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WOLF MOON
A ROMANCE OF THE GREAT
SOUTHWEST
BY JOSEPH J. QUINN

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED
"Well, I'm going to give it a trial. There is more opportunity in the West. Or at least there are not one hundred persons ready to jump into one job. Then again a little time spent in the oil lands will broaden me."

"Maybe it'll flatten you. Those oil field towns are shifting affairs but the men who make them upset the pace for shiftlessness. You've got to stroke the caaries the right way out there or else they'll snap you quicker than a turtle. Jack, they'll take a tenderfoot like you and make you look like a greaser within a week."

"Nothing like seeing for yourself. The oil towns may not be as bad as painted."

"And by the way," added Dave, "give my regards to this young maid that the palmist spoke of. She might turn out to be a rip-snot-in beauty. You never can tell. How many flowers are born to blush unseen? It's a wonder Janet lets you go. I suppose you'll be sending for her within a month or two."

"Cut that foolish talk. I may be back within a month myself. The climate may not agree with me."

"Yes, the climate of those oil towns may not," laughed Dave.

Down near the fishing boats a couple moved here and there. Ropes swayed back and forth in the breeze and threw gaunt, slim shadows on the sand. The smell of fish and salt made the air pungent. A dab of humanity, brightly colored under long capes, chatted gayly further up the boardwalk. Night air wet the benches and dampened clothing. Arc lights sputtered and shook in recurring breezes carrying mist off the ocean while small drops of moisture fell from the boardwalk rails.

Jack shouted a cheery "So Long" to Dave and plunged down a side avenue to his cottage. In the seclusion of his room he, too, felt the weirdness as experienced by Janet. He turned on the light, fumbled among some clothing and straightened as a long-drawn locomotive whistle fell upon his ear. Jack clicked out the light and drew his chair to the window. As a long, jointed reptile the train came in over the marshes and likewise long, deep thoughts came in to obsess him. He wondered what lay out there ahead of him in the uncharted future. Would it be filled with adventure, success, dissatisfaction, romance, what? A picture of the oil fields, the high derricks mounting into the sky, came to him. Then the familiar face of Janet like a phantom trailed over it all and smiled through the dream, her blue eyes beckoning. He found the prophesy of the palmist hard to dismiss. Who could this mysterious girl be, born in the East and living in the West? A myth, he thought. Why should he worry about the empty preachment of a gypsy?

Vague and nameless stirrings from within tortured Jack into a shallow confidence in the woman's words only to be supplanted by absolute repudiation. Yet how did she know he was going west to Oklahoma? How did she possess this knowledge why not surmise that her prediction of marriage was also true. Jack arose flinging the pursuing thoughts away. Yet they came crowding back like insects, tantalizing, inhuman, boring. To his mind Janet fulfilled the idealistic world in which he had often placed her. He would believe in Janet, accept her promise, pledge his faith in her.

After all it was disconcerting on the eve of his long trip to be told that he would meet a girl in Oklahoma whom he would marry, especially in view of his affection for Janet. He couldn't harmonize his visit to the oil fields with a meeting of his future fiancée. But the twinkle that came into the gypsy's eye when she grasped his hand and traced her fat forefinger over his palm in remembrance made Jack shudder. There was something strange about her, something of the occult in the gleam of her shifting eyes, as if she had gone into a future world and returned with prize particles of information. Of course she could not foretell the future. No human could. Dwelling upon it all aroused a new passion within him, a passion to see the woman again and fling back the words into her face, to stamp her as a liar and a fool. The engendered rancour made him arise and rush to the door. As he swung it open a flood of starlight, of chilled night air, rushed in upon him. It fanned his fever to abatement and throwing the door shut he fell across the bed. Janet was his own, his very own; no gypsy words, no smirking hag could rob him of his affection for her. He would live for her love and show the world that the gypsy's mummbling was childish, empty, visionary.

The symphony of frogs and night insects mingled with the pounding of surf which he couldn't quite distinguish from the thoughts that thrashed at the base of his brain. He closed his eyes for a moment and once more came the vision of oil fields with the flaring gas lights, the squeaking, rusty machinery,

the smell of oil, the towering rigging, and through it rose the face of Janet. This time it had a sad expression. He arose, crossed his room to these window and looked down the beach to where the ocean rolled in with its eternal swish. It showed up restless under a flash of skylight, as restless, he thought, as his own soul.

CHAPTER III.
THE NIGHT RIDE
Number 62 closely follows the Golden State limited through Tekona. It pulls out of the mile siding soon after the red tail lights of the limited have been swallowed in the dust and dirt of the miniature cyclone trailing it and blows two long and two shorts for the crossing down by the Haversall ranch. The long resounding blast is for Tekona.

Bluebonnet had not crossed half way through the grove before the drawn-out wall of the locomotive transfixed her. It came from somewhere off on the left, over the roof of trees that swayed back and forth and threw their showers of leaves and raindrops down upon her. But it was as a siren call, a note of appeal that guided her blind footsteps in the darkness. Off to the North somewhere the railway lay she was sure for she recalled having seen its glistening beads of steel stretching off into the sandy distance on the afternoon when they had thrown camp. When it came or whether it led she did not know, but she felt that if once the tracks were reached she could follow them to a house where she might hope for protection.

A second loud blast blaring forth reassured her that she was being called. She felt her conscience expand in freedom as if receiving direction out of the night air and rain. A wild fear of the blackness gave way to the obsessing thought that she was being pursued and, throwing away all caution, she dashed frightened through the underbrush. A large forest wall stood canyon-like before her, rearing its top until lost in the sky. Bluebonnet toiled up the slippery slopes running red with water and down through a small ravine where fallen trees and gnarled cottonwoods made an almost impassible barrier. A dash of light filtered through a canopy of interlaced branches parted by the wind, only to be clouded and increased the darkness. Wet bushes slashed against her face; unseen strappings snapped back and cut her cheeks. It was so black under the trees that she could not see their large trunks until she was upon them. Their roots lay coiled like slippery serpents over which she fell. But she could not stop; she felt lashed by some strange force urging her to greater speed. Down into a gully where the water had formed a rushing stream it drove her. She paused for breath, at the same time feeling her heart hammering against her breast. There was something startled, wild, about her that made her look for protection behind each bush. Vague, rocking phantoms escorted her from tree to tree, stalking now by her side, again preceding her. Whispers of out of the night air, nameless stirrings within, set her into a twitching elf that blended harmoniously with the shadows of the forest.

Above the steady purring of the running water she heard, or thought she heard, the wild cry of "Bluebonnet" shouted by Nava. It had all the vehemence of the yell of an infuriated demon. Then it seemed to mingle softly with the rustling of trees and the moan of wind. Once more from the North sounded the whistle of the engine, high blast that died away to a groan and so Bluebonnet between two appeals, one to go back to camp, the other to continue on her flight. The reality of the dilemma made her throat quiver in fear. Which would be wiser, to return to the slavery of the camp, its sickening routine, its whippings, the anger of Nava and the serfdom of the limited, or to fly out into the night and trust to the kindness of fate? She chose the latter, the unknown to the known, the new life to the old. She faced the future and made her resolve.

Slipping, sliding along the wet banks of the gully Bluebonnet threaded her way for what seemed to her a mile. Her bare feet began to bleed under the stones and sharp obstructions. She fell to her knees, arose and raced on. Now she stumbled into a deep hole where the water had filled in and plunged to her waist. She struggled out and lay for a moment damming the water and sand. Then she lifted herself slowly and staggered on. More than once she missed her footing and crashed down among the underbrush. Up over the ravine somewhere lay the tracks. She could hear the rumble of the freight train growing closer. Evidently the railway paralleled the gulch. The screeching of the wheels and the whistle of air brakes, accentuated by the humid air, sounded close over the bank. She decided to scale the slope and make for the tracks where travelling would be easier. Accordingly she reached for the limb of a black-jack and was in the act of pulling herself toward the top when she heard voices together with the hoofbeats of horses splashing in mud and water. The steady clip clop approached until it seemed it was coming up the ravine. Released

her grasp of the limb, Bluebonnet slid down, falling into a pool of water. She lifted her head to see two horsemen loping along the edge of the gully. The darkness prevented recognition, but she was certain she heard Felma's characteristic oaths. In one glimpse she observed that the gully was skirted by the road from the camp and that the road led to the station. Bluebonnet listened after the hoofbeats died away yet heard nothing but the falling rain beating steadily on leaf and ground. Now and then a branch broke from a tree and fell dangerously close to her. But no foreign sound reached her ears. Even the train seemed to have passed on. Had it really gone? It was this question that urged Bluebonnet to scale the wet sides of the gully. There, one hundred yards away, stood the long line of freight cars. Further up the track the escaping steam of the locomotive told her the train was headed towards the East.

Crouching low and running with all her summoned strength Bluebonnet crossed the short space between the ravine and the tracks and walked nervously along the sides of the cars. Then she stopped. A brakeman with a lantern in hand was coming toward her from the engine. He must not see her. She could never explain her predicament. He could detect at a glance that she was a gypsy and this would defeat her purpose of escape. Yet tonight, soaked with rain, spattered with mud, dishevelled more than usual, she looked more a street urchin than a gypsy done up in brilliant colors. Her head-dress had been lost. She limped though she had forgotten the pain. Bluebonnet started to cross under the train to escape observation on the other side. But fear that it might start while she was in the act deterred her. She contemplated retreat toward the station whose lights blinked dimly through the rain. But would not Felma and the rider be there waiting for her? That would be stepping through the failure itself. She must face the brakeman. Desperate under the situation Bluebonnet looked and spied an open car. She hesitated for a moment. The brakeman was approaching slowly—whistling. She stepped close to the car, caught hold of the floor, pulled herself up to it and rolled inside. She lay quiet, huddling through fear of detection. The brakeman stopped for a moment near the car, the light of his lantern throwing shadows on the roof. Then he passed. Gloom filled the enclosure. Bluebonnet's heart, beating in triphammer throbs, softened under relaxation.

TO BE CONTINUED
STUFF O'DREAMS
By Jerome Harle Bosman in ROSARY MAGAZINE
Kate Wellington's pen stopped in the middle of a word; she stared at the page on which she had been writing. What an odd letter to send her father, when she had sat down only to write him New Year's greetings! She read over the last few scratchy phrases.

"What are they? visions of the past, or prophecies of the future, vouchsafed us by God while our souls are lightened in our bodies? If prophecies, warnings?—portents?—Or is it all nothing?" She tore the page in two. "That's not a bit like me! Jimmie would make fun of me, if he read it, and poor old Dad might think me too serious! I'll wire him Happy New Year and let it go at that!" She got up from her desk and wandered to one of the long French windows of the library, where she stood staring out at the swirling snow.

But it was a strange dream! She could not put it out of her mind. "I'm not superstitious!" she told herself. "It's something that did not agree with me! There's no such thing as a ghost!" Maggie, a new acquisition to the household, came in with fresh logs for the fire. "Maggie," cried Mrs. Wellington, "do you believe in ghosts?"

"Sure, ma'am," returned Maggie, cheerfully. "Me own mother seen one!" Kate turned back to the snow. Nonsense! She imagined it, Maggie imagined it, Maggie's mother... imagined it!

Two days later, a telegram came when Kate and her young husband were at breakfast. "It's Uncle George!" cried she. "He's dead!" "That's too bad," said Wellington, perfunctorily. "The old boy was about due to go, though, wasn't he?" "I knew someone in my family was going to die this week!" "Did you, indeed?" scoffed her husband. "What rot you talk!" "But I dreamed it, Jimmie!" protested Kate. "Three nights ago, a white shadow came to my bedside and beat over me. It was inhumanly tall and wavery, and it leant over me with what seemed to be arms extended and shrouded. I thought, even in my sleep, that it was a moonbeam, but there was no moon, and the—thing spoke to me. It woke me. I sat up, and Jimmie! you can smile like that, if you like, but it was still there. It just floated to the door and beckoned to me! Of course, it meant something, but what? I hate to see people die! Even if I'd known it was Uncle George, I—I wouldn't have gone there!" "Sure thing, you wouldn't!" cried Jimmie. "I wouldn't have let

you! But the dream—poof! Indigestion, Kate! Indigestion!" "Oh, very well," sighed Kate, wiping away a tear for Uncle George. "Have it your own way!" No use to argue with Jimmie! She looked across at him, half sadly, half whimsically. Even Kate, young herself, knew how young Jimmie was! He sat there this morning, clean-shaven, rosy-cheeked, keen-eyed, with a jaw that protruded and shoulders very square. Jimmie was intolerant, with the extreme intolerance of youth. He thought the world was his oyster to open and devour. Failure, sickness, death—oh, he didn't believe, now, that they could ever touch him!

"And I won't let you go to the funeral, either!" cried he, going back to his morning paper. "Don't believe in funerals!" Well! neither did Kate, any more. Nor in mourning, or things like that. You see, the world was Kate's oyster, too. She had grown to be a little like Jimmie. She thought life could be lovely always, that she could dodge unpleasant things just by—well, dodging!

Her father stopped off to see them on his way back to the funeral. And the night he came, Kate had another nightmare. Even Maggie heard her scream out in her sleep, and Maggie slept in the attic story.

"My goodness!" said Kate, at breakfast. "I don't know what I shall do if I go on having these terrible dreams! It was Uncle George, again! We were in a frame house of many rooms, all clean but absolutely bare, with unpainted floors and heavy shutters on the windows that had no curtains. Every one of our family was there, the living and the dead! Poor Uncle George was going on a long journey, and he didn't want to start! No one had any sympathy for him. Anyway, he heard you say he made you tired, Jimmie! He was dreadfully hurt!"

"Well, he still makes me tired!" mumbled her husband, behind his paper. Kate's father laughed. Jimmie was funny.

"Oh, Jimmie and Dad, it was such a queer dream! Our new car had come and was standing on a stone causeway that ran down from the house to the sea. The car faced the house, and the sea behind it was wild and black-looking, and it went up to meet the sky in the distance. I kept thinking the brakes on our new car must be very good or our car would run backwards into the sea! Then, you and I were leaving, and of course there was no place to turn the car around, so we had to get in and back down. I stood up in the car to tell you how we were going, and the car began to go faster and faster, and oh! there was a sheer drop into the sea at the bottom of the causeway, and I screamed, and you couldn't make the brakes work—" Kate, in her nervousness, overturned her cup of coffee and the brown stream ran across the snowy cloth, toward Jimmie.

"And then you woke up!" he finished dryly. "Heavens, Kate, I wish you'd woken up before you spilled that damned coffee! Dad, she's as nervous as a cat and she eats everything she shouldn't! No wonder she has such rotten dreams!" "I know, I think, Jimmie," said Kate's father, quietly, "that maybe there's more to that dream than indigestion!" "Nonsense! All rot! Superstition! Harkback to the Irish! Ought to be ashamed of it!" Jimmie stamped out of the dining-room. When he came in, a few seconds later, in his coat and hat, he was grinning as only Jimmie could. "Take her for a walk, Dad!" he cried. "Get her blood circulating and some wind into her lungs! Then, she won't have another of those cheerful recurrences tonight of Uncle George and the sea and ghosts and things!"

When Sunday morning came, Kate's father was surprised to find that the young Wellingtons slept so late they could not possibly get to the last Mass. "But we danced until four this morning!" cried Kate. "How could we get up? Besides, Sunday morning is the only time Jimmie has to sleep. He never takes a day off!"

"Well," said her old father, "I always said I never would interfere with my children and my in-laws, and I never will! But I want to say this to you, my girl: You've got to remember God and your duty when you are prosperous. If you don't, God will forget you. You and Jimmie are young. You think nothing can happen to you! I believe you both think you can live forever! But you can't. Trouble, sickness, death comes to every one who is born. And when your turn comes, just remember that God is your only help. Go to Him, then, and pray,—pray to get back the Faith that you and Jimmie have lost!"

Kate kissed him, and Jimmie gave him a glass of beer. "Oh, we do go to Mass sometimes, Dad!" Kate cried. "Ah, this praying stuff is out of date!" Jimmie declared. "Nowadays you gotta work for what you get! Lord, the other fellow's copped your order while you're getting up off your knees!" "You say that because you're young," Dad told him. "It's all so different when you're young!"

The New Year season and her father's visit became past events; the winter snows melted; spring

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JAN. 3, 1925

THE NEW YEAR

Swiftly the years pass, one by one. That, at least, appears to be undeniable yet surprising truth borne in on the minds of those of us who are growing old. To the young to whom the goal of life is yet a few years off time seems to drag with laggard step. Looking backward the years seem to have flown all too swiftly; to the impatient longing of youth, the objective for which one is striving seems far off in the distance of three or four years.

But to the young and to the old the passing of a year is a thing of deep significance. To the least reflective it brings home something of the mystery of time, and something of the meaning of life.

The passing of the old and the birth of the new year is quite naturally, almost necessarily, the occasion for stock-taking, for resolving that the new year will not see the repetition of the mistakes of the one that has just glided away into the irrevocable past. And New Year's Resolutions have become matter for the hackneyed and trite satire of the cheap joker in and outside the columns of the newspapers. But this can be a scandal only to the weak, the very weak. Only the fool will make no resolutions for the new year. In business of any kind the man who does not adapt his methods to the lessons of experience is the man who fails in business. In the great business of life the same holds good.

We must look back over the past year to see wherein we have failed and why. We must resolve that that failure shall not be repeated in 1925, and how it is to be avoided. But it is not well to dwell exclusively on our failures. That way madness lies, the madness of despair. Hope is a virtue; it is one of the great three, infused by the Holy Spirit of God. We have all done good as well as evil. It is the part of sanity and prudence and wisdom to examine our conscience on the good that we have done in the year now dying. And from this examination, made in all humility, may come our best resolutions for the new year. And it is well also to remember that it is not on the great events of life that happiness or success—in any reasonable interpretation of this term—depends. The duties of our station in life, whatever that may be, the ordinary every day duties are really the greatest things in life. On them depends success or failure, happiness or discontent.

God has given us to see a new year begin. How many will see the end God alone knows. If any of us were sure that the new year was to be our last on earth the resolutions we take would seem to be of the utmost importance. Yet, though we were assured of many more years of life the year we are just entering upon is of just as great importance and value as if we were sure that it is for us the last.

New Year's Day is a holy day not because it ushers in the year but because it is the feast of the Circumcision of our Lord. All the prescriptions of the law of Moses Christ obeyed from the Circumcision to the last Pasch, when the old law was abrogated, when the type and figure gave place to the reality. This suggests one resolution, the most important of all: greater fidelity and fervor in the performance of the duties of religion. This resolution made and kept will ensure for us a happy new year, a year wisely and successfully spent in the real business of life here which has meaning and purpose only in relation to the life to come when time shall be no more.

To all its friends and readers THE CATHOLIC RECORD heartily wishes in every true sense of the expression, A Happy New Year.

HOW MANY LIVES HAS AN ANTI-CATHOLIC LIE!

The proverbial nine lives of a cat are nothing to the proved vitality of many anti-Catholic lies. Given the congenial environment of anti-Catholic prejudice some lies seem to be endowed with the legendary immortality of the Wandering Jew.

For the latest exposure of the entire falsity of an anti-Catholic legend we are indebted to The Commonweal, a new publication of which we shall have something to say at another time. As The Commonweal is ten dollars a year, and for other reasons, many thousands of readers of THE CATHOLIC RECORD will hardly read it. We, therefore, think it useful to give our readers the gist of the article, "On the Trail of a Lie."

We must preface this with certain facts that make it intelligible. A short while ago a Catholic, the first and only one, was elected a Fellow of Harvard University. Thereupon Mr. John Jay Chapman wrote to Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts strenuously objecting to the election of a Catholic as a dangerous precedent. In this letter he stated that "the outspoken purpose of the Roman Church is to control American education. This is one of the larger issues of our epoch. It is in the minds of all intelligent educators." This letter was given to the press.

Mr. Ralph Adams Cram wrote to Mr. Chapman, also an open letter, in the course of which he said:

"Will you, not only for my information but for that of others in a like position, state explicitly where and when the Roman Curia, or any other official body of the Roman Catholic Church, has declared it to be its 'outspoken purpose . . . to control American education'?" Although I am not a Roman Catholic, I happen to know something about this Church, and something about its system and practice of education. I do formally challenge you to show cause for making your amazing statement. For my own part, I deny it explicitly."

Mr. Chapman in the course of his reply to this challenge said that a "highly educated, honorable man of the Roman faith would say in substance what the great Roman Catholic pamphleteer Veullot said in speaking to the Liberals of France, 'Gentlemen, when you are in power we claim liberty in the name of your principles. When we are in power we refuse it in the name of our own.'"

Louis Veullot was a militant Catholic journalist, editor of L'Univers, who died in 1888. At one time he was imprisoned; at another L'Univers was suppressed. Deprived of his journal Veullot devoted himself to writing pamphlets and books. His works comprise fifty-eight volumes. He wrote much on the liberty of teaching. "I do not hesitate," writes Jules Lemaitre, "to number him among the half dozen of the very great prose writers of the century." So voluminous and impassioned a controversialist should offer something that could be quoted against the Catholic Church. There was always a section of the Catholics who deprecated his intransigence, amongst whom were Montalembert and Bishop Dupanloup.

But despite the nature of his writings and volume of them, he never wrote that which John Jay Chapman purported to quote from Veullot. It is one of those deathless lies that survive in and support the Protestant Tradition.

Here is its history: At the beginning of June, 1876, M. Jules Ferry, in a speech before the Chamber of Deputies at the time the Education bill came up for discussion, did, in fact, accuse Veullot of having stated this profound phrase:

"Quand les liberaux sont les maitres, nous leur demandons la liberte, parceque c'est leur principe. Quand nous sommes les maitres, nous la leur refusons, parceque c'est le notre."

Veullot in the Univers promptly replied:

"The 'profound' phrase is not mine: it is Montalembert's. Montalembert, after he became a liberal, had not the contempt he should have for the mere telling phrase. One day when he was in bad humor he chose to resume in this sentence

what he considered our standpoint. . . . I fancy his construction was a little better and I seem to see the hand of M. Ferry himself in the new version."

The challenge to make good the charge was repeated but was never taken up by M. Ferry or his supporters.

But that killed only one of the innumerable lives of the lie. In February, 1911, when Veullot was twenty-eight years in his grave, M. Maurice Faure, then Minister of Public Instruction in France, repeated the accusation substantially in Ferry's words and under similar conditions.

Jealous of its old editor's reputation the Univers reprinted his denial and challenged M. Faure to substantiate his 'quotation.' M. Faure consented to a searching inquiry conducted by the Temps. The trail led back to a Paris magazine entitled "Intermediaire des Chercheurs et des Curieux." In its issue of October 10, 1865, an "Enquirer" had asked for the authorship of the celebrated phrase "attributed by some to Montalembert." In a later issue of the magazine, a letter from Montalembert says:

"These words are to be met with in a work written by me not to express a personal opinion, but to resume in a phrase what I have unceasingly fought."

There was no longer an intimation that the famous phrase was uttered by Veullot. The discussion, though over, so far as Veullot was concerned, had so aroused the curiosity of M. Correntin that he decided to trace it to its source which he suspected was neither French nor Catholic. Knowledge of Montalembert's intense admiration for his fellow-liberal in England, Lord Macaulay, put him on a new track and led to a surprising discovery. In an issue of the Edinburgh Review, published in 1837, in the course of an article reviewing Mackintosh's History of the English Revolution, Macaulay writes:

"The doctrine which, from the very first origin of religious dissensions, has been held by all bigots of all sects, when condensed in a few words, and stripped of historical disguise, is simply this—I am in the right and you are in the wrong. When you are the stronger, you ought to tolerate me, for it is your duty to tolerate truth. But when I am the stronger, I shall persecute you, for it is my duty to persecute error."

Here, says The Commonweal, this natural history of a famous slander may well be allowed to rest. It has been traced from the cynical words put into the mouth of a Catholic journalist by the enemies he flayed in his columns to the purely ex parte summing up of his position by a fellow-journalist of his own faith but in another political camp, and finally to the oratorical gesture of an English Protestant historian, by no means notable today for the accuracy of his arguments.

It is a far cry from John Jay Chapman's "quotation" from "the great Roman Catholic pamphleteer," Louis Veullot, honestly acknowledging a Catholic principle to Lord Macaulay's oracular characterization of "all bigots of all sects."

SELF-MURDER AND RELIGIOUS FERVOR

A copyrighted despatch to the Globe from Paris tells us "a poignant story from Madrid of a mother's sacrifice and a strange example of the deep fervor inspiring a religious woman."

Then the story goes that the mother of a soldier had besought "the famous Virgin del Carmel" to protect her son, and made a vow to sacrifice her own life if her son returned home safe. On his safe return the mother greeted him with "transports of joy," put him to bed, prayed all night before the statue of the Virgin del Carmel, and then drowned herself in fulfilment of her tragic vow.

Whether or not any such suicide took place of course we do not know. If so then the unfortunate woman was quite evidently insane.

To represent self-murder in fulfilment of a vow as an act of "religious fervor" on the part of a Catholic mother is to outrage decency and truth. That the "poignant story" came by way of Paris may give a clue to its source and object. But that such newspapers as The Globe and The New York Times should give space to this malicious rubbish can be explained only on the charit-

able supposition that the news editors were shamefully overworked during the Christmas holidays.

JACK DUNNE

The death of John Patrick Dunne, Supreme Agent of the Knights of Columbus for Canada, deprives the Dominion of one of its most gifted and zealous lay apostles. The largest fraternal organization of Catholic men in North America, namely, the Knights of Columbus, could never have attained the position which it occupies in Mother Church without the unselfish and intelligent leadership of noble laymen. The whole future of the K. of C. depends upon its being able to enlist the services and follow the leadership of men of this character. Now it can be said without exaggeration that there is no layman in Canada who, by his unselfish sacrifice and wise counsel, contributed as much to the development of Catholic knighthood in the Dominion as did Jack Dunne, as he was familiarly known from Newfoundland to Vancouver Island.

For the past quarter of a century, by irreproachable example and eloquent appeal, he urged the Catholic manhood of Canada to unite under the banner of Columbus and the guidance of Mother Church. From coast to coast he traveled, everywhere inspiring men by his Christian faith and fortitude. The number who will admit that they are better men today as a result of his work must reach the thousands. His wonderful Catholic optimism never weakened, despite his own trials and sorrows and the apathy, jealousy and ingratitude of many of the men for whom he so unselfishly sacrificed himself.

Such a consistent upholding of an ideal will eventually be recognized if only at death. That seven hundred men, together with priests and prelates from seven dioceses, should gather at his funeral service was certainly a sufficiently public recognition. Yet Jack Dunne did not have to wait till his death for discerning judges to realize and proclaim his merit. The present Apostolic Delegate for Canada, in a public speech a few years ago, signaled him as one of the few laymen in Canada who had most to do with the success of the Catholic Army Huts. Nor is it any longer a secret that it was upon the advice of several members of the Canadian hierarchy that the Knights of Columbus appointed him, three years ago, their Supreme Agent for Canada. As befitting a soldier of Christ he died in active service. It was when on his way to a meeting in Chicago of the Supreme Officers and Agents of the K. of C. that, through an unfortunate railway accident, he met his death, though not before having received all the consolations of that holy religion for which and by which he lived. He was the true type of the Catholic leader—a cultured gentleman, an eloquent orator, a kind friend, an exemplary husband, father and citizen, an unselfish and zealous lay apostle, preaching only what he practised. He was in very truth a twentieth century crusader. That he may soon obtain the goal of all the crusaders and enter the heavenly Jerusalem is the prayer of all who knew him.

NOT IN THE PLACE OF GOD

By THE OBSERVER
 We do not give to the Blessed Virgin supreme or divine honor, which belongs to God alone. This is one of the first things taught to the Catholic child in his Catechism class. Non-Catholics sometimes say that Catholics give to Mary the place which belongs to God. We have never known any Catholic, however poorly instructed, who did anything of the kind. A ten cent copy of the ordinary Catholic child's Catechism ought to remove that impression, and would do so in many cases if Protestants would condescend to read even that simple explanation of Catholic belief; which very few of them have ever done or even thought of doing. A casual conversation with any Catholic would be almost enough to remove such a misunderstanding, but Protestants seldom inquire seriously of any Catholic what he believes, though they often attempt to tell him what he believes; usually in accusing tones and with ears quite closed to whatever the Catholic may say in explanation. Indeed any conversation of the sort usually

takes the form of an accusation by the non-Catholic and a forced defence by the Catholic so that no time or chance remains for a serious answer to a serious inquiry.

We do not know and never have known a Catholic who put the Blessed Virgin above God in any manner or to any purpose whatsoever. We never did any such thing ourselves, never thought of it, never heard any Catholic suggest it. Our parents taught us the exact contrary. The children with whom we went to Sunday school were taught the exact contrary, as we were. And we were so taught in the clearest and most emphatic terms. Nothing that we have ever read in Catholic literature has ever suggested any such thing to us as putting the Blessed Virgin above God. We have had from childhood the clearest perception of the infinite difference between Mary and her Divine Son, the God Man, Jesus Christ. And as we are in this respect, so are all Catholics, however poorly they may be instructed in other respects. That phrases are used at times in Catholic prayer books and other works of devotion which, to a mind already persuaded that too much honor is given to Mary, may be easily misunderstood, is true. But, why should Protestants expect to find theological accuracy in a prayer book? That is not the method they employ of stating their theological beliefs; they put them into a Confession of Faith or into a Catechism or a creed; and why should they expect to find theological exactitude in a prayer book any more than in the extempore prayers that one of their ministers may make at a funeral or wedding?

Catholic doctrine is, and has ever been, that God alone is entitled to supreme or divine honor and worship; that He is the Creator and Sovereign Lord of Heaven and earth and of all things; that He is infinitely above the Blessed Virgin and all the saints and angels; that these are but creatures, and He the Almighty and all-Holy and eternal Creator. Catholics have frequently to remark the unreality of Protestant impressions about our religion and our Church. The great majority of non-Catholics are quite incorrigible in this respect. They collect their ideas about Catholic doctrines, and the meaning and effects of those doctrines, not from those who actually hold and act on these doctrines, but from misunderstandings and misrepresentations which have been handed down to them and from such fragments of Catholic literature as may happen to come into their hands and which they think they are quite competent to interpret without any Catholic explanation or comment whatever.

Newman's satire, Count Potempkin's speech is as true and as forceful as it was eighty years ago when it was written. The Count, our readers will remember, had found a copy of Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England, and he was persuaded that he needed no other aid than his own eyes to interpret it. And what shocking things he found in it. "The King never dies." This writer then made a mere man immortal in his earthly body. "The King can do no wrong." Horrible, to say that a mere man is perfect. "The omnipotence of Parliament." This is the worst of all; his lips tremble as he repeats the blasphemy; his hand trembles as he holds the accursed book.

The Potempkins have been making speeches about Catholics and their religion for four hundred years; and much longer than that; for misrepresentation of the Catholic religion did not by any means begin with the Protestant "Reformation." They take our "Blackstones" and out of them they read the most horrible things which are not there at all; the most alarming things and the silliest things. The fairest minded of non-Catholics are not wholly immune. And in no matter are they more frequently or more hopelessly self-deceived than in regard to our devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary. When they accuse us of "Mariolatry," they attack a shadow and not the substance of the Catholic belief. Not a single Catholic schoolboy, taking his first lessons in the Catechism, is deceived into thinking that he is to put the Blessed Virgin above God; to make her out greater than her Divine Son, or to regard her as other than a creature of God with all the infinite chasm that lies between the Creator and the creature.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE LONG Presbyterian battle over church union draws to a close, and the many adherents of that denomination throughout Canada may not unreasonably be supposed to await the result with some degree of anxiety. Catholics as such are necessarily interested merely as spectators, but, as intimated more than once in these columns, it is impossible to be altogether indifferent to the battle being waged by one section for hereditary beliefs, be those beliefs as fragmentary or mistaken as they may.

SOME DEGREE of sympathy is surely not misplaced in such a juncture. We have personally been able to see in the aspiration after union so-called, but a further surrender to that principle of indifference inherent in the Protestant theory of belief, and which has made such startling headway within the past few years. Better far adherence to even mistaken principles than the abdication of principle altogether! And while aspirations towards union may in themselves be laudable, a union which implies a shrinking faith cannot from the Catholic point of view be otherwise regarded than as calamitous. This is said without any desire to interfere one way or the other in the domestic doing of the denominations concerned.

WHILE, THEN, Catholics, so far as they are interested at all, may be more inclined to sympathize with the opponents of "union," it is worth noting that the traditional anti-Catholic bias of Calvinism came out perhaps the more strongly on the anti-union side. As remarked a week or two ago, just in proportion to the degree of acrimony imported into the discussion, anti-Roman bias came to the surface. In the light of the inherent spirit of Calvinism this is perhaps not to be wondered at, and due allowance should be made on that score. Let us hope that those who reject the present move towards a spurious union may by the logic of events be led to discern where alone the true basis of union lies.

MEANWHILE the trend towards negation of all belief outside of the Catholic Church is forced once more upon public attention by the much advertised Rev. Stickney Grant of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, in his "Christmas message" to the world, in which he boastfully proclaims disbelief in all the cardinal doctrines of Christianity and aligns himself with those who see in Christianity but one of many religions, on a level with Islam, Buddhism and other eastern cults. Unfortunately in this the New York clergyman does not stand alone. The Rev. Canon Barnes, who has recently been appointed Bishop of Birmingham, has committed himself to something similar, and has announced to his flock that all churches must accept the biological doctrine of evolution, because "probably there was a gradual evolution of a tribal group of monkeys who slowly began to show a brain development characteristic of humanity." "If," observes the editor of the Catholic Herald of India, "the bishop believes so strongly in probable doctrines before donning the mitre he will go far."

"WHAT SEEMS to be an insuperable difficulty against this extraordinary brain development," observes the same learned editor, "is this. We have had now all sorts of sprightly little monkeys in our company for well nigh a million years, according to scientists—of course, they only speak from memory. We have taught them all sorts of tricks, educated them, even taught them manners; they have watched us, and received every opportunity for studying our intellectual doings, our social conditions, and yet, for a million years not a single monkey brain has ever thrown out a single spark of intellect. If the sight of intellect all around them has had no influence on the monkeys' brains for a million years, how is it that when they had no intellectual sample to go by, no intellectual being to encourage them, they suddenly developed intellect without creation or God's interference?"

THOSE DISPOSED to consider the O. T. A. the solvent of all crime will not derive much satisfaction

from the statistics contributed to a leading daily paper of the province (also one of the most ardent champions of Prohibition,) wherein it is shown that whereas convictions in all Canada, excluding Ontario, have decreased 26% in ten years, convictions in Ontario have increased 26% within the same period—1913-1923. And that whereas convictions for drunkenness in all Canada, excluding Ontario, show decrease of 68% in the same ten years, the decrease in Ontario is only 30%.

IN THIS country we have been accustomed to look upon England as a land where alcoholism is a much greater evil than in Canada. Yet, as the same group of statistics (apparently drawn from reliable sources) show, the decrease in convictions for drunkenness there from 1912 to 1923 figures out at 59%, or slightly better than all Canada, including Ontario. "In other words," to quote direct from the statistician, "in Ontario in 1923, after half a century of temperance education and legislation, and more than five years of the O. T. A. there were almost twice as many convictions for drunkenness in proportion to population as there were in the same year in England, where prohibition is unknown." If these figures are absolutely correct (and it should not be difficult to verify or refute them) the said statistician may well ask, as he does: "Is Ontario's lead in the right direction?"

CHURCH AND STATE CONFLICT DENIED

UNION OF TWO FORCES NOT DESIRED

Following is the sermon of the Right Rev. John P. Carroll, D. D., Bishop of Helena, delivered at the Mass at the Cathedral, St. Louis, Mo., which opened the convention of the National Council of Catholic Women:

"Render, therefore, to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's."—Matt. xxii, 21.

CALL TO PATRIOTISM AND PIETY

"My message to you today, my dear women, is based on the gospel of this twenty-second Sunday after Pentecost, which I have just read. It is the clarion call of the Divine Founder of the Catholic Church to patriotism and piety; 'Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's.' It is a command to make use of the opportunity given you as members of a nation-wide organization to broadcast the Catholic doctrine regarding the relations of Church and State—so little understood and so grossly misrepresented by some of our fellow-citizens.

"There is no conflict between Church and State. Jesus Christ Himself has said so. 'Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's.' The Pharisees claimed that all authority, both spiritual and temporal, was lodged in their religious government and that, therefore, it was unlawful to pay tribute to the Roman emperor. They were wrong. Temporal things belong to Caesar. These must be rendered to Caesar. Spiritual things belong to God. These must be rendered to God. Pope Leo XIII. in his great encyclical on 'The Christian Constitution of States' makes clear the Catholic doctrine that the Church and State are, each in its own sphere, independent of the other. 'The Almighty,' he says, 'has appointed the charge of the human race between two powers, the ecclesiastical and the civil, the one being set over divine, the other over human things. Each in its kind is supreme.' And in his encyclical 'Satis Cognitum,' he censures those who declare that the Catholic Church seeks control of human governments: 'This is the office appropriated unto the Church by God; that it may watch over and may order all that concerns religion and may without let or hindrance exercise according to its judgment its charge over Christianity. Wherefore, those who pretend that the Church has any wish to interfere in civil matters, or to infringe on the rights of the State, know it not, or wickedly calumniate it.'

REASON FOR TEMPORAL SOVEREIGNTY

"Some there are who maintain that the Pope's claim to temporal sovereignty is inconsistent with the doctrine of the mutual independence of Church and State enunciated by Christ and by the Pope himself. There might be truth in the statement if the Pope claimed temporal sovereignty over all the nations or over any of them. But he does nothing of the kind. The Pope merely claims that as spiritual head of the universal Church, a Church that exists in every nation, he must be the subject of no nation—he must be supra-national, above all nations, above all rulers. Otherwise he would not be free and untrammelled in the exercise of his spiritual prerogatives.

"If during the World War" the Pope were a subject of Italy, or France, or England, or America,

what tremendous influence would be brought to bear on him to promote the cause of the Allies against Germany! If he were a subject of Germany, what pressure would be used to win him over to the defense of the Central Powers! In either case he would be shackled by his environment, and the cause of religion would suffer. As it was, his very claim to temporal sovereignty set him apart from the warring nations and enabled him to exercise that perfect impartiality which is now the admiration of the world.

"The universal spiritual sovereignty of the Pope, therefore, required for its full and free exercise independence of all temporal sovereignties, and this independence implies a certain territory in which he shall exercise independent civil dominion. Was it not solitude for the free and unhampered exercise of the powers of executive, legislative and judicial powers of our country that dictated the disfranchisement of the District of Columbia and its segregation from the territory of the sovereign States of the American Union? The political wisdom of America finds its model in the spiritual wisdom of the Papacy.

POPE IS NO FOREIGNER

"The old cry that Catholics owe allegiance to a foreign potentate has again been heard in the land. If this means that Catholics owe spiritual allegiance to the Pope as the head of the Catholic Church, the statement is true. But the Pope as spiritual chief of the Church is no foreigner in America, or anywhere else in the world. Was it not to the Apostles, and through them to their successors, the Pope and the Bishops, the teaching and governing body of the Church, that Christ issued the command: 'Go ye into the whole world, and preach the gospel to every creature; he that believeth and is baptised shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be condemned?' Was it not to them also that He said: 'Going, therefore, teach ye all nations, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: he that heareth you, heareth Me; he that despiseth you, despiseth Me, and he that despiseth Me, despiseth Him that sent Me?' If, therefore, the Pope is a foreigner to Americans, and the Church of which he is the head is a foreign institution in America, so is Christ a foreigner and His religion a foreign institution. And if Christ, the Son of God, is a foreigner, so is God the Father who sent Him a foreigner, not only in America, but in the whole world which He made and which He rules by His Providence.

"If the old cry means that Catholics owe temporal allegiance to the Pope, the very purpose of the temporal power of the Pope, as just outlined, ought to be sufficient to stifle that cry forever. The Pope's claim to temporal sovereignty implies and necessitates his total removal from the temporal jurisdiction of every nation on earth, just as the independence of the American colonies meant their removal from the civil jurisdiction of Great Britain and correspondingly just as the establishment of American sovereignty involved the recognition of England's independence of America, so the Papal claim to temporal sovereignty involves recognition by the Pope of the civil independence of all the nations of the world.

AGAINST UNION OF CHURCH AND STATE

"Union of Church and State may be an ideal condition in a country that is wholly Catholic. It is not practical or desirable in America, and if it were referred by the United States government to the people, the Catholic hierarchy and the Catholic laity would unanimously vote against it. The constitutional guarantees of religious liberty are sufficient for American Catholics, and they neither need nor want a legal union of Church and State in this happy country of ours, 'to quote the words of Theodore Roosevelt, 'where religion and liberty are natural allies.'"

"Notwithstanding the Catholic doctrine of the mutual independence of Church and State, certain organizations in our country contend that the Catholic Church is not sincere. What she grants in theory, they say, she denies in practice. America establishes schools for the children of the Republic. The Catholic Church builds up a separate system of schools for her children. As there is but one flag, so, they say, there should be but one school. A divided school makes a divided nation."

"This argument is based on three false assumptions: (a) The Public school is the only American school; (b) The State has the sole right to establish schools; (c) The parochial schools do not inculcate wholehearted loyalty to America.

FIRST U. S. SCHOOLS RELIGIOUS

"And first of all, the Public school, as at present constituted, in which religion is not taught, dates only from 1840. For upwards of two hundred years, namely from colonial days down to the time of Horace Mann, all the schools of America were religious, and religion was then omitted from the curriculum, not because of any antagonism to it, but merely because of the practical difficulty of furnishing suitable religious instruction to children of the rapidly-increasing multiplicity of

religious denominations. It was thought the home and the Sunday School would supply the need of religious instruction. How lamentably they have failed is evident from the decimation of the Sunday School and from the fact that about two-thirds of the American people are without religious affiliations of any kind.

"The wisdom of the Catholic Church in maintaining her religious schools after tax support was withdrawn in 1840 is now generally admitted by patriotic Americans, and a rapidly growing movement to secure credit for religion taught outside of school and even to dismiss school for one or more hours a week that religion may be taught is meeting with hearty favor by leading non-Catholic denominations. Let us hope that the real American school, the religious school of the days of our forefathers, will be reinstated all over our broad land before religion has lost its hold on the minds and hearts of our fellow-citizens.

THE STATE AND THE SCHOOLS

"The second assumption, namely that the State has the sole right to establish schools, is equally false. The chief purpose of the State is to protect the rights of its citizens. To secure these rights," says the Declaration of Independence, "governments are instituted among men." The preamble of the Constitution says that one of the reasons for the establishment of the Constitution is "to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and to our posterity." And the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution declares that "no State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law."

"Now, among the citizens of the State parents hold the first place, for they furnish and perpetuate its citizenship. And among the rights of parents the right to educate their children stands pre-eminent. It is a right bestowed by the Creator Himself, who made parenthood the instrument of His design for the perpetuation of the human race. This design of the Creator is not limited to procreation, but includes the development of the physical, intellectual, and spiritual faculties of the child both for its own good and the good of society. Since this development is another name for education, parents are by nature bound, and therefore have the corresponding right, to educate their children. This right is inalienable because God-given. The State can neither give it nor take it away. Hence, any attempt on the part of the State to deprive parents of this right, for example, by compelling them to send their children to the schools of the State, is an abridgment of parental privilege and immunity, a deprivation of parental liberty and a violation of the Constitution of the United States.

THE CATHOLIC POSITION

"Of itself, then, the State has no right to teach. But it has a right to insist on the education of its citizens. In their pastoral letter of 1920 the Bishops of the United States make clear their position on this subject: 'The State should encourage among the people such a love of learning that they will take the initiative and, without constraint, provide for the education of their children. Should they through negligence or lack of means fail to do so, the State has the right to establish schools and take every other legitimate means to safeguard its vital interests against the dangers that result from ignorance.' In other words, the State has the right to teach indirectly, that is, in default of the parents, but its right is derived from the parents and is exercised in their name.

"The third assumption, namely that the Parochial schools do not cultivate loyalty to America, is wholly without foundation. As far as the secular branches are concerned, the curriculum of studies is the same as in the Public schools and the teachers comply with all the educational requirements of the State. Patriotic exercises are held on national and State holidays and the flag is always in evidence. The only difference the casual observer could notice between the Public school and the Parochial school is that in the latter the teachers are for the most part religious men or women who not only teach religion, but also by their habit, manner and especially by their countenance all aglow with enthusiasm for their sacred calling, create a religious atmosphere and radiate reverence for all knowledge, sacred and profane.

RELIGION INSISTS ON LOYALTY

"Can it be because religion is taught in our Parochial schools that they are suspected of disloyalty to America? With this is the very reason why they ought to be credited with greater loyalty, if possible, to our country than our Public schools. For, in addition to the natural and human motives for obedience to civil authority given in our Public schools, the teachers in our Parochial schools urge the supreme motives of religion. Among these is the command of Christ Himself to 'render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's' as well as 'to God the things that are God's.' Among these is the

teaching of the Apostle that the authority of the State is from God, that it must be obeyed 'for conscience sake' and under pain of 'damnation.'

"Loyalty to America, therefore, is taught in our Parochial schools not only as a civil, but also as a religious obligation—an obligation just as binding in conscience as the observance of the Ten Commandments, or the assistance at Mass, or the reception of the sacraments.

"Is it because in our parochial schools Catholic children are separated from the other children of the nation that we are suspected of disloyalty to America? This is not our fault, but the fault of the State, which separated religion from education and, therefore, compelled us to unite them in schools of our own in order to obey the dictates of our conscience. Anyhow, separation during school hours of Catholic children from other children of the Republic does not mean separation in anything that concerns the welfare of the country. Outside of school hours our children mingle freely with the other children of their locality. In after life they are united with their non-Catholic neighbors socially and in business.

WAR SHOWED LOYALTY

"There are no Catholic States in the Union, no Catholic cities in our States, no Catholic wards in our cities. When the call to arms was sounded in the World War, graduates of the parochial schools, in numbers even beyond the Catholic proportion of the population, fought shoulder to shoulder with graduates of the Public schools and just as freely shed their blood, when need there was, to make the world safe for democracy.

"To say that as there is one flag, so there should be but one school is just as impractical and un-American as to say: 'As there is one flag, so there should be but one church and one political party.' Rather the motto of America is, 'E Pluribus Unum'—the union of many races, many political parties, many churches, many schools, under one flag, all rivalling one another in their devotion to the Stars and Stripes which is the symbol of their constitutional rights and liberties.

"Flag, Church and School and their proper relations—this is the theme suggested by the gospel of the day. But the theme would not be complete did it not include the Home—without which nor flag, nor Church, nor school could exist, much less attain its God-given aim and purpose. Neither would it be proper in this connection to omit consideration of the home in addressing a body of Catholic women banded together to help Church and State and School solve the problems of society. For, the home with its influence on society is chiefly what woman makes it. She is its queen, its protector, its defender.

"HOME THE RELIANCE OF THE STATE

"Some years ago the late Justice Brewer of the Supreme Court of the United States delivered a splendid address in which he declared the flag, the church and the school to be the essential elements of our Christian civilization. Below the platform sat a well-known statesman who said to himself: 'No, Mr. Justice, you are wrong. The Christian home is the foundation of our civilization. Without it, the efforts of church and school and flag to create, foster or save civilization would be unavailing.' He thought of France, whose churches are the model and despair of modern architecture; whose schools were the glory of the Church in the greatest of all centuries; whose flag remained unstained throughout the vicissitudes of a thousand years. It was the flag of Clovis, of St. Louis and of St. Joan of Arc.

"And yet, he thought, there is something wrong with France. In 1890, France had a population of 38,000,000, and Germany a population of 49,000,000. In 1900 Germany's population increased to 64,000,000, and France still had only 38,000,000. France, he mused, has dishonored the home in its primary function of cooperating with the Creator in the propagation of mankind, and its glorious flag, its splendid schools and its magnificent cathedrals will not prevent it from becoming a prey to jealous neighbors and from hastening to final decay and extinction.

CATHOLIC WOMEN LEAD

"There is reason to fear that the love of ease and pleasure has diminished the affection of many of our American people for the home of the pioneer—a home that was made vocal and glorious by the innocent prattle of many children. The large number of advocates—many of them women, to their shame be it said—of the Birth Control Bill, for some time before Congress, only serves to increase our fear and to make us view with alarm the consequences to our country when the present restrictive immigration law begins to make itself felt.

"Thanks be to God, the Catholic women of our country, led on by the National Council of Catholic Women voiced their opposition to this iniquitous measure—a measure which would tend to make more general that willful and sinful sterility which Theodore Roosevelt was not afraid to say 'offends God, cheats nature and betrays country,'

Keep up the protest. It will shed glory on your Catholic womanhood and rank you among the bravest defenders of our Country."

FOREIGN MISSION NEWS LETTER

THE CALL OF ALASKA

A priest for fifty years, Father Jos. M. Treca, S. J., is venerated as their patriarch by his spiritual children in Alaska. "Times are no better now," writes Father Lucchesi, S. J., "than when we came pioneering more than thirty years ago. Father Treca is seventy and I am sixty-six. Storms and sleet and intense and terrible cold, days and nights on the road for months at a time are our portion today. It is a young man's work, but Father Treca answers, 'But it is God's work too.' He fears one thing, and I do, too. That the reins will fall from our hands before younger, stronger hands have taken them up. Come, you who would serve the Lord. Souls are waiting to be won by you."

GREETINGS IN CHINA

The usual greetings of beggars, and their thank upon receiving an alms is: "May you grow rich!" A blind man came and was given some rice. He kept repeating "May you grow rich." We told him we did not care to become rich, that Christians cared most to have God bless them, and gain heaven after death. But he continued "May you grow rich." He was finally convinced, and went off amazed, repeating "God bless you!" It was his first lesson.

THE HARVEST IS GREAT

Bishop Wilson of Bsgamayo, East Africa has a marvelous story to tell of the success of one of his missionaries who has called on Usundawi. He has been responsible for 2,000 conversions, for the monthly gift of 50,000 Communion to Christ, for three or four thousand souls already in paradise. He was interned during the war, but during his absence thirty teachers kept his schools going, and when another priest was sent to the mission, only two had fallen away from the faith.

BUT THE LABORERS ARE FEW

It is unfortunate that one cannot report a multiplication of missionaries proportionate to conversions. During the last decade the Church in India and Ceylon has increased 13%, but the clergy have shown a growth of only 6%. In India, unlike other pagan countries, the foreign priests are in the minority. They are about two-fifths of the total of 3,200. There has been no increase in the foreign clergy during the past ten years, native priests have grown in numbers by 15%. Pray, that the Lord send laborers into His vineyard.

FATHER GALVIN'S PROMOTION

The news that Rev. E. J. Galvin, Director of the Irish Mission to China, has been appointed Prefect Apostolic of Han Yang will be received with joy by his interested friends everywhere, but readers of THE CATHOLIC RECORD will be especially interested for Canada played a part. Our own Father Fraser was the means used to attract Father Galvin to his Chinese Apostolate.

In 1912 Father Fraser had made a beginning for founding a Seminary for China in Ireland. The late Cardinal Logue had offered him a house, burials for educating missionary priests were begun in Maynooth elsewhere, several priests offered to assist in the work, but none could be found to shoulder the responsibility of stirring up the Irish people to the work. Hence, Father Fraser after sowing the seed, returned to America somewhat disappointed. Here, Providence guided him to the Rectory of Holy Rosary Parish, Brooklyn, where he met Father Galvin then a young Irish curate. Father Galvin went to China when Father Fraser returned, where he gained his experience in the Province of Che Kiang until 1916. We know the rest. Today, when the Holy See has entrusted to him the evangelization of 5,000,000 souls, the Society which he founded six years ago has over 80 priests and 120 students preparing for the missions in China, while its seminaries and houses are scattered over four continents.

CAPT. McCULLAGH IN U. S.

New York, Nov. 28.—Captain Francis McCullagh, the journalist whose dispatches to the Soviet Government's persecution of churches, with definite proof that the Bolshevik aim was to uproot every vestige of religion from the Russian people, started America some months ago, arrived in New York recently for a stay of some time in the United States.

Captain McCullagh will discuss the Russian situation with officials in this country, and will deliver lectures in several cities. He is probably the leading authority of the day on Russia and the Soviet Government.

Convinced, from his intimate knowledge of the Bolshevik mind and from documents and letters he holds from Russia, that the Soviet is still the arch-enemy of all religion, Captain McCullagh says he is concerned at the tendency of some religious bodies in America to temporize with the Bolsheviks.

"SUPPORT IS SACRILEGE"

"We had the same tendency in England," he said, "but from my first-hand knowledge of conditions in Moscow and the policies of the leaders of the Soviet, I know that these persons are committing a grave error. In view of the perfectly authenticated documents and propaganda I am prepared to show to Americans who are interested, that it is little short of sacrilege for any organization aspiring to the title of religious to support the present Russian Government in any way."

Captain McCullagh, small, modest and well into the prime of life, has pursued his journalistic profession in almost every corner of the world.

WHAT HE FOUND

John L. Stoddard, the famous author of many volumes of travel books, after his conversion some years ago, wrote the story of his "travel into the Church. The paragraph with which he concludes his account is so beautiful that it ought to be widely known. He writes: "When I am asked what I have found within the Catholic Church superior to all that Protestantism gave me, I find that language is inadequate to express it. One thinks of the familiar metaphor of a stained glass window in a vast cathedral. Seen from without by day, this seems to be an unintelligible mass of dusky glass. Viewed from within, however, it reveals a beautiful design where sacred story glows resplendently in form and color. So it is with the Church of Rome. One must enter it to understand its sanctity and charm."

When I reflect upon that Church's long, unbroken continuity extending back to the very days of the Apostles; when I recall her grand, inspiring tradition; her blessed sacraments, her immortal language, her changeless creed, her noble ritual, her stately ceremonies, her priceless works of art, her wondrous unity of doctrine, her ancient prayers, her matchless organization, her apostolic authority, her splendid roll of saints and martyrs reaching up like Jacob's ladder and uniting earth and heaven; when I reflect upon the intercession for us of those saints and martyrs, enhanced by the petitions of the Blessed Mother of our Lord; and last, but not least, when I consider the abiding presence of the Saviour on her altar—I feel that this one holy, apostolic Church has given me certainty for doubt, order for confusion, sunlight for darkness and substance for shadow."

"It is the Bread of Life and the wine of the soul, instead of the unsatisfying husks; the father's welcome with the ring and the robe, instead of the weary exile in the desert of doubt. It is true, the prodigal must retrace the homeward road, and even enter the doorway of the mansion on his knees; but within, what a recompense!" —Liguorian.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

OUR CHRISTMAS WISH

Before the next issue of the Register appears the feast of the Nativity will be over; so we take the opportunity now to wish all our friends every grace and blessing of the Christmastide.

At this happy season there is a strengthening of the ties of friendship which bind men together. The outpouring of the goodness and peace which came to men at the Nativity of the Infant Saviour seems each year, at the recurrence of the great feast, to flood the world again and hearts overflow with sentiments of affection and gratitude towards friends and benefactors.

Those who during the year have helped in the work of Extension have a special claim upon our regard, for they, by their charity, have made possible all the good work which has been accomplished by Church Extension. People read our appeals and letters from the missions, and moved by the real spiritual destitution of poor Catholics, their charitable donations make possible for us to give relief. It was the awful spiritual condition of mankind which caused the Only Begotten of the Father to take upon Himself, human nature that by suffering and sacrifice He might make possible the salvation of every man born into the world. So you see that our benefactors have acted from the very same motive which prompted our Blessed Redeemer to be born, a little infant, in the stable of Bethlehem, and their work of charity is His work—the salvation of souls.

The life of Our Lord on earth was one of suffering and sacrifice, and if we wish to follow in His footsteps, forgetfulness of self and self interest for the good of our fellow men must be the characteristic feature of our lives.

There are many Catholics who have failed in their duty to the cause of Church Extension. They might have spared something of what God has permitted them to acquire of this world's goods to help in His work. He wants some of it, they have been reminded of the fact, but their own selfish interests tell them that the sacrifice

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is impossible. They resemble the rich young man in the Gospel. Our Lord undoubtedly called him to be a disciple, but because the acceptance of the privilege entailed the sacrifice of worldly possessions, he went away sorrowful.

Our benefactors are none the worse off on account of their charity—quite the contrary, as we are so frequently reminded in their letters to us, "What I give to Extension is never missed, Father; it always comes back again." Even if it didn't come back again, they have the peace and consolation which their good act produces, but that cannot be compared to the supernatural reward which will be realized when worldly possessions no longer hold any charm.

We ask the Infant Jesus to shower blessings upon the benefactors of Church Extension and to increase and multiply their number to such proportions that ways and means may be provided for every Catholic in this land to practice his religion.

Contributions through this office should be addressed:

EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

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BURSES

"IN THE NAME OF JESUS EVERY KNEE SHALL BOW"

During this month of the Holy Name, we ask our friends to add a mite to our Burses, especially Holy Name Burses. Such donations will be used expressly for the education of a missionary for China, whither he will carry the Holy Name of Jesus to multitudes who have never heard it. If you aid him to accomplish this project, you will have a share in this glorious apostolate. Help to carry to a pagan land the Name whereby all men shall be saved. Could there be a higher or a holier way of beginning the New Year, or a surer means of drawing down upon yourselves God's best gifts?

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. F. P. HICKEY, O. S. B. DEVOTION TO THE MOST HOLY NAME OF JESUS

"Father, I have manifested Thy Name to men." (John xvii. 6)

It is interesting, instructive, and encouraging to us to be able to trace simple devotions, which we ourselves might practice, through-out a Saint's life, and see them develop and strengthen until they form a character heroic and holy in the highest degree.

He lived in the middle of the fifteenth century, a time when there had been no popular Saint in Italy for years; when the vineyard of the Lord was in sad disorder, for the great Western schism had but just ended, the Guelphs and Ghibellines were at open feud, and the pastors in Lombardy were in consternation lest the fanaticism of the followers of John Huss and Jerome of Prague should corrupt their flocks.

Born on our Lady's birthday, and left an orphan at six years of age, in his simplicity of heart he looked upon the blessed Virgin as a real Mother to him. And as he grew older he knew no counsellor in his difficulties, no consoler in his troubles but his blessed Mother Mary. His delight was to visit her shrines; to rise in the night-time to pray to her; to fast, though so young, on Saturdays in her honor.

Our blessed Lady led him on to higher paths of holiness by means of his kindness to the poor. As a child even he was noted for it, and whilst a youth occasion came to him when a plague visited the city. Nurses and doctors were carried off in such numbers that the sick and dying seemed utterly in danger of dire neglect.

When the plague died out, Bernardino fell ill, through months of excessive labor, almost night and day, and lay at the point of death. Four months he was an invalid. But our Lady, his blessed Mother, was guiding him still, and there was another devotion that she wished him to learn—a devotion that should characterize his future life.

There was a blind, destitute, bed-ridden woman of whom he was told, and Bernardino, as he recovered, visited her, took charge of her, and tended her lovingly until she died. She was almost speechless; but there was one word always a murmur on her lips—the most Holy name of Jesus! And as the pious youth bent over her, that name found a home in his heart. He learned to love it, to realize its sweetness and its power; how in that one blessed word was every prayer the human heart need utter in a prayer of pleading, petitioning, hoping, loving, and praising. Of how much good, of what incalculable blessings, was that poor woman's pious habit the cause! His life's lesson was learned. He resolved to become a priest, to devote himself to reclaiming sinners, and to do it all in the power of the sacred Name of Jesus.

He was to be the Apostle of the Holy Name. "There was no other Name under heaven given to men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts iv. 12.) St. Bernardino became a Franciscan. He chose September 8, the birthday of his Mother and his own, for all the great actions of his life. He took the habit of St. Francis on that day, and was professed on that day. And later on he offered his first Mass and preached his first sermon on that day. But here was his great affliction. His superiors destined him for a preacher, and that was what he longed to be; but, alas! his voice was weak and hoarse and indistinct; he would be almost next to useless. Others would have sought remedies from doctors, but as he only wanted his voice for God's honor, he sought his Mother Mary's aid, and, by a miracle a voice was bestowed upon him that resounded throughout Italy, preaching in the open air—for churches could not accommodate the crowds—winning souls to Jesus for thirty years.

What a pilgrimage of love were those long years! Preaching in hamlet and city, reconciling enemies, bringing sinners to repentance, creating a love for the Mass and Holy Communion, and always in the Name of Jesus. He carried a banner, with the Holy Name emblazoned in gold upon it; he concluded every sermon with an invocation to that blessed Name, and taught the crowds to answer, as it were, a short litany of invocations, each re-echoing the Holy Name of Jesus. Few could resist the outpourings of that loving heart. The thousands that were converted were the standing miracle of his life.

Yet sins, especially of hatred and revenge, can gain such a hold on hearts that nothing can touch

them. Once, when he had pacified and won over a whole city where feuds and vendettas had been rife, he bade the whole crowd in the square to pass over to the right, as they would do at the Judgment Day, because they had forgiven each other and repented. One heart was not touched, and, scowling and insolent, one man stood alone and would not join the rest. Enmity was in his heart still. St. Bernardino besought him with tears, conjured him by the most sacred Name, Jesus, to forgive and repent. It was useless. "A hard heart shall fear evil at the last" (Eccles. iii. 27), and the warning that he would die suddenly was treated with contempt. The prophecy came true. In a few days, without priest or Sacrament, that man died a miserable death. But seldom it was that the preacher of the Holy Name had to denounce or condemn; usually it was some miracle of love—opening the eyes of the blind, raising up the palsied, or as when stars shone round about his head as he spoke—that inspired men to give their hearts to their Saviour.

And so the years rolled on, and St. Bernardino never wearied in his journeys, and his voice was ever buoyed up by the power of that Holy Name of which he was the apostle. And his death was as we might have predicted. The toiler simply laid down to rest. It was the vigil of Ascension Day, and his brethren were chanting vespers, and the antiphon at the Magnificat was borne up through the cloisters, and the dying Saint heard the words, and faintly repeated them, "Father, I have manifested Thy Name to men," and peacefully, happily, he expired. O Blessed Name, Jesus! his power in life; his success, his solace at his death.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JANUARY RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XI.

THE RIGHT ORDERING OF CATHOLIC WORKS

The run the children of God have to make in order to keep pace with the children of the world, and the victories they have to win in order to hold their own, were outlined more than once by the Saviour of mankind. The children of the world are usually wiser in their methods than the children of light, and easy contests over the world and its ways are not often shared in by the children of God. For this reason worldly wisdom has phases that will bear close and not un-sympathetic consideration, were it only to learn why the laurels of victory are so often on its side. What secrets may we learn from the world in our struggles for God and His kingdom?

Unity of view and constancy in action are two qualities that assure success, if success be possible, in any enterprise. That such good ordering is an element of strength in all collective efforts may be plainly witnessed in the modern economic world. The hundreds of industrial and commercial associations that surround us will show us what is accomplished by unity of view in organization and constancy in action. Look at our vast transportation companies, for instance, and see what competent men, having one end in view and persevering in their efforts, are willing to undertake and ready to accomplish. Armies of employees of all grades and varying capacities, fully drilled and officered, all working for a fixed purpose and determined to carry on for years—this is the way to obtain ultimate success.

Oneness of view and constancy are undoubtedly worth while cultivating for purposes other than creating dividends, and are the qualities that should distinguish militant Catholics from the indifferent ones. These two qualities are already evident in the Orders and Congregations of men and women who give their lives of service to the Church. In any one of these communities we see thousands of members living in different parts of the world, wearing the same habit, obedient to the same rules, governed by the same superior, and working for the same cause in a hundred different enterprises. If the discipline that comes from organized unity and constancy were not strong in those religious bodies of men and women efficiency would be wanting and results worth while could not be hoped for.

Where shall we find a better example of good ordering—that is, of organization and coordination—than in the Church itself in which we aim membership? The Catholic Church presents the greatest example of efficiency the world has ever seen, and this is owing not merely to her unity of belief but also to her unity of government and discipline in the face of mankind. Although worldwide in extension she is so thoroughly organized that she meets no difficulties in sweetly but firmly governing three hundred millions of souls, and she will in this way carry on till the end of time the work given her to do by her Founder.

Seeing that the advantages of right ordering are so evident that they are looked for in the great concerns of life, could we not have more of it in the common things that should interest us Catholics? Pius XI. asks us during the present

month to pray for a right ordering in our Catholic works, meaning undoubtedly those very works which should appeal to all and which one of his predecessors, Leo XIII., enumerated, namely, the manifestation of a religious spirit in our lives, the cultivation of a spirit of justice and of charity so closely akin to it, the amelioration of the condition of our fellow-beings and their enlightenment in various ways, the religious education of the rising generation, the practice of the virtue of temperance in all things, the promotion of purity of morals, and provision for the wants of the aged, the orphan, the sick and the needy. The success of all these works, and others that might be named, depend a great deal upon the efforts of man; and are liable to fail by man's weakness and inefficiency. Poor human effort must look for results only when fortified by organization and coordination.

It is not the lack of good will on the part of Catholics or of Church agencies that would seem to have suggested the present intention, but rather the lack of right ordering that lessens efficiency and reduces results for God and souls. Here in our land we are trying to carry on. Lay effort is growing yearly in various directions. Societies are being organized that depend for the most part on the laity for their success, and anything that can be suggested to render them more efficient should be welcomed.

To cite only a few instances. Only a few weeks ago at the convention of the Catholic Truth Society in Toronto, the value of right ordering was fully set forth and the results that might be expected from organization and coordination fully developed. If we open our eyes to see, our hearts will soon begin to feel, and our minds to understand, the value of such a society that has within it such potential value will surely make us realize what strength there is in cooperation. Imagine what a power for good would be at our disposal if the Catholic Truth Society were as fully supported and organized and conducted here in Canada as it is in England! There is, secondly, the work of the Church Extension Society to help the Church in the sparsely settled districts of Canada. This praiseworthy organization should enlist the whole-hearted sympathy of all our laity; it should look for support not from one section only but from all Catholics in Canada. There is a third important work, the Lay Retreat Movement, which is steadily taking deeper root, and is destined to do a great deal for the welfare of the Canadian Church. Out of this movement will spring leaders permeated with a spirit of zeal, men and women who will have learned what may be derived from good ordering, even in matters relating to purely religious propaganda. Their Catholic lay activities might be multiplied, but these will suffice to show our laity that there is claim for them to do if they wish to claim something more than passive membership in their Church.

Union and constancy, that is, union untainted by misunderstanding and rivalry, and constancy, even amid success and trials, are the indispensable characteristics of militant Catholicism. For a society like the Catholic Church the question of good ordering of the works which she encourages becomes one of major importance, for it will mean in many an instance victory or defeat. True, the Church herself cannot perish, but her rôle in the world may be weakened by the disunion and inaction of her members. We Catholics have special reasons for being united and constant in action, for a struggle is going on unceasingly around us. The forces of good and evil are not engaged in merely passing skirmishes; the warfare is unceasing and we cannot lay down our arms. We must close our ranks, for we have to meet enemies who have long known the advantages of right ordering in their opposition of the Church.

To sum up, then, we may repeat that cooperation and coordination mean that while Catholics must act, they must act in concert. We are under an illusion if we think we are united because no disunion is visible. Absence of disunion among our people does not always mean peace; it only too often means lethargy. To have its full value, union calls not merely for action but also united action. Not an easy matter, for in questions of policy, men do not always see eye to eye. Different points of view may animate men's souls, even souls filled with zeal and having the same ends to attain. Pride, self-interest and prejudice may bring about regrettable divergencies, and yet, in the end, someone must yield. There must be sacrifice of personal views or Catholic works will suffer.

Right ordering of effort under the authority of the Church, solves the problem for Catholics. The hierarchy, strong in its experience of two thousand years, acts as a safe pilot; the hierarchy has the grace to steer the ship. Let us do our duty under its wise direction. All are not called upon to perform great works, but all are called upon to do something for the glory of God and the welfare of their neighbor. Let us do our bit systematically and thereby augment our efficiency on earth as well as our merit in eternity.

E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

AT THE YEAR'S END

Night dreams of day, and winter seems In sleep to breathe the balm of May. Their dreams are true anon; but they, The dreamers, then, alas, are dreams. Thus, while our days the dreams renew Of some forgotten sleeper, we, The dreamers of futurity, Shall vanish when our own are true. —JOHN R. TADD

NEW YEAR'S

Let the New Year smile When the Old Year dies; In how short a while Shall the smile be sighs! Yea! Stranger-Year thou hast many a charm, And thy face is fair and thy greeting warm, But dearer than thou—in his shroud of snows—is the furrowed face of the Year that goes.

Yea! bright New Year, O'er all the earth, With song and cheer, They will hail thy birth; They will trust thy word in a single hour, They will love thy face, they will lend thy power; For the New Year charms which the Old has not, And the Stranger's face makes the Friend's forgot. —REV. A. J. RYAN

RING IN THE TRUE!

Ring out the old, ring in the new, Ring, happy bells, across the snow, The year is going, let him go; Ring out the false, ring in the true. Ring out the grief that saps the mind, For those that here we see no more; Ring out the feud of rich and poor, Ring in redress to all mankind. Ring out a slowly dying cause, And ancient forms of party strife; Ring in the nobler modes of life, With sweeter manners, purer laws. Ring out the want, the care, the sin, The faithless coldness of the times; Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes, But bring the fuller minstrel in. Ring out false pride in place and blood, The civic slander and the spite; Ring in the love of truth and right, Ring in the common love of good.

Ring in the valiant man and free, The larger heart, the kindlier hand; Ring out the darkness of the land, Ring in the Christ that is to be. —TENNYSON

THE NEW YEAR'S PRAISE

I humbly praise Thee, Lord, for gifts on me conferred That keep the body sound, the soul true to the word: My eyes to see all things the flowers' radiant glow, The sunlit gleams, all beauties art and nature show; My ears to hear the tunes that music's voice sing, Fond mother's prayer, words that but in heaven ring; My twofold sense to know the sweets that earth bestows, Not passing pleasures, but the spirit's joy that grows; My feet to walk the burning paths the Saviour trod And hands to do the deeds that lead the soul to God.

I humbly praise Thee, Lord, for gifts the soul received: Untrammelled faith, by cleansing water's flow achieved; Unconquered hope, infused when primal sin was burned; Unmeasured love, like that for which the Saviour yearned; And membership in that vast multitude of blest Who here are His and there in His fond heart shall rest. I praise Thee most, good Lord, for this New Year That offers grace Thy bliss to gain in loving cheer. —T. F. KRAMER, C. P. P. S.

PUT RELIGION IN THE SCHOOLS

We stand between the rejection of an educational system already proved inadequate, and the continuance of crime. Some days ago Judge Talley of New York, whose remarks on juvenile delinquency have attracted attention throughout the country, addressed the Rotary Club on "Lawlessness in the United States." When the distinguished jurist ended his speech, the Rotarians demanded that he talk on juvenile crime," reports the New York Herald, "a demonstration which, the presiding officer said, had never before happened in the Club." In the course of this second address Judge Talley said: "The average criminal in New York today is a boy of seventeen or eighteen. We seldom get men before us any more. At most they are twenty or twenty-one. A couple of years ago we blamed this lawlessness among the young on the effects of the World War. I tell you that the criminals of today

were boys in knickerbockers during the War. Now they are coming in thousands before the courts. They are criminals at heart, though just boys in age. Back in the court rooms, when these boys come to trial, are girls even younger, boasting that they 'knew how to stick to a pal.' There is something radically wrong in the community when such conditions can exist and be tolerated.

Yet New York has probably the best children's court and juvenile probation system in the United States. It supports a Public school system which counts approximately one million children and nearly 31,000 teachers. It has innumerable public and private playgrounds, settlement-houses and social centers. Despite all, the fearful conditions pictured by Judge Talley exist.

From our plan for training our young people we have omitted an absolutely necessary element. That element is indicated by an associate on the bench with Judge Talley. Judge Otto Rosalsky, of the Court of General Sessions, told the members of the Jewish Educational Association at its annual meeting yesterday, that the only sure method for curbing crime and promoting good citizenship in future generations was to provide sound religious training for the American boy and girl. This conclusion, he said, was based upon his many years of experience in dealing with all classes of youthful offenders brought before him in court. There isn't any doubt, . . . he said, "that the greatest problem affecting the youth of today is the problem of the best means to combine religious training with secular education." (New York Times, October 1.)

"I am sorry the situation is such," writes Chief Justice Taft to the editor of Collier's, "that religion cannot be taught in the schools, or under associations so near to the schools that it becomes part of that instruction." Millions of Americans share that regret. But many will not admit the inference of the distinguished Chief Justice that there is something in the nature of our political institutions which makes the substitution of a rational system of education for the present religionless schools impossible or even improper. There is but one solution for the problem, and it consists in putting religion in the schools. If the situation referred to by the Chief Justice is really such as to prevent this, for our own preservation, we must change it.—America.

GOD'S GREATNESS

If there were no night, but perpetual day, man could never have reached a conception of the immensity and grandeur of the heavens. We should see the blue vault of heaven without knowing it was a sea of darkness in which the light-ships of God floated. We should know our sun, and have a dim idea of the moon as a bright silver cloud, but no more. Lo, darkness envelops the earth and reveals the heavens. Here, from his little watch-tower, the eye of the little creature takes in all the vastness and sublimity that lie around him; he sees himself on the lonely deck of a little ship in space. He knows his insignificance and God's greatness and he is humble.—Canon Sheehan.

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Though evil days be now, yet will they not be always so.—Horace.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A NEW YEAR WISH

God bless the work that lies before you hand!
 God's blessing be on all that you have done!
 For what is fame or gift or treasure grand,
 If His approving smile we have not won!
 God strengthen you when crosses come to stay,
 When shadows close around your heart and home!
 God guide your soul when light seems far away,
 When all the world's tossed waves are white with foam!
 God dower you with kind, consoling words
 For wounded hearts, with gloom and anguish filled—
 Soft, soothing words to sing like happy birds
 With voice prophetic, till the storm is stilled!
 In body and in soul, God keep you strong
 To toil for Him and never fall through fear!
 That is my wish, the burden of my song—
 God bless you in the dawning of the year!

—BRIAN O'HIGGINS

RENEW RESOLUTIONS

The New Year calls on all young men to renew their good resolutions; to begin again with fresh courage the war against the world, the flesh, and the devil; to enlist once more under the standard of Christ.

It calls on them to make more of themselves than they have hitherto done—to cultivate their talents, to improve their minds, to elevate their ambition, to seek to do more good in the world than ever before.

An educated, truly Catholic, with high ideals, enthusiastic, generous, persistent in good works, is a great power.

The new year offers opportunities for study, for the acquisition of information and accomplishments, for practicing kindness, for thrift and for the laying up of treasures in Heaven.

How much of last year was wasted? How much of the time of this year will be used?

THE COMING YEAR

The coming year will have three hundred and sixty-five days, but really we will have only one working day: and that is called "Today." That is all you will be accountable for; none but a fool lives in Tomorrow. Serve God Today. Each twenty-four hours brings its own duties to be done; its own temptations to be conquered; its own loads to be carried, and its own progress to be made Heavenward. There never was a Christmas yet strong enough to carry today's duties with tomorrow's worries piled on top of them. Take short views, and never try to climb hills until you get to them nor to cross a bridge until you reach it. Begin every day with Jesus Christ, and then keeping step with Him, march on to duty over the roughest road that lies before you, and in the teeth of the hardest wind you may encounter. My times are in Thy hands; and they could not be in better hands. Our times are in the hands of our All-Wise and All-Loving Father. He takes care of us; and yet we cannot tell just what Tomorrow or the next year will bring forth.—Catholic Columbian.

RECIPE FOR A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Take twelve fine full grown months, see that these are thoroughly free from all old memories of bitterness, rancour, hate and jealousy; cleanse them completely from every clinging spite; pick off all specks of pettiness and littleness; in short, see that these months are freed from all the past—have them as fresh and clean as when they came from the great Storehouse of Time.

Cut these months into thirty or thirty-one equal parts. This batch will keep for just one year. Do not attempt to make up the whole batch at one time (so many persons spoil the entire lot in this way), but prepare one day at a time, as follows:

Into each day put twelve parts of faith, eleven of patience, ten of courage, nine of work (some people omit this ingredient and so spoil the flavor of the rest), eight of hope, seven of fidelity, six of liberality, five of kindness, four of rest (leaving this out is like leaving the oil out of the salad—don't do it), three of prayer, two of meditation and one well-selected resolution. If you have no conscientious scruples, put in about a teaspoonful of good spirits, a dash of fun, a pinch of folly, a sprinkling of play, and a heaping cupful of good humor.

Pour into the whole love ad libitum and mix with a vim. Cook thoroughly in a fervent heat; garnish with sweet smiles and a few sprigs of joy; then serve with quietness, unselfishness and cheerfulness, and a Happy New Year is a certainty.—Southern Cross.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

With the beginning of a new year, opening vistas of new opportunities for good, it has ever been the impulse of thinking men to make resolutions. Too often, these resolutions have remained barren, never attaining fruition in act.

Some people, considering it futile, refuse even to resolve, forgetting the words of a Kempis, "And if he who strongly purposeth doth yet oftentimes fail, what will he do that seldom or but weakly resolveth?"

To reach a higher spiritual and moral plane, effort must be seconded by method, and there is no more efficacious method than the particular examen, incorporated in the rule of the various monasteries, it had been for centuries the favorite of the Latin and Greek philosophers. The emperor, Marcus Aurelius, and the freedman Epictetus both employed it, and Popes, monks and laymen have used it to their advantage.

In practice it is quite simple. One particular resolution is formed and this is renewed every morning. At noon and in the evening, an examination is made and the number of failures noted. This repeated self-scrutiny incites one to improve; and perceptible progress will result in a very short time. This method holds for positive as well as negative resolutions.

Of course, the need of success that will be attained depends entirely upon the good will of the one resolving. The truth of the old maxim, "God helps those who help themselves," is indisputable. The particular examen has proven effective through the ages, and sincere Catholics who wish to improve themselves cannot do better than adopt it.—Catholic Standard and Times.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE NEW-YEAR BABE

Two together, Babe and Year, At the midnight chime, Through the darkness drifted here To the coast of Time.

Two together, Babe and Year, Over night and day, Crossed the desert Winter drear To the land of May.

On together, Babe and Year, Swift to Summer passed; "Rest a moment, Brother dear," Said the Babe at last.

"Nay, but onward," answered Year, "We must farther go; Through the Vale of Autumn serene To the Mount of Snow."

Toiling upward, Babe and Year Climbed the frozen height. "We may rest together here," Brother Babe—Good-night!"

Then together Babe and Year Slept; but ere the dawn, Vanishing, I know not where, Brother Year was gone!

—JOHN B. TARR

HOW "LITTLE CHRISTMAS" IS OBSERVED IN THE ETERNAL CITY

In the very heart of Rome, on Capitol Hill, where once rose statues to Jupiter and other pagan deities, and where now stands the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, is one of the oldest and most famous of the many old and famous churches of the Eternal City. In its air of antiquity, of rooted permanence, the Church of St. Maria in Ara-Coeli seems to mock the statue of Victor Emmanuel II., the enemy of the Papal power, which confronts it.

It attracts the attention of every visitor and richly rewards those who explore its many beauties. But there is one season of the year when the Church of the Ara-Coeli becomes the church of the Romans. Its very steps—and there are one hundred and twenty-four of them—become, in the days before Epiphany, setting for a traditional Roman spectacle. Here, at the entrance to the church, which contains the Chapel of the Presepio with its famous image of the Sanissimo Bambino d'Ara-Coeli, merchants of all kinds take their stand offering every article even remotely connected with the major feast which is to be celebrated, or not connected at all. Thus, hawkers of waxen figures of the Mother and Child and of medals bearing representations of the image of the Bambino compete in strident clamor with vendors of the latest agricultural almanac. But the chief stock in trade consists of pictures of the Nativity of generous, not to say violent coloring, and quaint dolls of cotton wool representing sheep and shepherds, St. Joseph and the Wise Men.

Meanwhile, disregarding the uproar, a steady stream of all sorts and conditions of men is passing in and out of the church. For, in the few days of this Epiphany season, the chapel of the Presepio is open and all may see the wonderful image of the Babe and the jeweled statue of the Virgin Mother who holds Him in her arms. The figure of the Blessed Virgin holding the Infant and St. Joseph standing beside her are shown in the grotto in the foreground. Nearby, kneel the shepherds and the kings and above, God the Father is seen surrounded by crowds of cherubs and angels playing on various instruments, as in the early pictures of Raphael. Behind stretches the plain where the shepherds were watching their flocks when they heard the strains of the angelic choir. But for some reason the night scene is not depicted. Instead, the whole landscape is flooded with bright sunshine, and the shepherds recline under palm trees or stand on slopes with hands shading eyes regarding their charges gathered around a crystal fountain which is seen in the middle distance. All of nearer figures, including those of

women who are shown bearing baskets filled with real fruit for the men, are life-size, of wood painted with rare skill.

While hundreds are flocking to study the remarkable reproduction which takes up half the floor space of the chapel, on the other side an equally singular exhibition is being given. To quote from Story's "Roba di Roma":

"Around one of the antique columns a stage is erected, from which little maidens are reciting, with every kind of pretty gesticulation, sermons, dialogues and little speeches in explanation of the Presepio opposite. Sometimes two of them are engaged in alternate questions and answers about the mysteries of the Incarnation and the Redemption. Sometimes there is a piteous description of the agony of the Saviour and the sufferings of the Madonna."

"All the little speeches have been written for them by their priest or some religious friend, committed to memory, and practiced with appropriate gestures over and over again at home. Their little piping voices are sometimes guilty of such comic breaks and changes that the crowd around them rustles into murmurous laughter. Sometimes, also, one of the little preachers has a dispetto, pouts, shakes her shoulders, and refuses to go on with her part; another, however, always stands ready on the platform to supply the vacancy, until friends have coaxed, reasoned, or threatened the little pouter into obedience. These children are often very beautiful and graceful and their comical little gestures and intonations, their clasping of hands and rolling up of eyes, have a very interesting effect."

An inscription in the scapulary of the church gives a brief history of the Bambino in the following words:

"In this Church of the Ara-Coeli from Christmas Day to Epiphany, large crowds of people visit and worship at the Crib of Christ, where is shown the image of the Infant Saviour, which was made from the wood of olive trees that grew on the Mount of Olives near Jerusalem, by a certain devout Franciscan for the special purpose of sending it to Rome to aid in the celebration of the feast."

"It happened, however, at the very start of his work, that he found he had not sufficient colors properly to decorate the image in the full figure of an infant. So this pious Franciscan Brother besought God that he might find the means to complete his work. These were found and with the figure completed, he took the boat for Italy. But the vessel was shipwrecked and the image to which he had given so much time, was lost. It was washed ashore on the shores of Croatia. There it was found and immediately recognized by the Franciscans who had already received a description of the image in letters received from Jerusalem. They brought it to the Ara-Coeli."

"It is reported also that a certain pious woman who had a great devotion toward it was rewarded, when, because of this devotion, the figure was miraculously transported to her house."

"As it has passed, held in great veneration by the Roman people, as time has passed, this veneration has resulted in ever greater gifts and richer ornaments."

The Bambino itself is fresh colored and is swathed in gold and silver, crowned, and sparkling with jewels. The figure of the Blessed Virgin is also covered with jewelry, which includes especially fine diamond pendants in the ears.

As the Feast of the Epiphany approaches, the crowds on the steps of the Ara-Coeli, grow daily larger and larger and the Chapel of the Presepio is thronged every hour of the day. Confraternities and other organizations visit the church in bodies and the hawkers do an enormous trade; for while none of the articles offered for sale cost more than a few cents, the true Roman would not think of returning to his home from one of these visits without having his pocket filled with offerings for the children of his family "bought at the Ara-Coeli."

The culmination is reached on January 6, when the hour is reached for the blessing of the people with the Bambino. Right up to the last minute the buying and selling continues and the child preachers continue their discourses. Bands, leading processions, add to the noise without. Then, suddenly, silence. The little orators descend from their platform, the church is cleared, and the steps, which, but now echoed with the deafening shouts of the traders and the blare of trumpets, become the platforms of expectancy where the tightly wedged crowds stand glued, every eye as one turned on the main door of the church.

A small procession emerges, a monk, his hands encased in white gloves, is seen carrying the Bambino. He moves toward a small raised dais near the door and with much squeezing and surging to make it possible, the crowd falls on its knees.

The Babe is held aloft. Slowly he is raised, slowly turned from left to right. The blessing of the Bambino has been given. For a moment the silence holds. Then a band crashes into music; others follow, and amid the thunder of their combined strains the Bambino of the Presepio is restored to his place in the Ara-Coeli.—The Monitor.

THE LAST TESTAMENT

There is no scene more pathetic than that which frequently takes place at the bedside of the dying when an affectionate father of a family, knowing that his hour is come, prepares to issue his last commands or wishes which shall be carried out by those dear to him when he is no more.

It is habitual to most men to defer that which is serious, painful and difficult to the last possible moment. In the morning of life, or its radiant noonday, it is hard to put aside the glitter and the tinsel for the sober thought and preparation for eventide. So many are accustomed to defer the execution of a most important affair, the making of their last will or testament, until they are certain that the end is near. Then they make haste to send for the attorney and arrange their material affairs. Sad duty, that too often is accomplished with the realization that the donor of these good gifts will be soon forgotten in the seductive enjoyment that money has power to give.

To apply for the will, there are men who have something to leave behind them besides an accumulation of worldly treasures. Happily for us, all the bequests of noble souls lives far longer in the hearts of those who have received the inheritance than the pleasure or benefit which accrues from great wealth.

We all know of men who had little or nothing of this world's goods, but who were able, on their death-beds, to dispose of a vast amount of property, not only to their relatives and immediate friends, but to all mankind. Their accumulations may be said to resemble those of the wonderful baskets of bread which, in the long ago, on the shores of a lake, were multiplied in their contents so amazingly that thousands were fed from matter that humanly speaking was scarcely sufficient for a few.

Rich men die poor in the midst of all their gold; poor men die rich in the midst of their poverty and want;—strange anomaly!

To him, who has left all that is dangerous, harmful and non-productive to his last end, what a serene and happy harmony exists in all things: The whole universe glorifies its Creator, and the universal riches of the earth are the property of the poorest of mortals. In the temple of his spirit, the free man rejoices because he feels that he is not bound by ignoble chains to the earth.

"Everything is in its place," says a young hermit of our own day. "His members, flesh and blood are all in subjection to his thought and thought itself is dependent upon God. The beasts of the field see only as far as the azure heavens, man alone penetrates beyond this blue veil and sees Heaven."

What of the men who have struggled all their lives in the obscurity of the cloister, striving to overcome that most formidable foe, self? When age was creeping upon them and their members already began to stiffen at the approach of death, they consecrated their last efforts to reproducing faithfully for the world the story of how the conquest was achieved. We have not a few, but many who so labor, and by the easy pathway of their experience we may sooner arrive at the heights which they reached. It was only after he had struggled and labored and suffered very much that Thomas a Kempis could write the secret of a happy and contented life: "Love to be unknown and to be esteemed as nothing."

THE SCAPULAR

By Right Rev. H. T. Henry, Litt. D.

In religious nomenclature, the word scapular is ambiguous. It may refer to that most important part of the monastic dress (borrowed thence by numerous religious orders and confraternities of men and women) which is ordinarily placed over the habit or cassock, and which consists of a broad band of cloth from fourteen to eighteen inches wide, with an opening in the centre to permit of its hanging longitudinally over the breast and back, and of a length permitting the ends to reach nearly to the feet. It may also refer to the smaller scapular worn by the Carmelites at night measuring about ten inches in width and twenty inches in length. Finally, it may refer to the still smaller "great scapular" of the Franciscan tertiarists.

The laity commonly use the word in reference to the smallest form of the scapular, consisting of two quadrilateral pieces of woven woolen cloth, about two inches wide and two and three-quarters inches long, connected by two bands or strings of cloth which are supported by the shoulders.

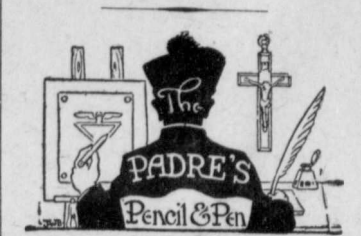
The word itself comes from the Latin (scapulae, the shoulder; scapularis, pertaining to the shoulders), and obviously suits all forms of the scapular, large or small. For the sake of brevity, the smallest form will be designated here by the letters L. S. (Lay Scapular or scapulars), and the larger forms by the letters M. S. (Monastic Scapular.)

The L. S. is, practically speaking, merely a greatly abbreviated form of the M. S., or the badge of a confraternity, or simply a devotional emblem. It may be considered, nevertheless, as the natural heir of the beautiful symbolism of the M. S. As the opening in the center of the M. S. permitted the garment to rest on the shoulders, the M. S. was often styled Jugum Christi, i. e., the yoke of Christ, in reference to the Divine Master's tender invitation to come to Him, for that His yoke is sweet (Jugum meum suave est) and His burden light (Matt. 11: 28-30.) The L. S. may clearly

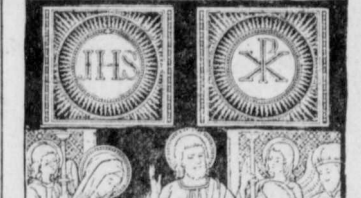
retain the symbolism of the yoke, as the head passes through the parallel bands or strings.

The original form of the Dominican scapular provided a segment for covering the head. This became in time the "hood." The scapular was called the scutum (Latin for shield), and recalls the words of St. Paul (Eph. 6: 16.) The L. S. hardly suggests the symbolism, but the pious mind may easily reconstruct it.

An early form of the M. S. had flaps hanging down laterally over the shoulders, thus making with the longitudinal portions, a garment having the form of a cross. The scapular was therefore sometimes referred to simply as the crux (Latin for cross.) Except in so far as the strings of the L. S. are borne upon the shoulders, even as the Cross was borne upon those of Christ, the symbolism is not closely suggested by the form of the L. S. One variety of the M. S. had transverse pieces or bands binding the longitudinal portions. This form is still in use, and equally suggests the symbolism of the Cross.



Answers for last week: Adeste Fideles (Oh, come all ye faithful).



In the oblong at the top is the name of a great celebration, its date & place. The 2 circles in the squares give the name of next Sunday's feast. The picture at the bottom represents the feast which the Church keeps New Year's Day. Can you find a knife? Answers next week.

Answers for last week: Adeste Fideles (Oh, come all ye faithful).

Less suggestive of symbolism, however, is the "scapular medal" which the Holy See, in 1910, permitted as a substitute for the L. S. Worn constantly on the person or carried decently thereon, the single medal may replace any or all of the L. S. (there are seventeen recognized varieties), although it requires a separate blessing by a competent priest for each of the scapulars. Not in itself suggestive of the various symbolisms, those who wear it may still recall these with spiritual profit.

I seek not, O Lord, to search out Thy depth, but I desire in some measure to understand Thy truth, which my heart believeth and loveth. Nor do I seek to understand that I may believe, but I believe that I may understand. For this, too, I believe, that unless I first believe I shall not understand.—St. Anselm.

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THE MISSIONARY EXHIBITION

VOLUME OF EXHIBITS COME IN FROM ALL PARTS OF WORLD

By Mrs. Enrico Pucci (Home Correspondent, N. C. W. C.)

The great pavilions erected for the Missionary Exhibition are now almost entirely occupied by thousands of cases, both large and small, from every corner of the globe where the Catholic missionary carries his messages of love.

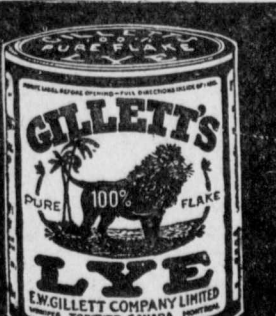
It is likely that the Museo Egizio (Egyptian Museum) will be used, as it has the advantage of being in direct communication with the Cortile della Pigna. This would be reserved for the exhibition of the activities of the Institutes which cooperate in the work of the Missions such as the Opera della Propaganda della Fede (Work of the Propagation of the Faith) and the Opera della Santa Infanzia (Work of the Holy Infancy).

EXHIBITS FROM THE HOLY LAND In the first large pavilion in the Cortile della Pigna will be placed the exhibits of the Holy Land. The large plastic in terra cotta which the Pope Himself ordered from Prof. Marcelliani has been transported here piece by piece.

A little further on rises the large pavilion of Martyrs and Famous Missionaries. It will be adorned by a great number of pictures many of which represent the scenes of martyrdom. Others are only portraits but some of these are ancient and are of notable historical importance.

THE PHILIPPINES SPIRITUAL TRAGEDY SHOWN IN PRIEST'S APPEAL "Surely the Catholic world does not realize the spiritual tragedy that is taking place through the death of workers in the only Christian nation of the East—the Catholic Philippines."

THE LIBRARY The salon which is situated opposite the Loggia of Bramante and the rooms adjacent, will be used for the Library. This is rich in columns kept in place by an



in the Kitchen Try a small portion of Gillett's Pure Flake Lye in the dishwasher when cleaning greasy pots and pans. It will save you much hard labor.

MADE IN CANADA



arrangement of shelves made according to the most modern system and movable both in height and width. They are exactly the same as those in the Library of the Pontifical Biblical Institute which is a real model of its kind.

The founder of this Museum was Stefano Borgia who from 1770 to 1789 was Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda Fide and after being created Cardinal was made Prefect from 1812 to 1804.

Passionately fond of collecting objects relative to missions and customs of peoples, little by little he gathered together a rich collection which when he was still living he presented to the College of Propaganda and which henceforth bore his name. This collection contained coins, medals and objects of great value in the study of ethnography or the history of distant peoples.

From the Pontificate of Gregory XVI. onwards the collection of Cardinal Borgia was being continually enlarged by the most interesting objects which the missions sent as the gifts to the Pope and to the Congregation of Propaganda.

COLLECTIONS MADE IN 1888 In 1888, when Cardinal Simeoni was Prefect of the Propaganda the collection was reorganized and transported to the vest salons of the second floor of the Palace of the Propaganda. After the Vatican Exhibition in 1888 held on the occasion of the sacerdotal Jubilee of Leo XIII., the objects which were of interest for missions, were sent to the Borgia Museum with the exception of some of the more cumbersome objects which were deposited at the Lateran Palace.

Recently some of the more important objects of the Borgia Museum which had no direct relation with missions were taken to the Vatican Library, such, for example, as the codes and gold from Mexico dating prior to the time of Columbus. All the objects of the Borgia Museum have now been transported to the Missionary Exhibition, where they will also be exhibited after having been again accurately catalogued and described.

The Holy Father has already decided that when the Exhibition is over the most important objects will be taken to the Lateran Palace, where they will be suitably placed on the top floor to form a missionary and ethnographical museum.

THE POWER OF EXAMPLE

WHAT ONE STURDY CATHOLIC QUIETLY ACCOMPLISHED The recent death of Richard A. Shea, Palmerston, whose funeral took place November 25th, at Galt, revives our fading recollections of the past two or three generations of heroism and self-sacrifice displayed by missionary priests and scattered laymen throughout the rugged, outlying northern areas beyond more settled communities in Ontario.

Like many worthy men in commercial and transportation life, Richard Shea was born on a farm, (where the homestead is still maintained,) in the vicinity of Ferguson, N. Y. He was a warehouseman at "C. N. R." as a warehouseman at Galt, telegrapher in Wingham and agent at Palmerston, call to mind the career and similar duties of Patrick Edward Crowley, who, after forty-eight years service, and still in good health, was lately elevated to an exalted executive position with the N. Y. C. & H. R. R.—a quiet, unostentatious, loyal railroad and real friend of the rank and file, not demurring at 10 to 16 hours per day, when necessary.

Such another Irishman was this quasi-superintendent, "Dick" Shea—consistent, persevering Celt, appreciating a witty, proper yarn, who treasured odd bits of verse and prose in his old-fashioned desk, pigeon-holed beside transportation files relating to crews, trains, snow-plows, overtime and those "Pigs in pigs" shipments mentioned by Ellis Parker Butler.

In 1881 he began "Jerking lightning" at the key in Palmerston. In August 1882 he witnessed the amalgamation of "Great Western" and "Grand Trunk"—an epochal event, and in this atmosphere of rolling cars and variegated passenger traffic he lived, breathed and had his being for forty-three years amid perplexities at the core of a busy district which was never a bed of roses for any railway representative.

During the days when men's racial and religious convictions were narrowly defined, were much less generously appreciated and understood than at present, when the visits of zealous missionary priests, on horse back or backboard, westward, irregular, Richard Shea and his family of little ones were the only Catholics in Palmerston for an extended period, and devoted adherent that he was, he then lived a life apart, not always happy in the aloofness of his dour Scottish and North of Ireland neighbors. The contrast in their attitude when at the school to which the greater part of her life service was given, there he labored and was laid to rest is a fine tribute to the force of good example. All the non-Catholic clergymen of Palmerston attended his obsequies; one knelt at the easel in prayer for the eternal repose of his soul; and the chapel, during the funeral Mass, could not accommodate the deeply affected numbers of his separated brethren and transportation men who desired by their presence to express an honest change of heart and pay a last tribute of respect to the memory of one who had proved his worth as a Christian citizen, an upright family man, a conscientious official and a good neighbor. Gradually they had developed an appreciation for his estimate of the better things of life, his fairness, his broad charity, his clean record, and cheerfully accorded genuine support towards his work for orphans and for the erection of a church.

The late Lionel H. Clarke, one time Palmerston resident, afterwards Lieut.-Governor, was his friend as was the late W. R. Tiffin, General Superintendent; and shipper, drivers and travelers up and down the land knew that in the character of "Dick" Shea there was no room for intolerance, hypocrisy or things trivial. His behaviour and business career, the quiet discharge of the duties

of the staff of the Catholic Register and Extension, Angela and Bryce, and four brothers, James, Simon, Basil of Toronto, and William of Detroit, R. I. P.

OBITUARY

MATTHEW DEVINE On Wednesday, Dec. 3rd, the County of Renfrew lost a member of one of the pioneer families in the Ottawa valley, and the town of Renfrew, one of its most highly respected citizens, when Matthew Devine, Esq., police magistrate, was called by death. The deceased gentleman was born at Renfrew in August, 1849.

For many years the late Mr. Devine was head of the firm of Devine and McGarry, hardware merchants. When the office of police magistrate was created by the Ontario Government, Mr. Devine was appointed to the position and continued therein until his death. Strong of character and sound in judgment, he was recognized as admirably fitted to fill the judicial office to which he was appointed. Into every public movement for the advancement of his home-town, he threw himself most unselfishly with all the vigor of his many character. A kind husband, prudent and devoted father, he loved the warmth and cheer of the family hearth and none could surpass him in contributing to its enjoyment.

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During the days when men's racial and religious convictions were narrowly defined, were much less generously appreciated and understood than at present, when the visits of zealous missionary priests, on horse back or backboard, westward, irregular, Richard Shea and his family of little ones were the only Catholics in Palmerston for an extended period, and devoted adherent that he was, he then lived a life apart, not always happy in the aloofness of his dour Scottish and North of Ireland neighbors. The contrast in their attitude when at the school to which the greater part of her life service was given, there he labored and was laid to rest is a fine tribute to the force of good example. All the non-Catholic clergymen of Palmerston attended his obsequies; one knelt at the easel in prayer for the eternal repose of his soul; and the chapel, during the funeral Mass, could not accommodate the deeply affected numbers of his separated brethren and transportation men who desired by their presence to express an honest change of heart and pay a last tribute of respect to the memory of one who had proved his worth as a Christian citizen, an upright family man, a conscientious official and a good neighbor. Gradually they had developed an appreciation for his estimate of the better things of life, his fairness, his broad charity, his clean record, and cheerfully accorded genuine support towards his work for orphans and for the erection of a church.

The late Lionel H. Clarke, one time Palmerston resident, afterwards Lieut.-Governor, was his friend as was the late W. R. Tiffin, General Superintendent; and shipper, drivers and travelers up and down the land knew that in the character of "Dick" Shea there was no room for intolerance, hypocrisy or things trivial. His behaviour and business career, the quiet discharge of the duties

of the staff of the Catholic Register and Extension, Angela and Bryce, and four brothers, James, Simon, Basil of Toronto, and William of Detroit, R. I. P.

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For many years the late Mr. Devine was head of the firm of Devine and McGarry, hardware merchants. When the office of police magistrate was created by the Ontario Government, Mr. Devine was appointed to the position and continued therein until his death. Strong of character and sound in judgment, he was recognized as admirably fitted to fill the judicial office to which he was appointed. Into every public movement for the advancement of his home-town, he threw himself most unselfishly with all the vigor of his many character. A kind husband, prudent and devoted father, he loved the warmth and cheer of the family hearth and none could surpass him in contributing to its enjoyment.

The late Mr. Devine is survived by his wife, four sons: Andrew, Lieutenant in the American Artillery, and Michael, Lieutenant of the Canadian 208th Regiment, both of whom were in active service in France and Belgium during the Great War; Felix, of the Bank of Nova Scotia at Kemptonville, and Paul, in attendance at the Renfrew Collegiate; and two daughters, Bessie, Sister Mary, of the Angels of the Good Shepherd Community, Toronto, and Clare at home. His brothers and sisters are John and Patrick Devine, of Renfrew; Rev. Mother Victoria and Sister Crescentia of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto; Mrs. E. W. McGarry and Miss M. A. Devine of the same city. The late Rev. Father Devine, of Oseola, and the late Andrew Devine, of Ottawa, were also brothers of the deceased.

On Friday morning the beautiful Old Gothic church of St. Francis Xavier was filled to its utmost capacity when solemn Requiem High Mass was celebrated, the celebrant being the Right Rev. Monsignor Andrew, P. F., assisted by the Rev. Father Ennis, as deacon, and the Rev. Father McEllicott as sub-deacon. The Libera was chanted by the Right Rev. Bishop Ryan, of Pembroke, who delivered a most instructive sermon on the truly Christian life as a preparation for death.

The Holy Name Society and the Knights of Columbus, of which societies the deceased was an ardent member, were in attendance and formed a body-guard at the entrance of the church. Present at the services also were diocesan priests, the mayor and councillors, and many prominent citizens of the town, family connections from New York, Toronto and Ottawa and old-time friends of all denominations from neighboring towns.

In their bereavement Mrs. Devine and family have the sincere sympathy of the community. R. I. P.

MISS NELLIE BRENN: Surrounded by the loving care of devoted sisters and brothers and supported by the rites of the Church, of which she was ever an exemplary member, the death of Miss Nellie Breen occurred after a lengthy illness, on Sunday, November 23rd, at her family residence, 108 Strachan Ave., Toronto. As a successful teacher for eight years in the Public school of New Toronto and as a life-long member of St. Mary's parish, Miss Breen had won to herself a large number of friends. Testimony to her worth as a teacher is found in the fact that when she first went to the school to which the greater part of her life service was given, there she was not only a teacher—heraelf. When she resigned a few months before the end, there were twenty-three. What Miss Breen meant to her associates and to the pupils under her care was expressed by many tokens of affection and esteem. Over two hundred Mass offerings, many floral tributes and the large number who visited the home to offer sympathy and say a prayer for one loved in life and who in death will not be forgotten, testified to the place Miss Breen had in the hearts of those who knew her. Among the floral offerings were a wreath, pillow and sheaf from the School Board, staff and pupils of the school in New Toronto, all of which were most appreciated by the family.

The funeral Mass of Requiem was sung at St. Mary's Church by Rev. C. Cantillon. Others in the sanctuary were Rev. P. J. Coyle, Rev. F. Caulfield, Rev. F. Flanagan, Rev. W. Smith, Rev. W. Hawkins, of Hamilton, Ont., a cousin, visited the home. Among those who assisted were representatives of the schools, teaching communities and of the Third Order of St. Francis, of which Miss Breen was a member. Rev. F. Penney officiated at the grave in St. Michael's cemetery. Miss Breen is survived by her sisters, the Misses Margaret Breen,

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