

a misfit." It implies absolute incompetence, hurtful to others as well as to himself.

"Yes, yes," puts in Happy Hal at this juncture. "Terrible thing, these misfit men. But I'm not a man yet, so you're not talking to me. Believe me, when I am a man I'll be no misfit. I needn't worry yet, though, as I'm only a college boy." And Happy Hal whistles a bar or two of "College Chums."

Believe me, son, you're the very one I am talking to. If you do not learn to fit in while you are at school you needn't expect to fit in after your school is over. The fitting-in idea is the very backbone of school training. It is more important than all the branches of study taken together, because it is the thing that gives these branches their meaning and their cohesive power. I have seen brilliant, original boys at school turn into miserable misfits in after years; and contrariwise, I have known boys who kept moving ahead at a snail's pace in their classes develop into men of astonishing power and momentum. The reason? The first kind of boys didn't fit in: the second did. Branches in a school are only the loose bricks. The fitting-in ability is the mortar that holds those bricks together and builds them into a strong, dependable wall.

"But what does this 'fitting in' mean?" you ask. "I don't quite grasp the idea."

To put the idea compactly, "fitting in" means that in every essential duty, mental, moral, social, the boy is found in the right place. We may illustrate this idea by comparing what is expected from a boy with what is expected from each member, say, of a baseball team. Suppose in a game of ball there is a man on first base, one out, and the batter hits a ball down to the shortstop. He takes the ball, tosses it to the second baseman, and the latter, whirling, sends the ball with perfect accuracy to first base. The ball shoots directly over the base and on till stopped by the fence.

The first baseman—oh, where is he? They look around and discover him away over in front of the grand stand! After the inning, to the captain's heated demand for an explanation of this weird behavior, the baseman answers thus:

"Pardon me, but just as Crawford hit the ball I observed that a lady in the grand stand had dropped her score card into the field, and I went over to get it and hand it back to her."

There is a misfit! And no game, no enterprise of any kind has room for misfits. What is wanted, and what must be had before success is possible, is that each person in the system be in his proper place at all times, no matter what may be the temptation to leave it. That is "fitting in."

And so at school. A boy enters school, and the first thing he notices is that a certain definite system is in force. Certain laws of conduct are laid down; the studies follow a fixed routine; so many days per week of class, so many hours of preparation required, special methods of study followed, various customs in possession, an approved number of societies and organizations he may join and support. It is a full-fledged, time-tried system; and into this system he is supposed to fit.

Now, in this process he will be unlike the key and the glove and the disjointed limb. These, each in its own way, fit in, but chiefly through the application of some outside force to which they must respond. The school system applies a force from outside, it is true, but it isn't a compelling force. It is merely a persuasive, a moral force; which means that if the boy makes up his mind not to respond to it he cannot be forced. Ultimately, therefore, it is his part to compel himself to fit himself in.

And exactly here becomes evident the difference between a sensible student and a misfit. One boy looks, sees, understands the requirements, and immediately gets to work on himself. The other boy will not look, until somebody takes him by the back of the neck and holds his eye right over the difficulty. Then he shuts both eyes, and they have to be pried open, like an oyster. Then he refuses to understand—too much headwork. And even when he does understand he declines to fit himself into the system of college life.

The result is that he has to be filed down, pounded, pulled into

joint; at which the poor child sulks, kicks, paws up the floor, cries out that he is persecuted, and goes home and tells father and mother, especially mother, that he isn't "getting a square deal." All the while he feels like a martyr. From the depths of his soul great sobs, like bubbles, burst on the surface, and he knows he could sing the beautiful ballad "Nobody's Darling" with a pathos that would call for large handkerchiefs in the vast audience. This is one boy who fits in nowhere at school, and, unless he learns, is wanted nowhere in the world.

Another kind of boy at school reminds one very much of little Tommie Smithers. Tommie stood at his front gate in the calm evening air, feeling great. He gave nine echoing "rahs" for his father, nine for his mother, and nine for his sisters and cousins and his aunts, closing with a ripping "tiger" for the whole family.

Just then Tommie's father put his head out the door and said: "That's enough of that, Tommie. Come in, now, and get up the coal."

Tommie staggers back aghast, leans his head like a lily against the gate-post, and two real tears, like gems, stand in his eyes. After that magnificent vocal exhibition in the family praise, to be called upon to carry coal! "Father doesn't understand me, that's clear."

Any boys like this in college? Surely. They are the single-branch specialists, who choose one thing out of eight or nine that they are expected to do, and call it a college course. And the one thing they choose is noise-making. Only to hear their frenzied shouts at college games!

"Gee, but we have a wonderful team!"

Enthusiasm foams up, swirls around, splashes on all sides.

"Once more! Three cheers for Alma Mater! Tiger-r-r-r!" His jungle work is perfect.

Next morning Professor Driver asks him for his Latin theme.

"What? You can't mean it!"

And he turns upon the professor a look of gazelle-like surprise, slowly hardening into a stern, movie-hero resentment, as who should say, "Me, the great Lung Artist, to dig into the obscurity of a Latin dictionary! What's this college coming to, anyway?"

He expects the college to fit him; imagines, indeed, that he is conferring a favor on the school by his simple presence. As far as he can see, he is the only one around the place who has any college spirit, and his general attitude toward the faculty plainly says, "They need me at this school."

The fact is the Rabid Rooter knows nothing of college spirit. Genuine college spirit means the spirit of the college, getting the college point of view, not on one thing, but on all the things the college considers essential to its training, and, after that, not waiting to be hammered into position, but fitting ourselves in freely, though under due guidance.

Looking at matters thus, we see that we have to fit in correctly with studies, with companions, with the faculties, with the Ten Commandments, the sacraments, and our devotions, as well as with the societies, the games, and all the customs of the school. All these, too, must be considered, not successively, but simultaneously. Each is to be adjusted always in view of the others, and emphasis laid on each accordingly. For undue attention to, or neglect of, any one of them may mean failure in all.

To finish a college course successfully is to do a complicated piece of work, and no one can do it well but him who has the real desire to fit himself in, who studies the college spirit and adapts himself to it carefully.

TO BE CONTINUED

CATHOLICS OF MEXICO FEAR FOR RECOVERY OF ARCH-BISHOP

Mexico City, Oct. 1.—The Most Rev. Jose Moray Del Rio, Archbishop of Mexico and head of the Church in this country, is seriously ill and fears are entertained for his recovery.

The venerable prelate has been under great strain for the past several years, due to the aggressions of extremists, who have repeatedly threatened him because of his activities in organizing Catholic workingmen and his energetic stand against radicalism.

In February last year an infernal machine was exploded in front of his palace, the blast wrecking the fronts of several adjoining build-

ings and shattering panes of glass for a whole block. Archbishop Mora had just celebrated Mass in his private chapel on the main floor and was making his thanksgiving when the infernal machine exploded.

"May God forgive the blind perpetrators of this dastardly deed, for they know not what they do," was his comment.

In September of last year another attempt was made to blow up the archiepiscopal residence and the property was seriously damaged. Again the Archbishop was unhurt.

RELIGIOUS ORDERS RETURNING

COMMUNITIES THAT FOUND REFUGE IN BRITAIN ARE RETURNING TO NATIVE LANDS

London, Eng.—When the French Government drove out the religious orders it was a loss to France, but a very distinct gain to England.

And now that the French Government seems to have repented, and to have invited the exiled religious to return to their native land; it is France's gain and England's loss.

About two years ago this exodus began, and some French nuns from the Isle of Wight went back to Brittany. But the present movement is much more serious, for the Isle of Wight is losing the great Benedictine community of monks at Quarr Abbey as well as the nuns at St. Cecilia's Abbey in the neighboring town of Ryde.

When the Quarr monks first came to English shores they settled at a great country mansion in the Isle of Wight known as Appuldurcombe House. Later on they acquired a property known as Quarr Abbey, on which were the ruins of an ancient monastic house of that name, and here was built a huge abbey with a fine church in which the choir monks celebrated the Divine Offices every day, attracting to this island students of plain chant from all parts of the world.

The abbot of this community enjoyed a double title. For although he was in the canonical and territorial sense Abbot of Quarr, he was also Abbot of Solesmes, the monastic home in France which is the headquarters of the Benedictine Congregation of France. So the Quarr monks have packed up their belongings, including the valuable library in which is the material on which the reform of plain chant was constructed, and only a small band will be left behind to keep the monastery going.

THE EXODUS FROM ENGLAND

But this depletion of the ranks of the religious orders in England will, no doubt, go on all over the country. Many years ago there was a rumor that the French Government was about to expel the Carthusians, and so the Fathers of this order bought a property in Hilaire Belloc's favorite country of Sussex, and here they have built a gigantic monastery, which is reputed to be large enough to contain all the French Carthusians. As a matter of fact, the Fathers of the Grand Chartreuse went to Spain; but there is a very large Carthusian community in England, and it is not expected that these Fathers will be returning to France.

Among the exiled Benedictine monks is the flourishing community at St. Michael's Abbey at Farnborough. The Abbot of this house is the famous scholar Dom Ferdinand Cabrol, who is known throughout the learned world for his liturgical researches. This abbey was founded and endowed by the late Empress Eugenie, and in the crypt of the abbey church the Empress lies buried, together with the Emperor, and her son, the Prince Imperial, who was killed in the Zulu War.

There are numbers of convents also scattered up and down the country, founded by nuns exiled from France. Their return to their native land will leave a serious gap that will be hard to fill.

But it is possible that these various communities of monks and sisters will leave small communities behind. In almost every case large establishments have been set up, particularly in the case of the Benedictines at Ryde, Quarr, and Farnborough, and in any case the religious life will be maintained, though in a perhaps less comprehensive form.

In some instances the War was responsible for the return of religious. For example the Abbot of Caermaria, in Wales, who came over from France with his community found his monks so scattered as a result of the War that he was obliged to close the house, and return to France. A like fate overtook the once flourishing Benedictine abbey of Erdington, near Birmingham, whence the monks have gone back to Germany and the Redemptorist Fathers have taken over their parish and house. The French Cistercians, who settled in the county of Devon, where they revolutionized the industry of sheep breeding, have also gone back to France; and although the English religious orders are in a flourishing state, the loss of these great monastic centers from the English countryside is serious both from a religious as well as an economic point of view. For, however unwilling the Protestant English might be to admit the fact, the coming of the French monastic orders to England brought an appreciable amount of local

prosperity, and many who were indifferent to the religious ministrations of the monks and nuns, were the beneficiaries of the local industrial prosperity that followed their coming.

AN IMPORTANT COMMUNITY

The community of Benedictine nuns that goes back to France from St. Cecilia's Abbey, in the Isle of Wight, is one of the greatest importance. Numbering some 80 choir nuns, not counting the lay sisters and the other persons of the abbey, these nuns celebrate the Divine Office daily in choir with a dignity and solemnity hardly to be met with elsewhere. The great conventual church which they built, with its imposing nuns' choir at the side, was daily crowded with visitors at both High Mass and Vespers, when the nuns rendered the plain chant with a singular beauty.

The community is unique in the fact that among its professed nuns are four Royal ladies; three of them members of the Imperial Bourbon-Parma family, and a fourth a Princess of the Bavarian Lowenstein family. The King of Spain invariably visited the abbey on his frequent visits to England, and it is stated on very reliable authority that more than one crowned Head had sought the advice of an aged Royal lady whose experience, before she became a nun, admirably fitted her to give advice to Royalties in difficulties. The former Empress Zita of Austria has two of her sisters among the nuns of this abbey and at one time there were rumors that the Empress would settle in the neighborhood of the convent.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

VENERABLE BISHOP GROUARD OF ATHABASKA ON HIS MISSIONS

After recounting the foundation of a flourishing parish at Fairher and the advent of the Sisters of the Holy Cross of Montreal, who now have there a school of 80 children under their care the apostolic prelate proceeds with a graphic account of his missionary travels.

A second joyful and consoling event was the blessing of a new church at Great Prairie City. The priests' residence was destroyed by fire two years ago. This residence was at some distance from the city and it was the unanimous opinion of faithful and missionaries that when they rebuilt it should be in a more central location, and my consent having been asked and given, they built a church and a presbytery. I was asked to bless the church and at the same time administer confirmation to about thirty persons. I had announced my arrival on the train reaching Great Prairie City on Saturday, and the Catholics were waiting for me, but owing to a wreck which upset the regular schedule of the trains I had to stop at Spirit River. This unfortunate occurrence caused me a great deal of annoyance which I was at no pains to hide, but after our dinner a man who was then working at the mission said to Father Josse: "If the Bishop is able to travel all night I think that with four horses I may be able to have him reach Great Prairie in time for the High Mass."

The Father came to make known this plan to me, and we thought over it for a moment. The distance was fifty-six miles and the road was frightful, filled with ruts, swamps and mud, we were in danger of spending the whole of Sunday completely astray, but our man seemed certain of success and I decided to start. Nevertheless, Father Josse thought it prudent to send a telegram to the priests at Great Prairie, notifying them of my departure and requesting them to hasten an automobile or a carriage to meet me.

We set out with the horses at a gallop. I spare you an account of the bumping, splashing and other disagreeable circumstances of that ride. We set out at two in the afternoon and at seven o'clock we reached a small brook where it was formerly customary to encamp. The horses were tired and we had need of rest, so we halted there. While the man was engaged in feeding and watering the horses I made a fire, filled the kettle at the brook and prepared our supper. At eight we set out again. Between nine and ten we saw a carriage coming towards us. "That is some one coming to meet you," said the man, and when the carriage was near us he said to the driver in English, "Who are you?"

"I am looking for the bishop," "Here I am," said I, "all right." I entered his carriage and thanked my man, who turned about and returned at a gallop. We did the same and my new guide told me that an automobile was waiting for me at Sexsmith, the third station before reaching Great Prairie. "You will have time to rest and you will arrive early tomorrow."

"Oh, if the automobile is there I prefer to use it at once," I answered, and so it was. I reached about midnight the city which I had despaired of reaching in time for the beautiful ceremony which thank God, took place to the satisfaction of all.

However, there was a great sorrow mingled with this joy. Father Rault, the pastor, could not

assist at this festival for which he had prepared with great zeal. He had been in bed several days with a fever and the doctor told me that a fever in another climate was necessary. His illness was aggravated by anxiety caused by the financial situation of his parish, for despite the assistance which I had been able to give him and the help of the faithful, a heavy debt was hanging over it. This was due to the fact that everybody was experiencing hard times. The harvest had been good, but there was no market. There are elevators at the railroad stations to which the people can bring their grain, but they were offered only forty cents for a bushel of wheat and fifteen cents for a bushel of oats. It will be readily understood that the poor people did not hasten to sell. They are waiting for better terms.

Owing to the illness of Father Rault, Father Serrant replaced him, and Father Hautin from Lake Sturgeon assisted us as best he could. My programme was to go to that station for the following Sunday, but Father Hautin warned me that smallpox had broken out in the vicinity. The sister Superior also wrote me that she and all the children of the school were attacked by the disease, forty-seven being sick at the same time. The good Sisters had nursed them and restored them to health at the expense of their own strength and they gave me to understand that it would be better for me not to risk going there. These warnings made me laugh, and I set out with Father Hautin for Lake Sturgeon, where I was warmly received. I gave confirmation to more than thirty children, visited the Sisters' establishment, where my attention was called to the inadequacy of the classroom and their state of disrepair, in order to convince me of the necessity of building new ones.

It was only too true, for all our houses, being built of native wood, do not last long, since the Indian children are frequently obliged to take their recreations there for lack of other shelter on rainy days. I likewise visited several persons who were ill of smallpox, for it would have been unkind to deny them that consolation.

The epidemic had raged all winter at Little Slave Lake, where it had claimed several victims. Hitherto unknown in these regions, it had been brought by immigrants who come from everywhere to establish themselves here. Some Crees from Lake Sturgeon had gone to visit their friends at Little Slave Lake and brought the disease with them, and it was there. I have no doubt, that I contracted the germs. Returning through Great Prairie City, I was forced to accept the invitation of the Board of Trade to attend a banquet in my honour in order that I might speak of my experiences in the North. The majority of those present were Protestants; nevertheless, I was received with songs and music and tendered many compliments, which will show you how far civilization has progressed in these regions.

TO BE CONTINUED

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

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CARDINAL O'CONNELL ON EDUCATION

Those dear, good people who insist on comparing the Public school method of education with the education of the Catholic Church, always to the disadvantage of the latter, might be interested in reading the opinion of Cardinal O'Connell, the great educator among the Puritans. He doesn't believe that there should be set up an arbitrary rule by which certain youths are debarred from the blessings of education; he points out that the Catholic Church has always had another remedy. Read his opinion of the "aristocracy of brains" whereby the heads of colleges seek to condone their attempted curtailing of that which is looked upon as the cornerstone of a Republic:

"It certainly is a very singular phrase that some of the educators of the country have proposed to answer the great demand for learning by a sort of negation or suppression. They point out that the college is an aristocratic affair and that the fields of learning are not for the common man, but for the aristocracy of brains."

Just what that means is a mystery. On the other hand, educators of many years experience propose to limit it by social or radical standards, by elimination, and by exclusion. Certainly this is a very singular answer to the problem of our democracy. Even old Europe with all her traditions never gave such an answer to the eagerness of her youth, and it is a strange phenomenon in this land of democracy that it should be the answer to the demand for a larger and wider education.

"Of course, neither of these answers to the problem is right.

One of the most interesting phases of our very modern life of today is the wonderful eagerness with which the youth of the land seems suddenly to reach out for all the advantages of knowledge, of training, of learning, and of education in the world. It is a singularly hopeful sign for this nation and for this age. "Whatever the reason may be, the fact remains that today there is a clamor all over the world for more learning. Schools, academies, colleges, universities all are crowded to the doors. The problem facing the educators is what to do to answer this demand which cannot be stilled and which ought not to be stilled.

"Holy Mother the Church, so wise with the human wisdom gained by experience in all these problems through the ages, bars the doors to none. She leaves it for the individual effort to prove by facts and by demonstration that there are certain grades of knowledge as there are certain grades of everything in human life.

"It is not by elimination but by expansion that this question must be answered. If you have not room enough in colleges, build more, build and build, not necessarily monuments of marble and precious stone. Simplify these halls of learning and spiritualize them with the atmosphere of true education. The beauty of the university is in its spiritual atmosphere."—Catholic Columbian.

TIME-SAVING

This is an age famous for time-saving machinery. Surely, then, we ought to have plenty of time. In reality we have less than before the advent of speed. It may be a pose; but we insist on rushing madly about. It may be doubted if this adds a moment to our time. We carry our rush tactics into our church. We rush in at the last moment—at least, it is hoped that we come no later. But this much is certain: we do rush out of church. Even before the priest has finished the last Gospel, we spring to our feet ready to bear down those that might oppose our onslaught. If we are more contained we keep our patience until the prayers are said at the foot of the altar. But only great composure restrains us until the Celebrant has left the sanctuary. The Latins had the word "extempore" (from temple) to mean hurriedly. Let us leave that distinction to heathenism. At the rear of every church a large glittering sign might be put up: "What's your hurry?"

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