

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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IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

Copyright 1921 by Seumas MacManus. THE "TENTATIVE" SETTLEMENT

The tentative terms of settlement in Ireland are causing much controversy on both sides of the water. Although no bitterness has yet been bred in the controversy, the differences upon such a vital matter cannot long continue without developing violent antagonism. But the leaders of the Irish Nationalists on both sides of the controversy are so far ahead of ordinary politicians in thoughtfulness, good sense, and sobriety of judgment and of speech, that bitterness will be barred. The party in favor of settlement, will, in all probability, win out—because of the large body of older people, farmers, merchants, clergy, and conservatives generally, that they will have behind them. The younger element will be well divided, with the greater part of them, however, against the terms of settlement. The Irish women will, by a big majority, oppose the settlement. For today in Ireland the Irish women, with the terrible memory of English methods of warfare ranking in their hearts, are distrustful of all English agreements and bitterly irreconcilable toward any slightest British domination of their land. They have developed even a stauncher spirit of unflinchingness than the men.

WHERE THE FIGHT WILL CENTRE

The fight against the proposed treaty will centre around three points—the financial arrangement, the Northeast corner arrangement, and the oath of allegiance. As the world knows, England is staggering under a fearful national debt. Previous to the last great War, nearly all of this debt was contracted in the course of England's suppression of Ireland, of the Egypt, of the Transvaal and of the peoples of hitherto free countries in every corner of the globe. Ireland is now asked to assume her share of this staggering British burden. To make the pill more palatable, it is explained that, for many years, Ireland's contribution to the national debt will be turned backward into Ireland to compensate for the British destruction of the last century. And this is referred to as a fine thing by the jubilant friends of Ireland. But they are indeed easily pleased, who congratulate Ireland upon that little nation being graciously permitted to dip deep into her own pocket to compensate herself for the hundreds of cities and towns that were burned by the British army, and for the vast number of Ireland's sons and daughters who have been, by that army, slaughtered, tortured, or maimed. When Ireland has paid herself for the fearful destruction wrought upon her by her neighbor's army, she will then begin paying her neighbor's debt. I stress this point only because unthinking ones have already been jubilantly crying out in the press that the permission given to Ireland to pay herself for the terrible destruction wrought on her is a remarkable concession wrong from England.

THE NORTH EAST CORNER

The objections of the party are, of course, strongest against the Northeast Corner arrangement (what is usually mis-called the "Ulster" or "Northern Ireland" arrangement.) With the knowledge of England's craft, which centuries of history have taught them, they see in this arrangement a deep laid plan to hold Ireland's sons in subjection by cutting off one-fifth of the country, which shall be held and ruled and garrisoned, by a people who are more British and more anti-Irish than the most anti-Irish Tory party in England. The Irish people consider that, while Britain has this corner held from them by Britain's children of the Northeast, they will have a stranglehold upon the remaining four-fifths of Ireland, at any time they consider this four-fifths is proving recalcitrant. At any time Britain wants to enforce her will upon Ireland, she can, from this northeastern stronghold, launch her army upon the country again.

In this connection, it is remembered that, immediately before Lloyd George offered a truce to Sinn Fein, he had his "Home Rule" bill enacted with feverish haste, and hurriedly invested the northeastern corner with what they were pleased to call its rights. This being accomplished, King George was sent over to open their Parliament and to speak a prepared piece which should give Lloyd George fine excuse for climbing down, and asking a truce in Ireland. And at the same time it gave him the excuse for keeping his grip on one-fifth of the country under any terms of settlement that might be made. This, on the plea that the rights of the Northeastern Corner, already given, could not be revoked. All these carefully thought out, crafty plans were meant to block the way complete Irish freedom.

WHY THERE IS OPPOSITION

Now, those who are in opposition to the Treaty, feel driven into the opposition because one-fifth of their country is still held directly subject to Britain through the medium of the most bitterly anti-Britishers in the Empire—the British of the Northeast Corner. To add to their resentment, the term Irish Free State is used to conceal from the world how deftly Lloyd George has managed (as he thinks) to prevent Ireland ever getting free. By the Treaty, four-fifths of the country is half free—and the deft and clever Lloyd George asks Ireland to make itself believe and the world believe that the half free, four-fifths of the country is "The Irish Free State."

The oath of allegiance is the third stumbling block—and it seems to be as much of a stumbling block to the Irish Nationalists as is the cutting off, and reserving to England, of one-fifth of their country. Instead of pledging allegiance to the British Empire, the difficulty was thought to be got over by swearing allegiance to the head of that Empire, "his heirs and successors by law." The distinction is too fine to be discerned by common-place mortals. Except that the empty form of oath might soothe his British following, I fear it will prove no strength in binding Ireland to His Majesty, King George, and succeeding majesties. But on the other hand, it will prove a weakness by giving point and pith to those who oppose the Treaty in Ireland. The objection to the oath will be fully as strong as the objection to Britain's hold upon one-fifth of the country.

SUMMING UP

Finally, in summing up one's opinion upon the proposed treaty, one must recognize that Griffith and his fellow delegates did superhuman work in compelling the British to go as far as they have forced them to go. It is doubtful if, under the circumstances, De Valera, or any other of the ablest of the Irish workers, could have compelled an iota more. Griffith and his fellows, utterly unskilled in the art and craft of diplomatic battling, faced and took many a fall out of the most astute, the cleverest, and the trickiest diplomats in the world today. This must not be forgotten by those who dislike the Treaty. Even its bitterest opponents must pay homage to the wonderful work of the Irish delegates who went to London and matched simple sincerity and truth and right against art and craft and wrong. If any blame be given to them, it should only be that when they came out of the battle with what boot, they could secure, they failed to tell the country body that they did not get nearly all they desired—because brute might once again overmatched divine Right—that with the Lewis gun of the British Empire pressed against their heads by Lloyd George, they did as well as men could do.

A MILESTONE ON THE WAY

The terms of settlement then mark an advanced milestone on Ireland's march to freedom. But, to be sure, they are not at the goal. Yet, neither here nor in Ireland should bitter antagonism over these terms be bred among our people. Sincere men may well differ in opinion as to whether a temporary settlement should be accepted on these terms or not. None of our Irish people, of course, will for a moment consider it a permanent settlement; but some of the best will be quite within their rights in voicing their opinion that the compromise should, for the present, be taken as the price of peace—because Mother Ireland could not any longer endure the agony that for two years she has suffered. They will say that if (as threatened by Lloyd George) the war is resumed, it will mean the remorseless extermination of the Irish race. Others will point out that the last two years of fearful agony, instead of weakening the Irish spirit, has strengthened it; that the English army was, to all intents and purposes, practically beaten in the field; and that the British Empire will break before Ireland.

And they will say that the blood of the martyrs of the last two years, as well as the blood of the martyrs of seven hundred years, cry out against compromise with wrong. And they will say that the peace which asks the Irish fighters to swear allegiance to the Emperor of that Empire, that crushed them—and which, moreover, asks them to sign over a fifth of their country into the enemy's possession, is a peace that would dishonor the nation forever.

There is much to be said by sincere men on both sides, and sincere men should have a right to express their opinions frankly and to stand by them without begetting antagonism from their brothers. I have my own decided opinion on the subject, but rather than prejudice the case in the minds of my readers, I refrain from expressing it.

If we must have disagreement, let us, in God's name, have a friendly disagreement. Let good sense and good judgment prevail rather than hasty and impetuous opinion; and let charity and brotherly love leave no room for recrimination. Let all of us, whatever our opinions may be, pray at the same time that God may guide the Irish nation to do what is wisest and best.

SEUMAS MACMANUS
Of Donegal.

IRELAND'S FUTURE

OUTLINED BY WELL-INFORMED JOURNALIST WHO KNOWS HIS IRELAND

By Shaw Desmond in N. Y. Times, Dec. 10th

IRELAND WILL SURPRISE THE WORLD. The world believes that Ireland and the Irish Free State will sink their identity in that of the British Empire. It believes vaguely that the Irish Republican Army will be disbanded forthwith. It imagines that the new Free State will take long before it gets into its stride. And it rather suspects that Ulster may refuse point blank to come inside a united Ireland and even, given the conditions, "raise hell" and fight the "South."

In my opinion none of these things are true. Eamon de Valera's "twelfth hour" bombshell is also making Americans wonder whether the new Irish Free State may not fly in pieces on the impact.

It will not. Mr. de Valera's protest, and I can only speak for my own personal view, has been partly inspired by the natural desire to demonstrate to that strong section of the South which regards anything short of complete independence as "surrender" that its view is not being ignored; partly to show Ulster the very real sacrifice. Sinn Fein has made in waiving "independence complete," so mollifying Ulster's fiery heart; but above all, to make a protest before the world, to go on record in the history books that Ireland only accepted the Irish Free State solution *jaute de mieux*.

Even the very real, deep objection to the "oath of allegiance" is subordinate to this. And this oath, if examined closely, will be seen to give a "way out," even for the most "sea-green incorruptible" of them all.

I have had many talks with Arthur Griffith, "The Brain of Sinn Fein"; with John MacNeill, the Sinn Fein Minister of Education, who tried to stop the 1916 rising, when only 8-2 men held Dublin against the British Army; with Desmond Fitzgerald, Minister of Propaganda, whose related exploits will some day set the ears of the world afire, and with other leading Sinn Feiners. During the last year I have been brought into close personal contact with men like J. S. Andrews and J. Pollock, Ministers of Labor and Finance in the Ulster Parliament. I have known these men's minds, and I say deliberately that Ireland is yet going to surprise the world—as, always, in a way that this silly old earth never expects.

THE GAELIC LANGUAGE

Right from the word "go" it is Ireland's intention to keep her identity and nationality quite distinct from any other country in the empire. The Gaelic language is to be used side by side with English in business, and perhaps exclusively, so far as possible, for oratory and the more flowing periods of life. Irish history is to be taught through the glasses of the Gael, as will be the mythology and the literature of Ireland.

But you will ask: "What about the planning of her finance, her education, &c.?"

GRIFFITH'S PLANS AND GRIFTH'S FAITH

All this was planned first in the year 1904, seventeen years ago, and that by the astutest brain in Ireland, perhaps one of the astutest in Europe, that of Arthur Griffith. Through those seventeen years of waiting for the fruiting of a 700-year-old ideal, Griffith was helped by Irish economists and educationalists, including Professor John MacNeill. In fact, nothing has been left to chance.

Here is a little story about Griffith. At a time when Arthur Griffith's life was not worth a spence, I managed with some difficulty to find him in a dingy first floor Dublin back—a faded little man with broken coat but with heart unbroken. The eyes that slewed themselves round upon my trembling self through their great glasses seemed to me as large as lighthouse lenses. A Napoleonic figure of a man, it asked me what I wanted?

I said I had only come to know exactly how Ireland meant to run her Republic or Dominion Home Rule—if she got one or the other. The answer of the little man was to drag over a child's copybook, and with vivid staccato pencil, driven

down deep into the paper, within the space of twenty minutes Arthur Griffith had drafted the new Ireland, economically, socially and educationally. Everything was there. Nothing had been left out. A masterly piece of statesmanship and draftsmanship.

It had all been prepared years in advance. The creator of the Sinn Fein movement, who had had against him a stinging Ulster minority, an overwhelming Nationalist majority—both composed of his own countrymen and the most powerful empire the world has seen, had known from the first he would conquer them all. He had "the will to victory," and with it—the faith.

If Arthur Griffith had never existed, the Irish Free State would not exist today. And neither Griffith nor the other ever expected anything more in our time, although they planned for a republic. That was known to all those of us who knew something of the inside.

But it was Griffith who had said to me in that awful room: "When Ireland is free, our first task must be to get and keep Ulster inside. We want a united Ireland, but above all we want the keen business brains of the Ulstermen—Irishmen like ourselves. We need them in the Ireland that is coming. We want Protestant and Catholic labor man and conservative." And then he made his simple confession of faith: "People say I am conservative, I am not."

IRELAND REBOUNDS

Within a short space of time the world will find an Ireland reorganized from crown to heel economically, with some of the cleverest of American brains helping her on her feet. It will find a system of taxation proportioned to the income of the taxpayer. It will find a country in which every farthing of useless expenditure will have been cut out. It will discover before two years have run their course a system of education second to none in Europe, with the best borrowed from the Continent and native-born.

Many Irishmen, especially Ulstermen, are going to kick at Article V, which provides for the new Ireland assuming liability for the public debt of the United Kingdom, including war pensions—but every Irishman, Northern or Southern, will co-operate loyally in its fulfillment. And all the Sinn Fein obligations, such as the Irish Republican Bonds, will be honored.

SINN FEIN TAKES NO CHANCES

Only do not imagine for one moment that the Irish Republican Army will be disbanded forthwith. It is at the present moment perhaps the most highly efficient and disciplined force on earth. It has been training steadily and in secret all these months. And it will be kept "for contingencies," which will never come—I believe with all my heart—only Sinn Fein "never takes a chance," as one of its military leaders told me one day when I saw the Republican Army at work in the West.

But, under no circumstances whatever, save that of wanton attack, which it need not fear, will it be used against Ulster. This I have had from the lips of Griffith and others. Griffith and MacNeill, incidentally, are and have always been pacifists, as they both have told me. One of them said: "I would as soon kill one of my own children as take the life of my Ulster brother. We are all one blood, of one country." And he meant it.

A NEW ULSTER DANGER

But there is one real danger ahead, but one which I believe will be avoided. I refer to the danger of certain elements in Ulster, impatiently angry, raising the cry of the French Army in 1871: "Nous sommes trahis!" and believing themselves betrayed, and as one of their leaders himself hinted, throwing themselves comamore into the arms of Sinn Fein, afterward beating the big drum of hate against the predominant partner.

If that were done, Sinn Fein and the new Irish State would have enormous difficulty in restraining this element—only an element, mark you, and not the whole of Ulster, who will, I am convinced, with her canny Scottish sense, ultimately bow to the inevitable. Now I know that Sinn Fein is prepared to do everything humanly, or even inhumanly, possible to placate the proud, suspicious Ulster heart. Their leaders have admitted to me repeatedly that they were prepared to go to almost any preferential treatment she desired, in order to get her inside a United Ireland.

WHY ULSTER WILL COME IN

And Ulster will come in. She may exercise her right of withdrawal under Article XII. She may kick up her heels and say she will not be placated. But she will ultimately come into Ireland, as sure as the sun will rise over New York tomorrow. She may do so because she will hate the British Government—for,

as she would say, "having sold her," an expression her leaders often used in my hearing last year—and so under the jag of irritation the heels of her—and so out-Herod Herod, for Ulster, God bless her! is nothing if not extreme. Or she may come in sulky acquiescence to force majeure. But there is one thing which will bring her in inevitable—her keen business sense.

She knows how handicapped she will be shut out from a new Ireland. She does not want to pay a single penny more in taxation than she can help. And so, as her present open-minded and shrewd Minister of Finance hinted to me, brute economic will swing her as it swings even the lesser sons of men. She will come in. Within ten years she will be the most enthusiastic partner of the new Ireland.

THE RELIGIOUS PROBLEM?

But Protestant and Catholic? you say. The religious problem? It never existed save in the imaginations of interested statesmen and in a section of the North. The only thing that I, Protestant born, fear is that the Southern Catholic, with the quixotism he has always shown, will give the Protestants positions of preference, socially, &c., just because they are Protestants, as indeed he has always done in the South, as the Southern Protestant very well knows.

The religious problem, so far as it had existence, was only in one or two limbo-like Belfast and even then only on occasions like the Twelfth of July, which will now be dead and buried with any rival Southern dates of similar portent. Protestant and Catholic in Ulster herself always during harvest lent one another horses and carts and gave one another "a hand's hand." Now that the statesmen and politicians will have ceased to trouble under the new agreement the rank and file will settle down in brotherly contentment to work out a common fate in a common motherland.

SAFEGUARDS FOR ULSTER

Once again, MacNeill, Desmond Fitzgerald who, himself a Catholic, is married to an Ulster Protestant lady of a well-known Orange family. Griffith, and various leaders throughout the West and South, have assured me again and again that they would give Ulster a hundred religious safeguards if she desired them, including many of an infinitely more sweeping nature than those imposed in Article XVI of the Free State agreement. *Ulster has nothing to fear and she knows it.*

Nor will the Southern Protestants make trouble. Here, for the first time, I can reveal a page of secret history. During the famous 1917 convention, which sought to find a way out of the Irish impasse, a certain Ulster leader, now one of her Ministers, told me that he had discovered by chance that at one period of the negotiations the Southern Unionists had been quietly preparing to make their own terms direct from the Continuation schools to the university or into the business world without having gone through the ordinary High school terms.

The withdrawal of the Separate school representatives from the Board of Education will make no difference in the appointment of the committees, which will be done at the first meeting of the new board in January. At least, this is the opinion of Chairman Langford, of No. 3 committee. It has been the custom for the two Separate school representatives to be placed on No. 3 committee, which has charge of the Collegiate, and they have also had a voice on the Technical school committee. The Collegiate Committee has heretofore consisted of four members of the Board with the two Separate school representatives. Trustee Langford states that the committee will be appointed as usual next year. The four members of the board will be named and provision will also be made for the two Separate school representatives.

"If the Separate School Board does not care to send representatives to our board that is its privilege," said Mr. Langford, "but we will not make any change in our usual method of appointing the committees. If the Separate school representatives are not appointed there will simply be two vacant seats on No. 3 committee next year."

NOTE.—The "two vacant seats" at the London Board of Education will probably receive the consideration usually extended to the disfranchised.—E. C. R.

A CRISIS AVERTED!

More trouble for the storm-tossed British Empire. Lord Riddell the other day announced at his correspondence that there would be a photograph of British and Colonial journalists at the end of the interview "Colonials" exploded all the Canadian newspaper men in one voice, and forthwith assembled to debate the question of declaring war on the United Kingdom.

It was explained to Lord Riddell that inasmuch as Canada's position in the empire had been chosen as model for that of the new Irish Free State, the use of the term "Colonials" for the Canadians would, of course, imply that an Irishman also was a colonial. This, naturally, would wreck the Irish settlement. And if Ireland and Canada should simultaneously desert a community of nations already shaken in India and leaking at the seams in Egypt, there would be little left of the old empire except

England, Mesopotamia, the Isle of Man and Mr. Lloyd George. Apologies and explanations were promptly offered and the Canadians consented to remain within the empire on condition that it must not happen again.—Elmer Davis in N. Y. Times.

"UNDEMOCRATIC"

CATHOLICS WILL NOT NAME REPRESENTATIVES TO THE BOARD OF EDUCATION

London Advertiser, Dec. 16

Father M. A. Brisson, superintendent of Separate schools of London, informed The Advertiser on Thursday morning that he has forwarded to the Hon. Dr. Grant, Minister of Education, a copy of the communication that was sent to the local Board of Education with respect to Roman Catholic representation on the latter body.

The letter reads as follows: December 13, 1921.

Dear Sir,—In reply to your communication of the 7th inst., with reference to our nominating representatives to the Board of Education to succeed Dr. W. J. Tillman and Dr. Claude Brown, I am instructed by the R. C. S. S. board to advise you of the following resolution passed at a meeting held December 12:

"Be it resolved, that in view of the anomalous position of Roman Catholic ratepayers in the matter of secondary education and of the utterly undemocratic character of the representation given to Separate school supporters, the R. C. Separate school board of London does not consider it advisable to name any further representatives to the High School Board of Education."

Yours truly,
M. A. BRISSON.

To this account of the action of the Separate School Board the London Free Press of the same date adds:

This action by the Separate school board indicates also that they will develop their own system of secondary education and that such is already well under way. The plan as now being carried out is to establish Continuation rather than Separate High schools.

Under the Christian Brothers, two High school years are being taught at St. Peter's school. It is believed that under this plan Separate school students will go direct from the Continuation schools to the university or into the business world without having gone through the ordinary High school terms.

The withdrawal of the Separate school representatives from the Board of Education will make no difference in the appointment of the committees, which will be done at the first meeting of the new board in January. At least, this is the opinion of Chairman Langford, of No. 3 committee. It has been the custom for the two Separate school representatives to be placed on No. 3 committee, which has charge of the Collegiate, and they have also had a voice on the Technical school committee. The Collegiate Committee has heretofore consisted of four members of the Board with the two Separate school representatives.

Trustee Langford states that the committee will be appointed as usual next year. The four members of the board will be named and provision will also be made for the two Separate school representatives.

"If the Separate School Board does not care to send representatives to our board that is its privilege," said Mr. Langford, "but we will not make any change in our usual method of appointing the committees. If the Separate school representatives are not appointed there will simply be two vacant seats on No. 3 committee next year."

NOTE.—The "two vacant seats" at the London Board of Education will probably receive the consideration usually extended to the disfranchised.—E. C. R.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Dublin, Dec. 2.—Three priests belonging to the South African Missionaries, Cork, have just left for Liberia, and three others for Liberia, in Africa.

The establishment of a trading post at Castine, Me., in 1618, claimed to have been the first settlement in New England, was recently recalled in the dedication of the little Chapel of Our Lady of Holy Hope. The chapel, remodelled from an ancient structure, stands on the site of Fort Pentagot, the story of which is written history of French, English, Acadian and Dutch occupations of the territory.

Boston, Dec. 5.—The appointment of Mrs. Francis E. Slater, president of the League of Catholic Women of the Boston archdiocese, to be the only woman member of the Executive Committee of Ten of Gov. Cox's state-wide Committee on Unemployment is a striking indication of the recognition of the League, with its 400,000 members, as one of the greatest moral forces in Massachusetts.

New York, Dec. 10.—Men and women of every race and creed gathered in the New York Hippodrome last Sunday to pay tribute to Father Duffy, chaplain of the 69th Regiment on the occasion of the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination. Archbishop Hayes, U. S. Senator Wadsworth, Wilton Lackaye and Rabbi Silverman were among the speakers at the meeting, which was presided over by Martin Conboy.

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 2.—Miss Lydia O'Shea, graduate of the Religions of the Sacred Heart, and of the training school of Mercy hospital, of which her sister, Sister Mary Rita is superintendent, has been selected by the Illinois director of State registration and education as a member of the State professional committee of nurses. Miss O'Shea is a product of the Chicago Catholic schools, both elementary and professional.

Dublin, Nov. 25.—A prominent woman in Belfast draws attention in a letter to a newspaper to the fact that girl employees in that city work 12 hours daily and 14 hours on Saturdays. She asks if the Christian citizens of Belfast will remedy this crying evil. The citizens should do their bit "to save the slaves of greedy people." This letter was written by one connected with a "loyalist" institution. Bishop MacRory and the priests have frequently complained of the harsh working conditions in Belfast.

Cologne, Germany, Nov. 16.—Storms which raged in the Rheinland about ten days ago destroyed the ancient church at Esch, near Duren, injuring seven young women and killing five others. The hurricane overthrew the tall spire, which crushed through the roof and wrecked the whole building. All the congregation but the young women had left the church after attending vespers. They were standing in the entrance when the building collapsed. All were buried under the debris. The church was erected in 1555.

Cologne, Germany, November 16.—Prince Charles of Loewenstein, who joined the Dominican Order at the age of seventy and who a few years later was ordained to the priesthood, died at the monastery in this city. He was eighty-seven years old. The Prince in recent years had been known as Father Raymondus. Before leaving the world for the seclusion of the monastic life, Prince Loewenstein was a leader of the Catholic forces. He had been commissioner of the Catholic assemblies in Germany since 1872. With others he helped to found the Centrist party in 1871.

Cologne, Germany, November 16.—In the death of Canon Theodor Wacker, parish priest of Zaehringen, the Centrist party has suffered the loss of another of its ablest leaders. Canon Wacker was born in 1845, and ordained in 1865. He won the name, "Lion of Zaehringen" by his vigor and ability as a defender of Catholic rights. During the Kulturkampf he did much for the Catholics of Baden. He was a fine orator and an able organizer. He was several times elected to the Langtag where he proved himself an enemy much feared by the "Liberals" and Socialists. His speeches were always notable for their inexorable logic and wealth of material.

Paris, Nov. 17.—Statistics covering fifteen dioceses and religious congregations in France, published by the Livre d'Or, show that 1,844, citations and decorations were conferred on clergy and religious for distinguished service during the War. These include 977 priests and religious who received the croix de guerre, 61 who were nominated to the Legion of Honor and 118 who received the military medal. The Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny received 59 of the 1,344 citations. The figures also show that of the 573 religious and priests who died as a result of war causes, twelve were members of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny.

TWO

THE RED ASCENT

BY ESTHER W. NEILL

CHAPTER XIV—CONTINUED

"Oh! hear that," cried Betty tarting from her seat. "Women are screaming—something dreadful must have happened. Go on, Mr. Wilcox. Let us go and see."

"We're on the wrong road. I'll have to go around. Machine will never get across that stubble field; there's a ditch in the way."

"Oh! look—look!" cried Betty. "There's a woman running to meet us. It's Jess Fielding. I wonder where is Dick?"

Jefferson was heedless of her question. He was out of the car hastening to meet the girl who came flying toward them. Her blue dress was soiled with coal dust; her heavy hair, shedding all hair pins in her mad flight, hung about her shoulders.

"Dick—Dick is down there," she cried breathlessly, pointing to the mine. "What can we do? Oh, God! how can we save him?"

Jefferson held out his arm to support her. She was trembling with terror. "Down—down where?" and even as he asked the question, he had guessed at most of the truth.

"He—went—down—save—a boy!" he sobbed. "The mine is on fire—the other men—are out—and they are dead, burned alive, and Dick—Dick—is down there. Don't let them seal the mine—don't let them bury him alive. Oh, come—come quickly, they say there is no hope—that he is dead!"

"Dead," repeated the Colonel, and he seemed to shrivel suddenly into a feeble old man. "Dick dead in that hole?"

Betty sank down in the coarse grass and covered her face with her hands. "You're dreaming, Jessica. Oh, tell us it is not true."

"Come—come," she said wildly, pulling Jefferson by the hand. "You must not let them shut the mine—they will not listen to me. Come—come."

Jefferson moved mechanically. He could not speak. His throat was choked; his feet were leaden weights. Jessica leaned upon him for support, sobbing pitifully, her explanation growing more and more incoherent. They had nearly reached the shaft when they heard a glad shout break from the wailing crowd, and they saw Richard rise, as if by a miracle, from the earth itself.

He staggered from the escape shaft, which was about two hundred yards distant, with Peter, the mule boy, strapped on his back.

With a wild cry of exultation, Jefferson rushed forward. The crowd surged around him. For a moment Richard stood like one bewildered, blinded by the sudden glare of the sunlight, then, falling down upon the ground, he murmured weakly:

"Unstrap the boy. I—cannot—help."

The ropes were cut by eager hands, the mine doctor hurried to his aid, glad of an opportunity to show his skill after his ineffectual efforts to revive life in those stricken bodies on the hillside. Peter's mother was pushed to her son's side. She knelt beside him inarticulate in her joy. After the suspense, the dread, the certainty of death, she was emotionally exhausted.

The little foreign doctor bent over Richard solicitously, and administered his restoratives. "He will live, thank God," he said triumphantly. He is a hero, and he will live." Then as he turned to Peter, the boy sat up.

"I'm all right," he said in his shrill, quavering voice, "twas my foot. What yer cryin' about mother?—'tain't nothin' but my foot. It got twisted somehow and I fell. He got the cage goin' up and I hollered. He came back; he roped me on his back; said 'twan't no other way of gettin' up them steps."

The crowd pressed closer to hear. Here was some one at last who could tell them how the tragedy had occurred—some one who could reveal his resurrection. The boy wanted to talk. After the blackness, the isolation of the mine, he found relief in the sound of his own voice.

"I went to sleep—must have fallen asleep—forgot about the holiday. That that torch must have dripped kerosene on to the hay car. First thing I knew it was as if tried to push the car to the pump near the mule stable to get water, but the car was too heavy; then I saw the timbers were a-fire. I was a-runnin' for the escape shaft to hike up them steps when my foot turned. Reckon it's broke, Doc. Reckon I'd been burned same as a wisp of straw if that man hadn't heard me when I hollered."

He went on talking all the time the doctor was bandaging the foot, crying out once or twice with the pain, and he watched anxiously as course, on my digestion! Then, of some of the men improvised a litter to carry Richard to the automobile.

Jessica suggested that they bring Richard to her house, but the Colonel, once assured that his son was alive, took command of the situation. He did not propose to accept the Fielding hospitality if he could avoid it.

"We will take him home," he said. "I will ride Spangles, Mr. Wilcox, drive the car as slowly as you can. Doctor, will you go with us?"

The doctor assented willingly. Patient as such apparent distinction was a rarity in his professional experience. The dead men lay in a rigid line beyond his help; Richard was the only one left in need of his service.

Jessica watched the automobile as it disappeared in the black dust of the beaten roadway. She felt weak and faint, but, in Richard's greater need, no one had given a thought to her. She seemed to stand alone and desolate in the midst of the crowd. Had she the strength to mount her horse and go home, away from this scene of horror, far away, where she could not hear the convulsive sobbing of the three women who had been widowed by their husbands' heroism? Or were there more than three who had joined Richard in his work of rescue? Some one had told her, even in the midst of the excitement, that the Italians had no one here to mourn them; they were newcomers. Somewhere perhaps in the purpling vineyards of their native land mothers and sisters waited hopefully for glad tidings that would never come.

Some compelling force drove Jessica back to the group that surrounded the dead men. The bodies, so strong and full of health half an hour ago, now lay impotent in their stillness, their blackened faces upturned to the smiling summer sky. The three wives, one with a baby at her breast, were now sobbing softly. Life for them had held little else than tragedy; the lines around their youthful mouths showed power to suffer and endure.

Tenderly Jessica lifted the baby from the aching arms of the mother. "Come home with me," she said to the weeping women. "We can do nothing here. You and the little children come home with me."

"Dead," repeated the Colonel, and he seemed to shrivel suddenly into a feeble old man. "Dick dead in that hole?"

Betty sank down in the coarse grass and covered her face with her hands. "You're dreaming, Jessica. Oh, tell us it is not true."

"Come—come," she said wildly, pulling Jefferson by the hand. "You must not let them shut the mine—they will not listen to me. Come—come."

Jefferson moved mechanically. He could not speak. His throat was choked; his feet were leaden weights. Jessica leaned upon him for support, sobbing pitifully, her explanation growing more and more incoherent. They had nearly reached the shaft when they heard a glad shout break from the wailing crowd, and they saw Richard rise, as if by a miracle, from the earth itself.

He staggered from the escape shaft, which was about two hundred yards distant, with Peter, the mule boy, strapped on his back.

With a wild cry of exultation, Jefferson rushed forward. The crowd surged around him. For a moment Richard stood like one bewildered, blinded by the sudden glare of the sunlight, then, falling down upon the ground, he murmured weakly:

"Unstrap the boy. I—cannot—help."

The ropes were cut by eager hands, the mine doctor hurried to his aid, glad of an opportunity to show his skill after his ineffectual efforts to revive life in those stricken bodies on the hillside. Peter's mother was pushed to her son's side. She knelt beside him inarticulate in her joy. After the suspense, the dread, the certainty of death, she was emotionally exhausted.

The little foreign doctor bent over Richard solicitously, and administered his restoratives. "He will live, thank God," he said triumphantly. He is a hero, and he will live." Then as he turned to Peter, the boy sat up.

"I'm all right," he said in his shrill, quavering voice, "twas my foot. What yer cryin' about mother?—'tain't nothin' but my foot. It got twisted somehow and I fell. He got the cage goin' up and I hollered. He came back; he roped me on his back; said 'twan't no other way of gettin' up them steps."

The crowd pressed closer to hear. Here was some one at last who could tell them how the tragedy had occurred—some one who could reveal his resurrection. The boy wanted to talk. After the blackness, the isolation of the mine, he found relief in the sound of his own voice.

"I went to sleep—must have fallen asleep—forgot about the holiday. That that torch must have dripped kerosene on to the hay car. First thing I knew it was as if tried to push the car to the pump near the mule stable to get water, but the car was too heavy; then I saw the timbers were a-fire. I was a-runnin' for the escape shaft to hike up them steps when my foot turned. Reckon it's broke, Doc. Reckon I'd been burned same as a wisp of straw if that man hadn't heard me when I hollered."

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"We will take him home," he said. "I will ride Spangles, Mr. Wilcox, drive the car as slowly as you can. Doctor, will you go with us?"

"The Colonel's blooming under all this publicity. You've been a great political asset to the Colonel. You know old Senator Wurth is dead, and he'd burned if they haven't asked the Colonel to go to Washington and fill out his unexpired term."

Dick turned weakly on his pillow. "Is he going?" he asked. "Going! Of course he's going. The Colonel may not agree to what his party demands, but he's got very definite views that the country is going to the bowwows, and he wants to tell a few of the Senators what he thinks of them. I think I'll spend the winter in Washington, and engage a permanent seat in the Senate gallery."

Richard closed his eyes wearily, and was silent for a long time. Then he said: "If the Colonel is provided for we can drop that Texas claim."

"Drop it!" Jefferson ran his fingers through his yellow hair until it bristled. "I'd like to tell you a thing or two, if I wasn't afraid you would have a relapse."

"I'm not relapsing." "Well, just settle down there and keep calm. Think you'll get a fever if I tell you that the Texas claim is settled? That we compromised for half a million out of court?"

Richard's fingers tightened on those of his friend. "Oh, Jeff, you didn't—don't when I was—like this? I don't think it was fair."

TO BE CONTINUED

THE TENOR'S CHRISTMAS

The idol worshippers who had fallen prostrate before Norman Valenta when, on the opening night of the opera, he had been declared one of the world's greatest tenors, would have been astounded the next day had they seen him ringing for admission to the Home for Aged Poor. He was a handsome man. That alone made him admired, but nobility of bearing, joined to those half-mythical regions where the public makes its great artists seem quite divine.

He stamped his feet impatiently. The biting December air made every moment of delay almost unbearable. Besides, the great Valenta was accustomed to being obeyed promptly, owing to his reputation of being a czar even with his superiors.

At last the door was opened, and a little old Sister stepped aside to let in the visitor. "Good morning, Sister. Will you be kind enough to tell Sister Hildegarde I would like to see her?"

It was the tone of a dictator to which the little Sister did not take too kindly. "Sister is very busy," she replied, her French accent predominant. "She is getting ready for Christmas. Is it important?"

"Yes; tell her that Mr. Norman—here—he drew out his card—hand this to her, please."

The Sister took the card, showed the visitor into the reception room, and silently slipped away, delighted at being freed from this regal personage in his fine cloth and fur coat as he took in at a glance the simplicity of the room, its plain furniture, its extraordinary white walls, whose whiteness was even intensified by the several gaudy prints that were meant to adorn it. Valenta sneered at it involuntarily. It was oppressive to him, who was accustomed to the luxury of the best hotels, who was continually besieged by society to accept of his hospitality, and who had as his companions artists of world-wide celebrity. Little wonder if after five years of such continued adoration he was rather bored at being compelled to wait in a narrow cell which was dignified by the name of reception room. A feeling of relief came to him as he heard footsteps in the corridor without. One would have thought the handsome face took a smile, if the singer could smile in such environments. He waited for his feet and waited for the Sister to appear. His scenes of simulated passion.

"Sister!" A tall beautiful woman in the garb of a Little Sister of the Poor stood in the doorway. "John!"

They clasped each other's hands. Tears were in the eyes of the great tenor. He was not sneering now, nor was he hectoring. The face of the Sister did not change, beyond an increase in his wonted pallor, as she relaxed her clasp of the strong hands.

"Why, Johnny, what a surprise!" "Johnny. Great Caesar! If anybody heard you call me Johnny I'd lose my reputation. Norman Valenta at your pleasure."

"Oh, yes, I forgot. But how did you ever turn John Smith into Norman Valenta?"

"By force of circumstances, Kitty. I'll let you call me Johnny on condition that you let me call you Kitty. That's what I knew you by before you took that fairy tale of a name you have now. Imagine a plain John Smith as one of the world's great tenors! Preposterous! But to you I'm the same you. Little brother you used to cuff so often when he persisted in waking up his poor, sick mother! She's dead, eighteen years this Christmas."

"You don't forget, John. Yet you were young, then, and you've been away from home so long."

"Ten years abroad. It's a long time. How strange you do look in that regalia. And to think of your coming to a place like this. Why Kitty, I was dumfounded. It's eight years now and I'm not used to it yet. How can you stick to it, taking care of old men and women, doing all that is disagreeable, oftentimes disgusting, and saying you are happy at it? It's beyond me."

"It's the vocation, John. We all may be old some day and abandoned. It's a blessed work to do for these poor old souls. If our humble dwelling receives His own will He not also come and make it a New Bethlehem?"

"What a preacher you are, Kitty. If it runs in the family that way I think I've mistaken my vocation."

"I hope not. Yours is to be a good representative layman. How do you like our churches?"

Valenta laughed. "Well, done, Sister. Which means 'Did you go to Mass?' Candidly no. Traveled long, tired, slept all last Sunday."

"Do you ever go, John?" Sister Hildegarde's voice trembled with emotion. "I'm not relapsing."

"To make an open confession—something I have not done in any shape for a long time—no. Oh, it's a long way off, my piety. Art has taken all my time. Feted and fettered I have been obliged to put off all my duties. I'm a had pill. Sister, so people say, but I never denied my Faith."

"I hope it isn't that bad, John, but you are near to it."

She was pained at the indifference of one who to her was not the great Valenta but ever the boy whom a dying mother had confided to her care. Had she done her best? When had been a clerk at Marston's she had been successful in making him attend to his duties before the fatal voice! Even as a boy he had had a phenomenal voice, and it beauty which captivated everyone. So it was that old Marston had sent him to study abroad. She had objected, but the boy was determined. Then came to her the call of religion, and she created the second sensation by leaving all, and entering the humble quarters of the Little Sisters. From time to time she heard of her brother's success. He was the rage in Berlin. Besides, the great Valenta was accustomed to being obeyed promptly, owing to his reputation of being a czar even with his superiors.

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Hildreth walked swiftly down the avenue, endeavoring to escape his thoughts. It was a bitter season for him, full of cheer as it might be to others. In his heart he wished that he too might enter into the spirit of giving and receiving, but there was no one now, except possibly the employees at his club, and that was more a matter of business than sentiment.

"Uxree! Uxree! Last edition! Wish you a Merry Christmas, Mister," cried a newsboy holding a paper before him. Hildreth felt an impulse to give the boy a quarter, but it was two much trouble and he passed on. Half way down the block, however, he thought better of it and turned back. As he fumbled in his pocket an automobile whirled around the corner. There was a shout, a shrill cry and then a rush of feet. The car came to a quick stop, and as Hildreth reached the curb he saw beneath the wheels a small crumpled form, while a white-faced chauffeur was protesting that it was not his fault. Ready hands raised the victim and carried him to the sidewalk, and Hildreth saw that it was the same boy whose "Merry Christmas" had caused him to turn back. A mounted officer galloped up and a patrolman pushed his way through the crowd.

What followed seemed to Hildreth very business-like and strangely lacking in feeling, yet, as he watched, he had to admit that these men knew what to do better than he did. In a short time the boy was in an ambulance, and the driver of the car under arrest on the way to the station-house. The crowd melted away, and Hildreth turned to a policeman who was jutting something down in his note-book.

"Can you give me that boy's name?" he asked. "The officer looked up." "See how it happened?" he asked in turn.

"No," said Hildreth. "I thought perhaps I might be able to do something for him—or his family. It's Christmas Eve, you know, and besides I owe him a quarter."

"His name's Johnny Dugan and he says he hasn't any folks," said the officer, glancing at Hildreth. "There's a lot like him. You'll find him at the hospital tomorrow if you want to. His leg's broke."

It was nonsense, he knew, but he could not help feeling that he was in a way connected with the accident. Had he stopped to buy a paper the boy would probably have escaped. And absurd as it was, he felt that he was entitled to his quarter.

When Hildreth awoke the next morning it was with a feeling that he had something of importance on hand. Then he smiled a little bitterly as he realized that all he had before him for the day was the payment of his self-imposed debt to the boy. However, he resolved to see it through, and after he had breakfast he walked over to the hospital. It was not an hour when visitors were admitted to the wards, but as it happened, the children's ward was overcrowded, and Johnny Dugan had been assigned a private room, where he lay in solitary state.

As Hildreth saw the small, white face with its look of evident suffering, a great wave of pity surged over him. The boy was so young and so little—he could not have been more than ten—and he was so alone on this Christmas Day.

"Well, old man," he said kindly, "how are you feeling this morning?" "Pretty bum," answered the boy, glancing at Hildreth shrewdly. "Who you from—the insurance? I won't sign nothin' till I see me lawyer. He run me down and broke me leg, an' some one'll have to pay good."

Hildreth smiled at this evidence of worldly wisdom. "I'm not from the insurance," he said; "I'm a lawyer, but I didn't come to talk that sort of business with you today. Don't you remember wishing me a Merry Christmas last night just before you were hurt?"

The boy shook his head. "You ain't one of my reg'lers," he answered, "an' I wished a lot of folks Merry Christmas yesterday."

"Well," said Hildreth, "you did, and I had turned back to give you something, but it was too late, and I felt sorry and made up my mind to look you up today."

"What was yer goin' to give me?" said the boy eagerly, alert for any material gain. "Why, what do you usually get under the circumstances?" asked Hildreth.

"Sometimes they buy a paper an' give me a nickel and sometimes it's a dime," said the boy. "Once a feller give me a quarter, but he was crazy. Wish't there was more like him," he added regretfully.

As Hildreth did not care to be catalogued in the "quarter" class he produced a new silver dollar. "How about that?" he asked. "Gee!" said the boy, a smile breaking over his face, "that's the

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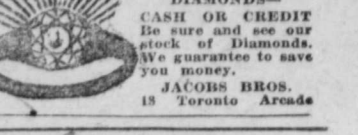
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best yet. Wish I could walk through."

"Where would you walk first?" asked Hildreth, smiling.

"It's this way, see?" said the boy, "I promised to take 'Lefty' to his Christmas dinner. He's had hard luck, an' he's lame, an' he ain't as big as me, so I told him I'd blow; but now I can't," with a look at his bandaged leg outlined beneath the sheet. Hildreth made a sudden resolve. If he could not be happy himself, he could at least make an effort to bring happiness to the sick and unfortunate.

"How would you like to have me hunt 'Lefty' up, and give him the money for his dinner and tell him why you can't be with him?" he asked.

"Great!" cried the boy eagerly. "He'll be on Broadway in front of the park, an' you'll know him, 'cause he wears a crutch, and his right leg's crooked." "Here," he went on handing out the dollar, "you'd better give him this an' tell him to keep the change; he may need it."

Hildreth took the money.

"How do you know that I won't keep it?" he asked of the boy confidently. "An' I want to say," he went on awkwardly, "that I'm obliged to yer, an' some day maybe I kin do something fer you an'—Merry Christmas."

Before leaving the hospital Hildreth sent his card to the superintendent and had an interview with him, after which he hailed a passing taxicab and drove off. An hour or so later the same taxicab whirled up to the hospital entrance and Hildreth assisted a very small boy "wearing" a crutch and a half-scarred, half-expected smile, to alight. The driver followed them up the steps with his arms full of bundles of various shapes and sizes.

Johnny Dugan lay in his bed, his eyes half closed. He was lonely, but the nurse had told him that he would have his dinner before long, and he was wondering if they would give him turkey, and how 'Lefty' was getting along without him, when there came a familiar tap, tap along the corridor. He raised his head expectantly and Lefty's grinning face greeted him from the doorway.

"Hullo, Johnny!" he cried; and then, as his eyes took in the unusual whiteness of the bed and its fittings to say nothing of his friend himself, he stumped over to the bedside and fell upon his knees.

"Hey Johnny," he half sobbed "you ain't hurt, bad—you ain't goin' to die, are yer? Tell me yer ain't. A feller brought me here in a taxi an' he said you wanted to see me, but I didn't look for nothin' like this. Honest I didn't Johnny."

A shade of impatience and something akin to contempt passed over Johnny's face.

"Die nothin'," he said. "It's only me leg. Ain't you never seen any one clean before? That's all the matter with me."

Hildreth came in. He had heard the last words and there was an appreciative twinkle in his eyes.

"Well, Johnny," he said, "I've managed to fix it so that you and Lefty and I can have our Christmas dinner together. It is your party, and," handing him the dollar, "I guess you had better keep this so that you can settle the bill."

That was a dinner to be remembered. Hildreth and Lefty sat at a small table beside the bed, while Johnny, with the assistance of a smiling nurse, did the honors.

"Who do I pay?" asked Johnny, when the tray had been removed.

"I don't know," said Hildreth, seriously, "but I'll find out for you."

He left the room and soon returned with the superintendent.

"Dr. Thomas," he said, as they entered, "I wish to thank you in behalf of Lefty and myself for permitting us to dine with our friend Johnny here. It has been a very happy occasion for all of us."

"How much does it come to?" asked Johnny. "I want to pay for him too," pointing to Hildreth.

The doctor looked grave.

"These Christmas dinners are expensive," he said. "I guess I'll have to charge you twenty-five cents apiece."

"That's all right," said Johnny. "We couldn't have done better at Casey's," and he handed over his dollar and put the quarter behind his pillow.

The packages were opened, and a wonderful electric engine which whizzed delightfully at the simple turning of a lever, was set up. There was also an overcoat, as well as warm caps and gloves for each boy.

As they were engaged in inspecting the gifts, the door opened, and the boys beheld a beautiful young woman, while Hildreth's heart bounded, seeing Janet Gunther standing before him.

"This is quite unexpected," she said with an effort of lightness, coming forward and holding out her hand. "I wish you a Merry Christmas."

Hildreth shook hands and repeated "Merry Christmas" mechanically. The girl's radiant beauty had shaken him.

"And this must be Johnny Dugan," she went on, taking a seat beside the bed. "Johnny, I only learned a short time ago that you had been hurt by my car, and I came as quickly as I could to see if I could do anything to make it easier for you. I can't tell you how sorry I am, and on Christmas Day, too."

Conflicting emotions were tugging at Johnny's head and heart. Here was the owner of the car which had injured him and from whom he expected to demand a money-balm for his pains. She was so beautiful so evidently sorry, he felt ashamed to do anything against her. So in his confusion he turned to the one who had been good to him.

"I guess you'd better talk to him," he said, indicating Hildreth.

"He's me lawyer," she asked with the slightest tilt of her chin toward Hildreth.

"It is quite true," he replied. "It is only fair to say that neither my client nor myself knew the owner of the car."

"Since when have you taken accident cases?" she inquired a little scornfully.

"Since this morning," he answered, looking at her steadily. "This happens to be my first."

She knew that she had hurt him, but the situation was trying, and she felt ill at ease. He had not attempted to explain his presence and his interest in the boy, and she could not understand.

She had come with the Christmas spirit in her heart on what she regarded as an errand of justice and mercy, and then to find John Hildreth of all men, and arrayed against her, too!

There was an awkward silence which was broken by Lefty.

"Hey Johnny, what yer think?" he began, but paused abruptly.

Janet Gunther's eyes softened as she saw the pathetic little figure with its battered crutch. She had never before been in close touch with the lame and the halt, and the realism moved her strangely.

She took a chair by the bed and began to talk to the boys, while Hildreth walked to the window, glad that all was working out as he had so hurriedly planned, and yet—Johnny Dugan's voice broke in upon his thoughts.

"It's funny how things come out," he said. "Last night I was sore because I was hurt, and me an' Lefty couldn't have our Christmas, an' I was lonely, an' then he come an' give me a dollar, an' he went an' got Lefty an' all this stuff, an' we had a good dinner—that was mine, though," he put in with boyish pride, "an' I don't know why he done it, but he did, an' it's been a bully Christmas after all—for us."

The girl had listened intently to this recital. She understood now. She had hurt him again as she had hurt him before. As she raised her head a motto upon the wall met her eyes.

"And a Little Child Shall Lead Them."

She glanced at the boy's head upon the pillow. She wanted to be led to him. But could she put aside pride, convention and all the bitterness of past years for this impulse? And as she confessed to herself that she could, she knew that it was not impulse but something stronger than she had ever felt before—even for him. She walked over to where Hildreth stood and he turned to meet her. The eager longing in his eyes was not to be misunderstood.

"John," she said, "you are doing so much to make others happy. Can you not forget—everything—and include me?"

"Do you mean?" he said in a low tense voice. "That you still love me?"

"Don't make me say it all, John," she whispered. "It's not easy—here."

"My darling!" he said tremulously, and before two pairs of astonished eyes he took her in his arms and kissed her.

"John," she protested faintly, "what will they think?"

"Think!" he exclaimed. "They'll think we're having a 'bully' Christmas, too."

"An' I hope yer will," said Johnny Dugan soberly. "If she's a particular fren' of yours I don't want you to do nothin' against her. It wasn't her fault any way, an' I ain't goin' to have no law on her—not this Christmas."

The girl's eyes were misty as she leaned over and kissed first one abashed boy and then the other.

"I'll take it as a present from you, Johnny," she said, "and it's the nicest present I have ever had—except this," and she slipped her hand in Hildreth's.—Frederick White in New Idea Magazine.

CHRISTMAS

It comes as a sudden sun in the darkness of midwinter. Its illumination as a hope stretches far back into the gloom of November; and far forward, as a memory, into the cold and storms of January. Weary men look to it as a time of armistice or truce when they may forget they are enemies, and believe they are friends and brothers. For alas! that it should be true, all men accept the verdict of the stricken Job, and believe that life is a warfare; and most men think themselves Ishmaelites, with the hands of the rest of mankind against them. They do not like it—this struggle for survival of the fittest. It is hard, scientific, brutal. But so they are taught; and so they learn all too aptly. They would fain unlace their helmets and unloose their armor, and lie down by the common stream to drink and repose, before taking up their weapons again. Well Christmas is just such a time. The little Child suddenly appears; and contention is hushed.

Humanity asserts itself in Him who assumed it, and all the belligerents bow down. Courtesies are interchanged; the finer feelings come uppermost; men grasp one another's hands in friendship. They touch the fingers of those who are to fight. They allow a tear to gather and fall. It is well! Soon they must take up the weapons and go forth; and steel their hearts against the finer thoughts, that still remain to humanize them.—Canon Sheehan.

OUR STRENGTH AND SHIELD

Beneath Judea's sky of midnight blue
Shepherds and kings, on humble homage bent,
Star-guided, all the quivering silence through
Still sought their King, though weary and forepent.
O Thou-crowned One, we too are seeking Thee
At this late day. Afar, Thy Star we see,
May it shine clearer!
Drawing us nearer,
Saviour, to Thee.

Thou knowest all. How far we are from joy
How far from Thee and Thy celestial peace.
The sin-mists thicken, earth's barb-wires annoy.
We stumble on. Will worry never cease?
We faint, dear Babe, so tangled is the way:
Send us Thy Morning Star to bring the day.
Bidding it guide us
Shining beside us!
Hear us, we pray.

Have pity, Thou! Our land is groping dim
After the Way. Is our old Faith all gone?
Is silence all? Is no Angelic hymn
To pierce the azure as we journey on?
Fair Jesus-Babe, Thy touch is firm and sweet;
Oh, gently guide our wilful, wandering feet,
Till our whole nation
With loves adoration
Tay coming shall greet.

Such grace betide us that its silvery shower
Shall draw us closer to Thy Mother's breast;
When shall her prayers hasten the blessed hour
Where souls forgiv'n shall know love-lighted rest.
From Bethlehem bestow the gift we crave
Thy Spirit's Presence—in His Might to brave
Will o' Wisp evils,
Doubtings and devils;
Shield us! And save!
—CAROLINE D. SWAN.

THE HOLY NIGHT

In the hush of the solemn midnight,
As out of the purple skies
The golden host of stars look down
With myriad shining eyes,
Their ordered splendor seems to breathe
Of a yet more glorious sight,
When the radiant Star of Bethlehem
Shone on the Holy Night.

And the silent world seems listening,
As if to catch again
Some echo of the wondrous hymn,
The rapt, triumphant strain,
That on the blest Judean night
Burst from the opening sky,
Proclaiming peace on earth to men;
Glory to God most high.

Oh, to have watched with the Shepherds,
And heard that matchless song!
Oh, to have seen with raptured eyes
The bright, angelic throng!
Oh, to have hearkened the tidings,
With which the heavens still ring,
And been the first to be bidden
Unto the court of the King!

Ah, happy, blessed Shepherds,
Tell us what found ye there?
A Child who lay in a manger,
A Mother who knelt in prayer,
The breath of the beasts to warm Him
The straw for His lowly bed,
While the songs of angels filled the sky,
And the great Star burned o'erhead.

Oh, to have knelt with the Shepherds,
To worship and adore
The Lord who came as an infant,
Humble and weak and poor!
To have brought to His feet in offering
The fairest lamb of the fold—
Earlier gift than the Magi's
Incense and myrrh and gold!

Hush! we may still with the Shepherds
Go unto Bethlehem;
Still hearken the wonderful tidings
Brought by the angels to them;
Still kneel in the lowly stable
With the Mother undefiled,
And offer our love and homage
At the crib of the Holy Child.

We may open our hearts to His coming,
Bidding Him enter and reign,
Teaching our soul the deep meaning
Of poverty, hardship and pain.
So may we share in the blessing,
So catch a gleam of the light
That poured from the Star and the Manger
In the peace of the Holy Night.
—CHRISTIAN REID

THE STORY OF CHRIST

HOW AN ITALIAN SCEPTIC FOUND HIS WAY BACK TO THE FAITH

The sensation caused in literary and religious circles by the appearance of Giovanni Papini's "Storia di Cristo" makes especially timely a character study of the famous Italian writer by Charles Phillips which appears in the November number of the Catholic World.

The meeting with the man whose writings as a skeptic had attracted the admiring attention of Bergson and William James, and whose work since his conversion has compelled the attention of thinkers in every civilized country, was a surprise to the interviewer.

"Atrocious portraits of him printed in the papers," says Mr. Phillips, "pictures that looked more like caricatures than portraits—coupled with a slight acquaintance with his handwriting, which at first glance seemed to suggest all sorts of imaginable eccentricities—had somehow given me the impression that he was of the fire-eating type, that he belonged to that category of erratic and untidy minds so frequently labelled 'genius.' True, I had not quite succeeded in reconciling that impression with the cameo-like cutting of his wonderfully lucid prose. Nevertheless, he was vaguely my preconceived notion of Giovanni Papini. I had even imagined him touselled and undersized!

THE PICTURE OF THE AUTHOR

"How different the reality! A tall, spare man, easily over six feet in height, erect and soldierly, with a face at once strong and astonishingly youthful, indeed boyish, greeted me, and ushered me into a study that might have been the private office of a railway director for all the signs it gave of the average literary worker. The heavy oak writing table by the window, very plain and solid, instead of being littered with papers, fairly shone with order and precision. There was nothing on it but a blotter, an ink bottle, and one book, not even any cigarette ashes, although Papini smoked continually. The walls of the little room were lined from floor to ceiling with books—and they were not in places, and they were not on chairs or on the floor! One big bowl of lilacs, their petals falling to the carpet, spoke the severe rigidity of the author's workroom.

"But Papini was not rigid. With his slim figure dressed faultlessly in the dark gray tweeds of a business man, without a trace of Byronicity or other literary negligee, he was as easy and as precious as his own flowing Italian. There was about him the quiet charm of a man completely and unconsciously in possession of himself. 'This conversion,' I commented inwardly, 'is no flash in the pan, no new coat to be worn only while its colors seem bright. This man knows what he is about.'

"His shaggy head is the only mark on him of the artistic celebrity—or of his first erstwhile days of anarchy. Despite the boyishness of his face, it has a rugged sculpturing; and the eyes are rather worn with study. When he was obliged to peer close at a paper he was writing, I learned the secret of his odd penmanship, which after all is remarkably clear and exact, despite its first appearance of carelessness.

A BORN MISSIONARY

"Papini knew my errand and spoke of himself when questioned with the directness and simplicity of a lawyer! Of course, he is long ago accustomed to this sort of thing; a man who has given his life to the literature of opinion is not to be embarrassed by a few queries from a stranger. But all that he told me seemed somehow to be in the spirit of an offertory—the same spirit that one feels permeating his 'Storia di Cristo'; told frankly in the thanksgiving for what he has gained, and not reluctantly, if others may benefit by it. He is, in fact, like all radicals—even anarchists—a born missionary. 'The whole inclination of my character,' he explained to me later, 'has always been, even during the long period of unbelief and negation, toward the desire of helping and illuminating others.'

"Papini is only forty—and looks no more than thirty—yet in his short career he has produced twenty-three volumes of published works which have run already into fifty-seven editions. You see, his acquaintances with things American—'fifty-seven varieties!'

"How do you do it?" I asked. I had a mental picture of a roomful of typists and secretaries in the offing.

"No," he answered, "I never dictate and have never used a typewriter. All my work, for twenty years, has been done in manuscript. (You are a human dynamo, then, I commented to myself—a dynamo that runs so smoothly, there is neither noise or vibration.) 'But for all that I have been able to turn out,' he went on, 'I am very lazy! sometimes I go whole months without even writing a letter. Then come periods of abundance and work, in which I compose with great rapidity.'

"Only forty; born January 9, 1881; but a Florentine. That explains a good deal. The Florentines

are all born dynamos! Papini had begun, I had been told, as a mer boy. I asked him if this were so.

"Yes."

"And were there any influences in your youth tending toward literary expression? I mean, were there any writers in your family?"

"None whatever."

"And about other influences—toward radical thought?"

"For which he had early become famous."

"As to that, yes. My father was an ardent anti-clerical, a Garibaldian soldier, a follower of Mazzini—so much so that, when I was born, my mother had to have me secretly baptised."

HOLY MOTHER LOVE

The world has thrilled and melted to the tender pathos of "Mother Machree" as sung in silvery tones by the inimitable John McCormack; it has been touched to tears by the intensity of feeling throbbing in Kipling's "Mother o' Mine," but in all literature there is hardly a tribute to the divinity of motherhood and the protecting holiness of a mother's love comparable to that paid in the United States Senate on Friday, July 22, by Senator James A. Reed of Missouri, in an eloquent speech on the Maternity Bill, then being debated on the floor of the Senate. It was part of a protest against handing over to the Children's Bureau proposed by the Bill, the care of maternity and childhood and vesting that care in an officious board composed mostly of spinsters and meddling "maiden ladies" who had never known the holy meaning of mother love.

THE BOOK THAT MADE HIM FAMOUS

Papini's first book, "The Twilight of the Philosophers" (Crepuscolo dei Filosofi), published in 1905, was a vigorous and radical attack on all the modern schools of thought from Kant to Nietzsche. It made the name of the Italian known throughout Europe, and although never translated into English, was introduced to American readers by James, who published a lengthy review of it in the Journal of Philosophy of New York (1906). This book was quickly followed by a still more brilliant work, a mixture of philosophy and fantasy, called "The Laily Tragedy" (Il Tragic Quotidiano), published in Florence in 1906.

"I was curious about Papini's literary associations and influences during these first years of his success. I found them, as I had expected, of unusual interest. Naturally, so youthful and brilliant a writer was distinctly in the ring when it came to knowing the people of his own country who were 'doing things'—who were thinking and writing, especially those who were leading or following in the same free lines that he had chosen. Giuseppe Frezzolini, author of a widely read work on Modernism; Morselli, poet and dramatist—'He is dead,' Papini explained: 'at Rome, just a few weeks ago; and he died the death of a saint'; Soffici, famous skeptic and cubist; Giuliotti, anarchist—since become a fervent catholic, 'the Venetian of Italy,' as Papini calls him; these and many others of the busiest and most brilliant of modern intellectuals in Europe were Papini's intimates—even a bare review of whose names today shows straws in the wind of Papini's prophecy of the coming Catholic renaissance.

"At the same time his reading was playing its role in Papini's development. There was Carducci, stylist and Satanist. I felt the influence of Carducci very strongly," said Papini, "and especially in my youth I owed much to him as a model of literary style. In 1917 I published a volume treating of Carducci 'L'Uomo Carducci—Carducci the Man), but in that work, as you will see, I did not pass over his spiritual limitations or his anti-Christian animus. By that time I was getting on to Christian ground myself."

CONVERTED BY THE WAR

"So I went on. But no, not any particular personal event precipitated my conversion. (As you see, it was not precipitate at all.) It was one big universal fact—the War.

"At first I took the War with the everyday indifference that characterized so many of us. But in 1916 I began to suffer. I myself, from all that was afflicting the world—the misery of it, the ferocity, the falsehood, the death! Then I really began to ponder how men, civilized men, could have fallen to such degradations. I thought and thought, and thought and thought—until finally I turned to the story of Christ, the study of the Gospels. And in the light of that study I soon discovered that the same terrible things, more or less according to proportion and form, had always been happening for the same old reasons.

"The question was, how to make them happen less often—how, in fact, to put a stop to them altogether. All our external systems of politics, economics, etc., were good for nothing. Changing our social regimes—Democracy, Communism, and so on—were equally useless. They did not alter the fact. What was to be done? What did the world need?

"I arrived at the conclusion that we must change the spirit of man. To leave it as it is, is to simply keep on going wrong, perpetuating the evil. We must change our *instincts*.

"How was that to be achieved? What was the doctrine which most perfectly revealed such a transformation—the actual changing of the instincts of man? That of the Gospels. Coming to this conclusion I rested a little while, having laid hand on the moral system of the Evangelists. I was convinced now of my immortal soul. But of course, that was not enough. There was one step more—from the law of the Absolute to the Absolute itself. Logically, I passed from the moral system of the Gospels of Christ. And Christ led me into the Church—that is, the only true Church, the Catholic Church, the Church of Rome."

One of our illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is doomsday.—Emerson.

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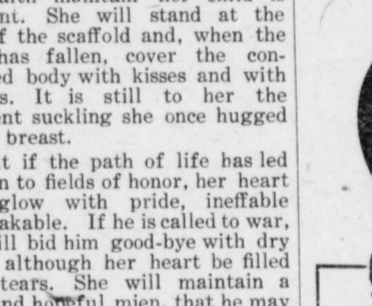
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IRELAND'S ALLIES

During the past two years or so it was seldom that we could agree with Lloyd George, at any rate on Irish affairs.

Yet the newspapers of Thursday last, carrying his speech in the House of Commons on the Anglo-Irish treaty, give us this passage on the new relationship of the Irish Free State with Great Britain and with the overseas Dominions:

"What the relations of New Zealand and South Africa will be referred to Ireland, and there will be a guarantee contained in the new pact that the status is the same—that whenever there is an attempt at encroaching upon the rights of Ireland every Dominion will begin to feel that its own position is put in jeopardy. That is a guarantee which is of infinite value to Ireland. In practice it means complete control over their own internal affairs, without any interference from any other part of the Empire. They are the rulers of their own destinies, finance, administration and legislation as far as their domestic affairs are concerned; and the representative of the Sovereign will act on the advice of the Dominion Ministers."

Six days previously, in analyzing the treaty of Irish independence, we had written for the CATHOLIC RECORD of last week:

"The first two articles of the treaty with masterly directness at once establish the Dominion-status of Ireland and preclude any and all future attempts to encroach on the liberties thus established. It disposes effectively of the very real objection so often put forth by Irish republicans that the freedom of the Dominions is secured by their distance from England. Now, the concrete status of the Dominions defines more clearly and incontrovertibly than could written instruments the status of Ireland; and in the assertion of full Dominion rights secures her the interested cooperation of the self-governing sister nations, who jealously safeguard their own autonomy with its orderly and continuous development. They are henceforth, and necessarily for their own sakes, the powerful allies of Ireland against any attempted encroachment on their common status."

It is our inmost conviction that Lloyd George stated simply the absolute truth when he said:

"That is a guarantee of infinite value to Ireland."

As from the same considerations we concluded last week:

"The Irish Free State, then, possesses that complete political independence sought by Sinn Fein, and possesses it in greater security than would be afforded by a Republic."

There can be no doubt that this was a vital consideration with the Irish statesmen who negotiated the treaty on behalf of republican Ireland.

As every Canadian knows, and as our American friends will eventually realize, in the control of her domestic affairs Canada is as free as any country on the face of God's earth. She would resent interference on the part of the British Parliament or Government as warmly as any sovereign State in the world.

But there are those who object that in foreign affairs, in her relations with other countries, Canada is not free.

This is something that cannot be dismissed by a simple affirmative or negative. We shall consider it in a subsequent article and show that we may reasonably claim to enjoy as great a measure of freedom even in external affairs as is compatible with the necessary interdependence of self-governing nations. And that nations, despite their vaunted sovereignty, are in fact inter-

dependent is the mighty truth that is inexorably demonstrated by the logic of post-war conditions.

DE VALERA AND THE IRISH FREE STATE

In the course of a special copyrighted cable to The Globe and the Chicago Tribune John Steele has the following:

Late this evening Michael Collins told me that he could go no farther than he had when the public session yesterday was closed. Mr. Collins is fighting hard, but, in spite of this, he tried last night to talk things over with Eamon de Valera, who refused to have anything to say.

"I will have nothing more to do with him now," said Mr. Collins today.

I learn that Mr. de Valera's chief objection to the treaty is the form of the oath. He had framed an oath of allegiance himself, which, his opponents say, was far more humiliating to Irish pride than the one agreed on in the treaty, and he insists that the plenipotentiaries had no right to agree to a change. De Valera is also opposed even to a temporary recognition of partition. On this point Professor MacNeill, who is an Ulster Catholic himself, says that he is quite willing to wait a year or two, until the pressure of economic forces compels Ulster to come into Ireland.

Many Irish Americans will read this with a smile, and with entire comprehension.

One who knows de Valera well and who was associated with him in his propaganda work in America informs us that de Valera has the Woodrow Wilson type of mind. When he becomes obsessed with an idea he is impervious to reason and lost to the sense of realities; he would regard himself as lacking in moral courage or in fidelity to his convictions if he deviated a hair's breadth from the course which he had mapped out for himself.

To this abnormally developed characteristic is attributed the subsequent marring, in some measure, of his wonderful work during his triumphant tour of the United States.

In referring to this idiosyncrasy of Eamon de Valera we do not in the remotest degree mean to question the sincerity of his patriotism or the purity of his intentions.

It will be remembered that during the height of his popularity and power in the States, when he was the accredited and acknowledged exponent of Irish national hopes and aspirations, he declared that Ireland would be willing to accept the modified form of a Republic enjoyed by Cuba, with the safeguards imposed by the American Government to secure the United States from any enemy attack with Cuba as a base. And at a time when the British Government declared emphatically that the security of Great Britain would be imperilled by an independent Irish Republic, Mr. de Valera challenged its sincerity if it did not accept this modified Cuban form, which the United States had found entirely satisfactory in solving a similar problem.

There was then no outcry from those Irish Americans who now denounce the present Anglo-Irish treaty giving Ireland the same status as Canada.

Yet the national status of Canada is incomparably superior to that of the Republic of Cuba.

Amongst other limitations of sovereignty the right of the United States to intervene, if necessary, in the internal affairs of the island is explicitly affirmed in what is known as the Platt Amendment, which is incorporated in the Cuban constitution.

The sole judge of when there is adequate cause for such intervention is the administration at Washington. Cuba has been an independent Republic—with limitations—for twenty years. Just how far its independence has been circumscribed by Washington during all this time it is not necessary to establish. For in 1906, supported by an army of occupation, American authorities took over the entire administration of Cuba's internal affairs until, in 1909, Cuban government was reorganized to American satisfaction and the United States open tutelage ceased and the troops were withdrawn.

The next time the United States will intervene in Cuba will be just when the administration for the time being at Washington decides that such intervention is necessary or desirable.

If the Government of Great Britain ever attempted to assume any such control over Canada there would be prompt, effective and universal resistance on the part of

Canadians of every origin, of every party and of every creed. If Great Britain persisted in such inconceivable folly she would lose Canada.

But there is not the remotest possibility of such an attempt. Great Britain would not dream of assuming such control over Canada as the United States exercises by constitutional right over Cuba. The most ardent imperialist in Canada would laugh such an absurd suggestion out of polite conversation.

And yet Mr. de Valera, who proposed Cuba as the model for an Irish Republic, is dissatisfied with the treaty which secures for Ireland the status of Canada! And honest Irish Americans who were not shocked at his Cuban proposal regard the Dominion status as a betrayal of Irish national aspirations!

The explanation, partly at least, is the inability of the average American to appreciate the fact that Canada's national status as member of the British Commonwealth is the highly prized and effective guarantee of Canada's national freedom.

The great news is just to hand that both Houses of the British Parliament have ratified the treaty by overwhelming majorities. At this last-minute writing, nothing is yet known as to its fate in the Dail Eireann.

Should Mr. de Valera take the position that the agreement be submitted to an Irish plebiscite, he would be only fulfilling a pledge given a couple of years ago when he wisely declined to discuss hypothetical Dominion status, but promised if a definite, concrete proposal were made he would submit it to the supreme tribunal of Irish people.

CHRISTMAS

Centuries before the birth of the Redeemer of mankind Malachi, one of the prophets through whom God revealed himself to man, foretold that the name of God would be great among the Gentiles, and that a Sacrifice, a Clean Oblation, would be offered in every place from the rising of the sun even to the going down of the same.

For nearly two thousand years that prophecy has been fulfilled, the great Sacrifice of the Altar, the Clean Oblation of Holy Mass, is literally offered in every place, from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same.

This great central act of Christian worship is always and everywhere the same; in the vaulted cathedral with all the pomp and ceremony, with all the appropriate setting that human art inspired by divine faith may provide, it is neither more nor less than when offered in a shack for struggling pioneers; or the Irish hillsides hidden from the persecuting powers of this world as when the great ones of the earth are gathered together to pay open honor to the Eucharistic Lord and Victim.

But there is a tenderness, a sweetness, a joyousness all its own about the Christmas Mass, the Mass offered to commemorate that day on which was born to us a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. Christ's Mass—Christmas; centuries of history are condensed into that sweet word which carries us back to the time of an undivided Christendom.

Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will. Aye, to men of good will. That is the great, the tremendous, the crushing need of the world to-day. Whether Christian or neo-pagan it is evident now to all that without good-will there can be no peace.

The nations of the world have, as nations, disowned God and rejected Christ the only Saviour of mankind. And the result—Christian civilization is tottering toward total collapse.

The civilization that was created by the Church of Christ can be saved only through the Church.

This day is born to you a Saviour who is Christ the Lord. The good tidings of great joy are for all the people; but each individual by the exercise of that free will which God has implanted in the human soul, and which even He Himself respects, must choose freely for himself whether or not he will accept in all humility the God-sent message with its God-imposed condition:

"Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will."

"THE ULSTERMAN'S CAPACITY"

"The deadlock in Dail Eireann is Ireland's first experience for a century of the difficulties of democracy. There will be much wit in the Irish Parliament and oceans of eloquence, but it may be that the Ulsterman's capacity for saying much in little will yet prove a welcome acquisition. De Valera, as Opposition Leader, is evidently going to be a trifle tiresome."—The Globe, Dec. 16th.

Well! Well! Well! Remembering the endless rhodomontade of Carsonites and Carsonism that was responsible for the coinage of the term, "Ulsteria," and that was appropriately designated by the Gaelic-speaking Irish as *raimeis*, "the Ulsterman's capacity for saying much in little" that has so impressed the Globe must have been that terse and vigorous profession of Ulsterian faith which was also a fervent prayer for the Pope—but not precisely for his eternal welfare.

We call special attention to Shaw Desmond's article on page one of this number of the CATHOLIC RECORD.

Just here read again the Globe's flippant comment with its "much to be said," "oceans of eloquence," contrasted with "the Ulsterman's capacity for saying much in little."

Then read Shaw Desmond's account of his interview with Arthur Griffith when the life of that Irish statesman and patriot "was not worth a sixpence."

"I said I had only come to know exactly how Ireland meant to run her Republic or Dominion Home Rule—if she got one or the other. The answer of the little man was to drag over a child's copybook, and with vivid staccato pencil, driven down deep into the paper, within the space of twenty minutes Arthur Griffith had drafted the new Ireland, economically, socially and educationally. Everything was there. Nothing had been left out. A masterly piece of statesmanship and draftsmanship."

No wit. Eloquence, indeed; but far removed from the Globe's "oceanic" type. A marvellous "capacity for saying much in little," a capacity, strange to say, not of an Ulsterman but of a plain, unhyphenated Irishman, the founder, the brains and the soul of Sinn Fein.

Whether it was Griffith or MacNeill, he exercised "the Ulsterman's capacity for saying much in little" and spoke for all Irishmen when he said:

"I would as soon kill one of my own children as to take the life of my Ulster brother. We are all one blood, of one country."

"And he meant it" is the terse and emphatic comment of the convinced interviewer.

This should dispose of the *raimeis* about "civil war" that the taciturn Ulsterman used to rave so "much in little" about.

So far from sharing the Globe's estimate of the new Irish Parliament Shaw Desmond writes with the firm conviction born of intimate knowledge of the statesmen who will dominate that Parliament; and he makes this confident forecast of its work in the immediate future:

"Within a short space of time the world will find an Ireland reorganized from crown to heel economically, with some of the cleverest of American brains helping her on her feet. It will find a system of taxation proportioned to the income of the taxpayer. It will find a country in which every farthing of useless expenditure will have been cut out. It will discover before two years have run their course a system of education second to none in Europe, with the best borrowed from the Continent and native-born."

Even with "much wit and oceans of eloquence" we could stand for a little of that sort of statesmanship in Canada.

A PUZZLE-HEADED OBSERVER

On Dec. 11th a Canadian Press cable flashed from London, England, to our newspapers the summary of The Sunday Observer's "special article on the Canadian elections," from which we take this illuminating paragraph:

"The writer described the Liberal party as probably the most conservative in Canada and by sweeping the Province of Quebec it has the support of the most conservative element in the Canadian population, which is Liberal only because it follows in the footsteps of Laurier and seeks vengeance on the party which introduced conscription."

Now if we strike out the portion in italics, (which are our own) the Observer's observation makes good sense:

"The Liberal party is probably the most conservative in Canada and by sweeping the Province of Quebec it has secured the support of the most conservative element in the Canadian population."

Whether right or wrong this would be a perfectly intelligible comment.

But when we get the Observer's recondite explanation of the *only reason why* "the most conservative element in the Canadian population" affiliates itself with "the party probably the most conservative in Canada" we are lost in wonder at the puzzle-headed perspicacity of the Observer whose illuminating article was thought worthy of transmission by cable for the benefit of less clear-thinking Canadians.

Perhaps the Observer marked up to fifty per cent. of par value a certain type of election talk that in Canada rivalled the Russian rouble and the Polish mark in reaching new low levels.

FRESH OBEISSANCES

It is a great thing to be a statesman; but it is a much greater thing to be a super-statesman. We have had some statesmen in Canada; but it is only in England that they have super-statesmen. And they are super-statesmen only to the people of the "Dominions beyond the seas"; "the blooming colonies," in other words; and one of the reasons why we are only "blooming colonies," and have no very clear prospect of becoming anything else, is that we have the tradition, carefully ground into us in our childhood, that all English statesmen are super-statesmen.

This is a distinction we reserve for those alone who walk the hallowed floors of the English Parliament. We do not even confine it to the English House of Commons; we are strongly disposed to extend it to the House of Lords. Our own statesmen are mere statesmen, and English statesmen are mere statesmen to English electors. But English statesmen, to Canadians, are super-statesmen. Nay, more! let a Greenwood or a Max Aitken go over from Canada to England, and get himself into Parliament and into office, and he becomes at once, in Canadian eyes, not a mere politician, which he might be, but probably never would be, in Canada; he becomes a super-statesman, and Canadians regard him and all his works, thenceforth, through the rosy glamor which magnifies at the same time that it obscures and beautifies; the glamor of a carefully-taught and highly favorable traditional prejudice.

English statesmen who, at home, in their own constituencies and amongst their own people, are looked upon as common clay and prone to error, must find a vast amount of consolation in knowing that in "the blooming colonies" they can never fall below the status of super-statesmen, provided always, and this is the sole condition, that they do not become suspect of having any truck or trade with the "Pope of Rome." No other line of communication they can open up, whether terrestrial, celestial or infernal, can ever affect that status; they are super-statesmen ex-officio, ab initio and forever.

These reflections are occasioned by reading the Canadian press eulogies of Mr. Lloyd George of recent date. Happy is the man who can always be right; or, if there be no such man, happy the man who can always be sure of devoted support for whatever he may do. Mr. Lloyd George cannot depend on any such support as that at home. He can always be sure of it in Canada, while he remains in that sacred area where the super-statesmen do their super-stunts.

Mr. Lloyd George, a year ago, decided to divide Ireland and give her three parliaments and two senates; but not to take away Dublin Castle or the Boards. And the Canadian press said he was the greatest, the most enlightened, and the most generous statesman of his age. A year ago he was aggressively defending the massacres and the terrorism of the Cromwellian revival; and his Canadian admirers applauded his every word; and it was only amongst English electors and English journalists that his super-statesmanship was questioned.

Now, he is going to give Ireland two Parliaments and a Boundary Commission; and the country is to remain divided, and, as it must

remain divided, Dublin Castle and the Boards must remain; the more important of the Boards at least. Ireland is one country; and her national services are joint; not several. Railways, for example, Banks, for another example. Post office, Customs; a score of subjects of legislation. Someone must legislate on them; not for four or six counties; but for the whole country.

What will be done? Only one thing is possible if there are to be two legislative divisions; the legislation which applies to both must be passed outside them both; or else it will be the subject of conflicting legislation.

The Boards remain: That's the only way if there are to be two nations in one. Wait and see, when the Bill is brought down, and you will find that that is what is going to be attempted.

The point that larger powers are to be granted is not as important as it looks; because those powers will be limited in their exercise, and will be only theoretical powers if the country is to be divided.

NOTE.—Interesting point of view; but we have greater faith in the clear-headed Irishmen who signed the treaty.—E. C. R.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE ARTIST colony in the Adirondacks has received a notable addition lately in the person of Mr. Archibald Browne, R. C. A., late of Toronto. Mr. Browne had come to occupy a leading place among Canadian artists, and had won for himself a reputation now extending far beyond the boundaries of Canada. His removal, therefore, to the neighboring Republic is a distinct loss to Art circles in this country, and will be greatly regretted. But in the wider field of the United States, and the closer proximity to the art centers of the East, which residence at Lake Placid ensures to him, his fame as a landscape painter is bound to increase and in that way redound to the credit of Canada, where his art has been developed and fostered.

Of Mr. Browne, Mr. R. C. Reade, Lecturer in Greek at Toronto University, wrote a few years ago: "The North American Renaissance in art is not confined to the United States alone, of the truth of which statement I have found ample proof in the work of Mr. Archibald Browne, a brilliant Canadian paysagist, whose pictures are now on exhibition in New York. Here is an art which, at first glance, strikes to the core of your artistic sensibility, with a raptur thrust of opulent and majestic colour; an art in which passion and sincerity, beauty and truth, realism and romance, paint and personality are fused in a persuasive harmony. The technique is modern enough to satisfy the most ardent thirst for artistic sensations. It has verve, sparkle and intensity, without the least theatricality or garishness. It is brilliant, and at the same time fastidious, refined and reticent. His landscapes are real landscapes, genuine, natural scenes; a moon rising over a marsh, a peaceful woodland vista; but at the same time fulfil Amiel's dictum that a landscape is a state of the soul. The artist is at once true to nature and true to his own personality—a double veracity, a double focus which produces absolutely truthful vision."

Mr. Browne, we may be permitted to add, who is of that virile Scots Presbyterian type which hates shams and aspires, though not always successfully, to truth as the one treasure worth possessing, is a recent convert to the Catholic Faith, having been received into the Church about a year ago. His name may therefore be added to that list of noted persons in America who, repelled by the materialistic and disintegrating character of present-day religion outside the Church, have found fruition of their hopes and ideals in Catholic truth.

It transpires that "Richard Dehan," whose novels have attracted wide attention within the past few years, especially the "Dop Doctor," is not a man, but a frail, invalid woman, Clothilde Graves, not unknown under her own name as a dramatist and journalist of great capability. Miss Graves is an Irish-woman by birth, daughter of an officer in the Royal Irish Regiment. She is also a convert to the

Faith, which fact has lent a color to all her more recent productions. She has just completed a book on Jerusalem which will be published shortly. At present she resides at the Convent of the Blessed Sacrament, Barmer, Essex, where, as an invalid, she lives in strict seclusion, under a rigid health regime. In these days of widespread posing and notoriety-seeking it is refreshing to read of an author of ability who does not care for publicity and declines to be interviewed or photographed. Her personality is said to be an interesting one, but known to few. Writing is her relaxation from almost constant pain.

A good story is being told, on the authority of the late Cardinal Martenelli, which illustrates the varied character of visitors to Rome and to the Papal Court. A wealthy American, from the Far West, was paying his second visit to Rome, and through the good offices of an American prelate obtained an audience with the Pope, Pius X. Cardinal Martenelli acted as interpreter at the interview. When presented, the American amazed the assembled prelates, who understood English, by exclaiming with great show of affability: "I am very glad of this honor, Your Holiness. I knew your father, the late Pope Pius IX., and was presented to him. I am very glad to meet Your Holiness." This speech, related the Cardinal, was not translated literally to the Pope, and from the kindly and benevolent bearing of His Holiness, the visitor no doubt carried away the impression that he had made a decided "hit" with him.

ANOTHER story of a like character, this time on the authority of the Chicago Tribune, will bear repeating. A well-known lady artist, resident in Rome, while standing one day near the statue of the Apollo Belvedere, presently became aware of the presence of one of her country-women, a well-to-do looking person, who introduced herself as Mrs. Raggles, from Missouri. "Is this the Apollo Belvedere?" she enquired. Being assured that it was, the tourist thus said: "Considered a great statue?" "Generally thought to be one of the world's masterpieces," was the reply. "Manly beauty, and all that sort of thing," interrogated the visitor. "Yes," responded the now amazed artist. "It is judged to be one of the noblest representations of the human form in existence." "Well," retorted the tourist, closing her Badeker and moving away. "I've seen the Apollo Belvedere, and I've seen Raggles. Give me Raggles."

Apocryph of the story of the American and the Pope here is a story told by a lady orator in the recent election campaign; the writer was present.

The speaker was endeavoring to lead her audience to believe that French Canadians would not be so awfully bad if only they had not been "so poisoned and misled." That they were even capable of being civilized—and eventually vote right—she left to be inferred from her own experience. Travelling through Quebec with the War Women in 1911 she was astonished at the cordial reception everywhere accorded them. Arches innumerable spanned the magnificent highway between Montreal and Quebec. One particularly fine one attracted her attention. On inquiry she found that it had been erected in honor of the son of the parish priest who had gone to the War and made the supreme sacrifice. Instead of the expected applause at this evidence that even French Canadian priests were not beyond hope, the half-suppressed titters and chuckles of the audience seemed to disconcert her a bit, but to enlighten her not at all.—E. C. R.

THOSE TWO WORDS

We have been asked what precisely we mean by the terms "optimism" and "pessimism," which have of late appeared at times in our columns. The question comes mostly from aggrieved pessimists. Well, both words are fairly new to the language; neither is in Johnson. Today they are variously used; "pessimism," for instance, for the doctrine that everything is for the worst, and that life is an evil, or for the disposition to look on the dark side of things. Similarly, "optimism" if either the doctrine that everything is for the best, or the disposition to look on the bright side of things. Were the philosophical use of the words the only right one, no Catholic could be either an optimist or a pessimist.

Emerson professed himself the one, Schopenhauer the other. We doubt if any actual man ever was either. Hence some zealots for exactitude coin such further verbal horrors as "melonism." But general usage is good enough for us, and we are content to avow optimism and disavow pessimism, confident that there is evil to be faced, and danger of succumbing to it, if we shirk the task. By pessimism we mean the temper of Mr. Littlefaith, the atmosphere of Doubting Castle, the habit of fearing the devil, his malice, and his works more than we trust God, His Love, and His Power.—The Universe.

BOY LIFE

THE WINTER COURSE FOR SCOUTMASTERS

A determined effort is to be made by the Catholic parishes of Toronto through the medium of the Toronto Catholic Boy Life Council, to organize Boy Scout Troops throughout the city. At a luncheon held by the Council, recently, at the Hotel Carls-Kite it was announced that with the co-operation of the Provincial and Toronto Councils of the Boy Scouts Association, a training course for Scoutmasters would be conducted during the winter months. At the present time there are troops in only two of the Catholic parishes in the city,—that of St. Vincent de Paul and St. Monica's.

The first lecture of the course was given on the evening of Monday, December 5th. It will continue throughout the winter months, lectures to be given every Monday evening, lasting until February 6th, 1922, with the exception of the Monday evenings following Christmas and New Year's Day.

At the opening lecture Rev. Brother Barnabas graphically outlined the objectives of the Scout Movement and made a stirring appeal for the Catholic boy. Mr. Earle Davison, provincial field-secretary of the Boy Scouts Association, described the "Scoutmaster's Job," picturing the modern boy as a hazy bundle of complexes whose study was fundamentally and intensely humane and beneficial to all who loved him. A demonstration of scout knots was given by members of the 10th Toronto Troop, supplemented by a film showing the essentials of knot-tying. Among the Scout Officials present were F. C. Irwin, assistant provincial commissioner; Chas. Mitchell, president of the Toronto district council; E. O'Callaghan, Toronto secretary; and H. A. Laurence, of the provincial executive council.

On the second evening Mr. Frank C. Irwin, assistant provincial commissioner, spoke on the "Union Jack" and the traditional history of its composition, and Dr. Paul O'Sullivan gave his first lecture on Structural Anatomy as an introduction to his lectures on First Aid which will be given later in the course. On both these evenings keen interest was taken in the course by all those participating and it is felt that success is assured.

The subjects which comprise the course are as follows:—Monday, December 19th.—The Scout Programme and Methods of Teaching Scoutcraft; Semaphore Signalling; The Boy—Characteristics of Adolescence; The Scout Promise and Law; Scout Games.

Monday, January 9th.—Troop Organization and Management; Map Making and Map Reading; The Compass; First Aid; Observation Tests.

Monday, January 16th.—The Troop Programme; First Aid; Boy Engineering—Some Problems and Methods of Dealing with Boys; Troop Drill; Scout Games.

Monday, January 23rd.—The Value of Games in Scouting; First Aid; Bridge Building; The "Good Turn"; Nature Study.

Monday, January 30th.—Tenderfoot Investiture—Demonstration by Troop; How to Tell Stories; Semaphore Signalling; First Aid; Nature Study.

Monday, February 6th.—Fire by Friction; Nature Study; Demonstration; Scouting and Physical Development; Question Box and Review.

In order to give the training Scoutmasters an opportunity to do some practical work, a few hikes will be held during the session, weather permitting. The Catholic Boy Life Council has been fortunate in securing some very able experts in these subjects. These include such men as Hon. Justice H. S. Mott, of the Juvenile Court; Dr. Paul O'Sullivan; P. R.

Hayward, B. D., Ph. D., Educational Secretary, National Boys' Work Board; Professor Chant, of Toronto University; and other specialists in boy work and in subjects of interest to boys.

Scouting is not a fad, it is a real education, sound in theory and in practice. It teaches many things a boy ought to know that is not covered by any school curriculum, therein supplementing the school work. It gives boys an opportunity to try themselves out when searching for their places and vocation in life. Boy Scouts are not ruled by force; they are led by understanding and by the power of example and sympathetic leadership to do deeds of kindness and valour and to live up to the highest standards of true manliness. But before our Catholic boys in this and other cities of Canada can enjoy the splendid opportunities of this movement,—civilization's greatest gift to boyhood—we must have men; men to know, to love, to care, and to serve; men to lead our boys as Scoutmasters. Back of all these youths pledged to the Scout Promise and Law, stands the Scoutmaster. He is the "Key-man." His is a "key-job,"—big, delightful, vital. Modern life presents to men no more worthy task than the leadership of boys. It challenges and demands the best that man has in him. Indeed, only the Best men can lead boys. They demand the utmost in leadership.

Men and women, let us get the real point of view of our boys before their minds have become contaminated by the hypocracies, the shams, and the selfishness of modern life. If we but do this our law courts will be but echoes, and our jails untenanted reminders of our past mistakes. Get behind this movement on behalf of better boyhood! Thousands and thousands of our boys are waiting for you to lead them to happy times and noble manhood. Will you serve this glorious cause? One boy helped along the road to manhood, to citizenship, to happiness, to God, is worth more than anything this world holds. Will you be a "Manhood Maker?"

All particulars regarding this course and the formation of Scout Troops and Wolf Club (Junior Scout) Packs, can be had upon application to the office of the Toronto Catholic Boy Life Council, 67 Bond Street, Toronto.

When will your community become a Boy Scout Town?

CATHOLIC PROGRESS IN HOLLAND

PROTESTANTISM IN NETHERLANDS SHOWING SIGNS OF DISINTEGRATION

Louvain, Dec. 2.—Protestantism in Holland is fast disintegrating. Introduced to the country four centuries ago, pretending to purify the ancient faith, it thrives for a time, mainly on persecution, then split into various sects and is now running to seed in materialism and unbelief. It has lost its hold upon the masses and it cannot even retain within the fold those for whom Christ Jesus remains withal the Redeemer of the world. In ever increasing numbers they seek Him in that Mother Church from which their fathers recklessly turned aside.

Up to not so very long ago, propaganda work among Dutch Protestants was not even thought of by the Church. It was useless; for to the Dutch followers of Calvin, whatever was Catholic was of the evil one. That notion they had raised to the dignity of an axiom. Times have changed and along with the times our Faith's standing in Dutchdom. Shepherds need not even go to seek the strayed sheep. These come to them and ask for information about the Church and her doctrines. Dominies hold meetings at which Catholic laymen are invited to throw light upon the subject of the Faith that is in them. University students, to satisfy their desire for religious instruction, court the companionship of their Catholic fellows. Regular apologetical lecture courses for non-Catholics, which are being given in all large centers to crowded houses, have been the natural outgrowth of this unwonted manifestation of interest in all things Catholic. Hundreds of conversions are registered and a steady increase of the Church's influence is apparent.

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE AND POLITICS In literature and art Catholics are easily the peers of any in the land; their press is powerful and they even monopolize an artistic and literary venture which serves them as a means of religious propaganda—the open-air drama. So great was the success of the first performances in Valkenburg, a few

years ago, they were repeated in one locality after the other, drawing practically the whole nation to witness them during the last summer.

Politically strong organized and presenting a solid front, Catholics retain the balance of power in the legislative bodies and hold the chairmanship of both chambers. Their primary denominational schools are maintained at the State's expense, while the secondary schools and the colleges preparatory to the University enjoy such subsidies from the Public Treasury as free them from financial worry.

In the field of scientific research members of the Church were for long years unobscured; at present pleiads of Catholic scientists are named, with new constellations arising ever and anon upon the horizon. The absence of a Catholic University has been a handicap for higher scientific research along Catholic lines. The gap is soon to be filled; for a recent joint letter from the Episcopate has brought the agitation for a University to a climax. Collections for the projected university are being made throughout the length and breadth of the land.

SOUNDS STRANGELY FAMILIAR The dyed-in-the-wool Calvinist Dominies look askance at all this Catholic activity and growth and dolefully compare the Catholic progress with their own inertia and losses. Their preaching leaving the congregations indifferent, they are after shifts to draw a public—write sensational articles to the press, invite popular foot-ball players and ringmen to address their audiences, or hold readings from writers in vogue, which they intersperse with salacious interpolations. Some with a more religious turn of mind ape the Roman liturgy and sing, in the vernacular, parts of the Mass and hymns essentially Catholic. Anything to draw a crowd.

To offset the Catholic lectures for non-Catholic enquirers, the preachers have started Protestant lecture courses. But whilst the Catholics confine themselves to an expose of their Church's teachings, the Dominies launch into fierce attacks of the Church's doctrines and practices, without exposing their own faith. Their discourses are purely negative. Well, they could not be anything else, since Protestantism has no positive symbol that commands acceptance by the multitudinous sects into which it is divided. Catholics are offended by the slurs flung at everything they hold dear, yet realize with satisfaction that in this very method there is an acknowledgment of the weakness of their adversaries.

Notwithstanding occasional friction, upon the whole, Protestants and Catholics had of late years been living together peacefully. To secure for denominational schools the same support, rights and privileges enjoyed by the Government schools, they had joined hands to fight the State monopolists; but last summer there was a sudden recrudescence of bigotry, of which the occasion was a proposal made by the Commission for the revision of the Constitution to scrap from the Statute Books the interdiction to hold religious processions.

CATHOLICS STILL STRIFE

No serious objection had been anticipated to the suppression of a ban contrary to the spirit, if not the letter, of the Constitution. The vindicators of the rights of all citizens before the law had not reckoned with certain preachers galled by the progress Catholicism was making in the country. Bitten by the flea of bigotry, these latter suddenly bestirred themselves to foment the fire of old-time fanaticism. Not since April 1853, when the Catholic Hierarchy was restored to the land, had Dutch Calvinism manifested such bitter hostility to the rights of their Catholic fellow-citizens. As Catholics at that time, by their dignified calmness, quenched the fires of religious intolerance, so again they have silenced the trouble breeders and won over to their side the masses by eschewing all strife and contention satisfying themselves with a plain exposition of their side of the case. Recalling Leo XIII's words to them: "Your Protestant fellow-citizens are for many reasons deserving of praise," they declared that for the sake of mutual good understanding in the recent past, they would not insist upon the use of the right to which they feel entitled, nor would they be a party to a strife that of a necessity could be detrimental to the welfare of their common country.—N. C. W. C.

MINUTES OF SILENCE

PRAYER FOR THE DEAD

London, Nov. 24.—If one were asked to say what is the most distinguishing feature about Armistice Day, or Remembrance Day as it is now beginning to be called, it would be that in the Silence of two minutes that is observed throughout the entire country on the stroke of eleven the people really do pray. And in that prayer, short though it may be, their thoughts are directed towards a very old and Catholic devotion—prayer for the dead. It is the thought of their dead that brings the men in the street to a sudden halt as the maroons announce the great Silence, and as

they stand with uncovered head in the streets, in stores and shops, on the railways and in public places, this is accompanied, whether consciously or unconsciously, with a pious aspiration for the dead.

What perhaps centuries of definite religious instruction might have failed in accomplishing, this simple act of a national silence on Remembrance Day has done in bringing the people of this country back to the old Catholic practice of praying for their dead.

People do not go to department stores to pray, yet in three of the biggest department stores in London, one of them the establishment of Mr. Selfridge of Chicago, the whole of the staffs gathered in some central place where the Koll of Honor is exhibited, and for two minutes engaged in silent prayer. In one great store at the conclusion of the Silence a religious service was conducted with hymns.

Hundreds of thousands thronged Whitehall near Cenotaph, tens of thousands were packed in front of the Mansion House in London, and in the other great cities like scenes were witnessed, where vast throngs of people assembled to sing the hymn "O God our Help in ages past," which is a poetical version of the Psalm "Deus refugium nostrum et virtus."

CATHOLIC WELFARE PURPOSES

EXPLAINED TO PROTESTANTS

Washington, D. C., Dec. 10.—Readiness to serve in all sane movements for the moral and material improvement of the American people was expressed on behalf of the National Catholic Welfare Council by Charles A. McMahon, editor of the Council's Bulletin, at the annual conference of the International Reform Bureau here yesterday. Mr. McMahon's address was delivered at a luncheon given in the Metropolitan Presbyterian church.

The occasion afforded Mr. McMahon an opportunity to present to the Catholic viewpoint with regard to the Welfare Council's social, educational and religious activities. Rev. R. A. McGowan, of the Council's Department of Social Action, also attended the meeting.

"It is a hopeful sign that the Christian forces of the country are uniting in a spirit of friendly cooperation in the solution of the many urgent tasks of reconstruction confronting the nation these stressful days," Mr. McMahon said in responding to the introduction of the chairman.

WELFARE COUNCIL CONSTRUCTIVE

Explaining the purpose and program of the Welfare Council, Mr. McMahon said:

"I wish to make it clear to this meeting that our organization is engaged in constructive welfare activities to benefit not only Catholics but other groups of our population as well. We are working in the most constructive way that we can devise to put into effect certain positive programs in the field of social welfare and to cooperate with other sane-minded agencies in the country having aims and purposes similar to our own."

Adverting to the anti-Catholic propaganda in certain sections of the country as an effort to inject religious bigotry into the national life, Mr. McMahon said: "We realize that there are many fearless and fair-minded leaders like Dr. Crafts who are fighting such un-Christian and un-American conduct and doing their best to expose those designing hypocrites to the liberty-loving American public. "As far as anti-Catholic bigotry is concerned," Mr. McMahon continued, "I am convinced that a great deal of such feeling is based not so much upon malice as upon ignorance. Naturally, we shall work in the future as in the past to remove such misunderstandings, but in the main in matters concerning the public interest we are determined to fight not so much against something as for something. Naturally, we shall not hesitate to oppose legislation or policies which in our judgment are inimical to the best interests of our people and contrary to the spirit of our American Constitution. I refer to the too frequently noted tendency to create through centralization a swollen Federal government against which President Harding admonished recently in his speech at Plymouth."

At this point Mr. McMahon called attention to the concert of action between Catholic and Protestant agencies in investigating the Denver street railway strike, and to his own conferences with Rev. Dr. Watson, president, Canon William S. Chase, director, Rev. Dr. Lucius C. Clark, secretary, and other members of the International Reform Bureau.

SOME COMMON INTERESTS

"I am sure we have been able to consider and work for these common needs without in any way comprising our religious convictions or sacrificing our religious ideals," Mr. McMahon said. "In looking over the program of the International Reform Bureau for the coming year, I find that many of your activities are similar to those of our own organization. For instance, there is the question of divorce, which your organization is fighting effectively in your own circles. The Catholic Church considers divorce and birth restriction two of the greatest evils threaten-

ing our American civilization today. Our organization will certainly cooperate to the utmost with all movements striving to maintain the Christian ideal of womanhood, the sanctity and stability of the marriage relation and the dignity and sacredness of the Christian home."

The Catholic attitude toward education and the place occupied by the parochial school in the religious system of the Church were made the subject of a frank statement by Mr. McMahon. He said:

"It may not be out of place to state to this meeting that the Catholic school system has not been established and is not being maintained with any idea of holding our children apart from the general body and spirit of American citizenship. They are simply the concrete form in which we exercise our rights as free citizens in conformity with the dictates of conscience. Their very existence is a great moral fact in American life, inasmuch as they offer to all our people an example of the use of freedom guaranteed by our American Constitution for the advancement not only of education but of morality and religion—a task which I am sure invites our common support."

MOTION PICTURE EVIL

Before beginning the discussion of the Welfare Council's activities in behalf of a clean stage and clean pictures, Mr. McMahon referred to Rev. Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts as having been "the object of much malignant misrepresentation" by individuals and interests which have attempted "to cloud the issue by a smoke screen of harmful misstatements regarding 'blue laws' and the Puritanical Sunday."

"In this connection," said Mr. McMahon, "I wish to state that the National Catholic Welfare Council is endeavoring to rid pictures and plays of uncleanness and immorality. We do not insist, as a general principle, that there shall be no exhibition of motion pictures on Sunday. We do insist most emphatically, however, that wherever local option permits of the showing of pictures on Sunday that these pictures shall be decent, wholesome and moral not only on the Sabbath but on the other six days of the week as well."

"One task at which we have labored incessantly during the past eighteen months has been to arouse our Catholic people to a sense of their individual responsibility in patronizing films of a questionable character, thereby abetting their financial success."

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

There are four hundred million pagans in China. If they were to pass in review at the rate of a thousand a minute, it would take nine months for them all to go by. Thirty-three thousand of them die daily unbaptized! Missionaries are urgently needed to go to their rescue.

China Mission College, Almonte, Ontario, Canada, is for the education of priests for China. It has already twenty-two students, and many more are applying for admittance. Unfortunately funds are lacking to accept them all. China is crying out for missionaries. They are ready to go. Will you send them. The salvation of millions of souls depends on your answer to this urgent appeal. His Holiness the Pope blesses benefactors, and the students pray for their daily.

A Burse of \$5,000 will support a student in perpetuity. Help to complete the Burses.

Gratefully yours in Jesus and Mary.

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DE VALERA HAILED AS CHANCELLOR

Dublin, Dec. 2.—A new chapter in the life of the National University of Ireland has been opened. In 1908 the University was founded. Then for the first time after long years of agitation and struggle, Catholics were afforded the facilities of higher education. Archbishop Walsh became Chancellor of the University, a position which he occupied until his death.

His successor, as chancellor, Mr. de Valera, formally assumed office, acclaimed by professors, graduates and students. The intellectual and civic life of Dublin was fully represented. The new chancellor was conducted to the dais in the Council Chamber by the President of University College with whom were Right Rev. Monsignor McCaffrey, Pro-vice-chancellor and President of Maynooth College and the Lord Mayor of Dublin. An address was presented to Mr. de Valera on behalf of Convocation.

In the course of his reply the new chancellor said:

"The chief duty of this nation's University at this time certainly presents a field for endeavor and achievement wide enough to satisfy the deepest lust of an Alexander. A nation's university should not be a machine for casting standard types and stamping them off. Nor should it be merely a venerable seat of learning—a dusty old library could be that. These are only what a university may degenerate into if it stands serenely apart in artificial isolation. A nation's university to be worthy should throbb with the full current of the nation's life, scintillate with the living fires of the nation's soul, reflecting back again upon the nation its own most energizing beams and transmitting to all mankind the flow of its warmth and its light. This is what we ambition for our university, and our university like our nation's newborn freedom is young."

"The morning is with us and we are exultant in its freshness and in our own vigor. The lavish love of the Gael for its own will soon make the starving niggardliness of the foreigner a nightmare of the past. Already we are rich in prestige and wealth in the heritage of our mother of scholars and Saints."

Among the clergy and laity Mr. de Valera's speech created an excellent impression. All felt that under his Chancellorship the National University would benefit enormously. His conception of a real university resembles closely that of Cardinal Newman in his "Idea of a University."

The work of the National University has been hampered by want of adequate funds. Under altered conditions of government this drawback will disappear. In the reconstruction of Ireland the educational system will be thoroughly overhauled and vastly improved. On the broad principle of reform there is complete agreement between the Hierarchy, the clergy and the laity.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

TRAVELLING FOR CHRIST

A SPIRITUAL STOCK-TAKING

III.

REFLECTION NO. 2

I have said above that our Catholics who are at present of English speech are still more scattered than those who still speak another language, and are to some extent grouped together in settlements. Unfortunately there are but few English-speaking Catholics on the land; and, still more unfortunately, the few that we have seem to have possessed a genius for separating themselves from their co-religionists and securing their holdings in the midst of non-Catholic settlers. The majority are in the larger towns, or along the railway lines. Many of them are unmarried men. They work

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hard—sometimes to support their aged parents, sometimes to put by a nest egg for more or less belated matrimony, sometimes alas! to enrich the Poker Shark, and to make the fortunes of those who degrade their trade or profession by evading the Penal Laws of Prohibition. Many of them are married. Some, God bless them, having Catholic partners, are settled down in homes which re-echo to the happy laughter of many children. Others have ignored the warnings of Mother Church and chosen their spouses outside the fold; in their homes one finds luxury rather than laughter and an expensive gramophone, grinding out the latest perpetration of New York publishers, in place of the piano or harmonium upon which little fingers might love to trace out the almost forgotten melody of "Home Sweet Home."

Father Louis and I asked each other, "Does the true Catholic spirit still live in the hearts of our scattered flock up here?" We decided that, upon the whole it did—as far as the present generation is concerned. "Serravalle odorem testat." The fragrance of origin has followed these children of real homes in other lands. But will they communicate it to their children? How can they? I have tried to tell you, dear patient readers, of the little towns with inadequate churches—or without them, and of the isolated folk who cannot teach their children a catechism which they themselves have half forgotten. I have tried to indicate to you the somber possibilities of religious isolation and ignorance, of mixed marriages and race suicide. I have tried to show you that you can help us. You, our brother-priests, by coming to our help personally or educating others to do so. You, good Catholic parents and teachers, by watching and fostering the vocations which are absolutely necessary for the spirit of self-sacrifice which is at the core of our religion. You, young men and women, who have read these lines, by asking yourselves sincerely not only whether you have ever done anything at all to help the missions of the West, but also to see whether you couldn't give to them the best of all possible gifts—your whole self, your memory your understanding, and your will—to serve the noblest of causes in some capacity or other. You finally, dear benefactors of Extension, by continuing to provide us with the sinews of war, and the means to erect and adorn new altars to God.

Of these things, then, did I meditate as I wended my way down to the depot, and exchanged the fine frosty air of the early morning for the thick and frosty atmosphere of the day-coach which had just emerged from the night. Seated amid its dishevelled and disgruntled occupants I chatted for a while with our Anglican clergyman, who was on his way to Jasper, and as always, kindly, or courteous, and finely appreciative of the work done by his "Roman brethren."

Then I recalled Matsins and Laude at a very suitable and liturgical time of day, and fell into a snooze from which I recovered in time to have a cherry talk with a returned soldier before I "grabbed my grips" and stepped off into the crisp mountain air of Brule Mines. Some other time, if Father O'Donnell ever does give me any more space after this lengthy screed, I may tell you something about the mine, its miners, and its minors.

IVOR HABEL.

DONATIONS MAY BE ADDRESSED TO:

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. J. J. BURKE

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE SAVIOUR

"For this day is born to you a Saviour Who is Christ, the Lord, in the city of David."

My dear friends, these words of joy were spoken by the angel of the shepherds near Bethlehem 1900 years ago. As they filled the hearts of the Judean shepherds with joy long ago, so today they fill the hearts of all with gladness, love, thanksgiving and reverence.

Every nation celebrates the anniversary of the most important events in its history. The end of February and the 4th of July will never be forgotten by the American people; for they are kept alive each succeeding year by a proud and grateful nation in honor of the birth of the saviour of our country and also in honor of the birth of independence in America.

Today we celebrate the anniversary of the birth of Him who was the Saviour, not of one particular portion of the earth, but of the whole world. What joy, then, should fill the hearts of all "For this day is born to you a Saviour."

If we cast a glance back, and consider what the world was 1900 years ago, before the coming of Christ, and then consider what it has been since among people guided by Christian principles, then we will have some idea of our motives for rejoicing today. When Christ came, the majority of mankind was in slavery, without honor, without freedom, without hope. They were sunk into the lowest depths of immorality and crime. He taught them new doctrines concerning the duties of man to man, of the strong to the weak, of the rich to the poor, of man to woman. He inculcated the mutual duty of love and charity. He sent those who loved Him to feed the hungry, to give drink to the thirsty, to clothe the naked, to ransom the captive and to visit the sick. He laid special stress upon the virtues of purity, meekness, humility, patience, faith and love. These doctrines of Christ were instrumental in securing the abolition of slavery, popular rights, free government, protection of children and the poor, in bringing knowledge within the reach of all and in spreading over the whole world institutions of charity.

Is it any wonder then that we rejoice today and feel that heaven is brought nearer to us? Angels are, no doubt, singing around us at this moment and assisting us to be more fervent in our acts of thanksgiving and praise. For it is a day of universal joy and the angel's message has not been received in vain.

But if it is a day of rejoicing for all, it seems to me to be in a special manner a day of rejoicing for the poor and afflicted. The poor seem to be the special favorites of Christ. He was born in poverty. He, to Whom the whole world belonged, was born in a stable, destitute of the comforts of life. His parents were poor, and His first adorners on earth were poor, hard-working, mountain shepherds. And afterwards He pointed out as one of the signs that He was the Messiah that "The poor have the Gospel preached to them." And one of the characteristics of His Church seems to be that it is the Church of the poor. Is not today, then, in a special manner a day of rejoicing for the poor?

When we cast our eyes on that Divine Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying on a little bunch of straw in a stable on that cold December night, can we complain any more of our poor and wretched lot? When we see that God-man suffering from cold and privation, can we refuse to suffer and bear our trials and tribulations patiently for His sake? When we reflect on the humble and abject birth of the Son of God, shall we any longer have those proud thoughts because of our wealth, our clothing or our beauty? No. Let us practice those virtues especially taught by the Infant Jesus in the manger at Bethlehem. Let us practice the Godlike virtues of humility, poverty and mortification, and try as much as possible to imitate Him who came on earth to show us the way to heaven.

He humbled Himself by becoming man. By humility He began and completed His victory over hell. He chose as His friends and apostles the humble. And He says to His followers, "Learn of Me because I am meek and humble of heart." He was rich, but for our sake became poor that by His poverty we might become rich. His whole life, from the crib of Bethlehem to the cross on Calvary's heights, was one continual series of suffering and mortification endured for sinful man. Without these virtues, and especially without humility, no progress can be made on the road to heaven.

For as pride is the source of almost all sin, so humility is the foundation of all virtue. Is there not much, then, to cause us to rejoice on this day? And should it not be a day of happiness and joy to all the world?

But, although it is a day of rejoicing for all, and especially for the poor, there are some so weighed down with poverty and misery as to be unhappy. If you know of any such, try to make him happy, at least at this joyful season by relieving his wants. Those who do so may be assured that their own

THE CHRISTMAS MASS

THE LITTLE SHRINE OF MARY

The joy has come, alanna, That I watched for through the years, And my heart is full of blessing, But my eyes are full of tears. The joy has come, alanna, And I am far away. The mother will not see her boy Upon his first Mass day.

Sweet day of all my longing! Sure, why should I complain; I'd bear, to have my son a priest, A thousand years of pain. But oh, to see you with the cup In vestments gold and white, Dear Lord, this would be heaven To a poor mother's sight.

To watch you at the altar And hear you read the Book, And when you turn around to pray Observe your holy look. And, oh, my child, to be with you As at this most solemn hour. When our dear Christ is present, Unto your words of power!

Some say I would not know you now, You are so changed, asthore; Och! I would know you, darling, If an angel's wing you wore. Little they feel a mother's love Who doubt, when face to face, That twenty years of waiting Can live in one embrace.

Now do not feel alone today, Ma boucheal stor m'chree, For Christ is more than mother And son to you and me. Sure, if I thought you'd shed a tear, It's o'er the seas I'd roam With a little shamrock and a sod To make you feel at home.

'Tis true, asthore, I'm with you, And tho' worlds should us part, My eyes would look into your eyes, My heart beats to your heart. I'm with you near the holy rail, Your kiss is on my cheek, I feel the blessing of your hand, I hear you laugh and speak.

Oh, da-ling, were I nearer, I think my heart would break; Such blessedness steals o'er me now And rapture for your sake. Enough, enough, to breathe my name When Christ is in your hand— Oh! don't forget your father's grave And poor old Ireland.

The morn is come, alanna, And I'm kneeling where you knew The little shrine of Mary Used to smile on me and you. I've placed the flowers and candles For the Mass that might have been, But my eyes, agra, can't find their rest.

My joy is all within. I'll make my heart your altar And my breast a house of prayer, And Jesus, at your holy word, Will tabernacle there. I'll wait for you at morning, And I'll pray with you till noon, And every eve I'll dream of you, My own Soggarth aroon.

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

"'Tis the night before Christmas"— I whisper the rhyme, And wander in fancy To "once upon a time." I see the big fireplace, The girls and the boys, The long, heaped-up stockings, The drums and the toys.

"'Tis the night before Christmas"— So old, and so new! With all of its dreamings So good and so true. I see all the faces, Forgotten so long, And out of the twilight There murmurs a song.

"'Tis the night before Christmas"— And here by my grate, The past rises, glowing; The years lose their weight; The boy-days come trooping At memory's call, And gleam in the embers That flicker and fall.

"'Tis the night before Christmas"— Ah, could I but clutch The gold of my fancies! 'T would go at my touch! The shouts and the laughter, Now sweet to my ear, Would shrink to a silence Too deep and too drear.

"'Tis the night before Christmas"— Remembrances stir As sweet as the cherished Frankincense and myrrh. And hark! As the visions Grow dim to the sight, There comes: "Merry Christmas! And, boy-days, good-night."

A CHRISTMAS WISH

Wherever there is sickness, May Santa Claus bring health; Wherever there is poverty, May Santa Claus bring wealth; Wherever one is weeping, May tears to smiles give way; Wherever sadness hovers, May joy come Christmas day.

To every heart that's aching, May peace and comfort come, And may an outlook rosy Supplant each outlook gloom; May friends now separated Soon reunited be, And everyone find gladness Upon this Christmas tree.

—EDGAR GUEST

THE CHURCHES' GREAT WEAKNESS

MINISTER DEPLORES LACK OF CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

In the Public Ledger, a secular daily of Philadelphia, appeared a timely article last Monday on the necessity of religious education for children. The article was written by Rev. A. Perival Hodgson, pastor of the Cheltenham Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church and was as follows:

"What is the greatest weakness of the Church? Undoubtedly it is the neglect of religious training of children. First, there is home neglect, God admonishes Christian parents, through Paul, as follows: 'Ye fathers, bring up your children in the fear and nurture of the Lord.'"

"There is a lamentable lack of parental co-operation. Many thoughtless parents say that because their children do not comprehend the mysteries of God and His Kingdom they should not be urged to unite with the Church or observe its usages.

"That objection is aimed at every law of progress. Because your child does not understand the mysteries of higher mathematics, will you excuse him from learning the multiplication table? We receive larger light by moving toward the light. We grow by using the knowledge we possess. 'Use or lose' is the eternal law of the universe.

"Others say that young people should be left to form their own opinions of religion, particular doctrine and methods of worship without being prejudiced in its favor while they are children. Do not parents prejudice their children in favor of securing an education? They do not seek to prejudice their minds toward that which is moral? Then why not prejudice them in favor of salvation—though Jesus Christ?"

"Besides, it is unscientific and contrary to the laws of psychology and experience to hold that youth will grow up unprejudiced. If the field is neglected, it will be cursed with a crop of weeds. If youth is not prejudiced toward the good it will be prejudiced toward the bad.

"It is far better to guard the soil that only good seed shall be sown in it. It is samer to claim youth for the Church than to try to reclaim men when they have wasted their substance in the far country.

"It is the business of the Church to keep the children where Christ put them, 'in the midst,' not in the mist. Then we will have no need for the old hymn, 'Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight?'"

"We are not justified in allowing the children to grow up imagining that the way into the Kingdom of God is through the far country.

"We should stress the preservation rather than the rescue of the child. We baptize our children and then, for the most part, throw them out into the world and regard them as corrupt and alien from God. After waiting until they were in open rebellion we undertake, by the employment of some extraordinary method to bring them back into the kingdom.

"Then the time comes when the child must accept membership in the kingdom of his own volition. And that is the critical period. That is when the divinely appointed guardianship of the Church must be exercised with discretion. The thing against which I want to utter emphatic protest is the false notion that we are to rescue the child. The child does not need to be brought back; we should keep him in the kingdom. The great responsibility is not the rescue, but the preservation of the child.

"The church must recognize the religious rights of the child, for of such is the kingdom of heaven. The Church owes it to the child to protect him in the full exercise of his divine birthright, for did not Christ say, 'Except ye become as this little child ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven?'"

THE EDITOR COMMENTS ON THE SAME F. W. Norcorer the "Church Editor" of the paper, and a non-Catholic, adds the following statement to the minister's remarks: "Religious instruction appears to be the scarcest thing in the world. Both child and adult receive all sorts of instruction and advice ad infinitum, but actual authoritative teaching of God's law is neglected apparently from the cradle to the grave.

"Probably this is not true of the Roman Catholic Church, but it certainly applies to many Protestant communions. 'Every church has a Sunday school, but there is not time in that brief afternoon hour for real religious instruction. Religion is barred from the Public schools. It is rarely or never mentioned by parents in the home, and it should not be surprising that we are raising up a generation of men and women who are 'boneheads' when it comes to knowledge of God and His laws. Incidentally, they are slaves of pleasure, and many of them develop into very bad citizens.

"The Catholic Church understands the value of giving religious instruction to the child. It acts on the principle that if religion is ground into the pleasure mind in the years of childhood, it will never be forgotten in after years. And the principle is correct. "Among Protestant bodies, perhaps the staunchest religionists are the hardy Scotch and their descend-

ants. Why? Because in Scotland more of them received more religion than food in their early years, and the fear of God never gets out of their hearts.

"Many of America's most successful business men and church leaders have descended from that stock.

"All of which seems to be an excellent argument for religious day schools. The child doesn't get religion in Public school; he doesn't get it in the home; he gets only a thin veneer of it in the Sunday school.

"Crime and lawlessness thrive among irreligious men and women. This may be the underlying reason for the crime wave that is gripping the world today."—The Tablet.

CHILDREN, SACRIFICE AND PROGRESS

Some there are who regard children as a misfortune, and some reckon them a liability, not an asset. Happily few of these people are found in the Catholic Church. The spirit of our people is well exemplified in a fine passage from the late Canon Sheehan's "The Intellectuals."

A few days ago I met a poor woman, a tinker's wife, just outside the town. She had a brood of healthy, handsome, dirty children around her. The youngest who was particularly smutty "was in her arms. 'You must find it hard to find bread for all these?' I said.

"Wisha, begor, that's true for your Reverence," she replied, "and the times is bad. I have too many of 'em, but sure God sent 'em. 'Wouldn't it be a great relief now, ' I said, "to get rid of the responsibility of so many children? I can get the little girl into an orphanage, and one of the boys." Her face fell. She moved away. I could see she was not pleased. "Come now," I said, "you have too many children. What would you take now for that dirty little beggar in your arms?"

"Not all the money in the Bank of Ireland; nor all the gold in the Queen's crown," she said. "Would I, Jenny, alanna?" etc. That woman was poor, yet richer than all the banks in the world.

And without riches of this sort, the world cannot exist, at least not in a civilized state. Next to religion, indeed vitally connected with it, the most important thing in this world is mother-love. The birth-controllers are doing their best, not consciously, perhaps, but none the less earnestly, to destroy it.

In its place, they claim, they will supply economic sufficiency. Never did Satan concoct a lie more stupid. No nation lifts its people to economic sufficiency by first inducing them to destroy a social factor of incalculable value, and then by training them to seek pleasure and shirk duty. No individual ever achieved independence except through sacrifice. The birth-controllers would destroy that spirit, too. The love that is the heart of a mother, with its tenderness, its pity, its sacrifice, its absolute selflessness, they try to set aside, replacing by methods which would not be countenanced on a respectable stock-farm. For sacrifice of any kind is abhorrent to the soft, flabby, shirking perversion which is their nature.

When the omnipotent and all-loving God strove to make men understand what He meant when He said that He loved them, He compared his love to the love of a mother for her child. God they could not understand. But any man, not made utterly inhuman through sin, can understand what is meant by a mother's love. That beautiful ideal likewise the birth-controllers destroy. To say that they debase men and women to the level of the brute is unjust to the brute. A brute has neither intelli-

gence nor free will; he is not made, as man is made in the image of God; he has no duties, no obligations, no nature which he can defile. He has instincts, and by them he is governed. He is incapable of sin against God or against himself. But man has intelligence, free will; he is made in God's image; he has duties which he can neglect, obligations which he can break, a nature which he can defile. He is capable of sin against God, against his nature, and against society; and birth-controllers would have him believe that sin against all three is the road to personal perfection and the perfection of society. This is not bestiality, but worse. It is the denial of man's intellectual nature, the decay of God and of the law which an all-wise Creator has implanted in man's very being.—America.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

GOING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

He little knew the sorrow that was in his vacant chair. He never guessed they'd miss him, or he'd surely have been there;

He little knew the gladness that his presence would have made. And the joy it would have given, or he never would have stayed;

He couldn't see the fading of the cheeks that once were pink. And the silver in the tresses; and he didn't stop to think

How the years are passing swiftly, and next Christmas it might be. There would be no home to visit and no mother dear to see;

He didn't think about it—I'll not say he didn't care. He was heedless and forgetful or he'd surely have been there.

Are you going home for Christmas? Have you written you'll be there? Going home to kiss the mother and to show her that you care?

Going home to greet the father in a way to make him glad? If you're not I hope there'll never come a time you'll wish you had.

Just sit down and write a letter—it will make their heartstrings hum. With a tune of perfect gladness—if you'll tell them that you'll come.

LESSON OF CHRISTMAS DAY Christmas Day should inspire a world of unselfishness. The example before us is almost too perfect, for it rather frightens us to attempt such Divine heights of self-abnegation, but we can try.

So take an hour or two off on Christmas Day and give it up to retrospective and self-inspection. You will each find faults, if you judge yourself impartially, for no one is perfect.

And then, running to the window, he opened it, and put out his head. It was the first time in long years that he had permitted the glad bright sunshine to flood the dull room, or that he had breathed in with alacrity the keen crisp air.

In the realm of fiction, there was once an ancient firm by the name of Scrooge and Marley. After the death of Marley, Scrooge never painted out his name on the signpost. There it stood, years afterward, above the warehouse door;

Christmas is essentially a season of peace. The angels who announced the advent of the great Feast, sang of peace, but Christmas, unfortunately, is not a season of peace to all men.

Christmas is essentially a time of giving. But true giving does not consist in remembering one's friends, who possibly lack nothing of this world's goods, so much as in doing something for those who, like, the little Babe, are poor.

Are there no workhouses in operation? asked Scrooge of the man who came to solicit for the poor at this season of beneficence. Could it be that a spirit might appear and conduct men at Christmas from one spot to another where the cheer of the blessed season does not fall, surely the many strange sights and experiences they would encounter must change the most callous heart and infuse warmth and charity into the most heedless of men.

And so, one should strive for contentment, "the determined cutting off of useless and unreasonable desires." It may be that for some men it is necessary to learn how to do without things in order to be more generous to others.

"I will honor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year," said Scrooge, when the last of the phantom spirits had departed from him, and with unclouded vision, he was able to look into the past, and see that he had miserably failed in all things.

And then, running to the window, he opened it, and put out his head. It was the first time in long years that he had permitted the glad bright sunshine to flood the dull room, or that he had breathed in with alacrity the keen crisp air.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS MIDNIGHT AT BETHLEHEM At last Thou art come, little Saviour! And thine angels fill midnight with song;

Thou art come to us gentle Creator! Whom Thy creatures have sighed for so long. Thou art come to Thy Beautiful Mother;

We have waited so long for Thee, Saviour! Art Thou come to us, dearest! at last?

Oh, bless Thee, dear Joy of Thy Mother! This is worth all the wearisome past! Thou art come, Thou art come, Child of Mary!

CHRISTMAS CATECHISM When was Christ born? About 4,000 years after the creation of the world, in the second year of the reign of the Emperor Augustus.

ST. NICHOLAS AND CHRISTMAS The origin of the idea that gifts are presented at Christmas time by St. Nicholas, or Santa Claus, probably originated from the following circumstances: St. Nicholas is said to have been bishop of Myra, and to have died in the year 326.

PEACE ON EARTH Prior to 1914 comparatively few of us thought that War among the great nations was more than a bare possibility. It may be that diplomats knew of its likelihood and were planning accordingly, and once the conflict started there were plenty of wiseacres who had been "expecting it all along"; but the average man in July, 1914, looked for immediate world-wide hostilities about as little as he did for the end of the world.

A DANGEROUS PROPAGANDA A distressing feature of recent news items is the prominence given the activities of those infamous men and women who advocate race restriction, and now seek legislation to make legal their vicious propaganda. Their efforts seem to take new energy from a conviction that the disarmament conference will give consideration to their views as a possible protest against war by the mothers of the country.

EDUCATION NOT ENOUGH In an excellent chapter on "The Need of the Spirit" in Mr. Philip Gibbs' recent volume, "More Than Must Be Told," he effectively unmasks once more the dangerous fallacy that the wider spread of merely intellectual, rather than moral training, is all that is needed for making over anew this shatterfod, groping after-war world of ours.

EUROPEAN PLAN 600 Rooms 600 Baths \$2.50 Up, Single \$4.50 Up, Double Agents Sample Rooms \$5.00 per Day

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reading which St. Jerome used and from which the Catholic Church translates—and we have it, "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace to men of good will." What a difference! In the one instance it lays the burden of producing peace upon Almighty God, and all the alleged "failure of Christianity" is bound up with that interpretation.

CHRISTMAS CATECHISM Why do Priests say three Masses on Christmas day? To indicate the three-fold birth of Christ according to the distinction of His two natures, and also of the graces which He confers on us.

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generally looked upon as nothing more than an instrument of convenience unrelated either to the law of nature or grace. Consequently it is an arrangement that may be modified or even broken up as personal inclination directs.

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CATHOLIC STUDENTS' MISSION CRUSADE

The initial conference of Canadian Catholic students, held in St. Michael's Hall, Bond Street, Toronto, on Saturday, Dec. 18, drew a very large number of students from St. Augustine's Seminary, Newman Hall, Loretto Academy, St. Joseph's Academy and Brunswick Ave. day school to inaugurate the Catholic mission crusade for Canada and draw up a constitution that would give organization and good grounds of hope for the permanence of the movement.

The primary object is to educate the Catholic student body with reference to the scope and necessity of Catholic missionary work at home and abroad. The various mission units are to work in co-operation with the already existing official mission organizations. He also pointed out the very direct influence of the students on the general attitude of the Catholic body towards the missions.

The business session was devoted to the consideration of various practical papers presented. Miss Theresa Longway, and Miss Rose Sylvester, of Loretto Day School, discussed "The Motto and Title of the Society." The formation of the Executive and its powers were treated in a paper by Mr. John Middlewick of De La Salle, Miss Isabel Noonan of Loretto Abbey pointed out the best methods to spread the movement and Mr. John Dunbar of St. Michael's College offered suggestions for the financing of the Crusade.

1. The organization will be known as "The Canadian Catholic Students' Mission Crusade," bearing the motto, "The Kingdom of the world for its King and Lord."

2. The Executive Board will be composed of the president, a secretary, and a committee made up of two elected members from each institution represented at the conference.

IRISH REVOLUTION

NOT A CATHOLIC MOVEMENT Chicago, Dec. 9.—Rev. Albert W. Allen, an Episcopal rector of Brooklyn, and descendant of Ethan Allen, hero of the American Revolutionary War, has been making it clear to audiences in this city that the struggle for Irish independence is not a Catholic movement.

MINIMUM WAGE IN OTTAWA

The New Year's sermon in the Blessed Sacrament Church was on the Christianizing of Industry. A special appeal was made for the payment of a living wage in Ottawa. Facts were adduced which proved many female workers, especially those employed as clerks in retail stores, do not receive a living wage.

In order that a woman worker might obtain decent lodging, sufficient nourishment, adequate clothing, necessary transportation, enough reading matter, reasonable recreation and sufficient leisure and opportunities to enable her to lead a full and happy human life and fulfill the claim of religion, it was shown that an adult experienced female retail clerk requires and has a right to a minimum wage of \$12 a week.

The Board came, investigated and has issued the decision which the situation demands. According to their recent decree, which has the force of law, a retail clerk over eighteen years of age and of at least one year's experience, must be paid in Ottawa \$12.00 per week. Adult learners 16 to eighteen years old must be paid \$10.00 a week for the first six months and \$11.00 a week for the second six months.

This decree is eminently just and satisfactory. The Montreal Gazette apparently speaking for some excited capitalist, denounces the decree or the consequence inferred from the decree as "socialism applied."

Similar decrees have been passed concerning laundry workers (who were also shockingly ill paid in Ontario) and concerning employees in biscuit, jam, and pickle factories and in stationery, paper box and allied manufacturing industries.

OBITUARY

WILLIAM GOLDEN The angel of death has claimed one of Maynooth's most respected members, when the late William Golden passed away at the age of sixty-two, at half-past eight on Monday morning, Dec. 6th.

CHURCH AND STATE RELATION OF CITIZENS IS WELL EXPLAINED Dublin, Dec. 2.—Rev. Peter Finlay, S. J., professor of Catholic Theology in the National University, dealt with Church and State in the first of his course of lectures for the current academic year.

CHRISTMAS GIFT

Every question a Catholic may ask is answered in THE Manual of Prayers. It is more than a prayer book—it is a concise Catholic cyclopaedia. Comprises every practice, rite, ritual, precept, faith, hymn and psalm, together with the Stations of the Cross, Introits, Collects, Epistles and Gospels, and Post-Communion for all Sundays and principal feasts of the year.

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

Certainty of Saving No economist has ever disputed the fact that there is no gain so certain as that which arises from sparing what you have.

"Does Ireland enjoy the right of her native labor to strike the soil and draw from the ground its hidden wealth? No, she does not, and this is a very serious part of her oppression. For two hundred and fifty years England has destroyed every industry in the South and, by a system of bounties, built up large enterprises in the North.

"COMPACT FACTS"

Few people realize that 26,445 Canadian ex-service men have been established on the land and are nearly all making good; that Canada's water-power development represents an investment of \$475,000,000, while the power produced would otherwise require 18,000,000 tons of coal yearly; or that 85% of the world's supply of asbestos comes from the Province of Quebec.

WEEKLY CALENDAR

Sunday, Dec. 18.—St. Gaius, who preached the faith in Tours, where he established his episcopal see in the third century. Persecuted by pagan Gauls, he was often compelled to assemble his little flock in caves and grottos, there to celebrate the divine mysteries.

Monday, Dec. 19.—St. Nemesion, martyr, who was condemned during the persecution of Decius. The joyful manner in which he met death inspired many around him to embrace Christianity.

Tuesday, Dec. 20.—St. Philogonius, who achieved great success as a lawyer, chiefly because of his eloquence. His Holiness caused him to be advanced to the see of Antioch. He died in 322.

Wednesday, Dec. 21.—St. Thomas, one of the fishermen of Galilee whom Our Lord called to be an apostle. He was slow to believe and very apt to see difficulties, but withal had a loving, sympathetic and courageous heart.

Thursday, Dec. 22.—St. Ischyron, martyr. He was an inferior officer of a titled Egyptian, who commanded him to sacrifice. He refused and was slain by having a stake plunged into him.

Friday, Dec. 23.—St. Servulus, a beggar, who was afflicted with palsy from infancy. He bore his sufferings with great fortitude. At his death he bade his friends gather and sing hymns. Suddenly he stopped them and cried out: "Silence! Do you not hear the sweet melody and praise that resound in heaven?"

Saturday, Dec. 24.—St. Delphinus, Bishop, who assisted at the Council of Saragossa in 380 and later at the Council of Bourdeaux. He died in 408.

Christmas Gift Every question a Catholic may ask is answered in THE Manual of Prayers. It is more than a prayer book—it is a concise Catholic cyclopaedia. Comprises every practice, rite, ritual, precept, faith, hymn and psalm, together with the Stations of the Cross, Introits, Collects, Epistles and Gospels, and Post-Communion for all Sundays and principal feasts of the year.

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WANTED teacher for Catholic Separate School, Port Williams, Ont., holding second class Ontario certificate. State salary required. Apply, Secretary Separate School Board, 62 Church St., St. Catharines, Ont. 2233-2

WANTED teacher for Catholic Separate School, No. 8, Huntley Township, salary \$500 per annum, rural school. Boarding convenient. Duties commencing Jan. 3, 1922. If city state experience, church organist much preferred. Apply to Rev. A. Stanton, P. O. Sec. Treas., Corkery P. O., Ont. 2232-3

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nature and objects of the Church and of the State and the spheres in which their authority is to be exercised."

Proceeding to explain the objects and nature of the Church Father Finlay pointed out that Christ in founding a kingdom upon earth established an organized society in which His religious doctrines were to be believed and His code of moral precepts to be obeyed. He knitted His disciples together into a body politic. He appointed authority over them. He invested them with all the necessary powers of independence and self-sufficient government.

A man takes contradiction and advice much more easily than people think, only he will not bear it when violently given, even though it be well founded. Hearts are like flowers; they remain open to the soft-falling dew but shut up in the violent downpour of rain.

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