

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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ON STATISTICS

We all remember the censure that fell on the man who spoke disrespectfully of the equator. We wonder what would be the fate of the man in these days who snapped his fingers at statistics. If our memory serves us, a census in the days of David was not unnaturally followed by a pestilence; but today we do nothing else but number everything, and men's souls are satisfied if you give them enough of figures.

But, at some risk, we cannot but hold a very low opinion of statistics. They seem to tell you everything and tell you nothing, and even that nothing is a lie. Yet this Dead Sea fruit—the ashes of figures—is the favourite food of the twentieth century. We not only have our numbering of the people, which may inform us of the fact that there are forty millions of people in Great Britain, "mostly fools," but we have a Registrar General to do nothing else but to estimate death-rates and birth-rates and disease-rates. The Board of Trade has a statistical department, and even the County Council possesses that treasure—a statistical officer. Indeed, all science is only weighing, measuring, and averaging, and all for nothing. Is it a fact, for instance, that there are forty millions of people in Great Britain, as the census says? It is not even a fact, and if it were, and we know it, how much better off would we be? But first, it is not a fact. For at no instant was there exactly that number of people in Great Britain. The census is not a snapshot, but is supposed to number the people in a certain place on a certain day. So the deaths and births of that very day itself or the next throw out all your calculations. But besides, no such numbering could be accurate. You are counting by means of a machine—the human machine—by thousands of different individuals, and the faults of these introduce hosts of errors into your calculations.

Human beings cannot count accurately the votes cast for two candidates at an election, and every recount varies the number. How can they count forty millions of heads? But, says the apologist, "No one ever said it was absolutely accurate." Then if not, what is the good of statistics? If your figures are right they are uninforming—if they are wrong they tell a lie. It is not then a fact that there are or ever were forty millions of people in Great Britain. It is an approximation to an approximation, that is all.

But if it were a fact, what is its value? What can we do with this gigantic and sprawling fact if we have got it? Compare it with a similar lie told of another country at a different time and collected under different circumstances? What satisfaction is there in that? Can we make out anything from this so-called fact which will be of use to us, or any man or woman? If we know a man well, we can shape our conduct to his wishes. We may influence him by our persuasion. All that is of use to us, but what can we do with this large fact, which has cost the nation thousands of dollars to compile? Nothing!

Take, for example, a statistic which is under one's eye almost every week, and which fascinates the shareholders in railway companies. The newspapers are good enough to inform us of the increase or decrease in the receipts of railway companies each week, and those who are looking for the "gentle due" of dividends read these unreliable figures with interest. Yet simple as these are, they have, rightly understood, no value whatever. You may see, for instance, that this railway earned so many thousands of dollars more in the week just ending than in the corresponding week last year, and you may buy the stock of that company on the strength of such an assuring misrepresentation. But what is the fact? First, that half its earnings cannot be ascertained week by week, for in relation to that week's traffic there are many debts owing to the company and owing by the company. But even if the exact

amount earned (not received) could be ascertained, the fact would only mislead. You will find, for example, that there was a public holiday in the week this year, and none in the corresponding week last year, and the apparent increased prosperity of the line is wiped out by that fact. But even if there were no public holiday to vitiate comparison, there may have been six days of sunshine in the one week and showers of rain in the other which affected the passenger traffic; or last year there was a strike in the coal trade, or this year the company is "operating" more miles of lines, so that the increase on which you prided yourself is only an apparent increase. And so your poor statistical fact is whittled away until there is nothing left. But even if you had got it proved, what is its worth even for the purpose of calculating your dividend? Absolutely nothing. Because if you saw the other side of the account you might perceive that owing to increase in wages, increased cost of coal, a rise in the price of iron, that the working expenses had increased by many thousands of dollars over those of the corresponding week last year. And so your one statistic abolishes the other.

Take a very simple case. The inquiry is the easy, and looks like the useful, one as to the death-rate of a certain city. "Surely," some apologist of figures might say, "you cannot find fault with such an inquiry. Surely it must be all-important to determine the death-rate, and whether it is increasing or decreasing, and if the former is proved to be the fact to take the necessary steps to reduce it in the future." We admit that all this is specious and pleasing. It might, however, be pointed out by a captious person that even if the fact of increased death-rate (which is not the same thing as "disease" rate or "attack" rate) were proved, that would be no guidance at all to the means of decreasing the number of deaths in the future; but leaving this trivial criticism on one side, let us see how we are helped by statistics. It is asserted, in the first place, that the death rate of a certain city is 20 in the 1,000 per annum, and you may be invited to compare that with twenty other large cities, and to draw inferences. That seems simple, but it won't do. A tyro in statistics knows that the death-rate tells you nothing unless you know the birth-rate. So you start out on another expedition. And when you have compared a high birth-rate with a high death-rate—for it is the children that swell the death-rate—you are satisfied for one instant until the statistician says the death-rate must be corrected because there is a hospital in the city into which people are brought from the neighbouring district to die. So you correct for the hospital. And then some one else tells you you must correct for the new railway works, which have brought some hundreds of men in the prime of life into the town, and so reduced the death-rate. And you correct for that, until the statistical value of your deductions have disappeared altogether; and then some astonished critic gives it the coup de grace by saying it is no use taking the death rate. You must know what the people died of to make your vital statistics of any use whatever. Ten out of every twenty might have met their deaths by accident. All that is true, so we inquire into the numbers who are said to have died from zymotic diseases, and here we are back in the incalculable matter of human error. And it is that, after all, that is the basis of all our statistics. Indeed, statisticians have with their corrections and counter-corrections to be brought back from mere numbers—which mean nothing unless you know what you are numbering—to actual facts, before they get to the truth, and then they have got out of the region of statistics.

It is in these ways that we are deceived by figures. Indeed, figures are themselves the prime fallacy. "One" I know; when I say "two," I am sinking vital differences for the sake of arithmetic. There is one, but there are no two. The two is a mere fiction, and the further you go in arithmetic the more of the truths you have to lose sight of, the more of the mere lies you have to bring

into prominence. It is in this way that the magic of mind has made us believe in statistics, which is an unreal science—an untruth. You may number peas or marbles, although even in that case you may be numbering peas that are good with peas that are bad, or marbles of marble with marbles of clay, but when you get away from a homogeneous nonentity your arithmetic is at fault, and you are only deceiving yourself with that sleight-of-hand, the multiplication table. These, then, are the uninforming facts in your unvarnished statistics, and we venture to speak with due disrespect of the method and result.

THE RIGHT REV. M. J. GALLAGHER

ACCORDED GREAT WELCOME TO DETROIT

On the occasion of his taking possession of the historic See of Detroit the Right Reverend Bishop Gallagher was given a magnificent welcome.

The following excerpt from the address, as given in the Michigan Catholic, of welcome, together with summary of His Lordship's reply, will be read with interest everywhere. Malignant anti-Catholic bigotry is seen in all its pettiness in the light of the manly, self-reliant, self-respecting spirit that pervades the address; and the same spirit that joined representatives of all races, classes and creeds in doing honor to one who necessarily will fill a large space in the civic life of the great city of Detroit:

You come to us at a time most propitious. The venomous head of bigotry, stirred by a fanaticism scarcely to be understood in a country where religious freedom is one of its basic principles, had in recent years lifted its flattened head to spurn its venom over the nation. The time worn jibe of lack of patriotism in the Catholic people of America had again been flung in pamphlet and from platform, until from across the seas came the cry for aid. The seasoned soldiers of the Kaiser were spilling the lifeblood of France. England was on the verge of disaster. Italy could not recover from its crushing defeat and liberty was about to be lost to the nations. Our great republic responded to the call and all men, Catholic and Protestant alike, flew to arms. Look down the long list of those who fell in defense of American liberty in the world war just concluded, and you will find that the patriotism of the Catholic people has been written in blood and in sacrifice in every effort made to promote the success of the American armies. Today, from across the seas, from the blood soaked fields of Belgium and of France and from every encampment in the United States comes voices of welcome to you, and the pageant which has been spread out before you has been lessened in number by 80,000 of Catholic faith who have left their homes in this city to do their part in the defense of American liberty.

We as Catholics have no apology to make for the welcome which is accorded you. Let it be remembered that it was a Catholic who first gave America to the world. It was when footers and disheveled at the door of a Catholic convent that new hope came to his despair. It was his Catholic faith that first encouraged him. It was a Catholic king that fitted out his ships. It was a Catholic queen that threaded her jewels as a pledge. It was a Catholic Columbus and a Catholic crew that sailed out upon an unknown sea where ship had never been seen before. It was a Catholic hymn to the Virgin that each night closed the perils of the day and inspired new hope for the morrow. It was a Catholic cross that was the first emblem of Christianity planted in the new world that had been named by a Catholic and after a Catholic American. From that day down to the present, through the throes of our own revolution, through the peril of the Civil War, and in the civil and peaceful pursuits of the nation in all of its activities our people have played their part. We state this with a pride that is pardonable, always mindful of the fact, however, that it was not through ourselves alone that this wonderful nation of ours has been guided through all its trials as well as in its almost miraculous accomplishment. Men of all religious faiths have combined in producing the final result. Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Gentile have vied with each other in patriotic devotion to the principles under which we live. Hence it is that it comes with ill grace for any man, of any faith, whether of our own or of another, to look with suspicion upon his fellow-man because of the form under which his allegiance to his Creator is paid. The last vestige of bigotry should have been, and please God has been wiped out

by the commingling of the blood of Protestant and Catholic, Jew and Gentile, in defense of true principles of government before German cannon on the border land of France. In his address to the assembled throngs Bishop Gallagher charmed all with his strong words of fealty to his country and to the flag which all revere. He was deeply affected over the wonderful demonstration in his honor but he modestly declared it was gotten up, in tribute, not to him personally but as a mark of devotion to the Church and to the Prince of Peace.

He viewed with calmness, not fear, the constructive work ahead of him, a work in which he felt he would have the support of all citizens of historic Detroit, a work to which he would dedicate himself, asking only the return—the co-operation of all. High praise he paid to the organizations which marched before him; they were a credit to the city and told in large numbers of the zeal of the pastors, and the fidelity of the laity.

TWO SIGNIFICANT TESTIMONIES

For the last four years and more the secular papers of Canada, with a rare exception here and there, have vilified the Pope and the Catholic Church in a most brutal manner. Despite the fact that Canadian Catholics had poured out their blood as generously as people of other creeds, the most sacred convictions of the former were outraged by the penitents in the press of British and Canadian war lords. German guns and Canadian editors put many a burden of sorrow on the hearts of the Catholic mothers and fathers of Canada.

The tide of war has ceased to flow now, and, on November 7, when it began to run swiftly to the sea of oblivion, the Toronto Daily Star, always fair and temperate, ventured these significant remarks: "Now that Austria-Hungary has gone out of the war the theory that the Pope and the Roman Catholic Church are allied with our enemies is badly damaged. Germany is Protestant by a large majority; Prussia is Protestant by a large majority. But when this was pointed out it was said that the real hope of the Pope lay in Austria, which of all countries was most faithful in its allegiance to the Vatican. Now there is none left to fight against us but Germany, and one of the most cherished legends of bigotry vanishes."

This scene is closed for the present and another begins at Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Last Summer, papers from one end of the country to the other carried headlines fastening sedition, serious disturbance of peace and so forth on a Catholic priest who did not ring the church bells on some occasion or other. Mobs jumped across the papers' pages, in red ink, the priest was pictured as defiant, the judge as just and capable, the sentence as eminently fair. But on November 8, the County Court of Westchester County declared that the case is utterly barren of evidence to justify the priest's conviction of the crime alleged, or of any other crime. The judgment of conviction should be reversed in its entirety, and the fine of \$200 paid by the defendant should be returned to him. Let the order of reversal so stand.

As was to be expected no paper has heard of this decision, nor will any paper ever hear of it. The priest will forever stand convicted before millions of readers of public prints that care more for circulation than for ethical standards. The lessons? There are many, but these two are important: One: No man's reputation is safe in the keeping of a daily paper. Two: To be charged with crime is not the same as to be convicted of crime, much less is it the same as to be guilty of crime.—America.

EPISCOPAL MINISTER ENTERS CHURCH

Cleveland, O., Nov. 20.—Announcement was made in a local newspaper Monday of the resignation of Rev. Andrew Chapman, who has been pastor of St. James Episcopal church. Mr. Chapman had sent a letter to Episcopal Bishop Leonard to that effect and giving as the cause of his resignation that he had made his profession of obedience to the Catholic Church and was now stationed at the headquarters of the Society of the Atonement, Greymoor, N. Y. It is not known whether Mr. Chapman will study for the priesthood or not.

It is no surprise to Cleveland Catholics that this clergyman has "come over to Rome." As pastor of the "high" Episcopal parish here his church notices, printed weekly, advertised Mass, Benediction, confessions, etc. The congregation is not a large one, but evidently it is as "high" in its service an any one could wish for.

Mr. Chapman is a native of Boston. He is not married. He was educated at St. Stephen's College, Annandale, N. Y. Columbia University, and his

theological studies were made at the General Seminary, New York. He has been an Episcopal minister since 1909. He has filled charges in Brooklyn, N. Y., Davenport, Iowa, and Grace Church, Galesburg, Ill. He has done considerable literary work, both church and secular.—Catholic Columbian.

CARDINAL MERCIER TELLS OF OUTRAGES

SAYS GERMANS TORTURED AND KILLED 40 BELGIAN PRIESTS

Malines, Nov. 27.—Forty-nine Belgian priests were tortured and put to death by the Germans during the occupation. Cardinal Mercier the primate of Belgium declared in an interview to-day. He added that 2,000 men were removed from his diocese to Germany, where they were forced to work. Other crimes committed by the Germans, the Cardinal said, were too long and too terrible to relate. Cardinal Mercier said he was happy to see Germany defeated, adding: "The barbarian formula of might over right has received the final death-blow. German dreams of world domination have been shattered. Honor only is paid to the right, and restored Belgium stands free and independent. The integrity of the marvelous French nation, which roused the admiration of the entire world by its unshakable tenacity, remains absolutely complete. The Christian faith has been reestablished."

The Cardinal related that in the early stages of restricted submarine warfare, the Marquis de Villalbar, the Spanish Minister to Belgium, called on the German Governor General in Brussels and asked him to intervene with Berlin to limit the submarine warfare to the belligerents. The Spanish Minister gave the Governor this advice:

"The Americans are gasperated and are on the verge of joining the Allies, which will mean the defeat of the Central Empire."

"We have no fear whatever of the Americans, who will never be able to help the Allies," the Governor General replied haughtily, the Cardinal said. "An army cannot be raised in a few months. Three years at least will be necessary for them, and France and her modest ally the British, will be crushed long before then."

Cardinal Mercier concluded by saying that the Spanish Minister had made the true prediction. He paid tribute to the armies of France, Great Britain and the United States. "The triumph of justice is complete," the Cardinal added, "and right has been victoriously vindicated."

INDEPENDENCE OF IRELAND URGED

PRESIDENT WILSON PETITIONED TO UPHOLD IRELAND'S CAUSE

Throughout the country the demand for the freedom of Ireland is finding expression since the conclusion of the armistice. The friends of Ireland maintain that an equitable solution of the problem must be found at the forthcoming peace conference, and they are importuning President Wilson to use his influence to the end that justice may at last be granted the oppressed people. It is believed that this question was discussed at a conference of the Archbishops of the country, held in Chicago last week.

In the past the Catholic hierarchy has not hesitated to point out that the case of Ireland does not differ from that of the other small nations of Europe, whose liberation has now been accomplished by the United States. It is contended that President Wilson's declaration regarding the self-determination of small nations, which is embodied in his fourteen peace terms, is applicable also to Ireland, and that upon this basis a just solution of the Irish problem can be found.

Since the arrival in this country of the English prelates the matter of Ireland's freedom has been constantly in the foreground. Bishop Keating of Northampton, at a dinner given at the Catholic University in Washington recently, expressed the hope that England's policy toward Ireland would at last undergo a change. When the English and French ecclesiastical missions visited Boston a week ago, Cardinal O'Connell, in welcoming the prelates to the Archdiocese, declared unmistakably for the freedom of Ireland.

"England has a glorious chance," the Cardinal said. "She must not fail us. She will not fail. The Gael and the Puritan will then say together: 'Let us forget the wrongs and sorrows of the past in the joy and happiness, the peace and contentment of the present and the glorious hopes of the future.'"

A petition, signed by the Archbishop and every priest of the Archdiocese of San Francisco, has been forwarded to President Wilson, asking that Ireland's right to independence be considered at the peace conference.

THE PETITION FOLLOWS:

To His Excellency, the Honorable Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America, from the following priests of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of San Francisco, California, whose names are hereunto signed, a petition:

"That whereas, the people of the United States have in accordance with the constitutional laws of the said United States entered in this World War,

"And whereas, our President, commander-in-chief of the forces of these United States, has declared that our object is not territorial aggrandizement, or the maintenance of secret diplomacy, or the old struggle for the balance of power so called, but the self-determination of small as well as great nations:

"Therefore, we as here below signed American citizens in accordance with our Constitution and rights, petition His Excellency the President to use the unique position of the United States at this juncture to the end that:

"The claims of Ireland to be a free and independent nation in the fellowship of nations shall be acknowledged by the United States; and that the place of Ireland, whatsoever Congress may gather to agree on the future of one people, may be assured by the influence of the United States in such measure that Ireland may stand in equal condition with Poland and Serbia and all the wronged nations of the world.—Buffalo Echo.

"DOCTOR OF SICK BUSINESSES"

CATHOLIC BUSINESS MAN GIVEN IMPORTANT POST

Ottawa, Nov. 26.—H. J. Daly, whose appointment as Director of the Repatriation and Employment Committee of the Dominion Government was announced today, has already undertaken his duties and has gathered together the heads of all departments concerned in the work of reabsorption for the purpose of co-ordinating and defining their activities. He is to make a report immediately on the condition of the Government departments for the work.

An official announcement respecting Mr. Daly's appointment says: "Although Mr. Daly was born in Peterboro, only thirty-five years ago, he was lately Vice-President and Managing Director of the National Cash Register Company of Canada, Limited, and his present business connections are: Director of the Home Bank of Canada; President of the H. J. Daly Company, Ottawa, Vice-President of James A. Ogilvy, Limited, Montreal; President of the United Brass & Lead Company; Director of Murray-Kay Company; Toronto; President of the Arnprior Cabinet Company; President of the Porcelain Products, Limited, and a number of other companies.

"He is also a member of the Dominion Labor Committee, First Chairman of the Labor Appeal Board which rendered, at its first meeting, the unanimous decision regarding the Ottawa Electric Railway, and is known in the business world as a 'Doctor of Sick Businesses.' "He is considered an expert on scientific management, and in selecting Mr. Daly to cope with the more or less unmeasured quantities of the problem of repatriation, the Government have taken into regard his reputation as a business expert and his record as a business man."

A NATIONAL SHRINE

MILLION DOLLAR EDIFICE DECIDED UPON LAST WEEK

Washington, Nov. 25.—The erection in Washington of a monumental church, in honor of Mary Immaculate, to cost at least \$1,000,000, was decided upon last week, at the Catholic University of America, when Cardinal Gibbons presided at a representative gathering of archbishops, bishops and prominent laymen. The church is to be dedicated as a thank offering for the glorious victories of our soldiers and sailors, and will also commemorate the golden jubilee of Cardinal Gibbons' episcopate.

The Cardinal has appealed to the Catholics of the country, and especially to the women, to complete the fund for the erection of the shrine. The project was prepared several years ago, and received the blessing of Pope Pius X. who urged all Catholics to generously contribute toward the happy completion of this shrine, which so many praiseworthy Catholic women have undertaken. "In this way," the Holy Father said, "will arise a masterpiece of religious architecture, which will lift heavenward the mind of every student who enters it, make him thirsty for wisdom from above, fill his heart with the same and preserve it religiously while he lives."

The exact location on the campus of the Catholic University has not been determined upon, but the shrine will be of marble, and will accommodate at least 3,000 persons. There will also be, adjoining it, a convent and rector's house.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The Sacred Congregation will furnish orders of women with translations of the Code of Canon Law.

The late Lord Russell was the first Catholic Chief Justice of England since the days of Thomas Moore.

Cardinal Vico has been appointed Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Rites in succession to the late Cardinal Martinielli.

The Religions of the Sacred Heart of "Marymount" at Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson lately received as gift three buildings and twenty acres of land, aggregating in value \$175,000.

The Catholic Union in England is preparing a bill for the repeal of all surviving penal laws affecting English Catholics and English religious institutes.

The centenary celebration of the State of Illinois was held at Kaskaskia during July. Kaskaskia, the one time first capital, is now but a hamlet of 200 people.

The appointment of six Bishops to fill vacant sees in the United States leaves four Dioceses that await a new shepherd; Buffalo, Grand Rapids, Albany and Santa Fe, where Archbishop Pitaval has resigned.

In the Church in the United States there are, in particular, two very notable cathedral churches: the cathedral church of Bardonia, Ky., begun in 1816 and solemnly consecrated in 1819, and the Cathedral of Baltimore, begun in 1806 and consecrated in 1876.

The Right Rev. Herman J. Aldering, D. D., Bishop of Fort Wayne, Ind., was fifty years a priest on Sept. 22. Bishop Aldering was ordained by Bishop de St. Palais, at St. Meinrad Seminary, Spencer County, Ind., in 1868. He was consecrated on November 30, 1900.

Washington, D. C.—The American army has reached a total strength of 3,764,677 men, when hostilities ceased, according to official figures of the war department. Of that number, 2,200,000 had been sent to France, Italy or Russia. The remainder were under arms in this country.

President Wilson, accompanied by Secretary of State Lansing and Secretary of the Navy Daniels, attended the funeral of the late United States minister from Haiti, at St. Patrick's Church, Washington. Mr. Menos succumbed in that city, November 14, of pneumonia, following influenza.

The diocese of Rockford, Ill., recently lost by death a learned priest in the Rev. Dr. Paul W. Sims. He was the son of an Episcopalian minister and traced his ancestry from New England families to the coming of "The Mayflower." Educated at Harvard, Berlin and Oxford, he was destined to fill a professorial chair, a noted linguist, Orientalist, and speaking fluently all the Teutonic and Slavic languages.

Rome, Nov. 18.—"Te Deum" over the victory that has been achieved by Italy has been chanted in all the parish churches in Rome, the most solemn being that in the Church of Ara Coeli, on the Capitol Hill, where the celebrant was the Cardinal Vicar himself, the Pope's religious representative in Rome, in the presence of the Duke of Genoa, the Lieutenant-Governor, representing the King of Italy, and all the military and civil authorities.

Rome, Nov. 18.—Last Saturday in his titular Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva a solemn Mass of Requiem was offered up for the repose of the soul of the late Cardinal Ara Coeli, on the Capitol Hill, where the celebrant was the Cardinal Vicar himself, the Pope's religious representative in Rome, in the presence of the Duke of Genoa, the Lieutenant-Governor, representing the King of Italy, and all the military and civil authorities.

London, Oct. 31.—Catholics are rejoicing that one of their number, Sir William Tyrrell, K. C. M. G., C. B., has just been appointed Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Sir William, who comes of an old Catholic family and whose wife was an Urquhart, a member of another Catholic family of note, has been in the diplomatic service for the last twenty years and was adviser and private secretary to Sir Edward Grey just before the outbreak of the war—a fact which caused the Protestant firebrand, Kennet, to suggest, in a pamphlet, that the Vatican was "working" the British Foreign Office.

Cardinal Bourne was present by special invitation at the luncheon given by the Lord Mayor of London in honor of Prince Colonna, Mayor of Rome. About this head of the princely house of Colonna several silly stories are told by the journals, who again display their ignorance of things Catholic. We are solemnly informed that his title of leader of the "black society" in Rome means that he is descended from one of the families who supported the "Black Pope"—the General of the Jesuits, of course—and that the name has clung; instead of the actual fact that the Prince is an ardent Catholic and by his position, leader of the society, which does not mix with the "nouveau riche" of Rome, or the Quirinal set, but is received by the Vatican and, being devoutly Catholic, is called "clerical" or "black."

A DAUGHTER OF THE SIERRA

BY CHRISTIAN REID

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CHAPTER VII

AN APPEAL

The room into which the two Americans were presently conducted proved to be a large apartment, bare of all furniture except two small, hard beds, one or two chairs, and the most primitive possible lavatory arrangements.

In fact, this house astonished me, he said. "I did not think there was anything like it in the Sierra, though I heard in Canelas that Dona Victoria had built a casa grande on the hacienda."

"Dona Victoria seems to be running things altogether according to her own sweet will," Armistead remarked, as having wiped his face on the square of rough toweling provided for this purpose, he made ineffectual efforts to discern his image in a small, green mirror by the light of a single tallow candle.

"Naturally, when everything must be made on the spot, or transported a hundred or two miles on the back of a mule. Besides, those who have never known luxuries don't miss them."

"Luxuries, no—but comfort!" "Comfort is a relative term, also. This, you may be sure, is a palace in all respects compared to the house in which these people have hitherto lived."

"I wonder if this progressive young woman is afraid of what her mother may say or do, that she doesn't want her to be seen?" "I think she simply wants to shield her from pain."

"Pain!" Armistead scoffed. "You can't really believe that she is still suffering from Traford's desertion! The feelings of people closely allied to savages are very elemental and transitory, you know."

"I know that you had better get rid of your idea that these people are in any sense savages, or else keep it very carefully to yourself," Lloyd returned. "You've had a lesson of the imprudence of taking for granted that nobody around you understands English. That young fellow who translated your remark about a room and supper—"

"Confound his impudence!" "As much as you like, but he was at least good enough to put you on your guard. It will be well to remember that he has been ears, a good comprehension of English, and evidently no love for gringos—especially those who come on such an errand as ours."

"I can imagine nothing of less importance than the opinion of a whippersnapper like that." "Even whippersnappers have their uses. What Don Arturo is young enough to express, you may be sure that everyone else is feeling."

"I don't care a hang what they are feeling! I am here on business—the manner in which Armistead pronounced the name of the great American felch is very inadequately represented by capitalizing its initial letter,—and I propose to accomplish what I have come for, if the whole Calderon clan rises up to protest."

"They'll hardly be satisfied with protesting." "They can do what they like. I suppose the writ of the law runs even in the Sierra?"

"Possibly, but I shouldn't care to be the man who tried to enforce it—at least not in the present case." "Well, I shall not hesitate a moment to enforce it, if I find such enforcement necessary—isn't that a knock at the door? Supper? Good? I'm more than ready for it."

"When they came from their apartment they saw that a table, in a corner of the corridor where a lamp was hanging, had been laid for two. Don Mariano, who was seated on a bench near by, rose to invite them ceremoniously to their places, but did not join them."

"It seems they won't break bread and salt with us," Armistead observed, as he sat down. "Quite Arabian, isn't it?" "It strikes me that they are treating us with a very fine hospitality; all the more because they make no pretense of receiving us as friends," Lloyd replied.

"Supper, served by a silent, rebooshrouded woman, being over, they joined Don Mariano where he sat, wrapped in a zarape, at the end of his bench; and smoked, as they shivered in the keen mountain air, while talking of mines and forests. Presently Armistead yawned."

day? Twelve thousand feet? Not strange that one shivers at that height night—without fire, too! I'd like to build a rousing blaze in the middle of this patio. Since that can't be done, I'm off! Buenas noches, senior!"

Observing that Don Mariano was also yawning, and knowing the early hours kept on haciendas—where the day for all begins at or before the breaking of light,—Lloyd likewise said good-night, but he did not follow Armistead to his refuge of bed and blankets. On the contrary, having seen both that gentleman and Don Mariano disappear, he filled his brier with a fresh charge of short cut, and, plunging his hands in his pockets, walked out of the great front door of the house, on the threshold of which a moco, wrapped in his eyes in his blankets, crouched half asleep.

Wonderful was the beauty of the night which met him as he stepped outside,—wonderful and full of an unappreciated and dark gorgeous splendor. The moon, late in rising, had not yet appeared over the eastern heights; but the starlight of these high regions has a radiance so bright that every feature of the landscape, every fold of the distant hills, could be clearly discerned. Steeped in repose, the lovely valley stretched to the feet of the mountains which surrounded it, from craggy outcrops against the star-strewn sky, their serene and mighty steadfastness emblematic beyond all else on earth.

that eternal rest We can not compass in our speech

And it was not only the picture spread before the eye which conveyed this impression. Lloyd thought of the deep, majestic woods, the lowering heights and dark gorges spreading for hundreds of leagues around this spot, and through and over which whoever sought it must pass. The air was filled with resinous, aromatic odors from the breathing earth, the vast encircling forests; and the only sound which broke the stillness was the music of flowing water, the song which the stream was singing to the night and the stars as it flowed along the crests of the hills.

"Senior!" "Lloyd started and turned sharply. Unheard, Victoria had come to his side, and stood looking at him with her eyes full of an expression which for the first time struck him as wistful and appealing."

"Seniorita!" he responded quickly, taking his pipe from his lips. "I saw you go out," she said simply; "and as I watched you standing here alone it seemed as if you were waiting for some one, and so it occurred to me to come and ask if you will help me a little."

"Nothing could give me more pleasure than to help you in any way," he answered. And indeed the sympathy which he had felt for her from the first was now quickened to a chivalric desire to assist her in the fight which was before her unless she yielded to the demand about to be made; and no one could look at Victoria and imagine that she would tamely yield anything.

"I thought it possible that you would," she said; "because I remember that when I talked to you at Guasmilane and again at Canelas, you seemed different from others who come into our country. You seemed to feel, to understand things almost as we feel and understand them."

"I have tried to do so," he assented. "And therefore," she went on, "you may be willing to tell me what it is that the senior, your friend, wishes to say to my mother."

The liquid, brilliant eyes uplifted to him in the starlight were now almost beseeching; but Lloyd found himself somewhat taken aback by the form in which his assistance was asked.

"Seniorita," he said again—then hesitated—do you not think it would be better to let my friend speak for himself?" "Your friend has refused to answer my question once," she said, "and I shall not ask him again. But I thought that you might understand that what I wish to do is to shield my mother—to know whether or not it is necessary for you to see this man."

"She does not wish to see him?" "Lloyd was conscious of the folly of the question as he asked it. "Senior!" There was a flash in the liquid softness of the eyes. "Could she wish to see him? But she will do whatever I say, and I thought you might help me to decide—"

"And so will," said Lloyd, with sudden determination. "There is no reason why you should not be told what concerns you so much. You know that Mr. Armistead has come here as the agent of—"

"Mr. Traford," she said, as he paused. "Yes, I know that. But for what object does he come?" "To assert Mr. Traford's claim of ownership over the Santa Cruz Mine," Lloyd answered concisely. "Ah!" she caught her breath sharply, and again the starlight showed a flash of fire in the dark eyes. "He will dare? But the Santa Cruz Mine is my mother's; she inherited it from her father; and it had been abandoned for years, when we reopened it, worked it, made it what it is to-day. What claim has Mr. Traford upon it?"

"It appears that your grandfather gave him a title to the mine when he married your mother." "And although he has put my mother away he holds fast to her property. Oh, I know that! But let him be satisfied with the Rosario hacienda, with the Santa Catalina

and San Fernando Mines. The Santa Cruz he shall never touch." "I hope that you can hold it against him," said Lloyd; "but I am afraid you must prepare for a fight."

"She lifted her head with the air of one who accepts a challenge. "We will fight," she said; "and the brief words expressed much."

"Well, that is all," Lloyd added after a moment. "So now you can prepare your mother, and you can decide whether or not she should see Mr. Armistead to-morrow."

"Victoria brought her brows together in the straight, resolute line with which he—as already so familiar. For the first time she looked away from him, out over the starlit valley to the solemn encircling heights; and there was a pause in which he heard again the song of the stream. It lasted only a moment. Then the girl turned her gaze back to meet his."

"I have decided," she said. "It will be best that she should see him."

"I think so," Lloyd answered, struck by the quickness of her decision. "There can then be no doubt that the answer given is her own."

"It is not that only," Victoria said. "It is that she has a right to speak for herself and to tell that man—she raised her arm and pointed northward—how she scorns and how she defies him. In all these years she has never told him. She has kept silence; she has submitted to indignity and robbery; she has asked only to be left in peace here in her own home. But now that he has not left her in peace, that he is trying to carry robbery still further, it is right that she should speak for herself, and not through another."

"It is best," Lloyd agreed again, although he could not but wonder if the mother would be able to express herself half as forcibly as this creature of fire and energy would speak for her. He thought of Traford as he had seen him in his office in San Francisco, an embodiment of all the qualities which go to make the successful man of business; and wondered afresh over the link which bound such a man to these people in the far Sierra; to the Indian woman whom he had married and flung aside and to this girl in whom two such divers strains had met, to form—what? The errand upon which he had come so reluctantly began to interest him deeply. More and more he found himself becoming a partisan, all his instincts of chivalry stirred in behalf of these women fighting for their rights. If necessary, he felt that he would fight for them, and stand by every rule of equity. Something of this must have been written on his face, for Victoria suddenly held out her hand.

"Thank you, senior!" she said gratefully. "You have told me what I wished to know; you have helped me very much. Thank you very good night!" "If he had wished to profess his readiness to serve her further—to explain, perhaps, why he was there—she gave him no opportunity to do so. As noiselessly as she had approached, she went away, flitting like a shadow from his side, vanishing into the shadow of the doorway; leaving him again alone with the great golden stars, the steadfast mountains, and the singing stream."

CHAPTER VIII. DONA BEATRIZ SPEAKS. If Lloyd had found Armistead awake when he finally retired to the room which they shared, he would probably have told him of his interview with Victoria and the information he had given her. But Armistead was sound asleep under his blankets, and by the next morning Lloyd decided to say nothing of the girl's appeal to him. After all, he had told her only what she had a right to know, and what her reason for desiring to know justified him in telling. So he held his peace with regard to the matter; and when Don Mariano informed them in the dining room at breakfast that Dona Beatriz would see them, he accompanied Armistead to the interview with the subdued interest of one who knows beforehand pretty much what will occur.

They were conducted to a large room at the front of the house, into which floods of brilliant sunshine were pouring, showing its spaciousness and bareness; for a number of chairs, ranged stiffly around the walls, and one or two tables were all the furniture it contained; while on the brick floor were only spread one skin of a monster-toro and several of the beautifully-striped mountain tiger. Everything breathed the simplicity, austerity and remoteness of a life as far removed from the conditions of the modern world as that which might have been led in a baronial castle during the feudal ages.

As the strangers, marshalled by Don Mariano, entered the room, two feminine figures came from an inner apartment, both closely wrapped in draperies, but one much larger and more stately than the other,—a woman of mature age and splendidly mature beauty, with features cut on classical lines and eyes of midnight darkness, full of a wondrous liquid sweetness. There was much likeness between her and the slender daughter of more, but she shall not rob us of all. In scorn and contempt we leave him such part of what was mine as he has always held—held and built his fortune upon. But what is here, in the Sierra, is ours by every title of inheritance and of

justice, and he shall have none of it." She rose to her feet—a superb figure in her noble beauty, her righteous indignation. "I swear it!" she said. "Do you hear, senior? I swear it by the holy cross that stands over the mine! Neither he nor any one whom he sends shall ever enter the Santa Cruz."

"I suppose there is nothing for me to say in reply, except that I will communicate with Mr. Traford," Armistead observed when these words were repeated to him. "What steps he will direct me to take I don't know, but I do know that he's not likely to yield his claim. I am sorry that they are going to put up a fight, but I suppose it was to be expected. Tell Dona Beatriz that I regret extremely to have had to annoy her with this demand, but that I am only acting as Mr. Traford's agent in the business."

"Dona Beatriz replies that she is aware of that," Lloyd reported a moment later, "and adds that she hopes you will remain at La Joyas as long as it may please you to do so."

"She is exceedingly kind, but I think you had better say that we will leave immediately. We haven't any excuse for remaining longer, since I suppose they wouldn't let us see the mine."

"I certainly wouldn't advise you to ask to do so. There is a limit even to Mexican courtesy."

"Then say all the complimentary things that are in order, and let us bid them good-bye and get off."

The complimentary things having been duly said in stately Castilian, and responded to by Dona Beatriz with a dignity and grace which would not have misbecome a royal personage, Lloyd found himself looking into Victoria's eyes, which met his own with a very friendly glance, as she held out her hand in farewell.

"Adios, senior!" she said. "I shall not forget the service you did me."

"If I can serve you again, will you remember that I am at your command?" he asked. "She looked surprised. "But you are with him!" and she glanced at Armistead.

"In this matter no longer than we leave your gates. In fact, I have never been with him further than merely to serve as his interpreter; but I shall not bear even that part in any steps which he may take against us."

"In any steps which he may take against us we can defend ourselves," she said proudly. "Yet a friend is not to be despised," Lloyd urged, a little to his own surprise; for why, he asked himself, should he wish to impress her with the reality of a friendship which after today could mean so little to her?"

"A friend is never to be despised, senior," she answered hastily; for those around were looking at them with some surprise. Then, with another murmured "Adios!" she turned away with her mother.

And so a little later they took their departure from La Joyas.

TO BE CONTINUED

A MISSIONARY AT HEART

Mary Clark Jacobs in Rosary Magazine

Father Frazer was absorbed in the preparation of his sermon for the following Sunday. The pastor of St. John's Church was ill and this young man, but recently ordained to the priesthood, had come to fill his place until his recovery. But try as hard as he might the thoughts would not come. While he paced the length of the room with a quick, nervous tread the doorbell rang, followed quickly by the little electric buzzer over his door, which was Mrs. Mallory's method of informing him that a visitor awaited him.

"Hello, my poor sermon!" the young priest sighed as he descended the stairs.

At the entrance to the reception room he paused. Evidently unaware of his approach, a man was standing with his back towards the door, greatly interested in a picture of the Sacred Heart.

"He is not a Catholic," was Father Frazer's inward comment. "Good-morning, sir," he called aloud. "Ah! Good morning." The man turned from his inspection of the picture. "You are Father?"

"Father Frazer, at your service. Please be seated."

"Thank you I will try to state my errand as briefly as possible. A man did me a great service—in fact, saved my life twice, the last time at the cost of his own. I have always been filled with a deep sense of gratitude towards him, but as he was dead there seemed to be no manner of expressing it. Of course I saw that he had a decent burial, and a modest stone over his grave, and I thought there was nothing else that I could do, until recently."

"And then—" Father Frazer suggested.

"I was telling the story to a young lady in whom I am greatly interested—in fact, I am hoping that she will be my wife—and when I showed her several trinkets taken from the body of my friend, she said: 'This rosary and scapular prove that he was a Catholic as I am, and Catholics always pray for departed souls. I am sure he would appreciate your prayers.' I told her that not being a Catholic I wouldn't know how to pray for his soul, but that if it would do him any good I would surely try. Then she explained that I could have a Mass said—am I expressing it

correctly?—for his soul and that it would be better even than prayers."

"Yes," said the priest, "Catholics always pray and have Masses said for their departed brethren, and we firmly believe that they are greatly benefited thereby."

"And you will say this Mass?" "I shall be very glad, indeed, to do so. Have you any particular date in mind or shall I say it as soon as possible?" Father Frazer reached for the record.

"He will be dead a year the twentieth of this month."

"On that day, then, I will offer an anniversary Requiem High Mass for the repose of his soul. The name please."

"Jimjim is the only one I can give you, Father. I cannot remember his real name, and could not pronounce it if I did. Jimjim was a poor illiterate hunchback."

"Jimjim," mused the priest, as he wrote the name in the book. "Rather queer, isn't it?"

"If you have time to listen, Father, I would be glad to tell you the story; but if duty calls you elsewhere please do not hesitate to say so."

"You have aroused my curiosity, and I would like to hear the story."

"After leaving college," his visitor began, "I secured a position with a big construction company on the Coast, and it was part of my work to register the foreign laborers as they came in, herded together like cattle, hundreds at a time. It was no easy task, I assure you. One day after finishing an impossible jumble of X's and Z's I waved the fellow impatiently aside to make way for the next one. Then my eyes fell upon the little hunchback. His monstrous head and ugly, grinning face barely reached my desk, the small, misshapen body lurched sideways, and the long, thin arms hung limp and loose, with skinny, claw-like fingers almost touching the ground; and then I saw his eyes—gleaming, expressive, black eyes that burned with the fire of a big human heart within."

"Starting a kindergarten? I asked of Jack, whose father was the highest authority in the camp. "He came in with the bunch and dad says to let him stay."

"With Jack's assistance as interpreter we managed to get his name, which I verily believe took the whole alphabet, three times over, and two lines of the ledger."

"Good-bye, Jimjim," I cried, as he moved away and the next man took his place. "What you lack in size is made up in name, all right! And after that, he was 'Jimjim' to all of us."

"As the little fellow moved towards the door, MacGawn entered. MacGawn was the foreman, big, brawny and powerful; his voice roared through the wilderness like a cannon, and the one that disobeyed his commands knew that he courted death."

"Hum! So we're getting monkeys into the camp now, are we? It's pretty low specimens of humanity I've been getting lately, but I'll not stand for apes! And, rising on his big feet, he deliberately kicked the dwarf out of the office, washing him as he landed in a ditch five feet away."

"When Jimjim appeared with the men next morning to be assigned to work, his wrath boiled over again. "If you don't keep that baboon out of my way, I'll kill him. I have enough trouble without tending a zoo!" So Jack sent him over to me.

"Use the poor fellow to run errands, clean up, or anything you like. I believe dad would fire that hot-headed Scotchman if there were another man this side of the Atlantic who could manage the men as well."

And from that moment Jimjim became my devoted slave. I managed to keep him out of MacGawn's way, saw that he got enough to eat and a place to bury, and in gratitude the little chap couldn't do enough for me. He followed me around like a dog, anticipating my wishes in a really uncanny manner. With Jack's assistance I taught him a jargon of words, and we were soon able to understand each other, with the aid of signs. He called me 'Beel,' for Bill. Whenever I had nothing in particular for him to do, he would steal away to the big steam engine, and at a safe distance, his black eyes bulging with terror and amazement, watch it. I found him there one day when the men were filling the tank with water.

"Hello, Jimjim," I cried. "Some big drinker, huh?" "Big drinka," he repeated after me, shaking his head. "Sure," I laughed. "If the men did not give the engine water, every day, it would explode and kill all of us."

"It biga an' bada lik' him," he pointed to MacGawn. "Far worse, Jimjim," I answered. "MacGawn is a baby beside that big monster." And I passed on leaving him there, his eyes glued upon the engine with renewed terror and interest.

"The men had been discontented for some time over some grievance wholly imaginary, and MacGawn was almost at his wit's end trying to keep them under control. I knew that he was working against great odds, but to the men he seemed but a cruel tyrant, a slave driver, merciless and heartless. One day, after he had had an unusually violent altercation with some of the trouble-makers of his gang, during the course of which they had openly boasted that they would 'get him' we went underground together to inspect a tunnel which had just been completed. We had not gone far before we found that we needed for reference certain specifications which were locked in MacGawn's desk in the office. Bidding

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me wait for him, he started back to get them. He was hardly above ground when there was a deafening roar, the earth trembled violently, and the next thing I knew I was breathing with much difficulty and all was dark. Of course, I realized at once what had happened. Some one had placed a bomb in the tunnel, intending to wreak vengeance upon the cruel foreman, and I was the innocent victim. After a long, long time I detected voices, and Jimjim's queer drawl reached my ears.

"I gata him, I gata him! Beel, he here."

"Out of here, you ape! If he is under those rocks he's dead long ago!" It was MacGawn's voice.

"Then I distinguished Jack's words of protest, but MacGawn must have convinced him that I could not be there and alive, for soon all was quiet again. I tried to cry out, but my dry lips refused to utter a sound.

"Fortunately nothing was pressing upon my head, and the great pain that racked my body was lessened by semi-consciousness. After a long, long time I began to breathe better, air was coming from somewhere and a slow grating, creaking sound reached my ears. And then I heard Jimjim's plaintive cry:

"Beel! Beel! Beel!"

"I tried to answer him, but could not. It seemed hours after that a cold hand touched my face and Jimjim whispered: 'Beel, Beel!' But I could only groan.

"Jimjim gata Beel!"

"Later I learned how after the men had worked for hours to find, as they supposed my dead body, faithful Jimjim had refused to leave the place, insisting that I was alive beneath the wreckage, until MacGawn was exasperated beyond endurance.

"You crazy monkey," he yelled, "if I catch you round here again I won't leave enough of you to tell the tale." And poor little Jimjim slunk away, miserable beyond words because he could not help me. At dark he was back again, his love for me overmastering his abject terror of MacGawn. How he dug his way under that enormous pile of rock, inch by inch, his massive head, huge shoulders and sinian like arms acting as battering ram, lever and support, is still a much discussed miracle in the camp. But to me, the most wonderful part of it is that his dwarfed brain could have planned and carried out such a slow, systematic but wholly successful plan. Sometimes I think it was his great heart, full of love for the only one who treated him kindly, that urged him on to accomplish the seemingly impossible. It must have taken him a long time to worm his way out again through the irregular, jagged tunnel, his voice ever floating back to me full of hope and love: "Jimjim gata Beel out quicka!"

"MacGawn wanted to kill the little fellow, when he awoke the camp at two A. M., but on learning that I still lived, at once ordered all hands to the rescue. At six o'clock, twenty-two hours after the explosion, I was removed, more dead than alive, Jimjim hung around my bed all the time. The nurse and doctor would chase him off, but he slipped back again.

"Let him stay!" I begged. And understanding that I was pleading for him, he was more devoted than ever.

"What happened, Jimjim? I asked him.

"No giva biga things drinka. Him wants killa!"

"Though my body was full of pain, I had to laugh. Jimjim, taking my words literally that day, really believed that the men had neglected to water the engine and that it had taken its revenge. However, I was glad to know that he had no share in the plan to injure the foreman. Since then I have often wished that I had tried to explain to the dwarf the nature of the big steam engine, but his knowledge of English was so limited I doubt if I could have made him understand that it was but a wonderful contrivance made by man.

Two months later I was back at work again, hobbling about on a crutch—and Jimjim, for Jimjim rarely left my side. One day, after looking at me for some time, he grinned.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Biga things no wanta killa Beel!"

"No?" I laughed. "Well, some big thing almost made a good job of it."

"Biga things wanta killa him." He pointed to MacGawn.

"Just you keep away from MacGawn, Jimjim, I warned; he understands that engine and it will never harm him!"

"Him bad! Biga things gata him!" Jimjim insisted, with what now seems like prophetic foresight.

"That afternoon he came running into the office where I was busy over the books.

"Jack wants Beel!" he cried.

"Me?" I asked in surprise, for I hadn't been any further than the office since my accident, and Jack was with some of the men a mile down the road.

"Beel go quick!" Afterwards, I remembered that he was trembling, but at the time paid no attention to it. Knowing that Jack would not send for me unless it were absolutely necessary, I went down to the track and ordered the men to get out a hand car. Jimjim followed urging me on to greater speed.

"Jimjim lika Beel ver' much!" I looked at the little fellow in surprise.

"Sure, old man," I answered. "We're chums. Bill likes Jimjim too!" And I smiled as I let my hand

rest for a moment on his shoulder. I climbed aboard the car and then, as an afterthought, turned and waved to him, and he answered with a big grin of childish pleasure.

"Say, but you're getting spry!" called Jack when he saw me.

"Spry, nothing," I answered. "Didn't you send for me?"

"No sir!" he replied. "If I know anything about it, your broken leg will be no better for this exercise."

"Look! Look!" The men were gazing in fright down the track. A mile away, we saw it coming—the big engine, puffing, roaring, as it had never done before. Then, with a terrible noise, it seemed to rise up into the air, and with a mighty puff of steam that blew its hot breath even to us, it disappeared, scattering fragments of iron for a half-mile around.

"Soon we were crowded on the handcar, racing back like mad. The men from the camp joined us, but would give no coherent account of the explosion. It was discovered later that in some manner they had fixed a big fire in the engine with little water in the tank. Filling up with steam, it burst when MacGawn threw the throttle.

"We never found enough of MacGawn to bury, but back a mile or so we picked up little Jimjim. Every one in his body was broken as the force of the explosion tossed him high into the air, then hurled him to the ground. The poor little fellow, accidentally overhearing at the last moment something which aroused his suspicions, had gotten me away safely, yet gave up his own life in the attempt."

"What could man do more than this—that he give up his life for a fellow man?" said Father Fraser softly.

The man rose hastily.

"Do you know, Father, I feel relieved since you have promised to say that Mass for Jimjim. I am going to have one said every year on the anniversary of his death as long as I live."

"That will be splendid," said the priest. "And will you not come to the church that morning?"

"Is it necessary?" asked the man.

"Not at all necessary," said Father Fraser, "but if you were conferring a great favor on a friend, would you not wish to be present?"

"Of course! I never thought of it in that way. I shall certainly come and bring Miss Cartley with me. I want you to meet her."

"Ah! Little Jimjim," murmured Father Fraser, after his guest had departed, "poor, deformed and ignorant though you were, your days upon earth were not misspent. You gave all, even life itself, in service and love. Twice you saved his life, and I doubt not but 'tis your prayers storming the throne of heaven, that are bringing him into the true Church and the service of Almighty God. Ah! Surely, you were a missionary at heart! There," Father Fraser smiled happily, "I have the inspiration for my Sunday sermon. Even the poorest and least learned can scatter the seeds of truth and righteousness among his fellow men and thus be a missionary at heart."

bers of their Circles, bringing them their Leaflets, explaining the intentions for which prayers were asked, urging them to make the Morning Offering, inspiring them by word and example to do something in honor of the Sacred Heart. All that remains now in those once vigorous Centers are a few devoted Promoters, four or five, sometimes less, zealous souls still loving and working for the Sacred Heart, and hoping against hope that the tide will ultimately turn and will give the League a new lease of life.

Were it not ungracious to dilate on a depressing topic, various reasons might be given for this lessening of enthusiasm in League affairs. Appreciation is one of the secrets of success in works of devotedness and zeal. We must begin by valuing a work if we wish to make it a success; but how can this be done if a work and its possibilities have never been studied? Lack of knowledge of the inner gearings of the League, defective organization, absence of initiative, change of policy in the conduct of the spiritual affairs of a parish—these are elements which have blighted League activities in many parishes, as they will necessarily blight any good work anywhere. Promoters, on their side, should also share in the reproach when the League ceases to flourish in their neighborhood. One of the commonest sources of its disruption is the loss of interest which follows non-attendance at the monthly meetings. Some Promoters find League meetings uninteresting and they are not generous enough to make a sacrifice for the Sacred Heart; others there are who never have the leisure to attend League meetings, in which case they should never have accepted the task of Promotership; others allow a worldly spirit and worldly engagements to stifle their zeal, and they sooner or later drop out of the ranks of the League; others never had their obligations properly explained to them, and naturally they find it difficult to fulfil them themselves or explain them to their Associates; others look on the League as too complicated, too mystical possibly, and conclude that League work is not meant for them.

Perhaps the most plausible of these obstacles to success is the last mentioned, namely, the League is too hazy in its aims, too complicated in its mechanism, too lofty in its spiritual methods for ordinary folk. And yet where shall we find a simpler organization than the League of the Sacred Heart? It was its very simplicity not less than its fruitfulness that recommended it so highly to the late Sovereign Pontiff Leo XIII. To work to save souls by praying for them is an operation that is neither hazy nor complicated. To unite our prayers to Our Lord's prayer and seek their efficacy in an ardent devotion to His Sacred Heart, is the most natural thing in the world and brings results with it as well as rewards. Let promoters read Our Lord's promises to Blessed Margaret Mary and see for themselves what is reserved for those who unite with Him to save souls by prayer.

Opportunities for exercising the apostolate are limited for the majority of Christians. Few are called to exercise their zeal by preaching, or teaching, or suffering; these would seem to be special vocations; but all may be apostles by prayer. The League of the Sacred Heart teaches its members how to pray; how to organize and direct prayer toward apostolic ends; it shows them how to become apostles by prayer.

The League is simple in its practices. What is simpler than to make an offering to God of our prayers, actions, and sufferings of each day in union with the Sacred Heart? What is easier than to say a decade of the rosary daily? What is more natural for a Catholic than to go to Communion once a month? Prayer, devotion to Mary, and the frequentation of the Sacraments, form the basis of Catholic interior life. To turn our daily deeds and sufferings into prayer by offering them to God is a reasonable and praiseworthy act; to cultivate a devotion to Mary is a duty that should be dear to every child of the Church; to go to Communion once a month is for many a necessary condition of perseverance. These comprise all the duties of membership in the League. In a word, the League adds no new obligations to the ordinary Christian life; it simply gives the actual duties a new orientation, inasmuch as it offers facilities to the Catholic laity to lead an apostolic life by working for the souls of others as well as for their own. Why not make an effort, then, to spread this spiritual agency in our parishes? And where it is organized, why not draw from it all the fruit that it can yield? The simplicity of the League, as shown in its object, its obligations and its operation, should recommend it to all who are interested in the salvation of souls. Never perhaps in the history of the world was there greater need for prayer than at the present moment; never before was there greater need for such an association that would draw people to organized and incessant prayer. Even through the end of the War, in sight, reconstruction at home will call for the solution of problems that shall need high counsel than mere men can furnish. And what about the millions of sinners who need prayer in order to obtain the grace of conversion? And what of that vast heathen world beyond the seas? In foreign mission lands hundreds of millions of pagans are undoubtedly standing agape at the spectacle of white civilization demoralized and bankrupt. These millions are also

awaiting the grace of conversion that comes to them through prayer and the persuasiveness of the living voice; but is not the European spectacle going to shake their confidence in all missionary effort? And might not the black African or the yellow Chinaman well ask the white missionary to stay at home and tell his European brethren to cease their fratricidal strife and begin to love one another?

The united prayer of our twenty-five millions of members, organized for apostolic ends, will give an efficacy to labor undertaken for souls at home and abroad. And where may we hope to find this efficacious prayer if not at the unflinching source of all grace, the adorable Heart of the Redeemer of mankind. If the Sacred Heart is anxious and willing to listen even in minor matters, to those who are devoted to him, how much more willingly will He listen when the great interests of the world and of souls are at stake. Speaking of our own land, we may gratefully acknowledge that the Sacred Heart listens to His clients. It will suffice to peruse monthly the "Petition pages" of this magazine to show our readers the confidence which Canadian Catholics have in the Sacred Heart, and it will suffice to look at the list of "Thanksgivings," which we publish every month, to see that their confidence is not misplaced.

E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

training of officers is chiefly, as is fitting, scientific and utilitarian, for thousands of new officers are needed this year to head our fighting men. But the war will soon be over now, and by this time next fall our college boys, let us hope, will be resuming the course of studies which the conflict interrupted. There is great danger, however, that the present experiment with a truncated, non-classical curriculum will tempt some of our educators to relegate the classics hereafter to so subordinate a place in schedules of studies that the masterpieces that the world's greatest intellects have left us will have but scanty opportunities to prove their educational value. That this grave peril may be shunned by those who draw up our after-war curriculums "a veteran assistant master" recently offered the readers of the London Times Educational Supplement the following sage counsels on the ends of real education and on the ideal case with which the study of the classics assists in attaining them:

"There is a danger of our scrapping the classics and thrusting letters into a dishonored corner. We shall be told to teach the boy 'something that will fit him for his after work.' It would be much truer, though incompletely true, to say that we should teach him 'something that will fit him for his after leisure.' For the true end of education is to make a man happier, wiser, and better, more quick to understand, to enjoy, and to use all the manifold treasures of faith, knowledge and beauty in the world, to render him nobly curious, to help him to think and to love thinking, to make him a good Christian, a good citizen, and a good companion to others, and above all to himself. Education should open many a wide window on the world. That it must also fit a man for his work in life is true; but even

for the work's sake it is necessary that this should not be its primary object. It is unnecessary to repeat all the old arguments in favor of literary studies, it is enough to say that at least the study of literature is a spiritual gain, that it does open a window on a prospect both wide and pleasant. Let those who have a gift for science study it exhaustively though not exclusively. Let others, all others if you will, learn enough science to understand what it means, perhaps to make a hobby of some branch of it. But do not let us turn out crowds of boys ignorant of literature and at the same time incapable of even elementary scientific achievement, materialized by constant dwelling on material things and material success. Let us be efficient, but do not let us 'lose for life's sake all that makes life worth living.' There is an efficiency which every patriot should desire and work for, that which is the fruit of honesty, industry and knowledge. There is another kind of efficiency which every patriot should shun like leprosy—the concentration of every thought and faculty on material ends, whether of war or commerce. Against this the example of Germany should be an unforgettable warning."

So intense and so widespread have been the world's suffering, privation and sorrow during the past four years that soon a violent mental reaction is likely to set in such as is indicated in the familiar remark: "After all the really important thing is to be comfortable." Without question, after the teachings of the Church and the example of the Saints, there is nothing better calculated to counteract the spread of this materialistic spirit and to foster in its stead a love for the things of the mind, than the restoration of the classics, next year, to their time-honored place of prominence in the college curriculum.—America.

THE BABY'S ROSARY

Before our Lady's shrine she knelt,
Our little blue-eyed girl,
Enwreath'd about her rosy face
Was many a golden curl,
And in her dimpled hand she held
A rosary of pearl.

A baby quite—of summer's three—
She bowed her shining head;
And as she told the beads she lisped,
With lips of cherry-red,
Her only prayer (two words!) she
Smiled,
And "Hail Mary!" said.

Again, again, and yet again,
The baby breathed her prayer,
Her face outshining, like a star,
From clouds of golden hair,
The while she press'd the polish'd
beads
With meek and reverent air.

Her azure eyes on Mary's face;
A look of rapture wore,
Such as the eyes of Gabriel,
The great Archangel bore
When first he hailed the Virgin
Queen
In Nazareth of yore.

"Twas 'Hail Mary!' on the cross
(God bless the little fairy!)
And on the Pater-Noster grains
A chant that could not vary:
On Aves and on Glorias
"Twas always 'Hail Mary!'"

"Come hither, May!" her mamma
cried,
"And learn to say it rightly,
No one could understand such prayers:
You blunder, darling—slightly."
"Ah, B'nessed Muzzer 'stands it all!"
The baby answered brightly.

—ELEANOR C. DONNELLY

The greatest luxury in this life is that found in doing good.

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"No sir!" he replied. "If I know anything about it, your broken leg will be no better for this exercise."

"Look! Look!" The men were gazing in fright down the track. A mile away, we saw it coming—the big engine, puffing, roaring, as it had never done before. Then, with a terrible noise, it seemed to rise up into the air, and with a mighty puff of steam that blew its hot breath even to us, it disappeared, scattering fragments of iron for a half-mile around.

"Soon we were crowded on the handcar, racing back like mad. The men from the camp joined us, but would give no coherent account of the explosion. It was discovered later that in some manner they had fixed a big fire in the engine with little water in the tank. Filling up with steam, it burst when MacGawn threw the throttle.

"We never found enough of MacGawn to bury, but back a mile or so we picked up little Jimjim. Every one in his body was broken as the force of the explosion tossed him high into the air, then hurled him to the ground. The poor little fellow, accidentally overhearing at the last moment something which aroused his suspicions, had gotten me away safely, yet gave up his own life in the attempt."

"What could man do more than this—that he give up his life for a fellow man?" said Father Fraser softly.

The man rose hastily.

"Do you know, Father, I feel relieved since you have promised to say that Mass for Jimjim. I am going to have one said every year on the anniversary of his death as long as I live."

"That will be splendid," said the priest. "And will you not come to the church that morning?"

"Is it necessary?" asked the man.

"Not at all necessary," said Father Fraser, "but if you were conferring a great favor on a friend, would you not wish to be present?"

"Of course! I never thought of it in that way. I shall certainly come and bring Miss Cartley with me. I want you to meet her."

"Ah! Little Jimjim," murmured Father Fraser, after his guest had departed, "poor, deformed and ignorant though you were, your days upon earth were not misspent. You gave all, even life itself, in service and love. Twice you saved his life, and I doubt not but 'tis your prayers storming the throne of heaven, that are bringing him into the true Church and the service of Almighty God. Ah! Surely, you were a missionary at heart! There," Father Fraser smiled happily, "I have the inspiration for my Sunday sermon. Even the poorest and least learned can scatter the seeds of truth and righteousness among his fellow men and thus be a missionary at heart."

rest for a moment on his shoulder. I climbed aboard the car and then, as an afterthought, turned and waved to him, and he answered with a big grin of childish pleasure.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, DEC. 7, 1918

PRESIDENT WILSON, DELEGATE TO PEACE CONFERENCE

When the suggestion was first made that the President of the United States attend the Peace Conference the daily press of America was overwhelmingly opposed to the proposition. Eminent jurists held that it was unconstitutional as it certainly was unprecedented for the executive head of the Government to be absent from Washington during the session of Congress, which unlike our Parliament must sit at a time definitely appointed. A very serious objection was urged in that at the Peace Conference as delegate of the United States the President would have to discuss and argue, give and take, accept or reject proposed compromises; and all the while he can not divest himself of his dignity and responsibility as the real as well as nominal head of the American Government. It is not an idle question of dignity; for Congress may or may not finally approve of the President-Delegate's position on any question. If this was in his mind before the recent elections one can easily understand how anxiously in earnest he was in his appeal to his fellow-countrymen to return a Congress of his own political party which would be entirely in accord with his policy. For though his political opponents gave marvellously unselfish support to all measures deemed necessary by the Administration to win the War President Wilson had again and again defined what he held were the issues of the War and laid down broadly, it is true, but very definitely so far as they went, the bases of Peace, and the lines on which future international relations should be reconstructed.

Unfortunately the American people, despite the President's appeal, returned a Republican Congress. Leading Republicans have openly disagreed with and even denounced the very policies to which President Wilson is definitely committed. An ex-President has denounced the proposed League of Nations as an unconstitutional surrender of the sovereign rights of the Government of the United States. And there is not a doubt in the world that a League of Nations to preserve peace must involve on the part of every nation entering into it a curtailment of what has hitherto been regarded as that particular nation's sovereign right to declare War regardless of wishes, views, interests or welfare of other sovereign nations. Limitation of armaments involves likewise a limitation of national sovereignty as hitherto understood. In this morning's despatches we read that "Winston Churchill declared in Dundee he was a hopeful and sincere advocate of a League of Nations, but said a league was no substitute for the British fleet."

A declaration, the most optimistic must admit, which does not betray any excessive or superstitious faith on the part of this sincere and hopeful advocate of a League of Nations, Mr. Kent, editor of the Baltimore Sun, after a close study of the situation in Europe avers that amongst the public men of England and France there is a deep-seated jealousy and fear of the United States; but that this feeling is nowhere shared by the peoples of these countries. There may be truth in the statement. Politicians and diplomats and statesmen and imperialists and nationalists will revert very easily, now that the War is won, to their pre-War habits of mind. But the people who were assured that this was a war to end war, that

its outcome would be a new world purged of all the evils of the past will not so easily acquiesce in the reaction of their political leaders. Herein lies President Wilson's strength.

In clarifying the issues of the War in exalting its motives, in defining the results to be obtained from victory, President Wilson spoke to the world in the name of the great mass of the common workaday people of the world, and the world's common workaday people hailed him as their champion and their prophet. He declared that the day of secret diplomacy is past, and there was a note of almost savage determination in the Amen of the world's people. Yet the armistice was hardly signed when the rulers of the people questioned the propriety or wisdom of letting the people know what their representatives were doing at the Peace Conference.

President Wilson will have an unprecedentedly difficult role to play at this meeting which the people fondly hope will reconstitute international relations on lines that will secure international good-will and international peace; that will impose on nations in dealing with other nations those principles of justice, and equity that govern individuals in their relations with other individuals.

There seems to be just one safe road open to the President as delegate to the Peace Conference, and that is to insist that his declaration against secret diplomacy, acclaimed and accepted during the War, be a condition precedent in the negotiation of the Terms of Peace. With the discussions at the Peace table secret his own Government may refuse to support the President-Delegate; and the reactionaries may have their way in spite of the great President of the great Republic. Not as President of the United States but as champion of the rights of the workaday people, as spokesman of the democracies of the world in negotiations open to the world will Mr. Wilson be clothed with power to make his prophecies come true if he is great enough and strong enough at this supreme crisis in the world's history to be unswervingly faithful to his eloquently expressed democratic ideals. Not as President or representative of the United States of America, but as spokesman and champion of the common people of all countries whose aspirations he has so accurately interpreted will Mr. Wilson be invested with power irresistible. Great is the occasion, great the opportunity; fidelity to principles already clearly defined makes the world safe for democracy; betrayal or weakness hands the world over to Bolshevism.

BAPTIST "MISSIONARIES" SPREAD THE LIGHT

Canada is in a parlous state. "No other so called Christian country in the world ever had the home mission task that Canada has to evangelize her own people," declared Mrs. J. C. Cameron of the Baptist Visitor to the women of the Baptist Home and Foreign Missionary Society of Ontario at the annual meeting in London last week.

Then she went on to paint this dark and dismal picture:

"Our population is less than eight millions, and of these eight millions, exclusive of the French and the old settlements of Germans, one million are foreigners," she stated. "Besides this tremendous problem of evangelizing the foreigner, there is the fact that nearly 45 per cent. of our population is Catholic and must be left out of any reckoning of the evangelizing forces in Canada. Nay, rather it constitutes one of the greatest enemies of evangelization, for the Roman Catholic Church is much more aggressive in enshrining our land in darkness than we Christians are in spreading the light of the Gospel."

Under our hand is a pamphlet entitled "Why send Missionaries to Roman Catholics?" issued by the Bureau of Literature of the Women's Home Missionary Society of Ontario.

In this missionary pamphlet these pious ladies give a blood-curdling exposition of "The Teachings of Rome." Notwithstanding all that has been said recently about the alarming increase of the feeble minded in our population we refuse to believe that the output of the Bureau of Literature of the Women's Baptist Home Missionary Society of Ontario will impress many as quite so learned and exhaustive as the lady zealots would fain make it appear to be.

"The Canon Law is not merely a set of maxims or principles whose influence is great over the Roman Church. It is a body of laws by which every Roman

Catholic Ecclesiastic is bound to act, and which he is bound to administer." The authority for this egregious discovery is given—The Protestant Magazine, Fourth Quarter, 1910. Having settled that Canon Law is really Canon Law in spite of the fact that "Roman Catholic Ecclesiastics" always call it Canon Law, the ladies proceed to place before their credulous readers such purported extracts therefrom as these:

"The temporal power must act unconditionally in accordance with the orders of the spiritual."—Canon Law.

"The Pope has the right to annul State laws, treaties, constitutions, etc., to absolve from obedience thereto, as soon as they seem detrimental to the rights of the Church or those of the clergy."—Canon Law.

"The Pope can annul all legal relations of those in ban, especially their marriages."—Canon Law.

"The Pope can release from every obligation, oath, vow, either before or after made."—Canon Law.

Note the pretence of quoting directly from Canon Law in rehabilitating the old lies and calumnies; and the way the Baptist ladies size up the intelligence of those to whom they address themselves. But, lest a glimmering of intelligence should suggest a pertinent demand for a reference just a little more definite, this footnote reduces them to the desired state of Baptist befuddlement:

Footnote—"The extracts from the Canon Law may be verified from the Edition of the Canon Law (in the original) in the Congressional Library at Washington, D. C."

After that no temerarious sceptic could venture to ask for further proof or more definite reference. Much more likely he would be lost in admiration of the achievement of the Guardians of Liberty, the A.P.A., or maybe the Baptist Home Missionary Women, in capturing the "Edition of the Canon Law (in the original)" and interning it in the Congressional Library at Washington, D. C.

So fed up on this sort of thing are a certain type of Protestants that it may be useful to give the authoritative teaching of the Church on the subject. Leo XIII. in his Encyclical Letter on "The Christian Constitution of States" refers to it as "a backeyed reproach of old date that the Church is opposed to the rightfulness of the civil government. . . . From the very beginning Christians were harassed by slanderous accusations of this nature, and on that account were held up to hatred and execration for being (so they were called) enemies of the empire."

Leo XIII. sets forth Catholic doctrine and practice on this subject:

"The Almighty, therefore, has appointed the charge of the human race between two powers, the ecclesiastical and the civil, the one being set over the divine, and the other over human, things. Each in its kind is supreme, each has fixed limits within which it is contained, limits which are defined by the nature and special object of the province of each, so that there is, we may say, an orbit traced out within which the action of each is brought into play by its own native right. . . . One of the two has for its proximate and chief object the wellbeing of this mortal life; the other the everlasting joys of heaven. . . . Whatever is to be ranged under the civil and political order is rightly subject to civil authority. Jesus Christ has himself, given command that what is Caesar's is to be rendered to Caesar, and that what belongs to God is to be rendered to God."

That is the teaching and practice of the Church with regard to civil government despite calumnies to the contrary formulated in the same spirit by the pagan Romans of Nero's time and the Women's Baptist Home Missionary Society here and now.

However, it may be that Leo XIII. never had an opportunity to consult the Edition of the Canon Law (in the original) in the Congressional Library at Washington, D. C., where the enlightened may verify the Baptist extracts which flatly contradict the Pope.

It is hard to beat the Baptist extracts from Canon Law but Baptist women are equal to that seemingly impossible feat.

Here you are:

"Secular judges who dare in the exercise of damnable presumption, to compel priests to pay their debts, are to be restrained by spiritual censures."

"He who kills one who is excommunicated is no murderer in a legal sense."

Underneath these precious extracts we read:

(Taken from Jesuit Authorities.) But apparently the wily Jesuit has eluded the captors of the Edition of the Canon Law (in the original) for we are not told that even in the Congressional Library at Washington, D. C., the "Jesuit Authorities" are available.

Suppose some Catholic counterpart of the Women's Baptist Home Missionary Society—which thank God is impossible—were to quote Baptist fashion:

"The members of the Women's Baptist Home Missionary Society of Ontario are not bound by any civil law nor by the commandment of God; 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor,' when engaged in slandering Roman Catholics; such missionary work is to be accounted unto them for righteousness."—Civil Law.

And then suppose these Catholic Baptists were to add: "This extract from the Civil Law can be verified from the Edition of the Civil Law in the Tower of London, England."

In such a hypothesis it is quite certain that such grotesque "proofs" would be summarily rejected by the average Catholic intelligence. If there are Protestants in Ontario who swallow the proofs from "the Canon Law" which the Baptist women serve up to them, then the Russian moujiks have no just claim to their reputation for superlative ignorance and credulity.

DURHAM'S NEW SAINT

Let not the reader infer from the title of this article that the County of Durham has been particularly noted in the past for examples of extraordinary holiness among its citizens. It does plume itself upon the quality of its live stock and dairy products, its fruits and cereals, but the Cavan Blazers have never aspired to any high degree of spirituality. Some may perhaps suspect that we refer to that new Canadian apostle of Wesleyan Methodism who recently became a quasi citizen of this county by very wisely consigning his political future to the tender mercies of its electorate. Oh no! he has enjoyed too many emoluments while living and received too many votes in Manvers to have even a chance of passing hence with a reputation of sanctity. The person we have in mind died many years ago and his remains lie in an unmarked grave in a little rustic cemetery on the shore of Rice Lake.

Joseph Scivian, whose memory has been revived by the numerous letters that have appeared in the daily press suggesting that a monument be erected to him and that his burial place be made a centre of pilgrimages, led a life of apparently extraordinary virtue but terminated it in a sadly dramatic manner. It is not his life that prompts any reference to him in our columns, but rather the surprising revulsion of feeling on the part of his Protestant fellow citizens who regarded him while living as a fool. The late Canon Sheehan referred to the curious fact that the beggar saint of Rome, Benedict Labre, enjoyed a remarkable cult in the most opulent and refined circles in England; and he accounted for this fact on the ground that his life was the very antithesis of theirs. The same reason seems to underlie the awakening of admiration for the poor beggar of Durham. The War has aroused men to the dangers of materialism and of a merely conventional religion, and in the first flush of their new enthusiasm they have recalled the virtues of the man who did good by stealth and would have blushed to find it fame.

According to local tradition, Joseph Scivian was an accomplished scholar, being a graduate of the University of Dublin. On his arrival in this county he filled the position of tutor in a Protestant household that perpetuated the best traditions of the social life of the Irish Capital. He was engaged to a daughter of the family but she died before the nuptials were celebrated. True to his first love he was buried by her side. During those years of single blessedness he practised at least two virtues that might well command our admiration even if found in those who enjoyed a clearer vision of faith and more abundant spiritual aids than were afforded by the Plymouth Brethren to which sect he belonged. These two virtues were evangelical poverty and humility.

Old citizens of Port Hope tell of this strange man of stately bearing and calm ascetic cast of countenance not unsuggestive of Hoffman's pictures of the Saviour, who went about the town with a buck-saw and a saw horse on his shoulder seeking some poor persons who could not afford to pay for the cutting of their wood or were unable to cut themselves. He refused to work for those who could pay him. Like St. Martin he would give his coat or his mittens to one who seemed to need them more than he. Many often abused his charity by selling his gifts and laughing at what they deemed his folly.

On week evenings, and especially on Saturday evening, he would, after the manner of the Salvation Army lassies of later times, hold forth on the main street of the town on the one subject that engrossed his whole attention, repentance and salvation. Few stopped to listen to him and many would remark as they passed, "Poor Old Joe, he is still at it!" But nothing daunted, he persevered in his thankless task of being a voice crying in the wilderness. Nor did he confine his missionary efforts to public preaching. In season, and perhaps sometimes out of season, he proffered personal advice to a fellow citizen whom he perceived to be wandering from the narrow way. His humility was proof against every rebuff, and human respect never dampened the ardor of his zeal.

The discovery that he was the author of a popular hymn was no more responsible for the spontaneous outburst of homage to his memory than was the pistol shot at Sarajevo for causing the great War. It was simply an incident that called forth the latent admiration for a man who essayed to practice the evangelical counsels in the midst of a community, many of whose members had little regard for the precepts of the Decalogue.

This unusual phenomenon has, it would seem, its lesson for us. Why is the Salvation Army held in such high esteem by the man on the street, the hard-headed business man and the member of Parliament? Partly because it ministers to the poor and the outcast; partly because it preaches, stripped of its trappings of the necessary adjuncts of ways and means, the great doctrine of Atonement which furnishes the chief sanction for all missionary endeavor. The main reason, however, for its admiration is, we believe, the persevering zeal and military punctuality with which its humble representatives fulfil their tasks despite the inclemency of the weather and the jeers or indifference of the multitude. St. Francis Xavier went through the streets ringing a bell to attract an audience. Perhaps the present, when men chastened by suffering are seeking for the consolation of religion, is an opportune time to lay aside our aloofness and to revive those drastic measures that in the past were so fruitful in the conversion of souls.

THE CLEANER

NOTES AND COMMENTS

WITH the cessation of war and the lifting of the ban of the censor, the motion picture world should benefit by the substitution of authentic war-films and romances founded thereon for the many deleterious pictures which have gone far to wreck the moral sense of the community. There is a practically limitless field for the enterprising cinematist in this direction. The world will be the better, for example, for many films of "The Better 'Ole" type.

GEORGE BORROW'S famous book, "The Bible in Spain," is recalled by a paragraph reproduced in the Toronto Globe from the official organ of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The article from which this paragraph is an excerpt emanates from an official of the Upper Canada Bible Society, and treats of the operations of that institution in the Dominion. It especially refers to Bible peddling among foreigners, and the evident intention of the writer is to convey to his readers the impression, preposterous and time-worn as it is, that these people the Bible is an unknown book, and that even their priests are wholly ignorant of its contents.

THE PARAGRAPH in question is as follows:

"At a cobbler's shop I met the assistant to the Roumanian priest, and he said: 'Here is the most Catholic man I have seen.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'I am Catholic enough: I've

got the Word of God for every man in his own language.' He bought the only Roumanian Gospel I had left. In that shop there were five persons in all speaking different languages, and all speaking different languages, and four of them purchased the Scriptures. One woman remarked that I was the first man she had met going round selling Bibles."

WHETHER THE "assistant to the Roumanian priest" was a Catholic or a Greek Schismatic is not stated, but whether the one or the other the story is but a reproduction of the time-honored fable that the Bible is solely a Protestant possession; that it is the one appointed means of propagating the truths of Christianity, and that the Church has ever sought to keep its blessed contents from the people. That Luther was the discoverer of this long buried treasure, and that up to the time of his little adventure in the library at Erfurt he had never known of its existence, is an idea that evidently still holds sway over many minds notwithstanding self-evident facts to the contrary.

WE HAVE intimated that the words quoted are reminiscent of Borrow's "Bible in Spain." Readers of that misleading if fascinating volume—which, though purporting to be an account of the circulation of the (Protestant) Bible in the Peninsula, is so far as it relates to the work professedly in hand, to all intents and purposes a work of fiction—will recall that he represents even priests of learning and refinement as wholly ignorant of the Scriptures. It would be idle to contradict so self-evident an absurdity. No amount of evidence to the contrary would weigh in the balance with a delusion huggled with such unctious and persistency to the average Protestant bosom. That it should have been conjured up at all is proof sufficient of the desperate straits to which those who formulated it were driven in pursuit of their end. Mitland, himself a Protestant, long ago punctured the foolish fable, but the "Dark Ages" is as much an unknown book to the Bible Societies as the Bible itself is represented to be outside the charmed circle by its interested itinerants. The story is as ever was the veriest of camouflage.

THE NOTABLE ceremony which took place on the Western Front some months ago, when the National flag of Poland was conferred on the first regiment of Polish Chasseurs attached to the French Army, and was solemnly blessed by a Polish military chaplain in presence of the civil and military authorities, Polish and Allied, was hailed as the first public unfurling of the flag of Poland since the extinction of her national independence more than a century ago. The occasion certainly was a memorable one and will have its own place in the history of the re-created nation. But, if we mistake not, this unfurling of the flag was anticipated more than a year by the raising and salute in 1917 of the Polish national standard on the historic Garrison Common at Niagara. The event passed without special remark in the Canadian press, but it was none the less a most memorable historical circumstance, worthy of being chronicled in letters of gold. It symbolized the national re-birth of a proud and heroic people, and that it should have taken place in the free atmosphere of Canada was surely of happy omen.

IN SAYING this we are reminded of the honorable name which the Polish Legion assembled during two years and more at Niagara has made for itself. It has been the unanimous verdict of all who have had anything to do with the many thousand sons of Poland who have passed through that concentration and training camp that a fiercer, better-conducted or cleaner-living body of men has never been gathered together under the shadow of Fort George. They came from all parts of a United States, and a few from Polish settlements in Canada, but that they were actuated by one spirit, that of doing honor to their nation and having a part in its restoration was evident to all. They have as a unit left in old Niagara an honorable reputation and a clean name, which fact should be to their fellow Catholics of the English tongue a matter of just pride and emulation.

A PARAGRAPH has been going the rounds of the press recounting astonishing feats on the part of well-known authors in the matter of rapidity of production. Robert Louis Stevenson, for example, is cited as having written "Dr. Jekyll and

Mr. Hyde" within seven days, and Andrew Lang is credited with having frequently written 5,000 words in the course of a morning. One popular English female novelist is said to have produced 20,000 words in a single day, and the elder Dumas to have turned out in one phenomenal year volumes at the rate of one per week. But these two latter must be classed as feats of the freak variety.

WE DOUBT if there is a more impressive example of rapid writing of the higher type on record than that of Cardinal Newman in the composition of his Apologia. Laboring under the acutest nervous tension and obliged under contract to his publisher to issue an instalment of from 50 to 100 pages weekly, having at the same time to look up his material, he brought out week after week the seven parts of that epoch making book. And he was then an old man. He wrote, as stated, under the highest nervous tension, often brought to tears by the intensity of his emotion. On at least one occasion, we are told by his biographer, he sat at his desk, pen in hand, for twenty-two hours, without intermission for rest or refreshment. The feat was, under the circumstances, stupendous, but the occasion was urgent, and the consciousness of duty and obligation paramount. The result is the world's gain. The book throughout, perfect in form and construction, bears none the less the stamp of its composition. Its every page reveals the inmost soul of the man.

THE MAKING OF PEACE

Speaking last night in Newcastle, Mr. Lloyd George made announcement of the intention of the British Government to demand the punishment of the former Emperor of Germany for his crimes against the law of nations. The Premier said that the Government had consulted some of the greatest jurists of the Kingdom and that they had arrived, unambiguously and definitely, at the conclusion that, in their judgment, the former Emperor was guilty of an indictable offense in the invasion of Belgium, for which he ought to be held responsible. Speaking generally of the responsibility of the rulers of the Central Empires for the war, the Premier said the Government intended that the investigation into the conduct of all who had offended would be a perfectly fair but a stern one, and that it would go on to its final reckoning. "We have got to do this," said the Premier, "that man in the future who feel tempted to follow the example of the rulers who plunged the world into war will know what is awaiting them at the end." It is announced that Premier Clemenceau will arrive in London on Sunday, accompanied by Marshal Foch, and that the procedure to be followed in demanding the surrender of the former Emperor to the Allies will be discussed during their visit.

It is reported that the Provisional Government of Germany has sent a telegram to the former Emperor demanding that he abdicate the Throne formally, and that the Crown Prince also shall in like manner renounce his rights. From Austria comes the news that because of the revolutionary activity of his friends, the former Emperor Karl has been informed that he must leave Austria. The activity of the army officers in both countries appears to be directed toward the restoration of the Monarchs, and naturally so, for if the republican form of government prevails there will be great reductions in the strength of the German and Austrian armies, and tens of thousands of the officers will have to find some other means of earning a living. For the most part they have deplored trade and industry, and the new conditions will for a time be very difficult for them.

The breach between Bavaria and Germany—which was due originally to the publication of documents from the Bavarian archives pointing to the complicity of the Berlin authorities in forcing war upon the world—widens daily. The German newspapers declare that Kurt Eisner, Bavaria's Premier, is a treasonous danger to Germany. He is condemned as an impractical dreamer. Moreover, it is asserted that he is neither a German nor a Bavarian, but a foreign Jew. This latter statement is made by a Jew, writing in the Bavarian press. Meanwhile Eisner appears disposed to make a direct issue between the Bavarian German Governments which will justify his action in breaking off relations and proposing that Bavaria shall be directly represented as an independent Republic at the peace negotiations. He has caused the arrest of a German courier en route to Austria and the seizure of the courier's documents. If Eisner is a Bolshevik in disguise, which seems probable from his recent actions, he will not last long in Munich. Bavaria is one of the most conservative of the German States.—Toronto Globe, Nov. 30.

Much more rest and tranquillity are to be found in the possession of earthly things than in the possession of them.—St. Teresa.

FROM FATHER FRASER

In the Lord Jesus Christ, A. FOUBQUET, Vicar General of Canton.

I have just received a letter from the Bishop of Canton, dated Sept. 14th:

"Dear Father Fraser: I received today your letter from Vancouver and I bless God for the happy voyage He gave you. You are now at work sowing the good seed of apostolic vocations. May it bring forth abundant fruit. I speak less of the number than the quality that He sends laborers, which means men who work, who have the esteem, love and habit of work. One such is worth more than twenty dilettanti who come to the mission through curiosity, pass some time there through necessity, and go away leaving instability of character. Doubtless their transitory stay is not altogether unfruitful, but they also do a certain amount of injury to the missions, for they contribute towards the lessening in the apostolic body the sum total of abnegation and spirit of complete sacrifice which make true missionaries."

I hope you will keep me informed of the progress of your enterprise and of everything in Canada of interest to the missions. Your servant and friend in our Lord, J. de Guehriant, Vicar Apostolic of Canton.

Father Robert, the Procurator General of all the Missions of the Far East under the Foreign Missions Society of Paris writes me from Hong Kong, Sept. 28th, among other things as follows: "Long voyages on the sea make us the more appreciate the land, at least those who are not sailors. So now you are again in your homeland; always occupied in the work of the missions. I wish you great success. China alone can easily absorb several hundred missionaries a year."

Every year in China about 100,000 adult converts are made. This increase alone would require 100 new missionaries every year to attend to their spiritual wants. Then there is the natural increase of the Catholic population by birth that would need nearly 100 more. Then there is the great mass of pagans, 400,000,000, to be evangelized. How many thousands of missionaries would it not need to get into touch with them, instruct and baptize them? The Foreign Missions Society of Paris alone has under it 135,000,000 of the population of China. This Society was very hard up for missionaries during the War, as their central Seminary was almost empty and many of their missionaries had to leave China for the front, and even now that the War is over, we are told it will be many years before they have an adequate number of priests on account of the depleted ranks of the French clergy.

I would urge therefore all young priests who read this to reflect seriously before God on the millions of souls being lost in China for want of missionaries, and to ask themselves whether they have any plan not to go to preach the Gospel. I invite correspondence in this regard.

Asking your prayers and alms for the success of this work, I remain, Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary, J. M. FRASER.

AGAIN, WHAT ABOUT IRELAND?

The War is over and the age-long Irish problem has come into the open again, this time in a form so simple that even an Orangeman can understand it. Many nations, England included, have been at death grips with a powerful enemy, for one only cause, to make the world safe for democracy. Time and time again, during the last four years, the British Government and the British people told the world they were sacrificing blood and treasure that small nations may preserve or obtain the right of self-determination, and thereafter live their lives in accordance with national aspirations untrammelled by foreign interference. It was this motive that impelled America, too, to enter the War. In fact, it was the only reason stressed by the President in his messages to the nation.

Naturally such an appeal was answered promptly and generously by all classes of our people. Our young men flocked to the colors by the millions; mothers and fathers and wives and sisters gave the best they had to the cause of freedom. It was democracy's war, a conflict not of men but of principles; freedom stood against oppression, and all peoples that loved liberty threw themselves to death with heroic abandon. Belgium, England, France, Canada, Australia, Ireland, the United States and many another nation poured out their blood for liberty; Ireland that she might obtain it, the other nations that they might not only preserve it for themselves, but give it to those countries bereft of it, Ireland included. This problem was never simpler. The Allies and the United States, their associates in the War, have, not once but many times, repeatedly pledged themselves to freedom for Ireland. Their words mean nothing else; worse, they were a hollow mockery of sincerity, a testimony that blood and treasure have been squandered in the cause of a deceitful diplomacy. Here is the dilemma: fair play for Ireland or conviction before the world of a hideous treachery that has given millions of hearts and left them hanging in bloody shreds.

Nor should it be thought that this is only England's and Ireland's problem.

Before the War it was the problem of the world; it is the world's now, and ours in rather a special way. And if appearances be not deceitful, Americans recognize this fact, for on November 11, when flags were tossed wildly in the frenzied metropolises, the Irish flag was quite as prominent as the French flag and, in many quarters of the city, decidedly more prominent than the British flag. Thousands of hearts were searching for an answer to the question: What about Ireland? And the answer must come and come right, both for the honor of the Allies and the United States and for the peace of the world.—America.

CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE IN DANGER

Those who recall the disgraceful scenes that were witnessed in Russia to towns where the extreme Radicals had complete control will watch with grave anxiety the threatened spread of Bolshevism in the States that until the other day made up the German and the Austrian Empires. Dispatches received last month reported, it will be remembered, that certain Provincial Soviets in Russia had decreed that all marriages of over eighteen years of age should be considered the "property of the State," and must register at a Government "Bureau of Free Love" where men and women were to choose their mates. If the Socialism that is running like wildfire through Germany is of the extreme type that the Provincial Soviets in Russia succeeded in making practical, the danger to the morals of the German people is very serious. Socialists, we are told, are promoting in Switzerland also an active literary propaganda of Lenin's and Trotsky's subversive doctrine. The outlook for Europe, therefore, is serious enough. In view of this grave peril, it is comforting to read in a recent volume of "Backgrounds for Social Workers," by Dr. Edward J. Menge, a correct and enthusiastic presentation of the Catholic doctrine on marriage and its dignity. The author in describing the character of the Medieval Family speaks thus for instance of the religious life:

"It means that through many generations we have seen men and women leave everything they had to follow their ideal, and it means much more than the average writer dreams it does; for it means that on the only evidence that modern men accept—laboratory evidence—has it been proved that men and women could lead a clean and chaste life. This is the crowning achievement of the celebrate religious view. It has been proved a success and it has further been proved that the loftiest ideals we have and the most wonderful institutions that have descended to us and of which we are justly proud, came from these men and women. It has shown that clean living and high thinking and beneficent results are not strangers to each other. To these men and women we owe our hospitals, the most beautiful masterpieces of sculpture, of art, of architecture, of education, of philosophy, and we even owe the beginning of the natural sciences."

Dr. Menge then devotes several excellent pages to showing how medieval marriage was a sacramental union, which so effectively raised woman from the mire to which paganism had degraded her, that in the palmy days of chivalry "Men considered it an honor to be deemed worthy of even being permitted to fight with a woman's name upon their lips." He also reminds his readers that "During the Middle Ages men attained the very highest conceptions of womanhood; attained an openness and frankness by which every man might fight for every woman, and all considered marriage a sacrament that made the love of man and woman rise from mere sexual union to the most sacred heights."

It was this "striving toward a definite ideal as held up to that age by the Church," the author concludes, "that made for the attempt at an ideal marriage state as well as an ideal in every other field of endeavor or life." If the new Germanic States now being formed are to be established and governed on Bolshevik principles, it is lamentably clear that there will be little toleration in those countries for the ideals of Christian marriage and consecrated virginity which made the medieval society described by Dr. Menge so sound and beautiful.—America.

PADEREWSKI THANKS AMERICANS

DECLARES POLAND IS FIGHTING FOR HER LIBERTY NOW AND WILL WIN

ALL TO HAVE EQUAL RIGHTS

Ignace J. Paderewski, the Polish pianist, who has spent more than three years in the United States working for the starving people of Poland, sailed yesterday at noon for England, carrying with him a power of attorney to act for all the Polish committees in the United States. He was accompanied by Mme. Paderewski and Lieutenant Siegmund Iwanowski of the Polish Army, and his secretary, Edward Polcowski. There were several Polish patriots with special permits from the Collector of the Port to see their compatriot sail. He will go first to London and then to Paris and probably Rome. Before the War it was the problem of the world; it is the world's now, and ours in rather a special way. And if appearances be not deceitful, Americans recognize this fact, for on November 11, when flags were tossed wildly in the frenzied metropolises, the Irish flag was quite as prominent as the French flag and, in many quarters of the city, decidedly more prominent than the British flag. Thousands of hearts were searching for an answer to the question: What about Ireland? And the answer must come and come right, both for the honor of the Allies and the United States and for the peace of the world.—America.

CATHOLIC ADMIRAL DIES

Rear Admiral William A. Gill, one of the most distinguished officers of the United States navy and a devout and practical member of the faith, died recently at Bridgeport, Conn. He sacrificed his life to save the men under his command. Rear Admiral Gill was in charge of a patrol boat on the Atlantic Coast and while he was on his way to a port his boat collided with another vessel and was rammed so heavily that it began to sink. Despite entreaties of officers and crew, he refused to leave the ship and all had been taken off and the ship had almost settled. As a result of exposure he contracted pneumonia. He had a notable career in the navy and received many high honors. At the time of his death he was president of the board of inspection and survey of the Navy Department. The funeral services were held in Washington, D. C. Bishop Thomas J. Shaahn, rector of the Catholic University, and a close personal friend of the deceased for many years, performed the obsequies. He was buried with great military honors at the grave of Admiral Dewey. Twelve Rear Admirals acted as honorary pallbearers.—St. Paul Bulletin.

BRUGES REJOICES OVER ITS DELIVERANCE

Paris, Nov. 21.—Bruges is rejoicing over her deliverance. On Sunday the Bishop of Bruges, Mgr. Waffelaert, celebrated a solemn Mass of Thanksgiving in the Cathedral of St. Salvator. After the Mass a procession went to the Grand Place and beneath the historic belfry intoned the "Te Deum," followed by the "Brabanconne" and Flemish canticles. The streets were decorated for the occasion. A notable restoration will take place in a few days. The celebrated picture by van der Meulen depicting the life of St. Ursula, which adorn her shrine in the Hospital of St. Jean, and the celebrated von Eyck from the museum, all of which were covered by the Germans, the former for their own Church of St. Ursula in Cologne, will be restored to their original places. They had been carefully hidden in cellars during the occupation.

HOMELAND FOR JEWS

CARDINAL GIBBONS LEARNS WITH PLEASURE OF POPE'S APPROVAL OF IT

Cardinal Gibbons has authorized the publication by the Zionist Organization of America of a statement by him, approving the project to establish in Palestine a national homeland for the Jewish people. The statement, which is dated Nov. 19, is as follows: "It is with pleasure that I learn of the approval accorded by His Holiness, Benedict XV, to the plan of providing a homeland in Palestine to the members of the Jewish race. I am sure that there are many who would feel happy to return to that land so rich with the sacred traditions of the past, and which is at the same time the home of the fathers. Very faithfully yours, J. CARD. GIBBONS, Archbishop of Baltimore."

INFORMATION WANTED

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD: I have received a letter from Rev. Father Kovelowski, chaplain 880, F. A. A. E. F. in France, and he requests me to try and bring before the public the following case: Private William Casey, Battery A, 328, F. A., thought he was alone in the world, but when he went to England he got on the trail of two sisters; they are Louise and Anna Casey and they attended St. Mary's Industrial School at West Croydon, England, from 1904 to 1909; subsequently they sailed for Canada. He was himself brought out through St. George's Home at Ottawa, Ont.

If you can publish this and ask the editor papers to copy it it may have the effect of uniting this man and his sisters. They address is: PRIVATE WILLIAM CASEY, Battery A, 328, F. A., Amer. Ex. Forces, Somewhere in France. It is hard to say where they will be now, but that is the address Father Kovelowski gave me. If you can do anything with this kindly do so and oblige.

Yours Truly, P. J. HANDELY, 29 Alma St., St. Thomas, Nov. 27, 1918.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

RUTHERIAN SCHOOLS

We need not introduce to our readers the ever familiar one of Catholic schools. We have seen what the pastors and people united in this great work of the Church have accomplished. In season and out of season have we seen our devoted pastors arguing, working, sacrificing, that the children entrusted to their care, might not lack a sound Christian education. God has blessed their efforts. In this work the appeal has been chiefly to the parent. Have our pastors reflected that another splendid force could be evoked in the crusade? Did it ever occur to them that the children themselves is a force so potent for good that we wonder why it has been overlooked?

A good pious teacher of the Christian Brothers, Brother Evagre, Provincial of the Order in Palestine and as a zealous promoter of Catholic education, conceived the idea of enrolling the children in the great cause which he had at heart. He therefore founded at a General Chapter in Bethlehem the Association of Prayer in which he hoped to have all the Catholic children of the world enrolled to pray for the furthering of Christian schools. At his request Monsignor Camassei, Patriarch of Jerusalem, erected the Association into a Confraternity. It was established in the year 1906. Pius X, hearing of the Confraternity, by a brief in June 1908, erected the Association into an Archconfraternity, to have power to enroll children of the whole world and to affiliate all congregations of the same name and object. It was to be commonly known as the Archconfraternity of the Divine Infant.

At first it was restricted to the victims of anti-Christian legislation; it was later extended to include teachers; then even the fathers and mothers of those threatened. Finally all Catholics were asked to give assistance by a good word and by prayer.

The ideas guiding the members were two: (1) that Catholic schools might be everywhere safeguarded and prospered; (2) that there might be also an increase in vocations to the Church among our boys and girls. To further these objects the members are requested to say some prayer each day for the intention of the founders of the Archconfraternity, to hear Mass and receive Holy Communion each month on the 25th or as near that day as possible, in honor of the Divine Infant. They also subscribe to the splendid little booklet "The Little Messenger of the Divine Infant."

We need not recall to our many friends and readers that the Catholic Church Extension Society has been in mind for years the providing of Catholic schools for the foreign—particularly for the Ruthenian—Catholic population of our Great West. The problem has always had special difficulties but we have stayed manfully with the work which fell to us. We hoped and prayed that in God's own time our organization would be more complete. We are shortly to realize our plans. We want a religious teaching body among these people with one centre at least well established to help the all too few missionaries, who are doing the work to day. Having achieved this far our good friends are more and more interested as our letters prove.

We now put the question to the pastors and people of the East. Would it not be a great strength to our Catholic schools to have in these schools the Archconfraternity of the

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FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

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

Gratefully yours in Jesus and Mary, J. M. FRASER.

I propose the following bureaus for subscription:

SACRED HEART BUREAU: Previously acknowledged, \$999.92; A Friend, Maryland, 5.00; Miss A. Gillies, Cochrane, 1.00; Mrs. W. O., 2.00; Ellen G. Halford, Chicago, 5.00; Mrs. A. M. Kozak, Chicago, 5.00; Promoter, Stanley, N. B., 5.00; Mrs. Steman, Placentia, Nfld., 1.00; Miss Nora Sinnott, Placentia, Nfld., 1.00; In memory of Mrs. O'Reilly, Placentia, Nfld., 1.00; E. Sinnott, St. Johns, 1.00; Mrs. A. E. Fowle, Chicago, 1.00; A Friend Placentia, N. B., 5.00; Wm. Gillis, Old Bridgeport, 1.50; Sunday school children, Miscouche, 1.00; M. A. M., Miscouche, 2.50.

QUEEN OF APOSTLES BUREAU: Previously acknowledged, \$1,063.00; M. R. C., 2.00; M. J. C., Nfld., 10.00.

ST. ANTHONY'S BUREAU: Previously acknowledged, \$84.00.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BUREAU: Previously acknowledged, \$49.50.

COMPOTER OF THE AFFLICTED BUREAU: Previously acknowledged, \$12.00.

ST. JOSEPH, PATRON OF CHINA, BUREAU: Previously acknowledged, \$45.00.

BLESSED SACRAMENT BUREAU: Previously acknowledged, \$28.00.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER BUREAU: Previously acknowledged, \$80.00.

HOLY NAME OF JESUS BUREAU: Previously acknowledged, \$84.00; Catherine B. Fitzgibbon, 3.00; Bornholm, 3.00.

HOLY SOULS BUREAU: Previously acknowledged, \$34.00; J. A. McLeane, Sydney Mines, 2.00; Deseronto Saltwater, 4.00.

LITTLE FLOWER BUREAU: Previously acknowledged, \$80.50; K. McK., Ottawa, 2.00.

A good hard fall is often the result of trying to stand on one's dignity.

Happy those who can make up their mind. The decision are always calm; even in the midst of trouble they know their path, and their way is clear before them. They who generously choose the higher and surter life enter into a great peace. At first they shrink, perhaps, from natural infirmity, and the will fears what the light of faith dictates and what its own choice decided; but the Holy Ghost never calls the soul to higher paths without elevating the will freely and generously to choose them.—Anon.

IT IS WITH CARE OF SOULS ONLY THAT CHURCH IS CONCERNED

POPE BENEDICT REFUTES INSINUATION AND HOPES ALL WILL UNITE IN A LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Rome, Nov. 18.—Pope Benedict has written a notable letter to Cardinal Gasparri, his Secretary of State, in which he refutes the malevolent insinuation that the Holy See regrets recent developments as between Austria and Italy. He recalls that in his note of August, 1917, and frequently since then, he has expressed his desire that territorial questions between Austria and Italy should be adjusted according to the aspirations of the peoples concerned and has instructed his Nuncio in Vienna to enter into friendly relations with the States in Austria which have now acquired independence. It is with the care of souls only that the Church is concerned, accepting all the different forms of government and legitimate territorial and political variations amongst the peoples. There is no ground, consequently, for the insinuation that the Holy See regrets the recent developments that have occurred. The Pope hopes that peace will be established soon and that charity and concord will unite all into a League of Nations.

NEWMAN HALL

In his sermon to the members of Newman Club on Sunday, Nov. 17, Father Burke spoke of Marshal Ferdinand Foch as a man sent to deliver the world; a man who by his thorough information and perseverance has proven himself fit for the greatest work of the present day; a modest man who by his sheer ability won his way up to the command-in-chief of the Allied forces and in that position brought victory to our arms.

Notwithstanding his military abilities and strategic achievements this great man, unlike military heroes of the past, is very religious in his daily life, spending at least an hour in prayer morning and night and availing himself of every opportunity to visit Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.

Father Burke said he could ask nothing more of the young men than that they take Marshal Foch as their example and model their lives after his.

After Mass a general meeting was held in the club rooms. The executive announced that Newman Club, Toronto, had been admitted to the Federation of Catholic College Clubs of America. This federation is an international organization of which the Newman Club of the different universities in the States are members. The society publish a bulletin, the Newman quarterly, at Mr. James Frawley, of the Law School,

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A Catholic, my dear brethren, has no scruple or hesitation in accepting the Scriptures as the inspired word of God, simply because the Church bids him do so. Others build up a religion from the Scriptures, and so found their Church. But was belong to a Church that was founded years before one word of the New Testament was written, and during that period the doctrines of Jesus Christ were preserved and handed down by the Tradition of the Church. And amongst other things that were handed down was the list of the authentic books of the Old Testament, and after they were written and accepted, the four Gospels, the Acts and the Epistles of the Apostles, and the Book of the Revelation of St. John.

This accepting the Scriptures on the authority of the Church is not making little of them, but at once raises them above all controversy as the inspired word of God. And there, standing with the Book in hand is the Teacher, the Divine Teacher, to explain the meaning of the Book to the children.

It is difficult enough for anyone, however good and learned they may be, to live in this world, and not to be swayed and influenced too much by the world. To be in the world and yet not of the world, there is requisite a great power to counterbalance the attractions by a strong and spiritual inward one. The outward attractions are the things and persons we see and possess and enjoy—the pleasures and comforts of life; the inward attraction is the voice of God bidding us remember our soul, our Creator, the eternal life to come. We sorely need, then, the learning and the comfort of a spiritual teacher, and this we have in the word of God, the Scriptures taught us and explained to us by the Holy Church. Were it not for the word of God, the world would absorb all our interests, and our souls would be left weak and helpless and starving.

To know what a spiritual life is, to have any interest in the saving of our souls, fearing sin, pleasing God, and endeavoring to listen to, and to ponder over, and to remember the word of God.

Yes, in the Holy Scriptures there are words that are medicine to our ailing and wounded souls. To counteract the temptations of the Evil One, ever seeking to injure us, the inspired words of Scripture point out and warn us of dangers, show us our weaknesses, disclose to us even where death lies in wait and concealed. We seek advice for bodily ailments; how much more should we do so for the diseases of the soul!

Food is necessary for life, for restoring waste, maintaining health and strength and vigour; so is the word of God for our souls. Daily we gather something from it, and our souls thrive on the wisdom, advice, encouragement found in Holy Writ. And yet we starve our souls, begrudging to read or to listen to it. That the Scripture is our spiritual strength, we cannot doubt. St. Paul says it so plainly: "For I am not ashamed of the Gospel, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." (Rom. 1:16) We can open and read the Holy Book even for a little while without finding in their hearts comfort, vigour, fresh influence for good? The Scriptures likewise inflame our wills with the sacred warmth and fire of Divine love. Especially in this regard the lives and deeds and sayings of holy men recorded in the Scriptures move to admiration. Example bids for and claims our imitation. How many a martyr and hero of Christ and the Church have become such by the glowing examples of noble words and deeds and deaths found in the Scriptures! And most of all in the Gospel narratives, where the sacred life of Christ is revealed to us, the Divine fire of love, that He came to enkindle on the earth, verily inflames our hearts. Oh! the infinite power of God in the recalling to memory and dwelling on the words and miracles and sufferings of Jesus Christ. Our lives would be transformed if these sacred words of Scripture were written on our hearts. But how few give themselves a chance to hear them, know them, or think of them!

spoken by Jesus Christ to His Apostles. And Peter and Andrew, and John and James, left their boats and Matthew his nursery, at that one word!

If we had reverence for the Holy Writ our hearts would be moved to obey as well. The Scripture is the inspired word of God speaking to us, so when we find it how to pray, repent, and trust in God, let us take heed to the words of the Scripture, and let the Scripture be full of wisdom, learning, comfort, hope. Let our anxiety be to read it, hear it, ponder over it as much as we can. And the more we do so, the more we shall reverence it; and we shall find with St. Paul "it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

PERSONAL MEMORIES OF NEWMAN

Cardinal Newman's presence in Birmingham during the closing years of his life was spiritually discerned rather than sensibly felt. Everyone knew this in the brick building at Edgbaston there lived an old, old man, who, in his slight frame, embodied a chapter of the spiritual life of England; but few of the seething thousands of the Midlands had seen him and fewer still had heard him speak.

To the Faithful of the Oratory he was a familiar figure; but to the world outside he was an abstraction, a tradition. He was a force which, long quiescent, might spring into activity under the impulsion of some national emergency.

I was a reporter on one of the Birmingham newspapers in those days and it fell to my duty from time to time to inquire of the Fathers concerning the Cardinal's health. Telephone the Oratorians had none; so every day someone had to make a visit to the Oratory. It was not a pleasant duty. Father Manning would wrinkle his brow anxiously, disturbed to be reminded that his friend was flesh and blood; Father Ignatius Ryder would do his best to be urbane; the Irish janitor waxed irascible.

Leading their life of recollection, the Fathers disliked the intrusion of the world. To them the Cardinal was a visible link with God and our visits were so many reminders of the frail tenure on which that link was maintained.

On the rare occasions when the Cardinal preached, a stenographer would be present to take notes of what he said. But he had to be secreted behind a pillar where the speaker could not see him. But when or visible, the press did its duty, and the Oratorians tacitly recognized that, though the accomplishment of that work might disturb their quiet of mind, its neglect would be of much graver consequence.

For to the world at large Birmingham existed mainly as the home of the author of the "Apologia." Its steel and its jewelry would become dull; but men knew that the words of John Henry Newman would affect generations yet unborn. The Cardinal was the city's one vital source of interest. Joseph Chamberlain might symbolize the activities of life; but Newman typified the things of life beyond life.

When the boys of the Oratory School gave a Latin play, people would go there, regardless of the silliness of the Latin, hoping to catch a glimpse of the Cardinal, the arranger of the text of "Aulularia" or "Phormio," whatever the play might be, would be in his place. The papers were never long without reference to him. Now the Times would print a rumor that he was troubled in mind and contemplated a return to Anglicanism; now the statement would go forth that his sole joy in life lay in the Mass. One editor, Henry J. Jennings, since famous in financial journalism, wrote a popular life of the Cardinal, found in a cheap red cover like the "Daily Dialogues." Someone showed it to Newman and, glancing it through, he said it was clever, but the work of a "literary scavenger." The "Athenaeum" dismissed the book as a "plattitudinous twaddle" and Jennings's young scribes vied with one another in trying to get the phrase into their own sheet. One rash youth, named Hands, afterwards wounded at Mafeking, succeeded and we waited trembling for the editorial axe to fall. But it did not. Jennings was not the man to show that the words had stung him. Besides that, Hands was valuable.

Happy were those of us who had a copy of the precious first edition of "The Present Position of Catholics," for it contained the great Oratorian's vivisection of the apostate, Achilli. "Yes, Father Achilli," said Newman, in answer to one of the ex-priest's taunts, "the Church of Rome does stand ashamed; she stands ashamed that she should have brought forth a son like you." And then came the damning list of Achilli's seductions and ravishings. The English courts ordered the paragraph excised from the work; but the Times declared that, if that was English justice, then trial by jury itself stood condemned. If you wish to add the Achilli paragraph to your Newman, you will find it in Wilfrid Ward's biography.

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JAS. S. DELGATY.

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Hagley Road black with people, watching him on his way and wondering what manner of conversation the two friends would have together. There were no dictaphones in those days, else some Oratorian might have stretched punctilio to the breaking point.

The Cardinal was a great lover of music and I sometimes went to the meetings of the Little Oratory in the hope he would be present. But I was not fated to see him. I did see him, however, one morning at the Birmingham Festival. Richter was conducting Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and for Newman, Beethoven and Mozart were the apostles of tone. He sat in the front of the great gallery and I recall the thrill that went through the assemblage when the word went round that Newman was present. English decorum is against demonstrations of personal regard. They I ave that to Latins and Slavs. But, in their restrained English way, the people showed how profoundly the genius of this leader of thought had entered into their lives. You divined it by whispers and eager glances, by a phisic tremor that ran through the whole audience.

"He seemed lost in the mystery which is music," a friend said to me afterwards. Indeed, the Cardinal's love for music was as perplexing to the Cardinal's clerical brethren as his fine taste in wine was to teetotalers. "You see he fiddles," said Archbishop Ullathorne half apologetically, when Newman had praised a Mass by Mozart which had proved too hard for the archiepiscopal comprehension.

As in a spirit of saintly irony, Newman chose for the music to be sung at Dr. Ullathorne's obsequies the O minor Requiem of Cherubini, a noble work, sculptured and architectural. I remember him as he appeared in the Mass, a figure almost unbelievably fragile, supported by a priest on either hand. Then it was that he spoke the only words that I ever heard from his lips, the Divine formula, Requiescat in pace.

When next I saw the Cardinal he lay between two rows of tapers, his hands folded on his breast, his face fixed in the expression of eternity. The Oratory was in darkness save for the glimmer of the funeral lights; the church was full of praying people. The silence was unbroken save for an occasional sob and the footfalls of men and women as they stole in to look on their dead friend, or sadly turned away to see him in this life no more.

Newman's face has often been compared to that of Caesar. But in no portrait that I have ever seen was the resemblance so strong as it was when he lay in his last sleep. The envelope of flesh was not emaciated. Fair as the face of a child, it seemed the chrysalis from which the soul had just emerged. The jaw was firm, but not heavy; the reeding of the flesh gave the nose a boldness that suggested an eagle surveying the infinite. I knelt in that atmosphere of prayer and the beauty of it sank into my soul. I was not a Catholic in those days, though the "Divina Commedia" had begun to undermine my youthful Voltairianism. The Cardinal's face stamped with the seal of final faith, seemed the silent proclamation of things unseen. The fingers that had penned the words of "seren anger" against Kingsley were still; the eyes that had looked affectionately on the towers of Oxford were closed; but "The death of His saints is precious in the sight of the Lord" and that preciousness seemed imprinted on the august visage before me.

Now he lies in the little cemetery at Rednal, a place of pilgrimage for the Faithful of many lands. The place is quiet and recollected; peace has spread her wings there. Far from the fret and fever of the world the great Cardinal proclaims from his last earthly tenement the reality of the things of the spirit and the transiency of the illusions of the flesh.

ENVY

The vice of pride is the most common of all the vices that dominate the human heart. As children of Adam we have all received our share of it. There is none of us entirely free of it. It is with us even though we may not be aware of its presence. From time to time it manifests itself, however, in one way or another. It may take the form of contempt for others, or of over estimation of our own ability. It may parade itself as vainglory or disguise itself under the appearance of humility. But the meanest form that it can assume is envy. Besides this is its most malicious form. When a man in his pride feels sad at the good fortune of his neighbours and strives to deprive him of his goods and happiness so that he may not be better off than he is himself, then that man is said to be jealous or envious. And he possesses about the meanest quality of soul that is possible. He has a possession that will not excite the envy of his fellow men.

This vice may be characterized as the devil's own vice, the particular vice in which he specializes because it was the cause of his own ruin, and he finds it very advantageous in effecting the destruction of others. If he can succeed in sowing the seed of envy in the heart of saint or sinner, he can sit back and calmly watch developments, awaiting the time when he will gather the spoils. This evil seed is very fruitful of all manner of evils. The soul in which it is sown becomes a God forsaken place choked with rank weeds of every variety. The desire to drag his neighbor back again to his own level will allow man to stop at nothing so far as injury to his neighbor's reputation is concerned. He will lose no opportunity to parade before the multitude his hidden faults. He will let fall a disparaging remark here and there and everywhere he thinks it will do harm. He will play the part of the devil by feigning friendship for one he despises, so as to be able to discover means of destroying him. But if he still retains a spark of honor in his mean, sordid soul he will, perhaps, come out into the open and wage a war of persecution instead of resorting to his more devious tactics. He will hold up to ridicule the innocent victim of his envy every chance he gets. He will snatch away from him the credit that is his due. He will treat him with contumely and reproach because he dared to surpass him, because he presumed to grasp the golden opportunity to better his condition.

ENVI A DETESTABLE EVIL Outside the heart of man there is nothing in nature that can be likened to envy. Animal will fight with animals to procure food, but this is solely for the purpose of appeasing the appetite that craves satisfaction. When the fight is done it is forgotten. Moreover, there is an exciting cause, something vital to be gained that one has and the other needs. But with envy there is nothing really necessary or even useful to be gained. It is a bitter cause and with very fruitful results to his own soul. He has the correct idea about taking an interest in his neighbor's affairs. But he is not taking the correct interest. He is bound to love his neighbor as himself. He loves himself only to despise his neighbor. The thought of his own personal advancement works to the detriment of his neighbor's. The law of love was formulated to be imposed upon someone else. But what a wonderful amount of good he could accomplish if he would only apply this fraternal solicitude of his to a good purpose. If he would only make it a point to advance his neighbor's interests in every possible way, by assisting him instead of hating him, how much good he would do both for himself and his neighbor.

But this cannot be done until the evil seed of Satan that is making such havoc with his soul is destroyed. The entangling weeds that have sprung from it and have taken such deep root in his heart must first be carefully pulled out and then must be sowed the Christ given seed of love. That heart must be first transformed by the presence of Divine grace. At least the thorn of envy must be plucked out and a right intention and direction given to his energy. It is lawful for him to strive to imitate his neighbor, and to advance along the same lines as he has. He may even conduct a friendly rivalry with him

and endeavor to surpass him. But the meanness of spirit that is the mark of sinful envy must be lacking. He must not feel sad at his neighbor's success. He must not wish to rob him of the merits that belong to him or to use unlawful means to defraud him. It is he who is in the contest he must accept defeat without complaining. He must in all fairness admit his neighbor's success and be glad because God has given him a greater good in granting him the grace to overcome envy.—Brooklyn Tablet.

CATHOLIC CHURCH REMAINS DESPITE SHIFTING OF POPULATION

Philadelphia, Evening Bulletin Following fast on the merger of three important Presbyterian churches in the lower portion of New York city comes the news that a similar movement is in progress in this city, although not yet consummated. In both instances the causes are the same: population has shifted, and the younger generation has gone to the country to live. It is not at all new in this city. In the last thirty years a number of Protestant churches have sold out their buildings and moved westward, or have merged. There seemed no longer any excuse for their existence in their original habitat. The church must follow its congregation or go out of business.

Anyone familiar with the great shifts of population in this city since the early eighties knows that we have developed here a number of groups of foreigners, or foreign-born people, into communities which have little touch with the English-speaking populations. They have language, social conditions and religion of their own kind, and have gradually nudged out those whose ancestors had lived in the older part of the city for generations. Church mergers under such circumstances seem essential, but one cannot help feeling that some other religious societies have done better by remaining. One almost never hears of a Roman Catholic Church being abandoned or removed. What one does note constantly is their erection of new structures or enlargement of the old. This is in great measure due to the fact that so large a portion of immigrants are Catholics, but it does not disprove the fact that this organization holds its ground while Protestants must shift.

One notable fact is that Catholics think further ahead, they build larger churches, they do not build where none is needed. You never saw four Catholic churches at a single street crossing. The Protestants have been remiss in this respect, but there are some signs of a coming change which may bring about the abandonment of at least some of their unnecessary denominationalism.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

LOOK FORWARD

They do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door.

For the same reason the very flower of compliment is to remember one who thinks he has been forgotten long ago.

Years ago I knew a slightly eminent man. He had been Governor of the State. He had a large law business. He was deep in politics.

An old friend of mine celebrated his silver jubilee. There were many gifts, of course, but I recall one particularly from the ex-Governor.

I used to wonder how that man had gained his high position. The roses told the story. In all his varied occupations, sufficient to tire out a score of men, he took care not to let that occasion pass without sending his offering.

It is a strange thing that most of the great figures loom up in history like colossal, all had a marvellous memory for names and faces.

Cesar never forgot anyone. Napoleon knew his soldiers by name. O'Connell was as much at home in the western counties of Ireland as in the House of Commons.

Every young man who you will find that the men who have been loved by thousands, the men for whom soldiers have gladly died in battle, the men who have built up waste places, like Mr. Hill, were all men who had in their hearts a niche for the lowliest of their friends.

It is not a trick, a knack of recalling past associations. It is something deeper than that. Its root is sympathy.

The gift of sympathy like any other gift may be developed. The trouble with the majority of folk is that they throttle it instead and concentrate their efforts blindly on their own selfish advancement.

Real advancement is not selfish; it brings not merely the principal agent but many others along with it. The self-seeker does gain something, but each such gain costs in public sentiment and disapproval far more than it is worth.

Doubtless "he travels fastest who travels alone," but he finds only loneliness at the end of the road. They who really win, win not only for themselves but for others. They who attain success, that is satisfaction, are the prodigals of sympathy, the men and women who in the fierce race of life always have time to pause and assist the halt, the blind and the lame.

That is the secret of power. Nothing can take its place. Organization, money, eloquence; all have their part in aiding a man to gain eminence, but if one wishes to have large numbers of men to follow him, he must get down to the individual.

Every man is a distinct personality to God. There is in reality great men a reflection of this cosmic sympathy. Everything makes an impression on them. Ambitious reformers fail because they rate men in masses.

If you wish to succeed in any walk of life, be it as a grocery man or as a statesman, make this sentence in your hat, and look at it every morning before you go out: "If you want to win, remember."—Boston Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A LITTLE BOY'S LAMENT

I'm going back to grandpa's; I won't come back no more, To hear remarks about my feet A muddin' up the floor.

The scoldin's never done—I'm goin' back to grandpa's, Where a boy kin have some fun.

I dug up half his garden, A-gettin' worms for bait; He said he used to like it When I laid a-bed so late;

He said that pie was good for boys, And candy made 'em grow. I'm going down to grandpa's—I'll turn pirate, first you know.

He let me take his shotgun, An' loaded it for me; The cats they hid out in the barn, The hens flew up a tree.

I had a circus in the yard, With twenty other boys— I'm going back to grandpa's, Where they ain't afraid of noise.

He didn't make me comb my hair But once or twice a week; He wasn't wakin' out fer words I didn't order speak;

He told me stories 'bout the war, And I jings shot out West. Oh, Im goin' down to grandpa's, Fer he knows what boys like best.

CHARMING MANNERS

One often hears it said that a business office is not a parlor and that parlor manners cannot be expected, yet the fact remains that where they are practised they are almost invariably appreciated.

One of the stenographers in a certain large office was distinguished by her charming manners, which were always those of the drawing room, and by her sweet womanliness and refinement. She sometimes spoke wonderingly of the unfeeling and chivalrous courtesy with which she was treated by her associates in the office, seeming scarcely to realize that she received what she gave, and that her attitude called out the best in them. A comment made by the cashier to his assistant indicated the feeling with which she was regarded. The cashier, while usually good-

natured and pleasant, had times of irritability when he lost his temper easily and was apt to be sarcastic and disagreeable to those about him.

Speaking of the stenographer, he said: "She is the only one in the office that I can't quarrel with." She was so thoroughly the lady that he would no more have thought of quarrelling with her than with the ladies whom he met in his own home or the homes of his friends.

With many young women the business experience lasts only a few years and then they go back into home life, or into a social life where the sweet, lovable, womanly qualities are worth far more to them than the pert smartness which is so easily picked up where one comes into daily contact with all sorts and kinds of people.

While free and easy manners may make one seemingly popular with a certain class of people, the admiration that is best and most lasting because it is founded on respect is given to the girl who keeps herself quiet, dignified and ladylike.

—The Echo.

BEING SATISFIED

Girls who learn to observe, to see what is worth while and commendable around them find life far more delightful than the young woman who is indifferent to her surroundings.

Granted that the vast majority of us must work, and make every minute count, we can if we will, find time to bring a little variety into each strenuous day. This to many girls may seem impossible, but the person who wisely decides not to get into a rut, knows differently. Something worthy of notice is always transpiring, and if we are sensible we shall instead of elaborating on the fact that life is a ceaseless grind watch out for each day's little redeeming features.

Observation serves another and excellent purpose. It helps to distract our minds, and makes us forget ourselves for those more quieted to speak declare that the person who is always thinking about himself or herself is not, and simply cannot be happy.

The girl who is constantly wishing for the things that shall never come her way, should, if she is at all alive to her best interests, cease those foolish longings. All around us are numerous little joys that may be added to our own. Therefore, instead of bitterly regretting that this or that "good fortune" has been denied us.

Even a walk through an old, familiar street will prove delightful, that is if we make up our minds to see what is really worth while on such a journey, or an hour or so spent in the company of a good book, (which by the way may be fiction, sparkling with clean wit, to the girl who loves reading, mean an overflowing measure of happiness.)

Thus from day to day we can, by observation and a determination to be happy, attain our desire; but wishing and longing and giving way to all sorts of rebellious moods will only add to our woes. Therefore, the young woman who must work for a living should not delude her self with the idea that she is an object of sympathy and pity. Indeed, if the truth were known, many girls and women who glide around in luxurious limousines would give worlds to exchange places with the young woman who knows what it is to toil for her bread and butter, and who incidentally must make many sacrifices for some dear one or ones at home.

Few of us are destined for any great achievements, but every one of us is very necessary to our little world. Therefore, we should not waste good time in idly wishing this or that, or envying other girls around us. How much better and wiser to keep up and cheer up, and our blessings, learn to observe, to see the beauties of the great world around us, and to take advantage of those tiny, legitimate joys that may be ours if we seek them.

And this fact we should keep constantly before us: Life at best is none too flower strewn for the average mortal. Then why count its minutes for the gloom or envious moods? —The Catholic Transcript.

SOCIALISM AFTER THE WAR

REV. DR. JOHN A. RYAN WRITES OF TREMENDOUS CHANGES THAT ARE TO FOLLOW

In all the belligerent countries the government is managing industry and regulating the every-day actions of the people to an extent never before known.

So efficient, on the whole, have been these new activities of the State that we often wonder whether they are likely to continue after the arrival of peace. In view of all the predictions that have been falsified concerning the war itself, only a very reckless person would presume to answer this question with any degree of definiteness or confidence. Nevertheless it may not be entirely foolhardy to set down some tentative observations which are not, at any rate, inherently improbable.

In the first place, it will be helpful to draw a distinction between government activities which are directly concerned with the control of industrial operations, such as the manufacture, distribution and sale of goods, and those activities which restrict the individual's freedom in the choice of an occupation or in the exchange of his income for the necessities and comforts of life. The ex-

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periences of the war have tended to confirm very strongly our general conviction that the interferences by the Government with the occupational liberty and the sumptuary liberty of the citizens will be discontinued as soon as possible.

The actual or virtual compulsion of laborers to remain in certain occupations, and of consumers to use only certain qualities and quantities of food, clothing, and other necessities will not be permitted to last any longer than is absolutely necessary.

Mr. Sidney Webb, the distinguished English economist, believes that for several years after the war the nations will be short of food, clothing, houses and the raw materials of manufacture that they will be compelled to distribute the world's supply by international action.

What some of the countries have been doing for Belgium will have to be done by a league of the powerful States for practically the whole of Europe.

Perhaps he is right. In that case the restrictions on the liberty of consumption will have to be continued as long as the dire need continues. But the experience and temper of the people will be virtually unprepared to such a regime during the war give us ample assurance that the hateful regulations will not be tolerated a day longer than is absolutely necessary.

The same is true of the restrictions that have been put upon the freedom of occupation. In response to the emotion of national patriotism men have permitted themselves to be virtually conscripted into and left in the industries where they are needed most, but it is very doubtful whether they would submit to restraints of this sort merely to prevent the people of foreign countries from suffering starvation.

At any rate, they would not continue to do so after the necessities of life had again become available in something like normal quantities. They certainly will not consent to be treated for an indefinite period as mere instruments in a militaristic organization for more abundant production.

Turning now to the question of Government operation of industries and control of products.

Essentially the same causes that dictated Government activity during the war will be operative during the lean years immediately afterward.

That is to say, the wastes of competition will still be too costly to be borne. It will be necessary for the Government to conduct certain industries as monopolistic units in order to avoid the losses that come from duplication of plants and functions, and from a great mass of operations that are totally unnecessary.

Prices will be so high that the Governments will be compelled to do all that is possible to keep them below extortionate levels. Only the Governments will possess the credit and the organization capable of rehabilitating the industries that have been destroyed or crippled during the war. Neither by competition nor by cooperation will private individuals or corporations be able to find places in the industrial system for the millions of men returning home.

For many years, all the productive energies of the nations will have to be concentrated upon the essential and fundamental goods of life neglecting the non-essentials and the luxuries. Only the Governments can organize and control industrial activities in such a way as to secure this result.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

He made her fair, she was to be Above all mortal maidens blessed, The snowy shrine of purity, And hide all Heaven within her breast!

He made her stainless, to endure The calm eyes of her Baby Son. She must be as the lilies pure, Whom His dear vision fed upon.

—Sir Edgar Knight.

A man may hear a thousand lectures and read a thousand volumes, and be at the end of the process very much where he was, as regards knowledge. Something more than merely admitting it in a negative way into the mind is necessary, if it is to remain there. It must not be passively received, but actually and actively entered into, embraced, mastered. The mind must go half way to meet what comes to it from without.—Cardinal Newman.

The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth and to have it found out by accident.—Charles Lamb.

Old Dutch Cleanser advertisement featuring an illustration of a woman cleaning and a list of household items like Graniteware, Tinware, Aluminum, Earthenware, Enamelled Sinks, Bath Tubs, Linoleum, Oilcloth, Woodwork, Tiled Walls, Refrigerators, Nickel Fittings.

SELDOM SEE ABSORBINE advertisement with an illustration of a horse and text describing the product's benefits for various ailments.

Catholic Home Annual 1919 advertisement listing various Catholic stories and articles available for purchase at 25¢.

Standard Library

60c. Each, Postpaid

Adventures of Four Young Americans. By Henrietta R. Delamare. This book describes the stirring times during their trip along the coast of the Atlantic.

Alley Moore. A tale of the times, by Richard Rappin O'Brien, D. D. Showing how eviction, murder and such perils are managed and justice administered in Ireland, together with many stirring incidents in other lands.

Amabel. By Anna T. Sadler. Being a series of Privet Letters, etc., addressed to an Anglican Clergyman.

Back to Rome. By Scrutator (J. Godfrey Rapier). Being a series of Privet Letters, etc., addressed to an Anglican Clergyman.

By the Royal Road. By Marie Hautmont. The story of a young girl who is taken to Rome by the Holy See.

Cardinal Newman. The Henry Edward Manning by J. A. Taylor. His true portrait of the Cardinal whose own life of a good bishop he surely resembles.

Chances Belmont. By Rev. Walter T. Leahy. This is the college story, full of healthy vitality and will amuse all the boys who are lovers of the adventures of a college boy.

Converts to Rome. By Gordon W. Gorman, B. I. Provincial of the Holy See. A true story of the Catholic Church in the United Kingdom during the reign of the late Pope Pius IX.

Convents to Rome. By Gordon W. Gorman, B. I. Provincial of the Holy See. A true story of the Catholic Church in the United Kingdom during the reign of the late Pope Pius IX.

Countess of Monte Cristo. By Alexandre Dumas. A tale of a young man who is taken to Rome by the Holy See.

Dear Jane. By Isabel Cecilia Williams. A sweet, simple tale of a self-sacrificing sister whose ambition to keep the little household together is told with a grace and interest that are irresistible.

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THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION AND AMERICAN IDEALS

By Rev. George Johnson in 18

We Americans pride ourselves that we are preeminently a practical people. We delight in reviewing all the marvelous achievements of our short history, and we tell the world that this has all been possible because our ideal has been action. In the training of our children, in the formation of our youth, in our art, in our politics, in our economic life, we are continually preaching efficiency; it is the doing of things, not dreaming, that counts. There are even those among us who have gone to the length of identifying all truth with action and proclaiming that nothing is real except that which produces tangible results.

The philosophy of life, woefully exaggerated though it has been, is not devoid of all truth. Our Lord Himself condemns the slothful servant in the parable and curses the barren fig tree. At any rate the doctrine is characteristic of the American people. It has become a kind of national prepossession, and it would be unfortunate were those who are laboring and striving to raise the standard of our national life and inculcate sound ideals, to lose sight of it. Any doctrine will find difficulty in awakening the national sympathies, unless it be set forth as something positive, something pragmatic, something that will produce results.

The Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary is a case in point. Mary Immaculate has been given to our nation as its patroness, its ideal; the eighth of December is our Patronal Feast. Now, the average individual might not be disposed to take this very seriously. His notion of Mary, should he have any at all, is far from being suggestive of anything like force or potency. He has pictured her as the incarnation of dainty prettiness; she is a bit of sweet poetry breathing of ineffectual sentiment—something to dream over in life's quieter moments. But Mary Immaculate as a mighty power to inspire one with greater courage and to spur one on to more consistent effort in the great world of deeds, would seem just a trifle unconvincing.

The trouble is that the world is prone to form its concept of Mary, in her goodness and sinlessness, from the ordinary run of good people it encounters in everyday life. With these it is not very deeply impressed. It finds them a bit tiresome and impractical, too much concerned with the avoidance of trifling faults and too little interested in the higher and broader things of life. They are harmless enough, to be sure, barring a tendency to bore one with their moralizing, but one would hardly look to them for anything like initiative or leadership. They are just good, nothing more.

This misconception of the nature of goodness and sinlessness is not uncommon. There is even a trace of it in some of the famous paintings of our Lady. They exhibit a combination of delicate sweetness and girlish simplicity that is well calculated to charm, but which in nowise serves to awe the soul and stir it to its depths. Yet Mary is awe-inspiring; her goodness is like a mighty flame sweeping upward and losing itself in the fire of God's eternal love. Raphael felt this and expressed it in the Sistine Madonna. No one who has stood before that sublime masterpiece and gazed into those wondrous eyes can ever forget the message he read there of the horror of sin, the power of virtue, the relentlessness of divine judgments—can ever again feel that there is anything pretty or sentimental about Our Blessed Lady. It is Mary "terrible as an army in battle array," that the artist's genius has depicted.

It is just this quality of Mary Immaculate that we must emphasize, if she is to mean all that she should to our fellow-countrymen. We must show how it is precisely because of her sinlessness that she should be the Ideal and Model of a nation that is ambitious to do things. Here, at the outset, we encounter a serious difficulty. One cannot appreciate the value of sinlessness unless one has an adequate notion of the nature of sin, and unfortunately it is this which we have forgotten on this score. Even among those who still cling to some vestige of Christianity, very loose concepts of sin obtain. They recognize it in its grosser forms, more perhaps for the disgrace and distress it brings than for any other reason. Your idealist is impatient of even the mention of it, for it besets a suggestion that he should be a moralist, viewing it from a physical rather than a moral standpoint, identifies it with disease, or poverty, or whatever else may, in his thinking, interfere with the progress of the race. Any notion of sin above and beyond this might be exceedingly difficult to discover in the ordinary expressions of human thought as we find them.

Yet all of these points of view fail to take cognizance of that which constitutes the very essence of sin. It is perfectly true that sin is a matter of personal disgrace, an unlovely thing, the most shameful fetter that binds the human race; yet it is immeasurably more than all of this. The essence of sin is lawlessness. It is the rebellion of the creature against the Creator; it is man's disobedience of the Eternal Law.

Now, no action or course of action may lay claim to effectiveness unless it be governed by law. Even the most ardent Pragmatist will admit this much. Energy uncontrolled is, in the very nature, destructive. There is might and power unthinkable in the tidal wave, yet ruin and desolation follow in its wake. And the most disastrous tidal wave that history records is far less an evil than one deliberate sin. For the wave was never really a lawless thing; even in its maddest moments it obeyed some law. But sin is defiant of all law, since it is defiant of Him from Whom all law proceeds.

How dreadful the ruin sin has wrought. In the very beginning it cast man down from his glorious estate and made him the weak, ignoble creature he is. Throughout all the ages it has left a darksome trail of ill; it has been lavish in the bestowal of suffering and sorrow and pain and agony and whatever else afflicts human life. Does the frail beauty of the home shrivel and die? It is because sin's fetid breath has blown upon it. Does strife and hatred sever brother from brother and class from class? It is because sin has so decreed. Are there wars? It is because nations even as individuals are the pawns of sin. Of sin came death.

Goodness, on the other hand, is the source of happiness and blessing. It is essentially constructive, since it is essentially lawful, being action in union with the Will of God. It is not mere passivity but the utmost of activity, for it renders one like unto God, the Actus Purus. Goodness is the principle whence comes the world and all that is worth while within it. It sets the stars in motion; it produced the turbulent and stormy sea; it fashioned the flower that gladdens the meadow; it made man. For visible creation is nothing more than the expression and overflowing of the infinite Goodness of God.

That is why the sinlessness and goodness of Mary recommends her pre-eminently as the Patroness and Ideal of an active nation. Her goodness surpasses that of all created beings; it most closely copies that of her Maker, since she was so intimately united with Him. Most adequately of all things finite does she mirror the Divine Potency. How marvelously has her power revealed itself throughout the ages. It has made itself felt in times of sorrow and sore distress, when, in answer to the agonized prayers of her children she came with comfort and peace. It has been witnessed in favored spots throughout the world where Mary dawn for those dear to her what nature and human skill are heretofore unable to accomplish. It has inspired hearts with lofty emotions which express themselves perennially in the mighty cathedrals that tell of the glory of "Notre Dame." It is celebrated in the hymns of fervent hearts made better, greater and nobler under her benign influence. If the world of goodness it knows, it is because the goodness it knows, it so greatly admires with evil. But the world is hungry for goodness such as Mary's, for Mary's goodness is flawless and contains the secret of all happiness and joy.

Happy the nation that has Mary for its Patroness and that strives to imitate her. A nation such as this is progressive, for it is a stranger to sin. Peace and contentment are the portion of its people. In the name of our Lord, ambition or in quest of sordid gain, no dark deed is wrought, nor do men oppress one another. Violence is stranger and less hold the scepter. The fires of sensuality are smothered and the body glories in the service of the soul. Health and vigor abound and there is a full, glad measure of all things without while. All the power and energy that might else be dissipated in sin are gathered up and concentrated and devoted to the prosecution of noble and noble ideals. And the reapers bend beneath the burden of the plenty they have garnered.

A dream this, hardly possible of anything like perfect realization, yet may we hope to approach it even in the slightest measure? Individuals have imitated Mary and proven themselves heroes in the conquest of life? Are we not yearning for nations of such heroes? May we not strive in our own little way to make our country appreciate the potency of sinlessness as an ideal? True, we have been wonderful in our achievements, but have we not forgotten that there are achievements other than material? It is not a fact that our hearts are famishing with hunger for the gentler, finer things of life? Are we not hard in our dealings with one another? Have we whither to turn after the burden of the day and its heats? Our power and initiative has been too consistently devoted to just the mere heaving of wood and drawing of water. May we not learn from Mary that there are other worlds to conquer, yes and within our own hearts, that there is greed to be overcome, selfishness to be destroyed? We have succeeded in the art of making a living; may we not learn from her how to make life worth while?

To reveal to every American heart the power of Mary Immaculate; to interpret unto him the message of her sinlessness; to enshrine her sweet image within his heart, that it may remain with him to the end of his days, reminding him ever that goodness is the ideal and inspiring him to that deepest and most fundamental of all activity, self-control, the secret of sinlessness—this would seem to be the mission of every one

who has been privileged with Mary's intimate friendship. The manner of doing it? A life that demonstrates beyond all doubt that freedom from sin and the practice of virtue is the most efficient of all, not merely in a material way, but in eliminating the sordid, and bringing beauty and love and peace into the lives of fellow-beings. In this sacred mission, may her intercession aid us!

OBITUARY

PATRICK TRAYNOR

After a brief illness of acute lobar pneumonia, that passed away on Nov. 16 a pioneer and a most highly respected resident of the Township of Sydenham in the person of Mr. Patrick Traynor.

Deceased who was in his seventy-third year was born in Albion, Peel County, Ont., and came to Sydenham with his parents, the late Mr. and Mrs. Michael Traynor, sr., who settled on the 6th concession seventy-one years ago. For some years their home was a centre for the early missionaries and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered there from time to time for the faithful of that district. Later a lot from this property was set aside for a church and St. Michael's Church, Irish Block, was built by the Fathers of St. Basil's Community, forming a part of the Owen Sound Mission.

Reared by his good parents in this grand atmosphere of faith, the late Mr. Traynor became an excellent citizen, charitable, honest and industrious and most exemplary in the practice of his holy religion. He engaged in active farming continuously until seven years ago when he retired to Owen Sound; but after the death of his wife, formerly Miss Johanna McKenna, about two years ago, he resided with his son, Mr. Maurice P. Traynor, on the lot adjoining the old homestead and remained there until his death.

He is survived by two sisters, Sister M. J. Patricia, of St. Joseph's Hospital, Guelph, Mrs. W. Doyle of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., and one brother, Mr. Bernard Traynor of Owen Sound. His twelve children also survive to mourn the loss of a loving and devoted father. They are: Rev. J. J. Traynor, Sacred Heart Church, Kenilworth; Sister M. Loretta St. Joseph's Hospital, London; Sister M. St. Philip, Sacred Heart Convent, London; Mrs. Peter Matthews, Weyburn, Sask; Mrs. W. J. Doyle, Moose Jaw, Sask; Mrs. A. McDonald and Miss Elizabeth Traynor of Yorkton, Sask., and Miss Justina Traynor, Buffalo, N. Y., also where Mary dawn for those dear to her what nature and human skill are heretofore unable to accomplish. It has inspired hearts with lofty emotions which express themselves perennially in the mighty cathedrals that tell of the glory of "Notre Dame." It is celebrated in the hymns of fervent hearts made better, greater and nobler under her benign influence. If the world of goodness it knows, it is because the goodness it knows, it so greatly admires with evil. But the world is hungry for goodness such as Mary's, for Mary's goodness is flawless and contains the secret of all happiness and joy.

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BELGIAN RELIEF FUND

DYING WOMAN CONTRIBUTES

Per Rev. Thos. H. Trainor, P. P. of Copper Cliff, Ont., five dollars for the Belgian children, donation of the late Mrs. Green of Creighton Mine.

DIED

POCOCK.—At Winnipeg, Manitoba, on Tuesday, November 19, Marguerite, beloved wife of Alfred Pockock, Funeral from the residence of her father in law, Joseph Pockock, 818 Wolfe street, London, Ont. May her soul rest in peace.

POPE.—In Maidstone Tp., Ont., on Wednesday, Nov., 13th, 1918, Miss Agnes Pope, teacher of Pleasant Park Separate School and daughter of the late Frank Pope of Parkhill, Ont. May her soul rest in peace.

TEACHERS WANTED

QUALIFIED TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. School No. 1, Brighton Township, Xmas 1918 per annum. Duties to begin after Xmas. Apply to Archie McGuire, sec-treas, Cochrane P. O., Ont. 2094-2

TEACHER WANTED FOR HAMBURG SEP. 1919. Salary according to experience. Professional certificate. Salary according to experience. Duties to commence Jan. 4th, 1919. Apply to J. Hartlieb, sec-treas, Hamburg, Ont. 2094-2

TEACHER WANTED FOR S. No. 10 EAST and West Williams, County of Middlesex. Duties to commence Jan. 1st, 1919. Apply stating salary and references to J. R. R. No. 7, 2094-3

A QUALIFIED TEACHER FOR SEPARATE school section No. 3, Griffith Ont., one holding professional certificate preferred. Duties to commence January 7th. Apply stating qualifications and salary to Rev. J. R. Griffith, Ont. 2094-3

FEMALE HELP WANTED A RELIABLE MIDDLE AGED CATHOLIC woman to assist with light house work, etc. and care of baby four months old, healthy and good. Give reference and salary required with application; good position for the right person. J. Connor, Box 345, Waterloo, Quebec. 2094-2

CALGARY RATEPAYERS TO ROMAN CATHOLICS WHO OWN PROPERTY IN CALGARY, Alberta, but live elsewhere: The interest of Catholic Education, you are requested to see that your Calgary property is assessed to the support of the Separate schools. You have any modern masters, either write the Calgary Separate School Board, Room 214-315, P. Burns Building, Calgary, Alberta. 2094-4

FARMS FOR SALE TWO HUNDRED ACRES BEING LOT 11 ON the 2nd con. of Arthur Tp. One hundred acres cleared and in good state of cultivation, balance timber and pasture. On the premises are barns, 40 x 60 feet, frame house, kitchen, woodshed, driving shed, sheep pen and other out buildings, 2 wells and living spring. This is a first class grain and stock farm conveniently situated being a half mile from school and a half mile from church, a 6 market on R. R. and telephone line.

One hundred acres being north half of lot 11 on the 2nd con. of Arthur Tp. One hundred acres cleared and in good state of cultivation, balance timber and pasture. On the premises are barns, 40 x 60 feet, frame house, kitchen, woodshed, driving shed, sheep pen and other out buildings, 2 wells and living spring. This is a first class grain and stock farm conveniently situated being a half mile from school and a half mile from church, a 6 market on R. R. and telephone line.

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