

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname)—St. Pacien, 4th Century

VOLUME XLIII.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1921

2247

WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

Copyright 1921 by Seumas MacManus
"ON THEIR KEEPING"

Some of my readers will know, many will not know, what it is for an Irish man to be "on his keeping." Since the English hand of force was first reached into Ireland there has seldom been a period but witnessed the sight of many of the best in the land flying and hiding from the representatives of the beneficent rulers. Usually among the glens and the hills, but oftentimes among the big cities themselves, the poor people, always loyal to death to their country's ideals, concealed and supported the hunted ones. These hunted ones are always said to be "on their keeping." They led a life of strain and tension. Those who hid them did the same. At any moment of the day or night the hunted one had to be ready to jump instantly, dive through a window, crawl up a chimney, or make a wildly dangerous burst from the door, and shoot away for himself through the ranks of the surrounding redcoats. Wonderful are the tales you can hear of the stunning surprises and the sensational escapes in every decade of boys on their keeping.

"ON MY KEEPING" A FASCINATING BOOK

For this week's letter I had important and varied items of Irish news selected when, there came to my hand from Ireland a little book entitled "On My Keeping," by Louis J. Walsh. I picked up the book and looked into it and was so fascinated by it that I did not lay it down till I had read the last word on the last page. And I at once decided to lay aside the Irish news in order to treat my readers to a glimpse into this truly charming book. Louis J. Walsh is a clever young attorney of Maghera, County Derry. He had been, I believe, that paradoxical thing called a "Constitutional Nationalist," a Redmondite, previous to the Irish Rebellion of Easter Week, 1916. Then the true light of Irish nationalism dawned on him, as it did on a multitude of our people both in Ireland and America. He joined the ranks of Sinn Fein and became a militant worker for an independent Ireland. Consequently the British soldiers came seeking him and he had to leave his law and his courts and his wife and children, flee to the hills and go "on his keeping." He says:

Lloyd George and Sir Hamar Greenwood did me the honor of thinking that Ireland would not be finally conquered if even poor, insignificant I, were left to beat my pettifogging plea for Irish freedom. Then comes a truly beautiful description of the start of his new life as one of the hunted. The reader will see from it that, though the hunted ones in Ireland may suffer much the heart within them sings for the beauty and joy, the affection and honor they meet with.

PATRIOTISM A KEY TO ALL IRISH HEARTS

"I sat by babbling brooks that sang for me again the songs of my childhood; gathered nuts in shady groves, with all the zest of thirty golden years ago; lay among the heather and felt my heart swell with pride and love at the sight of the beautiful valley, bedecked in all the golden glory of the ripened corn and gammed with white-washed homesteads, that spread itself out below; sat with bright-eyed mountain men, keen, big-hearted, strong in body and clean in mind, who told me stories of old days on those hills and of other men who too, had been 'on their keeping' on them, and of the adventures of their own simple lives, and talked to me, with a strange light in their eyes and sometimes with a husky note in their voices, of Ireland and her long sufferings and of the wickedness of her oppressors and the undying hope of the Gael. No need for me to conceal the cause of my journey; for none of these people but would have laid down his life rather than betray me. I was no longer the commonplace attorney, whom they were wont to consult about their quarrels and difficulties, and whose bills of cost made such distressful reading. The enemy had struck at me and I had become exalted in their eyes in consequence. I had joined—even poor, insignificant, selfish me!—the long line of those who had worked and suffered for Ireland; and from the warm handclasp of every rough, manly hand, and the fervent "God and His Blessed Mother protect you," that the women spoke, I knew that, all unworthy though I was, I was identified in these people's eyes with the men of '98 and '48 and '67 and '16, who had written their names in letters of gold on the dark pages of Ireland's history.

"Every door was open to me, because for the moment I stood for Ireland and against her oppressors, and when I had reached the hospitable homestead where I had made up

my mind I would be safest from my pursuers I got a welcome that a king might have envied. The best room was made ready for me and the biggest possible fire piled on the wide hearth, and the good wife spared herself no trouble that her generous heart could suggest to make me comfortable. And what a night of it we had. The man of the house sang and recited his own songs and poems, for he was a song-maker, and a grand string of ballads he had to his credit, rich in the humour of the countryside and redolent of its beauty, and inspired by its memories and traditions; and I recited 'The Man from God Knows Where' and a neighbour lad sang songs.

"We made merry, as every normal gathering of Irish people always do. We told each other stories of the 'characters' of the district; repeated witticisms and recounted all sorts of funny experiences. The man of the house performed various feats of skill for our edification, and made the tears of happy laughter run down our cheeks with his humour and his comical description of men and things. As the smoky rafters of the old kitchen rang with our merriment I knew that there was none of us—not even the hunted man though he did not know what fate was in store for him—but was a great deal happier that night than was Lloyd George, the Prime Minister of England.

"Then we all knelt down, and the man of the house gave out the Rosary, and the good woman led with the first decade, and we all took ours in our turn. And we prayed that God and His Blessed Mother might protect us and our homes and families, and for the suffering souls, especially those near and dear to us, and for poor Ireland that God might shorten the arm of the oppressor, and for all who were suffering for her and for the men on hunger strike, and for all imprisoned Irishmen."

THE CITY PEOPLE

When the hunt got too hot for him among the mountain people he fled to the next best hiding place, the capital of Ireland, Dublin. After reading of the sterling spirit of unshaken loyalty which he found amongst the people of the hills, it is interesting to learn of the spirit that held the people of the big city, after there had burst upon them those horrors of British Parliament, would "in six weeks' time" reconquer Ireland leaving there "a broken movement and a cowed country."

"It was just then that the British cabinet had made open league with the friends of Hell and launched their policy of Black and Tanism and reprisals; in the foolish hope that hereby they would break for ever the Irish determination to be free.

"The newspapers reeked with horrors every day. We read of towns sacked by savages wearing the King of England's uniform; of men being taken out of their beds and shot in cold blood; of smoking homesteads, tortured women, and shrieking children. Military motor lorries and armoured cars careered through the streets both by day and night, and every person one met had some fresh tale of horror to relate.

"I wondered what the effect of it would be on the morale of our civilian population; and Dublin is so representative of all Ireland that it was the most favorable place in which to test the matter. I had always believed that our people would stand the strain. But their amazing courage exceeded all my expectations. So far from there being any sign of weakening, there seemed a hardening of the determination to see the struggle through. Everybody, too, was full of hope, and it was no spirit of mere unreasoning optimism that prompted the feeling. There was 'no underrating of the enemy's resources. The cost was counted and the danger duly appreciated. But we were sustained by the knowledge that there was a spirit abroad in Ireland which simply could not be broken.

"The men bit their lips with grim determination, the women prayed, and in every church you entered you saw tense-faced groups who made intercession before the Blessed Sacrament or round a picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour for their country and themselves. But there was not even a whisper of surrender, and on every side the proud declaration was re-echoed: 'We shall have our own rights.' 'We shall persevere, the extraordinary and unbreakable spirit of Ireland far more vividly and forcefully than you could understand it from reams of newspaper reading in twelve months.

A POLITICAL "CRIMINAL" IN PRISON
At length, Walsh was arrested, and by a party of British soldiers conveyed to Derry jail. The jails of England, Ireland and Scotland were then crammed and jammed with Irish "criminals." A very satisfying glimpse of these "criminals" and their character is

given us: "There were sixty or so of us untried political prisoners, in Derry at the time representing several counties and many walks in life. We were professional and business men, farmers, artisans and laborers; but we all stood for the same ideal and a fine spirit of comradeship linked us all together. We had the usual prison organization that has proved so effective in many jail fights. For the British authorities have had to accept the awkward fact that they cannot put more than two Sinn Feiners together without an organization emerging. Our Commandant was Mick McCartan, a veterinary surgeon and a very nice, genial fellow, both brainy and tactful.

"The courage and cheerfulness of the political prisoners was amazing. Most of them were laden full of the exuberance and energy and the restlessness and vitality of youth. What that rigid routine and close confinement meant for them can scarcely be imagined by a person who has never felt the peculiar feeling of helpless loneliness that is wont to overcome a prisoner when the warden turns the key in his cell door for the long evening and night 'lock up.' But they knew that they were serving the 'Dark Rosaleen' of their dreams and their love for her made all things easy. The jails of Ireland, England and Scotland are full these times of young men of this type—clean of heart and pure of soul, brave, truthful and high-minded."

GRATEFUL TO SUFFER FOR IRELAND

"Nor was the courage that I saw so manifested in jail merely the product of youthful irresponsibility. For it was shared by prisoners of more mature years. Men like Eamonn McDermott, but recently married, who had two business houses burned down in Derry City, so far from murmuring only thought of thanking God that they were called upon to suffer so little, when such supreme sacrifices were demanded from others. Old Peter McCann of Sligo had his homestead, and his cornstacks burned to the ground by the British armed forces. His wife had to seek shelter in a laborer's cottage. Five or six sons were 'on the run' and the youngest, Charlie, a boy of less than eighteen was in jail with him in Derry. Peter himself suffered from epileptic fits, and his health was so bad that the authorities were most anxious to get an excuse to send him home. It was pretty clear that all he required to do to secure his release was to whisper two words, not guilty—thereby recognizing the Court. But no power on earth could have made Peter say those two simple words. And when Charlie hurled defiance at the Court-martial before which the pair were brought for trial, telling them that he was a soldier of Ireland and would always do what in him lay to destroy alien rule in his country, the old man acclaimed his son's 'treason' and bade them do their worst on both of them."

THE SPIRIT OF IRELAND

Such a true, clear and fascinating picture of the spirit of Ireland, and the spirit of the prisoners in the internment camp does the book give that I believe I shall feel impelled to follow the matter up next week and tell you more about Louis Walsh's gripping narrative, give you some more of the anecdotes and incidents and tell you more of the charm that lies between the covers of "On My Keeping."

SEUMAS MACMANUS,
Of Donegal.

ENGLISH CATHOLIC CHURCHES PAYING OFF THEIR DEBTS.

(By N. C. W. G. News Service)

London, October 9.—As a Catholic Church cannot be solemnly consecrated so long as it is burdened with a debt, recent events in England tend to show that the Catholic body, though small numerically, is not failing in its duty in these days of financial stringency.

Within a fortnight the Bishop of Newcastle and Hexham has carried out the ceremony of consecrating two churches in his diocese. One of these, that of St. Andrew in the city of Newcastle, is a church that dates back to 1875, and is built on the site of an older church erected in 1798, which was before the Irish Catholic workers had come to the city to give vitality to its Catholic life.

The other church consecrated by the northern prelate was at the town of Workington, where the Bishop was assisted in the consecration ceremony by the Abbot President of the English Benedictine Congregation and the Scots Abbot of Port Augustus.

The well-known church of the London Carmelites in Kensington, which has been erected for many years now, has been consecrated now that the debt is paid off.

The new Archbishop of Liverpool performed his first consecration ceremony at the Church of the English Martyrs at Preston. This church was first opened in 1867, but

in 1888 it was re-constructed by the late Bishop O'Reilly. The church was burdened with a debt of \$85,000, but this is now paid off, and the building solemnly consecrated.

THE NATIONS IN CONFERENCE

Manchester Guardian

The Anglo-Irish Conference began at Downing Street on Tuesday. We purposely express the fact in terms of nationality, because that is the point of view from which it can most usefully and truthfully be regarded. But when people—Mr. de Valera is, we fear, one of them—talk about "Englishmen being foreigners" and about England as a foreign nation, poteness alone prevents us from telling them that in our opinion they talk nonsense. Irishmen are not and never will be Englishmen: even the Ulster and Orange brand is at bottom much more Irish than it is English. But on the other hand a bond, even an unwilling bond, and a continuous connection and intermixture going right back through the centuries to a point not so very far removed from the Norman Conquest of this island which unfortunately was never completely extended to the outlying islands does not count for nothing. Neither does the fact that Irishmen have played a great part in English history and literature, that we find ourselves very much at home in their land, and that they have made themselves very much at home in ours. Therefore we positively decline to recognize in Mr. Griffith and his friends anything essentially foreign, and not even should they insist on addressing Mr. Lloyd George in Irish language which to some of them may sound less familiar than to that brother Celt and calling in the service of an interpreter will persuade us to regard them as unqualified aliens. They come as representatives of a nation to present a national case, and no doubt that case has its difficult and disturbing aspects, and more than once during the negotiations there may be a pretty heavy tug-of-war. But that is no reason for taking the matter too tragically. Its warlike aspect, somehow always comes to wear a certain air of unreality. The fundamental fact is that both peoples want to be friends, and in spite of everything, in spite of any errors on the part of their respective negotiators, friends in the end they will be.

If the negotiations are to succeed they must start in this atmosphere of friendship and on this friendly standpoint. Threatenings—even conveyed in threateningly worded mischievous and out of place. There have been too many of them from our side, and naturally they have evoked a corresponding response from the other. Mr. Churchill is a member of the British delegation and Mr. Churchill has signaled himself quite recently by foolish talk about the "real war" that is to follow should the present negotiations fail, in contrast to the "mere bushranging" represented by the glorious achievements of our Black-and-Tans. But Mr. Churchill, who is a realist as well as an orator, knows quite well that nothing of the kind is going to happen, just because, whatever his own warlike aspirations may be—and he has given abundant and at times disastrous proof of them,—they are not shared by the British people, who will not tolerate the renewal of the brutalities from which the truce has relieved us and who cannot be lashed into any frenzy of hate or terror. Therefore we trust that the Irish deputation will present their case as firmly and uncompromisingly as they like but without the disturbing and perverting sense that they are being bullied into submission and for that reason must be even more uncompromising and resistant than they need. Therefore, also, we rejoice to recognize in the latest issue of the Irish Bulletin, the official propagandist organ of Sinn Fein, a new vein of moderation and of confidence. "The experience of the last two years," says the Bulletin, "is enough to show that force must fail in the Ireland of tomorrow as it always failed in other generations. If there is to be an end to the quarrel between the two peoples it must come by some other means. It must come through goodwill, through justice on the Irish side, and we are convinced, also. These means to peace are not lacking. The quarrel is foreign to the real feelings of both peoples, even as it is ruinous to the real interests of the British Empire." That justice is needed from Ireland towards Great Britain as well as from Great Britain towards Ireland, and that it can be had—here is a new note of generosity of sane accommodation which has only to be pursued in order to win the success it would deserve. But if such a temper is to be established and maintained, obviously the threat of force and the whole intolerant and domineering attitude of

which it is the expression must be abandoned. There is a familiar phrase by which we convey the idea of equality between opponents who in some respects are unequal. We meet each other, we say, "as man to man"—or, in other words, on the ground of common right and dignity. Great Britain and Ireland must meet today "as man to man."

There is, of course, another side to the matter, and it is expressed in the manifesto, rather curiously different in tone, of Mr. De Valera to the Irish people which we published yesterday. It is a call, a rather anxious call, for strength and unity. He bids his followers to be prepared for all contingencies, ready for all sacrifices, even the utmost, and there breathes throughout it the note of fear, almost of desperation. It is quite natural; perhaps it is quite right. Ireland's experience of negotiation has in the past not been exactly a happy one. Too often has the cup been dashed from her lips. It is prudent that she should be prepared to see it withheld once more. There are cross-currents in our political life, contending elements, and there is not one of us, even the most acute and far-seeing, who will venture to predict with complete assurance the course which negotiation may take or to say that there is no rock ahead on which it may split. Of course there are things which no British statesman can surrender, just as there are things which no representative of Nationalist Ireland can now surrender, and we cannot yet be sure that there may not come a point at which the two irreducible claims may conflict. We do not yet know where the Irish delegates may draw the line beyond which they cannot go; we do not even know with precision where the British Government may draw it, though we most of us know where we think they ought to draw it. There may come grave difficulty, there may come, for a time at least, failure. Even that need not terrify us. The elements of a solution are there even though time, it may be quite a long time, be needed to develop and establish them. It is the spirit which will count, and, by what to some may seem almost a miracle, its best expression is to be found today in the Irish Bulletin. That surely is an augury which should breed confidence all round.

BIBLE IN SCHOOLS

INCIDENT WITH MORAL FOR CANADIANS

(By N. C. W. G. News Service)

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., October 21.—Bigotry that provoked a strike among pupils in the Public school at Reburn, a village not far from Plymouth, because the teacher, Miss Loretta Murray, was a Catholic, has been temporarily defeated by the pluck of the young woman, who has forced the authorities of Luzerne County to act against the parents of the children absenting themselves from classes.

The trouble which brought first hardship and then victory to the slender young teacher began when she started to read the Bible in the school. She had been employed by the directors of the school, who went to her home to induce her to take charge of the school. At first she was well received by people and pupils. Then, one morning, in compliance with the State law, she read verses from the Bible. It was a Douay Bible, and one of the boys saw the cross on the cover of the book.

WARNED TO GET PROTESTANT BIBLE

The next day Miss Murray received an anonymous letter, which warned her to get a King James (Protestant) version of the Bible or leave town. The law makes no stipulation as to which version of the Bible should be used by teachers.

The news that Miss Murray was a Catholic and read from her Catholic Bible went like a gale through the town. Several citizens waited on her and invited her to leave town. The ladies' aid society of one of the Protestant churches wrote her to the same effect. At her boarding house she was told to pack her belongings and quit the place. Every door in the village was closed against her. All but one. A Protestant minister and his wife were the exceptions. They offered her a refuge until the storm should pass.

It was a hard and unequal fight—one slight young girl against a hundred. But Miss Murray had a blend of Irish and American courage in her blood. She faced the town. When the children pelted her with fragments of food and accompanied the bombardment with epi thets and insults, she wielded a ruler so stoutly that all who were in the riot were punished. In chasing one boy who fled, Miss Murray left the room. The pupils inside locked the door. Then they tossed her hat and coat through the window after her, with jeers for good measure.

TURNED TABLES ON HER PERSECUTORS

Miss Murray was out of the school, but still on the job. The people rejoiced that the children had discharged their teacher. It looked as though bigotry had won. It appeared that the Catholic school teacher must depart. The attendance dwindled from twenty-nine to ten, and then to none. The parents were keeping their children away from the Catholic teacher. But there came a new turn in events. Miss Murray remembered the law requiring parents and guardians to send their children under sixteen years to school or be liable to penalties. She went to the directors.

Miss Murray addressed herself next to the county authorities. District Attorney Arthur James investigated. He reminded the directors of the law. They were told that Miss Murray had a contract to teach, and was bound by no law to read the Protestant Bible. The parents were warned of their responsibility for aiding in the truancy of their children. Next, the school was reopened—and Miss Murray is teacher still. There is discipline, too. One offset to her triumph is that she has to ride six miles to and from the school, because she can't find board and lodging in Reburn and has to stay with a friend in Shickshimy.

"I came to the conclusion that racial and religious prejudices are the dangers this country has to fear and I decided to fight it out." That's Miss Murray's comment on a victory that has made her locally famous.

MEANS B. N. A. ACT IS REPUDIATED

IF ONTARIO FAILS TO GIVE SEPARATE SCHOOLS JUST SHARE OF TAXES

Toronto Globe, October 25

"If Ontario really refuses to consider our claims in the matter of taxes and the amendment of the Assessment Act it means this: that Ontario has decided to repudiate the agreement it entered into in 1867, declared Archbishop Neil McNeil before the Canadian Club at noon yesterday in advancing the claim of the Roman Catholic schools to a share in corporation taxes.

After explaining the functions and the status of the Separate schools in the Province, which, he said, should really be termed Public Separate schools, Archbishop McNeil spoke of the difficulties the various Ontario parishes had in financing the institutions, and instanced the sacrifices of poor church congregations in various centres to provide the necessary Separate school accommodation.

LONG IN EXISTENCE

"Here is a public service," he said, "which you cannot change, because it has been so long in existence. It exists in the affections of the people, and you may tear every statute out of the statute books, whether of Ontario or the British Parliament, and you would not thereby abolish Separate schools. You may imagine that the alternative, if you abolish the laws granting us taxes for Separate schools, is that our children will all flock to Public schools. Not a bit of it. That is not the alternative at all. The alternative is really Public Separate schools or private Parish schools."

Reviewing the events leading up to Confederation and the agreements then entered into, Archbishop McNeil said that it was then either a case of Ontario accepting Separate schools or have no Dominion of Canada. Ontario, of all the Provinces, said Public school taxes by Confederation. She had had to take but one little bit of bitter with a whole lot of sweet. "No man has a right to say or even to think," he said, "that Ontario, has any intention of repudiating the compact into which she entered in 1867."

INSTANCES OF TAXATION

The Archbishop explained that the laws allocating a share of corporation taxes to Separate schools in accordance with the faith of the corporation shareholders was absolutely unworkable. Separate school supporters, he said, in the working out of the Ontario laws were not exempted as they had a right to be, from the payment of taxes to Public schools. Roman Catholics, he instanced, paid Public school taxes through the C. N. R., the Hydro, the C. P. R., and numerous other corporations. Many of these companies were anxious to divide the taxes so as to give the Separate schools their share thereof, but they could not because the Assessment Act made no provision for them. Even a Cardinal in Quebec, whom he named, he said, paid his taxes in that way to the Public schools of Toronto.

It was announced at the club meeting yesterday that H. C. Hocken, M. P., Editor of The Orange Sentinel, would speak on the other side of the argument at the club meeting on Monday next. Premier Drury and Sir Adam Beck are billed for consecutive meetings a few weeks hence.

CATHOLIC NOTES

All organizations, syndicates and associations, including those of the clergy, of Upper Silesia, have presented to the Holy See, and to the Allied Governments and the League of Nations, a memorandum, urging that the integrity of Silesia be preserved, in accordance with the plebiscite.

The will of Miss Ellen King, of Brooklyn, leaving \$38,000 to Catholic institutions and charities in that city was filled for probate recently in the Surrogate Court of Manhattan. Among the charitable bequests were gifts of \$10,000 each to the Church of St. Ignatius Loyola and the Literary Society of St. Vincent Ferrer. She also left \$10,000 to the Christian Brothers Institute for its Iona School in New Rochelle.

Rome, Sept. 30.—In a few days an artistic and rich altar in marble and enamel, made in the studio of the Pontifical Sculptor, Cavaliere Medici, will be sent to San Domingo. The Holy Father went to see the artistic work and was greatly pleased with it. The altar is destined for the Cathedral of San Domingo and was ordered by Archbishop Nouel. The statue of the Madonna di Alta Garcia will be placed on it. In the same studio an artistic epigraph of the pastoral letter of Benedict XV. to Mgr. Nouel has been engraved. A font for the sacristy has also been made for the Cathedral of San Domingo.

Three thousand working men attended Mass celebrated by the Holy Father in Vatican Gardens. His Holiness addressed the gathering, recalling the Church's social doctrines proclaimed in Pope Leo's encyclical letter, and declared false prophets are claiming rights without admitting duties. Pope Benedict urged the workers to resist the enemies of the Faith who are responsible for the troubles of Society. The workers received the Holy Father's words with immense enthusiasm and approached him to kiss his hand. After the Mass the workers formed an imposing procession and marched through the streets singing hymns.

London, Oct. 7.—The grand rally of the Knights and Handmaidens of the Blessed Sacrament, which was held in the St. George Hall in Liverpool, brought to light some facts as to the vast growth which this organization has made. There are some ten to fifteen thousand Knights and Handmaidens in that diocese. Father Edmund Lester, S. J., who is Knight Director, said that the membership of the confraternity all told is nearly two millions. It is interesting to know that this organization came into being through an anonymous suggestion that Father Lester received from Liverpool. The organization has now spread to many parts of the world.

Chicago, Oct. 22.—The first contingent from the Missionary Sisters, Servants of the Holy Ghost, of Techny, Ill. will leave soon for the mission field in New Guinea. From among the many who volunteered for the service, only four—a domestic science teacher, a musician, and a kindergarten teacher—were selected for the present. They are Sister Clara Rose Mueller from Chicago; Sister Matritia (Mary Haag, from St. Paul; Sister Dolorosa (Anna Ruhoff), from the diocese of Alton; and Sister Frances (Emma Bott), from Rochester, N. Y. They will leave for New Guinea at the end of November or the beginning of December.

Rome, Oct. 14.—Rev. Father Hagan, Director of the Vatican Observatory, has returned from Germany where he took part in the Congress of the Astronomische Gesellschaft. The Congress took place at Potsdam near Berlin, and attracted about 200 astronomers, including Professor Einstein, the originator of the theory of Relativity, and President Eddington of the Royal Astronomical Society of London. The works of the Vatican Observatory were illustrated by Director Hagan who gave a report of the results of the observations of the nebulae made by him during the last ten years. He showed unique drawings reproducing the Milky Way and the Cloudy Way.

Two remarkable conversions were recently recorded in Western Australia. Rev. Mr. Moore, who officiated at North Fremantle, had sent his son to a Catholic college. Owing to objections on the part of members of his congregation, he removed him from it. Then the son went to the War. Before his return his mother died. While he was away, the son was received into the Catholic Church, and wrote to his father stating that he had new to give which he feared would pain him. He declared that he had tried various religious bodies, but had found only that the Catholic satisfied his aspirations after truth. The son was surprised to learn from his father that he also had entered the Church, had studied for the priesthood, and entered the Redemptorist Order.