

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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THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE CENTENARY CELEBRATION A MAGNIFICENT SUCCESS

Ottawa Evening Journal, April 11
Thomas D'Arcy McGee, revolutionist under injustice in Ireland, patriot under justice in Canada; Thomas D'Arcy McGee, the poet, the orator, the statesman, the conciliator of races and creeds, the prophet and father of Confederation, was placed in the Canadian Valhalla last night by a magnificent celebration of his centenary.

To few in Canadian history has been given to receive more striking commemoration. The representative of His Majesty the King, the Prime Minister and members of His Cabinet, the Leader of the Official Opposition, the Speaker of the House of Commons, an outstanding representative of the United States; Protestant and Catholic, orange and green, capitalist and representative of labor, priest and minister, Liberal and Tory all united in homage to the memory of McGee. Ottawa, scene of countless great demonstrations in the past, has witnessed none more imposing than this.

Over 500 persons, representatives of all walks of life, coming from as far east as Halifax and as far west as Winnipeg, crowded the Chateau banquet hall. Hundreds of others were turned away, unable to secure tickets; and an invisible audience of probably millions listened in on the radio to panegyrics of McGee in a series of brilliant orations.

ALL CANADA PRAISES THE PATRIOT STATESMAN

Under the chairmanship of Hon. Charles Murphy, whose organizing genius conceived, inspired and largely carried out the great event, the evening had all the essentials of a memorable celebration. His Excellency, Lord Byng, graced the occasion with his presence; the Speaker, the Prime Minister, and Mr. Meighen, excelled themselves in eloquence; Mr. Martin Conboy, head of the New York State Bar Association, gave a penetrating and finely phrased appreciation of McGee's work in the United States; and President Beatty, of the Canadian Pacific, Chief Justice Latchford, of Ontario, and others joined in eulogizing his achievements.

Throughout the night's proceedings, the predominant note was unity—unity of classes, unity of creeds, unity of effort and aspirations for a greater Canada. This keynote, sounded by Mr. Murphy and Lord Byng, was played upon with moving eloquence by those who followed; and as appeal followed appeal for higher cultivation of the great ideal for which McGee fought and thought and wrought, the audience responded with enthusiasm.

WAS AN IRISH NIGHT

Predominantly, it was an Irish night. It was the call of the "Sea-divided Gael," a muster of the descendants of those Celts whom McGee loved to extol in poetry and oratory—and something more. It was a memorable proof that Irishmen can unite, that Orange and Green can blend; and toward the close of the night, after everybody had said they were Irish or wished they were Irish, and Mr. Murphy closed with a quotation from the Protestant poet Thomas Davis, appealing for Irish unity, regardless of creed, the cheer that went up told eloquently and movingly that the evening had not been in vain.

WAS A GOOD CHAIRMAN

Mr. Murphy was as good a chairman as he was an organizer. His introductions of the speakers were pithy, eloquent, witty, models of presiding appropriateness. Lord Byng spoke with his usual discernment, lucidly, sympathetically, and straight to the heart of his subject. Mr. Lemieux was characteristically eloquent; the Prime Minister was in his happiest form, and Mr. Meighen's analysis of McGee's life, character and contribution to Confederation was an appreciation of literary worth that the great Irishman himself would have envied.

Not the least of the speeches of the evening was that of Mr. D'Arcy McGee, who responded to the toast to the McGee family, and whose modest, appropriate and singularly well-expressed appreciation for what had been done was no small argument for heredity.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

The musical programme of the evening harmonized with the occasion. Mr. Quinn, of Montreal, sang the "Minstrel Boy" with feeling and high quality; Mr. McAdam touched the tenderest of emotions with other Irish songs; the chorus under the direction of Mr. J. F. Champagne gave a French-Canadian flavor to the night; and the haunting melodies of Moore came like a benediction, soft and lovely, from the harp of Mrs. Cloran.

Summed up, it was a notable night, not only in Ottawa, but in Canadian history. It was Canada's belated tribute to the worth, the character and the achievements of McGee; but it helped to make his

place secure among the fathers and the heroes of the nation.

HON. CHARLES MURPHY POST-MASTER-GENERAL OF CANADA

In proposing the toast to the Governor-General, Hon. Mr. Murphy said in part:

"One hundred years ago today Thomas D'Arcy McGee was born. Forty-three years later his soul had returned whence it came. Of these forty-three years he spent but ten years in Canada; and yet within that brief space of time his untiring and brilliant public service had placed to his credit a record of constructive statesmanship which was equalled by few of his contemporaries and surpassed by none.

To Canadians of this generation, McGee is known as one of the Fathers of Confederation. It is in that character that here in Ottawa and elsewhere throughout the Dominion the foremost citizens of the land are paying tribute to his memory tonight.

In the form of government which McGee advocated for our Dominion he was insistent that there should be included the office of Governor-General, as symbolizing a constitutional relationship which he desired should be continued after the federation of the provinces had been accomplished.

"For that reason, alone, it is appropriate that the Governor-General who personifies this constitutional relationship should be present at this function to assist in doing honor to the memory of the man who was largely responsible for making the office which he now adorns an integral part of our constitution.

"But there are other and more intimate reasons for having His Excellency with us this evening. Among them I do not include Lord Byng's military achievements for, with the modesty of the true hero, he never refers to them himself, and his preference, I know, is that others should not do so. While respecting His Excellency's wishes in that regard, I may, however, take the liberty of selecting from his term of office in Canada a few outstanding features that afford the best of reasons why His Excellency would receive a "Cedille Falthe" at this or any other assemblage of Canadians.

"From the very moment of his arrival amongst us Lord Byng made himself one of the family. No son of the soil ever displayed more genuine interest in Canada and its people than he; no journey has been too long and no work too arduous for him to undertake if either would add to his knowledge of the Dominion and its needs, and thus better equip him to help in solving our national problems; his constitutional duties he has discharged in a way that is beyond all praise; no good cause has lacked his sympathy or his support; far and wide he has dispensed a gracious and generous hospitality; he has lost no opportunity to inculcate, by precept and example, that national greatness is best and soonest achieved by implanting in the hearts of the people the seeds of national unity and brotherly love; in a word, he has democratized the office of Governor-General, not by lessening its dignity in the slightest degree, but by getting close to the Canadian people and impressing them, through the exercise of a rare and sympathetic understanding, with the conviction that he is their friend and well-wisher, a sincere admirer of their country, and a firm believer in the great destiny the future has in store for that country.

"These ladies and gentlemen, are the chief reasons for the pride and honor that we feel in having His Excellency with us tonight; and because of them, and without further preliminary, I ask you to join in drinking the health of a model Governor-General—Lord Byng."

BARON BYNG OF VIMY GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA

His Excellency Baron Byng of Vimy after humorously prefacing his address with a promise to be brief, said: "We are here to do honor to the memory of Thomas D'Arcy McGee. D'Arcy McGee appears to the ordinary man and woman of the world in the light of a patriot, a pure patriot.

"We have heard of many patriots, heartily abused during their lives and extolled after they were dead. To be a patriot seems to me to be rather a difficult role to fill. History teems with patriots, Mazzini, Cavour, Garibaldi were all in our opinions now ideal patriots. Pym and Hampden are now passed down as the most patriotic people of their day. The same applies to Alexander Hamilton and Kociusko. To my mind Thomas D'Arcy McGee was one of that fraternity of patriots.

"Many books have been written about him, many things have been said, but there is one sentence of which I appeal so strongly to me. Of all his utterances I like this one the best: 'They did not hesitate to fling foul phrases and ribald re-

proach after me; they called me a traitor, a degenerate and an apatite, but I tell them from this spot that I have done more in ten years by a constitutional line of public conduct, by blending the warm Irish impulses, which I shall only cease to feel when I cease to live, with a loyal public attitude; that I have done more, humble as I am, to conquer back the respect of intelligent men of Great Britain and America for the Irish name than half a hundred of the demagogues put together."

"If that is the real Thomas D'Arcy McGee, which I think it is, it is for that reason that I am proud and happy to be associated with this commemoration of his."

HON. RODOLPHE LEMIEUX SPEAKER OF THE FEDERAL HOUSE OF COMMONS

Speaking on behalf of Canada's Parliament, Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux said in part:

"In giving you this evening 'The Memory of Thomas D'Arcy McGee,' I have the honor to speak on behalf of the Parliament of Canada. The tribute of the nation, though long deferred, has already been given in expression of bronze. There, emerging from the green terraces on the Hill, stands Thomas D'Arcy McGee in a familiar pose, his face turned toward the surging waters of the Ottawa, his eye revealing in the fragrant beauty of the Laurentians. There he stands near those legislative halls which he adorned and held under his spell, welcomed as it were by the makers of modern Canada, Baldwin and Lafontaine and his associates, Macdonald, Cartier, Brown and Mackenzie.

"At the base of the pedestal, posterity is symbolized by a muse, gentle, beautiful, pensive. As she listens to the silvery voice, her attitude denotes admiration, less for the spoken words than for the ideas proclaimed.

"Well might the nation and its Parliament keep sacred the memory of that great Irish-Canadian. 'Sir, there is no history so picturesque and so dramatic as that of Canada. We are a diversified people and in a larger sense we are still an expansion of Europe. The Canadian pattern, if spread before us, would show in its delicate weaving four main parts—the French, the English, the Scotch, and the Irish. 'Up and down the great St. Lawrence, to and beyond, up the slow incline of the vast prairies that lift themselves toward the crowning towers of the Rockies, beyond that again, along the slopes of the Pacific, the race for ascendancy was between French, English, Scotch and Irish."

"There are many other elements merged in the national fabric, but they are not so distinct as the four I have just mentioned. "When the great contest for the domination of the North American continent ended in 1759; when after that were laid practically in the wilderness, the foundations of a new state, the central idea of our ancestors was to build up a strong Government based on British principles, and to bring about, in the course of time, the unity of the component parts of Canada. "With the treaty of Paris (1763), Canada became a British possession. Soon after, the U. E. Loyalists flocked to our borders to be joined later on by the immigrants which an unceasing tide carried across the seas from the British Isles. "The chief characteristics they brought with them, were an indomitable spirit of ordered freedom, an innate love of popular Government, and that keen sense of self-reliance which made them famous all the world over.

"Foremost among the great leaders, whose consummate skill brought about the union of the then isolated provinces were Macdonald, Cartier, Brown and D'Arcy McGee—none of them of English stock—all of them of Celtic blood—yet all of them admirers of the English unwritten constitution, that admirable instrument which, in the language of Tennyson, has made of Britain: "A land of settled Government, A land of just and old renown, Where freedom broadens slowly down."

"From precedent to precedent. "Sir, I am not here to extol our constitution. We know that it consists of the application of those eternal principles of justice to the relations of men to each other. Those principles are not of yesterday. Their source is lost in the mists of antiquity. "But if they were planted on Canadian soil and embodied in our constitution, we owe it to the unflinching determination and to the far-sightedness of the Fathers of Confederation to their eloquence which above all, nerved the arms and fired the hearts of a whole generation of men who discarded the garb of colonialism to become full fledged Canadians.

ROMANTIC CAREER OF MCGEE

"Of all those who led in the movement for the union of 1867, Thomas D'Arcy McGee is assuredly the one whose career was the most romantic and arresting. He belonged to that brilliant race, which once freed from distressing and oppressing influences, has risen to places of power and eminence in every walk of industry and in every avenue of life which is open to brains and pluck. "On behalf of the Canadian Parliament, I present you the toast which you, Mr. Chairman, have assigned to me as Speaker of the House of Commons. In that assembly of the nation's representatives, the name of Thomas D'Arcy McGee will long be remembered and cherished, because, no doubt, of the unshuffled integrity of his life, because of his fascinating oratory, his keenness of perception, his vigor of deduction, his sincerity of purpose. But above all, because he had in him that love of justice and tolerance, that spirit of fair play which together made up a character whose influence cannot fail to be lasting in a country like ours.

"If the voice of McGee could still be heard, there would come from his lips a call to the faint-hearted: Stand four-square for Canada, have faith in her institutions, and in her future of immeasurable possibilities. "MR. E. W. BEATTY, K. C. PRESIDENT OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

"I have listened with a great deal of pleasure," said Mr. E. W. Beatty, president of the C. P. R., "to the inspiring tributes to Thomas D'Arcy McGee, given by the previous speakers, and the fact that on this occasion, 100 years after his birth, men of all walks of life and of various political faiths can still bear testimony to his greatness, his faith and his vision, is evidence that McGee's conceptions of Canada and for Canada were enduring. Like most of you, I am almost as proud of my Irish ancestry as I am of my Canadian birth. If I do not succeed in becoming a good citizen of Canada my failure to do so cannot be traced to either my parentage or my environment. If the son of an Irish father and a mother of Puritan ancestry and himself born in Ontario does not ultimately succeed in acquiring a Canadian point of view, then I should say there is little hope for any of us. A knowledge of what we have accomplished and a pride in that achievement, a knowledge of the strength and confidence of the Fathers of Confederation, and the reason for it must of necessity be a stimulus and inspiration to present-day Canadians. In the relatively short period that Thomas D'Arcy McGee lived he was by his genius and his eloquence able to visualize Canada as few men have, and his contribution to Canadian Confederation, great as it undoubtedly was, was perhaps overshadowed by his abiding faith in the country, and his great vision of its future."

"HIS IDEAL OF CANADIANISM
Mr. Beatty continued in part: "No man has put more succinctly or more impressively the question of the proper attitude of Canadians to Canada's problems than McGee did in his address before the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society in Quebec in 1862. No deeper philosophy or finer inspiration has fallen from the lips of any public man than the following paragraph, which I will quote: "All we have to do is, each for himself, to keep down dissensions which can only weaken, impoverish and keep the country each for himself do all he can to increase its wealth, its strength and its reputation, each for himself, you and you, gentlemen and all of us, to welcome every talent, to hail every invention, to cherish every gem of art, to foster every gleam of authorship, to honor every acquirement and every natural gift; to lift ourselves to the level of our destinies, to rise above all low limitations and narrow circumstances, to cultivate that true catholicity of spirit which embraces all creeds, all classes and all races, in order to make of our boundless provinces, so rich in known and unknown resources, a great new northern Nation. "In this inspiring passage I would first draw your attention to a phrase which is repeated three times, namely, the phrase 'each for himself.' Here, I think, is a view of the national spirit which of recent years has inclined to be obscured, but which to my mind is vital. Whenever any problem has to be faced, any enterprise has to be promoted, we hear at once the cry, 'Why does not the Government do something?'—a cry which is not stayed until some Government department has been forced to undertake work which may not be the proper function of Government at all. Instead of each of us doing it for ourselves, we 'leave it to George.' "And again in the same speech: "A Canadian nationality, not French-Canadian, nor British-Canadian, nor Irish-Canadian—patriotism rejects the prefix—is in my opinion, what we ought to labor for, that is what we ought to be

prepared to defend to the death. Heirs of one-seventh of the continent, inheritors of a long ancestral story, and no part of it dearer to us than the glorious tale of this last century, warned not by cold chronicles only but by living scenes passing before our eyes of the dangers of an unbridled democracy, we are here to vindicate our capacity by the test of a new political creation."

"The deductions you and I can draw from McGee's utterances are obvious—the spirit which actuated him and his conferees, the faith he had in this country, are just as necessary, in fact more necessary, today than ever. We bear a great deal of sectionalism—sectionalism which is good and that which is bad. I will admit that it is the other fellow's sectionalism that seems to me our own. There is nothing inherently wrong, in fact every-

thing that is commendable in a spirit of pride in local achievement and in the support of provincial, civic or other local matters. It is only when this spirit is carried to such extremes as to cause injury to other portions of the country that we can fairly say it is the kind of sectionalism which is contrary to the best interests of Canada. I am not suggesting that individually we can accomplish everything that should be accomplished—that requires a broader and more national effort, but in the words of McGee, 'each for himself,' can do his share in bringing about that happier condition.

"It is a significant fact that sectionalism in its extreme form, which is the sole form in which it is objectionable, only exists when times are hard, when grievances are exaggerated beyond their normal importance and when people are more critical by reason of commercial or economic difficulties. Restore in even moderate proportions the country's prosperity, re-initiate its development, and sectionalism and many other problems will disappear. Its disappearance will be accelerated by a broader understanding by the people of Canada of the country's problems, local and national.

"PRESENT DAY PROBLEMS
"I have spoken very briefly in the simple language of daily commercial dealings and I realize how inadequately expressed is my appreciation of McGee. Nothing could be more impressive than the eloquent tributes which have fallen from the lips of His Excellency and the distinguished men around him. I do not know what policies McGee would have adopted to meet our present day problems. I do not know what he would do with the National Railways, Church Union, Prohibition, or other things which should be prohibited, but I have the profound conviction that he would have grappled with them with that same high courage, forcefulness, almost uncanny vision and deep confidence in Canada and its people with which no obstacle is insuperable, no difficulty is insuperable, no difference irreconcilable and no national disintegration possible."

"RIGHT HON. MACKENZIE KING
PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA
"It is seldom so many circumstances combine to give to an occasion the memorable character of the one we are assembled to celebrate this evening," said Right Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King. "We are met to do honor to the memory of one of Ireland's patriot sons, who in his day and generation, in the theatre of the English speaking world, played a man's part, but whose name will ever bear an immortal association with that of our Dominion. "One hundred years ago today, Thomas D'Arcy McGee was born in the picturesque village of Carlingford, in Ireland. Fifty-seven years ago today, which happened to be an Easter Monday, his mortal remains were laid to rest in the city of Montreal, which had honored him as one of its representatives in the old Parliament of the United Canada and in the first Parliament of the newly-created Dominion. In the intervening brief forty-three years the romantic and dramatic incidents of his strenuous and varied career would of themselves have sufficed to give fame to his name. At the age of twenty-two he had been foremost in the revolutionary movement of the forties to gain for Ireland political independence. For this venture he suffered many years' exile from his native land. After ten years spent in the United States he came to Canada to reside, became when still in his thirties a member of Parliament and a member of the administration of the day. At the close of his forty-second year he met death at the hand of an assassin, having, in the course of his ten years in Canada, labored as few in public life have done to bring harmony and concord to the many relationships of our human society, and to bring into being the crowning achievement of British constitu-

tional development, the Confederation of the Colonies of British North America. "IT WAS THE SOUL OF THE MAN THAT MADE HIM WHAT HE WAS"

"But it is due to something more than romantic or dramatic incident that History is proud to place a centenary wreath upon that brow tonight. In this life of little more than forty years, as already indicated, some twenty were spent in the land of his birth, ten in the United States and ten in Canada. In all three countries reverence will be done today to the day of McGee's birth. It was the soul of the man which made him what he was and which found expression in such a variety of noble ways. McGee was by no means unconscious of his mystical transcendent powers; but he discerned their origin aright. He was the first to attribute his qualities of heart and mind to what he had inherited from his parents, and more particularly from his mother, who with a tender solicitude, in his early childhood, nurtured the moral and spiritual qualities with which she had endowed him. To adversity and to industry we must attribute what in early youth he acquired in other days. At this Easter season it may not be amiss to reflect that via crucis vi lucis is perhaps the profoundest of the laws of life. The way of the cross is the way of light; Good Friday comes first and then the Easter dawn. To hold aloft for others the lamp of progress one has first to learn to carry his own cross. It is thus that humanity is helped. To one of McGee's fine sensibilities, personal privation was but a path to the understanding of the lot of his fellow-men. The two thus interrelated were inseparable in his thought. As he sought to grow in moral stature and in personal freedom, so he sought to win like opportunities of growth for all around him. We know that this endeavor found expression in revolt; it found expression also in poetry and in oratory, in historic and prophetic utterance; and in the many constructive qualities of the highest statesmanship.

"What constitute the latter would, did time permit, be both pleasurable and profitable to consider. In the case of D'Arcy McGee three qualities of many were certainly pre-eminent and of each of these I should like to say just a word. "HIS GIFT OF VISION
"First and foremost I should place vision, without which, as the scriptures say, 'a people perish,' and without which no man was ever a leader in any true sense of the word. Vision is the power to discern; to discern what is needed at the time; to see that need in relation alike to the past and the future. It was this quality which, in the field of letters, made McGee an historian and a poet, in politics an orator, a helpful legislator and administrator. He saw the needs of the people, the needs of the time, and he was able to interpret them to the people themselves. It was in this particular that he was so very helpful in the great work of Confederation to which his illustrious talents were so unceasingly and unselfishly devoted.

"Next I should place his desire for unity. This was based on an understanding of the law of growth. In this field of endeavor McGee labored with singular assiduity. It was a unity which sought to preserve variety, not a unity to be confounded with uniformity. It was here that he displayed, more particularly during his years in Canada, those all important qualities of moderation and toleration, in which he set all classes in our country so splendid an example. He was essentially liberal-minded and recognized the many-sidedness of truth and of human nature. That he was not without a certain versatility in his political outlook is clear from the fact that in the years he was in Parliament, at one time he was an Independent, at another a Liberal, and at yet another, a Conservative. In extenuation of the latter circumstance, it must be recalled that the fate as well as the complexion of parties in Canada in the fifties and the sixties was often a most uncertain quantity. Regardless, however, of party allegiance McGee ever sought to lessen, and where he was able to do so, obliterate racial and religious strife and to remove sectional jealousies and prejudices. In this he was the true patriot. This quality above all others should cause men of all faiths and origins to reverence his memory. Wherever there were differences of race or creed or birth he looked for what was best in each and sought the common ground. It is only thus that men can be brought to dwell together in accord. With equal zeal he sought to stamp out whatever tended to create bitterness and hatreds. There was nothing finer or braver in his whole career or of greater service to Canada and the British Empire than his stern repression of Fenianism,

INDIANAPOLIS.—Governor Jackson has vetoed the bill passed by the recent session of the Indiana Legislature which would have permitted Public school authorities to release Public school children from attendance at the schools for two hours a week for the purpose of receiving religious instruction.

New York, April 3.—Father Patrick, a member of the Friars of the Atonement and formerly a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, died here suddenly during the past week. In 1917 Father Patrick was the Rev. Patrick James Grattan Mythen, rector of the Episcopal Church of St. Athanasius in Los Angeles.

A radio broadcasting station with a radius of 1,800 miles is being established at the Catholic University, Washington, by the university department of electrical engineering. It will operate on a wavelength of 295 meters. Assignment of call letters by the Department of Commerce is expected soon. Educational matters will occupy most of the programs of the new station.

Detroit, April 4.—Building contracts for the new Mary Grove College for Women to be constructed here at a cost of between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000 were let this week, it has been announced at Monroe, Mich., the present seat of the institution. The Sisters—Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary are in charge of the college, which has borne the title St. Mary's College.

River Forest, Ill., April 4.—Rosary College, for the higher education of young women, conducted here by the Dominican Sisters, has announced the adoption of a plan whereby undergraduates will be sent to Europe for a year's study and travel as a part of their regular course. The movement is new, and only a small number of women's colleges in this country are making trial of it.

London, Eng.—One man kept a conference of the St. Vincent de Pal Society going during the War. Father George Stebbing, C.S.S.R., told members of the central council recently, quoting the incident as an example of zeal. All the members but one had joined the forces, and the single brother left went on collecting subscriptions, calling and holding a formal annual meeting and sending reports to headquarters. The conference is now in a flourishing condition.

New York, March 30.—Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, Chairman of the American Jewish Congress, has protested against the movement for the teaching of religion to Public school children through arrangements for cooperation by the city or State. He protested, he said, against any step that might lead directly or indirectly to confusion in the popular mind of the functions of Church and State. When the Church infringes on the State, he declared, the Jews will be the first to suffer.

Washington.—Secretary of State Kellogg, on behalf of President Coolidge, has replied to the recent message of sympathy sent by the Pope, through the Cardinal Secretary of State, on the occasion of the tornado disaster in the Middle West. Secretary Kellogg's message reads: "The President desires me to express the deep appreciation with which he received Cardinal Gasparri's telegram of March 22 conveying Your Holiness's message of sympathy and spiritual comfort to the sufferers in the disaster that has fallen upon this country."

New Haven, Conn.—Announcements have been issued here this Fall for the opening of a new Catholic college for women which is expected to take rank with Wellesley, Smith, Vassar and the other leading colleges for women in the United States. Dominican Sisters of St. Mary's of the Springs, East Columbus, Ohio, will have charge of the new institution, which will be known as Albertus Magnus College. Lay teachers as well as Sisters will make up the faculty, which will include Catholic members of the faculty of Yale University here.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Harrisburg, Pa., April 6.—The Pennsylvania House of Representatives has passed the Harer bill providing that school boards may dismiss children in the Public schools for one hour each week for religious instruction. The vote was 107 to 76.

St. Louis.—Religious education is the paramount issue not only in the United States but in most of the civilized countries of the world today. Archbishop Glennon declared in an address delivered at the laying of the cornerstone of the new \$200,000 parochial school in St. Mary Magdalen's parish, Southampton.

London, Eng.—An Anglican vicar and his curate who became converts received minor orders together at the Brompton Oratory. They are Mr. Kilburn formerly vicar of St. Saviour's, Hoxton, and Mr. Holland. They will join the Oratorian Fathers.

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WOLF MOON

A ROMANCE OF THE GREAT
SOUTHWEST

BY JOSEPH J. QUINN

CHAPTER XIV.
THE GYPSY'S CURSE

The whiny of Thunderbird at the corral sent a wave of consternation through the riders. Mrs. Trichell sank back into a chair while her husband shouted orders to the men.

"John, I believe that Tulane has done something desperate. I've asked you to get rid of him a hundred times. I never liked his sneaky actions, and his friendship for Louise."

"Tulane was with the boys all morning. He rounded up some strays."

"Well, then, where can Louise be?"

John Trichell had no answer. Her disappearance puzzled him completely. Yet he did not connect Tulane with her detention. The riders had seen him on the edge all morning; he had never gone out of their sight. After a few minutes of deep thought he decided to send his men to search for her in every direction. Bill Hawkins was ordered to the village, and Seth Hopkins sent over the Gulch.

"Tulane, go up past Roundtop and cross down into the flats. There's no reason for her to get lost. Maybe Thunderbird stumbled and threw her. Search every spot of the range and do it pronto. There's a storm coming."

Hawkins discovered that Louise had gotten the mail. Hunter declared he had watched her loping back on the road toward the ranch. No one could be found who had seen her after that.

Tulane Baisan rode North toward Roundtop and when a mile from the ranch turned his pony toward the Gulch. He crossed the cap and headed down the slope. After reaching the mouth of the gulch he gazed up and down the valley, but Pemella was not in sight. Drawing under a clump of blackjacks he listened for sounds or signs that would apprise him of Pemella's whereabouts. But only the lone, sad whisperings of the brush came to his ear. A wind, heavy and oppressive, shook dust from leaves and then was still. A rider skirting the eastern mesa met his gaze but there was no other sign of life, no bird in the brown sky. The pre-storm oppression was stifling the voice of nature, hushing the insects on the mesa. An intimation of the proximity of Pemella engendered fear in Tulane's heart yet he could not localize it, reduce it to certainty of direction. Something was occurring that demanded his attention, yet the inner voice was powerless to warn him which way to turn. A low mumble, as a bee in a bottle, caused his pony to stiffen his ears in attention. Without touch of spur, or command, the horse started to walk from under the foliage and out the trail to the valley below. Tulane did not arrest him. A puff of wind from the South laden with moisture felt cooling on his brow, heated with disappointment and concern. He had expected to come upon Pemella and Louise somewhere in the valley or the hills. The bitter conviction that stirred the fires within him was that he had been double-crossed by his brother. Instead of waiting for their plans to mature and lure Louise to the Gulch he had devised a scheme himself, put it into effect, kidnapped her, broken camp, and was now moving across the plains to the north. It would be maddening to let Pemella thus swoop the prize out of his arms. After he had lived near her for years, watching her from day to day as she grew from a gypsy urchin into a delicate, refined woman, it would be shameful, supine imprudence on his part to let her be snatched away by his infamous brother who would bend and break her to his mad desires. He rebelled at the surmise as if analyzing a reality.

Satisfied that Pemella had not hidden Louise in the many pockets

of the Gulch Tulane dug his rowel vigorously into Nep's side and mounted the shelving slope. Near the top he shouted to Seth Hopkins who was skirting the trees on the western side, and lashing his pony with the end of the rope spurred on toward Roundtop.

There lay the camp, to his surprise. He had avoided it in the past because Nava hated him with a bitterness that sprang from revengeful blood. Some day he would go back to the band, he thought, but only as its leader. This would not be until Pemella died.

Tulane dismounted and tied his pony, taking no chance on simply throwing the reins over his head. Nava's tent stood out like the main show of a circus. He walked through a pack of urchins who turned on him in the tongue he knew. From the entrance he could see Nava lying on her cot half asleep, a small troupe of flies crawling over her coppery skin. To his eyes she seemed to have grown fatter, uglier, a network of wrinkles had crisscrossed the sagging flesh of her face and neck. The violent red of her head dress emphasized her age.

Nava turned quickly as the shadow fell across her.

"Aha! the pig is back." Hissing she arose and turned toward him, speaking their native tongue.

Tulane stood for a moment his eye lids battling like an animal's under a high light and gazed frowningly above her head.

"Where's Pemella?"

"You come stealing like a snake to my tent. How do I know where Pemella is? He's chief. He does not tell all. But you're not chief. You—"

"I say where's Pemella?" His voice heightened and struck a tense note.

"Pemella runs with the sun. His shadow is swifter than the eagle's. He comes, he goes, but I never know, you never know."

"Pemella is after that woman." He knew her weakness and lanced it unsparringly.

Nava's eyes spit fire. "What woman?" she demanded.

"You know what woman. Bluebonnet, the one who was wiser than you, who ran through your fingers. Pemella has told you."

"Bluebonnet," she repeated, rising to a stiffer posture.

"Yes, she's here in camp."

"Nava's curse will fall on your fool mouth. I know nothing of Bluebonnet here. You spider where is she?"

"She's here in camp," he exploded with venom.

"Blattering fool! She's not here," she returned with fire. "I have not seen her for two years. But if I get my fingers down her neck I will shake her like this."

Now I see why Pemella has come back to this country—to find her. Pemella talks night and day, he mutters like the wind in the trees. He must see her, must find her—the little devil. He has found her—I see. But if she comes to camp, I'll kill, kill—"

"You'll not kill her," Tulane's eyes flamed.

"That Indian will die between my hands," she added with an impetuous shake of her arms.

"Indian? She's white. They call her Louise Trichell." There was spite and exultant boast in his voice.

"Hah! Louise Trichell. The devil with a name like that! And you called her little fool," she laughed sardonically.

Tulane fell back in surprise.

"Yes, you. You beat her around camp ten years ago. You called her Lunatic, fool brain."

"Is she Lunatic?"

"Ox, your memory is like a toad-stool, gone in the night."

"Then she belongs to—"

"Guadalajara. He held her for money but they didn't have it. Then he brought her to Texas. But she's a rat. She knows she's white. We got her too late. But how did she get here?"

"By freight. I saw her in a car one morning and brought her to the ranch." Tulane pointed to the South.

"You stupid fool! Why didn't you bring her back to camp?"

"You're the fool. Know her after ten years? How could I tell you were camping close?"

"Curse the luck that has come down. Where's Pemella now?"

"I thought you knew."

A snarl of contempt at his unfounded surmise followed. Evidently she wished to end the conversation. She turned her back to him and again lay down. A moment later the storm broke. It lashed the tent in its fury and swept through the grove like a maddened, unseen beast, sending the children scurrying under and into wagons. The tethered horses backed on their lariats and pulled up the stakes. Here and there a man appeared dragging in saddles, while a few women ran for blankets. Gypsy girls hurriedly took down clothing, checked, crossed and criss-crossed in various colors.

"Rain. Now we move again I hope. Always watching and waiting for something. The queen has not told fortunes for months. We are in Santa Fe, Albuquerque, Tucson, one day and the next we are gone. There is no time, no time, he says. But I see it all now. It's that she-devil. She has been leading him on."

Then rising in explanation she continued her harangue. "In Ponce City we stop one day but at midnight we go on. Pemella walks

up and down the streets, looking right and left into faces. The same in El Reno, Chickasha, Pawhuska. He even watched the trains come and go in Oklahoma City in hopes of seeing her. He comes back, raving, swearing that he will find her. Then we move again, again, from North to South, in towns and cities. We crossed the desert twice, back and forth, went as far as Needles and San Diego, then up to Goldfield, to Pocatello, to Denver, to Topeka and down to Tulsa. But it was always the same. In Shreveport he thought he saw, but he was mistaken. And off we go again through swamps and bayous till we come to the plains. And here we are where Guadalajara camped years ago. But I see now why we wait here. He's found the wretch. Hah! In love with that tarantula. But when she comes back I'll be ready."

The red skin of the woman bulged like a gorged snake, her teeth ground, her lips were compressed together.

"Ready for what?"

"To kill her."

Tulane bristled. His hand reached for his gun. "If you try to kill the twitching fingers on the bone handle were significant."

A loud forced laugh rang out amid a clap of thunder.

"Another fool in love. Two heads and hearts turned by the snake. If I had only killed her when she was in my hands. Bah! You like white girl but gypsy girl no good. Gypsy marry gypsy, never. You keep white girl in fine silk, but gypsy girl goes naked. You're not one of your band; you're a traitor."

The word blistered his feelings. He gnashed under the insult, felt a sudden rush of passion to tear the woman to pieces, yet the block of truth on which the assertion rested rendered vindication impossible. It was best to ignore her tirade, to capitulate silently.

Watching her stealthily from the corner of his eye he advanced to the tent flap and glanced out at the driving rain. He felt her presence and it made him ill at ease. In reality he preferred the drenching gale, the uproarious elements, to being cooped within the tent with the queen. The strange power ascribed to her, yet which he had never seen displayed, bound him in a spell of nervous fear. Her glowing eyes moved back and forth as he moved and never left him. Like a pagan statue instilled with life she sat immobile while the storm fitfully tore past the tent. Moved and wailing with infinite grief the wind whirled its death song with the bass notes of the thunder. It flayed his conscience, made sensitive by the accusation of "traitor."

Perhaps he should return to the band and bow his head to the decrees of the chief. But mounting above his contrition came the vision of Louise, appealing in its perfection, goading him to a new flight of fury that would bridge thousands of years or miles, it would force him to the ends of the earth to claim her as his own. The ebbing tide of possession left him with a feeling of empty hands. She had been snatched from his arms. A wall of water swept in by the wind dashed in Tulane's face. A narrow gash of fire ran its irregular length from horizon to zenith ripping the clouds into cheery detonations. From afar off he thought he perceived a cry for help. His wonderment increased with the blackness of the storm, the intensity of the lightning, and the torrents of rain whipped with hurricane force. Tulane paced up and down near the opening, looking out from time to time at his horse backing up against the storm. Overhead the heavens went rent with cracks of gold that lighted the tent as if by some monstrous firefly.

Nava watched him with curious intent as he nervously walked back and forth. Later she spoke in a voice quivering with sream.

"When do you come back to the band, today, tomorrow, never? Guadalajara sleeps but he would rise if he knew you wander, His Son."

"Guadalajara was the biggest thief of all. He was never with the band. But I'll come back, I'll come back when—"

He looked toward Roundtop. Its head was shut in by the murky blackness; wisps of light clouds passed under the heavy laden sky like a veil of incense before a heathen god. As he looked he saw a bundle of fire in the black sky bowl plunge down. It broke into a shower of molten gold as it struck the crest of the hill. No sooner had it touched the peak than Tulane's ears seemed to split, the whole world turned inside out, the tent shook wildly, the universe was splintered into atoms of fire. Nava sprang from her cot as Tulane dropped to the ground. She was glaring at him like a demon. He felt his arm—it had not withered. A fear grasped his heart, fear of the woman and her curse.

With eyes set on her he cautiously backed out into the wild raging storm.

TO BE CONTINUED

Politeness has been defined as love in trifles; courtesy is also called love in little things. The secret of politeness, therefore, is affection.

There is nothing more dangerous in the spiritual life, than to wish to rule ourselves after our own way of thinking.

IT ISN'T THE STEAK

The train took a curve at high speed. Father Casey could not remove his charmed eyes from the colored waiter who held aloft an overloaded tray without spilling so much as a drop of the savory chicken broth while all around him was tumbling in disorder.

"Just one check," said Bruce, and the courteous steward deftly punched the intricate meal ticket designed to remove temptation from the path of dining car temptations.

Andrew Bruce, rich and corpulent, was racing from the frost to Sunny California. Dropping into casual conversation with Father Casey, he soon became, so much interested in the priest that he would not let him go, but insisted on having him as his guest for dinner in the dining car.

"With glasses on nose and pencil poised in mid air, Bruce set himself to study the bill of fare. He was rather proud of his skill in ordering an appetizing and well balanced meal.

"Hm-m-m. Ahem-m-m Ah!" and the pencil came down on the paper with a thud. "Steak—tenderloin steak with mushrooms and—"

"No steak for me, Mr. Bruce," said Father Casey. "This is Friday—meatless day for Catholics."

Bruce eyed the priest quizzically over his glasses for a moment, then silently turned his attention to the fish entrees. That item arranged to his comparative satisfaction, he said:

"The chicken broth looks good. Suppose we begin with a tureen of chicken broth."

"Meat soup, as well as meat, is taboo for me on Friday."

Mine host frowned disapproval at such restrictions on the pleasures of taste, but succeeded, however, with an effort in holding his peace.

But when the order was brought and the rich odor of steak smothered in onions rose to greet his discerning nose, he glared angrily at Father Casey's poor insipid slice of fish and burst out:

"It's a shame to call that a dinner—a shame! Come, Father Casey, it won't hurt you to eat a piece of meat, even if it is Friday."

"I know it won't hurt me to eat a piece of meat, but it will hurt me to break a law and commit a sin."

"What law? Christ never made any such law."

"Christ's Church made the law. You know Christ founded a Church, a society, an organization to help men to get to heaven. He promised and swore that He would make this organization last until the end of the world. You know quite well that no society could last even for a year unless it had power to make laws and regulations for its members. The Society Christ established, the Catholic Church, had lasted nineteen hundred years, and it will continue to last as long as there are human beings on this earth. Therefore Christ must have given to it the power of making laws for its members."

"That is clear enough," admitted Bruce, "but why do you say it is a sin to break one of the laws of the Church?"

"Because Christ Himself said so. It would have been foolish for Him to give His Church the power of making laws without giving to these laws binding force. Hence He expressly declared that whoever obeys the Church, obeys Him; and whoever disobeys the Church, disobeys Him. To obey Christ is to perform an act of virtue, to disobey Him is to commit a sin."

"I see your viewpoint," said Bruce, removing the onions from a corner of the steak and deftly amputating a juicy morsel, "the Church, being a society, must have power to make laws for her members; and these laws, to have effect, must be binding under sin. But why, and putting the meat in his mouth, he munched it with evident satisfaction, "why should she make a law which prevents you from enjoying one of God's best gifts to hungry mortals—a bit of hot and savory tenderloin steak?"

"She commands us to accept a little cheerful voluntary suffering by abstaining from meat on Friday out of love for Jesus Christ who died for us on Friday."

The steak must have been poorly prepared for the corpulent gentleman suddenly stopped chewing and gulped it down with the wry face of a small boy swallowing a spoonful of castor oil. He lost interest in the dinner and turned his attention to the clearing up of the table, to him, disagreeable problem.

"Voluntary suffering!" he growled. "Making ourselves miserable when we don't have to! It's not natural. It's not rational."

"Not for a heathen—but it is for a follower of the crucified Christ."

"I believe in eating what I like and when I like—provided I can get it."

"So, too, does my Airdale, Mr. Bruce," laughed the priest, "but my Christian mother taught me that there are times when I should restrain my likes for the sake of Christian mortification."

"The Christian religion is a religion of joy, not of gloom," said Bruce.

"It is a salutary blending of both," corrected the priest. "We can't be always joyful in a valley of tears, a land of exile—we who are born in sin, who commit so many sins, who are doomed to sickness and labor and death on account of sin."

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Neither shall we be always mournful, because we have the great hope of a blissful eternity, because Jesus Christ, our God, so loved us that He died for us and opened heaven for us. Joy and mourning, each has its place. You rejoice on your mother's birthday, but you do not feast and dance on the anniversary of her death. Christians rejoice on Christmas day, the day on which Christ was born, and on Sunday, the day on which He rose glorious and immortal from the dead, but they mourn on Friday, the day He died.

"Are not the sufferings of Christ sufficient to atone for all our sins?" demanded Bruce.

"More than sufficient," demanded the priest.

"It is foolish, therefore, for us to want to suffer for our sins, since the sufferings of Christ are more than enough to atone for them."

Father Casey gazed out the window at the vast sweep of the Kansas prairies stretching out and out for countless miles in every direction until they blended at last with the distant horizon.

"God," he said, as if repeating an act of faith to the picture of infinity before his eyes, "became man without ceasing to be God. Every smallest action He performed as man, had infinite value, because He was God. Therefore one tear that He shed, an infant in Bethlehem, was enough, and more than enough, to atone for all our sins. Would you say, then," he demanded brusquely, turning to his table companion, "that it was foolish for Him to want to suffer more for us? Would you say such a blasphemy?"

"No."

"Then do not say that, because Christ's sufferings were sufficient to atone for our sins, it is foolish for us to want to suffer, too, in union with Him."

But what earthly good can you do to yourself or anybody else by restricting yourself to a little insipid fish, when a real meal can be had for the asking?" Bruce queried testily. The steak was growing cold, but he really could not resist it until this disturbing question had been settled the way he wanted.

"Voluntary penance does us good in many ways," said the priest. "Christ made the statement: 'Unless you do penance, you shall all likewise perish.' Besides, there are some things we know which we cannot explain. For instance, there is the matter of reparation, isn't there?"

A dissatisfied grunt was the only answer.

"In my first mission," he continued, "there were a number of poker fanatics. Since they played only among themselves and for low stakes, they suffered no great losses. Loss of time and loss of sleep were practically the only evils resulting from their indulgence. Now it happened that the daughter of one of these men fell ill. Nobody believed the sickness fatal. The father saw clearly enough that it was more fitting he should remain at home, still the habitual hankerer came upon him so strong that one evening he went out and joined his companions 'just for a few games.' About 11 o'clock word was brought in that his wife was on the phone; that she said the girl was worse and he should come home at once. He was in the act of playing an exciting hand, 'She just begrudges me a little relaxation. Ah, tell her I'm coming.' And the engrossing game went on. When he reached the house at 2 o'clock in the morning, his daughter was dead. He knelt beside the corpse and took a solemn oath never again to touch a card. We cannot explain just why good he did to himself or anybody else by giving up an innocent amusement, yet we all know it was the proper thing. It was an attempt at reparation."

"I know another case of a golf 'fan.' Don't be knocking that ball about the back yard, Bart, you'll do some damage," his wife had warned. But Bart simply had to try that new shot, and the time was too short to drive out to the course; besides, he aimed every time at a brick in the middle of the garage wall, and so it was impossible to have an accident. But the impossible happened. By one of those fatal coincidences, his foot slipped while he tried a powerful drive, and at the same moment his wife stepped out the back door to caution him again. The ball struck her, injuring her skull and paralyzing the optic nerve. She was blinded for life. The faithful woman felt more for his remorse than for her own affliction and used every art to make him forgive himself. But one night after her return from the hospital, as the two were sitting before the open fireplace, he said: 'Listen to the crackling of the flames. Do you know what is burning? My entire set of golf sticks. I will never play again.' In vain did she and all his friends urge him to go out at least occasionally, to seek on the links the exercise so beneficial to him. He never struck a ball again. We cannot explain just what good he did to himself or anybody else by giving up an innocent amusement, yet we all know it was the proper thing. It was an attempt at reparation."

"Let me give just one more example. It concerns us all. On a never-to-be-forgotten Friday our best and truest friend was murdered. It was our sins that caused Him to die the bitter death of the cross.

We love Him and we deeply regret the wrong we have done Him. On each recurring Friday we impose upon ourselves a little voluntary suffering by abstaining from meat. It may not be easy to explain what good this does to Him or to us, but our own heart tells us it is just and proper. It is an attempt at reparation."

The dining car steward never realized how near he was to death that day when he bent over Andrew Bruce and blandly inquired:

"Was there anything the matter with the steak, sir?"—(C. D. McEniry, C. S. R., in The Liguorian.)

THE STORY OF CHRIST

BY GIOVANNI PAPINI Copyright, 1923, by Harcourt, Brace & Company Inc. Published by arrangement with The McClure Newspaper Syndicate

THE MYSTERY OF JUDAS

Only two creatures in the world knew the secret of Judas: Christ and the traitor.

Sixty generations of Christians have racked their brains over it, but the man of Iscariot, although he has drawn after him crowds of disciples, remains stubbornly incomprehensible. He is the only human mystery that we encounter in the Gospels. We can understand without difficulty the depravity of Herod, the rancor of the Pharisees, the vengeful anger of Annas and Caiaphas, the cowardly laxity of Pilate. But we have no evidence to enable us to understand the abomination of Judas. The Four Gospels tell us too little of him and the reasons which induced him to sell his King.

"Then entered Satan into Judas." But these words are only the definition of his crime. Evil took possession of his heart, therefore it came suddenly. Before that day, perhaps during the dinner at Bethany, Judas was not in the power of the Adversary. But why suddenly did he throw himself into that power? Why did Satan enter into him and not into one of the others?

Thirty pieces of silver are a very small sum, especially for an avare, ficious man. In modern coinage it would amount to about twenty dollars, and, granting that its effective value or as the economists say its buying power were in those days ten times greater, two hundred dollars seem hardly a sufficient price to induce a man whom his companions describe as grasping to commit the basest perfidy recorded by history. It has been said the thirty pieces of silver was the price of a slave. But the text of Exodus states on the contrary that thirty shekels was the compensation to be paid by the owner of an ox which had injured a slave. The cases are too far apart for the doctors of the Sandhedrin to have had this early precedent in mind.

The most significant indication is the office which Judas held among the Twelve. Among them was Matthew, a former tax-collector, and it would have seemed almost his right to handle the small amount of money necessary for the expenses of the brotherhood. In place of Matthew, we see the man of Iscariot as the depository of the offerings. Money is insidious and saturated with danger. The mere handling of money, even if it belongs to others, is poisonous. It is not surprising that John said of Judas the thief, that he, 'having the bag, took away what was put therein.' And yet it is not probable that a man greedy for money have stayed a long time with a group of such poor men. If he had wished to steal, he would have sought out a more promising position. And if he had needed those miserable thirty pieces of silver, could he not have procured them in another way by running away with the purse, without needing to propose the betrayal of Jesus to the High Priests?

These common-sense reflections about a crime so extraordinary have induced many to seek other motives for the infamous transaction. A sect of heretics, the Cainites, had a legend that Judas sorrowfully accepted eternal infamy, knowing that Jesus through His will and the will of the Father was to be betrayed to His death, that no suffering might be lacking in the great expiation. A necessary and voluntary instrument of the Redemption, Judas was according to them a hero and a martyr to be revered and not reviled.

According to others, Iscariot, loving his people and hoping for their deliverance, perhaps sharing the sentiments of the Zealots, had joined with Jesus, hoping that he was the Messiah such as the common people then imagined Him: the King of the revenge and restoration of Israel. When little by little, in spite of his slowness of comprehension, it dawned on him from the words of Jesus that he had fallen in with a Messiah of quite another kind, he delivered Him over to His enemies to make up for the bitterness of his disappointment. But this fancy to which no text either canonical or apocryphal gives any support is not enough to explain Christ's betrayer: he could have deserted the Twelve and gone in search of other company more to his taste, which certainly, as we have seen, was not lacking at that time.

Others have said that the reason is to be sought in his loss of faith. Judas had believed firmly in Jesus, and then could believe no longer.

What Jesus said about His end close at hand, the threatening hospitality of the metropolis, the delay of his victorious manifestation, had ended by causing Judas to lose all faith in Him whom he had followed up till then. He did not see the Kingdom approaching and he did see death approaching. Mingling with the people to find out the temper of the day, he had perhaps heard a rumor as to the decisions of the meeting of the Elders and feared that the Sandhedrin would not be satisfied with one victim alone, but would condemn all those who had long followed Jesus. Overcome by fear—the form which Satan took to enter into him—he thought he could ward off the danger and save his life by treachery; unbelief and cowardice being thus the ignominious motives of his ignominy.

An Englishman celebrated as an opium-eater, had thought out a new apology for the traitor which is the opposite of this theory. His idea is that Judas believed: he even believed too absolutely. He was so persuaded that Jesus was really the Christ that he wished by giving Him up to the Tribunal to force Him finally to show Himself as the legitimate Messiah. So wrong was his hope that he could not believe that Jesus would be killed. Or if He really were to die, he knew with entire certainty that He would rise again at once to sit on the right hand of the Father as King of Israel and of the world. To hasten the great day, in which the Disciples were at last to have the reward for their faithfulness, Judas, secure in the intangibility of His Divine Friend, wished to force His hand, putting Him face to face with those whom He was to cast out, to compel Him to show Himself as the true Son of God. According to this theory the action of Judas was not a betrayal but a mistake due to his misunderstanding of the real meaning of his Master's teaching. He did not betray therefore through avarice or revengefulness or cowardice, but through stupidity.

On the other hand others give revenge as the reason. No man betrays another without hating him. Why did Judas hate Jesus? They remember the dinner in the house of Simon and the nard of the weeping woman. The reproach for his stinginess and hypocrisy must have exasperated the disciple who perhaps had been reproved for these faults on other occasions. To the rancor of this rebuff was added envy which always flourishes in vulgar souls. And as soon as he could revenge himself without danger, he went to the palace of Caiaphas.

But did he really think that his denunciation would bring Jesus to His death or did he rather suppose that they would content themselves with flogging Him and forbidding Him to speak to the people? The rest of the story seems to show that the condemnation of Jesus unnerred him as a terrible and unexpected result of his kiss. Matthew describes his despair in a way to show that he was sincerely horrified by what had happened through his fault. The money which he had pocketed became like fire to him: and when the priests refused to take it back he threw it down in the Temple. Even after this restitution he had no peace and hastened to kill himself. He died on the same day as his victim. Luke in the Acts sets down in another way the evil end of Judas, but the Christian tradition prefers the story of his remorse and suicide.

In spite of all the unraveling of unsatisfied minds, mysteries are still tangled about the mystery of Judas. But we have not yet invoked the testimony of Him who knew better than all men, even better than Judas, the true secret of the betrayal. Jesus alone could give us the key to the mystery: Jesus who saw into the heart of Judas as into the hearts of all men and who knew what Judas was to do before he had done it.

Jesus chose Judas to be one of the Twelve and to carry the gospel to the world along with the others. Would He have chosen him, kept with Him, beside Him, at His table, for so long a time if He had believed him to be an incurable criminal? Would He have confided to him what was dearest in the world to Him, the most precious thing in the world—the prophecy of the Kingdom of God?

Up to the last days, up to that last evening, Jesus treated Judas exactly like the others. To him, as to all others, He gave His body, symbolized by bread. His soul, symbolized by wine. He washed and wiped, with His own hands, the feet of Judas, those feet which had carried him to the house of Caiaphas—with those hands which, through Judas' fault, were to be nailed to the cross on the following day. And when, in the red light of the flickering lanterns and the flashing of swords, Judas, under the dark shadow of the olive trees, came and kissed that face still wet with bloody sweat, Jesus did not repel him, but said, "Friend, wherefore art thou come?"

Friend! It was the last time that Jesus spoke to Judas, and even in that moment He would use none other than that worded word. Judas was not for Him the man of darkness who came in the darkness to turn Him over to the guards, but the friend, the same who a few hours before had been sitting with Him before the dish of lamb and herbs, and had set his lips to His

cup: the same who, so many times in hours of rest in leafy shade, or in the shadow of walls, had listened with the others like a disciple, like a companion, like a friend, like a brother, to the great words of the Promise. Jesus had said at the Last Supper, "Woe unto that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed! It had been good for that man if he had not been born." But now that the traitor was before Him, that the treachery was complete, now that Judas had added to the kiss laid on the lips of Him who has commanded love for our enemies, He answered him with the sweet and divine words of their habitual intercourse, "Friend, wherefore art thou come?"

Thus the testimony of Him who was betrayed increases our bewilderment instead of raising the veil of the dreadful secret. He knew that Judas was a thief and He gave him the purse. He knew that Judas was evil and He condescended to him a treasure of truth infinitely more precious than all the money in the universe: He knew that Judas was to betray Him and He made him a participant of His divinity, offering him the mouthful of bread and the sip of wine; He saw Judas leading His assailants upon Him and He still addressed him as at first, as He always had, with the holy name of friend.

It had been good for that man if he had not been born." These words might have been, rather than a condemnation, an exclamation of pity at the thought of a fate which could not be escaped. If Judas hated Jesus, we see no signs that Jesus was ever repelled by Judas, because Jesus knew that the base bargain was necessary, as the weakness of Pilate was necessary, the rage of Caiaphas, the insults of the soldiery, the timbers and nails of the cross. He knew that Judas must needs do what he did and He did not curse him, as He did not curse the people who wished His death, or the hammer which drove the nails into the cross. One prayer alone broke from him, to beg Judas to shorten the dreadful agony, "That thou doest, do quickly."

The mystery of Judas is doubly tied to the mystery of the Redemption and we lesser ones shall never solve it.

No analogy can give us light. Joseph also was sold by one of his brothers, who, like Iscariot, was called Judas, and was sold to Ishmaelite merchants for twenty pieces of silver, but Joseph, who prefigured Christ, was not sold to his enemies, was not sold to be put to death; and as a compensation for his betrayal, great good fortune was his and he became so wealthy that he could enrich his father, and so generous that he could pardon even his brothers.

Jesus was not only betrayed, but sold, sold for a price, sold for a small price, bought with coins. He was the object of a bargain, a bargain struck and paid. Judas, the man of the purse, the cashier, did not present himself as an accuser, did not offer himself as a cut-throat, but as a merchant doing business in blood. The Jews, who understood bartering for blood, daily cutting the throats of victims, and quartering them, butchers of the Most High, were the first and last customers of Judas. The sale of Jesus was the first business done by the merchant, just entering business; not very big business, it must be admitted, but a real, true, commercial transaction—a valid contract of buying and selling, verbal, but honestly lived up to by the contracting parties. If Jesus had not been sold, something would have been lacking to the perfect ignominy of His expiation; if He had been sold for more money, for three hundred shekels instead of thirty, for gold instead of silver, the ignominy would have been diminished, slightly, but still diminished. It had been destined to all eternity that He should be bought, but bought with a small sum. In order that an infinite, supernatural but communicable value should be made available to men, it was needed to buy it with a small sum, and with a sum of metal, which has no real value. Did Jesus bought by others not do the same, He who wished to redeem with the blood of only one man all the blood shed on the earth from the days of Cain to Caiaphas?

And if He had been sold as a slave, as so many living souls were sold in those days in the public places, if He had been sold as redeemable property, as human capital, as a living tool for work, the ignominy would have been almost nothing, and the Redemption put off. But He was sold as the calf sold to the butcher, as the innocent animals which the butcher buys to kill, to sell again, to distribute in morsels to flesh-eaters. The sacred butcher, Caiaphas, never in his most successful days had a victim so prodigious. For more than two thousand years Christians have been fed on that victim, and it is still intact, and those who feed are not satiated.

Every one of us has contributed his quota, an infinitesimal quota, to buy that victim from Judas. We have all contributed towards the sum for which the blood of the Redeemer was bought; Caiaphas was only our agent. The field of Acedama, bought with the price of blood, is our inheritance, our property. And this field has grown mysteriously larger, has spread over half the face of the earth:

whole populous cities, paved, lighted, well-ordered cities, of shops and brothels, shine resplendent on it from north to south. And that the mystery should be even greater, Judas' money, also multiplied by the betrayals of so many centuries, by the accumulation of interest, has become incalculably great. Nothing is so fruitful and fecund as blood. The statisticians, those soothsayers of modern days, can bear witness to the fact that all the courts of the Temple could not contain the money engendered from that day to this by those thirty pieces of silver cast down there in a delirium of remorse, by the man who sold his God.

TO BE CONTINUED

We must never forget that there are whole areas of culture, in literature and art, that are largely dependent upon the educational influence of the Catholic and Latin Church. All universities claiming a long history were created, and were developed by the Catholic

Church. The other day a graduate of a Scottish University, desiring to become a priest, placed in my hands the diploma of his degree. In that Scottish University the degrees are conferred by the rector to this day "in virtue of authority granted by the Apostolic See."—Card. Bourne.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1925

CENTENARY CELEBRATION OF THE FIRST CANADIAN

If the Honorable Charles Murphy never did anything else for the land he loves and serves, the centenary celebration of the birth of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, which he so nobly conceived and so worthily carried out, would place him high among those who have rendered distinguished service to Canada.

History is a lamp to the feet of those who would do their part in guiding the destiny of a people. And in the history of Canada, Thomas D'Arcy McGee has written a glorious chapter. But that chapter was obscured and half-forgotten until the worthy conception, the genius for organization, and the "driving power" of Mr. Murphy revealed its glory and its inspiration on the hundredth anniversary of the birth of its author.

Never was a lesson in history so successfully, so luminously taught. The McGee centenary celebration has illumined the mind and stirred the heart of all Canada. Across the years a new generation of Canadians listened to "the prophet of Confederation, the triumphant missionary of union" tell again with that marvellous eloquence, that shines even through the printed page, of his vision splendid of a great new northern nation.

"The story of a nation's heroes is the fountain source from which it draws the wine of its later life. There is no inspiration that so quickens the ambition of youth, stimulates public service and deepens love of country like the memory of great men who have gone."

Thus the Right Honorable Arthur Meighen, in an address whose eloquence and diction proclaim his racial kinship with McGee, struck the keynote of his eulogy and pointed the moral of the whole celebration. We are proud to devote almost all the space of the CATHOLIC RECORD this week to this great lesson in Canadian history. If we quote here some pregnant passages from the memorable speeches delivered it is because we would move the most lethargic to read, to re-read, and to read again the eloquent and sincere tributes to one of the greatest of the makers of Canada.

Speaking of these Mr. Meighen truly says they "have receded out of politics into history."

"Nothing left now to distort the perspective with which we can view the men of that time and measure their powers, their motives, and their achievements. There are some of those giants who have stood every test, who have grown in stature through half a century of criticism and whose place in our annals is now forever secure. One of these is Thomas D'Arcy McGee."

Again: "That virile iteration 'each for himself' points its moral today and always. We are apt to forget that only when Canadians, 'each for himself,' rise to the higher conception of patriotic and civic duty that Canada can realize that great destiny foreseen and striven for by D'Arcy McGee."

The greatest men in Canadian public life from that modest hero and sterling character Baron Byng of Vimy, the Governor-General of Canada, down; men and women in all walks of life; the best that this virile nation of the north can boast; all were proud to be associated with the commemoration of the great patriot-statesman to whom Canada will forever be indebted. The more the life of D'Arcy McGee is studied the deeper will be the appreciation of his magnificent work in nation-building, the more receptive shall we be to the inspiring lessons of patriotism of which McGee above and beyond all others is the great and eloquent teacher.

"With the seer's vision he looked into the future, to a Canada as wide as the seas are apart; single in aim and purpose, and utilizing for

the good of all what properly was the inheritance of all.

"One cannot look back on those years preceding Confederation without feeling that to one of McGee's vision, passion for unity and love of country, it was a great moment in which to have lived."

The always gracefully and lucidly eloquent Speaker of the House of Commons, the Honorable Rodolph Lemieux, in proposing the toast to the Memory of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, said:

"It is only fitting and proper that on this centennial, grateful Canadians should pause and unite in paying a solemn homage to one of the intellectual giants of this country, draw inspiration from a life which shed luster on the land of his birth and the country of his adoption."

And he concluded by pointing out one of the great and inspiring lessons learned from a study of the life and work of McGee:

"If the voice of McGee could still be heard, there would come from his lips a call to the faint-hearted: Stand foursquare for Canada, have faith in her institutions and in her future of immeasurable possibilities."

Mr. Beatty, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, showed that he felt the spell of McGee's eloquence in his speech before the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society of Quebec in 1902, and he made it plain that he thinks Canadians of today might profit by the dead statesman's wise counsels.

"No deeper philosophy or finer inspiration has fallen from the lips of any public man than the following paragraph which I will quote:

"All we have to do is, each for himself, to keep down dissensions which can only weaken, impoverish and keep back the country, each for himself do all he can to increase its wealth, its strength and its reputation, each for himself, you and you, gentlemen and all of us, to welcome every talent, to hail every invention, to cherish every gem of art, to foster every gleam of authorship, to honor every acquirement and every natural gift; to lift ourselves to the level of our destinies, to rise above all low limitations and narrow circumscriptions, to cultivate that true catholicity of spirit which embraces all creeds, all classes and all races, in order to make of our boundless provinces, so rich in known and unknown resources, a great new Northern Nation."

"In this inspiring passage I would first draw your attention to a phrase which is repeated three times, namely, the phrase 'each for himself.' Here, I think, is a view of the national spirit which of recent years has inclined to be obscured, but which to my mind is vital. Whenever any problem has to be faced, any enterprise has to be promoted, we hear at once the cry, 'Why does not the government do something?' a cry which is not stayed until some government department has been forced to undertake work which may not be the proper function of government at all. Instead of each of us doing it for ourselves, we 'leave it to George.'"

The paragraph Mr. Beatty quotes we have given before. We have no apology to make for repeating the quotation. It might well be a memory selection in our school readers. When we quoted the passage a month ago we made this comment singularly like that of Mr. Beatty:

"That virile iteration 'each for himself' points its moral today and always. We are apt to forget that only when Canadians, 'each for himself,' rise to the higher conception of patriotic and civic duty that Canada can realize that great destiny foreseen and striven for by D'Arcy McGee."

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"With the seer's vision he looked into the future, to a Canada as wide as the seas are apart; single in aim and purpose, and utilizing for

At long last McGee has come into his own, and to her sons and daughters Canada's story thereby becomes immeasurably more inspiring.

HOW WE TEACH HISTORY

"With unreserved enthusiasm I congratulate the authors of tonight's event—and particularly Hon. Charles Murphy, to whom we owe its conception and to whose driving power we certainly owe its success. It will be a good thing for the national spirit of Canada, it will help develop a real national personality when we can all join in veneration of the great deeds of the fathers of our country. It will help marvellously the cause of unity in this Dominion when all of us get to realize that we as well as other nations have our patriachs, men and women who have lived great lives, given to their country the last full measure of devotion and left an inheritance of fame which is now to every province a common treasure and a common pride. Here we are gathered in hundreds three score years after the death of D'Arcy McGee and we are going to see to it, if we can, that this great Irishman, this great missionary of Ireland, this far greater Canadian and missionary of Empire, comes at last into his own.—The Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen.

That paragraph from Mr. Meighen's speech at the McGee celebration explains its purpose and indicates its significance. Its purpose will be accomplished if the great and first Canadian comes at last into his own.

Mr. Murphy knew that his idea of a fitting celebration of McGee's centenary could not fail, if adequately carried out, to stimulate greatly the study of the life and work of the man it was designed to honor. Study has been stimulated to an extent that must satisfy even the enthusiastic Mr. Murphy, and that is the one reward he would desire for his indefatigable work to have McGee "come into his own."

In his closing speech at the banquet Mr. Murphy must have astonished that brilliant gathering, that had just heard the eloquent and sincere tributes to McGee's work and worth, when he said:

"The first suggestion that I have to offer is one relating to the position accorded McGee in Canadian history by the writers of Canadian text books for use in the schools. 'Doubtless, you will be surprised to learn that in these text books there is no mention made of the name of McGee.'

"This omission was first brought to my notice by Mr. M. C. Geary of Saskatoon. 'Another correspondent, the Rev. Mr. Graham, writing from the Manse, at Sovereign, Saskatchewan, dealt with the same subject in these terms:

"As an Irish-Canadian, deeply interested in the forthcoming centenary of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, I beg to draw your attention to the fact that in the school history of Canada the name of Thomas D'Arcy McGee is not even mentioned.

"The history referred to is used in the Saskatchewan public schools at present; and I note that it is used in Ontario—indeed my copy is labeled 'The Ontario Public School History of Canada.'"

"Could not something be said or done at your Ottawa meetings to draw attention to the matter, and have this book revised in accordance with the fact, or else turned down by the proper authorities?"

"May I say that I am a Presbyterian minister out here, and a member of the St. Patrick's Society of Saskatoon."

"These extracts make it plain that here and now we should resolve that Canadian school histories must be re-written in the light of truth and justice and without delay. That is a duty we owe to the land we live in, and to the youth of the country who are to be the future leaders of public opinion in Canada."

Mr. Lemieux said truly that "there is no history so picturesque and so dramatic as that of Canada." Again he said: "Of all those who led in the movement for the union in 1867 Thomas D'Arcy McGee is assuredly the one who was the most romantic and arresting."

Picturesque and dramatic our school histories emphatically are not; perhaps the fact that the career of McGee was most romantic and arresting was sufficient reason for the compilers of Canadian his-

tory text books to suppress all mention of him or of his great work. Well, they might have done worse, they might have damned him with faint praise. Is this a case of deliberate suppression, and suggestive falsi, or is it just the plain dry-as-dust consistency that makes our school history books succeed in nothing but arousing a distaste for all historical reading?

THE FIRE

There was a fire last week at Mount St. Joseph Orphanage where your humble servant, the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, is resident chaplain. It was only when newspapers from distant points reached us that we realized the shock the first alarming despatches must have caused many of our friends. These first despatches told the truth—the fine old building was apparently doomed to entire destruction. But the gallant London Fire Brigade, under the masterly direction of Chief Aitken himself, achieved the impossible and confined the fire to the attic story in which it originated. All London is congratulating the Chief and his men; at Mount St. Joseph they will always have a place in the prayers of the little ones, the Sisters and the Chaplain.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

A LEADING firm of art dealers in New York are suing the Telephone Company for \$80,000 damages owing to the omission of their name from the quarterly issue of the directory. Evidently telephone subscribers are not to have a monopoly of trouble.

A CONTRIBUTOR to the Edinburgh Weekly Scotsman writes that when he left London the last week in March that city was "basking in early morning sunshine of almost summer warmth," and that north of Newcastle Bamburg Castle and St. Cuthbert's Holy Isle were clearly defined against a blue sky on a bright spring evening but that he crossed the border into Scotland in a snowstorm, and that the Pentlands were "white to the hill-tops." Backward springs are not peculiar to Canada.

IT IS NOT alone in the practices of advanced English churchmen that the dawning of a better day in regard to the conception of pre-Reformation times is to be noted, but in the larger vision of writers and students of history. The tradition which held so long as to the mental and moral condition of the people in those old Catholic times is surely if slowly breaking before the sun of investigation, and men begin to see that, as Maitland said so many years ago, the so-called "dark" ages were in many respects far in advance of our own. Cardinal Gasquet by his great work on the English Monasteries forever dispelled the pernicious tradition that those institutions destroyed by the rapacity of Henry VIII, were but the abodes of corruption; and many lesser writers have not been slow to follow in his train.

A GOOD example of this new spirit is to be seen in a recently published "Short History of Somerset" (Methuen & Co.) by Walter Raymond. The book is written primarily for young people, but may be read with pleasure and profit by more advanced students. "In writing this little history of the country in which I have the good fortune to live," the author writes in his Preface, "I have sought to awaken in the minds of the people and especially the children of Somerset an appreciation of the natural beauty which surrounds them, and of the places and objects of interest which abound on every side. But it has not been possible to tell them all, and the book is, at the most, an invitation to explore for themselves. My hope is that to read some of the legends and history of their country may not prove a task, and that, having taken these little excursions in my company they may hereafter travel abroad for themselves." And when it is added that the country gone over embraces the field of the exploits of King Arthur and King Alfred it is unnecessary to enlarge upon its historical and poetic charm.

SOMERSET CONTAINS within its borders many old churches and abbeys, mostly in ruin, but eloquent in their silent stones. Glanstonbury was one of the greatest monastic houses in England, and

is even today a place of pilgrimage to the studious and the devout. It is in contemplation of its magnificent fabric that Mr. Raymond gives voice to his thoughts on the institution of monasticism itself in these old days. For example: "It is common in the present day to jeer at monks; and to think of them as dishonest men, who pretended to lead holy lives whilst they were wicked in secret and bound themselves by vows they did not fulfil. If you see a picture drawn today of monastic life it is frequently some scene of feasting or revelry, or one in which the monks are made to look absurd. No doubt disorders at last crept into many religious houses, and there may have been great need to reform them, but it is impossible to look at the fragments and ruins of abbeys and priories remaining in our country without feeling that only a deep sincerity could have raised the magnificent buildings of which we do but see the crumbling walls."

OR THIS: "We must not judge the past by the thoughts and ideas which guide the world today. Things that have been quite wisely left behind were stepping-stones to the advantages we now enjoy. When many of the abbeys were founded, the greater part of England was unenclosed forest with few roads. Towns were small and far apart. The barons living in their castles were constantly at war with one another. It was a life of strife, and probably few Norman nobles could read and write. Printing was not known; and as all books had to be written by hand, they were rare and costly. The monasteries alone could provide them, for only they had libraries; and some of the monks were always busy making copies of books to be sold or exchanged for others they did not possess. Thus, in the quietude of the abbeys, learning found safety in the dark ages."

ONE OF THE things England lost by the Reformation was that old Catholic spirit of charity and of kindly hospitality which had flourished ever since the introduction of Christianity. The poor were not paupers in those days, nor were they debased by the modern dog. Sustenance in time of need came as a Christian right, and they were not lowered but raised as objects of Christian charity. No stranger was refused hospitality even at the lowliest cottage, for the people had been taught to believe that in turning a poor man from their door they might turn away Christ Himself, whose assurance they had ever in mind that an act of charity done to an outcast was done to Him.

AS TO THE part of the monasteries in this universal conception of the Christian spirit Mr. Raymond has this to say: "They also gave free lodging to travellers who otherwise would have had nowhere to go. The earl with his retinue and the poor pilgrim wending his way to some distant shrine were alike made welcome. A guest was permitted to remain for two days and two nights, so that himself and his horses might be well rested; but if for any good reason he desired to stay longer, he could only do so by permission of the abbot. The humblest person could have food and shelter. In a cell close by the gate was a porter, whose duty it was not only to open to visitors, but to bestow bread and refreshment to the poor who were in need of it." How different from the era of degradation of the poor which the "Great Pillage" of the sixteenth century ushered in!

DISCUSSION AS to the fitness of Canada as a field for emigration continues to occupy much space in old-country papers. The Edinburgh Weekly Scotsman in particular, whose editor visited Canada last year, has given much attention to the subject, and published a great deal of correspondence, pro and con. Commenting on a letter from Toronto, which certainly gives utterance to very uncomplimentary opinions regarding the country as a whole, the Editor pens this rejoinder: "It should be explained that practically all the unemployed in Canada drift to Toronto as the most favorable point for entry into the United States, and it is natural that that city should contain among those who are influenced by asserive conditions, the most deep-dyed pessimists in the whole of Canada. It is freely admitted that Canada has had a period of depression. But the whole question is, 'Does

Canada offer better prospects than the worker has in this country?' It may not do so in the towns, but informed opinion is unanimous in declaring that the man who is prepared to work and to stick to the land will 'make good.'"

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

when in no uncertain manner it threatened to display its ugly mien on this side of the Atlantic. To this patriotic cause he died a martyr.

HIS LOVE OF COUNTRY

"Lastly, I should mention as the third of the qualities of constructive statesmanship pre-eminent in McGee, his belief in nationality, which is another way of expressing what we mean when we speak of love of country. In a sense this was the alpha and omega of all the rest. I like particularly the way in which as a mere youth in Ireland, he sought by voice and pen, in prose and in verse, to give to Irishmen a pride in their race and in their native land. How he labored to have them appreciate that they had distinctive characteristics worthy of being cherished; traditions and a history of their own, a literature of their own, and art of their own, all expressive of the genius of the race and the warmth and generosity of the Irish heart. He felt that all this wealth of culture and achievement was being lost, not only to Ireland but to mankind through lack of adequate national expression. He was prepared if need be to sacrifice his own life to gain for others so great a possession.

"The same high aim actuated him with reference to Canada from the moment he put foot on Canadian soil. It underlay all his efforts to bring about Confederation. He saw clearly the richness of our vast spiritual inheritance. His experiences in other lands had given him power to see by comparison and contrast how much we who live under Canadian skies have reason to be thankful to Providence, for with the scholar's eye he dipped into our past and saw the streams of influence and of culture pouring their distinctive contributions into our common national inheritance. He loved the French explorers, the missionaries and early pioneers; he cherished with equal fervor the exploits of the early settlers of British stock. With the seer's vision he looked into the future, to a Canada as wide as the seas are apart; single in aim and purpose, and utilizing for the good of all what properly was the inheritance of all.

NOT YET WHOLLY FULFILLED

"One cannot look back on those years preceding Confederation without feeling that to one of McGee's vision, passion for unity and love of country, it was a great moment in which to have lived. It is well to remember that they only live who have the vision, and that the dream of complete unity and nationality, as McGee cherished it, is even yet not wholly fulfilled. "There is one aspect of McGee's patriotism of which I should like to add a further word. It was continually expanding, not contracting. It sought its realization in the largest entity, not the smallest. It found its real expression, not in dismemberment but in wider union. Had he lived in our day he would have sought not a separate Ireland and a separate Canada, but an Ireland and a Canada of national status and powers of national expression, co-equal in the course of time, with those of the United Kingdom itself. To him membership in the British Empire would have been, not something of which to entertain a fear, but something to cherish, to develop, to expand. He would have seen it, as it is fast becoming—if indeed it has not already so become—a galaxy of free nations, a union of sister States, a great co-operative commonwealth, inspired in all its parts by ideals of freedom and justice extending not only from sea to sea but encircling the entire globe."

MEMORIAL IN BRONZE

"The Government of Canada has erected to the memory of D'Arcy McGee a bronze portrait statue of himself. We are all familiar with its place on Parliament Hill in close proximity to the Library of Parliament. He stands in an attitude suggestive of kindness and moderation, looking out across the waters of the Ottawa towards the Laurentian hills and the setting sun. It is an environment in which his spirit might well love to dwell. It is a memorial to a patriot son of Ireland, a great Canadian whose life was a sacrifice to the ideals he cherished. It stands there today, speaking to us on this 13th day of April, of the day of his birth and the day of his burial.

"In front of the Parliament buildings, on the approach to the main entrance to the grounds, there stands another monument, with the words cut out in the stone base: 'Galahad cried: 'If I lose myself, I save myself.' Such is the vision of immortality it seeks to express. It is a symbolical figure. It, too, commemorates the life of a Canadian of Irish descent, a life that was given in sacrifice, in an attempt to save the life of another. By the strangest of coincidences the day of the burial of Henry Albert Harper, the young journalist and

public servant to whose memory it has been erected, was also the anniversary of the day of his birth. Thus destiny, linking the cradle with the grave, leaves us to wonder over the mysteries which she delights to weave.

SPIRIT WHICH IS ETERNAL

"But these are memorials of bronze. Memorials to D'Arcy McGee more living, yet more enduring, because of the spirit which is eternal, have found their place in our midst. Of such, Mr. Chairman, is this centenary celebration over which you preside and for the thought and arrangements of which a special acknowledgment to yourself on the part of all assembled here is due. Of such is the tribute paid to McGee's memory by the presence here this evening of His Excellency the Governor General the representative of His Majesty the King; and by the presence as a representative of the United States of Mr. Martin Conboy, the president of the New York Bar Association, to whom, on behalf of the Government of Canada, I should like to extend a word both of welcome and of thanks.

"This centenary celebration if it has significance at all, is surely an occasion of renewed dedication to the great principles for which Thomas D'Arcy McGee lived and died. We have seen the vision, the vision he gave us of national unity; are we prepared to follow the gleam? From the emerald isle its bright rays fall upon our land tonight across a century of years. They are infused with the mysteries of martyrdom, and with all of hope and of promise that martyrdom signifies at this Easter-tide. Our friends, sir, need have no fear but that Confederation will ever be administered with serene and even justice." These words, addressed to His Honor, the Speaker of the Commons, were among the last uttered on the night of his life's tragic close. "Serene and even justice" to men of all races, of all creeds, of all classes, of all sections of our great Dominion and the great Empire of which it is a part! This is the memorial it is ours to raise, it is the only memorial adequate to the memory of so great a man."

RIGHT HON. ARTHUR MEIGHEN LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION

Right Hon. Arthur Meighen, leader of the Opposition and former Premier of Canada, said:

"The story of a nation's heroes is the fountain source from which it draws the wine of its later life. There is no inspiration that so quickens the ambition of youth, stimulates public service and deepens love of country like the memory of great men who have gone. England has erected her Empire of today around the names of Cromwell, of Bacon, of Newton, of Shakespeare, of Pitt, and Burke, and Wellington and Canning, and a hundred other luminous figures who have adorned her past. The flames of Italian patriotism have been fed for generations at the shrine of Cavour, of Garibaldi, and of Mazzini, and in France there is not a home that has not resounded with the praises of Charlemagne, of Colbert, of Richelieu, and of Napoleon: while in the United States, the perfection of modern democracy, tens of millions of citizens do homage to the memory of Washington, of Marshall, of Lincoln and of Grant.

"Canada has now reached the time when the lives of at least her founders have receded out of politics into history. There are no controversies of today which date back to the era of Confederation—nothing left now to distort the perspective with which we can view the men of that time and measure their powers, their motives, and their achievements. There are some of those giants who have stood every test, who have grown in stature through half a century of criticism and whose place in our annals is now forever secure. One of these is Thomas D'Arcy McGee."

A MISSIONARY OF EMPIRE

"With unreserved enthusiasm I congratulate the authors of tonight's event—and particularly Hon. Charles Murphy to whom we owe its conception and to whose driving power we certainly owe its success. It will be a good thing for the national spirit of Canada, it will help develop a real national personality when we can all join in veneration of the great deeds of the fathers of our country. It will help marvellously the cause of unity in this Dominion when all of us get to realize that we as well as other nations have our patriachs, men and women who have lived great lives, given to their country the last full measure of devotion and left an inheritance of fame which is now to every province a common treasure and a common pride. Here we are gathered in hundreds three score years after the death of D'Arcy McGee and we are going to see to it, if we can, that this great Irishman, this far greater Canadian and missionary of Empire, comes at last into his own. "D'Arcy McGee was Irish in lineage and nativity, but in every element of his character, in every vein of his being, in every bud and blossom of his personality he was more Irish still; all the world admires in that race he possessed, a fine generous nature, a delicate sensibility, a passion for the beautiful in everything, in language, in landscape, in literature, in the

deeds and thoughts of men. His imaginative gifts added the sheen of beauty to his writings and his speeches; but they did more than that; their spell upon him was so great that they commanded his course in public affairs. Wherever McGee the statesman went McGee the orator was there, and McGee the poet was not far away.

DRANK OF REBELS' CUP
"His boyhood was nourished in the most revolutionary of Irish schools. As a talented young man he was drawn into the company of a set of brilliant intellectuals, a group of spirits who planned by a combination of oratory and shotguns to overthrow England's power. He trained his eloquence by matching flights with Thomas Francis Meagher who with the possible exception of Emmett, was the most vivid and spectacular of anti-British platform warriors in the last century. With this beginning he set out for America, carried his shining sword into journalism and determined to establish himself in the new world as the special guardian and tribune of his race. But the mind of D'Arcy McGee, while brilliant and imaginative, was fundamentally intelligent, receptive to reason and responsive to experience. He served his people devotedly every hour of his sojourn in the United States, but he soon came to the conclusion that human frailty was not confined to old England, that a Republican Government had no monopoly of liberty, and that the grievances which had racked his soul under British rule had their counterparts in other lands, and were after all not such as should be removed by revolt and revolution, but by the far more certain process of constitutional reform. In this feeling he turned his footsteps to the British flag again, took up his abode in Montreal and gave to this country the last and best decade of his life.

AN EVANGELIST OF UNITY
"For the task that was awaiting him in Canada, D'Arcy McGee was wonderfully equipped. The young colony had been torn by feuds and schisms, the bickerings of rival races. Cliques into which men were divided and sub-divided, had brought the Act of Union of 1841 into a condition of unworkable futility. The Atlantic colonies were isolated and unhappy and were seeking access to our larger western populations. People generally were weary of the crudities and bitternesses of political strife. Into all this the fresh, buoyant spirit of McGee came like sunshine after a night of storm. Free from the antipathies of either faction, but with an intelligent sympathy for both, he set himself to preach the evangel of unity, and through all the changing phases of our pre-Confederation struggle he pressed cheerfully and dauntlessly on. A relentless militant in other lands, he became the tireless peacemaker in ours. "He caught at once the vision of a great confederation—the union of our provinces in a federal system; this ideal seized his intellect and took possession of his heart; he saw in it the one plan, and the only plan, of salvation; and to bring about such a union he consecrated all the resources with which he was endowed.

MR. MARTIN CONBOY
PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK BAR ASSOCIATION
Mr. Martin Conboy, of New York, president of the New York Bar Association, said in part: "The privilege of participation in these exercises, particularly to present such phases of the career of Thomas D'Arcy McGee as precede his labors among you and have a certain relation to that portion of his life which was spent in the United States, is an honor of which I am both sensible and apprehensive. His activity amongst us manifested itself chiefly in the championing of his race and religion. He was unwavering in his devotion to both. He believed his race a superior one, and this belief almost amounted to an article of faith. He was impatient and intolerant of any attitude on the part of his race that gave opportunity for or color to a contrary opinion. He deplored and inveighed against the conditions, social, economic and political, of which he found his countrymen the victims in the United States, and he protested and declaimed against submission to such conditions. "He was vigorous in his denunciations of everything that tended to perpetuate these conditions, and especially of a complacent attitude towards them, and at times he was more vigorous than polite, in his pronouncements. He felt strongly and spoke strongly. His utterances were therefore sometimes commended and sometimes condemned. In consequence he made friends and foes, and some of the latter were so powerful that he undoubtedly became sensible towards the end of his stay with us of the inevitable failure of his methods of remedying evils that unquestionably required remedying. "Then he came to you, and in this country found immediately warm admirers and a sympathetic following. Were he alive today, I fancy that he might with justice and propriety insist that events in the United States had in large measure justified his opinion, and with equal propriety and justice assert that the advance accomplished lay along lines upon which, with all the force and ability of his great character and genius, he had insisted that the fortunes and salvation of the Irish

and in fact—men capable of maintaining, in peace and in war a constitution worthy of such a country."

THE COUNTRY'S PROPHET
"His voice rang through the whole inhabited area of Canada. An eloquence which had thrilled audiences in Ireland before he was 20, which had defied British power in the hectic halls of Dublin, which had challenged and conquered hostile parties of the great republic, was turned in the full glow of its maturity into a mighty summons athwart British America to give birth to a British nation. The fiery insurrectionist of Carlingford had become the incomparable evangelist of Empire.

"To Sir John Macdonald and Sir George Etienne Cartier it was given to stand at the front of those men who are known now, and justly known, as the fathers of our country. Close around them were George Brown, Tilly, and Tupper. It was these men whose skill in the management of parties, whose experience as men of affairs, whose understanding of the unquenchable aspirations of minorities, whose patience through years of adversity and unbending determination to succeed, enabled at last the lines of our constitution to be settled and the foundations of this Dominion to be laid. To them all honor is due and to them throughout our history increasing honor will be done. But if Macdonald and Cartier were the architects of Confederation, D'Arcy McGee was its prophet. He it was who in its grandest form caught the vision splendid; he it was who spread everywhere the fervor with which he was himself consumed; he it was whose restless pen and matchless platform power carried right into the hearts of the masses his message of tolerance and good will. It was D'Arcy McGee who was the triumphant missionary of unity.

"THE WHOLESOME WISDOM OF THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE"
"The full harvest of what our fathers sowed has been slow to ripen. Still it is true and only the voice of unthinking gratitude can deny that in these fifty years we have garnered much. The obstacles encountered have been greater than we believed, but they have been as nothing when compared with the obstacles and dangers which by our union we surmounted. And if in these years we feel again the pangs of sectional dissension and there is searching of heart about our future, let us put on the armor of men of old who fought these same dragons in far more perilous array; let us look back across the span of two generations and watch the bold brave figures of the captains of that time; let us learn from their patience and emulate their courage and highly resolve to enrich by our devotion the noble edifice they have handed down. And when distrust moves among us to estrange race from race, or class from class, or to whisper in our ear that we are not our brother's keeper, let us listen over the hills to the reverberating eloquence, the lofty patriotism, the warm hearted toleration, the wholesome wisdom of Thomas D'Arcy McGee."

MR. T. D'ARCY MCGEE
NEPHEW OF THE LATE STATESMAN
Mr. T. D'Arcy McGee in reply to the toast to the family said: "After listening to the many interesting and eulogistic remarks concerning Thomas D'Arcy McGee, whose name I have the honor to bear, and realizing to the full extent the meaning of this splendid demonstration to his memory, I must confess that it is with mingled feelings of trepidation and deep gratitude that I reply on behalf of the family whose health has been so kindly proposed by the Hon. Chief Justice Latchford, and so cordially received by this large and representative gathering. "Naturally we feel a deep pride in being so closely connected to one who, together with other great men of his time labored so inspiringly to accomplish the union of the scattered provinces of Canada into one great Confederation. Unfortunately owing to advancing years, my mother and father could not be present tonight to hear the kind remarks which have characterized the eloquent speeches on this occasion, but through the thoughtfulness and courtesy of our esteemed chairman, they have been enabled by means of the radio to participate in this celebration. "It is also to be regretted that the only two surviving children of D'Arcy McGee, his daughters, Mrs. M. E. Quinn, of Oakland, Cal., and Miss Agnes McGee, of Montreal, are unable to be present to witness this remarkable tribute to the memory of their illustrious father. "It is indeed a matter of sincere gratification to the family and a happy coincidence that the memory of Thomas D'Arcy McGee is being honored tonight by all, irrespective of race or creed, since he strove to bring about harmony in this country, as he himself said, in a speech delivered in the city of Montreal, in 1861: "There is nothing to be more dreaded in this country than feuds arising from exaggerated feelings of religion and nationality. On the other hand the one thing needed for making Canada the happiest of homes is to rub down all sharp angles and remove those asperities which divide our people on questions of origin or religion. Speaking on behalf of the family we desire to express our sincere appreciation to His Excellency the Governor-General, for honoring the occasion by his presence here tonight and for his kind remarks. We wish also to thank, and heartily, the Right Hon. the Premier, Right Hon. the Leader of the Opposition, the Hon. the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Hon. Chief Justice Latchford, Mr. Conboy and Mr. Beattie for their very kind references to Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

EXPRESSIONS OF APPRECIATION
"We wish also to extend our sincere thanks to all those who, in any way contributed to the success of the dinner and to all who by their presence here tonight have manifested their sincere interest in the celebration. We wish also to give public expression to our ap-

preciation of those who have written the biography of Thomas D'Arcy McGee and to the press of the country for favorable references to his short but checkered career. We feel also that we cannot too heartily thank the local committee which has had charge of the celebration.

PRAISES MR. MURPHY
"Last and but by no means the least, we feel that we cannot too deeply, too sincerely and too heartily, express in the strongest possible terms of appreciation our grateful thanks to the one who conceived the idea of the celebration of the centenary of the birth of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, of the one who laid the plans and set in action machinery to accomplish such plans which have culminated so successfully, of the one who by his stupendous energy and untiring devotion to detail was able to create such a widespread interest in this event, of the one who so ably and acceptably represents his fellow countrymen with the Government of today, and who is so honored and respected by all classes and creeds—the Hon. Charles Murphy, Postmaster-General."

CONCLUDING THE EVENING
The historic event was brought to a close by the chairman. After Mr. McGee's speech on behalf of the McGee family, Mr. Murphy said: "If, in the years to come, the inspiring addresses to which we have listened tonight are to be more than pleasant memories, the lessons they contain must not only be treasured in heart and in mind, but equal care must be taken to give them practical effect. "To make sure that they will be put in practice, let me offer two suggestions that, in my judgment, ought to be acted on by every member of this audience, as well as by every Canadian in that larger invisible audience which modern science has enabled the speakers of the evening to address. "The first suggestion that I have to offer is one relating to the position accorded McGee in Canadian history by the writers of Canadian text books for use in the schools. "Doubtless, you will be surprised to learn that in these text books is no mention made of the name of McGee. "Here and now we should resolve that Canadian school histories must be rewritten in the light of truth and justice, and without delay. This is a duty we owe to the land we live in, and to the youth of the country who are to be the future leaders of public opinion in Canada.

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FOREIGN MISSION NEWS LETTER
HARD GOING
There are a lot of Protestant sects in Kanjoda, India, writes Father Menezes. The Salvation Army, the American Episcopalians, the Methodists, the Irish Presbyterians, the American Alliance Mission besides, the Khoja sect, who literally turn Christians and Mohammedans. The Protestant sects instil a hatred in the minds of the poor people against the Catholic missionary and everything Catholic. Ninety-nine per cent. of our energy is spent in counteracting their propaganda. Recently I opened a mission in the village of Vansol, where the sects have been at work for years. All the children are now going to our school. My work is entirely among the untouchables, Dheds, Chams, etc. I don't think there is a single convert from the high castes.

FATHER FRASER WRITES
Father Fraser who is still at work in Rome, making good progress toward his object, has obtained through the gracefulness of the Holy Father, an indulgence of 300 days each time the Prayer for the Conversion of China is recited. Readers of THE CATHOLIC RECORD are quite familiar with this

schools and taught and lectured in the ones which were first opened. Fifteen years after he had assisted in the establishment of these schools in New York city, the average attendance was 20,000, and the system had been copied by all the large cities of the Union. It is, therefore, well within the truth to say, as does his most recent biographer, that 'there must have been literally thousands in the United States, who owed their start in education to the institutions he had been so largely instrumental in opening and organizing for them.' If he had no other claim to our recognition, his memory should be cherished as that of one, who pointed to the members of his race how they could throw off the burden of ignorance which oppressed them and rendered it impossible for them to realize the benefits and discharge the responsibilities of citizenship.

HON. FRANK LATCHFORD
CHIEF JUSTICE SECOND DIVISION COURT, SUPREME COURT OF ONTARIO
Chief Justice, Hon. Frank Latchford in proposing the toast to the McGee family sketched the more intimate phases of the family life of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, his parents and his own children. The family's ancestors had formed a notable emigration and father countrymen and had bestowed heroic traditions upon the cradle that was to couch the great Canadian statesman. At his mother's knee, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, the child, was steeped in the heroic Irish lore, an influence that was to play such a dominant role in his later years. The bitterness of his early life, compulsory separations from his wife, his escape with a price upon his head, these were the stirring years through which he travelled in the years that preceded the glorious decade he bestowed upon Canada.

MR. T. D'ARCY MCGEE
NEPHEW OF THE LATE STATESMAN
Mr. T. D'Arcy McGee in reply to the toast to the family said: "After listening to the many interesting and eulogistic remarks concerning Thomas D'Arcy McGee, whose name I have the honor to bear, and realizing to the full extent the meaning of this splendid demonstration to his memory, I must confess that it is with mingled feelings of trepidation and deep gratitude that I reply on behalf of the family whose health has been so kindly proposed by the Hon. Chief Justice Latchford, and so cordially received by this large and representative gathering. "Naturally we feel a deep pride in being so closely connected to one who, together with other great men of his time labored so inspiringly to accomplish the union of the scattered provinces of Canada into one great Confederation. Unfortunately owing to advancing years, my mother and father could not be present tonight to hear the kind remarks which have characterized the eloquent speeches on this occasion, but through the thoughtfulness and courtesy of our esteemed chairman, they have been enabled by means of the radio to participate in this celebration. "It is also to be regretted that the only two surviving children of D'Arcy McGee, his daughters, Mrs. M. E. Quinn, of Oakland, Cal., and Miss Agnes McGee, of Montreal, are unable to be present to witness this remarkable tribute to the memory of their illustrious father. "It is indeed a matter of sincere gratification to the family and a happy coincidence that the memory of Thomas D'Arcy McGee is being honored tonight by all, irrespective of race or creed, since he strove to bring about harmony in this country, as he himself said, in a speech delivered in the city of Montreal, in 1861: "There is nothing to be more dreaded in this country than feuds arising from exaggerated feelings of religion and nationality. On the other hand the one thing needed for making Canada the happiest of homes is to rub down all sharp angles and remove those asperities which divide our people on questions of origin or religion. Speaking on behalf of the family we desire to express our sincere appreciation to His Excellency the Governor-General, for honoring the occasion by his presence here tonight and for his kind remarks. We wish also to thank, and heartily, the Right Hon. the Premier, Right Hon. the Leader of the Opposition, the Hon. the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Hon. Chief Justice Latchford, Mr. Conboy and Mr. Beattie for their very kind references to Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

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promise to be faithful. Father de Gryce, who spends three weeks at a time at the mission, has now a little chapel in the place, where he also lives and sleeps, as there is nothing better among the Christians' houses. It is poorer than the stable at Bethlehem. CHARITY ("That one who giveth aid to an apostle shall merit reward with an apostle.") I want all men at My table, and all in My heavenly court; The ignorant, poor, and degraded, must be lifted and fed and taught; And ye, My lovers, and chosen, must win them from evil foe. "But, Lord, we are held by our duties: dare we stay, if You bid us go?" To go? Nay, I have not told you to travel 'neath alien sky, Nor to seek out the haunts of the temples, whose idols My reign defy: Send your prayers: they are arms to draw them. And your alms are your sacrifice: Thus shall the souls of the pagan come into My paradise." GRACE KEON

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FOREIGN MISSION NEWS LETTER
HARD GOING
There are a lot of Protestant sects in Kanjoda, India, writes Father Menezes. The Salvation Army, the American Episcopalians, the Methodists, the Irish Presbyterians, the American Alliance Mission besides, the Khoja sect, who literally turn Christians and Mohammedans. The Protestant sects instil a hatred in the minds of the poor people against the Catholic missionary and everything Catholic. Ninety-nine per cent. of our energy is spent in counteracting their propaganda. Recently I opened a mission in the village of Vansol, where the sects have been at work for years. All the children are now going to our school. My work is entirely among the untouchables, Dheds, Chams, etc. I don't think there is a single convert from the high castes.

FATHER FRASER WRITES
Father Fraser who is still at work in Rome, making good progress toward his object, has obtained through the gracefulness of the Holy Father, an indulgence of 300 days each time the Prayer for the Conversion of China is recited. Readers of THE CATHOLIC RECORD are quite familiar with this

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOU, D. D.
SECOND SUNDAY AFTER
EASTER

THE VALUE OF SUFFERING

"Deeply beloved; Christ also suffered for us, leaving you an example that you should follow His steps, who did no sin, nor was guile found in His mouth." (1 Peter 2: 21-22)

St. Peter, in these few words taken from his first Epistle, reminds us of one of the greatest truths among men. It is the fact that we must suffer. Never yet was there, nor will there be in the future, any one to escape suffering completely. It is true that it is repugnant to human nature, but this does not destroy the fact that it is, to some extent at least, the lot of all who are born into this world. Yet suffering has its reward—it is bound to have it—borne cheerfully, as it is difficult, since it inflicts wounds on our nature.

St. Peter gives us another reason for our suffering; namely, because Christ suffered, we are to follow His example. He does not mean that we are to go in search of suffering, but that when it comes, we are to bear it as did the Son of God. But he says more. Christ suffered not because He committed sin or was guilty of any misdemeanor, but because of the sins of man, His very creatures, who had life from Him. So much more should we suffer, who have been guilty of sin and who, as a consequence, deserve suffering. Christ died for all, but we can say that had He not died for us, it would be necessary for Him yet to undergo death for our sins, because we have not ceased to continue sin upon the earth. He will not die again. Yet our sins need atonement. How, then, is it to be done? By suffering, and other kinds of penance. To suffer patiently and willingly is one of the best ways of pleasing our Maker for our sins. And how much better it is to suffer in this life, than to be forced to undergo suffering after death!

Most people complain at the least approach of suffering, and do everything in their power to avoid it. This may be right from the natural standpoint, but it is far from being so when considered supernaturally. When sufferings come, whether through our own fault or not, we should bear them with as much patience as possible, after willingly accepting them from God, or generously submitting to them as a punishment for our disregard of the laws of God and of nature.

Sufferings are to our spirit what wholesome exercise is to our body. By regular and moderate exercise we strengthen our body, and become more nimble and hardened in muscle. Suffering exercises our spirit in virtue, penance, and constancy. It strengthens our will to resist sin and temptation, and makes of us worthy soldiers of the Lord. The spirit that knows no adversity and experiences no pain will grow as soft and weak as the body that lives in luxury. As a person, by brave attempts and continued exertion, may accomplish many remarkable feats with his body; so, by the pangs of suffering may he accomplish great things spiritually, especially the greatest of all—salvation of his soul, which means sanctity in this life.

But we need not speak of suffering in this sense. We require it not only as a strengthening tonic for our souls, but also as a reparation for our faults. Too many are the joys that we have or attempt always to have; and little do we think of God when we are in the midst of them. Nay, we sin by obtaining and reveling in many of them. We are wont to tell others of our sorrows in order to loose ourselves from them; yet do not realize that we need them, that they are due to us? Time has often blurred the vivid conception of the sins we have committed, and we frequently do not recall them in their real enormity. We almost forget them, though they have been catalogued against us perhaps day after day. It should not be so; they ever should be before us, rising in our minds against us, so that penance be done for them. Why do we not recall the history of our entire lives, when suffering is facing us, and see how much we deserve it, and how voluntarily we should accept it? No greater blessing than suffering could come to most of us, stained as we are with the scars of Satan's attacks. The death of Christ will not be in vain, if such be our attitude. We thus shall have little Calvaries of our own, where we can cleanse our souls of the filth sin spreads over them.

But suffering does more for us. It wins for us a right to heaven. We must not think, as some are inclined to do, that God has deserted us, or does not care for us, when He does not free us of our sufferings. His eyes are open to every pain we undergo, to every disappointment we encounter, to every contradiction we bear. Do we ever think that He allows us to suffer, because in no other way would many of us have even a chance of salvation? How many we know today, who have been prosperous in the world's eyes and have escaped a great amount of the physical ills that come to most of us, but who have forgotten God. Unless He sends suffering upon them, they no doubt will continue till death in such enjoyment as they find separated from their Maker. We poorer mortals can boast of nothing in worldly richness and greatness; but

we are justified in feeling, if we have done our best in the midst of our want, that we are on the roll of honor in the school of the Lord.

Though the road of suffering be bitter to the body, let us make it sweet to the soul. Thorny though the path of this life may be, still we can make it studded with spiritual roses for the world above. Our journey lies through a land of want, but the land of plenty is at its end, if we are patiently enduring it. Let us never forget Him who died amidst suffering that we might reign, so that we in suffering may rise to where in truth we will reign.

HERITAGE OF FAITH

ARCHBISHOP GLENNON'S
ELOQUENT LENTEN
SERMON

In his sermon at the New Cathedral, St. Louis, Archbishop Glennon applied the words of Saint Paul's second Epistle to the Corinthians, as read on the first Sunday of Lent, to Catholic Christian life and to the Catholic Church, dwelling particularly on the passage: "As deceivers, and yet true; as unknown, and yet known; as dying, and behold we live; as chastised and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as needy, yet enriching many; as having nothing and yet possessing all things."

Referring first to the collection for the Indian and negro missions of the United States, the Archbishop said that while Catholics have a general obligation to aid all missionary work at home and abroad they have a special obligation in regard to these two races of people in our own land, that they may receive the light of the Gospel of Christ and enjoy the blessings of the true faith.

The words at the close of Saint Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians, at first appear paradoxical and need explanation, the Archbishop continued. "The Apostle of the Gentiles wrote to the people of Corinth, who were among the early converts to Christianity, of the attitude of mind they should maintain, and his words are very applicable to Catholics of today. For instance, 'As deceivers and yet true.' The early Christians were regarded as deceivers, although true to Christ and His Church. If you ask the average non-Catholic what idea he has about the Catholic Church, he will say that its priests are able to make a good defense, but they have a 'way' of telling things. They have one way when speaking to the rich, for example, and another for the poor, advising the latter that they must be patient and satisfied with their lot; they have one philosophy in the schools and another when they go among the proletariat.

"What I wish to say is this: Whatever may be the setting of our Church service, the service is always the same. And so it has been since the very beginning. The Holy Mass is today the same as when it was said in the first days of Christ's Church, in the Catacombs and through all the succeeding ages. The Blessed Sacrament is the same and the vestments of the priests are the same; the prayers he utters at the consecration are the very same words used by our Lord at His Last Supper, when He instituted the Holy Eucharist. Other prayers also are messages of hope, as when we say 'Our Father, Who art in heaven' and 'Hail Mary full of grace, the Lord is with thee.' And the Gospel I have read today is the same and is read in more than 800,000 Catholic churches in all parts of the world. If there is one outstanding truth, it is that His Church, the Catholic Church, teaches the same doctrines today everywhere on earth that it always has taught, and all of its services are open to all. 'As deceivers, and yet true!'

"Again, 'as unknown and yet known.' The Catholic Church has existed for two thousand years. Its three hundred millions of people are scattered around the world; they are in every city, particularly here in our own city where we have over one hundred Catholic churches and Catholics constitute about one-half of the population. And yet, there are hundreds of thousands of people to whom the Church is unknown. And what is true of St. Louis and other cities is much more true when you go outside of them. Not only is the Church unknown, but some of the doings of simple and ignorant Catholics are held up as showing the essence of Catholic life. For example, an old woman in Mexico kisses the floor of a church and this is held forth as a 'horrible example' of superstition, and yet a Catholic church is a place where angels should fear to tread, where Jesus Christ is present in the Blessed Sacrament. The old woman's act of reverence is considered as typical of ignorance and superstition, which it is not, while in New York, for example, we find the ballet introduced into some so-called Christian churches, accounts of which are published in all of the papers and stir up discussion among the churches. But the great and eternal truths of Catholic teaching and of Catholic living are hidden.

"As dying, and behold we live," says Saint Paul. Books might be filled and have been filled with writing, from Julian the Apostate on down to Luther, Queen Elizabeth, Voltaire and the latest essayists who have declared that this 'superstition' was going to end,

must end. One writer, for example, has said that in fifty years there would be no Pope in the Eternal City. Voltaire cast the Church aside as an instrument of persecution and tyranny. Some tell us the English-speaking peoples are 'too intelligent' for this ancient 'superstition.' Yes, we are said to be dying, but every year this passes is a new spring, a new birth for the 'dying.'

"As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing." I have heard and you have heard people say: "You Catholics expect too much of us. You ask us to fast, to put ashes on our heads, to do penance, to pray and prostrate ourselves in fear of what is to come. You tell us to remember death, as if in darkness waiting for a far-off day. You show us your recuses and hermits immersed behind prison walls, poor and sorrowful creatures hoping for release."

"Yet always rejoicing, are those who pray and do works of charity and self-denial, because the very tears of repentance bring joy. And of all people those behind cloistered walls are the most joyful. Any one of these nuns, for example, I will set against any of your society ladies who lead a butterfly life in pursuit of pleasure, and the smile of joy will often be seen on the face of the religious woman. Follow the nun's daily life and see whether sorrow or joy fills it. The consciousness of sacrifice and of duty well done brings true happiness and the whole being of a religious is a reflex of the joy of heaven. The same is true in a Catholic home, where two persons are united in genuine love, when they lead truly Catholic lives. They are lives of joy, because they are honest with themselves and with each other and are trying to do their duty as God directs.

"As poor, and yet enriching many." This morning at Holy Trinity Church in St. Louis were held the quarterly meeting and Holy Communion of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. About one thousand men attended. I don't think there are any millionaires in this Society, which gets nothing from the city and makes no drives for funds. Its members only ask that the people give something, that it may distribute what is necessary to the poor. These men not only give to the poor, but they enrich many, including themselves, spiritually. They are doing a volume of charity which cannot be estimated. They help the poor, the sick, the aged, the foundling, as do also our religious communities, building up the links of society where help is sorely needed.

"And finally, 'as having nothing, yet possessing all things.' I assume that the true Catholic has divorced himself from the love of riches. We may hold wealth and property, but in trust for others. These things must not possess or hold us, the spirit, the soul, of the true Catholic is free. For such a one, who sets aside the things of earth, may say, what have I of my own? I have Christ the Lord, I am possessed of the inheritance of the saints; I am rich in the love and mercy of our Father in heaven."

**MEDICAL MISSIONS
INDIA'S SAD NEED**

CATHOLIC WOMAN PHYSICIAN
URGES ESTABLISHMENT

Washington.—How four Catholic women physicians serving six hospitals are forced to compete with more than 300 Protestant women physicians in the medical missions of India, was told by Dr. Anna Dengel of St. Catharine's Hospital, Rawal-Pindi, Punjab, India, who is in America in an effort to stimulate interest in the Catholic medical missions there. Dr. Dengel is one of those four Catholic women physicians. She is a native of the Austrian Tyrol, holds a medical degree from the National University of Ireland in Cork, and has served in the medical mission field in India for many years. For the past three and a half years she was in charge of St. Catharine's Hospital at Rawal-Pindi.

According to Dr. Dengel, medical missions offer practically the only avenue through which the truths of Christianity may be brought to the attention of the native women of India. This work, she explained, must be carried on by women physicians because the Mohammedan and Hindu customs forbid male physicians from attending women. The native women, however, are very glad to receive such medical aid as may be given them through the medical missions where there are women physicians and such contacts result in the spread of Christianity.

In India the native women cannot be reached through mission schools, as in other missionary lands, Dr. Dengel said, because only four out of a thousand Mohammedan women and only eight out of a thousand Hindu women ever attend any school long enough to learn to read or write.

NEED OF MORE MEDICAL MISSIONS

Aside from the opportunities offered for spreading the Gospel, there is a crying need for medical missions from a purely physical standpoint, Dr. Dengel asserted. Depredations of malaria and other fevers, plagues, and diseases peculiar to the Orient, are widespread in India because of lack of scientific treatment. Native medical prac-

tics is hopelessly impotent to meet the needs, Dr. Dengel declares. "Native nurses are more a menace than a help," she said. "They have no idea of cleanliness, aseptics, etc. Lack of hygiene, sanitation, and prevalence of superstition and prejudices, are the things we must fight."

Dr. Dengel believes it to be the best policy to concentrate the efforts of the medical missions upon preventive measures rather than merely attempting to relieve suffering after it has developed.

"We are trying to treat people, but so many are already beyond treatment. Our great hope lies in educating them in elementary laws and in breaking down prejudices," she said.

The great needs of the medical missions in India, she said, trained workers and financial support. In both of these respects the Protestant agencies now far overshadow the Catholic agencies. The Protestant agencies are supported by an elaborate system of missionary contributions reaching back to the congregations in Europe and America. Many non-Catholic organizations are represented; the Church of England, the Church of Scotland, the Methodists, the Salvation Army and practically all of the larger denominations in the United States. Individual Protestant congregations bind themselves to support one Protestant missionary worker in India, smaller groups undertake to support a bed in one of the hospitals, and by these and various other methods a huge total of financial support is available for the entire work.

CATHOLIC MISSIONS POORLY SUPPORTED

On the other hand the Catholic medical missions have not so far enjoyed such effective support. St. Catharine's Hospital, for example, which is the pioneer institution of its kind, is supported partly by contributions from a committee in London, to a small extent by grants from the government, and by private donations. St. Catharine's was established in 1906 due to the efforts of a Scottish woman, Dr. Agnes McLaren, a convert to Catholicism. In this institution and in the five others subsequently established many Indian babies have been baptized and many mothers brought to a knowledge of the Catholic Faith according to Dr. Dengel.

While in the United States Dr. Dengel is speaking before the student bodies of Catholic colleges for girls in the hope of interesting some of the students in medical mission work. She says there is a great shortage of trained nurses even in the few hospitals already in existence and a far greater need if the hospitals required could be brought into existence. She is also soliciting funds for the construction of a new building at St. Catharine's. Dr. Dengel is traveling under the auspices of the Medical Mission Board which has its headquarters at 410 East 57th St., New York. The Medical Mission Board is the legislative body of the Medical Mission Section of the Catholic Hospital Association. The Rev. John A. Lynch, C. S. S. R., a member of the Board, is now making a nationwide lecture tour in the interests of the medical missions. The importance of medical missionary work has been recognized in the Vatican Missionary Exhibition now being held in Rome, where a special section is devoted to diseases of the tropics and other missionary fields.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

TODAY

Only from day to day
The life of a wise man runs;
What matters if seasons far away
Have gloom or have double suns?

To climb the unreal path
We lose the reading here,
We swim the rivers of wrath
And tunnel the hills of fear.

Our feet on the river's brink,
Our eyes on the clouds afar,
We fear the things that are
Instead of things that are.

Like a tide our work should rise,
Each later wave the best;
Tomorrow forever dies,
Today is the special test.

Like a sawyer's work is life,
The present makes the flaw,
And the only field for strife
Is the inch before the saw.

—JOHN BOYLE O'HEILLY

A ROSARY

A New York lawyer once told me that a rosary a day has won for him more cases than all the knowledge gleaned from his library of law. "I have a tiny Rosary," he said, "which fits snugly in my hand and it is my greatest help mid the hustle and bustle of the business world. Every morning on my way to the office or to court I say my Beads and among the thousands that brush elbows with me not one knows that I am talking to the Mother of God."

The words of this man certainly show us that success in life is not entirely resting on our own shoulders. If Marshal Foch, while holding in his hand the destiny of nations, whose every plan might mean the doom or deliverance of myriads of men, could find time to slip away to say a Rosary, certainly no business man of today can claim exemption from this holy practice. Life is a sham if our wallets are bulging with bills and our hearts void of virtue. How much we owe to our earthly mother! How much more to our heavenly mother!—Catholic Union and Times.

THE EYES OF ANGELS

If there are angels who look into the ways of men, how different are the notions which they entertain of us from those which we are apt to entertain of one another. We are dazzled with the splendor of titles, the ostentation of learning, the noise of victories. They, on the contrary, see the philosopher in the cottage who possesses his soul in patience and thankfulness under the pressure of what titled minds call poverty and distress. They do not look for great men at the head of armies, or among the pomps of a court, but often find them out in the shades and solitudes in the private walks and by-paths of life. The evening walk of a wise man is more illustrious in their sight than the march of a general at the head of a hundred men. A contemplation of God's works, a voluntary act of justice to our own detriment, a generous concern for the good of mankind, tears shed in silence for the misery of others, a private desire or resentment broken or subdued—in short, an unfeigned exercise of humility or any other virtue, are such actions as are glorious in their sight, and denominate men great and reputable. The most famous among us are often looked upon with pity, contempt or indignation, whilst those who are most obscure among their own species are regarded with love, approbation and esteem.—Addison.

RELIGION TRUE BASIS OF CHARACTER

"The foundation of moral character is religion," declared Dean Thomas Arkie Clark, dean of men at the University of Illinois at a meeting of the Catholic students of the university held under the auspices of the Catholic Foundation at the University and presided over by the director, the Rev. John A. O'Brien, Ph. D.

"The surest guarantee of moral rectitude," continued Dean Clark, "is a strong faith in God. The character that lacks that solid bedrock for a foundation, rests upon the unstable and shifting sands of human caprice.

"That is why I, as an official of a State university, encourage every student to hold fast to his religious faith during his days at the University. For if he suffered his faith in God to be wrecked, he would lose the most potent influence for right living and for the development of human character that exists in the world today.

"You Catholic students should hold fast to your religious faith and should practice it conscientiously during your school days at Illinois. By so doing you will be better students of the University and better citizens of the State."—The Antidote.

KEEP STUDYING AND INCREASE HAPPINESS

People who keep thinking are usually happy. It is when a man becomes a drifter and a floater that he becomes dissatisfied and discouraged.

Every human being should keep studying all the time.

Not only should you study along some line in which you are interested, but you should take up some line or subject about which you know nothing. It is surprising how little any of us know. To tap a new vein of knowledge is like being

refreshed with a cup of cold water on a hot day. The entire mind reacts to new discoveries of ideas and bits of knowledge.

Keep studying about the things you are most interested in and then keep adding new interests outside your present work or occupation.

Every time a new set of muscles is developed in your body every other part of the body is benefited. In like manner every time you add to what you already know, all other knowledge becomes enriched.

To keep studying your friends is to improve your friendships. To keep studying art is to increase your appreciation for all beautiful things. To keep studying books is to come closer to all mankind.

One of the greatest secrets of success is to learn the fact that only as you do your work and fill your niche better than any one has ever done it before, do you really grow into a commanding place of power.

It's that "Keep Studying" that smooths the way and lights up the path of progress.

In this connection it is well to do something each day that you would rather not do at all. For to all of us there always come times when we have too many things that we didn't expect but are compelled to do.

Keep studying. It helps us to meet all the affairs of life gracefully.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

MY DEAR OLD MOTHER

There, at the gate, that lowly figure stands!
Behold her careworn frame, her bony hands;
And see those lines, those wrinkles on her face;
Yet she among rare beauties hold first place.

'Tis Mother, stooping low and bent through care—
With her no maiden sweet will ever compare.
Among the fair, she is the fairest to you
Among the best of friends she is the truest.

For she will stand by you when no one dares to yield
And calm your troubled heart until those lips are sealed
At death, Ah! then her worth you learn to measure
And seek in vain for such a precious treasure.

And when into the grave her lifeless form is lowered,
You hear earth's clouds upon her madly fall, as tho' ignored.
Those sounds so cruel deep and sharp do sting;
While years roll on, yet still you hear their echoes ring.

Ah! there your tears course down as ne'er before,
For Mother passed away unto eternal shore.
No more you hear her words so sweet and kind,
Nowhere on earth her equal can you find.

No more to kiss those bony hands with sacred awe;
No more to hear; no more to see your dear old Ma;
No more beside her walk at a slowly gait,
For silent is her heart with such a noble trait.

Yet memory's faithful lamp shall e'er reflect her name,
And cast its light upon her path of virtue's fame.
Sweet thanks to God for such consoling hope of soul,
That she and I will meet some day at Heaven's goal.

A GIRL'S CHARACTER

A girl cannot be too careful about her character. For like a snowy lily, the least blemish tarnishes its beauty. Some girls do not really mean any harm, but they seem to lack a delicate sense of propriety, and frequently invite criticism of an unkind nature. They laugh loudly, make acquaintances too freely, and consider reticence a requisite best suited for our grandmother's day.

The girl who is slow to make acquaintances, is generally speaking, the best sort of girl. When you get to know her, you feel her worth, and place her on the list of your friends with a feeling of pleasure. A little dignity is an excellent thing. It checks the familiarity of others, and affords the superior attitude of mind. The girl who is truly up-to-date in her ideas follows the dictates of good form. Thus, she proves herself to be well bred and smart, shielding herself from the unpleasantness that is sure to come from a careless demeanor.—The Tablet.

FORMING GOOD HABITS

The more one thinks of education the more he realizes that it is principally a matter of character formation. We know very well that character is made up of a number of habits. This being so, it is important that parents begin early to cultivate and form correct habits in their children.

There are, it is true, a great number of habits, and it would be difficult to mention them all. But here are a number of suggestions which may prove helpful to parents.

Children should be taught:
To have a real love of God.
To know and practice the commandments or laws of God.

To love his fellow-man as he loves himself.
To be kind and helpful to every human being.
To labor for the common good rather than for selfish motives.
To realize that religion helps him to be a good citizen.

To have proper respect for all rightly constituted authority.
To inspire others by his good example.
To be neat and clean going to school.
To know the correct posture for sitting or standing.
To avoid waste of any kind.
To tell the truth on every occasion.

To be honest in all his dealings.
To study diligently and perseveringly.
To grasp and assimilate everything that he studies.
To think before he answers any question.
To be polite and well-mannered.
To be willing to learn from everybody.

To have an idea of responsibility.
To be a man of one's word.
To see and to appreciate the beauties of nature.
To eat regularly and prudently.
To be particular about his appearance.
To take proper care of his physical nature.
To speak clearly and distinctly.
To cultivate a love for good literature.

To love the true, the beautiful and the good.
To see in all things the wonderful handwork of God.—Catholic Herald.

MAKE SURE YOU GET THE RIGHT MEDICINE

People who are suffering from constipation, biliousness or sick headache are sometimes at a loss to know what remedy to take to correct these ailments.

Mr. Arthur Couzens of Smith Township, Ont., said that he tried several doctors and various remedies but got no relief until he was advised by a friend to take Dr. Norvall's Stomach and Tonic Tablets. When he had finished one bottle he felt like a different person, and takes pleasure in recommending Dr. Norvall's Stomach and Tonic Tablets to anyone suffering from constipation or biliousness.

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POPE'S HOUSEKEEPER

By Mr. Enrico Pucci (Rome Correspondent, N. C. W. C.)

Father Clement M. Thunette, the Chicago Dominican who recently founded in the United States an association of pious women to train as housekeepers for priests, is in Rome.

In the course of his stay, he has talked with Miss Theolinda Banfi, known at the Vatican by the simple title of Linda. She is housekeeper to His Holiness Pius XI. For a half century Linda, capable and self-effacing, has been in the service of the Holy Father and his family. It was she who affectionately attended Madame Ratti, the Pope's mother, in her last illness.

Linda, however, has received a great new honor, and it was partly concerning it that she and Father Thunette talked. She has been made Honorary President of the new American association for the training of priests' housekeepers which the American priest has formed.

Father Thunette relates some incidents Miss Banfi recounted to him which in a peculiar way give delightful little insights into the simple life led by the Holy Father.

When she received the letter telling her of the honor the American women had conferred on her, she said, she was puzzled, for she neither speaks nor reads English. So she went to the Pope himself for help, asking him what it contained.

His Holiness indulgently read the letter to her and explained its meaning, adding that she might accept the proffered honor. So Linda wrote a reply, accepting and expressing her thanks.

Later, she received from Father Thunette a richly bound copy of the rules and pious exercises of the association of American women. Again in a quandary because it was written in English, she once more had recourse to the Holy Father.

His Holiness, despite the huge bulk of work that constantly presses down on him, took the time to go over the book, then explained it to her carefully, in simple words, remarking that the prayers and exercises were excellent. Then, smiling, he added:

"You will read this in the evening when you cannot sleep."

Then Linda showed Father Thunette a communication she had received from a woman in the United States who had just observed her twenty-fifth year of service as housekeeper to a priest. A picture was enclosed in the letter.

The good Linda's comment was that in a little while she would have completed her fiftieth year of service with the Ratti family.

As she departed she confided to Father Thunette that since she was so busy of late, she had asked the Pontiff if she might that evening make her regular visit to the Blessed Sacrament in His Holiness' private chapel. The Pope had readily given the permission, allotting the hour of 10 to 11. So while the head of the great world Church worked and studied, as he always does at that hour, and while most of the rest of the attendants were asleep, this simple devout woman knelt before the Tabernacle and thanked God for His blessings to her and prayed for the long preservation of the Pontiff who bears such heavy responsibilities.

This, then, is the person to whom she followed the care of the household of the head of Christendom, and who is the honorary head of the new American association.

Linda has attended Pope Pius for many years. She was at Milan when he was prefect of his beloved Ambrosian Library. When he was called to Rome to assume the prefecture of the Vatican Library, she followed him to the Eternal City. When he was advanced to the See of Milan and to the purple, he placed her at the head of his household administration, and when he ascended the Papal throne, wishing to continue his humble mode of living he again brought her to Rome. There she administers the household wants of His Holiness, of his two particular secretaries, Monsignors Confalonieri and Venini and of his servant Giovanni Malvaestti, also a servant in the Ratti family for many years.

Her attentiveness to her duties is equalled only by her piety, and she is reckoned as one of the most valued persons at the Vatican.

NEW GERMANY HONORS CATHOLIC WRITER

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

One of the most beautiful lyrical works in the German language, long neglected because it had a distinctly Catholic flavor, has just won proper general recognition.

This work is the poem "Dreizehnlinden" (Thirteen Lime Trees), by the Westphalian Catholic poet Friedrich Wilhelm Weber. It was written in 1875, and its name recalls the ancient monastery the Benedictine monks established in Westphalia in the time of Charlemagne to convert the heathen Saxons to Christianity. Dreizehnlinden was the name of this venerable foundation.

The poem, written in brilliant style, has for its theme the contrasting of the simple Saxon pagans with the cultivated Frankish tribes whose Christianity was little more than a name at that time. Immediately upon its appearance, the worth of the work was recognized by Catholics, and it ran through many editions. A drama was made of it, and was produced many times. But in Protestant lists of German literature it found little or no place and the reading of it in schools was forbidden under the old Nationalist regime, because of its Catholic character.

Since the Revolution, however, and the fall of the old Protestant rulers, "Dreizehnlinden" has been introduced into the schools, and students of literature have generally admitted that it is a classic. It is now regarded as a great piece of German literature. Even the famous Universitätsbibliothek, of Leipzig, which positively refuses to publish distinctly Catholic works, has now published the Catholic poet's epic in a special edition, terming it "a classical story of love and conversion of the Ninth Century."

Following its publication, critics have taken up the poem, finding it good, and it is expected that other works of the Westphalian Catholic will soon be published for general reading.

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HOLY SCRIPTURE WEEK

Ottawa Citizen, March 13

With the scholarly precision which has characterized his lectures throughout the series, Rev. Dr. J. R. O'Gorman, without any parade of erudition, presented to his auditors at the Franklin theater last evening the latest word of scholarship as regards the Greek, Latin, Syriac, Coptic and English versions of the Bible. For scholars are engaged today in a two-fold task; first, that of editing as correctly as possible the ancient versions of the Bible, especially the Septuagint and the Latin, Syriac and Coptic, as these are among the most important witnesses of the original text of Scripture; and secondly, that of publishing in English and the other languages of today new and more accurate translations than those to which we have been accustomed.

Dr. O'Gorman read a letter which he had received that morning from the greatest Coptic Scripture scholar on the American hemisphere, Rev. Dr. H. Hyvernat of the Catholic University of Washington who is editing the famous Pierpont Morgan Coptic manuscripts which were discovered in 1910. Dr. O'Gorman had asked him for the latest word of Coptic scholars on the disputed question as to the date of the principal Coptic Bible versions. He had also asked whether the most recent investigations showed that in the Old Testament the Bohairic and Sahidic versions represented the Septuagint text free from Origen's Hexaplar readings, and whether in the New Testament they represented the Greek text uninfused by the revisions of Hesychius, which are the basis of the unfortunate omissions of Codex B, and the Westcott and Hort printed Greek New Testament. Dr. Hyvernat replied:

DR. HYVERNAT'S LETTER
"Rev. and Dear Father: "You will be quite safe, I think, in saying that the Bohairic version dates back to about A. D. 200, and the Sahidic to about 250. Also that these two versions are, at least generally, free from Hexaplar influences, and also from Hesychian influences. Still the comparatively recent discovery of the first complete manuscripts of several books now preserved at the British Museum (Deuteronomy and the Acts), and especially at the Pierpont Morgan library (Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, I, and II Kings, I, and II Samuel, Isaiah, the Four Gospels, the 14 Epistles of St. Paul, and the seven Catholic Epistles), will make it imperative to study and test anew not only the Sahidic, but on the same principle all the other Coptic versions. In the meantime, however, there is no danger of overrating their importance."

"Kindly give my respect to His Grace the Archbishop, and believe me, Rev. and Dear Father, yours faithfully, H. Hyvernat."

REVISION OF THE VULGATE
Of more importance, it was stated, is the revision of the Latin Vulgate version of the Bible, now being made at the command of the Pope, by the Benedictines under Cardinal Gasquet, for while the Coptic language is no longer used in the liturgy and the Copts are few in number, Latin is the liturgical language in which the Psalms and Gospels are chanted or recited daily by the majority of the priests in the world. The latest news concerning the revision of the Vulgate, Dr. O'Gorman communicated to the audience from the last number of "Verbum Domini," the monthly magazine published at Rome by the Pontifical Biblical Institute. This year the critical edition of St. Jerome's translation from the Hebrew of the first book of the Bible, Genesis, would be printed and for the first time we would have a printed edition of this book, which would even in the minutest details be identical or as nearly so as possible, with the manuscript as it left the hands of the great scholar, St. Jerome, fifteen hundred years ago. As an example of the corrections which this new edition has made in the present official Clementine edition of the Vulgate the lecturer instanced the raven sent forth from the ark, Genesis 8, 7, which, according to the present edition of the Vulgate (qui egrediebatur et non revertebatur) "went forth and did not return." According to the Hebrew and according to St. Jerome's translation of the same, this should read: "which went forth and to fro." In other words some copyist, not understanding the text, had mistakenly inserted the negative particle "non."

FIRST BIBLES PRINTED
In another section of his lecture, Dr. O'Gorman showed that it was a Roman Catholic who invented print-

ing and first printed the Bible. Indeed the Latin Bible, he stated, was the first book ever printed. This was about 1466. No fewer than 99 editions of the whole Bible in Latin were printed before 1500. During the first thirty years that followed the invention of printing, Roman Catholics on the Continent published the Bible in German, Italian, French, Flemish, Catalan and Czech. Before Luther's Bible appeared in 1534, there were no fewer than 100 Roman Catholic editions of the whole Bible in four European vernaculars alone, namely, German, Italian, French and Flemish.

England, said the lecturer, was unfortunately an exception to this Roman Catholic Scriptural activity. When printing was invented, there was in circulation in England a manuscript version of the Bible in English, today usually called the Wycliff version. If this old English Bible is really of Wycliffian origin, which, as Cardinal Gasquet has shown, is by no means certain, the version had been purged by Roman Catholics of any heretical glosses or notes it may have originally possessed. For on the eve of the Reformation we find these manuscripts, which are correct translations of the Catholic Vulgate, used with ecclesiastical permission by devout Catholic lay and religious persons. In any case the Roman Catholics of England at that time failed to print a Catholic translation of the Bible in English. Hence it happened that the first printed English translation of the New Testament was that made by Tyndale, a disciple of Luther. Tyndale's indefensible mistranslations and his heretical marginal notes caused his version to be burned when it reached England in 1526, said the speaker.

RECENT ENGLISH VERSIONS
After sketching the history of the Rheims-Doanay version of 1582-1609, and the King James version of 1611, Dr. O'Gorman concluded by a reference to the latest outstanding Protestant and Catholic English versions. The Anglican Revised version of 1880-1884 was, he stated, a distinct improvement on the King James, both as regards correctness of text and accuracy of translation. Unfortunately it omitted the seven deuterocanonical books of the Old Testament. The latest Roman Catholic version in English, the Westminster, now in course of publication, under the general editorship of two English Jesuits, is a translation direct from the Hebrew and Greek texts. Up to the present the New Testament has appeared, save Matthew, Luke, John and Acts. It is a scholarly translation, which sheds light on difficult passages and brings out the finer shades of meaning found in the original, but which at times departs unnecessarily from the vocabulary of the Catholic Elizabethan Rheims version.

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BISHOP FALLON HEADS PILGRIMAGE

The following announcement, in answer to the invitation given by the Holy Father to all who can do so to visit the Holy City during the year of Jubilee, was read in the churches of the diocese of London on Easter Sunday:

"The official Holy Year pilgrimage of the ecclesiastical provinces of Toronto and Kingston will leave Montreal for Rome under the spiritual direction of Right Reverend M. E. Fallon, Bishop of London, on June 3rd next. His Lordship is desirous of having a large representation from the people of his diocese. The travelling arrangements have been confided to Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, 45 Young St., Toronto, to Bishop Fallon or to the Pastor of the parish."

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DIED

WRIGHT.—At her late residence, 374 King Street, London, Ont., on Monday, April 20, Miss Katherine, daughter of the late John and Jane Wright. May her soul rest in peace.

R-a-d-i-o

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St. Anthony's Perpetual Novena

The great number of thanksgivings from clients of St. Anthony, the Wonder-Worker of Padua, for favors received through his intercession, have again been the source of much gratification to the Friars of the Atonement. Below we are publishing a few of the many petitions received.

Mrs. J. W. L., Cleveland, O.: "Enclosed please find offering for St. Anthony's Bread in thanksgiving for the recovery of a lost article."
P. E. M.: "Enclosed find offering I promised in honor of St. Anthony. My petition was granted, and a good sale found for some personal property. Many thanks to St. Anthony, who has never failed me."
E. L. L., Cleveland, O.: "Enclosed find a money order as a thank offering to St. Anthony for securing me a good position."
"K. C. F., Baltimore, Md.: "Am happy to say my little nephew is now on the way to recovery. I believe he looks better than before he was taken sick. The doctor told my sister-in-law he had been a very sick child, and for several days there was little hope of his recovery. I greatly appreciate the favor the Wonder-Worker has obtained for us, and thank you especially for your good prayers."

If those who have not in their possession the prayers to be said during the Novena, will mention this when writing, we will be pleased to send them the same, and place their petitions at the Graymour Shrine.

St. Anthony's Graymour Shrine
Friars of the Atonement Box 316, Peekskill, N. Y.

THE FOREST

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