

The Catholic Record.

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

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WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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THE SPECIALS' NOTION OF RESPECT FOR LAW

The Ulster "Special Constables" are still keeping themselves to the fore in the Irish news. One of the latest items about them is that when the audience was dispersing after a play held in St. Patrick's Hall, Omagh, five lorries of these men, arrived on the scene, surrounded a number of the boys, forced them upon their knees and through prodding with bayonets and beating them with the butt ends of rifles, the boys were made to say: "To— with the Pope, the priests, and Sinn Fein." Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Edward Carson, it is evident, struck upon an effective method of introducing law and order into Ulster when they conceived the brilliant idea of paying the Orangemen half a guinea a day for instilling reverence for the law in the people's hearts.

While in the other three parts of Ireland the English Crown forces are providing all the barbarity that is necessary, they are not called upon to provide any in the North-east—where the Orange "Special Constables" are attending to that in a manner so thorough that even the English Crown forces could get points from them. And the work of the "Specials" along that line is being heartily supported and supplemented by the civilian Orangemen who are delighted to do their duties gratis while his "Specials" brother is paid half a guinea a day for it. This will be apparent upon reading the following account (taken from the Freeman's Journal) of the reception which the Orange shipyard workers gave to a party of chained and manacled Sinn Fein prisoners who, being transferred from another prison, were taken on a destroyer to Belfast. In reading this account it is well to remember that while some of these were probably prisoners tried and convicted of the crime of loving Ireland many of them were, in all probability, part of those two thousand Irish prisoners in the hands of the English who have never been tried and never charged with any crime. Here is the account as given by the Freeman:

ORANGE CHIVALRY

At 3 p. m. the destroyer containing the prisoners came up beside the Milewater Wharf when turning. A large group of Orangemen were working on a ship at the wharf. The prisoners were exposed on deck right under the shipworkers, who shouted out, "Send them here and we'll deal with them." Then they threw a shower of rivets and other missiles on the unfortunate men huddled on the deck. The prisoners were then placed in four lorries which had drawn up beside large heaps of coal. There was a delay of a quarter of an hour, and during that time over one hundred Orangemen kept throwing large lumps of coal at the prisoners standing in the lorries. This went on all the time the lorries were standing. When the lorries started they had to pass a pile of timber higher than the lorries. Some men had collected heaps of stones on top of this pile and as the lorries passed the prisoners were subjected to a fusillade of stones. As the prisoners passed up Garmoyne street many of them were seen to be bleeding profusely. When the lorries were standing a man came along with a bundle of 6ft. sheeting boards tied together; with it he struck with all his might three or four of the prisoners before he was stopped by a soldier.

PROHIBITION IN ULSTER

After reading this account of the humane treatment of the chained and manacled prisoners, by the brave and gallant Orangemen, he would be a brilliant-minded man who would undertake to decide from their actions in Ireland which is the braver man and truer gentleman—the Orangeman or the Englishman. Belfast is now in sublime dread of Puseyfoot Johnson's Prohibition issue. At the coming elections for the Northern Parliament the Prohibition issue is going to cut across the party line and Unionists are in dread of what the result may be. The Irish papers say that the thin edge of the wedge is going to be inserted by, in the first place, a campaign for county option. The liquor interests are seriously alarmed. Four of the chief distilleries of Ireland are in Belfast—and all controlled by Unionists. Many of the blending houses of Belfast are in the hands of Unionists also. It is said that these men are now agitating that they will vote for a Prohibitionist before they vote for a Prohibitionist and if the Prohibition issue is injected into the campaign there will surely be a split in the Unionist ranks. Many of Puseyfoot's lieutenants, whom he trained in England and Scotland, have arrived in Belfast, it is said for the purpose of setting the ball rolling there. And all branches in the liquor trade are joining together and subscribing liberally to thwart the efforts of these gentlemen.

TALBOT APPOINTMENT

CAMOUFLAGE OR REFORM

Mr. Masterman writing in the Daily News asks what the appointment of Lord Edmund Talbot as Irish Viceroy signifies—"Camouflage or Reform?" Evidently Mr. Masterman has hopes that the appointment may indicate a change of heart on the part of the Government towards Ireland. He says that Lord Edmund Talbot is an honest man, that "his sincerity, honesty and veracity are unimpeachable, that his religion has been a real thing to him, and that his conception of life has been disinterested service for the public good." Mr. Masterman continues:

He represents in every element of character the exact antithesis of Sir Hamar Greenwood, who, in his squalid year of office, has created a record, whose highest hope must be that it may be some day forgotten. It is inconceivable that the two men could not together. It is inconceivable that the mendacity and sordidness and sham insinuations and noise and violence and exaltation of evil which has distinguished the Greenwood regime could be continued by the new Viceroy if he is really being given power to pursue a policy of honesty and reconciliation. Mr. Masterman recalls the fact that many of the greatest Irish Viceroy in the past have become unalterable Home Rulers after a brief experience of Ireland. The Duke of Portland, Lord Spencer, Lord Dudley and Lord Wilmot are mentioned, but still more than these there is Lord Aberdeen. Even old French, so far as he has intelligence enough to have an opinion, is credited with Home Rule sentiments. Mr. Masterman does not discuss the kernel of the subject, which is—Has any Irish Viceroy any real power or is he merely, as French has been, a figurehead? Lord Wilmot's revelations on this point are not forgotten. Either the Irish Viceroy is a nonentity, so far as political power goes, or the Irish Chief Secretary, who holds office with him must be so. There is not room on the Irish sky for two Dublin Castle euns. Is Talbot going to be merely a figurehead or is he going to have any actual power? The event will quickly show, but meantime the latter alternative is unlikely.

IRISH VITAL STATISTICS

Here are a few of the more interesting figures sifted from the latest annual report on Irish vital statistics. The returns show (quoting in round numbers) that there were two thousand more births in the year than in the preceding year. Also, remarkable to relate, the year shows five times as many deaths from influenza as in the preceding year—ten thousand such deaths as compared with an average of two thousand for the years gone before. There was likewise a very great increase in the number of deaths from pneumonia. But, on the other hand, the deaths from tuberculosis, a fraction less than two per thousand of the population is the lowest recorded in Ireland since vital statistics began to be kept. This is encouraging, because unfortunately tuberculosis has been an Irish scourge. More attention is now being given to it and infinitely more care taken to prevent its spread. So those who are engaged in the good work have reason to congratulate themselves.

The marriage rate, six per thousand of the population, was the highest ever recorded. The emigration fell from seven per thousand of the population in 1918 to 0.7 last year—a matter for much congratulation also. Of the births ninety-six and two-third per cent. were legitimate. The percentages of illegitimacy for the provinces are, Ulster four and one-third per cent.; Leinster three and one-half per cent.; Munster three per cent.; and in Connaught, to its signal credit be it said, illegitimacy was only three-quarters of one per cent. In all the yearly returns Ulster is invariably the highest for illegitimacy and Connaught invariably the lowest.

The average number of poor-house inmates was twenty-five thousand, a decrease of almost ten per cent. upon the numbers of the previous year. One-third of all the deaths recorded in the year were persons who had passed the three score and ten. Four hundred and fifty-six people died whose ages were ninety-five years and upwards. And eighty-five died at the age of one hundred years and upwards. The total population of the country was 4,452,000—the highest reached in this century.

PROTESTANT CLERGYMAN TELLS ENGLISHMEN THE TRUTH

An Ulster Protestant clergyman of high standing recently contributed to the Liverpool Daily Post a letter which attracted much attention. He was naturally proud of being an Irishman he said, but was not and never had been a Nationalist Irishman. He had always been an admirer of English ways and English character, of the straightforwardness, the honesty, and the courage of Englishmen. But the English lack imagination, he confessed, and it is impossible, accordingly, for them to imagine what the state of affairs in Ireland in thirty years hence would be. But he said, from his knowledge of Ireland and Irishmen, as well as from his observation of what had been happening there in the past two years, he could solemnly assure them that they would never terrorize Ireland into submission. "You may hang, draw, and quarter nine-tenths of the forces against you in Ireland, but the remaining one-tenth and their children, eye and their children's children, will rise up and call you cursed for your present policy in that unhappy country." Such expressions of opinion, forced from Ulster Irishmen who had never taken part in Irish politics, is very gradually helping to break down English stubbornness. But unfortunately, it is only very gradually doing it. SUMAS MACMANUS, Of Donegal.

THE GOSPEL OF PEACE

INTERNATIONAL DISARMAMENT STRONGLY URGED BY THE N. C. WELFARE COUNCIL

Washington, April 25.—The Administrative Committee of the National Catholic Welfare Council, composed of Archbishop Hanna of San Francisco, Chairman, Bishop Muldoon of Rockford, Vice Chairman, Archbishop Dowling of St. Paul, Bishop Schramm of Toledo, Bishop Russell of Charleston, Bishop Gibbons of Albany, and His Eminence, D. Cardinal Dougherty of Philadelphia, has issued a statement setting forth its position on the subject of disarmament. The Bishops explicitly declare that the question of disarmament can be considered only in the light of international relations and that it should be promoted only on condition of an international agreement effective and binding on the great powers of the world. The full statement of the Bishops is as follows:

Peace among ourselves, peace with all other nations should be not only the earnest desire but the active aim of every Christian. Pope Benedict XV, in his great encyclical on Reconciliation declared that peace is the very preaching of the law of Christ—the gospel of peace. In that same encyclical the Holy Father emphasized the necessity of not only praying for peace, but of selecting immediate, practical measures that will lessen the danger of war. "It is vain for us to talk of our love of peace and yet to be promoting differences that are apt to lead to war—to be working for a larger army or a greater navy. If all the nations of the world, while protesting a love of peace, give themselves to such militaristic measures, their people will be burdened with oppressive taxes, the seeds of international discontent, and war will be inevitable. Therefore, Benedict XV, in his encyclical, urged the abolition of the enormous military expenditures which can no longer be borne by the States, in order that in this way murderous and disastrous wars may be prevented."

President Harding in his first message to Congress stated: "The Government is in accord with the wish to eliminate the burdens of heavy armament. The United States ever will be in harmony with such a movement toward the higher attainments of peace."

"The leaders of the world recognize that peace is the first necessary condition of the nations' and the world's well-being and happiness. The different Governments are of themselves unwilling to take the first step. Yet every one knows the first step must be taken if war is to be made very improbable and almost impossible. That first step is postponed in waiting for some other Government to take the lead. "Now it would be foolhardy indeed for one nation to disarm, to leave herself defenceless, while other nations are sustaining or increasing their armament. Legislators that would permit a nation so to act would be false to their highest duty. It would be vitally harmful to America's safety and well-being if we were to adopt a policy of disarmament without first having secured the definite, binding agreement of the other nations to a similar policy. And any propaganda for disarmament that does not include this international agreement must be looked upon as unwise and dangerous. Emergencies have often shown that friendships upon which a people have relied proved un dependable

understood by his hearers as approval of their share in the expulsions. The new Lord Lieutenant has worked in political association with Sir James Craig, the future Belfast premier. He is, therefore, in a position to set this matter right.

It need only be added that Cardinal Bourne, speaking in the name of the Catholic Bishops of England, called last week upon the Government to stop reprisals in Ireland "exercised by the forces of the Crown upon perfectly innocent persons," and said that the English Catholic Hierarchy "are convinced that much could be done towards promoting a good understanding and the preservation of law and order were the Auxiliary troops withdrawn without delay from Ireland."

He then is an immediate and supreme test. If Talbot is merely a tool, as we confess we think him to be, the crucifixion of Ireland will continue, and he as Viceroy will remain as silent and as impotent in his connivance in the crime as he was for the past three years.

If he is going to Ireland, as the Tablet declares, "to inaugurate a new era," there should be an end of military reprisals in Ireland, and the Government will speedily call off its Auxiliary dogs.

We think such a hope is over sanguine. Carson and Wilson are not likely to knuckle down to Talbot. But the event will quickly show.—Catholic Herald.

IMPOSSIBLE TO EXCUSE OR TO JUSTIFY

PROTESTANT UNIVERSITY MEN AND CATHOLIC BISHOPS PROTEST VIGOROUSLY

Cardinal Bourne has addressed the following letter to Mr. Lloyd George: Archbishop's House, Westminster, April 6, 1921.

Dear Mr. Lloyd George.—Our bishops have been holding their annual meeting this week, and I need not tell you that they are most gravely concerned about the state of Ireland. They feel that the good name of England in other countries has been and still is being obscured by the terrible happenings which it is impossible to explain or to justify. They desire me to impress upon you most earnestly that all ground should at once be removed for the definite charges which are so constantly being made of reprisals exercised by forces of the Crown upon perfectly innocent persons.

In this connection they are convinced that much can be done towards promoting a good understanding and the restoration of law and order were the Auxiliary troops withdrawn without delay from Ireland. Every week is adding to the difficulties of the situation.

The Bishops trust that the Government will immediately take such measures as may promptly lead to permanent reconciliation, which all men, whatever their political opinions may be, so greatly desire. Yours very faithfully, FRANCIS CARDINAL BOURNE, Archbishop of Westminster.

WELSH UNIVERSITY PROTEST

The following letter, signed by twenty-seven professors and lecturers of the University of Wales, has been addressed to Mr. J. Herbert Lewis (Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education), M. P. for the University: "This protest against the actions of the British Government and its agents in Ireland has been signed by professors and lecturers in the University of Wales for two reasons. First, we maintain that the Welsh nation, whose higher education we, among others, are privileged to direct, has a special and intimate concern in Ireland; for, in spite of centuries of separation due to religious and other causes, the civilization and culture of both countries have a common origin, and have in most respects undergone a similar development."

"DIABOLIC CHURLY"

"In this terrible hour we claim, on behalf of all kindly and Christian men in Wales, to extend to our sister nation whatever comfort she may find in a genuine sympathy with her in this her supreme agony, and to express our execration of the diabolic cruelty which has brought her to this pass. In the second place, it happens that there is a vigorous unanimity among Welsh University students on this question; their grief is only second to that of Ireland herself. Thirty years of University education have borne fruit, and we have learnt that it was not in vain that our country was taught by pastor and teacher to sympathize with the oppressed, and to value a clean and upright public conduct above the transient glories of political careers. The University, in its present vigorous state, is a true realization of the hope of many generations of high thinking men and women among the common people of Wales, all of whom, to judge by their recorded words and actions, would have been overwhelmed with shame to think that their children, for whom they had toiled so painfully, should have lost the passion for righteousness and the desire to protest against all cruelty and oppression.

INCREDIBLE CYNICISM

"We therefore wish to declare our absolute dissociation from the Government of this country, which has, with an incredible cynicism, covered the name of Britain with ignominy. We have small hope that any protest of ours will greatly avail where so many anguished interventions have failed. We cannot but register it, however, with the prayer that it may hearten all good men and women who would wish, even at this last hour, to save Britain from undying infamy. "This protest is in no way to be regarded as a statement of opinion by the University. It is the joint expression of individual convictions by a band of colleagues representing

SEES THE OTHER SIDE

GENERAL CROZIER APPRECIATES ANEW THE IRISH SITUATION

The following appears in the Times: Sir—Permit me to write a few words relative to the future of Ireland. After a long absence I was in Ireland early in 1920, and I was astonished. From August 2nd, 1920, till February 18th, 1921, I had been in Ireland, as a policeman, and for the last month I have been mixing freely and "rubbing shoulders with the world" in Ireland, again as a civilian. What a change since I went to Ireland as a civilian in April, 1920! As an official I was unable to perceive it, there was no opportunity. In September, 1920, I asked for an "appreciation of the situation," which was supplied me verbally by the intelligence Department. A stranger arriving in a country is entirely in the hands of the "appreciation" till he has time and opportunity to "appreciate" for himself. I have.

The appreciation as given me in September, 1920, has failed. When such a state of things comes to pass a soldier of ordinary intelligence can see the "appreciation" up and begins again. There is nothing new in that.

THE SOLDIERS' MISTAKE

The soldiers are making exactly the same mistake as the politicians did at the end of the south African War. Lord Kitchener forced the issue and obtained peace. Let Mr. Lloyd George do the same. The surrender of arms is the crux. There will be no surrender of arms; obtain a peace and the arms will be thrown away. Get a truce now. Allow the Dail to meet and offer them your best. Set up a Committee of Public Safety in the meanwhile, representative of Sinn Fein and the Crown, to supervise the control of arms during the truce and to regulate the public safety with the aid of R. I. C. and special constables. Let Ulster do as she likes.

THAT "MURDER GANG"

Has the murder gang been got by the throat? Allow Ireland to govern herself within the Empire, and she will get her own murder gang by the throat, but she won't help England to do it! Effort from within is always better than effort from without. Both sides of my family have been Unionists for years, but it is a poor specimen who can't change with the times. The Union has gone. The man who appreciated the situation for me in September, 1920, left out the Irish nation; the same man must have appreciated the situation for a lot of other people! There is one thing that cannot be got over; the Irish people know the truth about many things; you can't throw dust in their eyes. The sands are running out, as Ireland

CATHOLIC NOTES

THANK PROTESTANT BISHOPS

At a meeting of the standing Committee of the Irish Self-Determination League, London, Eng., a vote of appreciation of the English Protestant Bishops for their public utterances on Ireland was unanimously passed, special thanks being conveyed to Bishops Gore and Temple.

THE UNIVERSITY OF GRANBOLA

The University of Granbola has drawn up a plan for taking over the celebrated Grande Chartreuse Monastery and establishing it as an international center of learning.

Prague, Czechoslovakia, April 10.—Definite statistics of the results of the recent census in Czechoslovakia are now available, and indicate that from seventy-five to eighty per cent. of the people registered themselves as Catholics.

The Most Rev. William J. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, died on April 9 at the age of eighty years. He was born in Dublin on January 30, 1841, and succeeded Cardinal Edward McCabe as Archbishop of Dublin in 1885.

London, April 21.—Hon. Mrs. Cope, wife of Lieut. John Cope, the famous Arctic explorer, and daughter of Lord Rosmead, has been received into the Church by Rev. Henry England at the Church of the Holy Apostles, Piccadilly.

Dublin, April 8.—One of the most amazing incidents yet recorded in the course of the conflict in Ireland, took place at Tralee, on Easter Saturday night. Very Rev. Dean O'Leary and five curates were engaged in hearing confessions in the parish Church. Machine gun fire struck the building and a bullet actually entered the roof over the confessional of the Dean. There were, at the time of the firing, close to 200 persons—men, women and children—in the Church.

At Rome Mgr. Schulte has called on Cardinal Bourne, who took the opportunity of thanking him for all he had done for British prisoners during the War, when he was Bishop of Paderborn. In return Cardinal Bourne asked the German Prelate to bear willing testimony to the care taken of German Catholic prisoners of War in England. Mgr. Schulte was officially thanked by the French Government for the solitudes he had shown on behalf of French soldiers.

Exeter, Eng., April 10.—An unusual spectacle was witnessed in the open air at Exeter, England, on Good Friday, when some 800 Catholics of Exeter made the Way of the Cross through the streets of the town. The procession was witnessed by numbers of people, including non-Catholics. Fourteen banners were carried in the procession, representing remarkable events of the Passion. The parish priest preached at each Station, explaining to the Protestant on-lookers the history and meaning of each stage of Our Lord's road to Calvary. The Statue Mater was venerated, and prayers were recited by the faithful Way of the Cross participants in the procession, kneeling when the prayers were being recited.

Plans for the holding of a Catholic Bible Congress at Cambridge for three days, beginning July 17, have been completed and it is expected that Cardinals Bourne and Germond and many of the most distinguished prelates of England will participate. Conferences will be held with a view to opening up the subject for Catholic and for giving non-Catholics a better appreciation of the Catholic position. Solemn liturgical celebrations in honor of St. Jerome will be among the features of the congress. In view of the call for renewed devotion to the written word of God set forth on the occasion of the fifteenth centenary of the death of St. Jerome, the congress has already attracted widespread attention.

Rome, April 12.—The Coliseum, the most important existing monument of Imperial Rome, and revered in popular opinion as the scene of the deaths of countless martyrs, has been leased for five years to a theatrical company, and is likely to be turned into a motion picture theatre. The announcement, made by Under Secretary of Public Instruction Resaldi, has aroused a storm of protest from the Roman populace who regard the structure as a sacred edifice, precious with the blood of Christian victims. It was only last year that the practice of celebrating the Stations of the Cross within its precincts was revived, a practice that had been instituted by Benedict XIV. at the instance of St. Leonard of Port Maurice, and which had been continued for more than one hundred years until 1870, when, at the fall of the temporal power the stations were ordered removed by Commandatore Rossi.

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HONOUR WITHOUT RENOWN

BY MRS. INNES BROWN

Author of "Three Daughters of the United Kingdom" CHAPTER IX

"You are not well today," observed Sister Marguerite a few days later, seating herself near the couch of her patient. "Is your foot more painful than you look so depressed?"

"It does hurt me unmercifully at times, but it is not only that which disturbs me. I have been thinking. It does us good to think sometimes; we realize then how short, and therefore how precious, are the fast fleeting hours."

"I was never deemed a sentimental man. Whether this illness has unnerved and weakened me I know not, but now and again I feel stirred and overpowered by impulses and feelings which are altogether foreign to my nature."

"If the impulses produce softer and purer sentiments than any you have experienced heretofore, yield fully to them, and be assured that they will bring peace."

Manfred's large brown eyes wandered round the little room, settling themselves at last upon the face of Sister Marguerite, who was stitching quietly.

"She might well speak of peace and joy for was she not the very personification of both as she sat there, her pure brow unruined and her merry eyes and lips ready to break into laughter at the smallest provocation—thought her patient as he lay gazing upon her. Wherein lay the secret of it all?—ah, he would give worlds to know."

"Sister," he said solemnly, and their eyes met: "do you really and honestly think that I shall recover?—I mean sufficiently to enjoy life again."

"Even though you should have to endure yet more bodily pain, I trust that, considering your strong constitution, you may yet recover; but to enjoy life?—and the honest eyes looked volumes—"to do that, one must possess a conscience free from grievous stains."

"I know not how it is," he said, with more earnestness than usual, "but I trust you as I have never trusted human being before, and I would fain tell you something—confess to you a story which lies like a load upon my heart. Would you listen to me?"

"Why not tell it to those whose office authorizes them to listen to such tales? Their advice would be of service to you."

"His good angel had well nigh consoled when the evil spirit whispered again, 'Caution! why place your liberty in the hands of anyone?' He hesitated a moment, then shaking off the evil influence, continued, 'If I may not tell it to you, Sister, then I will never reveal it to any living soul.'"

"Since it must be so then, Mr. Manfred, speak to me openly, and rest assured that to the utmost of my ability I will aid you." She spoke calmly, but her heart was beating quickly.

"Sit where I can see you better, Sister; let the light fall upon your face: the sight of it will give me encouragement. Yes, that will do!" as she moved her chair in the endeavor to please him, and taking up her sewing, fixed her eyes upon the work as though her mind were concentrated only upon the size and evenness of her stitches.

Again Manfred paused, and each instant the spirit of evil seemed to be gaining ascendancy over him. At last he began:

"What I am about to tell you, Sister, relates entirely to friends of mine; you understand?" She did not, but feeling she must do something, nodded her head.

"It is most unpleasant to be the bearer of these secrets," he continued, smoothing the coverlet with one hand nervously, "and I feel convinced that to share it with you will ease my heart of a considerable load, and I can look to you for counsel. Moreover, I feel certain that you will treat my confidence as sacred."

"Listen!" she answered, allowing the work to drop upon her lap, and looking steadily at him. "I do not seek your confidence, neither will I be bound by any obligation of secrecy. I simply state my desire to assist you as far as I may be permitted, and as regards anything else you must leave me the use of my own discretion."

interesting than that which you have related to me during the last five minutes. I must beg of you to allow me to withdraw my chair to a more shady part of the room; really as I sit here the glare of light is most trying."

"No, no! Do please remain where you are. I was but wondering where to begin. Bear with me and be your own kind self; it will give me more confidence to speak." Once more the merry eyes were shaded by the long dark lashes, and the sweet face gradually assumed that trustworthy look of enduring patience, so often now its necessary expression; and Manfred, as he gazed upon her, felt that desire increase within him to lay open to her judgment sorrows and troubles which he had never dared to expose to mortal before.

"Doubless you are fond of children," he resumed, after a pause, "so let me tell you that once, a long time ago, there were two little boys, half-brothers, with a difference of but two years between them. Their mother was a woman of deep passions, of violent likes and dislikes. She was devotedly attached to a man whom we will name Manly, and was engaged to be married to him. Unfortunately she grew fanatically jealous of the necessary and innocent attentions which her lover bestowed upon a cousin, and flying into a blind rage, she quarrelled with her fiancé and dismissed him. All his endeavors to pacify her, to assure her of the falsity of the reports which had reached her, were futile. Blinded by jealousy, she would not listen to reason; so taking her at her word, he left her and set sail for Australia. Now, as fate would have it, the cousin—for reasons of her own, but unknown to Manly—took a passage in the same ship, and gossip was not slow to report that they had been privately married. Shortly after this another gentleman, one who for a long time had secretly loved the aggrieved lady, came forward and offered by his faithful love to heal her wounded heart. In her resentment she accepted, and married this generous and warm-hearted man, whom we will call Edmund."

The Sister started; surely the busy needle must have pricked her finger. But Manfred, engrossed in his story, noticed nothing. He continued: "Edmund was a distant cousin of his wife's, and was also the youngest son of an old baronet who, just before these events took place, had joined the majority, leaving to his eldest son a beautiful estate, comprising a hall and the broad acres of an old abbey, with its stately ruins. Sir Henry, the elder son, was many years older than Edmund; and these two, between whom the closest ties of brotherly love existed, were the sole living descendants of a family whose representatives had been forgotten at the Court of Henry VIII. Edmund inherited for his portion the Manor Farm of two hundred acres, which adjoined the estate of his brother; and thither he brought his stately wife."

"Ere a year had elapsed a son was born, and he also received the name of Edmund. He was but two months old when misfortune fell upon the master of the Manor House. Manly returned, as he had gone, a single man! To depict the grief and remorse of his former fiancée would be impossible. Edmund, her husband—for whom she had never really cared—had always been delicate. Comprehending but too plainly how matters stood, he lost heart and his health quite failed him. Generous as he was, he never once upbraided his wife for her neglect of him, but left her the sole inheritor of the house and all that he possessed. But before he died, this good husband had taken made a great effort. Struggling to his feet, he dragged his weary limbs up the steep grassy walk which led to the old Abbey Towers, bearing in his arms the infant whom he loved so tenderly. Ever and anon he sat and ruminated; for small and light as the burden was, it was more than he could sustain for long. All that he now realized was that he was carrying his little treasure, his tiny Edmund, to give him to Henry's charge—Henry, who had been to himself as a father. To no one else would he trust his darling. He had reached the very spot where for centuries no blades of grass had been visible—the nave of the old Abbey church. This place had ever possessed a strange fascination for him; and a feeling of security, almost of peace, stole over him as, having laid the baby tenderly down on the soft earth, he sank upon a broken bench."

"Poor man!" ejaculated the tender-hearted listener, as drawing forth her coarse handkerchief she wiped the sympathetic tear from her eye. Then in a low tone, as though communing with herself, she murmured: "Poor weary sufferer, alas! might he not well feel a sensation of peace and calm steal over him when seated amid the magic influence of such surroundings?"

Then warning to a subject which was always most dear to her, she continued. "Have you not often experienced a mysterious thrill of inexplicable awe, as straggling through the melancholy ruins of our ancient monasteries and abbots you have realized—as surely you must have done—that warm living hands, like your own, foiled with labor and pride to pile together those massive walls; that for centuries men and women of all ages and degrees, guided by the light of faith, flocked to those sanctuaries to pour out before God's altar the burning love of their hearts. Has no feeling of desecration moved you? No voice, as from the silent

dead, sounded in your ears, bidding you tread with light and reverence step the consecrated ground wherein once your ancestors were wont to kneel and bathe? Ah, believe me that they who reared those walls had no stunted notions of what was due to God. Their conceptions of Him were great and vast, as likewise were the temples they raised to His honor. And you have felt nought of this?" she asked again, reading aright the look of astonishment on his face.

He shook his head, but ventured no response, simply signed to her to continue. The neglected needlework fell to the floor as suddenly she rose to her feet, and advancing towards the window, fixed her eyes upon the narrow space of sky perceptible through the small casement, and as though gazing upon one of memory's living pictures she continued: "Tis a marvel! Nay, I can scarcely conceive how men of one generation can so easily forget all that their forefathers prized and held most dear. Often, indeed, they forget even the very resting places of those whose wealth or sacred possessions they rightly or wrongfully hold as their own. There are no spots in all the kingdom half so dear to me as are the consecrated spaces wherein once stood our venerated abbots. For hours I have wandered amid these desecrated aisles. Often have I toyed with the massive stone work in their dilapidated walls, marvelling at the strength and solidity of its masonry. How proudly I have stroked and caressed some magnificent remains of carving, which chance, not pity, has rescued from the ruthless hand of destruction. So soft, cool, and soothing the stone felt, as reverently I pressed my burning cheek upon it, praying inwardly for him whose able hand had wrought and traced the unique design. If seated upon a carved or mosaic stone, my very ground beneath has claimed my homage and respect, for lo! deep below the sod and ruins repose the blessed bones of ancient saints laid peacefully to rest. And I thought I may have sat alone in holy, where once they knelt, who perchance were my kith and kin in blood as well as in heart and faith, still, believe me, I was not, nor did I ever feel alone. And you?" she questioned, turning fully toward him: "you have perhaps lived amid such scenes, and never felt the least enthralled by the power of fascination of the past?"

"Never! I forgot it all. I never thought of it like that," he answered in a low tone, as though fearful to disturb the earnestness of her words and manner. "Never thought of it," she repeated to herself. "How strange! Then surely it were an almost impossible task to explain to one like you the joy that I have felt, the sweet but realistic visions that my fanciful brain has oft-times conjured."

She raised her eyes with a rapt upward look, and continued in a low, impressive tone, as though communing with herself, and still regretful that he should have lived unmoved amid such scenes: "Never thought of it! And often, oh, how often—"

With throbbing heart I've sat and watched The weeping ruins round, Till fancy lent her magic wand, Transforming sight and sound. No more were columns flung apart In desecrated heap; With one gigantic bound they rose, As from eternal sleep.

Leaping from pillar to pillar, Spanning the vacant space, Rose row on row of arches, Unrivalled of their race. Strong and massive, light and graceful, Oh, who could count their cost? Riveted, I gazed upon them, In raptur'd wonder lost. Then higher yet and higher still The mighty roof arose, Crowning the sacred edifice In bold and grand repose.

From marble steps the altar glowed, All shining white and gold; The taper gleamed, the organ pealed, Exultant volleys rolled. While soaring amid the sunbeams Which pierced the jewelled glass, Flouted clouds of perfumed incense, At high and solemn Mass.

Or rolling as mighty billows, From chancel back to nave, Came full-toned chant of liturgy, In rhythmic wave on wave. Small need was there to bid me kneel In adoration low; I felt the breath of multitudes Seeking to and fro. I bowed my head in humble prayer, I felt no more alone; Prelates, monks, babes, all supplicants, We knelt around the throne.

She ceased abruptly, as though suddenly recalled to the present. A deeper color flushed her cheek as she quietly sank into her chair once more and resumed her work. "Please forgive this ill-timed interruption to your story," she pleaded. "And yet, 'tis a subject I love. Never, never! I will dear old England realize the sorrow and regret which fills her children's hearts as they wander through the neglected ruins of her most venerated shrines. Enough of this! I must endeavor to restrain my feelings by keeping them under more severe control."

suddenly dropped from my eyes, I was looking upon familiar scenes with a keener interest and clearer perception than I had ever done before."

"Call it not a song!" she replied, merrily shaking her head. "Nor mistake a little warmth of feeling, badly expressed, for real genius. I possess no talent whatsoever. Even if able to conceive, I cannot portray. But, as if to herself, 'I knew one dear girl who could.' She thought of Madge. Now, please proceed with your story. You left the father and child in my beloved old ruins."

"Yes; and there they remained until the sun was well-nigh sinking to rest. Too weak and ill to move, Edmund gave way to the lethargy that had stolen over him, and seated with his elbows on his knees, he rested his weary head between his hands, and perhaps—who knows—may have seen visions and heard sounds similar to those you but now recounted to me. And still the baby slept."

TO BE CONTINUED

TWO PARTS OF A LETTER

Middleburgh is a charming little American town, neat and well-kept, but with an air of sloeiness about it, an old-time stillness and peace, which it had preserved despite the proximity of bustling centers and high importations of trade. Thereby the news of a sensational murder, which took place on one of its most exclusive streets and in a palatial mansion. The victim of this atrocious crime was Lawrence O'Brien, a leading citizen of the town and its foremost banker.

The crime, which remained obstinately enshrouded in mystery, had been discovered by the banker's daughter, Marian. In her horror and dismay she had rushed screaming from the house to summon the nearest doctor. But the physician could only pronounce life extinct and declare the cause of death to have been a blow on the head from some heavy but dull instrument. Nor did the inquest elicit anything more than this bare fact. The servants men and women, who had been in the house, had heard no noise of any sort and could throw no light on the mystery. Their antecedents and their long years of services prevented the possibility of suspicion falling upon them.

Marian O'Brien, who had been spending the evening with friends, had returned about midnight and hastily throwing off her outdoor wraps, she had hastened to the small and plainly furnished room which the banker had chosen for his study and where she saw a light burning. She opened the door to find her father lying on the floor almost directly under the portrait of his ancestor, Sir Malachy O'Brien, who had been executed during the penal times in Ireland. There was evidence of a struggle. Various objects were strewn about the apartment, but there was nothing to give any clue to the midnight assassin, his motive or his means of entrance. Marian O'Brien was never again precisely what she had been. And yet that very evening had been a red-letter one in the young girl's experience. Lewis Lansing, a young graduate of a foremost Catholic university and son of a wealthy and influential citizen of Middleburgh, had walked home with her from her friend's house. She had met him that summer on several occasions, during which they had resumed a childish intimacy, when the judge's son and the banker's daughter had attended school or spent their holidays together. Lewis Lansing had so distinguished Marian by his attentions that already she was once weaned of her father's hand and whispering what a suitable match this would be. Upon that fatal evening of the murder he had come to her where she sat at the piano and begged her to sing his favorite—a quaint old English melody:

"When first I saw thy face, I resolved to honor and adore thee!" Her cheek had flushed and her heart had begun to beat. The first she had noticed, as he bright smile, and played the first bars of the accompaniment.

As Lewis Lansing stood waiting at the foot of the stairs to see her home and Marian was having a parting chat with her hostess, the young man whistled that exquisite air softly to himself. He was a handsome and stalwart youth, well proportioned of figure, gay and good-humored, as he stood there, the cynosure of many eyes, while above her hostess said shyly to her young guest:

"We are all so glad, dear. It will be an ideal match." And Marian called back to her, laughing: "How can you be so absurd!" During the homeward walk Lewis Lansing began quite naturally, as it seemed, to talk about that old song and quite as naturally to apply it to his own peculiar case. It is true, his speech was not quite so fluent at times as befit the cleverest graduate of his year and the most promising young member of the bar, and he even fell silent now and again, a silence which the young girl by his side made no effort to break. It was a lovely night, soft and perfumed, with the palpitating hush of the mid-summer still lingering, and the confused, mist-shrouded radiance of many stars looking down upon the

young couple, to whom life seemed so fair and full of promise. When Marian was deeply moved her voice had a peculiar, vibrating sweetness, and she talked with Lewis earnestly of this subject he had mooted, of their youth and of the obstacles which might be in their path.

"We must be very sure of ourselves," she said, with a gravity which was almost quaint, as she stood a moment at the gate which led into her father's grounds and gave Lewis her hand in farewell. "I cannot be any sorer of myself than I am now," Lewis cried, with that confidence of youth which is, after all, so fine a thing. "If only you care for me and are willing to be my wife, nothing can part us!"

Was it the chill of that passing dark cloud, which struck upon Marian's heart, coldly just then? But she gave Lewis permission to come and see her and talk matters over, before he should speak to her father.

Marian turned toward the house, while Lansing played hide-and-seek with the shadows for a last glimpse of her, and as he walked away he whistled that quaint old roundelay again.

"When first I saw thy face," Marian went up the stairs full of life and hope, with the warm glow of a great happiness at her heart, to meet that fearful presence, Death, and under its most terrible form. The shadow of that tragedy seemed to unfold her from that hour. She shut herself up in the old mansion, with only the faithful old servants for company. A woman who had been her nurse from childhood was the only one to whom she ever spoke freely.

She seemed in some mysterious way to connect Lewis Lansing with the awful event of that night. Perhaps she was remorseful that she had been so completely absorbed in her own happiness while that terrible drama was being enacted, and, indeed, she declared to her nurse that she had not been absent the crime might never have been committed. In any case, she refused to see Lansing or even to hear his name mentioned. For a time he haunted the house, being observed by the vigilant townspeople on moonlight nights to walk like an uneasy ghost up and down in front of the mansion, and in point of fact he was frequently there in darkness and storm, when Middleburgh had on its midnight.

But Marian never vouchsafed him a word or sign, and at last he went off to New York, and interested people said that here was the end of a promising romance and blamed the girl for what seemed a morbid devotion to her father's memory.

But Marian had a reason apart from the tragic associations which hung around Lansing's name. On the night when she had enticed her father's room to find him dead, she had discovered under a heavy frame, which had fallen to the floor, a fragment of a letter, which her father had evidently been writing to a friend.

"By all the gods, Martin," he had written, "beginning in the style of Horace, I would declare to you that my pet anxiety is now the future fate of my daughter. I will not have her marry, no, not before she is twenty-five. If she does it, it will be as in the old fairy tales with my malison. Besides, there is no one in this town who shall ever put a ring upon my daughter with even a fragment of my consent. She will have to run away like the king's false damsel and swallow up o'er the stormy sea, and swallowed up in the flood."

These were the last words on the page, and either another page had never been written, or was hopelessly missing. Marian took the letter to heart, and with absurd literalness determined to obey it, as she expressed wish of her father. Yet, as time went on, and her nature began to rally from the shock, she found self imposed duty a hard one. So that, while she kept the fearful anniversary of her father's death in silence and gloom, there was nevertheless associated with it a memory of that sweet, homeward walk in the starlit gloom, when the love of an honest heart had been offered to her.

Her health began to fall under the stress of loneliness, of regret, of the solitary life she led, and she grew more dull and listless as days passed after day. She secretly roused herself from a brooding reverie, one September twilight, when her nurse came in with a look of importance in her face. She was bustling, indeed, with the news she had to tell, but she knew that it must be told carefully. Its purport was briefly: In a distant city, a man had died, confessing upon his death-bed to have been the murderer of Lawrence O'Brien. His motive had been solely that of gain. He had been informed that the banker on the very night in question had taken home a large sum of money, which he meant to secrete for the night in the chimney under the portrait of Sir Malachy. The murderer had effected an entrance through an unused cellar door and had cautiously made his way upward to where the banker worked alone. He had hoped merely to disable him, and having administered a drug, to fly with the money. But Lawrence O'Brien was both a powerful and a courageous man, and there had been a struggle there in that silent room in the end of night which had been terminated by a blow from a loaded stick which the burglar carried.

He had then secured the money, and had taken away, in the chance of finding tokens or other valuables

among them, a sheet of papers from the table. These he returned with some few articles of value. The money had long since been spent. It gave Marian a sickening feeling to hear these details and seemed to renew the full horror of the tragedy. But she conquered this repugnance and began to turn over the papers, which she felt might throw light on some of her father's affairs. Among them she discovered a page of a letter, the consecutive page to that she had read, and it was as follows:

"I repeat that no one in Middleburgh shall marry my daughter, unless, indeed, Lewis Lansing should elect to do so and that Marian's inclination should run that way. But I can scarce hope for such a consummation. The fates forbid such ideal unions! Seriously, my friend, I would it were God's will. Lansing is a gentleman, honorable, high principled, a sterling Catholic. His father was my best friend, his mother my first love. I should die happy could I see my daughter married to this lad, who has a career of his own, outside of his father's position. I would give them my blessing were it with my last breath."

The letter ended there abruptly. Perhaps the hand of death had really out its short. Marian sank upon her knees. A rush of happiness penetrated the deep gloom of her sorrow as sunlight invaded a long-darkened room. But this happiness presently gave way to a pang of unavailing regret.

"It is too late!" she cried out. "O, my God, it is too late!" The days that followed were full of this same blending of pleasure and pain. Her father approved her choice. Her father had, as it were, spoken to her from the world of shadows whither he had gone. But Lewis' patience had been tried too far. He had passed out of her life forever. And yet he had been so sure that nothing could ever part them.

One moonlight night, barely two weeks after the receipt of that startling budget of news, Marian went out into the garden. She was feeling unusually restless, and her heart was aching with that sad sense of loss, which all hearts must sometimes know. The silence and peace, the unutterable magic of moonshine, seemed to ease her pain. As she drew near that point where the garden fence was lowest, she thought she heard a sound and stood still to listen. Someone was whistling an air which she was not slow to recognize:

"When first I saw thy face!" She made a step forward to be confronted with Lewis Lansing. He looked paler and graver, but he smiled at her in the moonlight. "I am keeping my usual vigil," he said in a voice that sounded somewhat unnatural. "I come here every often when I am in town, and I believe all Middleburgh knows it, except you."

She made no reply, and he asked hesitatingly: "Are you not angry, Marian?" "No, no, Lewis," she said frankly. "It makes me very happy to know that you are here."

Surprise, pleasure, joy, succeeded each other on Lewis' honest face. "You know I am sure of myself as ever, Marian," he said. "And I am very sure now, too." They stood still facing each other. "May I come to talk things over?" Lewis asked.

"Yes, Lewis," she said, "though there is not so much to say, after all." It was only after they were married that Lewis saw the two fragments of the letter, and it is quite possible that inquisitive Middleburgh has never seen them at all.—Anna T. Sadler.

CHRIST WITHOUT DOGMA It is only natural that a religion which began with a confusion of faculties should end in confusion of thought. Of this fact Protestantism has afforded a continuous succession of illustrations, which, taken together, cover practically the entire field of theology and philosophy. One of the latest of these is a brief but very striking article contributed to a recent number of the Outlook, by Dr. Lyman Abbott. And I am tempted to criticize it, not because it possesses any special or intrinsic importance, but only because it offers so typical an example of that laxity which seems inseparable from contemporary Protestant literature.

The article to which I have alluded is in the form of a meditation upon the story of the Epiphany, as related in St. Matthew's Gospel. It was written to emphasize a single point, and that point is emphasized with all Dr. Abbott's singular ability. The three wise men sought Christ. They sought Him with openness of mind and steadfastness of purpose. And they found Him without the help of church or sacrament or creed. It is just this fact, together with the inferences suggested by it, which Dr. Abbott considers as possessing a special and peculiar significance for the twentieth century.

Now as to the fact itself, one can hardly help but wonder as to Dr. Abbott's reason for attaching to it the significance he does. For if the wise men were to find Christ at all, it is difficult if not impossible even to conceive them finding Him with out that very mental attitude which the Doctor seems at once so impressive and so important. They could not surely have approached

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Christ through the Church, for there was then no church through which to approach Him; nor could they have been expected to draft upon uninitiated sacraments any more than upon unformulated creeds. Their mental processes, as far as we can judge, was not only that which was eminently rational, but was the only one which was rationally possible. They were receptive, yet unprejudiced; anticipative, yet unprepossessed; precisely as anyone should be who, conscious of being in darkness, yet seeks for light.

But Dr. Abbott is far from confining his meditation to this fact alone. He proceeds to develop its importance by an inference. Compared with the religious history of subsequent ages; with the endless definitions of dogma and the equally endless quarrels over the dogma which have been defined, the story of the three wise men stands out in vivid and striking contrast. Nor can we fail to apply the apparent moral of this contrast to ourselves. If they found Christ, without a dogma, why also may not we? And if dogma is thus shown, in actual experience, to be unnecessary, is it not, and has it not ever been, a source of obscurity rather than of light?

In this way does the Doctor lead us to the threshold of the new theology, for it is as the precursors of the new theology that the wise men, in his opinion, stand clearly revealed. The traditional teaching of Christianity is demonstrated by their example, to be little else than an aggregation of stumbling blocks; and as that same example proves the essential obstructiveness of the system, so does it, and in scarcely less degree, suggest its condemnation.

Yet if we prescind altogether from Dr. Abbott's inferences, and confine ourselves to the most literal and concrete facts, it will be abundantly evident that he labors under two important misconceptions, so important, indeed, as substantially to vitiate the very point which his entire article was designed to illustrate. In the first place, it is distinctly untrue even to imply that the method of the new theology is to seek Christ without a dogma. It would, indeed, be far nearer the truth to say that it is the only school of theology today which habitually and designedly employs dogma in its quest of Him. And while it is beyond question that its thinkers have rejected those teachings which an uninterrupted tradition has sanctified, and the living authority of the Church has sanctioned, yet it is equally beyond question that they have surrendered themselves, wholly and absolutely, to a dogmatism which is both founded and dependent upon their own impressions, and which, though less rational in its nature, is not one bit less arbitrary in its demands. It is in rigid conformity to this dogmatism that Christ is sought. It is to its subjective and wholly irresponsible standards of measurement that all discussions relating to His life or mission or precepts are referred. And it is in blind and uncritical obedience to its dictates that every trace of the miraculous and the supernatural are expunged from the sacred text. To criticize this method, is not my purpose, but to claim it as the method of the three wise men, in the light of present knowledge, a direct negation of all evidence.

And again Dr. Abbott misconstrues the very position which dogma occupies and must ever occupy in any rational scheme of religion; and this misconception will become perfectly apparent if we but ask ourselves the question: Why it was that the three wise men sought Christ at all? Dr. Abbott writes, with more rhetoric than logic: "Their faith was not a knowledge, it was only a hope," and he continues, "But inspired by this hope they had the courage to undertake a long, wearisome and perhaps perilous journey, of four or five months' duration." Now what was the purpose of all this? Was it that starting with openness of mind they might end in ignorance or vacuity? Was the motive of their unprepossession that they might never become possessed? The Doctor speaks of their "sincerity of desire," and their "steadfastness of purpose." But his very words compel in us the logical inference that their desire was fixed upon an object both definite and precise, and that their steadfastness was the means by which they might more surely obtain it. In short, the really striking point in the entire story of the Epiphany, and the one which is of genuine significance to our age, is not at all that the wise men sought Christ, without a dogma. It lies rather in the implied firmness of their conviction that they would leave Him with one.

Dr. Abbott's article illustrates as well as anything could the palpable disparity between that simplicity which the new theology so arrogantly professes, and the essential obscurantism of its practice. He begins with that dogmatism in which he should logically end, and ends in that openness of mind with which he should logically begin. He preaches mental receptivity as a necessary preliminary to receiving nothing, and he dogmatizes himself into a rejection of all dogma. As an exhibition of mental gymnastics, it is interesting enough. As a serious contribution to religious thought, it is altogether useless and therefore clearly negligible.

Yet despite all this Catholics may readily agree with the Doctor that the mental attitude with which the

wise men approached Christ is not without its lesson for our time. It is, indeed, the very attitude upon which the Church has ever insisted, and which she urges today with all her power, upon those who are in ignorance of or in opposition to her claims. It is perhaps of more importance now than ever before. The approach to Christ is obstructed by many a so-called scientist, by many a higher critic, by many an untrained theologian. To say this is in no sense to discredit their several professions, or to minimize any of their real contributions, but it is hardly possible to overstate the absurdity of an error which seems, upon all sides, to dominate and possess modern thinkers, or to overestimate the conclusion which it has imparted into modern thought. That error lies in the wholly fictitious value ascribed to what has herein been termed "open-mindedness," and in the utter failure to recognize that this, viewed as a mental attitude, is normally and essentially transient. By its very nature it is anticipative of content; and in virtue of that same nature, it is extinguished when content is received. Subtracted from it all possibility of such content, and it remains an inexplicable emptiness, without purpose and without point.

Dr. Abbott, therefore, has but exemplified a fallacy all too common. He has invested the purely transient with a permanent value; and while denying any value at all to the permanent, he has unconsciously assumed it in a sense which, as his very article proves, is as irrational as it is impossible.—John D. Tibbits in America.

THE SPIRIT OF GARDENING

Spring is an inspiring season when almost everyone can catch something of the spirit of reawakening life. To see the trees gradually budding, the bushes preparing for their summer verdure, and the gardens pushing up their first spring flowers is a delight to the eye and an inspiration to the soul.

The spirit of gardening is in the air. In spite of the smallness of the plots which so many of us have around our dwellings, we were excited during war time to plant something which might be useful later on. Some of us did. Some of us went into it on a grand scale, and raised almost enough to live on. Others, perhaps, raised only enough to loosen by sad experience that farming—even kitchen gardening—is not quite as simple an amusement as the city dweller might be led to think.

But everyone who went in for gardening in the right spirit probably found in it the thrill of actual production. Did it treat us to some new aches and pains of back and limbs? What of that, if these were followed by more vigorous health, and the inspiration to seek more of it out in the open air?

Did it not loosen our muscles? Did it not teach us new lessons in patience and perseverance?

Gardening, be it in vegetables or in flowers, is an education. It teaches how beautiful things grow from homely ones, complicated things from simple ones, great things from little ones. And it teaches that such growth will not properly take place without proper conditions, proper care, proper perseverance.

Now, perhaps not everyone can indulge in gardening of this sort. But there is a kind of gardening in which he not only can, but should, engage, not only in spring time and in country or suburbs, but at all times and in all places. It is spiritual gardening. Everyone's spiritual and physical makeup is a garden, and in this domain everyone can be his own landscape architect. An almost infinite variety of seeds are offered to the choice of each person. Some of them will grow into beautiful flowers, some into ugly weeds—in such cases according to the choice of the architect and the gardener's care in tending them.

These are seeds of good and of bad habits. We do not have to apply for them. They are ready at hand. Neither need we be ignorant of what may come of them after we have planted and cared for them. They are labeled in a way that our consciences are equipped to read. The soil in which we plant them is ourselves, and we can make it as rich as we need be, or let it become so poor as to be barren. What we must do is to plant what we choose, and the product will be, under God, what our care makes it.

If we want weeds as our garden, we can have them. If we want flowers, we can have them, likewise. We are not unescapably compelled, by circumstances or by anything else, to choose either good or bad seed. We are free to choose either. We shall not become either evil or good without choice and care.

And so, when we see the farmer tilling his soil and caring for his fields, or the gardener weeding his plot and tending it, we should take notice. We should take the hint. We have a garden of the soul which is calling us to do likewise. It has its weeds which must be dug up. It has its soil which must be improved. It demands the seeds which shall make it grow. And after we throw them in, we can not go off and leave them there alone, and expect to wake up in the middle of the Summer and find them grown into things of intoxicating beauty to eye and to nostril. We must stand by them, work over them with great patience and perseverance, and not be overcome by a little perspiration.

Tending the garden of the soul is no day dream. It requires hard work, just as does almost everything worth while in this world. It requires first an ideal, then a plan to realize it, then hard work to reach the goal. The seeds of virtues and of vices alike are ready at our hands, it does not take much effort to choose and take them. But it does require effort to take the seeds of virtue which we have chosen and force them into flower.

But what a thing of beauty and a joy forever is the full bloom! Just as the radiant colors and the exquisite perfume of a flower garden in Summer make a poem of poems, so do the radiant virtues and the exquisite atmosphere of a well lived life write poetry into the drab pages of life. We thrill in reading the life story of some great man, of some great woman, of some great Saint who has brought the garden of his or her soul into full bloom. How they stand out among commonplace mortals as shining lights in a deep forest at night! What a tower of strength in a plain of weakness is a great statesman or a great leader of thought; what a benediction is even the countenance of a saintly man!

But we can all mirror something of their greatness if we become, each according to his power, the gardeners of our souls that they have been. For they did not come on earth with all their virtues ready made, their character all formed from the beginning. They had to plant their gardens and nurse them into bloom. In great or small degree, we can all do likewise. And what sweetness will be ours when the garden is in full bloom!—The Pilot.

AN UNWORTHY COMMUNION

The first and most essential disposition for Holy Communion is the state of grace, that is, exclusion of guilt of mortal sin. Without this disposition Holy Communion would be nothing more or less than a sacrifice. To receive unworthy is to approach the Holy Table with mortal sin on the soul, either on account of not having confessed it, or, if confessed the soul still remains attached to it.

ENORMITY OF SACRILEGIOUS COMMUNION

St. Paul brings vividly before us the enormity of this crime. In the first place he says that whosoever communicates unworthily "is guilty of the body and blood of the Lord." Christ and sin are two terms so mutually opposed and incompatible that they cannot be united without becoming an object of horror and abomination in the sight of God.

"What fellowship hath light with darkness, what concord hath Christ with Belial?" Behold here a sin, the intrinsic malice of which is enormous.

In the second place, the same Apostle adds: "He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh judgment to himself."

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Pius V., also two of the greatest doctors—St. Athanasius and St. Gregory Nazianzen; two holy virgins especially favored by God—St. Catharina of Siena (as her feast is kept in England) and St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi; and one holy woman most memorable in the annals of the Church, St. Monica, the mother of St. Augustine.

St. Philip Neri occupies with his novena and octave, fifteen out of the thirty-one days of the month. These are some of the choicest fruits of God's manifold grace, and they form the court of their glorious Queen.

Surely we who read these beautiful thoughts will try to enter fittingly into the celebration of Mary's month, to do our share in honoring the Queen of Heaven, who was placed by her Divine Son:

"Above all the angels in glory untold, Standing next to the King, in a vesture of gold."

These thoughts show us the enormity and consequences of a sacrilegious Communion and should fill us with a wholesome fear of ever so receiving. They should not however, cause us disquietude, if at times we lack devotion. To avoid the above mentioned evils, it is sufficient to be in the state of grace, a condition that excludes the presence of mortal sin. To honor the Holy Eucharist, however, and to derive therefrom all the precious fruits which it is destined to produce, there is required of us a true spirit of piety, a purifying of all affection to sin, and the adorning of the soul with virtue.—The Tablet.

THE CHURCH AND LABOR

Common sense and the best of judgment are necessary in order that there be fewer clashes between capital and labor. If we consider the advice of the Church we shall find both these necessary qualities; we shall gather suggestion which, if accepted, will go a long way to overcome industrial disturbances and bring us back to that peace which is so desirable at the present moment.

The position of the Church is well set forth in the Encyclical of the late Pope Leo XIII. written in 1891. As our own Bishops say: "The document shows the insight of that great Pontiff into the industrial conditions of the time and his wisdom in pointing out the principles needed for the solving of economic problems."

The Church insists on the right of labor to organize. Our own Hierarchy tells us there are two rights, one of employer and the other of employee, the violation of which contributes largely to the existing unrest and suffering. "The first right," say the Bishops, "is of the workers to form and maintain the kind of organization that is necessary and that will be most effectual in securing their welfare. The second is the right of employers to the faithful observance of the labor unions of all contracts and agreements. . . . A dispute that cannot be adjusted by direct negotiation between the parties concerned, should always be submitted to arbitration. Neither employer nor employee may reasonably reject this method on the ground that it does not bring about perfect justice. . . . Like the law court the tribunal of industrial arbitration provides the nearest approach to

justice that is practically attainable."

To secure peace and at least a modicum of contentment labor must have a living wage; but that never can be secured by the revolutionary tactics of Socialism or the radicalism so rampant in various sections nowadays. Catholic workmen should beware of the extremist. As a general thing he is ill informed. He works mostly with his tongue. He is in the class which insists that "the world owes him a living," and he attempts to secure it without ever considering the biblical injunction that man must live by the sweat of his face.

In the Encyclical referred to Leo XIII. said that one remedy would be "to induce as many as possible of the humbler classes to become owners." In the now famous Pastoral Letter of the American Hierarchy, commenting on the Pope's suggestion, the Bishops say: "This recommendation is in exact accord with the traditional teaching and practice of the Church. When her social influence was greatest, in the later Middle Ages, the prevailing economic system was such that the workers were gradually obtaining a larger share in the ownership of the lands upon which, and the tools with which they labored. Though the economic arrangements of that time cannot be restored, the underlying principle is of permanent application, and is the only one that will give stability to industrial society."

Twere well for Catholic workmen to hearken to the voice of their leaders. They seldom make mistakes. They are men of prudence; they never jump at conclusions; their decisions, almost invariably, are right.—Catholic Sun.

COMMUNICATION WITH THE DEAD

When St. Augustine fully realized that his mother was indeed dead, he shed bitter tears for her who had passed so many for him. She was ever present in his memory, and daily he remembered her at the altar. When some one spoke of the dead returning he would say: "Ah, the dead do not return, for were it possible to do so, she would come back to me who could not live away from me, and who never let me in all my wanderings. God forbid that in a higher state of existence she should cease to love, or that she should not, if she could, come to console me when I suffer, she who loved me more than you could say."

Christ through the Church, for there was then no church through which to approach Him; nor could they have been expected to draft upon uninitiated sacraments any more than upon unformulated creeds. Their mental processes, as far as we can judge, was not only that which was eminently rational, but was the only one which was rationally possible. They were receptive, yet unprejudiced; anticipative, yet unprepossessed; precisely as anyone should be who, conscious of being in darkness, yet seeks for light.

But Dr. Abbott is far from confining his meditation to this fact alone. He proceeds to develop its importance by an inference. Compared with the religious history of subsequent ages; with the endless definitions of dogma and the equally endless quarrels over the dogma which have been defined, the story of the three wise men stands out in vivid and striking contrast. Nor can we fail to apply the apparent moral of this contrast to ourselves. If they found Christ, without a dogma, why also may not we? And if dogma is thus shown, in actual experience, to be unnecessary, is it not, and has it not ever been, a source of obscurity rather than of light?

In this way does the Doctor lead us to the threshold of the new theology, for it is as the precursors of the new theology that the wise men, in his opinion, stand clearly revealed. The traditional teaching of Christianity is demonstrated by their example, to be little else than an aggregation of stumbling blocks; and as that same example proves the essential obstructiveness of the system, so does it, and in scarcely less degree, suggest its condemnation.

Yet if we prescind altogether from Dr. Abbott's inferences, and confine ourselves to the most literal and concrete facts, it will be abundantly evident that he labors under two important misconceptions, so important, indeed, as substantially to vitiate the very point which his entire article was designed to illustrate. In the first place, it is distinctly untrue even to imply that the method of the new theology is to seek Christ without a dogma. It would, indeed, be far nearer the truth to say that it is the only school of theology today which habitually and designedly employs dogma in its quest of Him. And while it is beyond question that its thinkers have rejected those teachings which an uninterrupted tradition has sanctified, and the living authority of the Church has sanctioned, yet it is equally beyond question that they have surrendered themselves, wholly and absolutely, to a dogmatism which is both founded and dependent upon their own impressions, and which, though less rational in its nature, is not one bit less arbitrary in its demands. It is in rigid conformity to this dogmatism that Christ is sought. It is to its subjective and wholly irresponsible standards of measurement that all discussions relating to His life or mission or precepts are referred. And it is in blind and uncritical obedience to its dictates that every trace of the miraculous and the supernatural are expunged from the sacred text. To criticize this method, is not my purpose, but to claim it as the method of the three wise men, in the light of present knowledge, a direct negation of all evidence.

And again Dr. Abbott misconstrues the very position which dogma occupies and must ever occupy in any rational scheme of religion; and this misconception will become perfectly apparent if we but ask ourselves the question: Why it was that the three wise men sought Christ at all? Dr. Abbott writes, with more rhetoric than logic: "Their faith was not a knowledge, it was only a hope," and he continues, "But inspired by this hope they had the courage to undertake a long, wearisome and perhaps perilous journey, of four or five months' duration." Now what was the purpose of all this? Was it that starting with openness of mind they might end in ignorance or vacuity? Was the motive of their unprepossession that they might never become possessed? The Doctor speaks of their "sincerity of desire," and their "steadfastness of purpose." But his very words compel in us the logical inference that their desire was fixed upon an object both definite and precise, and that their steadfastness was the means by which they might more surely obtain it. In short, the really striking point in the entire story of the Epiphany, and the one which is of genuine significance to our age, is not at all that the wise men sought Christ, without a dogma. It lies rather in the implied firmness of their conviction that they would leave Him with one.

Dr. Abbott's article illustrates as well as anything could the palpable disparity between that simplicity which the new theology so arrogantly professes, and the essential obscurantism of its practice. He begins with that dogmatism in which he should logically end, and ends in that openness of mind with which he should logically begin. He preaches mental receptivity as a necessary preliminary to receiving nothing, and he dogmatizes himself into a rejection of all dogma. As an exhibition of mental gymnastics, it is interesting enough. As a serious contribution to religious thought, it is altogether useless and therefore clearly negligible.

Yet despite all this Catholics may readily agree with the Doctor that the mental attitude with which the

THE SPIRIT OF GARDENING

Spring is an inspiring season when almost everyone can catch something of the spirit of reawakening life. To see the trees gradually budding, the bushes preparing for their summer verdure, and the gardens pushing up their first spring flowers is a delight to the eye and an inspiration to the soul.

The spirit of gardening is in the air. In spite of the smallness of the plots which so many of us have around our dwellings, we were excited during war time to plant something which might be useful later on. Some of us did. Some of us went into it on a grand scale, and raised almost enough to live on. Others, perhaps, raised only enough to loosen by sad experience that farming—even kitchen gardening—is not quite as simple an amusement as the city dweller might be led to think.

But everyone who went in for gardening in the right spirit probably found in it the thrill of actual production. Did it treat us to some new aches and pains of back and limbs? What of that, if these were followed by more vigorous health, and the inspiration to seek more of it out in the open air?

Did it not loosen our muscles? Did it not teach us new lessons in patience and perseverance?

Gardening, be it in vegetables or in flowers, is an education. It teaches how beautiful things grow from homely ones, complicated things from simple ones, great things from little ones. And it teaches that such growth will not properly take place without proper conditions, proper care, proper perseverance.

Now, perhaps not everyone can indulge in gardening of this sort. But there is a kind of gardening in which he not only can, but should, engage, not only in spring time and in country or suburbs, but at all times and in all places. It is spiritual gardening. Everyone's spiritual and physical makeup is a garden, and in this domain everyone can be his own landscape architect. An almost infinite variety of seeds are offered to the choice of each person. Some of them will grow into beautiful flowers, some into ugly weeds—in such cases according to the choice of the architect and the gardener's care in tending them.

These are seeds of good and of bad habits. We do not have to apply for them. They are ready at hand. Neither need we be ignorant of what may come of them after we have planted and cared for them. They are labeled in a way that our consciences are equipped to read. The soil in which we plant them is ourselves, and we can make it as rich as we need be, or let it become so poor as to be barren. What we must do is to plant what we choose, and the product will be, under God, what our care makes it.

If we want weeds as our garden, we can have them. If we want flowers, we can have them, likewise. We are not unescapably compelled, by circumstances or by anything else, to choose either good or bad seed. We are free to choose either. We shall not become either evil or good without choice and care.

And so, when we see the farmer tilling his soil and caring for his fields, or the gardener weeding his plot and tending it, we should take notice. We should take the hint. We have a garden of the soul which is calling us to do likewise. It has its weeds which must be dug up. It has its soil which must be improved. It demands the seeds which shall make it grow. And after we throw them in, we can not go off and leave them there alone, and expect to wake up in the middle of the Summer and find them grown into things of intoxicating beauty to eye and to nostril. We must stand by them, work over them with great patience and perseverance, and not be overcome by a little perspiration.

AN UNWORTHY COMMUNION

The first and most essential disposition for Holy Communion is the state of grace, that is, exclusion of guilt of mortal sin. Without this disposition Holy Communion would be nothing more or less than a sacrifice. To receive unworthy is to approach the Holy Table with mortal sin on the soul, either on account of not having confessed it, or, if confessed the soul still remains attached to it.

ENORMITY OF SACRILEGIOUS COMMUNION

St. Paul brings vividly before us the enormity of this crime. In the first place he says that whosoever communicates unworthily "is guilty of the body and blood of the Lord." Christ and sin are two terms so mutually opposed and incompatible that they cannot be united without becoming an object of horror and abomination in the sight of God.

"What fellowship hath light with darkness, what concord hath Christ with Belial?" Behold here a sin, the intrinsic malice of which is enormous.

In the second place, the same Apostle adds: "He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh judgment to himself."

From these texts we may learn the enormity of this sacrilege. To receive Jesus into a soul that is in the grasp of Satan because of mortal sin, is to offer Him a habitation the most unworthy of sin, and to force Him in spite of Himself to dwell with sin and live with the demon. Now, what crime can be more abominable than this? If every sinner despise God when he tramples upon His laws, what will be said of the man who directly dishonors Him in His person? If every profaner of a holy and consecrated object commits a grave sin, what will be said of the man who not only profanes the sacred vessels, but the very Holy of Holies, the body and blood of the Lord?

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LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1921

CANADIANIZING THE FOREIGNER

On both sides of the line the "foreigner," the non-English-speaking immigrant, is regarded by a noisy section of the press and people as the great problem of citizenship. Americanization is the magic term which our cousins over the border believe will solve the problem; and on our side we hear similar loose, sometimes hysterical, talk of Canadianizing the foreigner. While here in Canada it is apparently taken for granted by the "Canadianizers" that making the English language the sole language of the schools and proselytizing those not of the Protestant religion is the obvious and certain method of attaining their object, in the States many have seriously studied the problem and have arrived at quite different conclusions. It never seems to have occurred to our Canadianizers that the fundamental social virtues of honesty, industry, thrift, of human faith and hope and love, are of much more importance, much more useful and necessary in the promotion of good citizenship than the knowledge of the English language; and that the ethical sanctions for these virtues—whatever they may be—may not be tampered with or destroyed without the gravest peril to that very Canadian citizenship which the officious—mayhap unwitting—meddler in their indiscreet zeal profess to be desirous of promoting and upbuilding.

Yet that is precisely the grave danger which thoughtful and observant study has led intelligent Americans to recognize as one of the very essence of the problem. Writing in the New York Times Magazine L. P. Edwards characterizes the movement as "one of the periodic attacks of Know-Nothingism" from which the United States suffers. As Canada's problem is identical with that of our neighbors, his observations apply here with equal force. After referring to the hysterical outcry against the peril of the foreigner, Mr. Edwards goes on:

"Now it is known to every respectable sociologist in America that our recent Eastern European immigrants, including the Russians, are just as peaceable and law-abiding people as native Americans of native American ancestry. This is a fact about which there is not the slightest doubt in the mind of any competent informed person. It has been repeatedly established by careful studies made by the United States Bureau of the Census; by various State boards and by highly qualified private foundations. "Furthermore, the most honest, thrifty, industrious, upright, God-fearing and conservative portion of our foreign population is precisely that portion which has clung most stubbornly to its native ways of life and has been least influenced by American customs. Our immigrants upon changing their foreign languages, customs, beliefs and ideals upon becoming 'Americanized,' deteriorate profoundly in moral character; deteriorate to a degree that shows itself in the criminal statistics. "It is very fortunate for the moral welfare of millions of our foreign population that the present furore for 'Americanization' is destined to fall in its object. Its failure is in its own nature."

This writer maintains that the 'Americanization of the foreigner' should be spread out over three generations at least, for "there is only one foreigner who is really a menace to American society. He is the foreigner who is in rapid process of Americanization."

He continues later on to emphasize this point: "The danger from these classes is real and serious, perhaps the most serious presented in the whole range of immigration questions. Here again we have very reliable statistics which leave no room for reasonable doubt. America needs protection, needs it urgently, against the foreigner of the second generation, particularly against the youthful foreigner who goes through our Public school system. The father who stubbornly refuses to learn English or to adopt American ways is commonly a man of admirable moral character. The son, often quite as American as young man of our old stock, is equally commonly a youth of vicious and unprincipled character. "Public opinion in this matter is grievously at fault. There is danger to American institutions, and that danger is real, but it is just the opposite of what is popularly feared. The danger lies precisely in the process of Americanization itself, particularly in the endeavor to hasten that process. If, as is commonly maintained, the present need in America is peace and safety, security and conservatism, then the Americanization of the foreigner should be slowed down in every way possible. No encouragement should at this time be offered to the foreigner to abandon his native language or religion or to change his ethical or cultural standards. "On the other hand, every possible assistance should be given to Roman and Greek Catholic priests, Orthodox priests, Jewish rabbis and other such leaders in maintaining and strengthening the traditional loyalties of their various groups. Our Mohammedans—no negligible element in recent immigration—should be encouraged to build mosques, to read the Koran and to obey the various other requirements of their faith. "What this sociologist would have to say of our proselytizers whose unscrupulous zeal led them to adopt the 'huguenot' method of winning souls to the Father of Lies may be imagined. And he is remembered that though public contempt forced them to abandon this revolting and blasphemous deception, their spirit is therein revealed. Rev. Dr. Shields, the eminent educationist of the Catholic University, Washington, in a masterly study of this whole question arrives at precisely the same conclusions as those of the Protestant sociologist whom we have been quoting. Noting that "competition, or the struggle of individual with individual, or of group with group, moves under the banner of selfishness and greed that are always near the surface" he points out that Christianity "seeks unceasingly to suppress competition by co-operation." And in this work, essential to good citizenship, he emphasizes the importance of the family, the home. The home is God's own school system; without the proper functioning of the Christian home all other school systems must utterly fail. Two or three references to this vital and essential aspect of education, with special application to the foreign born element and the problem which is so engaging so much attention, are so apposite and illuminating that we give them here: "The home which is created by the faith and hope and love of one man for one woman and of one woman for one man is the foundation upon which the welfare of the whole social body rests. The Christian home is indispensable for the maintenance and proper upbringing of children. The close contact of the child with the daily manifestation by Christian parents of self-oblation and self-sacrifice is required to build in the child's soul the unshakable foundations of faith and hope and love. These virtues implanted in the home must be broadened by the school until they embrace the entire nation. "The love of the parent for the child, acting through the child's instinctive tendency to imitate, shifts the centre of gravity from the child's self to the group. It teaches them to strive for the good of the larger self. Upon the success of the parent in this important educative function, reinforced by the school and the Church, rests the welfare of the home, the city, the nation, the Church, and humanity itself. It is for this reason that thoughtful people will hesitate before dealing with the foreign child in such a way

as to lessen the influence of parents and of home upon the formation of his character, and we are in grave danger of weakening this influence by our overzeal for hasty transformation in the child, which ignores the roots of his moral being that have struck deep into the customs and traditions of the land of his forefathers. "The native impulse, with its note of self-oblation and self-sacrifice which leads to parentage, must be converted by education for citizenship into a permanent, constantly operative principle of conduct, and here again we see the great danger that lurks in the rash intrusion of overzealous Americanizers into the sanctity of the homes of our foreign born citizens. We may readily destroy the delicate, vital bonds that are destined by nature to pass over from the parents to the children, transforming the latter from selfish, greedy, little beasts into generous, self-forgetting citizens who will labor for the common good."

Dr. Shields illumines the whole question by the following opposite illustration: "It is the obvious duty of every school in this country to put forth every reasonable effort to develop the children entrusted to its care into worthy citizens; but this is a constructive policy and continuity must be its first principle. We can engrave upon the root of a wild crab apple tree a branch of a pear or a peach and the fruit resulting will not be wild crab but pears or peaches. If, however, we fail to secure a flow of sap from the native root into the engrafted branch there will be no fruit and no life in the branch and the same is true of a child. Whatever qualities we would engrave upon a child so that he may grow into a worthy citizen of this free country, must draw their nourishment and support, not only from the individual life of the child, but from his social life which comes to us as the organized instincts of a people under the form of social customs and family and national traditions. We must guide the native impulses into proper channels but be exceedingly careful to leave out nothing that is of value in the native root. The policy that would seek to prevent the flow of sap from the wild root into the engrafted branch in the fear that wild fruits might replace or injure the cultivated fruit would be no more fatal than that which expresses itself in a school policy that tends to belittle or destroy the individual or social life of the foreign pupil lest he should grow into an American citizen with a tainted or foreign attitude."

In the light of serious study and intelligent observation this much discussed subject is seen to be a problem indeed, but one that will never be solved by the superficial methods of indiscriminate zeal. It is an interesting question. Has it for us more than an academic interest? St. Joseph's Ukrainian College at Yorkton, Saskatchewan, was founded in 1919 by the Catholic Church Extension Society of Canada, and is conducted by the Brothers of the Christian Schools. The Ukrainians—better known perhaps as Ruthenians—are Catholics, of a different rite it is true, but absolutely united with us in the household of the faith. They are honest, industrious, thrifty, God-fearing; they are in a very special sense the very problem that we have been considering in so far as it concerns Canadian Catholics. The hundreds of thousands of Ruthenian Catholics must have educated leaders. It will be a disaster to them, a discredit to us, and a peril to Canada, if they do not have educated Catholic leaders. It is a duty at once patriotic and religious to give generous financial aid to St. Joseph's College, Yorkton, Sask. It is a duty so urgent and so plain that the Canadian Catholic who shrinks it must have but little conscience and less faith. Give to St. Joseph's College and give now. If that be impossible make a note of it and give just as soon as you are able.

BRITISH PROPAGANDA IN THE U. S.

Commenting on Hamar Greenwood's intimation that he was about to organize a more systematic propaganda in the States, the New York correspondent of the Manchester Guardian writes that "nothing could be more foolish," and quotes the brutally candid statement of the pro-British New York Herald: "The American people are sick and tired of organized professional foreign efforts to influence its sentiment and to shape its thought."

"NOT HYPHENATES BUT PROFLIGATES"

Addressing a Holy Name breakfast an American judge sternly rebuked those preachers who substitute crude and superficial national ideals for the Gospel of Christ, and in the name of union, preach ill-will, distrust and disunion. "The menace to American institutions is not the unjustly branded hyphenate of today, the alien of yesterday; the alien whose powerful arm laid low the primal forest, whose stimulating impulse has produced every ease and comfort we possess and who withal in the gravest moment of the Nation's peril has been the man in the gap ever ready to shed his blood for his country. That alien has never betrayed human rights; that alien has ever been the staunchest defender of American liberties. "The danger to American institutions is not from him whose blood has sanctified every battlefield in the land; not from him whose most grievous fault in the eyes of his relentless foes is loyalty to the noble ideals of his race and religion. "No greater injustice has ever been heaped upon this citizen than the insinuations which brands him as a hyphenate because his red blood surges at the piteous call from the cradle of his race, because he cries in horror at the inhuman slaughter in his native land and because he dares to exercise his blood-bought right of free speech to sympathize with a people aspiring to be free, when that people is of his own flesh and blood. "The menace, the real menace to American institutions is not the so-called hyphenate with his virile ideals, but the appetate and the profligate with low ideals, or no ideals at all. "The appetate and the profligate are now among us spreading remorse in the hearts of man and sapping at the very vitals of the Nation; the one tearing down all religious ideals, the other debauching the land with his shameless practices. The public press teems with sickening details of their ravages. The courts of the Nation know them well. The broken homes of the land attest their debaucheries. "Can we expect to eliminate the hyphen in the foreign-born citizen when the malevolent America brand sets the example of low ideals or no ideals at all?"

The Rev. John Roach Stratton, pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, New York, referring to the same subject in a recent sermon on the press accounts of divorce trials that haunted their shores on the front pages of Metropolitan dailies said: "Sickening as the details are, I am glad the newspapers are publishing them. Let those who are guilty of these infamies be brought to the bar of an enlightened and righteous public opinion."

After referring to the appalling total of divorces in the United States he continued: "The divorces of today, do not stop with one divorce, but go on and on. They follow that impulse; they get the habit. We have had in America in recent times records of divorces and remarriages on the part of people of national reputation which made the variegated matrimonial career of Henry VIII. pale into insignificance. Hyphenates? Not at all, unless it be those who have made the record of Henry VIII. seem 'insignificant' should proudly claim the doubly hyphenated title of Anglo-Saxon-Americans. They are 'people of national reputation,' people for whom decent hyphenates have a robust contempt. Dr. Stratton voiced his sentiment when in concluding his sermon he said:

"The present looseness, if continued, will be disastrous to civilized society, as it strikes at the family, the foundation of orderly and decent society." And it is toward this terminus ad quem that Canadian ministers of the gospel, with timid and futile reservations, would guide the legislative steps of Canada! Not hyphenates but profligates are the real menace to the national well being of Canada as well as of the States. Of greater importance than the so-called Canadianization of the foreigner is that the ideals and conduct of the native born Canadian should be such as will command the immigrant's respect, and such as will at least give equal promise with the virtues of the foreigner of conducting to the national welfare.

THE BUSINESS SYSTEM OF THE FUTURE

People do not really care how much they are overcharged for goods so long as they have money to pay the price demanded. Indeed, to many people, it affords a positive pleasure to be able to pay a high price. Thrift is not thought much of in this country. To spend all one gets is the rule; and it is the custom to spend for the mere sake of spending, without any effort to get value. And so, many people, perhaps most people, do not really resent high prices, when they have the price; or at least they do not resent it much. Canadians, as a rule, do not know much about the value of goods. For most people, the price tag is the sole guide to the value. Shopkeepers have experimented in this matter. They have put a higher and a lower price on the same goods; and have seen customers unhesitatingly choose the higher price. Of course, the folly of the customer does not justify the greed of the seller. It is no more just to rob a fool or a thoughtless or ignorant person than it is to rob the shrewdest or wisest of men. But, in seeking causes, one must try to find them all; and it is an unquestionable fact that the folly of the customer has often tempted the seller to ask an unfair price. Moral principles are not much considered in the business of the day. Most shopkeepers are not only willing, but quite determined, to take all they can get; and that determination is hardened when they see customers eager to spend, and see them even taking a vain pleasure in their ability to pay. Some people take the superficial view that it is best for the country that everyone should spend carelessly; because, they say, it keeps money moving. But this is not so. A nation whose people save money is always better off than one in which everyone spends all he gets. France is a case in point; and, amongst the Canadian provinces Quebec is a case in point. A nation, or a community, in which there is no thrift, or very little, will have a ways experience periods of hard times and even distress, alternating with its periods of prosperity and plenty. The United States, great country of varied and vast resources, experiences periods of great distress to millions, because the American idea is to spend and not to save.

Who has our money? This is a question which we may well ask ourselves, now that we have come to a period of dull times. If the theory mentioned above were correct, the money spent in Canada so freely since 1914, should be flowing and circulating freely yet. But it is not. Who has it? Just those who have been wise enough not to spend; they, and the wealthy manufacturers in other countries, and especially in the United States, whose goods we have so eagerly and often so unnecessarily bought with money we ought to have saved against worse times. I advocate the co-operative system in business for this reason, amongst a number of good reasons, that it directly encourages and helps thrift. In co-operative business, the sales and untenable division of the public into sellers and buyers, two classes having interests directly opposed, will gradually disappear. The capital required for the business of making goods and selling them is today gathered up by a few men; gathered by subscription for the bonds or stock of a company. Being so gathered it is operated and controlled by a few men, the directors of a company. The consumer is taken to be the natural prey of the commercial company. More than that, company joins with company, to form

a trust. Agreements are reached by which prices are fixed at certain levels. Combined companies, called trusts, reach out yet further, and dictate to individuals in the retail business what the retail prices shall be. All this is artificial. There is no natural law which necessitates the transaction of business in this particular way. The human element counts for nothing in this system of doing business. The company is an abstraction to its customers; and the customers are abstractions to the company. And the interests of the one being exactly the opposite of the interests of the other, the transaction of business between them becomes a financial game in which all the best of the chances are on the side of the organized capital, the efficiency, the knowledge and the power which are possessed by the company or the trust. The only way for the great masses of consumers to get out of that false position is to take over the business of supplying their own needs, by adopting the system of co-operative business. If the conduct of an enterprise requires a million dollars capital, a million dollars will do, whether it is subscribed by twenty men or by twenty thousand men. Men of little means can control capital by putting their little means together to form a large capital.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE VITALITY of a lie has been the theme of philosophers for ages, and it finds fresh exemplification in our day in the continued exploitation of historical actions notwithstanding accumulated irrefragable testimonies against them. A case in point is that of the traditional Presbyterian attitude towards John Knox, which, as has been pointed out more than once in these columns, can be accounted for "only on the theory that they who espouse it lie under an obsession of a peculiarly malignant type. We had occasion to go into this subject pretty thoroughly some five years ago. That in the interval there has been no modification of the tradition current events testify.

THE LATEST exponent of this Knoxian fiction is Rev. W. Moir Auld, of old St. Andrew's church, Toronto, who has been delivering a series of Sunday evening lectures on "Pioneers of Protestantism," among whom of course he includes John Knox. Among other things he is reported to have said is that "with John Knox Scottish democracy was born." This is a proud saying, if it were true, and a veil could be drawn over the man's character. It is, however, but one of the many lying traditions which have grown up about the "great Reformer," and which no amount of evidence to the contrary seems able to dissipate from the average Presbyterian mind.

WE DO NOT propose to animadvert upon the saying in question on this occasion, but it may not be amiss to set in contrast the findings of one or two historians of name who, with every disposition to favor the cause of the Reformation, have not been able to swallow Knox or his work. Leaving aside their opinion of his moral character (which is anything but high) here is what they have to say as to his own attitude towards popular liberty, and the bearing of his influence upon democracy. MR. YORK POWELL, Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, a recognized authority on Scottish history, and by no means partial to the pre-Reformation Church says: "The whole story of the Scottish Reformation, hatched in purchased treason and outrageous intolerance, carried out in open rebellion and ruthless persecution, justified only in its indirect results (sic) is perhaps as sordid and disgusting a story as the annals of any European country can show." The "indirect results" which Professor Powell hints at as justifying the Reformation it will take a very powerful glass indeed to make visible to the normal eye. It is hard to imagine any results that are admirable arising from so polluted a source. AS TO democracy alone, Henry Thomas Buckle, the historian of "Civilization in England," may be assumed to speak with some authority. He was not partial to Catholicism, but he has not said of pre-Reformation Scotland what he has said of the period beginning with Knox's career of incandescence, that "I do affirm that in no civilized

WORLD'S GREAT MEN

COLLEGE BOY PUTS TRENDENCE MACSWINEY FIRST

Rev. P. MacCormac, B.A., Hanley, writes us: In a college in England a prize was offered by the Professor for the most satisfactory answering of the question: "Mention the name of the greatest man that ever lived, giving five reasons for saying so." The students were of many nationalities. Of the examiners only one was an Irishman. The prize was awarded by them for the enclosed. In my opinion Terence MacSwiney, Lord Mayor of Cork, was the greatest man that ever lived. My five reasons for saying are: 1. He overcame morally the most powerful Empire that has ever existed. 2. His last stand was the most heroic act in the 700 years' war, the longest war in history. 3. His agony was the longest, best known, and most universally discussed one on record, lasting as it did for upwards of twenty three days. 4. He made the supreme sacrifice for the most cherished cause of man. 5. His example was a lesson to all his race and the admiration of all people. —Edinburgh Catholic Herald.

country is toleration so little understood, and that in none is the spirit of bigotry and persecution so extensively diffused as in Presbyterian Scotland."

Or this, referring to the eighteenth century: "The rulers of the Kirk displayed a littleness of mind, an illiberality of sentiment, a heat of temper, and a love of persecuting others, which shows that the Protestantism of which they boasted had done them no good, and that it had been unable to free them from the prejudices which made them the laughing stock of Europe, and which had turned the very name of the Scottish Kirk into a byword and reproach among educated men."

NO NAME stands higher in Scottish judicial annals than that of Henry, Lord Cockburn, who in his earlier years saw something of the working out of Calvinistic "democracy" in the Scotland of the eighteenth century. And in his "Life of Lord Jeffrey," he tells us that so late as the year 1794 there was then in Scotland "no popular representation, no emancipated burghs, no effective rival of the Established Church, no independent press, no free public meetings, and no better trial by jury, even in political cases (except high treason) than was consistent with the circumstances; that the jurors were not sent into court under any impartial rule, and that when in court those who were to try the case were named by the presiding judge." It with John Knox "Scottish democracy was born," as Rev. Mr. Auld asserts, it had, as shown by such testimony, after two hundred years, not been "justified by results."

WE GET further glimpses of this precious "democracy" in the "Memoirs of Lochiel." There we read of the eighteenth century: "Every parish had a tyrant, who made the greatest lord in the district stoop to his authority. The Kirk was the place where he kept his court, the pulpit his throne or tribunal from whence he issued out his terrible decrees; and twelve or fourteen sour, ignorant enthusiasts, under the title of elders, composed his council. If any, of what quality soever, had the assurance to disobey his orders, the dreadful sentence of excommunication was immediately thundered out against him, his goods and chattels confiscated and seized, and he himself being looked upon as actually in the possession of the devil and irretrievably doomed to eternal perdition."

AS ILLUSTRATIVE of the period, when, if ever, the Kirk had an opportunity to exhibit its zeal both for godliness and liberty, Mr. James McLaren Cobban, who has written an interesting romance dealing with the time of the Covenanters, entitled, "The Angel of the Covenant," puts into the mouth of his heroine this sentiment: "I dare aver that of all the tyrannies I have ever read or heard of or seen, whether civil or ecclesiastical, the tyranny of the Reformed Kirk of Scotland has been from the beginning, and is up till now, the most constant, grinding and intolerable." And this to candid students of the history of Scotland will be found to be a true, as well as a moderately drawn picture. And yet in face of this, a Presbyterian preacher, in this boasted age of enlightenment, has the assurance to stand up in his pulpit and tell an audience, of presumed average intelligence and education, that "with John Knox Scottish democracy was born."

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

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THE CATHOLIC RECORD

AMERICAN COMMISSION

ON CONDITIONS IN IRELAND

LAURENCE GIBSON, M. P.:— A week before my time was up my health broke down most seriously, and I was released on that account. I went to the Isles of Aran to recover my health, and took no part whatever in politics, being wholly unable to do so. In March, 1920, I returned to my house in Dublin, intending to stay there just a few days. One day I went to the National Library to get Zimmer's German book on "The Irish Element in European Culture," a harmless book, as anyone could imagine. That night at ten o'clock the house was surrounded by military, and after a thorough search lasting two hours I was taken away to prison. By this time the curfew law was put into force, and night raids were of quite common occurrence. With all civilians barred off the streets by the curfew, the military and the police carried on their work of terrorizing the people. When a house was raided, all the males in the house were swept off to prison, whether they were connected with the Republican movement or not; so that it was not safe for the sons of the family to sleep at home nights, or even to sleep in the same house two nights in succession. I was released, however, after a few days on account of my health, without prejudice to future commitment, as the prison governor was instructed to inform me.

Q. COMMISSIONER WALSH: How do you see your speaking now? A. This year.

The streets were filled with fully armed soldiers marching about with fixed bayonets and bombs hanging at their belts. Often tanks, even in the daytime, rolled along. Airplanes hovered over the city of Dublin incessantly. There were soldiers at the railroad stations and at most of the bridges leading into the city. The people live in a state of military siege. All literary societies, Gaelic clubs, and cumann na mBan meetings were suppressed, but were being held in spite of the law, largely and mainly through the complete unanimity of the people. That is the foundation of the Republic of Ireland—the absolute unanimity of the people. A reward of £10,000, or about \$40,000, was offered by the English Government in every part of the city of Dublin, especially in the poor slums, for certain information and for certain men, dead or alive; and the reward was never claimed, such is the fidelity of the people, although hundreds among them knew where the men named could be found. The expression that a man was to be found "dead or alive" meant that he might be shot at sight, and that the reward would be given to the person who shot him and produced the body. It was an incentive to murder. It was a license to kill.

As a result of the general parliamentary elections of December, 1918, the members elected met in Dublin instead of going to London, formed their own national assembly called Dail Eireann, repudiated England and all foreign rule, established themselves as the ruling power in Ireland, appointed ministers to take charge of the various governmental departments of the reconstruction of our country, and duly elected their President, Mr. De Valera, as duly elected a president of a republic as ever sat in the White House at Washington. That is our position.

At the local Government elections in May, 1920, last May, the duties of the police were discharged by soldiers of the Irish Republic. In many places public houses were closed by order of these soldiers to avoid any danger of disturbances. In one case to my own knowledge schools both Protestant and Catholic were closed on the same day by order of these soldiers. The orders of these soldiers were cheerfully and implicitly obeyed by all classes in that local Government election. At this election to local councils, town councils and city corporations, we improved our position by having not merely 73% but 84% of the citizens of Ireland vote for candidates pledged to the support of the Republic. It may be interesting to the Commission to hear that we completely broke the alleged barrier between the northeast corner of Ulster and the rest of Ireland at that election. You are told in this country that the northeast corner of Ireland is Ulster, and that Ulster is a solid block against independence for Ireland. Against that let me give you the case of a friend of mine, Louis Walsh of the Ballycastle district in County Antrim, an Orange county, where a Catholic candidate would have had no chance at all of election if dependent on Catholic votes. His election was accomplished by the votes of Orangemen. He started out by declaring himself an Irish Republican without any qualifications. In all his speeches he so described himself. The election was held under a new system which England thought would be disastrous to the Republicans, the system of proportional representation. We are always in and has been heard the voice of all sections of the people. My friend Walsh of Ballycastle division of County Antrim became a candidate. All the people voted for five members. Ten candidates started. Walsh was one of them. He was the only Republican candidate. He was elected at the head of the poll. He got more votes than any other of the nine candidates in an Orange district. In his speech returning thanks to the electors he having elected him he returned special thanks to the

Orangemen. Without their votes he could not have been elected. I give that as an instance of the artificial barrier attempted to be put up by England between Ulster and the rest of Ireland. It is purely artificial and purely malicious. We want the Orangemen. We know that they will be one of the strongest elements in our new constitution. We hope for great things from that particular section of the country, on account of the advantages they have had in industry when in the south have not been allowed to practice industry, as I have just informed the Commission. If English power were out of Ireland, the south and the west and the midlands would harmonize with the people of the north within twenty-four hours. There is no division between us but a factitious, artificial division kept up as a pretext for great wrongs as occurred occasionally in Derry City and in Belfast under English influence.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

PRESIDENT HARDING

AND TWO LITTLE IRISH MAIDS

Two little Irish maids, Patricia Paz MacManus and Mariquita Paz MacManus, aged seven and nine, daughters of Seumas MacManus, were signally honored by President Harding of the United States, when in Central Park, New York, after they had unveiled the statue of Bolivar, the South American Liberator, the President, in front of a cheering multitude of a hundred thousand people, affectionately kissed each of them, which incident the New York American features in large head lines.

The New York papers are full of interviews with the little maids and photographs of them in every conceivable pose and situation. The New York World tells how, when "Patsie" had presented to the President a brooch pin made from a button of Bolivar's uniform, and Mariquita had given to the Venezuelan Ambassador, Dr. Estaban Gill-Borgle, a pin made from a button of Gen. Jose Antonio Paez (their great grandfathers' uniform, the President assured them "and he evidently spoke in sincerity," says the World, "that there was no event of this great day he would longer recall than this one." Dr. Estaban said he would always proudly wear his beside his decoration of the order of Liberator.

The World says of them: "The two girls are the daughters of Seumas MacManus, the Irish author. They were chosen for the honor because they are also great grandchildren of Gen. Jose Antonio Paez, Commander in Chief of the Venezuelan Armies during the revolution and first President of the Republic. They show an interesting mixture of Spanish and Irish in their appearance. "Patricia," she of the Irish name, has the delicate Latin profile, but her hair is the red gold of a MacManus. Mariquita, of the Spanish name, has a piquant Irish prettiness of feature, but her eyes and hair are dark Spanish."

When the unveiling ceremonies and speeches had concluded, an announcement was made that no one was to stir till the President had entered his automobile and driven away. But as the people were watching the President enter his automobile Mariquita MacManus was observed to arise from her place on the front of the stand and strike a bee line for the great man. Soldiers, Police and Secret Service men, fell back before her, making a lane of honor through which she passed till she climbed on the running board of the Presidential car and took an affectionate farewell of the President. Harding took her in his arms and gave her a warm embrace as he and Mrs. Harding bade her good-bye. She then proceeded calmly and dignifiedly to her place again.

The New York Sun prints the following, one of the several interesting interviews had by press representatives with the little maids: "This is to be a momentous day for the little Misses Mariquita Paz MacManus and Patricia Paz MacManus. Not only will they unveil the statue of Simon Bolivar in Central Park, while no less a personage than President Harding looks on, but the occasion will be marked by a number of other incidents, the prospect of which had so excited the young ladies that it was difficult to obtain a coherent anticipatory interview.

"The children chosen for the honor of unveiling the statue are great grandchildren of Gen. Jose Antonio Paez, first President of the Venezuelan Republic, and the daughters of Seumas MacManus, the noted writer. Mariquita is nine years old and Patricia or "Patsie," as she is called, is seven. Both are unusually bright for their ages and each is distinctly pretty.

"Summoned from up stairs in their home, at 264 West Ninety-fourth street, the little girls came romping down with all the naturalness of their years. Their dark eyes both tried to answer questions at the same time. And true femininity pervaded their answers, for it was quite plain that the great event of meeting President Harding was more or less eclipsed by such important details as brand new white dresses trimmed with Irish lace, pink and white socks with sashes and hair ribbons to match, and new, fine military caps lined in red. "Patsie will be in white and I'll have pink socks and ribbons," volunteered Mariquita. "And these shoes, only they won't look like this—they'll be all shined up," she said, glancing at her kid slippers.

"And, oh, we're going to have lunch at the Waldorf!" broke in Patsie. It was evident that this was the crowning glory of a perfect day. Asked what she was going to say to President Harding, this young miss demurely shook her long, red-brown curls and said, with charming simplicity: "I shall tell him my name." But beyond this she refused to commit herself. Mariquita was even less communicative, saying she didn't yet know herself what she would say.

"Then both tempered away for the gifts which they are to present to President Harding and to Dr. Estaban Gill-Borgle, Venezuelan Minister of Foreign Relations, as souvenirs of the event. A sticker, the head formed by a gold button, taken from the coat of Gen. Bolivar, will be presented to the President by Patsie, and one fashioned from a button from Gen. Paez's uniform will be given Dr. Gill-Borgle by Mariquita.

"But Presidents and generals, statues and pins were all forgotten in the final chorus of the two little girls: And we didn't have to go to school! I which was more significant of the wonderful occasion."

FAMOUS CATHOLIC ARCHITECT

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

Louvain, March 21.—By the death, March 3, of Dr. P. J. H. Cuypers, the world of Art lost one of its greatest modern exponents, Holland's foremost architect and its Catholic citizen the last one of the noble trio of laymen who about the middle of the last century headed their country's Catholic emancipation movement. The other two were Joseph Alberding Thijm and Victor de Stuers. They led the co-religionists out of the barn and garret churches into temples worthy of their faith and assisted them to the standing they are now commanded and to which they are entitled by reason of the numbers and their activity.

What Farrey said of architecture in England when Wesley Pugin, prose, may with equal truth be said of the building art in Holland just before Dr. Cuypers' time. "When he began his labors, there was not a single building of modern date, either public or private, which was not a reproach and a disgrace to our country. His merit in the Dutch became, that a State official rejected a plan for a Gothic church presented by Cuypers in 1855, "because of the antiquated and dangerous rib vaulting."

The youthful vindicator of a lost style refused to be thwarted by the official ignoramus; but when he set about to have his finished drawing executed in stone and mortar, all reasons did not know how to go about it until he had taken the towel and shown them.

A BATTLE FOR TRUTH

Like Pugin's in England and Viollet-le-Duc's in France Cuypers' life, from that early experience on was "a battle for truth and fitness in architecture," for a Christian and national as against a pagan and foreign style. His merit in the campaign was the greater, because at the Antwerp Academy—the Art School of his day—from which he was graduated with highest honors in 1850, Vitruvius' five orders of architecture had been held up to him as the sole expressions of beauty in building. Even when a student, sight of the Antwerp Cathedral and the Brussels City Hall, two dreams of medieval Gothic, caused his artistic instincts to protest against that dictum of his masters; nor did the flattering diploma he conferred upon him dissuade him. His first move upon leaving was to forget all they had taught him and to blast himself a new road.

All the would-be artists of the time, movers-in-a-rut and sticklers for conventionalism shrugged their shoulders at his foolhardiness and passed on. But the "mad cop" was not of a frame to stand being ignored. He knew what he wanted and what he wanted he was going to secure.

Scarcely home from school and but twenty-three years of age, he drew a plan for the restoration of the antique Gothic Minister of Reformed, his native city, and focused the country's attention upon his personality by the storm of protests and execution of the plans raised. He gained his point, however, and from that day on, he had to be reckoned with. The entire Dutch Calvinistic world, restless by the world of official red-tape, leagued against him; but close to his side drew his Catholic fellow citizens, pouring orders upon him for the restoration of decaying monuments and the erection of new ones.

HELPED CATHOLIC REVIVAL

Possessed of an extraordinary capacity for work, and of an indomitable will, all at the service of a transcendent talent, nay genius, he became the providence of Catholic revival in Holland, and of the Hierarchy, of which the year 1853 had seen the reestablishment.

His fame was not long in crossing the boundaries of his fatherland, obtaining from him in 1870 the important commission for the restoration of the Mainz Cathedral. After that recognition from proud Germany, he could no more be repudiated in his own land by the powers that were. "The Government selected him for a place upon the Advisory Board of Historical and Artistic Monuments. The move let loose again, albeit with diminishing

effectiveness, the wrath and hatred of his enemies. The man had grown too much by his side those who attacked him were but pigmies. Their venom and malice could not prevent his being chosen in 1876 for the elaboration of the plans of the Rijks museum at Amsterdam, his grandest achievement and Holland's nineteenth-century architectural pearl.

"He constructed it," a brother artist wrote, "like the Prophet Nehemias, the wall of Jerusalem, with the compasses in one hand and the sword in the other" and as with Nehemias, his victory was complete—the victory of the compasses and of the sword.

From the day of the inauguration of the Museum and of the Amsterdam Central station which followed, envy, religious hatred and malice laid down their weapons and in unison with his friends of the first hour, his quondam enemies hailed him as their country's most illustrious architect. He did not rest upon those laurels; but, after the glorious triumphs of the eighties, continued to dot his fatherland with monuments great and small, especially churches; and so identified himself to his people, that they with one accord celebrated successively and with ever increasing bursts of enthusiasm, his seventieth birthday in 1897, his eightieth in 1907 and his ninetieth in 1917; for that wonderful man kept himself before the Nation's mind by ever new creations of his fertile brain and deft steady hands.

When upon his ninety-third anniversary a friend kindly suggested that he rest of the tenor retire for a quiet rest, the genial old man's face clouded and then, his usually kindly smiling eyes flashed fire; "What! I rest! I who have never rested, who have ever asserted that I owe my long life to toil; that rest is, of all human ills, the most fatal one, and work the great panacea for all our worries and troubles! I will not rest." He took no rest that birthday, nor any other day after either, until he entered upon his rest eternal. Shortly before his agony he still designed with a firm hand his own coffin.

A GREAT CHRISTIAN

Cuypers was a great artist and builder; he was also a great Christian. "He only said that he saw that true Christianity," said one of his friends, "who saw him pray." Every morning his townspeople could witness him wind his steps to church for Mass and often again in the afternoon for evensong.

Upon his seventieth birthday, his farewell address to the pupils of the State Museum Schools, whose director he had been for years, was a paean of praise to God. "Allow me, friends and pupils, one word of fatherly advice to you: It was the last as your teacher. Ever acknowledge that all art, all beauty, emanate from the Creator. That is the Truth, the only one in Art. It has ever been the plain and unadorned foundation of my teaching, because such is the characteristic of Truth. Remember that not all is matter nor of this world. Neither is Art matter, nor is there anything truly greater than what is from God and lasts forever."

These were the principles that guided him through life and enabled him to fight his battles, securely confident that if he fulfilled his duty to His Maker, he could well afford to ignore the adverse judgments of men. They after all, are ever changing. This was exemplified in his own life. For years his conception of art and he himself, were violently opposed, and then, honors were showered upon him from all sides. There was no country they did not accord him, and foreign lands followed suit in the acknowledgment of his merits. He was Officer of the French Legion of Honor, associate member of the "Institut," member of the Institute of the American Architects, of the Institute of British Architects and of like bodies in Petrograd, Vienna, Stockholm, Madrid, etc. He presided at International Congresses of Architects in Brussels in 1897, in Paris in 1900, in Madrid in 1904, in Liège in 1905, in Vienna in 1908. Without seeking honors for himself, he appreciated them for the sake of the principles that were his, for the sake of his fatherland, for the sake of his faith, which was dearer to him than everything, for which he ever stood up fearlessly and frankly from his earliest youth to the day of his death.

MR. DOOLEY ON THE OPEN SHOP

A new book, Social Reconstruction, MacMillan's publisher, by Rev. John A. Ryan, D. D., of the Catholic University is a thoughtful, scholarly review of a popular subject well worth reading.

The book has a refreshing lightness about it. In one portion Doctor Ryan quotes Mr. Dooley on the open shop as follows:

"What is all this talk that's in the papers about the open shop?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Why, don't you know?" said Mr. Dooley. "Really, I'm surprised at your ignorance, Hennessy. What's the open shop? Sure, 'tis a shop where they keep the door open 't accomodate the constant stream of min comin' in 't take the jobs chaper than 't'm that has the jobs. 'Tis like this, Hennessy. Suppose one of these freeborn Amerycan citizens is princely wages of was large iron dollar a day of sin hours. Along

comes another freeborn son o-a-gun, and he sez to 't boss, 'I think I can handle 't job for almy cents. 'Sure, sez the boss, an the dollar man gets the merry jinglin can, and goes out into the cool world to exercise his inalienable rights of a freeborn Amerycan citizen 't scab on some other poor devul. An' so it goes on, Hennessy. An' who gets the benefit? Thrus, it saves the boss money, but he don't care no more for money than he does for his right eye. It's all principle wid him. He hates to see 't'm rubbad of their independence. They must have their independence, regardless of anything else."

"But," said Hennessy, "these open shop min ey minibus say they are for the unions if properly conducted."

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

MASS FOR EVERY CATHOLIC

To help provide for every Catholic in the missionary districts of Canada the facilities for assisting at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass on Sundays and Holy Days throughout the year is the program of the Catholic Church Extension Society. Many of our best supporters will tell us that the program, if carried out, would be little less than revolutionary and are no doubt sceptical about the prudence of even announcing such a plan, but we are strongly of the opinion that there can be no great success in anything without a good program definitely announced and maintained. So our motto will be "Mass for every Catholic." That we shall have praise from every pastor for attempting such an ideal we do not for a moment doubt. It is the Mass that matters. Prominent religious teachers who are outside the fold of Christ but who have made a special study of the great differences between Catholics and those who are not do not hesitate to point to that one great act of Catholic worship and devotion as the centre of the profound distinction between the two parties. They are constantly surprised that even in great centres of population where the enemies of Christian faith are never idle, where every force which the spirit of the world can muster is constantly being used to corrupt that faith and its teachings to see our large churches growing all too small and the Sunday Masses attended by devout and numerous congregations. Where is the great mystery of it all. To them it cannot be explained in terms of the devices, tradition, ignorance, the need of some act of outward religion and the racial differences which actuate so many to continue all these practices. But more thoughtful men are admitting that these alone, whatever may be their influence are not enough to account for the great phenomenon. It is the Mass that differs here many of these men said. They also seem to have grasped the idea that through the proper celebration of that Holy Mystery, the worthy participation in it and the constant assistance at that great act of Christian worship flow the Grace of God which keep alive in the souls of men a faith in Christ. It will not do to argue that it is mere formality. There is abundant evidence that it is an act which constantly influences the lives of the Catholic people. Nor is there any substitute. Men who have abandoned all faith in the living presence of Christ in the Holy Eucharist have exhausted all other known means and they admit on all sides that they have failed. Money has not influenced men to follow them, neither have social advantages, nor good preaching, nor even popular instruction on lively topics, nor entertainments of various kinds. All these have had but passing success in keeping the churches open and the crowds attending. They are the Catholics priest offer up the worldly advantages against the success of his ministry go where they have gone and gather around his altar the indifferent, the unheeding, the frivolous, the poor, the learned, the man of affairs, all classes; he is able to influence them all profoundly in religious matters when seemingly no one else can. The cause of this it is easy to give to Catholics who know by experience. It is the Mass that matters. That life giving and having source of the profound influence. Around that centre the soul in sin finds its true home when it longs to lay down the burden.

But without the missionary efforts of the Church there would be no facilities for hearing Mass. We must support our Missions or for many there will be no Mass. And let us reflect that God intended that sacred sacrifice of His love for every creature. Where the Gospel was preached, there too Mass was offered. Now was it ever said to vain, when that Holy Oblation is made we must remember that God has in mind particularly the needs of the locality in which it is offered. Christ is localized in the Blessed Eucharist in each Church that definite places may be reached. Christ is offered in the Holy Sacrifice in particular places that particular benefits may be bestowed there and God's special graces for the people of that place poured forth.

Let us join in our efforts and promote the welfare of the missionary districts by supplying the Bishops with what they call upon us to give. We can all do something if we only put our minds to the task. By furthering such a work as this we shall obtain the blessing of peace for those of good will. How about a donation for Extension work?

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: EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

Previously acknowledged \$4,586 90 A Friend, Quebec..... 15 00

THE CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD: I have read with much interest and satisfaction the article by "The Observer" appearing in your issue of the 16th inst. It is obvious that your contributor is well informed on the subject. He gives a lucid and dispassionate statement of the advantages of co-operative retail distribution. I would, however, be glad of the opportunity of supplementing his excellent contribution.

The Stratford Society, the subject of the discussion, happened to start business when prices were at their highest point. The directors selected as manager a man who had for a number of years acted, and was at the time employed, in a similar capacity for what is reputed to be the largest grocery firm in the city. These "non-business people," therefore, exercised a reasonable choice; one which "business people" would have made under similar circumstances. Neither business people nor non-business people are infallible. Experience eventually caused the directors to feel they had made an unfortunate selection. They complained the manager over-bought to an extraordinary extent, and alleged, in the report referred to by the "Canadian Grocer," that on dispensing with his services they had to cancel orders to the aggregate value of \$5,438.65. The Financial Statement, duly audited, published with the report, indicated the substantial sum of \$3,985.82 still in the business in share capital, after writing merchandise down to current market values. Reasonable loyalty for one year on the part of the members would easily restore the lost capital. As it was, there remained in the business more unimpaired capital than is owned by the average grocer doing a similar turnover.

The true co-operative society in cases of misfortune is, in one respect, at a great disadvantage compared with the private trader. It must periodically report the result of its trading operations to its members. The detailed information supplied to the shareholders, proprietors or unimpaired capital than is owned by the average grocer doing a similar turnover. The true co-operative society in cases of misfortune is, in one respect, at a great disadvantage compared with the private trader. It must periodically report the result of its trading operations to its members. The detailed information supplied to the shareholders, proprietors or unimpaired capital than is owned by the average grocer doing a similar turnover. The true co-operative society in cases of misfortune is, in one respect, at a great disadvantage compared with the private trader. It must periodically report the result of its trading operations to its members. The detailed information supplied to the shareholders, proprietors or unimpaired capital than is owned by the average grocer doing a similar turnover.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

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

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

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

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

QUEEN OF APOTHELES BURSAR

Previously acknowledged \$2,007 80 In memory of Little Nancy 1 00

ST. ANTHONY'S BURSAR

Previously acknowledged... \$1,161 70 Mrs. J. B. Walsh, St. John's West, Nfld..... 2 00

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BURSAR

Previously acknowledged... \$2,366 28 COMFORTER OF THE AFFLICTED BURSAR Previously acknowledged... \$865 50

ST. JOSEPH, PATRON OF CHINA, BURSAR

Previously acknowledged... \$1,988 44 BLESSED SACRAMENT BURSAR Previously acknowledged... \$307 06

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER BURSAR

Previously acknowledged... \$279 90 HOLY NAME OF JESUS BURSAR Previously acknowledged... \$226 00

HOLY SOULS BURSAR

Previously acknowledged... \$997 75 A Friend, Redfrew..... 1 00 A Friend, Osgoode St..... 1 00 A Friend, St. Andrew's, N.B. 10 00

LITTLE FLOWER BURSAR

Previously acknowledged... \$650 84 P. D..... 2 00 Pupils of St. Joseph's Convent, Mabou, N. S..... 3 80 Mite Box, St. Jerome's Church, Warkworth..... 2 00 Mite Box, St. Peter's Church, Burnley..... 2 00 Mite Box, Sacred Heart Church, Harwood..... 2 00

SACRED HEART LERAGUO BURSAR

Previously acknowledged... \$1,453 77

investment of \$212,059.65 it showed aggregate net profits of \$156,870.41, or at the rate of 73.9% of that amount, however, \$188,215.70 was returned to the consumers in proportion to purchases, reducing the cost of living to that extent, the comparatively small difference being applied to interest on capital, reserve and education funds, etc.

The Catholic War Council in the United States, in its reconstruction programme, wisely urges the establishment of co-operative stores. The people who gain most from the successful practice of co-operative distribution are those with the largest families. The more they have to spend their incomes in the necessities of life the greater are the savings which are effected. For obvious reasons, any movement which will assist the Catholic working man to raise a large family with less financial anxiety and in greater comfort should appeal strongly to the Catholic clergy.

Yours faithfully, GEORGE KEEN, Gen. Secretary The Co-operative Union of Canada, 215 Nelson Street, Brantford, Ont., April 21, 1921.

A MAY CAROL

Sweet May, 'tis through thy tender golden light That falls from azure skies (half veiled in mist), On fresh, young daisy buds, on lilies white, On violets by timid zephyrs kissed— 'Tis through thy shining portal that we pass From Spring's aurora into Summer's noon, And glide across thy crisp and dewy grass Into the rose-fields of the fervid June. Ah, even so, sweet Mary, Queen of May, Nursed in the soft light of thy sunny smile, Humility's fair blossoms deck our way And flowers of Purity our paths beguile; Swift thro' the portals of the stainless breast, Thy children into God's great summer quest. Forth thro' the daisied meadows, Mother blest, We reach the rose-bells of Christ's Sacred Heart.

—ELIZABETH C. DONNELLY

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SACRED HEART LERAGUO BURSAR

Previously acknowledged... \$1,453 77

The secret of success in life is for a man to be ready for his opportunity when it comes.—Disraeli. Nothing draws down upon us the wrath and curse of God so much as the malicious pleasure with which we magnify the faults of our brethren.—Massillon.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOUY, D. D.

SUNDAY WITHIN THE OCTAVE OF ASCENSION

MODERN PERSECUTORS

"They will cast you out of the synagogues; you, the hour cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think that he doth a service to God. And these things shall they do to you, because they have not known the Father nor Me." (John xvi. 2)

Many injustices are committed in this world in the name of justice. This comes from the fact that so many have not the proper idea of God or His law, or have ill-informed consciences, or are ignorant. Prejudice and bias also play a great part in these lamentable tragedies so often enacted on the stage of the world.

It seems that the good always have been persecuted—to some extent at least—by the wicked. It is also a work of the tempter, the fallen angel. He sows discord in the hearts of men, and where love should flourish he plants hatred.

In the Old Law, persecutions were frequent, but history records clearly to testify to the fact that in the New Law, they have been as frequent and of greater intensity. The very Master of life, the greatest Benefactor the world has ever witnessed, the kindest Friend to humanity, died at the hand of persecutors; and as He predicted, His apostles and disciples were also subjected to the cruelty of their enemies and unbelievers. Their successors—even to the present day—while marching in the Christian army, promoting and propagating Christ's religion, have been forced to face the persecutions of the ungodly. There were those who met death because of their religion—millions more who have suffered at least the insults of ill-informed, biased, and narrow-minded dissenters.

Our Divine Saviour prayed that the closest union might exist among His own, and that others outside of His fold might be called to it, so that all would be linked together by the great bond of charity. His wish, as regards His own, had had, more or less, its fulfillment, but we yet await the day when those beyond and without His one true Church will feel kindly towards her members.

To some extent, prejudice has been overcome, and it was thought by many that education would be the great corrective of this evil; but as in many other instances, the prediction has not been fulfilled. At the present day some of those who are most highly versed in the natural sciences are the most avowed enemies of the followers of the true Christ. The time may come when people will consider the question more soberly, and, from the experience of the past, learn that education of the mind alone is not sufficient to direct the heart—but with it must go moral training, religious guidance and the practice of Christian virtues.

If we can believe some of the professions of our enemies of today, it would seem that they think they are doing homage to God by persecuting the members of our Church. In their ignorance, some perhaps may be urged on by such a motive; but it is difficult to believe that many of the modern enemies of the Church feel that they are doing God's will when they are aiming bitter attacks and casting calumnious words at their Catholic neighbors. The law makes no exception between Catholics and non-Catholics; neither should they. Besides, the very presence of Catholicity in the world, manifesting itself in so many forms, and doing its work with such varied effects, should teach even the most ignorant that a religion effecting such good must have God with it. So, while in the beginning, before religion had spread over the world and its influence had been sufficiently felt, it was more easy for men to think that, by aiming destructive blows at the Church, they were doing homage to God—today, in full development of the Church, with her works ever open to the eyes of all, it is well-nigh impossible to believe that any great number of our enemies are in good faith in their vicious attacks on the Church.

The fact that we are persecuted is not what we lament most; but it is to note the lack of charity in the hearts of so many. It is again because we seek the wish of Christ that His Gospel, one and the same, be preached to every creature, disregarded by men. It is also because the one great force that could make men overcome and conquer their enemy is not headed by the majority of them. Nevertheless, while we regret this condition of things, and weep over it, we are not surprised that it exists. We are but poor specimens of the disciples of this Lord; and, as He said, it may persecute Him, the Master, we must expect to be treated likewise.

There is little to be gained by battling with our enemies. More will be accomplished by good example, constant perseverance in our faith, and a never-ceasing endeavor to have the truth made known to them. Truth, after all, is the most convincing thing that we have in the world, and it will penetrate where force could never enter. It should bend the will of the most hardened sinner, and it should clear the mind of the most obstinate unbeliever. So, if by our actions and our efforts we can make the truth appear clear to men's minds, then we may look for some results to follow. From mere counter-attack, we may expect little,

if anything, of lasting and worthwhile results.

The work of the practical Catholic never can be different from that of his Master. Christ went about doing good to all, preaching the gospel of love and peace, offering violence to no one. There were many times when it seemed that He would have crushed to earth the enemies who were persecuting Him; but He de-pended upon the deeds of His life, the light of His doctrine, to convert the world. So, must we—faint images of the Master—by a good fervent life and a true, convincing doctrine, plant the seeds of faith that it may grow in the hearts of a non-believing and prejudiced world.

THE BIBLE

CATHOLIC CHURCH SURPASSES ALL IN ZEAL WITH WHICH SHE PROMOTES BIBLE STUDY

Artemus Ward says: "There are some people who know many things that are not so." Among them are some non-Catholics who charge the Catholic Church with many things that are not so. We mention a few. "The Catholic Church fears and hates the Bible, and does all she can to keep it a closed book. In fact Catholics are not allowed to read the Bible."

The fact is that the Catholic Church surpasses all in the reverence which she pays to the Bible, and in the zeal and care with which she promotes its study. Before the "reformers" began their nefarious work, the Catholic Church taught the people the Bible as no Protestant church has ever done. The "reformers," instead of giving the people the Bible took it from them.

1. Pope Pius VI. (1778) wrote: at a time when a great number of bad books are circulated among the unlearned you judge exceedingly well that the faithful should be excited to the reading of the Bible; for this is the most abundant source which ought to be left open to everyone to draw from its purity of morals and of doctrine. This you have seasonably affected by publishing the Bible in the language of your country (viz., Italian) suitable to everyone's capacity." This letter has since been commonly printed at the beginning of popular editions of the Catholic Bible.

2. Pope Pius VII., (1820), urged the English Bishops to encourage their people to read the Bible, saying: "Nothing can be more useful, more consolatory, more animating, because the Holy Scriptures (i. e., the Bible) serve to confirm the faith to support the hope, and to inflame the charity of the true Christian."

3. The American Catholic Bishops assembled in council, say to their people: "It can hardly be necessary to remind you that the most highly valued treasure of every family and the most frequently and lovingly made use of, should be the Holy Scriptures (i. e., the Bible). More than any family can be found among us without a correct version of the Holy Scriptures."

4. The Catholic Church teaches that God's holy spirit is the author of the Bible and that the authority of the Bible is above that of all human reason; that consequently any discrepancy shown to the Bible by wrongly explaining it, by laughing at it, by turning it to profane uses, or by attacking its sacred character, is an offense against God.

5. Opinions of Catholic saints "Love the Bible, and God's holy spirit will love thee; cherish it and it will save thee; honor it and it will protect thee." "To be ignorant of the Bible is to be ignorant of Christ." "Fall of delight is the word of God; from it everyone draws what he needs." "Let the Bible be ever in your hands, that like a shield it may turn aside the thoughts which trouble your souls." "Love the Bible and you will not love the sins of the flesh." "Read it frequently; learn as much as you can; let sleep find you with the book in your hand, and let the sacred page receive your head as it drops in sleep." "Human nature has no suffering, whether in body or soul, that does not find its solace in the Bible."

"The Scriptures are letters sent to us from heaven." The Bible changes the heart of him who reads, drawing him from worldly desires to embrace the things of God. "The earnest reading of the Scriptures purifies all things." "What page, what word of the Bible that is not the truest rule for human life?" "How sweet, O Lord, is Thy spirit which the humble and pure heart drinks in by the love of Thy Holy Scriptures."

"To think over the account given in the Holy Gospels is alone sufficient to inflame a faithful soul with divine love. The contemplations which devout authors have written on the Passion are useful and beautiful, but assuredly a single word of holy writ makes a deeper impression on a Christian than a hundred or a thousand contemplations and revelations ascribed to some holy souls, for the Scriptures assure us that whatever they attest is certain with the certainty of divine faith."

"Excuse me, I abstain from reading by saying: 'I have a trade, a wife or a family.' Thou hast all the greater need of the consolation and instruction of the Scripture tends to this: to recall us from evil through fear, to stimulate us to good through love."

"To neglect the reading of the Bible is as if we were to refuse light

in darkness, shade in the burning heat, medicine in sickness."

"The King of heaven, the Lord of angels and of men, hath sent you letters to be your wife and do you neglect to read them fervently?" Such expressions are common with all Catholic writers on the Bible.

6. Opinions of the monks. We give the opinions of the monks, because, as everyone knows, the learning of the Middle Ages was almost entirely in their hands, and because in England, up to the time of the Reformation, their monasteries covered the land and they were the great teachers of the people, both rich and poor. The monks of those houses lived according to the rule of St. Benedict, who in one chapter lays down seven instructions for leading a perfect Christian life. According to this rule, so much of the monk's day was to be spent in reading or chanting portions of the Bible in the church. A considerable time each day was to be given also to the study of the Sacred Scripture; much of it was to be learned by heart; it was to be read aloud during meals, and during their other work the monks were to think over what they had been reading. And a thousand years after St. Benedict gave his rule, a Benedictine monk wrote these words: "Two things have maintained the vigor and discipline of our order, the love of God and the study of the Bible."

"If the Catholic Church (some one may say) holds such opinions about the Bible as these, why does she not use the Bible?" Let us see what she does make of it. 1. The public prayer books of the Catholic Church are the "Breviary" and the "Mass book." The Breviary is taken almost entirely from the Bible, and nearly the whole of the Mass book is but a reprint from the Bible, so that to read the Breviary or the Mass book is to read the Bible.

Catholic priests are solemnly bound by their profession to read portions of the Breviary daily to an amount which occupies about an hour. In our larger churches, in monasteries and convents, this is publicly chanted and occupies about two hours. The Mass also is read daily in our churches, and not only on Sundays.

Thus you see that the Bible is never long out of the hands of the Catholic priest. Certainly the clergy of no other denomination make such frequent, such devout, such careful use of the Bible, nor among any other clergy is the daily private reading of the Bible made obligatory.

Here we may find it in order that the priest may perform its sacred offices fittingly, as well as be capable of preaching God's word to the people, the Catholic Church allows no one to be ordained until he has spent some years in the study of the Scriptures, and she charges her ministers to be earnest in explaining the sacred text to the faithful.

2. The Laity. You have seen that the Mass book and Breviary are little else than the reprints from the Bible. We need not remind you that the Mass is the great public prayer of Catholics. And if you are ever present at Mass, you will see that when the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ is read, the people stand and the priest kisses the book out of reverence and love for the word of God. As to the Breviary, it is a common thing for the laity to attend portions of its daily services, and before the Reformation nearly all who could read used to have copies of the gospel, or of the psalter, or of that part of the services known as the "Little Hours," and were accustomed to read these at the fixed hours of the day.

3. It is a custom with many of the laity and with all the Catholic clergy to spend half an hour a day in a form of prayer called meditation, which nearly always consists of thinking upon some portion of the Bible, and then forming upon it some prayer to God. Here are the directions for "meditation" taken from a book frequently used: "When you offer up every morning, as you ought to do, the first fruits of the day given you by God, you should select some text from the Bible. And then placing yourself on your knees if you can—and if you cannot, in some respectful attitude, before the throne of God, you should proceed to analyze this text in order to arrive at the depth of its meaning, being well assured that nothing superfluous ever issued from the mouth of God. You should then consider what rules can be extracted from it for the guidance of life. And finally, you should give vent to your feelings of confusion, compunction, fear, gratitude, joy, praise, admiration or love, concluding with humble prayer. And you should not then dismiss the text altogether from your thoughts, but keep it in your mind that you may be able, during the day, to repeat it." This is the common form of meditation among Catholics.

4. The books of private prayers in common use among Catholics such as the "Garden of Prayers," consists largely of extracts from the Bible, and the rest is saturated with the thoughts and events contained in the scriptures, even when the exact words of the sacred text are not used as in the Rosary, the Stations of the Cross, the prayers of thanksgiving.

This will be sufficient to show that the Catholic Church holds the Bible in the highest estimation as being the comfort, the safeguard, the instructor, and the delight of the soul of man, and that as containing the forms of prayer to God she has ever

made daily use of it in her public offices in the Mass, in her popular and private devotion. It is sufficient also to expose the falsehood and ignorance which accuse the Catholic Church of neglecting and despising, even of hating the Bible.—Denver Catholic Register.

SOCIALIST TYRANNY

THE OUTRAGES EXTEND FROM DESTRUCTION OF CHURCHES TO MURDER OF THEIR PASTORS

By Rev. Father A. Palmieri, O.S.A., Ph.D., D.D. Both the political and religious future of Italy depends primarily upon the defeat of Bolshevism. Russia has become the moral leader of a considerable part of Italy. This conquest, however, is not the outcome of intellectual propaganda, but of large sums of money sent to the leaders of Italian socialism.

The socialists know very well the true conditions in Russia—the tragic fate of an immense population, condemned by Bolshevism to slow death by starvation, or to a violent one by means of the guillotine, reminding us of the cruelties of Imperial Rome. The revelations of the socialist delegates that visited Russia with the staunch conviction that they would find there the Eldorado left no illusion as to the real situation of that wretched nation. But the spirit of faction, and above all the Russian gold or platinum (it is well known that the Bolsheviks sent to certain Italian socialists kitchen utensils of platinum) were more powerful than the few socialists frank enough to narrate them in good faith.

RELIGIOUS HATRED OF BOLSHEVISTS

Like Russian Bolshevism, Italian extreme socialism is impregnated with hatred of Christ, the Church, and the clergy. A few months ago I wrote in the Catholic World that the wonderful cathedrals of which Italy boasts run the risk of being destroyed by the Vandals of Bolshevism. The mysterious fire that destroyed most of the sanctuary of Loreto confirmed the truth of our forebodings. We are witnessing only the beginning of a vast and bloody persecution of Italian Catholicism. The Catholic martyrology already records several names of Italian priests and monks stricken before the altar, or in processions, brutally slain by Italian Bolsheviks.

It was said in one of our Catholic papers that persecution was the thing needed in any sense to overcome the inertia of Italian Catholics. This persecution now has come. It is not only starvation that torments the Italian clergy, most of them barely existing today on an annual salary of 1,500 lire (worth at this time but fifty dollars); it is not the insults hurled at them in villages, where they are forbidden to fulfil their duties. The fanatical atheists of Bolshevism do not hesitate to murder them. The episodes of this wild struggle have been reported by the city of Satan are not reported regularly in the Italian press. But a report published recently by the Society for the Defense of the Clergy in the archdiocese of Bologna contains the distressing details of the incredible oppression of the Italian clergy.

INSTANCES OF BOLSHEVIST TYRANNY

The slightest pretext is sufficient for the waging of war against them. In some dioceses of the archdiocese the parish churches are closed, and Catholics seeking to attend them are fined. The pastors are forbidden to hold any ceremonies attending first communions. The doors of the churches and rectories are broken. Public bakeries are not allowed to save the pastors. The clergy are forced to obey the injunctions of the socialist leagues. The closest relatives of the clergy are sought out and forced to enroll in these leagues. A priest of Bologna was unable to find anyone to carry to the cemetery the corpse of his mother, because he was suspected of having sold grapes without the permission of the league.

Beside the leagues, Italy now has "Clubs of the Anarchist Youth." Young boys are drawn within them, and instructed to lower their flags when passing churches. The members of one of these clubs went recently to the parish priest and asked him to unbaptize them. In the village of Sammartino, at the procession on Good Friday last year, the members of the local Anarchist Club followed the faithful and reviled the Saviour. At Bevilacqua, just when a procession was beginning, the socialists planted their red flags before the doors of the church and closed them. Socialist meetings are held in front of the churches in order to disturb the sacred services.

In the territory of Pericciolo all the sacred images and crucifixes placed in old times along the routes were mutilated or destroyed. No priest can cross that district without being insulted or pelted with stones. Those who are seen talking in the streets to priests are fined or insulted. In the village of Molinella the socialists ordered all the families to expel the priests that would dare to bless their houses on Holy Saturday. At Sammartino the pastor had bought a house for his parochial school and parish club. A crowd of 800 socialists took possession of the house and defiled it with obscene dances. The house had been bought for 20,000 lire. They offered to the pastor 10,000 lire and forced him to accept this sum to avoid grievous annoyance.

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FRIESTS FORCED TO KISS RED FLAG

In the churches of Greecchia, Badolo, Ospiate, Chiesina, the socialists invaded the churches and killed two persons and wounded twelve. At Scopeto, while the pastor was celebrating High Mass last Christmas night, they occupied the church, expelled therefrom the priest and faithful and organized a dance. At Pinerolo, 60 socialists forced an entrance into the church, beat the pastor, a priest of seventy years, and a notorious woman forced him to kiss a red flag. In another parish of the same province, a pastor sixty-five years old and his assistant were taken by violence from their parish, dragged in the streets with a rope around the neck, wounded and forced to kiss the socialist flag. At Lucca, a train going to Rome stopped at the station, and the conductor refused to go on until the priests on board should leave the train. For fear of a strike, the station-master could do nothing against this insulting conduct. In a word, the tactics of the socialists aim to put the clergy outside the protection of the law.

Of course, the priests ask for support from competent authorities. But according to the memorandum heretofore mentioned, the officials merely lament the lack of adequate forces, shrug their shoulders, try to minimize the outrages done to the clergy, and urge them to be patient and avoid provocation.

FASCISMO LEAGUES

The Cardinal Archbishop of Bologna has already protested against these violations of the freedom of conscience. He has denounced the intolerable conditions created by the weakness of the government in his ecclesiastical provinces. But little help will come from civil authorities. The only hope of the conservative element in Italy lies in the recent development of the Fascismo or leagues of ex-soldiers and patriots, whose ranks now comprise 400,000 men. They have decided to replace the government in the fight against socialistic violence. The whole nation is in a state of latent civil war. It is to be hoped that the reaction of Fascismo, which has already furnished many victims for the cause of freedom, will check Italian Bolshevism. Otherwise the rude persecution will be visited on the clergy, and dark days fore-shadowed for Italian Catholicism.

ASK DAD: HE KNOWS

We have always believed that a boy's greatest pal should be his father. While amusing, it is a source of keen delight to hear the small boy bragging to his companions that his father "can lick" all the policemen, firemen, etc., in the wide world. It gives us an inkling of the position won by the father in the boy's affections and confidence. Too often does the male parent neglect the opportunities which affect his progeny's future. One editor analyzes a boy's distrust for his father in the following words: "Some fathers constantly nag, find fault, and never think of praising their sons or expressing any appreciation of their work, even when they do it well. Yet there is nothing so encouraging to a boy, especially if he finds it hard to do what is right, as recognition of his efforts. This is a tonic to youth. Boys thrive on praise. This is why most of them think more of their mothers than their fathers—because their mothers are more considerate, more appreciative, more affectionate, and do not hesitate to praise them when they do well. They are naturally more generous with them; less exacting than their fathers. I know a man who takes a great deal of pains to keep the confidence of his pet dog. He would not think of whipping or scolding him because he would not risk losing his affection, but he is always scolding his boy, finding fault with everything he does, criticizing his conduct, his associates, and telling him that he will never amount to any-

thing. Now, what chance has a boy to grow, to develop the best thing in him in such an atmosphere? You should regard the confidential relation between yourself and your son as one of the most precious things in your life, and should never take chances of forfeiting it. It costs something to keep it, but it is worth everything to you and to the boy. I never knew a boy to go very far wrong who regards his father and mother as his best friends and keeps no secrets from them."

—Catholic Transcript.



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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

MOTHER
My happiness, my love, my all,
I speak to you dear heart, I call
Back visions sweet and blessings' dew,

When sorrow wends its way to me,
In dreams of happiness I see
You—bowed in humble prayer,
That heav'n may drive from me each care.

My heart with true devotion bleeds
For you dear heart, your noble deeds
Have made me worthy of my name,
And raised me to the highest fame.

Your power'ful love, it sanctifies
My tasks, And then your true blue eyes,
With that same love still teach me right
From wrong and bring me heav'nly light.

O spotless soul, my visions sweet
Of you bring thoughts I'd love to keep
Where all the earth could view, for man
Would change his life and earthly span.

O violet of humility,
O rose of all eternity,
No blossom of this mortal earth,
Can equal thy immortal worth.

My heart's inflamed with thy sweet face,
And time can never take the place
I've saved for you dear heart, for you,
And ev'ry day makes me think of you.

Wounds and inward grief with years
Come with my memento's fears,
And then I'm thrilled just through and through,
Mother dear, at the thought of you.

will be perfect. He must set his ideal before him, and then plan his campaign for achieving it. He must make his resolution and root out his faults, carefully nourish and develop his virtues, and gradually proceed, through all obstacles, painstakingly and perseveringly toward his ideal, letting nothing defeat him in his purpose.

Hardships have known their obstacles. Hardships were no strangers to them. It is inspiring to read of a great Saint who was by nature harsh and perhaps turbulent, but who, by grace and persistent effort against all obstacles, mastered himself and became a marvel of gentleness and holiness. He had no easy task to achieve this feat. He had to struggle with his passions. He had to struggle with his stepping stones to high sanctity. Without them, indeed, perhaps he might not have even half starved the ascent. Such a mastery of self is an example for all.

Hardships and adversities are indeed no causes for complaint. Far otherwise. They are great opportunities. They search the soul and reveal its deep springs of potentiality for good. They offer the will a great opportunity for exercise. They are battlegrounds on which to do or die. They are incentives to heroism, be the scale great or small. In fact, without them, a man can hardly "know himself" with any degree of thoroughness.

It is one thing to have talent or genius. It is another thing to translate it into achievement. And in the translation a struggle against obstacles is the rule. Great undertakings are tried by adversities. As a rule it is only petty ones which perish under them. Great souls also are tried by adversities, and it is the petty ones which surrender to them.—The Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

At home it seems to be the rule
Pa never has "the proper tool"
Or knack to fix things. For the stunt
That stumps Ma, though, you'll have to hunt.

The castor on the table leg
Fell off. Pa said a wooden peg
Would fix it up. But Ma kept mum
An' fixed it with a wad of gum.

We would scarce open our front door
It stuck so tight. An' Pa, he swore
He'd "buy a plane" as big as life—
Ma fixed it up with the carving-knife.

The bureau drawer got stuck one day,
An' push or pull, 'twas there to stay.
Said Pa, "some day 'twill shrink, I hope."
Ma fixed it with a piece of soap.

The window-shade got out of whack,
'Twould not pull down, nor yet roll back.
Pa says, "No one can fix that thing."
Ma fixed it with a piece of string.

I broke the stove door hinge one day,
('Twas cracked before though, any way.)
Pa said he'd put a new door in.
Ma grabbed her hair an' got a pin.

The bath tub drain got all clogged up,
Pa bawled the tub out with a cup—
He had a dreadful hapless look.
Ma cleaned it with a crocheted hook.

One day our old clock wouldn't start,
Pa said he'd take it all apart.
Some day an' fix the ol' machine.
Ma sussed the works in kerosene.

The garden gate latch broke one day,
Cows ate our sweet corn up, an' say,
Pa scolded like a house afire!
Ma fixed the latch up with hay wire.

So when my things get out of fix
Do I ask Pa to mend 'em? Nix!
But Ma just grabs what's near at hand
An' tugs things up to beat the band.

—Rexall Magazine

ARE YOU LIKE THIS?

"Yes, she's a bright little girl, an excellent stenographer, and she gets through more work than any one I have ever had in my employ, but she has an unhappy faculty for keeping every one around stirred up. She has a sharp tongue and she doesn't hesitate to use it. While she was here, every other day or so one of the girls would have a crying spell. Something Miss Gray had said had hurt her feelings. One good worker left us just as our annual rush was beginning because of an unkind remark Miss Gray made to her. Even on the days when nothing happened you could feel the tenacity as soon as you stepped into the office. It was like working over a volcano. And when at length she left us and a worker much her inferior, took her place, it seemed as if the dove of peace had come back to the office."

The young woman described is not an exceptional case. There are innumerable competent workers who are handicapped by their inability to get along with others. Wherever they go, friction and strife result. The atmosphere about them is always electrically charged. The girl who is ambitious to be successful in the business world should remember that in addition to ability and training, she will find tact, poise and kindness essential. The people who cannot work harmoniously with others are not likely to get very far.—Catholic Bulletin.

CHARMING GIRLS

Is this the truly modern girl that we have amongst us—the one with

the "bobbed hair," short skirts, with lip stick and rouge in abundance? I hardly think so, for no respectable girl can afford to resort to such immodest means to gain the attention of the world. It is rather the girl who is up to do something, the one that can say "no" to anything that would mean her regret in after years. And is this outward show to be compared with the true lady in her? They are incomparable, but it seems that the more evil of the two is predominant today, and if the so-called "doll" thinks she is the modern girl, she is quite mistaken.

You will often notice on any public thoroughfare the absolute absence of anything that pertains to gentleness either of speech or manner. The loud laughter of girls on the street car always attracts attention. If only some of the comments made in the back seat could reach their ears. Nothing is sweeter than the merry laugh of a group of girls and why must they stoop themselves by this boisterous display? Another thing that comes under notice is the craze for all forms of immodest dance that should be barred from dance halls and homes. Dancing is a permissible diversion in wholesome environments but, why must the more modest dances be overshadowed by these so-called "fancy steps" which for the most part originate in the lower strata of large cities. And how many would sing some so-called popular songs did they know the character of the people who wrote them. Girls nowadays, unfortunately, do many things that their grandmothers would have regarded as extremely "unsightly."

Catholic young women ought to keep as far away as possible from all that is of this class and thus insure themselves against all harm.—The Echo.

THE CHURCH IN PUBLIC LIFE

Considering the tremendous moral power which the Church wields, one might be inclined to think that her action in public life is rather inconspicuous. Of all the moral forces and agencies that are upbuilding the public life of the community, the Church is the least obtrusive. But that does not mean that her influence

is not great. Her work is always going on. She lifts men to higher levels of morality day after day, with never tiring persistence. She does not pull them up with mechanical violence; but when she has gently raised them after patient years of toil, she knows that they are able to stand and to maintain the level of goodness which they have laboriously achieved.—Catholic Standard and Times.

"GOD BLESS OUR SISTERS"

All too easily do we Catholics take as a matter of course some of the most extraordinary manifestations of the power of religion among us. We so often forget how much of the good that is going on about us in the Church, and that steadily accrues to the benefit of succeeding generations of Catholics, is made possible only by great and brave sacrifices. How wonderful is the religion in which we grow accustomed to such a nobility of soul and loving power of perseverance as mark the lives of our Catholic Sisters. Not only a sense of gratitude and appreciation should turn our thoughts to their faithful work, but a real source of inspiration, of encouragement and helpfulness will be found in a frequent consideration of their patient and beautiful lives. The true Catholic instinctively holds in high honor and loving reverence the very garb that indicates the woman consecrated to God's work. All his civility of soul is stirred at any belittling of her sacred character. The convent that is her parish home has a share in his loving recognition of her worth. There is no appeal made in her name to further her work that does not have the whole-hearted welcome and support of our Catholic people. These things are part of our Catholic heritage.

The sum total, however, of the great work of the Sisterhoods—how seldom is it fully appreciated; the thousands of souls instructed in religious belief and practice; the sick that are nursed to health or soothed to a holy death in an atmosphere redolent of the love of Jesus; the spiritually weak housed in homes of virtue; the wayward won to paths of safety; the aged sheltered from an unsparring world. What a debt of gratitude we owe our Sisters!

But apart from this marvelous fruitfulness of their united work is the lesson for the individual Catholic of the virtuous example of every Sister's life. That great total of achievement is measured by the selfishness of the individual run. Patience, self denial, privation of so many legitimate sources of happiness, the stilling of the call of natural affection, and, under all, motive of all, close union with the Heart of Jesus—how all these beautiful qualities suggest better ways and nobler standards for us who see these excellent fruits of divine grace round about us every day. How our hearts should be grateful, therefore, for the good our Sisters do; and how our lives should be ennobled by such lives lived right among us in our parishes; and how truly may we say with grateful hearts made better by their example, "God bless our Sisters."—Catholic Standard and Times.

DELINQUENT PARENTS

Responsibility of parents for their children's proper training was emphasized by Judge McGeehan of New York in commenting recently on the report of the Probation and Protective Association of that city. Judge McGeehan believes that careless parents are largely to blame for delinquency in children. He has had wide experience in the women's court in New York, and when he declares that careless mothers are to blame for the delinquency of so

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Her battle is with the refractory forces of the human heart. It is a silent and a grim battle. She does not call in external forces to assist her, for she knows that they avail nothing and that they can never reach the true seat of the evil. And, because her action is not external therefore, it is less conspicuous and less noticeable. She does not court ridicule and bring odium upon religion by invoking the restraining power of the police in making men good. Repression by force creates resistance and ill will. Patience wins the will and conquers the heart. All other triumphs are not worth while. The Church scorns them. Hence, the absence of aggression in her methods. Not the Church merits the reproach of countending the spiritual power with the temporal or of using temporal means for the attainment of spiritual ends.

The secret of her success is her steady devotion to the spiritual and her wonderful patience with the frailties of man. Her work is always going on. She lifts men to higher levels of morality day after day, with never tiring persistence. She does not pull them up with mechanical violence; but when she has gently raised them after patient years of toil, she knows that they are able to stand and to maintain the level of goodness which they have laboriously achieved.—Catholic Standard and Times.

"GOD BLESS OUR SISTERS"

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The line of least resistance has never been the road to glory.

Irish Orators and Oratory

Edited by Alfred Percival Graves, M.A. William Magennis, M.A. Douglas Hyde, LL.D. With an Introduction by Professor T. M. Kettle

SPEECHES BY

- Edmund Burke (1730-1797)
Henry Flood (1732-1791)
Walter Hussey Burgh (1742-1788)
Henry Grattan (1746-1820)
John Philip Curran (1760-1817)
Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751-1816)
Peter Burreaux, K.C. (1753-1841)
John Sheehy (1756-1798)
Theobald Wolfe Tone (1763-1798)
William Conyngham Plunket (1764-1854)
Thomas Gould (1766-1848)
Daniel O'Connell (1775-1847)
Robert Emmet (1778-1803)
Richard Lalor Sheil (1791-1851)
Isaac Butt (1812-1879)
Thomas Francis Meagher (1823-1867)
The Rev. Mr. Cahill
The Manchester Martyrs A. M. Sullivan (1830-1894)
Lord Russell of Killowen (1832-1900)
Charles Stewart Parnell (1846-1891)
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THE MOUNT CARMEL

EUCCHARISTIC CONGRESS

This Congress will be held on Thursday, May 20th, 1921.

Rev. Father W. T. Corcoran, Parish Priest of Mt. Carmel, invites all to attend.

Confessions will be heard before the Masses on the morning of the Congress, also during the afternoon and evening previous. Holy Communion shall be distributed at the different Masses, and a half hour before the Pontifical High Mass.

Early Masses will be celebrated by the visiting priests.

8 a. m. Low Mass—Celebrant Rt. Rev. Mgr. P. J. McKeon—at which the children will receive Holy Communion in a body. At this Mass, Rev. T. L. Ducharme of the Immaculate Conception Church, Windsor, will address the children.

10.15 a. m. Pontifical High Mass (on the church lawn)—The Celebrant His Lordship the Bishop, Assistant Priest, Rev. M. J. Brady, St. Mary's, London. Deacons of honor, Rev. D. Forester, St. Martin's, London; Rev. E. Tierney, St. Michael's, London. Deacon of the Mass, Rev. W. T. Flannery, Subdeacon of the Mass, Rev. B. J. Floukes, Masters of Ceremonies, Rev. E. A. O'Donnell, Rev. J. J. White, Rev. L. M. Forriest, Other officers of the Mass, the Rev. Seminarians of St. Peter's Seminary, London. Preacher at the Mass, Rev. Francis Brennan, Professor of Moral Theology, St. Peter's Seminary, London.

Clergy in soutane and surplice will occupy the seats before the laity.

Procession of the Blessed Sacrament (on the grounds) after Mass. The order of procession shall be directed by the Master of Ceremonies. Singing of hymns and the recitation of the beads during the procession. The church bell will ring during the Procession. After Benediction on the lawn, the Blessed Sacrament will be returned to the Church to be exposed all day for the adoration of the faithful.

8.15 p. m. The Priests' Conference. Chairman—His Lordship the Bishop. Remarks by the Rev. Diocesan Director. First Paper, "The People's Eucharistic League," Rev. W. J. Langlois, Ford, Ont. To lead in its discussion, Very Rev. P. Doyle, C.S.S.R., St. Patrick's, London. Second Paper, "How to Obtain Frequent Communion," Rev. F. Costello, St. Mary's, London. To lead in its discussion, Very Rev. Fr. Muckle, C.S.B., Sandwich College. Third Paper, "Attendance at Mass by the Faithful," Rev. G. Blonde, Wallaceburg, Ont. To lead in its discussion, Very Rev. Francis Solanus, O.F.M., Chatham, Ont.

7 p. m. The Holy Hour—Act of Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Hymn. Sermon by Right Rev. M. F. Fallon, D.D., Assistant to the Bishop, the Very Rev. Deans Downey and Hanlon. Singing of Peter Noster by the girls. Cantor of the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, Right Rev. Monsignor D. O'Connor, V. G. Deacon, Rev. M. D. O'Neill, Parkhill, Ont., Subdeacon, Rev. A. Stroeder, Zurich, Ontario.

To Dium.

COMFORTER OF THE AFFLICTED

The General Intention recommended by His Holiness, Pope Benedict XV., to the members of the League of the Sacred Heart for the month of May is Devotion to Our Lady, Comforter of the Afflicted. In these troubled times this month's intention comes to the many millions of suffering humanity with peculiar appropriateness. No one will gainsay the universal prevalence of affliction. The Great War swept over the world leaving in its wake death and destruction, and straying earth's shores with its victims. Many of the youngest and the strongest of the race must henceforth go through life, crippled, blind, and shell shocked. Nearly every home in Europe mourns a missing member; cities and towns once busy centres of industry are desolated ruins; whole territories once smiling with rich harvests are vast cemeteries; and women and children, innocent victims of war's madness are dying of disease and starvation. An atmosphere of hate and distrust pervades the whole world. Wherever we cast our eyes, tears are falling, hearts are breaking, and sorrow is brooding. Never was society in greater need of help and consolation. That help and consolation cannot be found in material things. The wounds opened during the last six years are too deep for early healing. The remedies heralded by men who believe only in the passing things of the time have merely added to the fever of unrest, and produced a delirium of degrading pleasure and amusement. The help and consolation that the world needs must come from above. The agonized soul of humanity must turn to the Author of its being for consolation.

This consolation and help Our Divine Lord came on earth to win for us. He trod the wilderness of suffering alone that He might give us the example of how to bear suffering. He gave us the consolation that the world cannot give. Compassed with infirmity, "He can have compassion on those that are ignorant and can err." But not content with giving Himself, He gave us also His Mother, to be our comforter and counselor. He was the compassionate High Priest to minister to our needs;

she is the tender mother to gather us to her breast, to smooth our cares and to wipe our tears away.

During the month of May she will be fervently, lovingly invoked. Mother of Sorrows in her life, she has become Comforter of the Afflicted in our lives. The sick of soul and body, and in her a Mother's tender care; the weak find a friend, the sorrowful find a true comforter. The mothers of the world who have lost their sons will find in her own who can sympathize with the death of an Only Son. The Mother of Mercy, our Life our Sweetness, and our Hope will turn upon us her pitying eyes, and for our help and consolation will lead us to the fountain of all consolation, the Blessed fruit of her womb, Jesus. During the month of May let us implore the Queen of Sorrows to be Comforter of the Afflicted to a stricken world. Heated to the prayers of the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer during this month may she teach justice to the ruler, mercy to the strong, turn hatred and discord into forgiveness and love, and reign Queen of their joy in the hearts of her loving subjects in the time of their great suffering.—The Pilot.

CENSORSHIP

Censors about us are springing up like mushrooms after a warm and rainy day. There are public censors of the movies, censors of dances, censors of dancing, censors of parks, and other varieties. Of the most efficient censorship that can be exercised we hear little. The censorship of the parents seems to be sadly in abeyance. Yet, the parents are the born censors. Upon them the censorship of their children devolves as a natural duty. Parental censorship, if properly exercised, can supersede all other censorship. Whereas, if the parental censors remain silent, all other censors are in vain. This inefficiency of public censorship is being borne in upon us by the deplorable course which events are taking in spite of the laudable efforts of well-meaning persons in behalf of public morality.

Parental leniency is responsible for the lack of decency in our public life. The conditions of today are a direct challenge to parents, and especially to mothers. It is necessary to remind them of their duties and responsibilities as censors of public morality. These are duties not to be taken lightly.

The censorship of the parents is likely to be much more sane than that which comes from the self-constituted moral judge. Parents are equipped with an unflinching sense of right and wrong. This they should place at the disposal of their children and not allow them to decide questions of propriety for themselves. The judgment of the young and inexperienced is sure to go astray in these matters of great delicacy. In most cases, the breaches of decorum that are so common in our days must be traced, not to malice, but to an error of judgment. No one is so fitted to correct these disastrous errors as the parents.

This is accomplished by instilling into the hearts of the young an alert and keen sense of modesty that will quickly and strongly react in all dubious situations and instinctively reject the improper. It is a mistake to think that a fine sense of modesty is inborn. The rudiments of modesty are a birthright of man. But like the esthetic sense, it requires cultivation to be brought to perfection. Here is a promising and attractive field for parental activity. Only through the vigilant exercise of parental censorship can the standards of public decency be revised and elevated.—Catholic Standard and Times.

THE MARTIN LUTHER CENTENARY

Four hundred years have come and gone since Martin Luther severed a mighty branch from the ancient tree of Christendom. The right he claimed, the wrong he did—one and the same thing—had as its necessary consequence the claim of a similar right on the part of all who followed him. Therefore, the axe of revolt severed the great branch into several parts. Logically enough, the chopping went on and smaller leaders lopped and hacked and whittled until, after four centuries, the great branch is scattered about us in the dry and sapless kindling wood of unnumbered sects; and the living tree, bearing indeed the scar of its loss, still in its God-promised splendor shelters faithful souls by millions.

What fair-minded man, weighing the evidence of history, will hesitate today to say which Church in Christendom can claim to be One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic. Can any church, forced to claim less, expect to be accepted as the Church of Christ?

Some years ago Protestantism, with an artificial appearance of unity, prepared to keep the fourth centenary of a priest's disobedience, with an elaborate ceremonial extolling the night and the glory of its accomplishment. They would point out to what power and wealth and culture had advanced the countries that were Protestant. They would boast of the achievements of armed hordes and dreadnaught fleets as of the triumphs of peace. They would even claim as part of their widespread success the awakening spirit of a nation long Catholic that now had driven out

her priests into exile, and denounced her classrooms of the Crucifix.

There was to have been a great celebration of the fourth centenary of Martin Luther's Protestant insubordination. There was a great celebration of that dread event. In ruin and waste a civilization falsely supported crested, spurning the blood of the world's young manhood high against the vault of heaven. In the trench, in the air, deep in the sea, the anger of a God Who is not mocked took toll in death of the world that in four hundred years had not done penance, but had steadily gone on setting up in His august place the false gods of material prosperity and individual license.

Well! Well! The actual day of the centenary passed with the world in a very chastened mood. Not quite willing yet to acknowledge all the wrong, but just sensible enough for the secular press to confine its meagre account of the celebration to the same message which marked some new variation in the Parisian cabarets.

Now this must grieve many earnest believers in one or other of the multiple sects which constitute Protestantism's present day plight. All such good people will have the sympathy, and we hope the help also of all sincere Catholics. Surely, however, the duty is theirs to take thought of these manifestations; to consider the lack of the signs of real religion in the splendor creeds. They will surely be constrained to give a thought at least to the one Church which traces back its record of faith and prayer and hope to those first to whom it was given to found the Church of God on the corner stone that is Christ.

In the light of the colossal failure of Protestantism, surely the question presses for an answer—whether the Church of Christ could so fail? The logical answer is that where a Church keeps unbroken its Apostolic line of pastors back to Peter and to Christ, there is the teaching and the worship in keeping with the mandates of the Gospel and the promise to prevail. The church of Martin Luther and the numberless churches that have sprung into existence since his first disobedience, are prostrate in the ruin of the civilization they have destroyed. The ancient faith invites to her shelter and her protection her sons and daughters falsely placed by birth and environment outside their proper home. The Church is calling in these days to those to whom the grace is given of seeing how empty are the pretensions of creeds that have any other foundation than the Christ-dedicated rock of Peter—Catholic Standard and Times.

QUESTIONABLE SUBSCRIPTION METHODS

In an article contributed to the Brooklyn Tablet Grace Keon refers to the deplorable indifference on the part of Catholics toward Catholic literature. Upon investigation she found that Catholic magazines are seldomly called for or read at the public libraries where they are available, and that if for some reason or other they are called for by Catholic families they frequently remain unopened. Miss Keon incidentally calls attention to the fact that she is working grave harm to Catholic periodical literature in general.

"In the matter of the Catholic magazine," she says, "we have a great stumbling block in the solicitor who canvasses a parish—with our pastors growing wroth at the consequences—and rightly so. These men are anxious only to do business and care little if they create scandal. They do not sell Catholic literature. They sell Masses and spiritual benefits—an insult to every Catholic who is asked to subscribe to any magazine. Some of these men have neither breeding nor culture and act in a most insulting manner. They discredit Catholic literature and the magazine they are supposed to represent; they offend Catholics and more than all, they injure the decent, reputable, gentlemanly Catholic men who are making an honest living by soliciting subscriptions in a decent and gentlemanly way. This latter class should certainly, in their own interests, and the interests of Catholic literature, combine to oust the others."

Many magazines that are exploited in this way are not worth the paper on which they are printed. Yet they are imposed upon the Catholic public one after another, to the detriment of legitimate Catholic newspapers and magazines that have merit and are worthy of support.—The Echo.

WOMEN IN POLITICS

Some twenty-five years ago the writer defended in a classroom essay the proposition that female suffrage had become reasonable and expedient, on account of the large number of women that are otherwise occupied than in the home. Time and observation have strengthened him in that opinion.

That woman's true and permanent place is the home, and that her duties as home-maker are so encompassing and so remote from political problems as to make her much less apt than man to acquire political knowledge or capacity, or propositions that will always be true of the wives, mothers and daughters whose time is devoted to domestic occupations. With a reasonable amount of effort they can, however, learn enough about the more concrete, political and civic matters to provide

the basis for a fairly intelligent exercise of the voting privilege.

They can make themselves fairly well acquainted with those public problems, situations and projects which affect the home and morals. And their instincts in this province are sounder than the instincts of men. As regards the more abstract political issues, they will probably vote in the same way as their husbands, fathers and brothers, thus doing neither more good nor harm to the public weal than the latter.

On the other hand, the millions of women who have gone, for longer or shorter periods, into professional, industrial or commercial occupations will have the same interest in the politics of domestic and moral questions as their sisters of the household, and in addition will be immediately and vitally concerned with those political proposals which affect their own gainful occupations. The conditions surrounding and affecting women who work for wages are far from satisfactory. For the majority neither the remuneration, the hours of labor, nor the sanitation and safety, are up to the standard required by decency, humanity and Christianity. Most of the measures necessary to remove these abuses will have to come through legislation.

Owing to their intimate and practical connection with these problems, wage-earning women are in a position to understand most of them, quite as well as men, and some of them very much better. After all, one of the fundamental justifications of democracy is the fact that the members of every social or industrial class understand certain of their own needs better than do the members of any other class. The principle is strikingly true of wage-earning women.—By Rev. Dr. John A. Ryan.

NO REUNION

The futility of trying to unite the dissident sects of Protestantism on any other basis than that of doctrine have been conclusively shown in England. At the Lambeth Conference, held some months since, the leaders of the Anglican Church framed a proposal for reunion, to be submitted to the Free Churches of the realm. The proposal was taken under consideration by the latter and their answer is interesting, if disheartening to Anglicans in general.

It is very probable that the leaders of Anglican thought expected an unqualified decision. They knew, in the Anglican mind, the stumbling block to reunion. The Anglicans had to the necessity of what they consider episcopal ordination, whereas, on the other hand, the Non-conformists cannot see their way to accept Orders at the hands of the State Bishops without compromising their whole past. There the matter rests.

The Anglican contention that Episcopacy is the most convenient form of Church government did not seem to impress the Non-conformists, who have seen in the Anglican Church, where they are the majority, the Church itself. Indeed, if Episcopacy means no more than this to the Anglicans, we are not surprised that this argument failed to win the churches that have a working substitute for it. Both sides, therefore, cling to their historical position; neither is willing to forego principles. In this, at least, they are both consistent, though their consistency on this one point of doctrine—for doctrine it is—makes us marvel at their inconsistency on many other doctrinal matters. In both the Anglican and Non-conformist churches there are many divergencies of doctrine which they seem to accept with true Protestant equanimity. The Anglican Church is, doctrinally, no more united in itself than are the so-called Free Churches. Between the various branches of the Anglican Church there are differences of religious opinion which practically divide the church into a multiplicity of sects. It is, therefore, preposterous for the Anglican Church to seek union with other churches until it has attained to a real union itself.

It is, furthermore, ridiculous for Protestants to hope for union of any kind among its hundreds of doctrinal divisions. Protestantism was divided from the very beginning, and divided it will remain—until it perishes from the earth.—Catholic Union and Times.

100 CORDS OF WOOD AND CHARITY

The following extraordinary letter, with enclosure of fifty dollars, was recently received at this office:

"I am a subscriber to America since 1918 and like to read your editorials. As to your many appeals for the starving, I sent my first contributions a year ago in March [Appeal for Vienna] and decided from that time on to give one-tenth of my wages to this cause. Later in Summer (August) I succeeded in getting a contract cutting cord-wood (which work others did not want), all of which is over-time work, done evenings, at which I was working each week, somewhat hampered by wind and snow. At present over 100 cords of wood are out and split. All the pay for this goes for the starving (do no over-time for any other reason). Local charity and relatives I help out of my regular wages which is \$4 a day, laboring in a mining-camp. Have given to the American Relief Fund, and others, but mainly to starving children in Austria. Amounts were sent to

Quakers, to Baby Fund, to America (for the aged in Vienna) and this present one to apply as you see fit. Have contributed \$60 monthly to Hoover drive for four months. My native land, Tyrol, received nothing at all so far, as all is aimed for the poorest of the poor.

"I was hoping to make amounts given reach the 1,000 Dollar mark this Summer, as I am around 600 now, but it probably will not happen, as I have been stopped this month, at least temporarily, as there is no need for any wood at present. I am feeling very sorry as it became almost a hobby for me to do this work. There is much said about unemployment and needs in this country, but I know that people are in far worse condition and entirely helpless on the other side. I was dead broke, having not one cent of my own as late as 1917. All this writing may seem like a little boasting but I felt like telling it to some one, and none but the sender knows."

And Almighty God. He has promised life everlasting to all who in His Name, minister to His suffering children. He will not forget, He the merciful Father of all, who watches over the fledgling in its nest, the lamb in the fold, the babe in its mother's arms. Blessed are the merciful, and the man whose ears are open to the cry of the wretched. On the last great day when we shall all stand before Him to receive the desert of our deeds, surely this poor worker in a mining-camp will find his "100 cords of wood out and split" one good title for admission into the Kingdom of God.

OBITUARY

MRS. JAMES HOBAN

The dark shadow of sorrow has descended upon the whole community when it was announced Wednesday, April 29th, that Hanna Prud'homme, beloved wife of James Horan, was numbered with the dead. To not a few was it the first experience of that fierce struggle, which the human heart undergoes, when one so dear to us is called away. The sad parting of a faithful wife and loving mother filled the cup of sorrow of an affectionate family, and wounded the hearts of dear ones, that time alone can relieve the pain. Deceased was born in Cautley, Que., and has lived among us since her marriage twenty-two years ago, where she won the love of all by her kind and amiable disposition.

Although she had been ailing for nearly three years, her sudden demise came as a severe shock to her sorrowing husband and family. The patience and fortitude in which she bore her extreme sufferings were edifying to those who administered to her in her dying hour.

The funeral, one of the largest seen here for some time, took place from her late residence, Friday morning to St. Columban's Church, where Requiem High Mass was sung by Rev. Geo. D. Prud'homme, brother of the deceased.

The pall-bearers were Charles Prud'homme, Alex. Prud'homme, Maurics Foley, Thos. McAndrew, Thos. Horan and Edward Horan.

She leaves to mourn her loss a sorrowing husband, five sons and six daughters; also three sisters, Mrs. W. J. Gillis, Kenmore, Ont.; Mrs. Joseph Blais, Ottawa; Mrs. Maurics Foley, Cautley Que., and three brothers, Rev. Geo. D. Prud'homme, P. P. South Gloucester, Ont., Charles B. of Ottawa and Alexander of Telkwa, B. C. The bereaved husband and family wish to extend their sincere thanks to their many friends for sympathy shown them in their recent sad bereavement.

REASON AND IMMORTALITY

Man has a longing after perfect and everlasting happiness. This longing is common to all men, and is implanted in them by their Creator. Such happiness can never be attained in this world—and therefore if man possessed the desire for it, without any hope of its being satisfied, he would be more unfortunate than the brute who has no such desire, and God, in implanting it in his breast, would be, not good, but cruel. If man had no immortal soul, the wicked who do evil all their lives long would go unpunished, and the just, who by self-sacrifice have reaped themselves of the enjoyments of life, would go unrewarded. This would be an injustice impossible to a God of perfect justice. We are also conscious of an individual utility in each one of us, which is independent of our body, which perseveres in spite of all bodily changes, and continues from childhood to old age. It is present during sleep as well as during waking hours, and is active when all our bodily senses are wrapped in repose and inactivity.

St. Augustine tells a story of Crennadius, a physician of Carthage, who would not believe in the immortality of the soul. One night he had a dream, in which he saw standing before him a beautiful young man, clothed in white, who said to him: "Dost thou see me?" He answered: "Yes, I see you." The young man rejoined: "Dost thou see me with thine eyes?" "No," answered Crennadius, "for they are closed in sleep." "With what, then, dost thou see me?" "I know not." The young man continued: "Dost thou hear me?" "Yes." "With what ears?" "No, for these too are wrapped in sleep." "With what, then, dost thou hear me?" "I know

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