

but they have failed to see where the remedy lies. Perhaps even yet, out of these very divisions and the evils which follow upon them, their footsteps may turn into the only path which leads to safety. Realization of the gravity of the evil is necessary to this end, and that an ever-increasing number are coming to that point evidence is not wanting. The only marvel is that they should stop short in their meditations and continue to waste their energies upon a dying cause. In regard to missions, the intellectual heathen is left to draw his own conclusions, and the form into which these invariably crystallize could not be more succinctly expressed than in the words quoted above.

AS TO THE fecundity of the Presbyterian mission to the Ruthenians, we get a little side-light through the Methodist Christian Guardian. A contributor to that periodical is enumerating the foreigners in Regina and descending upon their religious and educational prospects. This is one of the Ruthenian centres. A systematic canvass of these people revealed the fact that four families avow themselves Presbyterian, three Methodist, one Baptist, while 288 are Catholics. The Presbyterian whirlwind campaign does not appear to have reaped results, despite bogus masses and other attempts to mask its real purpose.

THE MAIL and Empire had lately a despatch from its "special correspondent" concerning the recent placing on the Roman Index of the writings of Maurice Maeterlinck. It proceeded to give some explanation of the nature and purpose of the Index, and appended a list of some notable books which appear thereon. A bald list of this kind is of course open to many misunderstandings, which, it is fair to add, the Mail editor could scarcely be expected to appreciate. It happens, sometimes, for example, that a translation or a particular edition of a book is forbidden to Catholic readers, while the original is not only not so, but, on the contrary, is highly commended by the Church. A notable instance of this is the profoundly-cherished "Imitation of Christ" by Thomas à Kempis. This appears in the Mail's list of prohibited books, a circumstance that will have occasioned surprise to many readers. A word in explanation would have set this right, but this the Mail's "Special Correspondent" evidently considered beyond his province.

THE IMITATION is one of the world's cherished possessions. It has long enjoyed almost universal popularity, and it may be doubted if any other religious book except the Bible is so well known. It is almost as much prized by devout Protestants as by Catholics, and has had an important part in the shaping of the spiritual life in innumerable souls. In this connection, however, it should be explained that it has had many spurious editions, some of them leaving out or mutilating beyond recognition the Fourth Book, which is in reality the keynote of the whole. This Book treats of the Holy Eucharist and is unmistakable in its sense of the Real Presence, and conformity to the Catholic dogma. For this reason it has sometimes been altogether omitted from Protestant editions, or—which is much worse—has been twisted into a sense entirely foreign to the mind of the author. It is such an edition, and not, as it is hardly necessary to add, the original work or authentic translations that appears in the Roman Index.

THE SLIT-SKIRT and other feminine monstrosities of dress are not to be tolerated at the Belgian Court. The King of the Belgians, according to the London Standard, noticed at a recent Court ball a lady of high society dressed in the very latest fashion—that is, in deep décolleté and a short skirt with a very high slit. He immediately gave a significant look at the Court Marshall, Count de Merode, and whispered something in that official's ear. Count de Merode went thereupon straight to the lady, offered her in a most gallant manner his arm, and crossed with her the ball-room from one end to another. The lady felt at first highly elated, but her spirits dropped as they approached one of the doors and the Count said to her, "Excuse me, madam, but his Majesty has noticed that your dress has become somewhat torn open at the seam, and he has commanded me to take you to one of the Ladies-in-

Waiting so that she may help you to bring it in order." Before the lady could recover from her mortification, she was already seated in her motor car, which took her straight home.

"FORWARD!"

REV. T. F. BURKE, C. S. P., AT ST. PATRICK'S DAY CONCERT, TORONTO.

"Crisis have come in her existence, when, humanly speaking, it seemed as if she might be wiped out of existence, but after each crisis Ireland has stood by her broken homes, by the ruins of her churches, and by the graves of her broken hearted dead she has stood—and she has stood looking FORWARD."

We live in an age and in a country of freedom. We live in an age which more than any preceding it has recognized the rights of the individual man, and in a country whose laws accord to each citizen living under them the highest blessings of civil and religious liberty.

the history of Ireland's greatness have often been rehearsed for you, I have chosen another theme. The foundation of the most enlightened governments of to-day is liberty, religious and political. Now, I maintain that Ireland has given to the world the most powerful and striking instance of love of freedom that the world has looked upon. In their aspirations other people have succeeded and they taught the lesson that success can teach. Of their longed-for goal the Irish people have failed, but that, in spite of failure, they have persevered in their struggle for liberty during centuries is a more marvellous fact than success itself. From the days of St. Patrick until the present, as we look back through history, were I asked to define what Ireland has stood for, I would say that she is the national personification of freedom—religious and civil.

There is much in Ireland's struggle and failure to awaken sorrow, but not to awaken regrets. As one of her most recent poets puts it: "We sorrow, not with shame, but proudly, for thy soul is white as snow." The great trinity which sums up the his-

vellous achievement. Oftentimes even the name of Patrick, to the shame of some he said, suffers in the obloquy and ridicule which are heaped to it. Ah! what a noble heritage is in that name! That name speaks of the purity of Christian faith; it tells of the height and length and breadth and depth of Christian learning; it contains the epitome of Christian sainthood; it carries with it the history of Christian freedom. Patrick! It is uttered to-day in the office of the Catholic priesthood; in the prayers of the Church of God. It is revered wherever the light of religion has shed its beams; it is spoken with honor and with devotion not only in the little island of the sea but in every region to the farthest limits of the world. It quickens the hearts of the countless descendants of the Gael whithersoever they have roamed. In the records of apostolic triumph; in the history of religion's progress; in the annals of learning's welfare; in the pages of national glory—no name deserves to be written in brighter letters or to be inscribed in more enduring characters than the name of Patrick.

As springs the mighty oak from one small seed, although other elements are needed for its growth—so while other minds were required to advance the glory and the prosperity of Ireland, the root and source of it all was St. Patrick.

Through all his labours and those of the monks who were trained in his holy schools, there shines a spirit of religious freedom. And one of the strongest evidences of its existence is to be found in the presence of learning and the high standards of education maintained. From 432, the date of St. Patrick's landing as an apostle, to the time of the Danish invasion and even later, the island was dotted with schools, churches and monasteries and places of learning whither flocked the students and scholars of Europe; and the island of St. Patrick became the instructor of the world. Nor was Ireland content to confine her influence within the limits of her own shores. Her staunch and stalwart monks were expansionists in the cause of religion and education.

It is difficult to suppose that the unhappy and suffering Ireland of to-day was once the teacher and apostle of the proudest nations of the world, yet so it was. When Geth and Hun and Vandal, in their barbarous rage were ravaging the countries of the continent; Ireland in her free atmosphere of true religion and education could not only train her own children in her schools and universities, but could also send forth from her shores many a learned monk, the soldier of Christ, to become an exile indeed but an exile for the sake of humanity and God. They believed in their right to spread the truth—not by the terror of the sword—but by the peaceful weapon of loving appeal.

Religious liberty! How the people of Ireland have loved it; how they have cherished it; how they have sought it. The faith of Ireland was born in freedom; has been maintained steadfastly in spite of innumerable difficulties, and remains to-day the proudest star in the firmament of Catholic glory.

Freedom's nearest kinsman is the Truth; the word of Heaven says: "the truth shall make you free."

When St. Patrick came from Rome to preach the religion of Jesus Christ in that island where the shadow of the Roman eagle had never fallen, he came to a people who loved the truth; he came to a nation possessed of the greatest bulwark of liberty—namely, intelligence. In the Druid schools, and in the courts of the kings—pagan as they were—he found an intelligence as keen as Greece or Rome could boast; and a readiness to accept the truth which neither the worldlings of the empire nor the idolaters of the Hellenic lands ever manifested.

When first the symbol of the Cross appeared in the Roman empire all men from the Emperor upon his throne to the rabble of the crowded cities united in their efforts to destroy the religion of that Judean who had suffered a criminal's death. When the first followers of Christ attempted to practice Christianity in the Imperial city, they were compelled to do so secretly in the catacombs beneath the ground. Ireland had no catacombs. There religion was openly professed. In other countries the signal for strife and persecution, and faith was established and flourished only because the blood of martyrs is immortal in its flowering. In Ireland, the freedom-loving, truth-loving inhabitants were possessed of a diviner vision; and while with extended arms they welcomed to their shores the Apostle of the Nazarene, they received into their minds the peaceful message of his truth.

In other countries Christianity was born in travail and labor; in Ireland the faith of Christ was of a spotless virgin-birth.

The history of the Christian Church contains no more inspiring page than that which records the story of St. Patrick's conversion of Ireland. It relates no work more complete; no results more enduring. Within the career of one man the pagan island of the Druid was made the Christian isle of saints and sages.

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ment that ever represented the Irish nation even unto this day.

And when, after this brief and partial freedom, the independence of Ireland's legislature was annihilated and new fetters were forged for struggling Erin, what were the great and patriotic principles upon which Irishmen united for the purpose of obtaining self-government? They were, as shown in the Constitution of that formidable organization, known as "The United Irishmen," a brotherhood of affection, a communion of rights and a union of power among Irishmen of every religious persuasion, thereby to obtain a complete reform of the legislature founded on principles of civil, political and religious liberty."

It was in the heroic but alas! futile effort to maintain these great principles of liberty that the memorable battle of Vinegar Hill was fought, and that the Green Flag bathed in blood was furled, but only for a time, on the grave of Irish independence;

CONTINUED ON PAGE ONE

A PRAYER

Keep them, I pray Thee, dearest Lord,

Keep them, for they are Thine—Thy priests whose lives burn out before Thy consecrated shrine.

Keep them, Thou knowest, dearest Lord,

The world—the flesh are strong, And Satan spreads a thousand snares To lead them into wrong.

Keep them, for they are in the world Though from the world apart, When earthly pleasures tempt, allure, Shelter them in Thy Heart.

Keep them and comfort them in hours Of loneliness and pain When all their life of sacrifice For souls seems but in vain.

Keep them, and O! remember Lord They have no one but Thee, Yet they have only human hearts, With human frailty.

Keep them as spotless as the Host, That daily, they careen—Their every thought and word and deed, Dign, dearest Lord to bless.

Keep them, this is my life's one prayer Thy victim let me be, That none of these, Thy chosen ones, Be ever lost to Thee.

—F. T.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

The noble response which has been made to the CATHOLIC RECORD's appeal in behalf of Father Fraser's Chinese mission encourages us to keep the list open a little longer.

It is a source of gratification to Canadian Catholics that to one of themselves it should have fallen to inaugurate and successfully carry on so great a work. A blessed Father Fraser's efforts, made him the instrument of salvation to innumerable souls. Why not, dear reader, have a share in that work by contributing of your means to its maintenance and extension? The opportunity awaits you: let it not pass you by.

Previously acknowledged: \$3911.55
Friend North Rustico 2.00
In Memory of Father 3.50
M. D. Ottawa 1.00
John Broderick Mitchell 2.00
Money found, Antigonish 5.00
A Friend Kinburn 50

DEATH OF REV. GEO. W. BAILEY

The Rev. Geo. W. Bailey, parish priest of Chippenburn, England, died in that town on the 14th of March, after a long illness. The Bishop of Clifton, to which diocese Father Bailey belonged, sang the High Mass and a large congregation gathered to pay their respects to the deceased pastor. Many priests of the diocese also assisted to show their esteem for one of their senior colleagues.

Father Bailey was in his sixty-third year. He visited Canada three times, and during his visits he won many friends who will regret to hear of his death. He preached in several churches during his visits and will be remembered for his eloquent sermons. Mr. Alfred Bailey, of Toronto, Ont., is a brother of the deceased priest. Rev. Geo. O'Toole, of Canby, Que., and Miss Mary O'Toole, of Regina, are nephew and niece.

DIED

DORAN.—At Fort William on March 24, 1914, Mrs. James Doran, beloved wife of Mr. James Doran, 849 North Vicker street, aged twenty-seven years and eleven months. May her soul rest in peace!

MONTH'S MIND.—The Month's Mind Mass for the repose of the soul of the late Rev. Dean Coty, Hamilton, will be celebrated in St. Patrick's Church, that city, on Tuesday morning, April 21st, at 10 o'clock.

Church Decoration

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