

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXII.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1920

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MORE HARMONY

Never during the whole course of human history has the cleavage into rival sections been more pronounced than it is today. Separatism as a force in public affairs, strange as it may seem, throws vast numbers into alien camps now that militarism has suffered its greatest defeat. Carnal weapons are discredited when they are forged for destructive ends which involve incalculable misery, but when they take the shape of cutting words, fiery denunciations, "apostolic blows and knocks," they carry on the conflict of ideas and ambitions which have ever characterized the evolution of our race. Even the verbal "war against war" elicits divergent opinions which rouse angry passions. It is an unexplained paradox that well-meaning folk cannot avoid harsh judgments, terms of depreciation verging upon abuse, when their stock of argument runs out. The spirit of faction still often rules out moderation when great issues most need to be calmly considered.

This state of things has marked every fresh awakening of the human mind. We need not go further back than the so-called Reformation for illustrations of this propensity to becloud questions of vital moment with bitter controversy. Every successive disturbance of the false harmony of European State-control has been preparing the way for the last phase of revolutionary achievement.

The final overthrow of the Central Empires precludes a mightier movement of political and social reconstruction than the most present of our foregoers were able to anticipate. Systems of ordered thought and class predominance are being disintegrated rapidly before our eyes. The very notions of authority and privilege are melting in the common mind as polar ice-fields dissolve in the sunbeams when the time has come. The shock to timid and conservative people is of course very severe.

We may profitably turn from the heated debates of the day to recall in brief outline the trend of Victorian speculation and effort as they are reflected in the great writers of the later nineteenth century. Looking over an old volume of Punch wherein the salient topics of the day are humorously depicted, we see cartoons of Leech and Charles Keen who reveled in the vagaries of fashion, such as the crinoline, the top-hat and bulging trousers, "servant-galism"—the outstanding personalities of the age duly appear. Lincoln and the protagonists of the Southern Confederacy; Palmerston and Lord John Russell; Louis Napoleon and his scourge, Victor Hugo; Gladstone and Disraeli, Dickens and Thackeray appealed to diverse sections of the reading public, though the Brontës, Mrs. Gaskell, and George Eliot were breaking new ground in fiction, infusing into it that element of social enthusiasm which also characterizes the great poets of the period. Literature, in fact, became charged with rousing and transforming ideas. Even Matthew Arnold, the apostle of culture par excellence, disturbed the foundations of the existing order—

"Your creeds are dead, your rites are dead,
Your social order too;
Where lies he, the Power who said,
'See, I make all things new?'"

He went on to point out that the millions still bore heavy burdens, while helpers vainly tried to bring relief "with old-world cures men half believe. For woe they wholly feel." From that day to this there has been no pause in the movement of social reform. The reverberating echoes of the Revolution have been heard in every branch of the national life. Our little wars, traumas, and discoveries have only diverted attention for a time from the portentous underground agitation whose rumblings have taken the form of trade union manifestos, Socialist schemes, and kindred demands for reconstruction.

Now we cannot pretend to regard the millions who are called upon at this crisis to bear a part in the new settlement as highly qualified for the task. Education still halts at the stage when political and social philosophy may be said to begin. Newspaper instruction leaves much to desire. Dogberry, in the play, declares that reading and writing come by nature; too many take for granted that questions of policy can be dealt with justly by the candle-light of common sense. Here democracy is under no special disability. History illustrates the fact that every form of government in turn has failed to secure the general welfare, save where novelty and superficial enthusiasm gave the needed impetus. Oligarchies, aristocracies, republics, all have broken down in a day of calamity and confusion. Now that the most formidable of all military despots has been well weakened, a constitutional democracy has a unique opportunity of legislating for the good of the nation as a whole.

Hitherto England's wide supremacy has been the result of maritime and colonializing genius. It will now have to be broadly based upon an educational equipment at least equal to that of our most advanced neighbors. We cannot go on living on our so-called "inherited greatness." "Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us, Burns and Shelley were with us; they watch from their graves."

We have to put out our stored strength and capital to usury if we would keep abreast of the new demands. Our schools and colleges must renew their vigor by drawing from living springs of knowledge. Literature, science, ethics must be brought up to the highest standard, otherwise materialism will again resume its pernicious control over the common mind. Institutions are only the machinery of progress. The nation's soul gives them their driving power. The War has blown to pieces pretentious theories of divine right and its alternative popular infallibility. Karl Marx, Lassalle, and other prophets of international socialism have not justified their claim to supplant all existing forms of rule. Civilization refuses to be ground down to a mechanical pattern. Nature and human history aim at variety, not uniformity. Only self-will, aiming solely at an individual success, hampers the advance toward a commonwealth in which all gifts and talents find harmonious expression. Robert Louis Stevenson, in one of his Charming Verses for Children, notes that—

"The world is so full of all kinds of things
That we should all be as happy as Kings."

But kings and people have not been content to develop their own resources. Nabott's vineyard was so desirable in Ahab's eyes that he dispossessed its owner; so simple a type covers a wide tract of violent enterprise. The declaration that "Property is robbery" is the convenient pretence of highwaymen, burglars, and the whole tribe of exploiters who cannot keep their hands off their neighbor's goods. Let it be granted that the idle rich have given a handle to these manipulators of lower-class prejudice and greed. They have set the example of flaunting luxury. They have made ease and enjoyment life's end. The warp and woof of modern display in society have entered into the fabric of our national existence, each section trying to climb higher and gain more profit and pleasure. Work they regard as a thing to be escaped, thrift a mean and discreditable habit. The microbe of discontent infects our private and public activity. To rate outward show and easy circumstances at a lower figure than self-mastery and the virtues it nourishes is fast becoming a rare experience; despite the religious appeals of churches and missionary organizations it has long been an unfashionable one. Never were such grave problems flung forth for all men's consideration as those which the various representatives of the nations have now before them. Never was the need for patience and singlemindedness so urgent as it is today. Races, societies, classes have to master the art of living together; they cannot realize the chief good of life by violence, by selfish hunger, or

event the happiness their inmost nature craves by any other path than that which has been trodden by true pioneers and pilgrims in every age.

Here we strike the note, which alone can sound the depths of the present need. It amounts to a call to recover a lost good. How the ages have witnessed to life's proper aim! When men and women crave elevation in the social scale, do they grasp the fundamental law that distributes honor and welfare? They wish to be reckoned ladies and gentlemen; they may fit themselves by clear thinking and moral growth for more refined company than the bustling crowd attains. It is a hard, empty, and unsatisfactory world that is built upon pride and selfish absorption in things that perish in the using. The supreme art is that of living justly and charitably among our fellow-men. Getting excited envy, giving promotes the kindly feeling which binds people together. The soul is as a seed, shooting up into immortality. Give it light, air, scope for development. Be sure that as it grows it will assimilate elements of harmony that are slowly composing the strife that mars our common life, for discord cannot make for happiness. The "Blus Bird" of all men's and women's desire is too elusive for capture by the rough methods the world offers to ambitious, self-seeking mortals. Pursue it with the smile of content and kindness, and it will very likely light upon your path. If this is not the last word of State policy, at least it holds the promise of personal and household prosperity in these fateful years.

One of my Dublin correspondents writes me: "Dublin every day assumes more and more its true aspect of a city enduring the occupation of a foreign army, with all the disagreeable incidents and inconveniences. The campaign of sniping police detectives has resulted in the under policing of the streets and suburban districts, so that holdup men, thieves and burglars are reaping a rich harvest. The long dark afternoons, and the nights when the street lamps are turned low or extinguished, favor their depredations and the Dubliners, who always made a habit of staying out late at one another's houses, discussing literature and public affairs, are being trained into keeping better hours. In Belfast, where business is business, and people live for it, eleven o'clock is considered indecently late for any respectable person to be abroad; and such person pulls his hat over his eyes in proper shame for being abroad at such a shameful hour. In Dublin the most informal social gatherings and literary coteries are just warming to their work at midnight. Hitherto the city streets have been so quiet and orderly that no unpleasantness was experienced even by ladies strolling homeward in the small hours ('Rich and rare, etc.'). It is however now most undesirable for ladies to be out after dark, and if the threatened curfew order comes into use, it will not much trouble the Dublin ladies' ease of mind."

REBUILDING O'CONNELL ST.
O'Connell Street which was largely burned down during the 1916 rising, is now being rebuilt, and several very majestic and quite American blocks of buildings are rising on the site of the former modest edifices. The statues in this street, which is said to be the widest in Europe, fortunately escaped without damage; they include Foley's magnificent monument to Dan O'Connell at the South end of the street and St. Gauden's statue of Parnell at its northern end. No steps have been taken as yet to rebuild the General Post Office, an immense roofless block with empty staring windows, standing like a skeleton in the midst of the busy thoroughfare. It was the chief fortress and headquarters of the Irish fighters. Adjoining it is the Freeman's Journal Building—where the boys printed their daily paper during Easter Week.

SUPPRESSING THE FREEMAN
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SEUMAS MACMANUS
OF DONEGAL.

WOMAN'S SPHERE
POPE BENEDICT'S SOUND ADVICE TO CATHOLIC WOMEN

In his address to representatives of the Catholic Women's Union of Italy, to which we have repeatedly referred, Pope Benedict XV. dwelt at some length on the change which has taken place in woman's work and outlook. She has, in a large measure, put aside the reserve which formerly governed her actions. She is moving more and more openly in the world, engaged in new and varied occupations as men. The Pope has nothing to say against her increased activity; in fact he encourages it; but he bids her remember at all times that her natural sphere of usefulness is in the bosom of the family, that she is queen of the

home. He calls attention to the great power she possesses for combating corrupt morals, and impresses on her the necessity of teaching by example. On indecency in dress his strictures are very severe. The Catholic woman must, he declares, not only avoid improper attire herself, but must not tolerate it in the case of women visitors to her. In such cases a seasonable warning is called for which will prevent a repetition of the offence.

The Holy Father also desires that women should take a very active part in social work, putting forth organized efforts for the moral betterment of society. The Pope is convinced that in these troublous times woman can do much to help forward the peaceful development of sound social projects.—The Echo.

GENERAL ORDERS TO POLICE
At the trial of Sean Milroy, it was drawn out of the policeman, under a clever cross-examination, that if Sinn Feiners had, as anticipated, tried a rescue, the policeman's orders were the general orders now to the police, under all such circumstances—to shoot the prisoner in case the rescuers were in danger of succeeding. All this is quite of a piece with the distribution of bombs and hand grenades to the Irish police with the order that to safeguard themselves from any risk whatsoever, they were to hurl their bombs, on suspicion. They are first to kill their victims, and afterwards find out whether they were innocent—in which case the dead man was exonerated. How much more effective would have been the German rule in Belgium if they had only had the advice and brilliant suggestion of the present British rulers of Ireland and India, as to the latest and neatest ways of teaching unruly natives a lesson!

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ARCHBISHOP HAYES

DECLINES INVITATION OF ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE

The following letter emphasizes a point of view very general amongst the Catholic clergy:

January 15, 1920.
Mr. William H. Anderson, State Sup.,
The Anti-Saloon League of New York,
906 Broadway, New York City.

Dear Sir: In reply to your communication of Jan. 5, asking me to be present, or be represented, at a meeting of the clergy of New York City and vicinity, under the auspices of the Anti-Saloon League, I wish to say that I cannot see my way to accept your invitation.

Permit me to assure you that the Catholic Church awaits no such occasion to lay stress on the plain duty of obeying the law of the land. Obedience to authority in Church and State is the very breath of Catholic discipline.

It is extraordinary that the Federal Prohibition Amendment should be singled out for particular attention above other statutes equally binding. The American people can be trusted to obey every constitutional law.

I think that the function of the churches is to teach the virtue of obedience and then leave the enforcement of law to the properly constituted agencies of Government. Respectfully,
PATRICK J. HAYES,
Archbishop of New York.

CARDINAL GIBBONS

URGES WOMEN TO GUARD SANCTITY OF HOMES

Declaring that divorce is one of the greatest evils of the present day, Cardinal Gibbons, in his address of welcome at the opening session of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae in Baltimore, urged the women to maintain the sanctity of the home and to make every effort to check the divorce evil.

Cardinal Gibbons said that the Church would be deprived of an important factor for the development of Christianity in the nation were it not for the work of the women, and congratulated them for the work accomplished during the War. He said: "As I have said many times before, I do not know what would become of the Church and society at large if it were not for the female sex. I will leave out of consideration what the religious women are doing. I will say nothing of that grand army of teaching women throughout the country. The Catholic school has become a factor for the development of Christianity, and therefore for true Christian civilization."

"The whole country knows what a woman has done throughout the late War. True she did not fire any guns, or draw swords. But she did a great deal for the happy consummation of the War. She visited our soldiers, cheered them, brought into their lives comfort and joy. I was informed that it lies within your line, now that we have peace, to take an interest in civil affairs. Yours is the domestic kingdom. Your sphere is the home, to make it joyous, bright and happy. Home is a very desolate place without a mother or wife to cheer it. Your part, therefore, is to exercise a mission in this domestic kingdom. If you sanctify the home you will sanctify the nation."

"One of the great evils of our day is divorce, a cancer eating into the very vitals of our national life. Would it could be done away with entirely, but any effort to diminish this evil will be doing a great good. One remedy is the exercise of Christian patience. If the words of the Apostle, 'Bear ye with one another's burdens,' were practiced there would be fewer divorces. I hope you will set the example in this respect. I hope also you will exercise your zeal in impressing upon others the importance of checking this evil of divorce."—The Echo.

DIGNITY OF LABOR RECOGNIZED BY FEW

Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis in a recent address said: "In all the agitation going on about labor we are fast losing sight of the dignity of labor itself. Much do we hear of wages and the rights of the man who works—very little of the work itself. Indeed, there appears to be a growing antagonism between the workman and his work. It is no longer sweet to labor—it has no longer the sanction of conscience. It has become to most men a curse, a plague, a forbidden thing."

"Now forgetting for the moment the question of wages, I think the Gospel of Christ and the example of Christ speak in no uncertain tones of the dignity of labor, the value of labor—for the soul of the workman and the certain reward that awaits the faithful workman, the one who urged by conscience works as Joseph did, so as to merit the Lord's presence and His benediction."

CATHOLIC NOTES

The death of the Bishop of Malaga, Spain, on Thursday, is reported from Madrid.

On his trip to Belgium, Bishop Meerschaeft of Oklahoma visited one Belgian diocese which sustained in the War the destruction of 156 churches and 5 towns.

Thirty-two thousand guineas (\$160,000) was paid at an auction sale in London recently for a picture of St. Eustace by Vittore Carpaccio, the famous fifteenth century Venetian painter.

John McCormack is educating a negro boy at Fiek University. It is said that later he is to train his voice because he feels confident that the young man will become a world-renowned singer.

The new Premier of Hungary, Charles Huszar, is thirty six years of age, and was formerly editor of Alkotmany, a popular paper published by the Catholic Federation of Hungary. He is a versatile writer and most eloquent orator.

"Eminence" is the name of a new shade of rich purple being shown in many dry goods stores. It combines, blue, red, purple and rose. The name was given in honor of Cardinal Mercier of Belgium. Veils are made in this color in France.

In 1891 there were only 784 Catholic churches in the whole United States, and it was considered a large number. Now there are far more than that in the State of New York alone. In many of our larger cities you might hear Mass in a different church or chapel every Sunday in the year.

Eighty twenty mark gold pieces were found in as many bars of English soap by two women who bought the soap from a peddler in Berlin. It is believed that the money was so concealed by returning German war prisoners and that the soap was stolen from them after they had reached the German frontier.

It is estimated that one of the Peruvian rain trees will on the average yield nine gallons of water each day. In a field of an area of one kilometer square, that is, 5,250 feet each way, can be grown 10,000 trees separated from each other by twenty-five meters. This plantation produces daily 395,000 liters of water.

Admiral William S. Benson, former chief of naval operations and ranking officer of the United States navy during the War, has accepted an invitation to conduct a lecture course on International Law and Foreign Commerce at Notre Dame University in March or in April. According to announcements made by university authorities he will spend a month at Notre Dame.

Colonel Charles P. Lynch, M. C., formerly of Syracuse, has been designated chief of the recently created historical division in the office of the surgeon general of the United States War Department. He is a Catholic. Colonel Lynch will direct all matters pertaining to the medical and surgical history of the World War as shown by the United States army records.

London, December 18.—A terrible explosion has occurred this week on the left bank of the Seine, and when the sound brought crowds rushing to the spot, it was found that an attempt had been made to blow up the historic Church of St. Etienne, which is so dear to generations of Parisians. The full extent of the damage has not yet been learned. Another disastrous event has been the terrible fire at the historic Chateau de Compiègne, which has destroyed a large portion of that celebrated and beautiful edifice. The police have both matters in hand, as foul play is suspected in both cases.

The Catholics of Argentina, in order to maintain social peace, have created a popular fund, which has awakened the greatest enthusiasm. The subscriptions of the first day amounted to 1,600,000 pesos, which swelled to 10,000,000 in a week. At latest accounts the sum total was 13,272,000 pesos Argentinos. The subscription was started by the members of the Catholic Workmen's Party, and committees were formed in all the important centres and in the country. This is taken to show that among the Argentinian workmen the Socialist idea in its exaggerated manifestations has no hold, and that they all are resolved to work for public order and the prosperity of the country.

Father George F. Bailey, S. J., chaplain of the United States Army and recently interpreter at the Peace Conference at Paris, has returned to America after two years overseas in active Army service with the American Expeditionary Forces. He was one of the first Catholic priests to volunteer for service as a chaplain after the declaration of War. He served with the forces on several of the American battlefields, and was in action a number of times. Selected as an interpreter for the Peace Conference at Paris, he returned that meeting and specialized in the Slav languages. His appointments as interpreter to the Conference came as a result of extraordinary ability as a linguist. He speaks nearly all of the modern languages.

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HAWTHORNEAN

A STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE

BY MRS. CLARA M. THOMPSON

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED

"Flattering!" whispered Laura to the Lieutenant. "Thank you, Mrs. Hartland," she said aloud. "I think my black face would be too obvious in so conspicuous a place, unless you will let me have Rosa's fairness by way of contrast as my assistant."

"How foolish, Ned, for you to put such notions into Rosine's head," replied Mrs. Hartland. "She will be only one of scores of girls of far greater pretensions than she. It will give her ease and self-possession; why, when I was sixteen, I presided at the dinner-table for a large company of gentlemen. I heard the Colonel only yesterday declare his pleasure that her shyness was wearing off."

Rosine blushed painfully at these personal observations, and Ned remarked that blushes were very becoming, if she would only confine herself to blushing in the right time and place.

Laura kept up her chatting with Mrs. Hartland, and her tender glances and speeches to the Lieutenant, till the rain, which had been threatening all the evening, poured in torrents, and she was obliged to remain for the night. Fascinating and exciting, even to plain, stiff Mrs. Hartland, were her brusque manners, and piquant talk, in spite of the occasional sense of being shocked by something not quite lady-like.

Rosine was perfectly confounded by this announcement—made, too, under the bond of secrecy. "Why must I be a secret?" she said, when she had a little recovered from her first astonishment. "Isn't any one to know it but me?"

"Not at present," Laura replied. "My father is abroad, and I should like his consent before we make it public."

"But the Colonel, and Mrs. Hartland?" suggested Rosine. "Alek is to be ordered to the South Seas; he wants to marry at once, but that is out of the question; and on the whole, why should we selfishly distrust the old lady (begging her pardon), till he comes back. We can enjoy ourselves without blemishing any one, and Mrs. Hartland decidedly objects to her 'boys' falling in love with anybody but herself."

upon her friend. The knowledge of the clandestine engagement was a continual thorn to Rosine, bringing the stinging blush to her cheek whenever, during Laura's absence, she felt the Lieutenant's gaze fixed upon her. That gentleman was, however, little at home, during these days, pleading business at the Navy Yard, in preparation for his departure, as a reason for his absence. In about two weeks Laura returned. The X—, the man-of-war of which Alek Hartland was First Lieutenant, was to sail in three days. The young lovers met often during these days, and Laura, to avoid suspicion, was induced to spend one evening at Colonel Hartland's. It was at the close of this evening, wherein, emboldened by the absence of his mother and the Colonel, and the apparent occupation of the Doctor with Rosine over a difficult translation, Alek had manifested more love like attentions than usual toward Laura, that Dr. Hartland took his brother seriously to task.

"Alek," he said, after Laura had gone away and Rosine had retired for the night, "do you mean to marry Laura Marten at some future day? Your attentions are certainly most devoted."

"No, I do not mean to marry Laura Marten at some future day," replied the Lieutenant, repeating the tone and words of his brother. "Then you are acting the part of a scoundrel. Don't you see the girl is up to her eyes in love with you? and you encourage her fondness."

"At the word 'scoundrel,' the quick blood mounted into the fair forehead of the Lieutenant, and he started from his seat; but in a moment a smile passed over his face, and he was again seated, quietly replying, 'It is not for a long time, Ned. I'm going off soon, and Laura's heart won't break with a week's courtship.'"

"That's true," replied the Doctor more calmly, as if sorry for his harshness; "in most cases, I would not see this going on a day longer, but there isn't much danger of Laura; this is a fashionable flirtation, which she understands to perfection, is most abominable in man or woman, hardening the heart like lying or stealing, or any of the mortal sins. I know it is tough, Alek, when a woman woees as hard as Laura does you—but, if you are all right, I don't know as I'll concern myself about her."

"O. K.," replied the brother, with the same smile. The partings were said, and the ship had weighed her anchor. Laura again sought Rosine at the repository of her griefs and joys. The plain gold ring on her finger she pointed out as the pledge of their betrothal, and as days went by she recovered her spirits, growing more and more silent about the departed. Presently she was wholly absorbed in the approaching fair, to which so many had given their whole time for the winter, and Mrs. Hartland and Laura were in consultation continually.

CHAPTER VIII. WESTWARD, HO!

We left our friend, Mrs. Benton, full of anxiety for her sick boy, with only one of her own sex to sympathize or help, except her daughter; indeed, it was eight weeks after her arrival on the prairie before she met a woman, neighbor Rise being the only one who called, except on farming business. The people of the region, especially the Yankee portion of the inhabitants, had taken a fancy that Mr. Benton was proud and rich—two of the poorest recommendations in a new country—and Mrs. Benton was supposed to partake of the same qualities. Kind-hearted women there were, but they kept aloof, lest Mrs. Benton should not welcome their advances. This state of things was broken into by Rice, after his visit to Harold. There was an assembled crowd of three men and seven boys in the Athlaca post-office, when Rice declared that, "That Missus Benton was just the slickest kind of a woman; such a down-hearted thing too; not a bit crank or set up. To be in on that big prairie with that sick boy, and a young two-year-old that looked as if she would drop to pieces, and nobody but that pootty gal that didn't know how to do nothin, so hit a finger; it was hard, he reckoned."

Harold Leighton, the youngest of the listening men, reported testimony of Mr. Rice to his mother, a kind, large-hearted New England woman, and forthwith mother and son rode over to the prairie farm, to offer assistance and neighborly sympathy. Mrs. Leighton was the lady of the village, and her example was soon followed by Athlaca society generally. Mrs. Benton thus had an opportunity to propose the Sunday school for those for whom it was intended. Much to the surprise of Mrs. Benton, Mr. Leighton kindly offered to provide a room for the meetings of the children, and to assist in bringing them together, so that matters were started quite prosperously, and it did them all good; particularly did the exertion arouse Mrs. Benton from the morbid state of dissatisfaction into which she was persuaded to leave his home, or cross a neighbor's threshold. He said he was like Cain, branded with an ineffaceable stain, and his wife ceased to urge him, when she saw every new effort only aroused the bitterness of remorse that still rankled in his bosom; but Mrs. Benton responded to the offered friendship of her neighbors, as well as she could with her poor aching heart, for the sake of her children. She found the Leighton family quite companionable. Mrs. Leighton was

one to be loved and respected; the possessor of vast energy and physical strength, she had led a busy life, years before, a widow with five children dependent upon her labors in the main for their support. She could have struggled on in hopeless poverty and dependence at the east, but this was contrary to her nature. The west opened a vast field of progress to herself and her boys; she only hesitated on account of her daughter, who had been crippled by one of the unfortunate accidents of infancy. Harold was a well-grown lad at the death of his father, and he had urged the removal, promising always to care for his sister. He inherited his mother's progressive qualities, and was eager for a broader field than his native city opened to him. Their choice had fallen upon Athlaca, through a friendly neighbor who owned large unfenced tracts in that region, and who prophesied great things of the glory and renown of the country town that was to be.

Our party reached St. Louis the third day, just as the sun was setting; the weather was mild and the season advancing in all the luxuriance of a western spring. At the time of which we write the Catholic Church was almost unknown in the United States out of our large cities. St. Louis, however, from its early settlement has ever been a paradise for Catholics, abounding in churches, Religious Houses, and all those precious accompaniments which the Church, our Holy Mother, brings in her wake. Mrs. Benton readily found good Father Coté, and was received with all that outgoing hospitality and warmth for which he was ever famous. Did he remember her? When did he forget any one, especially one who had aided him with his orphan charge in those dreary cholera times, when help was most needed. With delight he showed her the result of his years of labor, in a splendid church, and a spacious and well arranged Orphan Asylum under the care of Religious. Mrs. Benton playfully asked him if he had yet found the gold mine. "Long ago," he replied; "I have worked that mine many years; it lies in piety, prayer, and hard work. I know of no other who has found the mine, but I have a good mine, and I have a good mine, and I have a good mine."

"You are doing, Philip," said the sweet, consoling voice of his wife, softened by unshed tears, "you are daily doing all that you can for them. Harold is more submissive and yielding, and expresses great grief at the thought of leaving his dear mother, and this lesson of severity, almost the first in her life, will have its effect on Marion, and Jeannie clings so sweetly to her dear papa. O," she added, placing her hand upon his head, which rested on the table where he had bowed it almost in despair, "I was never, in all the last years of our life in town, so happy as now; you are restored to me, free from those terrible business cares, and the entanglements of trade."

"But to bring you here," he said, interrupting her; "you, who have never before known any thing but plenty and friends, to this poverty and solitude!"

"Poverty and solitude are better with you, dearest, than wealth and friends without."

The sincerity of Philip Benton's repentance was manifested in his daily struggles with pride, and his natural aversion to manual labor; and the Christian example of his wife, in her terrible trials had begun its work upon his heart; and when the day of Harold's departure came a marked change of feeling had taken place, and they parted with real sorrow.

"I can tell you, my daughter," replied Mrs. Benton, with a pained countenance, "if you wish to know why this is so; you have never sought to know the child to whom you have gone away from your sister to seek strangers, or your own selfish retirement, and Jeannie is afraid of you."

"But papa accused me of cruelty to her, and bade me not to come near her till your return. I think it was ill-tempered in Jeannie to refuse all my efforts to comfort her, and very unkind in papa—"

The journey was very delightful to Mrs. Benton; it would have been almost unalloyed pleasure, but for the anxiety for the little one left to the care of her reluctant sister. The relief to the eye and to the heart, from the unbroken surface of the prairie to the sheltering arms of the broad oaks and walnuts, the sharp bluffs and rich bottom lands through which their route lay, can only be appreciated by those who have dwelt for months where no tree rears its green head, nor hill nor dale diversifies the monotonous scene. Young Leighton was an agreeable and enterprising companion, but though occupied with other thoughts, Mrs. Benton could not but observe how often the young man's conversation was connected with "Miss Marlow," and a new cause of solicitude was given to her meditations.

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"Wait a little, my dear husband," said the mediating voice of the wife; "try Marlow again; she would be the last to forgive herself, if Jeannie were to be taken from her, so estranged."

"O, dear mamma," exclaimed Marion, falling on her knees by her mother, "don't talk of that, I could not bear it."

"But we must all look at it as among the probabilities. Her tender constitution cannot long endure this climate, we have only to make her few days as happy as we can, perhaps I have been wrong," added Mrs. Benton, "in not leaving the child more to Marion; it has been a pleasure to keep her near myself, knowing how soon I must resign her."

The delinquent daughter could bear it no longer, her pride succumbed, she confessed her selfishness, only begging that her father would not think she had been cruel. "When you win her love, Marion," he said, a little of his usual tenderness toward her creeping into his tone, "I shall believe you; till then you need some power to curb your inordinate self-seeking. I will take care of the pony; the rides to the village must be curtailed till I see some amendment."

Marion retired to her room, feeling the weight of her father's severity, but she could not but acknowledge to herself that there was justice in it. "It is all my fault," said Mr. Benton, as his daughter went out; "my own youthful follies reproduced—pride and selfishness. Harold's wilfulness and rebellion, and Marion's self-indulgence and self-seeking, are but the deflections of my own nature, and now, at this late day, can I do anything to remedy the matter? I," he added, bitterly, "who spent all their early years in efforts to be rich—to be successful where other men failed. O, it was for this I sacrificed honor and conscience, and my children's name, and the time when I might have influenced them to right—I can do nothing now!"

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TO BE CONTINUED PATSY'S NAMESAKE

By Anna C. Mingo

The oft given warning of her old colored nurse should have told Patsy Lancaster that something would surely befall her, when, starting with her cousin, Marcia Mattingly, for Louisville, she deliberately turned back to reach a spring of holly, set red berries, for the lapel of her coat.

"Dear yoh nebaw tab lud, an' yoh min' me!" "That was how the warning ran, and Patsy always said: "Surely I will mind you, Aunt Rachel!"

"I hope Aunt Rachel didn't see me turn back," she now said to her cousin, as the automobiles started for the station. "I hope you worry about Aunt Rachel or anyone else, when you decide to do something!" commented Marcia. "I beseech you, Patsy, to go guardedly today, for you know it was a great favor from our respective parents that we are going to Louisville alone today to do our Christmas shopping!"

older, they declared there had never been such a girl. Darling, romantic, full of mischief, she upset every tradition of what a girl of her lineage should be and then made love so cunningly to her critics, they had to forgive for her escapades.

"Now do be careful, daughter!" Her mother never kissed her goodbye, without those beseeching words, and Patsy always promised—and then forgot.

"What could you expect, when you gave the girl such a name?" Thus the aunts and the cousins to the mother, when some adventure of Patsy's set the countryside talking.

The cousins reached Louisville and as the morning passed, and nothing befell, Marcia's fears began to lift. It was time for luncheon, but Marcia lingered at a counter where ladies were displayed.

"Patsy, come here, please!" she said. "I'm here, lady!" a pipin voice at her side answered. Turning quickly, she saw a boy of about ten years looking at her, with wondering eyes. His right to the name of Erin's patron saint none could call into question.

"Is your name Patsy, too?" asked Marcia. "Sure!" he answered. "Oh, Patsy, here's a namesake of yours!" cried she, to the approaching girl. The boy looked from one to the other, while the saleswoman with an expression of scorn, folded up her lace.

"How perfectly lovely!" cried Patsy, and she would have embraced the chap, but he wiggled out of her hands. Patsy, junior, was not what you would call well groomed. One leg of his knee pants fell down to the top of his half faced shoe, which, with its companion, showed hard usage. His coat was too small for him, and his waist was decidedly soiled. His cap was old, his hands were bare.

Noting all this, Patsy, senior's, heart melted. "You poor little chap!" she cried. "Are you going to have any Santa Claus?"

Had the floorwalker been looking, he would have noted and properly interpreted the shrewd expression that came into the little face. "I dunno," he said, with an appealing upward glance.

"Have you no mother?" asked Marcia. "I just lost her," he replied. "And where is your father?" "I dunno where he is," and he dropped his eyes.

"Is this not an awful condition!" cried Patsy, senior. "Oh, you poor little child! All alone in the world! I know you are hungry, aren't you?" "You bet, I am!" he said, with sincerity.

"Come, Marcia, let us get luncheon, before he dies of starvation!" cried the girl. As a restaurant was connected with the shop, they were soon ordering a repast, and the manner in which the boy attacked the food, left no doubt in the minds of the girls that he was in truth famished.

"We must take him home with us, Marcia!" declared Patsy. "But what will the folks say?" suggested Marcia.

"They will say that we did what was right! They would not have us to leave this child alone at Christmas time, with only the streets for a home. How would you like, Patsy, to come and live with me in a nice big house, where you could have plenty to eat and wear and everything to love you?"

Patsy, junior, did not answer. His mouth was filled with food, which may have accounted for his silence. "And you shall have a pony to ride—" "I'd rather a bicycle!" observed the boy.

"Then, a bicycle it shall be!" promised she, while she added to her cousin: "Isn't he the darling?" Now that Patsy did not that morning present as neat an appearance as should have been the son of the industrious Patrick Moran, foreman of a big construction company, and his equally energetic wife, was due to the fact that his mother, his illness, had dragged him from a band of street companions on her hurried way downtown; and while he was regaling himself on the bounteous fare his unknown address had provided for him, he was frantically searching for him, aided by floorwalkers and the house detective. She was stopped on her mad career by the lace clerk, who told of two well dressed young women going off with a boy, answering to her description.

"I heard them say something about luncheon," suggested the saleswoman. So to the tea room started the searching party, led by the distracted mother. There, finishing his second plate of ice cream, she found him, and as she snatched him to her bosom, she sent forth such a volley of denunciation against the kidnappers the heart of the girls were filled with horror. "Arrest them, officer!" she commanded. "I'll show 'em if they can kidnap Patrick Moran's boy! I'll tann 'em, and others like 'em not to go about stealin' honest people's children! Arrest 'em, I tell ye!" It was in vain that Patsy and Marcia attempted to plead to their innocence of intentional wrongdoing; for, appealed to, Patsy, junior, declared they had lured him off with the promise of a feast, and were planning to take him to their home, where he should be given a bicycle. "Ye'll have a bicycle, mamma!" cried the mother. "Thanks be to God and His Blessed Mother for protectin' ye from the snares of the Evil One!"

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The Catholic Record

LONDON, CANADA

"Better come quietly, ladies," suggested the officer, who saw they were beginning to attract attention.

"Oh! you don't really mean that you are going to put us in jail!" cried Marcia. "Oh, please, please, don't!"

But Patsy Lancaster did not bear her Irish name in vain.

"Oh, shut up, Marcia!" she said. "It is not of a national calamity! Officer, my cousin, Miss Mattingly, had not a thing in the world to do with begetting this son of Patrick Moran up here for a good meal. I am the guilty one, and I am ready to start, when you are."

"Oh, Patsy! I won't let you go by yourself!" cried Marcia. "Take me along, too, officer, please!"

"Oh, do shut up, Marcia!" again commanded Patsy. "Go to the Dominican church and see Father Davis. His mother's sister married father's third cousin, so we are kin and can call on him for assistance. He will tell you what to do. Good-bye, honey!" and with a smile on her red lips, Patsy went down for her novel ride to the police station.

Father Davis, starting for a sick call, was dragged back into the parlor by a half-distraught and unknown young woman, who frantically implored him to save his kinswoman from shame and disgrace. Now white he had never heard of Patricia Lancaster, he responded to the call of his blood.

"Leonard!" he called to a young man, reading in the next room.

"Yes, uncle," came a voice, with his own Southern accent.

"This is my nephew, Mr. Davis, Miss Mattingly. Tell him of the occurrence and he may devise means of immediate aid. I must attend to this sick call, but as soon as I can, I shall go to the rescue of Cousin Patricia."

"Where did a Lancaster get that name," he thought, as he hastened away.

Leonard Davis had come down from Lexington to spend Christmas with his uncle, lately returned, after years in the East, to the city of his birth. Being a lawyer, although a new one, he felt equal to the task that had so suddenly confronted him.

A city directory supplied him with the address of Patrick Moran, and a taxicab speedily brought him and Marcia to the comfortable house which Mrs. Moran had immediately sought, with her rescued darling.

She recognized Marcia, but young Davis cut short her declaration that the girl should be in jail with her evil companion.

"You have made a terrible mistake, Mrs. Moran," he said. "It is your boy who is entirely to blame. Come here, Patsy!" he commanded, and, trembling, the lad obeyed.

"When the lady asked you if you would have any Santa Claus, didn't you say you did not know?"

"Yes, sir," confessed Patsy, while his mother cried:

"Ob, Patsy! Why should you tell a lie? Haven't you always had Santa Claus?"

"When she asked you if you had a mother, didn't you say you had just lost her?"

"Yes, sir."

"Patsy Moran! You never said that!" shrieked the mother.

"Well, I had just lost you in de crowd," explained the lad, a whimper in his voice.

"And didn't you tell her that you did not know where your father was?" went on the man.

"Well, I don't know where he is, for he said this morning he didn't know to which job the boss would send him."

For once Mrs. Moran was past speech and she sat motionless regarding her son.

"The young ladies believed your son's statements, Mrs. Moran, and thinking he was a poor orphan boy, in the kindness of their hearts, they intended to make Christmas happy for him. And for this good intention of theirs, you insulted them, and caused one of them to be arrested. They are both Catholics and belong to the leading families of Bardstown."

Mrs. Moran rose silently, and put on her hat and coat.

"I'm ready to go, my dear, sir," she said, grimly adding to her son: "Put on your cap, you wicked boy!"

For all her brave front, Patsy Lancaster was knowing some bad moments as she sat in her prison cell. It was like some nightmare. She, Patsy Lancaster, in jail! It would get into the papers—she would have to appear in court. What would her father say? And her poor mother! And all the uncles and cousins to the thirty-third degree! Then there was a commotion, the door was flung open and Marcia's arms were about her.

"It's all right, darling! Mr. Davis made that wretched boy confess, and his mother came and told the policeman out there of her awful mistake. Now you can get out of this terrible place!"

Lifting her face from Marcia's shoulder, Patsy saw Mr. Davis looking at her with admiring eyes.

"Oh, I quite forgot!" exclaimed Marcia. This is Mr. Davis, Father Davis's nephew, you owe your deliverance to him. Patricia, I mean. I am never going to call you by that detestable boy's name again!" she added to her cousin.

"I am duly grateful to you, Mr. Davis!" looking adorable in her renewed happiness. As they were passing out she caught sight of the downcast boy, by his shamed mother's side.

"Don't feel so bad about it, Mrs. Moran!" she said kindly.

"I'll feel bad about it to me dyin' day! I was no better a him, in not lavin' ye time to explain."

"But you were excited and didn't think," she said. "And please don't punish my little namesake! You know, my name is Patsy, too! Good-bye, Merry Christmas, Patsy!"

Reaching the street, they met Father Davis, hastening to the rescue.

"It is just lovely to meet you, at last, Father!" cried Patsy. "We are all so proud of you! I wonder if you and Mr. Davis could not come down and eat Christmas dinner with us?"

"I do not know, you see, we Priests are very busy on Christmas. But Leonard—"

"Oh, you must come, too!" insisted Patsy, but the pink deepened on her cheeks, knowing he would send down his interesting nephew.

Father Davis and Leonard accompanied them to the railway station. On the walk to the train, Patsy and Leonard lingered behind.

"I can't ever thank you enough for your trouble," she said, for once subdued.

"It was the greatest pleasure of my life!" he declared. "May I hope to see you again?"

"Aren't you coming down on Christmas?"

"If Uncle goes," hesitatingly.

"We shall look for you—and him."

"Oh, to come on Patricia!" pleaded Marcia, "or we shall miss our train!"

But Patricia did not hasten her steps.

"Marcia says she won't ever call me 'Patsy' again," she laughed. "They say it is my name that brings me all my trouble."

"But you don't think so?"

"No, indeed!" fervently. "It has brought me nothing but good!"

"Even today?" he asked, in a low voice. She laughed, but she gave him a little tender look.

"The train is going to start, Patricia!" cried Marcia.

"Give me that sprig of holly, please—Patsy!" pleaded Leonard.

One instant she hesitated, then snatching it from her coat she tossed it to him, as she started to run for the train. Father Davis, seeing it, smiled, as he bade her good-bye.

The Pastor of St. Louis Church found that he could arrange the services as to permit Father Davis to accept the invitation, which came in proper form, from his relations in Bardstown.

"I think we are the agents of Cupid, Father," observed Father Davis, with a glance at his nephew.

So it proved and the mistletoe hung from the chandelier in Patsy's old home, saw its ancient rite fulfilled ere its waxen berries fell.

ANGLICAN BISHOPS AND THE POPE

J. D. Tibbitts in America

The recent visit of certain Anglican bishops to the Vatican has proved, in one sense if in no other, a success of no small importance. It has placed upon record, more strikingly perhaps than any other event could, a vital misconception of the very principles upon which Catholicism is founded, so very vital as to make one wonder whether the distinguished gentlemen may not have similarly misconceived the principles of their own faith. Catholics are not unaccustomed to these things. It would be strange at this late day if they were, for if the history of Protestantism is a history of changing conceptions, it is no less a history of changing misconceptions. And if it is true, as is undoubtedly the case, that the Church is misconceived today in a manner totally different from that of a generation ago, it is all the more important that Catholics should have a clear understanding of it. To see ourselves as others see us is almost as necessary as to see ourselves as we are.

In making explicit, therefore, what might have remained indefinitely obscure, the Anglican bishops have rendered a distinct service, and a service which all the commentators upon the incident in question, have both amplified and confirmed. It is rarely that we find unanimity in Protestantism. And it is highly significant that when we do find it, it should be centered upon so singular an error. But it is even more remarkable that an error of this magnitude should have occurred amidst just the conditions that it did. We are all accustomed to read much of the light of the twentieth century. In Protestant literature it is usually the religious light of which we read, and it is always held up to us in vivid contrast with the supposed darkness of every other century. Then too, this is an age of criticism, and criticism is, of course, a distinctly twentieth century product. When then, in this age of criticism and light, we encounter the curious spectacle of a body of professed and professional experts utterly misunderstanding a fact which not only comes eminently within their own province, but is, perhaps, one of the most obvious of all the facts with which they have to deal, there is an inescapable conviction that something is wrong. And the question is bound to suggest itself, as to whether this something is wrong with the age, or wrong with the experts.

The misconception of which I speak is, in a sense, a natural one for Protestants to make, but it is natural only for those Protestants who are given to superficial thought, and so when biblicists and theological commentators display such remarkable powers of misunderstanding, one cannot but wonder, as I said before, as to just how deeply they

have gone into the principles which are fundamental to Christianity itself.

I speak of principles, but, as a matter of fact, there is but one principle upon which all Protestantism revolves, just as there may be said to be one principle upon which Catholicism revolves. To understand clearly, therefore, these principles, is to understand, at least implicitly, the religious which they underlie. To misconceive them is to misconceive all that has been developed from and by them. And it is just because they have been misconceived in such a very vital sense that it may be an advantage to restate them, if for no other reason than to correct an error which has become far too common to be passed unnoticed.

If we but grant the simple, yet fundamental fact, that some 2,000 years ago a revelation was given which possessed a distinct personal significance not only to every man then living, but to every man who would subsequently live, we are forced to the conviction that in some way or other it must be both knowable and knowable. This conviction is almost too self-evident to require demonstration; for unless it can be known, it is doomed to be forever ineffective, and a revelation which lacks all provision for its effectiveness is, in a rational sense, unthinkable. Then too, it requires an almost indefinite application, which is, of course, little less than an almost indefinite development; for each succeeding age brings with it many problems quite peculiar to itself, but which bear an inevitable and invariable relation to religion. This will, therefore, as time goes on, undergo a process of gradual explanation. Were this not true, its significance for modern men would fibrillate and evaporate, and whatever value it retained would be only in a partial and chiefly in a historical sense. For a vitalizing force must be no less competent to solve the moral problems of the United States in the twentieth century, than it was to solve the problems of imperial Rome in the first century.

Now there are just two principles by which the subject-matter of this original revelation may be made to bridge the chasm of 2,000 years and to present its facts to ourselves and their application to our problems. One of these principles is that of authority; the other is perhaps best summed up in the word impressionism. Beyond these two there is no alternative known to reason: and between these respective claims the entire system of Catholicism and Protestantism must be judged. Both are, in a sense, methods of apprehending facts, but we must bear in mind that the facts which they aim to apprehend are in a class quite by themselves; and that if they are at all times of the utmost importance, they are not infrequently of the utmost obscurity. Their importance is a logical corollary from the fact of revelation; while their obscurity is abundantly evident from the almost infinite diversity of viewpoints by which men regard them. If, then, we are to have definite knowledge of the original facts, one or the other of these two methods must be invoked. Either there must be a living authority which is both accessible and competent to tell us that which we are morally bound to know, or we must guess it, amidst such light as history and criticism may afford.

The first of these methods is distinctly and essentially the method of the Catholic Church. No one can gain any directness, its efficiency, or its eminent rationality. One argument only is urged against it, though it is urged with great variety of form and oftentimes with great plausibility of expression; and that is that it fetters the mind and obstructs speculation. This is a charge which it is very difficult for Catholics to understand, despite the fact that it is, in great measure, true; for it is true in the precise sense in which every known fact is a fettering of the mind, and that as we widen the sphere of positive knowledge, the sphere of speculation must correspondingly contract. The critics, however, of the principle of authority appear to forget the special significance of the subject-matter with which it deals and the field wherein it rules; they forget that the very purpose of speculation is to afford that which authority has already insured; and in their thirst of intellectual narrowness they forget that the narrowest of all things is the truth.

Now it is quite impossible to deny that the truth may likewise be reached by that other system which I have called impressionism, and which I have said is little else than guesswork, for no one, surely, can logically assume that guesswork must inevitably result in error. But a difficulty arises which appears of far more importance to Catholics than it does to our Protestant friends; and this difficulty lies in the absolute as well as the permanent uncertainty as to whether our guesses be objectively right or wrong. It is true that impressionism, as the very name I have given to the system implies, does offer a sort of sanction to the convictions of its adherents, for the guesswork of which I speak is no affair of mere random results, like those obtained by the tossing of a coin. Whenever there is, among Protestants, a question of the truth or falsity of a religious doctrine, the distinction is made to rest wholly upon a favorable or unfavorable report of the feelings. They become, therefore, at once, the cause, the confirmation, and the sanction of the guesswork.

But the really perplexing part of this system, to Catholics, is to know just what relation these feelings, whose interest lies only in effusions, and which clearly have no capacity to report facts, bears to objective truth. They see Dr. Abbott, for example, insisting upon a real absence of Christ in the Eucharist, and Bishop Weller insisting upon a real presence. Yet though the one views the subject with the vision of the New Theology, and the other with all deference to antiquity and tradition, they are both impressionist in an equal sense, for neither has an authority other than himself which can say to him the last word, or pronounce the final and decisive judgment. It is true that the bishop may appeal to the Scriptures against him; and it is true that the voice of the early Church too unmistakably to be denied he can at least accuse it of the same misinterpretation as that of which he accuses Dr. Weller. He is indeed more direct and more frank in his impressionism; but he is not one bit more an impressionist.

Now Catholics are quite willing to admit that truth may come through impressionism. They freely concede that, in the illustration above given, it may derive some of its force from Bishop Weller. What they do not understand and never can understand, is how he or any other impressionist can know when they have it.

It is far from my purpose to criticize this theory of religion, but it is one which both Catholics and Protestants, and Protestants in particular, ought thoroughly to understand. There are many indications that they do not, the chief of which is, that it is seldom, if ever, explicitly defended in their writings. There are indeed, some indications that the laity vaguely comprehend it, for no one who comes in direct contact with modern unbelief can be oblivious to the general consciousness that all theology is a matter of professional guesswork. This, however, is the result of inferences rather than of admissions. The clergy for the most part seem altogether unconscious of it.

But curious as this may be, it is even more curious that they should be so ready to impute to us the very principle of which they are so unconscious in themselves. Yet if the visit of the Anglican bishops to the Vatican meant anything at all, there was nothing else which it could possibly mean: for had they not been firm in their conviction that the Pope was an impressionist, that visit would never have been made. The learned gentlemen who subsequently wrote comments upon the incident proved this, and they proved, too, that their view was practically coincident with all Protestantism. The Pope was reactionary, obstinate, possessed, as one critic said, of "unconquerable pride." But had they not regarded him as an impressionist they would have had no motive in inviting his co-operation with a conference which was designed to be little else than a symposium of impressions.

And it is not wholly insignificant, that while the bishops failed utterly to comprehend the principles of the Pope, the Pope was perfectly clear as to the principles of the bishops. In his few reported words there was no trace whatever of misunderstanding. There was, on the contrary, a broad and correct conception of both opposing viewpoints. And of all the company the Pope was apparently the only one who had heeded the precept of the late Lord Acton: that whatever is rejected, should be first mastered.

GREETING TO JESUS

How happy one is at the beginning of the New Year to grasp the hand of a friend and wish him a happy New Year, and what joy one feels to receive in return his own warm greetings!

But among all friends, Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament is the best and the most loving. Can we suppose that on the beginning of the year, He too, does not expect that we should go to Him to wish Him a happy New Year? Yet how strange it is that few think of doing so! We, at least, who pride in calling ourselves His friends, let us not forget, to come and offer Him our heartfelt greetings! Let us say to Him: "Good Jesus, we come to wish You a happy New Year. We come to tell you how we welcome this year, how we desire that You may be better known and loved by all in the Eucharist, that You may be better served by men, that the irreverences of those You love, the profanations and sacrileges of Your enemies, be fewer this year."

And as a true friend answers with his best wishes, Jesus will reciprocate with His sincere greetings. And they will not be without effect as are most of the vain wishes of men, since He Himself will be their fulfillment.

But what are these wishes? Listen and you will hear the voice of Our Lord coming from the Host. It says: "How happy I am, My child, to see you come to offer Me your wishes for the New Year! There are so many who do not think of Me. In return for your thoughtfulness, I will open wide for you the treasures of My graces during this year. I will not forget this kindness, and I will bless you and make you happy for it; I will prevent evils of all kind from overtaking you. Because you have not forgotten Me, I also, whilst the long months of this year run their course, will lovingly remember that you are My friend,

and as such I will surround you with all My care and tender solicitude."

Adore the Divine Friend here present who so kindly greets you and renew your own good wishes.—Sentinel of Blessed Sacrament.

AN INSPIRING MESSAGE

Last October we had occasion to comment upon the sentiments of respect, reverence and veneration for the Blessed Virgin, expressed by Vice-President Marshall in an address at the convention of American War Mothers in Washington. Now we have the pleasure of acknowledging our appreciation of another laudable and lofty observation of the distinguished Indiana statesman, which is so deeply religious, so thoroughly Catholic that we can not refrain from publishing it for the admiration and edification of our readers. It is Mr. Marshall's New Year's Message to the nation. Here it is:

"Men are agonizing over the passion and prejudice, both real and seeming injustice and inequality; and the blackness of despair would settle over our land, were it not that faith, hope, and charity still abide—faith that a deeper knowledge of the wisdom of our institutions will be imparted to every son and daughter of the Republic; hope that more and more all men will turn from the contemplation of their rights to a consideration of their duties; and charity for all who are not vicious, but who, through stress and circumstance, have become embittered."

"God of our fathers, take from us, if Thou wilt, material prosperity and national glory, but give us individually and collectively for all the years to come, faith, hope and charity."

To us this message of the vice-president reads like a salutary and timely sermon. The emphasis, which it puts upon the great virtues of faith, hope, and charity, is extraordinarily remarkable in the public utterance of a man of affairs of the present day, when materialism, selfishness and avarice are so obnoxious on all sides. It should calm the fears of those over-timid people, who have been ready to despair of the future of our country.

The short prayer, which closes Mr. Marshall's utterance, rises to the sublime heights of the noblest spirituality. It prays for our Divine Lord taught that we should pray. It asks for the higher things of life, even if necessary, at the sacrifice of earthly possessions and material prosperity.

It is good that public men should thus proclaim to the world their abiding faith in God and religion. It serves as a spiritual tonic for the weak; and it stimulates the courage of the faltering. We congratulate Mr. Marshall upon the vigorous Christianity of his New Year's Message.—Catholic Telegraph.

PROMINENT CHINESE GENTLEMAN A CONVERT

Mr. Soun, a delegate of the Chinese Republic, is a convert to the Catholic Church, which up to some years ago he looked on as an enemy to his country. Mr. Soun, addressing the Mandarin (civil rulers) of Ningpo, told of his conversion. Some of his words are thus translated:

"Blightened and recognizing the errors of my past belief, it is a relief to my conscience, gentlemen, to tell you who are not Catholics, that I fully realize how mistaken were my ideas. And who knows but that some of you share in that mistake and think as I did? I now see that not only can one be a Catholic and a faithful Chinese at the same time, but also that Catholicism in China and throughout the entire world is the basis of the purest patriotism and the unfailing source of all the sacrifices it demands."

"The War has confirmed my personal experiences. The great French generals whose names are upon all lips, these saviors of humanity and in a special way of their own country, are—nearly all—practical Catholics. Foch, the famous warrior and generalissimo, whose name will remain on record, is a sterling Catholic. I do not recall the names of the other French generals, but I know, as I have given the matter special attention, that the greatest all share Foch's religious belief. The cause of this may seem an enigma to you, but it is, that without religious faith there is no true disinterested love—a love unto sacrifice—for one's country, and without it there is not patience in trial."

These words display an intelligence, an interest in world affairs, and a right viewpoint, that augur well for the future of the Catholic faith when it finds enough supporters to present it adequately to the millions of the vast Asiatic republic. Already the day is dawning when American apostles shall do their share in the great work. It is rumored from Maryknoll, the American Foreign Mission Seminary, that this year's group of Maryknoll missionaries for China will number at least six.

Faith working in us through charity, finally unites us with Christ; and, more—it creates in us a new creature, whose very breath is born of the Spirit of Jesus. Christ alone lives, acts, suffers, dies, and rises again in us. He forms of those who believe, as it were, a mystical Body whose members are closely knit by charity, breathing the divine Life, feeling the warm beating of the same Heart—the Heart of Jesus.

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The War has confirmed my personal experiences. The great French generals whose names are upon all lips, these saviors of humanity and in a special way of their own country, are—nearly all—practical Catholics. Foch, the famous warrior and generalissimo, whose name will remain on record, is a sterling Catholic. I do not recall the names of the other French generals, but I know, as I have given the matter special attention, that the greatest all share Foch's religious belief. The cause of this may seem an enigma to you, but it is, that without religious faith there is no true disinterested love—a love unto sacrifice—for one's country, and without it there is not patience in trial."

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JAN. 31, 1920

OFFICIAL

TO THE CATHOLIC CLERGY AND LAITY OF THE CITY OF LONDON

Reverend Fathers and My dearly Beloved Brethren:—After efforts covering several years and in which many of you have been actively interested, the Separate School Board of London and myself have finally arranged for the opening of a Christian Brothers' School for Boys in this City in September of this year.

The Sacred Heart School on Dundas Street, will be placed in charge of the Christian Brothers. The senior boys from all the other Separate Schools of the City will be placed under their direction, and I urgently request the sympathetic cooperation of Pastors and people with the School Board in making this new educational movement a complete success.

Wishing you all blessings, I remain, yours faithfully in Christ, M. F. FALLON, Bishop of London. London, Ont., Jan. 21st, 1920.

OUR RURAL SCHOOLS

Last week we tried to drive home to our rural readers a great and well-established fact and to dispel a widespread illusion. Until this fact is recognized, until this illusion is dispelled no plan for the betterment of our rural school system can be usefully or intelligently discussed.

Is there a rural reader who does not know of families leaving the farm and going to the city in order to give the children better opportunities of education? Did the neighbors flout the idea as absurd? No; they thought it quite natural, taking it for granted that the graded schools of the city or town were superior to the rural schools.

The history of successful men, leaders in every walk of life all over the North American continent, shows that this assumption of the superiority of urban schools over rural is a pure illusion; it does more, it demonstrates the fact that the rural school, supplemented by the farm work, has produced results that have been the envy, the despair of urban educators; that are now the inspiration of the newest departure in the

urban school system—technical education and manual training. In passing, yet very much to the point too, note the fact that when one of three or four boys is given the opportunity of a longer term at school, sometimes he is exempted from all farm work that he may have more time for his studies.

There are other factors in education which, even if the school system be made ever so much more elaborate and costly, can never be supplied by the school. The home is God's own school system. No ethical teaching that the State school may provide can compare with religion in conducting to right conduct, forming character, or influencing life.

But here and now we are considering the question of rural schools as it concerns non-Catholics and Catholics alike. The plan advocated by the late Minister of Education was to merge several of the present ungraded country schools into one large graded school. Enabling legislation was enacted; but it is left to the farmers themselves to act upon it or not as they see fit.

The plan advocated by the late Minister of Education was to merge several of the present ungraded country schools into one large graded school. Enabling legislation was enacted; but it is left to the farmers themselves to act upon it or not as they see fit.

It is not made so? Change it as you will; its name, its nature, but give us a test of the work done, a test by which those interested may safely compare the work of one school with another; compare the work of one teacher with another.

Before such a very costly system of rural schools is imposed on the farmers of Ontario there should be something more convincing offered in the way of justification than the mere assumption that Consolidated Schools will give correspondingly more satisfactory results.

Next week we shall indicate the lines along which we believe that rural education should be improved and developed.

AN IMPORTANT DEVELOPMENT IN SEPARATE SCHOOLS

The coming of the Christian Brothers to London marks an important development of the work of Separate Schools.

Educational writers have deplored the fact that the educational training of boys in Public and High Schools has passed almost exclusively into the hands of women. Serious observers of educational results have likewise felt that in spite of greatly improved methods, greatly increased cost, unquestioned progress, there was something lacking in the schools to their sons which they themselves enjoyed in their own boyhood days.

Here, apart from other important considerations, is where the Christian Brothers may give to our Separate Schools a very decided superiority over all others.

We have a double assurance that the Brothers are competent teachers. They take all the tests of scholarship and professional training required for teachers in the secular schools; and they must, moreover, pass the tests imposed by a world wide teaching Order with centuries of experience in school work and in the religious life.

The Christian Brothers will, as their numbers grow, enable the Separate Schools of Ontario to accomplish something which is becoming the despair of the Public Schools of America.

If, as in our opinion they should and will, they add the Fifth Form to the present Separate School course they will solve another difficulty. Our boys do not in sufficient numbers go on for secondary education.

We understand that in London during the first years, at any rate, that the Brothers will take classes below the fourth form. But if they carry their Entrance pupils on into the fifth class, any inconvenience arising from this arrangement will disappear in a few years.

DEEDS OF VIOLENCE

In the Globe of Thursday last we read that an "Ugly Wave of Crime Engulfs Old London and Sweeps England." And a sub-heading tells of the "Appalling Epidemic of Deeds of Violence." Still there is no intimation that England is about to be put under martial law, no suggestion of the suspension of trial by jury and the habes corpus and other safeguards of liberty.

In Ireland two policemen were shot, one in Dublin, where it is openly charged thugs and criminals are granted immunity that their crimes may be credited to Sinn Fein. The other is reported to have occurred in Thurles, Tipperary. How or by whom is not made known.

delicate shades of difference in such matters. This is the Associated Press despatch which some of our papers published:

London, Jan. 21.—A despatch from Thurles says the disturbance there arose out of retaliation for the shooting of a constable. In some cases hand grenades were thrown into houses and shots were fired through doors and windows.

"The residence of Charles Cullane, president of the Sinn Fein Club," says the despatch, "was roughly treated. Every pane of glass in the lower part of the house was smashed and bullets passed through the upstairs windows and smashed mirrors and furniture. Policemen burst in the hall door and searched the house for Cullane, but he had left, declaring that he would be a dead man if he were found."

Note the euphemistic term "disturbance"

When the dead tippler, Kennedy, was murdered by soldiers in Phoenix Park other soldiers ran together, shooting in all directions and killed one of their own officers. That was before they brought out the machine gun and fired it in the direction they thought would do the most good.

Here is an interesting comment by Arthur Griffiths on the murder of Kennedy and killing of Lieut. Bossett. It illumines many things in Ireland which are obscured by the dark shadow of rigid censorship and ruthless military control.

"Mr. Griffiths said what happened was perfectly obvious. The same sort of thing had occurred before. The only thing that struck him about it was that this was the first time the English Press happened to have reported the evidence. The only difference between the Phoenix Park case and other cases was that they admitted having shot this man Kennedy when he was lying on the ground. There had been a conspiracy of silence in the English Press. Within the past twelve months a great number of civilians had been shot. This case, continued Mr. Griffith, attracted attention because the story went out first that there was an attack on the Viceregal Lodge. Had it not been for the officer being shot the thing would have been hushed up. The officers acted under Dublin Castle, which was pursuing a deliberately provocative policy, prading machine guns and armoured cars."

The lawlessness of those Irish! Well, the admitted "disturbance" at Thurles, and the proved facts with regard to the "Sinn Fein Attack on the Viceregal Lodge" throw some light on "outrages" in Ireland.

CANADIAN EDITORS AND DEMOCRACY

A hard-driven word, "democracy;" an overworked word; and the editors of the Canadian press have done more, probably, than any others, of the hard driving and overworking. "Making democracy safe for the world" has been a phrase so pleasant to Canadian editorial ears, and so titillating to English-Canadian egotism that it has seemed as though no number of repetitions could stale it.

The question has recently been asked,—Who is going to make democracy safe for the world? On which we may remark that not much assistance can be expected to that end, from the Canadian press, until the editors have learned the first principles of fair play and acquired some slight regard for the truth.

It is possible that the majority of Canadian editors suppose the people of Ireland to be possessed by the devil; but even possession by the devil would not exclude unfortunate beings wholly from the operations of Christian charity.

Whatever may be supposed, in the editorial offices of the Canadian papers, to be wrong with the Irish Catholics, nothing can be imagined to be wrong with them which could disentitle them to ordinary, everyday, average justice. Do they get justice, in any measure, from the papers in Canada which are edited by Protestants.

Those who can remember back 35 or 40 years, recall the beginnings of the Home Rule party in Parliament, under Charles S. Parnell. A great deal of what that party undertook to do has been accomplished. Step by step, act by act, concession by concession, modifications of hard and unjust laws; land acts; rent courts; county council acts; grand jury reform; they fought for years to repeal one clause; to enact one

And every moment of the time, the London lie factories blackened the reputation of the Irish race; all the time, Protestant editors from Halifax to the Great Lakes, retold the London-made lies; pictured the Irish race to the eyes of the rising generation of Canadian boys and girls as ruffians, loafers, criminals, and as the late Lord Salisbury delicately put it, "Hottentots."

The Protestant editors of Canada are "on the other side." Not only are they on the other side, but they are almost unanimous in pretending that the side they take is the only side to Anglo-Irish politics. Not only did we beat the Germans in the War; but we beat them in propaganda. In plain terms, we outthought them and outlied them. We lied two to their one. We were all in it; for those of us who did not lie knowingly, gave publicity to the lies of the "propaganda" managers in London.

The War is over; but the "propaganda" is not. Are the Canadian papers publishing anything on the Irish side of Anglo-Irish politics? Not a word. Have you read any articles in the leading daily papers of Canada, written by anyone on the Irish side. With the exception of an occasional letter from that dear old optimist, whose pedal extremity was so long extended by English politicians, hardly a word ever finds its way into a Canadian daily paper to indicate that the trouble and the unrest in Ireland may be due, in even the smallest part, to conditions for which English politicians are responsible.

When Parnell, Dillon, Sexton, the Sullivans, McCarthy, the Radmonds, Healey, and their associates, were struggling in the Parliament at London for the few fragments of political liberty that seemed attainable in their day, the London daily papers were not content with misrepresenting them politically and religiously; they misrepresented their very physical appearance; and millions of Englishmen who never saw one of these cultured university graduates were made to suppose them rough, uncouth, raffishly intruders upon the sacred dignity of the English Parliament. That was then, had been for a century and a half before that, has ever since been, and is at this moment, the English method of discussing Ireland and the Irish people.

The average Canadian Protestant, man or woman, cannot talk of Ireland for five minutes without making grimaces. Why not? Because of lies, made in London and frantically re-echoed by Canadian papers. And the Canadian papers are still at it.

Democracy! Aye, democracy needs friends. Where are they? Is it possible there are any in Ireland? Is it possible there are any friends of democracy amongst Irish Catholics?

The most unjust oppression of labor by capital ever seen in the world was, and is today, the oppression of the Irish farmers by a soulless, money-grabbing, non-resident capitalist class of landowners. Do the principles of labor rights apply to Ireland? Answer, Toronto; answer, Montreal; answer, Winnipeg; Chorus answers, "No.!!!" Why not? Chorus answers, "Inquire in Downing Street."

"Democracy!" Do you mean "self-government?" Chorus: "Yes, except in Ireland." Do you mean majority rule? Chorus: "Not Catholic majority rule." Do you object to bureaucracy? Chorus: "Yes, with one exception: Dublin Castle." Well, one final question: "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" Chorus: "Certainly, if it comes by way of Belfast."

NOTES AND COMMENTS

PRESS DESPATCHES announce that Guelph will have daylight-saving again "this summer." In the middle of January, with a record winter on our hands, this is rather exasperating.

WHATEVER BE the merits or demerits of Prohibition it at least brings into relief the singular conception of the Christian religion in the minds of some of its advocates. In the course of a communication to the Toronto Globe one of them thus delivers himself: "Why should people be expected to swallow even a small amount of poison in order that Jesus Christ may be remembered?" And the writer signs himself, "In His Name." Could blasphemy go much further?

WHILE the Church of England in Canada is joining hands with four other Protestant denominations in

Canada in a great "Forward Movement" to "uplift" humanity, nine clergymen and one layman of the same denomination have met together and drawn up a protest against being classed as "Protestant." "We, as clergy and laity of the Church of England," says this precious document, "feel we must emphatically protest against the Church of England in Canada being classed as one of the 'Five Protestant Churches of Canada,' in the so-called Inter-Church Movement. Furthermore, we feel that we must consistently assert the fact that the Church of England in Canada is an integral part of the Catholic Church whose faith she has always confessed, etc., etc."

ELSEWHERE we read that the Bishops of the Church of England in Canada have been standing on the same platform with representatives of the "other four" Protestant denominations and proclaiming their essential oneness in faith and doctrine. And another minister of the persuasion whose name is very much before the public as one of the select chaplains of the Orange Society, off-sets the "Catholic" protest with the declaration that he glories in the name Protestant as his most precious heritage. So, there you are! The Church of England is "Catholic" or Protestant according to the point of view. In other words, it is proclaimed that there is really no difference between truth and error. You can range yourself under either banner and yet be an Anglican—"You pay your money and you take your choice."

PRESENT the big "Forward Movement," behind all the talk of adapting religion to our times, there lurks a huge fallacy. Cardinal Newman, in his Anglican days, once said: "I am suspicious of any religion that is a people's religion, an age's religion." Why? Because "truth will not be heartily received by the many, because it is against the current of human feeling and opinion, and the course of the world."

WHAT was true of that generation is no less so in this age of comfort worship. Non-Catholic Christianity is coming more and more to mean comfort and material prosperity. Each successive generation is to make its own creed, and from that creed will be eliminated everything that will curb the wild passions of humanity. It will be moulded and fashioned according to man's own sweet will. On the other hand, Truth as revealed by God will not accommodate itself to human caprice, and must therefore be unpopular to the generality of the race. "The light shining in darkness," said Newman, "is the token of true religion."

"AFTER a century of work the Christians of China number over half a million." This profound reflection follows a review in the Toronto Globe of the Life of one Robert Morrison, who is elsewhere styled "the first missionary to China." To the reviewer the work of Catholic missionaries in the land of the Celestials hundreds of years ago is evidently a sealed book. He has apparently never heard of the priests who accompanied Marco Polo in his journey over land seven hundred years ago, or of Father Ricci, who in the sixteenth century attained to such commanding influence in China that the whole empire seemed about to acknowledge the True God—a consummation that was defeated, as the work of God's Church has been so often defeated, by the machinations of civil governments. Nor does the further fact that Catholics alone in China number now nearly two million souls, among them many whose families have been Christian for twenty or more generations, enter into the Globe writer's purview. It would never do to admit that Catholics led the way anywhere.

MARSHAL FOCH AND A CONVERSION

An Australian Chaplain, Father Wm. Gwynn, S. J., tells this story: "There was a religious ceremony in a Paris church, and Marshal Foch was amongst the congregation. A certain prominent man who was an absolute unbeliever, went into the church purely with the intention of observing how this great soldier-comport himself on such an occasion. Seeing Foch humbly kneeling, as if the least famous of the congregation, his Rosary beads in his fingers, the sceptic was amazed and waited, observing everything till the close. Later he said, 'I saw things in there and thought over them, and I believe now.'"

A TRAGEDY OF THE WAR

WEAKNESS OF DEMOCRACY'S GREAT SPOKESMAN KILLED FAITH IN WORD OF STATESMEN

One of the tragedies of the War, and the failure of the Allied Governments to endorse Wilson's Fourteen Points, is the growing lack of faith in the mere words of statesmen. Nothing could have been loftier, or more appealing to the inner consciousness of men, than the ideals set before the Allied nations by all their leading statesmen. But where are these high-sounding phrases today? What part have they played in the peace negotiations and in the Peace Treaty itself?

Never again shall we trust in the words of our statesmen. Nothing but deeds will convince us of their sincerity. It is as if the pillars of the temple had been removed and we were invited to enter with assurances of perfect safety. Our faith in public men has been shattered. They lied to us as the Holy Alliance lied; they lied as a schoolboy truant might lie, scared by the echoes of his quivering voice. They lied in their War aims; they lied in their War propaganda; and the punishment they must bear to the end of the weary road is the silent contempt of a cynical world that no longer measures a statesman's sincerity by the facilities with which, by mere rhetoric, he can quicken the cravings of humanity.

When President Wilson sailed for Europe he carried with him the prayers and hopes of an agonizing world. For had he not offered a solution of their troubles for all oppressed peoples when he gave utterance to these historic words:

"There can be but one issue. The settlement must be final. There can be no compromise. No half-way decision is conceivable. These are the ends for which the associated peoples of the world are fighting, and which must be conceded them before there can be peace. The settlement of every question, whether of territory, or sovereignty, or economic arrangement, or of political relationship upon the basis of the free acceptance of that settlement by the people immediately concerned and not upon the basis of the material interest or advantage of any other nation or people which may desire a different settlement for the sake of its own influence or mastery."

"What we seek is the reign of law based upon the consent of the governed and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind."

"A general association of nations must be formed under specific covenants for the purpose of affording mutual guarantees of political independence and territorial integrity to great and small States alike."

In the earlier days of the War England's Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, had uttered similar sentiments:

"We fight not for ourselves alone, but for civilization drawn to the cause of small States,—the cause of all those countries which desire to develop their own civilization in their own way, following their own ideals without interference from any insolent and unauthorised aggressor."

"We shall not pause or falter until we have secured for the smaller States their charter of independence and for the world at large its final emancipation from the reign of force."

The new world envisaged by Mr. Asquith was to be a world in which great and small States alike were "to possess equal rights." Where are these fine promises of a better world today? Have Egypt, India, Persia or Ireland witnessed the consummation of this great hope of "equal rights?" Mr. Wilson reached Paris amid scenes of personal triumph no ancient Caesar returning with the spoils of victory had experienced. Then came the moral collapse and—darkness. One who was behind the scenes tells the tale of the greatest tragedy that has befallen the earth since the Nazarene was rejected by his own and led to an ignoble death. The watching European diplomats found the key to President Wilson's strength. His whole armor was *auto suggestion*. Like Samson's hair it was vulnerable to attack. The diplomats nodded and winked at each other. The President had arrived in Paris with no practical plan for the application of his Fourteen Points. In the endless jargon of the Peace table he lost his cardinal principle—open covenants openly advised—and secret diplomacy did the rest. It was a fateful journey from Jerusalem to Jericho and he fell by the wayside, *sans* Fourteen Points, *sans* everything that made the journey necessary. "Freedom of the seas" disappeared with "open covenants," and when the diplomats had finished with him he resembled nothing so much as a deflated toy balloon that emits dying squeaks as its lungs subside. Six months of talk and then the Treaty and the Covenant—Siamese twins unnaturally bound together, warring with each other and wholly irreconcilable.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN IF WILSON WERE STRONG

What a fall! Mr. Austin Harrison fills in the gaps in an imaginary discussion at the Peace Table to show what President Wilson might have accomplished had he stood by the principles he had enunciated in his Fourteen Points. Picture the President, he says, at the first meeting of the Conference:

"Gentlemen, I can see no point authorizing annexations. Kindly come to the point." The President looks from left to right expectantly. "We must have the coal of the Saar Valley," scream the French. The President frowns. "I am going for a drive in the Elysees now; perhaps tomorrow the point will be clearer."

As he quits the hot room the delegates sit aghast; then the storm breaks. They determine upon private calls, but the President is out; when M. Clemenceau goes round at 8 p. m. the President is at the Opera. On his return Mr. Lloyd George is waiting. "The French," he begins—The President smiles: "I have sent you a copy of the Fourteen Points, dear Mr. George," he responds, "but now I must go to bed—a demand."

"On the morrow, M. Clemenceau is tempestuous. 'Lafayette'—But again the President interrupts. The French insist, President Wilson once more strides out, and on the third day it is the same. On the fourth day, Mr. George calls with Mr. Balfour and Lord Robert Cecil. "We must save our political faces at home," they explain. The elections were fought on indemnities; we must be the German demand. Good, so that they cannot compete with us." The President pulls out his Fourteen Points—and his watch. "You agreed to make peace on these principles. I have nothing more to say. If you have changed your minds, I have not. I will go to the play today if you do not wish to talk on the Points. Now what shall I do?"

Mr. George mutters something in Welsh, and then in strides M. Clemenceau, followed by General Foch. M. Clemenceau is witty, eloquent, fiery, indignant. He shoots off Lafayette. He stalks about the room. The Boche must be annihilated for good. Then Foch takes up the argument. Nothing short of the left bank of the Rhine. And in the East we must have a buffer State running from the Baltic to the Adriatic, like Napoleon's Confederation of the Rhine.

The President rings a bell. "Tell Colonel House to come in," he says to the eunuch, and in five minutes the Colonel appears. "There seems," observes the President, "to be a mistake. These gentlemen want to entangle us in European tribal affairs. Will you please wire for the George Washington and tell Pershing to get ready to withdraw all troops within a month. I am going home."

"You cannot do that," M. Clemenceau throws out heatedly. "I beg your pardon," observes the President dryly. "But, Sir, you cannot leave us. Lafayette—"

"That is for you to decide. America entered the War to try to make a just and constructive peace. Now, as you clearly want the old kind of peace of hate and annexations, I cannot pledge America to support you. I had better leave you to fix it up yourselves. You see, I can do no good. I have not got back with a Napoleonic peace in my pocket, that is all."

"Then you are a pro-German," interjects a French minister, pale with emotion.

The President leans across to Colonel House. "Is Brandeis there?"

In a moment Brandeis appears. "There will be no further financial considerations until this order is rescinded," observes the President slowly. "But please make arrangements to feed Russia."

The President rises. "Gentlemen, I shall today send envoys to make a separate peace with our enemies, since we do not seem able to agree. I cannot spend the whole summer here, talking. At the sitting this afternoon, please arrange to give me a definite answer; whether we make peace on the agreed Fourteen Points or whether we don't. My daughter is waiting to take me out. Good morning!"

But the sitting that day is postponed. Instead the "Big Two" sit in secret from 8 to 7 p. m. and from 8 to midnight. A line of compromise is discussed. The Fourteen Points are read out aloud, Foch quitting the room. Finally Mr. George undertakes to act as mediator. He finds the President in bed, reading the New Republic.

"We cannot agree," he says; "I cannot induce the French to give way. They insist on their pound of flesh. They think you had better visit the devastated regions to get a truer orientation. I cannot desert them. I am pledged by the Elections. I got my Government on the cry of an eye for an eye. What am I to do?"

The President winces, smiles and positively winks again.

"In July, Mr. George, you made a speech and you said the Germans could have peace any day on my points. Am I to understand that was bluff, or do you insinuate that I was playing the joker?"

Mr. George starts. "But we are politicians. You don't mean to say you hold me to my public speeches. Why—"

"I make no criticism, my dear George. I merely say to you whether you suggest that I too don't mean what I say. I have the right to know that."

Mr. George here becomes painfully serious.

"Look here, let us chuck this and see what is to be done. If you refuse to make the sort of peace we want—"

"I shall go home," the President replies quietly.

"Withdraw your troops?"

"Certainly."

"And your financial aid—food, etc.?"

"Unquestionably."

"Leave us in the lurch?"

"No. Leave you to fix up what you can. I shall always be ready to discuss an arrangement on principle, you know. Ambassador Reading knows that."

"But you don't really mean this?"

"I do. I swear it on the truth of Lincoln."

"Good God! Who is that?"

"The man who said, 'You cannot fool all the people all the time.' Now, good-night!"

On the sixth day another sitting takes place. President Wilson makes a speech.

"We made war on a vicious system not on a people. Peace must give the new German democracy opportunity. There must be no annexations. We do not think a capitalist peace right. Nor can we be bound to any map-drawing on the lines of Tilsit. Open Covenants are essential. A Magna Charta of Rights must be laid down. All must come into the League or there can be no League, but only a grouping of powers. The Blockade must be removed—it is not gentlemanly. Have I the right to proceed?"

Uproar. No one can be heard. Forty different languages clash. An Italian sits on a Czecho-Slovak top-hat. M. Clemenceau breaks the bell. Finally the sitting is declared at an end. As they file out, all the people are buying newspapers. In great headlines they read: "The American troops left the zone of occupation early this morning."

The next day a still greater sensation is recorded. The papers announce the retirement of the 'Tiger,' Cabinet crisis.

At 9 a. m. Mr. George is awaiting the President at breakfast.

"Well!"

"Well?"

"Do you play golf, George?"

"Heavens, man, don't fool! Old Clem has quit. What shall we do?"

"Wait for the next Government. Meanwhile I'll ask you on golf for a fly."

"But the 'Tiger,' he—"

"You cannot make a peace of principle with a 'Tiger,' you know."

"Great Scot!"

"Yes. I see you've knighted Harry Lauder."

Mr. George breaks down and sobs. "We never thought you meant what you said," he lurches out. "We never imagined you were serious."

"You thought I played poker, eh?"

"That's it."

"Well, I do, but not when I deal on behalf of America with tens of millions of human lives, see?"

"Yes, yes. But what now?"

"Try this grape fruit. It is excellent."

And Mr. George does try it, and afterwards he feels better.

Four days later a new French Government is formed. M. Anatole France is in it. Professor Aulard is a member of the Peace Conference. At last they meet in plenary council. M. Anatole France delivered an impassioned address in the name of co-fraternity and co-operation. Then President Wilson rises. He unfolds his scroll with the Fourteen Points, and reads them aloud.

"Gentlemen, are we agreed on the principles? We are. I am glad. Now, I have to make an announcement. It is to ask for sacrifice. Now, we begin. We have to find an adjustment for the Japanese difficulty. I propose, therefore, that Japan's troubles be submitted to the League when constituted, and Britain has agreed to refer Ireland to the same Court. That is our evidence of sincerity. The League, therefore, is our first concern. But there is Russia. Gentlemen, I propose to send an international commission to Russia in order that we may understand the Russian problem. In the meanwhile I move that the Blockade be removed and that the military terms of Peace be settled this week, all territorial adjustments to be settled by the League on the principles accepted already by the Powers. Are there any questions of detail?"

Signor Orlando rises. "According to the Pact of London—"

"Secret Treaties ipso facto fall in abeyance. We cannot go back to the old diplomacy. Any other objections?"

The Poles, Czechs, Jugo-Slavs, Rumanians cry in chorus: "We want the buffer State."

"Napoleon is dead," replies the President. "All these matters will be settled by the League."

The Italians become insistent; once more there is an uproar. Colonel House and the President leave the Hall. The next morning in all the papers it is announced that the President is no longer in Paris.

The evening editions contain a short announcement to the effect that President Wilson not being able to obtain "Open Covenants" left last evening for the boat, but proposes to call upon the Democracies of Europe to elect their own representatives and meet in a neutral country six months later for the purpose of establishing the League.

But on board he is stopped by Mr. George who has flown to the boat.

"Do anything you like, only don't leave us," and so the President returns.

He again opens the Assembly. He again reads out the Fourteen Points. Again he asks if there are objections!

But there are none; only murmurs are heard.

That afternoon peace was made and at once it was published in the world's press.

Within a week, the League was formed, and held its first sitting exactly six weeks after the President's arrival in France. A month later the President sailed for America. It was a peace of conciliation and construction. The Germans undertook to pay a \$5,000,000,000 indemnity. Alsace-Lorraine went to France, but there were no annexations. Only Posen was to be incorporated in New Poland. By general assent, President Wilson had achieved the greatest victory known in history. De Vloyd called for three cheers for Lloyed George in Dublin and—got them. The world's Peace celebrations lasted a whole week.

Questioned on his return as to how he did it, the president replied: "I showed them the principles and refused to talk of the Points."

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED

When asked what would have happened had he not stuck to his Points, he retorted grimly: "I should have been given the lemon, and I should have left Europe in chaos and turmoil, and instead of League of Nations, why Europe would have had another peace of Tilsit and the War would have been in vain. But thank God, the George Washington is a trusty ship."

But President Wilson deserted his principles. He had exhausted his powers in the creation of fine words and forthwith forgot that the world was waiting for something that would give these words life. He has destroyed his own reputation, but he has done something infinitely more damaging. He has destroyed the faith of humanity in the spoken word. This is the great tragedy of the War.—The Statesman.

HON. JOSEPH TUMULTY
PRESIDENT'S SECRETARY

AN INTERESTING SKETCH OF PRESIDENT'S SECRETARY

A bit of doggerel about Tumulty, Secretary to the President, circulated in Washington not long since. It ran in a frolicsome but realistic manner:

Who's got to listen to the bores
Who ooze in through the White House doors,
And hear all of the kicks and roars?
Tumulty.

Who's got to open all the mail
And answer letters without fail,
And send regrets out by the bale?
Tumulty.

Who's always got to be polite
From early morn till late at night,
And never lose his temper quare?
Tumulty.

Who's got to read the proofs on all
Of Woodrow's speeches, great and small,
And bear the brunt of every equal?
Tumulty.

One of Mr. Tumulty's jobs is to see the newspaper men, keep them in good humor, and yet impress upon them the inherent dignity of the Government of the United States, a good part of which, at those daily conferences, he has the honor to represent. An air of formality is preserved by the Secretary throughout the interview, and the newspaper scribbles, we are informed by N. O. Messenger writing in The National Tribune (Washington), are equally formal, as long as the formal interview lasts:

It is "Mr. Secretary" this and "Mr. Secretary" that, all quite proper and according to Hoyle. But when the interview is over it is "Joe." And likewise with him it is "Jim" and "Gus" and "Jack," and so on. Which is as it should be, and is a very clear indication of the relations existing between the representatives of the press and the man who is their intermediary with the Executive. For it shows the existence of a solid tie of mutual affection and trust among them which binds the official relations closer. There is no use denying that "Joe" puts over many a thing that "Mr. Secretary" would find treated in a way lacking the power of the personal equation.

As for Secretary Tumulty's job in general, says the writer, the doggerel quoted above might tell the whole story. But it omits the underlying significance of his position and its influence upon affairs. The account continues:

Moreover, probably you would like to know something about the man. So the writer will introduce you to a middle sized, well-set-up, youngish-looking Irishman, with a smooth face wearing mostly a pleasant smile. While he is Irish through and through," he doesn't suggest the popular conception of the red-haired, sandy-complexioned, belligerent son of Erin. He has light hair, very silky and fine in texture, and the clear skin with a touch of color that he got from some rosy-cheeked maternal ancestor back in the Blessed Isle. An sure, there is never a touch nor suspicion of the brogue which he imitates with inimitable effect some Irish story teller.

He is not belligerent in the sense of over-angerness to "start something," but all hell can't hold him when he is once in a fight until it is ended, and ended right. Hamlet told about him in his maxim, which Mr. Tumulty practices:

Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honor's at the stake.

That's Joe—and more power to him!

Surely there must be something in that old fable about kissing the Blar-

ney stone. Haven't you met people who you thought had done so? And if it is true, one of Tumulty's ancestors at no very great distance back in the line must have kissed it—given it a good smack—he surely has the way with him. This is not to be interpreted wrongly or as meaning that he is in any manner devious. Not that; he just has the knack of being gracious. And he means it; it is no affectation with him. It comes from a naturally kindly heart, and while his nature can be as hard as granite in matters where firmness is required, his heart is as tender as a woman's. He has a great compassion for humanity. He really feels deeply for the masses; more than deeply for the under dogs. He is for the betterment of mankind's environment. But don't pick him up for a "softy," or something will drop on your toes and hurt.

He likes companionship and is full of wit—native Irish and acquired. He sees the funny side of things, and that quality has served him in good stead in his present office, since it aids him in recognizing the pretentiousness. The unduly puffed-up kind of find the air let out of them after a session with him. He is quick to think and to act. In dealing with him, people who seek to reach their objective by a round-about way find him cutting across lots and arriving at their object, before they think he is "on to them."

If one has business with him, it would be well to bear in mind a few essentials of conduct.

First, be sure to "come into court with clean hands." That is to say, be sure the object is a right one.

Secondly, state it succinctly and without circumlocution.

Thirdly, avoid logging in adventitious circumstances; and if it is a worthy object, it doesn't need any propping up, trimming, or anything else. Fourthly, if he says he will do it, let him do it his own way and don't get him on the cards. And if he says it can not be done, better drop it. By following this, you can go along about your other business, sure that attention will be given the affair. But just pause a minute and bear in mind that, while the thing was the most important consideration to you, he is probably a thousand others bearing with him with equal weight of importance. And there are only twenty-four hours in the day.

Before departing from an admiration upon Mr. Tumulty as an Irish man it might be well to touch upon what might be called a collateral issue of his racial descent—his Catholicism. Joseph P. Tumulty is a Catholic and a Catholic in good standing. To a minister of the Protestant Church in an up-State New York City who had darkly hinted to President Wilson that his secretary might be withholding in his executive notice affairs in which the Catholic Church was interested, President Wilson wrote as follows:

"I am glad to have an opportunity to correct a very grave injustice to my secretary, Mr. Tumulty. You are very much mistaken if you suppose that he withholds from me letters and protests like this of yours. While there are many letters he does not answer without my attention, he is sensitive to such things, particularly careful to lay before me everything of this sort and to discuss it with me with the utmost frankness, and I must say, dispassionateness. I must beg you to believe that matters of this sort are handled at my office with entire fairness and disinterestedness, for I personally know that to be the case.

"I grieve me very much that unfounded suspicions should arise and that many things should be imagined to be true which are far from being true, and I beg that you will reconsider your judgment entirely."

"Cordially and sincerely yours,"

"WOODROW WILSON."

Any one who is thrown in contact with Mr. Tumulty very quickly comes to appreciate his very great devotion to the President. They say that it was the same away back in New Jersey, when he was private secretary to Governor Wilson. Only now it's worse—or rather more of it. To be sure he has more to be devoted to, because President Wilson is many times greater in every way than Governor Wilson. As the President's ideals have grown, his work expanded. Joseph Tumulty's devotion to the greater man has increased proportionately as his admiration has grown. Some people think that Mr. Tumulty maintains a kind of blind idolatry of his chief. I don't think so. Rather does he hold him in friendship according to Woodrow Wilson's own definition of friendship, so aptly and gratefully expressed in the President's own incomparable dictation. Here is what Woodrow Wilson says about friendship:

"Friendship is of royal lineage. It is of the same kind and breeding as loyalty and self-forgetting devotion and proceeds upon a higher principle even than they.

"For loyalty may be blind and friendship must be; devotion may sacrifice principle of right choice which friendship must guard with an excellent and watchful care. You must not in your friend's interest whether it pleases him or not.

"The object of love is to serve, not to win."

And that is Tumulty's doctrine, and his practice; the writer insists. His whole life since he has been at his post as Secretary to President Wilson has been one of service. Speaking of the service, we are introduced to the tribute paid to Tumulty in this respect by Col. George Harvey, who

certainly can not be called a blindly devoted follower of the President. Colonel Harvey writes: "The man who has rendered by far the greatest service to Mr. Wilson is Mr. Tumulty." And then he went on to mention Tumulty's combined tact, diplomacy, astuteness, and personal devotion. The writer continues:

"A while back I spoke of his kind-heartedness, which extends to high and low, but always keener to the lowly. Here is a little story: There was a poor old laborer, sickly and debilitated, who was hired to sweep the paths and clear the White House lavans of leaves and trash. He was under the Engineer's Branch of the War Department, which has charge of public grounds, and his superior officer, a Captain, laid him off for some small dereliction. The old man got \$1.40 a day, on which he tried to support a family. He appealed to Mr. Tumulty, and the latter wrote the Captain in the old man's behalf. The Captain promptly discharged him for 'going over his head.'

"Then Joe did get mad. What he said about that Captain would have sent the tail off an army mule. He went to the Major, over the Captain's head for fair this time, and the Major promptly made good by reinstating the old man. But that wasn't enough. Joe demanded that all the laborers in that class should be given a day off on Christmas. The worthy Major was aghast at that; there was nothing in the Rules and Regulations providing for such a thing.

"But the President has ordered it," said Joe, looking at the Major with those Irish blue eyes of his in the most innocent manner. Now, the President hadn't ordered it, and the Major knew he hadn't, and Joe knew that the Major knew, but Joe never batted an eyelid. 'Very well,' said the Major, 'they get the day off.' Still Joe wasn't satisfied. Why wouldn't the Major ask the Appropriations Committee to give those laborers an increase over the \$1.40 a day? The Major couldn't think of it unless the President recommended it.

"But the President does recommend it, strongly," said Joe, still registering blue-eyed innocence. Again that look of understanding in the Major's eyes—a wide old Major he. The increase would be urged.

"Major," said Joe thoughtfully, "I see that you and I are going to get on finely together. But you tell that Captain of yours to keep away from me."

Secretary Tumulty has been called "the official news-master of the country." That is decidedly a misnomer in so far as it might indicate that he promulgates general news of an official nature. On the contrary, he is exceedingly particular to communicate to the newspaper men only news that comes within his especial bailiwick. He never touches upon affairs being handled by the Cabinet officials until they reach the stage of consideration by the President. But he gets the idea that Mr. Tumulty is an official megaphone, shouting out news like the leader of a school chorus at a football game. Except when he has an official announcement to make or a "hand-out" of some official communication, the newsgatherer must "gather" his inspiration from inference or from what Tumulty does not say more than what he says outright. The main benefit to be derived from attending the daily White House conferences between the newspaper correspondents and Mr. Tumulty is to get the White House "atmosphere" about public affairs. You have to absorb it, soak it in, rather than obtain it by word of mouth. Another important consideration is to keep from going wrong on public affairs. You may get an impression at the Capitol or elsewhere and find that an entirely different view point obtains at the White House.

When you come away from one of those conferences you may feel pretty sure that although you may not have learned a great deal of a specifically affirmative and positive character, yet you "have got your bonnet on straight" and will not be wrong in interpretation of the White House attitude.

If Joseph P. Tumulty will not tell you all you want to know, he will not mislead you nor tell you what is not so. He tells you many things in confidence, for your guidance, not for publication. It is needless to say that his confidence is strictly preserved. The man who would violate it might as well turn in his union card and never come back any more. No doubt there are times when the White House puts out tentative suggestions, by way of feelers, so to speak, to sound out public sentiment; to see how an idea will "take" with the public. That is all right; it gives an idea of what the Administration is thinking about, at any rate.

The duties of the Secretary to the President are mainly, of course, to act as a buffer between the President and the wave after wave of more or less important public and private business which break upon the White House. Much of this vast volume can be diverted to the proper channels, the Departments, and never need reach the President. Yet, the humblest appeal, if it has merit, and if it should aim directly at the President, will reach him in case no other disposition of it is possible. So also must the Secretary to the President ward off the callers whose business can just as well, or more appropriately, be handled in other quarters.

By this time, perhaps the reader is inquiring: "Who is this man Tumulty? Where did he come from and how did he get there?" 'Tis an interesting story, especially as Mr. Messenger tells it:

He was born in Jersey City, N. J., May 3, 1879. His "people" were well-to-do folk; his father a veteran of the Civil War in the Union Army. The son was to be trained as a lawyer, with a side squint at politics. He was graduated from St. Peter's College in Jersey City in 1899 and immediately started in to read law. By 1902 he was ready to hang out his shingle and practised for eight years. Now comes the squint at politics. He ran for the legislature and was elected, serving from 1907 to 1910, when Woodrow Wilson, Governor of New Jersey, appointed him private secretary and retained him in this confidential capacity when he came to Washington as President of the United States. And here is how Mr. Wilson came "to take him on."

Fred Kissam, known far and wide in Jersey, was in charge of the Democratic Speakers' Bureau in the State campaign of 1910. Kissam was working tooth and nail for the election of Woodrow Wilson as Governor over Vivian M. Lewis. One Friday Kissam received a telephone message from Wilbur Beecroft, former sheriff of Monmouth County, asking him to get a speaker for a meeting to be held at Lakewood that very night. "Get me a good speaker," Beecroft urged. "Wilson is going to speak, but he will be here late and we must have a good speaker to hold the crowd until he comes. Don't send me any dubs."

Kissam had scheduled Joe Tumulty at West Hoboken that night. Joe was going strong on the stump. He was handing out the language the boys could understand, and he kept his crowds in good humor with his dialect stories. He was full of fire and "pep" and had never let an audience get away from him until he was through and started the exit procession himself.

So down came Joe, and Kissam met him at the station and took him to the hall where all the chivalry and beauty of Lakewood was assembled to hear Mr. Wilson. Likewise "the gang was all there." Joe mounted the platform, gave the crowd the once over, beamed that Irish smile upon them, which met with instant response, and then started in to give the Republican Party an unshirked hall. He warmed up as he went along and was in full stride, carrying the crowd along with him with cheers and laughter, when Mr. Wilson came to the door. Just as he stepped across the threshold Joe had loosed away at the Republicans with a high-explosive shell of great velocity which exploded with a crash that attracted the attention of Mr. Wilson, who paused in the operation of shucking his overcoat and listened for several minutes before proceeding to enter the hall.

"Who is that young man?" inquired Mr. Wilson.

"That's Joe Tumulty, from Hudson County," replied State Chairman Nugent, who had come down with Mr. Wilson from Tom's River. Mr. Wilson made a few other inquiries about him. "Umm," he said. "Bring him around to the hotel after the meeting. I want to talk to him."

After the "speaking" was over Nugent took Joe around to the Laurel House and introduced him. They talked until way into the night.

Kissam had looked Tumulty to speak at Long Branch Saturday night, but Saturday morning he received a telephone message from Mr. Wilson telling him to cancel all of Joe's engagements. He wanted Joe to go along with him. And Joe has been going along with him ever since. He finished the campaign with him, and his knowledge of affairs and of political conditions in the legislature was of inestimable value to the candidate. When Mr. Wilson was elected Governor he asked Joe to come with him as private secretary.

So this capable young lawyer and rising politician abandoned his personal career and entered into the service of the man who was destined, though no one knew it, to become later the foremost figure in world affairs. If Joe had remained in Jersey he probably would have been either in the Governor's chair or in the United States Senate. But in all those years he has, to the writer's personal knowledge, submerged his personal interests to loyal service for the man whom he fairly idolizes. And, if he should have to go back and begin politics all over again at the bottom of the ladder, he would not begrudge the time spent in Woodrow Wilson's service.

Mr. Tumulty first came into contact with politicians of national note when he accompanied Mr. Wilson to Sen. Gore, N. J., in the interim between his first nomination and election. There he met every "big gun" in the Democratic party, and there he first came into touch with the newspaper men representing the largest dailies in the country. He had the capacity to broaden as his duties broadened, to expand to the enlarged requirements upon him. He met every specification of the new plans.

By the time President Wilson was ready to "open up for business" at the White House, Mr. Tumulty had built up a solid friendship with important men in public life and had established friendly relations with the newspaper press to a remarkable degree. Other private secretaries of Presidents have made friends in office, but Joe came there with a large retinue already established.

During his term of service in Washington, he has suffered three great personal losses in the death of friends he made in those early days. Thomas J. Fence, one of the best-beloved newspaper men of Washing-

ton, who took charge of the publicity bureau in the first campaign and afterward became secretary of the Democratic National Committee, was the first to go. Then, United States Senator Hughes—"Billy" Hughes—the second of the trio, responded to the call. After him, Senator Ollie James, of Kentucky, had to go. These three men had been inseparable companions with Joe and such other. Their memories will live long years from now in Washington. And, meanwhile, "Joe" will be the same old Joe to his friends who remain, and continue to be the very efficient public servant that he is.—Literary Digest, Jan. 17.

TOUCHING INCIDENT OF WAR

There is a wonderful passage in that gripping story of the War written by Henry Barbusse. An airman, scouting one Sunday morning above the trench lines in France, was puzzled to notice the simultaneous collection of big masses of men on both sides.

They gathered at the same hour. They grouped themselves in the same formations. They seemed to be going through the same motions. Could it be that, by some strange chance, both armies were preparing an attack simultaneously?

The airman planned downwards until he could hear sounds that came from the two mighty hosts. The sounds were very identical. Then, with a shock of surprise, the aviator realized what he was watching. "The two armies were hearing Mass!"

"They had interrupted the mutual slaughter," says M. Barbusse, "to address the same prayers in the same words at the same moment to the same God."

Commenting on this passage in a Socialist paper, H. N. Brasford, an eminent English novel Catholic writer, says: "To imagine that scene is to sum up the paradox of human nature in its follies and its grandeur."

It is also to realize the universality and sublimity of the Catholic religion. The Catholic Church alone is able to solve the antinomies of human existence. She alone has a satisfactory doctrine regarding war. She alone can reconcile its justice with its horrors. She alone can give courage to bear its sufferings.—The Tablet.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

Almonte, Ontario.

Dear Friends,—I came to Canada to seek vocations for the Chinese Missions which are greatly in need of priests. In my parish alone there are three cities and a thousand villages to be evangelized by only two priests. Since I arrived in Canada a number of youths have expressed their desire to study for the Chinese mission but there are no funds to educate them. I appeal to your charity to assist in founding bureaus for the education of these and others who desire to become missionaries in China. Five thousand dollars will found a bureau. The interest on this amount will support a student when he is ordained and goes off to the mission another will be taken in and so on forever. All imbued with the Catholic spirit of propagating the Faith to the ends of the earth will, I am sure, contribute generously to this fund.

Gratefully yours in Jesus and Mary

J. M. FRASER.

I propose the following bureaus for subscription.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. M. BOSSAERT

SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY

THE VINEYARD, A TYPE OF THE HEART OF MAN

We read today the parable of the vineyard, and in a spiritual sense we may understand it as applying to the heart of man. If a vineyard is to be productive, it needs much attention, and requires to be dug up, cultivated and kept clear of weeds. Our hearts are like a vineyard in this respect, and also need much attention, in order that the fruits of justice and righteousness may grow and ripen there.

1. It behooves us to be diligent in digging up our spiritual vineyard; that is to say, we must often carefully examine our conscience. This is the first step towards leading a really good Christian life; we ought to know ourselves, as otherwise we can not correct our faults and our bad tendencies. This saint was well aware of this, and he has always regarded examination of conscience as one of the chief means of sanctification, practicing it with the greatest diligence. We, too, ought to examine our conscience, not only before confession, but at least once every day, before going to rest at night. Make it your habit to do so, and do it thoroughly, not superficially, so that you may really find out your faults and see what causes them, and then you will be in a position to correct them and make progress in the way of virtue.

2. We have to be careful, moreover, to cultivate our spiritual vineyard, for without fertilizer the soil will be too poor to produce much fruit. The means of grace offered by holy Church are to our hearts what fertilizer is to a vineyard—they are prayer, hearing, the Word of God, spiritual reading and, above all, the reception of the Sacraments. When you read the lives of the saints, you will find that none of them neglected any of these means of grace. St. Stephen, King of Hungary, used to pray by night as well as by day, and often spent whole nights in prayer. We are told of the Emperor Constantine that he used to stand for hours listening to the Word of God, and when the bishop once urged him to sit down, he replied that he would deem it a sin to hear God's Word inattentively or sitting in a comfortable position. St. Mechtildis went almost every day to Holy Communion, and used to say: "If there were necessary to go through fiery flames, in order to receive Holy Communion, I should not hesitate for one moment to do so."

How beautiful are the examples set us by the saints, and how much they ought to encourage us to use the means of grace that holy Church supplies for our sanctification! Let us be zealous in prayer, and never fail to say devoutly our morning and evening prayers, and our grace at meals; let us delight in hearing God's Word and listen to sermons and instructions devotedly; and then spare hour to reading some pious book; above all let us frequently, and with deep reverence, receive the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion.

3. Finally, if the vineyard is to be productive, we must never cease clearing it from weeds; and weeds of all sorts abound in our hearts, namely our perverse inclinations, our tendency to pride and arrogance, to impurity, envy, anger and impatience. All these are indeed weeds; we may struggle against them and destroy them a hundred times, but they always return, and unless we wage perpetual war against them, they lead to many grievous sins. It is impossible to advance in goodness and attain to Christian perfection unless we control and check our disorderly impulses and inclinations, and hence the author of the Following of Christ is quite right when he says: "Thou wilt increase in virtue only to the extent that thou dost violence to thyself."

Therefore now in this holy season, when we are preparing for the time of Lent, renew your zeal for the welfare of your immortal souls. Now there is still time; now grace is offered you; now you can still labor and by carefully cultivating the vineyard of your heart you can merit heaven. Work whilst it is still day, for the night cometh, when no man can work. Purify your conscience by true contrition and honest, frank confession; get rid of the disorderly impulses and inclinations; slake off your bad habits, and show yourselves zealous in practicing all Christian virtues, so that you may be faithful laborers in your Lord's vineyard, and receive from Him the heavenly reward of eternal happiness. Amen.

SOME NOTABLE CONVERTS IN 1919

A partial list of the more prominent people who became converts to the Catholic Church during 1919 follows: Professor George Ford, Professor of Politics in Princeton University; Bishop Frederick J. Kinaman, formerly head of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Delaware; John L. Stoddard, the eminent lecturer and traveller, and his wife; Dr. John Young Brown, a distinguished St. Louis physician; Elizabeth Thurman McCormick, daughter of the late Allen G. Thurman, known as the "Old Roman"; Major General De Rosy C. Cabral, U. S. A., commandant at San Antonio and of all the forces along the Mexican border; Rev. Robert E. Wood, who spent

twenty years as an Episcopalian missionary in the Chinese province of Hubei; George Wm. O'Shaughnessy, a prominent member of the Episcopal Church in Denver; Dr. Alma Webster Powell, sociologist and lecturer; Judge Nicholas Fressenden of Fort Fairfield, Maine; George Grossmith, George Formby and George Mozart, in England; Mrs. E. Thorne of London, a daughter of the late and noted Dan Farrar, and now head of the Catholic Woman's Missionary League; Rev. Chas. Henry Sharp, M. A. of Stroud, Gloucester, the author of various works; Rev. Francis Graham B. Sutherland, formerly curate of an Anglican Church in Bristol; Rev. John F. Sargent, formerly an Anglican minister; Rev. Herbert Cooper, M. A., formerly Vicar of Berry Pomeroy, England; Rev. R. T. Richardson of prominent connection with Queen's College, Oxford; Rev. Frederick Parkes, prominent in Anglican circles for thirty-two years; Rev. T. Hildred Robinson; Rev. R. B. Kenworthy Brown of Oxford, England; Rev. Charles Whiteford, an English Chaplain, received at Chateaux, France; Mr. Jolly, a Non-conformist minister.—The Antidote.

CANDLEMAS DAY

FEBRUARY SECOND

The Mosaic law commanded that a woman who had given birth to a son should not approach the tabernacle for forty days. On the fortieth day she offered sacrifice for her purification, a lamb as a holocaust and a young pigeon or turtle dove as a sin offering. If she was poor a second pigeon or turtle dove was offered in place of the lamb. As the first born was to be considered as belonging to God it must be redeemed or ransomed. The price of ransom was five shekels, about three dollars in our money. Mary was a daughter of Israel. She had given birth to her first born. By the spirit of the law she was not bound. The law of purification was made for women espoused to men. Mary was espoused to the Holy Ghost. Her Child was the Creator of all things and could not be ransomed as a slave. The Holy Spirit revealed to Mary that she should fulfill the law like other Hebrew mothers, that her Son should be ransomed as a common Jewish boy. The same divine plan that protected Mary's fruitful virginity obliged her to visit the temple and make the offering. She was truly the handmaid of the Lord. Her Son was obedient unto death.

Joseph and Mary start for Jerusalem. She carries the Child and Joseph carries the two doves, their simple offering, for they were poor. They cannot afford the price of a lamb, but they bear with them the Lamb of God. The people gaze at them. They wonder at the sweetness of the mother, the beauty of the Child, and the serene majesty of Joseph. They smile at them and say a pleasant word to the simple little family from the hill country. They do not know how close they are to God. The party enters the temple. It is the second temple, built after the return from Babylon. The great temple of Solomon had been destroyed. It is the temple in which the Child now sleeping peacefully in His mother's arms shall soon sanctify by His presence, the one that He shall tell His people shall be destroyed until not a stone is left upon a stone.

In the midst of the assembled priests and people there are the faithful ones. They are praying for the day of their deliverance, not knowing that at that very moment they are under the same roof with the promised Messiah. The whole ceremony is simple and the preliminary forms are soon completed. But God will not let so signal an event in the earthly life of His Son pass without a welcome. His angels summoned the shepherds on the great night. His star guided the Magi to the crib of Bethlehem. The Holy Spirit sends witness to the Infant in the temple. The prophet Simeon is advanced in years, but he goes over to the temple. The Holy Ghost has promised him that he shall not see death until he beholds the salvation of Israel. There were many mothers who had come to present their children. The old man immediately recognizes the Virgin. He had often read of her in the book of Isaiah. He passes through the crowd. Mary, inspired by the Spirit of God, recognizes him and places the Child in his trembling arms. His saintly old face is illumined with divine love. He raises his eyes to heaven and sings, "Now, O Lord, dismiss Thy servant according to Thy word in peace, because my eyes have seen Thy salvation." He gives the Child back to His mother. The doves see presented to the priest, the sacrifice is offered, the price of ransom is paid. Mary and Joseph pay homage to their Creator. The temple is dear to Mary, for in it she spent the years of her young girlhood. The little family quietly but joyfully leave for their humble home.

The beautiful feast commemorating this event in the life of our Lord is one of the earliest in the Christian Church. Many of the Fathers believe that the solemnity was instituted by the apostles themselves. It is certain that it was a long-established feast in the fifth century. The Greek Church and the Church of Milan count it among the feasts of our Lord. The Church of Rome considers it a feast of the Blessed Virgin. While it is true it is the

day our Saviour is offered in the temple, the offering is the consecration of the Blessed Virgin's purification. The most ancient apostolic calendars call it the Feast of the Purification.

It is impossible to say certainly why the blessing of candles as a solemn ceremony is associated with the Feast of the Purification. Some Fathers are of the opinion that it was instituted towards the close of the fifth century by Pope St. Gelasius in order to give the Christian tone to certain remnants of the old Lupercalia still retained by the Romans. In support of this opinion we have the recorded fact that St. Gelasius did abolish the feast of the Lupercalia, which was held in the month of February. Pope Innocent III., in a sermon on the Feast of the Purification, attributes the institution of the ceremony of Candlemas, to the wisdom of the Roman Pontiff, who turned into a Christian rite the remnants of an ancient pagan custom, which had not fully died out among Christians. "The old pagans," he says, "used to carry lighted torches in memory of those which the fable gives to Ceres when she went to the top of Mount Aetna in search of her daughter, Proserpine." An objection to this explanation is the fact that in the pagan calendars of the Romans there is no record of any feast in honor of Ceres for the month of February. Pope Benedict XIV., probably the most learned of all the Popes, connects it with the ancient pagan custom of going through the streets with lighted torches in their hands. The sovereign Pontiffs turned this custom into a Christian festival and attached it to that feast in which Jesus, the Light of the world, is presented in the temple by His virgin mother.

The Feast of the Purification is a beautiful one; the solemnity of blessing the candles is most impressive. The Church begs Almighty God to watch over and protect those who use the blessed tapers "whether on land or sea." The blessed candle spends its life on the altar of God as an immolation to the living Lord in the tabernacle. It burns in Christian homes to brighten them with the light of God's faith. It is clasped in the hands of the dying as a pledge of immortality.—Catholic Universe.

RELIGION IN THE BRITISH ARMY

A. Hillard Atteridge in America

In the old days of small professional armies, the soldier was a man apart. Many years of his life were spent with the regiment; he formed a distinct class, and it would have been mistaken to attempt to form from his ideas and practice a general judgment on the religious and moral condition of the nation whose uniform he wore. Modern war, based on the principle of "the nation in arms" has changed all this. In a great war lasting for years and putting into the field a considerable part of the nation's manhood, taking too in the wide sweep of compulsory service men of every class, the army represents the whole of the people.

It is this fact which gives special interest and value to the results of two elaborate inquiries into the religious condition of the British army during the great War. These results are summed in two recently published books: "The Army and Religion, An Enquiry and its Bearing Upon the Religious Life of the Nation," with a preface by the Bishop of Winchester and "Catholic Soldiers," by Sixty Chaplains and Others," edited by the Rev. C. Plater, S. J. The first of these volumes deals with the non-Catholic soldiers, the results of an inquiry carried out by a committee which represented all the various non-Catholic religious bodies and collected hundreds of reports from chaplains, war-workers, officers and soldiers. Only incidentally it refers to the Catholic soldiers. The second book supplements it. Unlike the first it makes no attempt to sum up the evidence, but merely marshals it under a number of heads, leaving the reader to form his own conclusions.

There is a startling contrast between the effect of the evidence collected in these two books. In both of them we get plain statements of facts by first hand witnesses, and both the number of witnesses, and the wide scope of the searching questions they were asked to answer, make the evidence remarkably complete. And no one can read them without the inevitable conviction that the Catholic Church has secured a real hold upon its people and exerted a living influence for good upon them; while, in contrast with this, the non-Catholic churches have failed almost entirely to do anything of the kind with those who give them a professed allegiance. "A tree is known by its fruit," and this Gospel-test has been applied to the effect of various religious systems on the lives of millions. About the answer given by the great experiment there can be no doubt. It is all the more striking because the non-Catholic committee with candid honesty admits the terrible failure, while the Jesuit editor of the reports on the Catholic life of the army does not even attempt to sum up the result, but leaves the facts to speak for themselves because there is no need to insist on their obvious significance.

In the British army every man's religion is noted when he joins, and this becomes part of his personal army record. The great majority of the recruits register themselves as "Catholic." This often

means very little. If a man does not claim to be "Roman Catholic" or "Presbyterian" and shows any hesitation about declaring any religious classification, the sergeant who helps him fill up his paper puts him down "Church of England." A man must have a religion in the army; unbelief is not officially recognized. There is a story, which may be quite true, of the young lieutenant who told his colonel: "I have advanced views, Sir, and do not accept the dogmas of any organized church," which called forth the colonel's prompt reply: "That won't do in the army. See that you are provided with some kind of a religion before church parade next Sunday."

So the ranks that form for church parade contain numbers of men who have never gone near a church in their civil life. They are there because it is a "parade." They join in the hymns because most soldiers are ready to join in singing of any kind. That is all that amounts to. The War has brought the chaplains into closer touch with the men. Let it be said to their honor that chaplains of all denominations have tried to do their best for the soldiers, but from the non-Catholic reports it is terribly clear that among the "Church of England" and non-conformist soldiers the results have been disappointing. The same evidence comes from hospital nurses and from officers and non-commissioned officers. Among the old soldiers mobilized in 1914, the voluntary recruits of the first stage of the War, and the hundreds of thousands of conscripts of its later years, the experience was the same. The vast majority neither knew nor cared anything about religion. They could not care because for the most part they were utterly ignorant of even elementary Christian ideals. There is abundant evidence that aggressive unbelief, atheism and the rest, was very rare. There was a vague belief in God, and a faint idea of Christ was a more name or a far off historic figure, and there was no link between belief and conduct. Here are some typical extracts from the evidence:

From the joint report of six chaplains: "The men reverence Christ but do not regard Him as living. The living Christ is even less realized than the Cross."

Report of a chaplain with North of England soldiers: "I fear that apart from what the padre may say on Sundays, with the exception of the Christians (i. e., the religious minority) Christ does not figure in their lives at all. The Cross and the living Christ for the keen Christian man mean everything—for the semi-believer something—for the rest nothing. Even the Cross, semi-keen, 10 per cent., rest 80 per cent."

From an officer of the Guards: "There is an absolute lack of knowledge of the fundamental truths of Christianity, and of the Bible and the power of prayer. This is greatly due to the lack of spiritual education."

From a senior Church of England chaplain: "I do not find much serious thought about the bigger problems. A few men are thinking hard and far. The rest are ignorant of the knowledge of Christianity is very vague indeed. It is mostly memories of Sunday and day-school remembered very vaguely and very verbally and very partially. Many stop thinking at fourteen. Education has been rotten with materialism. It wants ideals, religion, religious men and women as teachers."

There are frequent references to this result of the British system of schools without any definite religious teaching. The fact is that the great majority of the people are brought little or nothing about Christianity in their school-days, and in after-life are not in touch with any religious organization. One comes frequently upon the view expressed thus by one writer: "The soldier has got religion. I am not sure that he has got Christianity." An examination of detailed evidence seems to show that this "soldier's religion" means a vague belief in God and a future life, a sense of almost pagan fatalism—"if a man's name is up, he's out"—and the kind of a strong sense that a man must do his duty as a soldier, and the idea that if he is killed in battle it will be well with him hereafter no matter what his life has been, an idea described rightly by one chaplain as more like the old Norseman's or Moslem's faith than that of Christianity. "The message of Christianity has never reached the great majority of the men at all," writes an officer of a London regiment. The effect of Sunday-school teaching seems to come out chiefly in the knowledges of some hymns, and the remembrance of some Bible texts, often sadly misused. Thus one reporter notes: "An indication, in another line, of misunderstanding of Christianity is the frequent quotation of 'an eye for an eye, etc., as justifying the extreme measures of reprisals. It is enough for many that the maxim is in the Bible to justify its literal application."

The reporter does not, as he might have done, remind his readers that the Saviour quoted the maxim in order to lay down the new law of forgiveness and make the old maxim null for all future time.

But Christianity, as presented to the soldiers, seems to have had little practical bearing on the realities of life, and scant offer of effective help to them to do better. One zealous artillery officer tells how, after talking to his men of Christian ideals, and exciting their interest, he was startled by one of them saying to him in the language of the barracks: "But when you do go to church the

bloody thing they offer you is the most damned insipid thing imaginable"; and he adds: "Don't bother about the awful language. It was the tragic cry of a soul that had asked the Church for bread and been given a stone."

Of course there is a brighter side. There are men, non-Catholic officers and men, who came into the War with high Christian ideals and were faithful to them, and there were others to whom the grim reality of ever present peril of death brought a thoughtful mood and a seeking for religious help. Even among the men who had no idea of Christianity

there was again and again generous self-sacrificing heroism, under the unrecognized influence of the Christian tradition. Thus we hear of ragged battle-worn men, in driving rain, finding some wounded comrades, giving their great coats to the poor fellows, and going hungry in order to provide them with food. There was instinctive prayer in sudden danger. There was often among the wildest spirits reverence for the faith they neither understood nor practised. But the general evidence and the verdict upon it is disheartening. A second paper will tell the Catholic story.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

RELIANCE

Not to the swift, the race; Not to the strong, the fight; Not to the righteous, perfect graces; Not to the wise, the lights.

But often faltering feet Come surest to the goal; And they who walk in the darkness meet The sunrise of the soul.

A thousand times by night The Syrian hosts have died; A thousand times the vanquished right Hath risen, glorified.

The truth the wise men sought Was spoken by a child; The alabaster box was brought In trembling hands defiled.

Not from my torch, the gleam, But from the stars above; Not from my heart, life's crystal stream, But from the depths of love.

—HENRY VAN DYKE

BE NOT DISCOURAGED

Our New Year's resolutions have brought home one lesson. We have learned our weakness. While it is good that we understand how poor and weak we are, our broken resolutions bringing it strongly home to us, the thought should not discourage us.

All that God asks of us is that we do our best. Sometimes when we think we are carrying too heavy a burden, a larger cross is laid on our shoulders. Had we been told that it would be asked of us we should have been tempted to quit and refuse the extra load, like a beast of burden that resentfully lies down in the traces. When actually called upon to bear this new cross we muster strength and courage to carry it.

If we will only make up our minds to do our very best we will be surprised that often we surpass our anticipations. A pious poet exclaims: "The best of what we do and are just God forgive." In this New Year we shall be oppressed again and again by the consciousness of failure, the sense of being unprofitable servants. Of such humility and meekness of spirit are born the noblest and worthiest deeds. It is not the proud and complacent who accomplish the most. He who has no conceit in his own ability but is willing and anxious to try, trusting in the goodness and goodness of God, shall succeed. If failure be his portion he will not complain but will try again and continue the brave and hopeful fight. God counts not so much the victories won as the battles nobly fought.—Rev. B. X. O'R.

TO PERFORM ORDINARY ACTIONS WITH EXTRAORDINARY LOVE

A painter requires, by long and repeated contemplations of the countenance he has to paint, to impress it in the retina of his eyes, as far as possible, to produce it with colors upon the canvas. And in the same way, it is upon the heart that the image of Jesus Christ must first be formed, and then afterwards transferred into a holy life, and an affectionate and godly walk. Practical Catholicism thus becomes a living reality. Once impressed upon the heart, kept fresh by repeated reception of the Holy Sacraments, it will show itself in the thoughts, words, actions and gestures. And, in this work never must we grow weary or despondent. A picture is not painted at a stroke, but is brought by slow degrees, after many sittings, and with cautious touches, to perfection. To have the Lord formed in his heart, and copied into his life, is a task that will last the Catholic all his days. Cardinal Newman says:

It is the saying of holy men that if we wish to be perfect, we have nothing more to do than perform the ordinary duties of the day well. A short road to perfection—short because easy, but because pertinent and intelligible. As soon as a person really desires and sets about seeking it himself, he is dissatisfied with anything but what is tangible and clear, and constitutes some sort of direction towards the practice of it. We must bear in mind what is meant by perfection. It does not mean any extraordinary service, anything out of the way or especially heroic—nor all have the opportunity of heroic acts, of suffering—but it means what the word perfection ordinarily means. By perfect we mean that which has no flaw in it, that which is complete, that which is consistent, that which is sound—we mean the opposite to imperfect.

AN IMPATIENT DISPOSITION

Those not accustomed to introspection, who never examine into the cause of things, miss many little means of making their own lives more happy. Life is its longest is but short. The more happiness we can crowd into it the more pleasure will be derived by ourselves, and our neighbors. There is no room nor time in life for moodiness. Much of the unhappiness in life comes from impatience.

Impatience is defined as intolerance of opposition or delay. Rarely a day goes by but that man is opposed by one thing or the other; not everything occurs at the time nor in the manner we desire. What happens? The person inclined to impatience will stew and fret, lose his peace of mind and render himself thoroughly unhappy. Should he

allow himself to go on unchecked, he will give way to outbursts of impatience, say mean and cutting things offensive to his companions, and make himself detestable to those who really wish to love and respect him. Thus he is caught in a maelstrom of trouble. He realizes that he has obtained nothing by his agitation of mind, he has offended those whose respect he prizes, he has accomplished nought but what he might just as well have obtained had he persevered an equable temper. In the end he is dissatisfied that he was impatient and thus the endless chain of mental agitation continues and there is little surprise that all peace of mind has flown and unhappiness and dissatisfaction with self become a condition of mind. Whereas happiness ought to be the normal state of mind, for such as these, it has been reversed to unhappiness.

When a person has reached this stage of unrest and lack of peace of mind, he is politely said to be nervous. But this condition of mind is rather only a natural retribution for a more or less continual habit of impatience. There is only one cure—be patient. Some are predisposed to impatience. They are of a quick and vivacious temperament which brooks no opposition or delay. Others are brought down to it by suffering and illness. While in others it is merely the result of habit consequent to unchecked willfulness.

The best method to overcome impatience, is an earnest and sincere resolve in the morning not to allow the equilibrium of our minds to be disturbed during the day, and the remembrance of this resolve when occasions offers for impatience. For one convinced of the utter inutilty of impatience and its dire consequences this method offers an easy remedy. When, too, the benefits, advantages and peace of mind resulting from an equable temper are considered the task to be watchful daily becomes even more easy. No one gains more by patience than the possessor himself. He enjoys peace of mind of which happiness is a concomitant, he is beloved by his fellow men, and if probed with a spiritual motive he shall be blessed and rewarded by God. "Blessed are the meek for they shall possess the land."—A. R. in the Echo.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A SMILE

A smile is quite a funny thing; It wrinkles up your face, And when it's gone you never find Its secret hiding place. But far more wonderful it is To see what smiles can do; You smile at one, he smiles at you, And so one smile makes two.

He smiles at some one, since you smile at all. And then that one smiles back, And that one smiles, until in truth You fall in keeping track. And since a smile can do great good By cheering hearts of care, Let's smile and smile, and not forget That smiles go everywhere. —Selected

SPARE THE TIME

To be pleasant. To smile brightly. To be polite. To be kind. To be neat. To be studious. To be helpful. To be agreeable. To be cheerful. To be accommodating. To be indulgent to others. To be sincere. To be charitable. To be far-sighted. To be lenient. To be patient. To be true.

NATURE'S NOBLEMAN

The world would be a grand place indeed were all to seek the good fortune they desire as did a certain little newboy. "Evening paper, sir?" the little fellow of eight years was shouting to a gentleman who just stepped from a car. The man stopped and searched for a nickel—when up comes another boy with a big bundle of papers. "Please, sir," said the first newboy, drawing back the paper he had been holding out to the man, "buy his paper."

TIM'S PROMISE

On Ash Wednesday every boy in St. Patrick's school promised to practice some particular virtue and make some little sacrifice during Lent. Tim Foley was one of the most popular boys in this class, he was the leader in every game and always played fair. Tim had one fault—he did not always choose to obey; he liked to follow his own inclinations. When leaving for school in the morning if his mother said, "Come directly home from school," Tim did not always come directly home, if he boys wanted a game of chess Tim would sure forget to go home.

Sometimes Tim's father would say, "Tim, bring up the wood before you go to school," and Tim would say, "I will after school," and then he might forget all about the wood. Tim didn't intend to disobey but he just didn't think.

When the boys in his school were making their Lenten promises Tim, knowing his father, wrote on his paper, "I promise to obey promptly."

One day when the skating looked good on the river the boys planned to go after school.

When Tim was leaving home that morning his mother said, "Tim, take this bundle to your grandmother's after school, then come straight home for I want you to take care of the house. I am going to meet your father down town."

When school was dismissed the boys came for Tim to join them. "I can't go," said Tim, "I must go on an errand to my grandmother's."

"Oh, come with us first, then go to your grandmother's, your mother will never know. The ice will break up in the river in a few days and then perhaps there will be no skating for another year."

"But I mind," said Tim, "I won't break my promise," and he ran off fearing that if he remained he would give in.

That night after supper Will Green's mother came to the Foley home looking for Will; he had not come home from school, and as he was Tim's particular chum she thought he might have gone with him somewhere.

While she was inquiring, Teddy Ryan's brother came looking for Teddy. Teddy, Will and Tim always went around together.

When Mr. Green heard that the boys had gone to the river she became much alarmed and ran home to see if Will had come while she was at Mrs. Foley's house.

On the way she saw a group of people talking excitedly, and as she drew near she felt sure that some accident had occurred. "What is it?" she cried.

No one spoke; she ran towards the river and there on the banks she saw Teddy Ryan. Doctors had arrived and were doing all in their power to bring the two lads back to life, but to no avail.

The ice near the shore was thin and the boys, unaware of their danger, skated over the thin ice which was not strong enough to bear their weight, and both went down. Their companions did not miss them for some minutes, and when they did the boys had disappeared under the ice.

Tim Foley was heart broken over the sad death of his two friends and he felt that if he had not been faithful to his Lenten promise he too might have met the same fate.

Not only during Lent but ever afterward will Tim strive to obey and obey promptly.—St. Paul Bulletin.

ST. BLAISE—BISHOP AND MARTYR

FEAST FEBRUARY 3

The Catholic belief in the Communion of saints is in no way better expressed than by the practice so common among the faithful of invoking their heavenly patrons in times of stress or danger, and by the many miraculous favors obtained as a result of this confidence and supplication. It would seem that no crisis of human life, no degree of misery or suffering, is beyond the pale of their powerful aid. It is no derogation from the infinite merits of Christ thus to call upon His servants for assistance in times of difficulty, for Holy Mother Church invites the faithful to venerate the saints when she raises them to her altars and promotes devotion to them by richly indulging those acts or words by which we express our love for them or render them honor. God is wonderful in His saints, and His power and glory, His mercy and love, are never more manifest than when He grants favors to the devout clients of those who have fought the good fight here on earth and are now enjoying their reward of love and happiness with Him in heaven.

Among the multitude of three saintly protectors there is one who stands forth very prominently and claims a great share of the love and devotion of our people—the martyr, Saint Blaise. The passing ages have seen about his person so much of legend and mystery that it is with difficulty we are able to separate the truth from the false and arrive at a knowledge of what he was and what he did. The Acts of his martyrdom give us but scant data from which to construct the story of his life. We are not certain of the time or place of his birth, nor are the particulars of his early life known to us. It is the lack of detail which grieves us most when reading the meager account of the lives of many saints who flourished in the early ages of the Church. We know that they arrived at their eminent degree of holiness only after long years spent in the practice of heroic virtue and almost superhuman penance, and it is very possible for us to know precisely what means they used, it would, better than anything else, spur us on to imitate them and help us to follow as closely as possible in their footsteps. We would seek the causes of their conversion, the influences which turned them into the way of perfection and helped them attain those heights of sanctity which have been the marvel and inspiration of succeeding ages. Without this knowledge, however, we are forced to be content with the discovery of one heroic deed or sublime

quality of heart or soul which draws our attention and calls for our praise and reverence.

Saint Blaise first attracted attention as a student of philosophy, but later in life he took up the study of medicine and acquired much renown as a physician. His was a deeply religious nature, and seeing so much of the misery and emptiness of human life, he resolved to dedicate himself entirely to the service of God, that through his spiritual ministrations to his fellow men he might be able to heal the ills of their souls as well as those of their bodies. With this noble end in view, he retired for a time from the cares and activities of worldly life to give fuller expression to the desires of his heart. His advancement in virtue was rapid and he soon became renowned throughout the neighboring country for his meekness and holiness of life. Like his Divine Master he went about doing good, giving freely of his time and talents for the relief of human sufferings, and it is because of his great charity that he now occupies such a high position in the hearts of the people.

But the sweet perfume of such eminent sanctity could not be permitted for long to waste itself in solitude or desert places, and Saint Blaise was finally called to be the Bishop of Sebaste, a town in Lesser Armenia, which was one of the districts of Asia Minor. In his new position of dignity and trust he continued the pious practices which had characterized him before his elevation, and strove by his example and great virtue to be a true guide and leader of his people. Whether he had been ordained priest before his nomination as bishop we do not know. However, it was only in later ages that the reception of Holy Orders was made a prerequisite for the episcopal office. In the early ages many bishops were chosen from among those of the laity noted for their probity of life, without having previously exercised priestly orders.

In the year 316, under L'elaine, one of the co-emperors with Constantine, the former ruler of the Eastern, the latter the Western, provinces of the Empire, a persecution of the Church was inaugurated, and Agricolaus, the governor of Cappadocia, in which province was situated the town of Sebaste, was charged with the extermination of the Christians in his domains. It was one of the last efforts of dying paganism to reassert itself and claim its former hold on the hearts and minds of the people. Blaise, the chief Christian of the town, Saint Blaise was the first to be chosen by the authorities for martyrdom. He was taken from a cave to which he had retired and was led to prison. On his way thither, a tradition tells us, occurred the event which has forever endeared him to the Catholic heart and has given him his greatest claim to the veneration of the faithful. A woman appeared before him bearing in her arms her child, who was choking from a fishbone that had caught in its throat. She begged the holy Bishop to save the child's life. Touched by the mother's tears, the ever-sympathetic heart of Saint Blaise acceded to her wish and at his prayer the child was cured.

When taken before the governor, the weapons of praise, battery and promised reward were brought to bear upon him in an effort to secure his apostasy. Finding these means to be of no avail in shaking the constancy of this athlete of Christ, his tormentors scourged him, tore his hair and pressed him down by the hair. With him were martyred two children and seven women. His fame spread rapidly and increased, until in the Middle Ages he had become one of the most popular of saints—a noteworthy fact in a period which was itself replete with saintly lives and knew well how to appreciate them. One instance of this is contained in a sixteenth century poem, from which we learn that a certain Greek physician named Astius cherished and promoted this devotion in the course of his medical practice, making it, as it were, a part of his ordinary prescriptions. St. Blaise is one of that group of saints so dear to many parts of Europe—the Fourteen Holy Men. Many churches and altars were dedicated to him and many costly shrines enshrined his much-sought relics. In the Eastern Church he is commemorated on the eleventh of February, while the third day of the same month has been set aside as his feast day by the Western Church.

The exact century in which the Blessing of Saint Blaise as it is now given—by means of candles—has its origin is unknown, and we are led to conclude that it must be of comparatively recent date. From the time of his martyrdom, and when devotion to him had ceased to be merely local and had spread to other lands, this blessing was imparted by means of one of his relics. This ceremony was in use at least until the sixteenth century, for we find record of a miracle in Japan obtained through the intercession of Saint Blaise in the year 1589—a case almost identical with the first miraculous cure wrought by him twelve centuries before. A woman was dying of strangulation, caused by a fish-bone lodged in her throat. The priest in attendance made a triple application of a relic of the saint to the throat of the sufferer and the cure was effected. In course of time, perhaps owing to the unrest subsquent to the Reformation, the many existing relics of Saint Blaise were either lost or destroyed, and thus the salutary blessing, so rich in its effects, was in danger of either being lost altogether or confined to districts still possessing one of the few remaining shrines.

As to obtain it would have entailed long journeys and untold hardships, it is possible that in order to obviate these difficulties the use of candles instead of the relic may have been introduced at this period into the form of the blessing. It is most difficult, however, to ascertain just when this substitution took place.

The form in which this blessing is now given is familiar to us. After the Mass on the feast day of Saint Blaise, the priest, vested in surplice and stole, blesses two candles which are bound together in the form of a cross. These are held either over the head or touching the throat of the faithful, in turn, while the following prayer is pronounced: "May God, by the intercession of Saint Blaise, preserve you from throat troubles and every other evil." The blessing is concluded by the sign of the cross. In some localities the ceremony differs slightly—a small stick is dipped in consecrated oil and is then applied to the throat while the same prayer as noted above is being said. Bread, wine, seeds and fruits are also blessed on this day under the invocation of Saint Blaise.

The blessing of candles and their use in imparting other blessings dates from the earliest centuries of the Church. Various opinions have been brought forward at different times to explain their place and meaning in Catholic worship. The most probable opinion is that the use of candles was borrowed from the pagans, who in their religious and civil processions and ceremonies carried them before dignitaries as a mark of especial honor and respect. With these facts before the eyes of the early Christians, many of whom had been just converted from these same pagan rites, it was but natural that this idea of rendering honor and respect by means of lighted candles should have been adopted by them when they came to adore Him to whom they owed the greatest honor, love and respect in the most holy Sacrament of His love. The same idea of honor and respect was adhered to when conducting the body of a martyr who had died for Christ to the grave. The funeral cortege was accompanied by songs of victory, and was preceded by persons carrying lighted tapers. Thus, the practice spread and soon lights were burning before the shrines and tombs of all God's great friends and heroes—His saints. This practice has survived the passing of time and has come down to our own day with its full meaning unchanged. Candles which had thus rested in close proximity to the body of some saint were held in especial regard by the faithful. They were blessed and distributed, to be carried away as protection against all evil spirits, and when burning were to remind one that his faith and love must be like a consuming fire, purging away all impurities, and like a bright light to lead him on through this world to his true home in heaven.—Benedict M. All n, O. P., in Rosary Magazine.

The peculiarity of ill-temper is that it is the vice of the virtuous. It is often the vice blot on an otherwise noble character. You know men and women who are all but perfect except for an easily ruffled, quick tempered or "touchy" disposition. This compatibility of ill-temper with big moral character is one of the strangest and saddest problems of ethics.

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Did you ever read St. Paul's definition of religion? "Righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost"—two thirds peace and joy. But judging from the ordinary ways of many so-called religious people, one would conclude that they regarded religion only as a very effective recipe for becoming miserable.—Very Rev. Dr. Callaghan.



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