

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname)—St. Pacien, 4th Century

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SENSITIVENESS

Time was, I shrank from what was right,
From fear of what was wrong;
I would not brave the sacred fight,
Because the foe was strong.

But now I cast that finer sense
And sorer shame aside;
Such dread of sin was indolence,
Such aim at Heaven was pride!

So, when my Saviour calls, I rise,
And calmly do my best;
Leaving to Him, with silent eyes
Of hope and fear, the rest.

I step, I mount, where He has led;
Men count my haltings o'er—
I know them; yet, though self I dread,
I love His precept more.

—CARDINAL NEWMAN

WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRISH REPUBLICANS ASK QUESTIONS

Irish Republicans are attacking British power from a new angle; they are asking members of the Army of Occupation in Ireland to examine their position in the light of Britain's declared War aims.

How long are you going to be made the tools of hypocritical Ministers, who gamble with your blood and your lives and lead you to the slaughter on false war cries? The Republican Irish ask.

With five million Britons, among them many of the soldiers' relatives, affected by lack of employment, the question propounded by the Sinn Feiners may evoke a startling response by and by.

The Irish Republican interrogation of "Tommy Atkins" is done by means of handbills. Any Irish newspaper which would dare to print such an appeal would be seized, its plant destroyed and its staff thrown into prison twenty-four hours after the publication of the article. The handbill is one of the Sinn Fein's substitutes for the suppressed or intimidated newspapers. One of those handbills circulated among the forces of the Crown in Ireland has just reached New York. As it has the merit of brevity and may yet turn out to be a historic little document, here it is:

"YOU MEN IN KEAKI
"Will you answer this question: For what purpose did you fight in the War? Hear Mr. Lloyd George's answer:

"The cause for which we are struggling in this great War is that the rights of nations, however small, are as sacred as the rights of the biggest Empire." (Mr. Lloyd George, Feb. 4, 1917).

"You must set up a government which the people want otherwise it would be an outrage on all the principles for which we fought in the War." (Mr. Lloyd George, April 16, 1919).

"Do you think that the manner in which you are used to govern Ireland with tanks, machine guns and fixed bayonets is otherwise than an outrage on all the principles for which the War was fought?"

"What do the Irish people want?"
"Not one square inch of England's soil, but their own country, in the cause of which they are as ready to die as you are in the cause of yours."

"How long are you going to be made tools of hypocritical Ministers, who gamble with your blood and your lives, and lead you to the slaughter on false war cries?"

"Use your brains! Think it out for yourselves!"

SAFETY FIRST TACTICS
Taking a Mayor of an Irish city around with a raiding British force on a motor lorry to protect the raiders is a new form of strategy adopted in Ireland by British officials. In Kilkenny, a historic city in the province of Leinster, even before that place was put under martial law, the Mayor, P. de Loughry, was arrested without any charge having been made against him and used as a shield by a party of police. He was taken from his home, while in delicate health and without sufficient clothing, and removed to the headquarters of the military and police at Instigate. When the "Black and Tans" and Royal Irish Constabulary go out to make searches Mayor de Loughry is given a conspicuous place on their lorry and is held under armed guard while the searches are being conducted.

The Mayor's brother, L. de Loughry, has drawn the attention of Commander Kenworthy, a member of the British Parliament, and Arthur Henderson, the British Labor leader, to this act of military despotism, but Mr. de Loughry, in his letter, makes it plain that he only wants to know what charge there is against his brother. He wrote: "Neither the Mayor nor I would be a party to any sort of appeal, either for justice or mercy, to the British Government." Mr. de Loughry himself has been arrested and thrown into prison since his letter to the

British Members of Parliament was published.

But making hostages of public officials is not the latest in British military strategy. From Paris comes the sensational statement that Irish girls are now used as shields from behind whose shelter the "Black and Tans" are operating. The Rev. James J. Troy, Chaplain-General of the American forces on the Rhine, who had been on a visit to Ireland, made this charge public when he reached the French capital on his way back to resume his duties with the American soldiers.

THE SAVING SENSE OF HUMOR

There is only a short step between tragedy and comedy in Ireland. "The saving sense of humor" has played a large part in sustaining the Irish people through all the trials and oppressions of long centuries. A writer in a Dublin paper, in the midst of all the tragic happenings, comes out with a suggestion which would make it possible to refer to a lie of the d with the dash after it type even in the politest society without offending the most conventional stickler for the proprieties in speech. He writes:

"In our catechism—just as we have the distinction drawn between venial sin and mortal sin—there should now be two new questions added:

"Q.—How many kinds of lies are there?
"A.—Two.
"Q.—What are they?
"A.—A "white" lie and a "Green-wood."

ROGUES FALLING OUT
"The Black and Tans," who have been frequently charged with stealing from residences and places of business which they have raided, have begun to rob one another. An auxiliary constable (that is the official title of the rank and file of the "Black and Tans") was charged before a court-martial in Cork with holding several members of the Crown forces, including a "Black and Tan" cadet. The auxiliary, with the aid of two others, took the revolver away from his officer, robbed him of five pounds in cash and later in the evening robbed a plain clothes constable. He warned the latter to keep his mouth shut when he got back to the station and, in answer to a question, said he was after money, not revolvers or ammunition. Another plain clothes constable whom the "Black and Tans" tried to rob refused to put up his hands.

THE "ULSTER" PARLIAMENT
Just to embarrass the Sinn Feiners and help the Empire, the Ulster Unionists are preparing to establish their "parliament" under the provisions of the so-called Home Rule Bill. The followers of Sir Edward Carson and a minority of the population of Ulster, but they are to have a whole "parliament" all to themselves and will not be mixed up with or dependent on the mere Irish. But they are confronted with a situation which has a streak of the comical in it. They are ready for their "parliament," but they have no parliament building, while the south, east and west of Ireland has a parliament house in the old house at College Green, Dublin, but will not accept the mock legislation which the British Government offers as a substitute for freedom.

BARKIS IS WILLIN
Lord Decies, who married an American heiress a few years ago, has announced that he is ready to be a candidate in some South of Ireland constituency, to give a start to the "Southern" parliament, but he finds himself in the situation of an old maid waiting for a proposition of marriage—all dressed up and ready, but with no one in sight to give a word of hope or encouragement.

THE "HUNS" ALLOWED FOOD TO REACH PRISONERS
While the World War was going on British politicians and publicists made frequent charges that prisoners of war in the prison camps of the Central Powers were ill fed and ill clothed—the voice of British indignation over the treatment of the prisoners reached the ears of the whole world. Now, from the internment camp at Ballykinal, on the shores of Dundrum Bay, in County Down, comes the story that the Irish political prisoners who are held there, on suspicion of being Republicans, without trial, are suffering from lack of food and clothing. These complaints are made in letters from prisoners in the camp to their friends, and the relatives of the interned men are not permitted to forward parcels containing the needed supplies to them. It has even been charged that a priest has been prohibited from visiting the camp.

There are many indications that the situation in Ireland is attracting the attention of other nations and arousing sympathy for the Irish people because of the cruelty of the oppression to which they are subjected. A message from Rome states that a move for intervention between England and Ireland has been made in the Italian Chamber.

The Socialist Party has introduced a motion on the Irish question stating that the Parliament of Italy is faithful to the principles of Self-Determination of peoples, and that steps should be taken by Italy, in full accord with other States, to end the tragic situation existing between England and Ireland.

NATHANIEL ROGERS

The British Government, pretending that they were needed to "maintain order," but in reality wanting to use them for the purpose of stirring up religious hatred and strife, recently organized a large force of North of Ireland Orangemen into what is known as Ulster Special Constables. Those fanatics have been drilled and armed and many of them have been sent to do duty in the North of Ireland. One of them who remained in his native North has shown what a pillar of law and order he is. Nathaniel Rogers, one of those Ulster Special Constables, who has "a takin' way wi' him," broke into the residence of a Mrs. Sarah Ann Fitzpatrick (a mere Papist, by the sound of her name) at Rathfriland, County Down, when he was stationed and robbed her husband of five pounds in cash. It happened that Rogers celebrated his success "not wisely but too well" and sustained injuries in the course of the celebration which necessitated treatment at the Newry, County Down, General Hospital, where he was arrested. If he goes to jail, law and order will lose a staunch supporter and the British Empire a loyal subject.

SUMMUS MACMANUS, Of Donegal.

REPRISALS THAT AID SINN FEIN
BRITISH GENERAL SAYS PEACE ONLY BY COOPERATION WITH REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT
London Daily News

A striking report on the situation in Ireland has been issued by General Sir Henry Lawson, who has returned after visiting the country as an envoy of the Peace with Ireland Council.

The result of his investigations, constitutes an impartial survey of the position by a distinguished soldier.

Sir Henry Lawson is the son of an Irish judge, and has twice served in Ireland. He held the Northern Command in 1915-16, and was Inspector-General of Communications in Italy in 1917-18.

General Sir Henry Lawson's report takes the form of a letter to Lord Henry Cavendish Bantick, President of the Peace with Ireland Council.

After emphasizing that during the four days he was in Ireland he met persons of all grades of political thought, General Sir Henry Lawson divides his report into two sections, one relating to reprisals and the other dealing with the Sinn Fein position and point of view. As the subject of reprisals, he says:

"There is no doubt in my mind as to the general accuracy of the reports of the reprisals which have reached this country through the press, and there can be no question whatever that this form of remedy was extensively and generally carried out, especially by Black and Tans and by cadets.

Reprisals appeared to have been originally commenced by the troops at Fermoy, when soldiers wrecked positions at the town in revenge for what had happened to some of their comrades. On that occasion, and on a few subsequent ones of reprisals on the part of the Army, the cause was genuine and spontaneous outbursts of feeling aroused in young and somewhat undisciplined soldiers.

"There was nothing of a calculated nature and certainly no question of the regimental officer or of the superior military authorities approving of the same.

"The strings of discipline were soon tightened with satisfactory results, and I got the same reply in all quarters in respect to the army. The troops, if not popular, are, at any rate, very much less unpopular than the 'Black and Tans,' and the Cadets. Their manners are very much better, no animosity is displayed towards the inhabitants; they behave, and on the whole have behaved, extremely well under trying circumstances, and it was pleasing to hear that even now the natural mutual goodwill between civilians and soldiers serving in Ireland is very far from extinct.

PLANNING OF REPRISALS
"It was very different, however, with the 'Black and Tans' and Cadets. It probably would have been impossible had I tried to find out to what extent the policy of collective reprisals so widely carried out by the 'Black and Tans' and by the Cadets was suggested and approved from above; that it received something more than tacit approval was obvious from many public utterances.

"The plan adopted was, when the Irish Republican Army had committed some offence, generally killing, in a locality, to burn or destroy things which would hit the community generally in the hope that the fear of such punishment in the future would impel the community to make the 'I. R. A.' desist; in fact to terrify the district into taking the needed steps.

"I understand that this system of collective responsibility and collective punishment has been adopted elsewhere, and has even been recommended; this policy has never, however, received publicly expressed official approval, despite its extensive practice.

"I was not able to discover whether the 'Black and Tans' and Cadets received their instructions from the Castle or from the Irish Office in London.

"The instruments of this policy, as a whole, had no previous touch with Ireland. They were especially enlisted for a specific job, and in the eyes of most of them, they were engaged in a campaign against the Irish people for the suppression of acts of violence against police and soldiery.

"So far as could be judged, they seemed to have treated the whole population on the same lines, and their point of view seemed to be that of military forces operating in an enemy country against guerrilla warfare, very much like the Germans in France in 1870 and in Belgium in 1914.

"It is quite safe to say that though they have terrorised some regions into quiet, they have done more than has happened for centuries to increase the numbers who dislike English rule. In this way—a little dreamt of way—they have served the cause of self-government in Ireland.

"Apart from the collective punishment which came to a climax at Cork, the 'Black and Tans' and Cadets have also been engaged in individual reprisals, viz., the shooting and killing of men whom they knew belonged to the I. R. A., and indeed of others. Mistakes had been made, the innocent were sometimes killed for the guilty, and there seemed little doubt that these individual killings amounted to at least the same number as that of the servants of the Crown disposed of by the I. R. A.

AN UNSOUND THEORY
Reviewing the Sinn Fein position, General Lawson comments on the theory put forward by Sir Hamar Greenwood that the murders and attacks upon the Crown forces have been in the main the work of a few hundred desperadoes of the ruffian class, who terrorised the otherwise peaceful inhabitants of Ireland, and that once these men had been killed or rounded up Ireland would be released from the reign of terror, and would gladly put into force the measure of Home Rule which had just received the Royal assent.

It was doubtless in this belief that the Government directed, or winked at, the policy of collective reprisals, and the more sanguine among them might say that a month or so of this policy would have the desired effect.

"So far as I could get at the facts," Sir Henry continued, "they in no way fit in with this theory. The Sinn Fein organisation and the Irish Republican Army seem to be particularly free from ruffians of the professional type, and the killing of police and others were almost certainly done by members of the I. R. A., acting under military orders, young men imbued with no personal feelings against the victims, with no entries to their record, and probably then shedding blood for the first time in their lives.

"The captains of the Volunteers appear to be always quite young men, farmers' sons, for the most part, some of them schoolmasters; as a class, most of them with a good deal of education, ignorant of the world, perhaps, but transparently sincere and single-minded idealists, highly religious for the most part with an almost mystical sense of their duty to their country.

"These men gave to the task of organising the Volunteers their best in mind and spirit. They fought against drunkenness and self-indulgence, and it is no exaggeration to say that, as a class, they represented all that was best in the countryside.

WHICH MURDERS AND WHICH REPRISALS
General Lawson traces the later growth of the Sinn Fein movement, how Government activity in combating the menace to their authority intensified the effort to spread Sinn Fein. Action and recourse to force developed on both sides, and men threatened the existence of the I. R. A. were marked out for killing.

"The victims," says General Lawson, "were doubtless selected and sentences passed on them, and the so-called execution devolved on men of the I. R. A., and were carried out by order." Reprisals came along with counter-killing by "Black and Tans" and cadets, and warfare of this nature extended on both sides.

No one, least of all himself, says General Lawson, wished to excuse such acts as the Dublin murders, but if justice was to be their guide it was essential to realise that they had their counterpart on the side of the Crown, and that such a state of affairs had arisen that it was often necessary to ask which were the murders and which were the reprisals.

"It is important," General Lawson concludes, to bring out that this business is something more than the work of a couple of hundred unscrupulous ruffians—that there is the spirit of a nation behind the organisation, not indeed in favour of murder, but on the whole sympathetic with it, and believing that those who belong to the I. R. A. are fighting for the cause of the Irish people.

"Lastly, it is well to remember that the Sinn Fein movement generally, since its inception, has done much for and left its mark on the Irish people. It has helped its culture, revived its literature, and developed the spirit of nationalism.

It must be evident to the Irish Government that it has developed and possesses great powers of organisation. No settlement for peace in Ireland can be really satisfactory which fails to secure the co-operation of the Sinn Fein movement."

RUSSIANS JOIN THE CHURCH
THE OUTLOOK FOR CATHOLICITY NOW CONSIDERED MORE FAVORABLE

A recent despatch from the Roman correspondent of the National Catholic Welfare Council quoted the Rev. D. Kalpensky, a native Catholic priest of Russia, who was visiting Rome, to the effect that at Karkoy a congregation of six thousand adherents of the Shismatic Orthodox Church had been converted in a body to Catholicity, and that many other signs indicated that the native Russians were very receptive to Catholic teaching.

The letter came to the attention of Rev. F. A. Palmieri, O. S. A. author of several books on Russia and the Near East, and recognized as an authority on these subjects, who writes in part as follows:

"In Father Kalpensky's book, 'La Chiesa Russica,' published in 1908, it was stated that in Russia under a liberal regime, the Catholic Church would have found a wide field for the exercise of her Apostolic zeal. The earliest proof of that assertion is to be found in the first stage of the Russian revolution. In fact, in 1905, the conversions of Russians to the Catholic faith numbered about 500,000.

"The Russian official church is at present in the throes of revolution. It is being purified by a river of blood, and any church, experiencing martyrdom, approaches the Catholic Church, provided her sacraments are valid. So far it is reported, 21 Metropolitans and Bishops have been tortured and killed. The martyrdom of Metrofan and Hermodgen reminds us of the 'exquisitissima supplicia' of Nero.

"If there is hope of a conversion of Russia to Catholicism, the movement will have to spring from the clergy. The hundred millions of Russian mujiks are illiterate. They know nothing of the religious conflict between the East and the West.

"It is the first time that Russian Bishops have called for the help of the Pope in their distress. The movement towards an understanding with the Catholic Church is headed by three Bishops, Gregorii of Ekaterinburg, Silvester of Omsk, and Andrei of Ufa. The last one Prince Ukhtomski before his entrance into monastic life is famous for his democratic tendencies.

"Silvester of Omsk wrote a beautiful letter to Benedict XV., imploring his help, and the Pope answered him promising his prayers. Gregorii of Ekaterinburg spoke of the Pope as the successor of Saint Peter and of the admirable unity of the Catholic Church.

"Another Russian writer says: 'The strength of the Catholic Church is derived from her Catholicity, and (to use a modern expression) from its internationalism. The Russian Church, on the contrary, being a national church, rests upon her own individual forces. Reunion therefore, and the revival of Christianity, cannot take place without Rome.'

POPE LEO XIII. ON DISARMAMENT
In view of the great movement among statesmen and peoples for general disarmament, the words of Pope Leo XIII., written nearly fifty years ago, may be profitably recalled:

"We behold the condition of Europe. For many years past peace has been rather an appearance than a reality. Possessed with mutual suspicions, almost all the nations are vying with one another in equipping themselves with military armaments. Inexperienced youths are removed from parental direction and control, to be thrown amid the dangers of the soldier's life; robust young men are taken from agriculture, or ennobling studies, or trade, or the arts, to be put under arms. Hence, the treasures of State are exhausted by the enormous expenditure, the national resources are frittered away, and this, as it were, armed peace, which now prevails, cannot last much longer. Can this be the normal condition of human society? Not we cannot escape from this situation, and obtain true peace, except by the aid of Jesus Christ. For to renounce ambition and covetousness and envy—the chief instigators of war—nothing is more fitted than the Christian virtues and, in particular, the virtue of justice; for, by its exercise, both the law of nations and the faith of treaties may be maintained inviolate, and the bonds of brotherhood continue unbroken. If men are but convinced that justice exalteth a nation."

—Catholic Columbian.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The oldest building in Rio Janeiro is the Church of St. Sebastian, begun two years after the city was founded by Estacio de Sa, in 1565.

Twenty-six countries are now represented diplomatically at the Holy See. This is a gain of twelve countries since 1914, as shown by official communications of the Vatican.

St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh, Scotland, rejoices in the possession of a relic of St. Andrew, the National Patron of Scotland. On a recent Sunday it was exposed for the veneration of the faithful all day and carried at night in procession.

Plymouth, Dec. 24.—Miss Sylvia Calmady-Hamlyn, who is the only Catholic magistrate in Devonshire, was at the Okehampton magistrates' court sworn in as a justice of the peace, and took her seat on the bench of magistrates. The chairman of the bench in welcoming Miss Calmady-Hamlyn on behalf of the assembled justices, said that women always had displayed a fine sense of justice.

Rome Dec. 31.—Father Evarius, worker among the South American lepers, is to be commemorated by a magnificent hall which is about to be erected in his native city. Father Evarius died in South America last spring. For many years he had labored as a member of the Salesian missions in that country. He came to be known as the "Father of the Lepers."

Even in the bigoted and intolerant State of Georgia, the work of converting the negroes is progressing favorably. The Lyons African Missionaries started their work in that State with 100 Catholics and two miserable missions. Today there are six churches with schools and about 1,400 Catholics, nearly all converts.

With an enrollment of 1,079, the law school of Georgetown University now has the largest registration of any law school in America, and one that breaks all previous records, according to an announcement made by Hugh J. Fegan, assistant to the dean. Georgetown graduates in every State in the Union participated in the anniversary ceremonies which were held in commemoration of the golden jubilee of the school on December 4.

The Court of Appeals in Paris has just confirmed a judgment imposing a fine on a Socialist who was running for deputy in the Department of Isere. A claim for damages was also granted against him. This candidate had been found guilty of saying in one of his campaign speeches that the Clergy had been running from the War; upon which a complaint was lodged against him by 87 priests of the Department of Isere, 70 of whom had been mobilized, and a number either disabled or awarded special honors.

Courtesy he extended several months ago to an aged worshipper has made Joseph A. Boyle, sexton of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City, richer by \$80,000. Boyle returned recently from Ireland, where he said he was called by lawyers of the late Daniel Cassidy of Cork, who had bequeathed him the money. "Mr. Cassidy was in New York recently and he came often to the Cathedral," Boyle said. "I tried to be nice to him as I do to everybody. I answered his questions and showed him every little attention I could. When he left he remarked he would 'remember me in his will.'"

Cardinal Gasparri has addressed a letter of congratulation and encouragement to the "Presidente" of the Toulon Society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. This society was specially organized in view of doing away with the bull fighting. His Eminence wrote: "If human barbarity is still so manifestly manifested in bull fighting, the Church shall no doubt maintain a ban, as in the past, on all such shameful and bloody shows. Consequently, the Holy Father takes pleasure in expressing his deep satisfaction to the Toulon Society and also conveys his earnest wishes for a full success in all subsequent endeavors which are as worthy as they are necessary."

New York, Jan. 3.—Nearly five thousand worshippers attended an impressive joint service of the Episcopal and Eastern Orthodox churches, held in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine yesterday afternoon. This service was the first of its kind held here under official sanction. The service included the singing of hymns by the choir of St. John the Divine and the Russian Cathedral of St. Nicholas, and brief addresses by bishops and archbishops prominent in Christian work in this country and Europe. The chief theme in all addresses was relief for the suffering and starving women and children of Russia. At the end of the addresses Dean Robbins proposed prayers. "For one who was not a member of any of the churches represented, His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons, who is ill in Baltimore."

THREE DAUGHTERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM

BY MRS. INNES BROWNE CHAPTER XXI.

April the 27th once more, the fourth time it has come round since "The United Kingdom" sat and predicted and speculated over their future destinies beneath the old fruit tree at St. Benedict's.

The weather is clear and fine, the London season is at its height, luxuriant carriages roll through the streets and parks filled with the choicest and best of England's beauty and wealth. Much of both have frequented and flooded the f6tes and entertainments this season; but the name of one fair one in particular has stood out, famed not only for her great personal beauty and charms, but for the rare gifts of her mind also.

The name of Lady Beatrice de Woodville has caused the heart of many an admirer to beat and flutter with hope and despair, whilst many a beauty has grown unnecessarily sad and envious. Offers of marriage, seemingly both appropriate and wealthy, have been conferred upon her, yet, to the ever increasing annoyance and indignation of her mother, the girl had so far satiated along unattached, untouched, by all the amount of admiration and attention lavished upon her.

She was beginning to look tired and fagged. The heated rooms, late hours, and excitement were trying for one hitherto accustomed only to such a healthy and regular life. Besides which, unknown to her mother, who rests all the fore part of the day, Beatrice, accompanied by her loved and constant companion, Lady Edith de Mowbray, spends those hours amidst the squalor and poverty of the East End of London. It is not only with a feeling of weariness, but often with one of sickness also at her heart, that she dons her precious jewels at night, thinking sadly of what one of them alone would mean to the poor sick family she visited that morning.

"Will you take me to my brother, please," she asked of her lackadaisical partner one night as soon as the dance was completed. "See, he is alone in yonder conservatory." The gentleman murmured some words of disappointment, but reluctantly did as she desired. She was both pale and tired, and the Earl, noticing it, at once offered her his arm. He was very fond of his queenly little sister, and since Percy's departure, had endeavored to be more to her, hoping thus she would feel his loss less acutely.

"You are tired, Reggie," he exclaimed; "let us sit out on the balcony for a few minutes, the air will revive you." "Yes, Reggie, I am so tired. Will you take me home?" she urged, leaning heavily upon him. "I wish to speak to you." "Does Lady Edith know you are going? Should you not wish her goodnight?" "She left a short time ago."

"But her brother is here. I have but just ceased speaking to him; and the Earl eyed her intently.

"Oh, no doubt he will soon discover that I have gone; but Reggie dear, I do not wish to see him any more tonight."

He frowned, as was his wont, but passed no further remark. This sister of his was a strange little creature, he would not say kind and tender with her, but perhaps she would confide in him.

"Are you particularly engaged to-morrow?" she asked as, seated in the carriage on their way home, she reclined gracefully against the rich cushions and toyed with the exquisite fan in her hand. She was magnificently dressed, the diamonds in her hair and dress flashed brightly in the gleam of the carriage-lamps; but her sweet face bore traces of weariness and disappointment.

"In the morning I have engaged to meet my steward; but in the afternoon I shall be entirely at your service."

"Then will you take me somewhere where I can talk privately with you? Not in any of the parks nor places of amusement, for we are too well known, and I long for a little privacy and quiet."

"Certainly, dear," he replied graciously. "I will drive you into Kent, and we will enjoy ourselves on one of its many charming commons."

"Yes, Reggie, far away from all this strife and turmoil, out of the sight of all these bricks and mortar, somewhere where we can breathe, and listen only to the sweet song of the birds. Oh, how I shall enjoy it!"

"Then be ready with your usual punctuality," he laughed shyly, "and you shall have your wish. Goodness knows I shall enjoy it also, for I am very tired of this life, and can fully sympathize with you. It falls upon me very much at times."

a fragrant or sweet smell as this? Everything in town is filled with soot and smoke."

"Are you so very tired of London, then?" he asked. "Oh, wearied to death of it! I am so anxious to enlist you in my behalf; will you help me, Reggie?"

"Am I not your guardian?" he said kindly. "Am I not your guardian? And your happiness and honor, are they not as dear to me as mine own?"

"Thanks so much. Do you know," she said, almost coquettishly. "I find you so altered, Reggie, this last year. You are so much nicer than you used to be."

"And have you brought me all this way to tell me so?" he asked laughing. "No, of course not; and that taken me back to my point. This life is killing me; I wish so very much to leave London, and go on a quiet visit to see Marie. It would restore my health, and I should enjoy it so immensely."

He started at the mention of that name, but spoke calmly. "Can you not wait a little longer, Reggie? Think of all the engagements you have accepted. How can you reasonably ignore them?"

"Oh, my health can answer for me; besides," she pouted, "it was my mother who accepted them. I assure you that my wishes were never consulted in the matter at all. But, Reggie dear, I must go!" she pleaded, clasping his arm with both hands, "and you will help me?"

"But what about the grand ball at De Mowbrays? It is to eclipse every other entertainment of the season."

"Oh, that especially I must miss!" "Yet what a disappointment to them if you are not there! Have you no suspicions that it is entirely in your honor that it is to be at all? Bertie! look me in the face if you can, and let me see if I have misunderstood you entirely. You cannot, you do not dislike De Mowbray?"

"I like him so much, and respect him so sincerely," she said, looking up at him earnestly, "that I wish never to see him again."

"But you are talking wildly," he urged, looking with fond admiration at the pretty troubled face before him. "You like and respect him, and yet your only wish is to avoid him. Think seriously in this matter, Reggie, before you act. There is no man for whom I have a greater regard than for this same De Mowbray, nor is there any one upon whom I would more gladly bestow my little sister's hand. I know for a fact that the dearest wish of his heart is to obtain it. So, for his sake and your own, do be serious and think what you are doing before you commit any mad freak."

"I have thought," she answered firmly but sadly, "and acknowledge that I know well all you have told me is true. And yet, dear Reggie, it is to spare him the pain of a refusal that I implore you to aid me in leaving town."

"You are weak and overwrought, Reggie, and I begin to think that perhaps a little rest is imperative for you; but remember, De Mowbray is a man whose worth I fully know, and whose equal I have never met. He is a grand character, besides being very wealthy, and heir to dukedom."

"All this I know and grant, and yet I cannot marry him."

"What, why? Have you higher ambitions still?" "Ah, that is just it! I have indeed—far, far higher than even to be his wife."

He looked tenderly down upon her, touched strangely by the ring of earnestness in her voice, and struck by the mute and piteous appeal in her eyes whilst she continued: "O Reggie! have pity upon me, and help me. Only assist me, and will aid you."

"Well, dear," he answered soothingly, "I cannot fathom it at all; but before I promise anything fatal, inform me how you propose to assist me."

"Ah, Reggie," she answered, looking up with a flash of the old wilful mischief in her eyes, "men are but poor shallow vessels after all. I have my secret scarcely hidden, and yet you cannot read it; whilst yours, which you deem so securely guarded, I can read every hour of the day! You rebuke me for not accepting the heart and hand of De Mowbray; yet why do you not bestow yours upon his lovely sister? You like and respect her as much as I do her brother, and yet you refuse to do it."

As she spoke the blood mounted to his temples, and he swung himself round with the remark, "You talk in riddles, child; the case bears no comparison." "What could she mean? He would not trust himself to question her."

"A riddle, is it?" she said sweetly, laying her little hand coaxingly upon his. "Well, it is one I solved very easily long ago, nor have I ever spoken of it to another; but listen, and tell me if my answer is not correct. Dear old Reggie, I know that—"

"Deep down in your heart there grows a sweet little Irish rose."

He tried to look terribly grand and stern, but the corners of his mouth relaxed perceptibly as she continued, with a knowing look on her pretty girlish face: "Be of good heart, brother mine—have courage; for I firmly believe, and truly hope, that you will yet win and wear that sweet little flower as your very own!"

Even yet he could not trust himself to speak. His secret, so carefully and so sternly guarded, dragged up

suddenly and exposed to view by this little girl of a girl—he had certainly never given her credit for so much depth before. What was the meaning of all this? Had Marie confided to his sister that she had made a mistake, and discovered that she had no vocation to the religious life after all? How wildly his heart beat, and yet he could not, dare not trust himself to believe such a thing possible. He only knew how absolutely and deliberately his sister had turned the tables upon him. Was there any thing on earth, he argued to himself, so unfathomable as a woman's mind?

"Forswear mother to consent to my going," she begged so prettily, with that sly, mischievous look dancing in her eyes, "and in return for your kindness I will procure an invitation for you to Bracken Park."

"You are an incorrigible little witch, Bertie," he replied, laughing in spite of himself. "You know very well I could not go. My honor would not permit me to do so unless—"

"Unless the little rose stooped and penned the invitation herself? Well, be it so; that even is possible, Reggie. Would you but fulfil your share of the plot, and persuade mother how dreadfully delicate and ill you think I am looking. Make the picture very hopeless and ghastly, and she will listen to you."

"Unless the little rose stooped and penned the invitation herself? Well, be it so; that even is possible, Reggie. Would you but fulfil your share of the plot, and persuade mother how dreadfully delicate and ill you think I am looking. Make the picture very hopeless and ghastly, and she will listen to you."

"And De Mowbray, what must I tell him?" he asked. "Tell him," she said impulsively and passionately, as she clasped her hands, and raised her eyes to the bright sky above—"tell him how sincerely your little sister admires and respects him; that no man, save her own brother, holds so exalted a position in her heart as he does; but add, that One Higher than he is has spoken to her words of tender pity and love, and claims as a right her heart and life. And well I know, Reggie, that even if you cannot, he will understand and guess my secret."

She was greatly agitated, and the little hands trembled violently. Yet all that the Earl did was to stoop and kiss the pretty flushed face and whisper gently, "Trust me, my little sister, I will aid you." He had never seen her look so winning nor so beautiful before. Besides, since she guessed his secret she had acquired altogether a new interest in his eyes.

As they drove home, enjoying the sweet country air, he turned suddenly towards her, and asked, in a brusque tone of voice, this question: "You meant all you said this afternoon? You would not raise false hope in my heart? I have waited so patiently, and he drew the whip smartly across the backs of his spirited steeds as though to emphasize what he stated, "that I could not endure my hopes to be thwarted and dashed once more."

"Don't you think you had better hand the whip to me?" she asked laughing, when the startled horses had somewhat settled down again. "No indeed," he replied jokingly, "I will do it again, and far more severely too, unless you answer my question satisfactorily."

"Then I see it behooves me to be cautious, as I feel my precious life is at stake. But, seriously, I did mean every word of what I said."

"You don't know how often I have longed and wished to inquire from you when Marie meditated returning to the Convent."

"And your pride prevented you?" she interrupted. "No; rather my honor."

"Call it what you will," she answered, smiling to herself, "but bear in mind that in all your future dealings with Marie you must show little of that so called honor, for she is a very dove for shyness and retirement, and will leave all the running to you. I can assure you of that."

"And you really think, Bertie dear, that she has lost her voice—that perhaps the thought of me has caused her to lose her voice?"

"Vocation? No, vain and frail man that thou art," she replied with mock dignity, "she has achieved no such delectable conquest. I am simply of the full and firm opinion that our reverend little friend never had a vocation for the religious life at all!"

"Since when," he inquired, in an amused tone, "have you acquired the art of reading the depths of men's and women's minds and souls?"

"From the simple fact, Reggie, that since I was taught, and learned so well, to read my own, it is often others."

"God grant you may be right, Bertie."

TO BE CONTINUED

MADONNA DEL GRANDUCA

By Anna Blanche McGill in The Missionary

"I wish the uninformed who think of these mountain regions merely as a place of feuds, illiteracy and 'moonshine' could see this young girl Edith Bland, a teacher recently arrived from the North to assist the Sisters of the mountain settlement school in expanding their domestic science department."

As she spoke, Miss Bland's admiring gaze traveled around a room scarcely indeed to be expected in the primitive region of peak and valley. Spacious in dimensions, giving a sense of dignity, beauty, order, the Margaret Howard room was a treasure chamber of things precious and lovely, a room dedicated to the memory of a woman of noble vision

and generous spirit, who had loved the mountain people and their majestic land. Ever interested in increasing their educational opportunities, she had helped to send them traveling libraries. One of her favorite extravaganzas was a liberal distribution of postcard or other reproductions of great art and great scenes beyond their isolated region. In her memorial room a relative had endeavored to perpetuate her spirit by gathering up these some of the lovely things she had owned and prized. A few good pieces of tapestry and lace offered examples of design and skill to a people expert in native handicrafts of spinning and weaving. Portfolios or frames held photographs of the rose window of Rheims, Milan's "Chanting Choirs," the facade of St. Mark's and details of other noble structures. The fact that many mountain boys had fought to help preserve some of these lovely things had recently given their copies a fresh interest for the school children and visitors from the neighboring uplands.

But among the objects enriching the room that which dominated the place was a replica of a Madonna del Granduca. For many years the copy of the exquisite fruit of young Raphael's genius had hung in the home of Margaret Howard, often inspiring her beneficent deeds. But now for some time this reverent expression of maternity was so tenderly human, had borne to many a mountain mother and child an eloquent message of piety and love.

"It is a beautiful room," said Sister Adeline, acquiescing in Edith Bland's comment, "but come; you need some fresh air. You must store up as much strength as possible, for the early days of the new sessions are always exacting."

As she spoke, Sister Adeline led the way to the porch, which afforded a view of an inspiring mountain landscape. From its beautiful valleys and noble spurs, day after day, a struggling procession was winding to the settlement school, whose mid-year session was just beginning. Over steep ridges, stony creek-bed paths, narrow, precipitous trails the pupils were coming. Sometimes the children were brought by parents eager to have their offspring initiated into the mysteries of "book-learning." Sometimes a boy or a girl came alone, trudging perhaps twenty miles to seek the magic gift that would loosen the bonds of ignorance.

"This season never loses its romance for me," remarked Sister Adeline. "Every new pupil offers the interest of an undiscovered country. We never know what kind of cabin home has been left behind, what degrading conditions—"

"What dramatic histories, what feuds," suggested Edith Bland. "Just like all strangers, you are on the trail of the picturesque."

"But, sister all, the feuds and 'moonshines' have been characteristic, have they not?"

"In a measure, yes. But there's so much more. The shield had two sides. The feuds and 'stills' are not so bad as they were—the schools, the comparatively few missionaries and road builders have made some improvement, I'm glad to say. However, you may as well be prepared; we never do know what imaginary horrors have been left behind. It is a comfort to have you write that you were prepared for conditions, moods and manners different from those elsewhere encountered—"

"But I must remember the typical traits—pride, sensitiveness, reticence, suspicion, of the stranger till he is tested. Traits typical of a long isolated people of fairly good stock who landed in the region over a century ago and have been wedged in ever since by their lofty peaks. Not unusually they have formed the habit of taking the law into their own hands—you see, I have the lesson by rote—"

"Latter perfect," assented Sister Adeline, "and here come a few concrete examples of all our theories."

As she spoke, down the road came a wagon drawn by a sturdy mule. In front, holding the reins, sat a mother with a small child leaning against her, evidently road weary from a long journey. Behind them sat an older girl and another little one, half asleep.

"That woman is a beauty—the Madonna type!" exclaimed Miss Bland, as she noted the straight figure grasping the reins with one hand, while the left arm supported the drowsy child. Despite the lowliness of estate, a dignified bearing shone in her brow, active aspect, dominating the scene. Her sunbonnet had blown backward, revealing an oval face, grave eyes, a good brow, from which dark hair was drawn in a knot low on her neck. Her clear gaze focussed on the teachers, appraising them, as she asked: "This here's the school, ain't it?"

"Yes," answered Sister Adeline, "are you bringing us some pupils?" she spoke.

"I bring the biggest one today. El youns git along, Jidy kin come arter while an' the least-ones, too, mebbe."

"Can't you come up and see the school and drive home in the morning?" called down Sister Adeline.

In this lonely region, where neighbors are far apart and social life is necessarily meager, hospitality is generously exercised. Rarely does the well intentioned traveler fall of the greeting, half Elizabethan, half native, "Light and set, Stranger!"

"Light down and take a night with us." But now, in addition to fostering the Scripturally enjoined virtue, hospitality, Sister Adeline's invitation was designed to secure an opportunity of learning more about the new pupil and her family than might be gleaned if the child were thrust alone upon those who were to guide and guard her during the next months. But during the morning and evening before the mother and her other children started home, not many revelations were made; yet the Sisters and Edith Bland did learn that here again was a typical case; the father was dead; the mother was head of the house, fulfilling her humble domestic duties, working a small farm and garden with no assistance save from her aged mother, who helped with the spinning, weaving and lighter household tasks. The only book in the house was an ancient Bible, brought over the wilderness road a century ago. The few newspapers in the house were old ones, used as wall paper. No member of the family could read fluently. Therefore, when report had come of a school house over on Danger Creek, the mother had determined to seek there for her children such opportunities as she had lacked. She had heard that the children could help with the chores and in return be "shown into the light" of such abstruse processes as writing, reading and figuring. She had brought with her a hand-woven coverlet, a "kiver," woven by her mother; they had heard that "furriners" set store by such things—maybe the Sisters could better it in some way, to make a supplemental fund for Nance's education.

After the mother had gone, Edith Bland remarked: "It was a new lesson in material ambition and resourcefulness just to hear her."

"Nobody who has not seen it can estimate the devotion of these high-land mothers to their own. You see why it provokes me," said Sister Adeline, "to have strangers go among them, regarding them as 'specimens' of humanity, putting them into cold categories that take no count of the human heart."

"Yet not much of the soul I suppose."

"All too little. With many their quaint dialect, the survival of their old customs, their long bows, their spinning and weaving, their old ballads rouse more interest than do their essential humanity and immortal destiny. But I hope you do appreciate this poor woman's aspiration for her children and attachment to them."

"At the ceremony of parking was restrained enough on both sides."

"Because of native reserve. But haven't you seen sophisticated mothers dissemble emotions lest they might spilt their brimming hearts." The parting likely cost and will cost both mother and child far more than today appears.

"During the child's early days in school the child did not seem in thrall to any sentiment. An exalted, hardy little person, she entered upon her career. But though less winsome than many of the children, she was docile enough, and her grave demeanor appealed to Miss Bland as hinting that she had prematurely shared household burdens. If her progress in 'book learnin'' proved laborious, her aptitude in domestic science was more promising. She took keen interest in the variety of pans and other utensils over which Miss Bland presided in a manner so new to the child as to seem witchcraft. A romantic glimmer, invested the electrical appliances and convenience rawed with mingled fascination and suspicion. Because Miss Bland had seen the girl and her mother on their arrival, she felt a special interest in Nance. The child and her family had given the new teacher a certain first sharp impression of the material who was to work with. Whenever she saw Nance, she tried to show that personal interest which counts for so much. Finding her protests sitting alone on the porch one day, gazing across the valley to the mist-wrapped peaks, Miss Bland said: "A penny for your thoughts—no, I can guess them. You are thinking of your home over there."

"An' my mammy—I want to see her."

"Of course you do. And I'm sure she wants to see you. But how glad she will be when she finds out how much you have been learning."

Nance's face did not lighten. In stolid mood and flat voice she repeated: "I wantar see her. I wantar be where she is—an' the babes!"

"Of course you do. I know just how you feel. I feel just the same way about my mother and sisters."

A flicker of new expression crossed the child's face. In the lonely mountains, interest in the stranger's curiosity, often provoking most intimate personal questions about one's age, state of life, and similar matters. Noting the attention she had gained, Edith Bland followed her advantage by talking more freely than was her wont about her own family, trying her best—if in vain—to divert Nance from her longing.

"A genuine case of homesickness," the young teacher reported to the Sisters.

"A malady most incident," replied Sister Marie. "And doesn't it seem singular? She has likely come from a wretched cabin, yet it's the dearest place in the world to her. We certainly are doing more for her than her mother was doing, yet the tie of blood is stronger than all our artificial bonds. Strong and compelling across the miles, she feels it in

spite of the distractions we offer and the charm of a new environment, so much more beguiling than the poor place which none the less evidently exercises the magic of home."

After the conversation, Edith endeavored to watch and help Nance more than ever. There was a sharp pathos in a child's being so reticent while evidently subject to genuine and poignant emotion. As a special method of keeping Nance busy and interested, the teacher gave her responsibilities, made her a chieftain in the domestic science work. This was one reason her absence was promptly noted one morning after a class had assembled.

"Where is Nancy Campbell?" Miss Bland asked somewhat casually, supposing that the child was merely tardy or had been sent somewhere on an errand. There was no response—so again Miss Bland pressed her inquiry.

"Has anyone seen Nancy Campbell?" Silence a moment, then a small girl drawled: "I seen her arter breakfasts."

Miss Bland waited for additional information, but as none was offered she asked, "Where?"

"Lopin' up the road. Aimin' for home mebbe."

Truancy was a practice occasionally indulged in and considered more or less one of the natural rights of the free-spirited mountain folk; obviously the class deemed Nance's departure nothing unusual or startling. Edith Bland saw that it was not for her to make the episode dramatic yet her executive spirit told her that immediate action ought to be taken. Fortunately one of the older girls could be left in charge of the half hour's work till one of the Sisters could be secured to help her. Calling the reliable pupil to her side, Edith Bland said, "Take charge here a little while, please."

Leaving the room as quietly as possible, Edith Bland went straight to Sister Adeline for a brief conference—and then to the stables. Quickly saddling one of the horses placed at her disposal, she set forth upon an adventure of pursuit and rescue. Nance evidently had about two hours start; but as she was on foot, Edith Bland had hopes of a successful quest. At last, after a lively ride of three miles she saw a solitary figure trudging along the steep creek bed. Nance turned when she heard the horse's hoofs behind her. Miss Bland waved and Nance stopped. The girl had too much pride and integrity of purpose to dash and run off. True, she had determination enough to walk away from the school; but now when one of the teachers appeared—no doubt to take her back—Nance showed no intention of trying to escape, for she still definitely intended to pursue her course. She passively waited Miss Bland's approach, and then left upon the teacher the burden of beginning the interview. With some trepidation, Miss Bland addressed herself to a task demanding much finesse:

"Where are you off to so early in the morning?" she asked. "Home," answered Nance. "I wantar see my mammy." The stolidness of the child's face was softened by wistfulness and marks of real suffering. Help and soothing were obviously needed.

"I know just how you feel," answered her would-be captor. "Sometimes I want to go back to my mother and sisters—but it would not be right for me to run away. Don't you think maybe your mother would like you to stay?"

Nance deliberated: "I reckon she was aimin' for me to larn a heap."

"I know she was. She told Sister Adeline and me. And she wants Judy and the baby to come too when they are large enough. I thought you liked the school and the children and the Sisters."

"I like 'em—but et's lonesome!" was the laconic retort.

In silence Edith Bland took the statement as the rebuke to herself, her fellow-teachers and Nance's schoolmates, who somehow could not compensate for a child's own mother across the hills. For the moment the indictment seemed unanswerable. In dull despair, Edith Bland stood and reflected, trying to think of some adroit move. With her quaint, sedate patience, Nance was standing in front of the horse, rubbing its nose, affectionately feeding it a bit of grass. The quiet figure there in the stillness of the wild and picturesque mountain path gave no suggestion of the woman's intensity of thought and the child's depth of emotion. At last Edith had an inspiration.

"How far is it to your house?" "Bout twelve miles."

"A long walk! And the road is so rough! I tell you what, Nance: come on back with me and on Saturday you and I will ride over to see your mother and the children. What do you say? I know your mother wants you to stay in school and learn a great deal. And I want you to stay and the Sisters do. If you leave I shall miss you and the others will miss you. Please come back with me now."

Nance's glance turned toward a far-off peak and lingered there. After a little while she murmured: "It's a right fair place"—the child was likely afraid already.

"It is!" declared Miss Bland promptly, "and it will be so much shorter if we ride. We'll get two good riding horses next Saturday and be there in no time."

Nance deliberated and gazed speculatively at Miss Bland. "If you shore will bring me Saturday, mebbe I'll go back with you now."

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"That's right! I'm so glad!" exclaimed Edith Bland, expeditiously clanking the concession, as she leaped into her saddle. "Get up behind me, Nance, and we'll have a nice canter home."

Forthwith the two were trotting along where the smoothness of the road permitted, elsewhere picking a path among the stones of the bed that would downward to the school. As they proceeded, Edith Bland utilized the intervals of silence to meditate over the wisest course of conduct following their arrival. Taking Nance right into the school-room might seem too much like leading home a culprit. It would be better for Nance to meet the children casually in the supervised recreation period, from which she could drift back into her place among them.

However a half-hour remained before such a recess, and the interval must be judiciously passed. "Have you ever been in the Margaret Howard room?" asked Miss Bland, as she and Nance approached the school-house.

"I don't know. What do we learn there?" asked the child, with combined curiosity and suspicion.

Miss Bland smiled at the question, with its implication as to the use of rooms.

"Nothing in particular," she answered, adding to herself, "and perhaps so much into the room's charmed atmosphere of taste, beauty, elevation, Edith Bland led her little runaway. On one of the tables were a few books, perhaps captivated to a child's imagination."

"Suppose we look at these books," the teacher began, "while we are waiting for recess." As she debated over which might prove most absorbing, a knock called her to the door.

"Sister Adeline says will you come to her room a moment?" asked a young messenger.

"Amuse yourself till I come back—I think you will like some of these books," was Miss Bland's parting word to Nance as she followed the messenger.

She was detained a little longer than she expected, but she hoped that Nance's progress through the illustrated books might be slow enough to keep her occupied and entertained. But apparently the volumes had failed to prove engrossing, for when the teacher returned Nance was not at the table, but down at the end of the room. Sitting almost lost in a deep arm-chair, she was wrapped in contemplation of what learned critics have pronounced the loveliest Madonna ever painted. Edith Bland was surprised and touched; she felt that there was something in the moment, too precious to be interrupted. She sat quietly by the table and waited. After a few minutes Nance slipped from the chair and stood looking upward. As she turned to her teacher, Miss Bland asked:

"Do you like the picture Nancy?"

"It reminds me of my mummy."

For the nonce the child's response gave the questioner a momentary cry of surprise from the copy of an Old World masterpiece to a poor, worn-out mother in a lowly mountain cabin! Yet, after all, were not Nance's words a fresh tribute to the essential spirit which Raphael had captured in his "art's spring birth so dim and dewy?" What immeasurable solace that downward gaze of Infant and Mother had long given to a world whose eternal child-heart continually needs maternal comfort and protection! A grand duke once his devoted owner, always bore the original with him on his travels. Hundreds of pilgrims to the Pitti Palace are constantly paying homage to its charm of simplicity, holiness, maternal tenderness. And now across the world and the centuries a lonely child, longing for her mother, had discerned through the eyes of affection what a renowned painter had striven to say.

While Edith Bland's mind was still engaged with Nance's answer, a tall summoned teacher and pupil else where. The woman drew the child's arm through her own, as they passed toward the door together. On the threshold Nance looked backward, saying:

"Kin I come here again sometimes? That picture kin mummy keep me from pinin' fer my mummy."

"Indeed you may come back whenever you wish. Just ask me or one of the Sisters," responded Edith Bland, cordially, while through her thoughts flashed the question: Was the problem of Nance as a permanent pupil solved? Was there at hand some special and eloquent means of tempering her loneliness, giving her a sense of home and the tender genius of home—the maternal spirit?

What the many childish companions of the school and a group of skillful, trained, kind-hearted teachers had not accomplished—the affording of compensation for an absent mother—was Margaret Howard's Madonna going to accomplish?

Edith Bland had a deep sense of gratification as her intuitions gave her an affirmative answer. And now, with her own imaginative strain and her increasing hopes for the mountain people under benign influences, her fancy leaped forward to Nance's future. Because of the child's evident aptness for feeling and her quaint maturity, what power for good might she not become among her own people? If now she could be persuaded to stay and take an education in books, in wise methods of living, in the principles of religion, might she not some day go forth among her own, fostering their good traits, helping them to slough off bad qualities, enamoring them of better

standards, purer ideals? Thus fulfilling a high destiny of noble womanhood, how far might she not realize Margaret Howard's ardent dreams for the dwellers in a land of heaven climbing peaks and beautiful valleys? And if Raphael's picture was to be a decisive influence in persuading Nance to remain, had not the Madonna gained a new and fruitful sphere of special patronage as Mother Most Amiable, Mother Most Admirable to a little mountain girl and her kinsmen and neighbors?

A FLOWER OF ERIN

LIFE SKETCH OF REVEREND BROTHER BRENDAN

OF THE BROTHERS OF THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS

1875-1902
By B. S. S.

It was a fine September day in 1890, just after the summer holidays, when a boy of about fifteen, alone and carrying a large traveling bag, boarded a train at the town of Athlery, in the west of Ireland. His bright blue eyes and open countenance revealed an innocent and noble soul, while his somewhat depressed yet resolute air and slightly trembling lip, betokened an inward struggle that was being bravely fought and won. It was evident that he was leaving home for college for the first time. His father had bade him goodbye a moment before, and yet there seemed some great purpose in the lad's mind that overcame even the natural affection of flesh and blood.

There was one other occupant in the compartment into which our traveler stepped. He was a venerable old gentleman who seemed to be once grasp the situation and, in a kind, sympathetic way, he approached the boy, who had timidly and silently taken his seat. "I'm so delighted to have the pleasure of your company, Thomas," the old man began. "You know, I'm an old friend of your family, and as you seem to be traveling alone, I shall be most happy to keep you company. You love St. Joseph very much, don't you? I thought so. Well, well! I forgot to ask where you are going. You look as if you were going some distance. To Castletown? to the Brothers' Training College? Why, I am going that way myself. I know that house well and all the Brothers that live there, and I shall be most happy to show you the way."

Our young traveler, who was greatly surprised at being known to the stranger, answered all the questions as well as he could, and was soon quite at ease with his genial companion. In such company the time passed very quickly and agreeably and the boy soon found himself at his destination, where two Christian Brothers were at the station to welcome him. Before he had time to thank his traveling companion and inquire his name, the old gentleman had disappeared, saying, as he parted: "Good luck, Thomas, we shall meet each other again soon." As he shall see, he kept his promise.

Thomas Joseph Keane—to give our little traveler his full name—came of one of those many good old Irish families of deep faith and ardent piety, and who had known the brunt of cruel persecution. In such a home it was regarded as the greatest blessing and privilege to have one or more of the children consecrated to God's holy service in the priesthood or the religious life, and already three of the daughters and one of the sons had taken up that noble vocation.

At the knees of his pious mother, Thomas learned to love and praise God, and was duly invested with the livery of Mary long before his infant lips could lip her praise. His father used to call him "the little saint," and his teacher bore testimony to his innocence and piety at school in these words: "We loved Thomas for his innocence, his meekness, and his application to study; he was kind to everyone, and a good sport. He never teased his playmates, and was always at the head of his class, especially in Catechism."

God was working in the heart of this child in His own mysterious way, and the first signs of a religious vocation soon began to manifest themselves. Just previous to the incident related above, young Thomas had shown an inclination to enter the religious life, and though his good parents had delayed their consent for a while to put his intention to the test, they were too appreciative of so great a grace for their child to refuse to give this fifth child to God. He had determined to become a Brother of the Christian Schools, and so had applied for admission to the Brothers' Training College at Castletown, Mountsrath, Queen's Co. "I shall go to Castletown, even if I have to walk there, because I believe such to be God's will," he had said decidedly. In fact, steadfast resolve to carry out whatever he believed to be God's holy will was ever the keynote of his life.

As we have seen, Thomas Keane was admitted to the Training College at the age of fifteen, and so rapid was his progress and so edifying his conduct that, after a few months, he was chosen to accompany a number of his older companions who were transferred to the Mother House at Paris to complete their studies. The party left Ireland on February 27, 1891, and, on the way, spent a few days in London. While out seeing some of the sights of the city, Thomas and one of his companions lost their way and were soon walking farther and farther away from the Brothers' College. As they had

no money about them, they could not hire a cab. In this quandary, the pious youths turned to God for guidance and, pausing in their walk, offered up a fervent prayer. Scarcely had they done so, when Thomas noticed approaching them the old gentleman who had accompanied him on his lonely journey to Castletown and who had treated him so kindly. Thomas hastened to greet his old friend and explained their difficulty. The gentleman at once halted a cab, put the boys into it, took his seat beside them, and gave the driver the address of the Brothers' house. They soon arrived at their destination and again, before they had time to thank him, their mysterious friend and guide had disappeared. Thomas, who was not easily given to the illusions of an ardent imagination, always believed that St. Joseph himself had twice visibly protected him. He afterwards related these incidents to an aunt of his who was a religious, and begged her to keep it an absolute secret; but, after his death, the good nun believed herself free to reveal what she loved to call the "Story of St. Joseph," and one of the Brothers took it down from her own lips.

The young students arrived safely in Paris, and Thomas was soon a general favorite among his companions in the French capital. "He was a fine type of the Irish race," writes one of them, "tall, robust, and with somewhat ruddy features. His limpid, crystalline, blue eyes sparkled with the innocence of a child and brightened up a countenance that might have been detached from one of Fra Angelico's canvases." He enjoyed himself thoroughly both at his studies and his recreations, and the walks the students took through the pretty country around Paris especially delighted him. But he never lost sight of his dear native land. "Yes," he would say, when some particular beauty of the landscape was pointed out to him, "it is indeed beautiful, but my dear old Ireland is more beautiful still."

Young Keane's remarkable piety, assiduity and pleasant disposition seemed to indicate an unmistakable vocation, and, on May 3, 1892, after a fervent retreat, he was, to his great delight, admitted to receive the holy habit of St. De La Salle. The ceremony was presided over by the Superior General himself, the saintly Brother Joseph, and at his hands the young Irish postulant received the religious livery and the name of Brother Brendan. "I was so happy," he wrote afterwards, "that I could have kissed my habit twenty times, and I begged of Our Lord that I might die rather than ever abandon it."

Brother Brendan then entered upon his novitiate, and now his admirable qualities of mind and heart shone out with a new lustre and impressed all with whom he came in contact. He had a great devotion to our Lord in the Most Blessed Sacrament, and when some one asked him if he did not feel lonely at a distance from his own country, the holy youth exclaimed: "Oh, no! How can I be? Our Lord is always near." When returning from the Holy Table, his countenance seemed lighted up with a supernatural light, and during his thanks giving his loving and pure soul seemed to melt away in adoration, thanksgiving, and love in the Sacred Heart of his Dear Master. So great, in fact, was Brother Brendan's reputation for sanctity, that he was commonly spoken of as "Our Irish John Berchmans."

In proportion to his piety and fervor, his love for his vocation grew apace. In writing a Christmas letter to his sister, a nun in the West Indies, he said, "Your little Brother is as healthy and as happy as he can ever hope to be on this earth. My dearest sister, I need not say that we should be daily thankful to God for His infinite goodness towards us in calling us, without any merit on our part, to be His privileged children." When his term of religious and scholastic training was completed, Brother Brendan was appointed to a professorship in the Training College at Paris, where he had formerly been a student. Here again, his sanctity, simplicity of heart, and joyous disposition soon won all hearts and the young Irish professor was greatly revered and loved by his admiring students.

Unfortunately, under the stress of work and of his own intense enthusiasm for it, his health became impaired, and it was judged advisable for him to return to his native land, where it was hoped he might soon thoroughly regain his health and strength. So, in the summer of 1898 Brother Brendan saw once more the green hills of his beloved Erin. Two years later, his health being improved, he was appointed Director of the Brothers' Training College at Castletown. While the young Director ever preserved his characteristic humility and shrank from prominence, yet he gloried in the mission that was now his of training young men for the great field open to the Brothers of the Irish Province.

At last, however, the holy Brother's health again began to decline and, after some months of suffering endured with heroic patience, he received the Last Sacraments on September 20, 1902. Throughout his sickness, his union with God was continual and, in thought, his soul seemed to be already in Heaven. "I never should have thought," he said one day, "that it was so sweet to die." His great consolation was the daily reception of his beloved Lord in Holy Communion and his crucifix was constantly in his hands. His sufferings were intense but he never lost

his calm cheerfulness. "I am doing my penance," he would cheerfully say. In honor of the Divine Child to whom he had a special devotion, he requested to be laid upon some straw in the corner of his room, that he might die in a condition similar to that of Jesus in Bethlehem, but his unusual request was not granted. On the night of Friday, October 10th, he grew gradually weaker, but kept his full presence of mind to the last. With his Brothers in religion praying around him, and the chaplain beside him renewing the holy absolution, the dying Brother repeated his favorite prayer to Mary:

"Mother of grace, O Mary blest! To thee, sweet fount of love, we fly; Shield us through life, and take us hence, To thy dear bosom when we die."

These were his last words. Shortly after, he peacefully expired. So died this saintly son of Erin, and one of the brightest and sweetest flowers in the rich garland of saintly and devoted apostles of youth that the Land of St. Patrick has given to the great family of Saint John Baptist De La Salle.

"Brendan Hall," the recently established residence of the Christian Brothers in London, Ontario, is, perhaps, the first to be named after this worthy son of the Institute of St. De La Salle, Brother Brendan.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR FEBRUARY

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDECT XV.

RELIGION IN SCHOOLS

More than once in past years has this General Intention been presented to members of the League throughout the world; but it would seem that, as time goes on, the need of insisting on the importance of religious training of children in school-years is being constantly felt. The Intention is meant for the world-wide League, and will be discussed in various nations according to prevailing conditions; we have only to look at it as it affects ourselves. In certain sections of Canada we have little to complain of. We have our Catholic schools, convents and colleges, where our children are taught by devoted men and women who make teaching their life-work, and who instill into youthful minds and hearts all that is required to form loyal citizens and staunch Catholics. Assuredly a noble work; those engaged in it, the Scriptures tell us, will shine like stars for eternity.

In other sections other conditions prevail. Erroneous ideas of liberty of conscience, and the methods of carrying them out on the part of our law givers, oblige Catholic children to frequent non-Catholic schools—another name for non-Catholic—where no religious instruction is given except a few scraps of comments on the Bible, and where no rules of human conduct are inculcated which may not be found in the writings of well-meaning pagans of old. There are men in power here in Canada who think that this is simply sufficient, and that whatever other religious training children need should be given them in their homes or in Sunday schools.

Catholics cannot be satisfied with this. They are well aware that in the formation of character—nothing can take the place of the sanctions of morality and right living based upon religion systematically taught. They are aware that a sound knowledge of God and His laws are more effective incentives to virtue and stronger deterrents from vice than more ideals of honor, the social conscience, penal laws, etc. Catholics are also well aware, for they have had a long experience, that atmosphere is something that cannot be overlooked, and that schooling under the immediate influence of religion, all day long, enjoys the advantage of a unity of spirit, a great central aim, that unites teachers and pupils in a bond second only to family ties.

A right concept of human life and its responsibilities must be possessed in order to know what is the purpose of education, and this is where the Catholic system shows its superiority. Our children are taught that the space between the cradle and the grave is but an insignificant segment of the arch of the soul's existence, that the few years given to man here below must not be consumed in a fever of money getting or in seeking high places of honor. It is absolutely necessary that children, who are the men and women of the next generation, be made to feel what a calamity their lives would be if they failed to fulfill the purpose of their creation. God first and last and always, God the beginning and the end of all things, from Whom all things come and to Whom all things must be returned, must be impressed upon children's minds and hearts in a way that they shall never forget it, but make it a principle active in their lives. This is the primary reason for the existence of Catholic schools, and it is their glory that, while they do not neglect the secular side of education, while they diligently prepare children for the struggles of coming years, they also impress true ideals of life upon their receptive minds, a circumstance which gives them the advantage far out of the reach of peculiarly secularized education.

Needless to say, such teaching cannot be had in schools where the supernatural is put in the second plane. Catholics have long realized this, and this also is the candid opinion of non-Catholics who are lucky enough to declare openly and inwardly. One of them, within the past few months, voiced a stern indictment against Godless and so-called non-sectarian schools in these words: "Educators of all shades of religious belief lament the hampering restrictions which permit the child to be taught geography, but not the God who made this earth; botany, but not about the God who clothed the flower; physiology, but not about the God who built the man; astronomy, but not about the God who guides the stars; history, but not about the Divine Providence who guides human affairs; human laws, but not the Divine commands for human conduct. This does not mean that they do not obtain incidentally some knowledge of God, but that the basic propositions respecting His existence, His power, His justice, His love, His mercy, His commandments, the immortality of the human soul, the future state and the relation which conduct and faith bear to it, the obligation to pray and the efficacy of prayer and sources of spiritual enlightenment, are not definitely and designedly taught in the varying degrees of simplicity or profundity as required by the age and the mental development of the pupils."

Happily the Protestant sects that can surmount their prejudices long enough to look at conditions staring them in the face, are beginning to see more clearly the Catholic point of view. The report, lately issued, of the recent ill-fated Inter-Church Movement, which represented thirty Protestant denominations, has this to say: "If you would point to the weakest spot in the Protestant churches, you would put your finger on an army of twenty-seven million children and youth in our land (United States) who are growing up in spiritual illiteracy, and sixteen other million American Protestant children whose religious instruction is limited to a brief hour once a week, often sandwiched in between a delayed preaching service and a Sunday dinner. . . . Unless a programme of religious education can be created, there is danger that the Public schools will become naturalistic and materialistic in theory and practice, and that the direction of social development will be determined by secular influences within the State rather than by the spiritual forces represented by the Church. . . . The religious education of all the children of all the people demands an adequate denominational organization and programme, and unless the fundamental need of religious education be met, the solution of the present situation is hopeless."

The old selfishness that in order to make a nation safe for Democracy the coming generation of all religious creeds and ideals should be educated side by side, is getting a few hard knocks nowadays. Fair-minded non-Catholics are beginning to realize that it is far more important to teach children how to live than how to make a living. But unhappily while they would like to adopt Catholic methods they have not the courage of their convictions. Many of them start denominational schools where, in addition to ordinary secular learning, their own peculiar tenets could be taught; but the fact that any move in this direction would strengthen the Catholic position is sufficient to make them hesitate.

Needless to say, if our separated brethren have not the courage to overcome their weakness and prejudice in this matter of religious training in schools, their attitude at least is an ample vindication of the Catholic standpoint, and should greatly strengthen all Catholics in their uncompromising determination to protect and defend their system, not merely as a religious but as a patriotic duty. This attitude of Protestants should also show the latter how illigal they are and how unjust, where they are the majority, in penalizing Catholics by double taxation for the support of non-sectarian schools as well as their own. But it should not weaken Catholics in the discharge of their responsibilities. Where Catholic schools are established they should be kept in a high state of efficiency. No effort should be spared, no sacrifice should be considered too great that may be necessary to raise up generations of men and women of whom the Church may be proud. It is this constant struggle for the possession of the minds and hearts of our little ones that has placed the Church in the commanding position she occupies today. It is not for us to break the tradition.

Catholics know what they should do. If they do it not, let it be because for the moment they are unable to bear the expense, or because they are hampered by the views and the prejudices of majority whose ideals of liberty are founded on freedom for everybody except for people who do not think as they do. This is one phase of the struggle which Catholic parents and Catholic educators must meet in their journey through life. But in battling for the sound religious training of children they are doing God's work, and they may rely on the prayers of God's Church and its members for their ultimate success.

E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

Live joyfully, and be generous!—St. Francis de Sales.

INDIFFERENTISM

For many years there has been in this country a widespread and growing tendency to assume a happy-go-lucky attitude towards religious creeds. A great many people seem to regard religion with a sort of patronizing benevolence as a rather good influence in life; but their idea of religion is only a loose, indefinite, oh-just-go-right-along-and-do-the-best-you-can notion of religious duty and moral conduct. They repudiate dogmas as trammelling freedom of thought; and they ridicule the very suggestion of a definite, positive creed. "We want deeds, not creeds," they will indignantly tell you, as if any deed worth noting were ever done without first being believed by the doer as worthy of accomplishment in accordance with his fixed principles. These folk are simply religious anarchists, although they may be unconscious of this disagreeable fact. There were not many of them in the good old days, when the sturdy Lutherans, the stern Presbyterians, the strict Methodists, the dyed-in-the-wool Baptists, and the other similar Protestant sects still held tenaciously to whatever of Christian doctrine they had carried with them on breaking from Rome, and leaving the Old Mother Church; but the principles of private interpretation and the attacks of the so-called higher critics have played such havoc with sectarian Christianity, that the number of indifferentists in religion has become legion.

Now, it is farthest from our minds to offend, even in the least, against charity in our discussion of religious indifference. This question, however, is of paramount importance; and it were well to understand what it involves.

Every Christian believes that Christ is the Son of God. The Holy Scriptures tell us that He founded a church: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church" (Matt. xvi, 18); "All power is given to Me in heaven and in earth. Going therefore, teach ye all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world" (Matt. xxviii, 18, 19, 20).

It is the wish of our Divine Lord that there be only one church: "I am the good shepherd; and I know mine, and mine know Me. . . . And other sheep I have that are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear My voice; and there shall be one fold and one shepherd" (John x, 14 and 16). "As Thou hast sent Me into the world, I also have sent them into the world. . . . And not for them only I pray, but for them also who through their word shall believe in Me. That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee; that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me. And the glory which Thou hast given Me, I have given to them; that they may be one, as We also are one, I in them, and Thou in me; that they may be made perfect in one" (John xvii, 18, 20, 21, 22, 23).

Moreover, it stands to reason that it can not be contrary to the will of God for men to regard one church as good as another, since some of the tenets of the several churches contradict corresponding doctrines of the others, and only one contradictory can be true. Again, indifference or contempt for a definite, positive religious creed must be displeasing to God, because the express commission of our Divine Lord is: "Teach all nations. . . . Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you."

Therefore, religious indifference in a great evil, a grievous sin. There is one true church, recognizable by the infallible marks: Unity, Holiness, Catholicity and Apostolicity. It was founded by Christ Himself, Who placed St. Peter, the Apostle, at its head; and the successors of St. Peter have ruled it to the present day, when Benedict XV reigns at Rome as the Vicar of Christ.—Catholic Telegram.

WHAT IS HAPPINESS?

Man defines happiness according to their humor. They miss it because they go in search of it. Saul went out to find his father's asses and stumbled upon a kingdom. Happiness is more a means than an end. It is most frequently met with when least sought. The Stock Yards are primarily means to furnish America with meat, but they are enabled to do this only because of the many and valuable by-products that they are able to gather in the marketing of meat. If men sought less for happiness and more for duty, contradictory as it may seem, there could be more happiness. Limiting one's needs is one sure road to the desirable end. The ancient philosophers, who had divested themselves of earthly possessions, confessed themselves to be happy. Men like Socrates and Diogenes gave up all of the things that so frequently enslave. Of course, it is easier to give up what you have than what you are, and it is giving up what we are that is the firmest insurance for happiness. Most of us carry a load about with us that is not ballast but dead weight. In a storm, in order to right the ship, many things are thrown overboard, in order that the ship may ride the waves. The first step to happiness, therefore, is throwing away those evil habits that weigh us down in our journey towards eternity.—New World.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JAN. 29, 1921

OFFICIAL

The following appointments will become effective in the Diocese of London not later than Saturday, February 5th, 1921: The Reverend J. A. Hanlon, pastor of St. Joseph's Parish, Stratford, and Dean of Stratford. The Reverend E. L. Tierney, pastor of St. Michael's Parish, London. The Reverend W. T. Corcoran, pastor of Mount Carmel Parish. The Reverend Wilfrid Roy, pastor of Staples Parish. The Reverend D. A. Brisson, chaplain of the Hotel Dieu, Windsor. M. F. FALLON, Bishop of London.

THE READING OF THE BIBLE

Though the old column that Catholics are forbidden to read the Bible is now pretty generally recognized as baseless, or confined to inflammatory appeals to ignorant prejudice, there is nevertheless a wide divergence, if not an absolute contradiction, between the Catholic and Protestant points of view with regard to the reading of the Scriptures. In view of recent discussion of this matter, and in view of the frequent advocacy of making the Bible a text book in schools, it may be well to set forth briefly the insuperable objections of Catholics to any underlying assumption of the Protestant view of the Bible, privately interpreted, as the rule of faith and conduct. Catholics hold firmly that the Bible and every part of it is inspired of God; that in a real sense it has God for its author and is therefore rightly called, in the literal sense of the term, the Word of God. More than that, the Catholic, no matter what his position or his learning, who denies this dogmatic truth, ceases ipso facto to be a Catholic. Protestants may and do hold views on this truth so lax that they are shocking to Catholic faith and reverence for the Holy Scriptures. Though not at all so common as before the Great War, accredited preachers of the Gospel acquired a reputation for advanced thinking and deep scholarship, when from their pulpits they gave out, second-hand and ill-digested, sheer German rationalism instead of the Gospel of Christ. Others substituted sensational themes, often coarsely treated with an eye to publicity. Indeed in this morning's Free Press a reverend gentleman, addressing 400 men of the London Men's Brotherhoods is quoted as saying that "the clergy have been preaching everything but the Gospel. Bolshevism and how to make money are their best subjects." So from a time of sturdier faith when Protestants revered and believed in the Scriptures Private Judgment has led them to their abandonment or perversion. A more robust generation of Protestants, because of their faith in the Bible and their equal faith in the individual's right to interpret it for himself, split up into innumerable conflicting sects. The exaggeration of the part played by the Bible into the ultimate rule of faith and conduct for each individual reader has led to general indifference in religion and to general indifference to the Bible—even amongst the preachers. With this development the absurdity of sectarian division is manifest; and indifference in religion is paving the way to unity—of a sort. There ought to be no difficulty in getting a united Protestant demand for the reading of the Protestant Bible in the schools. It is the usual

expedient at this stage of disintegration — disintegration due to the fundamental Protestant doctrine of private judgment—to try to secure by legislative enactment what is quite impossible of attainment by spiritual influence. Compel by law all to go to school, compel the schools to teach and the pupils to read the Protestant version of the Bible, and then, just as religious indifference and Scriptural indifference have become widespread as a result of the Protestant principle, you have that principle forced on everybody by legislative enactment or Government regulation. Against any such scheme of reviving a dead or dying creed we protest, in so far as at least as those schools are concerned which are supported by Catholics, Jews, agnostics and indifferentists equally with those who accept the Protestant rule of faith and conduct. We add 'conduct,' for nowadays that is everything. The Protestant reformers started out with the exaltation of faith as being the sole requirement for salvation; good works were declared to be works of supererogation, a presumptuous attempt to add to the finished work of Christ. The Catholic Church held then, as it held from the beginning, holds now, and will hold to the end of time, with St. Paul that "without faith it is impossible to please God," and with St. James that "as the body without the spirit is dead, so also faith without good works is dead." Why any Protestant should resent the charge that the Protestant principle leads, and has led, to indifference in matters of faith is a bit puzzling. We warrant there is not a single one of our readers who has not over and over again heard Protestant friends rather boastfully assert their utter indifference to what a man believes so long as he does the right thing. The religious editorial in The Globe the other day refers to this very general condition of indifference to matters of faith. The writer quotes from an Oxford clergyman who preached on the question: "Does it matter what a man believes?" The very title points to that mental condition which, as we have said, obtains very generally amongst non-Catholics with regard to matters of faith. And the Globe, too, bears testimony to this when during the course of the article it says: "Why, then, is there so much disregard of true belief? Why are creeds regarded as superfluous and even treated with something like scorn and contempt? It is a curious attitude in face of the fact that perhaps never before has science insisted so strongly on its dogmas." The Oxford preacher's answer is quoted as follows: "Right belief sets a man in harmony with the truth of things and so qualifies him generally for thinking right, acting right and becoming what he ought to be." And the editorial writer himself concludes his study of the question thus: "Creeds inevitably and infallibly control life, and no man can ever be wholly what he ought to be if he believes error. "There is no truth in the Christian creed that does not involve direct ethical issues. Faith and conduct, conviction and life, creed and deed are inseparably bound up with each other. No man can lead the Christian life or possess the Christian experience or manifest the Christian character except as he believes the Christian creed." Both the Oxford preacher and the Globe writer have reached conclusions which fully justify the Catholic position with regard to all other religions. It is an integral and essential part of Catholic belief that the Catholic Church is the divinely appointed guardian of the deposit of faith, the custodian and final interpreter of God's Word, written and unwritten, founded by Christ the Eternal Son of God, to teach all nations, enjoying His unfailing promise to be with her even unto the consummation of the world, and those other wonderful promises that He would send the Spirit of Truth to teach her all truth, and that the gates of hell shall not prevail against her. That being understood no intelligent Protestant, least of all those thoughtful and intelligent enough to see that it does matter, that it matters infinitely what a man believes, can fail to see that the Catholic Church is logically compelled to stand aloof from all Protestant religions, from Protestant principles, from Protestant religious or social-religious organizations.

There is much said about Unity and the evils, the futility and the absurdity of religious divisions. There is no doubt a real yearning after unity amongst earnest non-Catholic souls shared with varying degrees of tepidity or coldness by the vast army of the indifferentists. Is it conceivable that Christ whose soul was flooded with omniscience, to whom the past and the future was always present, did not know that Unity was desirable, was necessary, was indispensable to the carrying out of the mission which He chose for the purpose? To a Catholic who believes and knows that Jesus was the Christ, the Son of the living God, such a question seems irreverent, impious, blasphemous. But in the ordinary, everyday discussion of such matters by non-Catholics it appears to be assumed that He did not know and did not provide for this necessary and indispensable attribute of the Church which, as the Scriptures clearly attest, He founded. Leaving aside for the moment all other clear Scriptural testimony let us take the Seventeenth Chapter of the Gospel according to St. John: 1. "These things Jesus spoke, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, he said: Father, the hour is come, glorify thy Son, that thy Son may glorify thee. 2. "As thou hast given him power over all flesh, that he may give eternal life to all whom thou hast given him. 3. "Now this is eternal life: That they may know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent. 4. "I have glorified thee on the earth; I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do. 5. "And now glorify thou me, O Father, with thyself, with the glory which I had, before the world was, with thee. 6. "I have manifested thy name to the men whom thou hast given me out of the world. Thine they were, and to me thou gavest them; and they have kept thy word. 7. "Now they have known, that all things which thou hast given me, are from thee: 8. "Because the words which thou gavest me, I have given to them; and they have received them, and have known in very deed that I came out from thee, and they have believed that thou didst send me. 9. "I pray for them: I pray not for the world, but for them whom thou hast given me: because they are thine: 10. "And all my things are thine, and thine are mine; and I am glorified in them. 11. "And now I am not in the world, and these are in the world, and I come to thee. Holy Father, keep them in thy name whom thou hast given me; that they may be one, as we also are. 12. "While I was with them, I kept them in thy name. Those whom thou gavest me I kept; and none of them is lost, but the son of perdition, that the Scripture may be fulfilled. 13. "And now I come to thee; and these things I speak in the world, that they may have my joy filled in themselves. 14. "I have given them thy word, and the world hath hated them, because they are not of the world; as I also am not of the world. 15. "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from evil. 16. "They are not of the world, as I also am not of the world. 17. "Sanctify them in truth. Thy word is truth. 18. "As thou hast sent me into the world, I also have sent them into the world. 19. "And for them do I sanctify myself, that they also may be sanctified in truth. 20. "And not for them only do I pray, but for them also who through their word shall believe in me; 21. "That they all may be one, as thou, Father, in me, and I in thee; that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." What can any impartial and unprejudiced student of the Bible make of this chapter, even on the Protestant principle of private judgment, other than this: that Jesus was concerned above all else with Unity? Leaving aside again those who would answer with a shrug of the shoulders the query: What think ye of Christ? Whose Son is He? The non-Catholic Christian who believes with Peter and every Catholic in the world that He is the Christ the Son of the living

God, must either acknowledge that He provided for this Unity or be reduced to the infidel and impious conclusion that the God-man was lacking in omniscience, or omnipotence, or both. No Christian can for a moment entertain such a thought. Christ's prayer was infallibly answered. That Church which He founded exists; and characterizing it is that striking visible unity which compels the world's belief "that thou hast sent Me." The unifying principle which Christ established was the infallible authority of the Church which He founded and promised to be with to the world's end. The divisive principle which has resulted in innumerable sects is the Protestant principle of private judgment. Instead of the striking visible unity that should conquer the world's belief we have the endless divisions which have led to unbelief, to infidelity and indifference. But that Protestant principle has worked itself out. It has proved its absurdity. Serious students of the Bible are perforce compelled to accept the Scriptural and Catholic principle or to deny Christianity altogether. For Catholics there can be no compromise with the fundamental principle of Protestantism. We believe firmly and with unquestioning faith that Christ speaks through the living voice of His Church. "I know mine and mine know me." "As thou hast sent Me into the world, I also have sent them into the world." ENGLISH POLICY AND IRISH DEMOCRACY II BY THE OBSERVER "Ill fares that land, to hastening ills a prey, Where wealth accumulates, and men decay." So wrote a famous English poet; and it is true. Were he living now, he might find poetic rhymes to express what I can only put in cold prose: Ill fares that land where cattle accumulate, and men are driven overseas. And such a land is Ireland. In THE RECORD of January 8th I traced in part the historic policy of English "statesmen" in respect to Ireland; which has always been, the removal of the Celts. Under the Tudors, under the Stuarts, under Cromwell, again under the Stuarts, and under William III, the policy of "clearances" was almost continuous. Thus the bulk of the Irish population was thrown upon the poorest agricultural districts in the island; and thus came famine. By famine came death and flight overseas for millions. By the famine, also, came a new idea. The landlords; some of them, new purchasers of encumbered estates, resolved that in future they would put their dependence not in men who might starve and thus leave them without their rents; but in cattle, who would not starve while grass grew. Up to that time, the English policy had been to merely clear off the tenants; now began the new scheme of clearance by emigration. The report of the Devon Commission, which recommended the removal of all tenants on less than 8 acres, and involved the clearance of a million persons from the land became the Bible of Anglo-Irish statesmanship. In 1847, the worst year of the Great Famine, the London Times advocated the removal of the Celts to India. In 1852, the same paper rejoiced that "The Celts are gone." They had not gone to India, but to the other world, and to America and Canada; and not all of them were gone; some were left: The Times has had occasion to remark their presence several times since 1852. I referred in the previous article to the Select Committee of the House of Lords, appointed in 1847, the worst death year of The Great Famine, which reported on "Colonization from Ireland." Their lordships stated that all former committees on the state of Ireland, except one, had agreed on one point; that it was necessary to remove "the excess of labor." Laboring men who are beginning to understand, in our days, something of the dignity and value of the workmen of a nation, will not need any comment of ours on that sample of English "statesmanship." Their Lordships said: "They have taken evidence respecting the state of Ireland, of the British North American colonies, (including Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland), the

the strike will be tolerated as a last resource, but in justice to our publication would you give prominence to the fact that we based our report on a sentence in a report of the Department of Labour? "Secondly, re Church Membership as a basis of Union Membership, may I direct your attention again to a page in the aforementioned Government Report describing this movement as 'designed to make membership in certain Labour Unions contingent upon the religious faith of the applicants.' Or referring again to the constitution and by-laws of the aforesaid Catholic Union, which may be taken fairly as typical of the constitution of the Local Unions, may I quote these clauses, Article 3, 'because it is a Catholic Labour Organization (b) it shall admit among its members Catholic workers only; and further on in the qualifications for membership, Article 5. (1) 'To become a member one must be an active Catholic.' " We very gladly make room for Social Welfare's ample justification for the summary of the aims and methods of the Quebec Catholic labor movement given in the interesting and sympathetic editorial reproduced in our columns. And we think furthermore that it is only fair here to make grateful acknowledgment of the scrupulous care taken by our esteemed contemporary to get accurate information when presenting the Catholic view on social questions. On this matter we can speak with full personal knowledge. SOCIAL WELFARE AND CATHOLIC LABOR CIRCLES Some few weeks ago, (Dec. 25) in answer to a correspondent, we gave the constitution of the local Catholic labor unions (or circles as the French term has it). The constitution itself clearly answered the query as to strikes. Our correspondent's information was that Protestants might join but had no voice. As a matter purely of opinion based on the constitution of local unions in the Diocese of Quebec we thought his information as to Protestants joining Catholic labor circles might be correct. We have not as yet informed ourselves definitely on this latter point raised by our subscriber; but according to the following communication from the Editor of Social Welfare we were, it seems evident, not justified in the opinion based on the local constitution then published. However these local constitutions may vary in different dioceses, and associate membership may be allowed where there is no danger of losing Catholic control and thus sacrificing the open and avowed object of the Catholic labor movement. Social Welfare writes: "May I direct your attention to the Department of Labor of Canada's Ninth Annual Report of Labor Organizations. Therein on page 14 may I refer you to this sentence re strikes: 'The local Catholic Unions... are opposed to strikes to attain the objects sought and make provision for all disputes to be referred to arbitration boards... the respective constitutions provide for submitting the matter to the Church Authorities or to a judge of the Superior Court, and in some instances to the Federal Arbitration.' (This latter clause refers to the failure of arbitration arrangements.) Certainly this sentence made the inference that there was no provision for appeal to the strike as a means of settling a trade dispute. Being our editorial on this official report of the Labor Department we made this general statement. From later information and a study of the constitution and by-laws of the Roman Catholic Unions of the Quebec Printing and Book-binding Organizations I have found this statement, Clause 2, 'The Union is opposed to violence and it is not its intention to have recourse to strikes in order to obtain its object.' "It knows besides that this extreme means is only lawful where argument, conciliation and then arbitration have been used without success. In an appendix the National Central Trades Council makes a further statement, (after referring to low wages, other evils of an intolerable industrial situation, etc.) 'if necessary it will counsel a strike to the victims of such a situation, and it knows that the Church Authorities will approve it.' In the light of this further information we admit that

West Indian Islands, New South Wales, Port Phillip, South Australia, Van Diemen's Land, and New Zealand." And again in the same report: "The Committee are fully aware that they have as yet examined into many points but superficially, and that some, as, for example, the state of the British possessions in Southern Africa, and in the territory of Natal, have not yet been considered at all." When the Irish race was in question, the recommendations could, you see, be extended to include any country, in any zone or hemisphere, except Ireland. The country in which the Celts had lived for at least 2,850 years, and where they never lived unhappily till the curse of English rule fell upon them, was the one country in which they were not to be given a chance to live. Proposed ameliorations of their condition knew no geographical limitation but one; they were not to live in the land of their ancestors. In the same year, a Committee of the House of Commons and the House of Lords, laid before Lord John Russell a scheme for the transportation of one million five hundred thousand Irish to Canada at a cost of nine million pounds. This amount was to be charged in taxation on the Irish who remained at home. Is it to be wondered at that Irishmen have their own view of "the triumphs of English statesmanship," and of "the golden age of the reign of Victoria?" Well, these philanthropic plans for the depopulation of a kingdom were not carried out. The Famine went on. Miles of red tape enmeshed a dying people; tons of stationery smothered them; but money was scarce. They were lost in a labyrinth of printed forms and "procedure." Most of the needy were dead, before they could learn "the procedure" of how to get a share of the scanty relief. Worse still, they and their famine became an item on one side of an English political party fight; the fight for and against free trade; just then going on. And when, about the time the famine was over, the Government began to get busy, they compelled all who took the "outdoor relief," to give up their lands, except a quarter of an acre. America gave much relief; rather, she gave much that was intended for relief; but it was intercepted by "political economy;" that is to say, for every cargo of contributed food, the stock in Ireland was reduced by a corresponding amount; lest "the course of trade" be interfered with. The food contributed by personal charity in England, was likewise dealt with. "I have seen," wrote a distinguished Frenchman who travelled in Ireland at the time: "I have seen a strange sight; I have seen a whole people dying of political economy." In 1849, after "the excess of labor" had been removed, by death and flight; to the extent of a million and a half (up to that time); (and not one emigrant had received one penny of Government aid), the English Government resolved to make a clean sweep. Lord John Russell brought in his Rate-in-Aid bill, to impose a rate of two shillings six pence on the pound, to promote emigration. That scheme did not get very far; but from that time forward for over thirty years the English Parliament pursued the policy of clearing the land by giving special legislative assistance to the land kings to remove the tenants. It has been quite generally supposed that in all these terrible evictions, rent was due. That is not so. I shall take up that subject at another time. NOTES AND COMMENTS WRITING of a fellow minister the editor of the "Outlook of the Church" in the Toronto Globe, says: "He is one of the comparatively few preachers of today whose message rings true to the full Gospel of grace as recorded in the New Testament." Their worst enemy could scarcely frame a severer indictment. A CLERICAL contributor to the same journal in discussing "Christian Science" recommends those who would know more about that great delusion to "read the work of authors who deride it." It is scarcely necessary to say that we have no sympathy with "Christian Science," but its votaries are at least entitled to fair play, and the maxim cited is the very reverse of that. It is the

practice that has been in use against the Catholic Church for four centuries now, and apparently it still holds the fort. THE REV. Dr. Clifford, English Nonconformist preacher, has been invested by the King, at the instance no doubt of the Prime Minister, with the Companionship of Honor, a distinction instituted in 1917. Dr. Clifford is described as "for half a century one of the foremost Nonconformist preachers of Great Britain," also as a "champion of the cause of democracy." To what extent, it may well be asked, has his character as a notorious bigot, and assailant of everything Catholic contributed to his new distinction? ONE of the first steps in the rehabilitation of the world from the disastrous effects of the War is the departure from Germany of missionary priests to South America. The Franciscans are foremost in this movement. The War had closed many mission fields against Germans, but it is a satisfaction to know that the spirit still lives and that German Catholics are not to be behindhand in the great work of the world's conversion. CANADA IS to have an interesting visitor in the person of Gilbert Chesterton, the well-known Fleet Street oracle. He is to lecture in Montreal, Toronto, and other cities. His visit should be of especial interest to Catholics, as, while not himself a Catholic, his point of view is invariably so, and few men in our day have done more in the way of exploding old myths which have for generations been used to the prejudice of the Catholic cause. "IS THE Jew convertible," asks the Literary Digest commenting upon the establishment in New York by the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions of a "Department of Jewish Evangelization?" Not, certainly, by the despicable methods usually adopted by such organizations in regard both to Jews and to Catholics, which methods consist of enticing children or indigent persons into their meeting houses, feeding, clothing or amusing them, and by such means sapping the foundations of their faith. AS REGARDS the Jews these methods may be seen in action in any large city, and as regards Catholics, witness the underhand dealings with Rutherfordians in Canada, or the work of the notorious Methodist Mission in Rome, to cite only two out of many such incidents. And since flattery is ordinarily the basis of such propaganda it is not surprising to learn that for the New York undertaking the sum of \$185,000 has been appropriated. It will, we opine, prove to be at home but an additional manifestation of the "Business and Christianity" movement which has been made to do such effective work for American Commerce abroad. THE GOVERNMENT of the United States has awarded Service Medals to eight Sisters of Mercy who during the Spanish American War rendered important nursing service in the military camps in the South. Upon five others Sisters who have since died, posthumous honors have been conferred. These took the form of markers placed by the Government over their respective graves. AMONG the living recipients thus honored is one who by reason of her family connections should have special interest for Canadian Catholics. This is Sister M. reedes Weld, a daughter of the late Albert Weld, of the Welds of Lulworth, who emigrated to the United States a half century or so ago, and whose descendants now reside in Maryland. Albert Weld was a grandnephew of His Eminence, Cardinal Weld, who, though he never saw Canada, held office in the Canadian Church, as Coadjutor to Bishop Macdonell, of Kingston, with right of succession, which office was relinquished only upon his elevation to the Sacred College in 1880, at which time he was making arrangements to come to Canada. Through her mother Sister Mercedes is also descended from Col. John Eager Howard, of Revolutionary fame, and one of the founders of modern Baltimore. AN INTERESTING event in the life of Cardinal Weld is that at the consecration of John Carroll as first Bishop of Baltimore, which event took place in Lulworth Castle, the

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future Cardinal, then a youth, officiated as acolyte. Later, he inherited the Lutworth estates and married, but upon the death of his wife several years later resigned the estates into the hands of his brother, and became a priest. In 1826 at Bishop Macdonell's instance he was raised to the episcopate as Bishop of Amoy, i. p. l., and, as already stated, Coadjutor of Kingston. His only daughter had meanwhile become the wife of Lord Clifford, and as such, mother of Right Rev. Dr. Clifford, late Bishop of Clifton. It is a very interesting family history, and the decoration of Sister Mercedes for War services adds but another chapter.

IRELAND'S TRAGEDY

GRAPHIC PEN PICTURE OF IRISH CONDITIONS AND IRISH SPIRIT

By Alice Stopford Green

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—E. C. R.

[The author of this article is the widow of John Richard Green, the English historian, and is the author of a number of historical works. She is the daughter of Edward Adley Stopford, Archdeacon of Meath, and was born at Kells, Ireland. Her present home is in Dublin.]

IGNORANCE OF THE IRISH QUESTION

Dublin, Jan. 2.—The Great difficulty of the Irish question lies in the peculiar fact that it is at once a trite and unknown Englishman and American think they know Ireland down to the very ground. We cannot blame Americans, who naturally judge of Ireland by those who have fled this country, not by those who have stayed at home, and who have been led astray by the deceptions of English propaganda. For the English are as ignorant, by their own will, of Irish character, life and development as Americans are forced to be by their circumstances. They accept false, garbled and unscientific histories or pick up vague impressions from second or third rate novels. For the most part, however, they ask nothing more than the tradition of Punch caricatures. They figure to themselves a people careless of starvation, of abandoned hilarity, of exuberant muscular energy, with an entire absence of brain power, or steady purpose, capable at best of servile devotion to their enslavers.

The caricature of tradition exactly fits in with the pleasant English notion of an incompetent race which Providence has manifestly destined to conquest by a superior people. In his ignorance of the men, men or old, that have grown up in Ireland, the Englishman can tell nothing to Americans of a world outside his knowledge.

DUBLIN CASTLE AND THE PEOPLE

But cannot the Irish Government inform England and America about Ireland? Dublin Castle Government is an institution unique in civilized countries. It lives barricaded behind huge entanglements of barbed wire, steel armored gates and all modern war defenses. A few years ago the wisest of Chief Secretaries used to see some of the ordinary citizens who could offer the same information of common men. Mr. Duke was the last of these. Under his successors all such intercourse has been cut off. English Chief Secretaries hurry for a few days from London into their fortification and there consult with detectives and police officers, old standing officials of the "Parcell forger group," soldiers from England and perhaps some reactionary landlords as much out of touch with the country as themselves.

Detectives and spies have to use their special arts and gifts. The mentality of an English military mess is notorious. So is the attitude of the old concision officials. The Weekly Summary, a confidential paper issued by the Chief Secretary for officers and police, reveals the quality of the Castle mind. Plain citizens who live outside the barbed wire hear with amazement information that comes from behind it—"plots" shadowed out but never revealed; expected "riots" on fixed dates, planned and prepared for only in the Castle; supposed "murder gangs" who "terrorize" the whole population; lists of alleged "assassins," in which every detail given by the Castle is false. When the Government cuts off the body of citizens from freedom of intercourse its information as to the country will certainly be had. The tragic inaccuracies of official information has been well proved by the deaths of innocent men. Violence is one of the signs of lack of knowledge, the last resource of military perplexity and disorder.

RECENT REFORMS AND RESULTING PUBLIC SPIRIT

Those who live on terms of friendship, reason or respect with the Irish observe a very different people from that described by the Punch caricaturist, by Dublin Castle or by the English Ministers. We know a race which has only in our own memory been allowed the first instalments of liberty and education. In 1884 the Irish at last conquered the same

franchise and right to vote as the English had won in 1832. Three years later an English gift followed, the perpetual coercion act of 1887, an omen of later violence to follow. But the Irish people gradually won an agricultural board of their own, in 1887 some help in technical instruction and in 1889 a dearest bought right to form county and district councils after the English pattern.

After years of battle they secured in 1903 the power to purchase their farms and live free from the menace of evictions by the hundred thousand at the will of the landlord. They shared, though inadequately, in an improved system of education. The families of small farmers who could buy land or hold it at a fixed rent could for the first time for centuries have food above the starvation point. The creation of an Agricultural Organization Society in 1904 taught them the means and hope of building a new economic state. They have been educated not only by the school to a lively sense of problems, economic and political, that concern the safety of their country. The new share of the people at large in elections to Parliament and to local councils was a call to public duty and to a sense that they themselves were responsible for the welfare of their own land.

These slow advances, and the long fight to win them, had developed a remarkable generation in the new Ireland. A race of keen intelligence, of singular physical endurance, with a long and distinguished tradition in history, has become conscious of its true dignity. They have recovered the Gaelic League for the study of their language, history and ancient monuments, so long forbidden to the people, inspire anew their loyalty to traditions of honor, culture and beauty. In the young men and women a fervent religious piety became merged with a mystical devotion to their country. They believe in a commonwealth which could deserve and could secure the willing service of its people, and with enthusiasm they consecrated themselves to Ireland.

SHARP DISTINCTION BETWEEN POLITICS AND RELIGION

In the refining and ennobling effect on intelligence and character we see the makings of a democracy in the best sense of the word. A far-traveled American of great weight remarked to me: "This is the only country I have struck in which there is no vulgarity." "It is Heaven to me," said a learned Spaniard to me. "This is the only country I have found in Europe where there is piety and no clericalism." The relation of the Church to the people is, indeed, little understood by England or America. A deep and pervading piety inspires the young men and women of Ireland. But the Irish have a sharp distinction between the priest at the altar and in politics, and the hierarchy will never be made by them nor used by them, after the manner of the English Government, as a political machine. In civil affairs the people, as has been said, will follow the Bishops on every course along which they themselves have already decided to go.

It is the judgment of experienced American observers that there is in all Europe no finer type than the men and women now being driven to emigrate from Ireland—splendidly built, clean, intelligent, upright, the very best of citizens, the kind of people that the United States most desire to make the next generation for their own proud country. These men and women are "imperial" England thrown on the sea as waste or flung into the scum of penal labor.

MALIGNANCY PROVOKES REBELLION

In this remarkable Irish movement there was no aggression and no hostility except distaste for the violent men who know no other talk than handoffs and bayonets. Not a single Englishman in Ireland or any other country was not, of his own volition, attacked by the lawless and unprovoked to public bodies if he openly fought the right of Ireland to have an effective voice at all in her own affairs. But he could scarcely argue that people who have their vote must give it to those who desire to make it void.

The rising of 1916, aroused by Government courses of action which Lloyd George himself could only explain as "malignancy," was the sixth appeal to arms in the course of 120 years against the method of coercion rule under the Union. It was crushed with a relentlessness worthy of Prussia. Sixteen of the leaders were executed, two and three at a time, and their names went on the roll of Irish martyrs who ever inspire young Ireland to carry on the fight for freedom. Even this would have been forgotten, as well as the terrible slaughter of unarmed civilians which took place in North King Street on the last day of the rising, had the Irish people been allowed to voice their demand for self government by strictly constitutional methods. In fact the conduct of the national movement during the two following years showed a clear distinction along constitutional and non-violent lines. The elections proved that the people had finally despaired of craving in vain for reforms by an ever-defeated minority in the English House of Commons and that the country, weary of the waste morass of vain talk in which the soul of the nation was being merged, had resolved on a policy of self government and national independence.

"ALMOST CRIMINALLY PATIENT"

If there had been any statesmanship in England here was the opportunity for a full discussion of the problem, bringing to it the reason, intellect, experience, the supposed wisdom and the obligations of a great imperial State. England, however, had only one notion, that of brute force, and a single argument, to bludgeon Ireland into silence. In the two years 1917-1918 thousands of houses were raided at night by armed forces, hundreds of men wounded, many killed, 1,350 arrested, over 100 leaders deported and others gradually hunted down, savage sentences imposed, public meetings and newspapers suppressed, fairs and markets closed. When Coroners' juries found verdicts of wilful murder against servants of the Crown, the Government not only shielded the criminals but even promoted them. The people, who through these years of trial steadily refrained from violence, were held by a distinguished foreign correspondent to be "almost criminally patient."

THE ELECTION OF 1918 AND THE PLAN OF "CONQUEST"

The general election of 1918 gave the Irish Republican Party, with its majority of three-fourths, the opportunity to make its constitutional demand for an independent Irish Parliament. Here was a new opportunity for English statesmanship, but England, victorious in the field, was already conquered in spirit for Prussian ideals. The answer, without delay, was an army of occupation. The Irish police were the nucleus of such an army, never known in any other country. They had been established by Peel as a trained military body to enforce the suppression of Irish national life and movement. To assist the army of occupation, the police were now made entirely military in control, disposition and concentration. Along with the harrying troops, they formed the nucleus of the new Irish army, the Irish Volunteers. By relentless discipline they have been hardened and drilled. They have learned to believe in efficiency as the final test and fidelity as the citizen's virtue.

SELF DEFENSE AGAINST VIOLENCE

Forced by this challenge of violence the young men determined to defend themselves. The first bloodshed by the Irish Volunteers was in an attempt to disarm the military police early in 1919. Intermittent guerrilla attacks by volunteers followed on fortified barracks and armed patrols in which the police when disarmed were systematically allowed to go free and uninjured. The danger in the attacks against superior arms was great and the ranks of the volunteers as among the police and soldiers. There is no evidence, indeed, I believe, no charge has ever been made, that the volunteers ever once killed or even maltreated prisoners who thus fell into their hands, though they themselves when captured were sent to penal servitude or hanged. It is generally believed that all the other military forces in Ireland were as a whole responsible for the cases of spies and informers, men in civilian dress, placed in private houses to spy more securely on their neighbors and give "information" to their destruction—an occupation which in life no one openly avows and which after death is sedulously concealed. It is alleged that the efficiency of the military forces can be held responsible for the cases of spies and informers, men in civilian dress, placed in private houses to spy more securely on their neighbors and give "information" to their destruction—an occupation which in life no one openly avows and which after death is sedulously concealed. It is alleged that the efficiency of the military forces can be held responsible for the cases of spies and informers, men in civilian dress, placed in private houses to spy more securely on their neighbors and give "information" to their destruction—an occupation which in life no one openly avows and which after death is sedulously concealed.

LAWLESS TORTURE, MURDER, LOOTING AND ARSON

In the conflict of the last two years no suffering or humiliation has been spared to the Irish people subjected to a system of military coercion without parallel in any modern civilized country and deprived not only of every shadow of protection by civil law, but even of the decent restraints which military rule is generally supposed to enforce against lawless torture, murder, wholesale looting and burning by forces of the Crown. Civil law restraints the wild action of individuals whatever their provocation may be. The military act for restoration of law and order has enforced no check on the brutal passions of the worst elements of the army. It was generally announced by officials some time ago that the cost of the "murder gang," calculated at 200 well known names, of whom 100 had taken refuge in Dublin, and the "terror" being lifted would liberate the true English mind of the population at large.

Some months have passed and over 2,000 men now lie in prison, tried and untried. Leading towns have been laid waste with bombs and fire, farms have been burned by the thousands, crematories and factories destroyed, homes looted and the list of prisoners and men who at sight or on chance is still rolling up.

THE REACTION OF THE IRISH SPIRIT

And this chaos of law and order by machine gun and dynamite the 200 gunmen have apparently not been subdued. The Government assures the world that its "firm measures" have already broken the Irish resistance and the final subjection of the country is at hand. These assurances carry more weight in England than in Ireland. I hear that in the country crowds of men of all ages and stations, who never dream of belonging to such a body, are flocking to volunteer after every mad "repeal" of burning or murder. In Dublin 1,500 young men joined the volunteers on the day that they were about to march on the city. A battalion of death could be raised in every district—the women would bless them in their going. The ferocity of capture and imprisonment, the floggings, the secret military courts, the daily brutalities under which the people have lived the last years has taught them a terrible strength and endurance. Babies and children are learning their lessons. What memories will hang about the refrain of "God Save the King," for a child who has seen a father or a brother on his knees with a bayonet at his back or revolver at his head made to sing that anthem.

Watching a soldier's raid on the Sinn Féin offices, I saw a lad of about ten in the crowd seize a bigger boy and pummel him heavily. "Ab, you small nation, you take that. It's all you are fit for."

THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS

It would be hard to find in any country a body of men equal to the Irish Volunteers. Sober, self-respecting, upright, they give the unique spectacle of an army of revolutionaries protecting life and property, maintaining the only law and order that now exists in Ireland, and suppressing burglary and crime, doing equal justice in their courts to Protestant and Catholic, land owner, policeman, Republican and Unionist. By relentless discipline they have been hardened and drilled. They have learned to believe in efficiency as the final test and fidelity as the citizen's virtue.

Men of peculiar gentleness, they have a courage as to past and future ordeals of pain of mind and of body which leaves me staggered. Their self-surrender, a gallant gesture from that moment no word of complaint has been heard. The situation of hundreds driven "on the run" rouses the hilarious laughter of the chivalrous House of Commons. In Ireland we know their worth. Hunted by day and night, on mountains or in city streets, watched at every eating house, marked to be shot at sight, they have preserved a strange serenity, a gallant gaiety, a serene sense of duty. If you meet them their talk is always of Ireland. How to raise her position industrially, how to attract the best European experts, how, above all, to link every material improvement with a new cultural advance. The passion of the young men is too deep, or, it may be, too high, for easy words of sentimentality. Talk is brief and rapid, with the sole purpose of getting to the truth, to the permanent underlying fact. There is a dryness, a clear hardness, which marked the minds of the men that created the Irish language, and the Irish literature and the old Irish nature appears again in speech—sober, direct, almost without emotion in its gravity.

THE SPIRIT OF THE NATION

For the Irish the main question is who is to hold command in Ireland—the English Prime Minister in London or the Irish people who live on the ground? But if for the moment we leave aside the discussion as to whether the Irish people are right or wrong, there still remains the fundamental fact of an Irish nation in being, a nation that cannot be ignored or despised. Whatever, indeed, may be the zeal and courage of the nation, it would be foolish to deny that the military organization of an isolated island can be mechanically destroyed by overwhelming force and ferocious punishment of the most powerful military and naval country in Europe. But it would be yet more foolish to suppose that even by such military might, the spirit of a nation can be broken. The spirit will only withdraw to gather new strength and will presently appear again in unaccountable fashion and fortitude. There are forces of human nature into which the eternal soul retires and from which after a Winter-time it emerges to flood the world with strong life of resurrection.

INDECENT FASHIONS

HOLY FATHER WARNS ROMAN ARISTOCRACY AGAINST THEM (N. C. W. C. Special Cable)

Rome, Jan. 8.—In receiving members of the Roman aristocracy, for presentation of their good wishes on Epiphany eve, the Pope delivered an address, reminding them of the necessity of opposing indecent fashions and dances, of exercising public and private charity and of cooperating with Catholic enterprises in which the nobility is called upon to give work, counsel, and direction. His Holiness bade them remember

that noble birth alone is not sufficient preparation for so important a task.

The Holy Father praised the woman's activities now developing in Italy under the direction of noble Roman ladies. He recalled the example of St. Jerome, who was the spiritual director of the Roman matrons of his time, and recommended Gospel reading. The delegation was headed by Prince Colonna, assistant to the Pontifical Throne, who delivered the address of greeting.

A LIVING WAGE FOR WOMEN WORKERS

No one who knows of the state of a large part of Europe and Asia today where the whole fabric of civilization is endangered, and the continued physical existence of entire races is problematic, where famine, disease and near-anarchy have followed in the wake of war, and who then turns his eyes to Canada or the United States where peace and plenty prevail, but will admit that we are one of the most favored and fortunate countries in the world. Rightly then do Canadians instinctively oppose any agitators who are vainly attempting to upbuild a new civilization which would actually be worse than the present one. Yet reactionaries are of course revolutionaries. Congress as are revolutionaries, but calls attention to undoubted evils which exist in the midst of our prosperity and who suggests constructive remedies, is only fulfilling his duty. It is better to wash than to whitewash. There is here room for, and need of, the Christian cooperation of all.

It may be as well to state, first of all, some of the evils and then their remedy. One fundamental evil is of course moral, and their fundamental remedy lies in the practice of the Ten Commandments and of the twofold precept of love of God and our neighbor. Thus Pope Benedict XV, in a Christian allocution on "Peace on earth" diagnosed "the world's evils as resulting from 'negation of authority, hatred among brothers, thirst for pleasures, disgust for work and forgetfulness of the supernatural objects of life.'" The remedy is to practice Christianity. But while the application of Christianity to our personal conduct is admitted by all, even by those who neglect it, to be eminently desirable and ethically necessary, the use of the application of the Christian moral law to our economic system is often doubted or disregarded or denied. Yet Christianity alone can supply the guiding principles, the impelling motives and the adequate aids which will enable remedial legislation and labor unions and social reformers to alleviate the ills of society.

It must be admitted that our present economic system stands in grievous need of considerable modification for moral and improvements. Its chief defects are three. 1st. Enormous inefficiency and waste in the production and distribution of commodities. 2d. Insufficient incomes for the great majority of wage earners. 3d. Unnecessarily large incomes for a small minority of privileged capitalists. The remedies are described as follows: 1st. Production should be greatly increased by universal living wages, by adequate industrial legislation and by harmonious relations between labor and capital, on the basis of adequate participation by the former in all the industrial aspects of business management. The wastes of commodity distribution could be practically all eliminated by cooperative mercantile establishments and cooperatives selling and marketing. 2d. All the Provincial Fairness should enact laws providing for the establishment of wage rates that will be at least sufficient for the decent maintenance of a family, in the case of all male adults, and adequate to the decent individual support of female workers. It is to be kept in mind that a living wage includes not present needs, that is food, lodging, clothing, fuel, light, transportation, reading matter, recreation, charity and the support of religion, but also a reasonable provision for such future needs as sickness, invalidism and old age. 3d. The majority of the workers must not remain mere wage earners, but must somehow become owners, at least in part, of the instruments of production. They can be enabled to reach this gradually through cooperative productive societies, and partnership arrangements. This summary of the triple economic evil and its triple remedy has been borrowed, in part, textually, from the pamphlet entitled "Social Reconstruction," published by the Episcopal Committee of the National Council of the National Council of the United States).

One part of that programme can and will be put into effect in Ottawa this year. I refer to the living wage clause. In the summer of 1920 a Minimum Wage Act was passed by the Legislature of Ontario, which provides for "minimum living wages for women and girl employees." A great deal of extremely useful legislation is enacted every year in the Provincial Legislatures of Canada, as may be seen from a perusal of the volume entitled "Labor Legislation in Canada," published each year by the Dominion Department of Labor. One of the most useful of these legislative

remedies are the Minimum Wage Acts for Women Workers.

The principle of a living wage though introduced into Canadian legislation only in 1917 has long been a familiar one in Catholic schools. It was thus stated by Pope Leo XIII, in his Encyclical "Rerum Novarum," (15 May, 1891): "There is a dictate of nature more ancient and more imperious than any bargain between man and man, that the remuneration must be sufficient to support the wage earner in reasonable and frugal comfort. If through necessity or fear of a worse evil the workman accepts harder conditions because an employer or contractor will give him no better, he is a victim of fraud and injustice."

Humiliating as it is for us to have to admit it, there are women workers in Ottawa who are not receiving a remuneration sufficient to support themselves in reasonable and frugal comfort, and who, consequently, since they are giving an honest day's work (as the majority of them are) without receiving therefor an adequate day's pay, are the victims of fraud and injustice. A vicious economic system permit and practically forces girls and women, even when they are no longer apprentices, to seek and accept work at less than a living wage. While in many cases employers in Ottawa are paying just wages, and giving due attention to the health and comfort of their female workers, there are, unfortunately, women in Ottawa who are working for \$6, \$7, \$8 and \$9 a week, not to speak of girls who are working for \$5 a week or less. These facts are so easily ascertained that without exaggeration they may be described as notorious. The Ontario Government Department of Labor published in 1920 the number of occupations in the Industries of Ontario. Here are some facts concerning the wages paid female workers in the occupations surveyed, as may be found in Appendix A, to Bulletin No. 1. The percent age of the workers who receive less than \$5 weekly is in one occupation 3.8; in another 4.3; in another 6.1; in another 6.7, and finally in one occupation no less than 9.5. The cumulative percent of those who receive less than \$6 weekly ranges in several occupations from 4 to 8; while in others it ranges from 10 to 15, 17 and even 23.8. Those receiving less than \$7 weekly number in two occupations over 22%, in a third over 25% and in a fourth 35%. In five occupations grouped together, more than 58% of the female workers receive less than \$9 weekly. Finally of the nineteen occupations here surveyed none pay 80% of their female workers \$12 weekly; only six pay half their female employees \$12 weekly; only eight pay that amount to even 30%; while in four occupations the percentages of female workers receiving \$12 weekly were the last named occupation, a form of manual labor, which requires only a short apprenticeship 95.5% of the female workers receive less than \$12 weekly! Yet less than \$12 weekly is not a living wage for a woman worker. Those of us who are comfortably clothed, housed and fed, and can find enough money for car-fares, reading matter, recreation and medicine, (and to all these we are entitled if we do an honest day's work) can have but little idea of the humiliation, privations, sufferings and temptations to which are exposed working persons who are unjustly deprived of a living wage.

Thank God this deplorable state of affairs will not last much longer in Ontario. For under the Minimum Wage Act 1920, there was constituted a Wage Board, consisting of Professor J. W. Macmillan of Victoria College, Toronto, (Chairman), Mr. R. A. Stappell, Managing Director of The Elop Manufacturing Company, Toronto, Miss Margaret Stephens of the Garment Workers' Union, Toronto, Mrs. H. W. Parsons, Secretary of the Women's National Council, Toronto, and Mr. H. G. Foster, Secretary of the Hamilton Trades and Labor Council. The Board has authority under this Act to conduct such investigations as it may deem necessary, and after due enquiry, to establish a Minimum Wage for female employees in any trade, occupation or calling in Ontario apart from farm laborers or domestic servants. Meanwhile since action by the Minimum Wage Board though imminent can scarcely be immediate, I would most earnestly implore our local employers who are paying experienced women less than \$12 weekly to take time by the forelock and, without waiting for the decrees of this Board, fulfil the primary requirements of justice by giving at once to the girls and women who are doing a fair day's work for them, a living wage.

JOHN J. O'GORMAN
Blessed Sacrament Globehouse,
January 11, 1921.

ASKS PRAYERS OF CHILDREN

CLEMENCEAU FEELS HIS END IS NOT FAR OFF AND WANTS THEM TO REMEMBER HIM (By N. C. W. C. News Service)

Paris, Dec. 24.—M. Clemenceau is a master in every form of eloquence. He can bite as hard as a tiger, but he can also be as suave as a lamb. It was the language of the lamb that he used a few weeks ago in addressing the children of the French

Sisters' school at Singapore, India. He said:

"My dear little children; I feel somewhat intimidated in your presence. I am used to face men who do not agree with me or refuse to believe me, and so wish them I get angry and speak loudly. But here before you, who are a France in miniature, what words can an old tired man, who will soon be called upon to give an account of himself in the world beyond, find to express himself?"

"I am very fond of children and I am deeply touched by the compliment you have paid me and for which I am indebted to your Reverend Mother. I can see with what love you are surrounded here and how perfectly the Reverend Mother has learned the secret of being obeyed without getting angry, without frowning or always threatening. It is her smile that wins your obedience, and her authority rests on her meekness, her benevolence, and her ever noble and lofty spirit."

"As you grow up, you will see how different it is in the world. Here you belong to all races, to all nationalities, but you are brought close to France by your education, and soon you will realize that no people has suffered more than the French people."

RECALLS ANTAGONISM

"I have had the honor of spending nearly all my life in the Government, and I hope we have always worked for France. I am moved at the sight of these good Fathers and of the Sisters engaged in this work. I must say that we have not always been good friends, but perhaps that was better, since it gave us the occasion of striking afterwards a warmer friendship."

"Your grand mother, France, having been attacked, her sons found out that they had been—how shall I say?—very stupid to fight one another when they had so many good reasons to love one another. Then, as you told me, England came in. She and France joined to repel the invader, and now they are going to work hand in hand for all just and noble causes."

"I beg your pardon for telling you these serious things which you will understand better when you are a grown up. In a few years, perhaps in a few months, you will hear that I am dead. I ask you that day to remember me."

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

APPEAL FOR FUNDS

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

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

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

Gratefully yours in Jesus and Mary
J. M. FRASER.

QUEEN OF APOSTLE BURSAR

Previously acknowledged \$1,919 22
From California..... 5 00

ST. ANTHONY'S BURSAR

Previously acknowledged... \$1,088 95
John N. McKenzie, Christ-
mas Island..... 2 50
A Friend, Alliston..... 1 00

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BURSAR

Previously acknowledged... \$2,254 58

COMPANION OF THE AFFLICTED BURSAR

Previously acknowledged... \$846 50
ST. JOSEPH, PATRON OF CHINA, BURSAR

Previously acknowledged... \$1,761 19
H. A. McKinley, Curran..... 1 00
John N. McKenzie, Christ-
mas Island..... 2 50
Reader of RECORD, Cornwall 1 00

BLESSED SACRAMENT BURSAR

Previously acknowledged... \$291 05

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER BURSAR

Previously acknowledged... \$270 80

HOLY NAME OF JESUS BURSAR

Previously acknowledged... \$225 00

HOLY SOULS BURSAR

Previously acknowledged... \$904 60
A Friend, Canada..... 1 00
Miss F. M. Jamieson, Canso 1 00
Mrs. H. J. Jamieson, Canso 1 00
Mrs. R. C. St. Debeo, N. B. 2 00
John A. McDonald, Reserve
Mines..... 1 00

James E. Murphy, Anglesin
Cove, P. E. I..... 3 00
Margaret & Maurice Finnetty
Queensland..... 5 00

LITTLE FLOWERS BURSAR

Previously acknowledged... \$487 19
In thanksgiving..... 5 00
A. B., Windsor..... 2 00

SACRED HEART LEAGUE BURSAR

Previously acknowledged... \$1,256 95
Children of R. C. School,
King's Cove, Nfld..... 2 90
D. S. Murphy, King's Cove,
Nfld..... 2 17

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOUY, D. D. SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY

THE CHURCH OUR GUIDE "The seed is the word of God; and they by the word; and they that bear; then the devil cometh and taketh the word out of their heart, lest believing they should be saved." (Luke VIII, 11, 12)

Today the Church puts before the people for their edification, Christ's parable of the sower and the seed. Our Saviour made this parable embrace all classes of men, and it truthfully depicts to us how men have been and are affected spiritually. It has nothing to do with their temporal welfare, but relates solely to the good of their souls and their forthcoming reward. This kind of a Gospel is needed in our times. We are living in an age when men's minds are turned more toward temporal than spiritual—or, at least, when they are loath to sacrifice the thing of body for the benefits of soul. In many the material has supplanted the spiritual; nay, many have never known either the spiritual or its demands. The offspring of the many practical pagans of the present time are in most cases pagans themselves through life. Nay, it is even difficult to hold many who have been born and reared more fortunate than the children of the poor, to the life of Christ. Many of them, they consider the Church's voice gruff and her commands foolish. The enemy of their salvation has many means at his command by which he can lead them away—"be cometh and taketh the word out of their heart, lest believing they should be saved."

For Christians, therefore, the work of conservation—or, as it is commonly called, perseverance—their duty should be one of the foremost things in their minds and one of the principal ends of their spiritual endeavor. And, needless to say, it requires a rational effort on the part of man. He should not blindly and vainly expect to be given this all important gift. The work of salvation in a person who has the use of reason requires the most fixed and firm intention as well as meritorious acts. We must not perform our spiritual duties forgetfully or mechanically. They must be guided by our intention, as the modern writer is guided by the hand that steers it. God's desire is that we fully realize why He has put us upon earth, and how we must attain our end. We must never lose sight of this fact. If we do, we soon shall find that we are groping in darkness, like the traveler by night who has wandered from the path that would lead him to his destination.

No matter how fervent the Christian, nor how strong his faith, this truth of the necessity of perseverance ever should be before him. Many have fallen, who once were pure and good and faithful, because they had become careless about their salvation. Some have thought that it would be easy to return, but alas! they are still far away. Sin blights, it weakens, it blinds. It inflicts, moreover, a wound on the soul from which it is difficult to recover. He who plays with Satan has ever afterwards a strong inclination to return to his hotel. There are some plants in the world which, if we touch, poison us to such an extent that we scarcely ever completely recover from the effects. Satan and grievous sin are the poisonous spiritual growths which, if we place ourselves in contact with them, will often poison us for life, or at least leave us so weakened that a relapse is easy. People often seem to forget that some things carry in their train effects that are inevitable, or so nearly inevitable that only a special intervention on the part of God could prevent them. Fire is sure to burn, for it is its nature to do so. No one can deprive it of this quality. Sin has effects that will inevitably follow; the more serious the sin the more terrible the effect. He who is seriously burned has but a slight chance for life; and in like manner he who has sinned grievously finds it difficult to free himself from the effects of his sin. The words of Holy Writ, "he who loves the danger shall perish in it," express the truth concisely for us.

When Catholics consider this truth they necessarily must see that all must not expose themselves to all the temptations that are rampant in the world. Satan is dancing at many a scene that a shameless element furthers and a lax society permits. If Catholics do all that civil laws permit, there is no chance for their salvation. Yet there are many who believe they are justified in doing whatever the State permits. But they who do so are following the devil. He who thinks that he can indulge in certain things which the law tolerates is placing his salvation at stake. The Church alone is the Catholic's guide. He who is deaf to her commands and exhortations, even when she forbids things that other churches permit, will never be among those in whose hearts the word of God takes deep root.

The Church's vigilance over her children and the interests she manifests in their spiritual welfare are made known in the commands she gives and in the prohibitions she establishes. Behind them all is not only the wisdom of an experienced guardian, but also the light of the Holy Ghost and the infallible truth of God. Christ's words, "he who hears you, hears Me," are as true today regarding the Church as they were of the earlier brethren's complete submission to the apostles and their teaching. The Church's laws are all made for her children's safety

and welfare. Without them, they would be thrown continually into dangers that would in time bring about their complete spiritual destruction. As it was the star of Bethlehem, and no other, that guided the Wise Men to the manger of Christ, so it is only the Church that directs Catholics to the haven of eternal safety.

CANDLEMAS DAY

On February 2nd we again celebrate the feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary. In common speech we call it Candlemas, because on this day the candles prescribed for divine services are blessed. The candles must be made of bees-wax. This is an imperative that the Church has preferred to have even her most sacred rites performed without lights rather than have those used that are not made of this material. The very word "candle" (Latin *Candela*), in the language of the Church, always signifies a candle made of bees-wax. Tallow, sperm, paraffine, patent wax, or any other than bees wax candles cannot be blessed, and are forbidden to be used for divine service. It is an ancient and praiseworthy custom for Catholics to procure at least one wax candle for this day, and after it has been blessed, to take it home to use it at the bed of the dying, or during a storm, or for any other proper use as the Church wishes. Good Catholics, we know, are not satisfied with this alone; they offer one or more candles for the service of the altar, thus following the example of Mary, who, though not subject to the law, offered a sacrifice in the temple.

In a book entitled "The Sacraments of the Holy Catholic Church," we find the following beautiful remarks in regard to this custom: "The Church calls us to the temple for the Purification, that our eyes, too, may see this glorious Light, recognizing it in its symbol, the blessed candle, that our hands, too, may hold the Infant Saviour in holding the waxen taper which represents Him."

How full of meaning are all the rites of our religion! Not by chance has the Church chosen the wax candle as a type of her Lord and Master. St. Anselm of Canterbury, tells us the reasons: "The wax product of the virgin bee represents Christ's most spotless body; the wick encased in the wax, and forming one with it, images His human soul, whilst the ruddy flame, crowning and completing the union of wax and wick, typifies the divine nature, subsisting inconspicuously with human nature in one divine person."

Let us then make, on receiving our blessed candle, an act of faith in Christ the light of the world, enlightening every man coming into the world. Let us remember we are the children of light, that as such we ought to shed around us the light of good example. Oh, dear readers! if our lives were as they should be, we would be as so many torches placed upon the pathway of truth to show our poor erring countrymen the way to the glorious city of God, the Holy Roman Catholic Church.

We should make of this festival an offering of candles for the service of the altar. On 1 what a consoling thought of us, when we are at our daily work, that perhaps our candles are at that moment burning before the Blessed Sacrament, taking the place of our hearts, silently, purely burning in their stead before the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Nor should we forget ourselves. We ought to have at least one blessed candle especially for our own private use to take to our houses to burn before a crucifix or an image of the saints, like it, ought to be consuming the cross of earthly affection in the pure heaven aspiring flame of love.

We must put our confidence in these holy candles, for the prayers of the Church have ascended to God that "He would bless and sanctify them for the service of men and for the good of their bodies and souls in all places. Hious Catholics light them during thunderstorms, that God, in consideration of Christ Whom they represent, may reign to protect His servants. Let us light them whenever we are threatened with calamity, and, if we do so in a spirit of faith we will experience signal proof of God's fatherly care for us. But above all, let the holy candle burn by the bedside of the sick and dying, dispelling, by its blessed light, which the prince of darkness strives to cast around the Christian soul at the hour of its dissolution and illuminating the dark road through the valley of death to the mountain whose light is God.—Catholic Bulletin.

ST. BLASE

FEAST FEBRUARY 3

The blessing of St. Blase must certainly have wrought wonders in curing sore throats, since every year the afflicted members of Christ's fold seek the help of this Armenian Bishop and martyr. The priest in giving the benediction of this great saint uses the words: "May the Lord through the intercession of St. Blase, Bishop and martyr, free and preserve you from every disease of throat, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.—Amen." That the saint is solicitous for his devotees is shown by the cures wrought through his power. As a great martyr who feared not all the cruelties that the devil's

agents could conceive or administer, what a rebuke is to our want of sacrifice. Not called on to suffer for our faith, we are so cowardly in giving it expression or in making a virtue of a necessity of the little annoyances of daily life that we should receive from the hand of the Crucified as a proof of His memory of us.—Catholic Columbian.

THE NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

(By Rev. E. F. Garabche, S. J.)

There is something disconcerting and unexpected in the coming of New Year for the man or woman who is sincerely bent on making the most of this very brief affair called life. The days slip off so nimbly and seem to leave behind so little of real achievement that when the passing and accounting time comes suddenly on us we gasp to think that another year has really got away. Twelve months! Three hundred and sixty-five whole days since last we sat, on New Year's eve, and soberly considered what should be our New Year's resolutions! How have the hours all stolen by, and what have we done with them?

The comical contrast between the great things we meant to do, when the year was new, and our actual achievements has made a jest of New Year's resolutions. The comic papers, which move in well-worn grooves and have long ago exhausted the possible sources of their inspiration, will probably continue to poke fun at them as long as ink drips or presses have to be fed with thirty paper. But for all that, he is no wise man who gives up making his New Year's resolutions.

Our human nature is singularly made. We partake of the limitations of the material things around us. In order to keep its course of spring-time and seed-time, the world about us must put forth a thousand seeds for every one that it takes root and flourish. The sea teems with the innumerable spawn of fish, of which only one in ten thousand will mature—it would be closer to the truth to say, one in a hundred thousand. To spin its web a spider must make trial after trial and beginning after beginning. And so, to pass by a thousand other obvious instances, to achieve anything worthy and noble in his life a man must make and break and make again many resolutions.

But it is a very silly thing to think that even the resolutions that we make and break are of no account and do not help us forward to better living. It is the man who makes no resolutions who is a pathetic or a funny spectacle, just as you choose to laugh at or weep over him. For he has compromised with fate, given up sowing, and is content, or despairing, in his own poor level of accomplishment. Besides, the making of good resolutions merely because we have not kept our good resolves of the past. Those who do so betray their lack of knowledge and efficacy of a good resolution is not merely in the actual accomplishment, in the immediate good actions which follow the resolution. Besides, this immediate accomplishment there are two extremely precious fruits which follow upon every sinner and holy resolution; first, the merit which one gains by making the resolution itself, independently of its fulfillment, and second, the training and discipline of the will, by which the good resolve ennobles and dignifies, strengthens and trains that lordly faculty.

When you say to yourself with sincerity: "I will serve God better this year," will be more helpful to my neighbor, and more loyal and active to my service to the Church," this resolve of yours is in itself a meritorious action in God's sight and pleases His fatherly heart. When you then go on to specify in your good resolve the particular ways in which you mean to carry out this good purpose, and make specific and detailed resolutions, God is still more pleased at your good will, and gives you the precise degree of sanctifying grace which that good intention merits, whether He foresees that you will actually be strong enough to keep the good resolve or not. The making of it is in itself an action of great and special merit, and the fact that we afterward leave it to drift, or that we do not try to do the good thing we planned at the time we made the good resolution—it merely shows, perhaps, that we did not make our resolution strong enough to stand the wear of life nor foresee the difficulties that would rise up in the way. But whether we keep them or not, God is extremely pleased to see us make good resolutions, because it is a proof of our will to serve Him more faithfully. Besides, the making of new resolutions is a sure sign that we have not surrendered utterly to that demon of tepidity which is the snare of middle life, when those who have had ambitions in their youth to serve God worthily are tempted to leave over trying, give up the practice of making good resolves, and surrender ignominiously to tepidity and sloth.

By a terrible and vivid saying God has expressed His longing for those who thus surrender. "I would," says He, "thou wert cold or hot, but because thou art lukewarm and neither cold nor hot I will begin to vomit thee out of My mouth." Those who have given up altogether the holy practice of making good resolutions, who rest supinely in the resolutions, who rest supinely in the resolutions, without even looking up-

ward with longing eyes of the heights of the saints, would do well to search their hearts to see whether they are included in this saying. They should begin again to make sedulous resolutions, to warm and strengthen their heart with good resolves, and use some diligence to climb out of the mud of tepidity and sloth.

The masters of the spiritual life have all realized and asserted many times and in many ways the importance of making and renewing good resolutions, and their systems of asceticism, which means the gymnastics of holiness, are all built in great measure on this principle, that we must often make new resolves and recall the old ones, if we would advance in the service of God. The making and renewing of resolutions is a chief part of the practice of the particular and the general, examination, and they have explained more than once in these pages and which are among the most potent aids to sanctity. And the reason is excessively simple. The will, like every other faculty, is strengthened with exercise. When we make a good resolve we exercise our will, and in proportion as our resolve is stronger and more definite, the value of this exercise to the will is greater. Hence the reasonableness and efficacy of making special efforts of the will and formulating particular resolves at the great feasts and at the turning points of the year. For it is natural in us at these times to feel a stirring of the will and to desire to turn over a new leaf to match the new and hopeful season. Therefore our resolves are apt to be the more earnest, strong and sincere, the more they give over to them, gentle reader, the making of your New Year's resolutions. But neither the grin of the cynic nor your own sloth and weariness discourage you from this time honored and most profitable practice, in honor both with God and men. For New Year's resolutions are the cure of evil custom, the spur of tepidity and sloth, the earnest of a good will, and an antidote to the old age of the soul which tends to deaden hope and resolution. For the soul that has ceased to hope and resolve is slowly dying—indeed and in truth, to have quite ceased resolving is to be already dead.

THE PATRON OF THE CHRISTIAN FAMILY

(By the Rev. R. A. McGowan)

Few devotions in the Church today have become so universal or have appealed so forcibly to the hearts of Christian people and particularly the laboring class as that of St. Joseph, the patron of the Universal Church and the patron of the Christian family, which has been used so frequently by Pope Benedict in his Motu Proprio last May. This devotion, because of the conditions in the world which make it so necessary, has every mark of being providential. In every age the Church has raised up particular men and women whose lives have exemplified the inspiration needed to combat particular problems and evils. In the deeds of the saints there is an inexhaustible treasury from which she may draw whatever gems she most needed to stimulate Christian virtues and to furnish noble example. And today, when the forces of evil have turned their weapons directly at the sanctity of family life, when divorce is rampant, when unholy alliances are too often a matter of jest and witicism, and when false prophets have arisen who would destroy practically the whole of marriage and family union, it is to St. Joseph, the humble carpenter of the Nazareth and the guardian of the Holy Family, that she bids us turn.

Although devotion to St. Joseph has a very early foundation, it was not until comparatively recently, particularly in the nineteenth century, that it attained such great prominence in the Church. The early canonized saints were for the most part martyrs, for they were living in those early days, when the trials and steadfastness to faith usually took the form of physical tortures, that inspiration should be furnished by those who had successfully faced the fire and sword. It was not until the fifteenth century that the feast of St. Joseph was introduced into the Roman calendar, to be celebrated March 19th. Pope Benedict XIII. in 1726 inserted the name of St. Joseph in the Litany of the Saints. Pope Pius IX. displayed great devotion to St. Joseph, and in 1870 solemnly declared the Patriarch Joseph the patron of the Universal Church and enjoyed his feast to be celebrated as a double of the first class.

Little is known of the life of St. Joseph. There is no doubt that he was of royal blood, a descendant of David, and it is believed that he was born in Bethlehem, the city of David. A few months before the Annunciation we find him settled at Nazareth. Joseph was truly the head of the Holy Family, the strong arm that protected Jesus and Mary in time of danger, the supporter of the humble home of Nazareth. As such he received the Divine Manifestations warning him of his perils that beset them, and Mary, recognizing his position, obeyed him and followed his guidance. When Herod sent word that all the children in Bethlehem up to the age of two years were to be slain, Joseph arose in the night and taking the Child and His Mother fled into Egypt. There they remained several years, Joseph earning enough by his trade to support them. When word came finally that Herod, the enemy of his Divine foster son,

had died and that all was safe, St. Joseph returned to Palestine with Jesus and Mary and settled in Nazareth.

In Nazareth St. Joseph made the home of Christ and the Blessed Virgin. Egypt had been to him a place of exile, but no doubt a happy exile even in the midst of a strange people.

Legend had woven about the home life of the Holy Family many a fond story. Christian artists have felt the inspiration furnished by the thought of Joseph toiling away at his carpenter's craft while the gentle Mary attended to the household duties and the boy Jesus grew in strength and in wisdom. Only once does the gospel narrative interrupt this picture. That was the occasion when at the age of twelve, Jesus is brought to Jerusalem for the feast of the Passover and on the return journey is lost by his parents.

St. Joseph, according to Christian belief, died in the arms of Jesus and Mary. His death must have occurred during the hidden life of Christ and before our Saviour left the family abode for the last time to go forth and preach His gospel. St. Joseph's death was a death such as we all might wish to die—in the midst of those he loved the best. It has been the inspiration of artists. One of the most vivid representations of his passing is that which is portrayed in Rome, where, to the north and west of St. Peter's there stands a church that is dedicated as the Church of All Nations. Over one of its altars in a side chapel hangs a fresco done by a modern artist. Here we see St. Joseph dying. Over the picture there is cast a mystic light, radiating from the prostrate figure of St. Joseph on his death bed, from the mourning wife, the Mother of God, from his sorrowing foster son, Christ Our Lord. It is the ideal death of the father, the head of the family. He had cared for the Blessed Virgin when Christ had been conceived in her womb, he had watched over her on the journey to Bethlehem, he had obtained shelter for her in the crowded village when Christ was born, he had snatched the Child from the fate of all male children ordered to be slain by Herod, he had guarded them in the flight to Egypt and cared for them during their exile, and he had made their home for them in Nazareth. And when he came to die it was in his humble home, in the presence of those for whom he had spent his life.

That home stands today as the example of the Christian home of all times. We call Joseph, the carpenter of Nazareth, St. Joseph, because the Holy Ghost called him a "just man." His justice and sanctity increased at Bethlehem, in Egypt and at Nazareth. It grew because he fulfilled his duties as the head of the family in the way God has ordained. It grew because he lived his life with the Immaculate Virgin, the Mother of God, and with Christ, the Son of God. St. Joseph is the patron of the Christian family because he protected the Holy Family. His example has been a source of strength and courage in the past to countless families throughout the Christian world. To him must we look for help and inspiration that the sanctity of the family be not destroyed, for if our homes are ruined our hopes are blasted. Pope Benedict would have us rally to the standard of the home, and to the patron of the home so that the hope of a rebirth of Christian civilization may come to pass.—N. C. W. C. Service.

CATHOLICS ALONE CONSTRUCTIVE

(By N. C. W. C. News Service)

London, Dec. 30.—In the midst of attempts and rumors of attempts to indicate a cold or severe threat. It is stirring to use, you just light the little lamp that vaporizes the Creosolene and place it near the bed. The soothing antiseptic vapor makes breathing easy, relieves the cough, eases the soreness and congestion, and protects in epidemics. Recommended for Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Croup, Neural Catarrh and Asthma. Creosolene has been used for the past 40 years. The benefit is unquestionable. Send for descriptive booklet. Sold by every druggist. VAPO-CREOSOLENE CO., Leamington, Ont., Canada.

The proposal of the Archbishop of Tuam for a truce of God was an entirely constructive document. The manifesto addressed to the Prime Minister by the British Catholic Committee for Reconciliation, which called for an immediate cessation of reprisals with the recognition of Ireland as an equal partner with an equal voice in defining the terms of partnership, was also constructive. The plea of Cardinal Bourne for the withdrawal of the armed forces of the Crown and for placing in the hands of the legitimate and responsible republicans the task of maintaining public peace in Ireland was extremely practical.

Above the voice of the politicians and political interests, who will see to it, as far as they are able, that there shall not be a satisfactory settlement, and above the clamor of the growing mass of public opinion that may be said to be sympathetic even if it is in a condition of abnormal ignorance as far as the real facts about Ireland are concerned, the Catholic voice emerges clear, definite, constructive. The Bishops speak from the administrative experience of those things that are for national and political salvation. It is hoping too much to think that the politicians will listen to them. There is indeed no sound reason why they should come forward to help Sir Hannu Greenwood out of a tight corner. But since he has publicly, in the House of Commons, as much as said that the Bishops are the only persons who can rescue him from his dilemma, he might do worse than heed their suggestions.

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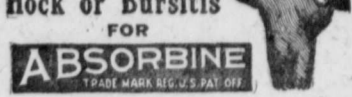
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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

WAITING
I could say nice things about him;
I could praise him if I would;

that cloud of sorrow, and instantly
the trouble seems deprived of half
its bitterness, not that it is any less
hard but because a friend has come
to bear half the burden on his own
shoulders.

her, or making her restless. Character
is not formed in a minute. This
girl has been training herself
for years to be punctual. She is
ever ready for emergencies, for this
habit of punctuality now touches her
life in all its relations, and she is
making her influence felt in her own
family, at least, for they must come
to see the wonderful advantage of
being always ready, always on time.

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sorrow and litigation is often caused by the failure to
make a will.

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THIS YEAR'S RESOLUTION

And now, what will you resolve for
1921? Friend, be wise! Just one
resolution: not more. And that is:
Have the purest of motives in doing
whatever you are supposed to do,
whatever duty calls for. That is the
key to happiness and contentment.

He is the true friend then who is
with us in sunshine and storm and
that unchanging fidelity is really
what is meant by friendship. It is
not expediency that cemented
friendships, expediency when changed
would dissolve them, but because
one's nature can never change, there-
fore true friendships are eternal.

According to the story, Hiawatha
was the wisest man of the Onondagas
and when the different tribes were
troubled by the Hurons, who lived to
the north of them, and the Algon-
quins, who were their eastern neigh-
bors, he proposed a meeting of the
tribes to form a union for mutual
defense. But the scheme was de-
feated by Atarho, the great war
chief of the Onondagas, who was
jealous of dividing his power, and
Hiawatha was driven out of the
tribe.

he was content to be buried in the
foundations of that work whose glory
he was never to see in this life.
Hidden away from the world he sub-
mitted humbly to the will of God
that decreed that he should pass his
days in obscurity, in poverty, and in
labor. This just man instead of
complaining about the hardness of
his lot, was content to let the
Divine Wisdom make use of those
hardships to lead him to higher
paths of eternal peace and happi-
ness.

long as she claims to speak for Christ
and to interpret His mind.
Christ had His own experiences
with the spirits of darkness. They
were suspicious of Him and were
anxious to know what power He
possessed. One of them took Him to
the pinnacle of the temple and later
on to the summit of a high moun-
tain, and the Lord dismissed him as
the devil should always be dismissed.
Another, possibly the same unclean
spirit of whom Doctor Schofield
speaks, addressed Him reproachfully.
The record of the strange episode is
found in the fourth chapter of St.
Luke's gospel:

ancient remains of the Primitive
Church, in the City of Rome; and a
generation or so ago . . . it was
the fashion amongst a not very
learned school of Protestants—with
whom, no doubt, "the wish was
father to the thought"—to deny that
St. Peter ever was in Rome at all!

John Latcran, which has been in
continual use since the fourth cen-
tury, is the actual altar table on
which the Anselm St. Peter cele-
brated the Holy Eucharist in the
oratory of the house of Pudens.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

WHEN PA AND MA GET SICK
When pa is sick
He's scared to death,
An' ma an' us
Jest hold our breath.

While the people were celebrating
the treaty with the usual feasting, it
was observed that Hiawatha was sad
and silent. "Feasting is not for
me," he said, when his friends urged
him to join the festivities; "I am to
go on a far journey."

At that moment a beautiful white
canoe was seen approaching across
the lake, driven by some unseen
power. When it reached the shore
Hiawatha, bidding farewell to those
who had crowded about him, stepped
into the canoe, which moved rapidly
away. As it reached the middle of
the lake it suddenly rose into the
air. Higher and higher into the
air. Higher and higher into the
air. Higher and higher into the
air. Higher and higher into the
air.

ON THE WANE

Reports from England indicate
that the epidemic of Spiritism is
abating in that country? Sir Oliver
Lodge owns here and gave some
distinction to the cause, for the only
had its followers here and many a
dishonest and tainted dollar was
turned by the thrifty and unscrupu-
lous mediums.

Idle Compliments
THE EFFECT OF SINCERE PRAISE
AND OF HOLLOW FLATTERY
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ciently well acquainted with themselves
usually deal professional "honey
drippers." They prefer and admire
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FRIENDSHIP

"Friendship is a word, the very
right of which is what makes the
heart warm," says an exchange. How
eloquently these words express what
friendship means to one and all of us
in our voyages over the sea of life!
Without the pleasure and comfort
afforded by true friendship the years
would be empty indeed. Lamb says
that having a friend to share our joy
doubles it for us, and having one in
whom we may confide our sorrow,
halves its bitter pang. If any great
happiness, success or prosperity,
overtake us, the very thought that
there is a friend who will be delighted
with our success increases our own
joy immensely. On the other hand,
if we have tasted of the bitter fruits
of life, and some trouble or adversity
great or small, has come like a cloud
to darken the hitherto bright horizon
of our hopes, and to us that cloud
seems black as night and threatens
to overshadow the sunshine of our
whole life; but our friend comes to
us, uninvited if he is a true friend,
for a true friend visits us in prosperity
only when invited, but in adversity
they come without invitation, and
points out to us the silver lining (it
may be tiny, but still it is silver) to

GOOD TRAINING

The punctual girl is always a
thoughtful girl. She is the girl who
does not delay in doing an errand;
who never keeps the breakfast wait-
ing while she repairs some forgotten
damage to her clothes. No one is
ever kept waiting while she repairs
some forgotten damage to her
clothes. No one is ever kept waiting
while she sews a rip in her dress or
a break in her gloves. These things
are all done in season. She never
puts off doing a thing at the right
time, because she has learned that
when a thing has been attended to,
and put away, there is no need to
worry about that particular thing.
She is the girl who is at her desk
on time if she is one of the great
army of working girls. Her employer
and friends all know that she will
be ready for business or pleasure at the
appointed time.
This girl's nerves are in good order
because she never has to hurry or
worry to catch up some work that
has been neglected at the proper
time, and her life runs on smoothly
and happily because no undone task
or neglected appointment is worrying

A GOLDEN JUBILEE OF SPECIAL SOLEMNITY

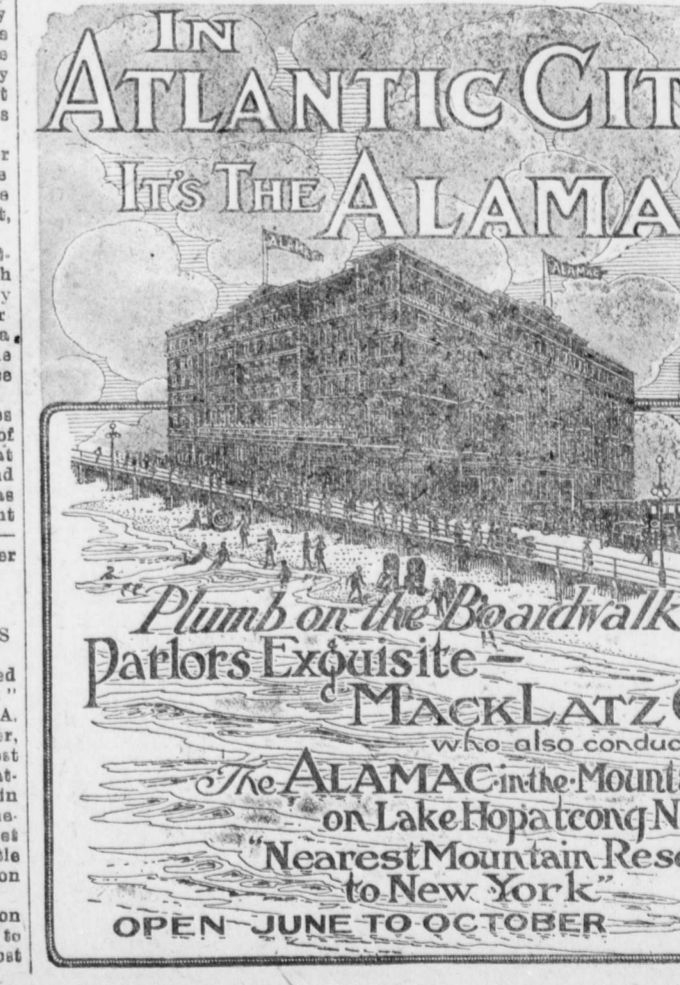
Pope Benedict in an Apostolic
Letter, dated on the Feast of St.
James, reminded us that fifty years
ago the Church upon earth was
solemnly dedicated to the patronage
of St. Joseph. The Holy Father
expressed his desire that during the
year beginning with the 8th of
December, 1920, Catholics should
celebrate the Golden Jubilee of that
event with special solemnity. He
also pointed out that the ideals
exemplified in the life of St. Joseph
should be the ideal by which
Catholics should be governed during
these troublous days. The foster
father of Our Lord and the spouse
of His Blessed Mother is therefore to
be the special object of our devotion
and study during this new year just
opening.
St. Joseph's chief praise in the
inspired word of God is that he was
a "just man." Today when justice
is at times widely infringed, it is
well to recall this shining fact.
Justice in its comprehensive mean-
ing consists in rendering to all what
belongs to them, to God what belongs
to God and to man what belongs to
man.
St. Joseph, therefore, fulfilled the
law; he was, humanly speaking, the
ideal Christian man. Though he
was the head of the Holy Family, he
was ever the servant of those com-
mitted to his charge. His life was
spent in entire renunciation of self.
In rendering to others what
belonged to them, his was a life of
giving not taking. He did not obey
the worldly maxim of getting the
most out of life, he followed the
higher counsel of putting the most
into life.
St. Joseph's next claim to our
veneration is his humility. He was
dedicated by God for a great work, but

ST. PETER IN THE CATACOMBS

In a charming little book called
"The Lesson of the Catacombs"
(Macmillan) written by the Rev. A.
Henderson, an Anglican minister,
the author shows that unlike most
Protestants he has no doubt what-
ever that St. Peter ended his days in
Rome. Describing the Ostian Cata-
combs, where "the first Chair was set
up" and "where Peter the Apostle
was wont to baptize," Mr. Henderson
well observes:
"Nothing is more common
amongst unreflecting people than to
question the authenticity of the most

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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

AT THE FRONT

Appeals to the Catholic people through these valuable columns have taken many forms. We are now going to present our readers with some evidence from the fields themselves describing alternately the actual conditions of some of the missions.

Komarno, Man., Dec. 30, 1920. Very Rev. Thos. O'Donnell, President of Catholic Church Extension Society, Toronto.

Very Rev. and Dear Father: I am very thankful to you for publishing my last letter. Some readers who saw it published asked me the other day if the situation was as bad as I had depicted it; they thought I was exaggerating. Can I answer by way of the press. I wish to tell the Catholic world of Canada what is happening in this 20th century, only fifty miles north of the great Winnipeg. In Whitehead, there are living about 70 families. A Ruthenian Catholic priest visited them twelve years ago and last week—when we discovered the settlement, hidden from us by a bigger settlement of independent, who have a father to do the religious work amongst them. Ten per cent of the families are living in irregular conditions. More than 75 per cent of the people did not go to confession since twenty-five years, the best ones going to a Polish chapel, a long way from there, where a Ruthenian Father of our mission has been accepted by the Poles only a few months ago.

More than fifteen boys between fifteen and twenty-four years of age made their first Holy Communion and all had to be specially instructed, because they never had heard about the most Holy Sacrament! Only a few of them knew of the mystery of the Blessed Trinity. One consoling thought for us is that the Presbyterians did not find their way to that "Little China," except on one occasion when a doctor baptized 9 babies in one family and took two of them to his institution.

I am going to build a chapel in that place. I think I could put on the frontispiece, "Ignis Dei." It will be our 16th chapel in four years. Glory be to God! Please Father, do not forget our district and its "Little China." Maybe somebody is looking for a place, where a good start could be made. I would suggest this, or Arbog, or Dallas, where Indian Catholics have a chapel and Ruthenian (and Polish) have none.

Thanking you for all your past favors and hoping you will not forget our mission in your prayers. I beg to remain, Your gratefully, REV. LS. V. D. BOSCHÉ, C. S. R.

Here is another from Edmonton Archdiocese: Clyde, Alta., Dec. 28, 1920. Most Rev. Henry J. O'Leary, D.D., Archbishop of Edmonton.

Your Grace: I wish with your consent to lay before you an account of my missions. I am all alone here and in all, have nearly two hundred miles of territory to cover with seventeen missions. Most of them are very poor, but there is one in particular of which I wish to speak to Your Grace. It is a place called Dapp, where there are 16 families, all of which consist of Catholics. They are in great need of a little church or chapel, but they are very poor. They would give the land and would, I am sure, joyfully construct the building if we could only buy the material. Is there any way that Your Grace could help us? When I went there the last time, I was driven in a sort of cart drawn by oxen and the poor man who came for me was obliged to work a whole day to pay for the use of the animals. When I arrived, I gathered up the people together and had Mass in the open air under a big tree, as there was no house really large enough for the people. These people are very good. They are glad to see the priest and attend the sacraments when they can. If they only had a chapel I feel sure that there would be no danger for their faith. Please, dear Archbishop, try and do something for them.

Hoping you will come to see us soon and wishing you a Happy New Year, I am, (Signed) F. P. KOOLEN, S. C. J.

APPROVAL OF REQUEST

Archbishop's House, South Edmonton, Alta., Jan. 3, 1921. Very Rev. Thos. O'Donnell, D.D., President of the Catholic Church Extension Society, Toronto. Very Rev. and Dear Father: Enclosed you will find a letter of appeal from one of the missions of this diocese which I recommend to the charity and generosity of the Catholic Church Extension Society. I have looked into the matter very carefully and find that the good people of Dapp are really struggling to keep the Faith. Will some good soul in Ontario come to the aid of their compatriots and supply them with a memorial chapel? Thanking you for the Mass Intentions with which you so generously supplied us, I am, Dear Rev. Father, Yours very devotedly in Xlo.

HENRY J. O'LEARY, Archbishop of Edmonton.

We do not believe it possible to more clearly state the actual facts. No pioneer in any country ever faced worse conditions in an attempt to serve a newly settling Catholic people. We doubt whether any exhortation is needed to our generous people. The circumstances speak for themselves. It is such missions as these the Catholic Church Extension Society is constantly aiding.

Donations may be addressed to: REV. T. O'DONNELL, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 87 Bond St., Toronto. Contributions through this office should be addressed:

EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

PREVIOUSLY ACKNOWLEDGED \$4,178.38

Table with columns: MASS INTENTIONS, A Friend, Grainfield, Mrs. R. C., Sr. Debec, N.B., John A. McDonald, Reserve Mines, RUTHENIAN APPEAL, Angus R. MacDonald, Brook Village, James P. Murphy, Augustine Cove, P. E. I.

"A FRIEND OF MINE"

In a certain sense, there is not much of meaning in a single name. At you run down with the eye along the lists in a directory names flash by without leaving a trace of feeling. Here and there one may cause you to pause for a moment and reminisce on an old friend, an acquaintance, an enemy.

To the normal man the mention of his mother's name brings a flood of memories, pleasant, tender and soothing. A single insult to that name starts a sudden chain of actions that may end in the murder of one who would sneeringly refer to the mother who bore and nursed this normal man.

The name of one's country is ever cherished in the heart with other treasures; an affront to the name of the land we call our own is resented quickly and decisively. So, after all, there is something in a name. It depends just what that name stands for.

The Holy Book tells us that at the Name of Jesus every knee should bend; not merely a few believers, but every individual being in heaven, in hell, on earth, should bow in reverence. If instead of outwardly manifesting a respect that one pays to the name of mother, country or friend, the thoughtless or malicious man insists in profaning that Sacred Symbol, what should not be his punishment. This desecrated use of a holy thing brings a shudder to a person of refinement, let alone of faith. And yet, too frequently is one obliged to listen to the diabolical profanation.

Some time ago a lawyer, a Holy Name man, was riding in an elevator. Two men were conversing. One of them interlarded his arguments with frequent profaning of the Holy Name. The lawyer touched him on the elbow and said: "Pardon me, please don't use that Name in such a way. He is a Friend of mine." It was sufficient.—Catholic Bulletin.

DIED

CASHIN.—At Stratford, Ontario, William J. Cashin, aged sixty-eight years. May his soul rest in peace.

KANE.—At Ottawa, Ont., on Jan. 7, 1921, Walter J. Kane, aged thirty-one years. May his soul rest in peace.

FOLEY.—At his late residence, 27 First Avenue, Ottawa, on Tuesday morning, January 11th, 1921, James G. Foley, Esq., ex-Clerk of the Crown in Chancery for Canada. May his soul rest in peace.

By the universal consent of mankind the heart is considered the symbol of love. Hence the Sacred Heart of Jesus is also the symbol of that love which with God loved us from eternity, as well as of that love with which Jesus Christ loves all mankind while He was on earth and with which He still loves us in heaven and in the Adorable Sacrament of the altar.

TEACHERS WANTED

CATHOLIC teacher holding second class certificate wanted for School Section No. 13, Trenton, Hastings County. State salary and forward applications to Michael Corrigan, Sec. Treas., Markville, Ont. R. R. 1, 226-2.

TEACHER wanted for the Catholic School, Grant, Ont. Please state salary and qualifications. Apply to J. L. Downey, Grant, Ont., via Cochran.

WANTED school teacher for Province of Saskatchewan to commence March 1st. Minimum salary \$1,200 per year. Apply Box 230, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 226-1.

ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA. WANTED: An "A" purchased at a complete Encyclopaedia Britannica, 1911 edition, case state binding and price. Address Box 233, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 226-3.

POSITION WANTED. YOUNG lady, music graduate, would like position as organist. Kindly state salary and if possible get a class of pupils. Apply Box 227, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 226-3.

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WANTED by two young men and their mother on farm near city a housekeeper between twenty and thirty years of age; no outside work. Apply Box 229, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 226-2.

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ST. JOSEPH'S SANITARIUM. TRAINING School for Nurses, Ann Arbor, Michigan, located 28 miles from Detroit. Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy. Affords excellent training in a modern hospital, with a three year course of instruction. Separate nurses home. For further information, apply to Superintendent of Nurses, St. Joseph's Sanitarium, Ann Arbor, Mich. 214-90.

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TOGETHER WITH MANY MERCHANDISE PRIZES. The picture herewith shows an Automobile accident. At first glance all you see is 5 spectators. If you look closely the faces of 8 other persons will be found. Can you find them? It is no easy task but with patience and endurance can be accomplished.

You may win a cash prize by doing so. Many have done this as will be shown by the names and addresses of persons who have recently received over Five Thousand Four Hundred Dollars in Cash Prizes from us, and full particulars of a simple condition that must be fulfilled. (This condition does not involve the spending of any of your money.) Although these persons are entirely unknown to us, they are our references. An equity from any one of them will bring the information that our contest is carried out with the utmost fairness and integrity. Winners of cash prizes in our late contest will not be allowed to enter this Contest. This Competition will be held by two well known business men of integrity, who have no connection with this contest, whose decisions must be accepted as final.

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