memorable day in the history of St. Mary's Parish, London, when His Lordship, Right Reverend M. F. Fallon, D. D., Bishop of London, conducted the double ceremony of the investiture of Right Reverend Monsignor M. J. Brady, D. P., and the conferring of the Doctorate of Theology upon Very Reverend James T. Foley, D. D., Editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD.

After the B-letters received from the Holy See had been read in Latin and English by Rev. L. M. Forristal, His Lordship blessed the Mantaletta and Rochet of the newly named Monsignor and invested him with the purple of his office. This was followed by the Profession of Faith and the taking of the oath against Modernism by Doctor Foley, who received from His Lordship's hand the blessed biretta and ring, the distinguishing marks of the honor conferred by the Holy Father, through the Sacred Congregation of Seminaries and Universities.

His Lordship took as the theme of his remarks the reasons, referred to in the briefs, for which these honors had been conferred upon Monsignor Brady and Doctor Foley. After referring to the civil and military procedure by which the exceptional service and devotion of outstanding citizens and soldiers are rewarded by the supreme authority, upon recommendation of their superiors, His Lordship explained that similar ability, self-sacrifice and zeal in the service of the Church of God were not permitted to go without public recognition or without reward. He dwelt at length upon the indispensable virtue of loyalty of the priest to the Holy See and to his immediate superior, the Bishop of the diocese, and paid eloquent tribute to the unswerving allegiance to their superiors, of the priests who had been so deservedly honored by the Supreme Authority of the Church. In conclusion, the Bishop spoke of the honor which had been reflected upon the parish and diocese by reason of the distinctions which had come to his Priests.

Solemn High Mass, coram Episcopo, was sung by Right Rev. Mgr. Brady, assisted by Rev. F. J. Brennan, as Deacon, Rev. A. P. Mahoney, as Sub-deacon and Rev. L. M. Forristal, as Master of Ceremonies. There were present in the Sanctuary, the Vicar General, Right Rev. Monsignor D. O'Connor, D. P., Right Rev. Monsignor T. West, D. P., St. Thomas, Right Rev. Monsignor F. J. McKeon, D. P., Director of St. Peter's Cathedral, Very Rev. Dean Hanlon, Stratford, Rev. Fathers J. Stapleton, P. P., Detroit, F. Hewlett, P. P., Detroit, Joseph F. Herr, P. P., Detroit, J. Ronan, P. P., St. Mary's, D. P., McRae, F. Powell, J. F. Stanley, P. P., M. Brisson, H. Pocock, P. Loughren, Detroit, J. Sholly, C. S. R., E. Webber, H. Chisholm and Sir Philip Pocock, K. S. G.

At the conclusion of the Mass, the Monsignor Brady was presented with an address of welcome and a purse of gold by his parishioners represented by the following committee:—Dr. J. J. Sweeney, D. J. Tallant, E. J. Carty, Dr. J. S. N. Best, John McLaughlin and Thomas Ronan.

Following is a translation of the briefs:

THE SACRED CONGREGATION OF SEMINARIES AND UNIVERSITIES OF STUDIES

Since it is established from proven documentary evidence, that the Rev. James Foley, a priest conspicuous for the soundness of his morals, his zeal for religion, and his obedience and affection for the Apostolic See, is so versed in theological science as to be a worthy subject for the Degree of Doctor, the Sacred Congregation of Seminaries and Universities of Studies, by the authority graciously accorded it, by Our Most Holy Father Pius XI, and at the request of the Right Rev. M. F. Fallon, Bishop of London, duly constitutes and declares the Rev. James Foley a Doctor in

Sacred Theology, with all the rights and privileges which they enjoy who have been elevated to this honorary degree in canonically established Academies of Learning. He is, however, in the presence of the Right Rev. Bishop of London, or another Delegation by the latter, to make Profession of his Faith according to the formula of the Most Holy Fathers Pius IV. and Pius IX, and to take the oath against Modernism as prescribed by Pius X. In virtue of which this Sacred Congregation of Seminaries and Universities of Studies, willingly grants him this Diploma, in witness of the aforementioned title. All things to the contrary notwithstanding.

Given at Rome, at the Congregation of Seminaries and Universities of Studies on the 7th day of June, 1922.

C. CARD. BISILETTI, Prefect.

POPE PIUS XI.

To Our Beloved Son, Health and Apostolic Benediction.

The superior excellence of the qualities of heart and mind which you possess, and especially your unswerving reverence for the Holy See, and allegiance to your bishop, render it a great pleasure for us to confer upon you a distinguished title of ecclesiastical dignity. And we do this the more readily, since we have learned with what solicitude and care you administer the parish of St. Mary's in the diocese of London, and promote diocesan enterprises. Wherefore with this Apostolic document and by our authority, we elect, make, and proclaim you, a Roman Prelate, i. e. a Prelate of our own household. To you therefore we concede the right to wear the purple and even in the Roman Curia to wear the linen vestment with long sleeves called the Rochet. We concede also to you the right to use and enjoy all the honors, privileges, prerogatives and indulgences which other ecclesiastics of this rank actually enjoy and use, or may so do, now or in any future time. All things to the contrary notwithstanding.

Given at Rome at St. Peter's, under the seal of the Fisherman, 8th day of June, 1922, in the first year of Our Pontificate.

P. CARD. GASPARRI, Sec. of State.

To Our Beloved Son, Michael Joseph Brady, Priest.

DEVOTION OF ROSARY

CARDINAL VICAR APPEALS FOR THE REENTHRONMENT OF THE ROSARY AS A FAMILY PRAYER

Rome, Oct. 19.—His Eminence, Cardinal Basilio Pompili, Bishop of Velletri and Vicar-General of His Holiness, has issued the following beautiful letter to the faithful apostles of devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

"I will recite every day the Mysteries of the Holy Rosary. Thus we read among the resolutions of a Servant of God, a secular, whose Cause of Beatification and Canonization has been recently introduced. This great man,—Cardinal Ferrini—Professor in the University of Pavia, together with the little book of the imitation of Christ, always carried with him the chaplet of the Rosary, and testified that whatever of good happened to him, was the result of the efficacy which he attributed to the prayer of this most sacred Rosary, a devotion which he practised every day privately and which he willingly recited when possible in the company of others.

"Who in Italy and foreign countries that can estimate the high scientific value of this man, will say that the Rosary is a prayer for weak women? And in the face of like noble examples of Christian piety, which are without number, who would not desire to arrest on the lips of so many impious, the buffooneries and the blasphemies which proceed against this form of prayer? Who would not raise a barrier against the fury of the demons toward the Woman who continually crushes their proud heads?

"How many remembrances, how many hopes are awakened in our hearts by the amiable chaplet of the Holy Rosary! Passing through the city and through the country, in times not disturbed by bestial hatreds and bloody reprisals of so many divided parties, when the family was composed of a Christian rule of living, how sweet and touching it was to hear in the evening, the supplication arising from so many houses: 'Ave Maria! Ora pro nobis!'

"Happy those families in which the recitation of the Rosary has never ceased, and where, before composing their weary limbs to rest, parents and children together raise that invocation of a celestial Patronage, that supplication of pardon from the mercy of God. 'Who shall be able to recommend highly enough the frequent repetition of the Rosary in order to compensate for the perpetual iniquity of so many lives stripped in an instant by sin? Yes, we are thrown in the midst of a world of corrupt and extravagant, in the midst of a life dissipated and superstitious and filled with blasphemous doctrines, and blasphemies—even when lightly uttered—are horrible. 'If here, in the Capital of Christendom, in the present dolorous

circumstances, we hear contumelious blasphemies resounding every day against God, Jesus Christ, the Blessed Virgin, the Saints,—should it not be sufficient to cause us to weep most bitter tears over this unip, abnormal, intolerable state, exclaiming with Jeremiah: 'I am filled with bitterness; death comes from without by the sword, and within is the image of death.'

"In such a condition of things, a condition which too justly merits the castigation of God on the earth, —although conscious of our unworthiness—we may make amends for offenses committed against the Saviour by impious and blasphemous tongues. In the Holy Rosary we have a means most acceptable to God, to elevate ourselves to Him, to live detached from every affection to earth, in angelic purity, in irresistible charity which gives itself to the least of creatures and heals them from sin, in perennial contemplation of the Mysteries of our Redemption, in perennial praise of the Name of God, in perennial benediction of the Blessed Fruit of the Virgin Mother, in a perennial salutation to Him in Whom is every good that comes to creatures.

"With the recitation of the Rosary returns the hope of a beautiful and peaceful life. The Catholic Poet, with sublime imagination, passed before souls who were purging themselves of the envious, factions, disorders, with which they were blinded while on earth. He interrogated them concerning their country and they responded that concerning their various countries they could no longer converse only of places of former pilgrimage; they were already citizens of one only true City, Paradise, and wholly united in peace and Christian fraternity, with but one common language: 'Maria, ora pro nobis!'

"So, behold the salutation of human society: 'above every other medium must we count prayer, both private and public.' (Pius XI, letter to the Italian Bishops, August 6, 1922.) The invocation 'Maria, ora pro nobis,' repeated by all in the Holy Rosary, disperses all enemies, closes all internal strifes, unites all in the love of one true City, that of God, and re-establishes 'Peace and Christian fraternity, together with social prosperity.' (Letter Cited Above.)

Closing his beautiful appeal, His Eminence, Cardinal Pompili, advocated devotion to St. Joseph, the Universal Patron of the Church.

"Although human nature of itself is inferior to the angelic nature, yet by the reception of supernatural graces it is elevated to dignity, offices and glories that are beyond all measure more excellent than those of angels. Thus it is that the humanity of Jesus Christ is adored by the angels. (Hebrews, 1.) So it is true of the Most Holy Virgin that she exalted above all the angelic hierarchies. And so it is true of St. Joseph, the most chaste Spouse of Mary and foster Father of Our Lord, who approached as none other to that most high dignity of the Mother of God, elevated above all creatures, human and angelic. 'To that excellent dignity of the Mother of God above all creatures, it must not be doubted that St. Joseph approached as none other.' (Leo XIII., Encyclical of August 15, 1893.)

"In recalling affectionately the ineffable grandeur of St. Joseph on the occasion of the month of the Rosary we recommend with all ardor this most salutary devotion, as all Christians, of whatever condition, especially in these sad times, have the strongest reasons for entrusting and abandoning themselves to the most loving care of the Head of the Holy Family and Universal Patron of the Catholic Church.

Given from our residence, September 15, 1922.

B. CARDINAL VICAR."

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

SOME CALLS

St. Vincent's School is not really in the West, but it stands in the doorway; to be exact, it is between Port Arthur and Fort William. The Sisters of St. Joseph, without remuneration of any kind and with no expectation of reward here, direct the school, composed of a crowd of foreign children. Recently the school was about to be sold, but was purchased by the Catholics for the sum of \$1,000. They were able to pay down \$1,000.00. Bishop Scollard appealed to the Extension Society for \$500.00. Cheerfully this amount was sent to help St. Vincent's School. Cheerfully—we say it with good reason—for the diocese of Sault Ste. Marie, a missionary diocese in Ontario, to manifest its Catholicity and its appreciation of Extension, contributes an annual collection to our Society. Last year we received from the diocese, from thirty-four parishes, \$2,411.85. It is unnecessary to say that St. Vincent's School is not the only institution in Sault Ste. Marie aided by the Extension Society. "Give and it shall be given unto you" is well exemplified in this Ontario diocese. Craig Siding, Manitoba, is a mission attended from Transcona, about thirty miles distant. The parishioners are poor, but are energetically trying to make homes for their children. Many national-

ities are represented. A boarding house offers hospitality to the priest from time to time and provides a place for the Holy Sacrifice.

In this way the faith is kept alive and the fifteen or twenty families scattered about have the consolations of our holy religion. The boarding house and this fine family two boys missing from the group) of one of the parishioners, show the need of a little church or chapel for the proper accommodation of the growing community.

Through the generosity of a Catholic gentleman in Toronto, Craig Siding shall soon have a new chapel. The following letter speaks for itself:

Transcona, Oct. 18th, 1922. Reverend Father Thomas O'Donnell, President Catholic Church Extension Society, Toronto.

Reverend and Dear Father,—His Grace, Monsignor Arthur Beliveau, Archbishop of Saint Boniface, has informed me that you have sent \$500.00 (five hundred dollars) for the erection of a chapel at Craig Siding, which mission will henceforth be called Saint Rita. I wish to offer you my sincerest thanks for this generous contribution of the Extension Society which works so well for the extension of Christ's reign. The amount will be expended under the direction of His Grace, our Archbishop. I beg to enclose a few pictures to illustrate the present condition of this Mission.

Yours gratefully, FATHER C. PAULLE, P. P.

There are hundreds of well-to-do Catholics throughout Canada able to give \$500.00 to the Extension Society. What hinders them from doing so? Selfishness. There Catholic instincts urge them to be charitable; their religion is fundamentally charity and sacrifice, but unhappy they are ensnared by a love of the world and its luxuries and have nothing for God but words. Their religion, if we may so name it, is a selfish religion; they forget that the love they have for themselves must be only the yard-measure of the love they are bound to give to their neighbours.

At present a new parish is being organized for the spiritual welfare of English-speaking Catholics in a Western diocese. The parish priest has sent a petition to the Extension Society for help. The bishop of the diocese endorses with pleasure the request of the founder of the new parish. Everything must be supplied in the way of furniture, vestments and church plate. The few Catholics are doing their best to lay a good foundation for future Catholicity in this town. It is a hard task; times are bad, money is scarce and they have already done a good deal. Outside help is necessary. They appeal to Extension. We have nothing for them unless you, our readers in the well-settled and organized dioceses, come to our help and make us the instruments of your charity.

An Irish priest, to judge from his name, writes us: "Father, what about my petition for help, endorsed by the bishop, sent you last July? I never got a word from you. Enclosed find a post card for your answer." Well, what do we do? The post card is hot shot. But we did not answer because so many other petitions were on the list and we were hoping from day to day to receive funds sufficient to cover all needs. Hope on, dear Father some day soon you shall hear from Extension and your sorrow shall be turned into joy.

The classic name of Smithers, B. C., strikes our eye. We hastily put the letter aside; the demands are, for the present at least, so far past our possibilities that they are not to be dallied with. Yet Smithers is a most deserving case, and had we the funds available, to Smithers they would go and our name would be held in benediction. Dear friends of Extension, we could easily fill this page with appeals of various kinds, but we only present to you a few of the heartrending petitions sent to us. We picked them at hazard. What shall we do? Can we as organized dioceses be indifferent to the battalions of the Church suffering under such heavy and well-nigh overwhelming strain? Can we as parishes be neglectful of other parishes so much in need that the necessities of the altar are not available and that the Sacraments may not be administered in a becoming manner? As Catholics can we honestly go on our way, Sunday after Sunday, enjoying the very luxuries of religion when we know that right here in Canada, our own country, our brethren in the faith are in danger of losing their God-given gift because we are indifferent to the call of Catholic charity? Let us rise from sleep! Let us bury our selfishness and labour so that our brethren may have what we have, a fair chance to gain eternal life.

Donations may be addressed to: Rev. T. O'DONNELL, President Catholic Church Extension Society 67 Bond St., Toronto.

Contributions through this office should be addressed to:

EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE London, Ont.

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JUVENILE CRIME IN GERMANY

By Rev. Dr. Wilhelm Baron von Capitano

A wave of juvenile crime and delinquency is sweeping over Germany and the authorities are astonished at the extent to which the morals of the young people have been corrupted. Boys of fourteen and sixteen years of age are frequently brought into court to answer charges based on such violations of the moral code as are customarily rare among persons much older.

Robbery and petty theft are rampant in the factories, government establishments and railroads, and there are innumerable reports of youthful depredations in rural communities. The use of intoxicating liquors is increasing to an enormous extent among the young and aids in the work of destroying all sense of religious duty or morality. In Aachen it is a common sight to see young boys in the streets shooting dice for hundreds of dollars.

The situation has grown so appalling that the Reichstag has recognized the necessity of legislation to curb its spread, and members of all religious denominations are working together to aid the state in this endeavor. Community homes have been established for the purpose of diverting the minds and energies of the young boys and girls to harmless pursuits. It is thought that the example of waste given by the numerous war profiteers, coupled with the general atmosphere of mental and moral relaxation that followed the War, is to blame for the prevalence of youthful crime and delinquency.

Many rebel and fight against what God gives them; many more take their cross in a resigned "can't-be-helped" spirit, but very few look upon these things, as real blessings, and kiss the Hand that strikes them.—William Doyle, S. J.



George built a house for his bride.

He insured it against loss by fire.

And gave it to her on their Wedding Day—Nov. 15, 1906.

It was never burnt down:

Yet George never felt the insurance money was wasted—

He thought "Protection" worth it—

He liked to know his wife and children were sure of their home.

But after 15 years, the Home *was* destroyed.

And George's wife and children left dependent on the casual kindness of friends.

Because when George died, his income died with him.

He had insured his home against fire—tho' fire is the exception—

but not against Death—tho' Death is a certainty.

When George built his home he was 27 years old; at this age \$5,000 worth of insurance in the London Life could be carried at as low an annual premium as \$42.00.

Have you insured *Home Life* to those you love?

The **London Life** Insurance Company
"Policies Good as Gold"

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