

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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CIVICS STUDY CLUB

Hyattsville, Md.—This town is witnessing an unusual but highly successful experiment in citizenship training. It centers about a Civic Study Club organized by a Catholic woman and using the Study Club Outline of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, but with both Protestant women and Protestant men attending.

Such a favorable opinion has grown up over the plan that at the meeting this week E. J. Morris, Protestant principal and teacher of Civics at the Hyattsville High School, addressing the members, said: "I cannot let the evening go by without expressing my great appreciation of a church that will spend the time and energy to compile an outline such as we have just discussed."

I venture to say that all the irregularities and regrettable phases of government which have been discussed this evening would disappear in one generation if there could be such a Study Club group in each city and town in the United States."

The club here was organized by Miss Agnes L. Espey, who is a member of the National Council of Catholic Women in the District of Columbia, only a few minutes from Hyattsville by trolley, and is one of the directors of the District N. C. C. W. There is no unit of the N. C. C. W. in this town, and when Miss Espey conceived the idea of organizing a Study Club, a project being pushed by the National Council, she found only a few Catholic women to become members and attend. She solved the situation by asking some Protestant women to join with the Catholic women in making up the Club. They came and became enthusiastic members.

Later, several men began attending the meetings, so that the organization has now become virtually a town Civics Study Club, using the N. C. C. W. Outline.

At the meeting this week, Miss Margaret Lynch, Assistant Executive Secretary of the N. C. C. W., and James R. Ryan, Assistant Director of the Department of Laws and Legislation, N. C. C. W., addressed the members of the Club at its invitation. Mr. Morris also was on the program, and it was after watching the effective work being done that he expressed his admiration of the plan. When Miss Lynch informed him that the National Council of Catholic Women and the National Council of Catholic Men are conducting 300 such clubs throughout the country, he expressed further gratification.

The subject of the Outline taken up at the meeting was "The Citizen's Part in Government," and the text recommended were the N. C. C. W. pamphlet "Civics Catechism" and Dr. Lapp's "The American Citizen," also an N. C. C. W. publication. The topics dealt with the system of elections in the United States and the citizen's obligation to vote.

ONE IRISH PARISH SUPPORTS FORTY-SIX SALOONS

Dublin, Ireland.—That the temperance workers are the only body to save Ireland was the view of the late Cardinal Logue. This view is emphasized by the Pioneer Total Abstinence Association. Its members are quite dissatisfied with the licensing legislation introduced in the Dail which does not contain any scheme for the diminution of the number of licensed saloons in the country.

There are over 17,000 such saloons to meet the requirements of a population of little more than 3,000,000 persons. Very Rev. A. O'Keefe, of Kilkenny, instances a parish with a population of 2,300 which has 46 licensed saloons.

It is felt that there can be no adequate reform so long as this state of things is permitted to continue. One of the chief aims of the Pioneer Association is to bring about a curtailment of the facilities for traffic in intoxicating liquors.

STREAM OF CONVERTS IN ENGLAND

London, Eng.—Calling for more priests, Cardinal Bourne in his Advent pastoral says: "In every large parish additional priests might be employed almost exclusively in the instruction and reception of converts."

His Eminence also foreshadows the end of the student dislocation caused by the War. "In 1926, he thinks, the normal condition will be fully restored."

During the Great War many clerical students in the early years of their preparation for the priesthood joined the forces, and later on, when conscription came into force, the military authorities claimed all students who had not already received minor orders. When the students returned to the seminary after service at the battle front, the seminary classes were somewhat

disorganized as the result of the interrupted studies.

The Cardinal's plea for more priests for the particular purpose of dealing for the stream of converts is a new manifestation of the Church's growing popularity in England.

Official totals of conversions in England and Wales for the past few years are: 1922, 12,406; 1921, 11,621; 1920, 12,621; 1919, 10,592.

BISHOP ADDRESSES UNIVERSITY

Champaign, Ill.—One of the most notable addresses in the history of the Institution was delivered here recently by the Right Rev. Joseph Schrembs, D. D., Bishop of Cleveland, before the faculty and student body of the University of Illinois.

It is the custom here to bring once a month to the campus, a speaker of national reputation, to address an All-University audience. As this was the first occasion on which a Catholic Bishop had ever addressed the faculty and general student body of the University, an audience of 2,600 people turned out, taxing the capacity of the huge University auditorium. Dean Kendrick C. Babcock of the University presided. President Kinley also was on the platform.

Speaking on "The Providential Mission of America," Bishop Schrembs said: "The history of the races forms a huge tapestry in which each nation weaves the pattern of its distinctive contribution to the progress of the world. Through centuries shrouded in the darkness of pagan idolatry, the Jewish nation was divinely destined to keep alive the belief in the one true God."

"Greece has contributed the finest concepts of surpassing beauty in art and culture. Rome has furnished the fundamental principles of jurisprudence so that the lex Romana remains to this day as the basic legal code of the world. Egypt has contributed to the science of mathematics and other nations have added their distinctive elements of worth."

"Centuries later, when the countries of Europe were being torn asunder by religious strife and men were persecuted for worshipping God according to the dictates of their conscience, a New World was providentially discovered across the seas. It was destined by God to be the land of liberty where no man would be persecuted because of his religious belief, racial extraction or political faith."

"The perpetuation of this glorious ideal of liberty, freedom and tolerance for all mankind—that is the providential mission of America. The great statue of Liberty on Bedloe Island on New York harbor, holding aloft her torch is but the sculptured symbol of the guarantee that is woven into the warp and woof of the Constitution—the guarantee of freedom to all her citizens."

"Certainly one of the greatest services which this great University of Illinois, with all its advantages for the dissemination of knowledge and light, can render to the nation, is the eradication from the minds of intelligent citizens of those elements of religious bias and racial prejudice which are vexing our country and impeding her in the complete fulfillment of her providential destiny."

The President of the University and the members of the faculty were unanimous in their praise of the value and timeliness of the Bishop's address.

ASK BEATIFICATION OF POPE PIUS

By Rev. Dr. Wilhelm Baron von Capitaine
(Cologne Correspondent, N. C. W. C.)

Dr. Bertram, Cardinal-Prince of Breslau, has sent to the Holy Father at Rome a letter in which he informs the Pontiff that all the German bishops, meeting in the conferences of Fulda and Munchen-Freising, were united in the common desire of the Catholic nations of the world that the late Pope Pius X. be given the honor of the altars.

Cardinal Bertram's letter states that the German bishops are deeply convinced of the sublimity and sanctity of the late Pontiff, both because of the sanctity of his life and because of his veneration for the Holy Eucharist and his encouragement of frequent reception of Holy Communion. The bishops also revere him, the Cardinal says, for the great contribution he made to ecclesiastical discipline by the reform of the canonical law. The letter praises highly the admirable example of the sacerdotal life of the dead Pope and his untiring zeal for the care of souls.

For these reasons, says Cardinal Bertram, Pope Pius X. has found such admiration among the clergy and such attachment among the Catholic laity that the expression on the part of the bishops must be regarded as the voice of the Catholic people. He adds that the beatification of the Pope would

bring new fervor in the first Holy Communion of children, in the frequent reception of the Sacraments by adults and in the perseverance of the clergy in the discharge of their duties, now so difficult in many lands.

In the Osservatore Romano, where the letter was published, at the same time it was recorded that other similar pronouncements have come from all parts of the world, and that many orders and congregations, including the order, Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice, have added their voices to the general petition.

RESTORE CATACOMB OF ST. SEBASTIAN

WORK IS UNDERTAKEN BY FRIENDS OF LITURGICAL ART IN FRANCE

By M. Massiani
(Paris Correspondent, N. C. W. C.)

The French Society of the Friends of Liturgical Art has undertaken to restore the catacomb of Saint Sebastian for the forthcoming Holy Year. In order to carry out this project, the cooperation of religious communities and workshops devoted to sacred art has been sought in order that they may share the honor of consecrating by their labor the memory of the first apostles of the Faith.

The communities and workshops will supply a permanent altar of stone, two portable altars, the liturgical vestments, linen, the sacred vessels, the lighting fixtures, etc. All designs will be submitted to the Society for approval, as the Friends of Liturgical Art desire the restoration and furnishing of the catacomb to be unostentatious and in perfect taste.

According to Mgr. Batifol, President of the Society, "the ministeria placed at the service of the liturgy of the catacombs must be in accord with their gravity." Ancient models will be followed as far as possible. The chandeliers, for instance, are copied from a model found in the Villa Julia.

ACTING WITH PONTIFICAL COMMISSION

In all this work the Friends of Liturgical Art are acting in full accord with the Pontifical Commission for Sacred Archeology which is in supreme charge of the exploration, maintenance and furnishing of the catacombs.

The Catacomb of Saint Sebastian, which is to be specially outfitted by the French, is located on the Appian Way, under the Basilica of Saint Sebastian reconstructed in the seventeenth century by Cardinal Scipio Borghese. It was the first cemetery, the only one which originally bore the name of catacomb, a word which designated its proper site and which was later extended to all the Christian burial grounds found under the soil of Rome. It was in the cemetery that the bodies of Saint Peter and Saint Paul were kept for forty years, as an inscription of Pope Damasus testifies. Saint Peter was later interred in the Vatican and Saint Paul at the Three Fountains.

The excavations made between 1915 and 1923 under the present basilica of Saint Sebastian revealed the site of a room walled on three sides and open on the fourth side with a portico which apparently gave access to the interior. This room, called trichla, seems to have been intended for meetings and repasts. The height of the walls as they now remain, is only about one meter, and was later extended to more than 200 graffiti, inscriptions left by pilgrims, have been found. The pilgrims frequently inscribed only their name. Sometimes they wrote also prayers to the Holy Apostles, such as "Petre et Paule subvenite . . ." followed by their signature. The majority of the graffiti evidently antedate the Constantinian period, as the Constantinian chiasm, which appeared so frequently after that epoch is nowhere evident. Several graffiti mention repasts given to the poor, probably in fulfillment of a vow or as a sign of devotion.

NO TRACES OF APOSTLES' TOMB

Although the trichla has been found, there is no trace of the crypt in which the bodies of Saint Peter and Saint Paul were kept. All that is known is that it was next to the trichla and that in the sixth century Pope Damasus had caused it to be ornamented by a covering of marble.

The offer to furnish the catacomb of Saint Sebastian was submitted to the Friends of Liturgical Art by Cardinal Dubois upon his recent return from Rome. The Cardinal had himself received the suggestion from Mgr. Belvederi in the name of the Pontifical Commission for Sacred Archeology.

Each catacomb is to be entrusted to a Catholic nation which will have charge of fitting it for the services of the Holy Year. This ingenious thought, by dividing the effort, will produce splendid results by fomenting a spirit of friendly emulation. The general restoration and furnishing of the catacombs will therefore be of a permanent instead of a

makeshift affair and will be completed by 1925 when pilgrims will throng to visit subterranean Rome in order to hear Mass and venerate the memory of the martyrs, as well as to view the first monuments of Christian art and the most ancient expressions of our Faith.

GERMAN SCHOOL DEMAND

PROGRAMME SET FORTH IN STRONG RESOLUTIONS

By Rev. Dr. Wilhelm Baron von Capitaine
(Cologne Correspondent, N. C. W. C.)

The Catholic Assembly of 1924 held in Hanover, resulted in a great deal of constructive action notwithstanding the hostile opposition holding the meeting in the section which is the stronghold of German Protestantism. Hanover, which has been a part of the German Dispora since the Reformation, has about 213,000 Catholics out of a total population of more than 2,000,000. It is in this district that the temporal affairs of the diocese of Osnaburg from the time of the Treaty of Westphalia down to within the last century were alternately administered by a Catholic Bishop and a Protestant Prince of the House of Lunebourg.

One of the outstanding features of the Catholic Assembly was the meeting held by the Catholic School Association at which resolutions were adopted calling for a settlement of the school question along lines in harmony with Catholic principles. The resolutions read as follows:

"The association regrets exceedingly that no solution to the school question has been reached. It appreciates the efforts of the Catholic delegates and is convinced that the Catholic delegates of the Reichstag, as well as those of the various Landtag, will in future defend the rights of Catholics. It particularly hopes that the impending national school legislation will be tolerant with regard to Catholic rights. It emphasizes the following demands:

DEMANDS OF ASSOCIATION

"1. None of the educational rights—parental rights, State rights or Church rights, are to be ignored. The law must allow for their co-operation. The organization demands that the rights of the State shall not be exaggerated in a manner to injure the rights of the parents or of the Church. A State school monopoly will never be tolerated by us. We do not desire a separation of church and school, but peaceful co-operation. It must be possible for private schools to exist and to develop."

"2. Religious education in Catholic schools should be given according to the principles of the Catholic Church and under her direction."

"3. The educational activities of the schools must be considered as a whole. All instructions must be given with a view to this educational endeavor. It is superficial to consider individual subjects of instruction as not affecting the character of the school. A school for Catholic children should be imbued with a Catholic spirit. The necessary spiritual community between parents and schools in the education of the children can be kept up only in this manner."

"4. Catholic parents thank Catholic teachers warmly for their faithful efforts. They unite with them in the demand: 'Only faithful Catholic instructors for Catholic schools.' They therefore consider it absolutely essential to observe the requirements of the denominational schools in the education of teachers.

The meeting of the Catholic School Association in Hanover in 1924 urgently requests the German Catholics immediately to organize parents' meetings and parents' committees where none now exist, and where they already exist, to take active part in the school care. "In many places interdenominational educational newspapers have found their way into Catholic families. There is great danger in this. The best way to meet it is to organize Catholic parents' committees and through them to distribute the publication of the School Association, especially the parents' paper The Family Home, and School and Church."

PAPAL NUNCIO SPEAKS

The Papal Nuncio, Monsignor Pacelli, in an address to the

Assembly urged the Catholics of Germany to work for international peace and friendship.

"May it be granted to you," he said, to proclaim that joyous gospel of the Catholic program of salvation and reconstruction, that program of peace and reconciliation—first as applied to your own people and later and more important as applied also to the entire world,—so energetically and fervently and with such persuasive eloquence that all men of good will in all the nations will listen and unite with you in the sign of the Gospel of Christ to facilitate the desired peace, that peace the first glimmerings of which seem to be dawning for the nations."

Monsignor Pacelli's address was greeted with great enthusiasm by the Assembly.

In the great procession which the Assembly opened there were more than 80,000 marchers with 1,500 banners. Monsignor Pacelli was the celebrant of the Pontifical High Mass in the Schutzenplatz at which Chancellor Marx, the Minister Dr. Hofle, and many other distinguished personages both in ecclesiastical and civil life were present. Dr. Farwick, Mayor of Aix-la-Chapelle, was elected president of the Assembly.

The Assembly voted to send a petition to the Vatican urging the cause of the canonization of Pope Pius X.

Among the reports presented during the meeting at Hanover was that of Dr. Auer, Director of the German Caritas Union. This organization founded in 1897 at Cologne by Dr. Werthmann, comprises diocesan charitable organizations in twenty-four German dioceses. Its affiliated bodies include more than 4,000 local charitable organizations with 600,000 members. There are also about 150 organizations and institutions affiliated with the Caritas Union which has its headquarters in Freiburg.

WORK OF CATHOLIC CHARITIES

A recent survey of Catholic Charities in Germany shows the following institutions maintained: 818 hospitals with 72,325 beds; 105 homes for the sick and mentally disabled with accommodations for 24,542; 292 refectories for children and adults, which also included 14,690 beds; 219 homes for girls with 3,461 beds; 992 homes for the aged, with 21,645 beds; 782 reformatories, with 69,626 beds; 87 homes for young people and apprentices with 4,978 beds; and 188 homes for students with 11,292 beds. The totals show more than 3,300 Catholic charitable institutions providing more than 210,000 beds for the accommodation of the sick, disabled or impoverished. To care for and maintain these institutions there are 31,615 persons regularly employed besides 10,000 nuns.

The Catholic Charities Union is developing a new line of effort in an attempt to mitigate the sufferings of the itinerant paupers, a work which is now being carried on to a limited extent by the workmen's colonies and asylums founded by the Protestant ecclesiastical von Bodelschwing and Professor Perthes. These institutions are giving great relief to the wandering poor in Northern Germany but are not numerous and large enough to meet the demands made upon them.

Another problem to which the Caritas Union is giving attention is that of caring for impoverished students. A branch of the Union, the "Deutsche Caritas fur Akademiker" is carrying on this work in the university towns through local groups headed by the local clergy. Usually the work is done in cooperation with St. Vincent de Paul Societies.

JESUIT EXPLORER HONORED

Chicago's civic and religious observance of the 250th anniversary of the landing of Father Marquette, S. J., at the present site of the city, and his virtual founding of this metropolis, and of the Catholic Church here, which opened with the tableau of the landing, closed with a ceremony at the site of the Father Marquette Cross, which marks the spot on the Chicago river where Pere Marquette spent his first winter here.

Official representatives of the French and British governments, together with those of the State and city, were present, and addresses were made by M. Henri Didot, French Vice Consul; Hon. Douglas Rydings, British Vice Consul; Assistant Corporation Counsel Joseph J. Thompson, representing Mayor Dever; Dr. Otto L. Schmidt, president of the Illinois and Chicago Historical Societies, and Alphonse Campion, president of La Mutuelle, the first French society established in America.

Rev. Hubert C. Noonan, S. J., president of St. Ignatius college, and former president of Marquette University, delivered the invocation, and spoke for the religious

Order which sent the Jesuit explorer to America.

Guests present represented the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Alliance Francaise, the Chicago Association of Commerce and other bodies.

The site of the winter home of Father Marquette on the Chicago river was verified several years ago by Miss Valentine Smith, city archivist during the mayorship of Carter H. Harrison, and a giant mahogany cross was erected at the place. It was about this cross that the ceremonial was held, following a tableau trip of Father Marquette up the river from the point near the mouth, where he first landed, and where the initial celebration was held two weeks ago at which President Coolidge was present.

MODERNIZED BIBLES

The craze for modernity has impelled some well meaning but misguided scholars outside the Church to expend their energies in an attempt to bring the Bible up to date. The specimens of these attempts that have come to hand all indicate that the experiment has not been a conspicuous success. Judged by the popular reaction as reflected in the editorial comment of the daily press, it has rather been a dismal failure.

The latest of these attempts is just being subjected to the judgment of the people. It is the work of a Glasgow professor, and purports to be a rendering of the Old Testament into modern English. Viewing the matter merely from the literary standpoint, popular opinion has unhesitatingly decided against translating the classic rendering of the Old or New Testament into the popular speech of the day. Such a task, it is felt, are little more than interpolations. They will not make the Bible more acceptable to mankind.

For every English classic must suffer by being stripped of its rich idiom. Many of the expressions of the Bible have entered into the warp and woof of our present day English speech. They have become a portion of the vernacular tongue, household words, of which perhaps we little guess the origin.

Every man uses them in the very idiom of familiar conversation. The Bible in English, the work of the great translators of the sixteenth century is part, and a great part of English literature. And the literature of a nation, as Cardinal Newman reminds us, "is tyrannous; it is too much for us. We cannot destroy it or reverse it; we may confront or encounter it but we cannot make it over again."

This is one disadvantage under which modern translators of the Bible are laboring. Another disadvantage is more serious. It relates to the religious character of the Bible. The books of the Bible are sacred books. They contain the word of God. The attempt to interpret them in terms of modern English should not be lightly or carelessly undertaken.

Catholics differ radically from their non-Catholic brethren in their notion of Biblical interpretation. In the Protestant belief, every one may be his own interpreter of the Scriptures, according to their own private judgment. If, as they falsely assume, every one can interpret the Scriptures according to his own lights, then every one can translate the Scriptures according to his own lights. And herein lies the mischief of tampering with the sacred books on the plea of making them more understandable to the popular mind. For the translators' errors and prejudices will inevitably creep into his translation, and the Bible, instead of being the word of God, will become merely the word of the translator.

Catholics believe that the Church is the divinely appointed interpreter and custodian of the Bible. She and she alone has been given the attribute of infallibility in faith and morals to help her from teaching anything but the truth. Hence in all matters relating to the word of God, of which the Bible and tradition are the repositories, she exercises meticulous care, and jealously guards from profanation the Sacred Books in whatever vernacular they are translated.

Modern unauthorized translations of the Bible are making the Bible neither more understandable nor more acceptable. They are simply confusing the public mind, garbling the sacred text, and trying to degrade the Holy Scriptures to the level of an ordinary book. More reverence for the Sacred Books of the Bible, instead of more translations of them, is what the world needs today.—The Pilot.

Let us bear in mind this truth—that on the bed of death, and on the day of judgment, to have saved one soul will be not only better than to have won a kingdom, but will over-pay by an exceeding great reward all the pains and toils of the longest and most toilsome life.—Cardinal Manning.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Catholic missionaries grew the first oranges in the United States. The earliest known Christian library was established at Jerusalem by Bishop Alexander about the year 250.

A Catholic Cathedral is to be built in the new city that is being constructed at Delhi, now the official capital of India. The Government has given the site.

The Catholic Church has at present in China 56 bishops and 2,500 missionaries, to which number must be added 1,000 native priests.

The oldest building in Scotland in use as a Catholic Church is at Tynet, St. Ninian, Banffshire, which was erected in 1772, taking the place of one erected in 1696.

Catholic missionaries were the real discoverers of Mount Everest and the first explorers of Tibet. These facts are abundantly established in a new book, "Mount Everest," which Sven Hedin, the famous Swedish explorer, who is a Protestant, has just published.

Among the latest acquisitions of the Catholic University museum are a number of papal documents dating from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century. The oldest is a well-preserved parchment dated from the chancery of Honorius III. (1216-1227), and the latest dates from the reign of Urban VIII. (1623-1644.)

A fine earthenware urn discovered near Enniscorthy, County Wexford, Ireland, is believed by Johnson Pasha, an expert on pottery, to have been made in pre-medieval days. Knockavoca is quite close to the spot where the urn was found. According to some commentators it might have belonged to an early King of Leinster inaugurated at Knockavoca.

Milan, Dec. 15.—Leonardo de Vinci's "Last Supper" on the wall of the refectory of the monastery of Santa Maria delle Grazie, has been once more restored, this time through the skilful work of Professor Silvestri. For the past five months Professor Silvestri has worked on the painting before the public and it is now believed that a new lease on life has been given this great masterpiece.

Congregationalists in convention at Springfield, Mass., recently, heard discouraging reports of lack of religious instruction and of counter influences. The declaration that 75% of the children in this country of school age have no religious instruction, while the majority of thought and conduct are being spread through motion pictures, novels and newspapers, was made by the commission on moral and religious education.

Among the students of the Catholic Institute of Paris who were ordained in 1924, there were two whose origin and attainments deserve special mention. One was a Japanese, Dr. Vincent Totsuka, who before entering the seminary was assistant professor of surgery at the Imperial University of Tsukuba. The other was a Dane, Abbe Cay, of Benzon, who was the first priest to be ordained in Denmark since the "Reformation."

Prague, Dec. 12.—Representation of the Vatican in the Assembly of the League of Nations was advocated in the Czechoslovakian parliament by Deputy Myslivec, Editor of the Catholic daily Cech. Mr. Myslivec said: "No one is ignorant of the high authority of the Pope and of his desire for general peace together with his great benevolence toward all nations. Representation of the Holy Father at Geneva, Mr. Myslivec added, is essential to the proper solution of problems confronting the League of Nations."

The Catholic population of the world is given at 324,328,408, an increase of 7,000,000. The Catholics of the British Empire number 14,827,312. The "Irish Catholic Directory" for 1924 gives the following statistics: Hierarchy, 28; parishes, 1,116; parish priests, 1,044; Adams, C. C. A., etc., 2,038; regular clergy, 754. Parochial and district churches 2,873; houses of priests, 98; houses of monks, 131; houses of nuns, 430; total of priests, 3,828. There were 164 Irish students raised to the priesthood in 1923, including eight ordinations in Rome and two in Spain.

The most beautiful volume among the 300,000 books in the Congressional Library at Washington, says the Monitor, is a Bible which was transcribed in the sixteenth century by a monk. It could not be matched today by the very best equipped printing office in the world. The parchment is perfect in condition and every one of its 1,090 pages is a most wonderful study. The general lettering is in German text. Each letter is perfect and every one of them is real black, without a scratch or blot from cover to cover. It was useful work of this kind that the "lazy" monks performed so well that its influence is felt even today, centuries after.

WOLF MOON A ROMANCE OF THE GREAT SOUTHWEST

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED The squeak of the swinging lantern became loud and left only the sound of dripping rain. Bluebonnet looked about her in the darkness. The car was empty, only a few scattered piles of chaff lay here and there. Her dripping clothing clung to her flesh, water ran from her shoulders in a cold stream. Later she scraped together litter into a small mound in a corner. Then sounded four long blasts from the locomotive. The engineer was calling in the rear flagmen. A moment later the first few cars jerked and stopped, then the rumbling came down the length of the train as subdued thunder. One by one the cars moved until the entire line was in motion. Bluebonnet peered toward the strip of light that marked the open door. Not a soul was in sight. Five minutes later the lights of Toksoda did not throw their shadows on the red cars of Number 62. It was rumbling northward through the plains of the Oklahoma Panhandle. Bluebonnet leaned her head back against the rough splintery sides of the freight car and listened to the rhythmic beat of the wheels upon the rails. The train was gaining momentum and the steady click clack of the wheels grew rapid. A tower with a flash of light slipped by. Out in the offing a dot of light appeared. Some happy home, she thought. Perhaps a mother or father smiling down upon a loved child. In a moment she was dreaming of her own parents. Where could they be? Perhaps in some far off city they were thinking of her this moment and here she sat huddled in a freight car, hounded, chilled, fearful, with no haven or home to turn to, only a terrible past of bitterness and anguish. In the agony of her night she gazed disconsolately out into the void but not a single gleam of hope came to her mind. She saw only the relentless gypsies eager to rend her to pieces for her desire to return to American people. A white flame of horror burst within her at the thought of Pamela's clutching hands. Then arose in her mind a grim, persistent fear that she would never be able to conquer the future, to twist out of the net in which she was ensnared. Bluebonnet closed her eyes for a moment, the low rumble and vibration of the cars was making her lids heavy. It was like traveling in gyms, and she was surrounded by wastes. It was as somnolent as the smoky veils of heat that rise from the red-walled canyons of Arizona. Slumber was coming to her as when the furnace winds blow off the Painted Desert wastes in the evening. In fancy she slipped back to the broad mesa overlooking the sunset, the fluted mountain flanks in the distance, the white alkali sand, the upreared cacti and the everblowing South wind crisp and parching. She opened her eyes to a strange sound. A soft pouncing growl. It was the brakeman walking on the roof. Then the noise ceased. He had crossed to the following car. Again the deep rumble of the car condemned her to a lethargy to which she was slowly surrendering. She drew up closer to the wall for warmth for the night air was chilling. Great, torturing thoughts hovered in her brain. What would Pamela force her to endure should he find her? The chief would never permit her to slip away so easily. He had guarded her too long to let her escape without instituting a search that would cover the nation. But it would be difficult to trail her after the rain. The gypsies could do nothing until the next morning. Then she would be miles and miles away. They would not suspect that she had ridden the freight. The reality of the thing even surprised her. Each turn of the wheels was taking her that much farther toward freedom. When would the train stop? Where would she go when she left the protection of the car? She must eat and drink. Perhaps the train would stop miles from a town! That would be tragedy in itself. But she had firmly decided never to return to the gypsies for as long as she lived. She felt she was no gypsy. The magazines that Pamela had brought to her in camp had planted within her the seed of rebellion and disgust toward nomadic life. That which he had intended to strengthen her in his purpose had cut a gorge between them, one that time would never bridge. Instead of becoming an enlightened queen she was transformed into a wise rebel. It was not altogether the pictures of the home life of the American people, the hearthstone, the happy children that had fired her to repudiate the lonesome life, as it was a vision that returned to her always in serene moments in camp. It had etched itself into her young memory. At times Bluebonnet believed it a figment of her imagination but the persistency of the day-dream gave her proof that it sprang from some scene of her early days. The recurring picture was that of a large cotton field and in the background a massive home with high pillars. It seemed that she was being led through the field

of cotton and ever and anon she would look up into the eyes of a woman who smiled down sweetly upon her. It must have been her mother for the smile appeared maternal, ineffably sweet, tender, full of solicitude. Her eyes were large and lustrous and in those depths reposed a world of love. But she could not go back no farther, something seemed to drop out of her mind, leaving her stranded with only the picture of the Colonial pillars and a sweet-faced woman. If this vision had swum into her brain once it had come a thousand times. Bluebonnet had loved to dwell upon it for it was something different from gypsy existence. There was serenity about it that was in contrast to the driven life in camp. It was her foundation for the conviction that she was white, American, and not an Hungarian gypsy. But whenever she had spoken of it, the rumbling came down the length of the train as subdued thunder. One by one the cars moved until the entire line was in motion. 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Two black eyes—gypsy black—were peering in at her through the open door. TO BE CONTINUED

A CHILD'S PRAYER

A TRUE STORY By Rev. Richard W. Alexander in The Missionary A class of reverent little maidens sat one day, in the office of the Directress of a certain large academy, listening to the last instructions of the gentle nun who was preparing them for their first Holy Communion. She was a queenly woman with a countenance of great beauty, spiritualized by close communion with God in prayer. She had been the guiding spirit of the institution for many years, and she had left the impress of her rare personality on every one who came in contact with her. Ever zealous and watchful she had guided these little girls all through their preparation for this unique and specially sacred occasion of their lives, and now she was giving them the last evening's instruction.

"Well, we'll see" was the reply. But when morning came only her Protestant mother accompanied Her father would not, could not go. Long forgotten memories of a First Communion day of his own, stirred under the crust of years, and he dared not trust himself. Grace was knocking at his heart, and while he resolutely barred the entrance, his peace was gone. And all through the day the vision of those innocent blue eyes and the fair little face in its pleading rose before him. The ceremony of First Communion in the Convent Chapel was beautiful. Each little girl was accompanied by an "Angel" bearing flowers and a taper to do reverence to the Lord of all as He came to each little heart. With downcast eyes and folded hands they returned from the altar rail and tears rose to the eyes of many who watched them. Amy's mother was deeply impressed. After Mass during the breakfast at which the parents assisted and which Sister H—'s generosity provided, happiness shone on every face. Was it not indeed the great day of their lives?

That evening when Mr. C— returned from his office his wife gave him a full account of the beautiful events of the morning, and Amy who still wore her white dress confirmed her mother's story by the beautiful joy that shone on every feature. Mr. C— was silent but his face showed his interest. He went into the library, and sat down with his newspaper, but Amy followed him and softly closed the door. She nestled close to her father, and caressing his face said: "Papa, will you grant me a favor on my First Communion day, to make me happy?" "Why, daughter, I thought you couldn't be happier. What in the world could I give you that would increase your joy?" said her father smiling.

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THE MORAL VALUE OF THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST The vivid expression of the Divinity of Christ in the likeness of our flesh and before the eyes of men is of great moral value. Christ is not merely a human Christ, but God also and the highest in man. His Atonement for the sins of men has fully satisfied the Infinite Majesty of the Father, while His humanity has presented an ideal which makes capable of human imitation. Yet if Christ bids us to be imitators of His perfection, He does not mean that the capacity for so doing exists in our weak and sinful nature. Our capacity for imitating Christ comes from the indwelling Presence of Christ in the mind, heart and will of the regenerated Christian. Christ as the living Absolute Truth brings into captivity and obedience the mind of the true Christian and thenceforth the Church (as being the reflection of Christ's mind) is unconditionally obeyed. In this manner and through the grace of His indwelling Presence, He likewise gains control over and tames the will of the sincere Christian. Then finally by the unutterable beauty of His character, He captures the heart of man with all its moods of affection. This spiritual triumph of Christ through His Divinity over the interior being of humanity is much more wonderful and deep than the influence of His religion over the standards of art, literature, civics or social intercourse. Zealous lovers of Christianity ought to keep this in mind when they are fearful of the

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spread of modern unbelief and indifference.

Christ's complete victory through His Divinity over the faculties of the soul of man is not a mere theory constructed by the subtle imaginations of men. It is the real and sweet experience of many devout disciples of Christ. If, as yet, we have not felt it, we should seek those measures at the Church's command for its realization. It will lend much rest and comfort and will prepare us for that unspeakable life which is to come after death.—The Missionary.

THE STORY OF CHRIST

BY GIOVANNI PAPINI

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SIMON, CALLED THE ROCK

Peter before the Resurrection is like a body beside a spirit, like a material voice which accompanies the sublimation of the soul. He is the earth which believes in Heaven but remains earthy. In his rough man's imagination the Kingdom of Heaven still resembles rather too closely the Kingdom of the Prophets' Messiah.

When Jesus pronounced the famous words: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God," Peter thought this sweeping condemnation of wealth very harsh. "Then answered Peter and said unto him, Behold, we have forsaken all, and followed thee; what shall we have therefore?" He acts like a money lender inquiring what interest he can expect. And Jesus, to console him, promises him that he will sit upon a throne to judge one of the tribes of Israel that the other eleven will judge the other eleven tribes, and adds that every one shall have a hundred times what he has given up.

Again Peter does not understand what Christ means when He asserts that only what comes from man himself can defile man. Peter then answered and said unto him: "Declare unto us this parable, and Jesus said: Are ye also without understanding? Do ye not yet understand? Among the disciples so slow to understand, Peter is one of the slowest. His surname 'Cefa,' stone, piece of rock, was not given him only for the firmness of his faith, but for the hardness of his head.

He was not an alert spirit in either the literal or the figurative meaning of the word. He easily fell asleep even at supreme moments. He fell asleep on the Mount of the Transfiguration. He fell asleep on the night at Gethsemane, after the last supper, where Jesus had uttered the saying which would have kept even a Scribe everlastingly from sleep. And yet his boldness was great. When Jesus that last evening announced that He was to suffer and die, Peter burst out: "Lord, I am ready to go with thee both, into prison, and to death. Although all shall be offended, yet will not I. If I should die with thee, I will not deny Thee in any wise. Jesus answered him: 'Verily I say unto thee that this night before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice.'"

Jesus knew him better than Peter knew himself. When he stood in the courtyard of Caiaphas, warning himself at the brazier while the priests were questioning and insulting his God, he denied three times that he was one of His followers.

At the moment of the arrest he had made, against the teaching of Jesus, an appearance of resistance: he had cut off the ear of Malchus. He had not yet understood after years of daily comradeship with Christ that any form of material violence was repellent to Jesus. He had not understood that if Jesus had wished to save Himself, He could have hidden in the wilderness unknown to all, or escaped out of the hands of the soldiers as He had done that first time at Nazareth. So little did Jesus value this act, contrary to His teaching, that he healed the wound at once and reproved His untimely avenger.

That was not the first time that Peter showed himself unequal to great events. He had like all crude personalities a tendency to see the material dress in spiritual manifestations, the low in the lofty, the commonplace in the tragic. On the mountain of the transfiguration, when he was awakened and saw Jesus refulgent with white light, speaking with two others, with two spirits, with two prophets, the first thought which came to him, instead of worshiping and keeping silence, was to build a tabernacle for these great personages. "Lord, it is good for us to be here: if thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles: one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias." Luke, the wise man, adds to excuse him, "not knowing what he said."

When he saw Jesus walking in all security on the lake, the idea came to him to do the same thing. "And when Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water, to go to Jesus. But when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid; and beginning to sink, he cried, saying, Lord save me." And immediately Jesus stretched forth His hand, and caught him, and said unto him, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" Because he was familiar with the lake and with Jesus, the good fisherman thought he could do as his master did, and

did not know that the storm could be mastered only by a soul infinitely greater, a faith infinitely more potent than his.

His great love for Christ, which makes up for all his weakness, led him one day almost to rebuke Him. Jesus had told His disciples how He must suffer and be killed. "Then Peter took him and began to rebuke him, saying, Be it far from thee, Lord: this shall not be unto thee. But he turned and said unto Peter, Get thee behind me, Satan: thou art an offence unto me: for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men." No one ever pronounced such a terrible judgment on Simon, called Peter. He was called to work for the Kingdom of God, and he thought as men do. His mind, still occupied by the vulgar idea of the triumphant Messiah, refused to conceive a persecuted Messiah condemned and executed. His soul had not yet kindled to the idea of divine expiation, the idea that salvation cannot be secured without an offering of suffering and blood, and that the great should sacrifice His body to the ferocity of men in order that the meek, after being enlightened by that life, may be saved from that death. He loved Jesus, but although his love was warm and potent, it still had something earthy in it, and he grew angry at the thought that his king should die. And yet he was the first to recognize Jesus as the Christ; and this primacy is so great that nothing has been able to cancel it.

SONS OF THUNDER

The two fishermen, the brothers James and John, who had left their boat and their nets on the shore at Capernaum in order to go with Jesus, form together with Peter a sort of favorite triumvirate. They are the only ones who accompany Jesus into the house of Jairus, and on the Mount of Transfiguration, and they are the ones whom He takes with Him on the night of Gethsemane. But in spite of their long intimacy with the Master, they never acquired sufficient humility. Jesus gave them the surname of "Boanerges—Sons of Thunder," an ironic surname, alluding perhaps to their fiery, irascible character.

When they all started together towards Jerusalem, Jesus sent some of them ahead to make ready for Him. They were crossing Samaria and were badly received in a village. "And they did not receive him, because his face was as though he would go to Jerusalem. And when his disciples, James and John, saw this, they said: Lord, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven and consume them? But he turned, and rebuked them." For them, Galileans, faithful to Jerusalem, the Samaritans were always enemies. In vain had they heard the Sermon on the Mount: "Do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you." In vain had they received instructions for their mission among the peoples: "And whosoever shall not receive you, nor hear your words, when ye depart out of that house or city, shake off the dust from your feet." Angry at an affront to Jesus they presumed to be able to command fire from Heaven. It seemed to them a work of righteous justice to reduce to ashes the village guilty of inhospitality. And yet far as they were from that loving rebirth of the soul which alone constitutes the reality of the Kingdom of Heaven, these men had the pretension to claim the first places on the day of triumph.

"And James and John, the sons of Zebedee, came unto him, saying, Master, we would that thou shouldst do for us whatsoever we should desire. And he said unto them: What would ye that I should do for you? They said unto him: Grant unto us that we may sit one on thy right hand and one on thy left hand in thy glory. But Jesus said unto them: Ye know not what ye ask. And when he had heard it, they began to be much displeased with James and John. But Jesus called them to Him and said unto them: Whosoever will be great among you let him be your minister; and whosoever will be the chief among you, let him be your servant, for even the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto but to minister."

Christ, the overturner of the old order, took this occasion to repeat the master word to which all magnificent souls respond. Only the useless, the petty, the parasites, wish to be served, even by their inferiors (if any one in the absolute meaning of the word can be inferior to them), but any superior being is always at the service of lesser souls precisely because he is superior.

This miraculous paradox is the proof of the fire of genius. It is repugnant to the egotism of the self-centered, to the pretensions of would-be supermen, and to the poverty of the avaricious because the little that they have is not even enough for themselves. He who cannot or will not serve shows that he has nothing to give, is a weakling, impotent, imperfect, empty. But the genius is no true genius if he does not exuberantly benefit his inferiors. To serve is not always the same as to obey. A people can be served better sometimes by a man who puts himself at their head to force them to be saved even if they do not wish it. There is nothing servile in serving

James and John understood this stimulating saying of Jesus. We find one of them, John, among the nearest and most loving of the disciples. At the Last Supper he leans his head on Jesus' breast; and from the height of the cross Jesus, crucified, confides the Virgin to him, that he should be a son to her.

THE OTHERS

Thomas owes his popularity to the quality which should be his shame. Thomas, the twin, is the guardian of modernity, as Thomas Aquinas is the oracle of medieval life. He is the true patron saint of Spinoza and of all the other deniers of the resurrection: the man who is not satisfied even with the testimony of his eyes, but wishes that of his hands as well. And yet his love for Jesus makes him pardonable. When they came to the Master to say that Lazarus was dead, and the disciples hesitated before going into Judea among their enemies, it was Thomas alone who said: "Let us also go, that we may die with him." The martyrdom which he did not find there came to him in India, after Christ's death.

Matthew is the dearest of all the Twelve. He was a tax-gatherer, a sort of under-publican, and probably had more education than his companions. He followed Jesus as readily as the fishermen. "And after these things he went forth, and saw a publican named Levi, sitting at the receipt of custom; and he said unto him, follow me. And he left all, rose up, and followed him. And Levi made him a great feast in his own house." It was not a heap of torn nets which Matthew left, but a position, a stipend, secure and increasing earnings. Giving up riches is easy for a man who has almost nothing. Among the Twelve Matthew was certainly the richest before his conversion. Of no other is it told that he could offer a great feast, and this means that he made a greater and more meritorious sacrifice by his rising at the first call from the seat where he was accumulating money.

Matthew and Judas were perhaps the only ones of the Disciples who knew how to write, and to Matthew we owe the first collection of Logia or memorable sayings of Jesus, if the testimony of Papias is true. In the Gospel which is called by his name, we find the most complete text of the Sermon on the Mount. Our debt to the poor excise-man is heavy: without him many words of Jesus, and the most beautiful, might have been lost. This handler of drachmas, shekels and talents, whom his despised trade must have predisposed to avarice, has laid up for us a treasure worth more than all the money coined on the earth before and after his time.

Philip of Bethsaida also knew how to reckon. When the multitudes pressed about Him, Jesus turned to him to ask what it would cost to buy bread for all those people. Philip answered Him: "Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them." He was later to become a proclaimer of his Master's fame. He it was who announced to Nathaniel the coming of Jesus, and it was to him that the Greeks of Jerusalem turned when they wished to speak to the new Prophet.

Nathaniel answered Philip's announcement with sarcasm: "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" But Philip succeeded in bringing him to Jesus, who as soon as He saw him, exclaimed, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile." Nathaniel said unto him: "Whence knowest thou me? Jesus answered and said unto him, Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee. Nathaniel answered and said unto him, Rabbi, thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel. Jesus answered and said unto him, Because I said unto thee, I saw thee under the fig tree, believest thou that thou hast greater things than these?"

Less enthusiastic and inflammable was Nicodemus, who, as a matter of fact, never wished to be known as a disciple of Jesus. Nicodemus was old, had been to school to the Rabbis, was a friend of the Jerusalem Sanhedrin, but the stories of the miracles had shaken him, and he went by night to Jesus to tell Him that he believed that He was sent by God. Jesus answered him, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Nicodemus did not understand these words, or perhaps they startled him. He had come to see a miracle worker and had found a Syybil, and with the homely good sense of the man who wishes to avoid being taken in by a fraud he said, "How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter the second time into his mother's womb and be born?" Jesus answers with words of profound meaning, "Except a man be born of water and of the spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."

But Nicodemus still did not understand. How can these things be? Jesus answered, "Art thou a master of Israel and knowest not these things?"

Nicodemus always respected the young Galilean, but his sympathy was as circumspect as his visit. Once when the leaders of the priests and the Pharisees were meditating how to capture Jesus, Nicodemus ventured a defense: "Doth our law judge any man, before he hear him, and know what he doeth?" He took his stand on a point of law. He spoke in the name

of "our" law, not at all in the name of the new man. Nicodemus is always the old man, law-respecting, the prudent friend of the letter of the law. A few words of reproach were enough to silence him. "They answered and said unto him, Art thou also of Galilee? Search and look: for out of Galilee ariseth no prophet!" He belonged by right to the Sanhedrin, but there is no record that he raised his voice in favor of the accused when He was conducted to Caiaphas. The trial was set at night and probably to avoid the contempt of his colleagues and his own remorse for the legal assassination, Nicodemus remained in his bed. When he awoke Jesus was dead, and then, forgetting his avarice, he bought a hundred pounds of myrrh and aloes to embalm the body. He who brought others to life was dead, but Nicodemus, although not literally dead, would never know that second birth in which he could not believe.

Nicodemus is the eternal type of the lukewarm who will be spewed out of the mouth of God on the day of wrath. He is the half-way soul who would like to say "Yes" with his spirit, but his flesh suggests to him the "No" or cowardice. He is the man of books, the nocturnal disciple who would like to be a follower of the Master, but not to appear as one; who would not mind being born again, but who does not know how to break the withered bark of his ageing trunk; the man of inhibitions and precautions. When the man of his admiration was martyred and killed, and His enemies, although not literally dead, was no more danger of being compromised, then he comes with balsams to pour into those wounds which were inflicted partly by his cowardice.

But the church to reward his posthumous piety has chosen him to become one of her saints. And there is an old tradition that he was baptized by Peter and put to death for having believed, too late, in Him whom he did not save from death.

TO BE CONTINUED

CHRIST IN THE WORLD

The comment that "there is nothing more uncommon than common sense," finds confirmation in the bewilderment, sometimes deep resentment, shown by many worldlylings when they hear of young Catholics "leaving all things" in order to devote themselves as hand laborers to the service of God. Though such sacrifice is inspired by sublime purpose and fraught with eternal consequence, yet frequently it meets with either callous indifference or contemptuous pity from the very people who cheer enthusiastically the quick response of youth to patriotic appeal notwithstanding that following the flag may break hearts and lead to loss of life. Such ignoble critics loudly voice their admiration of the adventurous spirit which moves many upon hazardous expeditions in quest of discovery or renown; they favor the financial instinct which prompts men to seek fortune far from home amid the hardships of the gold or diamond fields, and they highly commend the unquestioned courage of those scientists whose research is accompanied by daily risk. These chieftain projects are held in honor but, constantly, the Apostles whose mission is Divine, of highest worth, ever-lasting, and even more despised. What a perversion of right reason!

The Religious state is the incarnation of Christian idealism—the continuation and extension of the life of Christ. As a sacrifice it is an admonition to a selfish world: "If thou art willing to be perfect, go sell what thou hast, give to the poor. 'I would,' declared Saint Paul, 'that all men were even as myself. I would have you to be without solicitude. He that is without a wife, is solicitous for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please God. . . The unmarried woman and the virgin think on the things of the Lord, that she may be holy both in body and in spirit.' And the Divine Exemplar humbled himself, becoming obedient unto death, even to the death of the cross! Conformity with Christ is the outstanding feature of the Religious state. To be united with Him, influenced by His Spirit, and to co-operate in making Him known and loved, is the noble ambition of each sincere Religious. The motive is a reciprocation of the Love instanced at Bethlehem and Calvary. Such persevering concentration is already blessed with an assurance of the hospitality of Heaven: 'Jesus said, Amen: I say to you, there is no man who hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother or lands, for My sake and for the Gospel, who shall not receive an hundred times as much now in this time, and in the world to come, Life Everlasting.'"

Although soul welfare is the essential concern of Priests, Brothers, and Sisters, yet in varying degrees and directions they strive for "the perfection of the whole man" which is the very meaning of civilization. The teachers therefore cultivate the mind; some make their pupils skilled in agriculture and handicraft, as well as letters. The nursing Sisters portray Our Lord's own kindness to the sick by ministering to their needs and the outcast leper finds in them a

gentle friend. The insane are cared for by the noble Brothers of St. Alexis and St. John of God. Various Sistershoods provide comfortable and healthy homes for the homeless. Hundreds of children and the aged are thus saved the bitter experience of destitution. The Good Shepherd Sisters, whose convents number about three hundred, tenderly carry on Christ's mission of mercy. Thus does the Church, like her Founder, go about doing good all day long: Educational establishments, industrial schools, hospitals, asylums, orphanages, house-to-house visitation of the poor sick, colleges for the deaf-and-dumb, etc., form object lessons in Christlike charity. The pulpit, the confessional, the press are further outlets for the ministry of sanctification. The hidden years of Jesus and His long nights of prayer survive in the spirit and practices of the wonderful Contemplative Orders:

"Do you esteem me highly?" (asks an earnest least preacher) "the mercy which helps the body than the mercy which heals the soul? Hospitals, schools, almshouses, asylums; yes! That is all blessed work. But have you ever thought of the contemplatives, of what use are they? Use? Silent in the gloom of the solemn chapel or in the bare chill cell, silent, yet eloquent in a most heroicism of poverty, the Carmelite nun prays, in her girlhood, forswearing the pride of beauty and the pomp of wealth, the ambition of talent and the hope of heart, she laid her life upon the Altar of the Sanctuary to atone for the sins of men. All through the hours of the monotonous years, while her thin face grew pale with fasting, as her weak limbs failed for watching, her prayer illumined by the loveliness of her purity and kindled by the burning of her zeal, in fragrant faith and cleansing charity, mounted like incense to the throne of God. That prayer is heard. When in distant wilds, in the fever swamp, or fetid jungle, with the scream of the vulture for his death rattle and the howl of the wolf for his last good-bye, the poor prodigal boy lies quivering in his death agony, his mind darkened, his will powerless, his soul steeped in sin, the prayer of the Carmelite brought him salvation, and he sobbed forth his spirit in penitence to God. Or when in the dark and lonely street of the city the woman of shame paused for an instant as she heard the toll of her chapel bell, and thought of her innocent childhood, the prayer of the Carmelite softened her heart and made her weep like Magdalen.

"O, what would the world be without the prayer and penance of our unknown saints? Should not fire from heaven smite the giddy quail of voluptuous Paris, or earthquake engulf the Godless greed of London, did not the sacred sound of midnight choir from Carthusian church remind God that there are still angels upon earth; did not Claretian silence bind pure lips, and fierce discipline of bleeding hair shire of Trappist leucate innocent shoulders in order to expiate the sins of their guilty brothers?"

Finally, not through any hatred of the world nor because of bitter disillusionment but through stronger preferential love for God and His creatures, Catholic youth freely and joyously goes forth to college or to convent. Such candidates are as a rule from really happy homes, they know each his purest pleasures, the charm of companionship, and the innumerable domestic, social, mental, manual interests which captivate the young heart. During early days of their religious career they may indeed experience a reaction for "the would-be saint is weary of the world; but by the time he is a true saint he loves it. There are three stages in the life of love, as in the life of faith; love without much knowledge, love shaken and embittered by unexpected knowledge, and the steadfast love that has merged knowledge into wisdom."—The Southern Cross.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JAN. 10, 1925

HONOR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER

The first thought that citation of the Fourth Commandment calls to our minds is the duty it emphasizes of children honoring and obeying their parents. That is but natural, perhaps inevitable, since that is the primary injunction of the divine command. But to stop here is to have merely a childish notion of the tremendous importance and significance of the Fourth Commandment. It confers authority on fathers and mothers, or it gives explicit divine sanction to an authority that springs from the very nature of things. It is well that as children we early learn the duty of obedience to parental authority; but to stop here, we repeat, is childish. Before God's judgment seat it is not the children but the parents who will have the gravest reason to fear that dread accounting. For fathers and mothers, teachers, priests and others who exercise authority will have to render an account assuredly not less exacting than will those who are subject to that authority. All authority comes from God. That is unquestioned and unquestionable Catholic doctrine. It takes from obedience all servility and gives to it a noble dignity. To those who exercise authority this doctrine should teach an equally noble humility. To be vested with authority by God, to be delegated by Him to govern in His name, and to have ever in mind that they are but His stewards who will have to render an account of their stewardship should make the exercise of parental authority one of the deepest matters of conscience, one of the most important things of life.

Yet one of the most outstanding as well as the most alarming characteristics of the age in which we live is the disregard for parental authority. And sad as this disregard is on the part of children, it is nothing to the appalling indifference of fathers and mothers to the duties imposed on them by the Fourth Commandment of God. It would be consoling if we could point to the fact that Catholics are generally immune to this virulent modern disease; but it would be sheer delusion to think so. The spirit of the age now as always affects Catholics even though it runs counter to direct and positive Catholic teaching.

These reflections are suggested by a remarkable presentment of the Brooklyn grand jury to County Judge Vane. The prevalence of crime and the fact that the vast majority of criminals are mere youths has been blamed on the Great War. They have told us with damnable iteration what her grandfather told little Wilhelmine "such things you know must be after every famous victory." That and all such puerile evasions are swept aside by the Brooklyn grand jury who tell parents plainly that they have shirked their responsibilities and failed in their duties as fathers and mothers.

The presentment continues: "An alarming number of children in Brooklyn are growing up with no religious training whatever. A prominent jurist (Judge B. J. Humphrey) recently declared that in his twenty years on the bench he could recall but one of the thousands of criminals brought before him who had had a Sunday-school training. If this record is to be accepted at its face value, it means that the arch-foes of crime are our religious institutions of whatever creed.

"What are the remedies? We are convinced that the most essential is a revaluation of religious influence in the home. The perfect home is that which trains its sons and daughters not only in body and

mind, but also in the spirit. We believe the people of Brooklyn must set for themselves a new standard of fealty and devotion to church and synagogue. Let us not send our children to them but go with them and show them that we believe the things we want them to learn are worth while.

"Let us see to it that our children shall have learned the Golden Rule rather than the rule of greed. Let us see to it that they have a square deal. Join the children in their amusement seeking, and insist that their conception of life shall not be corrupted by vicious movies and filthy books.

"Gunmen, thugs and bootleggers are not made in a day. They are the product of homes where laxity and indifference reigned. The criminals of tomorrow are in our homes and schools and on our streets today, impressionable, eager to learn, looking for a hero to worship and a gang to join."

We have often noted that the layman's sermon is sometimes more effective than the priest's. From the priest—well that was to be expected; but when a layman stands up to his fellows for whatsoever things are pure it goes home to some whom the priest may fail to move. So with the matter in hand. Non-Catholics may preach the great Catholic truth we wish to emphasize all the more effectively for the reason that they are not Catholics. The presentment from which we quoted is from laymen, for the most part, presumably, non-Catholic.

There is no lack of evidence, says the Literary Digest, to prove the indictment of the Brooklyn grand jury. We think it will stimulate fathers and mothers to think seriously of their special duties and responsibilities to quote some of this evidence.

Albert B. Hines, director of the Boys' Club, New York, asserts that 80% of the crime in this country is committed by men or boys who have had no religious training. And he goes on:

"The home as a source of spiritual culture, education and moral training is not functioning. The boy is turned out on the street for his pleasure. Every boy has about 4,000 hours a year when he is awake. One thousand of these are spent in school, leaving him, perhaps, 2,500 hours to spend on the street.

With the help of the older boys of the club Mr. Hines made a study of the street influences in the neighborhood. He found 24% of the boys on week-day afternoons engaged in things that were actual violations of the law, and 60% were doing things destructive to moral character or dangerous to their lives. On Sunday afternoon things were worse: 100% increase in gambling and 85% increase in fighting.

Judge George C. Appell, of the Westchester County Juvenile Court, tells of young girls who break down when the realization of the foulness of their habits dawns on them in court. Said one: "Oh, if my mother had only told me all this."

The utter lack of all religious teaching seems sometimes to be hardly credible. Follows a paragraph from the Digest:

The parental neglect is not counterbalanced by any actual moral training in the public schools. Here, too, the "buck" is passed on. For some years, we are told, Dr. William J. Cox, rector of St. Andrew's Protestant Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, has been studying the relation between crime statistics and ethical instruction given in Public schools of various American cities. In nine States, he finds, the very name of Christianity is permitted to be taught." He found that in Chicago in the five years up to 1915, out of 55,000 persons below the age of sixteen who had passed through the hands of the police, fewer than one-sixth had even heard of the Ten Commandments. In a New York high school with 1,985 pupils, when a test case was given and they were told to write anything they knew at all about the Ten Commandments, only 484 were able to write anything. Several graduates of the Newark, New Jersey, high school informed him that they were preparing to become teachers of Socialism, and confessed that they had never heard of the Ten Commandments. As a result of the staggering conditions he encountered,

Dr. Cox suggests a twentieth-century use of the Ten Commandments. It would be in the form of a pledge of allegiance to be taken by all school children. His proposal is said to have received the indorsement of several Catholic clergymen, Jewish rabbis and Protestant ministers before whom it had been placed.

Now God forbid that any Catholic should read the above with the smug complacency of the pharisee. We may humbly thank God for the wisdom guiding the Catholic Church in its age long insistence that religion be an integral part of education and be not banished from the schools. But we should ask ourselves some heart-searching questions. Is it not true that in sending their children to Catholic schools, especially if taught by religious, many Catholic parents think they have fulfilled their whole duty with regard to religious training? If so they have a very low conception of parental duty. Nothing can take the place of the personal interest of father and mother in the faith and morals of their children. No one can relieve them of their personal responsibility for bringing up their children in the fear and love of God. Catholic schools are a great help; but fathers and mothers have duties and responsibilities imposed on them by God; and of these they cannot divest themselves.

That the foregoing considerations may help awaken the conscience of some fathers and mothers and stimulate others to a fuller realization of their responsibilities—and of their opportunities—is our confident hope. Would it not make a matter for one good practical resolution for this Holy Year?

In Montreal and afterwards in Loyola College which the Jesuits now conduct for English-speaking students. Later for many years he was chaplain to the Royal Victoria Hospital. Occasionally we have come across old pupils and hospital patients who have met exactly our expectation in the warm terms of affection, esteem and reverence in which they have spoken of Father Joseph.

On Christmas eve he was called to the hospital where he anointed a patient after midnight. Arising the same morning, as usual, at 4.30 a. m. he went to the chapel for morning prayer and meditation. Whether or not he offered the Holy Sacrifice that morning we have not learned with certainty. We believe he did. Returning to his room he collapsed. The priest next door heard him fall, rushed in and found him alive but unconscious. So the priest who had zealously ministered to so many received the last sacraments before entering the Valley of the shadow of death. Well might his heart sing the psalmist's words: "I will fear no evils, for Thou art with me."

Fifty-six years ago next May day we two started to school at old Number 6, Asphodel, in Peterborough county. Our fathers had gone into the bush, cleared the land and made comfortable homes. There was then no government coaxing or coddling. The pioneer worked or starved or drifted away. The stout-hearted persevered and reaped their reward not only in fertile fields and homes of frugal comfort, but in the heritage of sturdy self-reliance, independence and self-respect they passed on to their children.

Self-respect was the outstanding characteristic of the home that was the first and best school of the future Father Joseph McCarthy. His father was a man who minded his own business—but minded it thoroughly. His mother was the valiant woman of Proverbs in whom the heart of her husband trusted. One can not think of one without the other. They governed their family with never a doubt that God had given them their parental authority for so doing. It was a Christian home where religion, as a matter of course, dominated all else, and leavened life, life's outlook and life's ambitions. Two sons became Jesuit priests and one daughter a St. Joseph's sister. A zealous and learned priest of Chicago, Dr. Murray, is a grandson.

Throughout these years since first we started to school together the friendship between the writer and Father Joe not only remained unbroken but grew with the years. There were intervals often of years between meetings, but the years interposed no barrier to the old intimate union of hearts when we did meet. Just a few months ago we had a glimpse of our old friend's zealous work. A young man in whom we are interested, is studying medicine at McGill University. For these young Catholic students there is no protecting religious influence or atmosphere in such institutions. Yet, be it said in passing, our professional men as a rule are staunch and loyal Catholics. The medical student aforementioned told us that Father Joseph McCarthy, S. J., was now his confessor. Many Catholic students had been Father Joseph's penitents and from one to another the word passed that there was a great confessor at St. Mary's College; so our young friend also went to Father Joseph for spiritual guidance and priestly ministrations. It would hardly be fair to say further what our young medical student disclosed. But we felt, felt deeply and gratefully, that our young friend would be led gently, firmly, with a Christ-like love and zeal through what might sometimes be dangerous places.

Had Father Joseph been given the choice of the manner of his death he would have refused to choose. That will be understood by those who have some knowledge of the indifference to all things and the perfect submission to the holy will of God which is a Jesuit ideal. And Father McCarthy was a good priest and a good Jesuit. We feel as certain as we do of anything that were the choice offered him his answer from the heart and in all humility would be: "Not my will but Thine be done." But to have died working hard to the very end, in his passing to have caused no one the slightest bit of trouble—that is just the death bit

that is just the death bit of Father Joseph McCarthy.

Father Joseph McCarthy was a saintly priest. In this there is neither the exaggeration of affection nor of post-mortem eulogy. Many thousands will recognize in the characterization the simple truth.

For years he was a professor in the bilingual college of St. Mary's

in Montreal and afterwards in Loyola College which the Jesuits now conduct for English-speaking students. Later for many years he was chaplain to the Royal Victoria Hospital. Occasionally we have come across old pupils and hospital patients who have met exactly our expectation in the warm terms of affection, esteem and reverence in which they have spoken of Father Joseph.

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For years he was a professor in the bilingual college of St. Mary's

Father Joseph would have gratefully welcomed.

As far back as memory carries we remember our dear friend, in childhood, in adolescence, in youth, as possessing a singular natural refinement. Anything coarse grated harshly; anything bordering on the obscene or profane he kept rigidly outside his life. We have always thought of him in connection with that wonderful line of the poet-priest, Father Ryan: "My heart was born with priestly vestments on."

And that divine call to the priesthood, discerned, dimly perhaps, yet afar off in the days of childhood, profoundly influenced his whole life both before and after ordination. It was one of the graces that kept him always pure and humble of heart.

We, his friends, his relatives, his penitents, can not help feeling sorry for our own loss; but we can feel no sorrow for the good priest gone to his reward.

The glorious privilege of the Communion of Saints is ours. Let us pray for him and to him. May he still with true sacerdotal zeal watch over his loved ones and may we still feel the presence of his spirit in our lives.

Eternal rest give unto him O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him.

HUMAN KINDNESS IS NOT NECESSARILY CHARITY

By THE OBSERVER

Charity and natural benevolence are two different things; but they are often confused, the one with the other. When we see a man kind to others and willing to relieve their wants, we say that that is a charitable man; but he may be only benevolent which is another matter. Charity is more than mere human pity.

Christ preached Charity and named it as the mark of His followers. But human pity was then quite common amongst millions of pagans who were in no way entitled to be called His followers. He told His disciples that men should know them for His if they loved one another; and He made it plain that that love was to be more than the human pity which was common amongst the pagans; that the followers of Christ were to love one another "for His sake"; that they were to forgive one another which the pagans did not do; that they were to do to one another as they would like that others should do to them; and the pagans did not do that.

Human benevolence has always existed in the world; it existed among the millions of pagans to whom the Apostles went out to preach the Gospel of Christ; but the Apostles did not leave the pagans of kind hearts under the impression that they were practicing the Charity of Christ when they acted sometimes on an impulse of human pity.

Human benevolence is very common now amongst millions who deride religion, and who refuse to be bound by its doctrines and practices and dogmas, who have no belief in God or only the faintest trace of belief in Him. Vicious men are benevolent. It is not uncommon to see men, who would not hesitate to kill or to rob, moved to tears at the sight of human misery, and ready to give all they have to relieve it, even though they might go off and rob again to replace what they gave in works of relief.

Have such men Charity as Christ preached it? If we rob one man, how do we, if we are not repentant, wipe out that sin by giving relief to another? Some people seem to suppose that they can keep an open account with God, and make entries to their own credit at their own will and pleasure, and that their final reckoning will call for a sum-in-addition and subtraction, with the balance probably to their credit. It is quite common to hear people say of some man who has manifested some tenderness for the poor and suffering, "Oh, he will be all right; no matter if he has vices; see all he has done for the poor or the helpless; for hospitals, and for charitable relief of various kinds." But mere pity for the poor and the suffering is not that Charity which Christ told His disciples was to be their distinguishing mark. Charity is a virtue infused by God, and it impels the human will to love God for His own sake above all things, and to cherish man for the sake of God. The origin of Charity is Divine. St. Paul says: "The

Charity of God is poured forth in our hearts by the Holy Spirit." (Romans, v. 5). Human pity for the sufferings of others is an admirable thing, for certainly it is more admirable to be kind-hearted than to be callous. It is easy for a man who is naturally kind-hearted to win merit if he loves God, because it is easy for him to do good to others, and if he loves God the spiritual motive is ready to give effect to his good deeds.

But there are men who will empty their pockets one day under an impulse of human pity, at the sight of indigence, and who will cheerfully fill them again the next day with another man's money, causing him not only loss but unhappiness, because they think that that is business, and sentiment, they say, has nothing to do with business. Their kindness is not Charity; for Charity forbids injury to our neighbor, not because we like him not because we pity him; but because he and we are children of God and brothers in Christ Jesus.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

OVERSEAS EXCHANGES to hand contain appreciative notices of the late Mr. James Britten, whose death was duly chronicled in these columns. One refers to him as not only "a model Catholic layman, who had devoted his whole life's service to the defence and promotion of Catholic truth," but as "one of England's foremost and most brilliant champions of the Faith," and the "founder of an organized system of Catholic apologetics which has been instrumental in fortifying the faith of Catholics and in enlightening thousands of those who were strangers to it." This is high praise, but to those acquainted with his work not one whit too high.

AS REMARKED here at the time of his death Mr. Britten's labors for the Faith may have somewhat obscured his devotion to science. His name had become so closely interwoven with the work of the Catholic Truth Society that few people realized that he was one of the most learned and distinguished botanists of the day, and that he was also recognized in scientific circles as an authority in Philology, folklore, and the history of English dialects. Indeed Mr. Britten was in his own person a refutation of the fallacious idea held by some that between science and revelation there is a great gulf fixed which cannot be bridged. Mr. Britten's whole life was a testimony to the contrary.

WITH REFERENCE to the question of Faith and Science we are reminded of the recent death of another eminent Catholic savant in the person of Professor Clement Bauemacher, whose useful life came to an end in Berlin, at the age of seventy-one. Professor Bauemacher had filled the chair of Philosophy in the leading German university for many years and was the author of numerous works of Philosophy, Logic and Greek history. His work on the Middle Ages is said to throw much light on this sadly misunderstood period and to show that those who are accustomed to regard them as the "Dark Ages" are themselves in need of enlightenment. For it was in those same "Dark" ages that practically all the achievements of science in this later age. Professor Bauemacher, like James Britten and many other illustrious scholars, worked in the shadows and was animated solely by a passionate desire for truth. Self-elimination has ever been the characteristic of the true scholar.

WHILE SECTARIANS are doing their best to rob Holy Scripture of its authority and integrity, the Holy See is ever vigilant in its defence. The Pontifical Biblical Institute at Rome, which is in charge of the Jesuits, is engaged in compiling a new manual of Sacred Scripture designed to further biblical studies. It will consist of three volumes, the first of which—a general introduction—is now in press. These volumes, it should be added, are not the exclusive work of Jesuit Fathers, several members of the Biblical Commission having collaborated. It will deal with the latest researches and theories as to Inspiration.

It is gratifying to know that great progress has been made in

reconstituting the library of Louvain University, destroyed with so much barbarity by the Germans in the late War. Libraries and scholars in all parts of the world have cooperated in this desirable undertaking, and while no effort can replace many of the treasures destroyed in the conflagration, others have been contributed which are of great interest and value. Foreign countries have sent some 245,000 volumes, the John Rylands Library of Manchester having alone collected 50,000 books for presentation to the University. Even Japan has contributed many Asiatic illuminated manuscripts together with some very rare copies of books printed in the eighth century—centuries before the discovery of the art of printing from moveable types in Europe. Louvain has arisen phoenix-like from the ashes and has a future which will rival the achievements of its past.

THE PRESS on this continent have given much space to the passing of the French novelist, Anatole France, and has lauded him to the skies as one of the most illustrious of Frenchmen. A truer estimate of the man appears in the *Corriere d'Italia*, a Roman daily. It says: "The impiety of France knows no limits. It knows only the perverse ability of a seductive form of writing that tries to mask infamy. His blasphemies are countless. France's name has been always celebrated at all masonic, anti-religious, and even communistic demonstrations.

"The spectacle of the wonderful increase of faith all over the French Republic were to Anatole France a source of great bitterness during these latter years. And when the Government re-established the Embassy to the Vatican, he did not fail to protest with badly dissimulated fury. In his 'Life of Joan of Arc' the perversion of the impiety of Anatole France succeeds in hiding itself under a false religiosity."

"Such is the man," adds a correspondent, "lauded by so many editors in the land of Dante, Manzoni and St. Thomas Aquinas."—the man who more properly may be called the mere puppet of continental Freemasonry. Such also is the man lauded in some quarters in Britain—the land of Chaucer, Shakespeare and Newman.

THE STEADY PROGRESS of Faith in Scotland is reflected in the ill-natured comments of a minister of the Established Church, who writes to the press about what he calls several "alarming facts," which may be summarized as follows: Fort Augustus, the flourishing abbey of the Benedictine order, is a cause of great alarm to the Scots cleric. For, as he very truly says, the abbatical household numbers some two hundred souls, and most of the monks are converts from Anglicanism; while a former Abbot was the son of Protestant parents. Recent converts received into the Church at Fort Augustus, so the minister says, include the daughter of a Presbyterian minister, the daughter of an elder of the Kirk; not to mention a former minister of the Church of Scotland, who with his wife and sister-in-law and his children were baptized not long ago. Also fourteen Protestants who married Catholics have themselves become Catholics. In the towns the Protestant position has been known to be shaky for some time. But the Presbyterian Jeremiah discloses the fact that in the Western Highlands the Protestant churches are not only failing to make appreciable headway, but are barely able to hold their own.

IRISH LAWMAKERS TOO BUSY

Ireland is suffering from an excess of law-making. It is held that the Dail, since it came into existence, has passed far too much legislation. Some of the new Acts are undoubtedly good. Many others are, however, vague and slipshod. The new legislation is now over-running the existing capacity of the administrative machine. The Government offices in Dublin need a great deal of overhauling. As a result of the dislocation that has gone on ever since the beginning of the European war they have ceased to be efficient for their old work, not to speak of new functions.

It is being generally advocated that the efforts of the Government be applied more to the repairing and perfecting of the executive system, and that a stay should be put on the daily passing of new laws which, under present conditions, cannot be adequately enforced.

As an instance of the loose working of the present official machinery, it is enough to mention that certain sections of the statistics on which the nation's economic policy is largely based have been found to be either incomplete or inaccurate.

REMAINS OF LEO XIII. MOVED TO LATERAN

FUNERAL RITES IMPRESSIVE
By Mrs. Enrico Puoci
(Home Correspondent, N. C. W. C.)

The body of Leo XIII. is now reposing in the tomb chosen by himself in the Archbasilica of St. John in Lateran, the Cathedral of the Roman Pontiffs. When the successor of Pius IX. during the first years of his Pontificate made the great restoration in the Lateran Basilica entirely renovating the apex, he had the ashes of Innocent III. brought to the historical temple. He always had a special veneration for this great Pontiff as when he was Archbishop of Perugia, he had so often recalled the glorious memories of the Pontificate at his tomb which was in Perugia where Innocent III. died and was interred in 1219. The name of this great Pope is also indissolubly united with that of St. John in Lateran as it was there that he celebrated the Fourth Ecumenical Lateran Council. On account of these many reasons Leo XIII. had the ashes of Innocent III. brought from Perugia and deposited in a beautiful monument which he himself had had erected at St. John in Lateran in the right entrance to the Ambulatory of the new apse. On the corresponding entrance on the left Leo XIII. decided that after his death his own sepulchre should be erected. This was done by the noted sculptor Tadolini who made a large statue of the Pontiff in the act of blessing surrounded by symbolic statues. The monument was erected immediately after the death of the Pope, but the body of Leo XIII. has remained in the temporary sepulchre of the Vatican Basilica until the present month.

A PAINFUL MEMORY

The reasons for the long delay in transporting of the body of the Pope centered around the painful memory of the insults directed against the venerated body of Pius IX. while it was being taken from the Vatican to the Basilica of San Lorenzo outside the Walls, where that Pontiff had chosen his last resting place and where the Catholic world had erected a splendid monument.

These incidents occurred July 13, 1861. On that date Cardinals Mezzanese, Simeoni, and Monaco La Valletta, executors of the will of Pius IX., decided to move the body. Through motives of prudence although the struggle between the Catholics attached to the Pope and the anti-clericals was decided that the removal of the body should take place by night and without external pomp. The civil authorities were advised of the date and they made no objections. Neither were the citizens warned nor did the Catholic Associations send out any invitations; but notwithstanding this at midnight on July 13th an immense crowd of Romans gathered in the Piazza di San Pietro and the streets of Borgo awaiting the passing of the body. A large number of torches were lighted and all recited the *Miserere* and the prayers for the dead. The funeral car, without any external pomp, was accompanied by only four Vatican carriages and by a few others containing Cardinals and Roman Princes. At the passing of the small but extremely dignified procession, all the windows of the houses of Borgo were opened and illuminated with candles. The people prayed and it was a highly edifying spectacle which should have continued throughout the whole of the way if the anti-clericals had not commenced, near Ponte Sant' Angelo, a demonstration against the dead body of the Pope. The most shameful cries were directed against the holy memory of Pius IX. Stones were thrown at the funeral car. On Ponte Sant' Angelo the cry arose that the body should be thrown in the river. The Catholics did not reply but redoubled their prayers. More than once those nearest the funeral car were attacked and had to use their torches as batons to defend themselves. The police were not prepared in sufficient numbers and never intervened until after the most deplorable and savage scenes had taken place.

It is impossible to describe the enormous impression that this outrage made in the Catholic world. Leo XIII. had a circular immediately sent to the Apostolic Nuncios charging them to inform their respective Governments of the very serious insults which the Roman Pontificate had received. On August 4 a Consistory was held in which the Pope delivered an allocution publicly protesting against the ignoble outrage to the body of his predecessor.

The Italian Government on their part ordered an inquiry the result of which was the dismissal of the Chief of Police, and some officials were transferred. The report of the inquiry was never published as it would have shown that a great part of the responsibility rested on the Government itself which, knowing that the anti-clericals were preparing a demonstration, had not taken the necessary steps to prevent it.

The Minister of Foreign Affairs sought to justify the Government by means of a circular letter sent to the ambassadors but in that circular the affair was not faithfully represented as was formally declared by the Commissioner of Public Security who had the charge of maintaining public order that night and who had not been given a sufficient force by the Government.

THE PRESENT CONDITIONS IN ROME
At the present time conditions in Rome are very different from those which existed when the outrage was offered to the memory of Pius IX. Public opinion is much more just towards the Pontificate and, although the rights of the Holy See have not yet been fully recognized, it is no longer considered as an adversary to be combated. The most authoritative political men have not hesitated to recognize that by the solution of the dissension with the Papacy Italy would suffer no loss, but on the contrary, would derive great advantage. It is known that the Fascist Government has taken advantage of all occasions to show every regard towards the Holy See.

For this reason the transportation of the body of Leo XIII. if it had been done publicly would have been marred by no untoward incident but would have taken place with great pomp and with the participation of the Italian Government itself. Even this, however, was a circumstance to be avoided because inexact interpretations and opinions could have been derived from it which would have been difficult to eradicate. The Holy Father, therefore preferred that the transportation should take place by night and privately.

HOW THE BODY WAS MOVED

Preparations for moving the body of Leo XIII. were made with the greatest secrecy. The press managed to find out that the transportation would take place in October. The date originally fixed was the night of the 30th, but as this date was published by the Roman newspapers the *Osservatore Romano* published a denial which said that nothing had been decided about the date at that time. A subsequent notice said the transportation was postponed till about November 10. This also was contradicted. It was only October 21 that the Pope gave the order to hasten the preparations. That same day the technician office of the Vatican Palace was charged to buy the velvet to drape the car which would carry the body. The next morning at nine o'clock the Pope himself decided that the transportation should take place that night. The car was immediately prepared, the Chapters of St. John in Lateran and St. Peter, and the Prefect of the Pontifical Ceremonies who had to direct the transportation were advised of the removal. Only in the afternoon were the police warned for the service of surveillance. The press had no news of the event.

It was thus that the transportation could take place in the greatest secrecy. At the Vatican Basilica besides the representatives of the Vatican and Lateran Chapters were present only the Archbishop Cardinal Merry del Val, Cardinal Gasparri, Secretary of State, and Cardinal Cagiano de Azevedo, who had passed almost all his life by the side of Leo XIII., first as *Camiere segreto partecipanti* then as *Major-domo*.

Of the Cardinals created by Leo XIII., only two are living: Cardinal Francis Nava di Bonifazi, formerly Archbishop of Catania but now retired and living in Switzerland; and Cardinal Vannutelli, Doyen of the Sacred College, who is the only one living in Rome. Cardinal Vannutelli would have liked to participate in the transportation, but on account of his great age he was unable to do so.

The small procession crossed Rome in the darkness of the night. There were only five motor cars one behind the other, following the funeral car. The procession passed along the left bank of the Tiber as far as the heights of the ancient Circus of Maximus and from there traversed the most beautiful part of the ruins of Imperial Rome, passing under the Arch of Constantine and rounding the Coliseum on the way to St. John in Lateran.

Arrived at the Lateran the funeral car entered—together with the carriage which had accompanied it—the courtyard of the Pontifical Palace and from there the coffin, accompanied by the Lateran Chapter, was carried into the Basilica to the chanting of the *Te Deum* for the dead. The Chapel Severina, completely draped in mourning, awaited the remains. After the ritual prayers and benediction the casket was left there under a rich covering surmounted by the tiara.

The coffin containing the remains of Leo XIII., was exposed until October 25, and during those days a continuous stream of people came to pray at the bier. On the altar was a magnificent Crucifix of marble illuminated by six candles. Many prelates and priests went to celebrate Mass there and the Franciscan Friars continually kept guard beside the coffin.

THE INTERMENT

On the evening of October 26, after the Basilica was closed to the public, the Lateran Chapter proceeded with the recognition of the

coffin. The outer covering of wood was opened and the inner shell of lead was seen intact with its seals sealed with the coat-of-arms of Cardinal Rampolla who at the time of Leo XIII.'s death was Archpriest of the Vatican Basilica. The legal deed of recognition was written by the Counsellor of the Chapter. Then the coffin was brought into the transverse nave next to the monument and directly in front of the Altar of the Blessed Sacrament.

The next morning the interment took place with simple ceremony, decorous and truly worthy of a Pope. The coffin was guarded by the Noble Guards in full-dress uniform because the Basilica and the Lateran Palace enjoy extraordinary territoriality being recognized as the legal residence of the Pontiff. The Basilica was closed to the public and only the usual orders were invited to be present at the funeral ceremony: the Sacred College, prelates, diplomatic corps, Roman nobility, and representatives of the religious orders.

The rite was brief and performed by the Cardinal Vicar Basilio Pompili who is also Arch-priest of the Lateran Basilica. The parchment containing the account of the interment which was placed in the sepulchre together with the coffin, was signed by the Cardinals present, a few members of the diplomatic corps and the Lateran Canon. The coffin was taken behind the monument and by a simple and quick manoeuvre directed by the architect of the Sacred Apostolic Palace was raised to the height of the niche prepared for it, which would have been difficult to eradicate. The Holy Father, therefore preferred that the transportation should take place by night and privately.

THE SOLEMN FUNERAL MASSES

On November 2, the solemn funeral Mass was celebrated for the soul of the great Pontiff. This also took place with a truly papal solemnity. The vast temple was crowded. There one saw again the same crowd of faithful Catholic citizens, villagers and workmen who so often had gathered, vibrating with enthusiasm, around the great Pontiff Leo XIII., the Pope of the people and Christian democracy, during his last years.

Numerous multi-colored banners of the Catholic Associations waved in their midst. The boy scouts formed an escort of honor at the catafalque around which prayed the parish priests of the city. In the apse the seats of the Gospel side were entirely reserved for the twenty Cardinals present. At the Epistle side were the Bishops, Prelates and the Chapter of the Basilica; in the transverse nave the Prelates and gentlemen-in-waiting of the Ante-Chamber, the diplomatic corps, the Roman patriciate and nobility. The huge naves were black with people gathered in prayer. The Basilica was already festively adorned for the Centennial festivals, but black velvet was draped over the red damasks as a token of mourning.

In the centre of the grand nave was placed the bier covered by a large gold robe surmounted by a tiara. Around it burnt hundreds of candles. At the principal entrance to the Basilica had been hung a Latin inscription written by Cardinal Galluzzi which said:

"The Chapter of Canons and the Lateran Clergy, after the interment of the ashes of Leo XIII. in his own monument, grateful to his memory celebrates a solemn funeral Mass for the soul of that Pontiff whose munificence so greatly increased the decorum and majesty of the first Basilica of the whole Catholic world—Come in great numbers to the temple, all ye faithful, and humbly beseech God Almighty to grant the greatest of the papist Pontiff the immortal reward he earned for his work in favor of the Christian cause and of human society."

The pontifical funeral Mass was celebrated by His Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop Pompili accompanied by the choir of the Lateran Chapel which under the direction of the Maestro Monsignor Costantini executed splendid music by Palestrina, Anerio and Monsignor Casimiri himself. When the Mass ended the people began to leave the Cathedral and the Cardinals and Prelates retired in the Sacristy. The Cardinal Doyen Vannutelli, the only Cardinal present created by Leo XIII., before leaving the threshold above which rose the monument stopped and, surrounded by the other Cardinals, the Diplomatic Corps and the Court, recited the *De Profundis* for the soul of the Pontiff.

THE LOVE OF BIRDS

Captain Stephen Gwynne, writing in the London Observer, tells this story of the late Cardinal Logue: "A young priest told me this story of Cardinal Logue. One of his friends went to see the old man and knocked at the door of Ara Coeli, the new and state residence at Armagh. After a while the door was opened by the Cardinal. His guest asked why, 'My housekeeper is old, and she has sore feet.' They went in and, after a while, 'Come now till I show you my friends,' said the Cardinal. They went out and from all quarters birds came flocking, to sit on the little old bent shoulders. He knew each of them, and had names for them all. 'But the worst is,' he said, 'I can

not read my breviary any more walking in the garden. They give me peace, and I cannot keep my mind from them. Was there ever a more perfect subject for a poem?' Also something for imitation. There is little in the world more beautiful than birds; lovely, harmless creatures that make life more joyous for humankind, and harm of which seems like a veritable sacrifice against the goodness of Providence itself.—Ottawa Journal.

FOREIGN MISSION NEWS LETTER

"THE LOVE OF GOD SURPASSETH ALL UNDERSTANDING"

It almost passeth understanding how the missionary every makes his lightest roadway in the many heathen countries so diverse in physical and moral aspect. How can pagans be prevailed upon to accept in place of their traditions and superstitions which are part of their national and domestic life, the religion of the "foreign man" so unlike to them in type, manner and dress? "Love" seems to be the only adequate answer—a Love that resembles that of the Divine Master Who went about doing good. The grandeur of character and beauty of soul of those who made the loftiest choice possible to human nature, who had made the Great Sacrifice, cannot but reflect itself in their success.

THE DIFFERENCE

"How is it," asked a Protestant Mission Worker of a native Chinese man attending one of America's Universities, "that Catholics with such meagre resources, can do so much, while we with large sums, cannot attract the people?"

"We measure your religion by your lives," he replied. "You sacrifice nothing, while the Priests and Nuns in China live as we do and endure privations and help us. If we become Christians, we will be Catholics." They have abandoned all things and followed "Him."

A HAVEN IN DISTRESS

St. Martha's Hospital in Bangalore City, India, is conducted by the Religious of the Good Shepherd. In spite of the toil and anxiety of their daily lives spent among the sick and the suffering, these Sisters have no convent worthy the name. The good they are doing is very great. The people look upon St. Martha's as a beacon of safety. Two cholera cases brought in recently were left on the veranda. Those who carried them feared the Sisters would not receive them, as they were contagious cases. When the Sister-Doctor found them they were dying. One Sister took entire charge of them though nothing could be done but stimulate the heart, while the nun briefly instructed and baptized them. St. Martha's, once more proved itself a refuge to those who had been rejected by their own.

BEFORE A FIRING SQUAD

Recently Father Dietz, American Missionary in Tunghen was informed that three bandits were captured and were tied up awaiting execution in the temple. He immediately visited the trio, and quite readily they listed to the new teaching of Love. On the day of sentence, assured of their good faith, he baptized them while a hideous Buddha looked down and a thousand curious natives watched the usual ceremony. The firing squad then took control and the priest accompanied the condemned men praying for them and urging them to contrition. While he was speaking, three soldiers came behind the men, tripped them and emptied their guns into their necks and heads. After the funeral ceremony, conducted by the priest, a terrible storm broke. For the first time in memory, hail stones fell; a bolt of lightning smashed the three guns used in execution while the others in the rack remained untouched. The people had been in sympathy with one of the victims who had declared his innocence, had been touched by the care of the priest, and this cooperation of the elements has turned their attention to the Church.

THE WELCOME OF LOVE

In Zululand, a little child watched a sister prepare the hosts for the Eucharist. The little negro girl was told that Christ would dwell in these hosts only after the priest had spoken over them the words of consecration. What was the sister's surprise when she saw the child take a host in her fingers and kiss it devoutly. "Have I not often told you, child," she said "that Christ Our Lord does not dwell in the breads which I make, but in the consecrated species? Why, then, have you done this thing?" "Sister," the child said, "I know that Our Lord is not there, I know He will not come until the consecration at Mass time. But Sister, when He comes will He not be surprised and glad to find in a little host my little kiss, left there just for Him?"

HOW THE BURMESE REGARD THE FAITH

On his recent pastoral visit the Bishop of Northern Burma found many districts where the pagans were asking for priests and for schools in which their children might be taught, as they said they were too old themselves to change, but they wanted their children to be Christians. In one tribal village with a population of 1,000 souls, over 500 are Christians.

THE BLESSED SACRAMENT BURSE
Would it not be a slight return of Love if in thanking for our innumerable privileges of Communion, we would help to complete The Blessed Sacrament Bourse, so that missionaries educated by means of it would carry the Love and Knowledge of our Eucharistic King to those who still sit in darkness and the shadow of death?

There is little in the world more beautiful than birds; lovely, harmless creatures that make life more joyous for humankind, and harm of which seems like a veritable sacrifice against the goodness of Providence itself.—Ottawa Journal.



THE LATE JOHN P. DUNNE
Supreme Agent of the Knights of Columbus for Canada

JOHN P. DUNNE

A few short weeks ago the Knights of Columbus of British Columbia were visited by Supreme Agent John P. Dunne. He visited the chief centres of the Province with a message of encouragement and with the help of the local officials put the finishing touches to an organization that already shows signs of a new spring. His addresses were full of practical wisdom combined with fervid Catholic sentiment. He went out of his way to promote the interests of the Catholic people.

Now comes the sad news of his untimely death in the Chippewa Falls train disaster. Imprisoned in a shattered dining car down deep in the icy water of the river, he gave up his soul to God. With what sentiments we know well. John P. Dunne never missed a week day Mass during his stay in Vancouver. We knew him in the old Ottawa days as a bright and ardent member of that club which placed a monumental Catholic club house on Cartier Square. His promotion to the inner circle of the higher authorities of Knighthood obliged him to move to New York and thither he was hastening when called by the great Inspector. But John was first and last a Canadian and Ottawa was the city of his soul.

Not a lasting city, however—now he has gone to the vision of peace. R. I. P.—The Vancouver Bulletin.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

A TRUE CHRISTMAS STORY

IT IS CHRISTMAS MORNING ON the snow-covered prairie. The hour is early, but already devoted hands are busy putting finishing touches to the little Chapel at Ft. for today the priest is coming and Holy Mass is to be offered there for the first time.

This will be a real Christmas at the little Mission. How sad things were a year ago with no chapel, no priest and no Mass! A few months ago Father Kelly arrived and just seemed to arouse in the hearts of the few scattered families some of the faith, devotion and optimism which he possesses. "We must have a little chapel here," he said, "and Mass for Christmas." It seemed too good to be true, but Father Kelly had set his heart upon this and nothing could stop him.

The following week the story got about—and what a surprise it was for everyone knew how he hated religion, and particularly Catholics—that old Bill Jones, owner of the big ranch fifty miles away had given Father the land. How it had come about was a mystery. He met Father Kelly, the land was transferred, but no more information on the subject could be gained.

The acquiring of a site removed the first, but by no means the most difficult obstacle which faced the people. Money was required, and for five years the crop had been almost a failure. If only the price of the material would be had, willing hands would do the work; but where could the money be obtained?

When Father Kelly left, the hope of having a church gradually diminished. While men shook their heads and said it was impossible, women prayed, prayed with fervor aroused by thought of Christmas at home, Midnight Mass, Candles, Music, the smell of incense and the sweet joy of Holy Communion. A month later Father Kelly returned to find his people in despair. Mr. Louis, who had once been a teacher, explained sorrowfully that try as they would, and everyone had done what he could! It was absolutely

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possible for them to raise money sufficient to purchase material for the proposed chapel.

Father Kelly gazed upon the dejected group as though he, too, had given up hope. Then he smiled, his wonderful, reassuring smile, pulled from his pocket a letter and from it took a blue paper which he proceeded to unfold. "Who says it is impossible to raise money for the church?" said Father Kelly; "here it is now. Yesterday I received this cheque from the bishop. It came from the Catholic Church Extension Society. The amount, \$500.00 was given by someone who had heard of the spiritual hardships of Catholics in the West, that a chapel might be built in memory of his father, with \$50.00 more for the altar and a box containing linens, vestments and furnishings for the Altar, is on the way." The joy and happiness of the poor people was expressed by loud cheers, and led by Father Kelly, they knelt and recited the beads as an act of thanksgiving and that God might bless their generous benefactor.

Five months have passed since then, five busy months for the Catholics of the Mission, who spend every spare moment of their time working at the chapel. The building is completed at last. It is not large, but a real chapel. The altar is there decked out with all the wonderful things which the box contained: candles, crucifix, spotless altar cloths, Mass Cards, missal and stand, vestments, cruets and bell, nothing missing. All are gathered around the stove where a crackling fire burns, for the morning is cold. They exchange greetings and their good wishes to each other come from hearts filled with happiness. Sleigh bells are heard without and the words "Father Kelly" are formed on every lip as all, anxious to display the result of their work, go out to meet the good pastor. After a short time spent in congratulations, greetings and praise quiet is restored while confessions are heard. Soon candles are lighted and Mass begins. A few who have formed themselves into a choir, sing the "Adest" and "Shepherds, We Have Heard on High," perhaps with more vigor than harmony, but the words come from hearts filled with faith and love.

The little bell sounds and heads bend adoringly as the tiny Host is borne on high by the priest who holds in his hands the God of Heaven and Earth. He elevates the chalice as at how low while tears of love and thanksgiving well into eyes and roll down rough cheeks, for the chapel is transformed into a stable and the shepherds. Again the bell rings to announce His coming and all go to receive from the hands of the priest, their Infant Saviour.

Was there ever such joy as this! the greatest longing of their faithful hearts has been satisfied and Jesus is happy to be coming to be the strength, joy and consolation of these poor people. Mass soon comes to an end and with grateful hearts the people return to their homes rejoicing. There is some one in the East happy today because he has been informed that the first Mass in his

chapel will be said this Christmas day. But how pleasing to the Divine Child his act of love has been will never be known until he finds what an amount of merit it has merited for him in eternity.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOUY, D. D.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY

OBEDIENCE TO GOD'S LAW

"When Jesus was twelve years old, they went up to Jerusalem, according to the custom of the feast, and having fulfilled the days, when they returned, the Child Jesus remained in Jerusalem, and His parents knew it not." (Luke II, 42)

"When Jesus was twelve years old, they went up to Jerusalem, according to the custom of the feast." Who will not be struck with admiration for the Holy Family, when reading these lines in the Gospel? Jesus the new Law-giver, the very Son of God, equal to His Father in all things, obeys His earthly parents, Joseph and Mary, and goes to Jerusalem to celebrate the accustomed feast of the season. Soon new feasts would be celebrated, but He had not as yet abolished the customs and ceremonies of the Old Law, and, so long as it existed, it was to be obeyed. He was not bound by any law, but as His Father had ordained, at the present time He wished His parents to act and Himself to obey. There is more in this instance of our Divine Lord's actions than the world of today is wont to follow. Here is an exemplification of absolute obedience to the fulfillment of God's law; the world would like to obey as it pleases and fulfil if it pleases. The spirit of regard for God's commands and subjection to them is not as reverential as it should be, save among a very limited class. If we consider the scene laid before us in this Gospel and the ordinary behavior of this generation, we cannot help noticing the amazing contrast.

The lesson taught us by the Holy Family should be learned in its entirety. We, as Catholics, above all the rest of the world, still retain a great reverence for God's law and a more or less conscientious obligation to fulfil it in every minute particular. Some may be swayed a little by the spirit around them, but they are not a majority. The most delicate regard for God's law and the purest conception of its obligations exist among the true members of Christ's Church; but, in the midst of customary practices and beliefs, one must be strong in order to be faithful to convictions and prompt in duty. A study must be made of God's law, to some extent at least, and unceasing prayer for perseverance must ever ascend to Him who gives faith to believe and the grace to live accordingly.

The world has come to consider that wherever a reform is needed, a change is required in practically every particular. As a rule this is true of any work of man that has deteriorated or run into decay. The works of man are necessarily limited and imperfect. He has but limited intelligence and power, and can as a consequence attain but limited perfection, even in the greatest and best of his accomplishments and institutions. When there comes failure, as is often the case, his successors consider him to have made a mistake, and their method of reform is to destroy the original and to substitute something new. Men have endeavored to extend this method to the works and laws of God, and, of course, have erred. We must always bear in mind that God's works are perfect—man can not improve them in any respect whatsoever. God, in His infinite intelligence and with power absolutely unlimited, does what is best in the best way. When it appears that His works are decaying—or His laws unsuited—it should be only a sounding note that man is failing in his obedience to God's eternal decrees and in his respect for them and is losing the right conception of God and His works.

When a difficulty as regards the fulfilment of God's law seems to exist, we must conclude that disordered men is to blame, and not that the Maker's commands no longer are suited to the world. We do not speak of physical disability now, but of that worldly difficulty so many are accustomed to make capital of and use by saying that the world is not what it was formerly. Be that as it may, no change incompatible with God's establishments is lawful. His institution—the Church—must remain the same from the foundation on the first Pentecost, to its end on the last day of the world. If a reform ever was needed, it was not in the Church, nor in her practices and laws as given to her by God, but among the people claiming adherence to her, or standing afar from her and loudly denouncing her impracticability and her superstitious rites. They are like the Pharisees who claimed that Christ worked through the devil. How fortunate should man consider himself in having a Church that is infallible, unchanging, God has established! What would we be if we had to submit to the ideas of man in matters of religion? What are the religions of man today but the products of disordered brains, or the results of violations of the sacred laws of charity? According to some modern opinions, any one may establish his own religion; but as a matter of fact, many do without any religion at all, as this course leaves them much freer.

There never will be unity in the world, or one religion among men, until all realize that God has established a Church which can

never change, and never grow old. Her practices and laws are binding in conscience on all occasions and during our entire lifetime. She will remain so, until God Himself changes her, which will never be. She can not be improved upon; our notions of reform regarding her and of her betterment are but signs of our pride and our unwillingness to subject ourselves to her.

The example set us by the Holy Family is the one to follow. There should be no question of righteousness, no discussion of opportuneness, but willing obedience. If we do not obey, we shall be destroyed spiritually. As we must obey the legitimate demands of nature in order to live physically, so must we obey the demands of our Church in order to live and thrive spiritually. We need not expect to face God on judgment day and find His smile benign, if during life we have found fault with and disobeyed His laws as given us through His Church. Imagine our confusion in the realization that we had made a futile attempt to reform His Church, and had endeavored to change things after our own fancies, rather than conform to His immutable wishes. What we have, God has given us; consequently it is good. If it does not seem to us to be what it should be, let us conscientiously examine our own selves, and we shall find that it is we who are not what we should be.

TWO NOVELISTS ON RELIGION

In the current issue of The Cosmopolitan, Rupert Hughes contributes an article on "Why I Quit Going to Church," which the editor says "may irritate some readers into going back to church."

The article may irritate—that appears to be the intention with which it was written—but it will also sadden. The flippancy of the finite in discussing the Infinite has its pathetic side. Mr. Hughes boasts that on leaving college he became "assistant editor of a great history of the world in twenty-five volumes." His equipment for the position must have been about equal to that which he brings to the discussion of religion. He began to go to the library and read, and the result was similar to the disturbing experience of the Protestant Bishop Colenso as recorded by Punch:

A bishop there was of Natal Who a Zulu once took for a pal; Said the Zulu: "See here, Ain't the Pentateuch queer?" Which converted My Lord of Natal.

Bishop Colenso produced "The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua Critically Examined." Mr. Hughes undertakes to criticize the whole Bible from Genesis to the Apocalypse. But what he really criticizes are certain conceptions of the Bible which he had absorbed in youth. In school and at college he had been taught to study philology in the works of experts—those who had given their lives to the discovery of the origin of words and so had become authorities; he had been encouraged at the same time to interpret for himself the Word of Words and to scorn all authority in the study of theology.

What system of theology he evolved—if system it may be called—is disclosed in the diatribe he now delivers in discarding it. He makes discoveries which to him are as startlingly original as were those of Colenso's pupil the Zulu mind. He raises the question of Christ's brothers and sisters, in blissful ignorance that the queries which he propounds were advanced and answered eighteen hundred years ago. He plagiarizes Ingersoll as though there were still merit in arguments which were pulverized long since by Father Lambert.

That the popular novelist turned critic of religion should have no real understanding of that which he undertakes to criticize is not strange. On the contrary it is perfectly plain and comprehensible. In exalting the materialistic concept of life and seeking to explain its many mysteries in terms of materialism, he is but following the example set by many Protestant preachers who wonder why their churches are empty.

Under the title "Vulgarizing Religion," another novelist and the father of a novelist, W. J. Dawson, who is likewise a minister of the Gospel, writes for the September issue of The Century Magazine an article which contains a definition of religion which Mr. Hughes would do well to ponder. There is nothing abstruse or involved in the assertion that religion predicated "the perception of a spiritual universe with which man has authentic relations." This religion, says Dr. Dawson "cannot be reduced to severely logical terms without the destruction of its finer essences." Mr. Hughes may scoff at this assertion, but his fellow writer furnishes a forceful illustration. Even poetry and art, he explains, which are akin in some degree to religion, make their chief appeal by channels not marked upon the charts of logic and physiology.

"If," he says, "plain logic be applied to the poetry of Keats, the lovely fabric is instantly destroyed, and there is no easier thing than for a house-painter to prove that the colors Turner used are no different from those he himself employs in painting doors and roofs. Yet despite these performances of Mr. Gradgrind and his kind, multitudes

of men and women feel a glow of ecstasy in reading Keats, and are moved to wonder and adoration by Turner's use of color."

The Roman Catholic Church is perfectly right when it presents to the people the mystery of the Mass, with no attempt whatever to explain it. It says: "Here is something that lies beyond reason; take it or leave it; accept it as something inexplicable, dimly seen through sacred symbols, but don't ask any explanations." And the power of this appeal is witnessed by the fact to multitudes of Christians the Mass, which they do not understand or presume to understand, is the living core of their religion. They submit themselves to the charm of mystery, which draws them out of the world of fact into a world of faith.

During Advent I often attended Mass at St. Patrick's in New York and always with a sense of astonishment. Here were hundreds of persons of all ranks of society bowed in impressive silence. There was no music; no exhortation; nothing in fact but a lighted altar at the end of the long nave, before which the celebrating priest bowed, murmuring ancient Latin words, which the distance alone made unintelligible. Yet it was evident that the worshippers were profoundly moved. What moved them? A sense of profound awe in the presence of what to them was a divine mystery.

That Great Mystery is, as Dr. Dawson apprehends, the living core of a Church which grows stronger every day. The religion of negation, of protest and denial, is not only faced by steady loss of members, it now has to fight for its very life with the Frankenstein monsters which it created in the day it discarded authority and invited the individual to private interpretation of the Bible as the sole rule of faith and conduct.—N. C. W. C.

PRIMA DONNA'S CURE AT LOURDES

Miss Mary McCormick, the well-known Prima Donna, some time ago, suffered very serious injury from a bite given to her by her pet monkey.

She describes, in an article in the November number of Columbia, the injury caused by the monkey-bite. "The infection spread up the right arm," she says, "and across the shoulder, jumped down into the left wrist, and likewise paralyzed one knee. For weeks I had been helpless. I saw specialists everywhere, in Rome, Milano, Paris, and even went to England. Under their ministrations the original infection in the right arm and shoulder disappeared, the knee recovered, but the left wrist remained stiff and helpless."

The physicians gave Miss McCormick no hope of a cure. "Medicinal waters," they told her, "and continued mud and other treatments might help; but a complete cure was impossible."

Miss McCormick followed the advice of her physicians, and went to Dax to avail herself of the hot springs; but she did not seem to get any satisfactory results.

While at Dax she learned of Lourdes and its miraculous cures. Her friends urged her to go there. "I wavered," says the Prima Donna, "over the decision of whether I should desert the practical massage and ministrations of the good doctors of Dax for the hope of the miraculous cure at Lourdes."

Her mind was made up as a result of a confidential consultation with her doctor. She asked him what he could tell her of the cures of the Grotto of Lourdes. The doctor shook his head and replied to her question in these words:

"There is something there; we don't know what it is. It baffles science. We know what the water of the spring does, but how it does it, or why, we do not know. Cures do take place, that much I can say. To me the remarkable thing is not so much the cures that are accomplished, as the fact that though thousands of sufferers from every form of contagious and virulent disease are dipped each year into the water of the nine piscinas, yet there has never been an epidemic of disease. It almost defies belief."

This decided the Prima Donna. She resolved to try Lourdes for her paralyzed wrist. She tried it and was cured. Here is the way Miss McCormick closes her story in Columbia:

"I went there because my good doctor at Dax said there were forces science could not explain; I went doubting, a non-Catholic and, I admit, quite a skeptic.

"I came away with my wrist supple again, able to use the hand so necessary to me in dramatic parts.

"For that I thank Our Lady of Lourdes."—Catholic Telegraph.

SYSTEMATIC GROWTH OF CHARACTER

The grain of wheat has a close application if we look upon it as a symbol representing the processes of life in our souls under the action of religion. The life of grace is an organic growth subject to the slow and gradual developments of certain spiritual laws. As there is no such thing as a sudden fall so there are no sudden conversions. That

which we regard as sudden is in reality the first visible result of the secret workings of the religion in the soul.

The grain of wheat had passed through a long series of natural operations before it manifested itself even a little. Equally so is it in the history of the soul. How odorous and painful are those conflicts and failures in our combat with moral evil. We struggle on sometimes gaining a partial triumph and more times seemingly being conquered. Yet beneath all this there is progress if the purpose and intention to reform remain firm and fixed. We are disheartened at the slowness and secrecy of the action of virtue. We would have the grain of wheat burst from the earth and blossom in a day, forgetting those periods of corruption through which it must pass before it shows its first glint of green. So, too, must we be tried in the fire of defeat and humiliation before we can experience even the least spiritual satisfaction. The one thing needful is not to lose courage and least of all never to submit to despair.

Moreover, it is worth noting that the grain of wheat was placed in the earth by a power external to itself—"which a man took and sowed in his field." If the grain of wheat received the first impetus to growth, not from itself but from another, so does man receive his spiritual life from Him Who entered in and elevated nature to the life of grace. Of ourselves we can do nothing. According to nature we are hungry and naked. We need some strong, beneficent Hand to feed and clothe our sickly and wounded souls. The Arm of the Lord is not shortened. The external application of God's help makes possible those moral victories which man of himself could never attain. The capacity for growth in the grain of wheat and the care exercised by the Sower bring about the desired result. The perfect

co-operation of the life of nature and of grace bring about the ideal type of the Christian.

It is likewise quite necessary that we render our souls susceptible to the influences of grace, just as the sime of the earth bent all its power for the productive generation of the grain of wheat. The discipline of mortification and prayer make the soul more pliable and alive to the transforming operations of grace.

Three things of value, therefore, are to be remembered in the struggle to strengthen character: first, that progress in virtue is slow but nevertheless sure and sometimes hidden from ourselves; second, that unaided nature is unable to make progress in virtue; and third, that progress in virtue needs the condition of co-operation on the part of the one desiring to reform.—The Missionary.



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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE BLESSING OF SAINT AUGUSTINE
May God's sweet blessing in thy heart abound,
And glory's sun thy head encircle round.

A NEW YEAR'S REFLECTION

Today arises the somewhat saddening realization that we have reached the conclusion of another year of our lives. Behind us trails the old year with all its works, sorrows, disappointments and joys, which are now gone, nevermore to return.

The marking of the new year is but a mere convention. One day in the matter of time is about the same as another. Every morning unfolds the scroll of a new year; every night rolls up that of another.

The span of human life is short at best, and New Year's day reminds us that we are so much nearer to the end of our lives. It is not a very cheerful and pleasant thought, but it is nevertheless a true thought.

New Year's day ought to remind us that our happiness does not consist in gratification of the senses; in indulgence "in eating and drinking, in rioting and drunkenness, in impurity and wantonness;" nor as many seem to think in heaping up money, in possessing houses and lands and bankstocks; in becoming famous, in any worldly thing whatever, for all these things will have an end.

New Year's day is a great accounting day. It is a day when we must examine ourselves to see how we stand in the affairs of eternity, and in the supreme business of life.

THE LAMPLIGHTER
It is not so much the great things in general that influence our lives as the little things. Seemingly insignificant at the time of their happening, they leave an indelible imprint upon us.

seeking the vanities of life, remember we are still alive, and can still put away the playthings of childhood and conduct ourselves with the wisdom of manhood and womanhood.

The world loves a dreamer, if only he be a dreamer of the future, and not a doting year, typified by the figure of a hoary decrepit old man, demands our veneration and respect; but the year new-born, inspires, arouses, enthuses us.

Hell is paved with broken resolutions. New Year's day is a day of resolutions not to be broken, but to be kept. We have made mistakes in the past, but that is but natural.

How many are there not who were with us one year ago and now are no more. At that time we bade them the compliments of the season, today they slumber in the city of the dead.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

GOD SAVE YOU!
There's an Irish salutation, 'tis a pleasant one to hear;

And quite often hear it spoken in the rich old Gaelic tongue. O, whenever I may hear it, in whatever place I roam, it always will remind me of my native Irish home.

The warbling of the songbirds at the dawn of the day, the laughter of the children, when engaged at evening play, the murmur of the rosary, by mother lips expressed, are sweet to hear, but O my dear, I somehow like it best.

THE FRIENDLY NOD
The friendly nod that greeted us on the street one day when our sun refused to shine, a word of sympathy, of understanding, may and does often mean more than some stupendous success in the material order of things.

LIFE'S LITTLE WOES
Each of us has little troubles in life to bear. No matter whether it be a sick parent, a useless child, a departed relative, an affliction, a bad digestion, a sour disposition or whining friends at home, we think we have a terrible lot to put up with.

and stainless array. Wandering in the open fields in the late spring-time, we come upon a ground robin's sheltered nest. Within are two infant birds, their tiny mouths wide open as they call shrilly for sustenance.

Stevenson paints a pretty picture in His Child's Garden of Verses, picture of a little child who every night was accustomed to take his stand at the window there to watch for the advent of the old lamplighter.

With slow and faltering movements, the aged man ascends to the top of the lamp post. A flicker through the darkness, and lo!—the dark street is illumined as if it were a portion of fairyland.

If the old lamplighter had not remembered the little boy at the window, Ah, that would have been a tragedy indeed. Possibly more real than many tragedies that occur in men's and women's lives.

At night the child, satisfied and happy, falls asleep to dream that his little brother grows up and becomes a sea captain, sailing the ocean wide and free.

A nod, a smile, a face in the lamplight, and a time blots picture out. But it has a proud place in the panorama of time; it has done much to shape the course of one man's life.

When youth no longer smiles on us, when old age creeps upon us, it is memories like these which have power to assuage bitterness, loneliness, and the cares and pains that struggle to gain the ascendancy over our peace of soul.

DRAMATIC STORY OF OLD MASS TREE

The history of the 107 years old St. John's parish, Canton, Ohio, and a review of the recent program of consecration of this church has been compiled into a 110 page volume entitled "A Sketch of Saint John's Church—1817-1924," by Reverend Edward P. Graham, pastor.

Upper picture is from New Testament, the lower from the Old. What are they? (Abram is kneeling figure in lower picture; the event is symbol of Eucharist.) The three persons at left side of upper picture give name of next Sunday's feast.

Look about you in the soft, easy-going world; the machine, mechanical and material city; the myriads of foolish people whose only existence is for pleasure and for the gratification of the sense, and then look at the crucified figure of the Saviour and King of mankind on the Cross!

What is the practicing Christian, the loyal follower of Christ, to find in this world? A heap of roses, ease, comfort, continuous pleasure? If so, then the Saviour's death was in vain.

SELF-CONTROL AND BIRTH-CONTROL

A five-line cablegram published in the Chicago Tribune reports that the action for libel brought in the English courts against Dr. Halliday G. Sutherland by Dr. Marie Stopes had been won by Dr. Sutherland.

It need hardly be repeated that, according to the teaching of Catholic theologians, deliberately to frustrate, or to attempt to frustrate, the normal operation of the faculties intended for procreation, is a violation of the natural law and is grievously sinful.

Yet it must be admitted that shamefully unjust economic factors are suffered to exercise a pressure, particularly in our large cities, which either forces husbands and wives to live as celibates, or induces them to act against their consciences and their desires as normal men and women, by sinning against their nature.

It is also granted that in given instances obedience to the law of nature may call for virtue that is heroic. But difficulties, while they may lessen the guilt of the transgressor, never constitute a license to violate the law.

Answers last week: Holy Year 1925, Rome. Holy name (IHS: Jesus, and P: Christ.) Circumcision. Knife right hand of seated figure.

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Tree" by Sister Mary Immaculata Shorb, an Ursuline, and a descendant of John Shorb, pioneer member of the congregation. The poem was written after reflection on the ceremonies incident to the first Mass celebrated in 1817 under a tree by the then Father Edward Fenwick, later the first bishop of Cincinnati.

Father Graham's book includes diocesan records as well as compilations from many other sources, making a very complete record of this single parish.

St. John's was the last parish in northern Ohio in which the Dominican fathers ministered; their gradual withdrawal being final in 1842. Increase of the duties in other places was the reason of their relinquishing work in this section.

The tree which served as a canopy for the altar on which the first Mass was offered became an object of historical interest. Father Graham gives us the following detail of its career:

"This oak tree had not only lifted up its leafy arm to pray but stretched them out to shelter its Lord and Maker as might a baldachino in some stately church as did the tree in Egypt long ago.

"Its story is dramatic. After a long life revered by Catholics and so respected by all as to be spared by the woodman though an obstruction when the streets were laid out, it became later, in 1906, when sidewalks were to be laid in the locality, a subject of dissension.

Some demanded its removal, others earnestly protested. The street commissioners finally decided to lay a sidewalk around it, but this aroused opposition from those living on the street and finally an order was issued to apply the axe.

Illustrations in the volume consist of the present Pope, the present bishop and his predecessors, pioneer and more recent pastors, the first and the present church property and the roll of honor of the men of the parish who enlisted in the World War.

Father Graham is widely known in church circles. His life has been given up to work as a missionary in the Ohio Apostolate some years ago; as an associate with Bishop Francis C. Kelley of Oklahoma in Extension church work in the early years of that organization and subsequently as pastor of Holy Angels church, Sandusky and since April 1922, pastor of St. John's.

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THE EPISCOPAL RING

By Right Rev. H. T. Henry, Litt. D. Mankind has used finger-rings not merely for adornment but as well for utilitarian, sentimental, and symbolical purposes.

It is interesting to find Durandus apparently implying that the liturgical use of the ring arose from that verse of the parable of the Prodigal Son (St. Luke, 15, 22) where the father (representing the Eternal Father) orders a ring to be put on the prodigal's hand.

Why should the ring "seal secret things"? Durandus, possibly mindful of Our Lord's warning that we ought not to cast pearls before swine, declares that as rings were anciently employed to seal letters and thus keep their contents secret, so the bishop wears a ring to indicate that he should seal up the mysteries of Scripture and the holy things of the Church from infidels and reveal them to the lowly of heart.

Why should the ring be deemed emblematic of the pontifical dignity? Durandus again helps us to the symbolism which has lasted down to the present, namely that the ring is a sign of pledged troth between a bishop and his diocese, a sign of his epousal to the Bride of Christ committed to his care to be kept chaste unto her heavenly Bridegroom, Christ, as St. Paul says: "I have espoused you to one husband, that I may present you as a chaste virgin to Christ"

We may recall how the Blessed Fisher used the symbolism when Henry VIII, offered him a promotion from the See of Rochester to one of ampler revenue and dignity, Blessed Fisher declined, saying that he had wedded one spouse (his diocese of Rochester) and he would not leave her, however poor and lowly she was.

One might note that the wedding-ring is placed on the left hand of the bride, whereas the episcopal ring is placed on the right hand.

Never did his chisel trace a base ignoble line.—Mary A. Ford. Remember the name ROYAL YEAST CAKES

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I SEE IT NOW

Newman in a well-known passage of the Grammar of Assent insists upon the necessity of experience in order to realize the meaning of great writers. The schoolboy looks up the words in his dictionary and even uses them, but he does not and cannot understand them until he looks up the lines of his classic author in the lexicon of life.

The child who has lost a mother is dazed, misses the tenderness of embracing arms, laments uncomprehendingly because all around is sorrow. There is no realization, no joy, not even can be as there is for the father who slowly his steps because she will not, as always before, be there to greet him, and for whom the food that she used to serve is tasteless on the tongue.

Why should the ring "seal secret things"? Durandus, possibly mindful of Our Lord's warning that we ought not to cast pearls before swine, declares that as rings were anciently employed to seal letters and thus keep their contents secret, so the bishop wears a ring to indicate that he should seal up the mysteries of Scripture and the holy things of the Church from infidels and reveal them to the lowly of heart.

It was once my good fortune in class to witness the dramatic presentation of a great Catholic truth by my professor of theology. Perhaps you may have seen in the library Migne's edition of the Latin and Greek Fathers. Book after book, shelf upon shelf they stand, bound in colors which distinguish the East from the West.

Never did his chisel trace a base ignoble line.—Mary A. Ford. Remember the name ROYAL YEAST CAKES

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spontaneously repudiates a world view devoid of inspiring and consoling elements. The best self of man clamors for a world that is overruled by a benign Providence, and that offers an absolute guarantee that the good will ultimately come to full fruition and be triumphant along the whole line.

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serviceable assistance been given to the public both in the reading and the receiving of mail. Mr. Charles Murphy, the Postmaster-General, may have his defects as a politician, but his strongest political opponent will hardly be prepared to argue that he has not injected new life and vigor into the postal service of the Dominion.—Ottawa Journal, (Conservative) Dec. 26.

IN MEMORIAM In loving memory of our dear mother, Mrs. John Mulhall, who died Jan. 22nd, 1924. May her soul rest in peace.

DIED DONOVAN.—At Poltimore, Que., on December 1st, 1924, Mrs. Hugh Donovan, aged sixty-five years. May her soul rest in peace.

SHAGNESSY.—On Nov. 26th, at her late residence, Oakville, Ont., Brigid E. Shagnessy. May her soul rest in peace.

SIMONS.—At her late residence, 311 Rutledge Street, Peterboro, Ont., on December 8, 1924, Elizabeth Boyle, widow of the late Peter Simons. May her soul rest in peace.

COFFEE.—In Peel Township, on Monday, December 15, 1924, Mrs. Joseph Coffee, eldest daughter of the late James Fitzpatrick and Mary Doyle, aged seventy years. Funeral on Monday, December 22, to St. Martin's Church, Drayton. May her soul rest in peace.

Let us correct the habit of believing in men, and of placing our hopes on them; let us not correct ourselves of the habit of loving them.—Abbe Roux.

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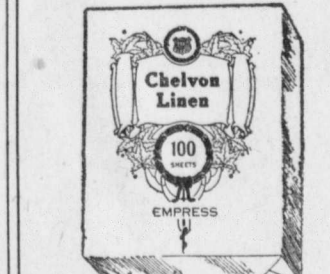
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