

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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WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

NEITHER FISH, FOWL, NOR HERRING

The Six North-eastern Counties have ceased, under the Partition Act, to be an integral part of Great Britain, and by the foolish bigotry of her capitalists and aristocrats she has voluntarily voted herself out from the jurisdiction of Ireland. Therefore she is at present neither British fish, nor fowl, nor Provincial herring. She is an Ishmael amongst political units, and is bound to suffer when her provincial interests clash with those from whom she seeks "protection" against her fellow citizens in Ireland.

Lord Londonderry and his Belfast friends have been gravely shocked to find that the British Parliament has placed an embargo against "Ulster" cattle passing into Britain. He spoke with great sincerity in the British House of Lords on Thursday night, the 22nd inst. He spoke the things which we in Nationalist Ireland knew so well, the fact that national interests always must be subordinate to Imperial expediency in an Imperial Government. He pleaded in tones very reminiscent of Butt to his British hearers to do a gracious thing and to give Ulster special privileges. He said that to remove this embargo would not only be just, not only politic, but straightforward.

He continued: "The adoption of such a course would go far to remove from Irish minds the ancient mistrust of British legislation—a belief that had almost grown to the fixity of a creed, that the law made at Westminster was founded on oppression and built upon self-interest." The reply to this pleading was a direct negative backed by a majority of over 300 British votes. A continuation of the Partition system of Government in N. E. Ulster will rapidly produce an Orange Famine in Westminster, or else what is more obvious, induce this area promptly to recover from its sulky attitude in a corner, unite with the rest of Ireland, and place the custody of its Customs, Excise, and Trade in the hands of an Irish Parliament sitting in the Irish capital.

IRISH CUSTOMS AGAINST "ULSTER"

Now the Dublin government has slammed down, with a bang, a Customs barrier that will cut both the nose and the tail off the Belfast government. The Irish Commissioners of Revenue (of the Dublin Government) have just issued a long document of which the five most important clauses are:

1. On and after the 1st April, 1923, it will be necessary to arrange for the collection of Customs duties on all dutiable commodities coming into the Free State from countries outside the Free State (including Great Britain and Northern Ireland).

2. For this purpose it will be necessary to establish a Customs frontier between the Free State and Northern Ireland, and pending a decision by the Boundary Commission as to the future boundary line, the frontier will be temporarily placed along the boundary between the Six Northern Counties and the Twenty-six Counties at present included in the Irish Free State.

3. The conveyance of all goods (including any stock) across this frontier will be importation in and exportation out of the Free State as the case may be, and the provisions of the Acts relating to Customs will apply.

4. The importation and exportation of all merchandise other than farm produce across the frontier is prohibited, except by such routes, and in the case of road routes during such hours as may be approved by the Ministry of Finance for the purpose. On each approved route there will be a frontier post and a Customs station; imports and exports will be entered and examined, and duty (if any) paid at the Customs Station.

5. Every person conveying imported merchandise, other than farm produce, across the frontier must carry with him a Carrier's Report, signed by him, in duplicate showing the marks and numbers on the packages carried, and the description and approximate quantities of the merchandise in them, and the names and addresses of each consigner and consignee. The carrier must present the report to the frontier post officer, who will return one copy to him, as a pass, and must proceed forthwith by the approved route to the Customs Station, and there produce the merchandise to the Customs officer.

Farm produce, household goods and personal effects will be exempt from duty. Practically all merchandise will be taxed. The conditions are such as will practically prevent Belfast carrying on with the rest of Ireland, the very large trade that it was used to. It will also, of course, end Belfast being made the port for importations with a very large portion of Ireland. In short, if Belfast likes to go on living upon the spleen which made it hate and antagonize

the country of which it was a part, and by which it lived, Belfast will get opportunity for healthy reflection, while it is left to stew in its own acrid juice.

MURIEL CAUSES WORRY

Here is a letter of severe complaint upon Mrs. Muriel MacSwiney, widow of the hero Terence MacSwiney, demanding her recall from America—which the Irish Government captured, and which was written by Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington. The "L. G." referred to is Laurence Ginnell, De Valera's envoy in U. S. "The Chief" refers to De Valera. "Mary" is Miss Mary MacSwiney. "Maura" is Mrs. MacSwiney's child. "K" is Linda Kearns, one of the women Republican envoys to U. S.

"Dear Miss O'R.—Muriel has been causing us great worry. I wrote you already, and have been hoping against hope. L. G. arrived a week ago, and brought letters from Art O'Brien and others asking her to return. Chief sent messages (verbal) also reproving her for her tactlessness re divers interviews. Since then others have come with letters saying Maura needed her, and was ill, etc. She refuses to go. Has been trying (in vain) to get appointed Consul in N. Y.; has broken several engagements for us; refused to attend receptions; left above hotel; left hotel in Philadelphia where L. & K. were, and so on. She is with an unscrupulous crowd, who use her and exploit her. She turns a deaf ear to all our entreaties and protests, and her general wildness and irresponsibility has done us great harm and caused dangerous comment. The group are trying to get us up against M. S. so as to have us deported, or at any rate, discredited. Then some are politicians out for their own ends and some are limelights purely. She is very hysterical, and though when she chooses she can be charming and sweet, she can and is also at other times entirely irresponsible and unbalanced—like a spoiled and naughty child. I had hoped Ginnell would get her to go home, as he was asked; but though he put it strongly to her, she refused. L. and K. and all of us have tried with her in vain, so finally after a joint conference with L. G. and O. K. the Irish World's representative, our treasurer, hon. sec. and exec. sec. I wrote telling her I could be responsible for her in connection with relief any longer—setting forth my reasons; her lack of co-operation, breaking of engagements, collecting for other funds (consultate unauthorized), and general irresponsibility. I had the approval and concurrence of all—in fact, several of our best workers (including our treasurer and manager) said they would resign if this was not done. Now she refuses to return and may likely run on her own. I don't feel this a serious danger, as she is too flighty to persist in any work for long, and is not a speaker at all, but it may cause friction. . . . Now you can get her officially recalled by Chief or Austin or Mary, and, above all, can you send me copy of message, for though I know she has already got advice formally to return home, I would be in a clearer position if I had a copy of any letter or quotation from anyone. We are going out West, and I'd need messages by return. I may cable you a reply to a guarded manner. Mary Mac would help us, I think, as she was up against this before and knows conditions.—In haste, H."

SEUMAS MACMANUS,
264 West 94th Street,
New York City.

CALDEY MONKS END FIRST DECADE

London, March 15.—On the festival of St. Aelred, Cistercian Abbot of Rievaulx in Yorkshire, the Benedictine monks of Caldey Island in South Wales completed the first decade of their existence as religious of the Catholic Church.

Exactly ten years ago, there took place in their small but beautiful abbey church, set on a green island in the midst of the Seven Seas, the unique ceremony of a company of habited and tonsured monks making their adoration of Protestantism and being received into full communion with the Catholic Church and the Apostolic See of Rome.

Much has happened in the passing of these ten years. The chief prelate who presided at the ceremony, Mgr. Mostyn, was then Bishop of Menevia. He is now Archbishop of Cardiff and Metropolitan of the whole of Wales. Don Cuthbert Butler, who assisted at the ceremony, has since laid down his high office of Abbot of Downside and has retired into the character of a simple monk. While Dom Columbia Marmion, who was authorized by the Holy See to receive the convert monks into the Benedictine order, has only recently gone to his eternal reward.

Only a few days later the tenth anniversary of the conversion of the monks is followed by the tenth anniversary of the nuns, who were received into the Church at the convent at Milford Haven. While the monks still occupy their old home, the nuns have established themselves in a new house, the historic home of the ancient Catholic family of the Mostyns, which is now known as Talacre Abbey.

The monks of Caldey have retained their independence, being subject to the oversight of the diocesan Bishop. The convert nuns, on the other hand, elected for affiliation with the English Benedictine Congregation, and at a Chapter in 1921 were elected by the Benedictines into full membership of the English Congregation.

"BIBLE-CHRISTIANS" IN ENGLAND

London, March 15.—Outside the Catholic Church, declares a Lancashire Jesuit, Father Sheridan, except in certain minor quarters, the Bible has lost its supernatural grip, and therewith its sacred trust.

These are the terms in which the Jesuit priest replies to the old Protestant catch-words "the Bible, and the Bible only," which he declares is the most absurd and indefensible rule of faith ever devised since the voice of the Living Church was rejected.

There are abundant signs up and down Great Britain that the Bible-Christians, so-called, are beginning to feel that the ground has been snatched away from under them; that their own critics and scholars are responsible for the attack on the Bible, and that the very foundations of their belief are crumbling. The Scottish Presbyterians found this out some time ago, and have been on the verge of a semi-panic ever since.

Father Sheridan declares that the fruits of this false principle are reaped today, and bitter indeed they are to the taste. "The Bible, and the Bible only," he declares, has meant and must mean, "Babel and Babel only."

Even the non-Catholics, he says, who use their eyes have no further doubts about this. Hundreds of warring sects, each of them appealing to the Bible; distressed souls wandering hither and thither; the alienation of millions from all religious faith and worship—these are some of the results that can no longer be hidden or obscured.

THE GREAT-MISCHIEF MAKER WITH A PEACE OFFERING

Jim Larkin, the famous Irish Labor Agitator and Communist, recently released from prison by order of Governor Smith of New

York, has been making a lecture tour of America, thereby collecting funds for the relief of distress among Dublin poor. It was purposed that he should return to Ireland about Easter. An Irish correspondent of the London Labor Organization, the Daily Herald, says Jim's return to Ireland promised to be sensational in the extreme. In a cablegram to his relatives, he states that he will arrive in Dublin at Easter, bringing as an Easter egg for the Dublin poor a shipload of food and clothes. He claims that he is getting a ship free with a volunteer crew. Union longshoremen will load her free, and the New York Harbor Authorities will berth her free while she is being loaded.

Jim Larkin is now touring the States raising funds for the purchase of the cargo. "The response is splendid," he says. "I shall get more than enough." He intends to test the truth of the old Irish legend that Ireland will get her deliverance from the sea. The Easter egg from America recalls to mind the relief ships sent by the English workers during the great strike of 1918.

SEUMAS MACMANUS,
264 West 94th Street,
New York City.

JUSTICE IN RUSSIA

The object of the Bolsheviki in prosecuting the Polish Catholic clergy in Russia is beginning to be rather more visible. So far as could be judged from the dispatches, the charges against Archbishop Cieplak came down to three: (1) he was a priest; (2) he was a Pole; (3) the Bolsheviki didn't like him. None of these could well be regarded as a capital offense, yet he was sentenced to death.

The sentence was immediately suspended, however, after protests had been received from all parts of the world. Our Moscow correspondent reported during the trial that everybody expected this. If you want to give a man a term in jail, you can perhaps acquire a reputation for magnanimity by imposing the death sentence, and then, as an act of grace, commuting it to the term of imprisonment which you meant to give him in the first place. But there is a more practical explanation than this. To the Polish Government, which had protested first and most vigorously, the Russian Minister in Warsaw announced that execution of the death sentence would be postponed and that "the affair would be taken up in diplomatic negotiations." Do ut des; I let your Archbishop live, you show your good-will by making this or that concession.

The rulers of Russia may naturally be surprised that the mere sentence of a few more priests. Persecution of the clergy is nothing new in Russia, but hitherto it has been the Russians' own clergy. To attack members of a world-wide organization is more serious. And then, of course, there is the difference between the proletariat and the bourgeois concepts of justice. During the trial of the Russian Social Revolutionaries last year a mob at one time invaded the courtroom, "who heaped insults on the defense and the accused and read a resolution demanding the highest punishment for them." Counsel for the defense contended that this demonstration operated to prejudice the judges, but the court rejected this contention with a stern rebuke.

To complain about a little thing like that, said the judges, betrayed a "total misconception of the court's juridical nature." The demonstrators had been admitted, and their resolution heard, by the deliberate determination of the court. The episode showed that "the court is not acting in isolation from the working masses." To suppose that the court could give a fair decision "only if it remains within a circle of bourgeois thought," the blindness of bourgeois thought," if the language of the mob had been rather vehement, it must be remembered that "these workers did not go through any law college and do not know the laws of etiquette, and for this reason permitted themselves to use expressions which should not have been used in the courtroom."

The argument works both ways. There are glass cases and glass cases, and evidence is plentiful that the Bolsheviki leaders live in one that is practically sound-proof. Even through its walls, however, they must have heard the protests against the sentences imposed on the Catholic clergy.—N. Y. Times.

RATIONALISTS FEAR CHURCH'S GROWTH

English Rationalists are somewhat fearful of the increasing progress of Catholicism, according to the Literary Guide, which is the voice and mouthpiece of the Rationalist Association, a somewhat respectable form of Atheism that exists in Great Britain.

The official journal professes to be contemptuous of the advance of Catholicism. But for all that it declares that letters are pouring in from Rationalists all over the country, calling upon the journal to embark on a militant campaign against the Church—particularly against Catholicism, which the Rationalists state is progressing by leaps and bounds.

The Literary Guide while feebly trying to soothe the fears of perturbed Rationalists, can offer no greater consolation to its unbelievers than that it will act on its well-considered policy as the opportunity presents itself. Meanwhile it offers its readers, as comfort, Mr. Joseph McCabe, who after being a Franciscan friar and a Catholic priest for several years, as well as being Guardian of his monastery, walked out one day from his cloister and has set himself ever since as an apostle of Atheism.

The position amongst the Protestants is quite as bad as that, and as a great Catholic orator remarked only a short time back, it begins to look as if God, in His Providence, were about to use the Catholic Church to bring men back to a love for and knowledge of the Bible.

THE KING AND THE VATICAN

Ottawa Journal

It is curious how historical prejudices dwarf historical knowledge. Thus, no sooner is it announced that King George will visit the Pope during His Majesty's forthcoming visit to Rome than objection is raised that such action would be unprecedented and would violate the Bill of Rights. The contention, of course, is absurd. It is absurd (1) because the Bill of Rights never prohibited British monarchs from visiting the Vatican, and (2) because on at least four occasions within the last thirty years the Pope has been visited by British Royalty and by a British King.

The paragraph in the Bill of Rights, dealing with the relations between the King and the Vatican, says:

"IX. And whereas it hath been found by Experience, that it is inconsistent with the Safety and Welfare of this Protestant Kingdom, to be governed by a Popish Prince, or by any King or Queen marrying a Papist; the said Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, do further pray that it may be enacted, That all and every Person and Persons that is, are, or shall be reconciled to, or shall hold Communion with, the See or Church of Rome, or shall profess the Popish Religion, or shall marry a Papist, shall be excluded, and be forever incapable to inherit, possess or enjoy the Crown and Government of this realm, and Ireland, and the Dominions thereunto belonging, or any Part of the same, or to have, use, or exercise any regal Power, Authority, or Jurisdiction within the same; and in all and every such Case or Cases the People of these Realms shall be, and are hereby absolved of their Allegiance; and the said Crown and Government shall from time to time descend to, and be enjoyed by such Person or Persons, being Protestants, as should have inherited or enjoyed the same, in case the said Person or Persons so reconciled, holding Communion, or professing, or marrying as aforesaid, were naturally dead."

Now the whole purport of this Article is to prevent the King from professing the Catholic religion. To torture it into the interpretation that in these days, when even the Coronation Oath is no more, and the world is happily more broad and tolerant than in 1689, King George is prohibited from visiting the Pope, is to do violence to both reason and humor.

The late King Edward visited the Vatican in 1903. More than that, as Prince of Wales, he thrice greeted Pope Pius IX, and this at a time when the Papacy was still a Temporal Power. Says Sir Sydney Lee in his sketch of King Edward (Dictionary of National Biography):

"The Roman populace received King Edward with enthusiasm, and he exchanged with King Victor Emanuel professions of warm friendship. With characteristic tact the King visited Pope Leo XIII. at the Vatican, where he had thrice before greeted Pius IX."

Further: If the Bill of Rights prohibits intercourse between the King of England and Rome, what has a representative of the King been doing at the Vatican ever since the War?

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The Penny Banks established by the Society reported a great expansion of business and the number of depositors increased to 12,000.

During the acute trouble in July last many homeless men found a haven in the Society's Night Shelter. Within the year the Society dealt with nearly 40,000 admissions. The orphanage conducted for the Society by the Christian Brothers was maintained at a state of high efficiency. The Brothers not only gave the boys a practical education but also were most successful in placing them in positions which enabled them to make a good start in life.

SPIRIT OF SERVICE

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CATHOLIC NOTES

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Washington, D. C., March 19.—The first annual meeting of the Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems, announced for Milwaukee, will be held on June 27 and June 28, according to the Rev. R. A. McGowan, secretary-treasurer of the organization.

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Future fathers of the nation, future rulers of our States, future leaders of our Church," said Father Smith. "I can conjure up none either in the present or in the future who cannot find enlightenment in the writings and inspirational help in the life of the Universal Doctor who brought scientific knowledge to religion and intensive spirituality to knowledge. May God grant that by your study of him, by your prayers to him, by your imitation of him, by the filtration into your life of his zeal for the Catholic Church because it was the work of Christ, you will be able to repeat on your death bed the sanctified prayer he breathed to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament: 'I receive Thee the price of my soul's redemption, for love of whom I have studied, I have watched, I have labored. Thee have I preached, Thee have I taught, against Thee never have I breathed a word, neither am I wedded to my own opinion. If I have held aught that is untrue regarding the Blessed Sacrament, I subject it to the judgment of the Holy Church, in obedience to whom I now pass out of life.'"

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years old and known nationally as a philanthropist and in banking circles.

The advisory board of charity hospitals adopted a resolution declaring the hospital and its staff would cherish the memory of Mr. Goff in their hearts because of his many acts of interest and assistance to their work.

The staff of St. John's hospital adopted a similar resolution. Mr. Goff was a member of the First Unitarian Church of Cleveland.

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years old and known nationally as a philanthropist and in banking circles.

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE

CHRISTINE FABER
Author of "A Mother's Sacrifice," etc.

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED

"Carroll O'Donoghue, do you trust me?"
The question was put so suddenly and so earnestly that the young man was startled.

"Certainly, Morty; why do you ask?"
"Because,"—Carter folded his arms, dropped his head till his chin almost rested on his breast, and spoke with such an assumption of sadness that the impulsive, tender-hearted young fellow was deeply touched—"because," repeated Carter, "my character has been vilified and blackened, till the whole country is against me. What has a man but his character? and mine they have taken. Don't touch me, Carroll O'Donoghue, don't speak to me, but bid me to begone from your presence, for I stand before you accused of treachery and robbery."

"What do you mean?" broke in Carroll, painfully excited.
"I mean this,"—lifting his head and straightening himself as if with the proud consciousness of his innocence—"that I have enemies about who have been defaming every action and word of mine. I became familiar with the English soldiers, I won the favor of the English officers, I was permitted free access to the barracks; but what did I do it for?—to help the cause I would die to serve; and I did help the cause, and help it well. My information warned the boys many a time, and saved them. But what do they say of me now?—that I have betrayed them, and worse than that, they say it is I who have betrayed you, Carroll O'Donoghue; you whose life I saved when you were a child, you whom I carried in my arms when you were a little boy and tired from the sports of the day, you, the son of that man who trusted me as if I was his brother, you that I love as I would my own son."

He stopped suddenly as if his voice had broken from emotion.
"Those are ridiculous charges," said O'Donoghue, his lip curling with scorn.

"Nevertheless," resumed Carter, "they are the charges that are brought against me; and my enemies have done even worse; they have made your sister and Miss McCarthy deem me their bitter foe,—neither one of the young ladies will give me a civil look—and they have gone to live with Father Meagher in order to be protected against me—me their guardian, and Heaven knows, their best friend."

Again his head fell, and his voice assumed the sadness which he knew would not fail to touch his youthful listener.
"This is dreadful!" exclaimed the young man.

Carter looked up.
"If it touches you so deeply, how must it wound me? And there is yet more: Father Meagher told me to my face that he did not trust me, and when I entreated young Father O'Connor to tell me his opinion, his answer was that he too believed me guilty of all that was reported of me! Oh Carroll, pity me!" He took a step forward to the young man, and let his hands drop to his sides as if in the very abandonment of sorrow. "I am getting to be an old man; my heart had few loves in this world, but even those have been torn from it; and now, if you too believe these wretched lies, and spurn me, I have nothing left to live for."

"Never!" answered Carroll impetuously. "The world may turn against you, Morty, but I shall retain my trust in, and my affection for you, and I shall make Nora, and my sister, and Father Meagher, and Father O'Connor, know how wronged and calumniated you have been."

"That is just what you must not do," answered Carter.
"What?" burst from Carroll, "not permit me to defend you?"

"No! I will have no defense made for me until I can myself prove the falsity of the charges which have been brought against me, and that I shall be able to do when you, Carroll O'Donoghue, have, through my means, escaped. They say that I have betrayed you; let your freedom, gained through me, give the lie to that; Miss McCarthy now believes me to be her foe; let her marriage with you, which shall be speedy through my efforts, show her her error. Your sister thinks I would gloat over her poverty; let the little property which I possess, and which I shall deed to her, prove that she has wronged me. I ask only to live to accomplish these things, and then, poor, old, lonely, desolate Morty Carter will retire where his shadow will never again cross the path of friend or foe."

Carroll, in the ardor of his sympathy, sprung forward and caught Carter's hands, wringing them hard.
"Morty, do not take this so to heart; and believe me when I assure you of my trust and affection!"

"I do," was the response, sadly spoken, "believe that you trust me now, and that you will continue to trust me until you have heard their story; and—"

Carroll interrupted: "They told me nothing when I saw them on the night of my arrest; nothing of you save to mention your name in an incidental manner."

"I can't account for that," replied Carter; "but never fear, you'll hear it all soon enough, and then you too will turn against me."
"Never! I swear to you that I never shall; it would require proof before my very eyes; such proof as should compel from you an open avowal of your guilt, before I could believe aught against you, Morty."

"Will you swear to me then, my dear boy, that no matter what they tell you, how fiercely they may denounce me, how firmly they may believe the evil that is spoken of me, you will not believe it—that you will not suffer your trust in me to be diminished in the least?"

"Willingly, Morty; I swear to all that without hesitation."
"And will you further swear to say nothing about me,—not to mention even that I have been here to see you—that you will simply listen to all they say, without putting in one word about me, good or bad?"

"Well, since it gratifies you, yes; but it certainly will be very hard for me to listen calmly while you are being vilified."

"Only for a time, my dear boy; only for a time, and then you shall rejoice with me in the full proof of my innocence. And now, there is the guard coming to let me out,"—as some one paused at the cell door.

CHAPTER XIII. THE WIDOW'S REPLY

In a small, dingy back room, situated in the poorest quarter of Tralee, a queer, crabbled little man sat smoking; the dudheen was well blackened, and the puffs arose from it in so precise and systematic a manner that they seemed to be following some plan in the smoker's mind. A small, old-fashioned table, littered with writing materials, was before him, and about the room was scattered a fantastical medley of furniture, the arrangement of which was marked by the disorder and want of cleanliness which told of the utter absence of a woman's hand. The occupant himself was in little better condition; from his half-soiled linen, profusely visible above his waistcoat, to the dusty shoes worn into large and ungainly shape by numerous excursions on his feet, he had the same musty, neglected look as his grim bachelor apartment. His face, indented with wrinkles, and brown with freckles, could not boast of an even feature, and his little, round, bald head was ornamented at the sides with tufts of gray hair tortured into the semblance of a curl.

A bold knock suddenly interrupted his cogitations; he seemed to be in no hurry to admit his visitor, for he drew another whiff from his pipe, and then took it slowly out of his mouth, as if he regretted being obliged to part with it for even a short time. The knock was repeated, and the visitor, apparently impatient, attempted to admit himself; but the door was locked.

"Ah!" said the queer occupant of the room, with a grunt of satisfaction; "foiled that time; don't be so hasty, my friend, whoever you are, to get into a gentleman's apartment."

By this time he had laid his pipe carefully down, and shaking himself out of his chair, he proceeded leisurely to the door. The knock was again repeated; still the grim little man did not hasten his movements; he had a key to turn, and a bolt to shoot back, and a spike to take out, and by the time that all these preparations were completed, the visitor's impatience had not decreased.

"May I never be drowned in a mud pool, but it's Tighe a Vohr!" burst out of his wonted phlegm, to the manner by his delighted astonishment. It was Tighe a Vohr, but in such a costume that, as he himself had expressed it, hardly his own mother would know him—knee-breeches, body-coat, white vest, a spotted choker, and surmounting his mass of short, brown curls, his own, old, worn hat, presenting a most ludicrous contrast to the rest of his dress.

"Where did you come from?" pursued the little man, "and what are you doing in such a dress as that?"—shaking both Tighe's hands vigorously, and drawing him into the room forgetting in his eager delight to close the door. But Tighe had no desire to be stared at by the prying eyes of other dwellers in the house who might happen to pass, and as soon as he had extricated himself from the friendly grasp, he closed and locked the door.

"You may well ask," he replied, returning to the little man, "how I came to have such a dress as this, bad luck to it! it has me so bothered that I can't think a straight thought,—ruefully surveying myself back and front."

"But sit down, Corney, an' I'll tell you all about it; it's a long an' a divartin' story."

pathetic manner, he told the tale of his trip to Australia, and the subsequent events.
"Never! I swear to you that I never shall; it would require proof before my very eyes; such proof as should compel from you an open avowal of your guilt, before I could believe aught against you, Morty."

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"But sit down, Corney, an' I'll tell you all about it; it's a long an' a divartin' story."

Corney obeyed, forgetting, in his interest, to resume his pipe, and Tighe seated himself near. In his own ludicrous, and yet sometimes

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THREE ROOMS AND GAS

By Mary Clark Jacobs in Hossary Magazine

Jerry Warner paced the floor with long, nervous strides, his arms folded, his head sunk in abject misery. The task before him was hard, well-nigh impossible, yet he must do it. With white face and tightened lips, that spoke of grim resolve, he crossed the hall to the living room. At the door he paused, glad of the minute's reprieve, for his wife was talking to a maid who was leaving her service that day to be married.

"I am sorry you are leaving, Ellen," Dorothy Warner was saying. "I hope you know what you are doing. Marriage is a very serious step. Are you certain you are bettering your condition?"

Jerry's lips relaxed into a smile. Dorothy, the gay, madcap social butterfly, who gave no thought to marital responsibilities, thus advising the older, serious, settled maid was funny! Perhaps Ellen was thinking the same, for her neatly capped head gave a little toss as she answered:

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Warner. Jim is all right. We've been engaged for years. Before the War, you know. Dorothy frowned with a matronly assumption of concern that made it difficult for Jerry to repress a chuckle.

"No doubt your young man is all right, as you say, but can he take care of you?"

"Take care of me?" Ellen flared. "It's because I know he needs me to take care of him that I'm insisting on our getting married now. He went to France, and when he came back his job was gone. We've been waiting ever since. Now, he's working as a mechanic, getting in but half-time, but we're going to be married and do our waiting for better times together."

"How will you live under such conditions?"

Ellen laughed merrily. It will be three rooms and gas for me and Jim. Nothing more!"

"Three rooms and gas!" Dorothy did not understand. "Gas?"

"On the fourth floor of a tenement building we have rented two little rooms and a cubby hole of a kitchen with a gas stove. Oh, the gas, is everything, Mrs. Warner. We'll do regular housekeeping. Jim and I are crazy about it."

"And you give up this," with a wave of her hand she indicated her tasteful, attractive home. "You are willing to give up this for such a place?"

"This?" Ellen's shoulders shrugged disdainfully. "Mrs. Warner, this means nothing to me. It isn't mine. I've had no part in the making of it. Our three little rooms will be home for Jim and me. We'll work together. I don't suppose I can make you understand," she sighed, "but to me a home is a wife's workshop and, rich or poor, be it in hotel or palace, a wife must do her daily duty or there can be no real home. I'll not shirk my part and we'll be happier, perhaps, than many couples who can live in a place like this."

The maid was right. Dorothy did not understand. She was the indulged, only daughter of wealthy parents, insistent that every whim be gratified. With marriage she had assumed no obligations. As a wife she had continued the role she had played as a daughter.

As the maid departed, Jerry entered the room and dropped into a chair, facing his wife.

"You're not dressed," she greeted him impatiently. "We dine with the Beeches tonight. Have you forgotten?"

"Not tonight. I must talk with you—now."

"Are you ill?"

"No. Only tired. Dot, I must tell you the truth. I dread to, but I dare not defer it longer. I have reached the end!"

"The end?" she echoed the words dazedly.

"Yes. I can't keep up this farce any longer."

"Farce! Was that what he considered their life together? She drew herself up haughtily.

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"I'll write to Father. He'll help you."

"Dorothy, for heaven's sake remember that I have some self respect," he cried savagely.

"The first of the month—a week from today. Dot, I can't tell you how sorry I am," he floundered miserably.

"I guess—it's no use saying anything, Jerry."

"Let me know what you want saved from—the wreck—and I'll send it away to be stored—until you come back."

With a puzzled frown, he watched his wife as she went slowly up the stairs. He had dreaded breaking the news to her, expecting a storm of tears and bitter reproaches.

Ellen sang softly as she polished the gas stove in the little cubby-hole of a kitchen, straightened the modest bedroom and dusted the tiny space that served as both living and dining room.

"Mrs. Warner!" Ellen exclaimed. "Yes, Ellen. May I come in?"

"Bewildered Ellen invited her inside and then she gave a sharp gasp of dismay: "You are ill, Mrs. Warner. You are very pale."

"I'm tired," Dorothy laughed. "I'm not used to this part of the city and I had such a time finding you. I've been walking for hours, I believe."

"What can I do for you?" "Dorothy did not heed the question. She was looking around the room. "This is your horse, I suppose?"

"Yes, it is. The place where you expected to be so happy—much happier than many couples who live in homes like mine?" Ellen flushed.

"I like it so well, Ellen, that I want you to help me find one like it. Will you?"

"What?" The girl looked at her former mistress fearfully. Was she mad? You would leave your lovely home for this? Why?"

here. He'll get what furniture you need moved over from your house. You won't have room for much."

"When Mr. Warner comes from the office, he'll find you in gingham dress and apron, broiling a steak on the gas range in that cubby hole of a kitchen," prophesied Ellen.

"Mr. Warner?" Jerry raised his head and looked at the questioner. He had been walking slowly, dreading to go home for this, his and Dorothy's last evening together.

"I am Jerry Warner." "I am Jim Gormley. I married Ellen, your wife's former maid," the man explained.

"I remember hearing Ellen discuss her new home," Jerry forced a smile. "Three rooms and gas," she said—and she was particularly proud about the gas stove.

"Yes, it's home!" Jerry sighed. "A contented wife, a modest home, no debts! Why, man, that's paradise!"

When they left the car, Jim piloted Mr. Warner along the narrow sidewalk and then turned in a dark hall.

"Just one flight up," he said. "First door to the right. Ah, here we are." The door flew open and Ellen stood before him.

"Oh, Mr. Warner, come in." He stepped into the room, and then Ellen did a very peculiar thing. She slipped through the doorway, closing the door after her.

"Well!" Jerry ejaculated as he glanced about. He was standing in a little room, facing a table laid for two, and to his nostrils came the savory odor of broiled steak.

"Regular housekeeping," he answered remembering Ellen's words. "Yes," she whispered. "Regular housekeeping and a regular wife with three rooms and gas!"

"I got a sick call before daybreak on Sunday morning to a distant hospital. The February blizzard was doing its worst. I found my patient unconscious, a handsome young fellow who'd been crushed under a train. Both leg and an arm torn away. The nurse bustled in and was indignant that I should have traveled such a distance in such a storm."

"What can you do for him?" she sneered with contempt. I marvelled that she didn't want me. "No, Father," she explained hastily. "I don't mean that you're not welcome. But why should you risk your life in such cold at this hour to come to—that! A pig! There's not a vestige of soul in him. There was as much whiskey as blood soaked into the clothes I stripped off him."

I gave her a little talk on the value of a soul, the vital gem that even the poorest broken casket. I showed her, for she wasn't a Catholic, of course, how my abolition and the anointing and the last Great Blessing would pierce down to find something of good dispositions under the surface and add their Christ-given strength to the poor weak contrition. She listened respectfully, but there was a slight twist to her sarcastic mouth.

I sat there for over two hours begging God for some sign from that bleeding body. I had to be back at the church at 7 o'clock Mass. As the Angelus struck—it happened to be the feast of Our Lady's Purification—the dying boy's eyes opened full of rational light.

"Father, I knew you were here all the time. Oh, how I've been fighting to get back to tell you! I heard that 'My Jesus, mercy!' I wasn't drunk, though I did have a few glasses to help me hike home through the snow. It wasn't the drink, but the stormy wind that blinded me and made me this chopped up wreck. There was nowhere to walk but the railroad. Now, nurse, if you please, I'll go to confession."

She turned away, quickly responsive, and moisture was in her eyes. I think she had learned a lesson that would always stick by her. In one great instance she had seen under the surface. She phoned me later, her voice thick with tears, and told me the boy had passed into eternity at 7:40, just the minute I whispered his name at the memento for the dead.

But he was with the Eternal Living. When he saw the face of Christ, I wonder if he remembered me!—The Sign.

SCHOLARSHIPS

FOR MATRICULATION STUDENTS The Ursuline College of Arts, London, Ont., affiliated with the University of Western Ontario, offers five partial residence scholarships of \$150 each, and one tuition scholarship of \$50, for competition in Matriculation classes, to be awarded to girl students obtaining highest average on at least six papers of Pass or Honor Matriculation, and fulfilling requirements for admission to the University of Western Ontario. For further particulars address: Ursuline College of Arts, "Brescia Hall," 556 Wellington St., London, Ont.

WORLD-CIRCLING MISSIONARY

NATIVE NUNS AND BROTHERHOODS IN INDIA By Rev. Michael Mathis, C. S. C.

Trichinopoly, Jan. 14. — Besides the usual institutions which all well organized missions ordinarily have, Trichinopoly has some unique enterprises. In higher education this mission is perhaps the best equipped in India. It conducts a dozen High schools including two for girls, and one first class College. St. Joseph's College has the largest enrollment—over two thousand students, 30% of whom are Catholics—of any Catholic College in the land. Its graduates have had a marked effect on the progress of things Catholic. The Catholic Truth Society and Marian Congress, for example, were perhaps due more directly to their efforts than to those of any other group of Catholics.

Closely associated with the College is St. Mary's Tope, a compound where Brahman converts may live according to their state from the time of their conversion to such a time as they can be adequately set up in life. At the time of our visit to the Tope we met only one convert, though there were many others. Most of the Brahman conversions have been made at St. Joseph's College.

Besides the European lay religious engaged in the Mission, two native Brotherhoods produce teacher-catechists, and the nuns of Our Lady of Dolours, with over two hundred Sisters are employed mainly as teachers in eighteen convents throughout the diocese. The institution of the Nuns of St. Ann, all-widows, is peculiar to this diocese. The nuns are religious bound by vows who go out two by two on circuit in search of souls to save; they conduct Orphanages, and provide for sick and penitent females and catechumens.

PAJAN TEMPLE VISITED Father Gavin Duffy, whose mission work is well known in the United States, had come to Trichinopoly to escort us to his own diocese of Pondicherry. We employed a two hour wait for the proper train in visiting our first pagan temple in India. Sri Hangon is a Hindu temple built on an island about a mile north west of the city. The outer wall of the temple is a square about half a mile around. The entrances to the middle of each side of the square are gopurams, beautifully sculptured granite gateways that rise to a height of 150 feet. This outer enclosure contains a bazaar where every imaginable thing is sold. Within it also there is a second wall some twenty feet high, enclosing the dwellings of the Brahmins in the service of the temple. Here ceremonial paint for the forehead of the Hindu can be bought.

It was within this enclosure that a group of Catholic students from St. Joseph's College were trapped two years ago and stoned by the Hindus from the surrounding walls. A third wall encloses the places of worship or the Temple proper. Entrance to it is denied to all save Hindus. The smell of pagan incense, the suspicious manner in which we were eyed by worshippers, and the memory of the treatment administered to the Catholic students disposed us to clear out as soon as possible.

A GREAT HINDU FESTIVAL At the gate of the third wall we were confidently told by the guard that the God was inside but that he would go out for a ride soon. The men referred to the great procession during which the statues of the God were carried in a high car by elephants. Great preparations for this event were even then going on, although the day set for the same was several months distant. During the festival of the procession thousands of Hindus take up their quarters within the enclosure of this vast temple. A strange thing about all Hindu temples is that with the exception of one or two festivals there is no particular time for worship. Pagans visit the

temples when they are moved to do so to propitiate some troublesome demon.

AUTHOR EXPELLED BY LEGION OF HONOR

By M. Massiani The decision taken by the Council of the Order of the Legion of Honor to strike from the list of the Order the name of Victor Marguerite, author of an extremely immoral novel entitled "La Garconne" has created nothing short of a sensation in France; in fact it is considered one of the most remarkable incidents in French public life at the present time.

It is said that only once since the creation of the Legion of Honor has the Council of the Order been called upon to take similar action against a member of the Legion.

The most revolting feature about this publicity was that the editor, instead of admitting more or less openly that the book belonged to a class of pornographic literature, sought instead to give the impression that it was a graphic description of after-war morals. The critics had but one voice in denouncing this description as absolutely false and in asserting that the further circulation of the book would amount to a veritable propaganda of corruption.

The question even arose as to whether the author should not be prosecuted. Perhaps on account of the fact that the French law regarding the press is very liberal, or perhaps because it was feared that a trial of this nature would merely give further undesirable publicity to the book, the Government refrained from taking any legal measures against the author, but the sale of the book has been prohibited in the railroad station book-stands, which are now under Government supervision.

Victor Marguerite was admitted to the Order of the Legion of Honor some years ago and later raised to the dignity of Commander. The author of the first complaint against him was the late M. Ernest Lavisse, member of the French Academy, and Director of the "Ecole Normale Supérieure," the highest representative of the French official world of education. Numerous other complaints then began to pour in, one of the most important being that of the League of Heads of Families.

General Dubail, grand chancellor of the Legion of Honor, invited M. Marguerite to appear before a committee composed of three commanders of the Legion of Honor: M. Museum Risler, Director of the Social of Paris; M. Dumaine, former French Ambassador to Vienna and M. Cartier, former head of the Paris Bar Association. On the pretext that he did not recognize the competence of such a Committee to judge a literary work, the writer refused to appear. The three members of the committee disregarded his refusal and proceeded to examine the book, unanimously reaching the conclusion that the author was not worthy to wear the decoration of the Legion of Honor. Indeed, they urged that the severest penalty provided by the rules of the Order be meted out to him. These rules provide for three degrees of punishment; a vote of censure, demotion, and lastly, complete loss of membership. The investigating committee pronounced itself in favor of the last.

NAME STRUCK FROM ROLL The Council of the Order adopted the opinion of the Committee. M. Colrat, French Minister of Justice, registered it, and the President of the Republic, who is Grand Master of the Legion of Honor, signed a decree striking from the list of members the name of M. Victor Marguerite for "offense against honor."

The news of this decision produced a feeling of veritable relief among the majority of French people, even those of the most diverse political and religious affiliations. The feeling among the Catholics was the same everywhere, and their opinion was shared, as has been stated, by M. Lavisse, the most authoritative representative of the official university circles. M. Risler, Director of the Social Museum, is a Protestant, and the writer who led the most violent campaign against "La Garconne," was M. Gustave Tery, a radical-socialist editor, whose paper "L'Oeuvre" is frankly anti-clerical.

On the day after the condemnation of M. Victor Marguerite, a Paris paper sought the opinion of thirty literary men. Twenty-seven refused to answer.

There is but one writer in the whole of France who has dared to say that the book written by Victor Marguerite is not bad. This is Anatole France, who professes the most revolutionary moral and social ideas. At a recent meeting at which more than a hundred newspaper men and writers were present, the president of the largest group of French men of letters was applauded when he said: "I shake with anger when I see that in certain countries we are sometimes judged by these despicable productions which can only create the most false and unfavorable opinion in regard to French life which we know to be so deeply respectable and honest."

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LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1928

SOVIET RUSSIA AND RELIGION

Soviet Russia which admits putting to death a million and a quarter of its miserable subjects, including some fifteen hundred Orthodox priests and twenty-eight Orthodox bishops, has just commuted the sentence of death on the Catholic Archbishop Zepiak of Moscow to imprisonment "in strict isolation" for ten years. Monsignor Butchkavitch, his Vicar-General, however, remains under sentence of death, like innumerable others for alleged treason; though as the defence pointed out neither the Archbishop nor his Vicar-General nor the fifteen other priests had been even accused of being connected with any counter-revolutionary activities. Their trial and sentence arose out of their refusal to give up the sacred vessels of the altar at the demand of the Soviet Government. The Pope offered to pay the Soviet Government the value of these Church treasures; and, at the present time, out of the fund set apart for this purpose is assisting the Catholic Relief Work amongst starving Russians that is financed chiefly by American Catholics.

After the sentence to death of these Catholic prelates requests for clemency from all over the world—including urgent appeals from the Pope and the Governments of Great Britain and the United States—poured into Moscow. Both the Archbishop and the Vicar-General, like most of the 2,000,000 Catholics of Russia, are Poles. And the Central Executive Committee, which met to consider the requests for clemency, charges the Vicar-General with "counter-revolutionary action with direct connection with an enemy bourgeoisie state, who used his position as a priest to carry on a direct and active State treason." Here they evidently refer to Poland, and the charges must go back to the time when Poland was "an enemy State." But according to the Soviet Government's own statistics of executions for "treason," the executioners must not be very exacting in the matter of proof.

Answering the appeals of Socialists for recognition of Soviet Russia in the British Parliament, Ronald McNeill, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, denied that failure to do so was due to prejudice and said: "One of the essentials to recognition of any Government was that there should be some definitely civilized legal system of administration of justice. These conditions remained unfulfilled in Russia."

The Soviets have certainly not strengthened their case by their procedure in this instance. Further light is thrown on this subject by the New York Times' editorial, "Justice in Russia," which we reprint in another column.

The Committee in its statement of justification declares that the Soviet government guarantees "the freedom of religion."

The attitude of the Russian Revolutionary government to religion is given by Mr. Orch, Russian correspondent to the London Times, in an article in the current Atlantic Monthly. This article is thus summed up by the New York Times:

The revolution of March, 1917, was not anti-religious. It was, rather, unreligious. The Church was, in the main, with the people. It was not until later that the anti-religious elements came into control. They came from abroad. Few of those who grasped the reins of

government were in Russia in March (or were of Russian nationality, according to Mr. Orch). The millions who, for the most part passively, accepted their rule still clung to their religion.

At first the Bolsheviks moved cautiously. They removed icons from public places and put up placards with the legend "Religion is a narcotic for the people." They organized regular anti-religious public lectures, especially among the Red army soldiers. Finding that religious subjects, when made optional instead of compulsory in the schools, were yet taken as usual, they forbade all such teaching. They forbade the baptism of infants and the employment of children under eighteen on church premises. They caused all Bibles and books on religious subjects to be removed from schools and public libraries, and in their place they put the teachings of their communistic, materialistic faith.

Then came the attack on the Church itself, the killing of a score and more Bishops and more than a thousand priests (according to Bolshevik published statistics), and the persecution of all the clergy who did not readily side with the Bolshevik Government in its demand for the Church treasures. The dissolution of the Church, its leaders martyred, has been rapid. The Government has fostered dissension by countenancing organizations of renegade priests, laymen under a new Supreme Church Administration, which is a subsection of the Agitation Department of the Communist Party.

Meanwhile, the Church has "become more powerful in Russia than ever it was." The peasants and the factory workers flock to the churches. Even remnants of the Russian intelligentsia, who once made irreligion their boast, are now seeking comfort in the Church. But it is the youth under the direct influence of governing atheists to whom the Bolsheviks are looking to destroy the Church utterly and to stifle all religion except that which finds its expression in communism and its god in a materialistic universe. One cannot be sure that the increasing number of child criminals is due to this alone, but undoubtedly the effect of the attempted banishing of religion from the minds of children and youth enters into the shocking statistics of crime.

The anti-Christian and anti-religious demonstrations at Christmas, where Buddha, Mohammed, etc., as well as our Divine Lord and His Blessed Mother were caricatured, were so gross that eye-witnesses declared that it was impossible to describe their blasphemous obscenity.

We have been promised another such demonstration of "freedom of religion" for Easter.

OBERAMMERGAU TO COME TO AMERICA

No; the Passion Play of Oberammergau is not coming across the ocean; but some of the Passion Players have arranged to come, not to exploit the reputation of Play or Players, but to get work that they may live; and also carry out the vow of their ancestors of three centuries ago in the spirit in which that vow was made. Everyone knows the story of that vow; that if God would spare their beloved village from the plague that was devastating the country and had already fastened its grip on Oberammergau, they and their descendants would in thanksgiving, reverently present every ten years the sacred Drama of man's Redemption, the Passion of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. The plague ceased. The vow was kept.

"They say it is becoming commercialized" is a remark many will have heard. The writer who saw the Play twice last summer cannot repress a feeling of indignation at the calumny, for calumny it is pure and simple; and one that can hardly survive the fact that the villagers refused peremptorily and finally the incredible sum—in their depreciated currency—of \$1,000,000 for the film rights of the Passion Play. Despite the depreciation of the mark the highest priced seat was 100 marks, or about 93 cents, on our first visit in May; before the Play closed in September the mark had sunk to 2,500 to the dollar, and the hundred mark seat was worth exactly four cents! Commercialized! These villagers could have filled the vast auditorium at fifty or a hundred times what they charged. Yet, they kept to the fixed price of from 100 marks down to 50. A score of other instances could be given by anyone who travelled through Southern Germany, yet the calumny of exorbitant charges went merrily—or maliciously—on.

These people are now very, very poor. The mark is no longer at even 2,500 to the dollar, but 25,000; and it went twice as low as this.

The actual amount received by Anton Lang, who for three decades played his wonderful Christus, when the distribution was made was three dollars and a half in our money as the mark stood at that time. The proceeds of the Play have always been devoted to the good of the whole community after defrayal of the costs and the payment of a modest remuneration to the actors.

But, alas, saving marks was something like saving a handful of this unseasonable snow; their value melted almost as fast; \$10,000 worth of marks when we were in Germany would now be worth \$100, and the \$100 may soon go to \$50.

Why then did the Passion Play Committee, supported by the whole village, refuse the wealth offered by the moving picture firm? That is a question that many might ask. So immersed are we in the materialism of our environment that even Catholics, we believe, will be found who would join in the query. But there are values for which materialism has no measure; there are places where its hard spirit has not entered into possession of men's souls.

Southern Germans like the Rhinelanders were civilized centuries before the birth of Christ; they received that civilization from the great law-giver and civilizer of Europe, Ancient Rome who prepared the way for the missionaries of the Cross. Long ages of Christian civilization have made these people the heirs of all that is best in three thousand years of European civilization.

To regard the villagers of Oberammergau as uncouth peasants and ignorant artisans is to make an egregious mistake. Peasants and craftsmen they are, but steeped in ages of unbroken Catholic tradition and Catholic culture. They regard the Passion Play as closely akin to a solemn act of religious worship; and the reverence that characterizes the performances is not the simulated emotion of actors but has its wellspring deep in souls whose faith is simple, profound, unquestioning. They know that they are preaching Christ and Him crucified to hundreds of thousands from all parts of the world. And to make one of the six thousand that at each performance sit gripped and thrilled by the old but ever-new story of the suffering and death of the God-man, is to realize that this is indeed a mission, perpetual and unique. For such one it is easy to enter into the spirit of the Oberammergauers who regard commercializing the Passion Play as something akin to sacrilege. Two of us visited professionally a physician of Munich. By the way, for a thorough physical examination, prescription and advice he charged us about 30 cents each—another example of the exploiting of foreigners alleged against Germans in general and Bavarians in particular. But that is by the way. He conversed with us as though English were his mother tongue. Finding that we were tremendously impressed by the Passion Play, his face lit up and he told us that for weeks after witnessing it he could not give himself as usual to the ordinary things of everyday life. "It makes one realize, does it not," he asked, "that there are other things besides money?" It does. It transports one into a world where money is not the measure of values; where the familiar materialistic measurements seem not only inadequate but absurd.

And so Anton Lang with a group of his fellow artists is accepting the invitation of Raymond C. Schindler of New York and Mr. Peter Michelson to visit America.

The reasons Mr. Michelson thus sets forth: "Few Americans have any conception of the conditions existing in Oberammergau now. Perhaps an insight into these conditions as well of into the sturdy character of these people may be gained from the knowledge that, at the time an offer of \$1,000,000 for a film of the play was rejected, the villagers, in many instances, did not have money to provide the ordinary necessities of life, and the Play Committee was desperately considering ways to provide funds for the music and vocal teachers whose work must begin now if there is to be any Passion Play in 1930.

"The receipts from the Passion Play give an idea of what really happened. The price for the best seats when the play opened was 100 marks, the dollar being worth

200 marks. Twelve years before, when the last Passion Play was given, the same seats sold for about \$2.50. These prices were never increased, and when the play closed in September last, the mark was only worth 2,500 to the dollar. When the receipts were finally turned over to the actors the mark stood at 8,000 to the dollar! Anton Lang worked eleven months in rehearsals and performances and received a total of 27,000. Following the play he visited Munich to have his teeth fixed and the dentist presented him with a modest bill, but it was for 200,000 marks!

"Today conditions are at their worst. Shoes cost not less than 50,000 marks and butter costs 8,000 marks a pound when it can be obtained. Everything else is in proportion and actual living is almost impossible. A recent letter from Mrs. Anton Lang to a friend in this country gratefully acknowledges a gift of \$5 which, she says, will materially assist in caring for a baby she expects soon.

"It was these conditions that brought men of Oberammergau to the realization that desperate measures were needed and the way out was finally discovered. The art of Oberammergau is as old, although not so well known, as the Passion Play itself. Its wood-carvers, potters and painters come from generations of wood-carvers, potters and painters. It is doubtful if any other community in the world of like size has as many artists, whose works have won such distinction in the art exhibitions of Europe as have the works of these simple people.

"Germany can no longer afford these luxuries and were it not for the orders for handiwork that came at the time of the Passion Play, the carvers would today be chopping wood in the forests. If an outlet could be found for this work in America, through the medium of an exposition, the problems of the village would be solved. The families would be assured a comfortable living during the trying years ahead, the orphans cared for, the much-needed hospital and schools built, and above all, the Passion Play given again in 1930 in compliance with the vow made over three hundred years ago. In other words, the Oberammergauers was offered the opportunity to work out his own salvation."

According to Mr. Michelson it is expected that the Oberammergau craftsmen who have united for the purpose of this visit under the name of the Oberammergau Home Arts, will arrive during October. They will visit, in addition to New York, Washington, Philadelphia and Chicago.

HOW WE CAN HELP

By THE OBSERVER
What a world this would be if Catholics took their responsibilities seriously. Our faith is a living faith. We have sure and unchangeable moral teaching. We have unlimited means of grace. We are not swayed hither and thither by every wind of religious caprice. We possess in our theology the true application of all moral principles. We have at hand the answer to all the social problems of the day. We have Holy Mass and the Sacraments. All this brings to us a very great deal of responsibility. We have much to live up to. Do we live up to it?

How is it that you can take individual cases, and on comparing them, not only does it not seem that Catholics are better than others who have not their advantages, but actually it sometimes seems that the others are better, and in fact they sometimes are? It ought to be an unheard of thing for a non-Catholic to be a better man than a Catholic. When the Catholic is morally inferior, there is something terrifically wrong with his conception of his responsibility; for, a Catholic who has been properly instructed in his holy religion ought as a matter of course to be superior to one who has never had the same advantages.

Take for instance the matter of Catholic Charity; of love for the fellow-man for the love of God. Our Lord who wished all men to be His disciples stated as a test that they should love one another. Do we all love one another? Do we not leave it open to non-Catholics and to unbelievers to say that if we ignore that test and never try to measure up to it we think but little about the Master who laid down that test. To our shame be it said, we Catholics are often outclassed in

Charity by people who have never had the joy of being in membership in a Church which teaches all truth and teaches it unerringly; a Church which teaches the broadest Charity, and insists upon it in her theology as an indispensable prerequisite to the saving of the soul.

The Church does not make converts fast amongst non-Catholics; and the fault is in us her children. We could make her name so respected that no man would ever dare to say anything against her. Of what effect would it be for malignant men to say that our Holy Church was evil if we her children stood as her witnesses; if in our daily lives we proved that she is what she tells an unbelieving world that she is. What amount of prejudice or hatred could stand against the edification of a united body of Catholics numbered in millions and living their religion in sight of all men.

Why do not Catholic priests not make more converts? Because all their working hours are taken up with a more or less unsuccessful effort to get us to listen to them; us who ought to need no coaxing to listen and obey when we know without any further telling what the laws of God and the teachings of the Church require us to do. Why do we make it necessary for the priesthood of the Catholic Church to wear out their lives in efforts to get us to be sober and chaste and honest, taking up time and energy that should be set free for the conversion of the world to Christ Jesus; for the preaching of the Gospel to all nations?

No sooner does a young man develop a vocation to the holy priesthood, (and vocations are scarce enough too; than he has to do—what? He has to set to work, not to make new converts to the Church but to prevent the people who are already Catholics from going to hell in spite of the Church and despite all the graces they receive on every hand through membership in that Church. And all his life he is kept at that heart-breaking labor. And yet we sometimes hear Catholics ask what the Church is doing to make converts and why she does not make more converts. How can she make converts while all the time of her priests is taken up in persuading the Catholics, who should be themselves assisting in the spread of Catholic truth, not to go straight to hell but to give a few thoughts now and then to getting into Heaven.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

OF ALL the war memorials erected in France there is none more dignified or in better taste than the Celtic cross dedicated to the memory of the fallen of the 8th Battalion, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. And its dignity arises from its very simplicity. Its height is about twenty feet, and it stands on a gentle elevation at Beaumont Hamel, overlooking the scene of one of the most sanguinary struggles of the War in which this celebrated regiment participated, and won for its members, from the Germans, the title of "the ladies from hell." The ceremony of dedication which took place on a recent Sunday was as simple as the monument itself. An illustration in the Weekly Scotsman depicts the regimental pipers encircling the memorial playing a lament.

EXCHANGES from Scotland bring intelligence of the death of a venerable member of the Ursuline Community of St. Margaret's Convent, Edinburgh, in the person of Mother Mary de Sales Leslie (Margaret Leslie), daughter of Archibald Leslie of Balnageth, in Morayshire, and grand-daughter of a Laird-Minister of the Established Church, who lived on his own estate, and married a daughter of the Earl of Caithness. The deceased religious was a convert, having been received into the Church by Bishop Gillis, Vicar Apostolic of the Eastern District, in 1847, when in her sixteenth year.

In 1852, shortly after St. Margaret's Convent had opened its doors as the first institution of the kind since the "Reformation," Miss Leslie joined the Community, and Ursulines of the Incarnation, and was, therefore, at the time of her death its oldest member. She had occupied various responsible positions in the Community, and from 1901 to 1907 was its Superior in succession to that

notable woman, Mother Mary Bernard-Clapperton, who, if we mistake not, was the author of the History of St. Margaret's Convent published on occasion of its Golden Jubilee. Another incident worth remark is that its founder, Bishop Gillis, was a Canadian, having been born in Montreal, where he spent his youth and received his early training.

AS ONE indication of the aggressive character of unbelief in this generation may be cited a full-page advertisement of the writings of Col. "Bob" Ingersoll, which is appearing in some of the leading American popular magazines. In this advertisement, Ingersoll is described as the "world's greatest thinker," and the "most powerful man of his time." "He stood alone as the greatest thinker and orator this country (U. S. A.) has ever seen," says this fulsome panegyric, and "a full set of his writings, in 12 handsome volumes," can be had for a contract and a mere song. So runs this alluring bait, and the present state of religious belief in the United States outside the Catholic Church is just such as to furnish fruitful soil for this insidious propaganda. For, how many of those who take the bait ever heard of Father Lambert's (to name but one) scathing exposure of the shallowness and sophism of this sacrilegious mountebank to whose memory the kindest tribute would be forgetfulness. In this connection may be recalled that saying of Mark Twain's in reference to one of the notorious atheist's "most popular" lectures, that he "wouldn't give two cents to hear what Bob Ingersoll had to say about the 'Mistakes of Moses,' but he would give a good deal to hear what Moses would have to say about the mistakes of Ingersoll."

ST. PATRICK, PRAY FOR US

By Canon William Barry, D. D., in The Catholic Times

To my thinking, as I survey past and present, the figure of St. Patrick at Tara and Armagh looms up with a greatness which takes him beyond the celebrity of most human heroes. St. Patrick was an Apostle to a nation, a slave who conquered his master's clan by giving them the Catholic and Roman faith. He made of the pagan Celt a missionary people. Twice over, when the Western world was falling asunder in political or religious revolution—in the sixth and the sixteenth centuries—these converts by their descendants came to the help of that Church from whose teaching they had learned the mystery and supernatural virtue of Christ's holy Cross. Our kindred may be proud in a spiritual sense, which implies humility towards God but independence of man, that once and again our downtrodden and far from fortunate race have contributed in decisive fashion to spread the Gospel among heathen folk, and to set up Catholic hierarchies in new Continents. We may speak of the Celtic age of light, when from converted Erin messengers bore the torch kindled on Easter morning at royal Tara to Iona, to Lindisfarne, to St. Gall and Fulda, to Fiesole and Southern Italy, as also to their Gaulish cousins dwelling amid the forests of France. We have lately been reminded that St. Malachy of Armagh shares with St. Bernard the honors due from the great Cistercian Order to the holy men who founded it; and long before this date Irish learning had inspired Alcuin to set up the school at Paris, which grew in time to be the chief university of Christendom. Mediaeval copies of the New Testament still existing show in their script the Irish character; the illuminated Book of Kells, now preserved at Trinity College, Dublin, is the most beautiful text of the Gospel ever made by mortal hands. But our saints were looking always for new worlds to conquer; the legend of St. Brendan floating overseas to Hy-Brasil anticipates Columbus, forecasts America made Catholic by an exiled nation, and his dream is coming true. Instead of those ancient names I have quoted of monasteries abroad, sanctified by teachers from Ireland, read now New York, Boston, Chicago; take care not to overlook Sydney and Melbourne; and glancing back to where this extraordinary movement started, see what multitudes of Irish Catholics live and thrive in Glasgow, in Lancashire, and in London. The slave Apostle has become an Evangelist to the world of things as they are, industrial, demoralised, desperately in want of the faith which Britons have cast away, but which Catholic Ireland would not give up.

RELIGIOUS SCHOOLS IN ENGLAND

Catholic schools have shown decided gains while Anglican, Wesleyan and Jewish schools have shown substantial losses in the number of their pupils during the past few years, according to statistics covering public education in England and Wales for 1919-20, recently published. The last figures were published for 1913-14, the War having interfered with the publication in the intervening years. In that time, Catholic schools showed an increase of 18 in number and an increase of 14,855 in pupils. The Anglicans

wars, famines, pestilences; and by iniquitous laws, repeated confessions, leading on to the flight of her sons and daughters even to the world's end. Thanks, however, to this very scattering, as if she were a Catholic Israel, in whatever latitude the British added to their Empire by colonising or conquest, Ireland set up her modest chapel, began to practice the rites of religion, and as years went on raised up schools and all the institutions of charity by which her people—for they still clung in heart and feeling to the old country—should be protected against losing themselves in the modern chaos. There was a Greater Ireland in the Western Hemisphere, and under the Southern Cross. At home a small nation, the converts of St. Patrick had given birth abroad to millions who must be taken into account by Government because of their creed, which stood four-square against all the winds of change that blew. Here, then, was a stable power, at once conservative in principle and yet in its dealings with fellow-citizens altogether friendly, on which society might reckon. So long as the Irish Catholic held to his religion he could not be a partisan of secret conspiring or of anarchist plots, or mere schemes of social destruction. His own fearful experience had taught him to eschew intolerance; and his larger lesson was that we should persuade others and not coerce them. "Where freedom reigns," said that illustrious Irishman, the late Cardinal Gibbons, "there religion blossoms like the rose." St. Patrick's weapon was the Gospel, set forth in pleading tones by a Saint whose daily life furnished the most convincing demonstration of its truth and beauty. Wisdom has always meant for the Celtic races a supernatural power, intercourse with words hidden from eyes clouded over by sin; there is in it a divine simplicity, a glamor and a magic far beyond the reach of mere cleverness in dealing with men; in Ireland it has always had its silent sanctuaries—Glendalough or Clonmacnoise, or the hermit-lodges of Gougane Barra. Never did St. Patrick bring war to Ireland. He was the man of God, therefore the man of peace.

"FOR YE ARE BRETHREN"

On St. Patrick's Day, which is kept in so many of the world's capitals and under soaring cathedral spires, I am hoping to say Mass at my own altar on behalf of Catholic Ireland. We began the custom here in Leamington when war was mounting to a height, and we have observed it ever since. But how melancholy must be our reflections while we pray! The language of St. Paul strikes home to me: "I say the truth in Christ, that I have great heaviness and continued sorrow in my heart for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh." Who is there but must grieve with so true a patriot and so devoted a pastor as the venerable Cardinal of Armagh, now held under Orange rule, not heed when he implores peace among the irreconcilables that are making of their native land a desolation? It was the unhappy fate of Jacob, well-stricken in years, to look on sad and helpless at his son's quarrels which only a miracle of Providence could heal. But have we any right to expect such a miracle? I think God Himself must take pity on the scattered stones and burnt dwellings of Ireland, as He looks down on the havoc wrought by her own sons and daughters. "Great as the sea is," when from converted Erin messengers bore the torch kindled on Easter morning at royal Tara to Iona, to Lindisfarne, to St. Gall and Fulda, to Fiesole and Southern Italy, as also to their Gaulish cousins dwelling amid the forests of France. We have lately been reminded that St. Malachy of Armagh shares with St. Bernard the honors due from the great Cistercian Order to the holy men who founded it; and long before this date Irish learning had inspired Alcuin to set up the school at Paris, which grew in time to be the chief university of Christendom. Mediaeval copies of the New Testament still existing show in their script the Irish character; the illuminated Book of Kells, now preserved at Trinity College, Dublin, is the most beautiful text of the Gospel ever made by mortal hands. But our saints were looking always for new worlds to conquer; the legend of St. Brendan floating overseas to Hy-Brasil anticipates Columbus, forecasts America made Catholic by an exiled nation, and his dream is coming true. Instead of those ancient names I have quoted of monasteries abroad, sanctified by teachers from Ireland, read now New York, Boston, Chicago; take care not to overlook Sydney and Melbourne; and glancing back to where this extraordinary movement started, see what multitudes of Irish Catholics live and thrive in Glasgow, in Lancashire, and in London. The slave Apostle has become an Evangelist to the world of things as they are, industrial, demoralised, desperately in want of the faith which Britons have cast away, but which Catholic Ireland would not give up.

MISSION OF THE IRISH RACE

For, if the first glorious age was one of light, a thousand years after came the second, which was one of persecution. The teacher-nation was to be tried in the fire as a martyr-nation—tried by endless

permitted 318 schools to pass out of their hands and into the possession of the State educational authorities...

The statistics show that 2,319,748 children were educated in the voluntary schools of England and Wales for the period covered...

According to a prominent Protestant educationist, the Catholics of Great Britain are the only people who seem to make sacrifices and dip deep into their pockets to support their schools.

CRAZE FOR OCCULT IN AUSTRIA

RESULT—MENTAL AND MORAL CONFUSION

Vienna, Feb. 26.—Interest in mental telepathy, hypnotism, spiritism, mind reading, and clairvoyance, seems to have assumed the proportions of a craze that is infecting the minds of so-called intellectuals all over Europe...

MATERIALISM THE ROOT OF EVIL

One explanation advanced in many quarters is that the proneness of the people to accept any sort of occult nonsense at its face value is to be found in a reaction against the extreme materialism of the past few years...

THE EASTERN SCHISM

GREEK DIFFICULTIES TO BE OVERCOME BEFORE UNION WITH ROME

Vienna, Jan. 15.—The appearance of distinguished representatives of the Catholic Church in many parts of Russia in connection with the papal relief work has brought to the forefront again the question of whether or not a friendly approach toward a reconciliation of the schismatic Eastern Church with Rome is possible.

While the fact that the papal relief work is a purely charitable act, and not a missionary work, has been emphasized, and the instructions which the papal delegates have received from Rome are clear and distinct, yet it is naturally to be expected that the action of the Holy See and the charity of Catholics generally will make a deep impression upon the Orthodox east.

During the past twenty years it appeared as though Orthodoxy in its approach to the Christian west, was coming closer to Anglicanism than to Catholicity. Strenuous efforts have been made by American-Anglican churches to bring about a union between the Eastern schism and Anglicanism.

THE EXPOSURE OF FRAUD

Then, suddenly the bomb exploded. A Vienna actor who regarded these alleged telepathic demonstrations as unfair competition with his own natural feats of physical strength solved the riddle. He discovered that the enormous iron bars which the girl had bent and bitten through at will, ostensibly in response to hypnotic suggestions, were found to have been previously subjected to heat treatments in consequence of which they were made so soft and pliable at certain points that anyone who cared to try was able to do the same things the medium had done.

At the same time, an ecclesiastical program was published by "The Christian East" in which the patriarchate of Constantinople was recognized, while the thirty-nine Anglican articles from the time of Elizabeth were qualified as nothing else than concessions to local conditions and manners.

With regard to the other demonstration, it was found that the board upon which the girl had reposed was so thickly studded with

nails that her weight was distributed so evenly as to prevent the nails from piercing her body. A committee composed of scientists and sportsmen publicly ascertained that all of Hanussen's demonstrations could be explained on an entirely natural basis and that they in no way represented anything out of the ordinary, nor were they caused by "transmission of another will."

When it had been thoroughly demonstrated that the "telepathy" practiced by Hanussen was a humbug, the disappointed and cheated public gave vent to its feeling in several boisterous riots. The unmasking of the telepathist was the sensation of the day. It was discovered that some time prior to this occasion, Hanussen had been exposed as a swindler in Nurnberg when he had claimed to be able to receive and give orders by telepathy from a flying machine at the height of 500 meters.

MAGAZINES DEVOTED TO OCCULTISM THRIVE

Notwithstanding the exposure, however, there are still a number of his adherents in Vienna who were so imbued with faith in Hanussen's ability, as a telepathist that they were willing to risk their safety on his behalf in an encounter in the theatre when a crowd of patrons sought to express their anger at having been cheated. Hanussen has been banished from Vienna by the authorities but the swindle is still going on. It is interesting to note that while many papers devoted to worthy and serious causes have been forced to suspend publication during the past few months because of the general distress in Austria and Germany, publications devoted to anthropometry, spiritism, and other forms of occultism still appear regularly and are being eagerly read by the so-called intellectual classes.

The grip of superstition seems to have a firm hold. Without the Catholic Church refreshing the minds with Divine Truth again and again, Europe, with all its achievements of science and learning, would be thrown back into the dark age of heathen augurs and haruspices, who secretly smile at each other when they meet.

THE EASTERN SCHISM

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By Dr. Frederick Funder, N. C. W. C. News Service

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While the fact that the papal relief work is a purely charitable act, and not a missionary work, has been emphasized, and the instructions which the papal delegates have received from Rome are clear and distinct, yet it is naturally to be expected that the action of the Holy See and the charity of Catholics generally will make a deep impression upon the Orthodox east. Warnings have been issued against any attempt to draw far-reaching conclusions from the fact of papal relief work, although it is true that in some parts of the Orthodox east, especially in the districts inhabited by Ukrainians, there are many hopeful signs to indicate an approach to Rome. There must constantly be kept in mind however, the story of the wonderful martyrdom of hundreds of thousands of Ukrainian martyrs for the Catholic faith, who perished during the religious persecutions of the nineteenth century.

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ADVANCES BY ANGLICANS

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With regard to the other demonstration, it was found that the board upon which the girl had reposed was so thickly studded with

In spite of mutual concessions, however, no substantial step has thus far been taken towards the unity of Anglicanism and Orthodoxy.

That the Russian Orthodox Church will be called upon to play an important part in any rapprochement between Catholicity and schism is the opinion of a Yugoslav priest who makes a notable contribution to the subject of union in the Catholic Esperantist publication "Catholica Mondo." This priest points out that all endeavors on the part of Catholic theologians in Yugoslavia to inaugurate practical, social and cultural work in cooperation with the Orthodox clergy—after the political union of Catholics and schismatics—have been without success and points out that the Orthodox clergy in many states have an absolute lack of comprehension of Catholic ideals.

Speaking of the difficulties that must be encountered in regard to the Russian Church, this clergyman says:

"For several centuries the official old Russian church entirely neglected the religious education of the people. The episcopate, though some earnest and pious men be found in it, was a weak tool in the hands of the consistory, the latter itself a tool of the synod. The synod, finally, was only a state ministry, an even weaker one and one more devoid of energy than any other state ministry. Apart from liturgy the whole priestly staff lacked every priestly character, such as we know it in the Catholic Church, from the bishop down to the village-priest."

BISHOP A STATE OFFICIAL

The bishop was but a state official, the "pope" (parish priest) was most unpopular with the people. While the "pope" and the people had but servile hatred for the bishop, the "pope" himself was an object of contempt, as well as the whole official state hierarchy. The Russian church offered such a dreary sight that only those who saw it with their own eyes could believe it to be true. What was displayed in the outward official life of this official Russian church, in the hands of laymen,—in fact, and not of priests, was only a pretence of religion, not religion itself. The so-called Church was not a Church, but a state ministry.

"These conditions were one of the causes of the Russian revolution. It is due to the liturgy that the people, at the outbreak of revolution did not at once desert their church. Liturgy alone educated the Russian soul and had a much greater influence there than with us. This liturgy of the old church, has been preserved. It is perhaps the only valuable thing that remained from the whole religious life."

The Yugoslav author, comes to the following conclusion: "considering nothing but the natural means, one should be satisfied with having obtained some sort of cooperation from the part of both churches. That will be possible, when the Orthodox churches continue to cast off the typical state church spirit. Even today, a complete reunion seems to be a very far ideal, historical evolution having caused—in spite of the same sacraments, and of a similarity of liturgy and teaching—such deep disension, that it seems to be more widely separated in many regards, than the one existing between Catholics and Protestants."

This statement of a Catholic priest in Yugoslavia, may be very sharp in some details, it is nevertheless taken from direct experience and close contact with the Slav Orthodoxy. Ecclesiastical history confirms it. Even resolutions adopted in former centuries by different parts of the Orthodox church for a union with Rome, had not the power, permanently to uphold it.

WEEKLY CALENDAR

Sunday, April 1.—St. Hugh, Bishop of Grenoble, from the cradle appeared to be a child of benediction. He resigned his bishopric and entered an austere abbey but was never able to obtain permission from the Holy See that he might die in solitude. He died April 1, 1132.

Monday, April 2.—St. Francis of Paula, left his home in Calabria to live as a hermit. He founded the "Minims," so called to indicate that they were the least of monastic orders. Their members observed a perpetual Lenten fast. St. Francis worked many miracles and died at the age of ninety-one on Good Friday in 1507.

Tuesday, April 3.—St. Richard of Chichester, refused wealth and a brilliant marriage to study for the priesthood at Oxford. Later he became Chancellor of the University of Oxford and was also Chancellor of the diocese of Canterbury. Elected Bishop of Chichester in spite of the King's opposition, the Saint governed his see with great wisdom and brought about reforms. He died in 1253 while preaching a Crusade against the Saracens.

Wednesday, April 4.—St. Isidore, Archbishop, was born of a ducal family at Cartagena in Spain. He succeeded his brother Leander as Archbishop of Seville and successfully fought against the Arian heresy. He died at Seville April 4, 636, and was declared a Doctor of the Catholic Church within sixteen years of his death.

Thursday, April 5.—St. Vincent Ferrer, the "Angel of Judgment,"

At the point of death because of grief over the schism that was afflicting the Church, he was miraculously recalled and told to go forth and convert sinners. For twenty-one years he preached throughout Europe and converted thousands. He died at Vannes in Brittany in 1419.

Friday, April 6.—St. Celestine, Pope, succeeded Pope Boniface in 422. He excommunicated Nestorius and deposed him and also combated Pelagian heresy. Many authors of the life of St. Patrick say that that apostle received his commission to preach to the Irish from Pope Celestine in 431. The Pope died in 432.

Saturday, April 7.—St. Hegesipus, a Primitive Father, was by birth a Jew and belonged to the Church of Jerusalem. He travelled to Rome and lived there nearly twenty years from the pontificate of Anicetus to that of Eleutherius in 177. He wrote a History of the Church in five volumes which has been lost.

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Rev. J. M. FRASER, M. A., China Mission College, Almonte, Ontario

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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK

How do the Methodists and Presbyterians view the Ruthenians? Let the Methodists and Presbyterians, co-operating as they are in seeking after the Ruthenians, speak! The Annual Report of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Church in Canada, 1922, states as follows:

"There is a very large group of non-English, in Canada, chiefly from Continental Europe. Already these folks are estimated to constitute one in seven of our population and the birthrate among them is estimated as four times that among Anglo-Saxons. The task of enabling these people to realize to the full their opportunities as citizens of this new and free country is one which the Church shares with other agencies. Hived together in congested city areas or colonized upon some large tract of land, they tend most naturally to perpetuate not only the customs, but the mental attitudes of alien countries. What they need is a helping hand, patiently and sympathetically extended to assist them to develop the fine capabilities which they possess. Through church and school and hospital and social centre, by friendly visitation and kindly interest shown in a multitude of ways, our splendid group of missionaries is making a substantial contribution to the solution of this vexed problem."

"Missions to non-English. Total number 36." "Among these are 12 social centres, 2 hospitals, 1 school home. Our missionary society also co-operates with the Presbyterian Home Mission Board in publishing a weekly newspaper in the Ukrainian language."

"The amalgamation of our Ukrainian work in Edmonton with that of the Presbyterian Church is working out satisfactorily. The staff now consists of four workers, two from each church, three of them being women. The new

Sunday-school appointments have been opened recently, making a total of four. Two halls have been erected during the year, one in the Delton sub-division in the north-eastern part of the city which will serve a large Ukrainian population. This is a good building, excellently adapted to the work for which it is intended. It was built entirely by missionary money at a cost of over \$6,000. The hall built by the Presbyterian Church on Kinistino Avenue is in the centre of a large Ukrainian district. Sunday schools are in operation at each of the four points with a total enrollment of 310. Two kindergartens with an enrollment of 50, seven girls' groups numbering 150, and eight boys' groups organized in connection with this work. There are Sunday evening lantern services which are reaching a large number of adults. These services are purely religious. Mothers' meetings have large attendances. Fully four hundred of these new Canadians are being reached and influenced by these various organizations. Rev. W. H. Pike, Superintendent of this work, is proving an efficient worker and has the confidence of the united Management Committee. This is truly a great work and is accomplishing vastly more than can be tabulated.

"At Alberta College North, where the Missionary Society provides a large dormitory, the enrollment of non-English-speaking Europeans numbers one hundred. Of these twenty were in residence and had the helpful supervision of the Dean of the College, the Rev. R. E. Stewart, as well as the benefit of the Christian environment of the institution. Three of these young men were awarded scholarships and two won silver medals at the recent examinations.

"In the Ukrainian colony northeast of Edmonton, the church, recently built at Bellis, is accommodating both Ukrainians and Anglo-Saxons. Both peoples were interested in the church enterprise and contributed to its erection. Two services are held, one in each language each Lord's day, with good congregations. The community hall at Smoky Lake is of great service to the entire community there, as the following will show: service every Sunday morning for Ukrainians in their own language; Sunday school for the children of both nationalities in the afternoon; service in the evening for English-speaking people, although, attended by Ukrainian young people; a weekly prayer meeting, boys' club in the winter months; and a weekly social gathering in which all classes, creeds and nationalities participate. All of these are doing much to develop a good social atmosphere in the community."

Is this proof enough for you that, while a deadly interi possesses your soul, the enemies of our faith are up and doing?

You who rant and roar about your "soups" tried to do to your forefathers in the days of long ago, do not close your eyes to things done to your brethren, today, in Canada!

You, who are interested in the prosperity of the kingdom of God, do you not see the enemy undermining the walls? Are you indifferent to the slaughter going on, because these members of the Army of Christ are not of your nationality, rite and customs or because they are by misfortune, a leaderless mass?

Donations may be addressed to: Rev. T. O'DONNELL, President Catholic Church Extension Society 67 Bond St., Toronto.

Contributions through this office should be addressed to:

EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, LONDON, ONT.

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MASS INTENTIONS

Friend, North Sydney..... 1 00 Friend, Carmel, Sask..... 10 00 Mrs. M. C., Cape Breton.. 5 60 A. R. McDonald, Brook Village..... 5 00

ON SAYING THE BEADS

Under this head, Father Garesche, S. J., writes: In the fine old days of Catholic homes nothing was finer than the quiet, reverent group each evening, when all the family said the beads together. The old folk let their worn rosaries slip through their fingers, saying the old prayers over with sweet monotony, dwelling with unconscious emphasis on "the hour of our death." The youngsters prayed in

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a monotonous monotone, dwelling on no words in particular, but with such a sense of reverence, and confidence in their Mother Mary as would go with them and safeguard their souls from evil all their lives. The Blessed Mother was a member of the family in those good Catholic homes where there were nightly beads; and the children loved her as truly and said their good night to her as affectionately as they did to their earthly mother who was for them a proof and picture of their Mother in Heaven.—Catholic Columbian.

Advertisement for Town of Trenton Ontario 5 1/2% Coupon Bonds. Price: Rate to Yield 5.35%. Full Particulars on Request. A-E-AMES & CO.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A VISION OF HEAVEN

There's a charm in the springtime surpassing all art. When the saffron-hued crocus bids winter depart. There's warm lay of gladness dispelling all gloom. When the sweet violets and the butter-cups bloom. There's a joy yet unsounded in glenside and dell. When the daisy awakens the lovely blue-bell. The wild mountain rose and the blushing dogwood. In a world of repose, join the gay sisterhood. Deep in these erections of green, blue and gold. A beauty is mirrored like to Eden of old. Ah! Nature is blending in her own wondrous way. A vision of Heaven in the splendors of May.

ARE OUR BOYS AND GIRLS MEN AT THEIR BEST?

Young men of the present day are so egregiously inflated with an idea of their own social value that they have neither respect nor reverence for any other person. They take unheard-of liberties with their seniors, and even in the society of ladies they find it impossible to veil their egotistic estimate of themselves. The well-bred man or boy never makes this mistake. Even when he takes himself too seriously as the sun of his social system, he is never over-familiar, and is never guilty of omitting those little attentions that mark the gentleman. He is as polite to the elderly woman as he is to the pretty girl; and if a certain amount of empressment is distinguishable in his manner to the latter, as compared with the former, it is only natural. He never remains seated while a lady in the room is standing. He jumps up to open the door for her if she should rise to leave the room, or to pick up an article she may have dropped, or hand her anything she wishes for; a cup of tea, a newspaper, a book. If a lady is taking her leave after having paid a call he, in the absence of any other gentleman, may be asked by the hostess to see her to her motor car; or should he know the caller very well, he may wish on his own part to pay her this attention in the absence of any gentleman belonging to the house he is in. The well-bred man never smokes in a room when visiting without permission. He opens carriage doors in trains, and never smokes without permission when with ladies. Butler Lytton said that "manner will do more for you than anything more than money." No one can learn a happy manner. It must be, in some sense, the outcome of good sense, good feeling, and the habit of mixing with good society. Christian gentleness is at the root of it, and true manliness is its staff or stem. The leaves and blossoms are graceful words and thoughtful deeds, and a good memory must not be omitted, but may be included as the branches.—Southern Cross.

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship must be cultivated. In the world of today as in past ages as well as in time to come men look for friendship. They furnish for lack of it and our very lives are scarred or refreshed by such a union. The pagans held friendship as the very end and purpose of life. Our Lord held it up to us as a thing right and good, for He had His chosen Twelve including a special three and of the three an especial one—John—whom He called the "Beloved Disciple." "Friendship is openness between friends, confidence, the absence of all reserve; between friends there can hardly be any secrets." To each other as well by silence as by the spoken word, it must be revealing to one or the other—secret thoughts; unconsciously, they are allowing each other to come into the depths of the heart that is hidden by a thick veil from all outsiders. If such a friendship exists, the effect of each upon the other is incalculably great and the difference in rank, age, aptness, riches, temporal or spiritual endowments are of no consequence though one be a prince and the other a beggar. "Friendship, then is not wrong; indeed, it is to be found in the Holy Scriptures, in the life of our Perfect Model, in the stories of the saints. It is even, as the poems declared, the most perfect gift of God to men. There is nothing else which gives greater joy in life, nor the loss of which makes the leaving of life more easily accepted. But because of the very fascination of it, for its due exercise certain qualities have to be observed; Friendship must be loyal; there must be no fair-weather friendships nor any friendship that allows an attack to be unparried. Constant—for constancy is of the essence of friendship. Those who are always changing their friends, full of affection for one today, and tomorrow seizing on another and making him a recipient of their tales, know not what is true friendship. To be changeable of friends is bad for them and worse for me. Many acquaintances, yes; many friends, no! Frank—it must be based on sincere confidence and trust, but this does not justify constant correction, which is an over-hasty attempt to reach the results of friendship. Ideal—I must see my friend as he

is and as he might be. Respectful—for passion destroys friendship by destroying respect, and cheapens the precious signs of love.—Catholic Columbian.

THE MAD RUSH

A noted man arrived in Boston the other day. He was late for an appointment he made. Leaving the train he hastily called a taxi and shouted to the driver, "Drive fast." The taxi raced down the street and dashed around the corners with undiminished speed, until the question suddenly arose in the man's mind whether he had told the driver where to go. The passenger leaned forward and shouted, "Do you know where you are going?" "No sir," replied the driver, "I don't know where I am going but I'm driving fast." So many people of today, fascinated by the pleasure-seeking life about them are "driving fast" without knowing where they are going. They begin by spending more than they can afford upon dress, theatre-going, dances, and the myriad indulgences that entice on every side. To pay for these luxuries they must retrench expenditures that duty demands of them. Their contribution to the support of home is minimized indefinitely. Those who should be nearest and dearest to them are in want of many little comforts which ordinarily would be in their power to bestow. But the spirit of extravagance transforms generosity into selfishness and sense of duty into irritation at all restraint. Yet God desires that we enjoy the many pleasures that life offers, but always with our eyes on the light of our soul. It was Christianity that taught men the secret of real abiding happiness. It gave life a meaning, labor a sanctity, poverty a dignity, and suffering a sweetness. Its message was a good message, and it set the hearts of men pulsating to a heavenly music quite unknown before.

Once two little boys coming from Sunday School were talking of Elijah's ascent in the chariot of fire. Said one: "Wouldn't you be afraid to ride in that chariot?" "No," said the other, "not if God drove." Today God drives the chariot of human progress, and it mounts as it advances. In the ride we touch the pleasure and the pain, the Cross of sacrifice and the symbol of love, the material and the spiritual. We temper laughter with tears, sunlight with shadow. But all through our life, with God at the wheel, we shall never drive too fast. Though the road may be filled with dangers, with St. Philip Neri we may say: "I despair of myself but I trust in God."—The Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

I will start anew this morning with a higher, fairer creed; I will cease to stand complaining of my ruthless neighbor's greed; I will cease to sit repining while my duty's call is clear; I will waste no moment whining and my heart shall know no fear. I will look sometimes about me for the things that merit praise; I will search for hidden beauties that elude the grumbler's gaze; I will try to find contentment in the paths that I must tread; I will cease to have resentment when another moves ahead. I will not be swayed by envy when my rival's strength is shown; I will not deny his merit, but I'll strive to prove my own; I will try to see the beauty spread before me, rain or shine; I will cease to preach your duty and be more concerned with mine.

A CHARMING CHILDHOOD

Leaves from the Life Story of Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J. "You ask me," wrote the Jesuit to Mr. Snead Cox, "to send you my memories of Courtfield when I was a child. I was only a little boy when we lost our mother. It was a loss I cannot think of even now, after half a century and more without a shudder. To all of us she was the very ideal of everything that is lovely and holy. We thought, and we were brought up to think, that she was in every sense perfection. Hence her blessing was more to us even than her caress. Well do I remember how we used to rush at her coming in to the nursery to see who should be the first to kiss her hand with reverent devotion. Then she would sit on the floor with half a dozen of us clinging to her, while she would give us her little crucifix and incense to venerate and fondle, or perhaps take out her watch, and placing it against the ear of one of us, would say, 'Life is passing away just like that tiny ticking watch, but when the little heart stops beating here, we shall all know that God didn't wind it up any more because he wanted you home with Him for a never-ending holiday. Of course we used to kneel around her lap morning and evening to help after her our childlike prayers, and then we were carried off, two in her arms, and others clinging to her skirts, to the chapel, where on great Feasts we were privileged to kiss the altar-cloth, or even the altar itself. Our mother reminded her children that, there in the Tabernacle, One who loved us more even than she did was always abiding, ever ready to greet us when we went

to see Him. She loved her garden, but would have been shocked if the fairest flowers had been sent to her boudoir instead of to the chapel. She herself would gather nosegays for her children to place on our nursery altar or before the statue in her bedroom. When I look back it seems to me she could talk only about God, or the poor, or our father. She made Heaven such a reality to us that we felt that we knew more about it, and liked it in a way far better than our home, where, until she died, her children were wildly, supremely happy. Religion under her teaching was made so attractive, and all the treasured items she gathered from the lives of the Saints made them so fascinating to us, that we loved them as our most intimate friends. "As she herself could not seek perfection in the religious state, she strove to attain it in the sphere of life to which God had called her. I am told that she said the Divine Office daily, and when too ill to say it herself had it said for her. She died while Compline was being said in her room. So serious and earnest was her pursuit of spiritual perfection that in later life she became positively greedy to follow all manner of saintly practices. A Jesuit brother-in-law of hers observing how like a lumber room was her boudoir, she made the excuse that she preferred it as it was, and that no servant was allowed into it. Whereupon he went on to say, 'Well, I am surprised to find anyone seeking perfection amid such disorder as this.' Looking up to him, she exclaimed, 'Do you really think God would be more pleased with me if the room were in apple-pie order?' 'It would be a better object-lesson,' was his reply, 'to the children.' She thanked him, saying no more, but in later years this uncle told me that from that date he never saw anything out of place in her boudoir.

"It was not our mother's practice to bring us any dainty from the dinner-table. We were never allowed to go down to dessert, our father thinking it might encourage greediness or undue fondness of food. We dined at our parents' lunch and then we were allowed to take what we liked. I remember one day being offered some dish which I rejected with the incautious remark, 'Thank you, father, I don't fancy it.' Should I live to the age of Methuselah I shall not forget how he turned upon me and in solemn voice said, 'I do not wish any of my boys to indulge in fancies about food; fancies are the privilege of your sisters.' On another occasion, when I had shown over-much reclusion for some dish, my father reminded me that it was a poor thing to be a slave to any appetite or practice. Blushing to the roots of my hair, I ventured to retaliate, saying, 'Well, father, how is it that the snuff box is brought to you every day at the end of dinner?'—you always take out a big pinch.' For a moment he was silent, and then made me fetch the box, and while in the act of tossing it into the fire, he said, 'There goes the box, and that is the end of that bit of slavery.' His training was somewhat drastic, but it was a fine counterpart to that of the ever-tender mother.

"There were some fine customs which our father insisted on; for instance, that we should take our places with the village school children when they were catechised on Sunday afternoon in the chapel; and the chaplain was encouraged to be especially severe with us if we did not answer correctly. Father liked us to give of what we had, and not merely our used-up toys, to the less well-off little ones, and nothing pleased him more than to see his children "drudging off with their mother laden with good things for those who most wanted them. "When I look back to those young days so crowded with life I cannot remember any quiet games entertaining us. Birds, dogs, other pets, and ponies were our chief delight. I fear we were dreadfully noisy, loving hair and hounds, blindman's buff, snap-dragon, and, above a theatricals, in which movement was a safety valve for what was called 'the Vaughan spirits.' Of the Feast of Holy Innocents, when it was our custom to dress up in the habits of different religious orders we use to hold high religious functions and preach one another down till the result was a sort of pandemonium, ending in clouds of incense and a blaze of candles round the schoolroom statue, where we made peace."

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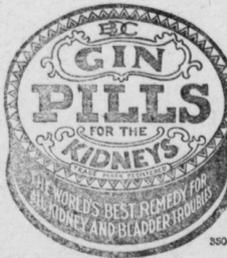
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MER ROUGE MURDER CHANGE OF VENUE TO BE ASKED FOR

Bastrop, La., March 19.—Faced with the failure of the Morehouse Parish Grand Jury to return indictments...

The next move on the part of the State officials, who have pledged themselves to prosecute the cases to the end, will probably be the filing of affidavits against persons suspected of having participated in the crimes...

Assistant Attorney General Walmesley has intimated that affidavits charging more than 45 persons with such crimes as "lying in wait with a dangerous weapon, assault and battery, deporting persons from the State, and other lesser offenses would be filed immediately...

"I am very much surprised," said Walmesley in a report to him that the Morehouse Grand Jury had failed to bring in true bills.

Attorney General Cocco apparently had anticipated the failure of the grand jury to return indictments, as more than a week ago he expressed his fear that there would be no true bills returned.

CYCLOPS SKIPWITH ELATED Captain J. H. Skipwith, exalted cyclops of the Morehouse Ku Klux Klan, who has been asserting constantly that the klan had no fear of the consequences of any investigation...

FORMS SYNDICATE OF PRIESTS

Cardinal Maurin, Archbishop of Lyons, has officially announced the constitution under his auspices of a "Syndicate of the Clergy of the Diocese of Lyons."

In a statement regarding the syndicate Cardinal Maurin says: "Under the new and apparently strange form of syndical action, there is a question of creating a regime which will permit the clergy to own and administer church property without submitting to the status of the cultural association provided by the Law of Separation."

Cardinal Maurin reached his decision after having sought the opinion of a diocesan committee of legal experts.

The syndicate was founded at a meeting held in the residence of a Archbishop of Lyons and attended by the auxiliary bishops, the vicars

general and all the archpriests of the diocese. The statutes were accepted by unanimous vote.

NEW BOOKS

"The Early Friends of Christ." Illustrated. Net, \$1.75. Postage, 10 cents.

In this book Father Conroy has entered a new field and has covered it with that satisfying clearness and brilliancy of style that mark his other books: "Talks to Parents," "Out to Win" and "A Mill Town Pastor."

The characters of "Early Friends of Christ" are the great dramatic figures who surrounded Our Lord in His first years on earth, and they are brought before us with a depth of observation, a sureness of touch and a sharpness of outline that make them live and move and talk with us.

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"The Wonder Gifts." A Simple Explanation of Confession, Holy Communion and Confirmation in Word and Picture for Children.

What can be more needful to children in the realm of instruction, than to bring closely home to them in simple and sympathetic form, the importance of the most sublime acts of their First Holy Confession and Communion.

Admirers of the Church's teachings with an attractive simplicity and presenting them in an easy and natural style, the Author of "The Wonder Story," which met with such universal acclaim, is doing an important work in awakening child interest in the mysteries of our Holy Faith.

Teachers of Christian Doctrine generally, and those in charge of First Confession and Communion classes particularly, will find the tasks of preparing the young charges made easier by placing a copy of this book in the hands of every child, so that these delightful instructions may be read aloud in class.

DIED

JACOBS.—At her residence, 14 Amelia St., Sydney, N. S., Mrs. J. B. Jacobs, survived by her husband, two daughters, Sadie and Nellie, and two sons, Jack and Will. May her soul rest in peace.

LALOR.—At his late residence, 73 Howland Ave., Toronto, Saturday, March 3rd, 1928, in his seventy-third year, Thomas Lalor, beloved husband of Margaret Lalor. May his soul rest in peace.

MCPHAUL.—At The Hotel Dieu Hospital, on March 7th, Annie, wife of John J. McPhaul, St. Andrew's, aged eighty years. She leaves to mourn her loss besides a sorrowing husband two daughters, Annie and Janet. May her soul rest in peace.

Jesus is the one Friend who alone remains to us when all else forsakes us.

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