

The Catholic Record.

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

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2360

GERMAN DISTRESS

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SITUATION IN GERMANY

The following appeared in a pro-German London paper:

I note that in your paper for some time past there have been appeals for funds for supplying food, clothing, etc., to the Germans. There have also been accounts of the misery and poverty that is to be seen here.

I came to Germany with the first troops of the Army of Occupation, and since 1918 have been living in various parts of Germany both as an official and as a plain civilian. I have many acquaintances amongst all grades of German society, starting with an ex-princess at the top and ending with our sweep. Now what your correspondents write regarding the misery and poverty is quite true. On the other hand, they make no mention of the enormous amount of wealth and wealthy people who are in Germany.

Today German people are divided into two clear-cut classes: the rich and the poor. There is no medium stratum between the two. The poor are dreadfully poor, and are bearing their trials most stoically. Why? Because the rich in Germany don't move a little finger to help their suffering compatriots. The German indulges in sickly sentiment as long as he gains pleasure for himself by doing so, but when it comes to putting his hand into his pocket and indulging in practical sentiment—why, he would think anybody who did so quite foolishly mad, unless that somebody be a foreigner, who is always considered as a golden goose in every sense of the word. Any charity that comes from abroad is considered by the German as being his due, and he says that the Englishman, American, or whoever it is that is giving to German charities, can "well afford to do so—look at the Valuta." Gratitude is unknown to him.

Amongst my acquaintances are many German business men who have made nice little fortunes in foreign money, thanks to the criminally foolish and knavish policy of the German Government in finance. These men all have their "shoots"—you are not a gentleman in Germany unless you have a shoot—on their cars, their motor-bicycles, and live in comfort. They do not, though, give one pfennig to the poor and needy; nor do they do good. The boys and girls in the banks and big businesses all have their motor-cycles. The opera houses, theatres, hotels, cabarets, are crammed out night after night with Germans—Germans who are not all profiteers by any means. Prices are so high now that only the well-to-do Germans can afford them. Foreigners certainly cannot do so. None of these Germans give anything to help their own people. And yet there are men, women and children literally dying of starvation, which brings me to my point.

If good people at home feel that they want to help the distress out here—rather than looking after our own people at home or stranded on the Continent, and there are many of such—let them give what they like to the various organizations who are busy helping the German sick and needy. But I should like to see them make their donations under the strict condition that for every penny they provide the Germans must first of all provide an equal amount. And until the Germans have provided their pennies, no sane English person who has any real knowledge of conditions in present-day Germany will produce his donation. I know that if such a policy were carried out, the result, as far as the German subscription lists were concerned, would be an eye-opener and a lesson to all charitably-inclined persons living outside of Germany.

Yours faithfully,
GEOFFREY E. LLOYD WILSON
(Late British Secretary Essen, Ruhr Office, Reparation Commission.)

Spichemstr., 5011, Cologne.

We publish this letter in full as it comes from an undoubted authority with full knowledge of the subject, and from one who is by no means anti-German.

Those who are wealthy will not help their poor brethren. Those who have food will not part with it because of the depreciated currency, which has been brought about by Germans themselves!

Yet in face of all this, German appeals for assistance are scattered over the world. The fraudulent bankrupt with valuable assets all outside Germany is playing the part of the sturdy beggar displaying his sores at the street corners. It is all done to defeat her creditors.

Germany has wiped out her own National Debt by the simple device of destroying the value of the mark. Not only that, but she has cheated the world by the very same proceeding.

A FACTORY FOR 24d

Before the War an English concern lent £50,000 to a German firm to tend its factories.

The factories are there all right; they have been built and equipped. They were not destroyed by the Allies nor was any other part of the real wealth of Germany destroyed as she destroyed the wealth of her neighbors.

The other day the German firm paid off the £50,000 in marks which are worth 24d!

This happened in other cases where Germany's creditors were repayable in marks. She has destroyed the mark while holding on to the plunder.

A Dutch banker declared the other day that there were 1,000,000,000 of German money in the banks in Holland.

WHY?
Why do not some of the ignorant, or sentimental, or paid advocates of Germany take up this letter of Mr. Wilson and show that it is untrue?

The man gives his name and address and his sources of knowledge. He challenges contradiction and supports his statements by facts.

He is not working behind some screen, appealing to Catholics or to Lutherans or to students, or to various sections of the community, as the Germans are doing.

He speaks openly and in the light of day exposes this scandalous German fraud.

The truth is, that at the bottom of a great deal of what is going on about Germany today and of what passes for philanthropic and charitable pro-Germanism, there is well organized conspiracy to injure France—to prevent her getting reparations—and in this way, by impoverishing her, to strike a blow at her influence and her power.

This game commenced almost as soon as the Treaty of Versailles had been signed. It had its protagonists among a section of Liberals and Labor men.

The former were more in favor of Germany than France when the War broke out; they urged that England should be neutral and gain great wealth by selling armaments and other requirements to both sides!

The Labor leaders who now attack France have been pushed into this by their German and other associates.

Some of these people cry out for renewing relations with Moscow while they decline to allow Communists to enter their own ranks!

ANTI-FRENCH CONSPIRACY
The whole business is an anti-French conspiracy, and at the same time has an anti-Catholic element about it.

For when the Russian Bolsheviks, drunk with blood, and foaming at the mouth against every Christian principle, declared their resolve "to wipe Poland off the map," as they did, Labor leaders in this country, with Communist money in their pockets, projected a National strike to prevent the slightest assistance being given to the Poles and so leaving them at the mercy of the cut-throats of Moscow!

The Germany which made the War in 1914 is just the same Germany now! Only yield to force, and Great Britain may find that just as she has yielded in the Ruhr, so she may accept the facts and come to a complete understanding with France which this nation may not find acceptable.

ANOTHER WAR?
At the moment of writing we do not know what would be the result of the Elections. We do not think the Tories will get a majority. But we think that if Liberalism and Labor should come together we would be much nearer a war with France in the interests of Germany than we are at present.

The whole situation bristles with danger, and it must not be thought that it is only economic questions that are at issue.

There are others that are not disclosed, other aims that are kept in the background!

There is a great deal of treachery and of lying emanating from behind the scenes on other questions, just as we see from Mr. Wilson's letter and other undoubted proofs that there are wholesale lying and misrepresentation with regard to the condition of Germany.

Germany is well able to help her own poor, she is well able to feed her own hungry.

If wealthy Germans ignore their poor, and refuse food to their own flesh and blood, is it not ridiculous that victims of their infamies should be called upon to do for suffering Germans what Germans themselves refuse to do?—Edinburgh Catholic Herald.

PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS TAKE ALL PRIZES
Pupils of the Catholic parochial schools of Brooklyn carried off first, second and third prizes for the three best essays submitted in the contest arranged by the American Legion. The prize winners were: first prize, Miss Eileen O'Keefe of St. John's; second prize, Miss Henrietta Kearney of St.

Augustine's Academy, and third prize, Miss Marian Kellihier of Holy Cross school.

The essays were on the subject: "Should America Prohibit Immigration for Five Years." Miss O'Keefe's paper has been forwarded to the New York State headquarters of the American Legion as the country's entry in the State essay contest.

U. S. NAVY OFFICERS IMPRESSED

PRaise WORK OF HEROIC RELIGIOUS

Washington, Nov. 14.—The work of the Catholic Church in the island of Haiti, particularly the devotion of the members of the Catholic sisterhoods and the Catholic brothers to the task of educating the native population, created such a highly favorable impression on members of the American forces which participated in the occupation of the island that non-Catholic officers have returned to the States profoundly impressed.

This was revealed in expressions of unstinted praise for the labors of the sisters in Haitian hospitals and schools, and the brothers in the schools they conduct for boys, in interviews given the National Catholic Welfare Conference News Service by officers of the United States Naval Medical Corps who served with the American Marine Corps forces, and who are non-Catholics.

Without the assistance of the Catholic Church in Haiti, these officers declared, their work there would have been hampered seriously, since it was through the priests, sisters and brothers that they could reach the native population and gain its confidence and cooperation. What education exists in the island, it was their opinions expressed without hesitation, may be ascribed almost entirely to the Catholic schools.

SACRIFICES OF THE SISTERS

But the schools are badly overcrowded, the sisters and brothers pitifully underpaid and forced to live in the poorest quarters, it was stated by the naval officers. What appealed especially to these officers was the willingness of the Catholic sisters to face hardships of almost any kind to carry on their work of education and advancement of religion. They told, with no little feeling of admiration, how they found the Catholic sisters scattered throughout the island, and how these women of gentle birth and breeding lived in isolated communities as the only white persons in them.

"The sisters are fine women, and deserve every bit of encouragement and assistance they can get," said Lieutenant Commander K. C. Melhorn, U. S. N., who was the officer in charge of the general hospital at Port-au-Prince. "I may truthfully say that we could have done nothing without them in Haiti. The best nurses we had at Port-au-Prince were those who had come from the schools taught by the sisters."

The same opinion was shared by Lieutenant Commander G. F. Clark, Naval Medical Corps, who was stationed at Cape Haitien. Both officers are now stationed at the Naval Hospital and Medical School, this city.

"I have brought away from Haiti a feeling of the highest admiration for the sisters," Lieutenant Commander Clark said. "I found them the most devoted women in their calling, and cannot express my admiration for them too strongly. Their devotion makes one realize what women can do for their religion. In Haiti they are to be found everywhere. They may be found even far out in the bosky where there are no other whites but themselves. In virtually every small town there are two or three sisters teaching in a school."

TRIBUTE TO A WONDERFUL WOMAN

The conduct of the sisters in the large hospital whose administration was taken over by naval doctors of the American Forces is commended for its instances of personal heroism in a special way by Lieutenant Commander Melhorn in his official sanitary report of the General Hospital of Port-au-Prince, Haiti, for the year 1921.

"The first month of the year witnessed the sad death of one of the most beloved women we have ever known," Commander Melhorn's report reads, referring to the French sisters. "Nothing more pathetic has been seen within these walls than the fight for life our wonderful Sister Aime made in January. Coming to Haiti direct from four terrible years of hospital work in her native France, she died in a foreign land a martyr to her work and a glory to her cause. Beautiful in life and in memory her spirit lives in the daily lives of those who adored her here. Ideal in cooperation, broadminded, courageous, alert and alive to every situation, these wonderful women always succeed. The exemplary

way in which they met the exhausting demands of the smallpox epidemic is but one more proof that, as long as this institution can retain the services of such splendid sisters, it will never fail."

During the smallpox epidemic of which Commander Melhorn speaks, there were 3,000 patients in the general hospital, a small city's population. Out of this number the mortality was 10%, but despite the ravages of the disease the sisters did not flinch.

"When the epidemic broke out, these women went right into the midst of danger," declared Commander Melhorn. "They did not raise the slightest complaint, for that is the kind of women they are."

The sisters referred to by Commander Melhorn were members of the order, Daughters of Wisdom, known in Haiti as the "Gray Sisters." These sisters and those of the order St. Joseph de Cluny ("Blue Sisters") are to be found now in all the hospitals and dispensaries of the Republic.

One point on which both officers laid considerable stress was the great poverty which hindered the more effective work possible on the part of priests, sisters and brothers. The priests and brothers, they stated, received about \$18 a month, and the sisters about \$10 a month each from the Haitian Government for their support.

SCHOOLS OVERCROWDED

"The schools are badly overcrowded. Thirty or forty pupils are crowded into a room not half the size of the average classroom," said Commander Clark. "Educationally, the island is in a bad way. One of the real needs in Haiti seems to be for proper manual training. About a century ago there was a considerable amount of handicraft practiced, but it has died out. Although there is a good deal of basket weaving done, the natives lack the touch of the trained worker. This makes their wicker furniture an inferior product. The brothers go right to work with their hands. They are capable, but their number is so small that they are unable to give the example of the dignity of labor which they otherwise might give and which is so necessary. The sisters try at least to teach the people the rudiments of an education, and in the Capital to teach such things as needlework, music and drawing."

Both officers agreed that the sisters are hampered by the lack of adequate resources to carry on their work. They also declared that they suffered from their inability to keep up with later methods of education and from too constant application to their tasks. One sister, Commander Melhorn pointed out, was at Port-au-Prince 28 years, while another, according to Commander Clark, was at Cape Haitien 39 years, without ever returning to her native France.

The officers declared the sisters needed five or six times the sum they were getting to support themselves in the way that they should be able to live. They declared the sisters, and the brothers as well, needed books and current periodicals to help them to keep "up-to-date."

Commander Clark declared the Catholic clergy and sisterhoods were the most effective agents in reaching the people, and related as an example the religious instruction toward vaccination until the priests at the behest of the Bishop to whom the naval doctor appealed, announced in all the churches that the people should submit to such medical treatment. The rumor had got around that a terrible disease would result in three months, before which the doctors would leave the island.

There are sisters of one order or another in all the hospitals, which are still being operated with the aid of American Naval doctors. At Cape Haitien, Lieutenant Commander Clark estimated, there were about 25 sisters in both the hospital and schools, and 18 brothers, while Commander Melhorn estimated there were 200 sisters in Port-au-Prince, and about 50 brothers.

SEMINARY RESTORED TO CHURCH

Paris, Nov. 29.—When the Law of Separation went into effect, the Great Seminary of the Viviers diocese, not having been claimed by a cultus association—since the Catholics could not form one—was awarded at the end of a year to the Department of the Ardeche. The Department kept it many years without being able to find use for it. Finally, at the beginning of this year, the General Council of the Department, which, for the most part, is composed of Freethinkers and Protestants, decided to put the building up for sale at a minimum price of 500,000 francs. The religious authorities pointed out that no Catholic had the right to buy property which had belonged to the Church, and no buyer appeared.

Three months later a second auction was held with 236,000 francs

as the starting price. An intense publicity campaign was organized, even in Paris, calling the attention of industrial men that the buildings could well be used for the textile industry. Again no buyer appeared.

Three months passed, and it was announced that the starting price would be 300,000 francs. A benefactor of catholic work, M. Auguste de LaFarge after coming to an agreement with the Bishop, appeared at the sale and bid in the Great Seminary.

Immediately after the auction M. de LaFarge placed the buildings at the disposal of the Bishop to be restored to their original uses.

RELIGIOUS REVIVAL IN ITALY

SIGNIFICANT STATEMENTS BY MUSSOLINI

In a special interview granted to Rafael Sanchez Mazas, special correspondent of the A. B. C. of Madrid, Signor Mussolini made several important statements concerning the visit of the Spanish sovereigns to Italy, the policy of the two countries in the Mediterranean and collaboration between Italy and Spain in South America is quoted as follows:

"When people speak of the decadency of Spain, they forget too easily what Spain has created beyond the Ocean where our two races have united and become fused to create a new Latin world. The Italian people have a very clear vision of what Spain can and should be in modern Europe and particularly in the Mediterranean."

Questioned by the Spanish correspondent as to the attitude of the Italian people toward the visit of King Alfonso and Queen Victoria to the Vatican, Signor Mussolini said:

"The Italian people are glad that the King of Spain should visit the Pontiff in solemn form. We are a Catholic nation, not alone because the very great majority of our people are Catholic, but because Catholicism is inseparable from our history. The Italians venerate in the Pontiff not only the head of their religion, but they also venerate in him the symbol of that Church of Rome without which from the Middle Ages down, our history would be incomprehensible. Never has it been so clearly understood in Italy as it is today that the problem of the relations between the Holy See and the Italian State has been and is a problem of the highest spiritual order. It is beyond doubt that since the War the Italian conscience has had a religious renaissance. Many Italian political phenomena which are not entirely understood abroad or are barely beginning to be understood, are spiritual phenomena, the phenomena of a religious revival. The Italian people felt in this revival the urgent need of overcoming the conflict between their conscience as Catholics and their conscience as citizens which had tormented some of the noblest Italian lives."

"And the religious policy of the Italian State had to be entirely reconstructed on new foundations. That is what the fascist government has done. It has abandoned the system of petty compromises and has set out on the main highway to solve the true and essential problem: the spiritual problem."

"The fascist government has introduced religious education in the schools, it has exalted the value of religion in civil life; it has shown the highest respect for religious manifestations. The spiritual order is indissoluble in the conscience of the people; the sentiment of the nation form a single spiritual fabric. The Italian people, therefore, can only view with satisfaction the manifestations of homage shown to the Head of the Catholic Church."

EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF JUVENILE ATHLETICS RECOGNIZED IN FRANCE

Paris, Dec. 6.—While their president and founder, Dr. Michaux, lay dying, the delegates of the *Federation Gymnastique et Sportive des Patronages de France* were assembled in Congress in Paris. The reports disclosed the fact that the number of societies had reached 2,605, an increase of 107 over the last report.

An interesting decision was reached, to give each child entering a Catholic patronage a "sporting ticket" which he will carry with him, wherever he goes and enable physicians and directors of athletics to supervise his physical development. The same ticket will make it possible to do more to assist the vocational guidance of young men.

The Federation also decided to organize out of its own resources the insurance of its members against accidents which might occur in the course of athletic competition.

ATHLETES ATTEND FUNERAL

Paris, Dec. 7.—A long file of young athletes, preceded by innumerable flags, accompanied the coffin at the burial of Doctor Michaux,

President of the *Federation Gymnastique et Sportive des Patronages de France*, the man who initiated the powerful movement in favor of sports among the Catholic youth of France.

There are few men who have done so much for the youth of a country as Dr. Michaux, the son of a surgeon, who was born at Metz, where he went to school with the future Marshal Foch. He became a surgeon also, and was responsible for several contributions to progress in the art of abdominal surgery. A fervent Catholic, he founded the Laennec Association, a union of physicians and surgeons to maintain and develop their religious faith. The Laennec Conference still exists and has about 2,000 doctors among its members.

It was in the field of physical education, however, that Dr. Michaux did the greatest work. Each Sunday he was accustomed to go to a patronage and spend his leisure time playing with the children and young apprentices of a labor faubourg. Struck by the poor physical condition of these boys who grew up in poor, unhealthy homes, Dr. Michaux had a vision of what gymnastics and sports might do for them. He won the support of the ecclesiastical directors, then carried his apostolate to other patronages and obtained the consent of the religious authorities to establish a program in which physical training would leave ample time for moral training.

Twenty-five years ago he organized a first competition to stimulate rivalry among the new societies. The work increased so well that, at the time of the death of its founder, it had 2,005 branches with about 200,000 members. The great meet held this year in Paris with 28,000 members of the Society competing, was, in the opinion of the entire French press, the finest ever held in France.

Cardinal Dubois presided in person at the funeral of Dr. Michaux. Marshal Foch was present also, and M. Henry Pate, Under-Secretary of State, represented the Council of Ministers, testifying, by his presence, to the gratitude of the French Government for the services rendered by Dr. Michaux to the youth of France.

GREAT CATHEDRAL IN AFRICA

By M. Mussolini

An imposing Catholic cathedral is to be erected at Dakar, at the extremity of Cape Verde, the most western point on the coast of Africa. The corner-stone was laid November 11, Armistice Day, by the Governor General of Africa, M. Gardel, and was blessed by the Bishop of Senegambia, Mgr. Le Huncuc.

The cathedral will be a vast edifice, entirely white, built in the Byzantine style and surmounted by a large cupola on the order of that of Saint Sophia. Around the choir there will be seven round chapels, also surmounted by cupolas. The facade will be flanked by two high, square towers, the decorations of which, of massive beauty, will be inspired by the proudest architecture of the Sudan: the towers of Timbuctou and Bamaku.

The expense of the construction will be met by contributions from Senegal and the Ministry of the Colonies, but the greater amount will be contributed by popular subscription in France. The committee in charge of the drive is headed by the Duchess d'Uzes and is known as the *Souvenir Africain*. It has appealed in the following terms to the generosity of the French people: "In the Cathedral of Dakar, which is to be the most beautiful of distant France, prayers will be said for all those who have fallen on African soil: missionaries, explorers, soldiers and colonials. There is scarcely a French family which has not given one of its members to that soil. Consequently there is scarcely anyone who has not personal and family reasons for being interested in the construction of the basilica."

This was the great cause which the last Bishop of Senegal, Mgr. Jalabert, went to France to plead a few years ago. He sailed for France in June, 1919, and submitted the plan to Rome for approval. Pope Benedict XV. opened the subscription with a large donation. Mgr. Jalabert then called upon all the former "colonials" then residing in France, and happy to see his plans well under way, set sail again for the tropics, accompanied by a group of Holy Ghost Fathers. When only a few miles out from the French coast some catastrophe, the cause of which is still unknown, occurred, and the steamer "Afrique" sank on January 12, 1920, with all passengers. The N. C. W. C. News Service told of how, some time later, the brevity of the unfortunate bishop was washed ashore on the Vendean coast.

By a tragic coincidence Mgr. Jalabert was the third Bishop of Senegambia who had died at sea. Like his predecessors he belonged to the Congregation of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost.

The Archdiocesan Academia of St. Thomas Aquinas for the pursuit of higher ecclesiastical studies by the younger priests of the Boston diocese under the direction of seminary professors, has been founded in St. John's Seminary, Brighton, by His Eminence Cardinal O'Connell. The Academia will perform the function of a university extension course, the actual work of research and writing being done by the priests at their own parish rectories.

Tucson, Ariz., Dec. 14.—A plea for religious tolerance throughout the world was made by the Right Rev. Daniel J. Gercke, newly installed bishop of Tucson, at a banquet given at the University of Arizona in honor of Cardinal Dougherty and the new bishop. Members of various Protestant denominations with many who professed no creed, joined in extending a welcome to a new Catholic prelate who will work among them.

Dublin, Dec. 8.—Once the Judiciary Bill is passed by the Free State Legislature and put into operation, Catholics will for the first time in centuries have their due share of judicial offices so far as the 26 counties within the Free State are concerned. Under the British regime not more than one-fourth of the Irish judges were Catholics. All the Irish courts are now functioning. Law is being enforced in every county. Energetic measures are being taken to detect crimes and to punish criminals.

The "Gorresgesellschaft," the Catholic organization for the promotion of scientific and literary work and a memorial to the famous German professor Joseph von Gorres, is making strenuous efforts to continue its activities in spite of the disturbed economic and political conditions of the time. The organizers recently held a conference in Munich which was largely attended by scientific and literary men from the various German States and also from several foreign countries. The meeting adopted a resolution calling upon the Catholics of Germany for financial aid to permit continuation of its research work and the publication of valuable scientific and historical studies.

The Most Rev. Michael J. Curley, Archbishop of Baltimore, was elected to membership on the Board of Incorporators of the American Red Cross at the annual meeting of the General Board of that organization in Washington.

A perpetual injunction against the city of Denver from selling Calvary cemetery for unpaid tax assessment and a decree cancelling the tax levied by the city, were granted by the District Court in disposing of a suit entered by Bishop Thien.

Paris, December 10.—The aviator Bourgade, one of the greatest French War heroes, who shot down 28 German machines, and who disappeared after the War, has been found in New Guinea. The former aviator, who was one of the most decorated men in the army, is a missionary and a member of a French religious order.

London, Dec. 8.—The Catholic fraternal order of the Knights of St. Columba, the English counterpart of the North American order of the Knights of Columbus, has now spread to the south, and with the permission of Cardinal Bourne a council of the order has been inaugurated for the Westminster archdiocese.

Washington, Dec. 14.—Mrs. Mae E. Nolan, Representative from California and widow of former Representative Nolan, is the first woman to be appointed to the chairmanship of a Congressional Committee. Mrs. Nolan heads the Committee on Expenditures in the Postoffice Department. She is also a member of the Committee on Labor of which her late husband was Chairman.

Paris, Dec. 7.—The most recent statistics of the Order of the Friars Minor reveal the fact that there are now 17,000 Franciscans in the world, divided among 99 provinces and 1,612 religious houses. The second order, the Clarists, number 9,329 in 463 monasteries. The regular Third Order, men or women, has 84,700 members with 2,800 establishments.

Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew widely known under the pen of "John Ayscough," has recovered from his illness sufficiently to leave France and return to England. Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew, who had gone to France because of ill health, was stricken with paralysis at St. Malo, November 3.

The State Teachers' Association of Texas at a convention here favored religious training as a part of public education by adopting a resolution which petitioned the Association of Texas colleges and the Committee on Classification and Accredited High schools to devise a plan for allowing credits toward High school graduation and college entrance for week-day courses in religious education.

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CARROLL O'DONOGHUE

CHRISTINE FABER
Author of "A Mother's Sacrifice," etc.
CHAPTER LV.

CARTER'S HIGH HOPES

The fatigue of the journey, the pain of the suspense to which she had been subjected, the renewal of her grief in the failure of her plea to Lord Heathcote, told somewhat alarmingly on Nora, when the next morning she struggled from her room to meet Father O'Connor. The latter was wondering a little at the absence of Dennis—he had not returned to the hotel since his departure for the castle the evening before.

"And I hesitate to leave you here alone," said the priest to Nora, "while I call upon Lord Heathcote."

"Oh, no!" she answered, smiling faintly; "I can rest in my room until you return. Perhaps then you will be able to tell me the object of this journey."

"Perhaps so," he replied; "but I assure you, Nora, it was not to subject you to the pain which our visit yesterday gave you."

"Certainly not; I understand that!" striving to speak cheerfully. With some misgivings as to whether the solitude and retirement of her own room were best for her in her present apparently weak state, he left her, trusting, however, that the period of his absence would be very brief.

In answer to the message which he sent to Lord Heathcote, he was told that his lordship was too ill for an interview, but he was requested to call on the morrow. Disappointed, he hastened back to Nora.

"To stay here another day!" she exclaimed in sad dismay; "but that was her only murmur; she saw that Father O'Connor deemed it better to wait, and she tried to appear resigned. Later in the day, when they were both growing alarmed at Dennis's continued absence, a servant bearing a note arrived from the castle—it was from Dennis, addressed to the clergyman, and ran:

"Forgive my apparent desertion—I am engaged with something that may benefit our dear Carroll. Do not on any account return to Tralee until you have seen me, and tell Miss Sullivan not to be anxious because of the delay.

Yours,
WALTER."

Nora was instantly aglow. "What is it, Charlie? Is he this dear Captain Dennis, using his influence with Lord Heathcote—will it be a commutation of the sentence?" She seemed to have recovered in a second all her strength.

"I do not know—I fear to allow myself to surmise," answered the priest; "but pray, Nora."

Carter's spy, Thade, had found quarters far too comfortable in Drommacoloh to care to report truthfully to his employer. With money to treat old and long-absent cronies, with nothing to do but plan for his comfort and enjoyment the whole day long, and with a quiet, refreshing country life about him, he compromised with his conscience by saying that, of course, as he did not see Nora, she must be leading a very peaceful, domestic life within doors. Did he report the contrary, did he conscientiously say that he saw nothing of her, neither in the chapel on Sunday mornings, where she would be certain to be, nor anywhere in the district of Drommacoloh, he well knew that he would be instantly recalled, and perhaps the means of earning his comfortable stipends taken entirely from him. So he wrote that Nora was quietly living in the little pastoral residence, and Carter, not doubting the report, was satisfied, and with his brazen confidence, constantly assuring himself that he was safe, he waited for the execution of Carroll O'Donoghue. A week after Thade's departure, Carter was somewhat startled one morning to receive a letter with an official seal, and marked with Lord Heathcote's coat of arms; it was from his lordship, speaking in terms which though ambiguous, still might be construed by a conceited mind into a gratifying significance, and such an interpretation Carter put upon them; his round red face glowed with delight, and it increased when he found on further perusal that his immediate presence was requested at Dublin Castle.

"Ah," he said, rubbing his hands together when he had read the letter a third time, "I have nothing to fear from any quarter—if Dennis told his lordship the hints I dropped regarding his birth, evidently it has not angered Lord Heathcote, and should he tax me with betraying anything of his secret, I can explain the matter by saying that I was provoked to it by Dennis's insolence, but that I was careful all the time to say no more than these mere hints." He took up the letter again, and reading for a fourth time its contents, continued to soliloquize: "It looks as if I were to receive immediately the sum which will enable me to purchase the O'Donoghue estate—his lordship hints at my reward for such faithful services having been too long delayed—egad! but luck is turning in my favor at last; Carroll O'Donoghue hung, his

estate mine, and with money to boot, I think then the means will not be wanting to make dainty Nora mine, too." He put down the letter and gave himself up to thought for a moment. Then, rousing suddenly, he said, as he began to bustle about the apartment: "Well, things will keep here until I return—I'll be off tonight."

He would not have been so elated, nor would he have started on his journey with such assured confidence, could he have given one look into the little pastoral residence at Drommacoloh. There, also, much about the same time, a letter had been received from Dublin, but it came in Dennis's hand, begging Father Meagher and Clare to come on immediately and join Father O'Connor and Nora; it also requested that the clergyman should telegraph the time of their start. There was nothing more—it did not even hint, as Dennis's note to Father O'Connor had done, of efforts being made in Carroll's behalf.

And Clare, wild with wonder and anxiety, appealed to the old clergyman for an explanation; but he was as powerless as herself to give one.

"You will go," she said; "you will start immediately, perhaps, oh, perhaps it has some reference to Carroll!"

"Yes," was the reply; "I can send Nora down to ask Father Meagher to take my place here, and we can start in the morning."

Clare's face slightly fell—to wait till morning was so long, though she knew that even did they leave Drommacoloh immediately they would reach Tralee too late to take the train for Dublin.

Moira, with an injunction to be quick, was dispatched on her errand to Father Meagher.

Tighe a Vohr, since the time that he had accompanied Miss O'Donoghue from Tralee, now little more than a week, had twice performed the journey to Tralee. He could not keep himself entirely from his master's prison, though the grim exterior was all that he was allowed to see; and he was equally anxious to hear from Clara, that he might learn the first news of the two who had made such a mysterious journey to Dublin; he had his own wild hopes regarding that journey, and many were there fervent petitions the faithful fellow put up to Heaven that his hopes might be realized. Now, when Moira confided to him the story of the intended journey of Father Meagher and Clare, he jumped into the air, and gave one of his peculiar whistles:

"Faith, Moira, but that's rare news—to Dublin, eh, the pair of 'em is goin'! now, mark me words, Moira, but there's somethin' big afoot; an' I suppose they'll go widout as much as axin' me nor Shaun to go wid thim! well, that's not to me notion o' how things should be done at all, an' mesel' an' Shaun'll jist folly then, an' they won't know a word about it till they see us both in Dublin along wid thimself."

"Yes, and leave me," pouted Moira; "you are always going away somewhere just as soon as you get here—I don't believe in the affection you say you have for me!"

"Now, Moira Moynahan, was there ever a man as thrived as I am? betune me anxiety for the mather, an' the ethrin' that I have to kape me mother in temper, an' the way that I'm humurin' Corry O'Toole jist to save him from despair, an' the manner that I'm takin' to show Father Meagher how mebbe it's a saint in sackcloth an' ashes I'd be some day, to have you at me now; faith, it's enough to crass an angel! don't I wear the sign o' me pledge to you, every day in the year?"

He took off his wretched-looking hat, and pointed to the dirty, tattered mass of ribbon at his side. "Isn't it a burnin' shame for me, a decent b'y as I am, wid a character for sarvin' gintlemen that can't be bate in the whole o' Ireland—isn't it a burnin' shame, I say, to have me head disgraced by the loike o' that? an' it's all owin' to you, Moira Moynahan; you won't give me another kapesake that'd enable me to dispense wid this!" and he angrily clapped the dilapidated head-gear again on his brown curls.

"Well, I can't help it," pouted Moira; "uncle won't let me receive you as a suitor, and not even for you, Tim Carmody, shall I disobey my dear old uncle!" She drew herself up, her air of willful firmness making her look prettier than ever to the enamored eyes of her lover.

"Nor would I ax you to, Moira darlin'; but God is good, an' mebbe He'd put pity for us both in yer uncle's heart, an' whin he sees how sober an' shteady I am, mebbe it's not always he'd be holdin' back his consent."

"I don't know about that," said Moira, shaking her pretty head, and directing one of her arch glances at Tighe.

"Na bockalish," said Tighe; "anyway, we'll not moind biddin' the divil good-morrow till we mate him—so kape up yer heart, Moira, an' perhaps it'll all come roight yet."

Moira with some affright remembered her errand. "And uncle told me to be so quick!" she said. "Well, run on now," said Tighe; "an' I'll run alongside you, an' we'll be there in no time."

"No, Tighe; I'll not let you take a foot with me—I'll go the quicker

with you!" and without waiting for his answer she hurried on.

But Tighe would be true to his determination of accompanying her, and he followed, never suffering himself quite to overtake her, however, while Shaun, seeming equally impressed with the maneuver, followed directly behind his master. The procession was the same on the return, and to Moira's dismay, Father Meagher saw it from the window of his study, where he had been anxiously waiting the return of his niece.

"Do not attempt to excuse yourself, Moira," he said sternly; "I saw enough to give me all the facts."

"Well, but uncle, I wouldn't even let him come with me; he followed me himself, and Shaun followed him."

"And a pretty precious pair you are, both you and Tighe! Go to your work, miss!"

Moira obeyed, muttering when she had reached her own domain: "It's dreadful hard to be treated this way; but Tighe loves me, and I don't think he'd ever marry any one else, even if uncle never gave his consent."

Father Meagher and Clare were early astir next morning, and after some directions to young Father MeShane, whose delicate health exempted him from regular duty, and some parting orders to Moira regarding any interviews she might be tempted to have with Tighe a Vohr, at which Moira privately laughed, knowing more about Tighe's intentions than did the worthy priest, the two departed. What was their astonishment when, having arrived in Dublin, and Father Meagher was about to engage a cab to take them to Father O'Connor and Nora, Tighe a Vohr and Shaun stood suddenly before them.

"Forgive me, yer riverence, for follin' you, but he ravened o' me anxiety about you all I couldn't sitay behind. I've an inklin' someway or another that this journey'll bring good to the young mather, an' I'm on me way to know the good news as soon as the rist o' you would."

"Well, as to that, my good fellow," said Father Meagher, when he had recovered from his surprise, "we are as much in the dark about the object of our journey as you are. But jump in,—pointing to the cab—"we'll find a place for you."

"But Shaun?" said Tighe, ruefully. "Give him the order to jump in too," said the priest, laughing. The dog required no second bidding; he was soon ensconced in a corner of the cushion, opposite Clare, and all having entered, they were rapidly driven to the hotel.

Father O'Connor and Nora could hardly believe it possible when they were summoned to meet the new-comers, but the greetings on both sides were none the less eager and warm.

"What does it mean?" said Nora and Clare in a breath, when Father Meagher told all about his mysterious summons, and Father O'Connor had narrated simply what he had said to Nora, adding, however, an account of their interview with Lord Heathcote, and dwelling on Dennis's absence. The latter had not yet returned, and beyond that one singular note, he had sent no word. "It is, it must be," said both girls, "something about Carroll; he will be saved!"

And hope once more asserted its sway, and under its influence their countenances and their manner resumed almost all their olden brightness.

Father Meagher was not so hopeful, though, loth to repress the buoyancy of the two eager girls, he pretended to share their sanguine expectations. Father O'Connor was so unusually agitated that he was never present could not express his suspicion that the young clergyman was in possession of more knowledge than he had imparted.

"I am, father," he answered; "but I cannot tell you yet."

A few hours later, and there promised to be at last an end to their suspense—a message came desiring them all, providing Father Meagher and Clare had arrived, to repair to the castle that evening.

CHAPTER LV.

CARTER CONFRONTED WITH HIS GUILT
"Egad, Dennis! but you are the biggest puzzle of the age—what with your melancholy that nothing could chase away, then your attachment to some wonderful Irish beauty, and after that your resignation for no reason under the sun but to gratify an outlandish whim, you were enough to turn sager heads than mine; and now you burst into my quarters with hints of mysteries that are enough to make one's hair stand on end!" And Captain Crawford, with a quizzical expression on his face, approached the flushed and excited Dennis, and began to make a critical survey of the latter's person.

"Well, well," said Dennis good-humoredly; "this evening, I fancy, will end it all; and after that, Harry, you shall hear one of the strangest stories it ever has been your fate to listen to—something that will make you cry from your heart: 'truth is indeed stranger than fiction!'"

"Let me see how much I already know," said Crawford playfully, and holding up his fingers, he began to enumerate upon them, each assertion that he made. "You have told me that this informer,

has been at more rascally business than betraying unsuspecting Fenians, and that, by a decoy letter, you have caged him so far as to have him already in the castle, firmly believing that he is about to receive some reward from the government, whereas tonight he will be unmasked before those whom he has foully injured; you have also told me that two near friends of the injured parties, summoned from some country place to be present at this unmasking, have arrived; further, that you have not trusted yourself in the presence of any of these parties who are to come in obedience to their summons to the castle this evening, lest your agitation should betray what you desire to conceal for the present; then, also, you have written to two other parties, away up somewhere, to come at once, and be present at this mysterious something that is to happen, but so far you have received no reply from them. Now, Dennis, in Heaven's name give me the key to all this!"

"I cannot, Harry; not till after tonight," was the tremulous response.

"Will you come to me, no matter what the hour, when the business, whatever it is, is over?" asked Crawford.

"Yes, Harry; I give you my word—I shall either come to you, or send you a message to come to us."

"Us!" repeated Crawford; "by Jove! Walter, but you have me as excited as yourself!"

Dennis laughed; it was so like one of his olden bursts of merriment before either had left England, that Crawford could not refrain from saying:

"Well, whatever this latest mystery is, it has had a most refreshing effect upon you."

The young ex-officer did not reply, but waving back laughing adieu, he left the room.

The hour arrived which had been appointed for so strange an assembly within the walls of Dublin Castle, and then at last the four anxious and mystified persons who came from the hotel met Dennis; he awaited them in an apartment belonging to Lord Heathcote's suite, to which they were conducted, and he met them with so beaming a face, and so joyful a manner, that the hope which had fired the hearts of the two girls now flamed more ardently.

Clare's eyes turned eloquently upon him as she said: "You have favorable news to give us of my brother?"

"I cannot tell you anything yet, Miss O'Donoghue," was his response; "I have only to request you to be very patient for a little while. And now"—turning to Father O'Connor—"Lord Heathcote would see you first alone."

AFTER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

Ascending the stairs to his office, the doctor was surprised to find himself tired; it was only three o'clock. The work had been strenuous lately, possibly he was not quite so young as he had been, say twenty-five years ago. The doctor paused with a start, for now that he remembered, it was twenty-five years today since he had hung up his shingle. How joyously he had begun work, with what high ideals as to the sacredness of his profession, and what longings to heal and to console; such radiant rainbow hopes, with unlimited belief in his own skill. He had taken an office in the business part of the city. Close upon it pressed factories and tenements. At once he had an enormous practice. People of all ages and conditions came to him with wonder. The young doctor, but busy all hours of the day, many hours of the night, and his office always crowded! Individual cases knew, and whispered to others in like need; this doctor gave the poor his services free! At that time, Doctor Leroy told himself that it was furnishing him with experience. He meant to specialize presently in something or other, believing that specialization was the only way to obtain wealth and fame in his profession, but it was well he had experience in general practice first.

The doctor and Marie had early become engaged and she had sweetly agreed to wait till he could afford marriage. But he would not let her wait long. So they married, and he moved his office to a better location. But the poor found him out, and to them he continued to give much time and sympathy, though clinics were doing good work, and becoming more generally attended. As time passed, the hope of specialization died hard, but died at last. The doctor had made a good enough living—Marie and the babies were well cared for, but it was a struggle. He had neither money nor leisure for the necessary specialization. Now, after twenty-five years of strenuous labor, Doctor Leroy told himself that, as far as wealth and ambition went, he had not made much of a showing.

Mrs. Latour was waiting for him in the office. Very lovely she was, charmingly dressed, her cheeks and hair artistically touched. Doctor Leroy had known her as child, girl, and not long ago a bride. She was wealthy, and he had only a few wealthy patients. Yet now as he saw her, his lips took a stern set.

"Well?" he questioned tersely. "I thought perhaps you had re-

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considered matters?" she said sweetly.

The doctor shook his head, and the woman turned to go, her hair and manner expressive somehow of martyrdom in a great cause, while in reality ity traitor.

Doctor Leroy made no effort to detain her, he stood gazing moodily from the office window. All his life he had held fast to the old Faith, knowing it true and strong and good, but more than once recently it had stood in the way of material advancement. Was there possibly truth in the claim of a pessimistic friend—Leroy had denied it hotly at the time—that Catholic doctors could not attain success in the profession? Indignantly he had cited Walsh, O'Malley of today, Pasteur of yesterday, even in evil France.

During the next few hours, patients would be coming to the office, but if the Greyson case called he would have to go at once. Rather a pity such cases were not handled exclusively by hospitals. The facilities and equipment were such an aid, and every emergency was prepared for. But Lil Greyson had a horror of hospitals, and strange doctors and faces. There were still some few people like that in the world, and they had to be considered. Besides in the course of a conversation, Edward Greyson had faltered something about the scarcity of funds. A hospital bill would put him heavily in debt, so if it could by any possibility be managed at home it would be a big load off his shoulders.

The doctor, with some misgivings, had said yes, it could be managed at home. He told himself that he would have to make a reduction in his bill. Yet the case meant time, possibly neglect of other patients.

Doctor Leroy turned at the sound of a step in the waiting room. It was young Lang. The doctor looked at his shoulder, announced that it was doing fine, dressed and rebandaged it.

"No charges," he said almost gruffly, when the boy fumbled in the pockets of his shabby coat. "That did not amount to anything."

Leroy glanced at his watch. Mrs. Moore should be here now, but it was her habit to be late. The phone rang. It was the Greyson case. He must go at once. He hoped if other patients came, they would wait. Miss Ames would not be here today. It was her afternoon off. He telephoned Marie and left the office.

The girl in the plaid dress took off her hat and patted the puffs of hair over her ears. She was a fine, strong type of business girl, but the city smoke had injured her throat.

"I've been here nearly an hour," she said crossly.

Mrs. Moore leaned back in the rocking chair, her face white, strained, cross.

"I was a little late for my appointment, but the doctor is supposed to be here from three to five. He should have waited."

A boy of ten, sitting at the table, kicked the lower part of it viciously. "Keep still, Joe," reproved his mother irritably. "Read some of those magazines. At home you are always reading when you shouldn't."

Joe picked up the magazine and turned its pages with a bored air. The mother watched him with some anxiety. She hoped he was not getting feverish—his flushed face looked a little like it. An arm fractured in several places had given much trouble. The doctor had said the boy must be kept quiet. He was to look at the arm this afternoon, so here they were in the heat of the day, and the doctor apparently had forgotten all about them.

A step sounded on the office stairs, a slow, tired step. Every head lifted, every eye turned hopefully to the door. Surely the doctor was coming at last. Not just another patient, middle-aged, obviously ill, rather nicely dressed. You would never have known her to be the charity patient she was except for her meekness now. She sank into the nearest chair, glanced at the closed door of the doctor's private office and was silent.

The girl in plaid stirred restlessly. "I'm so tired keeping still and doing nothing like this. It must be five o'clock by this time."

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The newcomer nodded. "Yes it is just five now. Have you been waiting long?"

"I'd say I have," sighed the girl. "All of us have."

"Probably some urgent summons," suggested the woman. "Of course, the doctor will return as soon as he can."

"He should show more consideration for people who have appointments," Mrs. Moore snapped tartly. "Urgent cases are generally quickly finished. Anyway, with his machine he could come back here and then, if necessary, return to his urgent case."

The boy looked up, a flush of interest in his heavy eyes. "Perhaps the machine's been smashed."

"Perhaps," agreed Mrs. Moore, in a tone which inferred that it was exactly what the doctor deserved.

The boy yawned.

"Why, Joe, you are sleepy," his mother accused. "It is nice and cool over by the window. You could stretch out on the floor there and have a nap."

Joe flushed with embarrassment at the idea of a mature person, ten years old, needing a nap, and his mother became more tactful.

"That position is bad for your arm. If you lie down it will be a rest for it."

So, for the sake of his arm, Joe consented to lie down, and almost immediately his eyes closed. One patient was at peace. His mother fanned him and herself alternately with a magazine.

The phone in the doctor's office rang.

"Perhaps that is the doctor now to ask if anyone is here," suggested Mrs. Moore hopefully.

Mrs. Stearns, the caretaker of this and the adjoining apartment, came from somewhere in the back regions to answer it. But it was only another patient inquiring as to whether the doctor was now in his office. Mrs. Stearns answered, "No," and said that it was not likely he would return now till his usual night hour. Then she called the doctor's home, that she might obtain positive information for the patients in the waiting room.

Presently Mrs. Stearn came to the door.

"Mrs. Leroy says that the doctor was called early this afternoon. He is working on a special case which will require his presence probably for some time longer. He was to phone her when he had finished, and she had not heard from him yet. That means he cannot be here soon. Mrs. Leroy suggested that anyone here return tonight or tomorrow morning." Mrs. Stearn paused and glanced at the faces about her—cross, tired, hot, then continued slowly, apparently addressing the mother who looked a sleeping boy. "You see the case is—a mother and her first child."

As though at a magic touch, the faces changed. They were kindly, interested, sympathetic. Personal ills and irritations were forgotten before the stupendous miracle of a new life, and a new mother.

"We may as well go home," Joe's mother said and stooped to awaken the boy. "I know Dr. Leroy. He will stay till everything is all right. One of my boys had pneumonia last winter and he stayed right with him, noting every breath and pulse-beat till the crisis was passed, at midnight."

"That was good of him," and Mrs. Moore's face was almost peaceful. "I am glad he is staying now."

"He must be very kind," and the girl in plaid put on her hat without a glance in the mirror. A strong, well-balanced character, hers. Efficiently, cheerfully, she was shouldering her way through life. Already she had touched on many of its big hard things; kindness she held to be one of its biggest and best.

The charity patient said nothing, but she was remembering all that this doctor had done for her. She would certainly pay him something when she returned to work—she felt almost able now.

At the Greyson flat the strain of waiting was almost unbearable. Young Greyson had come home early, and realized his mistake—he should have been later than usual. He felt now that he was rapidly losing his mind, under the strain of anxiety, combined with the questions of Lil's mother.

"Do you know anything about this Doctor Leroy?" she asked sharply. "To me he seems rather old-fashioned. Why didn't you get some young doctor? I understand improvements are being made all the time and, of course, it is the young fellows who have modern methods at their finger ends."

Greyson rallied to the doctor's defense.

"Lil likes Leroy. It is a relief to find people now and then who are not in a rush, on the dead run, all the time. Modern doctors are rather inclined to treat people as machines, and are like machines themselves. 'Leroy is gentle, careful, not a bit excitable or fussy and Lil is somewhat nervous.'"

It was over at last. Out of a night of blackness, a place of hope and fear, of mingled joy and pain, Lil Greyson came triumphant to the safe harbor of the young husband's arms. And soon her own arms cradled their son.

Leroy did not realize his fatigue until he went out to the car which had stood so long before the Greyson home. It was always like that. In such battles he put forth all the skill and force and energy at his

command. When the strain relaxed he was unutterably weary. Now he must drop into the office before he could go home to rest. Only a gray-eyed, gray-faced young man waited for him there.

"Had a hard day, Doc?" he questioned, noting the other's tired face.

The doctor hesitated while certain moments of the day seemed to stand out like the "close ups" of moving pictures: Ellen Latour's face, Lil Greyson's glad blue eyes, the suspense when two lives were in danger, the relief at last when they were safe.

"Some of it was good," he answered slowly, "some of it was Hell—almost."

The young man was gone. The doctor went down stairs to his car. How very tired he was. It was night now. Looking up, Leroy beheld a deep blue sky and stars.

"Heaven—God," he considered, "near like that, all the time, watching the struggle with life, death, almost Hell."

He squared his shoulders in sudden access of energy. After all, wealth and fame were not the biggest issues in life. To fight on the right side in a battle—was not that better? Could he have fought so hard for that tiny baby life today if he had not held it doubly precious because of God's gift, a soul? Oh, well for him that, after twenty-five years of service, he held the same beliefs and ideals, (minus his conceit) as the young man who began work a quarter century ago. For him still the joy of seeing in every sufferer he served One Who had suffered for them, hearing within his soul a Voice divinely sweet:

"Inasmuch as you have done it unto these, the least of My brethren, you have done it unto Me."

—Rose Martin, in The Magnificat.

beautiful life thrown away, he undertook to escape from his mental agony by suicide. At the moment when he lifted the rope to hang himself, the poet was struck to his knees by Divine Grace: "At the same instant I seemed to see, within myself, the image of our Lord Jesus Christ on the Cross, smiling at me with an expression of ineffable compassion."

Returning to Paris, Rette took counsel with the poet Coppee—the Coppee whom he had insulted so violently a short time before—and sought out a confessor. Abbe Mavie of Saint Sulpice, was chosen to treat this ulcerated soul and teach it the elements of religion; for Rette was ignorant of the most elementary symbols of Christianity. From that day peace ruled the soul and spirit of the repentant sinner, he joyously accomplished his general confession, and he went to the Sacred Table.

"During the following day I lived in a sort of luminous dream. All my thoughts were turned toward the Lord; all the objects about me seemed to have taken on a festal look. I was literally seeing the universe with different eyes."

The island of Saint-Honorat lies off the southeast coast of France, at a distance of about four miles from Cannes. It is a mile long and 500 yards wide at its widest part. Magnificent pines, luminous cypresses, and decorative palms shade the island. The Mediterranean sun filters through the foliage of orange-trees, lemon-trees and luxuriant vines. On this island, in the peace of the old abbey of Lerins, inhabited by the Cistercians of the congregation of Senanque, who follow the rule of St. Benedict modified by Saint Bernard Rette finally fixed his wandering steps, after having sojourned successively with the Benedictines of Chevotogne in Belgium, at Ars-en-Dombes and at Notre Dame d'Hautecombe. His home is a little two-room structure paved with square tile. One room is his work room and his sleeping room, and the other a wardrobe and lumber room. The walls are whitewashed; one great window floods his cell with light; just below this hermitage a group of magnificent rose bushes exhale their perfume, nasturtiums in bloom clamber over his green shutters, and in a corner of his yard, a pomegranate tree offers its red flowers in June and its fruit in September.

"I was never so happy in my life as I have been living on this enchanted isle!" Rette wrote me. Protected from men and from the wiles of the Evil One, lulled by the sonorous cadences of the sea, punctuated every hour by the sound of the bell which calls the monks to pray, Rette listens to the singing of his heart, and like the fisherman of the Gospels—"Rette," in Latin, means "net"—he brings to land the mystic fishes of Divine Grace.

When the War broke out, Rette who has always been passionately anxious to serve his kind, once as an anarchist, now as a Catholic, sought and found a new field of activity.

At Lourdes, in peace time, he had been a volunteer stretcher bearer. Now his experience as a soldier in good stead in a military hospital, with its feverish nights, its suffering victims, the misery of these noble young bodies, the moral distress of souls in rebellion.

Rette served at the bedside of the soldiers of France. He dressed wounds, comforted the dying, reassured the weak, bent over wounded hearts and brought them spiritual balm and theunction of prayer. In a touching book drawn from his own experience, "They Who Bleed," Rette has rendered with his own characteristic gripping realism, certain terrible visions of those days, which bring before our eyes the Divine passion of the Christ Himself.

Whatever may have been the immediate occasion of a conversion, we may be sure that analogous phenomena of conscience produce identical effects. All converts, on returning to spiritual health, have experienced the same impression of joy and plenitude which they translate by similar expressions, by reporting that they had "the sensation of passing from darkness to light."

This light is God's grace. It moves the soul, not to quietism, as has been maintained, but to action. For religious ecstasy, far from being a state of nirvana, is the most intense of activity—is life in God.

This Catholic action manifests itself in two ways: in action on others, and in action on oneself.

No one has better illustrated than Rette this double activity. Strong in his own experience, he applied himself vigorously to the consolation of other souls, to lifting them toward God. The "Letters to an Indifferent Person" and "When the Spirit Bloweth" have had a great influence on certain doubters. Like Huysmans, Rette had the joy of bringing back to religion a considerable number of unbelievers and others who were lukewarm.

At the same time that our author, instrument of Divine Grace, exercises a salutary influence on others, he himself feels the effect of his own activity, laboring as he does for perfection by quiet meditation and commerce with God.

Far from men, buried in a happy solitude, like a monk in his monastery, Rette converses with Christ, and the joys which he draws from the sacrament are such that his soul warms and sinks in the ineffable intoxication of contemplation, which is certainly the most intensely

active state a human being can attain.

These interior effusions lead to the supreme science, the science of mysticism. And Rette is a mystic.

Only a mystic could have written correctly, could have made his reader understand and feel in all its divine beauty, the luminous life of that "Pearl of the Sacred Heart," Saint Marguerite-Marie. This volume is probably Rette's Catholic masterpiece. He became the scrupulous and passionate historian of that admirable Visitandine nun of Paray-le-Monial, who felt her soul kindled by the fire of the Sacred Heart, and who, at the bidding of her Divine Master kindled the flame all about her.

Too often—and a great number of us have suffered from it—the lives of the saints are written by priests or laymen, who, puffed with good intentions, imagine that they are edifying the world and obeying the laws of the Church by cultivating a weak and sweetish style, by diluting their message with "effusions of marshmallow water, with feeble periphrases, with pale, mucilaginous metaphors," as Rette himself picturesquely expresses it. Nothing can be more fatal to their end. Many religious biographies are absolutely unreadable because of their sweetish and sickening style.

By his book on Marguerite-Marie Alacoque, the author of "Under the Morning Star" has placed himself at the head of modern biographers, determined as he was to show our periphrases, with pale, mucilaginous metaphors, as Rette himself picturesquely expresses it. Nothing can be more fatal to their end. Many religious biographies are absolutely unreadable because of their sweetish and sickening style.

It is in truth a Saint's Life told in a manly fashion by a mystic who has himself known aridity and the fire divine. "As I gave my best efforts to the writing of this Life," Rette writes, "I knew the joy of burning like a reed plucked off the filth of this world by the merciful hand of the Good Master, and I felt myself glow at contact with that terrible, gentle brasier, the Sacred Heart. I suffered, and I was happy to suffer."

Rette is not only a mystic, he is a mystic realist. I realize that in joining these words I am committing a pleonasm, but I must be a realist. It is only those who are ignorant of the truest sciences, the science of Catholicism, who suspect mysticism of being a philosophical system for neurotics.

It is, as a matter of fact, the maddest of errors to imagine that the contemplation of God constitutes a monstrous annihilation of intelligence and the abolition of all spiritual activity. All the great mystics have been perfect organizers and founders of wonderfully efficient orders. The monastic rules they created remain the noblest monuments of human wisdom and human discipline which we possess. Since God is absolute reality, it follows that the vision of God is the most real, the most positive, the most adequately true, of all possible visions.

Thus Rette has arrived by progressive stages at this plenitude of love and this absolute certitude, which constitutes Catholic perfection. Realistic mysticism is the keystone of his structure of light. It seems to me that it is a very necessary thing to say.

Order after disorder, joy after anguish, the sun of grace after the darkness of the dawn, renunciation of the vanities of earth after the orgy of the sense, and above all, a heart melted by divine love, such is the "better part" chosen by the former critic of the "Pen," who wrote me recently:

"For a long time, as you know, I have lived completely apart from literary schools and coteries. When I express judgments on literature they are not concerned with pleasing or displeasing this author or that one. I have no aim but to acquaint the public with my convictions. I do it sincerely; this is all anyone can ask of me. I know that I have offended certain persons. But if I am unfairly judged, I have no trouble in consoling myself, since I cherish the hope, perhaps unfounded, that justice will be rendered me after I am dead. Even if this hope is not realized, it matters very little. The important thing is that I have served the Church and tried to spread the love of God. May this conscientious effort assure me shortening of my stay in Purgatory—I wish nothing more than this. The rests counts for little."

MARYKNOLL FATHERS IN CHINA

Maryknoll, N. Y., Dec. 14.—With the advent of new missionaries each year and the continued development of mission stations in the provinces assigned to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, the Maryknoll Fathers in China make each year new assignments in their personnel. The latest changes are as follows:

Father Bernard Meyer, pastor at Koehow, opens a new mission at Hoi Yin, Kwangsi; Father A. J. Paschang remains at Koehow as pastor; Father Robert J. Cairns leaves Yungkong to establish a mission center at Fachow, Kwangtung, and Father Philip A. Taggart leaves the same inland mission to become pastor at Tungchen, Kwangtung. Father Joseph A. Sweeney leaves Tungchen to take charge of a mission at Sam Cheung, Kwangtung.

THE CONVERSION OF A FRENCH POET

(From the French of Tancrède de Visan)
Translated by Roy Temple House

One day the startling news reached literary circles that Adolphe Rette had been converted to Catholicism. All who knew his book Similitudes were astonished by this sudden return to Christianity. Investigated, and learned that Rette was ill in the St. Joseph Hospital. I went to see him, and he told me himself of the change which had taken place in his life. He told me that he had been touched by grace, and that he had utterly repudiated a detestable past.

This was in 1906. Rette, like all men of action who have been deeply wounded by life, was suddenly taken with a profound disgust with this world. The peasantry had disappointed him; he had believed our country population to be honest and wholesome, but he had found them dissolute and rotten. He no longer felt any sympathy with anarchy, since he found the principal exponents of that chimerical doctrine enslaved by base appetites and a ferocious hatred for all which is noble and beautiful. Esoteric doctrines had no hold on him; he had pierced their nebulous phrases and penetrated the inanity of their visions; and in his book, "In the Land of Black Lilies," he was destined to touch with his finger the obscene and blasphemous foundation of the majority of these occult practices. And compulsory education, and equality, and universal suffrage, and democracy? All these things had lost their value to his suffering soul. The man who once cried so loud for science, positivism, the reign of justice on earth, no longer believed in any of this. Everything disgusted him, and he had come to hate himself.

He withdrew to the country, and sought in the shade of his much-loved forest a modicum of peace for his heart and his soul. Art seized him for a moment again with its creative fervor. Paganism drew him for a time with its cult of luminous life and its dedication of the obscure forces of nature. But soon this naturalistic pantheism failed to satisfy him any longer. Neither Kantian moralism nor Buddhist fatalism satisfied his soul-hunger for the Truth. Thrown about like a plank on a troubled sea, the poor sufferer sighed in vain for a haven of peace and love.

One day as he was reading the second canto of Dante's "Purgatory," Rette suddenly found his soul flooded with light, and for the first time the thought of the Catholic religion penetrated his refractory spirit. From this first touch of Grace dates the beginning of the poet's real conversion. His soul was still tortured at times by heretic doubts, by the old errors, by the shrill voice of the flesh and his old pride, but the Lord had already marked his sheep, though it wandered with the flock of sinners, and the time was near when He would lead it to the wells of salvation.

The thrilling story of this return to God, retailed by sudden relapses, is told in his volume "From the Devil to God," which with his "En Route," constitutes one of the most poignant autobiographies I have ever read. Long months passed before Rette at last threw himself into the arms of the Church. For a long time he struggled with this temptation and that. At Arbonne, in the heart of his beloved forest, he met the supreme crisis. One evening, while a prey to the most violent despair, abandoned, weary of this incessant war with the old Adam, tortured with remorse for a

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JAN. 5, 1924

THE CHILDREN'S AID AND THE BIGRAS CASE

When we referred to the Children's Aid Society of Prescott and Russell and their action in placing Catholic children of Catholic parents in Protestant foster-homes we had before us only the newspaper summary of the case that arose out of this illegal action.

Just now the extracts which follow will be of unusual interest: "The Legislature had fortunately stated its intention in unmistakable language, the clearly expressed intention of the law; and no private or semi-private convention, or contract, or consent, or direction can over-ride or change or modify it."

"The facts ascertained, the Statute operates automatically, and, in the face of a provision so plainly and pointedly inhibitive, and impliedly mandatory as well, I cannot escape from the conclusion that the action of this local branch of the Children's Aid Society, in obtaining and acting upon the alleged agreement, was not only beyond their jurisdiction, but was distinctly contrary to the policy and clearly expressed intention of the Legislature, and, if allowed, would be subversive of the fundamental principles of the Children's Aid Protection Act, and a denial of the Common Law rights of the father as well."

Justice Lennox justified his dwelling so long on the construction of the Act because "of its importance as affecting public interest" and he adds the very consideration we urged when first referring to this very unpleasant case, "that upon the judicious and absolutely unbiased observance of its provisions the continued success of this singularly well-conceived and provident Statute depends."

It is of urgent importance that the Government of Ontario, which is ultimately responsible for the administration of Ontario's laws, take cognizance of this flagrant violation of the letter and spirit of the Children's Protection Act.

Judge Lennox thus details the pitiful story of how the poor illiterate father was induced to sign the document directing that his children be brought up Protestants:

"The father, as I have said, is a Roman Catholic and he did not at any time determine, as a matter of choice, that his children should be brought up as Protestants. He is a decidedly illiterate man, and the circumstance that he does not speak or understand the English language was a contributory factor

in the blunder he committed. He was in poverty, he could not even supply his children with necessary food and, having to work for a living, he could not even keep his children off the street. He says he applied to his own church people for help in securing a home for his children and failed. He was 'at the end of the way,' helpless and hopeless. In this situation he applied to his father and Arthur N. Lefebvre, a cousin, for advice and he was advised that there was a way out, namely, to give the children into the care of a Protestant (?) Society to be brought up Protestants. He was made to understand and he did, as I find, understand that the Children's Aid Society of Prescott and Russell was an exclusively Protestant Society, and that he must do as he did or let his children starve or become vagabonds. There are many kinds of duress! I can think of none more benumbing than the alternative presented to this man. He never knew that he had a choice, he had no chance to know; he never knew the truth, never knew that the basic principle of the Children's Aid scheme, so wisely and beneficently planned, and crystallized in the Act I have referred to, absolutely forbade what was done in this case."

Both Bigras' father and his cousin Lefebvre were born Catholics but are now Baptists, and the Judge, noting this fact, remarked that "the unregulated fervor of proselytes to either side is proverbial." Mr. P. A. MacEwan happens to be a Baptist. But he was also an official under the Act. As Inspector of the Children's Aid Society in Prescott and Russell he was present when the Bigras children were committed to the guardianship of the Society.

We want to know if his superiors—ultimately the Government—do not think that Mr. MacEwan should have given Bigras a chance to know the truth? Do they not think that he, as Inspector, should have informed Bigras of "the basic principle of the Children's Aid scheme?" Do they think that Mr. MacEwan's participation in an action that the basic principle of the Act absolutely forbade, is a matter that can be ignored or condoned?

Bad as he appears in this case at the best, it is in only the astounding correspondence with the Judge after the hearing but before the delivery of judgment that MacEwan reveals himself in all the naked ugliness of the unscrupulous proselytizer.

We must quote verbatim: "I have a letter of the 10th instant (I think I had one before) from Mr. MacEwan, which he should not have written. Amongst other things he says: 'The parties who have given adoption to the boys do not now wish to part with them, nor do the boys wish to leave them. It would be unfortunate to disturb present relations.'"

Proselytizing is no part of the duty of an officer of a Children's Aid Society. He should have been content with giving evidence at the hearing. I intimated to counsel, by letter, that if the foster parents are disappointed in what they probably regarded as a permanent arrangement, they should be paid some reasonable and moderate sum for the expenditure of clothing and the like, of which they would not get the benefit, and suggested that counsel tentatively agree on the amount. Mr. MacEwan appears to have got track of this in some way, and accordingly argued the propriety of exacting payment of a little bill of Mr. Lefebvre—to whom I shall presently refer as a witness—for \$188.20. Writing Mr. MacEwan this gentleman says: 'I take pleasure in forwarding you a copy of our claim for the four Bigras boys, 13 days \$6.00, \$78.00, etc.' I would think he would, and pleasure, too, in any order conditioned upon payment of the total claim; and a few such claims, allowed, as my correspondent suggests, would be well calculated to prevent any disturbance of 'present relations.' And this, unfortunately, is not all. As supplementary evidence, and to contradict and offset the sworn testimony of the applicant, Mr. MacEwan encloses a letter from Mr. W. T. Erskine, J. P., in reply to Mr. MacEwan's letter written after the motion had been launched, and in his possession actually or impliedly, when the motion was heard, although not referred to at that time. Contrary to the common adage, "second thoughts" are not always best. As appeared upon the return of the motion, Mr. MacEwan was somewhat in evidence—though I did not then think unduly so—when the change of custody was brought about and upon the argument I expressed the opinion that the society acted in good faith and it is undoubtedly a fact that as a body the Society has done and is doing a work of incalculable value to the Province; but it can only act through agents and I regret that as

concerning this branch or County Committee, I cannot, now, in view of the matters just referred to, confidently reiterate that opinion, although it is quite possible that they did.

The italics, the quotation marks, everything is in the original. Perhaps the dignified language of the learned Judge may be left without further comment. It pitilessly reveals the proselytizer who had the amazing effrontery to suggest that the Judge become his dishonest accomplice by allowing Lefebvre's absurd bill.

The Judge is careful to distinguish between the spirit, the purpose, the general administration of the Children's Protection Act and the unsavory details of its working as revealed in this particular instance. We would have our readers make the same important distinction.

CATHOLIC GROWTH IN ENGLAND

Reading a recent number of The Universe—a very ably-conducted Catholic newspaper published in London—we were struck with the many evidences of the growth of the Catholic Church in England. One article by the Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips deals with the numerical growth. It is a curious fact that the Census takes no account of the people's religion in England. This is due to the objection of Nonconformists. They hold that great numbers with really no church affiliations would as a matter of course put themselves down as belonging to the Church as by Law Established, thus lessening the relative importance of the Nonconformist Churches. The "Nonconformist Conscience" used to play a big role in English politics a generation ago; and though we hear little of it now the omission of religion in the Census enumeration is a reminder or a survival of other days. So that the number of Catholics must be computed from the number of Catholic marriages and Catholic baptisms as compared with the total. In that way he conservatively estimates the Catholics of England and Wales at slightly over 6%. In Scotland it is considerably higher.

A paragraph or two from this article may serve to give Canadian readers a glimpse of the English situation:

"I believe that everything tends to show that, if we are prepared to count as Catholics not only all those who see that their children are baptised as Catholics, but also those who were themselves baptised as Catholics, and have not formally apostatized, we are at least one in ten of the population. But no good purpose is served by this kind of reckoning, since many of these should be written off our lists as hopelessly lost to the Faith in consequence of our terrible want of equipment in the past—for which it need hardly be said that no one is to be blamed. It was the result of the condition in which our fathers found themselves left after three hundred years and more of barbarous, unremitting and unrelenting persecution."

The losses are accounted for by the influx of Irish Catholics into "a land with only a handful of priests, the slenderest means of recruiting for the priesthood, and but few schools."

"What wonder then, if in the 'seventies, the 'eighties, and the 'nineties of the last century the proportion of Catholic marriages and to a great extent the marriages of their child en, steadily lessened? How could it be otherwise? One of the most hopeful of our signs of cheer is that since the year 1911 the tide in this respect has turned, and the proportion of Catholic marriages has steadily increased."

"In the year 1858 there were but sixty boys in St. Francis Xavier's, Liverpool; today there are over six hundred, and seven hundred and fifty in the Brothers' School at Everton. At the Restoration of the Hierarchy frequent Communion on a large scale amongst our people was practically impossible; last year in the Diocese of Liverpool

there were more than six million Communion.

"This is the sort of comparison that is of real use in estimating our hopes for the future. At the time of the Restoration of the Hierarchy large numbers of losses were inevitable. This is no longer the case. Moreover, every year our position is being strengthened enormously."

"This with regard to our own people. As regards the conversion of England, such organizations as the Catholic Evidence Guild and the Guild of Ransom, which never could have been so much as dreamed of as a possibility twenty years ago, are full of energy, preaching the Faith with a zeal and knowledge hardly equalled in any land since the days of the Apostles. We have only to multiply our priests—above all, perhaps, our teaching orders—use to the full the generous enthusiasm of our laity, and the harvest is ready to be gathered in with rich profusion."

Father Vassall-Phillips is himself one of the numerous converts to the Faith from amongst the educated classes of England.

In another column we have an account of the fifth annual meeting of the Catholic Evidence Guild. To get an idea of this work we must bear in mind the fact that it is the custom in England for all sorts of people to air their views on all sorts of subjects. We strolled through Hyde Park one evening and listened to the strangest medley of views propounded from platforms; but Catholic students as to make their return to Oxford and Cambridge desirable, the progress here indicated is marvellous.

There is something refreshing, exhilarating, in the sturdy Catholic spirit of English Catholics.

BISHOP OF VANCOUVER

Many times we have borne witness to the excellent work Monsignor O'Donnell has done in connection with the Catholic Church Extension of Canada. The importance of this great work for the west can not easily be over-estimated.

The magnitude of the task that devolved on Father O'Donnell when he became head of Extension we have several times pointed out; his success in giving vitality to a moribund institution and restoring it in the public confidence was an achievement that will be recorded in the history of the Catholic Church in Canada.

Now comes the good news that the President of Extension has been raised to the episcopate and given in charge of the Western Diocese of Vancouver. This is a fitting crown to the great work he has done for the great Canadian West.

The Catholic Record extends to the new Bishop of Vancouver its heartiest good wishes and congratulations. May his career as Bishop of Vancouver be as singularly blessed as was his tenure of the important office of President of the Catholic Church Extension of Canada.

CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT AND SOME OF ITS VICTORIES

BY THE OBSERVER

The firm of Bell & Son dominated the meat business in Switzerland; controlled the whole meat supply for that country. By a system of packing houses and chain stores that firm dictated the price of meat to everybody. The Swiss Co-operative undertook to break that grip and forced Bell & Son to capitulate and ask for terms. The Co-operative Wholesale insisted on taking over the concern; and that was done, a controlling interest being first secured and then the private stock-holders being bought out. Then the organized co-operators of Switzerland controlled their own meat supply and owned their own packing houses and chain stores.

Another battle of the Swiss co-operators was with the Boot and Shoe Manufacturers' Association. The Co-operative Wholesale had undertaken to supply boots and shoes to its local societies; and then the Trust refused to sell to the Co-operative Wholesale, though willing to sell to the local societies direct. The Co-operative Wholesale acquired a boot and shoe factory, and the Trust offered to come to terms, but too late. The Co-operative took from it one fourth of its business and it was forced to dissolve.

Again, the Co-operative forced the flour trust out of existence. They next engaged, with the sup-

port of the co-operatives in other countries, in war with the Chocolate Syndicate; we do not know how that turned out.

In Sweden, the Swedish Sugar Trust absolutely controlled the sugar market and charged more than the price in any other country. It crushed out individuals who attempted to compete. It would allow the Swedish Co-operative Wholesale to sell only to societies in the neighborhood of the City of Stockholm. The co-operators decided to import for themselves and fight.

The Trust cut prices till they were lower than in other countries. The Co-operative Wholesale stood it longer. The Trust offered to compromise, but the offer was refused. The struggle had called attention to the Trust's methods; and the Swedish Parliament interfered against the Trust and broke its hold on private dealers as well.

At the same time the Swedish Co-operators fought the Margarine Trust. They beat it to a standstill. After a loss of two million crowns it was forced to dissolve.

A great effort was made to destroy co-operation in Sweden. Besides the battles mentioned, the Soap Syndicate and the cocoa manufacturers refused to sell to the Co-operative Wholesale. Worse than that, the Retail Dealers' Defence Association and the manufacturers went to the Bank syndicate and demanded that every Swedish bank should boycott every co-operative society in the country. The Co-operators then started their own bank, and made themselves independent.

In Denmark, the co-operatives have had some success in a fight with the Cement Trust, and have established their own cement works. Now, what has been done with success in England, Scotland, Ireland, Switzerland, Denmark and Sweden, can be done in Canada. And it can be done to advantage because the experience of the co-operators in those countries is at the service of those who are carrying on the co-operative movement in this country. Beginnings have been made, and in some places the work is going on on a large scale. But it is only in its infancy, compared with the old line business methods.

It is necessary that there should be loyalty to the movement on the part of those who may be amongst the first adherents of it in any community, and it must of course be managed on business principles and by the employment of competent and honest agents and managers. But that is no more than is required in any business, co-operative or otherwise.

It is necessary that courage be kept up in the face of discouragement in a new enterprise or shop. There will be occasional set-backs as in any other human plans; and selfish and interested parties can be depended on to discourage and to oppose a movement which is capable of doing so much to annihilate the system of doing business for the piling up of enormous private profits.

THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPE

PRESENTATION OF HISTORICAL FACTS REFUTES ABSURD CHARGES

An explanation of the Temporal Power of the Papacy was given by the Most Rev. John J. Glennon, Archbishop of St. Louis in his sermon at the Cathedral.

"The word 'temporal,' he said, 'may be made to serve many purposes, and the idea of the Pontiff's temporal power is used to inspire fear; as a threat of danger to even our own nation in these days. 'People say that the Roman Pontiff demands a position which would make him a dictator to the world; they say he wants to rule the nations, to eliminate the secular or civil power and substitute the sway of the Roman Pontiff. They push the arguments farther and say that his agents are here, operating to overthrow the foundations of government, and that his 'minions' are making preparations for him at Washington, that after his arrival there will be nothing left but a 'race of slaves.' 'Similar things are said in the countries of Europe, but only locally. In the north of Ireland, Orangemen say they will never yield to the Pope and cry 'down with him.' In England they say they never will submit to any foreign power and that they will always refuse to pay tribute to the Roman Pontiff. 'Only our king shall rule us and our destiny,' they say, and for several centuries their king has also ruled their souls. In the Orient they say they have

own rulers and religion. In France the Gallican idea prevails—all and everything for France."

"And yet," continued His Grace, "the Temporal Power of the Pope is a very simple thing, which has been magnified into a bugaboo. At this very time people may be holding meetings to prevent the Pope from coming to the United States, but this is another case of love's, or hate's, labor lost. I recall that in A. P. A. times we had a celebration in Kansas City for an old Bishop who had just returned from a visit to Rome. One newspaper spread the report that the Pope had come to town and a great crowd gathered along the streets to get a sight of him."

Archbishop Glennon said that years ago in certain parts of Missouri he himself was often taken for the Pope of Rome. "Now, however, they know me better and can no longer be fooled," he said. "Nobody in these days can be made to believe that I am the Pope."

THE BEGINNING OF THE TEMPORAL POWER

The Temporal Power, said His Grace, dates from the year 824, from the time of the Emperor Constantine the Great, who was the first Christian Emperor to raise the standard of the Cross. By his decree both the pagan and Christian forms of worship were given freedom in Rome. Constantine authorized external worship and ceremonies by the Christians, or Catholics, who came forth then from the Catacombs, built churches and schools and other institutions. They were given the right to exist and to continue to grow, their first edifice or church property being the Liberian Basilica, and here was the beginning of the Temporal Power.

As time went on other grants were made, particularly to the chief church in Rome and since those early days the properties have been known as the patrimony of St. Peter. Between the time of Constantine and that of Pepin and Charlemagne there came a break in the old Roman empire; there arose a new order, or disorder; princes and barons and feudal lords were on the rampage in Europe and many nations looked to the Holy Father as their protector. And the Pontiffs did protect the people from the rapacity of barbarians, whom they converted to the Christian faith.

PAPAL STATES DELIMITED

"The Holy See was most threatened by the Lombards," continued the Archbishop, "and when appeal was made to Pepin and Charlemagne in the eighth century, they came to its defense and defined the boundaries of the Papal States, declaring that they should remain under the jurisdiction of the Pope, and so they did so remain until the year 1870, when Garibaldi and his army marched against Rome and destroyed the autonomy of the Papal Government, declaring for a united Italy. The protest then made by the reigning Pope has never been withdrawn."

"That is all there is to the Temporal Power, and at no time between the year 824 and 1870 did the Papal States embrace an area as large as one-half of the State of Missouri. On this narrow basis has been built a huge pyramid of falsehood and even today from his restricted home in the Vatican the Pope is said to aim at dominating the world."

France recently reclaimed Alsace and Lorraine; Poland has claimed again the territory of her ancient kingdom, and several of the Slav nations have had their territory restored; but does anyone declare that because these get back what had been taken from them they are aiming to dominate the world? And if the Papal States were returned to the Pope, this would not mean world power or domination. The Temporal Power is merely a local question, which has nothing at all to do with England, France, or the other countries outside of Italy.

ANOTHER MEANING OF THE TERM

"But we asked if it is not true that in the Middle Ages the Popes ruled over the nations, and is it not Catholic theology that the Pope has power on land and sea? In the Middle Ages, when Europe was emerging from chaos, from paganism, and all had become Catholic, there was a sort of subconscious turning by nations towards the Pontiff, to have him act as arbitrator between kings and princes and their oppressed peoples. The peoples looked to him as their common Father and asked him to sustain them in their moral rights, and it is to the credit of the nations that they listened to his voice. It must be said too, that the Popes invariably decided in favor of the poor and the lowly, as against tyrants and unjust rulers, even suffering exile and persecution themselves in consequence. But even then there was no theology to sustain his Temporal Power."

"And there is proof today of the need of such a power as the authority of the Pope. In Europe at this time we see the squabbling and striving of statesmen, politicians and propagandists, with no moral power to guide or dominate them. There is no common bond between them, but all are grasping and crushing, and there is no fear for the orphan. Even such a man as H. G. Wells admits there is need for some power outside of and greater than the powers of Europe

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY THE REV. F. P. HICKEY, O. S. B.

THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY

THE HOLY WILL OF GOD

"The good, and the acceptable, and the perfect Will of God." (Rom. xii. 2.)

At the beginning of the year let us resolve, wisely and carefully, to choose the safe path to heaven, and with God's help to persevere in it. This safe path is to do the holy Will of God. In resolving to follow this path, we are attempting to do that which the blessed do in heaven, and for ever. They will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. God is so supreme that His Will is the law, the regulator, the perfection of all His creatures. "We pray for you," says St. Paul, "and beg that you may be filled with the knowledge of His Will . . . that you may walk worthy of God in all things pleasing (Col. i. 9). Not only the saintly, but the necessity of this, but even holiness itself was based upon doing the Will of God. Our Blessed Lord Himself said, "I came down from heaven, not to do My own Will, but the Will of Him that sent Me" (John vi. 37). And our Lady, "Be it done according to Thy word." The blessed Virgin was blessed," says St. Augustine, "because she did the Will of the Father."

But how do we know what is the Will of God? From His Commandments and the teaching of the Church, and by that monitor within us, our conscience. If we only bravely accept the Will of God, there will be no worry or doubt, no perplexity and anxiety, for God's Will is wisdom itself and must prevail. We must pray, then, that we may have the grace to recognize it, accept it, act up to it, adore it, and love it.

But it is our nature to find obeying irksome, and we are quick and clever at inventing excuses for not doing the Will of God. It is self that is the enemy. Self that has free will, which opposes itself to the holy Will of God. Of our own nature, then, we are inclined to oppose; having sinned, the habit of opposition is strengthened; and through the malice and craft of the devil we shall be urged, unless we are watchful, into determined opposition to the Will of God. So it is by no means easy to do the Will of God on earth as the blessed do in heaven. We may mean it, intend it, resolve—and yet continually fall away.

Unless we had free will, we could not merit; but alas! if it rules us we shall be ruined. "Before man is life and death, good and evil, that which he shall choose shall be given him." "Behold I set before you the way of life, the way of death" (Jer. xxi. 8). Then, as we see that self uses its free will to oppose and thwart the Will of God, we must be on our guard, and fight against it. Our free will unchecked leads us to ruin; God's Will leads us to heaven. We must watch our hearts to see what awakens the evil of self. At first, if all goes well, it lies quiet, but passion may be roused by envy, uncharitableness, a slight, an unpleasant command, by the very dulness and monotony of life indeed; and then self-will is up in arms, and disregards—yes, may boldly assert itself against—the Will of God. The devil is the instigator to fan the smouldering fire into a blaze.

This is the work of our life, and we must not be beguiled into believing anything else can take the place of doing the blessed Will of God. At first there is not open insubordination and rebellion against God's Will; but there is a quiet, crafty evil, that may not look very wrong, that starts the mischief, and that is tepidity. The sin of tepidity is the deliberate choosing in small matters to do our own will instead of the Will of God. Its beginnings are want of fervor, carefulness, and cheerful, prompt obedience. Our prayers, our duties are not omitted, but our heart is not in them. We do not miss Holy Mass, but we are late at it, and choose the shortest. We do not mean to give up our prayers, but by degrees they are hurried over, shortened, and often forgotten. God's grace is by degrees withdrawn from us; it is not wanted, or cared for, or asked for. Tepidity is an insult to the Almighty God, an offence to the Holy God, and ingratitude to the Good God. A sudden temptation, a dangerous occasion—then, alas! a catastrophe, a fall into mortal sin. Self-will had been unbridled, there was no check on it, and now suddenly it breaks loose, and revolts against its God.

We know from the past the danger of falling into sin; therefore let us cherish an abiding sorrow for all the past offences, and humbly pray to God that we may not relapse. Our safeguard will be to cling to the holy Will of God. It may seem hard to give up our own will always, but God's grace will make us brave and generous enough to attempt to do it. Think of the promise and reward to those that cling faithfully to that divine Will. Begin the year by resolving God to place Him foremost in our minds and hearts: to be generous to Him, Who has loved us, in spite of all our failings. And take courage—others have got to heaven by doing the Will of God, and the same Blessed Saviour will help you in your endeavors. And remember His promise: "He that doth the Will of My Father, Who is in heaven,

he shall enter into the Kingdom of heaven." (Matt. vii. 21).

THERE ARE NO TABLETS JUST AS GOOD AS DR. NORVALL'S STOMACH AND TONIC TABLETS

When you ask your dealer for a bottle of Dr. Norvall's Stomach and Tonic Tablets insist upon getting them. Some dealers may tell you that they have tablets just as good as Dr. Norvall's but when you try them you will find they do not possess the tonic and laxative properties of Dr. Norvall's Stomach and Tonic Tablets.

Druggists throughout Canada recognize their merits and they now admit Dr. Norvall's Stomach and Tonic Tablets are in a class by themselves.

Mr. H. V. Mercer, Druggist of Lindsay, Ont., says: "For constipation, biliousness and sick headache Dr. Norvall's Stomach and Tonic Tablets have no equal."

Mr. W. H. Semple, Druggist of Cobourg, Ont., says that he recommends Dr. Norvall's Stomach and Tonic Tablets because he feels it is his duty to recommend what will give the best results.

They are sold at 25 cents per bottle, and if your dealer does not keep them in stock we will mail them to any part of Canada or Newfoundland for 25 cents a bottle or five bottles for one dollar.

Take no substitutes and insist upon getting Dr. Norvall's Stomach and Tonic Tablets.

The Dr. Norvall Medical Co., Ltd., 168 Hunter Street, Peterborough, Ont.

INDECENCY ON THE STAGE

Indecency upon the stage is rapidly becoming more extreme, and more flagrant. The opening of the theatrical season in New York has brought forth at least three "revues," or musical comedies, that for outrageous immodesty, surpass anything that has hitherto been attempted and permitted in America. These shows (significant word) have made even the most blasé theatergoers rub their eyes and gasp. Description of them would be offensive. Moralizing upon them would be superfluous and nugatory.

But what really calls for comment is the fact that apparently no newspaper in New York has the moral courage to denounce these plays. The critics will and do denounce any performance which they consider to be crude, or ugly, or dull. Yet they must know unless they are ignorant of the elementary facts about human nature, that whereas ugliness and sheer nastiness are repulsive and hence comparatively harmless, artistic indecency is subtly demoralizing.

The return of the dramatic critics would probably be that there is no such thing as "artistic indecency." That is to say, anything may be done upon the stage, if it is done skillfully, beautifully, seductively—a purely pagan principle. Indeed the press, as every observant reader knows, is pagan. And the theater—at least that part of the theater which is responsible for the prevalent shamelessness of the stage—is also pagan. All disputes as to whether the Jews are to blame for the debasement of the drama are beside the point. Offending producers may be Jewish or Christian, but indecency is neither Jewish nor Christian. It is pagan. The metropolitan press is at least as pagan as Horace, perhaps as pagan as Petronius. Some of our stage performances are as pagan as the Lupercalia or the Bacchanalia.

One of the liberal weeklies charges the police with inconsistency, because they tolerate indecent musical comedies, while forbidding certain plays which, though admittedly over-frank and "realistic," are alleged to contain a moral. It is the Nation that compares the apparently unlimited toleration accorded to "Revue" and "Follies" and "Scandals," replete with nakedness and naughtiness, with the refusal to tolerate such serious though ugly plays as "The God of Ven-geance." In this matter the Nation's point is well taken. The musical comedies are debasing the taste, befouling the imaginations, and poisoning the consciences of millions. The serious plays, though repellent and even occasionally blasphemous, are probably doing no harm to anybody who has not already done all the harm possible to himself. But if the police are inconsistent, the daily press is hypocritical. Critics and "columnists" throw dust in the air by calling others hypocrites. A hypocrite, obviously, is one who pretends to a virtue that he does not possess. But Christians do not pretend to virtue. We honestly fear for virtue, our own and everybody else's. We think that certain temptations would be too much for us, and we say so, honestly. But the critics and the clever young fellows who write "columnists" deny that any temptation is too much for them. They give us to understand that they are as granite before any exhibition of indecency. There can be only one conclusion: either they are non-human, or they are hypocrites.

The pity of it is that the metropolitan newspapers treat these matters with flippancy. Of the two journals that make special pretense to "respectability," one remarks,

"Good Americans need no longer go to Paris when they die. Paris is coming to Broadway." And in reviewing the particularly indecent play that suggested that dubious *bon mot*, the reviewer is permitted to say, "The show is for the most part very good revue." "The girls of the chorus were young and pretty"—and so on, after having calmly stated that "the absence of what had hitherto been regarded as the minimum in adornment for stage models was decidedly conspicuous." There is no indignation, no protest, in the name of Christian modesty.

The other "respectable" newspaper doesn't even mention the fact that this particular revue is daring beyond any other ever presented in New York, and in a standing "Guide to the Theatre" simply says of it, "Summer revue with a lot of good dancing." Such innocence and naïveté in sophisticated reviewers is certainly admirable—or damnable. —Rosary Magazine.

SPIRITUAL VALUES

Human relations according to a recent writer, have in the mad career of material progress lost all simplicity and been tangled in a skein of infinite complexities. This is only a figure of speech. It would be unreasonable to press its meaning too far. Yet, stripped of its evident exaggeration, this observation sharpens a point that has been dulled by too much use.

Men everywhere have felt the personal need of turning from material things to the spiritual values of life, only to be faced with the bewildering problem of finding the lost simplicity which in the older days before the War, enveloped the relation of man with His Creator by the bond of piety. Today we hear much talk about spiritual values, about Christian civilization, about religious principles, and old fashioned morality. But it is so sickled over with the pale cast of confused thought that such a fundamental notion as religion itself has become as one imaginative scribe has phrased it, "an amorphous conglomeration of bewildering complexity."

There is so much minted gold in the present thought of the world that it is too bad that we have to use counterfeit coin for the currency of our ideas. Take the notion of religion itself which has been so bandied about that it has come to mean almost anything in the popular mind from spiritism to eugenics.

Religion to everyone is in some way or other connected with God and our duty towards Him, but the inward meaning of the word to many is by no means clear. Authorities in etymology are not agreed as to its derivation. Classical writers like Cicero referred the word *religare*—"to treat carefully"—and applied it to such as "carefully took in hand whatever pertained to the gods." Lactantius derived the word from *religare* "to bind," in the sense that man is united to God by the bond of piety. St. Augustine at first derived the word from "religare" in the sense of recovery, with the meaning that having lost God by neglect, we recover Him by our own efforts and are drawn towards Him. St. Thomas combines all three derivations and says that in its simplest form religion implies the notion of being bound to God.

In an excellent little book, *Religio Religiosi, The Religion of the Religious Man*, Cardinal Gasquet hits upon this happy phrase from St. Thomas, as illustrative of the true meaning of religion. "Bound to God," he writes, "what a depth of meaning this expression implies. In the first place step by step as I tried to think out the answers to the riddles of life, I had come to understand that the Almighty Creator, Who had called me into existence, was no mere abstract principle or force, but a personal Being, with whom I was in close personal contact, not merely by fact but by love and duty. His continual act of preserving me in existence. His hand so to speak was ever upon me. In this regard the primary notion of every form of religion implied the conviction that this mysterious supernatural Being must have continued control over the lives and destinies of men. Besides this a sentiment of dependence upon the Deity and of need of His help is almost universal, even in the most rudimentary and debased forms of religious belief."

In the ultimate analysis therefore religion has for its object the realized union of the soul with God. It consists in a voluntary turning of the mind and heart to God, and in its exercise it depends upon an act of the human will. St. Thomas therefore defines religion as the virtue which prompts man to render to God the worship and reverence that is His by right.

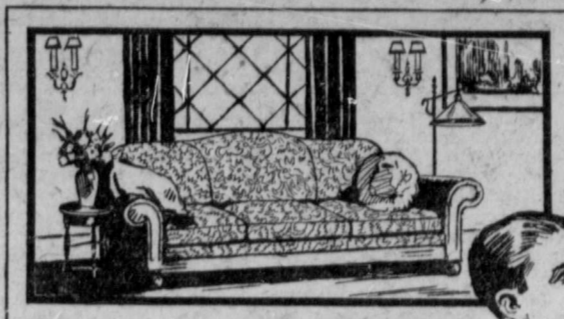
It is easy to see therefore that the achievement of this personal union with God is the most important object of life. The bond exists. It should be our endeavor to strengthen it by every means in our power. It is obvious that an individual who does not know what religion really is, can have no secure anchorage, cannot see human relations but as bewildering complexities, cannot appreciate the true worth of spiritual values, and cannot arouse the necessary enthusiasm for the beauty and effectiveness of Christian principles. The world has been led away by false prophets from fundamental principles, and that is why it has lost simplicity and become entangled in the maze of complexities.—The Pilot.

At Last I've Found a Way to Turn Spare Time Into Extra Money!"

"You know, Dick, you'd never admit there was anything worthwhile in these spare time homework plans. But I knew you were wrong and now I'm going to prove it. You're one of those matter-of-fact, practical business men—a little stubborn at times—who thinks a woman has no head for business. I was willing to give up my position when we were married, for I knew it would hurt your pride to see me going to work; but I didn't agree to merely spend my spare hours at home twirling my thumbs and looking pretty. And when I saw you worrying—fretting—figuring—trying to make your salary buy the things we need and want, I made up my mind I'd find a way to help you.

"One night last June when you were working late at the office, Mary Smith ran in for a little chat. You know how hard up Mary and John have been since they were married—and how pitifully dowdy Mary was beginning to look in that same dress and hat. Well, when she stepped into the room I could hardly believe my eyes. She had on a stunning tailored suit, an adorable fall hat, brown satin slippers and one of the prettiest furs I have ever seen. I guess she noticed my first look of surprise, for she laughed and said 'I see you don't know me.' Then she told me her story.

"It seems that John's salary wasn't quite enough to meet their regular household expenses, much less buy clothes or furniture and the many things they needed. They were slowly getting into debt, the rent had been raised, and things were going from bad to worse. John was desperate, and Mary was pretty well discouraged too. She wanted to take a position for a while, but John wouldn't hear of it.



"Yes Dick, We Can Now Afford the Things We Need!"



"One day, more out of curiosity than anything else, Mary answered an advertisement of the Auto-Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Company of Toronto—large distributors of pure wool socks and knitted hosiery. The advertisement announced a new plan whereby women at home could knit socks with the aid of an ingenious little machine called the Auto Knitter. And the company offered to buy back all the standard grade socks made on this machine, at a guaranteed weekly wage.

"Mary sent for the free book and was so convinced by the letters from thousands of other women, telling what this plan had meant to them, that she decided to give it a trial. She ordered the little machine and a supply of pure wool yarn and set to work. Every day she devoted a few spare hours to the pleasant, interesting work—without interfering with regular household duties in any way. Each week she shipped a package of fine, durable, well-shaped socks to Toronto and back came the welcome pay cheque. Before she realized it she had \$200 in the bank; and with every package of socks shipped off to Toronto, her balance grew and grew.

"That's how she was able to buy those beautiful clothes. And besides, she now had an electric washing machine, a dandy vacuum cleaner and many other things they had never been able to afford.

"When Mary had gone, I did some quick thinking. What Mary had done, I could do, I reasoned. And I made up my mind to start without delay. I, too, sent for the free book. It told how, through the remarkable new plan, hundreds of women everywhere were turning into money the spare hours and half hours that might otherwise be wasted. I got the little machine and started out to help to solve our problem of 'not quite enough money.' Each day, after my work was done, I turned out pair after pair of fine wool socks;

and when it was time to get dinner, I hid the machine away in my dresser drawer and put the socks and wool aigh up on the closet shelf. I made up my mind not to tell you what I was doing, for I was afraid you'd laugh and ridicule my scheme. So I just kept on making socks, and with every package that went off to Toronto another entry appeared in my bank book.

"That's my little secret, Dick. And from now on it will be our secret. For I'm going to keep right on knitting my spare hours into extra dollars until you get the promised salary you deserve. But the best of it all is that we will no longer have to worry over nasty money problems. And we can afford the things we need, for at last I've found a way to turn my spare time into extra dollars.

"If every woman only knew what I know about this wonderful Auto Knitter Homework Plan they wouldn't hesitate another day. For all you have to do is send off the coupon, get the free book, read the facts and judge for yourself. There is no obligation to buy anything or do anything—just a splendid opportunity to turn wasted hours into extra money. The coupon will prove it. Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Dept. 41, 1870 Davenport Road, West Toronto, Ont."

Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Dept. 41, 1870 Davenport Road, West Toronto, Ont.

I am interested. Without any obligation on my part please send me the free book which tells how to turn spare hours at home into extra money. I am enclosing a 3c. stamp to cover the cost of mailing this information to me.

Name

Address

City

Province

Avoid Bad Colds

C O L D S develop quickly and almost before you know it the bronchial tubes are attacked and the lungs threatened. While consumption is not so common as formerly, the number of cases of pneumonia has increased enormously, and it is more than ever necessary to stand on guard against these dreaded diseases.



the larger quantity, there is the satisfaction of having this medicine ready for prompt use in cases of emergency.

You never know what night baby will awaken choking with croup, or grandma will have an attack of asthma. Chest colds and bronchitis get too great an advantage if you are not ready with treatment to check the advance of disease.

Such ailments are too serious to neglect, and they are too dangerous to accept any kind of cough mixture. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is a real medicine of tested and proven value, and should never be confused with the thousand and one cough mixtures that are offered for sale simply because people are not sufficiently discriminating in their choice of treatments for such ailments.

You can buy Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine in almost any store where medicines are sold. Ask for the large bottle, and consider the wisdom of always having a bottle at hand. Experience is a dear teacher, and on this account it pays to be cautious and prevent serious results.

Mrs. Jeremiah M. Bigelow, Bigelow, Ont., writes:—"I had a very stubborn cough for over four years, and I tried doctors and almost everything without results. One day an old friend asked me to try Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. I used five bottles, and it worked like magic. I have never been bothered since, and that is some years ago."

DR. CHASE'S Syrup of LINSEED AND TURPENTINE

35c a bottle. Family size, three times as much, 75c. All dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

ONE POEM WRITTEN BY FIFTY-TWO POETS

Some time ago an American was travelling in Australia, when he came to a sheep-herder's deserted shanty. In some old papers in the shanty he found a poem which proved to be a literary curiosity. The poem is composed of fifty-two lines and each line is from a different author.

Here is the poem and the author from whose work each line was taken:

What strange infatuation rules mankind. (Chatterton)

What different spheres to human bliss assigned. (Rogers)

To loftier things your finer pulses burn. (C. Sprague)

If man would but a finer nature learn. (R. H. Dana)

What several ways men to their calling have. (B. Johnson)

And grasp at life though sinking to the grave. (Falconer)

Ask what is human life? The sage replies. (Cowper)

Wealth, pomp and honour are but empty toys. (Ferguson)

We trudge, we travel but from pain to pain. (Quarles)

Weak, timid landsmen on life's stormy main. (Burns)

We only toil who are the first of things. (Tennyson)

From labor health, from health contentment springs. (Beattie)

Fame runs before us like the morning star. (Dryden)

How little do we know that which we are! (Byron)

Let none then here his certain knowledge boast. (Pomfret)

Of fleeting joys too certain to be lost. (Waller)

For over all things hangs a cloud of fear. (Hood)

All is but change and separation here. (Steele)

To smooth life's passage o'er its stormy way. (Dwight)

Sum up at night what thou hast done by day. (Herbert)

Be rich in patience if thou in gudes be poor. (Dunbar)

So many men do stoop to sight unsure. (C. Whitney)

Choose out the man to virtue most inclined. (Rowe)

Throw envy, folly, prejudice behind. (Langhorne)

Defer not till tomorrow to be wise. (Congreve)

Wealth, heaped on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys. (Dr. Johnson)

Remembrance worketh with her busy brain. (Goldsmith)

Care draws on care, woe comforts woe again. (Drayton)

On high estates huge heaps of care attend. (Webster)

No joy so great but runneth to an end. (Southwell)

No hand applaud what honor shuns to hear. (Thomson)

Who cast off shame should likewise cast off fear. (Knowles)

Grief haunts us down the precipice of years. (W. S. Landon)

Virtue alone no dissolution fears. (E. Moore)

Time loosely spent will not again be won. (R. Greene)

What shall I do to be forever known? (Cowley)

But now the wane of life comes darkly on. (Joanna Baillie)

After a thousand mazes overgone. (Keats)

In this brief state of trouble and unrest. (B. Barton)

Man never is but always to be blest. (Pope)

Time is the present hour, the past is fled. (Marsden)

O! thou future, our hope and our dread. (Elliot)

How fading are the joys we dote upon! (Blair)

Oh! while I speak the present moment's gone. (Akenaide)

Lo; though eternal arbiter of things. (Oliphant)

How awful is the hour when conscience stings. (J. G. Percival)

Conscience, stern arbiter in every breast. (J. A. Hillhouse)

The fluttering wish on wing that will not rest. (Mallet)

This, above all, to thine own self be true. (Shakespeare)

Learn to live well, that thou mayst die so, too. (Sir J. Denham)

To those that list, the world's gay scenes I leave. (Spenser)

Some ills we wish for when we wish to live. (Young)

SMILE

Everybody in this world has a cross of some kind to bear. It may be one thing unseen in the silence of the heart's profoundest depths; or it may be one that is painfully visible to all. To some God gives but one great loss to bear; on others He showers what seems like a multitude of smaller ones.

But, great or small, or one or many, the cross is there, and must be carried. Some bearers wrestle with their crosses with the sharp thorns of repining and discontent; others with the soft blossoms of patience and hope. It is largely a matter of choice, resting with the bearers; but it is the revelation of our experience that finds his cross lightest who has learned—bitter though the lesson is—to smile with others at his own miseries.

FORGET THE PAST

The constant looking backward to what might have been, instead of forward to what may be, is a great weakener of self-conscience. This worry for the old past, this wasted energy, for that which no power on earth can restore, ever lessens a

man's faith in himself, weakens his efforts to develop himself for the future to the perfection of his possibilities.

Do in the best way you can the work that is under your hand at the moment; do it with a good intention; do it with the best preparation your thoughts suggest; bring all the light of knowledge to aid you. Do this and you have done your best. The past is forever closed. No worry, no struggle, no suffering, nor agony of despair can change it. It is as much beyond your power as if it were a million years behind you. Turn all that past, with its sad hours, its weakness and sin, its wasted opportunities and graces, as so many lights in hope and confidence upon the future. The present, and the future are yours; the past has gone back with all its messages, its history, its records, to the God who loaned you the golden moments to use in obedience to His law.—The Tablet.

WHY HE FAILED AS A LEADER

His mind was not trained to grasp great subjects, to generalize, to make combinations.

He was not self-reliant, did not depend upon his own judgment; leaned upon others; and was always seeking other people's opinion and advice.

He lacked courage, energy, boldness.

He was not resourceful or inventive.

He could not multiply himself in others.

He did not carry the air of a conqueror.

He did not radiate the power of a leader. There was no power back of his eye to make men obey him.

He could not handle men.

He antagonized people.

He did not believe in himself.

He tried to substitute "gall" for ability.

He did not know men.

He could not use other people's brains.

He could not project himself into his lieutenants; he wanted to do everything himself.

He did not inspire confidence in others because his faith in himself was not strong enough.

He communicated his doubts and his fears to others.

He could not cover up his weak points.

He did not know that to reveal his weakness was fatal to the confidence of others.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

MOTHER AND CHILD

O Mother-My-Love, if you'll give me your hand.

And go where I ask you to wander, I will lead you away to a beautiful land—

The Dreamland that's waiting out yonder.

We'll walk in a sweet-rosie garden out there.

Where moonlight and starlight are streaming,

And the flowers and the birds are filling the air.

With the fragrance and music of dreaming.

There'll be no little tired-out boy to undress,

No questions or cares to perplex you.

There'll be no little bruises or bumps to caress,

No patching of stockings to vex you.

For I'll rock you away on a silver-dew stream,

And sing you asleep when you're weary.

And no one shall know of our beautiful dream.

But you and your own little dearie.

And when I am tired I'll nestle my head

In the bosom that's soothed me so often.

And the wide-awake stars shall sing in my stead.

A song which our dreaming shall soften.

So, Mother-My-Love, let me take your dear hand,

And away through the starlight we'll wander—

Away through the mist to the beautiful land—

The Dreamland that's waiting out yonder!

DON'T BE A SHIRK

Boys, never let your mother carry coal, best rugs, or go to the store when she is tired, if you can do the work for her. Show your appreciation of her by drying the dishes in the evening, so that she may get an opportunity to rest.

Girls, you can at least make the beds, straighten the living room, and, in the evening, wash the dishes even if you are attending school. On Saturday and Sunday you have your opportunity to learn to cook and clean and to give your mother a little play time.

Sometimes your mother wants to be so very kind to you that she tells you you need not help. The next time she does it, remember your manners and fall to work. Outsiders judge you largely by the way you treat your mother.—Catholic Bulletin.

THE "DON'T CARE" ATTITUDE

The "Don't Care" attitude is an offense that can not be overlooked. People who are sorry can be forgiven almost anything, but it is hard to excuse even a slight slip in those who are indifferent.

Some young folks on being discovered in wrong doing, seem to feel that they improve matters by declaring that they don't care. As a matter of fact, this makes trifling offense inexcusable. In these days of crowded street cars, we are bound to be jarred and jostled, but the quick apology minimizes the offense. But when in a street car the other day, a young boy stepped on the feet of an older man, and then said gruffly, "If your feet were where they belong they wouldn't be stepped on," he made a slight accident almost beyond pardon.

If you have done a little thing that has made trouble for another, do not be afraid to show you regret it. Often it is not the original offense that rankles so much as the fact that the offender does not care.—F. H. S.

HABIT OF INTERRUPTING

Can we not learn a little more self-restraint when others are talking, so that we may cure what is really a national habit; that of interrupting? Watch any group and see how rare is a good listener; how rare is that supreme of all courtesies—to let another talk without interrupting.

Most of us are utterly unconscious of the manner in which we refuse to allow another to talk and to finish what is being said without interruption. And yet there is not a more beautiful form of courtesy than which permits another to speak and finish before we begin.

And by the same token there is nothing more inconsiderate, more distinctly rude, than to break another's talk and take from another the opportunity which is his or hers.

Next to what we wear, we show our inmost selves most truly by our behavior in conversation, than in any other contact in life. It is the man or woman of fine instinct, of a regard of the nicety of an occasion, who permits another to finish what he has started to say, who exercises that self-control that stamps the person of gentle birth and does not interrupt.

GOOD BEGINNINGS

For the benefit of any boy who finds himself believing a beginning counts for little, let me tell him a little story, says Uncle Ned to his boy readers in The Leader recently. Some workmen were lately building a large brick tower, which was to be carried up very high. In laying a corner, one brick, either by accident or carelessness, was set a very little bit out of line. The work went on without its being noticed, but as each course of bricks was kept in line with those already laid, the tower was not put up exactly straight, and the higher it went the more insecure it became. One day when the tower had been carried up about 50 feet, there was a tremendous crash! The building had fallen! All the men were buried in the ruins, and all the previous time and labor were lost, the materials wasted, and what was still worse, valuable lives were sacrificed, and, think of it boys, all because one brick had been laid wrong! And this had happened at the start, just when the men were beginning the tower. Do you suppose that workmen ever stopped to think of the harm that would come in the future from his poor beginning? Do you ever stop to think what harm may result from one brick laid wrong, while you are now building a character for life? Remember, dear boys, in youth the foundation is laid, and see to it that all is kept straight.

Start in now—do not say: "I shall make a good beginning next week." Do it now! Do not be like the man who decided to write a great poem—and indeed he had the capacity and genius to do it; but he spent his whole life in gathering material for the poem. When friends were wont to say to him, "Why don't you begin? You are getting on in life, and after awhile you will be too old to write the poem." And he would keep saying, "Tomorrow I will begin."

One morning the papers announced his death, his work all undone; he lay dead amid the magnificent materials he had with which to begin the poem—but his tomorrow never came.

HOW I FOUND THE TRUE CHURCH

By William E. Keerth, in Catholic Times and Opinion.

People have often asked me to tell what led me to embrace the Catholic Faith. I answer the question by saying that it was the Will of God. It is the promise of Jesus of Nazareth, the greatest of all teachers, that they who ask shall receive, and to those who knock it shall be opened. Christ's words are not in vain; they are creative, productive and eternal. To some, as to Saul of Tarsus, the Faith comes like a shaft of flame from Heaven cleansing and illuminating, while to others, as to John Henry Newman, it appears as a kindly light after long and weary travel amid the encircling gloom. But in every case we must see the Hand of God.

For myself, I say without hesitation that my entrance into the Catholic Church stands out as the most important event in my life.

Born in the heart of historic old London on June 23, 1894, I was brought up as a positive Protestant. My people were Protestants who had been active as preachers, Sun-

day school teachers, "Bible workers" and the like for generations. From my very earliest years I was taken regularly to chapel, as well as, at intervals, to "Gospel Missions" and "Revivals." I always envied the preacher, and silently hoped that one day I would stir the multitude from the pulpit as he did.

Among my early recollections is that of crouching as a small boy beneath a table upon which Gypsy Smith thundered above. Pointing in my direction, the orator said: "Maybe here we have children who, in manhood, will bring the good news to the people when we are dead and gone." I am thankful that his words have, in a measure, come true, and twice thankful that it is the real good news Christ wished the world to have, for I never stood upon the public platform or put pen to paper to speak to my fellow-men until after my entrance into the One True Church of God.

My childhood and early youth were spent in the home of an aunt whom God will reward for her Christian charity and self-sacrifice. This good woman looked forward to my "conversion" as soon as I should attain the age of reason. She told me on one occasion that she often prayed that she would live to see me "saved." I never, however, went through the process known as "conviction of sin" and "conversion."

FEAR OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

The members of my family held one religious belief, upon which they could all agree. This was that the Catholic Church, "the Church of Rome" was to be feared, and distrusted, "an enemy of God and man." This belief I also firmly held. There was one power in the world, I thought, which was strong enough to measure swords with the onward march of human progress, and really endanger the hard-won liberties of the people, and that power was the Roman Catholic Church.

I recall a petition being sent from house to house urging legislation permitting governmental inspection of convents, and how readily my family signed it. In a word, "Protestant Evangelical Christianity" was the religion of my childhood. I hoped that in manhood I would further its cause.

And yet what I had a strange attraction towards the Catholic Church. At the little church of the Irish Franciscans near my home, open-air processions of children were held at intervals. I knew now they were children who had that day received their first Holy Communion, but at that time I knew nothing of so sublime a mystery of Divine Love. I noted the white dresses of these happy children, and the veils and the flowers, and, above all, their sweet, peaceful and innocent faces. They seemed more like creatures from some other world, and I thought how out of place they were in a big murky city.

The brown-robed monks, too, were very interesting to me. I almost envied them; they were so gentle, patient, and yet so strong. But were they not active members of that ancient and world-wide tyranny, the "Romish Church?" Such were the thoughts passing through my boyish brain. But there were to be many years of bitter doubts and anxious questionings before I turned my footsteps to a place where all roads lead at last.

CARDINAL BOURNE'S PORTRAIT

I think it was the London Illustrated News which published, about this time, a colored supplement of Cardinal Bourne, wearing cappa magna. The picture appealed to me at once. I compared it with the portraits of leading Protestant "divines" which came before me. I framed the picture, and hung it in my home. It was allowed to remain in its position until the next Sunday, when I was given to understand, kindly, that it was not a suitable picture to hang in a good Christian home; the picture was then removed.

SOCIALIST LITERATURE

At the age of seventeen years I devoured the works of the Socialist writers then popular. Robert Blatchford's "Merrie England" quickly swung me to the belief that "class conscious revolutionary socialism" was the one thing needed and the only hope of the poor and the oppressed. So I became, not only "class conscious," but a regular reader of Justice and The New World, and believed such as Ferrer, the anarchist, to be the noblest of men, "who has no fear of priest or king in dark and dreary days," as the Socialist writer proclaimed.

The never-to-be-forgotten year 1914 found me in Canada, alone upon the sea of life without that most needful asset to youth as well as to age, a strong, deep, and well-defined religious belief. "The Bible and Bible only" may have been a powerful religious ideal to my Baptist grandfather, but it meant nothing to me, a youth swayed by the strong currents of new life in a strange land.

The same year witnessed the staggering spectacle of Europe called to arms, and as the flame spread until it was felt, in the long list of dead and wounded, to the orchard lands of Ontario, I felt the need for facts on the great questions of life, death and eternity. I would make a last effort to find Truth, if Truth was in the world. Socialism I had seen to be false and illogical, that was a painful discovery. I have even

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tried "constructive Theosophy" and found it a maze of torturing absurdities.

Of course the religion of my fathers had long since ceased to have any intellectual weight with me. The emptiness of human creeds, the glaring uncertainty of human opinions, however expert, and the endless disputes of the most learned professors of the sects, sickened my soul. "Is there no place," I asked, "where unchanging Truth, logic and reason may be found? The birds have nests, the beasts lairs, but man, the king of creation, has he no place where his spirit may find peace?"

Of what value are all the boasted achievements in art and science and literature, if man's mind is to be torn upon a roaring sea of doubt, "barren to fisherman, and hopeless to the shipwrecked mariner?" Where are those still waters and green pastures which the old Bible writer said the Creator had provided for the creature? I had searched long and earnestly in the chapel, the "Missions," the "Brotherhoods" outside the Catholic Church and had failed utterly to find the peace which the world cannot give.

A SURPRISE AND A PUZZLE

Reading one day in a book on Theology that Roman Catholic Christianity was the real Christianity, I was both surprised and puzzled. I would know the reason for such a statement from an author whom I held at that time to be a most profound mind. I therefore got books on Transubstantiation, which deeply moved and interested me. Here was "Divine Wisdom" indeed; and that not for the select few, not for the "inner circle," but for all God's creatures, of every class, race and generation.

I found a pleasure in reading more about the ancient Church. I got other books. "The Faith of our Fathers," from the pen of the late Cardinal Gibbons, later came into my hands. Even as I read, the light of faith grew within me. The books were noble and dignified, and their treatment of the various subjects worthy of a great, a sacred and Divine cause.

About this time the Paulist Fathers preached a mission in St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, Canada. I did not attend the mission, but I read with care the invitation card sent to the house. "Come," it read, "you will find in the Catholic Church the Truth you seek—you will find her to be the great upholder of the Truth of God and the rights of man, for she is a Divine Teacher commissioned to lead the nations into all Truth." What a stupendous claim! I would know if that claim was true.

About this time the world heard of the death of Pope Pius X.—dead of a broken heart. Non-Catholic though I was, tears almost came to my eyes when I thought of him, and it seemed in some mysterious way as though I had lost something, and I shared, in the secrecy of my heart, with the mourning of the Catholic world at the death of the saintly man who had graced the Apostolic throne—dead, because, like his Divine Master, he had loved men so much.

Shortly after this, one Sunday evening I called at the rectory of St. Patrick's Catholic Church, Hamilton, Ontario, and told the Rev. J. J. Flahaven, who received me, that I desired to become a member of the Catholic Church.

INSTRUCTION AND RECEPTION

Charity and patience in the truest sense were shown me by this zealous young priest, and he personally arranged to give me a course of instructions. I had already attended Benediction services in the Catholic Church, but I was now required to attend the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, "as a sign of good faith," as the priest put it.

A few weeks later, on December 7th, 1914, I knelt before the altar my fathers had condemned, and renouncing all heresy, received upon my brow the healing stream of Holy

"Oh, happy day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God!"

My friends gathered around me; they were interested now in my religious affairs. "We have heard that you have joined the Catholic Church," they said; "we cannot believe it unless you tell us with your own lips." "I doubt very much if you will be a Catholic in a couple of years from now," said the then President of the Ministerial Association.

That is nine years ago—and I have never had a moment's doubt that the Catholic Church is the Church of Christ—and that Christ is with His Church. A World War has shaken the very foundations of civilization since then, and dynasties have fallen in a night, and the proud of many lands have been humbled; but the Old Church has weathered the storm again. Human language fails in an attempt to describe the gratitude, the peace, with security, which come to one who at last comes home to Rome, and kneels first as a penitent and then as a worshipper at the ancient altar, where the noblest sons of every age and nation have knelt and believed. One can only repeat, gazing in adoration upon the Sacred Host, with tears of joy and love, the words of St. Thomas at the feet of the Master: "My Lord and my God."

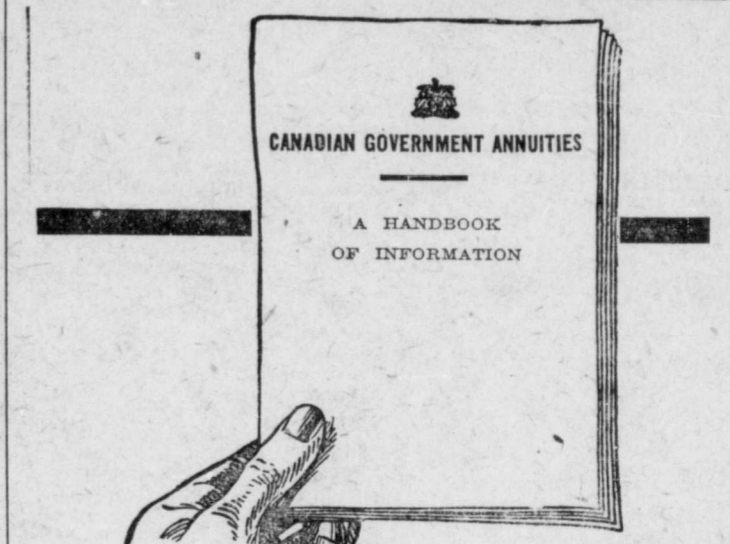
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RED MEN'S RIGHTS

BISHOP LAWLER URGES THE EXTENSION OF FULL CITIZENSHIP

Washington, Dec. 14.—Prominent educators of all denominations, both laymen and clergymen and others interested in the Indian problem, composing the Advisory Council of One Hundred on Indian Affairs, met here under the auspices of the Department of the Interior during the past week to draw up recommendations concerning the relationships between the Federal Government and its Indian wards. When and how full citizenship should be extended to these Indians and when the existing Indian Bureau should be abolished constituted the chief topics before the conference. Education, health and sanitation, ceremonial dances, land tenure and economic problems affecting the Indians were also discussed. Interest centered around the controversy between those members who advocated a recommendation to place a definite limit upon the life of the Indian Bureau and to extend full citizenship rights to the Indians, and those who were unwilling to favor such a departure from the present policy. The Right Rev. J. J. Lawler, Bishop of Lead, was a leader of those who favored full citizenship and a limitation of the life of the present Indian Bureau. Bishop Lawler was supported in his attitude by Rabbi Stephen S. Wise of New York, William Jennings Bryan, Governor Fries of Minnesota, and other prominent members of the Council, but when the vote was taken, at a time when Mr. Bryan, Rabbi Wise and others were not present, the Council refused to go on record as favoring such action.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED

Included among the recommendations which the Advisory Council made to the Secretary of the Interior are the following: that the Public School system be fully opened to Indian children and that religious denominations be encouraged in their educational work on the reservations; that an appropriation of \$100,000 for health and sanitation work be sought and that a survey of Indian health conditions be made; that Indian title rights to land and natural resources be protected by executive order pending final determination of status by Congress; that the Indian Commissioner be commended for his efforts to discourage ceremonial dances of an immoral nature or that adversely affect the Indians' economic status; that efforts be made to expedite judicial decisions on the Pueblo land cases involving titles in the Southwest and both settlers and Indians be compensated for losses sustained through government mismanagement or negligence, and that Indians be given the right to have a final accounting of claims against the Government in the Court of Claims.

BISHOP LAWLER'S STATEMENT

Commenting on the Advisory Council's failure to recommend full citizenship for the Indians and a definite time for the abolition of the Indian Bureau, Bishop Lawler said: "As we are assembled here from all parts of our country to discuss the Indian problem and as we have been invited to give frank expression to our views on the merits or demerits of our governmental policy of dealing with the Indian, I feel free to say that, personally, I consider our Indian policy radically defective as an agency for elevating the Indian race. In the time at my disposal I can only allude briefly to some of the things in our system that militate against the welfare of the Indian. Our Indians have suffered from too much protection, too much supervision, too much paternalism. They have been treated too long as wards of the nation, as inferiors, as children. Though millions are spent annually for the education of the Indian, for his health and for the conservation of his property, yet our system has failed, on the whole, to develop his character, to make him a self-reliant, self-supporting, self-respecting member of society. Our system has in it an inherent tendency to make the Indian a dependent, incompetent, shiftless being for the reason that it causes him to live in the hope of getting his share of the funds held for him by the Government. Rations and annuities are not insignificant hindrances to the betterment of the Indian. As the years of his life are spent in a state of expectancy and dependency the spirit of initiative, self-reliance and self-respect is not developed in him. While he has an inheritance in prospect he ekes out a miserable existence. The sooner our Government gives the Indian his portion of the funds belonging to him, the better. Let him have it and let him shift for himself. When he is brought face to face with the stern realities of life he will soon begin to hustle for himself and will become an industrious, useful member of the community in which he lives. If other races were driven into reservations and subjected to the rules and regulations of a bureau they too would soon degenerate into the shiftlessness, idleness, and lack of initiative which are now characteristic of the Indian.

NO STANDING IN COURTS

"Legally the plight of the Indian is pitiable. Legislation should be

enacted giving him the right to invoke and obtain the protection of the courts of our country both State and Federal in any matter pertaining to his personal rights or private or tribal property and a review by the courts upon both questions of fact and law of any decision of any administrative officer affecting his personal or property rights. He should be enabled to obtain through the Court of Claims, in all cases, a judicial and final account with his guardian, the United States. "We educate the Indian but to what purpose? Do we provide a field for the exercise of his ability? Do we allow him to become one of us? Do we welcome him into our national life to partake of the blessings of our civilization? The door of opportunity is closed on our Indians after they have completed their education. The complaint is often made that the graduates of schools and colleges revert to the original type soon after their return to the reservations. What else can they do under the circumstances? "Let us give the Indian unrestricted citizenship. What about his right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness? Have we not kept him in tutelage too long? We should treat him as a human being, develop his manhood, dignify him and bestow upon him all the rights, privileges, responsibilities and immunities of full fledged citizenship.

WOULD ABOLISH BUREAU "The inauguration of a new policy at this time would not be the best solution of the problem as it would mean more delay in righting the wrongs of the Indian. We have already experimented too much. Let us do justice to the Indian. Let us emancipate him completely within a specified number of years. In view of the widespread consensus of opinion that the Indian should not be kept in perpetual tutelage—that the period of his dependency should be shortened, it seems to me that the enactment of legislation looking to the termination of governmental trusteeship and guardianship in the not distant future would be a blessing.

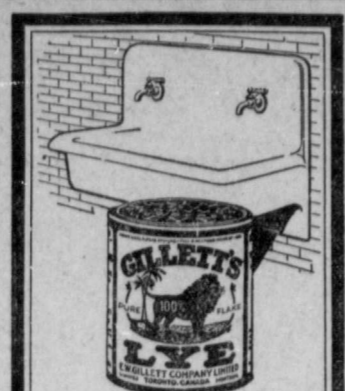
Catholic ecclesiastics, beside Bishop Lawler, who are members of the Advisory Council are: the Right Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, Rector of the Catholic University; the Rev. William Hughes, Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, and the Rev. Philip T. Gordon, an Indian priest.

HISTORY SOCIETY'S PROGRAM

Washington, Nov. 16.—The regular autumn meeting of the Executive Council of the American Catholic Historical Association was held on Tuesday, Nov. 13, 1923, at St. Patrick's Rectory, Washington, D. C. The President of the Association, Dr. Charles H. McCarthy, was chairman and there were present Dr. Gaillard Hunt, of the State Department, First Vice-President; Dr. Leo F. Stock, of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., Second Vice-President; Right Rev. Monsignor Thomas, D. D., Rector of St. Patrick's Church, Washington, D. C., Treasurer; Miss Frances Brawner, Archivist; Rev. Dr. Edwin Ryan, and Rev. Dr. Peter Guilday, the Secretaries of the Association.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR CONVENTION Dr. Guilday's report on the activities of the Association during the past year was received with much pleasure by the members present. In outlining the preparations for the fourth Annual Meeting which will be held in Columbus, Dec. 26-29, 1923, at the Hotel Desher, Dr. Guilday reported upon his visit to Columbus during Easter week of this year, and expressed his pleasure over the cordial reception granted to him by the Right Rev. James J. Hartley, D. D., Bishop of Columbus, who is a life-member of the Association. The Columbus Committee on Local Arrangement, of which the Rev. John J. Murphy, Superintendent of Schools in the Diocese of Columbus, is chairman, has its plans fairly completed for the reception and entertainment of the Association.

The meeting in Columbus will consist of public sessions of conferences general on Church history, to which all are invited, luncheon, conferences and business meetings. The following papers have been selected for the meeting and will be read at the three public sessions: 1. Rev. John Graham, St. Patrick's Rectory, Washington, D. C., "St. Charles Borromeo and the Training of Diocesan Clergy." 2. Rev. Dr. Herman Fisher, Josephinum, Columbus, "The Belief in the Continued Existence of the Roman Empire of the West During the Fifth and Sixth Centuries." 3. Rev. Alfred Kaufman, S. J., Creighton University, Omaha, "Ernest Renan: The Man." 4. Rev. M. G. Rupp, S. T. L., St. Joseph, Mo., "Hugo Grotius and International Peace." 5. Rev. John Rager, S. T. L., Shelbyville, Ind., "The Venerable Cardinal Bellarmine's Defence of Popular Government in the Sixteenth Century." 6. Rev. Dr. Thomas Coakley, Pittsburgh, "The Historical Contribution of the Catholic Church to World Progress." 7. Rev. Richard Quinlan, S. T. L., Boston, Mass., "The Influence of



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Christian Ideals upon Early Medieval Legislation.

8. Rev. Francis Betten, S. J., Cleveland, "An Alleged Champion of Sphericity of the Earth in the Eighth Century." 9. Rev. Dr. John Keating Cartwright, Washington, D. C., "The Significance of Investitures." 10. Rev. Dr. Edwin Ryan, Washington, D. C., "Dr. John Colet; An Educator of Boys (1467-1519)." 11. Rev. Lawrence Mulhane, Mt. Vernon, Ohio, "General William Stark Rosecrans." 12. Dr. John Knipping, Ohio State University, Columbus, "Religious Tolerance During the Reign of Constantine the Great."

Three luncheon conferences have been arranged as follows: 1. A conference on the "Historical Objections Against the Church" to be presided over by Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, C. S. P., New York City. 2. A conference on the "Historical Publications of Catholic Truth Societies," to be presided over by Rev. Dr. McGinnis, of the I. C. T. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. 3. A conference between the members of the Association and the Watterson Reading Circle, of which Miss Katherine Reardon is President.

HISTORICAL CLUB ORGANIZED AT C. U. Among the many evidences of interest in the work of the Association may be mentioned the founding of the Historical Club at the Catholic University. This club is composed of the professors and instructors in history at the University. It meets every two weeks, and since some of the members are at the same time on the Editorial Staff of the Catholic Historical Review, there is kept alive all through the year a close touch upon all historical activities, Catholic and non-Catholic throughout the world. The Association expects a large gathering of members and friends at Columbus during Christmas week.

THE GUILD SYSTEM AS MODEL FOR LABOR

Dublin, Dec. 4.—Labor and social problems are daily receiving more attention. Rev. T. A. Finlay, S. J., said in an address delivered in Dublin that it would be wiser to revert to the old Christian principle that man is dependent upon man and that there is a bond of Christian brotherhood between them. The dependence of the worker upon the employer and of the employer upon the worker should be mutually recognized. Under the Guild system there was in point of interest no difference between master and man. The difference existed only in name and function. The wage earner as known today emerged after the French Revolution, when absolute individual liberty in industry was established. The result of that liberty had been that a large proportion of workmen have been given liberty to starve. He had never heard anybody define what constituted a "just wage." He submitted that the wage should be in proportion to the element of labor employed to produce a certain quantity of material. A "just wage" meant value for value. "The living wage" question was quite a different thing, for the question of value did not then arise. How was the standard of living to be defined? On the whole the best thing that could be done would be to renounce once and for all the idea of the "labor market," and recognize the fact that labor was not a commodity to be bought and sold like iron and cloth. The feeling of

human sympathy should be present even in commercial transactions. At the inaugural meeting of the Solicitors' Apprentices' Debating Society strikes and bad housing causes of much of the misery in cities. Mr. A. E. Wood, K. C., asserted that the first people to introduce strikes were the people who controlled the riches of the earth.

Industrialism and organized capital had the whole resources of the race in control. The politicians were but the creatures of their banks, and the banks were but the creatures and servants of industrialism. Mr. Gavan Duffy advocated profit-sharing as a remedy for industrial unrest. Speaking in the Dail Mr. Dalton said the joint efforts of employers and employees were needed to foster the country's industries. He urged the establishment of an Arbitration Board to deal with the evil of strikes and lock-outs.

OBITUARY

REV. JAS. A. KEALY

As time's turbulent stream rushes on into the peaceful waters of eternity, it from time to time carries on its crest some being more valued, more beloved, and more useful than those in the ordinary walks of life, on whose departure leaves a void in the community, whose demise casts a gloom over the prospects which were brightened by his labors.

Such a one was the pastor of St. Mary's Church, Gainesville, Texas, Rev. J. A. Kealy, whose death occurred suddenly on Thursday evening, Nov. 29, Thanksgiving Day. His death was as unexpected as it is mournful and it brings sorrow to all who knew him in public and private life, not only among his people of St. Mary's church but the entire city of Gainesville where he had hosts of friends among people of all beliefs and creeds and all walks of life. During the years he ordained, he proved himself not spent here, he proved himself not only the dearly beloved and scholarly priest of St. Mary's church, but a broad-minded and honorable gentleman.

Father Kealy sang High Mass on Thanksgiving morning and was in his usual health until a short time before his death; at 5.45 that voice, so like a silver bell, was hushed forever—peacefully entered eternity. He was one of those friends in need who are friends indeed and the community has lost one of its most eminent and useful citizens; religion, one of its ablest defenders; humanity, one of its warmest supporters; education, a champion who was ever ready to cooperate with the physical, social and religious environment to form a better manhood and womanhood.

Father Kealy was born in Syracuse, New York, Aug. 2, 1856. He received his early education in that city, later graduating in his seminary course from L'Assomption, Montreal, Canada. He was ordained for the diocese of London, Canada. His early parish work was done at Mt. Carmel, Irishtown, and the French Settlement, Canada. Twelve years ago he came to Texas on account of ill health. He was assigned to Waxahachia, where he made numerous friends. In November, 1917, he was transferred to Gainesville to take charge of St. Mary's Parish. His beautiful new church, which was completed four years ago, stands as a monument of his zeal for all that is conducive to the honor and glory of God. Father Kealy is survived by a brother John Kealy of the Mercantile Marine, Syracuse, New York; a sister, Mrs. Sadie Kianar of the same city, and a cousin, Mrs. W. Hinds, who, with Father Kealy for the past fifteen years.

LIFE INSURANCE

The November sales of ordinary life insurance in Canada during November of this year were 26% greater than in November of last year according to figures just published by the Life Insurance Sales Research Bureau of New York which has reported on the basis of figures from companies doing about eighty-five per cent. of the ordinary legal reserve business in Canada. The actual amount of sales of these companies in November was \$34,165,000 of insurance. This is 16% greater than the average volume of sales during the first eleven months of the year. The increase in life insurance sold this year over last was most marked in the central portion of the Dominion. Sales in the provinces of Quebec, Ontario, and Saskatchewan amounted in each case to about one third more than last year. British Columbia, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland were the only provinces that did not show some increase over last year. Sales for the first eleven months of this year averaged for all of Canada 15% greater than in the corresponding period last year. He alone is never brought down in things unlawful which is careful to restrain himself at times even from things lawful.—St. Gregory. The essence of friendship is entrenchment, a total magnanimity and trust. A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him I may think aloud.—Emerson.

We must lose everything rather than courage, confidence and good will. Through the ages humanity has burnt the incense of admiration and reverence at the shrines of patriotism.—Archbishop Ireland.

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