

The Catholic Record.

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

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WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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A LOSS IRREPARABLE

When a middling great, or even a near great, man passes away the newspaper writers are always sure to say that the loss is irreparable. The passing of Arthur Griffith, however, is one of the rare occasions on which the word may justifiably be used. Though personally I differed from him much upon some of his recent policies I very readily pay him this small tribute. His loss to Ireland is irreparable because he was pre-eminently the greatest minded man that looked above the Irish political horizon—not only through the recent few most troubled years—but during the past quarter of a century. Griffith was so singularly reticent—and so little given to public speaking—that the crowd did not know him. Very few outside a small circle of intimates knew the real bigness of the man.

AN EXTRAORDINARY MIND

He had an extraordinary mind, cool, calculating, far-reaching, logical. He had a wonderful grasp of Irish problems, political and economic. Into the mazy minds of the English politicians who tried to rule Ireland, he was far-seeing to an extent that seemed almost uncanny—and he could foretell the moves on the Imperial chess-board with an intuition that was startling.

Combined with these qualities he had that moral heroism which would suffer the hand to be burned off in the fire before flinching from just and big principle; and he had the self-abnegation, and the pertinacity, which enables the one man with right upon his side to fight, and wear down the hundred thousand men who deny right.

A commendable peculiarity in Arthur Griffith's mental make up and one that served to lift his head and shoulders above other men who might be termed great—was a rare blend of radicalism, and conservatism. There were no scales on his eyes when he looked at a wrong which all other men had for so long accepted that it seemed to them to be a right. But when he sternly proceeded to rout out that wrong he never let his natural indignation carry him to the destroying of any thread of right that was with it. He had discrimination, and moderation, in his passion—if you can conceive of such. The average radical would call Griffith a reactionary. The average conservative would call him a red revolutionist. He was neither one nor the other. He was a pre-eminently judicious reformer.

FIRST MEETING WITH GRIFFITH

I first met Griffith at the very outset of his Irish political career. It was when he, with the lamented William Rooney, had launched their little National organ, The United Irishman. It was in the spring of '99, when I was returning from my first visit to the United States. To Griffith, and Rooney, I carried with me one hundred pounds from Miss Inaud Gonne who was then on a lecture tour through the States. To the two poor struggling fellows who were writing and printing the little paper themselves—Griffith generally composing his National articles out of the type-font—actually type-setting instead of writing—this hundred pounds looked as big as a million. Griffith, by that very reticence which usually got him overlooked, impressed me as a strong character which poverty, lack of appreciation, and apparent failure would never down. As their National principles coincided with my own I began to help them with contributions to their little paper. It is characteristic of the man Griffith that though I began to contribute to, and supported, his efforts at the very outset, and continued such throughout all his long struggle, and that though I was associated closely with him, both in the management of his various papers, and in our various organizations—and that from time to time I personally associated with him, walked together, talked together, cycled on some long rides together, I could hardly say that I was intimate with him. Very few of his many associates could say so.

At that time, which he, and Willie Rooney, began the publication of The United Irishman, he had returned from the Transvaal, and had many stories of Oom Paul with whom, on whose front stoop, he had often sat and drank beer, and discussed the designs of the English. Uncle Paul was always delighted when any of the handful of good Irishmen there dropped in on his stoop of an evening to join him in pipe and coin—an exchange of stories about the greed of England.

HEROIC PERSISTENCE AND HEROIC FAITH

When poor Rooney, to the deep sorrow of the young Nationalists of Ireland, and to the lasting grief of

Griffith, died, Griffith shouldered the burden of The United Irishman. Only those who knew him in those days can realize the sacrifices he made. In a dingy little two-by-four office, in a back street in Dublin, the poor fellow, usually in elbowless coat, frayed pants, and broken shoes, worked ten to twelve hours a day—and went home to work three, four, five, and six, hours of the night. How he subsisted God only knows. And he also knows how The United Irishman, teeming with splendid National articles—a voice crying in a pitiless wilderness!—was successfully got out from week to week, never missing a week for years. And be it remembered that this genius, who sweated and starved that the Irish nation might be fed, was at a brilliant journalist that had cared to forget Ireland, and go to London, he would in quick time have come to the top there, and been rolling in wealth, and revelling in fame. And, at the same time that this noble creature was thus sacrificing himself for his country's good, he was contemptuously disparaged and abused, not only by Mr. Redmond and all the politicians, but by the newspapers, and by a great many of the very same people who are noisier in their grief for his loss, today—

"When the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied."

BREAKING NEW GROUND

Particularly interesting, and instructive, it would be for any student of Irish, or even human, affairs, to read the editorials mourning his death in the Freeman, Independent, etc., and then go back on the files of these papers and read, say, the editorials written on the morning after the memorable night of Mr. Redmond's great convention in the Dublin rotunda when Arthur Griffith, supported by four others of us, suddenly appeared on the platform, bearing Mr. Redmond in his den, and putting to him some acid test National questions which he refused, however, to answer—and ended the convention in a dreadful pandemonium. Next morning the "National" papers of the land pilloried Griffith as the arch-traitor, and the rest of us as secondary traitors—all of us, of course, in the paid service of England.

THE SINN FEIN DOCTRINE FORMULATED

With the few of us secondary traitors the arch-traitor, Griffith, six days later formed the National Council—which National Council became, within a year, the Sinn Fein organization. For, in the meantime Griffith had formulated his Sinn Fein doctrine, and had written, and circulated his famous Resurrection of Hungary. So Sinn Fein, and his recent successes in Ireland, first struck root on that night on which the "National" papers, and the "National" leaders, showed Ireland, and the world, that this nonentity, an insignificant adventurer, Griffith, and his equally insignificant satellites, had irreparably ruined, and betrayed, Ireland's cause.

The United Irishman about this time changed its title to Sinn Fein—and became the official organ of the Sinn Fein organization. The paper was mostly supported by the thinkers among the young men, and young women, of the country. Since the body of thinkers in any country is very small it may well be imagined that the keeping alive of the paper was still a struggle. Yet such was the spirit of these young people, and such was the indomitable faith of Arthur Griffith, that he very soon ventured to launch it as a daily paper—instead of the weekly organ which it had formerly been. The Directors of the daily Sinn Fein were the same band who had for ever betrayed their country on the night that they exposed Mr. Redmond, and broke up his convention. The daily was a tremendous venture, and met with astonishing success so far as circulation was concerned. Also it set to Ireland the example of what an ideal newspaper, and a National newspaper, ought to be. But we had not the commercial people or moneyed people with us. We had not advertisers. Consequently, after a brief, but brilliant, career, the daily Sinn Fein had to shrink back into a Weekly once more. The political leaders laughed scornfully, telling Ireland that it was the end of Sinn Fein, and of Irish traitorism.

UNDIMAYED BY FAILURE

Griffith, indomitable creature that he was, was not one whit discouraged by this seeming retreat. Nor for that matter was there a single individual of us discouraged. Nor one of us who grieved for a moment for the little money that we had thrown away in the venture. The small body of National thinkers, and workers, throughout the country proceeded calmly with their National business. Griffith calmly proceeded, both sapping and mining, and building—to destroy what was ruinously bad and dangerous in the Irish structure, and to erect what should be worthy, and

permanent. The politicians, and the great mass of unthinking ones who followed them, now ignoring Griffith as being no longer of importance, also proceeded on the old-way which never brought them anywhere. From then Griffith was either ignored, or forgotten, till, at the psychological moment, the noble structure that, through years of patient struggle and toil, he had been erecting, stood up in a bright dawn, the very sight of it instantly paralysing his enemies, and electrifying the world.

SINCERITY OF GRIFFITH'S PATRIOTISM AND SOUNDNESS OF HIS JUDGMENT

From the day on which Sinn Fein became one of the great, and world-recognized forces Griffith's history is fairly well known to the multitude. He who had been denounced as the betrayer of Ireland was soon to be thrown into a dungeon as a traitor of the British Empire. And, finally doffing his convict garb in the dungeon, he was transferred to the Downing Street parlour where he wrestled with the British Empire's biggest men, and with the most astute politician that the world at the present day knows. However Irishmen may differ regarding his triumph, part triumph or failure, at the London conference, no sincere Irishman will deny that he did a big man's part against overwhelming odds, and that he did get what he sincerely believed to be the most that could, under the circumstances and at the time, be obtained. Griffith had on his shoulders a fearful responsibility when finally asked to sign the Treaty or go back to Ireland to face a renewed, and terribly intensified, war of the British Empire against the little island. He unquestionably concluded that Ireland, bleeding to death, could not face a new war, and he signed the Treaty. Irishmen to-day differ violently regarding the right or the wrong of his conclusion and decision. And this difference of opinion will probably go down to posterity. But no true Irishman will deny that the man who loved Ireland as Griffith did, who worked for Ireland as Griffith did, and who ungrudgingly gave up all the pleasures of youth, and all the joys of manhood, that he might sacrifice himself for Ireland, deliberately forewent one single shred of Ireland's right that he, in his conscience, believed possible to wring from English statesmen.

SEUMAS MACMANUS,
Mount Charles,
County Donegal.

KNIGHTS MAY FORM JUNIOR ORDER

Atlantic City, Aug. 5.—Rededicated to the ideals on which the order was founded, and pledged to the carrying forward of a four-fold program in behalf of God and country as well as the exploration of new fields of service, delegates to the fortieth supreme convention of the Knights of Columbus brought their annual sessions to a close yesterday.

The new work of the order will be in behalf of the Catholic world. Inspired by an eloquent plea by the Right Rev. Thomas J. Walsh, Bishop of Trenton, that the order turn its attention to such work, a resolution endorsing the establishment of a junior order of the Knights of Columbus was favorably received by the convention and will be made the subject of investigation by a special committee.

In addition to this new and distinctive field which will be explored, the convention went on record as favoring the continuation of the religious and patriotic works to which it has already set its hand. These include: Knights of Columbus welfare work in Rome as requested by the late Pope Benedict XV, and on which a report was submitted by former Supreme Knight Edward L. Hearn.

The work of the K. of C. historical commission, whose report showed that the first prize in the national historical contest was won by Samuel L. Bemis, professor of history in Whitman College, Walla Walla, Wash., a Presbyterian institution.

The establishment of a national correspondence school, open to all. K. of C. free schools for veterans and hospitalization work. The resolution proposing the establishment of the junior order was introduced by William C. Prout of Boston, elected a supreme director at the convention, as chairman of the committee on the good of the order. It read: "Realizing the obligations which rest upon us as good Americans and good Catholics to do our share in giving proper direction to the aims and activities of the citizens of tomorrow, this committee recommends in the strongest possible manner the appointment of a special committee to examine the question of a junior order of the Knights of Columbus, or an organization of a like nature."

COLLINS IS BURIED NATION MOURNS

WHOLE COUNTRY JOINS IN FINAL TRIBUTE TO LOVED LEADER

Dublin, Aug. 28.—Michael Collins was buried today by the Dublin Guards, as he asked to be when he lay dying by the roadside at Ballinacath. He was buried with the most solemn rites of the Catholic Church and with the imposing ceremonies accorded to a personage of State, but there was no moment more impressive than that at the graveside when the men of the regiment he loved paid a soldier's last tribute to their dead comrade in arms. The coffin was lowered into the grave, the last post was sounded and a volley fired. So in simple military fashion the Dublin Regiment and the Imperial Yeomanry young soldier and statesman whose thoughts were with them to the end.

They laid him to rest on the slopes of Glasnevin Cemetery, in the centre of the place set apart for soldiers who have given their lives for Ireland. Not far away are the graves of Parnell and Arthur Griffith and others of Collins' great fellow-countrymen.

All Ireland mourned his passing. In Dublin countless thousands thronged the seven miles of silent streets through which the funeral procession slowly passed. Everywhere in the city blinds were drawn and shops were shut. No work was done other than that which was vitally essential, and even guests in hotels were left for hours without food or drink while the staffs joined in the great army of mourners.

In the gloomy pro-cathedral a requiem Mass for the soul of the dead General was celebrated by high church dignitaries, and a great body of assistant clergy, but even more moving than any of the high religious rites was one little human incident, so touching in its very simplicity. As the great congregation was bowed in prayer a private soldier carrying in his hand a single white lily, walked down the aisle to the place where General Mulcahy sat with officers of his staff. He whispered a few words to the General and then went slowly on to the catafalque before the high altar, where the coffin rested draped with a green, white and yellow flag. He reverently placed the flower on it. It was from Miss Kitty Kiernan, a pale slender girl in black, who sat in the first row of the mourners with the two sisters of Michael Collins. It was she to whom the young soldier-statesman was engaged.

YOUNG IRELAND MOURNS

With her in the cathedral were representatives of every section of Irish life. There were Dail Ministers, all young men—not much older than Collins himself, then army leaders, most of them even younger, with General Mulcahy, the new Commander-in-Chief, occupying the same seat where not more than a week ago Collins himself sat mourning for Griffith. Ireland's destinies are today in the hands of youth and it was young Ireland that one saw in the cathedral praying for their dead young leader.

Around the altar were high church dignitaries, the Archbishop of Dublin robed in purple and sitting on his papal throne, Bishops in their rich vestments and hundreds of priests and monks in so great numbers that they overflowed into the nave. For an hour the solemn service continued and then the Archbishop in cope and miter approached the catafalque to pronounce the final absolution, passing through rows of clergy holding lighted candles.

The officers of the staff then lifted the coffin and carried it from the cathedral to the waiting gun carriage and soon it moved slowly off, preceded by a party of Dublin Guards who marched in slow time with bowed heads and rifles reversed.

Every inch of the long route to the cemetery was thickly lined with people, and as the cortege passed men and women sank down on their knees in prayer. In places the crowds were twelve to fifteen deep and about half a million people must have been distributed along the seven miles of the route.

The mourners included the clergy, Government Ministers and officials, soldiers, police and representatives of public societies and national organizations. Hundreds of wreaths from all parts of the country were carried in twelve large motor cars. General Mulcahy, who for years was Collins' chief lieutenant, delivered the funeral oration at the graveside and the last scene of all was when the Dublin Guards paid their military tribute to the commander they loved so well.

WHOLE NATION IN MOURNING

Dublin, Aug. 28.—Michael Collins rests in the soil of the Irish Free State, for which he died fighting. He was buried today in Glasnevin Cemetery, where lies the bodies of Arthur Griffith, Parnell and other

patriots, and many of his comrades in the struggle for Irish freedom.

The whole nation mourned; the thousands at the graveside and those who sorrowed in Dublin were but a fraction of the whole. Dublin might have been a city of the dead; a great hush was everywhere, yet almost a million of people were there, standing or kneeling on the streets—gentry from the fine houses in the suburbs and the poor from the slums, women wrapped in their shawls carrying their infants or leading their awe-stricken children.

A multitude were grouped in windows and assembled on rooftops, clung uncertainly to chimneys and climbed stone walls and monuments—all to catch a glimpse of Ireland's greatest cortege and pray for one of Ireland's greatest patriots.

An Irish bard while they carried Michael Collins' body through the streets of Dublin sang:
Bear him to that hallowed place,
Where our deathless dead are resting,
Where the spokesmen of the race
Gather for the final questing.
Chivalrous he fought his fight,
Kindly, patient, unreviling,
Hopeful that the dawning light
Would reveal a nation smiling.
Lay his body in the earth,
Giant frame and soul are riven;
Think of Collins in his mirth
And his prayer, "Be they forgiven."

This was but one of a thousand tributes to this young man and remarkable Irish genius, who in the short thirty years of his life had given Ireland her place among the nations of the earth, but who, like Griffith and Parnell, was cut down before his work was crowned with complete victory.

At the graveside Richard Mulcahy, who succeeds as Commander-in-Chief of the National Army, speaking of the life-work and the ideals of Michael Collins for Irish freedom said solemnly:

"Michael Collins can never be buried, for his spirit will live to guide to achievement his ideals."
"It was more than a great funeral," said Father Williams when giving his impressions to The Associated Press. "It was wonderful, spontaneous national tribute of affection. And who would fail to be impressed at that moment of the Mass when the priest turned to the congregation and, speaking the language of Ireland, asked prayers for the repose of the soul of Michael Collins?"

The cortege will ever live in my memory. I can see the vast multitudes standing with uncovered heads, and can see the serried ranks of Ireland's fine young army as they walked slowly behind the coffin of their inspired leader. I hear the murmured prayers of the people and feel somehow that these prayers will save Ireland and that Michael Collins has not died in vain."
Ireland is a land of the unexpected, and the future is uncertain if, however one may judge by the expressions of the average citizen and the opinions of the newspapers, the tragic removal of the nation's two great figures, Griffith and Collins, will not weaken the course of the Free State, but, on the contrary, will strengthen it, first, because it is backed by public opinion, and, second, what is called the martyrdom of Griffith and Collins has rallied the people around the banner of patriotism.

Arthur Griffith was buried with all the honor due a great leader; Collins went to the grave amid the tears of a nation that worshipped him personally as a gallant young patriot in whom were combined all those traits which Irishmen hold dear. Good humor, the power of oratory and a laughing disregard for death—all were his, and while immense throngs filled the great Cathedral and lined the route to Glasnevin, congregations gathered in every city, town and hamlet throughout the land to mourn his passing.

BENEDICTINE MONKS IN ENGLAND

London, Eng.—Dr. Joseph Oswald Smith, Abbot of Ampleforth in Yorkshire, has just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his profession as a monk in the English Benedictine Congregation.

The Benedictine Fathers of Ampleforth managed to get home from their various missions to take part in the celebrations, which were attended by Cardinal Bourne and the Archbishop of Liverpool. The most significant function of this jubilee celebration is the laying of the foundation stone of the new abbey church by Cardinal Bourne.

The county of Yorkshire, which is the largest in the whole of England, is famous for its monastic ruins, and at one time it must have contained more monastic houses than any other English county. Yorkshire has also its own Saints, both of ancient days, and those English Martyrs of the Reformation

period. Two of the great Cistercian Saints, St. Aelred of Rievaulx, and St. Stephen Harding were Yorkshiremen, as was St. Robert of Knaresborough.

Apart from his writings and his learning, Abbot Smith has the distinction of being the first territorial Benedictine Abbot in England to be blessed and enthroned since Abbot Feckenham was installed and restored as Abbot of Westminster in the reign of Mary Tudor.

Y. M. C. A. PROSELYTISM DEFEATED IN INDIA

Calcutta, July 1.—Catholics of Trichur, in the Cochin State have taught one Y. M. C. A. secretary a well-deserved lesson and have thereby given their brethren of the faith an example that might well be followed in many parts of the world where Catholics are perhaps better organized than in India.

Trichur is practically a Christian town, the inhabitants comprising representatives of all the denominations known in Southern India. The Catholics form the great majority of the population, but their attention during the past two or three decades have been chiefly centered in conducting a Civil Suit against the Schismatics over their possession of a church originally built for Catholic worship but now in Schismatic occupation.

Taking advantage of this fact the Protestants of the place felt encouraged to engineer anti-Catholic propaganda financing a high school and some Mission Stations. These helped to undermine Catholic belief in several families and the Catholic authorities here had uphill work to prevent proselytism.

Then came the opening of a branch of the Y. M. C. A. at Trichur, which attracted many Catholic young men to it on account of its recreational facilities. The Y. M. C. A. at first did not give evidence of its anti-Catholic proclivities, but Protestant prayers and the distribution of Protestant leaflets soon followed, notwithstanding vigorous protests from Catholic quarters.

This state of affairs lasted for a few months and the Catholics were roused to action. Representative Catholics asked the Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. to run his concern on non-sectarian and cosmopolitan lines. He paid no heed to their appeal. Then the Catholics forged their own hammers to strike the Y. M. C. A. out of existence. A Catholic Young Men's Association was organized under the direction of ecclesiastical authorities and the Y. M. C. A. Secretary shortly found to his chagrin that attendance at his office and functions was falling off at quick pace. Within a few months nobody attended for the Y. M. C. A. and the Secretary devoid of support and hope had to pack up, close the building and dispose of the furniture at public auction. The incident is instructive enough and is sure to help Catholics in other localities to realize the fact that well organized Catholic Associations are more than a match for Protestant combinations.

WOMAN FRANCHISE IS THE HOPE OF EUROPE

Monsignor Geisswein, chairman of the Hungarian Peace Society and a member of the Hungarian Parliament, has been attending the International Peace Congress, and during his visit was entertained at a banquet given in his honor by the Catholic Women's Suffrage Society.

One of the Monsignor's heroes is the late Archbishop Ireland, from whom the Monsignor quoted a telling passage in which Catholic America's great orator spoke of the value of the women's vote in the promotion of morality.

Mgr. Geisswein maintained that the great disasters of the past have been entirely due to the fact that women have been shut off from the vote, and in the fact that women now have their place in the parliaments he saw the hope of the future for Europe at all events.

PRIEST AND NUN ON HONORS LIST

Calcutta, July 1.—The Emperor's Birthday honors list in India includes the names of two religious, the Rev. Father Bertram, S. J., late Principal of the St. Joseph's College, Trichunopoly, and Rev. Mother Naomi of Nagapore, Superior of the Sisters of Mary Immaculate.

Father Bertram's activities in connection with the proposed Catholic University College are well known. He has been awarded the gold medal of the "Kaiser-i-Hind," while the silver medal of the same order is bestowed upon the Nagapore Nun, whose works of charity and self-sacrifice are well known to Catholics and pagans of Central India.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Paris, Aug. 10.—The medal "Bene Merenti" has been awarded to Mr. Constantin Louchez, who has been in the service of the church as altar boy, singer and church warden in the parish of Audrebert-Clergues, diocese of Arras, for ninety years. Despite his ninety-seven years of age, he still sings in the choir every Sunday. Mr. Louchez is probably the oldest church servant in the world.

John Williams, a familiar figure about the large estates in the Bergen Section of New Jersey for many years, has left all his savings to Catholic charity. The will was filed for probate in the Bergen County Court a few days ago. It is understood that the estate will amount to more than \$10,000. Williams lived a frugal life so that he could give as much as possible to aid the poor and destitute. He occupied a simple room and for twenty-five years he worked daily around the large estates nearby.

St. John, N. B., August 16.—Laying of the cornerstone of the Acadian Memorial at Grand Pre today was celebrated by a solemn pontifical High Mass sung by the Right Rev. Edward A. LeBlanc, Bishop of St. John. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Thomas Albert, D. D., of Grand Falls, N. B. The movement to secure funds for the erection of the Memorial has been led by the Rev. A. D. Cormier, and has received support from both the French and English elements in the population.

Buckfast, Eng., Aug. 24.—Once again the monks of Buckfast Abbey have taken up the labor of the choir and the sanctuary just where their predecessors of 1587 laid it down when they were turned out homeless and penniless. The erection of the new abbey church, which was dedicated this month, was completed without the expenditure of a single penny for wages. The monks were the laborers, the masons, the carpenters and the sculptors, and only occasionally was professional advice sought from architects. The cost of erection was about \$150,000.

The heroism of a Catholic priest was the outstanding feature of one of the most sensational jail riots in India in recent years, when prisoners in the Presidency jail at Alipore, nearly two thousand in number, attacked the wardens, drove them into the veranda and tried to force an exit. The Rev. A. de Staercke, a member of the Jesuit Order and chaplain of the jail, stepped into the midst of a hail of bullets, attended the wounded and dying, calmed the prisoners and saved scores of lives. He did this unarmed, despite the statement of the authorities that it was not safe even for armed men to venture into the jail.

Penetanguishene, Ont., August 12.—The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered for the first time in what is now the province of Ontario 307 years ago today and a monument commemorating that event has been unveiled recently upon the site of this early manifestation of Catholic life in America. Pere le Caron, a companion of Champlain, celebrated this first Mass at Caraghoutha, August 12, 1615. A monument in the form of a great granite cross was unveiled at Caraghoutha August 7, by Archbishop Neil McNeil of Toronto. The Archbishop celebrated Mass in commemoration of the first time the Holy Sacrifice was offered up in Ontario.

Tokio, Aug. 24.—Desirous of permitting the great Japanese family to participate in the signal favors which the Sacred Heart of Jesus has promised to families consecrated to It, the Catholic youth of Tokio have conceived the project of solemnly pronouncing in the name of all Japanese an Act of Consecration in presence of His Grace, Msgr. Rey, Archbishop of Tokio, and to send to Paray-le-Monial a banner commemorating this action. The banner is large, of white silk, embroidered in colors, and shows the image of the Sacred Heart encircled by rays of gold, and the emblem of the rising sun with these words: "The Japanese People to the Most Sacred Heart."

Paris, Aug. 24.—His Eminence Cardinal Lucon, Archbishop of Rheims, has been made an officer of the Legion of Honor, receiving this highest distinction which is awarded to him for his spiritual ministry in the Liberated Regions. Cardinal Lucon lived in Rheims during the entire War, and despite the violent bombardments, he sustained the morale of the population and protested many times against the systematic destruction by the Germans of the city and the Cathedral, and moreover, contributed materially to the rebuilding of the city. He personifies the population of the devastated regions, which after having endured heroically the ravages of the War, turned its energies to rebuilding towns and villages and restoring the country. The decoration is a merited reward of the patriot's faith and devotion of the Cardinal.

HER IRISH HERITAGE

BY ANNIE M. P. SMITHSON

AUTHOR OF "BY STRANGE PATHS"

CHAPTER VI—CONTINUED

"English or not, Miss Blake, dear," he said, "she's the sweet young lady, so she is, and indeed but I'm thinking she has Irish blood in her some ways."

"There now, didn't I know it!" the old man cried in triumph; "sure I'm never mistaken in any man's character!"

"Now James," said Bride, "I want you to tell my cousin, Miss Castlemaine, something about yourself and how you manage to live. But first of all—are you feeling better these days?"

"Indeed and I am—thanks be to God, and I'm hoping soon to be up and at work again."

"And what do you work at?" inquired Clare with interest.

"I sell papers, Miss, but it's six weeks now since I was able to be out myself with them. There's a slip of a girlie in the parlour below and she takes them round for me—but, God help us! Her's not much good at the job! Of course I have me old age pension as well, Miss—so I'm wadin' for nothing."

"But can you live on five shillings a week?" said Clare. "To her that seemed an impossible feat."

"Is it live on five shillings a week? Glory be, Miss, and why not?" and even the slightest eyes seemed to express surprise at such a question: "I make over and above it with the papers, but even without them I'd manage fine. Sure why wouldn't I?"

"Just tell my cousin how you manage, James," said Bride with a quiet smile.

"Well, Miss, I've one and six for rent, and sixpence a week to the woman below since I've been laid up—she comes to look after me, an' cleans the room, and in the evenings she lights a bit of a fire in the grate, and if I'm able at all I get up for awhile and sits in the chair—for some of the boys does be comin' in for a chat. Well, I'm not a great eat anyway and a penny roll or a three-half penny loaf would do me a good while—and then there's a grain of tay and sugar and a ha'porth of milk every morning. I get a grain of oatmeal too, for I take a taste for strabout these frosty mornings, but a little will do me—and I've a herring now and then and a pig's cheek for Sundays. Miss Blake here got me coal from the Mansion House—the blessin' of God on her!—and the Nurse does let me have a tin of cocoa now and then, and when I was rale bad she got me milk too—may Heaven be her bed!"

"That's Mary Carmichael!" said Bride in a quiet aside, "this is her district."

But Clare was looking at the old man, so happy and contented with little, indeed!

"I don't smoke, Miss, and I don't snuff," he was saying, "so that saves me a lot. But I do enjoy a good cup of tay—but sure it's only tay dust that they do be sellin' in the hucksters' shops around here."

"I'll send you some really good tea, James," Clare cried eagerly, "you will take it as a little present from me, won't you? even though I'm an English," she added half laughing.

"Take it, Miss? and why not? Sure I'll take it and pray for you every living night! As to being English, sure as I said before you can't help that, and after all it's only half English yez are anyway. Talkin' of tay," he went on after a moment, "do yez know how many cups of tay the great Dr. Johnson used to drink?"

"No," said Clare, smiling, "five or six perhaps?"

The old man laughed heartily. "Five or six is it?" he echoed, "no, but twenty-five and that at was sitting, mind yez! Twenty-five cups of tay at was sitting!"

And he was still chuckling to himself over this, one of his favourite yarns, when the two girls were descending the shaky stairs on their way to the street once more.

"Oh! Bride!" cried Clare, "the poor old man! And he seems so contented too! Oh! how does he manage to exist at all?"

"Well! he told you how," said Bride smiling quietly, "and he really is happy Clare, and a perfect saint—always the same happy, thankful old soul. He is a lesson in contentment for all of us—and here is another!" as she entered a doorway a little further down the street.

A little "return room" up two flights of stairs—so dark that Clare found herself stumbling and groping at every step until Bride after a gentle knock opened the room door and they entered.

Bare and clean too—as clean as old James O'Brien's, but with the difference that this was a woman's room. Poor as it was there were still to be seen the many little touches that proclaimed a woman's hand. A few geraniums—sickly enough looking but still making a brave struggle for existence—were on the window sill; a gaily coloured cushion brightened up a shabby old armchair, and in a corner of the room stood a little altar, cheaply but tastefully decorated. Religious pictures adorned the walls for the most part, but side by side with the

"Holy Family" or the cheap prints of the Madonna and Child, would be found fashion plates of ladies with impossible figures compressed into impossible gowns. A small—very small—fire burned in the tiny grate, and on a low stool before it crouched a pale, emaciated young woman whose racking cough had been heard as they were ascending the stairs.

"Well, Mary," said Bride, "how are you today? I hope you feel a little better—no don't get up please. I have brought a cousin of mine—Miss Castlemaine—to see you."

The sick woman smiled, and held out a skeleton hand. "You are welcome Miss," she said to Clare, who was regarding her with compassionate eyes, "won't you sit down please? You will find a chair over there."

Mary Duffy was far advanced in consumption and lived with her sister in this one little room. The sister earned six shillings a week and her food by doing daily work until eight at night, at a large house in the suburbs. Mary had not been working for many a day, so that she had no state insurance to draw and all the two women had to rely upon was the sister's pittance, of which two shillings went for rent and at least a shilling or one and six for fire and light.

But, of course, the sister gets her dinner and tea where she works, Miss, and often Mrs. Browne sends me out a tasty bit now and then to tempt me, for it's not much I can eat, and Nurse Carmichael and Miss Blake here do be very good to me with milk and cocoa, and last week we got the coal from the Mansion House, and God only knows the relief it was to us, for it does be bitter cold these nights, and I'm thinkin' that I must have no blood at all left in me body—I do be shivering half the day these times!"

"And how is Maggie?" asked Bride.

Maggie was the sister, a delicate girl too, and Mary Carmichael had told Bride that she was afraid she would contract the disease from the other. Sharing not only the same room but even the same bed, underfed and overworked, and her sister in such an advanced stage that she was really dangerous to others—could poor Maggie escape? Mary Carmichael who lived so to speak in the sorrows and joys of her patients, often worried over this case.

"Well, now Miss, she's grand—thanks be to God! Although she does be set out altogether at night. And these few mornings I was wanting her to take a cup of tea and a bit of bread before she went out—but no, she wouldn't."

Bride Blake, who knew the reason, said nothing; but Clare asked, "But why wouldn't she—did she feel sick?"

"Oh, no, Miss, but you see Maggie is a real good girl and receives every morning, but she doesn't have time to come back here for a cup of tea after seven o'clock Mass, because she has to be at her work sharp to the minute of eight, and it takes her every minute of the time to walk there."

Clare listened open-eyed—all this was beyond her.

"Oh!" was all she could say in astonishment, adding, "well, I hope she gets a real good breakfast when she gets there—for she would want it."

"Oh! yes, Miss, she manages a cup of tea and a slice of bread, except on Thursdays they are very busy or the like—and it's a terrible busy house—and then it might be eleven or twelve o'clock before she could break her fast."

Clare was speechless from bewilderment, and the woman noticed with some surprise.

"But sure she doesn't mind, Miss," she said cheerfully, "Maggie wouldn't miss going to the Altar for anything—not if it was to cost her life itself!"

At this moment a quick, light footstep sounded on the stairs, followed by a business-like rap at the door, and the next instant Mary Carmichael in her nurses' uniform stood before them. Her face lit up with pleasure as she saw her two friends, but even while she was greeting them her eyes were scanning the room with professional observation.

"I think this window will open a little more," she remarked, and as she spoke she was pushing up the crazy window and deftly keeping it in place with a wooden peg.

"I have got the camp bed for you at last, Mary," she said then, "it will be sent to you this evening—bed clothes and all."

"Oh! Nurse, thank you!" and the sick woman's eyes lit up. "Oh! I am that grateful for it—and not for myself Nurse dear as you know well, but I'm fretting this long while for fear harm would come to Maggie through her sleeping with me. May God bless you, Nurse!"

Mary Carmichael's eyes were strangely tender as she smiled down on the poor creature. Her patients always saw the best side of Mary, and loved her accordingly. She turned now in a half-teasing way to Clare.

"Well! Are you suffering from the slumming craze too?" said she; "it's becoming so fashionable just now amongst 'the quality' that really we poor workers may soon take a back seat."

"Ah! Mary, you know better!" said Bride, "I only wish that I could get at the heart of my people like you do."

"Would you like to finish the morning with me?" said Mary. "I

have a few places to go to yet that I think will open Miss Castlemaine's eyes. After all when she is slumming she may as well do the thing properly, and I observe," she added, as after saying good-bye to Mary Duffy they were again on their way, "that you are only showing her your pet cases, Bride. Now I will bring Miss Castlemaine to a few 'real hard cases' for a change. But I think that you had better go on with your own visits and meet us at half past twelve in St. Patrick's Park and we will then go and have a cup of tea somewhere—Miss Castlemaine will need it by then I expect."

"Well! Yes, I think she will if you are going to take her round! But that will be the best Mary, because you will be able to show her far more of the real slums than I can, although I know them fairly well—but your footings amongst them is so altogether different—they have always a good word for the nurse, somehow!"

So they separated—Bride going her own way—and Clare presently found herself walking by Mary Carmichael's side along one of the worst alleys in that locality.

Slovenly women and dirty ragged children sprawled on the pavements, starved dogs and mangy cats prowled around in the gutter in search of food, while evil smells seemed to arise from everywhere and choke her.

But she noticed that the looks directed towards her present escort were very different from those to which she and Bride had been subjected. Evidently "the nurse" was well known, and both liked and respected by these denizens of the slums.

"They look very bad," said Mary quietly, as they passed swiftly along, "but they really are not half as bad as they appear—although some of them are bad enough. Heaven knows! as you will see before long. Just come in here now!"

They entered a low doorway, and passing through an indescribably dirty entrance—her it could hardly be dignified—went down two flights of filthy stairs, Mary calling back to Clare to hold her skirts well off the ground, and found themselves looking in through the open door of an under-ground kitchen.

To Clare the place seemed full of unwashed humanity—the nauseating smell of which met her on the threshold with such force that it seemed a solid wall of bad gases, and she had to brace herself to go forward and advance by Mary's side further into the room—if room it could be called.

It was one of the usual damp underground kitchens of the slums, with one tiny window opening on to a back yard, the smell from which—when Mary, as in duty bound had opened it, was little if any better than that of the fetid kitchen itself.

A young woman, down at heel, ragged and drink-sodden, was sitting nursing a tiny unwashed morsel of a baby; three other small children were sitting on the dirty damp floor; a boy of about sixteen—an embryo criminal in appearance—lounge against the one rickety table smoking a fag; a girl a year or so older, her hair in "curlers," and nearly as dirty and down at heel as the woman—but still with a certain attempt at tawdry finery—was sitting reading a novelette, a man lay on a filthy "bed" in the corner, snoring loudly, and evidently sleeping off the previous night's debauch; and an old hag sat in the chimney corner smoking a short clay pipe.

This last was the patient, and Mary Carmichael rapidly turned up her sleeves, and opening her bag took from it some clean paper which she spread on the table and then arranged her dressing. The woman, still holding the baby on one arm produced a none too clean basin which Mary rinsed several times from the kettle before proceeding to use it for cleaning the old woman's ulcerated leg. She spoke little but deftly and swiftly finished the dressing, washed her hands, repacked her bag, and was ready for the next case.

But short as the time was it seemed infinitely too long as nurse Clare, standing in embarrassed silence near the door—holding Mary's cloak which the latter had handed to her in thankfulness that she could do so, and not have to deposit it anywhere in the room.

Clare had never seen such a scene of dirt and squalor before—but she was almost afraid to look around, for she felt the bold, insolent gaze of the girl, the keen scrutiny of the young hoodlum, and the furtive looks which the woman threw her now and then from her heavy eyes. Simply as Clare was dressed, there was a look of distinction and style about her, which was not lost upon those beings of the underworld who were used to living by their wits, and who possessed that quick perception and keenness of observation which is so noticeable amongst the Dublin poor.

But now Mary had finished, and taking her cloak from Clare she slipped it on.

"Now mind what I'm telling you, Granny," she remarked, as she prepared to depart, "if you don't give up the porter that leg of yours will never heal!"

TO BE CONTINUED

To suffer one hour with and for one we love brings us nearer in spirit to them than many years of joyous companionship, for only in sorrow does the heart reveal itself.

FIRST FRUITS

Charming, picturesque Glenville is situated about fifteen miles from seaboard stretches of meadows, its fertile fields and luxuriant gardens delight the eye; its spacious old-fashioned houses, under the great trees, give one a feeling of home; while the wide, silvery expanse of river sends a refreshing message on every breeze.

Is it old fashioned? Yes, in the sense that it is not an up-to-date summer resort. It is a cluster of homes rather than of houses. Each proprietor lives on his own land, and is more occupied in beautifying his home than in increasing his wealth. The restless, pleasure-seeking world can obtain no footing here. That it is not up-to-date, I admit, yet, there is not a gayer, brighter, more sociable place in the world than Glenville. The young people get up concerts, picnics, and charades, and invite the elders, and the married folks are constantly springing surprises on the young people; and every pleasure is enhanced because safeguarded under a home roof.

How has all this come about? Ask Father Hilton, the dear white-haired old priest; he will tell you it is all due to the people's love for the Sacred Heart; but the good folk will attribute it all to Father Hilton, who labored amongst them for many years. And it is owing to his untiring zeal, his devoted care of his flock, his prayer and example, that he is now enjoying the hundred-fold promised on earth to those who do the work of the Master.

It is the sunset hour and a boat is approaching the shore. It is heading for Mr. Edward's landing; ripples of laughter and fresh young voices are heard.

While they row in, let me introduce you to the occupants. Agnes Murray is teasing Jack Conlon, a sixteen year old boy, and brother of her dearest friend and classmate, Vera, who is demurely conversing with Frank Austin, a new acquaintance. Agnes and Vera were graduated from the Sacred Heart convent in June last, and are now enjoying their first weeks of vacation.

Agnes returned home determined to prove herself worthy of the training she received, and to live up to the high ideals that had been placed before her. She did not expect to fulfil Ruskin's idea that "Every noble life leaves its fiber interwoven in the work of the world," but she prayed, and prayed earnestly, that every life that touched hers might be better for that contact.

As the party left the boat, a voice cried out: "Come to the house; mother has a surprise for you."

Mrs. Edwards appeared at the door, a refined, graceful woman. She began at once: "Mr. Edwards has secured a box at the Imperial, for the opera tomorrow evening. Betini sings, and it will be our only chance of hearing him. You must all come."

"Oh, Mrs. Edwards!" said Agnes, "I am sorry, I cannot avail myself of your kind invitation. Tomorrow will be the eve of the First Friday and we always have Holy Hour in the church."

There were cries of "Do come, Agnes," "Don't disappoint us," from the young scions of the house of Edwards, who had gathered around their mother. Agnes gently but firmly refused, and Mrs. Edwards knowing it was Mr. Murray's custom to make the Holy Hour with all his family, urged the girl no further.

Agnes said a prayer that her friend Vera might be firm; she knew her love for music and what a temptation this would be for her.

"Of course you will come, Vera," said Mrs. Edwards. And some one called out, "Jack, accept the invitation for yourself and your sister."

"No," said Jack, "I leave the decision to Vera. Where she goes I go."

"Then," responded Vera, with a smile, "you will go to the church."

There was a laugh at Jack's expense; the boys made a wry face, but in heart he was proud of his sister.

Frank Austin was a stranger; he had induced his aunt Mrs. Phillips to invite him to make his home with her for the summer. The good lady did not need coaxing; she dearly loved the lad, and having him in her home would be an excuse for gathering the young people around her more frequently, for she had no children of her own. This young man had been practicing law for a year in Seaford, but only came in Glenville in May. He was a fine specimen of young manhood, wavy brown hair clustered above a well-shaved forehead; he had clear, thoughtful gray eyes, was tall, broad-shouldered, graceful, active, with a wholesome, contagious laugh. He was formed to make friends and was already popular in Glenville.

Mrs. Edwards now turned to him, saying, "We may count on you, Mr. Austin."

"No," he responded, "I had better be a good boy and go to church with Jack."

As the party passed on, Vera was sweet in her regrets over Mrs. Edwards' disappointment, and Agnes assured her that Mr. Edwards must have forgotten the First Friday when he engaged the box—and such really was the case.

Jack accused Agnes of cheating him out of an opera, and Frank loudly gazed, "I accept in instruction written in sand; the tide

flows over it and the record is gone; example is engraven on the rock."

"And that is what you have had tonight, boy," he said, giving Jack a slap on the back.

Vera and Jack turned into their garden and Frank went on to the Murray mansion with Agnes. The front door was wide open and a beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart could be seen, with the red light burning before it. They stopped a moment at sight of it, and the young man said: "Remember me sometimes when you kneel there. I thank you for what you have done for me tonight." He raised his hat and was gone.

That evening, as Agnes knelt before the statue, she remembered her new acquaintance and besought the Sacred Heart to give his soul the light and grace it needed. What did he mean? How had she done him good? Was he to be the "First Fruits"?

Frank walked home, recalling each incident of the evening, and concluded that he did not agree that "An honest man is the noblest work of God," he would give the palm to woman. He sat at the window till far into the night, analyzing his conduct during the past year. Unsparringly condemning himself, he recalled his resolution; the life he had led; helping the weak, steady, the wavering, showing the way by his example. What had it all come to?

It was the heart of the priest within him—of which he was not yet conscious—aspiring to sacred heights, that caused his dissatisfaction. He told himself that if he had been asked first, he would have accepted the invitation, and remembered the First Friday afterwards. Even a weak girl could give him good example.

Frank had a theory that a layman can reach souls with whom a priest rarely comes in contact. He held that there were men who would not listen to a priest, but would take advice and be led by a fellowman. And he determined to work in this part of the Lord's vineyard. He thought himself unworthy of the priesthood, and had not yet awakened to the fact that Our Lord was calling him. Many a man would have found food for self-congratulation with a record clear as his, but petty accomplishments could not satisfy a youth in pursuit of the noblest aims.

It was a very contrite young man who made the Holy Hour the following evening, but he was too cleared-headed to be discouraged.

During the long summer he and Agnes had many talks, and she, with a woman's quick intuition, saw before he realized it, that he was not in the right place. She drew from him reasons for refusing the priesthood. It was always "Non sum dignus."

One evening they were watching the gardeners watering the flowers. One was using a most disreputable-looking old can.

Agnes said, "He should not use the old can."

Frank answered quickly, "Why not? It carries the water as well as the other and that is all that is necessary."

"If the can said, 'I am too dingy and rusty' and refused to carry the water, what would the gardener do?" asked Agnes.

Frank saw the point and laughed as he replied, "It is not the same."

Agnes was serious. "It is the same," she responded, "only in your case, souls are thirsting after the fountains of life and you refuse to give them water. The poorer the instrument, the more glory for the Master."

The first week in September Jack Conlon returned to Loyola, and Agnes was not surprised when Frank told her he was going to Montreal to see his old professors.

The first words of Father Halligan were, "I have been expecting you, my boy!"

"Expecting me? Why, Father?" he asked in surprise.

"I knew that theory of yours would not work," said the Father, "and I was sure you would come back to us."

Jack Conlon's first letter brought the news to Glenville that Frank Austin had entered the novitiate. Did anyone in Glenville remember an opera sacrificed for a Holy Hour?—Bride Clare in Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

DEFEND THE FAITH

Independence of character is more required in religion than in political discussions, because religion, when admitted at all, must be considered the transcendent duty of life. Atheism and agnosticism are now so fashionable among non-Catholic young men that it requires much moral courage to defend revealed truth against them. It is necessary, also, to have the grounds of one's religious convictions clearly established in one's own mind, in order to be able to present them with due force in reply to modern objections. Our adversaries will sneer at our faith as antiquated and behind the age, and they will cite the apostles of their new religion, as if the weight of their names should be sufficient to overwhelm us. Luther and Calvin were similarly cited in their day, and Voltaire and Rousseau in theirs, as if each spoke the last word, and gave the death-blow to the old faith. Yet the old faith has survived them, while they themselves have been long since shelved for later apostles. The truth never changes.

No man or woman of strong religious convictions should neglect to read the latest works in defense of Christian faith. But, besides reading those works, they should be thoroughly grounded in the reasons of their beliefs, and be able to express them in clear, forcible language when occasion requires it. It is not, indeed, the duty of a layman to initiate those religious controversies; but when they are introduced by others, or when their Church is attacked, or when an outsider honestly seeks information or instruction from him—in either of these cases he should be prepared to give an account of the faith that is in him, and to show that his convictions are sincere, reasonable and well-grounded.—The Monitor.

EXPOSES SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY

FATHER THURSTON TELLS HOW MEDIUMS DECEIVE

Spirit photography has been engaging the attention of devotees of the morbid cult for a considerable time and of late, especially in England, photographs have been published purporting to be the genuine likenesses of deceased soldiers, sailors and statesmen, which the public is led to believe, constitutes the strongest evidence for popularizing spiritualism.

In several cases, faintly outlined, but undeniably nevertheless, likenesses of long deceased distinguished men and women have appeared side by side with the photographs of living persons. The Rev. Herbert Thurston, S. J., of London, England, makes some pithy observations on this form of photographic art, and he proves it to be like many other tricks of mediums, a fake. He supports his article which was published in the latest issue of The Tablet to reach America by the evidence of Mr. Harry Pries, who saw and exposed the whole fraud.

Two spiritualists, who were taking a photograph, were tripped up by means of a marked plate, in the place of which the spiritualists placed their own plate, but the "deus ex machina" did not work. Father Thurston, whose article is well worth reproducing writes as follows:

"FRAUDULENT SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY" "As the propaganda of spiritualism is carried on more and more vigorously, and as the number of converts or dupes impressed thereby proportionately increases, it seems desirable to give as much publicity as possible to those cases in which the claims made by the leading exponents of the movement can be shown, upon unimpeachable evidence, to be unworthy of credit. Few of the alleged phenomena of spiritualism make a greater appeal to the popular mind than those so-called 'spirit photographs,' in which, beside the sitter posing for his portrait, appear the shadowy features of some more or less unexpected visitor from the other world. The voices or rattles heard in the séance-room cannot well be reproduced in a way that brings their import home to the man in the street, but the spirit forms which leave the blurred traces of their presence upon the negative in the camera, without, so we are assured, the possibility of trickery or error of description, constitute a type of evidence which is very general in its appeal. It is almost like seeing for ourselves, and seeing we are told, is believing.

"Are spirit photographs possible. That is a question I do not feel competent to answer, and it is extremely important in all this matter to avoid rash generalizations. There has been an extraordinary amount of fraud in spirit photography and all specialists in the subject—men like Mr. William Marriott, Mr. Patrick, and Dr. Whately Smith—dilate upon the endless variety of dodges by which these faked results may be obtained. One of the most surprising stories known to me of a spirit who had apparently allowed himself to be caught by the camera comes upon the authority of the Rev. Charles Tweedale, vicar of Weston, near Otley, in Yorkshire. He and his wife who is a very psychic person and their son, Herbert, were at luncheon one day—there is none of the glamor of twilight here—in December, 1915, when Mrs. Tweedale saw the apparition of a man, with a full head of hair and a beard, standing on the left hand of her son and in close proximity to the piano. She told her husband and son what she saw, but neither of them could perceive anything. Then Mr. Tweedale went out and fetched his camera. No other person was present, a plate was taken from a new box of quarter-plates which had not been previously exposed, and Mr. Tweedale then photographed the spot where his wife declared that she still saw the apparition. The negative which never left Mr. Tweedale's possession, was at once developed by him, and showed beside his son the figure of a man with a good head of hair and beard. Moreover, the man's head in the photograph completely hides that part of the piano which lies behind it. Two months later Mr. Tweedale, his wife and son went before a Commissioner for Oaths at Otley and swore an affidavit of the exact truth of the facts testified to by each of them severally. It is reproduced in Mr. Tweedale's book, 'Man's Survival After Death' (pp. 337 seq.).

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Supposing the account, which I have only summarized here, to be accurate, it seems very difficult to propound any natural explanation, and although there are many barely credible experiences recounted in the volume named, one would be loath to suggest that an Anglican clergyman, his wife and son had all, without any adequate motive, joined in a conspiracy to commit perjury. It is, however, to be noted that the Council of the Society for Psychical Research, when the case was submitted to them, seem to have decided that the matter would not repay fuller investigation. I only quote it here as an example of spirit photography which it is not easy to explain without attributing a very extraordinary range to the possibilities of mere coincidence.

APPARENTLY HONEST

"But the cases appealed to by the advocates of spiritualism in proof of survival, or of the current theory of ectoplasm, are mostly of a very different kind. Moreover, the propagandists are good enough to tell us where inquirers, normally speaking, can obtain such photographs for themselves. They should direct themselves in communication with the 'Crewe circle,' of which the principal representatives are Mr. William Hope and Mrs. Buxton. You obtain an appointment with these two mediums, you bring your own plates, you sit for your photograph, and, if you are reasonably lucky, upon one or other of the negatives so taken there will appear an 'extra' of some spirit presence which was hovering around you at the moment when the camera did its work. This was the experience of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle; this also the experience of Lady Glenconner, or, as we should now say, Viscountess Grey; this was the experience of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wynn, and of others too numerous to mention. Of course, the extra thus appearing does not always prove to be a likeness of the person most desired or expected. Lady Glenconner, for example, on one occasion found the image of a stranger on her plate. On inquiry it proved that the youth so delineated was the son of two bereaved parents who had visited Crewe a few days before. Owing to 'bad conditions' the experiment had then been a failure, but the persevering spirit, hanging around the neighborhood, had succeeded shortly afterwards in getting on to the plate of Lady Glenconner. Again, Mr. Walter Wynn, a Nonconformist clergyman, had gone to Crewe with his wife in the hope of obtaining an extra of his son killed in the War. This was denied them, but by way of compensation the spirits adorned their negative with two vignettes, upside down, of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. The likeness of Mrs. Gladstone was admitted, but Lord Gladstone, to whom Mr. Walter Wynn promptly wrote to announce this wonderful event, repudiated any recognition of the feature of his mother. He also declared that 'examination through a magnifying glass of the photograph of my father makes it pretty certain that it is a photograph of a drawing.' This was perhaps unkind of Lord Gladstone, but Mr. Wynn has had his revenge by announcing to a large public through The British Man and Woman that the spirit of Mr. Gladstone, having apparently forsaken the Church of England, now comes to listen to Mr. Wynn in his Nonconformist pulpit, and has more than once been seen by psychics hovering over the preacher in moments of inspiration. But to return to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's own experiences.

"I have (he writes) myself been to Crewe, and have had results which would be amazing were it not that familiarity blunts the mind to miracles. Three marked plates, brought by myself, and handled, developed and fixed by no hand but mine, gave psychic extras. In each case I saw the extra in the negative when it was still wet in the dark room. * * * I trust that I make it clear that no hand but mine ever touched this plate, nor did I ever lose sight of it for a second save when it was in the carrier, which was conveyed straight back to the dark room and there opened? What has any critic to say to that?"

RESULTS OF INVESTIGATION

"Well, Mr. Harry Price, whose paper in the Journal of the Society for Psychical Research (May 1922) has recently been given wide publicity in the columns of Truth, has a good deal to say on the subject. Sir Arthur informs us that when Mr. Hope and Mrs. Buxton stand with their hands joined over the cap of the camera, they are really throwing out a misty ectoplasm from which the forms loom up which appear upon the photographic plate. Mr. Price also describes the same manoeuvre: 'While the exposures were going on,' he says, 'Mrs. Buxton and Mr. Hope buried their heads in the sides of the focussing cloth as though in prayer, and kept contact with the camera.' But the spirits in the latter case do not seem to have been troubling about 'misty ectoplasm.' They had no occasion to, for in the dark-slide which was being exposed to the camera were two plates, not belonging to the set Mr. Price had brought with him, but prepared beforehand by Mr. Hope, and provided with an extra before the exposure took place. Although ninety-nine men in a hundred in Mr. Price's place would probably have been satisfied, as Sir

Arthur Doyle was satisfied and as Mr. Wynn was satisfied, that the plates had been brought, handled, and developed by no other hand but theirs, in point of fact the dark slide in the camera was not the dark slide into which the plates brought had been put. The proof, in Mr. Price's case, is overwhelming and absolutely unanswerable. Before keeping his appointment with Hope, Mr. Price had gone to the Imperial Dry Plate Co. Ltd. and had arranged that each plate of the whole packet of six should be marked by means of the X-rays with a section of the figure of a lion rampant (the trade mark of the company). Two plates were exposed and two negatives of the sitter (Mr. Price himself) were thus taken. On one of them appeared an extra, on the other not, the ordinary portrait, on neither the slightest trace of the lion rampant. The extra consisted of a woman's face with the ordinary shadowy veiling around it. The negative with the extra, according to the rules of the Crewe circle, had to be left with Hope. Mr. Price was only allowed to carry away prints of this. But in the case of the other plate, the negative itself was given him at his request, and he was able to examine it in his leisure, and to prove that no trace existed of the X ray markings which identified it. The trick by which the fraud was perpetrated was as simple as it was audacious. Mr. Price was invited, in the dark-room, to put two of his plates into the dark slide. He did so, and was hidden meanwhile to do up the packet again. As he was engaged upon this he saw Hope turn half-round, put the dark slide into his breast pocket for a moment and then take it out again, or rather, in its place, another already prepared. The fact of the substitution was made clear to Mr. Price, because he had secretly marked the dark slide which was first shown him, and when he was asked to take back to the camera he made an excuse to look at it, and saw that his marks were not there. It is noteworthy that Mr. Hope and Mrs. Buxton opened the proceedings with a short religious service. Mrs. Buxton sang the hymn, 'Nearer, My God, to Thee.' Mr. Hope delivered himself of an extempore prayer, and all present joined in the 'Our Father.' As Truth very reasonably comments: 'A more nauseous picture of canting hypocrisy was never presented to the world than that of this precious pair singing hymns and praying to the Almighty to bless their efforts to swindle their dupes. Stiggins was an angel of light by comparison. And yet these are the kind of intermediaries to whom Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Professor Henslow, the late Archdeacon Colley, the Rev. Walter Wynn, and Lady Grey bid us address ourselves to obtain true guidance upon the deepest problems of man's mortal existence and future destiny.'

RUSKIN AND CATHOLICISM

H. E. G. Hope, M. A., in Catholic World

No careful reader of Ruskin can have failed to remark great influence which the Catholic Church had upon him. Of non-Catholic masters in bookcraft, few, indeed, have written and spoken in so Catholic a manner as he. More than one soul has been helped forward towards the Church by this gifted prose poet and thinker. "The pity of it," one cries on reaching the end of all his teaching, the pity of it that he should never have been gathered into the Fold; the pity of it, that his mind in his last years was injured and clouded; the pity of it, that an artist so superb, an observer and teacher so zealous and wise, a soul so reverent—reverent even in perversity—witness his disingenuous worship of Carlyle—should have been so preoccupied with things beautiful indeed, but far short of the highest, so much with the speaking creature, so little with the spoken Creator.

Above all, in political economy he stood, single-handed among Protestants, for the true Catholic principles, for which he has been justly praised by Mrs. Meynell and the late Charles Devas. His main economical contentions, hooted down savagely in the sixties, are now generally admitted, as the way of the world is, without thanks and without apology.

But the sadness and the sum of his life are best recounted in the exquisitely chosen words of Mrs. Meynell: "It was not failure or rejection, or even partial and futile acceptance, that finally and interiorly bowed him. 'Your poor John Ruskin' (his signature in writing to one who loved and understood him) was the John Ruskin who never pardoned himself for stopping short of the whole renunciation of a St. Francis. Lonely and unhappy, does the student perceive him to have been who was one of the greatest of great ones of all ages; but the student who is most cut to the heart by the perception, is compelled to wish him to have been not less, but more, a man sacrificed."

True cheerfulness is a happy, harmonious combination of different parts; a sound, unspoilt character, clear judgment and a natural calmness in feeling and disposition, a sincere love for our neighbor and a child-like confidence in God. It is an interior harmony, undisturbed by any discord.

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had not then the critical faculty to realize were worthless. These he showed to his friend, Thomas Hogz, who first condemned them, and then suggested alterations which would make them read as burlesque.

THE MARGARET NICHOLSON was one "Marg Nicholson," a maniac washerwoman, who, before Shelley was born, had made an attempt on the life of King George III. The booklet which, had its authorship been known, might have brought Shelley into trouble with the University authorities, seems to have had a fair sale among the undergraduates, who were amused at its vehemence and absurdity.

THE EDWARD KYLIE SCHOLARSHIP

It is just six years since Edward Kylie died in Owen Sound, as a captain in the 147th Battalion of the Canadian Expeditionary Force. The numbers of those, in the University, who knew him as a teacher or a colleague, are steadily diminishing, but it is unlikely that he will ever be forgotten.

There is long been the hope of his friend to create a memorial to Edward Kylie that would be worthy of him. The window placed in the library at Hart House, by a group of his colleagues as its design suggests, is an affectionate tribute to those qualities, both of the knight and the scholar, which he so finely embodied.

The object of the Trust is, briefly, to provide a permanent scholarship, to be awarded from time to time, to a student in the Modern History Course in the University of Toronto, to enable him to pursue his studies in a British university.

There are sixty-two subscribers to the Trust, which will yield annually about twelve hundred dollars. It is the hope of the trustees, through further subscriptions, to bring the amount up to about fifteen hundred dollars, which is approximately the sum which a Rhodes Scholar receives annually from his foundation.

Subscriptions of any amount will be accepted by the trustees and should be addressed to Mr. H. V. F. JONES, Hon. Secy., Canadian Bank of Commerce, Toronto.

A CHAPEL OF THANKS FOR MARNE VICTORY

(By N. Massiani Paris Correspondent N. C. W. C. News Service)

Paris, July 27.—For the first time in four years, the bells rang out from the church tower at Dormans when Cardinal Lucon, Archbishop of Rheims, blessed the crypt of the future Chapel of National Thanksgiving for the two battles of the Marne.

With the Archbishop of Rheims were the Bishops of Chalons, Meaux and Angers, and Mgr. de Guebriant, Archbishop of Marcianopolis, Superior of the Foreign Missions. Among the army men present were Marshal Foch and six prominent generals, including Generals Mangin and de Maistre.

Despite the unfavorable weather more than 10,000 people assembled to attend the open-air Mass celebrated in the grounds of the Chateau.

The Chateau of Dormans is practically the only building of the whole town which has remained standing. It is a beautiful edifice, three centuries old. The owner has generously donated it to the Society of Foreign Missions as a home where aged missionaries may end their days in peace, while guarding the Chapel of National Thanksgiving, which will be built on the highest point in the part of the chateau, overlooking the town of Dormans and the valley of the Marne.

In July, 1918, Dormans was the scene of a furious battle. In July, 1919, Cardinal Lucon came to bless the ground for the memorial chapel. In July, 1920, the cornerstone of the chapel was laid, and now, in July, 1922, the crypt of the chapel has been blessed. Thus each year, at the same date, a great ceremony will bring the faithful together in an act of memory and gratitude.

Before blessing the crypt, Cardinal Lucon made a touching address: "I am the voice of Rheims," he said. "It begs you not to forget that we have suffered. I am the voice of the invaded regions: it beseeches you not to forget those who delivered them? The words of the heroic and venerable priest were greatly applauded.

A short but impressive address was also made by Marshal Foch. "When we left," he said, "in 1914, our road was dotted with churches, in the foundations of which we recognized the very roots of France. At the church of Domremy we found Joan of Arc, who revealed to us the secret of sacrifice, by showing us to what point the sentiment of duty may be carried. Eminence, you have spoken of the two battles of the Marne: the first, where the invasion was broken; the second where, by successive bounds, the Allies pushed back beyond the frontiers, the enemy who crossed your rivers here, at the foot of this hill. For all this, gentlemen, let us render homage to the God of Armies, for while soldiers fight, it is God who gives the victory."

ARCHBISHOP ON K. OF C. WORK

Atlantic City, Aug. 5.—Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis made a notable address to the Convention. He spoke in part as follows: "There come to societies, as to individuals, turning points in their histories, crises in their lives. There are days of peace, calm, progress—days of excitement, contention, hysteria. There are days that are bright with victory; times of trial and times that are black with defeat. The Knights of Columbus have seen them all, but they have been particularly fortunate in that they have weathered the storms and continued to achieve with almost uninterrupted success. You have wrought with fervor and constancy in the beginning. During the War you reached the heights, where your service, patriotism and helpfulness brought you the admiration of the world. Finally you have entered the period of reconstruction with the purpose still to serve your country and your fellow man."

YOU CANNOT LIVE ON MEMORIES "Yet the truth stands that today you must write anew your program of action. The War is past, and reconstruction is but now a question of liquidation. Your order has consequently to take counsel and see what now and in the immediate future the Knights of Columbus are to do.

"So that the crisis of today for you, as for so much else, if I may so call it, is a rebirth. You cannot live on memories. The past is past, however splendid it may have been. So that the supreme question for you is, what is yours to do today? "You may answer, the task of telling rightly the story of America. Now to relate historic truth is at all times a noble work; at present even a necessary one, when we speak of that history which is recorded in the English tongue. A great work it is, I say, to write the truth of history; and America deserves that such a work be done conscientiously and well; yet you must realize that for the writing of history you must have the writers fitted for the task. They must have the time and the disposition to work. You may not hurry them; and to enthrone them is to spoil them;

and you must be, as they are, patient and deliberate. A great and fitting work it is for a society, yet not enough to absorb the dynamic force of the Knights of Columbus. Further work you have to do—other tasks which will appeal and demand the service of living as well as learned men.

"It is scarcely more than a year ago when, standing by the tomb of your friend of other days, Cardinal Gibbons, we were bold enough to pledge the support of Catholic America—and I had in mind the Knights of Columbus—to the cause he loved—that we would not break faith with him, but sustain that cause, namely, the Catholic University.

"The Catholic interested either in faith or country must notice that today there are in evidence two movements—one making against the Church and the other against our country; and both are taking in certain processes become day by day more threatening and apparently nearer to success.

"Against the Church, for instance, you hear from every part of the country that there is the gathering of the clans and the organizing of states and the voluminous anti-Catholic press, the appeal to passion, race and prejudice, the declarations from behind closed doors, proclaiming their friendship or their opposition. Through it all a propaganda at once insidious and deadly.

"Now it appears to me that while we have the utmost confidence in the promises of the blessed Master—the promise of an undying church, yet we are lacking in human wisdom and also in obedience to His will if we fail to preach and teach in season and out of season—if we fail to propagate in word and work the truths of the gospel—yea more, to organize so that this work may be more effectively done. And this means 'propaganda' and effective propaganda at that; and this is a work worthy of the Knights of Columbus.

"The Knights of Columbus claim to be a patriotic society, which means that they love their country—which means that they shall serve their country wisely—which means also that they shall take the best means of promoting the welfare of the country, which means that they seek to set right their fellow citizen where their agitation makes for danger to their country or community.

"And finally in regard to the future of your Society, it means, I feel assured, that it is your immediate duty to rewrite your program and give to it an added consecration.

"There is an inspiration which wells up in the patriot's heart prompting him to do great things for his country in the days of its trial; but the true patriot finds always inspiration and reason to serve. For him the patriotism of peace is equally as compelling as the patriotism of war.

"Indeed today with the return of the reign of greed and materialism, it appears as if our country must again be saved, not from a foreign foe, but from the domination of this class or that, who by powers of money or numbers seeks to tyrannize over the people to the destruction of a peace and progress that is guaranteed them both by the constitutional and natural law.

"I have a vision before me of your Society looming up as a great university of Catholic knighthood, with every council as a center, while your eight hundred thousand students would move forward daily in the quest of knightly goals, where above its portals would be inscribed truth and justice, honor and faith and God above all."

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

THE STORY OF FATHER N— "This is the spot," exclaimed a dark-complexioned, thick-set man to his companion as they slunk along in the shadows of the bush that fringed the road leading to the town some few miles distant. At the word the two left the main thoroughfare, picking their steps carefully through the undergrowth, for they were near a thicket that guarded a little hill on the thoroughfare. Into this the two crouched and remained perfectly still. Thus without sound or conversation that could attract attention, they passed the night. In the mist of early morning the two still lingered. They were in expectation. Soon a voice could be heard, and at the sound the two grew alert and watched the road keenly through the brush. A single buggy was approaching, and as they spied the horse, the two exchanged slanting yet significant glances. They could recognize the vehicle and apparently were satisfied. The driver pulled rein as he approached the little hill and the pace of the smart little roadster slackened. As he neared the summit shots rang out in the morning air and the driver toppled from his seat. The strong, low-set man sprang to the bridle of the steed before the frightened animal could start, and with a sharp powerful jerk had it in complete control. "My God," shouted his companion, "we've killed young A—." "Quick," returned the other, "take what you can find." Not more than fifty dollars was their reward for the dastardly deed. Only money was taken. They stood on the steps of the vehicle and brushed the road to

obliterate their tracks. The two then drove off, leaving their victim dead near the top of the little hill. They were soon out of sight and leaping from the buggy into the woods, made off before any travellers had passed.

The incident takes us back to the home of a prosperous farmer who had just sold a piece of property for a considerable sum and had decided to go to town that very morning to do some business and deposit the money in the local bank. Many of the neighbours knew of the transaction, among them the two men who had committed the crime in the mists of the early morning. They had, however, missed their man. He was just then stepping from his home to attend to the many occupations of a busy farmer. He had listened to the pleadings of a neighbour, a young married man of excellent repute, who was living in a small, but comfortable cottage near by, and then engaged with one of the best farmers of the district. The young man was compelled to go to town, had solicited the use of the horse and buggy, and having obtained the request, left early in order to have his day's work done as usual. The farmer's generosity had cost the young man his life.

He had been murdered by an old friend who understood buildings and plans, but the greater part of the work had fallen on his own devoted shoulders. I was warmly welcomed. My connection with the work of Extension had long been known to him and apart from many other things, it was a link literally golden. Would I stay for a rest in my long travels? I would and did. It was at night we recalled the college days of many years ago when at class together or in study hours we steadily read the more than interesting tales of the host of authors of fiction in every college library. Many a rap both of us got for our violation of the rules. We talked of former companions now far from us, of teachers dead, of vast changes in the country itself and above all of the Catholic condition and plans, but the good priest told his story. It was the struggle of pioneer days when discouragement often faced the pastor and people. "This is the home," said Father N—, "but my sturdy frame has been tested here. I can tell you. I have three missions with this, eight, twelve and fifteen miles apart, and I am so situated that I can and do say two Masses here and at these missions every Sunday except when there is a fifth. This I devote to two stations far from here. They are about 32 miles distant and I contain few families, but I can reach them both on the visit. I distribute the Feasts so that I am always there too for Epiphany and one of the days of Easter week. But the silver is beginning to appear in my hair, as you see. The missions and building have left their marks." Our talk wandered to Extension. "It is a great work," said Father N—. "Naturally I will praise it because it has assisted me here, but I can say truthfully that it was my one steady source of encouragement. When my people were beginning, you can well imagine that the days were often anxious. Sometimes it was frost, again hail, another year brought us discouraging prices. But through it all I was getting some help. In this vast work where thousands of us face similar difficulties, what a boon to the tired missionary to know that he has friends who really care! I appreciate the regular supply of Mass Intentions about as much as anything you see. They give me constant inspiration to prayer and an increase of faith. The piety of others touched me very closely, though we were thousands of miles apart. Yes, and your chapels. Two of mine were begun by your society. It is doubtful if I could have had them yet without you."

Another evening we touched on Extension again. The topic pleased him. We had become quite congenial companions and he told me his personal history. "My mother died since I have been here and she is buried in the little church-yard beyond us. In death, please God, we shall not be divided either." He then recounted his early life, a story I had never known. He was the son of the young man who lay dead on the roadside when the morning mists lifted and the neighbours found him. The first suspicion of an accident was the flying horse noted by many and finally stopped. It was recognized and driven back towards home. On approaching the spot of the crime the animal gave great evidence of fright and was with difficulty persuaded to approach the little hill. Just beyond the top lay the body of the unfortunate man, scarce cold. The whole neighbour-

hood was in an uproar over the man's death and motive for the deed. The farmer who narrowly escaped said nothing. The search was fruitless at the time, the very murderers joining with great zeal in the capture. What a future loomed up before my mother, with me a mere child! Our little home and a few acres of land, however, were clear and with characteristic bravery she made up her mind to live for me and if possible find the criminals. My father's oldest brother was a real father to me and helped her. The early years passed peacefully and like all the boys, I went to school I had to leave, however, just a year after entering high school, and begin a trade. I became a skilled mechanic and was able to support the home. I need not tell you how attached my mother was to me and I to her. About the future I did not think at all. The years of young manhood were happy ones indeed and passed all too quickly. Like other Catholic young men of the neighbourhood, I was faithful in religious matters, but I cannot recall that I was especially fervent. A mission was held in our parish and made a great impression. The Fathers were excellent men and we thought them very eloquent. One night I heard a sermon on salvation and for days it haunted me. I spoke to one of the missionaries with the result that he took a special interest in me ever afterwards. He wrote me frequently and I began to think of the work of the priesthood itself, but I saw little hope of ever being able to devote my life to the service of God as a priest. I was twenty years of age with little education and financially it looked impossible. I spoke to my mother, who merely laughed. The missionary proposed finally that I enter one of their schools. To leave my mother entirely seemed useless to even consider. All this was unknown except to the missionary, my mother and myself, but my mother was too good a woman to let it drop, so she told the pastor. The good man was greatly interested. He not only gave us good advice, but resolved to help me. My uncle entered into the idea of going to the city, where I could go to school and live with my mother. Our home was sold and we started. My mother was able, with the aid of my uncle, to acquire a good lease, and being comparatively young, she rented and cared for her rooms and so we lived. But at school I can tell you the first years were hard. However, I persevered. Our good old pastor was faithful and paid for me every year. But scarcely had I entered philosophy when the good man died, leaving little more than the memory of his example and devoted priestly life. Here I was again apparently abandoned. To the Superior of the college I went one day in my perplexity. He told me to go on to class and come back again in a month. This I did, and he proposed there that I enter the Western field, and said that the Bishop of this diocese would pay my way.

"But I shall have to repay him, Father," said, "and that I cannot promise; my mother would not believe, agree." "Fear not," he said, "we have our Extension Society and the Bishop will get a share of your needs there; he has undertaken to provide the rest." He then told me about the Extension idea and how the whole Catholic body was attempting through it to help the missions. It looked as if Providence seemed my strength and skill. "In due time," he added, "a home with your mother would no doubt follow. There will be nothing to repay." My mother and I accepted at once and in due time I landed here. My years and previous experience in practical affairs were reasons why the Bishop named me pastor of this corner after one year as assistant. It has been my life's work, as you see. My mother was my great consolation for years, but two years ago God called her and I laid her near the spot where the little church I built stands and in God's own time I shall rest at her side. The parishioners loved her and the bond of spiritual affection remains. Bit by bit they learned our story and I think that their hearts with mine became one and the same. I never touch that spot, it is always green in summer and covered with fresh flowers. I note, too, that before the statue of the Blessed Virgin are always fragrant bouquets on the anniversary of her death.

"But what of the murderers? Did you ever clear up the incident?" I curiously exclaimed. "Ah," said Father N—. "One evening I was called on some miles from my parish shortly after coming here. The priest of the district was absent. I was taken to a farm house where two men lay seriously injured. Their horses had taken fright at a passing train and the big, powerful animals had started off on a mad run. The men tried to jump, but were caught by the reins and some ropes they were carrying and dragged a long distance before escaping. This with the fall had left them in a precarious condition. They had regained consciousness just before I arrived. I went in to attend to them. What was my surprise to find that I had before me two neighbours of my native home. I recognized them at once and I asked their names. I was not mistaken. They had bought farms some time before some miles from the scene of the accident. They

asked in turn my name. I saw a look of terrible pain on the face of the inquirer, but thought it due to their injuries, which I believed fatal. They were men advanced in age and I feared they were hurt internally. I told them I feared the worst. I left the room to give the doctor a chance; he too had travelled far to them and had just arrived. He told me when coming out of the room to prepare them at once. He confirmed my opinion. I went to them in a few minutes. To my utter astonishment the one to whom I had first spoken called me and said, "Father, are you the son of A—, who was killed on the road?" "Yes," I replied. "Then we have decided to tell you that we here are responsible for that crime." They then narrated the whole story and declared they wished to right as far as they could the wrong done us. My mother was to know the truth, they said, and so they wished to tell me before I heard their confessions. I was to save the reputation of their families, that was all they asked. They told me their circumstances and we decided then and there on a method of restitution that was possible. From both their properties I was given a substantial sum for myself and mother. They were rather well off and I felt that their families would not suffer as we had. They never knew and never will. You alone have heard it from me. They died in a few days. I received my money apparently for the Church. "Surely Father," said I, as we parted a little later, "God's ways are wonderful."

Contributions through this office should be addressed to: EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont. DONATIONS Previously acknowledged \$5,352.48 Miss J. Farrell, Perth..... 1.00 M. McM., Kingston..... 2.00 Mrs. M. Meehan, Amherstburg..... 5.00 MASI INTENTIONS Friend, Halifax..... 2.00 Mrs. P. Keenan, Stanley..... 2.00

FAMOUS OLD ABBEY RESTORED

The suppression of the English monasteries by Henry VIII, was an act of sacrilegious vandalism that is perhaps unparalleled in the world's history. One thousand and twenty-one religious houses were suppressed. Most of them were laid in ruin, so that in many cases only their name remains. Some few of the abbey churches escaped destruction and were later devoted to Protestant worship. But these were the exceptions. Nearly a thousand churches were deliberately destroyed. The lead was torn from their roofs, the woodwork burned, the masonry used as a ready-made quarry for other buildings. In every county in England there are ruined abbey, picturesque memorials of the past, for the tourist, the artist and antiquary, but for the Catholic, holy places linked with the record of the days of faith and with the heroic memories of martyrdom.

Some thirty years ago there was much rejoicing at the news that a Benedictine community had come into possession of the ruined Abbey of Buckfast in Devonshire. The monks have rebuilt it, not by calling in the services of an architect and contractor, but by the loving and patient labor of their own skilful hands, and this summer its restored church has been consecrated. A few weeks ago another of the venerable ruins came into Catholic hands, and one of its buildings is now being converted into a church. It is the Abbey of the Gallois, which was created in March, 1537, for the execution of John Paslew, last Abbot of Whalley, Abbey, and two of his monks, William Haydock and John Eastgate. They were among the hundreds of victims of the Reign of Terror that followed the suppression of the insurrection known as the "Pilgrimage of Grace," when the Catholics of the North rose in arms against King Henry. "For God, Our Lady, and the Catholic Faith."

The suppression and destruction of the abbey followed the triple martyrdom. The general suppression of the great religious houses had not yet begun, but the King declared Whalley and all its possessions forfeit to the Crown under the statute of high treason. It was well worth plundering. It had been founded and endowed with

broad lands by the pious Henry de Lacy, "the good Earl of Lincoln," in the closing years of the thirteenth century. Its church, forming one side of the quadrangle of monastic buildings, was one of the largest in England, 257 feet in length and 142 feet across the transepts. Its altar plate and rich vestments were taken away as plunder for the King. The lead from its roofs was melted and sold, the walls of the roofless church were flung down, and a few years later the site and some of the buildings were sold for £1,192, a sum of money that would represent at least twenty times the amount in our own day, £40,000 sterling or say \$200,000.

Of the church little now remains, but one can trace out its foundations and its general plan. The abbey's house has been converted into a modern residence with some additions. There are a few remains of the cloisters and of one side of the quadrangle. A farm-house, built of stone from the ruins occupies part of the abbey site and near it stands one of the old monastic buildings, almost intact. It owes its preservation to the fact that it was converted by the farmer into a cowhouse and barn. Its walls are six or seven feet thick and the entrance is by a fine pointed Gothic archway. It has two ranges of windows and an open timbered roof in good condition. It was originally a building with a basement and upper story, but the floor of the latter has been removed. The basement was a storeroom, and the upper floor, the dormitory of the Cistercian lay-brothers, hence the old name of the building, domus conversorum, "the house of the lay brothers."

Early in the present year this building, the farm-house and a considerable part of the abbey site, were put up for sale and were bought by the Bishop of Salford in order to establish a new Catholic mission at Whalley. He has put an Irish priest, Father McDonnell, in charge of the new mission; the farm-house will be his presbytery and the domus conversorum will be remodelled into a spacious church to be dedicated, like the old abbey church, to Our Blessed Lady, who nearly four centuries since the great conventual church of Our Lady of Whalley was destroyed. It is more than 350 years since the altars were thrown down in the neighboring parish church and the new Protestant church service replaced the Holy Mass. As Manning truly said the setting up of a new altar, the erection of a Catholic church here in England always means that before long there will be a congregation of the Faithful gathering around it. Each new church and altar is a step towards the winning back of the land to its ancient Faith. But there is special reason for rejoicing when, as in this instance, the new altar is set up on a place once consecrated to the service of God, and hallowed by the memory of two centuries of lives devoted to His service and by the blood of martyrs. So it is that old English is gradually "coming home" once again, slowly, but surely nevertheless.—A. Hilliard Atteridge in America.

BURSES

FOR EDUCATION OF PRIESTS FOR CHINESE MISSIONS These burses will be complete at \$1,000 each, and will provide a perpetual scholarship for boys wishing to study for the missionary priesthood and go evangelize China. Donors to these burses will be remembered by these future priests during their whole sacerdotal ministry.

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Never throw away Catholic periodicals when read, but always distribute them for the benefit of others.—Dudley Baxter, B. A., Oxon.

"A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this—that, when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours."—Tillotson.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOUY, D. D.

FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

SERVING TWO MASTERS

"No man can serve two masters. For either he will hate the one and love the other, or he will maintain the one and despise the other. You cannot serve God and mammon." (Matt. vi. 24.)

We have one master—God. He does not wish us to be called His slaves, however, for we are not undergoing a servitude even bordering on slavery. We are His children, and God, while our Master, is also our Father. He treats us as a father treats his children, and He expects us to look upon Him and respect and serve Him as our Father. Being children of His, we have a right—granted by Himself—to a share in His kingdom, unless by our sinful conduct we render ourselves unworthy of it. We reasonably could not wish to have a better master—a more fatherly one—than is God. As a consequence, we should strive to serve Him as He wishes, and render ourselves His worthy children.

God, having supreme and full right over us, is naturally, as we would say, jealous of our service and recognition. He wishes us to give all to Him, either as the immediate or the ultimate end of whatever we do. There is not an action we perform, no matter how menial, if it be not sinful, that we ultimately do not offer to God. If we fail to do so, we either commit sin or deprive ourselves of many graces that otherwise would come to us.

While doing something for any one other than God, or for any end other than to offer God the service and recognition due to Him, we are erecting to ourselves false gods and serving masters of our own making. These gods being false, and these masters being unjust, naturally no true gain can come to us from serving them. They rather seize hold of us and make us their slaves, offering nothing in return for our services and recognition save some fleeting reward or even a recompense lasting a lifetime, but not extending into the world beyond the grave. No wonder, then, that God has told us we can not serve two masters, or serve any master other than Himself.

Among the many rulers that men have set up for themselves, mammon holds the first place. That mammon is a god for many, no one will doubt; that it is a master many serve, is beyond all question. The many harmful revolutions—whether social, diplomatic or economic—that have come about among men since the beginning of the human race, have had money as their origin in almost every case. It is money that has kept in existence the new conditions resulting from these disintegrations; it is money that may change them again. The great inequality in the world is due more to this mammon of iniquity than to anything else. It is not always upright conduct and sterling character that distinguish men of one class from those of another; it is not always special gifts from their Maker that set some men on a plane above others in this world; it is not always untiring labor and scrupulous honesty that make certain men hold a special place in their town or country. All of these distinctions, from a generally adopted worldly point of view, come from money. There are many of the rich who are dishonest and in practically no way loyal to the rest of humanity, but who hold a distinctive place among their fellow-men. Money is their master.

Some of the most ignorant men of the world hold sway over thousands of other men; their illogical opinions and wandering imaginations obtain publicity by pen and by word of mouth. Their voice is listened to by the ear that rejects the wisdom of the truly educated and the wisely gifted. But why is all this so? Because they have money. In these days a fortune will win an admirer quicker than will natural gifts or an exceedingly talented mind. Why? Because these people reflect the fascinating sparkle of their money, which by its brightness dazzles the eyes of men and women and wins them.

How many men there are also who seem to have escaped God's curse—that man shall earn his bread by the sweat of his brow—as much as it can be escaped, and yet who are given every attention by their fellow-beings! We do not speak of those who, perhaps, have inherited fortunes, and who use their wealth in such a way as to benefit others—namely, by financing gigantic projects that afford honest employment for thousands of men, or by placing their money in just circulation. It is of the idle, selfish rich we speak, who as a rule lead luxurious lives and place themselves, because of the money, above their fellow-beings. It is surprising to note how many will truckle to them—all in the hope of getting a little of the lucre from their hands. They are money-made masters to thousands upon thousands of human slaves. Did they not have this mammon, they would be despised and looked down upon; but since they possess it, they are gods and goddesses.

Money itself, though dangerous for an individual, necessarily need not be the cause of this slavery. It can become a great blessing to an individual or a community, when

rightly used. However, even when money is not a man's master, it often cunningly leads him astray. This is done principally by the circumstance that wealth can bring about. How often, for instance, the poor suffer because they can not reach the level of the rich, in what concerns their common and public welfare. To give an example, are not many parents, honest and good, though poor, greatly embarrassed at sending their children to schools where the rich are better clothed? Are not the children themselves placed a little lower than their richer companions? Money has created this condition, as it has brought about many others of a similar nature.

Happy and fortunate the Christian who possesses riches and yet uses them rightly. Ordinarily they are great occasions of sin; but if rightly used, riches will become occasions of great blessings.

A METHODIST TRIBUTE

In a recent number of the Methodist Epworth Herald Mr. W. E. Hutchinson gives his impressions of a visit to one of the old California missions, whose memory has been recalled again these days. Guided by one of the padres, he went to the old historic shrine at Santa Barbara, of which he says:

"This mission was founded in 1786, and is the best preserved of all the old shrines. For more than a century its altar lights have never dimmed, and its stately towers with deep-voiced bells have looked out upon the blue waters of the Pacific, and their brazen tongues have echoed across the valley and called the neophyte to prayers. A feeling of awe and veneration came over me as I passed from room to room, treading the worn tiled floor, deep-rutted by the sandalled feet of those ancient men of God that have long since gone to their reward."

"Room after room we entered filled with relics of bygone days, the air redolent with that musty odor that pervades old sanctuaries, where hand-lettered books of sheep-skin reposed side by side with costly vestments, and crude instruments fashioned by the Indians. At last we were ushered through a doorway into the cemetery where repose the dust of the faithful padres sleeping side by side with their Indian converts, where the mocking bird sings his vespers hymn above their graves in the moonlight."

Mammon was not the only god moved amid these surroundings by the sudden view of a life-size figure of Christ upon the Cross against a background of green vines. "I stood like one in a trance," and so, though not a Catholic, he tells us that he left, slowly, sorrowfully, "with greater love for the Son of Man that I had ever known."—The Monitor.

RELIGIOUS PICTURES

Pictures that hang motionless upon the walls of the homes of the country have exercised a most potent influence on the thought and action of our people. The movie is seen and forgotten, but the picture on the wall remains for years deepening its impression with the passing of time, arousing new thoughts and richer inspirations, and often acting as a perpetual monitor and guide. It may be the picture of a father or a mother, it may be a beautiful reproduction of some great artist, or better still, it may be a religious picture carrying its irresistible appeal to piety and goodness.

Many a zealous priest or holy nun can trace the germ of vocation to some picture that adorned their home in childhood. A saintly missionary once declared that a picture of the Last Judgment, which he gazed on from early childhood, decided his vocation. Many a boy or girl has derived from the religious pictures on the walls of their bedrooms the seeds of piety that blossomed later into ripe fruits of sanctity, and many a wanderer has been moved to retrace his steps to the fold by the recollection of a pious print or religious picture.

The Catholic home has always been distinguished from the non-Catholic home by the presence of religious pictures. In this matter the poor set the shining example. It is rare to visit the homes of Catholics in humble circumstances without seeing evidences of Catholicity in the pictures on the walls.

Their more fortunate brothers too often prefer reproductions of great secular artists to the saintly

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madonnas and Holy Families, and Sacred Hearts. The poor may be destitute of artistic susceptibilities, but they have something better, the innocence of heart and childlike faith that prompt them to surround every sleeping and waking moment with holy pictures of God and His angels and saints.

In these days when good reproductions of religious masterpieces

can be obtained at moderate prices, there is no excuse for any Catholic home being without them. The good influence of the religious picture on the wall will counteract to some extent the evil influence of the bad moving picture on the screen, and will plant seeds of faith and piety in children that will bring forth abundant fruit in later years.—The Pilot.

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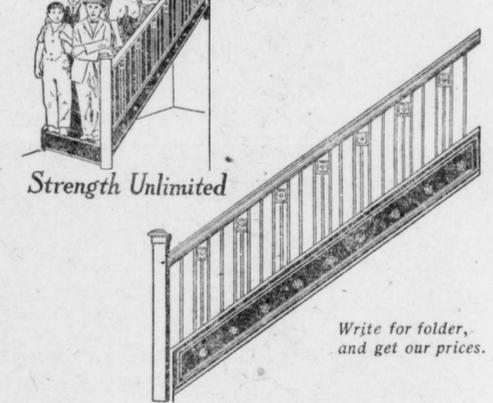
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If you want to get a favor done by some obliging friend, don't want a promise, safe and sure on which you may depend, don't go to him who always has much leisure time to plan. But if you want your favor done, just ask the busy man.

ALWAYS BE PUNCTUAL

Young men, be punctual; be always on time and never keep others waiting. Time and season wait for no man.

ONE OF THESE MAY FIT YOU

Don't think your neighbor is getting hit by the sermon. Be to your own imagined virtues very blind, to your neighbor's faults very, very kind.

STAND FOR SOMETHING!

"A man may smile and bid you hail, but when a good dog wags his tail you know he's on the level."

BUILDERS OF MEN

In an editorial in the Red Book Magazine that strikes the mark splendidly, Mr. Bruce Barton of the great advertising agency of Barton, Durstine and Osborne pays high honor to the employer who, while looking after his own interests, has an eye to the success of those who labor for him.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE "GRAND AMEN"

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"Which, sometimes, dear, is an excuse for an irritable temper."

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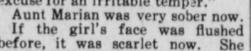
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Advertisement for Five Year 5 1/2 per cent Canada's Victory Bonds. Includes text: 'To Holders of Five Year 5 1/2 per cent Canada's Victory Bonds', 'Issued in 1917 and Maturing 1st December, 1922.', 'CONVERSION PROPOSALS', 'THE MINISTER OF FINANCE offers to holders of these bonds who desire to continue their investment in Dominion of Canada securities the privilege of exchanging the maturing bonds for new bonds bearing 5 1/2 per cent interest, payable half yearly, of either of the following classes: (a) Five year bonds, dated 1st November, 1922, to mature 1st November, 1927. (b) Ten year bonds, dated 1st November, 1922, to mature 1st November, 1932. While the maturing bonds will carry interest to 1st December, 1922, the new bonds will commence to earn interest from 1st November, 1922, GIVING A BONUS OF A FULL MONTH'S INTEREST TO THOSE AVAILING THEMSELVES OF THE CONVERSION PRIVILEGE. This offer is made to holders of the maturing bonds and is not open to other investors. The bonds to be issued under this proposal will be substantially of the same character as those which are maturing, except that the exemption from taxation does not apply to the new issue. W. S. FIELDING, Minister of Finance. Dated at Ottawa, 8th August, 1922.'

RELIGIOUS RECEPTION

AT DE LA SALLE COLLEGE, AURORA, ONT.

At the close of the Annual Retreat conducted last week by the Rev. J. McCandlish, C. S. S. R., at De La Salle College, Aurora, sixteen young men made their First Vows as Christian Brothers and eleven postulants received the holy habit of St. De La Salle.

The ceremony of Reception was conducted by Rev. Brother Bernard, Provincial, and was attended by most of the Brothers of the Toronto Province. The function concluded with Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament given by Rev. Father McCandlish.

Those who received the holy habit were: Gerald Walsh (Newmarket), in religion Brother Benildus; Leo Ryan (Tweed), in religion Brother Camillus; John W. Gilles (Preston), in religion Brother Xavier; George N. Mather (Preston) in religion Brother George; Clarence W. O'Brien (Kingston), in religion Brother Benedict; John Naylor (Kingston), in religion Brother Artemon; Clarence Schmidt (Preston), in religion Brother Hilarton; Wilfred Greyerbiehl (Toronto), in religion Brother Celsus; John J. Pailing (Cainsville), in religion Brother Frederick; Albert V. O'Neil (Merritton), in religion Brother Claudius; Alfred Hergott (Mildmay), in religion Brother Benaventure.

The new novices graduated this year from the Junior Department of the Brothers' Training College where their places are being filled by a number of new recruits who are entering for the scholastic term beginning in September. The Annual Retreat for the junior students opened on Sunday last and is likewise being conducted by Rev. Father McCandlish, C. S. S. R.

To their many friends among the clergy and laity to whose kind encouragement and co-operation so much of the development of their work in the cause of Catholic education in Ontario is due, the Christian Brothers are deeply grateful.

THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

COPY OF LETTER RECEIVED FROM THE COMMITTEE OF CANADIAN EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS PARTY TO ROME

To Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, London.

Gentlemen:—Our Committee takes pleasure in bringing to your notice the following resolution which was adopted unanimously, June 18th, 1922, in the parlors of the Grand Hotel, Brussels.

The members of the Canadian Pilgrimage to the Eucharistic Congress, Rome, who have now reached the end of their long journey, feel it a duty to express their entire satisfaction at the splendid way in which Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son have carried out the promises made to them through their agency in Montreal. It is a pleasure to acknowledge that Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son have again in this instance, maintained the high repute which is theirs throughout the world.

Our Committee also feel that it is a duty generously to recognize the zeal, kindly solicitude and business capacity of Mr. Louis Novelli, Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son's representative who accompanied us during a long and difficult tour. This gentleman did not spare himself; he was ever at our services and it is only fair that we should tender him the hearty expression of our gratitude. Not less real is our indebtedness to Mr. Emile Vaillancourt of Cook's Montreal Agency, who as chief organizer of our Pilgrimage, took every means to assure its success.

In the Reverend Fathers Archambault and Devine, S. J., the Spiritual Directors, and in Mr. Jean-Baptiste Lagace, M. A., whose lectures on art during the tour were so instructive, Messrs. Novelli and Vaillancourt had able support in conducting so large a body across the Atlantic and through Europe.

In this resolution, the Committee wishes to frankly acknowledge the services of these men devoted to our whole party and they do not hesitate to assert that to their efforts is due the success of the long journey which has just ended.

THE COMMITTEE

President (Sgd.) Norbert Decelles, Secretary, (Sgd.) J. H. Destroismois, Committee, (Sgd.) Edward Foley, Joseph Corbell, J. S. Desbriens, Alfred J. Trudel, J. Bourret.

GOOD INTEREST AND ABSOLUTE SECURITY

A liberal rate of interest with absolute security is the attractive offer made by the Minister of Finance to holders of the Canadian Government War loan bonds maturing December 1, 1922. The offer is not made to investors generally, but only to the holders of the bonds soon to mature. The bonds to be retired, bearing interest at five and one-half per cent., will be exchanged for new bonds bearing the same rate of interest. See the advertisement of the Minister of Finance.

WEEKLY CALENDAR

Sunday, Sept. 8.—St. Seraphia, virgin and martyr, parents who fled from the persecution under Adrian. Resolving to consecrate her life to Christ she gave away all of her possessions and finally sold herself into slavery. Through the Saint's piety, her mistress, a Roman lady named Sabina was converted to the faith. Having been denounced as a Christian the Saint was condemned to death by fire but miraculously escaped. She was later beheaded.

Monday, Sept. 4.—St. Rosalia, was the daughter of a noble family descended from Charlemagne. She was born in Palermo. Despising worldly vanities she made her abode in a cave on Mount Pellegrino where she practised austere penance and manual labour. She died in 1160.

Tuesday, Sept. 5.—St. Laurence Justinian, refusing the offer of a brilliant marriage fled secretly from his home at Verice and joined the Canons Regular of St. George. He became the first Patriarch of Venice and died A. D. 1485 at the age of seventy-four.

Wednesday, Sept. 6.—St. Eleutherius, was chosen abbot of St. Mark's near Spoleo and favored by God with the gift of miracles. He later assigned his abbacy and died in St. Andrew's monastery in Rome about 582.

Thursday, Sept. 7.—St. Cloud, confessor, was the son of Chlodimir, King of Orleans. After his father's death his uncles divided the kingdom between them and stabbed two of their nephews. Cloud, saved by special providence, renounced the world and devoted himself to the service of God. He later established a monastery about two leagues below Paris where he assembled many pious men who fled from the world for fear of losing their souls in it. He died about 560.

Friday, Sept. 8.—The Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary announced joy and the near approach of salvation to the lost world. Mary was brought forth in the world not like other children of Adam, infected with the loathsome contagion of sin, but pure, holy, beautiful, and glorious, adorned with all the most precious graces which became her who was chosen to be the Mother of God. She appeared indeed in the weak state of our mortality; but in the eyes of Heaven she already transcended the highest seraph in purity, brightness, and the richest ornaments of grace.

Saturday, Sept. 9.—St. Omer, bishop, was born toward the close of the sixth century in the territory of Constance of a wealthy and noble family. After the death of his mother he entered the monastery of Luxen, whither he persuaded his father to follow him, after having sold his worldly goods and distributed the proceeds among the poor. He was called from his solitude to take charge of the government of the Church in Terouenne. When he took charge, the greater part of the people living within the limits of his diocese were pagans but through his efforts it soon became one of the most flourishing dioceses in France. He died in 670.

PROTESTANT WINS K. OF C. PRIZE

Atlantic City, Aug. 5.—Professor Samuel Bemis, head of the department of history in Whitman College, Walla Walla, Washington, was declared winner of the first prize of \$3,000 in the Knights of Columbus competition for the best essay on an American historical subject written by a professor or instructor of history in any American college, at the American history session of the fortieth supreme convention here.

Whitman College is a Presbyterian institution. The prize-winner, whose essay was on "Jay's Treaty," assumed the pen name of Christopher Columbus and neither judges nor members of the historical commission were aware of his identity until a sealed envelope was publicly opened at the general session of the convention by Gaillard Hunt, chief archivist of the U. S. State Department, who was chairman of the judges' committee.

The American history session was featured by a scholarly address by Edward P. Sweeney, of Boston, chairman of the Knights of Columbus Historical Commission, and by a report of Mr. Hunt, chairman of the judges' committee, in which he emphasized the importance of the work of the commission. John F. Reddin, of Denver, supreme master of the Fourth Degree, also spoke of the work now being carried on throughout the United States, as did Professor George Herman Derry, of Union College.

"History," said Mr. Hunt, "is not an exact science, but an applied science, and its chief value lies in the inspiration which we can draw from the past and the manner in which we can apply the knowledge we gain to consideration of present and future problems. For that reason I am glad that the Knights of Columbus, an organization composed largely of that class of American citizens that does not pretend to be pedagogue or erudite, have undertaken this work. The best exemplification we can give of the value of this work is to hold to upstanding American principles in our lives."

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Mr. Hunt advised that competitors now restricted to professors of history be opened to the public at large. It was announced that awards in other classes of the historical competition are not yet decided, as many manuscripts have still to be read by the judges.

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SHORTHAND PRESERVED BY ANCIENT MONKS

An article by M. Leon Goudallier in Cosmos of Paris, translated for the Literary Digest, states that the art of shorthand is not a modern invention, but was known to the ancients. "Learned men," it says, "believe that they have found it among the Phoenicians, the Egyptians, the Persians, and the Hebrews; but they cannot prove their case. Among the Greeks and Romans, however, its existence is certain. With the advent of Christianity, the writer says that both the Greek and Latin systems of shorthand were extended, reaching their greatest development in the times of the persecutions; and he declared that it is to Christian natives who used shorthand that we are indebted for the accounts of the martyrs. For they were present at the trials of those who confessed Christ. M. Goudallier goes on to give instances of the early Christian use of shorthand.

He says that Pope Clement I. (96 A. D.) divided Rome into seven districts, each with its stenographers; that St. Augustine tells us that his hearers took down his discourses in shorthand; and that at an early council, held in Carthage, there were required eight shorthand

reporters to record the words of the prelates. Shorthand, M. Goudallier concludes, remained in common use until the seventh century. Then its decadence began and it was little used; but it did not disappear entirely. Like so many other branches of human knowledge, it found a refuge in the cloisters, and thus, in spite of the vicissitudes of the times, was preserved from ruin. So here we have another instance of the service rendered to the world by the medieval monks, who are sometimes called by the flippant, the "prejudiced, or the ignorant, "lazy" and "good for nothing."

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TEACHERS wanted, holding second class Ontario certificates for Catholic Separate schools, Port William, Ont. Salary \$290 per annum. Duties to commence September, 1922. Apply to G. F. Smith, Secretary, Room 11, Murray Block, Port William, Ont. 229-47

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