

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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LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1920

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"THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY"

As a people we are prone to grumble at the weather. Our Canadian climate has long been a byword for its unexpected variations; while our friends across the water have been wont to associate our temperament and the changeful skies of this fair land of ours in the uncomplimentary term, "perfidious." True it is that many of our great and near-great add to their other virtues the weather-streak; this may account for the fact that in common conversation we are apt to dwell on the shady side of our climatic vagaries, forgetting that the sturdy virtues of the masses are largely due to the toughness of fibre bred by alternations of storm and calm, a humid atmosphere and bright sunshine. The poets have been more generous in their treatment of the natural phenomena which characterize the revolving year than hasty critics are. British song for the most part revels in the mood of joyful appreciation. Modern poetry from Thomson and Cowper to Tennyson and Browning, does full justice to the various changes of weather; and in George Meredith's verse the Wordsworthian spirit is harmonised with scientific fact and brought into touch with twentieth-century thought. Prose-writers like Jefferies and Robert Louis Stevenson, though smarting under physical weakness, looked through the gloom that overhung their individual fortunes, beheld the silver lining in the cloud, and became apostles of a genial philosophy which was nourished by contact with Nature in her manifold displays of force and beauty. There are sunnier spots, more gorgeous colors and variegated scenes in the tropics. But where are men and women brought under happier conditions of growth than in our temperate zone, within reach of ocean, lakes and mountains, or among hills and valleys and far-off western plains and prairies? Now, after the close of the late exhausting conflict, our sorely-tryed and overstrained industrial of all grades are turning eyes of longing towards the green solitudes and quiet countryside, where refreshment of body and mind is to be found. It is a salutary instinct that impels the toilers thus to seek relief from the burden of care which a broken civilization has laid upon them.

Wet and windy March has come and gone, releasing the earth from its heavy burden of snow and ice. April followed, swelling the leaf buds of the ever-welcome pussy willow, and clothing the grass with the first touch of lovely green, most refreshing to eyes that have looked out for it as search watch for the first glimpse of their homeland after long voyages. In its mutability it images our own experience. The call of the season finds a ready response, sport revives, all living things are gay in the beams that pour intermittently upon the earth. The legendary miracle is wrought—Apollo draws his golden bow and slays the beautiful Niobe's children. The Sleeping Beauty is awakened by the kiss of the fairy prince, and her radiant smile is his reward.

May ushers in the reign of Flora, though in many sheltered spots already the fragrant and modest May flower is holding its own, but now, in good earnest the fields and hedgerows begin to array themselves with their early summer ornaments. Dandelions, buttercups and daisies, all follow in their turn. The robin, who has been looking about for a place to locate, now pours forth his love-song, and the notes fall like a benediction from the sunny spaces of the upper air. All Nature thrills with the creative impulse that is at the heart of things as on the first day. It is the time of renewal, the hour of rebirth when the life-forces are taking fresh forms of beauty and resource.

We must go to Spenser, the courtly eulogist, for a worthy tribute to May—that is, to the kindly goddess of the Roman Calendar, and the brightest luminary in the Pleiades. Old Dan Chaucer, the morning star of English poetry, is the most

natural of the early writers, with his broad appreciation of the country in its gay summer aspects. On a May morning in the fourteenth century, while staying at the Tabard, in High Street, Southwark, nine-and-twenty pilgrims arrived on their way to the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury. Chaucer joined them, and to beguile the way they told tales to each other. So we have portraits of the knight and his squire, the monk and the prioress, with tradesmen of various sorts. The parson, best known to us because his character has been often commended, blends piety and poverty, learning and charity, in a benign personality. A good shepherd, mild and patient and piteous to wanderers from the fold—

"To draw them on to Heaven, by reason fair
And good example, was his daily care.

The lore of Christ and His Apostles
He taught; but first he followed it himself."

In the great widespread gallery of Nature, the minute portion of the universe which is open to our study, the mirror in which we may catch fleeting reflections of life's workings, the phenomena of this magical season easily arrest attention. May Day was the great rural festival in days gone by. At peep of day the lads and lasses went forth to gather blossoming branches wherewith to adorn the doors and lattices. Herrick celebrates the floral customs of the time in verses as joyous as any to be found in his bright pages, ending on this clear note:

"Come we'll abroad, and let's obey
The proclamation made for May,
And sin no more, as we have done,
By staying.
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go
a-Maying!"

It will not be easy for countless men and women who inhabit the fair demesnes and homesteads of our land today to recapture the mood of careless pleasure which once prevailed when earth and sky smiled upon these youthful ardors. Spring-time and romance go ill with such sad memories as many of us carry, even amid the sunny hours that now follow the long and lonely winter when gloom overhung Europe—a gloom not yet banished from the further horizon. We will not waste time and space in consideration of the material loss our people have suffered during those past years of weary warfare; we are faintly envisaging the awful waste of life, the quenching of bright hopes so abundantly displayed by youths just entering promising careers; lads who forsook all to redeem their country's pledge and to succour weaker neighbours in their extremity. How jubilantly they sprang to answer the call of duty! In the springtime of their life they went to endure unknown perils and privations for a cause that aroused their sense of justice, their chivalrous sympathies, their sensitive honor and love of freedom. Now, when the worst is over, and the land they loved smiles as of yore, in virgin freshness, when uplands and lowlands are responding to the glowing rays of the sun, we miss them more than ever. Spring riots in superabundant vitality, but they are not here to share the largesse of the season. Bud and blossom delight the eye, the songs of happy birds sound in lovers' ears. Alas, for them there is no awaking, and their future hopes were entertained of their future will never be realized! Here and now we shall know them no more save as spiritual presences, ever near to us in thought but beyond sight and touch. Unspeakingly dear they are and will be; the sun has gone down, the twilight falls, the west grows dark, yet we can but be thankful for the afterglow whose pale radiance falls upon our path. How we cherish fond memories of happy days spent with them, lingering over trites that recall traits of character, mute symbols of their human qualities expanding under our fostering affection! All the accumulating moral and intellectual capital invested, oh, so differently from our poor purblind foresight of triumphs latent in beings so rich in potentialities of successful achievement! Yet, if time be granted, the other side of the account will stand out more clearly when we can view it in its larger relations.

WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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DIRTY WORK WILL CORRUPT AND RUIN ARMY

That frank Englishman, Lieutenant-Colonel Erskine Childers (English Naval Air Service) about whom I have written before, and who as I mentioned has been for some time past living in Ireland, was asked by The London Daily News to write for them his candid opinion about the English policy in Ireland. His reply startled the small number of fair-minded Englishmen that are there left. Speaking "as a soldier with a varied experience of regular war, and an instinctive regard for all its decencies and chivalries," he says the war in Ireland between an organized army on one side and a physically helpless but spiritually indomitable population on the other is degrading to the former, and is demoralizing to the population that is bludgeoned into silence. The English soldiers "must scour cities, villages, country districts, with lorries, tanks, aeroplanes and armored cars on a constant round of suppression and raids. They must suppress every conceivable kind of meeting, political and social. They must hunt down a non-party Economic Commission. They must even help to kidnap children at the school-door and to turn back with bayonets women coming to market their fowl. They rest without cessation, at all hours of day and night, private houses, shops, business offices, trams, banks."

"Take a typical night in Dublin," says Childers. "As the citizens go to bed the barracks spring to life. Lorries, tanks and armored search-light cars muster in fleets, lists of objectives are distributed, and through the pitch-dark streets, the strange cavalcade issues forth to the attack. Think of raiding a private house at dead of night in a tank (my own experience)—in a tank whose weird rumble and roar can be heard miles away. The procedure of the raid is in keeping, though the objectives are held for the most part by women and terrified children. A thunder of knocks, no time to dress (even for a woman alone) or the door will crash in. On opening, in charge the soldiers with fixed bayonets and in full war-kit. No warrant shown on entering, no apology on leaving if (as in nine cases out of ten) snuffboxes prove to be groundless, and the raid a mistake. In many recent instances even women occupants have been locked up under guard while their property is ransacked. Imagine the moral effect of such a procedure on the young officers and men told off for this duty! Is it a wonder that discipline is relaxed, unpardonable irregularities occur—looting, insolence, drunkenness, cruel severity to women, wanton and careless destruction?"

He solemnly warns the English leaders that the Irish war if persisted in will corrupt and eventually ruin not only their army but their nation and the Empire itself. "What right has England to torment and demoralize Ireland?" he asks. "It is all the more shameful in that she claims to have fought five years for the liberty of oppressed nations. Hereafter, who in the world will believe her word?"

THE LLOYD GEORGE VETO

When Horace Plunkett was last in America he arranged with Mr. Charles S. Barrett, President of the American Farmers' National Union, that the International Congress of Agricultural Co-operative Organizations should be held in Dublin in this coming summer. It has leaked out that Premier Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill as quietly as possible vetoed and forbade the arrangement. They might meet anywhere in the British Empire—but not in Ireland. Mr. Barrett says: "In discussing the various matters in question, at the British headquarters in Paris (during the Peace Conference) I was given to understand that my presence in Ireland as a representative of American agriculture, or the holding of the proposed International Congress of Agricultural Co-operative Organizations in Dublin, was not desirable. The information was conveyed to me, in unmistakable though diplomatic language, by Premier Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill. I was given to understand, however, that every encouragement would be given the holding of a similar conference in London. This strange action is on a par with the proclamation of the Irish Economic Congress. And yet there are many innocent Americans who persist in thinking that outside the political dispute, England earnestly desires to help Ireland to economic independence."

THE OLD, OLD BRITISH POLICY

That centuries' old policy of keeping Ireland in a state of starvation so that she can not injure England's trade has never been forsaken by the English Government, and never will be forsaken as long as she has any say in Ireland. Just as I read this I turn up a little

illuminative extract taken from the Dublin Freeman's Journal of October 22, 1883, from their Clonmel (Co. Tipperary) correspondence. (I should mention that by the beginning of the last century England had completed a long and trying task of stamping out every other Irish industry. The people then tried the growth and manufacture of tobacco. It proved profitable and began to flourish. When this was found out by the step-mother she immediately ordered that the tobacco industry must be ended in Ireland. And all Irish-made tobacco be destroyed). The Freeman's Journal item reads: "On Monday last Daniel McLogan, Esq., from the Exchequer and William Patgrave, Esq., from the Customs Department, arrived here for the purpose of valuing and destroying tobacco of Irish growth; at an early hour next morning they commenced their very arduous undertaking which they have now nearly completed, having examined and destroyed about twenty-five tons. This was one morning's good work, in one village, of these two British ministering angels in the course of their official tour for purpose of stamping out the last of Ireland's expiring industries. It was only a part of the same unchanged, unchangeable British policy which today proclaims illegal a non-party Irish Industrial Commission—and greets its members, at door of their meeting place, with the fixed bayonets of a regiment of British soldiers. And its Ambassador to America then blandly assures this Continent that "England has no longer any dispute with Ireland."

HE WHO RUNS MAY READ

Lord Lieutenant French journeyed from Dublin to Kingstown, the other day, to take the boat for England. In ordinary times the incident would be recorded in a colorless social note in the society events of the Irish capital. The following, copied word for word from the leading Dublin daily paper, shows how the pleasant little social event is now recorded:

"Field Marshal Lord French, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, left Kingstown on Saturday morning for Holyhead en route to London. "Special precautions were taken for the safety and protection at Carlisle Pier and along the road from the Viceroyal Lodge to Kingstown. "He was accompanied from Dublin by an armed escort of soldiers in several motor cars. "An armored motor car formed portion of the guard. "The military at Kingstown were very active, and no unauthorized persons were allowed on the Pier. "He who runs may read indeed."

ELOQUENT FIGURES

An Irish review has been analyzing the figures of the last two elections in Ireland, the Parliamentary Election and the Municipal. There is to the outsider something in the figures. The number of voters for self-determination and for an Irish Republic was 1,211,516 which, together with 49,939 voters recorded for independent and labor candidates (all of whom of course, were practically for self-determination, and an Irish Republic) makes a total on the Irish side of a little more than a million and a quarter. The number of voters in Ireland who voted for union with England (all of these being of the Anglo-Irish and Scotch-Irish class) was 271,455—just seven-eighths per cent. of the population. Is there any country in the world today which, on a vote, could show such practical unanimity for one determined policy? The analysis of the result of the Municipal election shows 99 of the corporations and councils gone Republican and Home Rule and a bare 26 Unionist.

PROTESTANT ANTI-CARSONITES

I have several times noted in this column that the Protestant Labor element in Ulster is rapidly breaking away from Carsonites. This independent, anti-Orange Protestant element has now got its own press organ, The Northern Democrat—in the columns of which Sir Edward Carson and the Belfast Orange leaders are soundly thrashed from week to week. The Northern Democrat bitterly opposes Lloyd George's Home Rule Bill on the ground that it partitions Ireland and gives a corner of it to Carson and his intolerant followers. This Protestant organ, says the bill, is to be condemned both because it accepts religious difference as a basis of division, and also because it gives renewed power to a small anti-Irish class to annul and resist the wishes of the majority of the Irish people. The Northern Democrat says that because the power of dominating Ireland is slipping from the Orangemen, they hope to hold their privileges by this so-called Ulster Parliament. The whole bill, it says, "is to be condemned as the negation of the principles of democracy and justice." The Northern Democrat has a healthy circulation throughout the North of Ireland, and from week to week is winning larger support amongst that body of people who had been always so bitterly anti-Irish—but from whose eyes the scales are now falling.

WELL QUALIFIED TO BE MAGISTRATE

The powers of life, death, or prison tomb, placed in the hands of the Resident Magistrates in Ireland, is beginning to give some little alarm to some of the English themselves, who, in the London press, have begun to question its wisdom. The question was asked "Can any one be made a Resident Magistrate in Ireland?" The answer of course is that for the past 90 years any one, irrespective of his character or want of character, whom the British Government favors, and who in turn can be trusted to favor the British Government, and obey their private commands, can be made a Resident Magistrate. Especially are creatures who have failed at everything else they tried, elevated to the bench by Dublin Castle, and given order to turn the tyrannical power of the law against the people whose pleas they are supposed to hear and to judge impartially. In the debate on the Jubilee Conviction Act, the late Tim Harrington, showing the stuff of which the Government Resident Magistrates were made in Ireland, quoted the following letter from the Knight of Kerry to the Lord Lieutenant: "My brother, Stephen Fitzgerald, having but a small provision, my father applied to your predecessor for a situation, and received an encouraging reply with a conditional promise. But nothing having resulted therefrom, he continued to live an idle life at home and fall into habits injurious to himself and distressing to his family. . . . The situation of stipendiary magistrate is one for which I think he would be extremely well qualified." He was well qualified—had a weak mind, bad repulse and urgent need of money—the ideal qualifications that Dublin Castle was hunting. Such a man would scruple at nothing to obey his masters' orders. Accordingly the degenerate was immediately made master of the Irish people's liberties. SEUMAS MACMANUS, Of Donegal.

THE SOUNDEST RACES

By Father Martin Brazeau

Praise is ever sweet. It is a hundred-fold sweeter when it is forced out of unwilling lips by hard facts. It was our pleasure to record recently in the columns of the Catholic Times the stupendous admission of truth made by the London Observer that "Roman Catholic rural Ireland was the only part of these islands where the race is in a healthy condition." Such a statement from his own henchman ought to awaken the conscience if he has not dragged it beyond remedy—of Sir Edward Carson and cause him to realize that Belfast is not included in "Roman Catholic rural Ireland." His associates, the Orangemen, have had full two hundred years to develop their principles in Belfast, and the result is that neither physical health nor morality nor any of the joys of life are among its squalid masses, whose chief purpose in life is to sweat and produce hard cash for their overseers and grindors.

TESTIMONY FROM CANADA

Unexpectedly comes a like testimony from the New World of spacious Canada! Again the witness is an Englishman and a member of the No-Popery tribe! Again Balaam's Ass testifies to the Spirit of God and His truths. The Macmillan Company of Toronto—like Belfast, a hive of Orangemen—has published recently, for ten shillings and sixpence, a book entitled "Wake Up, Canada!" Its author is O. W. Peterson. He is a Protestant. He is an English Canadian. He is more. He is a fearless speaker of the truth even when it goes against the grain. Frankly Mr. Peterson confesses that, despite the enthusiasm aroused by the recent visit of the Prince of Wales, all is not well in Canada. Mr. Peterson speaks from a varied experience of life in Canada. He has been (1) a ranchman; (2) a farmer; (3) an editor; (4) a manager of Irrigation Plant; (5) a printer; (6) a book-writer; (7) a political wire-puller. Probably he holds his latest job the best paid, with least exertion. But in our opinion he has unconsciously been chosen by the Spirit of God, as was Balaam's Ass, to fulfil the functions of an alarm clock.

NOT EXAMPLES OF TRUE RACE CULTURE

Seeing and stating the malaises with uncompromising clearness, in almost every case he has a cut-and-dried remedy for the various ills and handicaps, social, political, and economic, from which Canada suffers. Strange to say, he fails to suggest imposition of undiluted control by the Orange lodges of Toronto and the Province of Ontario. Stranger yet to mention, he does not hold up as an example of earthly Paradise the conditions of life in Belfast! Worst of all, he does not call for the transfer to Canada of Sir Edward Carson, Colonel Wallace, Lord French, or any Blood and Iron exponent of English methods. What is the unwitting advice which his pen indites, despite his Protestant, English prejudices and his admiration of English "Kultur" in Ireland, and at Amritsar in India? Not Belfast nor Orange-

ism, but Quebec and Catholicism rivets his gaze and elicits his praise in terms which tainted though they be with vulgarity and coarseness of expression, are no less glowing at white heat with truth than the testimony of the London Observer to the merits, unequalled, of "Roman Catholic rural Ireland."

FRENCH CANADIANS' QUALITIES

The following extract from Mr. Peterson's book, "Wake Up, Canada!" is emphatic and instructive. The extract is textual: "French Quebec's contribution towards winning the War was not conspicuous. The French Canadian units that went across, however, covered themselves with glory as the entire French Canadian population would doubtless have done, had it been there. The fact of the matter is, that the habitant, the real French-Canadian, lives in a sixteenth century atmosphere. (Anterior to Orangeism.) Quebec is his country, and Monsieur le Cure is a deputy god. (Not Carson.) Great Britain and France actually mean no more to him than Nova Scotia or Saskatchewan—and that is nothing at all. (Wise Quebec.) The Province (State) of Quebec should really educate this man and make a real citizen of him. There is no better raw material anywhere. I have great hopes for the future of that splendid race. They are God-Fearing, Hard-Working, and Law-Abiding People, Reasonably Prosperous, very contented and Faithful to the Command of Their Church to people the earth." He recognizes "the advantages no less than the drawbacks of a dual language." Mr. Peterson, use big type for the confession of Mr. Peterson! Quebec, like Christ, did not, falling down, worship Satan when he promised her the Empire of the Earth if she would sell her soul. Now she is avenged. Amidst surrounding corruption, physical no less than moral, Quebec is—like Ireland—envied by their would-be seducers. The Moral is: Do thou, Dark Roseleen, resist to the last your seducers, those Unclean spirits who seek your ruin by lying promises of Empire, if you will sell your soul. Do thou, like Old Quebec, stick to your faith! It will safeguard your liberty as it has done in Faithful Poland and in the Yugo Slav States. Above all, it will safeguard the chastity of your daughters; remember that chaste women alone are the mothers of brave, fearless men. A syphilitic race of C's is the raw material of a nation on the decline towards final doom and extinction. "Malo mori quam foedari" was the Motto of your Race. Pass it on!—The Catholic Times.

AMERICANS

TRUE TO AMERICAN PRINCIPLES AND TRADITIONS

In answer to a pro-British American who opposed any expression of American sympathy with Ireland, John H. Graves of San Jose wrote this thoroughly American letter in Harvey's Weekly:

"In a letter appearing in your issue of February 7th, Mr. Bright vigorously opposes any expression of American sympathy for Irish freedom and advises us to mind our own business." A British propaganda, this is excellent but is not new. In our own struggle for freedom, Great Britain ardently desired that the world "mind its own business" and leave her free and unhampered to crush freedom in America as she had crushed freedom in Ireland. And if France, Spain and Holland had minded their own business, Washington, Jefferson and other patriots whom we now revere as the fathers of our liberty, would, in all human probability, have been hanged, drawn and quartered by that same British Government which has barbarously executed so many Irish patriots. Tyrants never approve or relish the expression of sympathy for their victims.

"To sympathize with the cause of freedom everywhere has been until lately on American trait. We sympathized with and aided the South American countries and Cuba in their efforts for freedom. In 1848, 49 we sent an agent with a view to the recognition of the independence of the Hungarian Republic, and when Hungary's efforts for freedom were crushed by Austrian and Russian bayonets, we offered an asylum to the Hungarian exiles, and our Congress, despite the protests of Austria, tendered a public reception to the patriot Kossuth.

"Why, then, withhold our sympathy for the cause of freedom in Ireland? Have not Irishmen the same right to freedom as other men—even as we ourselves? Or, is British tyranny formidable while all other tyranny is hateful? The patriots of 1776 did not think so. "Concerning myself, I may state that my maternal great grandfather was a soldier in the Continental Army under Washington, and that all my ancestors have been in this country for over 180 years. I am not an Irishman, but I sympathize with the cause of Irish freedom as well as with the cause of freedom everywhere."

CATHOLIC NOTES

Lady Thomas, widow of Sir George Thomas, sixth baronet who received into the Church recently shortly before she died. She is the eighth member of the family to be converted to the Faith.

M. Deschanel, president of France, is an openly practicing Catholic. He was born at Brussels in 1856, started his political career at nineteen, is a writer of note, an orator of distinction and a consistent opponent of Socialism.

Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott of Abbeotsford, great-granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott, died recently in London. She was the eldest daughter and heiress of the late Mrs. James Hope Scott, J. C. the convert, and intimate friend of Cardinal Newman and the late Mr. Gladstone.

Rev. D. F. Melvill, pastor of St. John's Church, Des Moines, has been appointed the Catholic member of the committee for arranging religious instruction in the Public schools. This is a very important committee in connection with the State University, and is composed of prominent religious educators of the State.

With the leasing of Libby Castle from the Rockefeller estate, the Paulist Fathers have founded the first permanent choir school of the Catholic Church in America. Overlooking the Hudson, the new home of the school is an ideal spot for the fifty boys who live there under the care of Father Finn, Father McGrath and Father Monton.

According to the Catholic Directory of Great Britain, which has just been issued, says the Pilot, there were 9,402 conversions to the Catholic Church in England and Wales during the past year. The number of priests was increased by twenty-five, and the churches and chapels by twenty-four; the figures are now 3,929, and 1,928 respectively. These statistics do not include Scotland.

Directors of the Knights of Columbus in session in Washington notified Archbishop John Bonzano, Papal Delegate, of their decision to use the \$7,000,000 balance of their fund in educational work for former service men. Monsignor Bonzano endorsed their action and told the directors that just before he left Rome Pope Benedict had told him he looked to America not only for material and economic leadership but also for moral leadership.

Washington, D. C., April 17.—Cardinal Gibbons has definitely decided that the laying of the cornerstone of the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception is to take place on September 23, the day following the dedication of the Lincoln Memorial. On this date the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States will be in Washington to attend the annual meeting of the National Catholic Welfare Council and will take part in the ceremonies. Archbishop Bonzano, the Papal Delegate, also will be present. Cardinal Gibbons will officiate at the laying of the stone.

Rome, April 6.—A very serious sacrilegious theft is reported from the district of San Remo, in Italy. Thieves broke into the Church of the Santa Trinita at Taggia and carried off jewels and votive offerings valued at 100,000 lire. Among the numerous sacred objects taken are a golden monstrance and chalice, most beautifully wrought, which were given to the sanctuary by Cardinal Nicolò Maria Leclari in 1875. The statue of the Madonna was despoiled of all its jewels and votive offerings, many of which were also of great value and beauty. So far no trace of the thieves has been discovered.

Rondebosch, S. A.—For the first time in the history of Catholicism in South Africa the Blessed Sacrament was carried in public procession at Rondebosch recently, the occasion being the inauguration of the federation of the Catholics of the Western Province with their brethren in the other portions of the Union. Such federations exist in practically all other countries, and it is sought eventually to bring them together in one central council. Fully three thousand people representing almost every race in South Africa took part in the procession, which was one of the most picturesque seen in the district for many years.

At St. Mary's Church, East Finchley, London, the Rev. Father George Diben, a recent convert from Anglicanism, last month celebrated his first public Mass in the presence of a large congregation. The special preacher on the occasion was the Rev. Father Owen Dudley—another recruit from the ranks of the Church of England clergy—who delivered a powerful discourse on the dignity of the priesthood. Father Diben, at the evening service, preached his first sermon as a Catholic priest. Taking for his text the words of the 89th Psalm: "He set my feet upon a rock and directed my steps; and He put a new canticle into my mouth," the preacher said that the words fittingly applied to one who had found his way into the true Church and thereby secured joy and happiness.

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HAWTHORNDEN

A STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE

BY MRS. CLARA M. THOMPSON

CHAPTER XX.—CONTINUED

Sister Agnes was called away by the imperative duties of her vocation, and the young people were left together. Laura poured out her whole soul to her young friend; reproached herself, and no one else, for all that had befallen her; re-lived the long story of her illness, the many times she had longed to die, if only if she could assure Aleck of her sorrow for the past, and of her unchanging love for him through all. She convinced Rosine that she had no earthly wish but to be at peace with her husband, and rid of that terrible Le Compte, whom she sometimes thought must be the arch-fiend himself.

Rosine's heart, so cold and bitter toward Laura in the morning, was warm and glowing with love and pity when she returned at night. The trusting, confiding, unsuspecting spirit of uncorrupted youth! Is it not a treasure we may cherish to old age with us, if we would cherish the spirit of our dear Lord, in forgiving to the "seventy times seven"? Rosine found the family dispersed in various directions; Mrs. Hartland gone to a meeting of a charitable society, of which she was president; the Colonel not returned since a call to business in the morning; Dr. Hartland still at his office. She threw herself in the large arm-chair near the library fire without even unhooking, and gave her mind up to reflection, as to what she could do for Laura. The story of Le Compte and his dreaded influence made her unshaken soul tremble, and she could not prevent sensation a shivering of fear, when she recalled Laura's description of his appearance at her Aunt's and the fearful proposition he had made. It was grievous that so young and fresh a mind should be tortured with the knowledge that such things are. Rosine trembled and wept alternately, starting at the least sound, now wishing somebody would come, and anon hoping they would not, till she had recovered her usual calmness. In the midst of her bewildered reverie came the Colonel, the room was indifferently lighted with one drop-light, the gas partially turned off, and he did not see Rosine till he came close upon her. She arose immediately to give him the comfortable chair.

"Where are you going, daughter?" he inquired, "or have you just come in?"

"No, father," she replied, "I have been home some time. I was only thinking." Her tone was strangely sad, and the Colonel drew her down upon his knee, and tried to look into her face.

"What troubles you, my dear?" he inquired, anxiously. "Aren't you well?"

"Perfectly well," she replied, then hesitated.

"Out with it, my child," he said, affectionately.

"I have been to see poor Laura, and I was thinking of her," she answered, quite simply.

"Pshaw! Rosa," he replied hastily, "don't give her a thought; she'll take care of herself, she's used to it."

"O, please don't say so; she is dreadfully persecuted, tormented, and so troubled and sorry every way." She then related, unfortunately perhaps, the fight Laura had experienced in the morning, from the near approach of her tormentor.

"This is all moonshine, my child," he replied, with all the assurance of cautious age; "she imposes upon you. I can't let you go where she is, if she entertains you with such stuff as this."

"But, father," she said, entreatingly, "I saw her fight; it could not be feigned; and she is so penitent. I do wish—" she hesitated, then paused.

"Wish what, my darling?" he inquired, caressingly.

"I don't like to say it, for fear you will be angry with me; but I do wish you would be her protector."

"My dear little innocent girl, she has deluded you with the idea that she wants a protector."

"O, I do wish Aleck would come home!" she exclaimed, finding she was making no progress in convincing the Colonel. "I know he would forgive her, if nobody else will."

"Indeed, Rosa," he replied, gravely, "he has the most to forgive. If Laura had behaved respectably, she would not be as she now is; she must suffer, such conduct brings its own punishment, even if she were ever so penitent. I could have received her into my family, though I abhor her course, but I find her conduct has been more scandalous than I thought; no woman is talked about as she has been, without reason."

"Yes," replied Rosine, slowly, a little abashed; "but then Laura hates her past conduct, and wants to do right now, and ought we not to forgive her if she is really truly sorry, and resolved to do so no more."

"Well, my dear, we may forgive her if we will, but it does not follow that we must give her the same confidence we did before. But you are very young to know anything about these matters, it was an unlucky day when Laura Marten chose you for her intimate friend. One thing at least she is old enough to know, that a woman's honor has

been wounded in the person of his wife, you touch him, and through him all his family, in the tenderest point. You must treat me to do right in this matter, little one," he added, speaking very tenderly, "and not worry your over sensitive conscience about one who is not worthy of your anxiety. I shall be guided entirely by Aleck's reply to several letters written him from home on this subject; till then matters must go on as they are."

Rosine was not at all relieved by this conversation; she feared she had not taken the best way of speaking about Laura, and yet she had the assurance that her motives were right in the effort she had made. She could not reconcile the opinions of good Sister Agnes and her dear Colonel, so she went about her daily life as usual, sorrowful for her friend, but never speaking her name; hoping each day that something would come from Lieutenant Hartland that would bring about a change in Laura's position. Sister Agnes had impressed upon Laura the duty of returning Mrs. Hartland's call, which she did after some delay, but finding the family out and a strange servant at the door, she was reluctant to leave her card as "Mrs. Hartland," and the family were left in ignorance of the call. Since her last meeting with Le Compte, she had not ventured into the street alone; but when accompanied by one of the Sisters, she drew down her thick veil, scarcely daring to look either to the right or to the left. Thus she who had once been remarked for her bold, venturesome, daring spirit and manner, was completely cowed. It is not always that by coquetry and deceit, even a married woman brings such immediate suffering upon herself as Laura had done, but it comes in time, and they invariably leave a sting that pierces the heart sooner or later—it may come in the life of a beloved daughter or son, for the sins of the mothers are visited upon their children.

Le Compte met Dr. Hartland occasionally in the way of their duty, and he would sometimes amuse himself with hints of his intimacy with his brother's wife, hoping thereby to widen the family breach, or lead the other to some retort which would bring on a quarrel; but he did not understand the spirit with which he had to deal. High tempered and easily excited, Dr. Hartland looked down now so thoroughly upon both Laura and Le Compte, that all he said passed by him as beneath his notice. After much anxious waiting, a letter, only one, came from Lieutenant Hartland, and that written to his father.

"On board the X—, off Cadiz, Jan. 18—

"My Dear Father: I am in the receipt of various epistles from home, filled with sundry inquiries and criticisms on my private affairs. I will answer them all through you."

"Laura Marten was made my lawful wife on the 20th of April last; she has the certificate of our marriage. I am sorry this step does not please you and my mother; of Ned's caustic severity upon the same, I shall take no notice; written by any other man, I would call him out. With regard to the scandal abroad, if it were not dishonorable in me to throw up my commission on the eve of war, I would do it, for the satisfaction of chastising those who have made themselves busy with what is none of their business. I have been on the sick list for the last month, or you would have heard from me before; I am now just able to crawl about, and bound for the Gulf of Mexico; God knows when, if ever, I shall see home again. You will do as you please about noticing Laura, but it strikes me all this scandal might have been nipped in the bud, if when the marriage was made public, you had made her like one of the family. I have received a long letter from my wife, written since her fearful illness, explaining every thing; and I have also Rosine's last letter, which I keep by me as a comfort in much weakness, and a reminder to those dreadful nervous attacks to which of late I have been subjected."

"Believe me, my honored father, this step you deem so unparadiseable, though taken hastily perhaps, under the excitement of the moment, was not done with any intended disrespect to either yourself or my mother. In haste, Your affectionate son, ALEX. HARTLAND."

The manly tone of this epistle had great effect upon the family; it brought home to their hearts the truth, that the pet of the household, the youngest born, was on his way to the seat of war, perhaps to waste away with disease in an unhealthy climate, perhaps to sacrifice his life on the field of battle. The letter served to quiet the Doctor, and prevent his oft-recurring reference to the "new member of the family."

Mrs. Hartland was visibly softened by it, and called upon Laura with the Colonel, leaving behind a cool, ceremonious invitation for Laura to tea the next day. She begged Sister Agnes to say it was not her duty to accept this overture, but the good Sister could see only a positive duty in according to this first way that had been opened toward peace and harmony with her husband's relations. When she came, Rosine exerted herself to make the time pass pleasantly, the Colonel and his lady were politely cool, while Ned spent the evening at his office. There was no nearer approach to

intimacy than this chilling civility, during the winter, though Laura, in obedience to a request from her husband, removed her quarters to a fashionable boarding-house. Here the terrible dread of Le Compte, which still continued, so affected her nervous system, that every card brought to her room gave her a paroxysm of fear; and there was also a sharp misgiving in her mind whenever a letter came to her from her husband, for although their tone was affectionate and confiding, they wholly ignored Le Compte and the past, and with something of the Doctor's peremptory tone, requested that Le Compte's name might never be mentioned between them. Laura would have felt more secure, had he sometimes reproached her a little for her unfaithfulness. For some reason her tormentor seemed for awhile to have ceased to follow his victim with persecution, perhaps the publication of the marriage may have led him to defer his plans—perhaps to renounce them, perhaps to change them—we shall see.

CHAPTER XXI.

HARRY GREENWOOD IN SEARCH OF A PROFESSION

When the Athenian, the man of war to which Lieutenant Greenwood belonged, was ordered to the Gulf of Mexico, and the chief officer proposed a ball on ship-board to inaugurate her departure, the Lieutenant had not heard of the acceptance of his resignation. Commodore Greenwood insisted that both Harry and Dora should accept their invitations. "It would look well," he said, "for the first Lieutenant and all the Commodore's family to refuse Captain Jones' civility." The stern mandate of parental authority prevailed over his children's dislike of the whole thing, under the circumstances. It was to be almost exclusively a naval and military ball. Colonel Hartland and family were among the invited, and to him was sent under cover a card to Mrs. Alexander Hartland. This was the signal for a warm discussion as to what should be done; the Colonel declaring he should send a carriage for Aleck's wife—it would be best for all, if she went under his protection; the Doctor stoutly insisting that he would not appear with her, and so risk Rosine's good name as to have her ushered in with such a—he was about to say something very wicked, but his father's one stern look, which he kept for great occasions, and Rosine's affectionate "Don't Ned," silenced him. The card was sent with the Colonel's expressed wish, that she would be ready at eight on the night of the ball, when he would call for her. Laura unhesitatingly took the note and card at once to her mentor, Sister Agnes, her only counsellor, one might almost say her only friend. She was quite secure as to her advice, she could not tell her she ought to go. She became pale with astonishment when the good Sister said, "You will go, of course."

"O," she replied, with almost a scream of terror, "don't tell me that I must!"

"Not if it were your duty, my dear," she inquired. "I can conceive of a case in which it might be one's duty to enter into such an arrangement, and this looks very like a painful self-denying duty," she added, as Laura's face suffused with crimson and the tears fell upon her burning cheek.

"Don't, Sister, please don't tell me it is my duty," she said, pleadingly.

"Not if it is the truth," replied Sister Agnes. "You see by this note the Colonel and his lady wish to introduce you as their daughter; should you refuse? How would your husband wish you to act under the circumstances? These are the questions you must answer for yourself. I own it is rather anomalous to hear a religious advocate balking," she said playfully, "but in this case I can see no excuse you can give for not complying with Colonel Hartland's request; your conscience would not keep you away, only your own will, your own dislike to meet those with whom your husband has been associated; you must break away from this feeling some time, and why not now?" While she was persuading Laura, Lieutenant Greenwood and sister were announced; they had called in behalf of a large family of orphans lately brought under their notice. The card of invitation was in Laura's hand, and the Lieutenant laughingly remarked that she had the same "bitter-pill" with themselves.

"Yes," said the Sister, playfully, "and I, a nun, am advising her to take the pill; the portion pressed upon her by Colonel Hartland."

"Ah," said Dora, "then do go; you will find plenty of disaffected ones; I will keep you company in hating the whole thing most heartily; we only go because our father wills it."

Laura's courage revived, she saw through her reluctance, and resolved to conquer it; the note of acceptance was dispatched without further hesitancy.

Doctor Hartland at first set his face like a flint against this ball of brass buttons; he did not care to be one of a half-dozen civilians among a company of autocrats. More particularly did he sneer and scoff at the invitation to Laura. But he changed his mind, and engaged a carriage for himself and Rosine, when he found the Colonel determined, and his mother making preparations for her own and Rosine's costume. He went out and purchased a set of exquisite pearl

ornaments for arms, neck, and hair, ordered the most perfect bouquet he could procure, and began to feel quite proud, being sure, he said, of the youngest and handsomest lady on the ship.

The large man-of-war was made ready from stem to stern with much labor of time and taste, and with great expense, for the grand fête. All obstructions were cleared from the main and quarter decks, and the ship's sides lined with the flags of all nations, the stars and stripes every where prominent.

Nothing was wanting that wealth could procure to make a gorgeous display. Lights of brilliant and varied colors, with highly polished reflectors, illuminated the festive scene, and an elegant tapestry of blue and gold, looped up here and there with knots of flowers and green wreaths, formed an awning over the dancing floor. It was indeed a radiant scene, and Rosine almost believed herself transported to fairy land. In the midst of the first dance Colonel Hartland appeared, with Laura and his wife on either arm. Amber beads glittered in Laura's short black curls, amber ornaments graced her neck and arms, and an amber-colored grenadine floated about her like a sunset cloud; there were no remains of the bold, bright glance that had so nearly been her ruin; her manner was subdued, and a downcast expression had imprinted itself upon her face. Miss Greenwood and her brother came forward and greeted her upon her entrance, but Ned, who stood near by with Rosine, bowed coldly, with a countenance stern and rigid, holding Rosine back by his influence, when she would have rushed forward to her friend. She felt a sense of meanness in being held back; but too timid to carry out her purpose, she was obliged to content herself with giving Laura one of her sweet, friendly smiles. It was not long before Mrs. Lieutenant Hartland, veiled in as she had been, and looking so beautifully sad, was besieged by gentlemen friends of her husband, with pressing invitations to join in the dance, all of which she steadfastly declined; she was trembling inwardly lest she should lift her eyes and behold her enemy. Miss Greenwood watched her from a recess made by some of the ship's appointments, where she was half hidden, and pitying her most profoundly, dispatched her brother to bring her to her side.

"I thank you most heartily," said Laura, as she took the Lieutenant's offered arm to go to his sister.

From this retired nook the two ladies could survey the whole dancing-floor, unobserved themselves, for green wreaths hung in festoons over them, and green branches sheltered them from observation. Miss Greenwood had been drawn to Laura by Sister Agnes, who had said, "Dora, make her your friend; you will find material waiting there for the wand of some one to direct." She would have been glad to advance, and with her knowledge of Aleck's boyhood she soon found matter for conversation, but through much suffering to herself, for every memory of the early days of one brother who mingled with the remembrance of another, and brought back thoughts that she had striven for years to crush; nevertheless, she did her part well, and Laura did not once guess over what burning coals her companion was stepping, while she entertained her with little anecdotes of her husband.

Lieutenant Greenwood had passed over to Rosine, who was watching the company through the intricate frolic of a Virginia reel, which had been called for in honor of the Captain, who was from Virginia, and moreover, had expressed his old-fashioned notions about the round-dances, declaring "he had never been able to understand how these young heads stood so much whirling."

"I need not ask if you dance, Miss Brenton?" said young Greenwood, as he observed her unaffected, eager countenance.

"O, yes, I love it dearly," she replied, blushing under his earnest gaze, "but I could not possibly dance here."

"And why not?" he inquired smiling.

"O, there are too many people looking on, and somehow I don't fancy dancing with strangers. But you have not danced?" she said, inquiringly.

"No; I seldom dance except as a lay figure to make up a set. My brain must be very obtuse, for I could never set the ins and outs of the figures; and when my friends get me on the floor, they are generally glad to let me slip quietly away again. It seems a strange, and way," he added, after a pause, "to celebrate the departure of this brave ship's company to the field of carnage."

"It does, indeed," she replied, her face gathering gravity from the reflection of his; "one would think they would rather go to church in a body, and pray for protection in battle."

"TO BE CONTINUED"

Jesus Christ dwells in our tabernacles today as surely as He dwelt in Nazareth and in the very same Human Nature; and He dwells there, largely, for this very purpose—that He may make Himself accessible to all who know Him interiorly and desire to know Him more perfectly. It is this Presence which causes that astounding difference of atmosphere between Catholic churches and all others. . . . The actual bodily Presence of the Fairest of the children of men, drawing His friends to Himself.—Magr. Benson.

HIS SISTER'S PICTURE

For one intense moment, the silence of death reigned in the drawing-room of the London residential hotel. Then another crash as if the world had gone to pieces brought the occupants in pained consternation to their feet. There was a shuddering cry of "Zeppelin!" Lights were switched off, windows closed; while all over the city, anti-aircraft guns suddenly gave tongue to an inferno of sound never to be forgotten by those who heard.

"To the cellars!" was the next agitated cry; and immediately, from the dining-room, smoking-room and bedroom, guests came hurrying in panic. For it was the first of the long threatened air-raids over London, and even the most hardened of the pleasure-loving habitués of that London saloon tremblingly felt that the end had come.

Phil Carberry, an Irish journalist, certainly feared the worst as he lighted a cigarette in the darkened drawing-room, and unconsciously contrasted its deserted appearance with the animated scene it had presented but a few moments before. Consciously, however, he saw only his shaking hand in the flare of the match; felt only a wild desire for action, for freedom—for courage to rush into the streets or climb upon the housetop—to go anywhere, do anything rather than go down to the cellars and wait for death in the dark.

Not that he was by any means a cowardly man; his conduct during subsequent seeming emergencies in shell-swept trenches abundantly proved the contrary; but just as the pressure of a button had plunged the drawing-room into darkness, so in the death whisper of the first bomb a searchlight seemed to have been turned momentarily upon his soul, showing him precisely where he stood as a Catholic and an Irishman. In that lightning glance he saw the mispent hours, the lost ambitions, the irreligious associates, and the easy tolerance—if not acceptance—of teachings and standards which he had been brought up to regard as poisonous and unclean—teachings which imperceptibly befouled his pen, despite a dear, old-time boyish conviction that the most glorious mission on God's earth was the dissemination of Catholic truths and ideals.

No wonder he recoiled from the companionship of the other boarders in this hour of dread, preferring to meet death, if need be, alone.

By and by, professional curiosity mastered every other feeling. If the end of all things had really come, was there any reason why he should not see the shape the dread consummation was assuming? No; absolutely none. With a rapidly beating heart, he stole up the gloomy stairway, and, opening a window gently on the first landing, looked out on the troubled sky.

What he saw was a great silver-colored monster, played on by searchlights and blazed at by guns, racing across the heavens and rising as it ran. To the journalist's excited fancy, it was steering straight for the window at which he stood, and, as he looked—fascinated by a spectacle so wondrous, so novel, so terrible—an odd recollection came to him of the first Sunday he had attended Mass. Why, he could not say; but the contemplation of the pictures on the stained-glass windows of the ancient little chapel on the far-away day had produced in his child-like mind feelings of awe and rising as it ran. To the journalist's excited fancy, it was steering straight for the window at which he stood, and, as he looked—fascinated by a spectacle so wondrous, so novel, so terrible—an odd recollection came to him of the first Sunday he had attended Mass. 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MAY 8, 1920

such situations—struggling with memories and emotions. "That's how you looked the night of the air-raid," she murmured absentmindedly.

THE CHURCH AND ECONOMICS

John A. Ryan, D.D., in America

"We should decline to concede the right of the Pope to pronounce on matters that do not enter into the substance of faith; . . . and our historical experience of the Church, whether Catholic or Protestant, does not encourage us to take the view that it holds the final key of social and economic salvation. Its own special mission is the creation of the moral and spiritual conditions of worthy and adequate social change; and its pronouncements for or against any particular theory of economic order are neither here nor there."

arrangements. Nevertheless, it will be helpful to recall and reemphasize briefly the reasons why economic matters and the moral relations of economic classes come within the field of Catholic teaching. This will be particularly pertinent to the criticisms which have been directed by some Catholic business men against the Bishops' "Program of Social Reconstruction."

A PEARL OF GOD'S CHOICE

The Pilot

The canonization of Blessed Margaret Mary Alcoque next month will fill the hearts of the devoted clients of the Sacred Heart with joy and gratitude. The contribution of this holy nun to the devotional life of the Church has been truly remarkable. Chosen by our Lord to be the herald of the devotion to His Sacred Heart, this pearl of God's choice from his cloistered cell in the Visitation Convent of Paray-le-Monial sent forth a burning message that warmed the frozen hearts of men and fanned the dying embers of the love of Christ in every nation of the world.

duced by amateur farmers in backyards and side yards and vacant lots. It shouldn't require any argument to prove that a kitchen garden will produce as much during days of peace as during war time. The lesson is obvious. Every family, which can possibly do so, should cultivate a "war garden." Thus they will increase the production of food, and at the same time will decrease the general demand for food stuffs in the public markets. A proportionate reduction in the high cost of living must necessarily result.—Catholic Telegraph.

ILL-ADVISED

The latest railroad strike is an unnecessary exemplification of the maxim which claims that "nothing is settled till it is settled right." When the more skilled railroad men were ready to "go out," they were induced to return because their wages were increased. The unskilled were required to return and await developments. Things did not develop rapidly enough, and those that waited, disgusted with the own leaders who ought to have come to their relief, disgusted with their employers who refused to go to their relief, have taken matters into their own hands, and have demonstrated that they are powerful enough to tie things up.

The present strikers maintain that, even though they are catalogued as "unskilled," they should not for that reason be deprived of the where-withal to meet the high cost of living. Equity demands that they receive a square deal. It does seem that the labor leaders ought to be as careful of the interests of the non-elect of their organizations as they are of those of the elect. To create castes in the ranks of labor is to foster rebellion and disunion. The "unskilled" feel that they have strength enough to fight their own battles and for that reason they have elected to "go it alone."

The whole movement is ill-adviced. The strikers are ill-adviced because their ability to bring their employers to terms depends very largely on their own strength, and they will soon find that they have very little lasting strength when severed from their union. The union is at fault for it should not allow it to be thought, much less to be said, that there are favorites in the ranks of labor. The dollar and-a-quarter-an-hour man should enjoy no right nor prerogative that is denied to the seventy-five-cent-an-hour man. There should be no artificial labor aristocracy where all are democrats and where all interests are identical.

IRELAND A NATION STILL

"Ireland, a nation once again," as a popular slogan, is consistently rejected by the thoughtful friends of Erin. For they well maintain that from at least the time of St. Patrick down to today that country never ceased to be a nation. Since the 600 years of forcible occupation England indeed has used every means in her power to stifle the national aspirations of the Irish people and has tried to keep them a subject race. But centuries of oppression have left the soul of Ireland unsubdued and her longing for freedom was never, perhaps, more intense than on this year's anniversary of her great people's birth in heaven. Since the Easter Week insurrection in 1916 the right of self-government has been set forth in many an able book and pamphlet, her latest champion being Robert Lynd, the literary editor of the London Daily News. For in "Ireland a Nation," his recent volume, he marshals a telling array of arguments to prove that England's position in Erin today is that of a usurping tyrant whose tenure cannot be justified before the bar of history or reason. He discloses, moreover, in England's present attitude toward Ireland the causes of coming European conflicts even more devastating than was the World War. Mr. Lynd writes:

"The crime of destroying a nation's freedom to live its own life will always be surely followed by the all-consuming fire of imperialism. This is so, it can hardly be disputed that the greatest contribution England could make to the establishment of a new world order would be the immediate surrender of Ireland into the hands of the Irish people, to rule it as a republic or a dominion, according as the people themselves decide. There is no moral argument in favor of granting Ireland Dominion Home Rule which does not tally with equal strength in favor of an Irish Republic, should the Irish people prefer that form of gov-

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ment. England is in Ireland not as a matter of right, but as a matter of power. She has no more "right" in Ireland than she has in France. France is strategically more important to her, and to recover her shores, which was treated more harshly on various occasions than the Protestant minority was ever treated in Ireland. England has exactly the same right in Ireland that Turkey had in Serbia—the right of long centuries of conquest. She has even less right than Germany had in Belgium; for if the philosophy of imperialism and strategic frontiers is a true philosophy, Germany's criminal attack on Belgium was not only intelligible, but justified.

Until every empire voluntarily sets free its subject peoples, the first day of the new civilization cannot arrive. England, unfortunately, has taken the lead in upholding the old system. Her statesman vehemently declare that neither the League of Nations nor America shall be allowed to interfere in order to liberate Ireland—that Ireland is an internal English question—Ireland which is less English than Alsace-Lorraine is German. . . . And the worst of it is this disease of hers [England's] is infectious. It is the terrible disease of possessiveness. Every nation on the earth that desires to do wrong to another takes fresh heart when it thinks of the example of England in Ireland. Russians used it as an excuse for denying liberty to Poland. The Germans used it as an argument for their own imperial crimes.

It is hard to avoid the force of Mr. Lynd's argument. Moreover England regards with favor the political aspirations of Poland and Bohemia, peoples who to a large extent fought along with Germany against the Allies, but she finds intolerable a like desire for self-determination on the part of Ireland, a half a million of whose sons, John Redmond estimated, fought on the side of the Allies. So England favors liberty on the Continent but subjection in Ireland. Yet about three-fourths of Erin's population are today in a state of passive resistance against the shame of living in a conquered nation. Nothing could be simpler, however, than the prompt solution of the "Irish question." Let England withdraw from Ireland as soon as possible her army of occupation and summon home at the same time every fiscal, judicial and civil servant of the Crown who is now sharing in the exploitation and misgovernment of Ireland, and the age-old "problem" will cease to exist. In other words let England restore to the Irish their own nation.—America.

minister. It confirms the general Catholic realization that Protestantism, as it exists today, bears the seeds of self-destruction. It would be interesting to learn how Dr. More traces his religion back to the beginning of mankind. It cannot be done through written history, for Catholicity alone is able to do this. The system of religion represented by the Baptist churches made its first appearance in 1621 in Saxony. The modern Baptist church is considerably milder than the Anabaptist, who started the movement. But nowhere before the Anabaptists can there be found an organized movement of the Baptist cult.—Denver Catholic Register.

NO CHURCHES FOR RETURNED POLES

CATHOLICS WHO HAVE RETURNED TO POSEN ATTEND MASS KNEELING IN STREETS

The Cardinal Archbishop of Posen is faced with a most extraordinary situation, consequent on the passing of Posen into the territory of Poland. Since this part of Germany passed under the Polish Government some 25,000 Germans, the greater part of them Protestant officers and their families, have migrated from the district into other parts. But since that migration about 37,000 Catholic Poles have returned to their native land from foreign countries, and these have settled down round about Posen. The shortage of houses is serious, and the Government has recommended that no more persons should be allowed to return to Posen until the shortage is less acute.

But the difficulty facing the Cardinal is that the existing Catholic churches are entirely inadequate for the large number of Catholics who have come back to the diocese. The crowds are so great that in order to hear Mass the doors of the churches have to be left open and the people gather in crowds on the sidewalks before the churches. This is the only way in which they can possibly attend at Mass. The ecclesiastical authorities are in difficulties, as it is impossible to build more churches under present conditions. A census of the newly arrived shows that there are sufficient new parishioners to call for the erection of seven new parishes. Meanwhile, they are forced to be content with kneeling on the street.—The Echo.

The priest is the greatest force for good in the world.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

The first man to sing the immortal hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," was a boatman; the place, an orange-boat becalmed on the Mediterranean, off the island of Caprea; the time, June 16, 1833.

John Henry Newman, afterward the great Cardinal, was a passenger on the boat. Ill in body and mind he hoped to recover in Ireland. He was especially depressed on that day by the orange-boat was becalmed, and he sought to soothe his spirits by composing a hymn. The result was "Lead, Kindly Light." The composition occupied but a few hours, and the boatman, who spoke English and possessed a fine voice, was asked to sing it. As the day melted into darkness a breeze sprang up, and the becalmed voyagers were guided by the "kindly light" along the Capreae shore into a safe harbor. John Newman regained his health. He returned to England and became a leader in the Oxford movement until 1845, when he came into the Holy Catholic Church, which later regarded his ability and devotion by the bestowal of the red hat.—Catholic Bulletin.

MUST UNITE WITH ROME SAYS BAPTIST MINISTER

"The Baptist religion, like the Catholic religion," says the Rev. A. H. C. Morse, pastor of the First Baptist church at the Central Presbyterian church, Denver, March 31, "is as old as the earth. Both were founded at the beginning and both have lived through the centuries—the Baptist growing with the belief in the soul's ability to work out its own salvation and the Catholic with the idea that it needed assistance of sacraments and priests. In the end there will be a reunification of all religions which have a meaning in the Catholic religion. They will go with a tendency towards belief in the soul's ability to find its own way will become Baptist."



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LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1920

"NURSERIES FOR BUDDING CRIMINALS"

The following despatch was given a very inconspicuous place in the press. That perhaps is not hard to understand. It is only after a good deal of hesitation that we have decided to refer to anything so repulsive, so loathsome; but considering all the circumstances there seems to be good reason for considering the subject in its bearing on our whole educational system.

Canadian Press Despatch

Saskatoon, April 8.—Declaring our public schools were nurseries for budding criminals, Dr. C. K. Clarke, Dean of the Medical Faculty of the University of Toronto, told 800 teachers in convention here today that upon them fell the duty of saving the race from juvenile delinquency. Speaking particularly of knowledge brought to his attention in Toronto public schools, Dr. Clarke mentioned incidents of thirteen-year-old girls being unmarried mothers, and others of the same age commencing lives of shame. He said that even students of sociology would be shocked with the worst cases which had come to his attention. Even at the tender ages of twelve and thirteen girls were found suffering from venereal diseases. Boys, too, he added were found who had acquired habits associated with most people with only the most hardened moral perversity. He ascribed feeble-mindedness as the biggest contributory factor.

Dr. Clarke is easily the most outstanding medical man in Toronto; and we understand that a weekly clinic, which he was instrumental in establishing, gave him exceptional opportunities to know whereof he speaks. It is inconceivable that he would make such sweeping charges at a great convention of school teachers without realizing to the full their gravity; nor that he would base general conclusions on exceptional cases. We are forced to the conclusion that Dr. Clarke entirely believed in the truth of his charges and in the necessity of stating that truth publicly.

Our concern is not with the Toronto public schools; nor do we desire to insinuate that Dr. Clarke's arraignment went further than he intended; though the circumstances of his grave indictment of public schools as nurseries of budding criminals could hardly be justified if he had Toronto schools exclusively in mind. The teachers of Saskatchewan could draw no other conclusion than that the moral education of Canadian children imperatively demands greater attention.

There is something wrong with the system.

In the first place we believe that the assumption that the school alone educates is fundamentally false. Many thinking men and women will readily admit this; but the popular misconception of education is largely responsible for the laxity of the Home and the Church in doing their essential part,—indeed it is not laxity often but utter neglect.

Despite the popular parrot cry of educational progress there is no thinking man or woman who does not recognize that so-called illiterates may be much more highly educated in all the essentials of right living and right thinking than the graduates of our schools. That is no argument in favor of illiteracy; but it is an argument against the popular conception of education.

There is room here for vast improvement in education. If Ministers of religion would concentrate their efforts on developing the sense of parental responsibility as well as on the direct teaching of religion and of morality based thereon, they would contribute far more to educational progress than

they do with their present choice of subjects.

For there is no effective teaching of morality that is not based on religion.

And alas, the hold of religion on the masses of the people has become so weakened that this necessarily affects all teaching of morality whether in the school, the home or the church.

Indeed, present day divorce of education from religion is practical unbelief, State-sanctioned. Follows "independent morality," that is morality without religious basis. How utterly impossible this is non-Catholics are beginning to realize.

Serious minded men of no religion are now disposed to agree with that great Pontiff Leo XIII. whose far-seeing vision swept the world and thus depicted what he saw:

"Contemporary unbelief does not confine itself to denying or doubting articles of faith. What it combats is the whole body of principles which sacred revelation and sound philosophy maintain; those fundamental and holy principles which teach man the supreme object of his earthly life, which keep him in the performance of his duty, which inspire his heart with courage and resignation, and which, in promising him incorruptible justice and perfect happiness beyond the tomb, enable him to subject time to eternity, earth to heaven. But what takes the place of these principles which form the incomparable strength, bestowed by faith? A frightful scepticism, which chills the heart and stifles in the conscience every magnanimous aspiration.

"This system of practical atheism must necessarily cause, as in point of fact it does, a profound disorder in the domain of morals; for, as the greatest philosophers of antiquity have declared, religion is the chief foundation of justice and virtue. When the bonds are broken which unite man to God, who is the Sovereign Legislator and Universal Judge, a mere phantom of morality remains; a morality which is purely civic and, as it is termed, independent, which, abstracting from the Eternal Mind and the laws of God, descends inevitably till it reaches the ultimate conclusion of making man a law unto himself. Incapable, in consequence, of rising on the wings of Christian hope to the goods of the world beyond, man will seek a material satisfaction in the comforts and enjoyments of life. There will be excited in him a thirst for pleasure, a desire of riches, and an eager quest of rapid and unlimited wealth, even at the cost of justice. There will be enkindled in him every ambition and a feverish and frenzied desire to gratify them even in defiance of law, and he will be swayed by a contempt for right and for public authority, as well as by licentiousness of life which, when the condition becomes general, will mark the real decay of society.

"Perhaps We may be accused of exaggerating the sad consequences of the disorders of which We speak. No; for the reality is before our eyes and warrants but too truly our forebodings. It is manifest that if there is not some betterment soon, the bases of society will crumble and drag down with them the great and eternal principles of law and morality."

Who today surveying the world without passion and without prejudice will question the fidelity to truth of the great Pope's picture of Christian civilization. He saw in its root-cause that decadence and ruin which we are now witnessing. Leo did not affirm that "from the beginning there was a set purpose of destroying the principle of Christianity in the heart of society;" nor do we attribute malice aforesaid to the authors and promoters of that system of education from which religion was banished.

But education without religion it is which has led a courageous and eminent citizen to declare that our public schools are nurseries for budding criminals.

It is only by the restoration of religion to its all-important place in education that a remedy will be found for the conditions which he deplores.

You cannot gather the fruit of Christian virtue from the tree of practical atheism.

Every day it is becoming evident even to the most prejudiced that the voice of the Catholic Church is the voice of the garnered wisdom of nineteen centuries, even if they do not recognize therein the living voice of Christ speaking through the Church which He founded; and

which is forever guided by the Holy Spirit of God.

And the constant teaching of the Church, the constant practice of her loyal children, is that the divorce of education and morals from religion is an evil which must be avoided at the cost of any sacrifice.

As to feeble-mindedness as a contributory factor to immorality amongst school children we shall have a word to say at another time.

Here we may be pardoned if we recall an incident which happened just a few years ago.

A Catholic Bishop in the discharge of his duty as Chief Pastor of the flock committed to his care urged his Italian subjects to send their children to a Separate rather than to a Public school. During the course of his exhortation he pointed out that even so far as secular subjects were concerned more was to be expected from those fully qualified Sisters who had consecrated their lives to the work of educating the young, without hope or thought of reward in this world, than from those who taught for the salary received. The Bishop had not the remotest intention of belittling the work of secular teachers; he wished to make his Italians understand what English-speaking Catholics—yes and English-speaking Protestants too—appreciated fully from experience, that is the single minded devotion of our religious teachers to their work. He wished to allay any fears the Italians might have of inferior teaching in the Separate school. As a matter of interesting fact it may be noted that the Bishop succeeded entirely in his object.

"He blasphemeth!" was the cry raised in the press and elsewhere. Ideas are associated sometimes by contrast. The silence which greets Dr. Clarke is in striking contrast to the outcry which greeted the Bishop.

OTTAWA AND SAN REMO

By THE OBSERVER

With the opening of the Conference at San Remo, the divergence between the English and the French views in regard to Germany's non-fulfilment of the Treaty of Versailles, became a most interesting subject before the public in connection with the late War.

Despatches from Ottawa, curiously enough, say nothing as to what Mr. Rowell or Sir George Foster think about the matter; and we must get along as best we can with what we can glean elsewhere. If Canada is having any say in the grave matters at issue, it must be by some mysterious operation of the new sisterhood status, not visible to the ordinary discernment; for, in point of plain fact, it seems quite certain that no one at Ottawa is troubling his head as to whether Germany has two hundred thousand soldiers or two hundred millions; or as to whether she has destroyed her airships or is about to break them up and offer them to France for fuel in place of the coal she agreed by the Treaty to deliver and didn't.

The United States is not out of European politics quite so completely as we are, for the American Secretary of State still writes a letter once in a while; but it does not appear that anyone at Ottawa is even doing that much. And we have not had any George Washington to fall back on, either, when it became prudent to give up "European entanglements."

Now, if we were right in going into the War, and if we are in the least serious about our new place in the British Sisterhood of States, and if we really think we'd like to be in the League of Nations, we might very well have an opinion on the rather hasty smashing by Germany of the freshly-signed Treaty.

We do not say that it would make any particular difference to anybody if we had an opinion. We have no reason to suppose that Mr. Lloyd George, "the Premier of the Empire," as someone called him the other day, would, in any case, sit up past his usual bed-time to wait for a despatch from Mr. Rowell or Sir George. But we are a little concerned for the logic of things.

Have we any suggestion to make officially? Does anyone know? Ottawa is busy with many things.

Great Britain and France have recently come rather dangerously close to a serious disagreement and the signs are not wanting that Germany is quietly laughing at them; and that she is beginning to reckon that she can get by without carrying out those provisions of the Treaty which are vital to France, and that Great Britain will let her get by.

It is not disputed that the Treaty is broken, in several very important respects. Germany is holding on to her big army; under the pretext of the necessity of repressing Bolshevism. But there is a very marked absence of news of the alleged Bolshevist danger; and it seems clear that we should have plenty news of it if that were the ground of Great Britain's extraordinary indulgence of her violations of the Treaty. The London press and the press agencies would see to that.

Germany is not delivering the coal she agreed to deliver to make up to France for the coal mines she destroyed in northern France. Does the alleged Bolshevist danger account for this also? Or, is the nation of shopkeepers "beginning to think of Germany in terms of trade and commerce?"

These are some of the interesting questions of the moment. There is little light to be had on them; but there is a little. Not, however, from the direction of Ottawa. We are, of course, not expecting the revelation of "diplomatic secrets," though we may doubt whether there are not too many of such secrets just now.

No. We should be a little better satisfied if we knew that Mr. Rowell was conscious of the existence of San Remo; had located it on the map; and was in some sort of touch with "the Premier of the Empire." If we could only be sure that he said to Mr. Lloyd George and that Mr. Lloyd George said to him, something,—anything,—we should feel that at least Canada was not a sister-in-law only; though she might turn out eventually to be only a sister-in-law—sister-in-treaty law, so to speak.

But what is San Remo to Ottawa, or Ottawa to San Remo? That is what we want to know, and if it be too presumptuous to make a demand for actual knowledge, can we not get some sort of shadow of a hint? Sister or Premier of the Empire? We do to Germany, or may prevent France from doing to her, on the score of the quickly-smashed Treaty. We paid our share in the settling of Germany; in coin; and in blood; and in suffering; and in bitter recollections.

Whether we are, or are not serious, about our Sisterhood and about our place in the League of Nations, we can hardly fail to take seriously a situation as real as the smashing of the Treaty of Versailles; at least in the form which the violation has taken.

The future safety of France is the future safety of the world; or we have been wrong all the time since 1914; and have made our sacrifices wholly in vain.

Has Canada a policy, a voice, or an opinion? In the League, or out of the League, we were in the War anyhow; and if the Treaty to which we are supposed to have been a party, is not to be carried out, we have the right to know why not.

CATHOLICITY AND NATIONALITY

Having failed by their threats to terrify the Irish people, having rejected all their overtures for self-determination, those now in control of the British Empire seek an issue which comparts neither with its honor nor its interests nor its self-respect. The issue which they now make, as far as they make any, is, in words, the crushing of all Irish self-assertion and the maintenance of the "integrity" of the British Empire, which in reality means forcing all the overseas Dominions to unite with England's Government in a war against the independence and integrity of the people of Ireland. This is the aspect the question now assumes. It is a policy conceived in sin and brought forth in iniquity; and no universal dictatorship self-conferred for the adjustment of the affairs of the whole world will make it as other than most unwise, illiberal, dishonest and unjust. We may be mistaken, but we cannot help thinking that it behooves the British Government leaders to remember that in their oppression of Irish national aspirations they are

encountering the moral anathema of the world over of the great landwehr of the Catholic Church.

Water-brained would be the statesman who would belittle the vague yet vast and ineluctable power here involved. You may crush civil liberty; you cannot muzzle Catholicity. One cannot help commending to their personal experience of that other very representative Prussian, Erich von Ludendorff. ("Ludendorff's Own Story—August 1914, November 1918.")

Following the German conquest of Poland, it had been Ludendorff's ambition to systematically incorporate the conquered people into the "integrity" of the German Empire. He went about it with extraordinary thoroughness, and war conditions afforded him facilities which even Cromwell might have envied. Yet he ran against a "snarl." The Catholic clergy, he says, were the pillars of the Polish and Lithuanian national propaganda. He cannot understand why they were allowed or contrived, even under the Russian knout, to make their religion the bulwark of their nationality. He found the Evangelical clergy on the German side, and he flattered himself that the Catholic priests of Lithuania might be brought to terms, but the Polish and Lithuanian Catholics were most unreasonable; they even had ideas about the education of their own children; they demanded a university at Vilna, but "I refused permission." (The University of Vilna is now an accomplished fact—to the credit of the Republic of Poland.) One is reminded somewhat of the tribute to the "undying" qualities of a nationality impregnated with Catholicity submitted years ago in Lord Durham's Report; at all events, the Prussians encountered in Poland and Lithuania the same adversary that "withstood them to the face" in Belgium, and the impression that disengages itself, now that the smoke of battle has cleared away, is not to the discredit of the Catholic Church.

"Take care," warned Count Beugnot in the French Senate in the crisis when the Papal Nuncio was driven out in 1907, "take care,—the Church is an anvil that has worn out many a hammer."

M. Doulet presented his credentials as Plenipotentiary of the Republic of France to the Vatican. The struggle is over; but British statesmen familiar with the diplomatic history of the War and not wholly ignorant of the developments in Syria and Asia Minor will readily confess that the prophecy of Beugnot was in full measure indeed fulfilled. Let them take heed therefore with regard to Catholic Ireland: "the Church is an anvil which has worn out many a hammer."

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE NUMBER of lawsuits over Government contracts during the War, which are either in the courts or pending, tend to show how great a part King Graft had that time of stress. The world is paying now for the greed and rapacity of the contract manipulator and the profiteer.

A MEMORIAL to the men of Irish regiments who fell in the War is to take the form of a chapel in Westminster Cathedral. No more fitting form could well be conceived, and no more appropriate place selected than in the great cathedral which stands as a mute witness to modern England of the imperishableness of the Faith which in centuries long past made her a Christian nation. Westminster Cathedral is within almost a stone's-throw of the venerable Abbey which, though alienated from its original purposes, also stands as a witness to what England once was. And the Irish memorial in the new Westminster may some day, when the clouds of controversy and misunderstanding have been dispelled, have its own part in directing the footsteps of the nation back into the old paths.

THE BISHOP of Northampton, Mgr. Keating, in a public reception recently tendered to the Catholic soldiers of his diocese, home from the War, called attention to the fact that nearly all of them, from all parts of England, went to the War in its early days. The proportion of Catholics in the ranks in the first and second years of the War was far larger than in the later, showing that they had not waited to be fetched, but had volunteered. They had in this effective way shown their love of country and true patriotic spirit. They recognized

their moral obligation to fight for their country, and they did it willingly and joyfully. Not in noisy declamation but in act and deed they had done their part, and more than their part in the nation's cause.

This, the Bishop said, was to their everlasting credit and to the honor of their faith as Catholics. And what was true of England was true of their fellows in the Faith in all the Allied armies.

THE STORY of how an English Franciscan Father piloted a French battleship through dangerous shoals off the coast of Scotland during the War is told by the English correspondent of an East Indian contemporary. Father Alexis Calderbank, Guardian of the Franciscan Monastery at Olton, near Birmingham, was asked to undertake the duties of liaison officer with the French ships in an Allied squadron of British and French war vessels. While in discharge of this duty the squadron was ordered to return to its base at Scapa Flow. When off the coast of Scotland bad weather was encountered and the ships became separated. The French flag-ship on which Father Alexis was serving got into difficulties, and the ship's navigators, not being familiar with the coast, which is very dangerous in rough weather, got out of their course, and were heading for a reef of rocks. In this contingency Father Alexis, who had some knowledge of the coast, informed the ship's commander of his danger and volunteered to pilot the ship into port. This offer being accepted, the priest assumed command, and brought the ship into harbor with perfect safety. For this achievement Father Alexis was thanked by the French Government and had the Cross of the Legion of Honor bestowed upon him.

MISGUIDED SCIENCE—SOCIAL PERILS

AS EFFECTIVE a demonstration of the chaotic state of Protestantism as the most cynical philosopher could wish for is afforded week by week by the advertising columns in Saturday issues of the big city dailies. In the Toronto Star of April 24th, for example, no less than twenty-four specific brands of Christianity are offered for the detection of the public, with perhaps a dozen more, framed by nameless aggregations, each of which claims to have "the real thing" in religion. One such advertisement a short time ago was headed: "We've got the Goods." And the persistency with which some of them press the assurance that they "stand for the old-time Gospel, and a full salvation," so far as it is indicative of anything, may be said to betray consciousness of the apathy of Protestantism in the main from primitive Christian teaching.

IN FACE of this "Bishop Molony"

—save the mark—fresh from China, tells the people of Ontario that a native movement has been started in China, known as the "China for Christ Movement," which, like the big "Forward Movements" on this continent, is to "Christianize China in the next five years." A big contract certainly, for a congeries of jarring sects, still groping for "truth," and stripping Christianity of every vestige of the supernatural in the process. Bishop Molony recommends that a similar movement be started in Canada. But is he not a little late in the day? The good people have been inaugurating "Canada for Christ in five years" movements for at least fifty years, and seem to have produced nothing more than a harvest of the baldest materialism.

ACCORDING to figures published in the Literary Digest the budget of the Interchurch Campaign in the United States for 1920 totals the prodigious sum of \$836,777,572. Of this no less than \$140,788,000 is allotted to the Baptists, which fact is accounted for by John D. Rockefeller's membership in that denomination. The oil magnate's son is indeed vice-chairman of the General Committee. This is what is termed by the same committee, "an expression of spiritual power." Having regard to the materialistic complexion of the age let us rather term it, what it is in effect, a huge financial dolebauch masquerading in the clothes of religion.

The heart into which Jesus Christ enters frequently should be as pure as the foam on central ocean—far like before it touches the earth, as the living water gushing from the rock, as the sun ray that penetrates foul places and purifies.—Rev. J. Havens Richards, S. J.

SIR BERTRAM WINDLE, F. R. S.

By Canon William Barry, D. D.

I find it is beyond me to read the striking volume of Essays reprinted by Sir Bertram Windle ("Science and Morals," Burns and Oates) without equal gratification and regret. We may take pride in owning a representative author whose attainments in the province of physics give him unquestioned authority, while his devotion to the Catholic Faith is absolute, and his defence of the only sound philosophy in a day of confusion must win converts among men of good will. These distinctions, however, which set Sir Bertram in a place apart, lead me to wonder at the unkindly fate thanks to which he dates, not from University College, Cork, but from St. Michael's, Toronto. We desire the progress of Catholic education in Canada; yet why should it cost Ireland a man of whom I make bold to say that, take him for all in all, his superior does not breathe on Irish soil? What Sir Bertram has accomplished for Cork, for Munster, and for the whole country, would fill many a shining page. To me it has long appeared that he laid deeply to heart the far-flung, coherent, and constructive principles brought to light in Newman's Dublin "Lectures"; not only so, but that, happier than Newman, he was able to build upon them an actual working system, destined to grow in power and extent until Cork College was perfectly fitted to be the University of Munster. On the views of men like Professor Patrick Geddes of Edinburgh and Bombay—views widely accepted—we who aim at repairing of even reconstructing the social order must begin at home, close to the earth and the habit whence we have sprung; and by such methods multiply centres of learning as of life, not sacrifice the provinces to the overgrown Capital. For myself, I am entirely of this way of thinking. I grieve that Cork College is not yet the Southern University, and that Sir Bertram Windle, instead of being acclaimed its first Rector, should now have resigned and crossed the Atlantic. Canada certainly pays him well-deserved recognition.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE NOT THE GUIDE OF LIFE

How much, in a real sense, we have lost by his migration or exile, these vivid chapters will show. For the man who wrote them is himself a source of energy to be exhausted by no writing. The Essays indeed are admirable fragments; but what, even so, to the abiding converse, the illumination ever ready, of a intellect untouched by pedantries, well balanced in its governing ideas, at once clear and deep? We live, I said, in a time of mental anarchy—Materialist here, Spiritualist there, Agnostics clustering about Bergson for assault, or turning him to a sort of underground shelter. There is fierce fighting over the spoils of Darwin; and Mendel the pious Benedictine abbot who discovered laws where Darwin saw nothing but chance variations, would be smitten with horror could he have anticipated the foul, inhuman policy derived from the experiments by the Eugenists at large. Now Sir Bertram strikes in, not as at blindman's buff, but with choice and effect, singling out positions on which the battle is being fought, and with a clearness of knowledge, method, style, spirit, all genuine; nowhere an atom of affectation, his own experience giving the sense of reality so often wanting in abstract arguments. There are just these two sovereign issues, or questions concerning the first and last things for us to decide—the supremacy of Mind over Matter, and the absolute rule of Morals over Conduct. He says small company of Doubtless (as Bunyan would term them,) or even of Deniers, are thronging round the gates of Mansoul, bent on taking our city and beating it flat to the ground. Legions they are of "Chaos and old Night," strangely possessed by a delusion worse than many forms of insanity. By the aid of consummate long continued studies—that is, of most highly wrought reasoning—the very Mind they are using, is nothing but a bye-product of elements, physical and chemical, into the origin and constitution of which Mind does not, and never did, enter. Under no circumstances will these new Mendelians allow that "intellectual determination" is required to account for the order of things on which they are insisting against the chance variations of a Darwinism now rapidly falling out of date.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE NOT THE GUIDE OF LIFE

Having thus put from the belief in a Creative Mind as "the market metaphysics," in plain words, as an indefensible falsehood, these prophets of the New Life begin by laying down a doctrine of Death, writing as its title "Survival of the Fittest." That is the first and greatest Commandment; and the second, a rather terror-striking one, is "Thou shalt slay the 'Link.'" In this way Eugenics comes to be Mendelism armed with a sword. "It will be very surprising indeed," we hear Professor Bateman calmly saying, "if some nation does not make trial of this new power. They may make awful mistakes, but I think they will try." To all such aberrations Sir Bertram opposes the Gospel, which has at once raised and consecrated the rational idea of the Family. The physical science can never be the right Rule of Life; that "Nature," thus conceived, is neither moral nor immoral, but indifferent; that the revolt from Religion has

been, in a crowd of instances, due to the dogmas and practices, so largely inhuman, of Calvinism—these and the like truths, as wholesome as necessary for a time when Science, pretending to lead, will, if not checked by ethical resistance, inevitably ruin civilization, may be studied in the small, but by no means unimportant volume I commend to Catholics and non-Catholics. It offers in itself a fine example of the Wisdom that is from above, "pure and peaceable: full of mercy and good fruits."—The Catholic Times.

DIRTY AGENTS OF THE "UPLIFT"

Occasionally in the past we have alluded to the cat-and-mouse tactics used by the Toronto Morality Department to betray restaurant keepers, druggists and shop keepers into breaches of the law. Usually the victims are poor people who are not habitual law-breakers, so that in order to swell its baiting average of indictments and penalties the Department deems it necessary to employ confidence men to persuade them to break one or other of our narrow and silly regulations. Thus on a recent Sunday a man entered the restaurant of a woman on the outskirts of Toronto, professing great distress because his motor car had been stolen, and so prevailed on the sympathies of the proprietress that she served him with lunch and in response to further pleadings with a box of cigarettes. The debased wretch who perpetrated this trick was an employee of the Morality Department and the woman was apprehended and fined. Fortunately the magistrate had enough decency and sense to fix the fine as low as he could. This is the kind of moral depravity that is invoked in the cause of "uplift." "Uplift" is obviously providing a means of livelihood unfit even for the society of the ordinary yegman or porch climber.—Toronto Saturday Night.

CHURCH LEADS LATE CENSUS

By N. C. W. C. News Service Washington, D. C., April 12.—Catholic ascendancy in the United States is strikingly shown in the two volumes just issued by the Census Bureau on religious bodies in 1916. The religious census shows the Roman Catholic Church ranks first in number of members and in universal increase. The membership of the Church is given as 15,721,815, an increase over the previous census of 1,511,000. These official figures are for 1916. According to the official Catholic Directory, recently issued, there were, at the beginning of 1920, 17,735,553 members of the faith in the United States, which is an increase of more than 2,000,000 over the official census figure of 1916. In the census no other church showed nearly so large an increase in membership as the Catholic Church. The Methodist Episcopal Church came next, with an increase of 781,681; the Baptist National Convention third, with an increase of 676,972; the Baptist Southern Convention fourth with an increase of 699,899; the Methodist Episcopal faith fifth, with an increase of 475,999, and the Presbyterian Church sixth, with an increase of 431,685. The other Protestant denominations trailed far behind. The total increase of church members in the United States, as shown by the census, was 41,926,854. It is thus apparent that the Catholic Church has over one third of the whole number, and this despite the fact that its total considerably reduced by the emigration of Italians, French, Austrians and others who returned to Europe for the War. The Catholic Church now has 15,721,815 members in the United States, as against 11,881 in 1906. The value of Catholic Church property is given by the census as \$74,208,895, an increase of nearly 100,000,000 in a decade. The value of Catholic Church property far exceeds that of any other church. The Methodist Episcopal Church comes next, with property valued at \$215,104,014. The Roman Catholic Church owned 22.3 per cent. of the Protestant Episcopal Church 9.8 per cent. and the Presbyterian Church 9 per cent. The Roman Catholic Church reported 884 educational institutions, with 152,905 students. The Presbyterians came next with 216 institutions and 45,938 students. The Roman Catholic Church reported 1,188 philanthropic institutions with 616,518 inmates and patients. The Salvation Army was next to the Catholic Church in this line of endeavor, reporting 232 institutions and 11,182 patients and inmates. The 33 States in which the Roman Catholic Church showed the largest proportions were identical at the two periods, with the exception of Indiana and Kansas, the Methodist Episcopal Church leading in the former in 1906 and in the latter in 1916. Geographically, the Roman Catholic Church led in the New England, the Middle Atlantic, the East North Central and Pacific divisions, except Kansas. In the southern division it led in Delaware, Maryland and the District of Columbia, of the South Atlantic, and in Louisiana and Texas of the West South Central division. Although the membership of the Roman Catholic Church is thus widely distributed among the States, yet a large proportion of this membership is concentrated in the larger and more thickly settled

States of the North and East. There were 25 States for each of which there were reported in 1916 over 100,000 members of the Roman Catholic Church, and each of four States reported over 1,000,000—New York, 2,745,552; Pennsylvania, 1,890,582; Massachusetts, 1,410,208; Illinois, 1,171,981. These four States, together with Ohio, which had 848,856 Roman Catholic members, reported 8,001,629 Roman Catholics members, or over one-half of the total membership of the church in 1916.

MURDER OF THE LORD MAYOR OF CORK

The Daily Telegraph, with that profound regard for justice which is characteristic of the British Tory Press, sets down the murder of Alderman MacCurran, Lord Mayor of Cork, to the account of Sinn Fein. With an air of great superiority it says: "We do not pretend to understand the mentality or the ethics of Sinn Fein Murder." The Sinn Feiners cannot be blamed if they do not understand the journalistic ethics of injustice and falsehood. If anything is certain in connection with the tragic event it is that Lord Mayor MacCurran was not shot by a Sinn Feiner or by anybody sympathizing with Sinn Fein. "Hawks do not pluck out hawks' necks." Alderman MacCurran was a tried and trusted Sinn Feiner who was not merely popular in the ordinary sense of the word but whose support was deemed by Sinn Feiners a tower of strength to the movement. To say, as the Daily Telegraph does, that Sinn Fein is responsible for the death of the Lord Mayor is to state what is obviously untrue. The murder and the attempt on Professor Stockley's life were the deed of organized plotters who are enemies of Sinn Fein and of the cause they promote. Who these enemies are may be discovered in the course of some little time. In the absence of unmistakable evidence it would not be fair to cast suspicion on any body of men, but we are perfectly convinced that these deplorable incidents and the fearful state of unrest into which Ireland has been thrown are the direct result of the Government's inflexible policy. It has demoralized the police and the military. As is evident from the shooting by soldiers, in a Dublin street on Monday night, which caused the deaths of a man and woman, and which, when referred to in the House of Commons on Tuesday night evoked a storm of cheering, the military have got out of hand. The War Minister, Mr. Churchill, practically says "Well done!" Encouraged by Mr. Macpherson, whose ideas on property and decency may be judged from his assertion in Parliament that they were but doing what was right and proper in searching the house of the Lord Mayor from bottom to top just after his murder, many of the police feel that any outrage they commit will be overlooked. The crimes of the British Government against Ireland cry for vengeance to God who appointed man that he should order the world according to equity and justice.—The Catholic Times.

SWITZERLAND AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

The Swiss people, otherwise so stolid and unperturbed, are caught in the turmoil of great excitement. Within the next weeks they must decide whether or not they will give their adhesion to the League of Nations. According to their constitutional law the people themselves must decide by vote the yes or no of this momentous question. For Switzerland it is of special importance in as far as it occupied hitherto a most peculiar position among European nations. Its decision will definitely mark the parting of the ways for its future international policies. November 21 of last year, the Swiss Federal Council declared its adhesion to the League of Nations. At that time, however, the vote was taken with the double reservation, first, that Switzerland would await the decision of the United States and, secondly, that, in conformity with the Constitution, the question would be referred to the direct vote of the Swiss people. Otherwise the vote of the Federal Council would not be considered definitely binding. In a memorandum dated December 6, 1919, a declaration to this effect was sent to all the signatories of the Treaty of Versailles, as also to all the nations invited to join the League of Nations. The Supreme Council at Paris answered this memorandum with a note of January 2, 1920, which threw consternation into the camp of those favoring the League of Nations. The note declared rather brusquely that the first article of the pact required that adhesion be given to the League sans aucune reserve, without any reservation; that the Swiss people must decide within two months after the ratification of the treaty, according to the stipulations of the same article of the pact, whether or not they would join the League; and finally that the Supreme Council reserves for itself the interpretation of the doctrine of the perpetual neutrality of Switzerland, in harmony with the letter and the spirit of the pact. This answer fell like a bomb among the Swiss people. The agitation was at high tide. On the streets, in the cafes, everywhere groups of men were to be seen excitedly discussing the points of the

answer. Newspaper opinion grew vehement in argument. The opponents to the League of Nations strutted about with the triumphant air of the "I-told-you-so." Their argument, that the big powers will care little for the voice of the small nations seemed to be confirmed. Now, there was reason for this excitement. In the first place the Helvetic Constitution is as sacred to a Swiss as his own home. This requires that the League question be referred to the people for a decisive vote. It was impossible to do this within two months' time, as the Supreme Council at Paris demanded, because the Federal Council would have to consider its vote of November which was given on the condition that the United States would join the League; this evidently would consume at least two weeks, if not more, of time. Then both sides were anxious to bring their arguments, respectively for and against the League, before the people; this also required considerable time. The consternation was great; and greater still the chagrin that their so highly cherished doctrine of perpetual neutrality, of which they had always been the sole interpreters, should be interpreted as to its historical neutrality by a body of men who knew so little of the real Swiss spirit and all its traditions, the Supreme Council of Paris. Mute chagrin gave way to outbursts of angered determination, culminating in the declaration "Swiss neutrality will not be sacrificed for the dubious solidarity of a dubious League." On this point there was a united front; no thought of division.

One must understand the historical sacredness of this doctrine of perpetual neutrality to understand this determination not to let strangers dispose of it as they might will. It is a doctrine older by many centuries than the Monroe Doctrine of the American people. The Swiss have fought wars to maintain the inviolability of their doctrine. As early as 1307, when the first Swiss confederates met on the Rütli to pledge each other fidelity until death, the idea of neutrality was born. "Mountain air makes free"; the Swiss people must be free from all outside influences to work out their own national destinies. La Suisse pour les Suisses. From this date on the doctrine became more and more clearly defined. With every succeeding century it found its defenders. In the fifteenth century France had to acknowledge the territorial integrity of Switzerland; and a short time later also Austria under Emperor Maximilian. Then came the devastating wars of the Reformation period. At this time both Charles V, Emperor of the German States, and Francis I, King of France, were obliged to reaffirm again the neutral position of the Swiss nation among the different belligerents. In the succeeding century, the seventeenth, during the terrible period of the Thirty Years' War, practically the only country free from the ravages and ruins of the war, was Switzerland; even the armies of Von Mantuffel and Tilly could not frighten them from their stand, nor could the enticings of Gustavus Adolphus, whose victorious armies were then sweeping through Europe, win them for his alliance—an alliance which would have broken the backbone of their now already centuries-old doctrine of neutrality. So also the Spanish Wars of Succession, which brought France and Austria into conflict in the eighteenth century, and which again threatened Switzerland with invading armies, served only to strengthen this neutrality. The real test of their will to remain inflexibly strong on this point came at the beginning of the nineteenth century during the Napoleonic era. The warring nations tugged and pulled to get concession from Switzerland, so as to obtain free passage for their troops; in each case the nation answered with a firm, steadfast no, and its armies were drawn up to defend the answer. Switzerland held its ground so well that the Congress of Vienna, and a few months later the Treaty of Paris, November 20, 1815, formally and definitely declared "their recognition of the perpetual neutrality of Switzerland, pledging therewith the maintenance and the inviolability of its territory." The powers signing this document were Austria, France, Great Britain, Portugal, Prussia and Russia. It constituted for Switzerland an authentic declaration that its independence from all foreign influence and attack was guaranteed—the Monroe Doctrine of the Swiss nation. When a year later, in July, 1816, Switzerland was asked to join the Holy Alliance, it refused, in spite of pressure from all sides, with diplomatic skill scarcely ever equaled. Acknowledging suavely and generously the high ideals which actuated the promoters of the Alliance to maintain peace and order in Europe, it declared its preference to hold aloof from all balance-of-power entanglements and rather to maintain its position of independence guaranteed by the signatory powers. How prudently it had chosen its course later events quickly proved. Both the Franco-Prussian War as also the late World War demonstrated the wisdom of its diplomacy. Such in a few words is the history of Swiss perpetual neutrality. One can easily see why, on this point, the Swiss people are immobiles sicut montes patrum suorum.

ATTORNEY GENERAL PALMER IMPRESSED BY BISHOP'S PASTORAL

Washington, April 12.—I have read with deep interest the Pastoral Letter of the Archbishops and Bishops to their clergy and people of the Catholic Church in the United States, the first that has been issued in the past thirty five years, and was impressed with its profound thought and lofty tone. The greetings from the dignitaries of the church is addressed to their people, not only as members of the Catholic Church, but as citizens of the Republic "on whose preservation the future of humanity so largely depends," and its exhortation for them to ponder well the significance of recent events, so that such, as circumstance requires, may rightfully fulfill his share of our common obligation, is both timely and encouraging to officials of our Government upon whose shoulders have fallen the manifold duties of meeting the problems that have risen out of the epochal events through which the world has passed in the last several years—events which have tried men's trust in civilization and might have dismayed them in their effort to serve but for their simpler and more arduous faith in the directing hand of a higher power than man-made rule of law or force. In such trying periods it is always so easy to look to the leaders of godly thought and find them standing as firm as a rock and never wavering in the inheritance of the world shall not suffer through the errors of mankind. Also, I note particularly the following paragraph of the Pastoral Letter: "Whatever may be the industrial and social remedies which will approve themselves to the American people, there is one that, we feel confident, they will never adopt. That is the method of revolution. For it there is neither justification nor excuse under our form of government. Through the ordinary and orderly process of education, organization and legislation, all social wrongs can be righted. While the processes may at times seem distressingly slow, they will achieve more in the final result than violence or revolution. The radicalism, and worse than radicalism, of the labor movement in some of the countries of Europe has no lessons for the

workers of the United States, except as examples of methods to be detested and avoided."

It gives me pleasure to commend the soundness and clear vision of these views by the heads of the Catholic Church in the United States. They conform with remarkable exactness as they apply to revolution as a cure for evils in our Government. In the conclusions I have reached as a result of intimate contact with the Red radicals and revolutionists in their alien directed efforts to foment plots directed against our Government and to urge its overthrow through force and violence. The laws already on the statute books, and any future laws such as may properly be enacted in the true spirit of our democracy, with its fundamental principle of the right of free speech, a free press and orderly assembly, are necessarily limited instrumentally with which to reach into and control the spread of the dangerous radicalism whose creed teaches the use of the bomb instead of the ballot, and whose warped idea of freedom is unbridled license.

That this form of radicalism has not taken deep root in this country, in spite of intensive propaganda in trying and uneasy times, is due largely to the influence of the church and home among us, and the fact that our people, trained in the faith of their fathers, have never wandered far away from God. It is to the home and the schools and the churches of all denominations that we must look for the erection of the protective and impenetrable barrier of clean living and clean thinking and loyal conduct that has held us in such good stead in bygone years and now makes us invincible before the world, that will turn back the assaults of godless peoples of godless creeds. I am glad that the Catholic Church in the United States, as exemplified by the Pastoral Letter, is showing such splendid and progressive spirit. It has limitless opportunities for good, especially among the non-English-speaking members of its flock, who look to the clergy and church for guidance in their coming into a strange country and association with a new people.

OPEN CHURCH IN FRANCE NEWSPAPER FUND BUILT

Paris, April 7.—A church built entirely by newspaper subscriptions has just been opened at Ribescourt, where on Sunday last the Bishop, Monsignor Le Senne, blessed the temporary wooden church provided by readers of the Paris Figaro to replace that destroyed by the War. The edifice is entirely of wood, but elegantly fitted for the service, and capable of accommodating four hundred persons. It has a fine bell also which calls the people to the sacred offices. This is the first of these temporary churches, but it will not be the last given by subscription to those parishes which have lost their old and beautiful churches in the general ruin.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

A BILLION DOLLAR BUDGET

FIVE STORY BUILDING AT AN ANNUAL RENTAL OF \$500,000 AS HEADQUARTERS. EMPLOYS TWO THOUSAND CLERICS. It will interest Catholics to know what the Protestant sects hope to accomplish through the inter-church world movement of North America. This coalition of thirty denominations plans a campaign of evangelism during the next five years, and to finance the program has pledged American Protestants to provide a budget of \$1,320,000,000, which is doubtless what the promoters say it is—the largest single outlay ever contemplated in behalf of such an enterprise. Of this vast sum, \$386,777,572 is to be subscribed in 1920—practically in a week's time—and \$175,448,349 of this total is to be available at once. Contributions to this titanic fund are expected from the 14,939,413 members of the sects co-operating in the campaign, and from the 58,368,241 Americans who (according to Protestant enumerations) are identified with no religious organization. The general purposes of the inter-church movement are these: Support of home missions. Promotion of foreign Missions. Maintenance of hospitals, homes and schools in the United States. Increase in the salaries of regular ministers and missionaries. Combating social and industrial unrest. The denominations associated in the financial campaign and in the evangelistic undertakings which it is intended to further are: The Adventists, Baptists, Brethren, Christians, Congregationalists, Disciples of Christ, Evangelicals, Friends, Holiness sects, Lutherans, Mennonites, Methodists, Presbyterians, Reformed churches and the United Brethren. The Baptists are to collect the largest amount—\$141,055,500. The total sought by the various branches of Protestantism is \$85,784,688. The several variants of Methodism are to raise a fund of \$42,955,852. Next in order come the Reformed churches whose goal is \$19,052,170; the Congregationalists, who have

pledged themselves to subscribe \$16,508,470, and the Disciples of Christ, who would gather \$12,501,139.

About one-third of the \$446,777,572 representing the aggressive Protestantism is to be expended for home missions. A couple of hundred millions less—\$107,661,488 is the exact figure—is to go to foreign missions. For "American education," \$5,931,925. Hospitals and homes are to receive \$5,116,465. Liberal provision is made for ministerial support and relief. The whole represents \$20,510,299 of the whole budget, or about six and two-thirds per cent. The Baptists alone are contributing \$9,550,500 for their pastor and missionaries. In addition to furnishing this treasury for this special crusade, the Protestant churches in the movement will, of course, continue their present activities—the maintenance of churches and ministers, the upkeep of schools, the conduct of hospitals and homes, the support of religious publications, the operation of "settlements" and all the rest. Catholics who sit idly by and do not realize what this extraordinary campaign will mean in the religious world cannot be said to take a very enlightened view of the situation which the Catholic Church has to meet. The facts related above should convince the most skeptical that we must be about Our Father's business. The Gospel cannot be preached to the multitudes unless means be provided to have this work done. Mission work is vital to the life of the Church; it must go on. Souls everywhere are to be reached by the ordinary means at our disposal. Read the above figures, consider then what is being done and ask yourself the practical question, what am I doing to extend the work of the Church beyond my own parish boundaries?

Donations may be addressed to: REV. T. O'DONNELL, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 67 Bond St., Toronto. Contributions through this office should be addressed to: EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

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to pass; and all the abnormal feelings of war ought to pass with it—hated, suspicion, greed, all the passions let loose like an avalanche, are all abnormal.

"What is needed now is not alone international peace between nation and nation, and the sentiment of brotherhood between nation and nation, but even quite as much, if not more, the sentiment of class to class ought to become those which accord with the Christian law and the Christian sentiment—no hatred, no persecutions, no divisions, but a unity and brotherhood which creates that understanding which is the foundation of harmony.

"My prayer on this Easter Day is that the peace of Christ may return to the world, to all the nations of the earth and to all the races and classes who are common, human brotherhood; and, of course, most all to our beloved America, which had set such a wonderful example, first of all in War, of absolute disinterestedness and unselfishness, and then after the War in its great charity and helpfulness toward those who are suffering in Europe."

SOCIALIST MAYOR REMOVES CRUCIFIXES FROM SCHOOLS

By N. C. W. C. News Service London, April 6.—Very serious developments are taking place in the new State of Czechoslovakia. By order of the Mayor of Prague, a Socialist fanatic by name Keller, the crucifix has been removed from all the schools of the city. The sacred emblems were torn from the walls, and thrown on dust carts which took them to an unknown destination. The measures were taken at the instigation of a band of teachers who recently held a meeting and decided that there should be no crucifixes in Public schools, that no prayers should be recited before or after class, and that no teacher should play the organ in church, or lead the chants at Mass or otherwise assist at any religious office in a public manner. The example given by the capital has been followed by the villages, with the result that there is lively agitation throughout the country. In some localities the people have themselves replaced the crucifix in the schools by force, whilst in others the families have decided to keep their children from the schools until such time as their religious rights are guaranteed.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. M. BOSSAERT

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

WHY OUR PRAYERS OFTEN REMAIN UNANSWERED

There are many passages in Holy Scripture in which we are urged to pray, and assured that our prayers will be heard. One of them occurs in today's Gospel, which contains our divine Saviour's promise: "If you ask the Father anything in My name, He will give it you." Nevertheless, many prayers that we utter remain unanswered. Why is this? Why is not our Lord's promise always fulfilled? It cannot be God's fault, for He is faithful to what He has promised, therefore we must be to blame; and St. James tells us where we are in fault, for he says: "You ask, and receive not, because you ask amiss." Let us consider today what is amiss with our prayers. We are often not heard because we ask in the wrong way. There is a story of a simpleton who presented his king with a petition of such a kind as to procure for him a flogging instead of the desired favor. He had written on coarse, dirty paper and had asked for absurd and unintelligible. Now we sometimes address to God prayers that are not unlike this stupid boy's petition.

1. He wrote on coarse, dirty paper, and our prayers proceed from hearts that are impure, stained with and still attached to sin. Can we wonder if we are not heard? Are we not told in Holy Scripture that God refuses to hear sinners? As long as you make an idol of sin in your hearts and refuse to forsake it, you will inevitably pray in vain, for your prayers cannot be granted. No prayer can reach heaven unless it proceeds from an innocent, or at least a contrite heart; but one who prays thus obtains what he asks, for his heart can be lifted up to God and hold intercourse with Him, whereas the heart of a sinner is bound fast to his sin, and unless he can break his fetters and renounce all affection for sin he can never raise it to God, in fact, he does not understand the meaning of the words: "Lift up your heart."

2. Our prayers often fail to be answered because we do not ask right things of our great and holy God, but venture to ask what is trivial, useless and often actually harmful. Our dear Saviour Himself taught us how we ought to pray, when He said: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His justice, and all these (other) things shall be added unto you." In the "Our Father" He showed us in what order we ought to lay our requests before God; this prayer contains only two petitions referring even partially to temporal matters. When we ask for our daily bread, we may think of all that we need for our earthly existence, but this is the fourth, not the first nor the only petition. In the seventh petition, when we pray to be delivered from evil, we may certainly think of earthly, temporal misfortunes, and desire to be delivered from them, if such is God's will, and expect for our souls; but this again is the last, and not the first petition. We like to reverse the order, and to place first what ought to be last, and last what ought to be first; if a man is worldly minded, his prayer is worldly also. It is quite right to pray for things connected with our temporal existence on earth, for temporal as well as spiritual blessings come from God; but it is not right to think more of the temporal than of the spiritual. Man in his folly often asks of God things that would be harmful to his soul, if his prayer were granted, whereas a Christian's first care, even when he prays, should be to preserve his soul from injury; for what would it profit him to gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul? God shows His mercy sometimes in not granting our requests, and when He does so, we ought to be grateful instead of murmuring and complaining, for He must know better than we can what is really for our good.

3. Another reason why our prayers are often not answered is that our petitions are unintelligible; that is to say, they lose all meaning because we willfully give way to distractions and even encourage them. A man often repeats with his lips the most beautiful prayers, but his thoughts are far away; how can he expect God to hear him, when he himself hardly knows what he is saying?

Whenever you intend, therefore, to pray, act as Holy Scripture bids you, and prepare yourself that you behave not as one that tempteth God. Put aside your earthly anxieties and troubles, and still more your vain thoughts and imaginations, when you enter the house of God. Remember that you are in His holy presence, keep a watch over your senses, that they may not distract you, and then pray with all your heart to the Lord. If you pray thus with recollection, setting God and His holy will before all else; if your heart is pure or at least contrite, and if you ask what is right and good for your soul and not merely for your body, you need not be afraid; your prayer will certainly be heard by God and bring down His blessing upon you. Amen.

He that keeps his heart clean and peaceful, wraps up Jesus in fair white linen, and embowels Him in his breast.—Thomas a Kempis.

BEAUTY OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT

One of the great discoveries of the sixteenth century was that you can enroll a man in a religious denomination, hand him a book, and tell him to go on his way rejoicing, using his own private judgment in matters of faith and morals. Much the same would it be to enroll a class of students in medicine, hand them a medical work, and then bid them go forth, using their own private judgment in interpreting the principles to be adopted and applied in the determination and cure of disease.

At any rate, that is about what the reformers did, and their disciples took them at their word. Of course, certain broad principles are accepted by all, but when there arises a particular question as to a certain line of conduct or form of belief, then private judgment asserts its reform-given rights, and the individual is allowed to face forth alone on the quest for the elusive truth.

One of the best manifestations of the utility of private judgment in the matter of religion is furnished right now by the numbers of persons in this country and abroad who have permitted themselves to be led astray by the absurdities of Spiritism. This old evil, recognized and condemned in the days of the ancient Jews, has started anew to flirt with the intelligence of modern private judgment devotees. The result, as was to be expected, has been deplorable and disheartening. Thousands of persons, following the bent of individual choice, have embraced this ridiculous, as well as blasphemous, cult in the hope of establishing communication with the souls beyond the grave.

It is in such circumstances as these that one is forced to bow to the supreme wisdom of the Catholic Church. For nineteen centuries she has studied the various efforts of mere man to foist upon his fellows error in the guise of truth. Guided by the infallible teaching committed to her, and which she cannot alter because truth is one, the Church is quick to detect fraud and to warn her children of its presence. Like the specialist in medicine, she at once diagnoses the case correctly, points out the quacks, and administers the remedies that have been found beneficial in similar cases. This is where the Catholic believer realizes what it means to him to belong to a Church that is sure of her ground, certain in her guidance and infallible in her spiritual direction.—Catholic Bulletin.

MAKING GOLDMANS AND BERKMANS

"Unadulterated bunk," that is Fair Price Commissioner McClain's pithy summary of the value attached by him to the claim that the excessive prices in the sale of clothes are due to the supposed natural law of supply and demand. Investigation by the special agents of the Department of Justice, he said, addressing the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce, had disclosed a plundering of the public in comparison with which Robin Hood's robbery is no less respectable, but far less profitable. Men's overcoats, he stated, were selling in that city at prices 91 to 107% higher than cost to the retail dealer, with ready-made clothing 90 to 107% and women's hosiery from 100 to 150% over the original cost. Similar figures were quoted for high-grade shoes.

While such sins are laid at the door of the retail dealers, the manufacturers themselves are not growing poorer, if we may judge from the statement of Mr. Capper, in the Senate that the profits of the American Woolen Company on an invested capital of \$22,000,000 was \$2,778,000 in 1914, \$5,100,295, in 1915, \$8,210,761 in 1916, \$15,664,985 in 1917 and \$12,324,084 in 1918 after the Federal taxes had been deducted. In fine, for the wool that went into the suit of clothes which cost the consumer \$100, the wool grower received \$7.37. Such, at least, is the testimony of the Wool Growers Association. The price paid for the finished garment would thus have been twelve times that paid for the raw material.

While quoting these figures for clothing we have fresh in mind the published statements that the New York Sheffield Farms company, which recently called on the farmers to lessen milk production, made a profit for 1918 of 51%, or three times as great as in 1917.

We are likely to remember also Senator Gronna's computation that the War has given us in round numbers, 28,000 millionaires. These figures cannot be exact, for owing to the modesty of these gentlemen it is not easy to ascertain their true number, but we do know that incomes of \$1,000,000 or more for 1919 were reported in the Chicago district alone by 781 individuals or corporations. One single corporation paid \$9,000,000 as its first installment of \$24,000,000 due the Government in income tax. The consumer, of course, ultimately pays this tax, and not the company.

It is true that the working man too is profiteering in these great and glorious days. Yet the startling wages asked in certain industries, with more startling demands held in reserve for the future, are naturally regarded as very conservative when balanced with the figures of our patriotic profiteers who would save the land from Bolshevism. It is the profiteer who has set labor the example and will continue to be the

reason for universal discontent and the cause of every form of radicalism. These are ultimately the conditions, Mr. McClain rightly says, that create ten anarchists for every Goldman and Berkman that a soviet Russian port to give us a happy riddance at home. With the excessive profits, rather than with Bolshevism, should we begin our own radical work of thorough reconstruction. With the profiteer abolished we can then hope to talk reason to labor.—America.

THE CARPENTER OF NAZARETH

To the devout Catholic mind there is something peculiarly fascinating in every picture of St. Joseph. It matters little whether that picture presents him with the spotted lily in his hand or with the Virgin Child at his side—the impression is irresistible; we look up into those big, tender eyes, and we feel that he looks upon us with loving, fatherly interest.

However, to my mind, no picture can present St. Joseph truly unless it shows him in the pursuit of his daily occupation. Nazareth, the Holy Family—that is the real picture of St. Joseph; and if we would catch the real inspiration of that picture we must give it more than a passing glance. A little meditation will soon open our eyes to the fact that we have before us not so much three individual persons as rather a group, a family, a household; and in this blessed household there is one to whom even the Saviour and His Virgin Mother look up, because they have been entrusted to his care. What an atmosphere of heavenly peace and contentment breathes forth from this blessed group; and still how forcibly, too, we are reminded that their abode is not a corner of paradise. How vividly there must recur to our mind that first chapter in the history of man when God in His anger spoke the sentence, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." Indeed, "the carpenter" of Nazareth is toiling in the sweat of his brow that he may fulfill God's holy will and gain sustenance for his spouse and his foster-child—the Redeemer of the World.

Such is the true picture of St. Joseph, and is it not an inspiration amid the base materialistic views of our day? Truly, it is a picture good to look upon; it is refreshing to contemplate this ideal where heaven and earth meet in blissful harmony. We can not help but feel that here is reflected the solution of the tremendous problems that confront the world today.

Thoughtful men are asking in alarm, "Whither are we drifting? What will be the outcome of this seething unrest that makes the whole world rumble like a threatening volcano?" We are told that the situation is new; we are told that the sore spot on the body of ailing humanity is Anarchy and Bolshevism, greedy Capitalism, ambitious Labor. These may be sore spots, indeed, but the root of the evil lies deeper, and it is not new. If we will pause for an unbiased analysis, we will find that we are contending with nothing less than a revival of that ancient pagan philosophy which summarizes its principles in "a minimum of work and a maximum of pleasure."

It is the same consuming malady that afflicted the world nineteen hundred years ago, when in an obscure corner of the mighty, godless Roman Empire there appeared the Saviour of the World, not as a prince of the world, but as the lowly "carpenter's son." The "carpenter" of Nazareth was, indeed, a scandal, a stumbling-block to the world; ancient and modern alike, the "carpenter's son" yet in that humble household was laid the seed of that new Christian philosophy that rejuvenated a decadent world. Nazareth became the ideal after which were modeled those grand religious institutions that have been "the light of the world" and "the salt of the earth." Nazareth was the inspiration of those prosperous Christian commonwealths that gave to the world a new civilization; the ideal of Nazareth has been the salvation of society.

However, "reformers" have been at work. They have been tearing and cutting away at the teachings of Christ until today we have outside the Catholic Church only a soulless caricature parading as Christianity. False ideals have been established. As in the days of ancient paganism, riches and pleasure have again become the idols before which man created humanity eagerly worships and to which, as to a modern Moloch, he blindly feels human lives and human happiness.

But have we not drifted rather far from the picture with which we began our reflection? No farther than the world has drifted from the ideal that God has set up for our guidance. To this ideal we must return once more if we would solve the gigantic problem that confronts us. We must break away from the fallacies that are constantly flaunted before our eyes and dinned into our ears; we must leave to the philanthropic dreamer his utopia where the distinction between Capital and Labor would cease; we must look the facts in the face and grasp the truth of our Saviour's words, "The poor you have always with you."

If there is one fallacy more than another that is perverting men's minds, it is the deceitful but ever-growing popular impression that poverty is an evil in itself, that labor is merely a means to overcome

this evil, and that there is no success in life but that which eventually yields a life of ease and pleasure and luxury. Alas, are these not clearly the principles of ancient epicurean paganism, upon which the hopes of mankind were shattered long ago? Alas for the world if such principles were generally accepted. Then might we throw up our hands in despair and give up the world for lost in this modern struggle.

But, let us gratefully admit, the Christian ideal has not been entirely obliterated. The Church of Christ has been faithful to her trust and her faithful children still hearken to her voice. A despairing world turns to her as to a last recourse, and she turns to her children, saying like Pharoah of old, "Go to Joseph." She points to "the carpenter of Nazareth" as our patron and our model. Thus she accepts the challenge of today.

If this answer does not appeal to a skeptic world, it is, nevertheless, for us to show that the ideal is true. We are not blind to facts, but neither let us be blind spiritually. That poverty supplies a hard bed and a meager fare, we know; but shall we, therefore, frown upon this condition and look down upon the poor? Need we be reminded that Christ has said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit," and that voluntary poverty is one of the fundamentals of religious life? What mere man was ever clothed with sublimer dignity than the poor carpenter of Nazareth? Besides, though he toiled conscientiously day after day, yet he remained poor, and "the Son of Man had not where to lay His head." Measured by the world's standard of success, St. Joseph's life was a failure. Of course, we are not ready to subscribe to that verdict, because we feel that St. Joseph labored not for the acquirement of riches but for the fulfillment of a duty. That duty is also ours. Let us impress upon our minds this conception of labor. It is a duty, and there is no exemption. Whether the hand wields a shovel or a pen is but an accidental difference; the essential thing is that we work. And there can be nothing degrading in work, since He who made us made us to work. To be sure, work in itself will never appear very attractive to the physical man; the fact remains that it is an inherited punishment. But even in the cold light of reason we extol the industrious man and condemn the idle drone. How much better, then, should we appreciate our duty, when with believing hearts we can look for inspiration to our ideal of Nazareth!

Let us recall once more that blessed picture. Some artists have sought to enhance the scene by surrounding the Holy Family with a host of ministering angels. I must confess that this poetic conception does not appeal to me. Though we must assume that the angelic spirits delighted to linger in the presence of God made Man, yet that they lightened the material burden and labor of the Holy Family is not hinted at by the Evangelist and can only be called a gratuitous fancy of a pious imagination. The stern reality appears very prosaic on the surface; it is a true picture of the laborer at his daily work.

Still, we insist, the toilsome labor of St. Joseph must have been measured, as we have seen, by the mere consideration that he was working under the very eyes of the Redeemer, for whom his every effort was expended. Most assuredly; but why should not we take the same inspiration by making his motive our own? This is precisely the solution and, therefore, we urge the necessity of turning men's minds more intently to the true ideal, "the carpenter of Nazareth."—Father Ermin, O. F. M., in St. Anthony Messenger.

THE ASCENSION

THURSDAY, MAY 13

The Feast of the Ascension of our Lord commemorates the passing of the visible presence of the Incarnate God from this earth, and the restoration of the glory to the Son of Man which was His before the world began. On the fortieth day after His Resurrection from the dead our Lord appeared to His disciples, "led them out as far as Bethania; and, lifting up His hands, He blessed them. He departed from them and was carried up into Heaven." The Apostles and others stood there following with straining eyes the glorious figure of our Lord until the cloud received Him out of their sight. So amazed were they at what they beheld that they remained spellbound until angels from heaven recalled them to themselves by bidding them to prepare for the coming of the Holy Spirit upon them, Who would invest them with power from on high that they might better perform the work that was before them.

The Ascension of the Saviour is a feast day of Heaven. It raises our thoughts to where our humanity in the person of our Lord sits at the right hand of God the Father. It tells us that there is prepared for us a place in the eternal home God has provided for all Who serve Him. "Through the cloud that received the Lord from the sight of the disciples Christian faith may penetrate, and from the contemplation of heaven's

glories and glories receive anew the strength and grace to persevere in goodness with the blessed hope before us of one day seeing Him as He is in the eternal home of glory into which He entered when the cloud received Him out of sight.—The Tablet.

THE WRITTEN WORD REMAINS

Behind the banter of the Church of St. John Lateran, there stands a statue of Leo XIII. At the base of the statue there is recorded that it is erected to the memory of the Working Man's Pope. The statue does not merit any particular attention as a work of art, and even the uniqueness of the inscription has not challenged special attention. It does not figure in the guide books of Rome. Even to visitors it did not bring a lesson of any special significance. It was probably set down to the enthusiasm of some ecclesiastics who would give credit to their Church for what the head of it had once done. After the lapse of a quarter of a century, the Pope, the statue, and the inscription may come to mean vastly more than they did twenty-five years ago. Everyone will admit that the history of the diplomacy of the Nineteenth Century cannot be written without mention of the name of Leo XIII. And everyone is more than prone to admit in the Twentieth Century that diplomacy, after all, was a very shallow and passing thing. We know now that it required something more than outstanding diplomacy to gain a place in history and infinitely more a place in the hearts of men. But the Pope who ruled in the last quarter of the XIX. century wrote an Encyclical on the "Condition of the Working Man." It was not discovered in his day, and if it was not discovered for many a day after. Its radical utterances were smothered by a neglect. Now in a newer, and, we trust a better world, this letter has come into its own, and it is about to wield influence even greater than the writer ever thought. It is becoming the basis for a new industrial battle that promises well for the liberation of the working man. To babes and infants wisdom is often revealed. The simple working man who left a token of their appreciation of their champion were merely twenty-five years ahead of their time.—New World.

Cato said the best way to keep good acts in memory was to refresh them with new.

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Some one must do life's little things.
The duties of each passing day.
Which, doing, to the door brings
A joy no one can take away.

ARE YOU FIT?
"What a strange question!" you say.
"Fit for what?"
But the question isn't a strange one at all if you stop to think.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS
Remember, holy Mary,
'Twas never heard or known
That any one who sought thee
And made to thee his moan.

OUR LADY'S MONTH
May is Our Lady's own month!
We hope you are going to honor our
beautiful Mother by your every act.

OLD-FASHIONED GENTLEMEN
It is rare today that we meet the
gentleman of the old school.
He has been superseded by the man of
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DEFINITION OF AN OATH
An example of Catholic education
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ALMIGHTY GOD TO WITNESS THE TRUTH
OF WHAT YOU ARE SAYING.
"Where did you get that definition
of an oath?" asked the surrogate.

THE MONTH OF MAY

With that exquisite sense of fitness
which characterizes all that the
Church does she has dedicated the
fairest of months, the month of May.

ANOTHER SIDE

A contributor to an Episcopal
journal finds fault with the reasons
which converts to the Church allege
for their abandonment of Episcopalianism.

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THE SPIRIT OF THE DAY

"Truly one may ask oneself,"
writes the Archbishop of Bombay in
his first pastoral, "whether ever
since the days of the coming
of the Prince of Peace, men were
more inspired by mutual hatred,

INDULGENCES

In a recent issue of the Bombay
Examiner Father Hull is busily
engaged in controversy with a
Protestant clergyman, still laboring
under the "inexorable" delusion
that indulgences are a "license to
sin."

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