

which brought prosperity to the Grahams and made their Flower Shop the center of much interest and activity. As for Mrs. Clay, she seldom missed a morning call, still buying a quarter bunch of noisies which she bestowed, as Harriet learned now, on a blind man down the street.

"He used to be a gardener," she explained, "and the bouquet delights him. He holds it in his hand all day and of course it soon withers. That's why I get him a fresh bunch every morning." Harriet said softly, "It's a beautiful thing to do, Mr. Clay—" "Tush!" frowned. "You know it isn't worth mentioning. A quarter's worth of flowers!" "Ah, but look what it meant to me!" murmured Harriet, smiling at her friend.

DEAR DUBLIN

A DELIGHTFUL IMPRESSION OF THE IRISH CAPITAL

By Father F. Finn, S. J. (The Boys' Priest)

A ROYAL RECEPTION

She is no longer "the most distressful country that ever yet was seen." However, I did not reach that conclusion until I had been several days in Holy Ireland. My impression began when I took the train from Liverpool to Holyhead. When I entered my compartment it was apparently filled with passengers. One young man, without saying a word, relieved me at once of my large suitcase, helped me to dispose of my traveling bag, and somehow or other succeeded in getting my suitcase stored away, though it involved the readjustment of all the luggage in the compartment. Then, having seen to it that I was comfortably seated he effaced himself. This energetic and silent young fellow was an Irishman. But it was when I arrived in Dublin that this first impression was very sensibly deepened. Of course I took a jaunting car—a side-car they call it over there—and swept out of the station in gait. As we turned into the street a group of about ten men raised their hats as one. And that was only the beginning of the most royal reception ever accorded me. As we passed along on what I think it was the order of the day for every man on the streets to salute. As for the little boys, they nearly all added a grin to their salutation; and if, as was often the case, any one of them happened to be without a head covering, he "raised his hair" in my honor. Women bobbed and curtsied, some little girls genuflected. Really, I, a total stranger, felt at once, that I was in the midst of friends. This levee lasted till my javie stopped his prancing steed—by the way, the horses in Ireland, so far as my experience goes, never prance—in front of the Jesuit residence in Gardiner Street. And then, admitted into the house and shown into the parlor, my eyes fell upon a three-quarter length portrait of Father Bannon, S. J., the priest who in 1869 baptized me. "Surely," I thought "this is a happy omen."

After supper I ventured forth upon the streets alone. Now there are many and beautiful Protestant churches in Dublin, and I am credibly informed, there are worshippers at these shrines. But on that occasion—and in fact all during the progress I made in Dublin—there was nothing to show that any other religion than the Catholic was known. "God bless you, Father," cried most of the children as they saluted me. Sometimes, as it happened, a little boy engaged in such occupations as do commonly absorb those of his tender years would miss the opportunity of saluting me. No doubt his playmates called his attention to the oversight. However that may be, there would presently sound upon my charmed ear the patter of rapid feet followed presently by their owner as he overtook me, wheeled, raised his hat, exclaimed: "God bless you, Father," and still trotting, circled around me and disappeared. These little Irish boys run like professionals—full tilt, and forearms raised at right angles to their elbows. Women called blessings on me, and nudged their babies in arms to notice the priest. As it happened, I reached Ireland on the eve of the First Friday. St. Francis Xavier Church on upper Gardiner Street, was the scene of great activity. Everybody was going or had gone to confession. I had often wondered at the crowd of penitents in our church of the same name in Cincinnati, and I thought that nothing like it could be found outside of the United States. Gardiner Street caused me to change my mind and to break into a new wonder. I am told that on the First Fridays at our church there about five thousand Communions are received.

I said Mass in St. Xavier's the next morning and received a new thrill. The priests there were giving Communion from two altar railings and from five or six altars. Besides the main altar there are two side altars where each morning a large ciborium is brought. In addition to this, at the other side altars, those who wish to go to Communion notify the server, who at the Offertory tells the priest how many small hosts are to be consecrated. Masses are going on from seven o'clock every quarter of an hour, I believe; and every priest has a little congregation of his own.

During my stay in Dublin I said Mass at nearly every altar at Mass—thirty. Seven or eight times I celebrated at the side altars, where there was a ciborium of consecrated hosts. The number of communicants on week days at these altars averaged over ninety.

There are no ice-cream sodas in Dublin. Well, the people there go to confession as blithely as we Americans call for our chocolate sodas. In the sacristy the little servers plump down on their knees before any Father not otherwise engaged and confess without the least embarrassment. I had not, in fact, been in Dublin two hours before I felt convinced that if Our Lord were to come to that city of geniuses—think of Swift, Burke and Sheridan, to name the best known born there—He would not have been content to say, "Amen I say unto you, I have not found faith so great in Israel," but, as I judge, would have added, "nor such faith in all the world."

A CONTRAST

Near St. Xavier's stands a nobler edifice, St. George's Church. It has a beautiful spire that points its heretical finger towards heaven, exhorting all the little tatterdemalions of St. George's Square to raise their hearts on high. In its beautiful steeple is a clock, occasionally wrong, but much oftener more correct than the church clock. This clock helps all the inhabitants to be on time for Mass at St. Xavier's. But St. George's Church, standing in all its grandeur of architecture, looks down upon St. George's Court and seems to say with dumb eloquence, "I'm lonely as lonely can be." Children pass it by the thousands, they play around it, vehicles of all sorts jog by; but no one goes in, no one comes out. St. George's—stolen, no doubt, as nearly every non-Catholic Church of any account in all Ireland is stolen—stands in Dublin like a Russian in a London mob—the faces, manners and language of those about him are utterly unknown. I have been informed, indeed, that there are services in St. George's, and that there is a congregation; but this transcends my experience. How different it is on the next square, where stands open from early dawn till darkness, St. Francis Xavier Church of Gardiner Street. That church is never empty. Men and women, boys and girls—little fellows barefooted—walk in at any time with the familiarity of faith and love. When they want a confessor, one is summoned. The applicant may be a bareheaded, bare-legged lad with trousers abounding in revelations. No matter; he gets his confessor. At eleven o'clock on every day of the week the church of Gardiner Street is filled with worshippers. I estimate there are from ten to twelve hundred in attendance at the Mass said at that late hour.

SUCH FAITH!

One day, I remember, I gazed down upon the congregation from a small loft reserved for the Jesuit Father. The service had come to an end, and the worshippers were leaving slowly and as it seemed to me, with a certain reluctance. Right below me, in one of the nooks in which this cozy church abounds, was mounted on a pedestal a beautiful statue of Christ which suggested to me touchingly the sweet line of the Dies Irae "Quarens me sedisti lassus." They call it The Agonizing Christ. One by one worshippers came and pleaded their cause before it. One by one, on completing their petitions they would rise and tenderly kiss the sacred foot which projected. Finally a dear little girl approached in her unsullied faith, and, no doubt, with her own agony. At the end she got upon her toes, reached forth her tiny hand, touched the foot, then kissed the part of the hand that had made the contact. Amen. Was there ever such faith in Israel? To come back to my first impression—it was the stupendous faith of the Irish people. And that impression was confirmed in a thousand ways during my stay of one month and two days in the Isle of Saints.

A closely cognate impression was their love and reverence for the priest. To the Irish the priest is a man of God; and because of that they reverence him. Also, to the Irish he is the man who has suffered with them, endured with them, fought with them, and been, through the centuries, their close and loyal partner in their scanty joys and epochal sorrows. If the Irish priesthood is not a holy generation, if the Irish priest is not the best friend of the Irish layman, then the great Lincoln was wrong, and you can fool all the people all the time.

CANADA AND IRELAND

It has been my good fortune in the last few months to see two peoples living according to the laws and spirit of the Catholic Church—the French-Canadians and the Irish. For the first time in my life I was able to see for myself how and whether Catholicity entered into the lives of those who professed it. Quebec is a great Catholic centre, and the men and women there show in their lives what Catholicity counts for. They are honest, temperate, moral, and in their married lives so conduct themselves that the Roosevelts of today must love them. They marry early. Large families are the rule. Children abound there just as divorce abounds with us. While there I heard a story which is at once funny and edifying.

An old lady of the Province of Quebec celebrating her one hundred and seventh birthday was moved by the rupture of so unusual an occasion to make a speech. She said: "I have two things to be grateful to God for. First, I am grateful to be alive at the age of one hundred and seven. Second, I thank God that I have succeeded in bringing up twenty-two of my children." Undoubtedly there was a fly in the amber. I can fancy her thinking of her fourth boy, cut off untimely at the age of eighty; and of her youngest girl, cut off in the flower of her youth when she was barely seventy; and her little Benjamin, called hence in the dawn of life, just within a month of his sixtieth birthday. Anyhow, if she had not brought them up, at any rate they had died, we may be sure, fortified with the sacraments of the Church. Well, the French Canadian is a good Catholic. He too takes off his hat to the priest. But I am compelled to say that I have not seen any French-Canadian face light up with love and joy on greeting me. Going along the streets of Dublin I felt that I was radiating happiness, a happiness that showed itself on seeing me—a priest—on the faces of tender youth and failing years.

"WHEN THE HEART IS YOUNG" If you want to make an Irish child happy, give him a medal or a Sacred Heart pin. This latter emblem of devotion, by the way, is worn freely and extensively by both sexes and all ages. If you see a young man with set features, dreamy eyes, and a sort of countenance which suggests idealism, you may safely wager that he is a Sinn Feiner. If you look at his coat you will also see that he is wearing a Sacred Heart pin. For one of these pins, which you can buy for about ten cents, any child in Ireland will do anything. It is a rich reward for any labor, however arduous. I had not been in Dublin three days when Father Phelan, a Jesuit of Gardiner Street, took me to a convent in one of the poorest districts of Dublin for the closing exercises of a girl's school conducted by the Sisters of Mercy. One of the pleasantest hours of my life was spent at that humble school. There was dancing, and it was all Irish dancing. These dances were performed mainly by little girls from seven to ten years of age. Upon my word, I never saw such dancing. It had at once the "first fine careless rapture" of the song of a robin and the precision, the discipline of long and laborious practice. The finished product was a dance abounding in vitality and joy, and without a trace of sex. Now that I am upon the question of Irish dancing, I who love to admire everything Irish must for the nonce point out the particular rift in the Irish dancing lute. The feet do all the work; the upper part of the body fails to come into the picture at all—at least so far as the dancing is concerned. As a result most jig dances look awkward from the waist up. However, in the case of these little girls this was not so. The blessed little beggars were so graceful that in the delight of dancing they gave delight, untouched by criticism, to all the spectators. There was a little girl there, aged ten, who bore upon her tiny person a number of medals, won in various contests. She performed a hornpipe or jig with more steps and more life than I had ever seen in any Irish dancer. In my heart I exclaimed her as the finest dancer I had ever seen. The child charmed me. Leaving that convent I had a sense of regret that I should probably never see her again.

AN INCIDENT The weeks passed, during which I went here and there through Ireland. Just two days before leaving the land of faith I happened to wander "lonely as a cloud" about the streets of Dublin. Worthwhile, if I remember aright, was rewarded by a splendid vision of daffodils; I too had my garden. Suddenly I came upon a woman and three girls, the youngest of whom was my little friend of the feet touched with Celtic magic. I addressed the family. They were all delighted. I told the little girl that if she called on the following morning at Gardiner Street and danced for me I would give her a Sacred Heart pin.

And on the next morning at the hour indicated, she was there—she and her sister, just turned fifteen, graduated from a commercial course and looking for a position. The little girl was, I judged, sweet and unspoiled. When I talked to her she answered me in whispers—that was her reverence, reverence for the priest. She was a daily communicant; so were her two sisters. The oldest sister, at home keeping house, dreams of becoming a nun. And the little dancer in her gracious whisper confided to me that she too looked forward to the day when she could consecrate her life to God. Every now and then the supernatural in Ireland suddenly swoops down and hits you between the eyes.

But when I called upon the little miss to dance all her timidity left her. We were in one of the parlors of the Gardiner Street Jesuit residence. There was no piano there, no musical instrument of any kind. But that made no difference. The older sister hummed an Irish air, and the little one gave me a performance that in the United States of America would have brought an Irish-American audience to its feet. Of course she got

her Sacred Heart pin; and there were two hearts, I have no doubt, that beat then with an exquisite bliss—her own little heart, and that of Him whose pin she so joyfully clasped upon her waist.

I walked home with these children, and with them visited several churches on the way. I think it was at their own parish church that we met three women coming out. One of them politely accosted me and called my attention to the babies they were carrying. These were three babies just fresh from the new birth of baptism; three little children of God and heirs of heaven; three little baby boys, triplets; three future Sinn Feiners.

After our visit to the church I bade farewell to the two little colleens. May I see them again—never on this earth—in a place very like the place where we parted, the great difference being that Him whom we found sacramentally hidden in the church we shall then see face to face "in the nurseries of heaven."—The Queen's Work.

AN EFFECTIVE CENSOR

By edict of Mr. Will S. Hays, a series of films, exceedingly valuable when rated in terms of dollars and cents, has been removed from the market. Not all the comment aroused by this action has been favorable. Since the man responsible for the films has been acquitted by a jury of his peers, say the critics, he should be allowed to continue in his work. Mr. Hays admits that the comedian was found not guilty on a charge of murder, but adds that the testimony showed him to be a low, vulgar fellow, whose moral standards are wholly unacceptable to the American public.

The point raised by Mr. Hays is delicate. In some respects, the world is a hard, at times hypocritical, judge. Men and women, themselves not models of propriety, usually demand propriety in external conduct from all who figure prominently in the public eye. So well known is this fact, that, for years, the politicians have refused to nominate for public office any man, regardless of his ability, if grave charges affecting his moral character can be sustained. It is certainly true that a man may be personally corrupt, but an incorruptible judge, and it is conceivable that a lawyer of dubious honesty can be an upright executive. Yet the refusal of the politicians to consider men of this type as available candidates indicates the existence of a healthy public opinion, which should by all means be fostered. The patrons of the theater have been, and are, easier in their standards, but the heads of the moving-picture corporations are beginning to realize that this laxity is not extended to the silver screen. It is now becoming clear that the millions, upon whom the prosperity of the moving-picture business depends, are demanding clean actors as well as clean films.

The action of Mr. Hays will be greeted with applause by thousands of decent men and women connected with the business, but it is mainly significant in revealing an awakened conscience on part of the responsible executives in the moving-picture world. No longer can they afford to put up with the whims of moral degenerates who happen to "screen well." The contracts which for some months have been conditioned on certain "stars" keeping out of the police courts and well within the demands of the civil law now receive an additional sanction. The prospects for a complete house-cleaning in a business which daily affords a means of amusement to millions of Americans is exceedingly bright. If Mr. Hays will now go farther, and insist upon the elimination of all improper films, he has it in his power to formulate the strongest possible argument against State and Federal censorship of the moving picture.—America.

PEACEFUL KINGSHIP OF CHRIST

The first message of the Risen Lord to His disciples was a message of Peace. In the Gospel for the first Sunday after Easter the Church presents the story of Our Lord's first appearance to the disciples through the closed doors with the greeting "Peace be to you." Peace, the desire of the universal world at this time, will be the theme of many a sermon on Low Sunday. As an application of the blessing of peace to all classes of society at this time, it is opportune to consider the program of addresses and conferences for the coming Eucharistic Congress in Rome next month.

The motto of the Congress approved by His Holiness, Pope Pius XI., is "The Peaceful Kingship of Our Lord in the Holy Eucharist." To bring all men beneath the peaceful yoke of Christ, the following considerations are to be dwelt upon. Peace for the individual. In the intellectual order this depends on the certainty which faith in the Mystery of the Altar brings to all other dogmas. Peace of mind is born of this certainty. Holy Communion nourishes and increases this peace by nourishing and increasing faith and the certitude proper to faith. In the moral order this peace depends upon the reign in the soul of grace, and of all the virtues and the gifts of the Holy Ghost issuing from grace. Holy Communion

nourishes and increases the growth of grace and all virtues.

Peace in the family circle. Holy Communion strengthens the grace of the Sacrament of Matrimony, enabling husbands and wives to fulfill their duties, to support without impatience the burden of the home, and binds the members of the family together in closer union.

Peace in professional life is fostered by the countless numbers of hours of adoration and the many Holy Communions of professional and charitable associations of Catholics. Peace in parish life is furthered by the growth of confraternities of the Blessed Sacrament, binding the members of the parish closer together around a common centre their Blessed Lord in the Sacrament of His love.

Peace in society will come from Holy Mass, the reading and explanation of the Gospel by which the Christ of the Eucharist instructs, encourages and reproaches, teaching individuals to forgive one another's injuries and to treat all men with justice and charity. These two virtues are the sources of peace. The common approach to the Holy Table, the fusion of hearts

and voices in Eucharistic thanksgiving, the equality of the rich and the poor, the old and the young, the great and the humble at the altar rail is the greatest means in the world to arouse and to vitalize these virtues.

Peace in the nation and between nations will be promoted by the example of Catholic solidarity manifested by these Eucharistic congresses. For how can nations remain at enmity, or perpetuate petty rivalries, or undertake to oppress others when the example of the Peaceful Kingship of Christ in the Holy Eucharist is before them, urging all peoples to unity of faith, under one Shepherd.

Peace which the Lord wished His disciples, after the glorious Resurrection Day, He wishes us from His throne in the Tabernacle. Not as the world gives peace does He give it. We have had samples of the world's peace. It is time to try the Peace of the Lord. The program of the Eucharistic Congress gives the text and points the way.—The Pilot.

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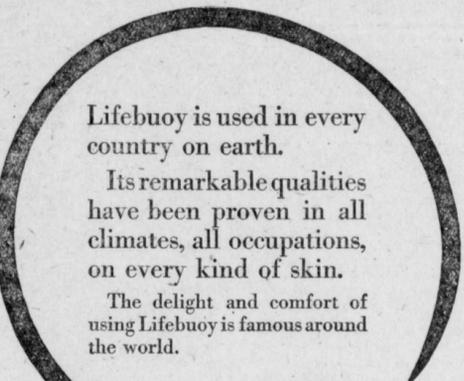
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