

# 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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## SETBACK FOR KLAN

### TOLERANT PROTESTANTS IN DETROIT RALLY TO THE SUPPORT OF CATHOLIC MAYOR

Washington, Nov. 6.—The great drive of the Ku Klux Klan for national political dominance through the control of strategic municipalities met with a smashing reverse in the elections held during the week. All over the nation there was a decided movement of the voters away from the Klan endorsed candidates and, in most instances, the representatives of the hooded order met with decisive defeats.

Outstanding in the list of Klan reverses was the result of the municipal election in Detroit where the Invisible Empire had elected to make its first great effort to capture one of the major cities of the nation. The imported corps of high-pressure Klan spellbinders and organizers and the enormous campaign funds poured into the coffers of the Klan war chest there, were of little avail. Mayor John W. Smith, a Catholic, whose religion made him the target for the most venomous attacks of the Klan, was re-elected by a majority approximately twice that which he received in his successful campaign a year ago when he also defeated Charles Bowles, the Klan-endorsed aspirant for mayor in this year's campaign.

### VICTORY FOR TOLERANCE

"This is a victory for tolerance, led by Protestants," was the way Mayor Smith summed up the result of the election.

There was no official Catholic slate. The pastors in all Detroit Churches, acting on instructions from Bishop Gallagher, announced that no such slate existed at all the Masses on the Sunday preceding the election. Catholic voters divided their support, in accordance with individual preferences, among the thirteen non-Klan candidates for the Council. The Klan succeeded in electing four of its candidates, two of whom had also been endorsed by organized labor in Detroit. One of the latter, however, openly repudiated the Klan before election.

### KLAN LOSES VIRGINIA FIGHT

That the Klan is losing its erstwhile grip on the South was indicated in the Virginia State elections where the Invisible Empire, combined with the embryo Republican party in that State failed in its effort to defeat John M. Purcell, a Catholic and the Democratic candidate for State Treasurer.

### BUFFALO RETURNS CATHOLIC MAYOR

In Buffalo, where the Klan and anti-Klan ill feelings had reached the stage of open violence in the past, the Invisible Empire met with another defeat. Despite all the efforts of the Kliegals and other cacophonically named officials of the order, Mayor Frank X. Schwab, a Catholic, was re-elected. Complete returns credited him with 77,889 votes to 55,354 for Ross Graves, his Klan-supported opponent.

In Binghamton, N. Y., the Klan met with another setback when Clarence J. Cook was elected Mayor. He defeated Charles W. Yoemans, the Klan candidate, by a majority of more than 2,000 after a campaign in which the Klan was the chief issue. Yoemans had defeated Cook in the Republican primary but the latter received the endorsement of the Democrats and continued the fight as the candidate of that party.

In Louisville the mayoralty candidate of one of the major parties was forced to retire from the race on the day before election due to the Klan issue. He had been a member of the order but publicly resigned.

Another instance where the Klan failed to materialize its boasted political power was exemplified in the New Jersey State elections. The Klan in that State supported the Republican nominee for Governor who was defeated in a remarkable Democratic landslide which wiped out President Coolidge's majority of 325,000 in that State and gave the Democrats a 49,000 majority.

### LONE VICTORY FOR KLAN

The lone victory of importance for the Klan was in Indiana, long regarded as the principal Northern satrapy of the Invisible Empire. John L. Duval, Republican and Klan-supported candidate, was elected mayor of Indianapolis by a rather small majority and the Klan candidates in small Indiana cities met with considerable success.

During the closing weeks of the campaign the trial of D. C. Stephenson, former Grand Dragon of the Realm of Indiana and now under indictment in connection with the murder of Miss Madge Oberholzer of Indianapolis, was in progress at Noblesville. It had been anticipated in some quarters that the revelations of degeneracy and moral obliquity brought out by testimony at that trial would so shock the sense of decency of Indiana voters that there would be a decided sheering away from the Klan because of

Stephenson's former leadership in that organization. These predictions were not fully realized, however, and the Klan carried the Indiana capital as well as numerous other smaller cities. Democratic leaders with Klan affiliations rallied to the support of Duval—a Republican—in the closing days of the campaign.

## PATH TO PEACE

### TO BE FOUND ONLY THROUGH ADOPTION OF CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES

Detroit, Nov. 12.—"The practical rejection of Christian principles not only plunged Europe into War, but at the close of the devastating conflict, prevented the victorious nations from providing a just and stable peace," the Rev. Dr. John A. Ryan of the Catholic University, Director of the Department of Social Action of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, declared in an address here today. The practical adoption of these same Christian principles is the true way to peace, Dr. Ryan added, and he gave three ways, or degrees, "in which the Christian gospel of peace can be set forth."

Dr. Ryan spoke at the Congress for Security and Peace arranged by the World Alliance for International Friendship Through the Churches, and his subject was "Christianity and Peace." Other speakers on the program were the Hon. J. Hugh Edwards, a member of the British Parliament, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, former Justice John H. Clarke, Rabbi Wyons, Dr. Mehemiah Boynton, Bishop Francis J. McConnell and Harry M. Holmes.

Whatever may be said of the prominence of war in the Old Testament, said Dr. Ryan there is copious mention of peace, and the New Testament is a persistent gospel of peace. He warned against the assumption from this fact that war is never justified but added:

"Nevertheless, war as a whole, as a two-sided process, is essentially wrong, for one of the parties is necessarily committing an act of unjust aggression. One of them may be justified; both cannot be justified. Under the totality of its aspects, therefore, war is always a wrong method of adjusting international disputes."

Notwithstanding the fact that enlightened peoples generally accept these principles, he continued, the danger was remote, with the consequent discrepancy between principles and practice. He cited the World War as an example, contending that all the nations involved failed to exhaust, or even seriously explore, the possibility of settling their differences peaceably.

The deduction from the war and its aftermath that Christianity has failed in the international field is false, said Dr. Ryan. The teaching of Christianity was sound, but its principles were not automatically operative and "the statesmen who made the war did not even pretend that they were carrying out Christian principles." However, he added, it is a fair question to ask whether the teachers of Christianity did all that was reasonably within their power to prevent "the devastating war or the unrighteous peace."

Introducing his three ways in which the Christian gospel of peace may be set forth, the speaker strongly condemned narrow patriotism which breeds international suspicion, and insistent identification of patriotism with willingness to die for one's country. These forces, he declared, militate against the first method of bringing the Christian gospel to bear on the subject; the simple exposition of the general principles of peace, the proclaiming in season and out of season "of the truth that all men are brothers, regardless of the color of their skin or the flag under which they live."

### APPLICATION OF CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES

The second means, said Dr. Ryan, is the specific application of the Christian principles. "To preach general principles of international charity will not be adequate without knowledge of the facts and specific application of the principles to those facts," he declared. Moreover, he added, "no matter how widespread, or how frequent is such preaching, it can be, and has been neutralized by excessive emphasis upon nationalism, national rights, the inevitableness of war and the necessity of preparedness." In the schools, he said, undue emphasis is placed upon the lawfulness and the duty of supporting a just war and opposing unjust aggression "and in the street there is the 'lazy assumption that war must come, that there will always be war while men are men.' This mentality must be changed, and 'the duties of patriotism must be expounded in a more balanced way than heretofore,'" said Dr. Ryan.

"The indispensable requisite, then, is specific application of the general principles," he declared. "Universal brotherhood and the conditions which justify war must be converted from abstract con-

ceptions into concrete and vital convictions. The general principles must be taken out and down from the lofty, abstract regions of the mind and made a part of the individual's practical thinking. They must become a part of that mental furniture which he uses in every-day life. We must bring home to ourselves and all who will listen the unpleasant but fundamental fact that not even Christian principles are automatically operative."

Dr. Ryan gave his third means of setting forth Christian principles of peace, the supplementing of other efforts by "effective political action, effective action by the governments." "In its final and decisive stages, the process of attaining world peace is dependent upon political action in the various States," he declared. "In that field also, Christian principles must find specific and detailed application."

This purpose Dr. Ryan would accomplish by "adequate preaching of the principles of international morality" and confuting "the grossly immoral doctrine that States are above the ordinary moral law, not bound by the rules of right conduct which apply to individuals." Specifically, there must be counteracted "the doctrine of indefinite preparedness, usually advocated under the name of 'adequate preparedness.'"

"INDEFINITE PREPAREDNESS" "Mindful of the baneful effect of competitive armaments in provoking war, we ought to oppose that degree or amount of preparedness which is unnecessary for our national safety and which creates distrust and suspicion in other nations," he said. "When the champions of this doctrine tell us that our country requires increases in its military and naval forces, we should compel them to support the assertion by specific data. We should demand specific reasons and facts concerning the precise dangers by which we are supposed to be confronted. We should require from these advocates of indefinite preparedness the names of the countries that are likely to attack us, the reasons why such attack is probable, and the amount of military force with which the attack is likely to be supported."

As a positive measure for insuring peace, Dr. Ryan declared that the people should be urged to study deeply and faithfully all the positive methods proposed in recent years for the prevention of war. Naming some of these proposed devices, he admitted there is controversy about them, but urged that they all deserve consideration and that "the ideals to which they point are in harmony with the principles of Christianity." Such proposals as compulsory international arbitration, general disarmament, outlawry of aggressive war and the codification of international law, he contended, should be supported by every Christian. "Not one of these measures can, by any conceivable stretch of the imagination, be pictured as harmful to the interests of America," he declared.

Catholics, Dr. Ryan continued, have specific guidance on the bearing of Christian principles upon all these specific measures. He quoted the pronouncements of Pope Benedict XV, in the World War, noting that all of that Pontiff's recommendations "were embodied substantially in the Protocol for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes, adopted by the League of Nations Assembly at Geneva, in October, 1924." The recommendations also constitute the essence of the treaties recently concluded at Locarno, he added.

The brightest and most hopeful Armistice Day

In conclusion, Dr. Ryan said: "Yesterday was the anniversary of the signing of the Armistice, which technically ended the Great War. Yesterday was the brightest and most hopeful Armistice Day that has occurred since November 11, 1918. All the peoples of the world are more weary of war than they have been at any previous time in human history. Even the statesmen and diplomats have become disillusioned about the efficacy of war, and seem to be genuinely desirous of establishing and safeguarding peace. The religious forces of the world are more alive and more active in the cause of peace than they have been for many centuries. Upon them rests a tremendous share of the responsibility of bringing about that blessed condition of peace for which the peoples are longing and statesmen are striving."

EMINENT PASTOR LEAVES THREE SONS PRIESTS

Paris, Oct. 20.—Canon Courbe, eminent preacher, pastor of the Church of Saint Jacques-du-Haut-Pas, and one of the most popular priests in Paris, has just died. Canon Courbe had a record which while not without precedent among

the clergy, was, nevertheless, sufficiently rare. He was the father of twelve children.

Entering Saint Sulpice at the age of seventeen, he left the seminary before ordination, married and had a large family. Three of his sons entered holy orders. Becoming a widower at the age of forty-seven, the father reentered Saint Sulpice and after his ordination a few years later, became pastor of Saint Jacques-du-Haut-Pas, the parish of the University of Paris while one of his sons was first vicar of a neighboring parish, a second was a Jesuit, and a third became secretary to the Archbishop.

## SECTARIAN BIBLE READING RESULTS IN COURT APPEAL

Denver, Colo.—Mandamus proceedings have been filed against the school authorities at Platteville, Colo., to balk the school board's order that Catholic children must attend Public school sessions at which a sectarian version of the Bible is read.

Catholic legal action has come as the latest step in a case which has attracted State-wide attention. The Platteville Board recently decreed that the Bible be read without comment in each Public school room every morning. It disclaimed any aim at denominationalism, but the Protestant version of the Bible was used. Catholic children retaliated by walking out of the sessions when the reading began. The board thereupon issued an order that the walking out be discontinued. The Catholic resort to the courts is the answer to this action.

It is said that the Minute Men of America, successors to the Ku Klux Klan, are backing the Platteville Board and that they presented one or more of the Bibles used. The board was given the opportunity to permit the Catholic children to attend Bible reading from a Catholic Bible on the school premises, but rejected the proposal. The present legal case is being watched closely, since it will establish a precedent for the entire State.

## FIRE DESTROYS TRAPPIST CONVENT

New York, Oct. 20.—A cablegram received at the National Offices of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith from Hakodate, Japan, announces that the Trappist Convent there was completely destroyed by fire early Saturday morning, October 17. No casualties were reported. It is not known whether or not there were any sisters or students in the convent infirmary.

The monastery at this same place was burned to the ground about fifteen years ago. It was later rebuilt in brick. A few years later the convent, a frame building, was added.

The Trappists have been singularly successful in their missionary endeavors in this field. They rebuilt their monastery in the face of numerous difficulties and it is now popularly known throughout the whole of Japan. Their object is to educate native youths to the priesthood. As it requires about fifteen years to complete the education of one of these natives, their enrollment is necessarily small.

There are 27 pressed nuns and three novices in the convent. The nuns were brought into the mission some time ago to teach and to aid in tending the sick.

## SAN ANTONIO STARTS SCHOOL FOR POORER MEXICANS

San Antonio, Tex.—Two centuries after the Spanish Franciscans founded a common school for the education of the children of the original pueblo here, their successors—men of the same religion and blood—recently launched the building of a model school for the poor Mexicans of San Antonio, direct descendants of the early aborigines.

Claretian Missionaries are fostering the project. The Right Rev. Arthur J. Drossaerts, Bishop of San Antonio and champion of religious education, turned the first spade of earth at the ceremony. The school itself will cost \$100,000 and will accommodate 800 children. In addition to class rooms, there will be an auditorium seating 1,000. Two rooms will be given over to the clinic connected among the poor Mexicans by the San Antonio Council of Catholic Women. Beside the school will be erected a \$25,000 teachers' residence. Both structures will be in the picturesque Spanish-Mediterranean architecture. The model school will stand, not in the best residential section of San Antonio, but in the heart of what is known as "Little Mexico," the ancient Mexican quarter of the city, where it will be able to bring its modern equipment to bear for the betterment of the poorest residents. A spacious playground with many recreational and athletic devices will be devoted to improving the children's health.

## WORLD DANGERS ARE MORAL

Washington, Oct. 30.—Dangers confronting the world in the near future are not economic but moral, in the opinion of Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, who addressed the International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association here this week.

"National prosperity, together with the loosening of moral and spiritual standards by the war, must give us question as to the impairment of the reserves of individual and national character," the speaker said.

Evidences of the trend he fears, Secretary Hoover declared, are to be found "in the weakening moral fiber, in loosening family and homes, in youthful criminality, in the easy breaking of law by adults, in growing intolerance, in a leaning upon the State without corresponding willingness to bear its burden, in disposition to disregard or suppress discontent instead of discovering the causes and removing them, in the intriguing or open purposes of groups to profit themselves regardless of the consequences to others and to the whole of society, in the complacency of millions over the wrongs and sufferings within and beyond our borders, in waste and extravagance."

The speaker declared that he had no fear for the ultimate cause of religion "but expressed the opinion that it is a lamentable fact that 'in many lands religion is losing the vital power to instruct and inspire.'"

"The flooding in of modern knowledge has cost religion heavily," he said, "where it has not kept pace in intellectual respect and confidence. Out of our materialism has grown a series of philosophies which insist that materialism alone is the sole basis of human action and inspiration."

"Large areas of socialism found their philosophy and promise solely on economic materialism. In Russia and elsewhere the Communist revolt insists on sweeping away all existing human institutions, including religion. Thus religious faith is to be swept out as refuse incompatible with communism, theoretically and practically."

His warning that perils ahead are "moral" Secretary Hoover declared is to be taken as a call to create and maintain agencies for strengthening the moral and spiritual fibre parallel with our material agencies of progress."

## ATHEISTS DENIED ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION

New York.—The American Association for the Advancement of Atheism has been denied articles of incorporation by Supreme Court Justice Mitchell here. According to the papers filed by the organization, its objects are to abolish belief in God and to contribute toward a better civilization by "acting as a wrecking crew."

One of the articles of incorporation filed with the petition reads: "In prosecuting its work, which shall be purely destructive, the society shall hold public meetings and erect radio stations for the delivery and broadcasting of lectures, debates and discussions on the subjects of science and religion, publish and distribute scientific and anti-religious literature and conduct a general propaganda against the Church and the clergy. Specializing, as it does, in mental reconstruction, the society shall contribute to the building of a better civilization by operating as a wrecking company, establishing of the new order. Especially shall it endeavor to free American scientists and statesmen from the necessity of patronizing religion."

Charles Smith, a local attorney, filed the petition for incorporation of the Association.

## PRIESTS ESCAPE FROM BANDITS

Ossining, N. Y., Nov. 6.—After having been held captive by Chinese bandits on the island of San-Cian for several days, the Rev. Otto A. Rausenback and the Rev. Thomas O'Melia, two members of the American Foreign Missionary Society, escaped to Hongkong, according to a cablegram received here by the Very Rev. James A. Walsh, Superior of Maryknoll. Prior to their escape an American destroyer and a Chinese warship had been ordered to go to their rescue. They were picked up by the American gunboat "Sacramento" and taken to Peking and later to Hongkong. Details of the escape were not contained in the brief cable message.

Father Walsh said the missionaries, who are assigned to San-Cian Island, had gone to Hongkong for their yearly retreat. On their return to the San-Cian they found their church pillaged and the bandits living in the quarters formerly occupied by the priests. The bandits seized the missionaries and

threatened their lives. It is believed the bandits planned to hold the priests for ransom but their plan was frustrated when the latter, disregarding the threats of violence, took their first opportunity and escaped. The missionaries will remain in Hongkong, Father Walsh said, until conditions on the island become normal.

San-Cian Island, where the missionaries were held captive, is the place where the great Apostle of the Indies, St. Francis Xavier, died.

Washington, Nov. 6.—Cable messages to the State Department from Roger C. Tredwell, American Consul-General at Hongkong, confirm reports of the escape of two Catholic missionaries held captive by Chinese bandits, Admiral Li of the Chinese Navy who had previously announced the dispatch of a Chinese warship to aid the missionaries, reported their escape to Tredwell, who reports that the priests are now safe in Hongkong.

## ARCHBISHOP PROTESTS AGAINST LAW TO COMPEL PRIESTS TO MARRY

Mexico City.—Enforcement of legislation which for sometime has been on the Statute books of the Mexican State of Tabasco forbidding all ministers of religion to exercise their priestly functions unless they are married, was denounced by the Most Rev. Joseph Mora y del Rio, Archbishop of Mexico. The law, the Archbishop said, is "contrary to the freedom of the Church and ecclesiastical laws and we energetically protest against such an absurd law."

Following the Archbishop's statement it was reported that the Federal Government had intervened to prevent enforcement of the anti-religious law in Tabasco and had directed the Governor of that State to release five priests arrested for refusal to marry in compliance with the law. This report was not officially confirmed but probably lent it in view of the impression made here by the national convention of Mexican Catholic Women during the week.

## ARCHBISHOP FORCED TO FLEE

In the meantime definite word of the whereabouts of Bishop Diaz of Tabasco and fourteen of his priests has not been received. The Bishop and the priests were forced to flee from Tabasco and it was reported that they were en route to the Capital to ask the intercession of the Federal Government.

There are approximately 180,000 Christians in the State of Tabasco but due to the machinations of the anti-Catholic government of these people are almost totally deprived of the ministrations of religion. The Archbishop has been driven from his See. The historic three hundred-year-old Cathedral at San Juan Bautista on the site where Cortez first set foot on Mexican soil, has been closed, as have all other churches and chapels in Tabasco.

An investigation of conditions there several months ago revealed that only a few priests remained in the State and they were virtually living in hiding. Celebration of the Mass is prohibited and priests are not permitted to administer any of the sacraments or officiate at weddings publicly. The result is that marriages are being dispensed with children are not baptized and grow up without instruction in religion or moral laws. There is not a single Catholic school remaining in the entire diocese.

The Governor of Tabasco is one of the most enthusiastic supporters of the so-called Schismatic Church of Mexico, the pseudo-religious organization set up by the Radicals for the purpose of creating dissension among the Catholic population. Some of the Churches taken over from the Catholic Church in Tabasco have been turned over to the "Cismatics." An unfortunate ex-priest named Perez who, after several periods of confinement in an asylum for the insane, was selected by the government to lead the "Cismatics" is the only man in that movement who has received valid ordination. By various and devious means, however, the government manages to supply "priests" for parishes in the rural districts where they work great damage to the religion of the uneducated and childlike natives.

## OTHER RIDICULOUS LAWS

Tabasco is one of the southernmost of the Mexican States. It is remote from the Capital both geographically and in the matter of communications. Together with its neighboring States of the Southeastern group it is noted for its penchant for legislative eccentricities. The famous Eucatan divorce law was one example of this characteristic and, more recently, city governments in Tabasco have passed laws requiring that all persons who smoke in public must have a permit to do so and must wear a lapel button showing that they have been issued such a permit.

## CATHOLIC NOTES

Novices attending novitiates in New York have the right to vote as residents of the localities where the novitiates are situated, according to a decision which has been handed down here by Justice George H. Taylor of the State Supreme Court.

New York, Oct. 30.—Cardinal Hayes officiated Wednesday at the laying of the corner-stone of the new \$2,000,000 Cathedral High School for Girls which is to be a memorial to Archbishop Hughes, head of the New York Archdiocese during the Civil War and originator of the idea of building St. Patrick's Cathedral on its present site.

Quebec, Oct. 29.—A local branch of the Apostleship of the Sea in Glasgow in 1920 was launched here recently by a meeting held at the S.-amen's Club. The Quebec and French sections of the Apostleship of the Sea held their first meeting last Sunday. There are already 240 Canadian members.

London.—The Holy Father has acknowledged the loyal message sent him on behalf of German Catholics in London on the occasion of the visit of Cardinal Schulte, Archbishop of Cologne. The Pope sent his blessing to Cardinals Bourne and Schulte who signed the message and said he hoped fervently "for the extension of the kingdom of Christ and His Peace."

Portland, Ore., Oct. 27.—The Rev. M. S. Bohan, O. P., of the faculty of Aquinas High School for boys, addressed the laymen's club of the Unitarian church at their October meeting. Father Bohan's topic was St. Augustine, one of a series of lectures on great religious leaders which the club is giving this year. In the discussion following the talk many questions were asked Father Bohan. The members of the club were greatly pleased with his presentation of the subject.

Portland, Ore., Oct. 27.—The Portland deanery of the archdiocesan council of Catholic Women has opened a settlement center for Italian children in St. Stephen's parish hall, the first Catholic settlement center in the city. Twenty-six girls from St. Stephen's and neighboring parishes have been enrolled in the classes which include catechism and household arts. Classes for boys will be opened soon.

London, Oct. 26.—Catholic members of the legal profession attended the Red Mass at Westminster Cathedral this week before the reopening of the Law Courts after the long vacation. The Red Mass is so called because of the color of the vestments worn at a Mass of the Holy Ghost. Special places outside the sanctuary were occupied by Mr. Justice Russell, Judge Parfitt, K. C., and the Right Hon. Sir Thomas Malony, ex-Lord Chief Justice of Ireland.

London, Oct. 26.—Mr. Henry Dutton Wright, who came here from Vancouver, B. C. to visit his aged mother who is ill, met a tragic death this week. The automobile in which he was riding with his nephew skidded over 100 feet on an oily road and overturned, so badly injuring Mr. Wright that he died within a few minutes after being extricated. Mr. Wright was a brother of Father John H. Wright, S. J., rector of St. Ignatius' Church, Stamford Hill, London, who said the funeral Mass.

Archbishop Cepplak, Polish prelate who was condemned to death by the Soviet government for teaching religion in Russia but escaped the sentence when protests were made from many nations, will visit Cleveland shortly. Archbishop Cepplak comes on the invitation of Bishop Schrembs, extended while the latter was in Rome recently. A cablegram has just been received by the bishop stating that the archbishop will sail for New York on the Leviathan, November 3.

Brooklyn, Oct. 30.—Following up its record of being the first diocese in the country to hold a teachers' conference entirely devoted to the discussion of health education, the Diocese of Brooklyn has now published a 50-page booklet in which are collected the papers read at the conference, with an introduction by Bishop Molloy. Catholic school authorities here believe it will be of great value for reference purposes in the diocesan schools. The Brooklyn health conference was held in October, 1924. Since that time Catholic Health Education conferences have been held in St. Louis and Rochester.

Pittsburgh, Oct. 30.—The arches which will line the nave of the new Sacred Heart Church, now under construction here, will be individually named after prominent scientists and patriots. In this way it is planned to commemorate the achievements of the men so honored and also to offer a stimulus to members of the congregation. Among those after whom the arches will be named are Christopher Columbus, Commodore John Barry, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Pasteur, Copernicus, Mendel, Volta, Vesalius, and De Rossi.



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## THE INHERITANCE OF JEAN TROUVE

By NEVIL HENSHAW  
Author of *Alone of the Grand Woods*, etc.  
BOOK TWO.—BAYOU PORTAGE  
CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED

Thus the year dragged itself out to hot weather and one departure for the bay.

This second summer there were but the three of us upon the *Touinette*, for Le Bossu was unable to join us. Again it was a partnership, the little man sending word that he would be occupied until the following Christmas, when we would see him without fail. As a consequence Papa Ton made a lonely, restless cruise punctuated with ceaseless visits to the coffee-houses of the coast.

Upon our return to Bayou Portage, long in advance of cold weather, we faced a situation that promised to be even more serious than that of the season before. Early in the summer young Pierre Valsan's wife had deserted him entirely, and young Pierre, returning to the camp, had sought to drown his troubles in drink.

His companionship was the one thing needed to complete Papa Ton's ruin. If, before, the lower camp had been at the big man's elbow, Valsan's swift launch now placed it in his very hand. Always the two were slipping down the bayou, sometimes making a half-dozen trips in one day. Soon our case became truly desperate. With the approach of Christmas there was no talk of the bridge. Never again, it seemed, would our skins find their way upstream. We could only hope that Le Bossu, hearing of our plight, would bring down a stock of supplies.

So we struggled on through the last weeks of the old year, and then, with Christmas but four days off and the little man's arrival a matter of hours, the end came—a terrible end, that leaped upon us with all the swift cruelty of the wild.

It was late in the afternoon, and our day's work done, Toinette and I had gone down to the landing. Le Bossu had sent word that he would arrive either that night or the following morning, and Papa Ton, as usual, had gone with young Pierre to the lower camp. He had pleaded particularly hard with him that day, reminding him of Le Bossu's arrival, but the big man had reached a stage where, if he fought temptation at all, he merely battled with weak excuses. He would be right back, he declared. This was not pleasure but business. Only let him settle a small account, and he would leave without lifting so much as a single glance at the little man. Thus, with two travelers to look out for, we kept watch both up and down-stream. Also we spoke brightly of the days to come, tasting a happiness that was all the sweeter in that it had been long delayed. For the first time in many months we had found a rift in the dark clouds of the future. Le Bossu was coming, and this meant not only freedom from want, but an influence that Papa Ton had ever been unable to withstand. And even should the little man fail this time, we had a plan. It was a vague nebulous plan which involved our removal to some other camp, and as yet we had scarce dared put it into words. Of course it was unthinkable, but if the worst befell the west, we meant to try it with the help of Le Bossu. In all the marsh there was no other who would have dared even to suggest such a thing to Papa Ton. "Come, Jean," said Toinette finally. "Why twist our heads off in trying to look both ways at once? Let us make a game of it. I will look up and you will look down, and the first to see boat or launch will be the winner." "Bien," I agreed. And in the same breath I added, "Your choice was bad, for you have lost already."

"But that is only a pirogue," objected Toinette, as she turned to see.

"Look beyond," I ordered. "But still it is not the launch," persisted keen-eyed Toinette. "No, there are two boats, and see how the water glints between."

Rising to my feet, I shaded my eyes that I might the better perceive the gray of the approaching twilight. Now I could see that Toinette was right. There were two skiffs moving side by side, and ahead of them, skimming at top speed, came the pirogue. Indeed, so hard did the paddler drive his strokes, that he was within hail of us before even I could comment on his haste.

"Holla, you!" he shouted. "Bring help. There has been an accident."

I started off obediently enough, but there was no need to follow his instruction. Other eyes had been watching the bayou and already the partners were on the run followed closely by Father Lasalle.

Turning back to Toinette, I found that she had not moved. In her eyes was a look of agonized impatience, and the hand she had clutched to her heart was gripped so fiercely that the knuckles showed white through their tan.

"Oh, hurry, hurry," she begged. "Each moment will mean so much."

"And why?" I asked, bewildered. "It is Papa Ton," she answered dully. "I know, Jean, I know."

Her hand rose and came back with a thud as she added, "I can feel it here."

By now the pirogue had shot alongside, and the partners had seized upon its occupant.

"Well?" they questioned. "It is your two from here—Laval and Valsan," panted the man. "They were blind with drink. From what I heard the engine would not start, and Valsan went forward for gasoline with which to prime it. He was smoking, and the tank exploded; not so as to blow out, but in a great spout of flame. Valsan fell stunned, and Laval plunged forward to save him. It was all over in a moment. We had put out and taken them off in less than five minutes after the first flash. Valsan is badly burned, but he at least will come out of it."

He paused, and in the horror of that moment it was Toinette who first found voice to ask the already-answered question.

"And Laval?" she demanded, as though she feared the usual Papa Ton might be misheard.

The man looked away. Evidently he understood only too well. "He is bad," he muttered. "Up there at the tank it was like a wall of flame. Not being himself he swallowed a lot."

Dalfrey held out a kindly hand. "Come, little one," said he. "You had best be inside."

But then the boats had come, and it was too late to go.

In one, young Pierre, smoked and singed beyond all recognition, hid his dreadful black face in the charred cover of his hands. "Ah, Dieu, bon Dieu," he croaked in his returning consciousness, as he slowly rocked from side to side.

In the other, face down between the thwart, lay Papa Ton. He lay stiffly, with a great arm thrust out on either side to brace him, and although he jerked and quivered in his agony, he made no sound.

Those who brought him said that he had been that way throughout the endless, tortured journey upstream. Also he had spoken but once, and then only to explain.

"I must save myself for Toinette," he had said.

## CHAPTER XII.

## PAPA TON SETS FORTH AU LARGE

They got Papa Ton to the hut and into his bunk, where he lay upon his back, panting in great strangled gasps that tore the very soul of him. At once Toinette sprang to his side, rubbing his head, patting his hands, striving frantically for some means to stay his pain. As for myself, I could only drop down beside the bunk, and sob my grief into the stiff folds of the rough blankets.

"Dieu," swore silent Borges. "This will not do. We must have a doctor."

The Papa Ton spoke in a strange cracked voice that seemed to come from a very great distance. He spoke slowly and with many pauses, bringing each word forth as though it had been achieved through some miracle of pain.

"It is—no—use," he said. "I am—through. Leave me—with my own."

I arose, as the men filed out, and thus I was enabled to see that, among those of our camp, there was not one whose eyes were dry. Somehow it was as though the tragedy of the affair had been withheld until the moment of Papa Ton's speech. The flames had done their work well. Of the great rumbling voice only a few shreds remained, and from beyond the door came a subdued murmur of voices and the dull grating of rough shoes upon the broken shell of the men were waiting at hand in case of need.

Unable longer to endure the inaction, I finally arose and mended the fire, heaping on the driftwood until the whole room was aglow. At this Papa Ton aroused himself, calling me to him, and beginning to speak in a pitifully weak and broken voice, yet with a clearness and steadiness that had been wholly denied him before. Thus, at the very end, his endurance earned its reward.

"Jean, you must look after Toinette," he began. "You must promise. There is my sister, but she will not be like you."

"Papa Ton, Papa Ton!" I cried. "How can you ask such a thing of me?"

"Bien," he sighed. "I know, but it is good to be sure. Also you must see that they put me here in the marsh. I could not lie easy elsewhere. For the rest, do not grieve, you and Toinette. It is not so bad, this death. I am setting forth *au large*, that is all. My brothers, my sisters, they will wait out into the world while I huggled this camp. Now it is my turn. *Au large*, Jean. *Au large*, Toinette. That is all."

A pause, and now there were tears in his eyes—those tears of

plenty that alone could be wrung from his brave heart.

"Courage, mes enfants," he whispered. "I tell you it is for the best."

He broke off again to heave himself upright with a stifled gasp. "Quick, your hand, Toinette," he choked. "Let me feel it as I cross over. This is a loneliness I cannot bear after all."

And then, as Toinette gripped him, he eased suddenly back upon the blankets, releasing a deep grateful breath as does a thirsty man who has had his need of cool water.

"My little Toinette," he murmured, and lay still.

Later, when we could not but be sure, Toinette found heart to speak. "You will leave us, dear Jean," she begged. "I would like to be with him alone for just a little while."

And so I went out where the men received me kindly, yet with that strange aloofness which had so impressed upon the occasion of my father's death.

"He is gone?" asked several at once.

"Yes," I replied, and, unable to bear more, I slipped away from them to the seclusion of the shed.

Here amid a litter of nets, and ropes, and discarded traps, I hid my grief, while the men still waited at the door, so near that now I could catch the words of their low-pitched conversation.

"You see?" said Dalfrey. "It is what I predicted, and it is but the start. Who will be the next one?"

"Yes, it was Dugas' fault," muttered a strange voice. "He should not have let them go. And our camp is worse than this. Sometimes there is no trap set for days."

"Yet there is a remedy, a sure one," offered Dalfrey grimly. "We have but to stick together."

"You mean?" began the first voice.

"Let us wait for more," interrupted Father Lasalle. "Had news travels fast, and Papa Ton was well liked. There will be many who will not wait for morning."

"That is right," agreed Dalfrey. "It is a job for all the marsh. Come, let us go to the landings. Just now we can do nothing here."

I heard them go thoughtfully enough, nor did I give so much as a thought to what they had said. For the moment I experienced a sense of desertion, of utter abandonment such as I had never known. It seemed that I must remain a derelict, ever seeking an affection that would endure. Of the several who had offered me their love and protection not one remained. First there had been my father, then Madame Therese, and now Papa Ton.

Dear, blundering Papa Ton who, even beneath the grind of the marsh, had refused to grow old. As I thought of him all the dross of his life slipped away, leaving only his heart of gold. The care, the need, the toil of the past year, what did it all amount to now? Gladly would I go through it again and again for but one call of the big voice, one squeeze of the mighty arms.

I knew true grief there in the shadow of the shed, grief that ever grew beneath the wash of memory. And then, when it seemed that I could bear no more, there came a patter of light footsteps, a soft-called "Jean" that brought me out into the open with a rush.

"Ah, Bossu, Bossu," I cried, while hope and gladness flooded back into my forsaken soul. "I knew that there must be some one after all."

## TO BE CONTINUED

## MARJORIE'S BATTLES

The room was hushed. Candles burned there day and night; the odor of roses filled the air; and the face that slept in the casket was that of a girl, young and beautiful.

It was early morning, and few visitors had come as yet, when a car stopped before the door and an elegant old lady alighted. In the hall she was met and greeted by a young woman in black, a cousin to the dead Marjorie.

A few well-chosen words of sympathy were spoken, then the old lady passed into the room and gazed long and lovingly at the face in the coffin.

"How strangely joyful the child looks!" she whispered reverently. "Yes," assented the cousin; "but you know, Marjorie always looked like that. I do not think any of us ever saw her when she was not ready with a laugh or smile, and she was the same at the end."

"Has Herbert been here?" Mrs. Moore asked a trifle wistfully, when they stood once more in the hall.

"Yes, he is here now. Shall I tell him you have come?"

"He would not wish to see me," Herbert's aunt replied sorrowfully. "He blames me for not sending him word of Marjorie's illness. But how could I know he cared? He was attentive to her when he visited me three years ago, but he never mentioned her afterward; yet when he accidentally learned that she was dying, he came a thousand miles to hear a last word from her—and he came too late."

"There must have been something between them," the girl returned thoughtfully. "He is inconsolable now."

The old lady had paused at the foot of the stairs. "I would like to

go up to see Marjorie's mother," she said gently.

"Yes, do," was the cordial response. "And you will not mind if I do not go up with you? I see some more people coming."

Readily excusing her, Mrs. Moore ascended the steps, while the girl turned to greet a priest just entering the door. "Do you wish to do something very kind?" she questioned hastily, for in a moment others would claim her attention.

"Most certainly?" he responded at once. He had known the family many years, the dead Marjorie all her life.

"Herbert Norton is in the dining-room," the girl explained, "inconsolable over Marjorie's death, and because he did not see her before she died. He was too late even for that poor comfort. Perhaps you will know how to console him. I'd stay with him myself, but I have these people to attend to."

"I did not know he had come," said the priest, thoughtfully. "I believe I have something that will help him." Passing down the hall, he opened the dining-room door.

At the table, his head bowed upon it, sat a young man, his whole figure expressing despondency and grief.

"My boy!" said Father Grey gently. The young man lifted his head, and looked into eyes steadfast as his own were hopeless, something of sadness but much of serenity was in the priest's face. He had studied deeply of the book called *Human Nature*, and had grown wise and very gentle.

Now he waited, silent, yet his sympathy a gracious obvious thing; and presently, as he expected, Herbert's grief found words.

"Three years ago I met her and loved her. Who would not? She was the gladdest, happiest girl I ever knew. But she wouldn't listen to my love; she turned it aside. I left her offended, but I intended to return some day and win her. But—I was too late!"

Infinite regret rang in those last words, and the boy rose, to pace the room in restless agitation. The old voice of the priest was as oil on troubled waters.

"You are not aware that, just three years ago, the doctors told Marjorie that she had only a short time to live. An incurable disease had developed rapidly and unexpectedly. She kept up indeed longer than was thought possible, but hers was always a hopeless case."

The young man was gazing at the priest in startled awe. "I did not know. Oh I wish she had told me all, and had trusted herself to my love."

"What could you have done for her?" questioned the priest gravely.

"I would have stayed with her at any cost," Herbert answered, and his heart grew very gentle at thought of all he might have done.

"I would have taken her to some other country, where her life could have been prolonged—perhaps saved. And, if it were God's will that she should die, my love would have been her rest in death and in life; and I would not now be desolate for the memory of so much as one tender word from her."

Again there was silence, broken at length by Father Grey. "Could you have done all that? Was there no duty to acquiesce in? Your mother—isn't she dependent on you? Could you have supported her and an invalid wife also?"

"I could have done it somehow," the young man answered, doggedly.

"Marjorie would hardly have permitted you to give up so much for her," the priest returned impressively. "Things being as they were, it was her unselfish hope that you would forget her, but in case you proved faithful I was to give you this—though she did not dream your love would bring you here." And the priest laid a sealed envelope on the table.

Herbert caught it up and tore it open. But as he saw the dear handwriting his eyes grew misty. It was a moment before he could read that message from the dead:

"My dear Herbert,—You will understand now, I trust, why I sent you from me. I wished you to forgive me, as love and marriage were things that should not come into my life. Sometimes, in these last days, I have thought of sending for you, but my wish above all things is for your comfort, and if you have ceased to care for me such request would only be an annoyance to you. Father Grey will be in your city soon (by which time my earthly sufferings will be over), and when there will see you and tell you of my death. If you are much grieved—and this is possible only because you are most faithful and most true—you shall have this letter, which asks a favor of you."

"The world has much grief and horror and suffering in it. What I plead for now is that you let your love for me bring none of these things into your life. We have had of joy—not sorrow. Understand me. Not for a moment do I question the enabling powers of grief! But I feel that joy, which has a foundation in sorrow, no sorrow can overthrow. Sometimes we meet people who have suffered great calamities, and they are pointed out as holding in their hearts a lifelong sorrow. Did it ever occur to you how strong and helpful such lives might have been if they had practiced joy instead of sorrow?"

"Your life, I know, will be a wider one than mine has been, or could be. It is my hope and trust that you will use it as a power of good; and that it will be a happy goodness. Go among the poor and suffering; and oppressed as much as you can or will, but go with a message of good cheer. Never turn aside from sorrow or distress, no matter how you shrink from their contact, but always let your comfort take the form of cheerfulness. Practice in it word, in thought, in deed, and never doubt but your life will be a *Sursum Corda* to the hearts of those about you. It may perhaps be your privilege to lift them even unto God."

"Dear Herbert, it is too much I ask of you, in this unselfish love—this opening wide your heart to the sufferings and sorrows of others, to give back joy instead? I know it is not. If you love me as I love you, these years' test; and if you have loved me in life you will be mindful of me in death. My plea is that you remember me as I wish to be remembered. In no merit of my own do I place my trust that you will even heed this message; but to your great affection (perhaps too wide and deep as tender to have been lavished upon one poor girl) do I address this prayer, and bid you arise above every selfish consideration of grief, to make of your love for me no life-long sorrow, but a life-long joy."

"MARJORIE."

That was all. So much of himself so little of herself. Had there been no struggle? Herbert wondered—no desire for life, to take the love and happiness she could have had? Was her sweet, unvarying cheerfulness a natural characteristic, or one acquired at cost of heartache and self-sacrifice?

The priest had been standing at the window. He turned now at a movement from the young man.

"I wonder," Herbert said, wistfully, "if you could tell me a few things about Marjorie's everyday life? I know so very little of her to treasure in remembrance."

Father Grey seated himself and talked of Marjorie and many trifles connected with her life, to which the lover listened hungrily. He spoke of her work among neglected poor children, and their love for her, in and out of lessons time, because as they said she was "such fun"; of her work in poor homes, helpful, practical, always cheerful; and her visits to the hospital, where her coming was to many a ray of sunshine in their prison of pain.

"Yet, during all this, Marjorie knew she had only a short time to live," said the priest quietly.

Though the state of her health was well known, it had come as a shock to the family, but Marjorie herself was ready. There had been only a few days of acute suffering, then she had died in perfect resignation and perfect joy.

The hopelessness had gone out of the young man's eyes when the priest ended. "I think I can bear to look at her face now," he said gravely. "I could not before. Will you come with me?"

"Certainly," Father Grey answered, and he followed him into the hall. But he paused there to speak to Herbert's aunt, just descending the stairs, so the young man passed into the presence of the dead alone.

When the shock of the first wild anguish look had swept over and beyond him, he saw that her face had changed very little; but that little had meant the absence of the throbbing, exulting thing which was her life. A beautiful face, but dead; and therefore to be most deeply revered.

A footstep sounded near, and Herbert's aunt stood beside him, to take a last look at the girl who had been dear to them both. The tears were streaming down her cheeks as she turned to go, but she bravely wiped them away. "I know the child is happy," she said to Father Grey, who still waited at the door.

"We are always so busy comforting the sorrowful with the hope of Heaven—we forget, it is in reality, the home of joy. Marjorie will not be strange there."

"No," the priest's voice was reserved, yet again it held a touch of reserve; "indeed, Marjorie will not be strange there."

It was Mrs. Moore who had laid the lilies and roses so lavishly on the dead girl's coffin, and Herbert would keep violets blooming on her grave; but it would be this priest who would hold most often—tenderly, compassionately—the rosemary of her memory, in his prayer.

The others had gone now, and it was his turn to stand beside the casket. His had been the eyes to watch the last faint flutter of life fade from that countenance; his the hand to hold the cross before her dying glance, and press it to her lips; his the voice that bade her cling to its hope and promise without fear. His the voice in life as well as in death; and always there had been a cross, but always a patient, unflinching clinging to it; yet the life message of this soul had been joy to those who knew it best.

Musingly the silver-haired priest looked down at the golden haired girl.

"In peace at last, my child!" And only this old priest realized something of the battle the girl had waged against suffering, selfishness, disease—he only knew that in life, but not in death, she had struggled with the *Giant Despair*—The Magnificat.

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FOUR LECTURES ON MCGEE

By Rev. John J. O'Gorman, D. C. L.

LECTURE TWO.—MCGEE THE CATHOLIC LAY APOSTLE

CHRISTIAN INSTITUTIONS

Thomas D'Arcy McGee was one of the greatest lay apostles that God raised up in His Church in the nineteenth century. Great as were his services to the Irish race and the Canadian nation, they were not greater than his service to Catholic truth and Catholic charity.

On the other hand, McGee's career as a Catholic Lay Apostle has not yet been adequately treated. The very unsatisfactory article on him in the Catholic Encyclopedia entirely ignores his work for Catholicity.

"Whereas, one hundred years ago yesterday, April 13, 1825, Thomas D'Arcy McGee was born in Carlingford, Ireland, and, fifty-seven years ago yesterday, was buried in Montreal, Canada.

"Whereas, last night in the Capital of this Dominion, the leading Canadian statesmen, irrespective of ancestral nationality, maternal language and religious belief, united to extol McGee's deeds as an Irish patriot and Canadian nation builder, thus giving an official recognition long due to the invaluable services unselfishly rendered by an outstanding genius.

"Whereas, a national gathering such as that last night, being necessarily composed, as is this nation, of men of different religious beliefs, could not make more than a passing reference to McGee's contribution to the progress of Catholicity.

"And whereas this Centenary of McGee would be incomplete if some corporate expression of gratitude were not uttered in praise of his singularly fruitful Catholic lay apostleship.

tragic death, he devoted the marvelous powers of his oratory, the tireless ministry of his pen, the constructive genius of his statesmanship and the magnificent qualities of his Christian character to the defence of Catholic truth and diffusion of Catholic charity; as is witnessed, first by his work as the literary lay sentinel of the Catholics of the United States during the dark days of Know-nothingism; secondly, by his career as the parliamentary leader of the Catholics of English speaking British North America during the decade when the Confederation of the Provinces was effected, a career which resulted in constitutional guarantees for Catholic Separate schools being inscribed in the Constitution of our Dominion; thirdly, by his activity as a penman, as a preacher of the beauty and all-embracing scope of Christian charity, an activity which undermined the forces of bigotry, hatred and dissension and did much to bring internal peace to our native land; and finally, by his Christian resignation on the eve of his death, when his few faults were atoned for by bitter suffering of mind and body, his marvelous intellect was enriched by profound meditation on the eternal truths of the Faith and his supernatural life was preserved unto eternity by that Paschal Communion which became his Viaticum.

"Be it further resolved, that this Council considers it the duty of its members to familiarize themselves with the life of this noble knight errant of Catholicity, who served his God with humility, his native land with undying affection, the country of his adoption with all the wisdom and force of his maturity, and his fellowmen of every race and creed on this globe with an all-embracing charity."

Briefly to give a general view of McGee as a Catholic Lay Apostle it is best to begin first by giving his Profession of Faith which he published in his newspaper "The American Celt" in August, 1852, when he formally embarked on his apostolate; next to indicate by extracts from his own lectures, speeches, and books how ably he defended both as an historian and as a politician the necessity of Catholicism to the divine gift of the orthodox Christian faith in its entirety, fail to realize that the Catholic Church is the religious society through which Jesus Christ, the Incarnate Son of God, teaches and sanctifies mankind. Those who listen to a person speaking a language with which they are not acquainted hear sounds which to them signify nothing. McGee's principal biographer, Mrs. Isabel Skelton, is in somewhat of this position when she attempts to appraise McGee's religious apologetics. To her it is "a paradoxical jargon" which is limited, unreal and sentimental. ("Life of Thomas D'Arcy McGee," pp. 192, 194.) She devotes several pages to this subject which show a misunderstanding and misjudgment of McGee's religious position. (I. c. 189-197.) The only really important study of this subject which has yet appeared is found in the biographical sketch which Mrs. J. Sadlier prefaced to her edition of "The Poems of Thomas D'Arcy McGee." Here it may be remarked that all recent biographers have borrowed very extensively from Mrs. Sadlier without sufficiently calling attention to that fact. While Mrs. Sadlier's sketch is in brief, it is the best picture of McGee's life given by a contemporary. She knew McGee intimately and described him admirably. It is due to her that McGee's "Profession of Faith," as it may be described, has been preserved from oblivion. She thus records it:

A PROFESSOR OF TRUTH "It was in the August of 1852 that he addressed, through the columns of the Celt, a 'Letter to a Friend' on what he aptly styled 'The recent Conspiracy against the Peace and Existence of Christendom.' This friend, we have reason to think, was the late brilliantly-endowed Thomas F. Meagher. The second paragraph of this remarkable letter reads as follows: 'Let me beg of you, in the sacred name of God, your Author and Redeemer, and in the dear name of Ireland, that you use this interval of exemption from a decided course to review the whole field of European politics, and to bring the proposals of the most conspicuous organs of power and agitators of change in our time to the only test of a Christian—the beam and scales in which St. John saw the angels weighing men, actions, and motives. This standard of right and wrong, a Protestant Christian might say, does not exist in this world; but a Catholic knows better. You are a Catholic. For you there is an exact and inflexible standard, to which nothing is too high and nothing too low, which will detect a grain wanting in a pennyweight, or a stone missing from a pyramid. The field of that standard is Christendom—Christ's kingdom—that is, his Church, and the angels of the standard are the bishops and doctors of the Church. Sir, you have been born in the kingdom, and enlisted as a soldier under the standard, and you are bound to bring all

that concerns the one to be weighed and measured by the other."

After speaking then at some length of the investigation of the principles on which that choice ought to be made, the writer goes on to say: "Permit me, as one who has been over the ground of this inquiry, to tell you what discoveries I made upon it. This I will do as candidly and plainly as if I were dictating a just will and testament, for in this case all plainness is demanded."

"I discovered, at the very outset of the inquiry, my own ignorance. This I discovered in a way which, I trust in God, you will never have to travel—by controversy and bitterness, and sorrow for lost time we studied principles in Ireland as devoutly as we did an ideal nationality. I might not now be laboring double tides to recover a confidence which my own fault forfeited. But I will say it, for it is necessary to be said, that in Ireland the study of principles is at the lowest ebb. Our literature has been English—their, French, or implicit following of O'Connell; and under all this rubbish, the half-forgotten Catechism was the only Christian element in our mental constitution. Since Burke died, politics ceased to be a science in the island and in England. The great political economy of Adam Smith never had disciples among us; the eloquence of Shiel is not bottomed upon any principle; the ipse dixit of O'Connell could be no substitute, to ardent and awakened intellect, for the satisfying fullness of a Balmes or a Brownson."

"Having discovered, by close self-examination, that the reading chiefly of modern books, English and French, gave very superficial and false views of political science, I cheerfully said to myself, 'My friend you are on the wrong track. You think you know something of human affairs, but you do not. You are ignorant, very ignorant of the primary principles that govern, and must govern, the world. You can put sentences together, but what does that avail you, when perhaps these sentences are but the husks and pods of poisonous seeds? Beware I look to it! You have a soul! What will all the fame of talents avail you, if you lose that? Thus I reasoned with myself, and then, setting my cherished opinions before me, one by one, I tried, judged, and capitally executed every one, save and except those which I found to be compatible with the following doctrines: 'I. That there is a Christendom. 'II. That this Christendom exists by and for the Catholic Church. 'III. That there is, in our own age, one of the most dangerous and general conspiracies against Christendom that the world has yet seen. 'IV. That this conspiracy is aided, abetted, and tolerated by many because of its stolen watchword—'Liberty.' 'V. That it is the highest duty of a 'Catholic man' to go over cheerfully, heartily, and at once, to the side of Christendom, the Catholic side, and to resist with all his might, the conspirators who, under the stolen name of 'Liberty,' make war upon all Christian institutions.'" (Poems by McGee, edited by Mrs. J. Sadlier, pp. 24-26.)

TO BE CONTINUED

CORDOVA TO ERECT STATUE TO HOSIUS FIRST ECUMENICAL COUNCIL INSPIRED TO BE HONORED

By Rev. Manuel Grana (Madrid Correspondent, N. C. W. C.)

As a fitting termination to the celebrations commemorating the Council of Nicea, a statue is to be erected in Cordova to Hosius, soul and inspirer of the first Ecumenical Council and illustrious defender of the faith. A special pilgrimage to be known as the "Hosius Pilgrimage" will be held on this occasion.

The work of this famous Bishop of Cordova, his participation in the projects of Constantine to give freedom to the Church and his influence in the conversion of that monarch are matters of history. Although Cordova numbers among her sons many philosophers, warriors, theologians and poets, she has every cause to dedicate her homage to the most glorious of them all, Bishop Hosius.

It is known that Hosius proposed to Constantine the idea of uniting all the bishops of the Church to settle the religious quarrels of that period and uproot a heresy which was wrecking the very foundations of the Church by denying the divinity of its founder, Jesus Christ. Despite the presence of the great patriarchs of the Orient, the Bishop of Cordova presided over the historic assembly. Hosius must have been at that time seventy-seven years old. His body bore the scars of the torture he had endured through his confession of the faith. It was he who inspired Constantine to issue the edict of Milan conceding liberty to the Church. Humanity owes to him the "Law of Manumission" sanctioned by the Emperor, a law which officially and juridically initiated the abolition of slavery in the Empire. His prestige was universal. The Emperor held him as a councillor and confidant. He was considered the most influential person in the Church.

PERSECUTED BY ARIANS

In Nicea he formulated the Symbol; he invented the word *consubstantial*, which forever wiped out the fallacies of the Arian heresy. The Arians never forgave him and after the death of Constantine they succeeded in obtaining from Constantine a decree of exile which sent the aged Bishop of Cordova, then in his hundredth year and the sixtieth year of his episcopate, to die in exile in Sirmium, now known as Nitrovitza (Slavonia), far from his beloved homeland in Andalusia. But Arianism had suffered a death wound. The divinity of Jesus Christ was solemnly re-established and Christianity had a creed, a definite formula for the expression and confession of its faith.

Cordova was unable to keep the body of her bishop, but his memory was not forgotten. The celebration of the Centennial of the Council of Nicea, so insistently recommended by the Pope, gave Cordova and the whole of Spain an opportunity to pay a debt of gratitude to the illustrious Bishop. The Municipal Council and the authorities of the whole Province accepted with the enthusiasm the plans of the present Bishop, Mgr. Munoz. The Governor and the Mayor, the intellectual leaders and the people contributed with equal devotion to the realization of the project. One of the most beautiful squares of Cordova, not far from the famous Cathedral, the unique jewel of Arab art, will henceforth be known as the "Plaza de Osio" and on this square the monument will be erected. The Municipality gave the site and the funds have already been raised for the statue.

"HOSIUS PILGRIMAGE"

Another project of Dr. Munoz, the present Bishop of Cordova, is the pilgrimage. Every day of the Holy Year a pilgrimage has left Spain for Rome. The "Hosius Pilgrimage" will have a special character distinguishing it from all the rest. All the good Catholics from the Province of Cordova desiring to gain the Holy Year indulgences in Spain have postponed the pilgrimages which they had planned in order to join the "Hosius Pilgrimage." The idea of this pilgrimage has met with much sympathy and as the prospective pilgrims are many officials, intellectual leaders and industrial men. Every parish of the diocese will send a representative. But the great provinces of Spain are not willing to leave to Cordova the honor of being the only one to celebrate in this way the Council of Nicea and to pay tribute to Hosius. Since Hosius was the most famous of the prelates who have governed the Church of Spain, the greatest man of the Iberian Peninsula, pilgrims from every part of the country will join the pilgrimage. Not only the Church, but the Universities, the municipal authorities, the Army and the provincial governments will be associated in this pilgrimage which will commemorate one of the most solemn moments in the history of Christianity and at the same time celebrate the memory of a great Spanish Bishop who at that time was placed by Providence in leadership. Since the pilgrimage is a tribute to the most famous of all Spanish Bishops, it is expected that the heads of many Sees will accompany it.

SEES FAILURE FOR PROTESTANTISM

MINISTERS STATE THE TREND TOWARD LIBERALISM WILL BRING DECAY

"What are the prospects for liberal Protestantism or Protestant modernism in the United States?" asks Dr. S. P. Delany, a minister in the Protestant Episcopal Church, in a recent issue of the American Church Monthly. "Are the views of religion which are taught by such men as Dr. Fosdick or Dr. Coffin likely to displace the orthodox, fundamentalist teachings of such Protestant leaders as Dr. Stratton, Dr. McCartney or Dr. Machen? Are the Protestant denominations to be captured by liberalism?"

"In our humble opinion the days of orthodox Protestantism are numbered. The change will probably not come suddenly. A gradual disintegration of the older types of Protestantism, whether orthodox or Calvinistic, is now going on before our eyes. The kind of religion is the kind of religion that appeals to the hard-headed, soft-hearted American business men, who elect to support the ministers in the Presbyterian and Baptist churches. Those who control the purse strings will ultimately determine the creed. At present, no doubt, the majority of the ministers in the leading Protestant denominations are opposed to liberalism—not along the Atlantic seaboard—but in all other parts of the country. But they cannot hold the fort much longer against the assaults of the laity."

TURN TO LIBERALISM

"Most of the prosperous American men of affairs with whom we have talked, who retain any connection with traditional Protestant bodies, believe liberalism in religion. In New York Dr. Fosdick is their prophet. And he appeals to many other men of wealth and influence. These men cannot see why they should be bothered with dogmatic definitions or denominational distinctions. Practical, sensible, every day religion, they will tell you, is what they want. "Following the example of Christ in their idea of the Christian life, they cannot see why it should make any difference whether they believe that He was born of a virgin or not, or that He rose from the dead or did not. They would say that the essential thing is that a man should deal justly in business and think straight on all matters of daily living."

DR. FOSDICK LEADS THE WAY

"Dr. Fosdick's demand for a new reformation—a sort of reformation of the reformed religion—will doubtless elicit much sympathy from American business men. Mr. Rockefeller heartily approved. The chief thesis of this new reformation is that we should do away with all denominational barriers and return to the simple religion of the Gospel. Away with dogma! Down with theology! Banish the creeds! Make the church broad enough and large hearted enough to open its doors—and its altars—to all who are trying to live a good life, whatever they may believe. "Will the Protestant Episcopal Church also be captured for liberal Protestantism? There are many both within and without who would rejoice at such a consummation. The forces of liberalism are powerful in many of our large city churches and they are being generously backed up by the laity. What the outcome will be remains to be seen. "If Catholics are right in believing that both in faith and order we are integrally one with the historic Catholic Church, and not a Protestant sect, then undoubtedly this poison will be expelled from our system. But Catholics must do their part in helping to expel it. If advanced modernism triumphs, our candle will be taken away and our claims to Catholicism will become ridiculous."

LACE INDUSTRY THREATENED

BY NEW BRITISH TARIFF

Dublin, Ireland.—Irish convents and rural populations see reason for grave anxiety in the customs tariff lately imposed by the British Parliament on foreign lace and embroidery. The convents have long specialized in these arts, and they extended them to the country folk, among whom they took root as permanent cottage industries. Most of the crochet work and sprigging (as the embroidery is called) were sold outside Ireland. Donegal is one of the chief localities of this rural industry, a large number of the inhabitants of the county being employed in it, and constant orders being received from English and Belfast firms. A recent resolution of the British Parliament directed, however, that the English lace industry should receive protection under the Safeguarding of Industries Act for the next five years, through the medium of a tax on the imported articles. Donegal lace and embroidery produced in the area under the Belfast Parliament's jurisdiction will not be struck by the tax, but it so happens that high-grade work is not done in that part of the country. Nevertheless the Belfast authorities are trying to profit by the situation, and hurried arrangements are being made to provide technical education in embroidery and lace-making. Exports state that nothing will come of this effort to "grab" the industry, as it would take more than a generation to produce lace-makers and spriggers to equal the convent-trained hands of Donegal, whose handicraft stands out for its superiority at Lyons and Rome.

PIAVE RECEIVES BLESSING OF PEACE

Rome.—The town of San Dona, on the Piave, having risen from the ruins and devastations of the War, when it was a center of contending armies, has been planning for some time to make a public act of thanksgiving for its resurrection. The plan was carried out recently, taking the form of a great Eucharistic manifestation, attended by more than thirty thousand people. Beginning with Mass, celebrated by the Bishop of Ceneda, Mgr. Beccagato, when over 4,000 persons received Holy Communion, the celebration included a procession of the Blessed Sacrament. Preceded by detachments of Scouts from six towns and by numerous Catholic societies of men and women, each carrying its own banner and many of them accompanied by bands, the procession passed through the main streets of San Dona, which was magnificently decorated for the occasion. The monstrance was borne by Mgr. Anastasio Rossi, Archbishop of Udine. Groups of university students formed a guard of honor. Wending its way through the town, the procession was covered by the onlookers with a rain of flowers and leaflets bearing hymns and verses in praise of the Most Blessed Sacrament. A dramatic moment came when the procession reached the center of the bridge, which crosses the Piave. Pausing at an altar, erected for the purpose, the Archbishop lifted the monstrance high above the kneeling multitude, and imparted the blessing of the Prince of Peace over the waters of the river, which had been the witness of so much suffering and bloodshed.

CUTICURA HEALS PAINFUL PIMPLES On Face and Shoulders. Itched and Burned. "My trouble began with a rash of pimples on my face and shoulders. The pimples were hard and red and festered and scaled over. They were very painful and itched and burned so that I could not sleep nights. I was ashamed to go anywhere my face was so disfigured. The trouble lasted about four and a half years. "I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and after using three cakes of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment I was completely healed." (Signed) Miss Myrtle A. Westover, Bolton Centre, Quebec. Rely on Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum to keep your skin clear. Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: Canadian Depot, "Cuticura," P. O. Box 2118, Montreal. Price: Soap 5c, Ointment 15c and 50c. Talcum 10c. Try our new Shaving Stick.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, NOV. 21, 1925

"THE DISRUPTION OF PROTESTANTISM"

Under this title Rollin Lynde Hartt has an interesting article in the November number of The Forum. Mr. Hartt is a scholarly Protestant clergyman, a frequent contributor to the best American magazines, and the author of The Man Himself. When the conflict between Fundamentalism and Modernism was at its bitterest—or at least when the limelight of the press was turned full upon it—the editor of the World's Work sent Mr. Hartt on a three-thousand-mile journey as an ecclesiastical war correspondent. As such he brought back material for a series of articles on "The War in the Churches," which attracted a great deal of notice and were widely commented upon in the press. The article in the Forum, we are told, is "the developed afterthought growing out of that adventure." So Mr. Hartt gives us a Protestant view of Protestantism. For Catholics Modernism, which is the direct denial of the Incarnation and all that such denial involves, is anathema. When Pius X. condemned Modernism he provoked sneering comment throughout the Protestant world. Naturally the obscurantist head of a medieval Church would condemn modern progress! Now, Protestants themselves are as outspoken as the Pope himself in their unrelenting war on Modernism.

Rollin Lynde Hartt faces the question squarely. He writes: "Two religions,—so different that, if the one is true, the other must be false,—exist side by side within the confines of Protestantism. A Fundamentalist spokesman recognizes the difference clearly and asks in a series of carefully worded questions: 'Did God become incarnate in Jesus Christ through the Virgin Mary? Is this a fact of history? Did He offer a sacrifice for sin on Calvary as the sinner's righteous Substitute? Is this a fact of history? Did He rise from the dead a real man in a real body? Is this a fact of history? Did He ascend into Heaven as the God-Man to the right hand of God Almighty? Is this a fact of history?'"

"To such questions any thoroughgoing Liberal will answer without hesitation, 'No, these are not facts of history; they are ancient oriental legends, all of them romantic and very interesting, but plainly as unhistorical as the poetic first chapter of Genesis or the myths that abound in pagan classics.' For whereas the Fundamentalist bases his faith upon an infallible Book, interprets it literally, and credits the miraculous, the thoroughgoing Liberal denies infallibility, interprets the Bible as he interprets other great literature, accepts its lofty religious teaching, fearlessly discards whatever affronts his reason or his conscience, and rejects the miraculous."

It will be noted that all through Mr. Hartt's article Modernist and Liberal are interchangeable terms; to 'Liberal' he gives the same meaning as did Pius IX. The two positions he recognizes frankly are not only incompatible but positively contradictory; and he is clear-headed enough to admit what logicians call the principle of contradiction, which is the basis of all human reasoning; a thing cannot be and not be at the same time and under the same aspect. Mr. Hartt clearly recognizes that Fundamentalism and Modernism are contradictory, so "that if the one is true, the other must be false." Fundamentalist or Modernist, Protestant or Catholic, Pagan, Christian or Jew, all whose thinking is governed by the laws of thought must concede this. And yet there are those who write and speak and act as though this truth did not stand out inescapably. Noting this, Mr. Hartt writes:

"Had these two religions developed independently, no one would for a moment think of combining them. Yet they are excellent, able men who, despite the radical difference between the Fundamentalist belief and the Liberal, and despite the bitter conflict now raging, seek to persuade themselves that the two religions will not separate. Protestantism, they contend, will inevitably remain intact,—as if the history of Protestantism were not largely a record of 'splits,' and as if each of our two hundred and two Protestant denominations were not the product of a split. What has happened more than two hundred times can happen again. . . . The one now impending promises much. To be sure, it will be painful,—something like a divorce, something like a surgical operation without anesthetics, and something like a civil war—but when it is over we shall have three great, splendid, unified Churches.—The Papal Fundamentalist, the non-Papal Fundamentalist, and the Liberal."

Such is the confident prediction of this Protestant student of present Protestant conditions in the United States of America. We may or may not agree with his conclusion. For here he is in the realm of prophecy. And it does seem a strange road even to this modified unity. The basic principle of Protestantism—Private Judgment—is, logically and historically, a principle not of unity but of division. But this writer does not shrink the difficulties of the situation; as we have said before, he faces them squarely; and he has made an unprejudiced, sympathetic study of the question.

"It may at first appear," he writes, "that the aim is to give us ultimately four hundred and four denominations instead of two hundred and two, with meanwhile a lamentable drift toward chaos, for schism will not only split local churches, it will as mercilessly split the Young Men's Christian Association, the Young Women's Christian Association, the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, the Home Mission Boards, the Foreign Mission Boards, the Mission Fields, the Sunday School Boards, the American Federation of Churches, the sectarian Press, the sectarian Charitable Organizations, the Theological Seminaries, and numerous sectarian academies, colleges, and universities."

"Then, too, there will be litigation. Property is at stake,—land, buildings, and enormous trust funds. Who shall have them,—the Fundamentalists or the Liberals? Much of this property has been bequeathed to the churches on the solemn pledge that it be utilized in the propagation of the orthodox faith,—that is to say, the faith now known as Fundamentalism. But suppose that the personnel of an institution thus endowed is no longer Fundamentalist wholly, but in the main Liberal, with entire conviction on each side, what then? Or what if, in this local church or that, the congregation is divided, neither party having a pronounced majority? Whose shall that church be? In such instances only the civil courts can decide. Whichever faction loses its case will consider itself defrauded. Then, naturally, will come appeals to higher courts, and to courts still higher, until after a fight lasting for years, the thing is settled."

Later on in the article where he is considering the process of unification after disruption he has this significant paragraph:

"As regards prestige, a preponderance of advantage will be on the side of the Liberals. They represent the great universities. They represent the most important theological schools. Their writings appear in distinguished publications. To a large extent, they represent the wealth of the various sects, and if the separation of the Fundamentalists and Liberals is for a long time deferred, this will be the principal reason."

The italics are ours. All these considerations call forcibly to mind that in the Established Church of England we have the same conflicting elements; held together in the semblance of unity by the golden bonds of Establishment, and by these bonds only. There is no unity of faith; there is no unity of religious practise; if "two religions—so different that, if one is true, the other must be false—exist side by side within the confines" of the Established Church,

yet the golden bonds hold them together. Though not by law established, may not similar material considerations prevent the open disruption of the Protestant Churches of America? Anglicans have no patent rights over the consoling theory of "comprehensiveness." Others may lay that flattering unction to their souls while they, likewise, throw to the winds the uncomfortable principle of contradiction.

THE POPE, THE DEVIL AND THE CHILDREN'S AID

(Special to the Mail and Empire) "Hamilton, Ont., Oct. 20.—Attacks on the Roman Catholic Church featured tonight's session of the Ontario and Quebec Baptist Convention. Pastor R. M. Munro, Sudbury, referred to the possibilities of the North country for Baptist work. 'Are the Baptists going to claim it or are they going to leave it to the Pope and the devil to take it to hell between them?' he asked."

The foregoing specimen brick is all we need borrow from the Mail and Empire report of the Baptist Convention at Hamilton. Of course there is more where this came from; but this is quite sufficient to show how deeply the spirit of Christian charity pervaded the convention. However, if there is no competent ecclesiastical authority to teach boorish Baptist ministers the amenities of civilized life, it is no part of our duty to attempt the hopeless task.

But there is another phase of the subject which should be considered. We understand that the Rev. Mr. Munro is an officer of the Children's Aid Society at Sudbury. This organization, as is well known, is empowered by law to deal with certain categories of children both Catholic and Protestant. As a rule the officers of this Society are kindly, courteous, Christian men and women devoted to the duties of their office, who respect the rights, recognized in law, of Catholic children.

But would the law be sufficient to curb the savage zeal of the Rev. Pastor Munro? Would not his heart go out to these little Catholic charges and his fery zeal prompt him to regard them as brands to be snatched from the burning? Or would he, because of the civil law, coldly allow "the Pope and the devil to take them to hell between them?"

What do the civil authorities responsible for the administration of the Act, under which the Children's Aid Society operates, think of the matter? Let us suppose that a Catholic priest, an officer of the Children's Aid Society, expressed in similar terms a bitter anti-Protestant bias; would he be accepted without question by Protestants as a fit, proper, and impartial officer in the Children's Aid Society?

If the case of the Rev. Mr. Munro were thus reversed, would the powers that be ignore it? Would they be allowed to ignore it? Most certainly not. We, therefore, respectfully call their attention to the case of the zealous Rev. Pastor Munro if he be still an officer of the Children's Aid Society at Sudbury.

OUR OWN BLESSED MARTYRS

The following is an excerpt from a letter received by Rev. J. H. Keenan, S. J., who is in charge of the Martyrs' Shrine near Midland, Ont., from Rev. E. J. Devine, S. J., Editor Canadian Messenger, who was present at the Beatification ceremonies of the eight Jesuit Martyrs, which took place in Rome on June 21st. Doubtless it will be of interest to our readers.

Now for a few words on the big event in Rome on the 21st. Forty thousand found their way into the Basilica of St. Peter's to see the wonderful sight. We were there at 8:30 but the Mass of Beatification did not begin till after 10 o'clock. A procession of ecclesiastics and Cardinals was a sight to be witnessed. The Decree of Beatification was read when the picture of the eight martyrs was uncovered. I assure you it was a thrilling moment, the most thrilling, the most spectacular, the most consoling of my life, when I saw the veil drop behind Bernini's glorious face, revealing the portraits of Brebeuf and his seven companions in a blaze of glory. What a wonderful experience! The Te Deum was then taken up by the thousands

present, and the waves of sound filled the vast temple—the largest and noblest on earth!

"Sunday evening at 6 o'clock another multitude filled St. Peter's Basilica when a procession of four-teen Cardinals followed by the Holy Father—Pope Pius himself, raised on his sedia gestatoria above the heads of the applauding thousands—came slowly up the nave to venerate the relics of our martyrs! Try if you can to visualize the moving spectacle! Over the altar the portraits of the eight men were still unveiled and surrounded by thousands of lights. The Sovereign Pontiff himself had come to do them honor. . . . At last, after two-hundred and seventy-six years, Blessed John de Brebeuf and his seven companions had triumphed over the Iroquois. The heroes of old Fort Ste. Marie had come into their own. If the pilgrims who are with you to-day at the Shrine could only have seen what we saw in St. Peter's their confidence in the intercessory power of those friends of God, who gave their lives for His sake, would deepen and grow in fervor. Pictures of the Canadian martyrs were for sale everywhere in Rome; placards printed in large type were spread about, calling upon the people of Rome to honor the newly Blessed. Everybody was talking about them. Sunday, June 21st, 1925, is surely a day to be remembered.

"You will be pleased to learn that I have succeeded in getting three relics of Blessed John de Brebeuf, Gabriel Lalemant, and Charles Garnier for the Shrine. I have sent them on to you in a handsome reliquary. I know it will be a great consolation for your pilgrims to have the privilege of venerating the relics of our martyrs on the spot where they shed their blood. . . . The relics are now at the Shrine at Fort St. Ignace.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

A DISCUSSION took place recently in the columns of the London (England) Daily Chronicle as to which of the classic English poets are most frequently quoted in current literature and journalism. The discussion was started by Sir Edmund Gosse, than whom, perhaps, no one is better qualified to form an opinion on such matters. But his judgment brought forth a variety of opinion, going far to show to what a degree one's verdict is influenced by his own particular studies. Suffice it to say that in this instance Shakespeare, Milton and Pope headed the list, with Tennyson not far behind. But Gray's "Elegy" is said to be the most quoted single poem in the English language.

If the discussion were widened to include prose writers it would be practically endless. That there are some who occupy a position far in advance of the multitude goes without saying. Burke, for instance, Macaulay and Dr. Johnson—to name but three—have written sentences which have become part and parcel of the language, and there are others, less known, who have bequeathed an epigrammatical heritage to the common stock. Of more recent writers, it has been said, Cardinal Newman has certainly come into a place peculiarly his own in this respect and is more often quoted than almost any of his contemporaries. That that place is one that will endure, and is not merely a fashion of the hour, is generally conceded by those most qualified by their sense of the beautiful and the true to arrive at a conclusion.

We ARE reminded of this fact by the most recent literary study of the Cardinal, that of a namesake, Dr. Bertram Newman, who is careful to inform his readers that he can claim no relationship to the subject of his treatise. It is also evident throughout that neither can he claim kinship in the matter of faith. It yet remains that of all the books which have been written about Newman (and a whole library has grown up about his name) this is the best of what may be called a popular character. In matters controversial it is fair and above board; it breathes throughout a deep appreciation of the personal qualities of the Great Oratorian, and does ample justice to his eminence as a thinker and writer,—placing him among the half-dozen greatest men of the past hundred years.

It would be beyond our purpose at the present writing to systematically review the book, but rather to bring it to the notice of those whose literary taste transcends the ephemeral literature of the day. This purpose can, we think, be best served by a few excerpts, leaving it for the rest of interested readers to go direct to its pages.

Of the Oxford sermons, then, he says: "Newman had all the accidental qualities of a great preacher. . . . To this he added an impressive manner, a noticeable if not commanding presence, and an exceedingly musical voice. The essential quality of a great preacher he also possessed, needless to say, in the most abundant measure, an intense conviction of the reality and of the supreme importance of his message. The word 'inspiration' has been rubbed smooth by conventional use, but can be applied to Newman in all its primitive energy of meaning. If, as appears, men do emerge at sundry times and in divers manners who are literally inspired, he assuredly belonged to this small but recognizable order."

HE THEN quotes Matthew Arnold, Sir Francis Doyle and J. A. Froude as to the reality of the impression made from the pulpit of St. Mary's upon not only the immediate listener, but in time upon the whole English-speaking world. Arnold's tribute is fairly well-known, but as Mr. Newman's quotation is not precisely correct it may not be amiss to reproduce it in full. It forms part of the lecture which he delivered in Boston, and later included in his published essays:

SPEAKING of the voices which were in the air at Oxford in his undergraduate days, he goes on: "The name of Cardinal Newman is a great name to the imagination still; his genius and his style are still things of power. . . . Forty years ago he was in the very prime of life; he was close at hand to us at Oxford; he was preaching in St. Mary's pulpit every Sunday; he seemed about to transform and renew what was to us the most national and natural institution in the world—the Church of England. Who could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition, gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then, in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music—subtle, sweet, mournful?"

WRITING of the "Development of Christian Doctrine," the book written by Newman in his dying days as an Anglican with the purpose of clearing his mind as to his future and which this, his latest biographer appraises as his "greatest, though not his most attractive work," it is added: "All the resources of Newman's literary art are displayed in placing the minds of his readers in key with his own, in bringing to bear upon them the full weight of his hypothesis by converging lines of argument and suggestion, and in marshalling to that end a great array of facts and considerations. The essay has a bold sweep, an almost epic grandeur, which, theology apart, are sufficient to secure it a permanent place in literature."

BUT we outrun our space and must be content with one more extract from Mr. Newman's book, and that with regard to the most famous of the Cardinal's writings the "Apologia." Of this epoch-making production we are told that "it holds its place as one of the great autobiographies in literature, and as a classic which most educated people may be expected to have read in, if not read through. It retains in a full measure the quality of charm, a quality which defies analysis in letters as in life. It is distinguished by an utter absence of any sort of pose, which is not very common in religious or other autobiographies; the simple and dignified manner in which a sensitive and reserved nature undertook the very uncongenial task of intimate self-revelation lends it a rare attractiveness. Whether his purpose be plain narrative, close argument, precise delineation of a mental state, or the display of an eloquence now pleading and now scornful but always impassioned, the ease with which Newman passes from one to another of most of the uses to which language can be put shows

his consummate mastery of the instrument."

FINALLY, of the Cardinal it is written: "The most eloquent Christian teacher of nineteenth century England, he has that in him which is beyond eloquence. There are moments when his simplest words come to us charged with an unearthly import, as straight from out the region where he loved to dwell"—a felicitous characterization and as true as it is felicitous.

PRESIDENT COSGRAVE

TELLS OF HOLY FATHER'S LOVING KINDNESS FOR IRISH PEOPLE

By Mr. Enrico Paoli (Home Correspondent, N. C. W. C.)

In an exclusive interview accorded the representative of the N. C. W. C. News Service, President Cosgrave of the Irish Free State, in Rome at the head of the Irish National Pilgrimage, described his impressions of the reception tendered that pilgrimage here.

"We were quite touched," the President said, "by the great benevolence so cordially expressed and shown us by the Holy Father. His Holiness could not have been more kind, more paternally affectionate to us. We had expected that at the audience he would address us but we had anticipated only a few sentences of greeting and benediction; and that would have been enough because we would have been content with a single word from the Holy Father. But instead the Pope designed to make us a long discourse so full of affection and so generous in blessings that we were moved to the depths of our souls. We well know how busy the Holy Father is these days and for that reason we so greatly appreciate his action in devoting so much of his time to receiving the Irish pilgrims."

When the personal tribute paid Mr. Cosgrave by the Pope was recalled to the former, he declared: "The Holy Father has been too good to me and I cannot do other than try my utmost to merit what he had the kindness to say of me. But of that kindness I had another very eloquent example in the private audience granted me by His Holiness. Immediately before the pilgrimage was received, Mrs. Cosgrave and I had the privilege of kneeling at the feet of the Holy Father who spoke words of the greatest kindness for us, for the government, and for the Irish people. And here is something which will be very interesting to the Catholic newspapers in America. When I asked His Holiness for his blessing for my people and myself, the Holy Father replied: 'Yes, we give all our most abundant blessings to you, your government and your people. . . . and after a moment's reflection, he added 'and to all the Irish race wherever it may be found throughout the world.'"

"These words—so beautiful and affectionate—and truly worthy of a father, will greatly console all our brothers scattered over so many lands and across so many seas. 'In a word, the Irish could hardly have been more affectionate than they are already toward the Holy See. . . . But if that affection could be increased this pilgrimage would have the effect of binding them still more closely to the Holy Father.'"

The Irish President expressed his great admiration for the beauty and grandeur of Rome.

It has been a revelation to us and we shall never forget it," he said. "We knew that in Rome we should find the Common Father," the President said, "but we were glad to find also so many brothers in all the persons who have overwhelmed us with kindness. In this connection I would like to say that my first visit to Rome was to the Christian Brothers who have a flourishing center here for their work. It was from them that I received my early education in Ireland and I always have the liveliest and most grateful memories of them. I was very glad to see that in Rome they are accorded as much esteem and veneration as in their own country. . . . After expressing his good will toward the Catholic press and complimenting the Catholic papers, Mr. Cosgrave concluded the interview saying: 'The memory of this pilgrimage in this Holy Year of 1925 will never be forgotten in Ireland. We have come in the States to see you, and we would have come in still greater numbers had the harvest prospered during the past two years and if the distress occasioned by the recent disturbed period of our national life had not increased the difficulties of our situation. But it has been nevertheless, a solemn and consoling profession of faith and I was extremely glad to find myself in the midst of my people while the Pope blessed them, recalling our past, praising our present and wishing us a still better future. For this future, the blessing of the Vicar of Christ is certainly the most beautiful assurance.'"

IRISH PILGRIMAGE UNIQUE

The Irish National Pilgrimage was unique among the pilgrimages which have come to Rome thus far

during the present Holy Year, because of the number of Bishops and pilgrims, because of the participation of all classes of the nation, and because of the presence of the head of the State as an humble pilgrim. In addition to the usual Jubilee visits to the Basilica the Irish pilgrimage assisted at other interesting religious ceremonies. A Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by Bishop Hackett of Waterford in the Church of St. Isadore, the Church of the Irish Franciscans, in commemoration of the third centenary of the foundation of that monastery by the noted Irish Franciscan, Father Luke Wadding. This priest, known as the author of the "Franciscan Annals" and for his publication of the works of Scotus, was also the founder of the Irish College at Rome which was eulogized in the Pope's discourse to the pilgrims. The pilgrims also assisted at the Pontifical Mass celebrated by Bishop MacNeely of Raphoe in the chapel of the Irish College.

Probably the most impressive of these special functions was the Solemn High Mass at St. Peter's, when the Pope's discourse to the pilgrims. The pilgrims also assisted at the Pontifical Mass celebrated by Bishop MacNeely of Raphoe in the chapel of the Irish College.

THE TEXT OF POPE'S ADDRESS TO IRISH PILGRIMS

The complete text of the Pope's discourse to the Irish National Pilgrimage, led by President Cosgrave, is now available. Extracts from the discourse have been carried heretofore in the cable dispatches of the N. C. W. C. News Service but the full text, which contains matter of interest to all natives of Ireland throughout the world, reads as follows:

"You are not the first representatives of the Irish race nor the only ones whom we have received during this magnificent and blessed year. Many others of our cherished children have come already from dear Ireland which we always call the Island of Saints, the Emerald Isle, as verdant as the standard of your pilgrimage, holy as the vest of your saints. Many of these most beloved among our beloved children we have seen already, to the consolation of our heart. We may say, indeed that Ireland is always near us, is always with us in a representative of its own, the venerable Irish College which we are so glad to have near us, as were our predecessors who vied in demonstrating their benevolence toward your beloved college, this cherished representative of a people, of an island, of so dear a part of the great Catholic family. All know how dear this college is to us. It shall always be so; and we shall be glad when able to do something for its greater prosperity in order that its numbers may become ever greater, ever a more imposing representative of the dear sons of our Ireland."

"But a pilgrimage such as this, so imposing in its numbers and so remarkable on account of its composition is worthy of special notice, a pilgrimage amongst whose leaders we see the head of the State, His Excellency, Mr. Cosgrave. We are happy to greet him here in the house of the Common Father—so worthy a representative and so worthy a ruler of a people so pious and Catholic. A devout Catholic himself, he fittingly represents the faith and piety of his people and gives them an example, the more cogent and more beautiful because it comes from his high position. It is a pilgrimage conducted by so many bishops that it suggests, as it were, the happy illusion of a council, a pilgrimage in which we see such conspicuous representatives of the clergy of Ireland, both secular and regular, of those grown old in loyal service as well as those maturing under our eyes and near our heart in the beloved Irish college—the hope of the Church in Ireland and the whole Church, the desire of your people, your episcopate and your own cherished hope. A pilgrimage such as this in which we see in review before us representatives of all classes; this pilgrimage more than any other gives the impression that all Ireland has come to us, that all Ireland so fully and completely represented, is before us, near our heart. No words can express the sentiments of joy which the sight inspires, since, beloved children, we cannot but think that you represent Ireland; the Island of Saints, according to its ancient glorious title, Ireland that may also be called the Island of Martyrs; the Island of Apostles, the Island of Missionaries. All this is indeed true—the list of your saints is so wonderfully rich, so numerous are the martyrs that adorn your martyrology, so many are the apostles whom you gave to Europe, including Italy which itself has sent apostles through all Europe, Italy the home of the Apostolic See. The labors of St. Patrick in your dear Ireland were duplicated by St. Columbanus in Italy, St. Gall in Switzerland, and many others in different regions—and this in the darkest ages when to be apostles meant also being pioneers of civilization for countries and peoples, guardians of the last flickers of literature which the barbarian invasions had so nearly extinguished. And even today Ireland gives many missionaries to the Propagation of the Faith as demonstrated by a visit to the Missionary Exhibition."



"Your presence here today clearly expresses and calls to mind all these glorious records, these splendid pages of history past and present and this is why our joy at your loving visit is so deep, so tender and so particularly paternal. We congratulate you, not only on these past glories of which you are so justly proud, but also on those which you yourselves have added to them, for we know from what we have heard and read, from what our Bishops have told us, from a thousand different sources, what an ardent faith glows in your dear country and what deep piety, what sincere practices of Christian life sanctify your homes. We know how intense is your devotion in the churches to the Most Holy Sacrament and how frequent your reception of Holy Communion and how loyal your attachment to the Apostolic See, to our Holy Mother the Church how filial, deep and characteristic is your attachment to the Holy Father, the Vicar of Christ, the Successor of St. Peter.

"Moreover your presence here manifests all this and in a most beautiful and most impressive manner, for we cannot help calling to mind the long journey undertaken with its inevitable pain, sacrifices and inconveniences. You have faced all with serene and generous hearts and your behavior, the filial devotion with which you have responded to the invitation to come to Rome, bears eloquent testimony to the sentiments by which you are animated, as likewise does the lively, heartfelt, intense devotion which you have manifested in the visits to the Basilicas. You have thus contributed largely and effectively to that rivalry of fervor which the Catholic world has brought and still brings and shall continue to bring to Rome during this year of Benediction.

"Therefore, most dearly beloved, we earnestly desire that your pilgrimage to Rome and your stay in the Holy City may be replete with consolation, grace and heavenly favors so that the real meaning of the Holy Year, the year of sanctification may be realized in each of your souls.

"Let each and every one of you, then, coming here to the heart of the Holy Mother Church, to the home of the Common Father of Christendom, already so inspired with faith and piety and Catholic spirit, return to your dear Ireland, to your cities and to your homes, still more holy, still more pious, still more fervent and devout so that the Divine Heart already so pleased with you may be still more pleased and may more richly bless you as we now bless you.

"And so, beloved children, it is with all our heart we grant you the Apostolic Benediction, which you have come to seek from the heart of your loving Father, as the crowning grace of your holy jubilee. And as such we wish to grant it to you, as the crowning grace of sanctification and salvation for your souls.

"We wish to bless all near and dear to you: your families, your homes, your relatives, your children, and particularly the aged, the sick and infirm, left behind in their sufferings. You shall take them our blessing, telling them of our heartfelt sympathy and encouragement.

"We feel an earnest desire to bless these priests, splendid representatives of the regular and secular clergy. We know that in blessing each one of these good priests, we bless our great family of those who go to them to seek spiritual food, and all the holy works in which each of them exercises his priestly mission. But in a more special and in a more privileged way, as we are accustomed to say, we bless these seminarians, these beloved aspirants to the sanctuary, the priests of tomorrow, your hope O beloved children of Ireland, the hope of your episcopacy and of the whole Church. May this blessing aid them to respond ever more generously to the very special grace which already draws upon them the veneration of their people.

"In a more particular manner we wish to bless the Bishops here present today and with them the whole episcopate of Ireland whom they worthily represent, because we feel that in blessing their sacred persons we bless their churches, their dioceses, their priests and their people.

"We wish, in fine, to bless all Ireland, with its past as full of glory as of martyrdom, with its present so peaceful and happy, Ireland with its great future which cannot fail where faith and piety—those true founts of Christian life—are such strong and lively evidences of the blessing of the God of nations and peoples. All Ireland, all dear beloved Ireland and its government, we wish to bless in blessing now its head and President here before us."

IRISH BISHOPS CONDEMN "IMPORTED" DANCES

Dublin, Ireland.—Just at the opening of the dancing season, the Irish Bishops meeting at Maynooth have issued a grave warning to the Irish people on the moral dangers that render some modern dancing a menace to social and spiritual well-being.

"There is danger of losing the name which the chivalrous honor of Irish boys and the Christian reserve of Irish maidens have won for Ireland," says the Bishops. "If our people part with the character that gave rise to that name we lose with

it much of our national strength, and still more of the high rank we have held in the Kingdom of Christ."

"The danger comes from pictures and papers and drink, but more from the keeping of improper company than from any other cause, and there is no worse foe of purity than the dancing hall, the warning continues.

The Bishops condemn in particular "imported" dances. Asserting that "Irish dances do not make degenerates," they urge that this native form of amusement be fostered, even though it "may not be the fashion in London or Paris." Properly supervised dances, ending at a reasonable hour, are not to be condemned, they add.

HON. J. D. RYAN, M.L.C., K.C.S.G., PASSES

St. John's, Nfld., Evening Telegram, Nov. 4

The city lost one of its most esteemed citizens and the country one of its grand old men when shortly before six o'clock last evening the soul of the Hon. James D. Ryan winged its flight to realms celestial.

For about a year he had been failing, though even in that time he was not wholly confined to his home; but it was not until a fortnight ago that he became seriously ill and his life became despaired of. Yesterday he lapsed into unconsciousness, and with the going down of the sun passed into eternal rest.

The Hon. J. D. Ryan occupied an enviable position in the community; no one was more generally esteemed and admired and his friends were legion. His quiet, unassuming, genial, gentlemanly manner, made an irresistible appeal, and no one failed to be attracted who came within reach of his magic spell. With his passing, a long, active, and useful life had ended. Eighty-one years ago, on September 6th last, he was born in Kedra, County Tipperary, Ireland, and he had just reached manhood when he emigrated to this country, coming to employment with the well-known firm of Donnelly, at Harbor Grace, and then came to the city, taking a prominent position with the firm of O'Brien. In 1880 he opened business as a general grocer, and the business is still a flourishing concern.

Mr. Ryan's public activities were many, but perhaps his most notable work was associated with the Benevolent Irish Society, in all the varied undertakings of which he took a deep and practical interest. For forty-two years he occupied official positions in the Society, and for twenty-five years, he was esteemed President. During his presidency, the organization grew rapidly, and through its splendid educational work, exerted a big influence in the community. The fine building in which the Society carries on its activities and in which the Christian Brothers are rendering such excellent service to the youth of the city, was largely the result of his labors. When the hall was built in 1877 he was Secretary of the building Committee, and such was his success and popularity in that office that after the restoration of the hall, after the fire, he was chosen as Chairman of the Building Committee. It was under his presidency also that the splendid O'Donnell wing was planned and completed. The labors of the Christian Brothers in the St. Patrick's Hall Schools, for which the Society holds itself responsible, ever found in Mr. Ryan a sympathetic and generous friend, whose time and counsel and ready assistance were ever theirs to command. Through his activities in the Benevolent Irish Society the late Mr. Ryan left an impress on the life of the community that will be felt for generations.

In 1900 he ventured into the political arena, and under the leadership of Sir Robert Bond successfully contested the District of Ferryland. To one of his placid disposition, however, the hurly-burly of active political life held no attraction, and in 1905 he was glad to receive his appointment to the Legislative Council Chamber, whose sedate and serene environment was more to his liking. There he took an active interest in public affairs, taking part in debate when he had advice or suggestion to offer, and generally winning the regard of his fellow members.

In 1920 he was appointed President, and for five years occupied the position with dignity and honor. In February last when failing health necessitated his retirement, his resignation was received with general regret. His uniform courtesy, impartiality and kindness had won for him not only the respect but the admiration of his fellow Councillors. His tenure of the Presidency had been comparatively brief, but it was one which in every way had been a credit to him and to the high office, the duties of which he had so well filled.

Mr. Ryan was a devout member of the Roman Catholic Church; a generous contributor to its support, and prominently identified with its many activities. His worth as a Catholic layman, and his efforts, only slightly known, in the cause of charity and education, won for him recognition and distinction that come to few. In 1919 he was signally honored by His Holiness Pope Benedict XV. when he was decorated with the order of St. Gregory the Great and made a Knight Commander of that

most noble order which entitled him to add the letters K. C. S. G. to his name. Mr. Ryan was the first and only resident of this country to receive this honor. His life was marked by unselfish devotion to his church and all its interests.

In his home life Mr. Ryan was a devoted husband and father. There the sorrow will be greatest and there he will be most missed. He is survived by his wife, at home, and an only daughter, Mrs. F. J. King now residing at Winona, Minn., U. S. A.

The funeral took place at 2.30 P. M. Thursday, at his late residence, Bee Orchis Terrace, Queen's Road.

Among those who attended were the officers of the Benevolent Irish Society and the Total Abstinence Society, who formed the Guard of Honor; Major Shand, representing His Excellency the Governor; the members of the House of Assembly and the Legislative Council; the judges of the Supreme Court, and the pupils of St. Bonaventures College, St. Patrick's Hall and the Holy Cross Schools, who preceded the hearse.

In the absence of His Grace the Archbishop, who is at present in Rome, on his Ad Limina visit, Rev. Dr. Kitchin, Administrator of the Archdiocese officiated at the obsequies in the Cathedral. He was assisted in the Sanctuary by Rev. Dr. Carter, Fathers Flynn, Savin, P. J. Kennedy, M. Kennedy, Sullivan, Murphy and Summers.

WEEKLY CALENDAR

Sunday, Nov. 29.—St. Saturninus, by direction of Pope Fabian went into Gaul to preach the faith about the year 245. He fixed his See at Toulouse where there were a few Christians. He brought many converts to the Church. It happened that to reach his church he was compelled to pass daily through the Capitol, the high place of worship of the heathen deities. One day a great multitude was gathered there and a bull stood ready for the sacrifice. A man in the crowd pointed out Saturninus and the people sought to force him to idolatry. When he refused he was fastened to the bull which was then driven down the Capitol. The Saint's brains were dashed out against the steps and his mangled body was later picked up and buried by two devout Christian women.

Monday, Nov. 30.—St. Andrew, Apostle, was one of the fishermen of Bethsaida and a brother, perhaps an elder brother, of St. Peter. He went forth upon his mission to plant the Faith in Syria and Greece and at the end of years of toil won his martyr's crown. After suffering a cruel scourging at Patras in Achaia, he was left, bound by cords to die upon a cross. For two entire days he remained hanging on the cross alive, preaching with outstretched arms to all who came near.

Tuesday, Dec. 1.—St. Eligius, was a goldsmith at Paris who was commissioned by King Clotaire to make a throne. With his gold and stones entrusted to him, Eligius made two thrones instead of one. Struck by his rare honesty the King gave him an appointment at Court. At Court Eligius fortified himself against its seductions by many austerities and continual ejaculatory prayers. His striking virtue resulted in his selection, by the King, as Bishop of Noyon. In that office he possessed gifts of miracles and prophecy.

Wednesday, Dec. 2.—St. Bibiana, virgin and martyr, was a native of Rome whose father and mother were both martyred for their Faith. Her property and that of her sister Demetria was confiscated and after her sister's death Bibiana was placed in the hands of a wicked woman named Rufina who was instructed to bring her to another way of thinking. When this method failed, she was tied to a pillar and scourged to death.

Thursday, Dec. 3.—St. Francis Xavier, was a young Spanish nobleman in the dangerous days of the Reformation who was making a name for himself as a professor of philosophy at the University of Paris when St. Ignace of Loyola won him to heavenly thoughts. He was sent to the Orient where he labored for twelve years preaching the Gospel to Hindostan, Malacca and Japan. He died on a small island off the coast of China when about to extend his mission to that country.

Friday, Dec. 4.—St. Barbara, virgin and martyr, was reared as a heathen by a tyrannical father, Dioscorus, who kept her secluded in a lonely tower which he had built for that purpose. She contrived to receive instruction and baptism from a Christian priest and when Dioscorus discovered this, he was so enraged that he himself denounced her before the civil tribunal. She was horribly tortured and finally beheaded, her own father acting as executioner. Just as the fatal blow was struck there was a flash of lightning and Dioscorus fell dead.

Saturday, Dec. 5.—St. Sabas, Abbot, was one of the most renowned patriarchs of the monks of Palestine. He was born in the year 439 and when quite young forsook the world and entered a monastery. After ten years, when he was still only eighteen, he went to Jerusalem to visit the holy places and there attached himself

to a monastery under the control of St. Euthymius. Later he retired into the wilderness and others came to him desiring to serve God under his direction. At the age of fifty-three the Patriarch of Jerusalem made him Superior-General of all the anchorites in Palestine. He died at the age of ninety-four in the year 632.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

THANKSGIVING BY THE PRESIDENT

Thanksgiving is the act of expressing gratitude for mercies received, and it is but natural that there should be some manifestation of thanks to those by whom great favors have been granted. As creatures of God it behooves us to be constantly mindful of His goodness, since everything we have, body and soul with their senses and faculties are from Him. What a wonderful fact is that of our existence, with the capability of knowing and loving God and the possibility of enjoying the happiness of seeing Him for all eternity. Our life here is for the very purpose of determining whether eternity will be for us one of indescribable joy or most excruciating suffering. There are immense difficulties to be surmounted in the spiritual and temporal order and upon the overcoming of which, our future happiness depends.

One of the first requirements for the conservation of our body is food, which the earth produces when it has been cultivated and good seed sown. A bountiful harvest is necessary that our wants may be supplied, for a shortage of food is always attended by great hardship. The farmer prepares the soil, and in the spring time sows good seed; but his success is contingent upon many things. Sunshine and showers are required, but there may be too much of a scarcity of each; frosts may occur and ever so many things, come, bringing destruction and failure, while nothing is certain until the harvest has been gathered.

But we are under the watchful providence of God whom Mother Church invokes to bless and render fruitful the seeds. With deep interest the progress of their growth is observed. There is joy at first sight of a tiny green shoot striving upward from the earth and gladness or anxiety abounds as its growth is favorable or otherwise. Apprehension swells as the danger of frost increases, but when all hazard is past and an abundant yield is realized, our gratitude for His Providence bursts forth in gifts of praise and thanksgiving to God.

So natural is the desire to make manifest our gratitude that there has been proclaimed for each year a public holiday as a reminder to men of God's goodness and their obligation of offering Him special worship.

Since the Great War we have passed through difficult times, but as that bright day is breaking and plenty once more smiles upon the land, Thanksgiving Day this year should stir up in our hearts the deepest gratitude for what we have received.

Our souls like the field must be cultivated, carefully watched and tended to lest they bring forth good and abundant fruit. We cannot afford to risk failure in our spiritual life and in this, if the means at our disposal are employed, we may be absolutely certain of success. What a consolation to have a proper amount of sunshine and moisture in God's grace which flows into the soul through Holy Mass and the Sacraments! While offering sincerest thanks for temporal favors, ask for a realization of the spiritual prosperity which may be enjoyed by making use of the wonderful means of grace.

But all men are not so favored. Many there are with everything necessary for the care of the body whose spiritual harvest is parched and dry because the necessary moisture of grace is wanting. So great is the desolation of their souls that they forget it is to God they owe what they have of temporal things. Success for them is as important as for us. The tender solicitude of the Master for their souls is as great as for ours. He paid for them the same price that our cost and wants to save them as He does us.

Is this any concern of ours as long as we save ourselves? To be sure it is our business because it concerns the Master. What can we do? Do you really want to thank God for His goodness to you? If so, try to express your gratitude in a way that will please Him. Our Blessed Lord obtained things for you by making sacrifice—by suffering in your stead. If you would thank Him in the most acceptable way, suffer for Him that others deprived of them may receive the blessings you enjoy. Suffer by giving the temporal things you possess and treasure—money and the things that money stands for—that God and His religion may be brought into the lives of men and women and children too, who are now outside their influence. Send money to Extension Society to aid in its work on Western missions, of bringing to parched and withered souls the refreshing and vivifying showers of God's grace. Do this for Him who estimates love for

neighbor only second to the charity which He demands for Himself. Then will your gratitude please Him and your thanksgiving be real.

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

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CHINESE MISSION BURSES

THE QUEEN OF APOSTLES AND THE HOLY SOULS

Very often, the souls of our dear departed are remembered at this time of the year. They, who in this life bestowed on us their affections and favours, now look to us to win for them a remittance of their purgation.

We love the souls of those dear ones. How appalling then is the voice of their pleading: "Have pity on me! Have pity on me! At least, you my friends."

Our love for these suffering souls compares in some measure with the longing desire which Mary, Queen of Apostles, has for the souls of millions of pagans who have yet to know the sweet Name of Christ. Souls that are precious to her, because God made them to love Him, and her Divine Son shed His Precious Blood to redeem them. But how can they love God if they know Him not? An abundance of Apostolic men can win them from the power of Satan, so the pleading of this multitude of abandoned ones for priests, "Have pity on me, have pity on me!" opens a way for us to win merit for our own dear departed.

Let us unite our desires with that of the Queen of Apostles and build for our loved ones a glorious memorial. A bourse for the education of a priest to minister to these neglected pagan souls costs \$5,000. Any share in a Bourse may be donated for the Souls in Purgatory. Could there be a grander monument? The merits which we win from our share in the conversion of pagans to be applied as satisfaction for the penalties of our dear departed.

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A pure soul is like a beautiful pearl; as long as it remains hidden in its shell at the bottom of the sea, no one thinks of admiring it; but if you place it in the light of the sun, it attracts all eyes. Thus the pure soul, which is now hidden from the eyes of the world, shall one day shine before the angels in the sunlight of eternity.

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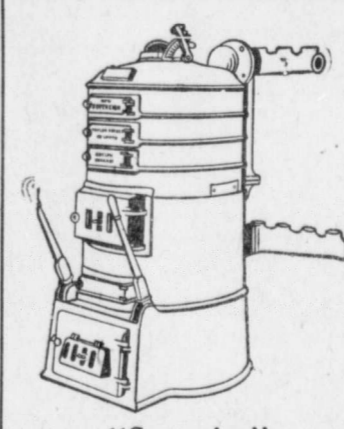
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CHARITY AND OUR ENEMIES

Brethren: We cease not to pray for you, and beg that you may be filled with the knowledge of His will and wisdom and spiritual understanding. (Col. 1:9)

These glorious words of St. Paul have been re-echoed through the ages down to the present day.

The faithful in the same sense, for the Church, in her liturgy and in the Mass, requires her ministers to pray for the people.

How Catholics should rejoice at this fact! The knowledge of such a truth, too, should do much to make them daily express their gratitude to God for the greatest blessing He has given them—membership in the true Church.

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that expulsion of innocent people is not a disgrace to a nation, but because the more or less indifferent do not consider it such.

Catholics never could depend upon the words of rulers, nor the guarantees of constitutions. In some instances both have been kept; but it often requires only a moment to change the whole situation.

FRANCIS ELLIOTT

THE NOVELIST WHO LEANED AGAINST THE VATICAN WALL AND FOUND NEW STRENGTH

In all dispatches announcing the death of Francis Perry Elliott—a lonely and impecunious patient at St. Mary's Hospital, Tucson, Arizona—I wonder why none mentioned that the late author had asked a convert to Catholicism.

Of course his insolvency was a shock. Still, insolvency, like agnosticism, is not unknown in the arts. Men have given fortunes to the perpetuation of beauty.

He took to leadership easily. From his late twenties he was silver-haired and this, of course, lent a touch of mature experience to his native sagacity.

It was no surprise to see him being weaned away from public school to those whose chief ideal was "the gentler tradition," as Santayana calls it.

From there he joined the house of Harpers, and wedded himself thereafter to editing and writing. But his work as an educator and as an author, like similar efforts of Henry Adams, always seemed to outsiders as the hobbies of an aristocrat, rather than the means to a livelihood.

He left Denver and returned to New York with a trunk and a broken heart. In his trunk were several neatly penned notes, put there by his "Winnie" before she died, and marked "Frank's Plots."

never got beyond the fifth chapter, but even these five chapters show it to be a story of amazing plot, structure and action.

Very straight, slender, white-haired, aristocratic and with all outward appearances of the man of substance, Elliott fitted the Episcopalian ideal very well.

He was living in an ugly barn-like house in Prescott, Arizona, when the thing happened in the summer of 1923. He had a room with cracked walls and few comforts, in a house with several of the younger generation, all desert derelicts seeking hope in that land of new beginnings.

His name was Father Camilo Torrente and he belonged to the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

The Padre could talk very little English and the Pentecost no Spanish. But in a month I was being called to witness the noted author's First Holy Communion.

When he returned to Tucson in October of that year and his friend, Harold Bell Wright, made arrangements for him to stay at St. Mary's Hospital, conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph, Elliott was in loving hands until the day he died.

To his friends (and he had all kinds from county sheriffs to university presidents), who came to see him, none knew of his conversion. At least none spoke of it.

But the day that was perhaps his happiest in a comparative sense, for he never was really happy anywhere since his wife and mother had died, and his exile in Arizona only heightened his silent grief.

Bishop Gercke, who had been sent to take charge of the Diocese of Arizona only a few months before, after years under Cardinal Dougherty in Philadelphia and in the Philippines, was to do the confirming. He explained the sacrament and its spiritual significance, keying his explanation in language and ideas that showed he felt a great intellectual as well as a spiritual camaraderie for the man of ideas he was about to confirm.

Though it all, Elliott sat with easy dignity, bowing his head now and then and feeling humbled and exalted as the ritual of anointing his forehead with the sacred oil and the slight blow on the cheek was carried out.

He felt it a signal honor. He told me so. He told everybody so. And to show that the world was very human, even in its most spiritual moments, he was allowed to remain in his best blue suit and to eat dinner at a table in his room.

Later, Mother Victoria visited us and added a touch of the earth to a day of spiritual exultation by giving us some excellent cigars. I hate cigars, but these seemed to be made of some heavenly tobacco.

Any day I never enjoyed a smoke more. Going home I gave the remaining cigar, in a moment of pure Christianity, to the taxi driver, and regretted it almost immediately. To this day I have never been able to find a cigar like it.

I really think that was the last happy day Elliott had. He did have a momentary thrill near the end when four volumes arrived from London which, when opened, revealed an English edition of his "Pals First." John Long had just brought it out—nine years after Harpers had published the original in America.

His last letter to me, and about the last he ever wrote to anybody, I suspect, lies before me. It shows him the incorrigible New Yorker, for he was forever hungering for places which were never more than a mile from Times Square.

Mr. Wright (Harold Bell Wright) was sorry to miss you again. "Have just finished Sunday Morning 'Star.' My eye jumped like a repelled electric spark from such points as Nogales. . . . Pima Dean So-and-so says (and I understand) and jumped hungrily and gratefully to an obscure five or six lines telling of a holdup in a little store over on Third Avenue, New York. Just the same, I wonder how many Sunday mornings New York can produce that air up to this."

"I had a 'stack' of cornakes this morning—delicious, life-saving—all thanks to that good friend of us both, Sister Christina. I feel better and I'm sure my pulse and nerves are better. For one thing, I have less homicidal feelings towards those who run the phonograph upstairs. More spirit of 'live and yet live' which we must all practice."

"Am reading with delight the autobiography of Soeur Therese of Lisieux—'The Little Flower.' Began it all with skeptical, hostile feelings. All changed. You must read this. As a craftsman, you can detect, as I did, that it's a true piece of work. She did write it, and it's beautifully done."

Of course, as a matter of fact, he was surrounded by the best friends a man can have in this world. The Sisters of St. Joseph hovered about him and prayed at his desert bedside until the end came at 10 o'clock at night, August 13. They made his passing easier.

"Tis a queer world, and queer it is what persons will smile at and what they will endure. One of the most promising young baseball players to break into the Big Leagues in recent years had contracted the blasphemous habit of using the Holy Name when a misplay was made or things didn't go just right. His teammates and opponents heard him, and so did spectators in the stands; nothing came of it until an umpire who had seen many years of service called him aside one day and quietly corrected him.

"The other day on an elevated train there was an elderly lady with a curly-haired girl of about five years of age. The little tot sneezed and quickly said rather loudly: 'God bless me.' Passengers smiled and the child, turning to her companion, confusedly inquired: 'Grandma, isn't it right to say 'God bless me,' when I sneeze?' There is the sore spot in the every-day life of so many in the home, at

work and at play—the cause of so many of our troubles, the solution of our problems: we have forgotten to say, at the right time: "God bless me."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Just to live each day is all that a man can do, to live gently with thought for others, to do the daily task with zest, and to pass the good sign of friendship along before the sun goes down. This is our shortest road to understand the meaning of this life.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

**JUST WHISTLE A BIT**  
Just whistle a bit, if the day be dark  
And the sky be overcast,  
If mute be the voice of the piping lark,  
Why, pipe your own small blast;  
And it's wonderful how o'er the gray sky-track  
The truant warbler comes stealing back,  
But why need he come, for your soul is at rest?  
And the song in the heart! Ah! that's the best.

Just whistle a bit if the night be drear  
And the stars refuse to shine;  
And a gleam that mocks the starlight clear  
Within you glows benign;  
Till the dearth of light in the glooming skies,  
Is lost to the light of your soul lit eyes;  
What matters the absence of moon or star?  
The light within is the best by far.

Just whistle a bit if there's work to do  
With the mind or in the soul,  
And your note will turn out a talisman true,  
To exercise grim toil,  
It will lighten your burden and make you feel  
That there's nothing like work as a sauce for a meal!

And with song in your heart and a meal in its place,  
There'll be joy in your bosom and a light in your face.

Just whistle a bit if your heart be sore,  
'Tis a wonderful balm for pain;  
Just pipe some old melody o'er and o'er,  
Till it soothes like summer rain.  
And perhaps 't would be best in a later day,  
When death comes stalking down the way,  
To knock at your bosom and see if your fit,  
Then as you wait, calmly, just whistle a bit!

SCRAPS OF TIME

One of the commonest complaints among people, busy and otherwise, says a writer in the *Liguorian*, is: "I have no time." When there is a letter of friendship to be written, or a favor to be done, or a duty to be fulfilled—not so often, of course, when there is question of a meal or enjoyment or of something else we like to do—our little self-justification machine is always ready with the convenient excuse: "No time!"

The truth of it is that, on account of the way we arrange or do not arrange our lives, there may often be a great deal to the assertion. But in this regard, we might take a little hint from great and busy men, men whose many duties and manifold achievements astound us and make us ask: "Where did they get time to do it all?"

A man of that stamp was Father E. Bridgett, C. S. S. R., a busy missionary, and still the author of many books. We catch a glimpse of his secret in a little incident taken from his life.

Father Bridgett had great diligence in study. One day a companion came to him complaining that he would study but could get no considerable free time for it.

"If I want to wait for considerable free time," answered Father Bridgett, "I should never study at all; my study consists in utilizing scraps of time I find between one occupation and another."

THE LOVE OF DUTY

It is not the desire of pleasure, or indeed, any motive of self-interest that helps man to advance towards the higher life, and to attain a nobler development of his faculties. For pleasure and ambitious aims derive their force from selfish cravings, and cannot sustain the spirit in those circumstances which call for the sacrifice of personal advantages, and for the exercise of virtues congenial to the soul's purest aspirations.

Duty is a quenchless star which gives safe guidance to him who would lead the ideal life, and by the ideal life I mean that which is free from influences hostile to its growth in the practical love of truth and perfection.

The principle of duty, unlike those motives which spring from self-love, depends in nowise on outward recognition. Independent of external circumstance, it is rooted in the soul and under the Divine protection is able to withstand every assault. Like a mighty cliff, it

"Looks on tempests, and is never shaken."

We may bear the truth in mind with advantage nowadays when so much is heard of men's rights, and so little mention is made of men's duties. No man lives on earth who is free from manifold obligations to his Creator and his fellow-men, and whosever devotes himself to the faithful discharge of those duties will take the most effectual means of safeguarding his rights, and will find himself not at all tempted to talk about the latter. It sometimes happens that those who are loudest in proclaiming their rights show little respect for the rights of others.

It is not duty merely, but the love of duty that arms the soul with patience and courage to fulfil its obligation, and to the acquisition of

this love, grounded as it is on reason and faith, we are incited by the authority of a great example. Christ came to pay the world's ransom, and the nobility which crowned His career on earth sprang from cheerful humility and fortitude with which He submitted to the darkness and toll of a human existence in fulfillment of His Father's Will, and out of love to His brethren.

It was through love that He wrought the world's redemption, and He wishes us to work, also, in the spirit of love, which spurs the soul to the achievement of great deeds, and is the master influence that rules the heart and consecrates the lowliest duties of life.

Nor should we believe that we are alone while we strive to live and work in this spirit of love. The Invisible Intelligences sent from Heaven to guard us day and night are at our side to help us. Our Blessed Saviour and His Saints, which have left us the encouragement of their own example, bid us take heart and strive manfully.

Surrounded by much to tempt and weaken us, we must needs look upwards and onwards and believe firmly that it is in our power, through the light and strength of hope, to attain what is best and highest in the loving service of God and men. In such an enterprise we have as our friend and Father that Infinite Being Who has loved us with everlasting charity.

To act with courage and perseverance through belief in God's overruling Providence enables the soul in the discharge of lowly duties. We thus increase in our hearts charity toward all men, no matter how they may differ from us in religion, politics, race or country, and we grow day by day in the love of truth and spiritual perfection.

Wherever a noble life lives there goes out from it an influence subtle and persuasive as the sunshine, and life-giving as the heat which calls into being the foliage and flowers and fruits that enrich and beautify the earth's surface.

"Those love truth best who to themselves are true,  
And what they dare to dream of,  
Dare to do."

—Father Michael Watson, S. J., (Within the South.)

Gluck was much affected and he promised to obey the request. Later, a celebrated choir-master took the boy to Italy, where he was to complete his musical education. He made rapid strides in his art, but he always remained faithful to his religious practices. In the midst of the gaiety of the Court of Vienna, the illustrious composer would often slip away to earth his head in solitude.

When, after a life full of earthly glory, death came to him, it found him ready. To the very last, he clasped the simple but precious rosary given him in his boyhood by Brother Anselm.

**AMBITION**  
A certain wise man wisely remarked, "Ambition without talent is hopeless." How true this is can be partially known by a superficial consideration. But profound meditation will acquaint one with the profound truth inclosed in the words. The time of all times to acquire, to develop an ability, ambition is that of early manhood. Earlier than this such a trait could readily prove baneful and injurious; later than this it would, and generally does, prove useless and of no avail. Take a man with ambition and one without it, and watch their progress through life. To see both at one and the same time, after the lapse of a few years, would require stronger field glasses than those now on the market. It would simply be a case of simple impossibility. While the one has fretted and feted the other has toiled and troubled. Where the one has lain down and waited for opportunity to come and derrick him, the other has gone, and derrick opportunity from the very depths of scheming chaos and ruin.

The one meanders along like the lazy waters of a brook—shoved in by that which comes behind it. He moves slowly and invariably takes the proverbial path of least resistance. He moves at the urging, the instigation and the showing of others who are up and going. The other man—the one with ambition steps along with shoulders erect, with his head up and looking for a quick but not necessarily easy route to the fulfillment of his desires. He not only looks for this route but he finds it.

Who of the two young men—the peppy, the ambitious one, or the lazy devil-may-care one do you prefer? Your answer is important, for your answer is what you pay in every walk of life no matter from what angle you may care to consider it. Of course, like nearly everything else, there are exceptions, but again the exception proves the rule. Make the world a little better by your having lived in it. Have some ambition!—The Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

**CLIMBING UP THE HILL**  
Never look behind, boys,  
Up and on the way,  
Time enough for that, boys,  
On some future day.  
Though the way be long, boys,  
Fight it with a will;  
Never stop to look behind  
When climbing up a hill.

First be sure you're right, boys,  
Then with courage strong,  
Strap your pack upon your back,  
And tug, tug along;  
Better let the lag-lout  
Fill the lower bill,  
And strike the farther stake-pole  
Higher up the hill.

Trudge is a slow horse, boys,  
Made to pull a load,  
But in the end will give the dust  
To racers on the road.  
When you're near the top, boys,  
Of the rugged way,  
Do not stop to blow your horn,  
But climb, climb away.

—Southern Cross

WORDS OF WISDOM

Time does not change anything. A little will never bear roses, nor will a copper penny ever become a golden sovereign. "As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." Those boys and girls who are diligent in their school work will be known by the same degree of excellence later on. Neglect of duties now, shirking work, distaste for religious duties, tardiness for Sunday Holy Mass, will grow stronger.

Idle boy, ragged man; silly girl, unscrupulous woman. Profanity lessens faith and becomes crime. The sins of youth penetrate the marrow of the bones. A studious and religious boy or girl, a successful and happy man or woman. Time changes no one. The future shows the development of youth.

Let us heed the warning, take time by the forelock. Weeds grow rapidly and rank, and choke the good seed. Operations and strenuous efforts must often be resorted to, if only they are heeded. Otherwise a bad and sad future is ahead. Training, education, religion, industry, virtue, cannot be started too early in life.

A ROSARY STORY

Gluck, the great musician, was a pale, delicate boy. His parents were very poor, and they begged the priest of the Cathedral in Vienna, where they lived, to let their son sing in the choir. His voice was so clear and beautiful that the large audiences listened with delight.

The boy grew in piety as well as in art, and often the music of the organ moved him to tears. One day, after he had sung an anthem to Our Lady with more than usual fervor, an old Brother came up to him, took him in his arms and pressed him to his heart.

"My son," said the Brother, "you have just made me shed tears of pure joy. I have nothing to give you as a token of my admiration except this rosary. Take it and keep it in memory of Brother Anselm. Say these beads every day; and if you are faithful to this habit, you will be as dear to God as you will be great among men."

Both the Esquimaux of the North and the Indians in the South make staunch, fervent, thorough Catholics, said Bishop Crimont. They prize their faith as "the wonderful religion," and in many instances live it with the enthusiasm of the first centuries of Christianity.

**DIFFICULTIES ARE GREAT**  
Many difficulties face the Alaska missionaries, he continued. In the first place, they came too late. Then there is the confusion of the Christian sects—the "babel of tongues"—and the bad example of some of the whites.

One of the greatest drawbacks, however, is the difficulty of reaching the people and instructing them properly. For instance, there is the King Island tribe—cliff-dwellers—who come to Nome in the summer to trade, leaving their inhospitable habit only once a year for a few weeks. Also the Esquimaux of the Coast of Berius between the Yukin and Kuskokuin rivers are reached only through the greatest hardships and peril of life from storms. The missionaries are able to spend only a few hours at each of the villages.

In some of the districts, said Bishop Crimont, notably the Seward Peninsula, those converted become the missionaries of their own people, but the possibility of developing a native clergy seems far distant.

"In view of the immense distances and the lack of means of transportation, with the vast expenses which travel would involve," he continued, "an army of men and a huge amount of funds would be required to evangelize the country."

HELP FROM SOUTH NEEDED

"The best suggestion that can be offered as to method whereby the people of the United States might assist in the work of the Alaska missions is that well-to-do parishes adopt a missionary and his mission and supply the sinews of war."

Other denominations are represented especially by Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Methodists, Lutherans and Congregationalists, said Bishop Crimont. The most widely spread over the territory are the Episcopalians, but the Presbyterians are more active in the South. A few use the weapon of prejudice against the Catholic missions, but as a rule there is peace and mutual respect in dealings. The Protestant missions are well supported by their Board of Missions, and in some instances boast at having at their disposal unlimited resources.

For a number of years, the bishop said, by a courteous arrangement originated by the Superintendent of Education for the Natives of Alaska some of the Catholic teaching Sisters at Holy Cross, Akularok and Naha received a salary, together with a fair supply of fuel, light and goods to be used for the benefit of the Indians and Esquimaux. It was a great help, but all subsidy ceased two years ago. The attitude of government authorities, however, is generally very friendly.

**ALASKA MISSION TRIALS**  
TWENTY PRIESTS STRUGGLING AGAINST TREMENDOUS DIFFICULTIES

The great American Northland, Alaska, first consecrated and dedicated to God by a Catholic priest in 1779, today, after the passage of 146 years, sees 20 priests laboring valiantly against tremendous odds to keep alight the flame of Catholicism in its cold reaches, said the Right Rev. Joseph R. Crimont, S. J., Vicar-Apostolic of Alaska, here to attend the annual meeting of the American Hierarchy. Heroism among those devoted priests is almost a workaday thing, said Bishop Crimont, yet the task is huge and the progress at times discouraging.

"The first act of Christian worship, with the preaching of the Gospel and the administration of holy baptism, was Catholic worship and Catholic preaching," he said.

It was the work of two Franciscan Fathers, John Kloba and Mathias, chaplains of the frigates *Princesa* and *Favorte*, commanded by Naval Lieutenant Don Ignatius Artega of the Spanish Armada and Lieutenant Juan Francis de la Bodega of Guadra on a seven month voyage of exploration along the coast of the extreme North Pacific Ocean.

"The spot thus privileged lies in the southern end of Prince of Wales Island, Bay of Bucareli, in southeastern Alaska."

—TWENTY NOW IN FIELD

"Today, 146 years after that star of Christian hope arose and twinkled for a few hours over this vast land, the Catholic Alaskan missionaries, few in number scattered here and there, baffled in their aspirations and efforts by obstacles of all kinds, taking a survey of the past and looking into the future of the field to which they have consecrated the labors of their lives ask themselves, 'How long, O Lord, how long?' till the promise which dawned on Ascension Day, 1779, shall be realized."

"God permitted that a full century should elapse before a systematic, permanent attempt at evangelizing Alaska should be made, namely, until the appointment by Archbishop Leathers, of a resident priest in the person of the Rev. John Althoff.

At present 20 priests are engaged—What has been accomplished? Very little. And yet much, considering the conditions under which work was undertaken and is carried on—and having regard to the quality of the results obtained, at least in most parts of the vicariate."

**HIDDEN JESUIT CHURCH TO BE DISCLOSED**  
London, Eng.—Built behind a row of stores to shield it from the view of the people in the main street, the noted Jesuit Church of St. Aloysius at Oxford is now to celebrate its golden jubilee by "coming out into the open." The stores are to be demolished and the church will proclaim its existence to all passers-by.

The building was purposely erected behind the stores because fifty years ago Catholics were barely tolerated in the old university city. If they showed themselves too prominently there arose a cry of "Roman aggression," with the result that anti-Catholic feeling was stirred up. In those days even the sacred precincts of a church were not safe from insult and disturbance by rowdy bigots.

Conditions have changed, and Catholicism has made such progress in Oxford that there are now seven teen churches and chapels in the city where Mass is celebrated daily. In its fifty years' history, 1,800 converts have been received into the Church at St. Aloysius.

**DIVIDEND NOTICE No. 62**  
Imperial Royalties Company announces that the regular monthly dividend of one and one-half per cent. (\$1.50) will be payable on November 30th to shareholders of record of November 25th.

This is Monthly Dividend No. 62, making a total of one hundred and thirteen and one-half per cent. (113½%) to paid shareholders since organization in April, 1920.

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By J. E. Horn.

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**THE COACH'S JOB**  
Something of the taskmaster, the general and the diplomat, and a lot of the doctor must be hidden away in the man who would be the coach of a successful football or track team.

Emergencies of all kinds are his daily routine. A thorough knowledge of first aid is essential as a knowledge of the game played by his men.

Bumps, bruises, strained ligaments and muscles are every day happenings, but the coach never becomes contemptuous of them. He knows that if neglected, they may result in anything. Trainers everywhere keep Absorbine Jr. in their lockers. They use it not only for sprains, cuts and bruises, but for the skin and blood protection of its disinfecting properties. In one convenient container it combines the functions of a number of preparations.

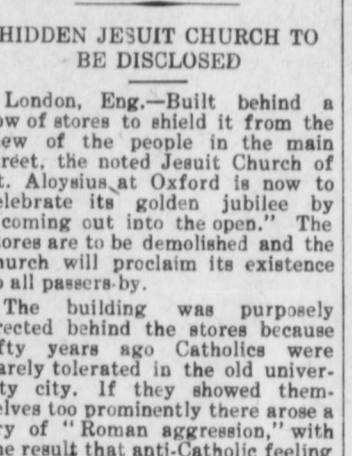
It is the first of all the First Aid requisites in use in all of the leading athletic clubs.

And there are just as many everyday uses for Absorbine Jr. in the homes of Canada as there are in the training camps. Always keep it in the home where you can "jump to it" in case of emergency. \$1.25 at your druggist.

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**The Graymoor Shrine of St. Anthony**  
Perpetual Novena to the Wonder-Worker of Padua

"The Sheeys and fetters break,  
And Heless limbs thou dost restore,  
While treasures lost are found again,  
When young or old thine aid implore."

These words composed by St. Bonaventure, a contemporary of St. Anthony of Padua, have been echoed by millions of Catholics during the past seven hundred years out of the conviction contained by their own experience of the wonder-working power of St. Anthony of Padua.

It would be difficult to find a Catholic Church in the United States that does not contain a Shrine of St. Anthony. But the best known Shrine of the Saint in America is probably that of the Graymoor Friars on the Mount of the Atone ment.

By participating in the Perpetual Novena to St. Anthony conducted by the Graymoor Friars—a new Novena beginning every Tuesday—thousands upon thousands of the Clients of the Wonder Worker of Padua have obtained their petitions.

The readers of the Catholic Record are invited to follow their example and test for themselves the efficacy of this special Novena.

**SOME RECENT TESTIMONIALS**

Mrs. F. O. Kentucky: "I promised five dollars for the St. Anthony Bursary and publication if my request was granted, namely, the averting of a law-suit. As the favor was obtained, I enclose my check, and hope the publication of the favor may encourage others who need similar help from Heaven."

Mrs. J. H. B. Alberta: "A few weeks ago my eldest son wrote to you asking your prayers that he might obtain a position through St. Anthony's intervention. He obtained one very soon after, in spite of the fact that positions are scarce and there are so many unemployed. And it is so suitable to him. He is ready for the University, but we had not the money to send him. Now he can pay his own way. He will stay away from it for life."

and all of us are deeply grateful to dear St. Anthony for obtaining this blessing for us from Our Dear Lord.

Mrs. E. H. Baltimore, Md.: "Enclosed find my check for five dollars, which I pledged St. Anthony for a favor that I thought next to impossible. Through the good St. Anthony's intercession, I received exactly what I desired, and I am very very grateful."

Mrs. M. E. H. Baltimore, Md.: "Enclosed find offering in honor of St. Anthony for favors granted. I thank you for your prayers for my husband in your Perpetual Novena, as he has not touched a drink for six months, and I hope he will stay away from it for life."

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Friars of the Atone ment Box 316 Peekskill, New York

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CATHOLIC WOMEN'S LEAGUE

THE SARNIA CONVENTION

The Fifth Annual Convention of the Catholic Women's League of the Diocese of London was held in Sarnia on November 4th and 5th. Forty-seven sub-divisions were represented...

On Wednesday morning the Convention Mass was celebrated in Our Lady of Mercy Church by Right Rev. J. T. Aylward, Pastor, and the opening session of the Convention was called to order at 9 o'clock...

Religion:—The Propagation of the Faith is cared for by the League either directly, or by Committees assisting the Pastors. Prizes given for Catechism. Children dressed for First Holy Communion. Money raised and applied on church debts...

Immigration and Traveller's Aid work is mostly confined to the Border Cities and the larger centers, aided by follow up work throughout the Diocese.

The Convener of Girl Guide Committee reported on 12 Guide Companies and 8 Brownie Packs organized since January.

The evening session held in the City Hall was opened by prayer and an address of welcome by Right Rev. J. T. Aylward. Greetings were extended by Mrs. J. J. Langan, Pres. of Sarnia sub-division.

work and all agreed that if other members back home could only hear Mrs. McCann speak on, and explain the work, every sub-division could report 100% membership.

Hon. Pres.—Right Rev. M. F. Fallon. President—Mrs. Geo. B. Dawson, Sarnia. First Vice President—Mrs. J. Bohan, Logan.

Second Vice President—Mrs. McHugh, Windsor. Third Vice President—Mrs. J. J. Roach, London. Secretary—Mrs. W. Kerwin, Ingersoll.

Treasurer—Miss H. A. Blair, Stratford. COUNCILLORS Essex—Mrs. Chisholm, Walkerville. Kent—Miss McDonnell, Chatham.

Lambton—Mrs. La Belle, Corunna. Huron—Mrs. Wm. Dorsey, St. Columban. Middlesex—Mrs. Gallagher, Strathroy.

Elgin—Mrs. Gant, St. Thomas. Oxford—Mrs. Brophy, Woodstock. Perth—Mrs. Shea, Dublin. Norfolk—Mrs. Turner, La Salette.

An invitation to hold the 1926 convention in Ingersoll was accepted and a vote of thanks extended to the Sarnia sub-division for their generous hospitality.

Many came to the dispensary to have teeth extracted. As soon as the teeth drop on the floor, the Chinese pick them up and put them in their pockets—nothing goes to waste in China.

Left to mourn his loss are a sorrowing wife and six children, William J., Kathleen, Amelia, Elizabeth, Michael and Francis, all at home; also three sisters and four brothers, Mrs. E. McDonnell and Mrs. J. McCann, Detroit, and Mrs. T. Lynch, Otonabee.

Some three thousand Japanese travelers, merchants, students and others pass through New York yearly; several Protestant denominations are interesting themselves in these Orientals.

On Wednesday, Oct. 21, following a lingering illness David Roche, a pioneer of Western Ontario, died at his residence, 397 Parkside Drive, Toronto.

Mr. Roche was in his seventy-third year and his death was as his life, truly Christian, unobtrusive and peaceful. The Rev. L. Minehan, Mr. Roche's kind pastor and sincere friend administered the Last Rites of Holy Mother Church.

Mr. Roche was born in Warwick, Ont., and was a merchant of the town of Watford, Ont., for fifty years. Owing to his executive ability he was frequently in demand at the gatherings of public affairs.

Mr. Roche was united in the sacred bond of wedlock to Mary A. O'Meara, London, the bereaved wife who is now left to mourn his loss. Their union was blessed with four sons, John F., Toronto; Fred J., Vancouver, B. C.; Chas. M., Montreal; and Norbert J., M. D., Chicago; and four daughters, Mrs. Eidythe Langan, at home; Sister Mary Margaret, Community of St. Joseph, Toronto; Miss Loretto, at home, and Mrs. O. P. Sullivan, Toronto.

On Friday morning, 23rd ult., Solemn Requiem High Mass was sung by Rev. Father E. Ryan, of St. Vincent de Paul church, assisted by Rev. G. Culliton, deacon, and Rev. Father Wilfrid Smith, deacon. The Rev. Father C. W. James, Vice-President Catholic Church Extension Society of Canada, was present in the sanctuary.

The funeral, which was held Wednesday, October 21, to St. Joseph's Church, Douro, was a remarkable tribute to the character of the deceased. Almost every family in the parish was represented in the vast cortege.

will happen which is good and beneficial, and firmness when adversity overtakes us—these are the only efficient bulwarks we can raise against destiny.

He who conquers the vice opposed to purity will easily triumph over the others.

STARR.—At Elmira, Ont., on Sunday, November 1st, 1925, Mrs. Catherine Starr, aged eighty-three years. May her soul rest in peace.

BARRETT.—At Powassan, Ont., on Sunday, October 18, 1925, Mrs. Ellen Barrett, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Donovan, of Arthur, Ont., aged sixty-six years. May her soul rest in peace.

Resignation to whatever may happen; hope and trust that only that

Are you tired and listless? Virol—a perfect food in itself—has the added quality of enabling the digestive system to transform other foods into living tissue.

OBITUARY

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Are you tired and listless? Virol—a perfect food in itself—has the added quality of enabling the digestive system to transform other foods into living tissue.

AGENTS WANTED

IF THE LIPS are dull, the face is drab and expressionless, Venetian Lip Paste makes the lips uniformly lovely in color.

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHER wanted for Catholic Separate Class, section No. 1, Biddulph, Holding First Class certificate, also a certificate in Agriculture (preferable). Duties to start January 1st, 1926.

AGENTS WANTED

\$100.00 a week taking orders for B. & E. Silk Hosiery and Pouch Dressing. Your cash daily. No collecting or delivering. Write to: Manufacturing Co., Dept. A, London, Ontario.

POSITION WANTED

YOUNG lady, refined, well educated, fond of children, seeks position in good Catholic home to take full charge of one or two children between the ages of two and seven.

FARM LABOR

POSITION wanted by young man as Farm Laborer. Thoroughly competent man. Would like to be near Catholic Church. Address Patrick Roberts, Catholic Record, London, Ont.

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CANDY Recipes—Milk Chocolate and Almond Bar. Upon receipt of \$2.00 I will send recipes in detail for pure, wholesome, delicious Milk Chocolate, Sweet Eating Chocolate and Almond Bar. Easy to make. No equipment necessary. Robert Gage, Morgantown, W. Va., General Delivery. 2102-10.

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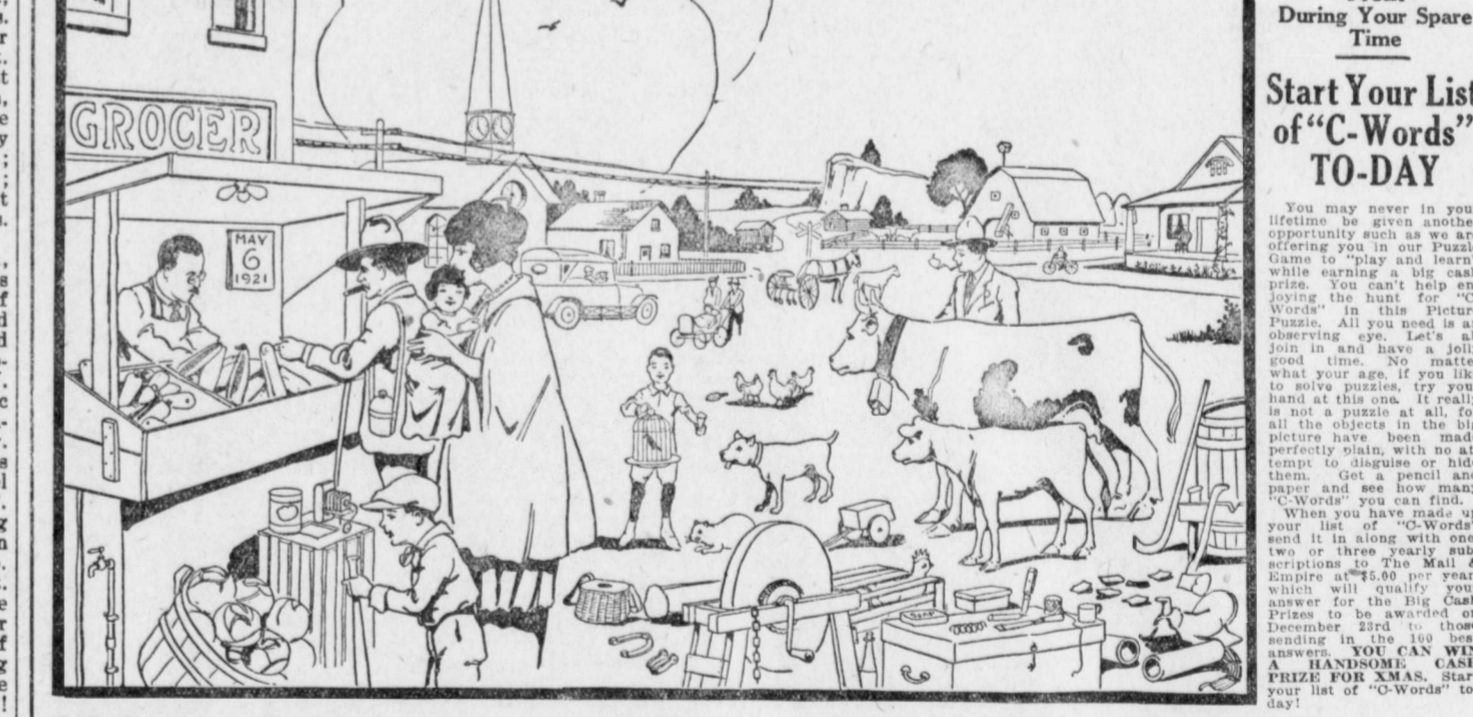
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Are you wide awake to your own interests? Are you determined to get ahead in the world? If so—enter this great puzzle competition. The Mail and Empire will give away 100 CASH PRIZES totalling over \$8,000.00, to men, women and children who send in the best answers to the "C-Word" Picture Puzzle.

HOW MANY OBJECTS BEGINNING WITH THE LETTER "C" CAN YOU FIND IN THIS PICTURE? The picture below contains a number of objects and articles beginning with the letter "C." You will find all sorts of things that begin with the letter "C"—like "Cameras," "Cabbages," "Chairs," "Crows," etc. See how many you can find.

Your Answer to This Puzzle Must Be Mailed Not Later Than Wednesday, Dec. 9th



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- 1. Any man, woman or child who lives in Canada and is not a resident of Toronto, and who is not in the employ of The Mail and Empire, may submit an answer. 2. Prize winners in former Picture Puzzle games conducted by The Mail and Empire winning \$200.00 or more are not eligible to participate in this Puzzle. 3. All answers must be mailed by Wednesday, December 9th, 1925, and addressed to C. A. Montgomery, Puzzle Manager, The Mail & Empire.

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