

# The Catholic Record.

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

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## WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

### IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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A GOOD HARVEST

The political situation in Ireland has so much absorbed public attention that hardly any thought has been given by outsiders to the other phases of Irish life—for instance to the material welfare or otherwise of the nation. During my past five months' sojourn in Ireland, I was as much interested in this phase as I was in the political. At the outset I, like many another, feared and prophesied a coming famine as a result of both the destruction and the neglect of agriculture. Now that the harvest is in I am extremely glad to realize and to confess that it was a false prophecy.

#### IN SPITE OF THE RAIN

One thing which much increased one's fear during the summer was the inordinate amount of rain that fell—an amount which one would think would ruin the crops. There seems to have been a wet wave all over the northern latitudes during the past summer—and whenever heaven dispenses its moisture it always seems that Ireland is blessed with a tenfold dose. Because of the prevailing south-west winds which, travelling over thousands of miles of ocean, part with their moisture when they strike the Irish mountains, Ireland is the wettest of any of the countries. There we have rain, much or little, on three hundred days of the year. The story is told of a disgusted English tourist at Killarney who, having suffered ten days of a continuous, fine, mizzling kind of rain, a really gentle and lovely rain, despairingly appealed to the jarvey who was driving him around—"Is it always raining like this here?"—and received the truly comforting reply, "Arrah! Not at all sir; sometimes it comes down in bucketfuls!" Though I might pause to mention that as Killarney is the rainiest spot in rainy Ireland, rain often comes down there in solid blocks, ten miles every winter. Yet in justice it must be said that in every part of Ireland, on very many of what would be called the rainy days of the year, sun and rain intermingle and if you are wetted to the hide one hour our genial sun will the next hour make you as dry as the State of Kansas.

Although during three of the months of this last summer I did not meet with six completely dry days on my mountains in Donegal, it was a pleasant surprise to me to find the crops continue to flourish as they had seldom seemed to flourish ever before, and when it came to the hay saving season, the hay itself seemed to be saved, and pretty well saved at that, between showers. As might be expected from a wet summer, the grass was uncommonly rich and gave a plentiful crop—so that as a consequence the hay which during the winter had sold at from 5s. to 10s. per hundred weight (112 lbs.) is now selling at about 5s., and so much of it is there that it is predicted it will be got still cheaper in the spring.

#### POTATOES GOOD

A good crop of potatoes would hardly be expected as a result of an inordinately wet summer. Yet, strange to say, there has not been in Ireland for many years such a tubercle and splendid crop of that vegetable which some wit described as the National Bird of Ireland. The excessive rain, it was expected, would blight the crop much earlier—yet the fatal blight this year came much later in Ireland than it usually does. But though I have frequently seen the potato crop blight in the last week of July, the crop was still fairly green in the third week of August. In some measure this was due to better, more plentiful, and more thorough, spraying of the growing crop with the anti-blight copperas compound. Anyhow, the Irish potato crop this year is magnificent. As it is the great staple crop, there seems a comfortable and prosperous year ahead for the nation, and it means that for a year to come anyhow there cannot be any widespread want in the country.

#### PRICES HAVEN'T FALLEN

There were about six hundred thousand acres of the potato crop, and the yield of these was 33½% above the average. Yet such is the tendency everywhere to keep prices up, that although there were more potatoes produced than the country can within itself eat, they were being sold in the towns at 10d. and a shilling per stone (14 lbs.), where formerly in average years they were sold for 8d. and 4d.

And while the apple crop in Ireland was also so plentiful that the fruit is a glut in the market, apples were being sold at from 9s. to 15s. per barrel wholesale—and are being retailed at more than double that rate.

The corn crop was very late in ripening—again because of the

plentitude of rain and the lack of sun. Yet it was successfully harvested, and the yield was a good average. The acreage in flax fell by one half. Last year only twenty-five thousand acres of flax were raised—because the farmers had got what they called "no price" for their crop the previous year. Even the half supply of flax this year would not be in brisk demand—a main reason being because of the new United States tariff which imposes 35% duty on imported linen goods.

#### UNEMPLOYMENT

There is a large amount of unemployment in Ireland—but still, of course, nothing at all approaching the amount of unemployment in England, Scotland, and the continental countries. In the City of Dublin, for instance, with its upward of three hundred thousand population, the numbers of registered unemployed were, a few weeks ago,

Men.....8,502

Women.....2,505

Boys.....485

Girls.....356

Total.....11,848

and the numbers in Dublin are much higher than the average for the rest of the country. Unemployment benefits are being paid by the government to all the registered out-of-workers. In the current year an amount of one million pounds will thus have been paid out of the government treasury. There has been a decrease of 20% in the numbers of unemployed in the last nine months. The decrease would, of course, have been very much more marked, only for the disturbed condition of the country.

#### FIGHTING BECAUSE OUT OF WORK

In fact one of the legislators, the well known Darrell Figgis, recently instituting a debate on the subject in the Dail, complained that the amount of fighting in Ireland kept pace with the amount of unemployment. He alleged that the fighters were chiefly unemployed men—and declared that if the government found work for their unemployed they would also find a short cut to the termination of the civil war. Figgis said:

"How many fully-employed persons engaged themselves in irregular warfare, whatever their political opinions? Obviously none. Fully-employed persons, whatever their political opinions, are asking only that they should be permitted peacefully to get on with their jobs. It is not obvious, therefore, that in order to bring an end to the present strife, the first step must be to increase the number of this kind of person and to decrease the number of the other kind of person? If those who are now among the irregulars were engaged in building roads, they could scarcely themselves at the same time be engaged in destroying them. By widening the area of men employed in construction you would be at the same moment diminishing the area of those who are now employed in destruction. And, in any case, my contention is that such construction will have to be begun before we can hope to put an end to irregularism."

#### EMIGRATION

Emigration from Ireland has nearly ceased—partly as a result of the immigration limitations imposed on emigrants by the United States and also for another important reason. This important reason is that there has been more prosperity in Ireland during the past decade than had been the case before that, and as a consequence the boys and girls had not so much need to fly from the country. They can find more employment, a better wage and more comfortable living at home. The rooting out of the land-lord curse the result of a long and terrific land league struggle, made a new man of the Irish farmer. The removal of the grinding over-lord, and the undisputed possession of his own patch of land, have given him hope and stimulus, ease of mind and comfort. He has farmed more, farmed better, and more scientifically, during the past dozen years—and he and his family get out of life an enjoyment that in the olden time was denied them. The returning Irish-American will today be struck by the fact that there is very much more money in the country than used to be before he first left home. And another fact, the many people who have money today are much freer in the spending of it and the circulating of it than were the few who formerly had money. They wear better clothes; they keep a very much better table; they take advantage of more of the luxuries and of the enjoyment of life, than they used to do. A good index of this is the prevalence of the automobile. There isn't a little village in the remotest part of the mountains that has not got its Henry Ford. Some little villages have half a dozen. And many mountain boys who, in former days, almost strained their imagination when they thought of the possibility of their some day riding a bicycle, are now adepts at the steering wheel of the Ford.

#### NO LONGER BLEEDING TO DEATH

For three quarters of a century Ireland's population had been precipitately falling—falling at a rate practically unknown in any other country of the globe. The oppressive British laws and the oppressive British landlords and the industrial and commercial starvation of Ireland, which was part of Britain's trade policy, deprived the people of the means of support, and drove them forth from their native land to the corners of the earth. The population dropped from nearly nine millions in the forties of last century, to less than half of that number a dozen years ago. So rapidly and steadily and continuously did this fearful decline go on that some thought the Irish race was doomed to extinction. It was gratifying, then, to know that this fearful decline has abruptly stopped—not merely stopped, but a positive, though still very small, increase in population is noted. Ten years from now the increase in Irish population will be marked. The combination of reasons that have caused the turning tide may be explained as—first, the getting hold of their own land by the farmers; second, the cessation of emigration; third, a marked increase in the marriage rate—and consequently in the birth rate. Both the stoppage of emigration and the increased prosperity account for the increase in the marriages. The young people because of improved opportunity for subsisting have been encouraged in recent years to marry at an early age—putting it colloquially to marry early and often. While the material damage done during the recent fighting means a very important loss to Ireland, it is very far from being the staggering blow which the same loss would have meant a generation or even half a generation ago. The taxes which are at present very high will, as a consequence of the fighting, be heavier still during the decade that is coming. But if the fighting were once settled—which please God it will within six months be—the Ireland of today is so vigorous and there is such a plenitude of good red blood pulsing through its system, that it will not be seriously affected by the heavy imports. Things in Ireland just now are very far from being as dark as the outside world believes. There are, to be sure, grey clouds hanging over and dimming the lustre of the Green Ireland, but there is behind them a cheery sun which will soon disperse them. The Sunburst of Ireland will lay a bright smile on the face of the world.

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#### FRENCH MINISTER'S TRIBUTE

The French Minister of Agriculture, Senator Cheron, during a visit to Dax, in the Landes, the native country of Saint Vincent de Paul, where he had gone to preside at a civic function, paid a remarkable tribute to the bishop of the diocese, M<sup>gr</sup>. de Cormont. The bishop had gone to the town hall to present to the Minister the compliments of the clergy, and was preparing to withdraw, with his priests, when M. Cheron placed his hand on his arm, and asked him to go with him to the portico, and present himself to the crowd assembled in the garden. There the Minister made an address, and after having publicly greeted in the person of Bishop de Cormont the representative of Him who said "Love one another," M. Cheron declared that the ideal of the Republic was to love one another and help one another, and that the people of the Landes province were able, better than any other, to realize this ideal, since they had given to the world the immortal hero of devotion and charity whose name was Vincent de Paul.

#### GERMAN CATHOLICS AND THE JEWS

The Catholics of Germany have refused to participate in the campaign of Anti-Semitism that is being carried on at the instigation of the reactionary interests just now. As an indication of the attitude of the Catholic element, the following declaration has been made in a letter written by the President of the Center Party to the Union of German Jews:

"Anti-Semitism is also the enemy of Christianity and Catholicism. We cannot deny that the seeming return of the German people to the cult of the worship of the old German gods is an anti-Christian movement indeed. The Catholics, at any rate, must refuse to support anti-Semitic efforts because our religion enjoins us against harboring hatred for our fellow men even though they be not of our Faith." The letter cites the murder of Dr. Rathenau as an example of the effects of hate-producing propaganda and asserts that anti-Semitic agitation is of the same nature as that which produced the Rathenau assassination.

## PASTORAL LETTER

### THE IRISH BISHOPS DEAL FEARLESSLY WITH SITUATION

Though summaries of this Pastoral Letter have appeared in this press and in our own columns the importance of the pronouncement warrants its reproduction in full.

The following is the text of the Letter addressed to the Priests and People of Ireland:

"The present state of Ireland is a sorrow and humiliation to its friends all over the world. To us Irish Bishops it is, because of the moral and religious issues at stake, a source of the most painful anxiety.

#### A BYWORD AMONG THE NATIONS

"Our country that but yesterday was so glorious is now a byword before the nations for a domestic strife as disgraceful as it is criminal and suicidal. A section of the community, refusing to acknowledge the Government set up by the nation, have chosen to attack their own country as if she were a foreign Power. Forgetting, apparently, that a dead nation cannot be free, they have deliberately set out to make our Motherland, as far as they could, a heap of ruins. They have wrecked Ireland from end to end, burning and destroying national property of enormous value, breaking roads, bridges, and railways, seeking by this insensate blockade to starve the people or bury them in social stagnation.

"They have caused more damage to Ireland in three months than could be laid to the charge of British rule in so many decades.

#### NOT WAR BUT MURDER

"They carry on what they call a war, but which, in the absence of any legitimate authority to justify it, is morally only a system of murder and assassination of the National people. It must not be forgotten that killing in an unjust war is as much murder before God as if there were no war. They ambush military lorries in the crowded streets, thereby killing and wounding not only the soldiers of the nation, but peaceful citizens. They have, to our horror, shot bands of these troops on their way to Mass on Sunday, and set mine traps in the public roads and blown to fragments some of the bravest Irishmen that ever lived.

"Side by side with this woeful destruction of life and property there is running a campaign of plunder—raiding banks and private houses, seizing the lands and property of others, burning mansions and country houses, destroying demesnes and slaying cattle.

#### GENERAL DEMORALIZATION

"But even worse and sadder than this physical ruin is the general demoralization created by this unhappy revolt—demoralization especially of the young, whose minds are being poisoned by false principles, and their young lives utterly spoiled by early association with cruelty, robbery, falsehood, and crime.

"Religion itself is not spared. We observe with deepest sorrow that a certain section is engaged in a campaign against the Bishops, whose pastoral office they would silence by calumny and intimidation; and they have done the priest-hood of Ireland, whose services and sacrifices for their country will be historic, the insult of suggesting a habit of sinning them to brow-beat their Bishops and revolt against their authority.

"And in spite of all this sin and crime, they claim to be good Catholics and demand at the hands of the Church her most sacred privileges, like the sacraments reserved for her worthy members. When we think what these young men were only a few months ago, so many of them generous, kind-hearted, and good, and see them now, involved in the net-work of crime, our hearts are filled with bitterest anguish.

#### MORAL DEGENERATION

"It is almost inconceivable how decent Irish boys could degenerate so tragically and reconcile such a mass of criminality with their duties to God and to Ireland. The strain on our country for the last few years will account for much of it. Vanity, perhaps self-conceit, may have blinded some who think that they, and not the nation, must dictate the national policy. Greed for land, love of loot, and anarchy, have affected others, and they, we regret to say, are not a few; but the main cause of this demoralization is to be found in false notions on social morality.

#### EFFECTS OF LONG STRUGGLE

"The long struggle of centuries against foreign rule and misrule has weakened respect for civil authority in the national conscience. This is a great misfortune, a great drawback, and a great peril for our young Government. For no nation can live where the civil sense of obedience, to authority and law is

not firmly and religiously maintained. And, if Ireland is ever to realize anything but a miserable destiny of anarchy, all classes of her citizens must cultivate respect for, and obedience to, the Government set up by the nation in whatever shape it takes, while acting within the Law of God.

"This difficulty is now being cruelly exploited for the ruin, as we see, of Ireland. The claim is now made that a minority are entitled, when they think it right, to take arms and destroy the National Government. Last April, foreseeing the danger, we raised our voice in the most solemn manner against this disruptive and immoral principle. We pointed out to our young men the conscientious difficulties in which it would involve them, and warned them against it. Disregard for Divine Law they had down by the Bishops is the chief cause of all our present sorrows and calamities.

#### AUTHORITATIVE TEACHING

"We now again authoritatively renew that teaching, and warn our Catholic people that they are conscientiously bound to abide by it, subject of course to an appeal to the Holy See. No one is justified in rebelling against the legitimate Government, whatever it is, set up by the nation, and acting within its rights. The opposite doctrine is false; contrary to Christian morals, and opposed to the constant teaching of the Church. 'Let every soul, says St. Paul, be subject to the higher powers—that is, to the legitimate authority of the State.

"From St. Paul downwards the Church has inculcated obedience to authority as a divine duty, as well as a social necessity, and has rebaptized unauthorised rebellion as sinful in itself, and destructive of social stability, as it manifestly is, for, if one section of the community has that right, so have other sections the same right, until we end in general anarchy. No Republican can evade this teaching by asserting that the legitimate authority in Ireland is not the present Dail or Provisional Government. There is no other, and cannot be, outside the body of the people. A Republic without popular recognition behind it is a contradiction in terms.

"Such being Divine Law, the guerilla warfare now being carried on by the irregulars is without moral sanction, and, therefore, the killing of National soldiers in the furniture and other fittings were seized and carried away by people in the neighbourhood. We remind them that all such property belongs in justice to the original owners, and now must be preserved for, and restored to them by those who hold them.

"We desire to impress on the people the duty of supporting the National Government, whatever it is, to set their faces resolutely against disorder, to pay their taxes, rents, and annuities, and to assist the Government in every possible way to restore order and establish peace. Unless they learn to do so they can have no Government, and if they have no Government, they can have no nation.

#### POIGNANT SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY

"We issue this Pastoral Letter under the grievous sense of our responsibility, mindful of the charge laid upon us by our Divine Master to preach His doctrine and safeguard His sacred rule of faith and morals at any cost. We must, in the words of St. Peter, 'Obey God, rather than man.'

"With all earnestness we appeal to the leaders in this saddest revolt to rise above their own feelings, to remember the claim of God and the sufferings of the people in their conscience, and to abandon methods which they now know, beyond the shadow of a doubt are unCatholic and immoral, and look to the realization of their ideals along lines sanctioned by Divine Law and society.

"Let them not think that we are insensible to their feelings. We think of them with compassion, carrying, as they do, on their shoulders a heavy responsibility for what is now happening in Ireland.

#### THE NATURE OF AN OATH

"Once more we wish to appeal to the young men in this movement, in the name of God, to return to their innocent homes and make, if necessary, the big sacrifice of their feelings for the common good. And surely it is no humiliation, having done their best, to abide by the verdict of Ireland. We know that some of them are troubled and held back by the oath they took. A lawful oath is, indeed, a sacred bond between God and man; but no oath can bind any man to carry on a warfare against his own country in circumstances forbidden by the law of God. It would be an offence to God, and to the very nature of an oath to say so!

"We therefore, hope and pray that they will take advantage of the Government's present offer, and make peace with their own country—a peace which will bring both happiness and honor to themselves and joy to Ireland generally, and to the friends of Ireland all over the world.

#### MORAL SENSE BADLY SHAKEN

"In this lamentable upheaval the moral sense of the people has, we fear, been badly shaken. We read with horror of the many unauthorized murders recorded in the press. With feelings of shame we observe that when country houses and public buildings were destroyed the furniture and other fittings were seized and carried away by people in the neighbourhood. We remind them that all such property belongs in justice to the original owners, and now must be preserved for, and restored to them by those who hold them.

"We desire to impress on the people the duty of supporting the National Government, whatever it is, to set their faces resolutely against disorder, to pay their taxes, rents, and annuities, and to assist the Government in every possible way to restore order and establish peace. Unless they learn to do so they can have no Government, and if they have no Government, they can have no nation.

#### PRAYER FOR GOD'S BLESSING

"As human effort is fruitless without God's blessing, we exhort our priests and people to continue the prayers already ordered, and we direct that the remaining October Devotions be offered up for peace. We also direct that a Novena to the Irish Saints for the same end be said in all public churches and oratories, and in semi-public oratories, to begin on the 25th of October, and end on November 4th, the Feast of all the Irish Saints. These Novena Devotions, in addition to the Rosary and Benediction, may include a special prayer for Ireland and the Litany of the Irish Saints."

#### THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF CATHOLIC WOMEN (U. S.)

W. W. Husband, Commissioner-General of Immigration will outline the federal program of immigration at the second annual convention of the National Council of Catholic Women to be held in Washington November 21-25.

"What the National Catholic Welfare Bureau of Immigration is doing through the National headquarters and at the ports of New York, Philadelphia and Seattle" will be explained by Mr. Bruce M. Mohler, director of the Bureau.

The welfare work at Ellis Island and the follow-up work in New York City and Detroit will be presented by N. C. W. C. representatives at those points.

Mr. Joseph I. Breen who has just returned from Europe where he spent one year making an intensive survey of immigration problems will make his report. Another interesting international report will be given by Miss Mary C. Tinney of the Department of Public Welfare of New York City who represented the National Council of Catholic Women at four International Conferences in Europe.

Other subjects to be discussed at the convention are "Women in Industry," "Problems in Rural Districts," "Social Legislation," "Education" and "The Place of Women in the Professions."

## CATHOLIC NOTES

Paris, Oct. 20.—Rev. Father Bede, a religious of the Order of Saint Benedict, and pastor of the Cathedral of Gurk, in Carinthia, has come to France, for the purpose of soliciting French aid for the orphanages and hospital of Austria.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 30.—Church vestments or regalia, when ordered abroad for a particular church; upon affidavit of the pastor, are entitled to free entry under the new tariff law, the Treasury Department has ruled this week.

The Hierarchy of England, Scotland and Wales, it is announced, intend to petition the Holy See "to hold the Apostolic Process in order to raise the 253 English martyrs, now styled Venerable, to the honor of beatification."

From 1822 to 1922 the Catholic population has increased in Norway and Sweden from 100 to 5,147; in Denmark, from 100 to 8,780; in Holland and Luxembourg from 350,000 to 1,950,000; in North Germany from 60,000 to 409,000.

The Flowing Tide in 1920 Conversions in England reports: West-  
Brentwood, 387; Birmingham, 995; Clifton, 285; Cardiff, 292; Hexham and New-castle, 1,447; Leeds, 773; Liverpool, 1,991; Menevia, 75; Middleburgh, 498; Northampton, 265; Nottingham, 468; Plymouth, 256; Portsmouth, 276; Salford, 1,880; Shrewsbury, 351; Southwark, 1,065.

A joint Pastoral signed by the Cardinals and Archbishops as well as the thirty-seven Bishops, has been addressed to the Spanish people, calling upon them to join in a nation-wide social campaign. The Bishop program extends from the creation of a university for workmen, the strengthening of the Catholic press, to a scheme for old age pensions.

Cleveland, Oct. 28.—Meetings each Friday noon have been arranged in a downtown hotel for members of the three councils of the Knights of Columbus in this city. Lunch is served and a talk not to exceed fifteen minutes is the program. The new arrangement among the Cleveland Columbians is similar to a program followed by a number of other local organizations.

Stockbridge, Oct. 30.—The opening of a new Jesuit novitiate for the sub-province of New England in this city, is said to be fore-shadowed by the acquisition of Shadow Brook, a mansion occupied for several summers by Andrew Carnegie as a summer estate. The mansion, said to be acquired at a cost of \$400,000 was constructed twenty years ago for Anson Phelps Stokes and is one of the most imposing in the New England States.

Cologne, Oct. 16.—Vigorous measures are being taken by the Catholics of Bavaria to resist attempts to abolish the religious schools in that country. Under the auspices of the Bavaria Hierarchy a petition urging the retention of the religious schools has been circulated throughout the country with the exception of the small area included in the Sara district. So far, 4,194,067 persons have signed the petition.

Cologne, Oct. 16.—The university city of Heidelberg, long the seat of the Electors Palatine, recently witnessed the unique sight of a Catholic convention when the German Union of Catholic Academicians assembled there for its annual meeting. There were 1,500 delegates and visitors, all of whom pledged themselves to faithful obedience to the Church in matters of conscience. Reports presented during the convention show that the Union now has 17,000 members and 400 local organizations.

Boston, Oct. 30.—Rev. Michael J. Murphy, chaplain of the Massachusetts State Prison, Charlestown, has just been elected president of the Prison Chaplain Association of the United States. He is the first Catholic to hold the office. The meeting of the organization was held in Chicago. Father Murphy, who was ordained in June, 1908, was appointed Catholic chaplain at the prison in 1911, and three years later was made official chaplain of the institution.

Paris, Oct. 30.—An interesting celebration, at which the Minister of Public Instruction presided, was held at Grenoble on the occasion of the centennial of Champollion, the noted Egyptologist who was the first to decipher hieroglyphics. In connection with the celebration, a solemn religious service was celebrated at the Cathedral by the bishop, and the sermon was preached by Rev. Father Yves de la Briere, Professor of International Law at the Catholic Institute of France. Father de la Briere is the great nephew of Champollion.



HER IRISH HERITAGE

BY ANNIE M. P. SMITHSON

AUTHOR OF "BY STRANGE PATHS"

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED

She stayed here motionless, gazing blindly at the sea—and then walked back to Dalkey where she got some tea, as she felt very thirsty, but she could eat nothing. And so Mary Carmichael spent the hours of her Easter morning. No Holy Communion, no Mass, no prayers—spiritually she was dead.—She knew it herself, and it did not seem to affect her in the least. Dr. Delaney had been her type of a perfect Catholic, and he had acted as no man with a spark of honor or chivalry could act, he had left her broken and desolate—and yet he was considered by all who knew him to be a deeply religious man. Of what value was such religion then when one who professed it could act so? And again she had given up all intercourse with him during Lent as a penance, a voluntary act of self-denial to show her love and gratitude to God. And what was the result? This—this overwhelming blow, this desolation of body and soul. God had flung her back in her face and would have none of it—to Mary He seemed to say: "You offered Me a paltry six weeks of self-denial—I don't want it; but I will make your whole life now one long misery!"

"Religion!" said Mary Carmichael, in bitterness of spirit, prayers, fasting, self-denial! All shadows—shibboleths—lies!"

After she had finished her tea she walked to Kingstown, and sat on the rocks by the Pier, gazing out across the Irish sea with hard, miserable eyes, that saw nothing of the beauty around her. She was not conscious of feeling tired for walking seemed to ease her mind in some degree, and just as people in physical pain often find relief in such exercise, so now she found it of help to her in her mental distress. About six o'clock she left Kingstown and started to walk back to Dalkey, but at Blackrock she became suddenly conscious of her sore and blistered feet, and entered a passing tram. As the evening was getting chilly she went inside. The car was fairly crowded, but Mary noticed none of the passengers except one lady who got in at Merrion. At first Mary only observed a slight and apparently girlish figure attired in the latest fashion. A stylish hat crowned an elaborate golden coiffure, and the face beneath the veil seemed to be one of milk and roses. The little bit of fuss she made as she entered the car and took her seat, glancing around her in a self-conscious way as she did so, attracted Mary's attention as she gazed at her idly. Just then the lady turned and looked sideways out of the window, and Mary noticed the perfect network of wrinkles—especially in the lower part of the face, and neck—which were then revealed.

In spite of herself Mary continued to look more closely at her and the longer she looked, the older and older the lady seemed to become. The hair was a palpable wig, the "milk and roses" enamel and rouge, and the figure pads and a good corset. It was not that she was merely middle aged and endeavouring to take a few years from her age. No, the woman was really old. "Sixty at least," Mary found herself thinking.

She was indeed a very caricature of a woman—a grotesque figure—and yet oddly pathetic. One evidently who had missed all that she most desired in life and now when one would think that life for her was practically over and done with—she was still clinging to it, and trying pitifully to cheat the years that had passed over her head.

To Mary Carmichael, gazing at her with miserable eyes, she seemed like some horrid nightmare of which she could not rid herself—a veritable death's head, fashionably dressed, and sitting in mockery grinning at her across the tram. And into Mary's poor tortured brain came the questioning thought—

"Will I be like her in the years to come? The bare, long, lonely years that lie before me. Will I get older and older, and will I try and pretend all the time that I'm still young? Will I paint and powder and wear somebody else's hair? Oh! I wonder will I?"

It showed how distorted her mind was at the moment that such ideas should come to her. How the other Mary Carmichael—the cheerful, same Mary—would have scoffed at the bare notion of such a thing! That other Mary would have looked at the poor creature opposite half in pity, half in amusement, sighed that any woman could make such a caricature of herself, and then would probably have shrugged her shoulders and thought no more of the matter. But the Mary of today—the tortured, wretched woman who had just found all her world tumbling down like a house of cards—that Mary could see only the tragedy of that unreal figure opposite and could only shudder in fear lest the future would turn her too into such another picture. The lady got out at Merrion Square throwing "the glad eye" even at the amused conductor as she daintily tripped down the steps.

Mary went on to the Pillar, and then walked to Dorset Street and entered the hall of a large tenement

house of the decent sort. She went up the stairs and knocked at a door on the "drawing-room" landing which was opened almost immediately by a stout motherly woman of about fifty, whose good-natured face lighted up on seeing who was her visitor.

"Why, it's Miss Mary!" she cried. "Come in, Miss, dear. This is a pleasure to see you—and on Easter Sunday, too. Mary followed her silently into the large bright living room. It was like most of the rooms one finds in the superior tenement class house. The boards were bare, but scrubbed very white; there was a dresser piled with delf, a cabinet piled with ornaments, a sofa, a couple of arm chairs, several kitchen ones and two little stools, and plenty of pictures mostly of religious or political subjects. A large fire was burning in the bright range and the table was set for tea. A man a few years the senior of the woman was sitting smoking, but on seeing Mary he took his pipe out of his mouth and rose to his feet. A baby—the woman's grandchild—was asleep in a cradle near the fire, and every detail of that poor room spelt the word—Home.

"Mark!" cried Kate Cassidy, "here's Miss Mary come to see us!" and she drew forward one of the armchairs. Then she seemed to notice Mary for the first time, her silence had puzzled her and she glanced at the girl's face. It was tired and haggard looking—years older, too, than the Mary who had sat in this room talking so gaily to her a few weeks ago—her visitor of tonight looked like a woman of forty or more.

Kate Cassidy had been Mary's nurse in the old days when James Carmichael and his pretty young wife had been alive, and she gazed now at the girl in pitiful dismay.

"Oh! Miss Mary, dear! what is it? Sure it's worn out and ill you must be! Sit down, darling; sit down and rest yourself."

Mary looked up at the good motherly face bending over her, at the work-worn hands, resting so tenderly on her shoulder, and then her glance wandered round the poor familiar room, at the cheerful tea table, at the man standing in the awkward manner of men when they feel they are not wanted,—at the baby sleeping in its cradle. She looked at all first with hard unseeing eyes full of pain and misery and then suddenly her frozen heart seemed to thaw, and she was only conscious of a terrible tiredness—of an aching heart hunger—of a great longing for sympathy, and she turned quickly and hid her face on the broad bosom where she had lain so often as a child.

"Oh! yes—yes! Kate! she said brokenly, "I am tired—so tired! Let me rest here—oh! don't send me away! I'm so lonely and tired!—tired of everything!"

And so unfolded in Kate's strong arms, Mary at last gave way to nature's grief, and although her sobs were bitter at first, yet after a while the tears flowed easily until they fell like rain on her parched heart, and so gave her relief.

Exhausted at last she leant back in her chair, only a sobbing sigh escaping her now and then—like a tired child that sobs in its sleep.

Kate Cassidy, with rare tact, asked no questions as to what had upset her, but only inquired if she had been on duty that day, and if she had had her dinner, for the woman saw that Mary was really worn out.

"On duty?" repeated Mary dully, "no, Kate, this was my Sunday off. I spent the day at Dalkey and Kingstown. I think—yes, I had a cup of tea at Dalkey—about half-past one I believe.

"And now it's near eight!" exclaimed Kate, "well Miss Mary, dear, 'tis no wonder you're tired out!"

She boiled the kettle and made the tea; she cut bread and butter and thin slices of boiled ham, and gently, tenderly, like a mother feeding her child, so she fed this nursing of hers. At first Mary thought that every mouthful would choke her, but presently Nature asserted itself, and she found herself eating and drinking and feeling the better for it.

At ten o'clock she was in bed in one of the little rooms off the living room—in bed and asleep—the sleep of utter exhaustion, physical and mental.

Then Kate Cassidy, wiping her eyes with her apron, went downstairs to find her "old man," who had taken refuge with neighbors in the "parlor" below. She drew him outside and spoke.

"I don't know what's happened to the child, Mark," she said brokenly; "some big sorrow it must be to have crushed all the life out of Miss Mary, and she so gay always."

"No, she's not going back to the Home tonight—she's not able to walk that short distance itself, and anyway she wants to stay here. So do you go up to the Home and see the Matron or one of the nurses, and say that Miss Carmichael is not well, and is staying with me for the night."

And so Mary Carmichael passed the hours of that Easter Sunday to which she had looked forward day after day during all the Lenten time.

CHAPTER XII.

"UNDER WHICH KING?"

Three days had passed since Easter Sunday, and Mary Carmichael was still at Kate Cassidy's

house. On Easter Monday she had been unable to leave her bed, tired out in body and mind, and so physically weak that it was an effort almost to lift her hand.

Daisy Ray and Nurse Seeley had called to see her early that day and were shocked at her appearance. They could hardly maintain their self-control before her, and both were glad to shorten their visit, for the sight of "dear old Mac" once the life and soul of the Nurses' Home, now so weary and haggard with that dreadful stricken look upon her face almost completely unnerved them.

They reported to the Matron—for she was not one in whom they could confide or who would sympathise with any of her nurses sick or well that Nurse Carmichael seemed very run-down and tired, and Miss McFarland—who had no use for a nurse who couldn't work and work hard—at once advised that Mary should apply for a holiday and return to her duties afterwards, when she felt quite well again.

So Mary was put off duty *pro tem.*, with directions to report herself at the office of the Nursing Committee, when she would probably be granted a few weeks' leave of absence, and in a few days Mary called to see the Superintendent and applied not only for temporary sick leave, but also for a transfer to a country district.

Miss Malcolm glanced keenly at her through her glasses. "You want a transfer to the country, Nurse?" she said in surprised tones, "but I always understood that you had a great objection to country districts, that you preferred the city in every way. Is this on account of your health?"

Her sharp eyes were scrutinising Mary all the time, thinking how really ill she looked, and wondering, but too tactful to question—what really was the matter with this nurse, one of the very best on her staff.

Meanwhile Mary was fighting hard for composure; she was frightfully nervous—why she hardly knew—and so weak in body and mind that it took all the will-power of which she was possessed to keep her from breaking down completely.

"Not altogether on account of my health, Miss Malcolm," she faltered, "but I—I think the country—the change would help me. Oh, please Miss Malcolm, let me go, and soon."

Miss Malcolm was a wise woman and recognized that this was no time for argument.

"Very well, Nurse," she said quietly, "there is a district vacant in the south-west—in Co. Clare. Will you take that?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Malcolm—anywhere," was the reply, pitiful in its very eagerness.

And so matters were settled, and Mary Carmichael left the office with three weeks' sick leave granted to her, at the expiration of which time she was to report herself again and arrange finally for her transfer to the Co. Clare district.

She told Kate Cassidy languidly about these arrangements while that good woman was fussing around her with tea and toast.

"And I'm going to leave you too, Kate," she said, and as her old nurse gave an exclamation of dismay, she went on—

"Yes, I know, Katie—and you have been a perfect dear to me—what I should have done without you I don't know—I don't think of it. But now—well, somehow I have a wish to go out Ranelagh way. I know a decent old soul—she was a patient of mine once, with a room to let, and I'm going to take it for the three weeks."

"God save us, Miss Mary, dear," said Kate, "and what would you do the likes of that for? And what about your friends, the Blakes? Sure they would be in a queer pucker if they knew you were in strange lodging, and them with their house always open to you as you know well."

"Oh, yes, Kate—I know all that," said the other, with the new note of utter weariness and indifference in her voice, to which Kate was now becoming accustomed.

"I know all that, but I—well, I'm going to Ranelagh, and that's all!"

And she went—without a word to any of her fellow-nurses, or to the Blakes, or indeed, to anyone she knew. She did not even leave her address with Kate.

The nurses would only be bothering you for it," she said, "and I want to be left in peace."

In peace! alas! poor heart, peace was far from her yet. In after years Mary Carmichael used to look back with a sort of dull wonder at those days she spent by herself in Ranelagh. Wonder that she ever lived through them—or that in living she did not lose her reason. At times she very nearly did so, and then, when she was feeling really desperate she would go out and walk—walk—walk. She would sometimes leave the house about five or six o'clock and walk the roads and streets around until ten or eleven, trying to tire herself out so much that she might sleep at night. In vain. Tired in body she might be—aching in every muscle—but her brain knew no respite—ever active, ever working, it would go over and over again, the scenes of a few months past. Like a series of living pictures there would pass before her mental vision the hours, she and Dr. Delaney had spent together, their walks and talks, the picture house they had frequented together, the theatres;

and especially would she re-live, over and over again, the night they had seen the "Little King of Rome" on the film, and "Faust" at the Gaiety. The music of Goethe's masterpiece would ring in her ears until she would sit up in the bed, and in desperation put her hands over her ears though the sound was material and she could thus shut it out, and in doing so also stifle the memories that were seared on her brain in red hot letters—never to be erased in this life. And all that time Mary never prayed, never entered a church.

The Blakes were greatly troubled about her, for ten days now they had not seen her or even heard about her. Inquiries at St. Columba's and at Kate Cassidy's proved futile, no one knew where she had gone, or where she was staying.

Then one evening Bride announced, while taking her seat—late as usual—at the tea table.

"Oh, by the way, I saw Mary Carmichael today."

"Where? When? How is she? What did she say? Why didn't she come to see us?"

A perfect tornado of questions poured forth upon her, for the whole family was present. Bride shrugged her shoulders. Of all the Blakes she was the only one who had not worried over Mary at this time, such a "case" was not interesting from Bride's standpoint.

Had Mary been in want or rags, a drunkard, a thief, or a girl of the streets—or even a respectable mother attending her Baby Club, then all Bride's sympathies would have been enlisted in her behalf, but as it was, she considered that her brothers and sisters were making too much fuss over this friend of theirs.

"I'm sorry to say that I can answer none of your questions," she said, "I was hurrying after Mrs. Doyle, of whom I had just caught sight—that woman is really enough to dishearten anyone, promising to attend the Club regularly and then—"

"Oh, blow Mrs. Doyle," interposed Pat, "get on Bride, do, and tell us about Mary."

Bride stiffened at once. She was always a little difficult to get on with, as the others knew, and Mary Blake now interposed gently.

"Please, Bride, we are so anxious—tell us all you can."

"Well, really, as I said, there is nothing to tell. I was hurrying after Mrs. Doyle, and turning a corner I came face to face with Mary Carmichael. She was walking quickly and looking straight in front of her, but with the queerest expression, just as if she saw nothing. She didn't even see me, walked past me quite oblivious of my presence. Really, she might have been walking in her sleep for any notice she took of her surroundings."

"But you stopped her? You spoke to her, Bride?"

It was Tom who spoke, and the anxiety of his voice made Bride turn and look at him rather curiously.

"Stop her?" she repeated, coldly; "no, certainly not; I had my work to do, and if I had stopped that Mrs. Doyle—"

"Oh, dash Mrs. Doyle," exclaimed Pat, and Shamus said something in Irish which seemed to relieve his feelings better than the mere Saxon tongue, to which poor Pat was restricted.

TO BE CONTINUED

AN AWAKENING

By Shiela Mahon in Rosary Magazine

"I don't like him, Peggy, and I won't have him coming to the house." Aunt Sarah's usually mild face looked stern as she made this emphatic protest to her pretty niece.

"I don't like him," she reiterated in an exasperated tone, as her niece made no reply but stood twirling a rose between her fingers.

"He has bewitched you. You are not the same girl since you met him. You, a Child of Mary, to even think of marrying a Protestant! It's outrageous. If your poor mother were living it would break her heart. Tell me you are not in earnest," her voice took a pleading tone—"and that it is only a passing fancy."

"It is more than a passing fancy," said Peggy stubbornly. "You have been so hard on Walter that it has made me just that much more interested in him. There is nothing against him but his religion and I can soon remedy that. He is crazy about me and would do anything to please me. Besides, he is so generous. Look what he sent me this morning." She held up a slim hand, displaying a magnificent ring set with diamonds and opals.

Her aunt gave a faint scream as she stared at the ring. Then she cried out: "For God's sake, don't tell me that you are engaged to him! You will send back the ring! You won't keep it?" she pleaded. There were tears in her eyes.

"I have not yet given him an answer," said her niece coldly. "I am to see him tomorrow morning and decide definitely."

Aunt Sarah half-rose from her chair, then suddenly fell back. There was a blue tinge about her pallid lips. Peggy, alarmed, ran to her, crying: "Oh Aunt Sarah, please forgive me! I was only teasing." A soft cheek was pressed to Aunt Sarah's aching one. "I am a wicked girl, Auntie darling, I didn't mean it. Really I have been

praying hard for guidance—only tonight I finished a novena to Our Lady. But I have received no answer—and I can't help liking Walter Adams. He is very fond of me."

"Thank God," said her aunt feebly, "you have not committed yourself yet. Promise me that you will not marry him," she added sternly.

"I can't promise you that," said the girl, a touch of defiance in her voice—"but I will promise to try to make him a Catholic. Others have done the same, why shouldn't I?"

"His Catholicity would last until the honeymoon was over. I know Walter Adams better than you do. I have been studying him for some time. He dislikes Catholics—he has a contempt for all religion and is an atheist at heart."

"You are hard on him, Aunt Sarah," said the girl, twirling the beautiful ring round and round on her finger.

"If you marry him I shall never forgive you," said her aunt, as she rose and walked unsteadily towards the door. "I shall disinherit you. No money of mine shall go to Walter Adams."

"Not another word!" cried her niece with flashing eyes. "I don't want your old money. It has hurt me more to think that you believe that I care only for your money than all you have said about Walter."

Her aunt only looked at her sorrowfully and passed out of the room.

For an instant the girl felt an impulse to run after her and beg for forgiveness. Then, suddenly, her mood changed. She again became hot and resentful. A girl should brook no interference in her choice of a husband. It was her business, not Aunt Sarah's. True her aunt had been very good to her—she had taken the place of her mother, who had died young—but this was too much to expect from her! The opals and diamonds on her finger flashed radiantly, and Peggy, whispering to herself, "I won't give you up," pressed the ring to her red lips. Whether the caress was for the beautiful gems or whether it expressed something deeper it would be hard to tell.

Anyhow, Peggy, instead of following her aunt put on her hat and coat and rushed out of the house. As she crossed the street she saw a familiar figure advancing towards her. "Hello, Elizabeth," she cried delightedly, "I am so glad to meet you. I have a bit of the blues and you are the right one to help me get rid of them. Let us go for a walk."

"Don't you remember," said her friend, "that this is Sodality night? I was just coming round for you. You were not at our last two meetings. No back-sliding allowed," she said gaily, "so come along."

"I am in a blue mood tonight," answered Peggy. "My aunt and I have had a scene—and all about a man. She scolded me and threatened me—"

"You poor dear," said her friend, "I pity you from my heart. But I also pity Aunt Sarah. She added, a spice of mischief in her eyes. "You know you have a temper, Peggy. I wish I had some one to love me as much as Aunt Sarah loves you," she went on wistfully. "Come on to the meeting and forget your worries. Father Tom is to speak tonight. You know you love to hear him."

"Very well," acquiesced Peggy. "I do like to listen to Father Tom. When did he come back from Rome?"

"Only arrived last night. I'm sure we are in for a treat, so, let us hurry."

When the two girls reached the Sodality hall they found it crowded with an expectant throng. Father Tom O'Kelly, the spiritual director of the Children of Mary, was a great favorite and had been much missed while away on his vacation.

When he arrived there was a general expression of pleasure from the members of the Sodality, and when he arose to speak you could have heard a pin drop. He started by telling them some pleasant things about his travels and had them laughing at many humorous incidents. As he proceeded, his eyes seemed to rest on Peggy. The girl felt as if she alone were being addressed. She tried to divest herself of this curious feeling. Father Tom and she were old friends. He had known her from babyhood. But tonight he seemed to be reading her very thoughts.

As he passed from one incident to another, his fine old face grew suddenly sad as he said, slowly: "I have a message for each and every one of you. I am going to tell you now of an incident that made a great impression on me, as it will on all of you girls when I relate it—an incident that I shall never forget. It happened in England, just before I sailed for home. As I was traveling from London to Liverpool at one of the stations a bridal party came in. Traces of rice told the tale even to my unobservant eyes. The bride was a lovely young girl, the groom a fine-looking young man. In the same railroad carriage there was another priest—a stranger to me. A few stations farther down the road he got out. As he left the car, the bridegroom turned to the bride and said: 'Take a last look at the kind Mollie. You have married a Protestant. No more mummery or priestcraft for me? I had to marry you in a church, but that is the end of it.'



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There was a perceptible stir among Father Tom's hearers as they bent eagerly forward, intent on not losing a word.

"I caught a glimpse of the bride's face. It had turned deathly white. She looked as if she were going to faint—and the anguish depicted in her eyes made me sick at heart. The look was reflected in the face of the bridesmaid, who turned accusingly to her friend's husband and said: 'Surely, you are not in earnest?'"

"I am certainly in earnest," he answered with a callous laugh. After that the silence and constraint of the bridal party became unbearable. The white misery of the bride's face haunted me.

"At the next station I got out and went into another carriage. They had not recognized me as a priest as I was muffled up to the ears, trying to get rid of a cold, and my Roman collar consequently was not visible. I longed to speak to that poor girl but prudence forbade it. I could only offer a prayer for her and ask God to give her strength to bear the cross that awaited her. I found myself praying with a fervor that surprised me. Then I started to read my breviary. I had hardly opened it when I felt a tremendous shock and was hurled from my seat with a force that for the moment stunned me. When I regained consciousness the air was filled with the shrieks of women, mingled with the cries of children and the hoarse notes of men's voices. I scrambled to my feet. What a terrible scene met my gaze! Half of the train was a total wreck—the part that I had been in had by a miracle escaped being ground to pieces. An express train had telescoped us.

"Of course I hurried to help the sufferers, pray God I may never see such a wreck again! Men and women were everywhere calling for help. Some of them mutilated shockingly. After I had done all in my power to relieve those nearest me, I turned to go forward in search of others.

"Oh, dear God, send me a priest before I die," cried a woman's voice. I looked around but could see no one near.

"Oh, dear God, send me a priest—I am dying fast!" I looked again towards the wreck, and there pinned down by a mass of broken timbers, terribly crushed, was the young bride. Beside her lay her husband, still in death. The bridesmaid, too, was dead.

"As I reached her side, I said gently: 'My child, what can I do for you?'"

"She looked at me, then a great light transfigured her face. 'Now God has heard my prayers,' she said in a wonderfully strong voice. I shall die content. I heard her confession and gave her absolution. She died a few moments later, and her last words were: 'God has been more than good to me. He saw that I would not have had the moral strength to resist my husband, whom I married thinking I had converted him. Thank God for saving my soul! If I had lived, I feel I might have lost it—for love makes all of us weak—and I adored my husband. I am a Child of Mary, Father, and can meet my God fearlessly now.'"

"As Father Tom finished his narrative, there was a tense silence. The spell was broken only when he stepped down and mingled with the Socialists.

Among the first to greet him was Peggy. "Father," she whispered breathlessly, "that was a tragic story."

"It was, Peggy," said the priest, "but I am sorry to say there are many similar stories without the harrowing tragedy of the railroad accident."

"Father Tom," said Peggy shyly, "I have just finished a novel to Our Lady for a special intention."

"Well," said the priest, "did you get an answer—or receive a sign?"

"Yes," said Peggy, "and it is plain sailing now."

"Dec Gratias!" exclaimed the priest.

The next morning the mail brought a letter and package to a very disgruntled young man. As he read the letter, his face grew dark.

"I wonder," he muttered—"if she really thought that I had any intention of becoming a Catholic?" He opened the package and the flash of opals and diamonds met his gaze.

"So you couldn't be bought, Peggy?" he murmured, his face softening, as he gazed at the shimmering beauty of the jewels. Then after a long pause, during which he seemed to be thinking deeply, he added: "Well, I've never believed much in religion, but the Church that can turn out girls like Peggy is worth studying. I shall make it my business to look into it, and if I find that Peggy is right—or, rather, that the Church is right—it will be the happiest day of my life."

TYPES OF CATHOLICS

In a church of over 300,000,000 members it is not surprising that there are so many types. The great rank and file, who see in the way of the sacraments the Catholic route to heaven, perform their duties in a way that most please the Sacred Heart. They even discharge their financial obligations in the spirit of our fathers and mothers: "When I give to the Church I will never miss." They are the builders of the line or graceful towers and steeples

which, from Rome around the world announce the presence of God's altar and the offering of God's sacrifice "from the rising of the sun until the going down thereof." They are church builders, school builders, apostles everywhere and always.

We have, however, a few types of Catholics, interesting to study, who attract more attention but deserve much less than this great army of the faithful. For example, we have the Catholic who can always run the parish so much better than the pastor, preach better sermons than the priests, teach better than the Sisters, and, although he doesn't say so much about the Pope, he probably thinks he could even improve things at Rome. Of such Catholics it is generally true that if the pastor could buy them for what they are worth and sell them for what they think they are worth, he could pay the mortgage on church and school in a day.

Then there is the — er — prudent Catholic, who may have been born in Londonderry, but in Church finances he is from Missouri. He knows that the price of everything has gone up for himself, but he cannot understand how expenses have gone up for the Church. He gets \$10 a day and contributes \$1 to the Charity Drive. The curate gets \$10 a week but he cannot understand why he cannot give at least \$30 to the same drive. Although it costs \$80 a year for each child in the public schools our prudent Catholic cannot see how it costs \$10 a year for each child in the parish school: there must be waste somewhere. With the air of a Rockefeller he drops the donation of a chimney sweep into the offertory basket and bemoans his lot at being obliged to support the rectory. Everybody wonders why he is not a millionaire, but he isn't. Perhaps God takes care of that.

We have, too, the indifferent Catholic, to whom Christ's warning "He who is not with Me is against Me," is of no importance. Of course he believes in it, but — of course, he ought to make his Easter duty, but — There is always a "but" in his act of Faith, and the "but" is stronger than the Faith. He finds the Church too narrow and too slow and too unchanging, never adverting to the fact that Truth generally is fairly narrow and rather slow and somewhat unchanging. Some day a rather out of date old gentleman known as St. Peter will probably say to him: "You got a good start at the Baptismal font, but —"

The ill-informed Catholic is another "enemy within the gates" who helps to strew the Church's path with thorns and brambles. Asking questions about the Faith is almost a hobby with many outside the fold. The ill-informed Catholic returns strange and wonderful answers: "The marks of the Church mean that she is very easy," an "easy mark," so to speak, is the startling piece of information for which an ill-informed Catholic recently vouched: These Catholics, in religion, play the part of stumbling blocks to those seeking the light.

Closely akin to the ill-informed Catholic is the apologetic Catholic. He has the feeling that the Old Church is pretty slow, that Catholics are lacking in culture, that so-called scientists "have something on" the Church of Christ, etc. He has forgotten a certain warning of the Master against him "who denies Me before men." Christ made provision for many offices in His Church—He made no provision for apologizing because we believe in the Word of God. He did say that in His Father's home there are many mansions, but he never hinted that anyone could apologize himself into one. Apologizing for being a follower of Christ is a hobby with many outside the time of Judas Iscariot.

The true pillar of the Church is the old-fashioned Catholic who knew Butler's catechism from cover to cover, who was proud of the finger of God visible in the glorious history of his Church; who felt a thrill of divine pride in the Faith that baffled the Roman Empire, conquered and civilized barbarian hordes, preserved the Sacred Scriptures and the treasures of the Classics, produced the glories of Christian art and literature, passed unscathed and strengthened through the fires of persecution in every land under the sun. These other types are by-products of the modern world, and are so imbued by its spirit that each group has the habit of blushing for the Church of Christ. The books balance at that: the Church blushes for them.—The Mirror.

GET READY FOR THE CHASE

SPECIAL TRAIN FOR HUNTERS

The open season for hunting deer and moose in Northern Ontario is rapidly approaching. South of the French and Mattawa rivers, Nov. 5th to Nov. 20th inclusive, north and west of these rivers, Oct. 25th to Nov. 8th inclusive. North of Transcontinental Railway Line the season is from Sept. 15th to Nov. 15th inclusive.

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The selection of grounds is a most important matter and one which requires careful study. The territory reached by the Canadian National lines north of Parry Sound is already a favorite one, but the new country east and west of Capreol is as yet comparatively little known to the Hunter and should, therefore, be highly attractive to the follower of the deer and moose.

The Canadian National Railways are providing special train service, which with regular trains will meet all demands. Special trains will be operated as follows: Leave Toronto Union Station 11:15 p. m., Oct. 21st for Capreol and intermediate points, and 11:15 p. m., Nov. 2nd, 3rd and 4th for Key Jet and intermediate points. The usual ample accommodation of sleeping cars, baggage cars and coaches will be provided.

The Annual Hunter's Leaflet issued by the Canadian National Railways is now ready for distribution, and may be obtained on application to any agent of the Company, or write General Passenger Department, Room 807, Royal Bank Bldg., Toronto.

ZIONIST DOMINATION AN INJUSTICE

At the end of June Lord Sydenham, during the debate on Palestine asserted in the House of Lords "that Zionism ran counter to the whole human psychology of the age, and that such administrative acts as the Rutenberg Concession are rendered possible only by British bayonets." Writing on "the Fate of the Holy Land" in the September issue of the Dominion review, Blackfriars, Father Reginald Ginn, O. F. M., says: "This claim is very moderate. Lord Sydenham might have said with truth," continues the Dominican, "that the whole of the Zionist policy of the British Government in Palestine depends on British bayonets, and this could easily be proved by the withdrawal of those bayonets for a short space of time."

According to this author, writing from Jerusalem, conditions there are so intolerable that one has to confess at times to feelings of downright shame; today, for example, when the streets of Jerusalem are being paraded by armored cars, and when groups of those known to you at home as the "Black and Tans" are scattered about in the company of Hindu troops. Because yesterday, today and tomorrow, the 13th, 14th and 15th of July, have been chosen by the Christian and Mahomedan Arabs as a sort of "down tools" protest against the inclusion of the Balfour Declaration favoring the establishment of a Jewish national home, in the British Mandate of Palestine.

Fearing a repetition of the troubles encountered in 1920 and 1921, the authorities have proclaimed and brought up armored cars and soldiers. Father Ginn does not blame them for taking these precautionary measures. "The Jews are here," he says, "with our (i. e. British) approval as you may say, and we have to protect them. On the other hand, I cannot see how we can condemn the Arabs (meaning, in this instance, the natives of Palestine, town-dwellers and country people, Christian and Mahomedan). Every nation has the right to defend itself against armed aggression, and this forcible introduction of Jewish immigrants against the will of the majority is nothing but that. But what can these people do against armored cars, machine-guns and aeroplanes?"

The author of this interesting communication quotes a British official of three years standing in Palestine as expressing the view that the Jews can never maintain themselves there until they have an army. However, being convinced also that the creation and maintenance of a Jewish armed force are not within the realm of likelihood, he feels no fears for the ultimate fate of the Holy Land. Nor does Father Ginn. Still, he thinks there are reasons for worry, because injustice exists and the fact remains that, according to the laws of Ethics, a rational being is held to intend that which is the "natural end of his deliberate acts." Now," says Father Ginn, "the natural end of this Zionist policy is to render the Jew predominant in Palestine; and if it does not succeed in the long run, it will be through no fault of its own. He is a fool who makes himself believe that the Jew is coming to Palestine without the intention of being master here."

A young Belgian priest, while on his way to Jerusalem, fell in with a party of Jews, who spoke of going "their city." When he ventured the opinion that Palestine still belonged to its Arab population, and that they, the Jews, might have some difficulty in getting the Arab out, he was told: "Oh, no; we have opened banks and we shall lend the Arabs money, and then their land will be ours. And this may come true. 'Palestine,' writes the contributor to Blackfriars, "is the land of the small holder—or was so until very recently. Introduce large bodies of immigrants from the West, with all the capital of the Zionist at their back, with Western business methods and extensive commercial connections all over the world (remember that these immigrants are Jews), and where will the Arab be? Driven out, you say. No not at all; on the contrary, he will

be very much kept in, but in the condition of his Gabaonite ancestors, as 'the hewer of wood and drawer of water' for the Jew. This begins to take place already."

With other words, the Arab will not be driven out, but he will be sold out; he is not very thrifty as a rule. "The Arab," says Father Ginn, "works in order to eat and live, not to get rich. That is why he is so primitive and so far removed from Western, and particularly from modern Jewish ideas and ideals."

This writer furthermore makes it clear that an extraordinary prejudice has grown up in the East against the word Mandate. The fact that the Zionist policy of the Mandate has the permission and approval apparently of everyone except the people most concerned,—the Palestinians, does not amount to much. "To anyone with an idea of elementary justice," says Father Ginn, "it is evident that if the Arab denies his permission and approval—and he has denied them—then the content of all the rest of the world is simply of no value. No Mandate and no League of Nations can turn wrong into right."

The Dominican even goes so far as to say: "One might well propose a new invocation that could very appropriately be added to the litany as recited in the Near East: 'Good Lord, deliver us.'"

In closing Father Ginn makes it clear that he is not animated by that "anti-Jewish feeling which characterizes so much that is written against the Zionist policy." For him the present problem of Palestine is not a question of Politics or Religion. His concluding words are: "Christianity is not oppressed; Mahomedanism is unharmed; but Justice is being outraged."—C. B.

ST. MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL

"St. Michael the Archangel, defend us in the battle; be our protection against the wickedness and snares of the devil. Rebuke him, O God, we humbly pray, and do thou, O Prince of the heavenly host, by the divine power drive into hell Satan and the other evil spirits, who wander through the world seeking the ruin of souls. Amen."

Day after day, year in and year out, these words of supplication to the Prince of Angels ring through our churches after low Mass. The faithful repeat the prayer obediently without hesitation with the Priest and then they go out into their world of work or pleasure and often forget that their lips had so lately framed a prayer to the great Prince of Spirits to guard them against "the wickedness and snares of the devil." Chiefest among those very snares is the one of spiritism which the unChristian modernist and the unwary Catholic so often have to contend with in their "battle." These worshippers of spirits tell us that the dead return to wreak vengeance or to bring blessings upon those of us who are still in the flesh. They would intimidate us by this, would have us placate these awesome embodied friends of ours. But why should we heed the false alarms of these unthinking fellow beings who would try to lure us away from the Faith which is spiritual?

Was not the battle cry of the mighty angel of War in Heaven: "Who is like God?" Michael's name grew out of his holy war cry—a cry which proclaimed to the devil's advocates that there was none other like unto God the Father of Spirits.

We have been given angels to guide and guard our helpless infancy; our lips are taught to pray to the good angel who is ever at our side; this angel will drive from us the devil and his disciples. We show a poor return of thanks to God for His gift to us when we, after the days of protected infancy are safely past, to frame unto our worshipping lips petitions to spirits who of their own agency can do us certainly no good and who often are made by the devil to do us much harm. We may feel sure that God will not only rebuke the devil for using the spirits of the departed to tamper with our faith, our very lives oftentimes lent that "He will justly turn His wrath upon His ungrateful children and deprive us perhaps of the sweet comfort of His angels' presence if we persist in ignoring them and seek to irritate the pagan and worship our ancestors' spirits."—The Missionary.

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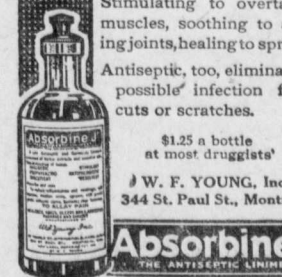
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LONDON, SATURDAY, NOV. 11, 1922

IRISH REPUBLICANS AND MORAL STANDARDS

Since from the very nature of things man must live in society, and for ordered social living authority is essential, the Church has always taught that obedience to lawful authority is a divinely imposed duty.

It is a matter of general observation and comment that there is a wave of anarchy, social and moral, sweeping over the world.

It is not surprising, indeed it is inevitable, that Catholics should be more or less affected—or infected—by the spirit of the age in which they live.

The Pastoral Letter of the entire Irish Episcopate, which we reprint elsewhere in this issue of the Record, bears sorrowful testimony to the fact that there are Catholic Irishmen who repudiate Catholic teaching, defy ecclesiastical authority, subvert the moral law and still claim to be good Catholics.

Such Catholics concede that obedience to civil authority is a duty; but they claim that the law of civil authority in Ireland is the Republic to which they have sworn allegiance; that this is a question of fact and not a moral principle; and furthermore, that in political questions the Bishops have no authority and therefore can, in con-

science, claim no obedience to their political decisions.

In dealing with the situation the Bishops of Ireland do not mince their words:

"They carry on what they call a war, but which, in the absence of any legitimate authority to justify it, is morally only a system of murder and assassination of the National forces. No nation can live where the civil sense of obedience to authority and law is not firmly and religiously maintained."

Vigorously, unequivocally, and with the full consciousness of the responsibility of their sacred office, the Bishops deal with the moral aspects of the political situation:

"No one is justified in rebelling against the legitimate Government, whatever it is, set up by the nation, and acting within its rights. The opposite doctrine is false; contrary to Christian morals, and opposed to the constant teaching of the Church. 'Let every soul,' says St. Paul, 'be subject to the higher powers'—that is, to the legitimate authority of the State."

"From St. Paul downwards the Church has inculcated obedience to authority as a divine duty, as well as a social necessity, and has reprobated unauthorised rebellion as sinful in itself, and destructive of social stability, as it manifestly is, for, if one section of the community has that right, so have other sections the same right, until we end in general anarchy. No Republican can evade this teaching by asserting that the legitimate authority in Ireland is not the present Dail or Provisional Government. There is no other, and cannot be, outside the body of the people. A Republic without popular recognition behind it is a contradiction in terms."

"Such being Divine Law, the guerilla warfare now being carried on by the Irregulars is without moral sanction, and, therefore, the killing of National soldiers in the course of it is murder before God. The seizing of public and private property is robbery. The breaking of roads, bridges, and railways is criminal destruction; the invasion of homes and molestation of citizens a grievous crime."

With regard to the oath of allegiance to the Republic the Bishops are no less clear and explicit:

"We know that some of them are troubled and held back by the oath they took. A lawful oath is, indeed, a sacred bond between God and man; but no oath can bind any man to carry on a warfare against his own country in circumstances forbidden by the law of God. It would be an offence to God, and to the very nature of an oath to say so."

In the denial of the right of the Bishops to interfere in the political situation the Irish rebels resort to a specious sophistry. In matters purely political the Bishops claim no right to interfere authoritatively; though no one can deny their right to full and free citizenship. But when, as is now manifestly the case in Ireland, public and private morality is involved in political methods it is not only their right but their imperative official duty to proclaim the moral law as binding the conscience of all Catholics. To deny this is to deny the fundamental principle of Catholicity. The standards of morality are and must be objective and unchangeable. For Catholics it is the living voice of the Church that is final in such matters. Unconsciously it may be, but none the less certainly, the claim of the Republicans to decide what is and what is not morally allowable is the adoption of the Protestant principle of private judgment, and the denial of the divinely constituted teaching authority of the Church in matters of faith and morals. This is plain heresy and apostasy.

And as Hilaire Belloc recently said: "It is profoundly true, as every man who has had experience of life knows, that the philosophy of the Catholic Church covers the whole of life and coordinates it. A proof of that lies in this, that any individual who, having accepted the Catholic philosophy as a whole, was led by some accident, some strain, some temptation to rebel against a part of it has always felt that he was out of tune and was compelled by the necessity of the position either to return or give up the whole. It never failed."

The position taken by the rebellious Irish Republicans is one that

is utterly impossible for Catholics to maintain.

Will the unfortunate men who now defy their divinely appointed spiritual guides return or openly apostatize? Whatever may happen in the case of individuals there is reason for the confident hope that Ireland will be saved through her deeply religious spirit. During the recent meeting of the Irish Catholic Truth Society there was scathing condemnation of the disorders; but the brighter and more hopeful side was indicated by Professor Michael Hayes, speaker of Dail Eireann:

"We in Ireland," he said, "are passing through a crisis not unique in history, a crisis which other nations have successfully survived, and which this nation, too, shall survive. In this country we have elements of strength and unity which will make our future. The Irish people are entering on an era of responsibility, and the responsibility will do them good."

"The lecturer asked who thinks of God in the modern world. 'I answer that the Irish people think of God. It may not appear so sometimes from incidents, or a series of incidents, but fundamentally, and speaking of the whole Irish people, I maintain that it is true that the Irish people think of God.'"

And this great and consoling fact to which this informed Irishman bears deliberate and considered testimony is the sure foundation of our confident hope for the future of Ireland.

THE LESSON OF ONE SUICIDE

Raymond Bradley, a sixteen-year-old high school pupil of Bridgeport, Conn., committed suicide a few days ago. If this misguided boy had not left a note giving the reasons that had impelled him to end his life, his act would probably have been chronicled in two lines of type at bottom of a column. For, terrible to relate, the suicide of school children in the larger cities of the United States is no longer "news" that demands much space for the telling. In New York, not long ago, five girls of from fourteen to seventeen, attending schools widely separated, killed themselves within a period of four days.

The note left by young Bradley is a sad but striking commentary on the widely prevalent notion that book-learning alone makes for morality and on the thoughtlessly accepted dictum that the Biblical story of creation should be ridiculed to the young.

"I loved my love, but she didn't love me," wrote this poor youth, product of the age of cheap moving pictures and the erotic novel. Then he adds as other reasons for a despondency that had rendered him desperate, the constant brooding over the questions "Who made the world?" and "Is there a God?" considered in connection with the theory of Darwin concerning the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest.

Of the 484 girls of the average age of sixteen and the 228 boys of an average age of fifteen, who committed suicide in 1920 (the last year for which authentic figures are obtainable) how many, in their immaturity, sought a way out because they could not answer confidently the first question in the Catechism? And if youth, with life only opening, is driven to self destruction, what forces of discontent and consequent danger, smoulder among thousands of the middle-aged who have accepted the dogmas of negation?

Today there is clamor for the closing of all schools in which religion is taught. How many of those who join in this clamor stop to consider that the teaching of religion, the recognition of the authority of God, is a bulwark against Bolshevism, a national defense against the despondent discontent that urges youths not only to self-murder but to the murder of their fellows and the destruction of society?

Those who deliberately raise the clamor in which others unthinkingly join, are Bolshevists. They but follow the example of their Russian preceptors who recently wrote into a new criminal code prohibition of the teaching of religion in all schools, private as well as national. There is a mistaken notion that the Catholic Church alone will be the sufferer if the parochial and private schools are forced to close. The fact is that the Church will not

suffer nearly so much as the State. There never was a time when the Church was unable to find means of instructing her children in the fundamentals of the Faith; the time will never come when she will fail in this duty.

But never was there a time when the State needed the stabilizing influence of religious ideals and acceptance of authority as it needs it today.

It is a ghastly joke to couple the word "Americanism" to a campaign for the closing of schools which stand for everything that is sane and stable in the American life.—N. C. W. C.

Since this article was written this despatch appeared in the newspapers:

Cadillac, Mich., Nov. 1.—A tragedy of youthful love and jealousy is told in violent deaths of two Mesick High School pupils and serious wounding of another as the culmination of a shattered romance and the thwarted advance of a boy whose attentions to a schoolmate were repulsed.

Loretta Redman, sixteen, is dead. Nettie White, sixteen, is in Mercy Hospital here, suffering from a gunshot wound. Ray Judd, seventeen, who did the shooting in a fit of jealous rage, is dead by his own hand.

One conclusion we think is obvious. If religion in education is necessary—and all Christians are coming to share the Catholic conviction on this question—it can not stop with the elementary school. Quite evidently it should extend through the period of secondary education. This no less, but emphatically more, when our children attend secular High schools than when they are fortunate enough to be able to attend Catholic secondary schools.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

"There is a determined effort on foot today to put religious education in the Public schools."

So the Rev. Dr. Webb at the recent Baptist Convention in Toronto. And he added: "Such a procedure is utterly unbaptistic." One was prepared then to hear a defence of the old order which reserved the school for secular education and relegated religious instruction to the home and the Sunday school. But neither Dr. Webb nor his brother delegates any longer believe in thus side-tracking religion. So that Dr. Webb's objection is to the assumption by the State of the right to impose as an integral part of the curriculum some attenuated form of religious or ethical instruction.

That this is the "determined effort" to which Dr. Webb objects is borne out by this sentence in the summary report of the proceedings: "To the imparting of religious instruction in the Public schools the Baptists as a whole are uncompromisingly opposed."

Yet the Convention adopted the report on the subject which embodied these three principles. They are worthy of serious perusal: "These were: 'It is the inalienable right of childhood and a necessity to its complete development, to have thorough and effective training in religion and morals. 'No person is adequately equipped for the responsibilities of life as a Canadian citizen whose religious and moral possibilities have been left undeveloped. 'The home and the Church are primarily responsible for religious instruction of the child, and the parent has a right to ask that time shall be set apart for the religious instruction of his child during the hours commonly devoted to educational purposes. 'It is the judgment of your board, therefore, while believing that full advantage should be taken of such opportunities as may be offered by the Departments of Education for religious exercises and moral instruction, etc., that it is primarily the responsibility of the Church to provide for the religious education of the young, whether on Sundays or week-days, and that our efforts in regard to religious instruction in connection with the Public schools should be directed toward the establishment of a system of instruction under Church auspices rather than as an integral part of the curriculum of the school.'"

It is a matter of congratulation that the Catholic position with regard to religion in education is coming into such general acceptance. Yet, it must be recognized that no compromise in religious education nor any substitution thereof for ethical instruction can ever be acceptable to Catholics. Here we are glad to find ourselves in general agreement with the Baptists.

THE AUSTRIAN RELIEF FUND

We gladly give editorial prominence to this letter from His Lordship, Bishop Fallon. We know that it will stimulate the generosity of our readers, every one of whom should show their gratitude to God for manifold blessings by contributing according to their means to relieve or prevent appalling sufferings amongst a stricken people.

Bishop's House, 90 Central Ave. London, Ontario, Canada.

Nov. 1, 1922.

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD:

Would you be good enough to acknowledge through the columns of your paper the receipt of the following subscriptions to the Austrian Relief Fund?

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I have received a letter dated Oct. 5th, 1922, from the President of the Catholic Women's League of Upper Austria. May I submit to your readers a few sections thereof?

"Our Chancellor, Mgr. Siepel, has had promises of support from the League of Nations. It is a ray of hope though the results can come only at a much later period. We shall certainly have one or two very bad years to meet, and I especially dread the winter that is rapidly approaching. It must bring the climax of misery and poverty because the people are absolutely unable to pay the prices asked for the most indispensable necessities of life. We see very painful symptoms already; letters are pouring in from all parts of the country beseeching us to help and it is heart-rending to feel and see how little we can do, compared to the extent of trouble and misfortune."

Because the need is so urgent this Fund will close on Dec. 4th, and all proceeds will immediately be sent to Austria. I hope that those who read this letter will make an effort to aid in so worthy a cause. I shall not make further demands on your space until I ask you to publish the final results.

I remain yours faithfully in Christ. M. F. FALLON, Bishop of London

A MOHAMMEDAN EMPIRE

By THE OBSERVER

One of the most eminent journalists in England wrote on September 30th, on the Near East question, as follows: "We have to think of the Turk, not merely as a Turk, but as a Mohammedan. He is a fighting member of a faith which once came out of Arabia and swept the world, knocked at the gates of Vienna, trampled over Spain, and seemed destined to conquer Europe. More than once it was touch and go whether the Cross or the Crescent waved over Europe. The cross prevailed and for centuries Mohammedanism has lain inert in the desert. But the War, with its reversal of the hates and devilities of the Christians has fanned it into new life. It is awake. It is full of dreams and ambitions. And the British Empire is a Mohammedan Empire. India alone contains twice as many Mohammedans as there are Christians in these Islands, and in the overseas dominions. This enormous fact lies at the heart of what is happening. If we get wrong with the Mohammedan world the British Empire is doomed."

We are so accustomed to being told in Ontario that the British Empire is a Protestant Empire that this is a change at least; but we can hardly suppose that the idea of our being a Mohammedan Empire will be very pleasing to some people of Ontario. But, from a political point of view, and the political point of view is in favor amongst Protestants, there is a good deal of truth in the Englishman's contention. At all events, all English statesmen have shaped their policies for the past sixty or seventy years on the assumption that that is the correct view to take of our imperial position. Well, we suppose that it is not wholly agreeable to have to face the situation as it has had to be faced these last few weeks; but no doubt many

will see that it might be worse; and that if we cannot be a Protestant Empire, and are compelled to be a Mohammedan Empire, we may at least be duly grateful that we are not yet a Catholic Empire; and that if anyone outside the four hundred folds and four hundred thousand shepherds, of Protestantism, must be tolerated as dictator of our policies, it is to be a Sultan or a Moustapha Kemal, and not a Pope.

But are we a Mohammedan Empire? There are in the Empire about 80,000,000 Mohammedans, of whom about sixty-six millions are in India. The population of India is about 325,000,000; in which the largest elements are, Hindus 225,000,000; Mohammedans 66,000,000; and Buddhists 12,000,000. Some time in the future, when there is a question to be decided about our relations with Japan, we shall be told that we are a Buddhist Empire. But to go back to the Mohammedan question. The Mohammedans of India are not a very great menace in themselves; they are not numerous enough, as compared with the other and larger elements in that vast country. It is true they are more warlike than the Hindus; but on the other hand there are some of the smaller bodies in that country that are not to be controlled by them, and are very well disposed towards the English, such as the Sikhs, whose few millions are a greater security for English rule in India than many millions of a less vigorous and less warlike race would be. That is the situation in India.

There is no doubt that England has in the past felt some anxiety about the possible effect on the Mohammedans of India of the attitude of Turkey. But it is well known that much of the fanaticism has been drained out of Mohammedanism in the last thirty years, and it is doubtful whether today there would be any great enthusiasm in India for a "Holy War." That is not to say that they would not welcome a chance to get more independence; but that is another matter. The reverence with which the office of Sultan was regarded in the past by reason of the Sultan's being the head of the Mohammedan religion, has diminished greatly because of the political changes and constitutional changes in Turkey, and also because of the growth of unbelief and the relaxation of the old practices of devotion in Turkey. England's anxiety today is on another ground altogether; and the old notion of a Mohammedan rising in India is used only to alarm the public. But India is still, of course, a matter of grave anxiety at London. Our Indian possessions were stolen and robbed from others; and the descendants of those others are fully aware of it. It is not their religion that is worrying them today, but their chances for getting a larger say in the business of their own country. England wants to go on governing India in the interests of England; and India wants more freedom to govern herself in her own interests; that is the question today; and that the natural uneasiness of one who has a defective title by reason of the fact that the property was got wrongfully in the first place.

If England wants to hold India, she must give recognition to the new generation of young and educated Indians who are growing up in that country. Long ago, when England wanted to justify her outrageous treatment of Ireland, she had the custom of raising the cry that there was a plot in favor of the Stuarts, about whom no one in Ireland cared anything. Similarly today, there is a great outcry about the danger of the Mohammedans of India taking over the country, which is nonsense. England's danger in India lies in her Indian policy.

St. Edward's Day, the one day of the year when Catholics and Anglicans unite in devotion at the shrine of the last of the Saxon Kings of England, was observed this year with the usual manifestations of piety. All day long the raised step around the shrine in Westminster Abbey was crowded with worshippers while others waited to take their places. Catholics and Anglicans, their rosaries in their hands, mingled together to seek the intercession of the Confessor, as he is familiarly known to the English. This ancient shrine has been undisturbed by the events of the centuries since the Saint's reign came to

an end although most of the other shrines of Catholic England have been desecrated or destroyed.

BOY LIFE

"Talks to Boys" By Rev. J. P. Conroy, S. J. Published by permission of the Queen's Work Press

ON ADDING MACHINES

And seek not what you shall eat or what you shall drink. But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His Justice. (St. Luke.)

Seeking is an impulse in man's nature, and it shows itself from our earliest years. The little girl just past the crawling age seeks a sawdust doll, and clings to it tenaciously until it is blackened and battered beyond recognition. Then she seeks to find out how dolly lived so long without food, and she drags the sawdust out of it.

The little boy seeks a toy engine, and after he has it and speeds it up and down its little track until he is weary, he seeks to find out what it is on the inside that makes the engine go. In a jiffy it is all apart. And as youth comes in, this tendency, from an indeliberate, becomes a deliberate tendency. The boy, the young man, seeks to see things, to know things. He wishes to find out what the world is doing. He mingles with the crowd, craves new experiences, runs after pleasures, desires to travel from place to place. And as he tires of one thing he seeks another.

With maturer years the seeking goes on. And now it is for power, or influence, or dignity. He has fewer objects of pursuit now and is more steady and less noisy in their quest, but the intensity of interest in the chase remains becomes even more intense as it settles along deeper grooves.

Then age enters, and with it the search for repose, for undisturbed tranquility; and the old man seeks to avoid the whirl just as ardently as the young man seeks to plunge into it. From childhood to old age the seeking goes on, either for good or for evil. Always it will be one or the other, but the seeking impulse runs through everything. And in one way or another it is always for self, a continuous reaching out for something for ourselves. "Is this right?" you will ask. "Does it not seem selfish to live a life such as this?" Yes, it is selfish. But that does not mean that seeking is essentially wrong. For it is a part of God's plan that we should be selfish. He has judged us worth the great price of His blood, and it is His desire that we appreciate our worth. Self-esteem, then, and self-seeking is a duty of our lives. But this must be followed out according to God's plan, and not according to our plan. Christ tells us that man is and must be a seeker, and while recognizing the two ways in which he seeks tells us which of the two we must choose. "Seek not you what you shall eat or what you shall drink." That is to say: Not a sensual life, nor a society career, nor fine clothes, nor money, nor notoriety, is the proper object of our pursuit. But "seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice." God's service, God's law, and as much as we need of the other things will drift in of themselves. That is the difference in the seeking. One way is to seek for ourselves and forget God. The other way is to seek God and trust Him to care for us after that. One of these ways is good, the other evil. And this is the touchstone of self-knowledge. Do you wish to know what kind of boy you are and how you stand with God? Then ask yourself what you are seeking. Toward which of these two lives are you leaning? What is the whole drift of your actions? In which direction are you driving your soul? To give ourselves the right answer to this question is not as easy as it seems. To find out what we actually are requires examination. "But I do examine," you interrupt. "I examine my conscience as to my actions every month, every week, at confession. Besides, at my night prayers I count up my mistakes—when I don't forget. That is taking pretty good care to find myself out, don't you think so?" Yes, it is what we might call good care, provided we count up all our mistakes. But did you ever notice while counting that we are dealing with the same mistakes week after week and month after month? They don't seem to change at all, those mistakes, some of them serious. Isn't that a sign that somewhere inside us there is a big

AT THE CONFESSOR'S SHRINE

St. Edward's Day, the one day of the year when Catholics and Anglicans unite in devotion at the shrine of the last of the Saxon Kings of England, was observed this year with the usual manifestations of piety. All day long the raised step around the shrine in Westminster Abbey was crowded with worshippers while others waited to take their places. Catholics and Anglicans, their rosaries in their hands, mingled together to seek the intercession of the Confessor, as he is familiarly known to the English. This ancient shrine has been undisturbed by the events of the centuries since the Saint's reign came to



mistake that we are failing to get, failing to seek even, because we suspect it is there and are partial to it?

It is a sure sign that in the constant and undiminished repetition of the same old sins we are losing a big fault somewhere, and that we really don't know ourselves as well as we thought we did. We think we have done enough when we recount our sins, resolve to do better, and repeat this process indefinitely. But this isn't nearly enough. The truth is that the real work is hardly begun at the counting stage. We have been merely enumerating symptoms; we have not diagnosed the disease. Let me outline for you a few obvious little parables.

Oliver was a boy who had a garden to care for, and every morning he used to find a tiny ridge zig-zagging all over the garden. And he took a spade and flattened out the ridge nicely. Sometimes in the afternoon there were more ridges. He smoothed these too. They were mole tracks. And he kept faithfully at the task for ninety-seven days, until the summer was over. Of course, Ollie's garden was over long before.

Clara was a little girl who loved canary birds. If Clara didn't have a canary bird in the house she would slowly pine away. But every week, and sometimes twice a week, when she came downstairs in the morning, she would find in the cage only a bunch of yellow feathers. "Just think," she remarked to her mama at breakfast one morning, "tomorrow I shall be on my fourteenth canary!"

Mr. Reachup was a neighborhood grocer who had arrived at the cash register stage. He also employed several clerks. And the cash register didn't work well at all after a certain clerk had been hired. But Reachup was a very careful man. Each evening, just as the sun went down, he counted the cash, found exactly how much he was short, and noted it in a book. At any time he could tell the shortage off-hand to the very cent. Only yesterday he remarked proudly to one of his competitors that he had in the last four months detected the absence of three hundred and thirty-eight dollars and forty-eight cents.

Old Abner Wethershead was a farmer who raised sheep. But as fast as he raised them someone else came along and "lifted" them. The process kept Abner busy, but he was a shrewd old farmer. He kept a strict up-to-date tally of all the missing sheep. Last week he remarked in his forceful bucolic way that he'd be "hogwallered if he knew how he was a goin' to keep that flock on its feet." He reckoned he'd "have to buy sheep to fill up them missin' numbers."

"Stop!" you will exclaim. "Don't go on. These are parables for the feeble-minded. The answer is too easy. Anybody can count. What Oliver and Clara and the Messrs. Reachup and Wethershead ought to do is to stop counting and go after the mole and the cat, the thief and the wolf that cause the trouble, and get them out of the way."

You have hit it, son. Absolutely the correct answer. But when we seek to know ourselves, when we examine our faults with a view of, as we say, correcting ourselves, do we not follow a line of action very similar to theirs? We count the precise number of times we fall, and we keep on counting over and over again, rather proud of ourselves, too, that we are so accurate. But we never reduce the count, never get at the final root of the trouble. We tell lies so often and so often, but we balk at admitting that we are uncandid, sneaky in our soul; we are disloyal, but will not find out that we are ungrateful; we are impure, but stop at saying that we are selfish, sensual, animal in our make-up; we fail in our duties of study, but will not concede that we are lazy "stallers," loafers; we go with evil companions, but resent the notion that we are cowards and easily led.

There is the real fault, the big mistake under all the other mistakes. We do not find out why we have to keep on with all this interminable counting. We never discover the great source of all this river of sins and mistakes. We call in the doctor, and when he simply says, "Yes, it is all clear; this is my fifty-third case of typhoid," we are fully satisfied with the treatment. We have the building tumbling about

our heads time after time, but we go poking around in the ruins and think we are doing lovely if we count the bricks.

Anybody can count bricks, or dead canary birds, or mistakes. The thing to do is to get under all this counting and see what it is that causes it. What is the radical, the characteristic blunder we are making deep down under all this adding-machine stuff. Why do we fail to dig to this spot? Because we lack the courage; we are afraid it will hurt. We scotch the snake; we don't kill it. It curls up for a while, and presently it uncoils and bites us again. And we label it: Bite No. 73.

If we ever wish to get over being mere "eaters and drinkers," to turn sincerely to "seek the kingdom of God and His justice," we shall begin right here to do it. "The kingdom of God is within you." Inside of us is the place to begin, and so far inside that we strike at the taproot of the trouble. Then we shall find that all the branches that shoot from it will shrivel up and die.

HONORS CONFERRED AT LONDON

The last Sunday of October was a memorable day in the history of St. Mary's Parish, London, when His Lordship, Right Reverend M. F. Fallon, D. D., Bishop of London, conducted the double ceremony of the investiture of Right Reverend Monsignor M. J. Brady, D. P., and the conferring of the Doctorate of Theology upon Very Reverend James T. Foley, D. D., Editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD.

After the briefs received from the Holy See had been read in Latin and English by Rev. L. M. Forristal, His Lordship blessed the Mantaletta and Rochet of the newly named Monsignor and invested him with the purple of his office. This was followed by the Profession of Faith and the taking of the oath against Modernism by Doctor Foley, who received from His Lordship's hand the blessed biretta and ring, the distinguishing marks of the honor conferred by the Holy Father, through the Sacred Congregation of Seminaries and Universities.

His Lordship took as the theme of his remarks the reasons, referred to in the briefs, for which these honors had been conferred upon Monsignor Brady and Doctor Foley. After referring to the civil and military procedure by which the exceptional service and devotion of outstanding citizens and soldiers are rewarded by the supreme authority, upon recommendation of their superiors, His Lordship explained that similar ability, self-sacrifice and zeal in the service of the Church of God were not permitted to go without public recognition or without reward. He dwelt at length upon the indispensable virtue of loyalty of a Priest to the Holy See and to his immediate Superior, the Bishop of the diocese, and paid eloquent tribute to the unswerving allegiance to their Superiors, of the Priests who had been so deservedly honored by the Supreme Authority of the Church. In conclusion, the Bishop spoke of the honor which had been reflected upon the parish and diocese by reason of the distinctions which had come to his Priests.

Solemn High Mass, coram Episcopo, was sung by Right Rev. Mgr. Brady, assisted by Rev. F. J. Brennan, as Deacon, Rev. A. P. Mahoney, as Sub-deacon and Rev. L. M. Forristal, as Master of Ceremonies. There were present in the Sanctuary, the Vicar General, Right Rev. Monsignor D. O'Connor, D. P., Right Rev. Monsignor T. West, D. P., St. Thomas, Right Rev. Monsignor F. J. McKeon, D. P., vicar of St. Peter's Cathedral, Very Rev. Dean Hanlon, Stratford, Rev. Fathers J. Stapleton, P. P., Detroit, F. Hewlett, P. P., Detroit, Joseph F. Herr, P. P., Detroit, J. Ronan, P. P., St. Mary's, D. McRae, F. Powell, J. F. Stanley, P. P., M. Brisson, H. Pocock, P. Loughren, Detroit, J. Sholly, C. S. R., E. Webber, H. Chisholm and Sir Philip Pocock, K. S. G.

At the conclusion of the Mass, the Monsignor Brady was presented with an address of welcome and a purse of gold by his parishioners represented by the following committee:—Dr. P. J. Sweeney, D. J. Tallant, E. J. Carty, Dr. J. S. N. Best, John McLaughlin and Thomas Ronan.

Following is a translation of the briefs:

THE SACRED CONGREGATION OF SEMINARIES AND UNIVERSITIES OF STUDIES Since it is established from proven documentary evidence, that the Rev. James Foley, a priest conspicuous for the soundness of his morals, his zeal for religion, and his obedience and affection for the Apostolic See, is so versed in theological science as to be a worthy subject for the Degree of Doctor, the Sacred Congregation of Seminaries and Universities of Studies, by the authority graciously accorded it, by Our Most Holy Father Pius XI, and at the request of the Right Rev. M. F. Fallon, Bishop of London, duly constitutes and declares the Rev. James Foley a Doctor in

Sacred Theology, with all the rights and privileges which they enjoy who have been elevated to this honorary degree in canonically established Academies of Learning. He is, however, in the presence of the Right Rev. Bishop of London, or another delegated by the latter, to make Profession of his Faith according to the formula of the Most Holy Fathers Pius IV. and Pius IX. and to take the oath against Modernism as prescribed by Pius X. In virtue of which this S. Congregation of Seminaries and Universities of Studies, willingly grants him this Diploma, in witness of the aforementioned title. All things to the contrary notwithstanding.

Given at Rome, at the Congregation of Seminaries and Universities of Studies on the 7th day of June, 1922.

C. CARD. BISLETTI, Prefect.

FOPE PIUS XI.

To Our Beloved Son, Health and Apostolic Benediction. The superior excellence of the qualities of heart and mind which you possess, and especially your unswerving reverence for the Holy See, and allegiance to your bishop, render it a great pleasure for us to confer upon you a distinguished title of ecclesiastical dignity. And we do this the more readily, since we have learned with what solicitude and care you administer the parish of St. Mary's in the diocese of London, and promote diocesan enterprises. Wherefore with this Apostolic document and by our authority, we elect, make, and proclaim you, a Roman Prelate, i. e. a Prelate of our own household. To you therefore we concede the right to wear the purple and even in the Roman Curia to wear the linen vestment with long sleeves called the Rochet. We concede also to you the right to use and enjoy all the honors, privileges, prerogatives and indulgences which other ecclesiastics of this rank actually enjoy and use, or may do so, now or in any future time. All things to the contrary notwithstanding.

Given at Rome at St. Peter's, under the seal of the Fisherman, 8th day of June, 1922, in the first year of Our Pontificate.

P. CARD. GASPARRI, Sec. of State.

To Our Beloved Son, Michael Joseph Brady, Priest.

DEVOTION OF ROSARY

CARDINAL VICAR APPEALS FOR THE REENTHRONMENT OF THE ROSARY AS A FAMILY PRAYER

Rome, Oct. 19.—His Eminence, Cardinal Basilio Pompili, Bishop of Velletri and Vicar-General of His Holiness, has issued the following beautiful letter to the faithful apropos of devotion to the Blessed Virgin. "I will recite every day the Mysteries of the Holy Rosary." Thus we read among the resolutions of a Servant of God, a secular, whose Cause of Beatification and Canonization has been recently introduced. This great man,—Contardo Ferrini—Professor in the University of Pavia, together with the little book of the imitation of Christ, always carried with him the chaplet of the Rosary, and testified that whatever of good happened to him, was the result of the efficacy which he attributed to the prayer of this most sacred Rosary, a devotion which he practised every day privately and which he willingly recited when possible in the company of others.

"Who in Italy and foreign countries that can estimate the high scientific valor of this man, will say that the Rosary is a prayer for weak women? And in the face of like noble examples of Christian piety, which are without number, who would not desire to arrest on the lips of so many impious, the buffooneries and the blasphemies which proceed against this form of prayer? Who would not raise a barrier against the fury of the demons toward the Woman who continually crushes their proud heads?"

"How many remembrances, how many hopes are awakened in our hearts by the amiable chaplet of the Holy Rosary! Passing through the city and through the country, in times not disturbed by bestial hatreds and bloody reprisals of so many divided parties, when the family was composed of a Christian rule of living, how sweet and touching it was to hear in the evening, the supplication arising from so many houses: 'Ave Maria! Ora pro nobis!'"

"Happy those families in which the recitation of the Rosary has never ceased, and where, before composing their weary limbs to rest, parents and children together raise that invocation of a celestial Patronage, that supplication of pardon from the mercy of God. "Who shall be able to recommend highly enough the frequent repetition of the Rosary in order to compensate for the perpetual iniquity of so many lives stripped in an instant by sin? Yes, we are thrown in the midst of a world corrupt and extravagant, in the midst of a life dissipated and superstitious and filled with blasphemous doctrines, and blasphemies—even when lightly uttered—are horrible. "If here, in the Capital of Christendom, in the present dolorous

circumstances, we hear contumelious blasphemies resounding every day against God, Jesus Christ, the Blessed Virgin, the Saints,—should it not be sufficient to cause us to weep most bitter tears over this unjust, abnormal, intolerable state, exclaiming with Jeremiah: 'I am filled with bitterness; death comes from without by the sword, and within is the image of death.'"

"In such a condition of things, a condition which too justly merits the castigation of God on the earth,—although conscious of our unworthiness—we may make amends for offenses committed against the Saviour by impious and blasphemous tongues. In the Holy Rosary we have a means most acceptable to God, to elevate ourselves to Him, to live detached from every affection to earth, in angelic purity, in irresistible charity which gives itself to the least of creatures and heals them from sin, in perennial contemplation of the Mysteries of our Redemption, in perennial praise of the Name of God, in perennial benediction of the Blessed Fruit of the Virgin Mother, in a perennial salutation to Him in Whom is every good that comes to creatures.

"With the recitation of the Rosary returns the hope of a beautiful and peaceful life. The Catholic Poet, with sublime imagination, passed before souls who were purging themselves of the envious, factions, disorders, with which they were blinded while on earth. He interrogated them concerning their country and they responded that concerning their various countries they could no longer converse only as of places of former pilgrimage; they were already citizens of one only true City, Paradise, and wholly united in peace and Christian fraternity, with but one common language: 'Maria, ora pro nobis!'"

"So, behold the salutation of human society: 'above every other medium must we count prayer, both private and public.' (Pius XI, Letter to the Italian Bishops, August 6, 1922.) The invocation: 'Maria, ora pro nobis,' repeated by all in the Holy Rosary, disperses all enemies, closes all internal strifes, unites all in the love of one true City, that of God, and re-establishes 'Peace and Christian fraternity, together with social prosperity.' (Letter Cited Above.)

Closing his beautiful appeal, His Eminence, Cardinal Pompili, advocates devotion to St. Joseph, the Universal Patron of the Church. "Although human nature of itself is inferior to the angelic nature, yet by the reception of supernatural graces it is elevated to dignity, offices and glories that are beyond all measure more excellent than those of angels. Thus it is that the humanity of Jesus Christ is adored by the angels. (Hebrews, 1-4.) So it is true of the Most Holy Virgin that she is elevated above all the angelic hierarchies. And so it is true of St. Joseph, the most chaste Spouse of Mary and foster Father of Our Lord, who approached as none other to that most high dignity of the Mother of God, elevated above all creatures, human and angelic. To that excellent dignity of the Mother of God above all creatures, it must not be doubted that St. Joseph approached as none other. (Leo XIII, Encyclical of August 15, 1893.)

"In recalling affectionately the ineffable grandeur of St. Joseph on the occasion of the month of the Rosary we recommend with all ardor this most salutary devotion, as all Christians, of whatever condition, especially in these sad times, have the strongest reasons for entrusting and abandoning themselves to the most loving care of the Head of the Holy Family and Universal Patron of the Catholic Church.

Given from our residence, September 15, 1922.

B. CARDINAL VICAR."

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

SOME CALLS

St. Vincent's School is not really in the West, but it stands in the doorway; to be exact, it is between Port Arthur and Fort William. The Sisters of St. Joseph, without remuneration of any kind and with no expectation of reward here, direct the school, composed of a crowd of foreign children. Recently the school was about to be sold, but was purchased by the Catholics for the sum of \$1,000. They were able to pay down \$1,000.00. Bishop Scollard appealed to the Extension Society for \$500.00. Cheerfully this amount was sent to help St. Vincent's School. Cheerfully—we say it with good reason—for the Diocese of Sault Ste. Marie, a missionary diocese in Ontario, to manifest its Catholicity and its appreciation of Extension, contributes an annual collection to our Society. Last year we received from the diocese, from thirty-four parishes, \$2,411.85. It is unnecessary to say that St. Vincent's School is not the only institution in Sault Ste. Marie aided by the Extension Society. "Give and it shall be given unto you, is well exemplified in this Ontario diocese. Craig Siding, Manitoba, is a mission attended from Transcona, about thirty miles distant. The parishioners are poor, but are energetically trying to make homes for their children. Many national-

ities are represented. A boarding house offers hospitality to the priest from time to time and provides a place for the Holy Sacrifice.

In this way the faith is kept alive and the fifteen or twenty families scattered about have the consolations of our holy religion. The boarding house and this fine family two boys missing from the group of one of the parishioners, show the need of a little church or chapel for the proper accommodation of the growing community.

Through the generosity of a Catholic gentleman in Toronto, Craig Siding shall soon have a new chapel. The following letter speaks for itself:

Transcona, Oct. 18th, 1922. Reverend Father Thomas O'Donnell, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, Toronto.

Reverend and Dear Father,— His Grace, Monsignor Arthur Bellevue, Archbishop of Saint Boniface, has informed me that you have sent \$500.00 (five hundred dollars) for the erection of a chapel at Craig Siding, which mission will henceforth be called Saint Rita. I wish to offer you my sincerest thanks for this generous contribution of the Extension Society which works so well for the extension of Christ's reign. The amount will be expended under the direction of His Grace, our Archbishop. I beg to enclose a few pictures to illustrate the present condition of this Mission.

Yours gratefully, FATHER C. PAILLE, P. P.

There are hundreds of well-to-do Catholics throughout Canada able to give \$500.00 to the Extension Society. What hinders them from doing so? Selfishness. There Catholic instincts urge them to be charitable; their religion is fundamentally charity and sacrifice, but unhappily they are ensared by a love of the world and its luxuries and have nothing for God but words. Their religion, if we may so name it, is a selfish religion; they forget that the love they have for themselves must be only the yard-measure of the love they are bound to give to their neighbours.

At present a new parish is being organized for the spiritual welfare of English-speaking Catholics in a Western Diocese. The parish priest has sent a petition to the Extension Society for help. The bishop of the diocese endorses with pleasure the request of the founder of the new parish. Everything must be supplied in the way of furniture, vestments and church plate. The few Catholics are doing their best to lay a good foundation for future Catholicity in this town. It is a hard task; times are bad, money is scarce and they have already done a good deal. Outside help is necessary. They appeal to Extension. We have nothing for them unless you, our readers in the well-settled and organized dioceses, come to our help and make us the instruments of your charity.

An Irish priest, to judge from his name, writes us: "Father, what about my petition for help, endorsed by the Bishop, sent you last July? I never got a word from you. Enclosed find a post card for your answer." Well, what can we do? The post card is hot shot. But we did not answer because so many other petitions were on the list and we were hoping from day to day to receive funds sufficient to cover all needs. Hope on, dear Father some day soon you shall hear from Extension and your sorrow shall be turned into joy.

The classic name of Smithers, B. C., strikes our eye. We hastily put the letter aside; the demands are, for the present at least, so far past our possibilities that they are not to be dallied with. Yet Smithers is a most deserving case, and had we the funds available, to Smithers they would go and our name would be held in benediction. Dear friends of Extension, we could easily fill this page with appeals of various kinds, but we only present to you a few of the heartrending petitions sent to us. We picked them at hazard. What shall we do? Can we as organized dioceses be indifferent to the battalions of the Church suffering under such heavy and well-nigh overwhelming strain? Can we as parishes be neglectful of other parishes so much in need that the necessities of the altar are not available and that the Sacraments may not be administered in a becoming manner? As Catholics can we honestly go on our way, Sunday after Sunday, enjoying the very luxuries of religion when we know that right here in Canada, our own country, our brethren in the faith are in danger of losing their God-given gift because we are indifferent to the call of Catholic charity? Let us rise from sleep! Let us bury our selfishness and labour so that our brethren may have what we have, a fair chance to gain eternal life.

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

Contributions through this office should be addressed to: EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

PREVIOUSLY ACKNOWLEDGED \$5,660 48

MASS INTENTION: Mary McNeil, Gardiner 2 00 Mines..... 2 00 A Friend, Lucknow..... 5 00

JUVENILE CRIME IN GERMANY

By Rev. Dr. Wilhelm Baron von Capitano

A wave of juvenile crime and delinquency is sweeping over Germany and the authorities are astonished at the extent to which the morals of the young people have been corrupted. Boys of fourteen and sixteen years of age are frequently brought into court to answer charges based on such violations of the moral code as are customarily rare among persons much older.

Robbery and petty thievery are rampant in the factories, government establishments and railroads, and there are innumerable reports of youthful depredations in rural communities. The use of intoxicating liquors is increasing to an enormous extent among the young and aids in the work of destroying all sense of religious duty or morality. In Aachen it is a common sight to see young boys in the streets shooting dice for hundreds of marks.

The situation has grown so appalling that the Reichstag has recognized the necessity of legislation to curb its spread, and members of all religious denominations are working together to aid the state in this endeavor. Community homes have been established for the purpose of diverting the minds and energies of the young boys and girls to harmless pursuits. It is thought that the example of waste given by the numerous war profiteers, coupled with the general atmosphere of mental and moral relaxation that followed the War, is to blame for the prevalence of youthful crime and delinquency.

Many rebel and fight against what God gives them; many more take their cross in a resigned "can't-be-helped" spirit, but very few look upon these things, as real blessings, and kiss the Hand that strikes them.—William Doyle, S. J.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOUY, D. D.

TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

THE SPIRITUAL PATHWAY

"But our conversation is in heaven." (Philipp. III. 20.) God made us for heaven. It is clearly pointed out in the Scriptures that it is God's will that all men be saved. If we fail to gain this end, the fault totally will be ours, for God will render to every one according to his works. Our life, therefore, should be filled with such acts only as will dispose us for heaven. In other words, every deed that we perform—if we are fully capable of doing rational acts—should be a stepping-stone to heaven.

There is a journey toward practically everything that we wish to take up in life. This journey does not always entail bodily motion, but it does require motion of the mind or heart, or both. If you are desirous of becoming a scientist, you must pursue the path of science. If you wish to be an artist you must follow the path of art. If you are anxious to learn a profession, you must travel along the road that leads to it. This journey, too, is generally an arduous one. It is not always a straight road that we follow; nor is it always smooth or level. Like the steamer making a very long voyage, which must stop at different ports, going out of the straight course sometimes in order to reach them and take on supplies and coal—on the road to our ambition we must often stop and gather many things that will better dispose us toward the gaining of our goal. To the earnest man these difficulties are not setbacks, but rather opportunities to gain experience. The more we are forced to work for what we wish to obtain, the greater we will appreciate it when we do arrive at its possession.

Now while we are laboring amid worldly pursuits, we must remember that there is a state which if we attain—and we must strive to attain it—will make us more than worldly beings. It is the state of sainthood—the state that unites us to God, and puts us on the right road to the blessing for which God made us—namely, heaven. As we labor and toil, in order to become men of science, or artists, or members of professions, or even ordinary laboring men, so also we must endeavor to fit ourselves to be children of God—saints. No one ever becomes a saint without first being a saint in his calling. It is the state of sainthood, however, which is the goal. This state will be fully realized only in heaven, after our days on earth are ended. However, our life in this world is to be the path that will lead us there. By our actions we step forward along this path and gradually dispose ourselves for our eternal reward. This, however, comes about only when our actions are morally good. As only the diligent worker becomes proficient in his work, so, also, it is only the fervent, energetic and good-willed Christian who becomes well disposed for the state that awaits him beyond. Besides our actions, however, there are also our prayers that help to make us real children of God. They are, as it were, the anticipation of the conversation for which we carry on with God and His heavenly attendants hereafter.

Therefore we must strive while living this mortal life to have our conversation in heaven. If we do not, we never will enjoy its blessed peace. Unless we endeavor now to live in deed and in word in union with God, how can we reasonably expect to be totally transformed, especially in sentiment, and enjoy Him hereafter? We must begin now the life that we expect to live hereafter. The love we have for God during our present life will not be destroyed by death, but will be perfected. The prayers that we are wont to recite now will unite us to God by a bond that death will not tear asunder, but rather will strengthen and perfect in an infinite degree. But, if we neglect all these things, can we reasonably expect to enjoy their perfect summation in the hereafter? Certainly not.

By remembering our duty to God, and fulfilling it exactly, we gradually become so that we live a life that is a foretaste, though a delicate one, of the life in heaven that will be ours if we persevere. But if we are totally taken up with the things of this world, and are, as a consequence, worldly, we must not expect to be versed in the things of heaven when we die. Since we never paid any attention to them during our life, hence familiarize yourself with heaven now, by having your conversation in heaven—that is, by serving and loving God with your whole heart, and by praying to Him with all sincerity and humility.

PRAYER

"Pray always" (Luke xviii. 1) is our Lord's injunction. And this a devout man fulfills by the frequency of his regular prayers, and by filling in the intervals with fervent aspirations to heaven, and good wishes for his friends and enemies. But would not one long to pray always, as well as to pray always—to be always saving souls? What glory. Now the hidden and most important part of this divine privilege, is to direct our prayers to

God for obtaining converts. Soon the Holy Spirit will open opportunities.

RUTENBERG SCHEME AND ZIONISM

A. Hilliard Atteridge in America

The Holy Father has addressed to the Council of the League of Nations and to the Government represented diplomatically at the Vatican a note on the affairs of Palestine. Pius XI. declares that while not opposing any reasonable arrangements for Jewish settlement in the Holy Land, he has to protest against the establishment there of a Jewish State, as detrimental to the legitimate interests of the Christians and Mohammedans who form the great mass of population. As I write the Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs is in London urging the same views on the British Government. On June 21, in the House of Lords, a resolution was carried against the Government, a resolution condemning the Zionist regime as a violation of the pledges given that the British mandate for Palestine would secure equal rights to all its people. But satisfactory as this is, it would be over sanguine to count upon the Government's retracing its steps. For some reason that is difficult to fathom Lloyd George and his colleagues seem to be helpless in the hands of the Zionists, and it is to be feared that they have further tied their hands by signing a concession that puts the whole industrial future of Palestine in the hands of a Zionist clique headed by a Russian Jew.

When one makes a protest against the handing over of the Holy Land to a small Zionist minority, the reply is sometimes made that opposition to Zionism is nothing but a piece of narrow-minded, intolerant anti-Semitism. But as the Patriarch of Jerusalem told me the other day, considerable numbers of the Jewish people of Palestine are as much opposed to the policy of the Zionists as are the Catholics and the Mohammedans. In this connection I may note that this opposition is not confined to the older Jewish residents in the Holy Land. Many leading representatives of Judaism in other countries take the same position on this question. One of the most important Jewish organizations in England is the "League of British Jews." At its recent general meeting, presided over by Mr. Lionel de Rothschild, there was a definite stand against the Zionist ideal and policy. It was declared that "The League stands for a clear, definite principle that the Jews constitute a religious community or brotherhood, and not a nation. If that principle is lost in this country it will be lost everywhere." Sir Philip Magnus, in acknowledging his reelection to the vice-presidency of the League, spoke in the same sense, and quoted the words of the late Chief Rabbi in support of his view. Opposition to Zionism is therefore anything but opposition to Judaism. It is opposition to political and financial adventure engineered by one party in Judaism, at the expense and to the ultimate ruin of the majority of the people in the Holy Land.

That ruin has already begun. After a visit to Palestine Lord Raglan describes what he has actually seen of the first fruits of the new regime. Thus he writes: "I have visited a number of the Jewish colonies. Near some of them are to be seen the ruins of Arab villages whose inhabitants were evicted to make room for the Jews." These colonies are immigrant Jews who are being settled on the land. But of the 25,000 immigrants—all of them Jews—who have arrived in Palestine in the last two years only about 25 per cent. have been thus settled. Most of these immigrants come from the Jewish quarters of cities and towns in Eastern Europe. If they were put on the land they would starve. They are men of the streets, who have drifted to Palestine under the impression that in this new land of promise they would find openings for trade, or easy work and "easy money." The Zionists welcomed them as a reinforcement for their small numbers, but they have found thousands of unemployed on their hands and have had to improvise public works for them.

A Russian Jew, Mr. Rutenberg, has come to the rescue with a scheme for providing work for these and many thousands more of immigrant recruits for Zionism. It is also to be a paying proposition for its promoters. There is no mere philanthropy of quixotic Jewish patriotism about this strange Jewish. Strange it is, for unless he is sadly misled, Rutenberg has a curious record. He has not disavowed the narrative of his connection with the Russian revolutionary movement as far back as 1905, which has been published in the Times and other newspapers. The most important part of it is what purports to be his own statement of the part he took in the cold-blooded murder of his former colleague the "Orthodox" priest Gapon, who led the demonstrators in Petersburg on the "Bloody Sunday" of 1905, afterwards became a secret informer in the employ of the police. The narrative tells how Rutenberg lured Gapon to the lonely house where he was hanged by a party of revolutionists who had condemned him to death.

Rutenberg is not even a capitalist who could himself finance a vast

engineering scheme. He has obtained from the British and Zionist Governments a concession which, if need be, could easily have been placed in the hands of firms that could at once produce all the money needed. But he appears to be looking for the necessary capital to the Zionist groups in Europe and America.

He originally put forward his plans in a pamphlet printed in Hebrew and English and circulated by the Zionist organization. In this pamphlet he distinctly stated that his scheme was to be entirely for the benefit of the Jews, controlled and directed by Jews and executed by Jewish workmen, who would be trained to work as well as the Arabs did, as otherwise the Arabs would have a share in the scheme which ought to be kept, from first to last, entirely in Jewish hands.

The plan is one that has often been proposed in the past. Its object is to utilize the water power of the Jordan valley for the development of electricity to be distributed from the power stations for lighting the towns, driving rolling stock on tramways and railways and supplying power to factories to be erected throughout the country. The first work to be done will be the erection of a dam or barrage across the hollow of the Jordan valley at a point near the southern outflow from the Lake of Gennesareth. From the Lake to the Dead Sea the Jordan aptly named the "descending" river has a fall of more than 600 feet through a narrow ravine-like valley seventy miles long. It will be possible to erect a series of barrages on this downward course of the river, and there are besides several tributary streams, each in its own narrow valley, which are possible sources of further power. Rutenberg is given the sole and exclusive control of all the water power of Palestine, and the right to take over any lands or buildings that may be required for his work and for its various future developments. All pre-existing concessions or rights that may stand in the way are canceled. In a word, this Russian Jew agent of Zionism is given absolute control of the whole industrial future of the country. More than this, by including the eastern tributaries of the Jordan in the concession, the Zionists are indirectly given the control of the future development of Trans-Jordan which does not belong to their original mandate.

Financial experts are divided in opinion as to the possibility of making Palestine an industrial country. But however this may be the Rutenberg scheme will bring into it armies of new immigrants, Zionist Jews, to supply the labor for his plan. This means the further impoverishment, and is directed at the ultimate expulsion, of considerable numbers of the Arabs, Christian and Moslem.

There is a further objection to the scheme, which has already been put forward by a few Christian lovers of the Holy Land, Catholic and Protestant, but which ought surely to be voiced by all for whom the shores of Gennesareth are a sanctuary hallowed by the footsteps of Our Blessed Lord. The Lake remains unchanged through more than nineteen centuries. It is to be feared that the Rutenberg scheme will utterly alter and destroy its natural features, submerging all the lower lands around its margin, and the valleys that run up between its neighboring heights. This objection was successfully urged years ago, when under the Turkish regime a French engineer put forward another scheme for a barrage on the upper Jordan. Of course we may be told that the high level of the barrage will be so fixed as to prevent any serious change in the water level of the Lake. It is well to remember what happened some twenty years ago when the great Aswan dam was being erected at the First Cataract of the Nile. To the protest that the result would be the flooding and destruction of the beautiful temples of Philae it was replied that the head of water would be kept below the level of their foundations. But in a few years, in order to increase the head of water the height of the barrage was raised by several feet, and Philae is now permanently flooded. One can hardly expect that a Zionist Jew administration will balance Christian reverence for the Holy Places of Galilee against the possibility of securing another million or two of electric horsepower, and even if the Lake is spared for the moment we may well fear that the story of Aswan and Philae will be repeated in the Jordan valley.

WAGGIN TONGUES

Wagging tongues are like wagon tongues in that they are unnaturally long. The tongue is an organ of speech. It is an important, useful and wholly necessary organ and God when He created man, gave him this member, not as an ornament, but that it might serve as a means of easy communication with his fellowmen. To make speech possible, however, is too limited a use to apply to the tongue. Gossips generally make it do more than that. Johnny takes a morning stroll and espies a snake, relates his experience to a woman on the street, who keeps the line of communication unbroken by transmitting the information with a few added embellishments to her neighbors. So the poor story goes the

rounds, each minute gathering unto itself the character of an unheard of calamity. When Johnny reaches home in the course of time, he finds that he has been fatally bitten by a snake, that previous to being taken to the hospital he has rolled about in the grass in mortal agony, that he has died, that he is so disfigured that the authorities contemplate a private burial and that he will be interred tomorrow. Taken all in all it seems that he has passed a rather eventful morning since leaving the house on his little sojourn down the road. It is not given to everyone to be one of the mourners at his own funeral. So much for the creditable work of the gossips. If all the cases were as comparatively innocent as this, the practice and its results would be had enough but not to bad.

Gossips are by no means confined to the gentler sex although egotistic man has, from time immemorial, delighted to consider the female of the species as having an iron-bound corner on the gossip market. We are convinced that the honors, whatever there is of them, can with impunity be divided between the two sexes. However, men do not call themselves by the trite and common name of "gossips." They just chat. When a few of these kindred spirits of either sex get together, a display of verbal pyrotechnics is in order. Disinterested bystanders and spectators will not be disappointed. First of all come the relatives, then friends followed by the near friends; all enemies, personal and otherwise, have no cause to feel themselves slighted and the whole is topped off, like a charcuterie, with thick layers concerning some people whom the party sarcastically relating the anecdote has never had the good fortune to meet but about whom he or she has heard from somebody else. These gatherings are regular clearing houses for reputations and characters and lucky and blessed to a high degree is that one which comes out unscathed.

This malicious wagging of tongues is generally prompted by envy, hatred, fear, scorn, jealousy, inattention to one's own affairs, idleness or meddlesome curiosity. These persons do not seem to realize that their gentle indoor sport of figuratively tearing other people into infinitesimal pieces is against the commandment which carries the injunction: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

There are many things to a commandment besides just that which was inscribed on the stone tablets God gave to Moses. God would have been deficient in transmitting to us a law so limited in its application if that were the case. His commandments are general and far reaching; they embrace every form of sin that can be committed under any of the ten. Lying, detraction, insult, violation of secrecy, rash judgments, unjust suspicions, calumny, gossip are all classed as infractions of the eighth commandment. A little forethought and consideration for others would do away with a great deal of the tongue wagging. "Judge not, that you may not be judged. . . . Why seest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, and seest not in thy own eye? asks our gentle Saviour.—Catholic Bulletin.

AVOID NAGGING CHILDREN

OBEEDIENCE IS MORE EASILY SECURED BY KINDNESS THAN BY SCOLDING

Nagging is one of the surest ways of clouding the atmosphere of our homes, and we know how children thrive in happy surroundings. It is a temptation to talk endlessly about an undesirable state of affairs rather than to think and act.

One mother's problem was getting her nine-year-old son to come home from play at a stated time. Though he had a watch he would delay starting for home until the time when he ought to have reached it. When at last he came in one evening with his father, the mother said in despair, "I have talked for weeks without making the slightest impression. Do think of some way to settle Jack's tardiness!" "Jack," said his father sternly, "this must stop! Now what can you suggest to make you come home promptly?" Jack said (whether nervously or pertly his mother was not quite sure): "Oh, a pound of candy."

"Very well, come." Solemnly his father took him out into the autumn dusk, walked to the drug store, and brought back a glass jar of hard candies. He placed it ceremoniously on the boy's book-case, told him at what times he might eat from it, remembering with each candy the reason for its purchase. Whether the father's unexpected attitude or pride in being entrusted with the candy worked the charm, it is hard to say, but there was no further difficulty with late home-coming.

The pleasant way of securing obedience is often more effective than the harsher way because having the child's co-operation wins half the battle. I know two adventurous youngsters who, after persisting in running away regardless of consequences, stayed within bounds for several weeks in order to earn a tiny gilt star at bedtime. I need a ten cent box of stars from the stationer's is a priceless help to mothers! There seems to be a peculiar happiness in having won the privilege of sticking one on a

Booril makes you enjoy life

card at night, and counting those already earned. Some mothers suffer from their children's nagging, especially when guests are present or they are in a public place. One wise mother who found all-day shopping trips with the children an occasional necessity, avoided any possibility of prolonged discussion at lunch time by deciding upon a simple, nourishing luncheon that her children liked, and invariably ordering it. The expeditions did not occur often enough so that there was no danger of monotony, and she saved her own nervous energy as well as her children's.

To exhort mothers never to say "Don't" seems to me sentimentality. Prompt response to a decisive "No" has as important a place in child training as obedience to a positive request. After the "No" has been grasped and acted upon the positive suggestion ought to follow, but the "No" should be clearly understood first.

Above all, our children are entitled to fairness. Even parents who have their children's best interests at heart sometimes let appearance, convenience or fatigue dull their sense of justice. A child may profit by a severe penalty, provided it is just, when a lesser un-

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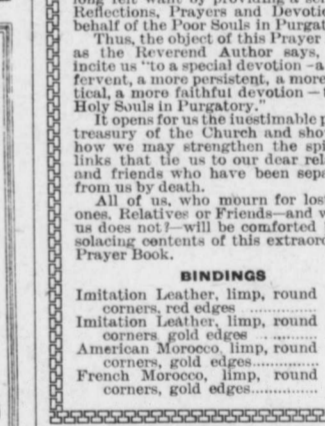
just punishment will rankle bitterly.—The Echo.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

REMEMBER THE DEAD

Remember the friends you know on earth. Now perhaps in purging fire; Then offer a gift of priceless worth, This boon these souls desire.

Remember the souls of parents dear, Of sisters and brothers, too, Whose words and whose deeds of love sincere

Remember the Dead, by night and day; It is pleasing to our Lord, Indulgence washes their stains away.

CULTIVATE A CHEERFUL SPIRIT AND DEMEANOR "I too have tried in my time to be a philosopher, but somehow, cheerfulness was always breaking in."

There is a French physician now enjoying a wide vogue in England, who simply teaches his patients to keep saying: "Day by day, in every way, I am growing better and better."

What the shrewd Nancy doctor has succeeded in doing for the bodies of his patients, every wise Christian optimist should aim to do for his own soul.

THE VALUE OF THRIFT To see in thrift nothing more than the means of putting aside money and increasing the bank account is very much undervaluing its real importance.

Intelligent saving implies and brings to a focus a number of moral traits of a high order. The man who saves has emancipated himself from the tyranny of the absorbing interests of the present.

To forego a present enjoyment for the sake of some future benefit requires a degree of self-discipline and self-control that can only be acquired by training.

usefulness. The man, who knows, that, through his own fault, he will become a burden to others and an object of charity, experiences a painful lowering of self-esteem and a disagreeable feeling of worthlessness.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE LAST COMMUNION DAY

Will you go to the door, Alanna, And watch if the priest is near? 'Till the weary hours are dragging 'Till the time he'll be coming here.

I've counted the years, Alanna, From my first Communion morn, When I was a bit of a collect In the land where I was born.

Thank God for that faith, Alanna, And often my heart was sore, But the monthly Duty blessed me, And soothed the grief I bore.

These seventy years, Alanna, I went to Him faithfully, Seventy years, Alanna, At last He's coming to me.

Look out of the window, daughter; He's coming at last, you say? Long life to the darling "soggarth" That brings me my God this day!

THE HABIT OF OBEDIENCE

The life of every individual is largely made up of habits. The time when habits are most easily formed is during the early years of life.

BOBBY'S "REALLY TRULY MAGIC"

Bobby was in a bad humor, and in a corner pouting. When his mother came home from market, she noticed the cloud which overshadowed the usually bright face of her boy.

"Well, well, perhaps we can change things a bit. Wait until I take off my hat and coat, and we'll talk the matter over. I think I know a bit of magic which will do the trick."

"Oh, mother! Please tell me the magic story!" he cried when she returned. "Oh, my dear, it isn't much of a story; just a little secret or magic word which I want to whisper in your ear."

Bobby took the milk, gave a cook a hearty, "Thank you, Sarah," and hastened back into the room where his mother was sewing.

"It works, mother!" he cried gleefully. "I'm going to try it all day."

John was very busy just then, and hesitated a bit, but seeing the bright smile on the little boy's face, and hearing the magic word, he laid down his tools and hastened to fix the swing.

All day long Bobby used the magic word. When evening came mother said: "Well, Bobby boy, how does the magic word work?"

"Just fine, mother dear! Only I've found that there's another word to be used with yours. One to get done what you want done now, and the other to get something done the next time. You see, I say 'please' first, and when I get what I want, I say, 'Thank you, too!'"

"They're the first 'really-truly' magic words I've ever heard of," said Bobby. Then he added, with a bright smile: "Mother, won't you please let me say 'Thank you' again?"—Chester E. Shuler.

CHRISTIAN TRAINING

In "The Barrier," that powerful novel from the pen of the great French Catholic novelist, Rene Bazin, there is a strong scene, which is not without its lesson to some Catholic parents of today.

Everyone interested in the children of today desires to see them develop into good boys and girls and later into the right kind of men and women. Good habits are, however, essential in the child's life if he is to become a good citizen.

There are many ideals and standards to be desired, many good habits that should be formed in early childhood—truthfulness, honesty, justice, cleanliness, service, courtesy and obedience. Of these the latter is one of the most important.

It is a common criticism today that children do not obey. If this is a just criticism, the fault is with the adult, not the child. It is often too much trouble to insist upon obedience but this course will lead only to greater trouble in the future.

The children of such parents after they have recovered from the bewildering experience of trying to reconcile the contradictory attitude of the parents with Catholic teaching, first begin to doubt, then to criticize, and end by becoming that weak and watery anomaly, the compromising Catholic.

As Father Hull remarks about such children in the Bombay Examiner: "Having been accustomed at home from their tender years to hear the Church's tenets and decrees belittled, and her rulers carped at, it is small wonder that when they become men and women their Catholicism is merely a 'religion of respectability,' quite de-

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A BAPTIST PASTOR'S VIEW

WHAT THE CHURCH HAS DONE FOR CHRISTIANITY

In considering the part played by Catholic bodies in the making of present day Christianity, it is well to recall certain outstanding facts easily overlooked by Protestants. It is only fair to say that Protestantism as such was not born till about the year 1500 A. D.

All Christians owe an inestimable debt of gratitude, likewise, to those faithful monks, who, centuries before the art of printing was known, spent their lives self-sacrificingly in patiently copying by hand the various New Testament manuscripts. But for this labor of love, neither Protestant nor Catholic would have a Bible today.

During the last twenty years the rate of granting divorces in America has increased ten times faster than the growth of population during the same period. All Protestants honor our Catholic brethren for their apostolic insistence upon the sacredness of the marriage vows.

More than any other church, perhaps, the Catholic Church has emphasized the idea of obedience to authority. Through all the turbulence of feudal warfare in Europe in the later Middle Ages, it was doubtless a good thing that the Christian Church of that time was built compactly together by this principle.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY The position of the Blessed Virgin in Catholic doctrine is one of the points that is most frequently misunderstood by non-Catholics. Only the other day I was told that a Protestant evangelist said: "The Catholics put Mary first, Joseph second, and Jesus last."

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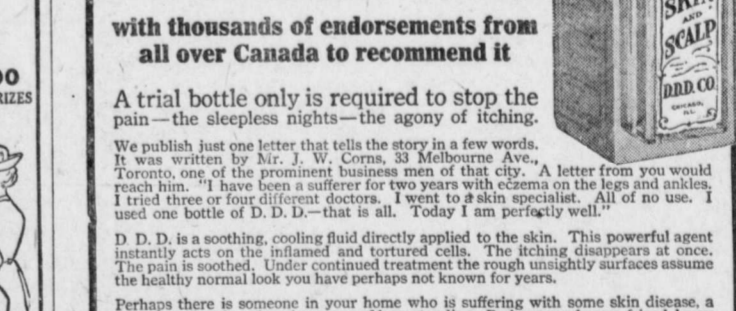
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