

# 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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## BRIXTON PRISON

AUGUST 31, 1920

See, though the oil be low, more purely still and higher  
The flame burns in the body's lamp!  
The watchers still  
Gaze with unseeing eyes while the Promethean will,  
The uncrested Light, the Everlasting Fire,  
Sustains itself against the torturers  
Even as the fabled Titan chained upon the hill.  
Burn on, shine here, thou immortality, until  
We too have lit our lamps at the funeral pyre;  
Till we too can be noble, unshakable, undimmed;  
Till we too can burn with the holy flame, and know  
There is that within us can triumph over pain  
And go to death alone, slowly and unafraid.  
The candles of God are already burning row on row.  
Farewell, Lightbringer, fly to thy heaven again.  
—A. E. in London Times

## WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

### IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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SUPREME HEROISM

Within the last four or five years many heroic figures rose over the Irish horizon, and many a noble act of heroism has been recorded. But readers who have, from day to day, followed the slow and painful martyrdom of the Lord Mayor of Cork will long ago have realized that he is distinct among all heroes. And when they consider that though the man who stands up to be shot for his country is a hero, yet far, far braver is the man whose love of country is so overpowering that it inspires him not merely to face the firing squad and have the sacrifice ended in a minute, but to give his life inch by inch, slowly, painfully, tortuously, whose physical energy is gone, and whose indomitable will and love of country still reign so strong over the degenerating physical and mental qualities, that he perseveres in his supreme heroism day after day, week after week, month after month to the terrible end. There is little other heroism in the world's history that parallels and none that surpasses it.

THE DYING HERO'S WIFE  
But in admiring the marvellous heroism of the Lord Mayor of Cork we are apt to forget that another person whose noble heroism is little if anything less than his—that is the Lady Mayoress. After ages will surely crown that noble woman with a halo. She will shine as one of the singularly great and beautiful characters of history. The Continental people are taking more note of her heroism than we. Le Petit Nicolas of Nice, France, in a recent issue says the following tribute to Lady Mayoress of Cork: "The courage and the abnegation of valiant mothers and sublime wives has been demonstrated by the great War, but none of them has known a calvary like that of Madame MacSwiney. The pain of seeing a loved one go off to the battle field and the knowledge of a house in mourning is in no way comparable to the horrible torture of seeing slowly, surely, dying a hero who is devoted to his cause. She has made superhuman efforts to dominate her anguish and show herself valiant to the end. She is great amongst the great. Never has Sophocles, Euripides, Racine, or Corneille pictured in their immense tragedies, a heroine greater, nobler or more sublime. She neither weeps nor shudders; she supports herself in this trial with the vision drawing nearer from minute to minute that he whom she adores is leaving this world, and how could such, this via dolorosa, be crossed if she did not see at the end the triumph of a great cause—the independence of Ireland. There are no words in our vocabulary to express the admiration that Madame MacSwiney has aroused throughout the universe. French women in particular, partake of the cruel sufferings of the noblest of their sex—the Lady Mayoress of Cork."

FRENCH COMMENT ON THE USELESS CRIME  
And of the Lord Mayor on whose heroic acts the attention of the Continent is riveted, another leading French paper, Le Populaire, has thus to say: "MacSwiney is dying for the noble cause of Irish independence. He is dying coldly assassinated by the heartless egotism of the English Prime Minister. The blood will not only fall on the latter but on all England. Already the clouds are gathering. Everything is to be feared in a mystical Ireland that has concentrated its hope on the plank bed of Brixton prison. In a few hours the Lord Mayor will only be one of those heroes whose memory will remain forever graven on Irish hearts

and England will be eternally dishonoured by this useless crime."

## BRUTAL FRANKNESS

The heads of the English Government had at length to drop their pretence that they did not directly instigate the sackings of the Irish towns, and the barbarous and savage murders of innocent people. Lloyd George admits that it is "only human" for his Black and Tans and the rest of the Army of Occupation to burn out, to torture and kill not merely the men who are guilty of the crime of trying to drive foreign forces out of their country, but men, women, and children who are totally innocent even of that. He indicates it is "only natural" that these horrible barbarisms should continue—which is to say that he and his fellow Cabinet ministers have arranged that they shall continue. It is well after all to have this frankly brutal confession of the English Government's intention of killing the soul of Ireland by a Government organized campaign of outrages, infinitely more savage than were dreamt of by the English propagandists, who, during the War, were working night and day reporting—and inventing—German crimes in Belgium that would horrify the world.

## PUBLIC OPINION

The English Government, before coming into the open with this confession, took good care to have its ambassadors in the various countries report to what extent the feeling of those foreign countries, especially America, was being outraged and aroused against the English crimes in Ireland. We now know that the English diplomatic corps in America reported that the American newspapers were making little or no editorial comment upon the crimes, which indicated that the opinion of America was not ruffled by the savagery committed on the Irish people. This report of course is literal fact—to America's shame, he it said.

We may easily conclude that the diplomatic corps in other countries were able to report much the same as the American one. So Lloyd George and his comrades were heartened to come into the open—and from public platforms in words that called forth practically no protest from the English people, they have said to the army of Occupation in Ireland, "Go the limit. We are behind you." Sir Hamar Greenwood almost actually used these words. When addressing a body of Black and Tans whom he was rewarding for bravery, he said: "You are doing right. Persevere. The Government is back of you."

AND ZABERN HORRIFIED THE WORLD!  
Along with the Manchester Guardian and the Daily News, The Nation, a London weekly, run by cultured and thoughtful people, is not at times afraid to speak the truth. The following, bearing upon the points on which we have been speaking, is from a recent issue of that organ: "The agents of our rule in Ireland have become themselves the most reckless of law-breakers. Never since 1798 have we seen the spectacle of a police force and a military force burning down towns and villages, taking life, and destroying property. How many soldiers, or how many constables, have been court-martialed for their crimes? What penalties have been inflicted? What single step has been taken by the authorities for the protection of the civilian population? Six years ago a single incident of this at Zabern created a profound impression in this country. Soldiers and constables recruited from England among demobilized ex-officers looking for jobs—these became the rulers of Ireland! He means that he is in the hands of constables and spies, and that he can no more disregard them than the old Russian Government could disregard its armed police agents. Police violence goes unpunished in Ireland for the same reason that it went unpunished in Russia."

## THE TYPE OF MEN EMPLOYED

The type of men in whose hands Lloyd George has placed himself in Ireland according to The Nation is well exemplified by the rascal Hardy, the spy who was recently so dramatically exposed by Arthur Griffith, the acting President of Sinn Fein. Griffith, when he was approached by Hardy (one of the agents provocateurs of the English Government in Ireland) with proposals to aid Sinn Fein to assassinate Britishers of note in Ireland, Hardy was led on by Griffith till he got the fellow to make his proposals in the presence of a dozen American and other foreign newspaper correspondents (whom Hardy believed to be the "inner Council" of Sinn Fein); and that Griffith faced the rascal with his jail record. During the past thirty-two years Hardy had been convicted of crimes half a score of times, and had undergone twenty-two years' imprisonment. His last sentence was in Belfast in December, 1918, for a term of five years' penal servitude. After serving little more than a year he was chosen with other criminals, for release from jail that he and his fellows might act as spies, and as agents provocateurs in

Ireland. When Griffith had dramatically exposed the creature, and shown the correspondents of the foreign press the type of Lloyd George's friends and representatives in Ireland, he ordered the fellow to leave the country within twenty-four hours. Before dismissing Hardy from our minds, just for a minute consider the contrast—the British Government releasing the jailbirds and loading them with gold to aid in its egotism of crime in a campaign for depriving a little country of its liberty, and the same Government, at the same time doing slowly to death in one of its dungeons one of the noblest of God's creatures, whose name will shine to the world in future ages, Lord Mayor MacSwiney, guilty of the crime of trying to free an oppressed country!

SEUMAS MACMANUS,  
Of Donegal.

## THE DEAD UNION

### ULSTER INTOLERANCE AND ULSTERMEN'S DESIRE FOR PEACE

By Francis Hackett

The dearest thing to Ireland today is union between Ireland and Britain. The person who slew the union, after its fifty-five existence of 120 years, is undoubtedly Sir Edward Carson. Whatever new scheme is worked out between the two countries, the old fiction of "the United Kingdom" is dispensed. The man who finished it is the arch unionist who, seven or eight years ago, fortified the union by his famous political digitalis, the Solemn League and Covenant.

## HOW HE SEES CARSON

Sir Edward Carson, outwardly at least, is a most presentable specimen of the corporation lawyer. During the recent debates on the new Home Rule Bill (which he and Lloyd George cooked up together) I heard him in the House of Commons. He speaks with a very mellifluous brogue and has one of those flexible reasoning manners which men perfect at the English bar.

In his photographs he looks tall and commanding. In person he is big, broad, shoudered, admirably groomed, formidable in a theatrical fashion. He is essentially, I should say, a man of this world, a man with a strong belief in big battalions, big connections, big talk and big fees. He belongs to British politics, not Irish. He is really Ulster's ambassador to the Court of St. James. He is bound to end in the House of Lords, if he does not end the House of Lords.

There never was a special pleader less like his harsh clientele than Edward Carson. When religious fury is at its height on the streets of Belfast, when holy-war Orangemen are out to disembowel the Catholics because of Maria Monk and the wrongs of the inquisition, Sir Edward Carson is at general headquarters somewhere in London or the country houses pendent on London. The Ulster he works with is the Ulster of big business and special interest. And after the riots he emerges fresh as paint with a proposal that law and order be put in the hands of the Ulster Volunteers. The Union Jack forever and God Save the King!

## LET DOWN UNIONISTS

It was this accomplished gentleman, however, who "let down" the southern unionists in Ireland. He ratted on them and they never will forgive him.  
There are two, or more strictly, there were two, unionist populations in Ireland. One centers in Belfast and goes out from there in thinning circles, with another smaller center in Londonderry. The other is to be found in this solution in the south and west of Ireland obviously was in the unionism of Sir Edward Carson. They felt, "so long as he stands out against Home Rule, or holds out against the partition of Ulster, we are saved."

When he originated the Solemn League and Covenant, which pledged Ulster never to accept the dissolution of the union, the southern gentry and Anglo Irish shopkeepers and office holders and clergy all rushed to sign it. It guaranteed them against Home Rule.

## IS NOT A MARTYR

But Carson and his crowd, like so many people who sign solemn covenants and wash themselves in the blood of the lamb on political platforms, have no particular love of martyrdom. They found in Lloyd George the kind of British politician who understood their lingo. Lloyd George, like Carson, is versed in the law. He saw the perfect possibility of an act of parliament that would give a particularist position to Ulster—a 50/50 position with the rest of Ireland that would neutralize the freedom of the rest of Ireland and yet have the appearance of impartiality. One of the great comedies of the House of Commons was Carson's reluctant acceptance of

this solution, in the interests of "peace."

How Ulster could be gerrymandered to give Carson and his crowd the domination they were looking for was one of the major problems of the new Carson Home Rule bill. One might suppose that the Ulster minority was a definite minority with natural boundaries of its own. Not at all.

First all Ulster was considered, and rejected because it was preponderantly nationalist. Next the four unionist counties were rejected because Belfast labor might come on top. Next county option was rejected as too risky. Finally six areas were put under a direct control for Orangemen and lots of farmers to neutralize labor.

## HATRED OF CARSON

This was excellent so far as Belfast was concerned, but it left the southern unionists to fish for themselves. It put them in a lonely minority in a southern parliament. It cut them off from their natural northern support. They now talk contempt with a mixture of contempt and hatred. Carson and Lloyd George are execrated to an astonishing extent in polite Irish homes.

What to do? The plight of the southern unionists is to my mind one of the most interesting in Irish politics. It shows that man survives by adaptation, and that adaptation takes place so fast that you can hardly keep up with it.

The southern unionists have discovered the virtues of the common Irish. Who are the most tolerant people in the world? The southern Irish Catholics. What is the most deplorable fact of modern times? The bigotry in the north of Ireland. Is partition a good thing? Never. Hurrah for Ireland, one and indivisible. What is the solution of the Irish question? Dominion Home Rule, national self-government.

## PLUNKETT'S VIEWPOINT

In talking with Sir Horace Plunkett in Dublin I formed the impression that he takes seriously Lloyd George's reservations on defense, finance and Ulster. These are the usual stumbling blocks of the moderates. Sir Horace has always been anti-partitionist, but I believe he would propose or accept county option for northwest Ulster if he thought it would pass the way to a settlement. He insists on administrative, fiscal and financial independence as the essence of national self-government, at least do all the influential business men in the south. On defense he is willing to agree with Lloyd George.

The main difference between Sir Horace and the Sinn Fein is a difference as to what is "practicable." He forms his ideas of what is "practicable" on his knowledge of English, Irish and southern Catholics. He is practically, Sinn Fein believes, changes from minute to minute. Sinn Fein points out that the growth of the Dominion Home Rule feeling is, itself, the growth of a few months. Three months ago nobody would have believed Sir Algernon Coote and men like him would resign as His Majesty's lieutenants. No one would have believed that the Irish Times would have been deluged with proposals as to the tolerance and clemency of southern Catholics. The brutal reprisals and attacks on property by his Majesty's police and military have brought southern unionists to realize their solidarity with the rest of Ireland, and Belfast is wavering. Belfast has chucked the solemn bluff and covenant overboard. Even Mr. Hanna, the Belfast barrister, tells Ireland that there is liberation even in Ulster. Ulster intolerance, he says, is the only thing which prevents Ulstermen uttering the desire for peace that they hold in the secret of their hearts.

## THE O'CONNOR DON

HEAD OF FAMOUS IRISH HOUSE  
RESIGNS AND ARRANGES  
THE GOVERNMENT  
(By N. C. W. C. News Service)

The O'Connor Don represents one of the old kingly families and one of the most distinguished Catholic houses in Ireland. He has resigned his position as Deputy Lieutenant for the County of Roscommon and holder of the Commission of the Peace. Writing to the Lord Chancellor he says:  
"I no longer desire to have any connection with His Majesty's Government in Ireland. My short experience—(The O'Connor Don has taken up residence in Ireland quite recently)—of the British Government in Ireland shows me that it is incapable, as at present constituted, of understanding the true feeling of the country or of grasping the real consequences of its own acts, which are leading it into a morass and the country to ruins."  
For over a century members of The O'Connor Don's family have been actively associated with Irish public life. His father was Chairman of the Royal Commission on Financial Relations between Great Britain and Ireland. The Report presented by him and his colleagues, finding that

Ireland was then overtaxed to the extent of \$16,000,000 yearly, is an historic document.

The O'Mahoney, a Protestant, has also resigned, giving as his motive the fact he cannot allow his name "to be even remotely connected with the present unconstitutional tyranny which is fast reducing Ireland to a state of anarchy, and must lead, if continued, to the ruin of all classes."

## BALBRIGGAN OR LOUVAIN?

### FRIGHTFULNESS OF GERMAN AND TURKS AND ENGLISH FRIGHTFULNESS

The latest news from Ireland shows—that was needed—that Sir Hamar Greenwood cannot stop riot and arson merely by saying that rioters and incendiaries are naughty but very sorely tried men and that all nice people honor them. The burning of the town of Mallow by armed rioters whom the British taxpayer pays to be loyal and orderly is the largest act of incendiarism yet performed by any of these mutineers. The London Daily Chronicle, which undertook on Wednesday to say what could be said in palliation of the doings of these strange employees of the Government's, pleads that the people whose houses were burnt by "Black-and-Tans" at Balbriggan were only members of a community of 2,000 strong, and that the corresponding victims at Trim were part of a village population of about 1,500 only. We do not know whether 2,000, the population of Mallow, is large enough to make the Daily Chronicle feel that wholesale arson within its confines is quite inexcusable. For our own part we should object quite as strongly if a disorderly policeman or mutinous soldier burnt a civilian's house in the village of Eyam as we should if he did it in Leeds or Philadelphia. If you are suddenly and without any offence or provocation on your part, reduced to homelessness and destitution, it is little more consolation to you to have 750,000 fellow-townsmen than to have 500.

The Government's London apology is equally far from the mark when he pleads the rightness of the comparison, which has sprung to everyone's lips between Balbriggan and Louvain. Louvain, he somewhat platitudinously remarks, is a great university city. It is, and if he visits it, or had visited it in its least happy days, he would have found that he could traverse it, by its main street, from end to end, without noticing any serious and obvious damage. Could he do that in Balbriggan today? Our photographs have supplied the answer. What disgraced the German manufacturers in Louvain was not any particular magnitude in the area sacked or burnt, but, first, murderous severity in reprisals, and, secondly, brutal insensibility to the value of whatever it suited their fancy to burn. Does the Daily Chronicle imagine that if the Rylands Library had been one of the public buildings of Balbriggan the culture of the "Black and Tans" would have ensured its immunity from attack, or that mutineers who burn stacks of wheat and Town Halls would have returned to their duty if they had found a university in Mallow? The accuracy of the Louvain comparison is only too painfully complete and there is no use averting it. The only thing to do is to insist that the record of "rightfulness" committed by their undisciplined servants in Ireland shall be cut for us to plead that those of the Germans and the Turks are longer. But it is said, this is difficult. We know perfectly well that it is difficult to restore discipline in any armed force where mutiny has once got a hold. But is any serious attempt being made? We hear, time after time, of attacks by armed men who use bombs to conceive the state of discipline in a force where it is possible for men of duty to break barracks with supplies of bombs in their pockets. An almost incredible rumor says that at Mallow were the old 17th Lancers, Lord Haig's old regiment, and one hitherto of the highest character. That it should be possible—if indeed it be true—for any men of such a unit to have bombs at their disposal for private use would show an amazing degree of the discipline which they had to observe in any foreign theatre of war. It would suggest that service in Ireland at present is, from something in the nature of the case, pestilentially fatal to discipline, and that even the best British troops cannot go through it without catching the plague and beginning to degenerate.

It may be so, but at any rate the Government can take the ordinary steps to restore discipline, if it be restorable. They can court-martial every man who commits the crime of breaking barracks under a state of martial law, and every officer who has failed to maintain discipline in his command. They can insist that

the ordinary sane military measures for the control of ammunition and especially of bombs be enforced. They can make a clear public statement that, just as the obligation to find compensation in cases of destructive riot by civilians is imposed on the local ratepayers, so the obligation to compensate for murder, arson, and robbery committed by criminal servants of the Government is acknowledged by the Government and will be promptly met. They can weed out of our forces in Ireland every officer and man found, on inquiry, to be tainted with complicity, active or passive, in the Prussianism thus carried on at England's expense. If all such measures fail, then any tainted forces must go badly, for to keep them in Ireland would merely be to complete the ruin of Ireland, and to prepare instruments for that of England. Even in the thick of the present trouble and disgrace in Ireland there are stray signs that there are some mischiefs not yet done. At Mallow the local R. I. C. and even the "Black-and-Tans" are said to have worked loyally to limit the riots and put out the fires. From Galway it is rumored that some Scottish troops are only eager to keep the disorderly local "Black-and-Tans" in order. In every force there are many good men, until it is made pretty well impossible for them to stick to their duty any longer. But the Government must act quickly and drastically, for ineffectual ordination is a kind of fire that spreads fast and goes far.—Manchester Guardian.

## POLICE TERRORISM IN IRELAND

### GREENWOOD'S STATEMENTS "FLATLY CONTRADICTED BY THE FACTS"

The condition of affairs in Ireland grows steadily worse. Every day brings news of fresh crimes against the police, and by them. So utterly out of hand are the guardians of law and order that if a policeman is murdered in a village one day, its shops, houses, and public buildings are certain to be wrecked or burnt by police or soldiers the next, and its inhabitants driven terror-stricken into the surrounding country. If the men of the village venture to risk in their houses, they run the risk of being summoned to open their doors and of being shot dead when they do so. Within the last few days reprisals of this kind have occurred in three Clare towns; in Belfast; in Trim, county Meath; and in Mallow, county Cork. The outrages in Mallow followed a raid on the military barracks, in the course of which a sergeant was shot dead, and they were carried out with a wanton/savagery equal to that shown at Balbriggan last week. A number of shops and dwelling-houses, the town hall, and the second largest creamery in Ireland were deliberately destroyed by fire. This "reprisal" differed from that at Balbriggan in that the wreckers refrained from murder and that they were not "Black and Tans" but soldiers. The small force of police in the place, assisted by a few "Black and Tans," seem, indeed, to have done what little they could to save some of the burning buildings and to restrain the soldiers from burning more.

In the meantime we look in vain for any effective action by the Government. Parliament is not sitting and ministers cannot be called to account for their apathy. Instead of effective action we get interviews with General Macreedy in French and American newspapers, and the general drift of which is to belittle the seriousness of the situation. Sir Hamar Greenwood, the Chief Secretary, takes a similar line. The reprisals are few, he says, the damage done greatly exaggerated, and "in spite of intolerable provocation the police forces maintain their discipline, are increasing in number and efficiency, and command the support of every law-abiding citizen." If we omit the phrase about provocation, which is certainly true enough, there is not a single clause in this statement which is not flatly contradicted by the facts. The Chief Secretary has indeed partly contradicted himself by summoning a conference of head of police and impressing upon them the necessity of enforcing discipline upon their men. This is good advice, but it is a pity it was not given earlier. The setting of pickets round barracks and camps to prevent breaking of bounds at night is also a wise step, but only the future will show whether this attempt to guard the guards will prove successful.—Notes of the Week in Manchester Guardian.

What, then, is education? It is the breathing in by the child of the moral atmosphere surrounding him; not the formal lesson, or the official counsel of his elders; but the unthinking word, the involuntary gesture, by which they unconsciously reveal to him their innermost thoughts.—Henri Bremond.

## CATHOLIC NOTES

The Catholic Church in Australia will celebrate its centenary in 1921. The program of observance is now being prepared. The celebration will be held early in the year.

Mrs. Hannah Sheehy Skeffington, whose husband was murdered in the Easter rebellion, has been appointed a Justice of the Supreme Court of Ireland by the Sinn Fein Parliament.

The Rehabilitation School at the Catholic University, conducted by the N. C. W. C., is now equipped to provide accommodations for 130 disabled soldiers.

One of the features of the celebration of the centenary of Dante next year, will be the restoration of the Church of St. Francis of Assisi at Ravenna, Italy, which was Dante's favorite devotional retreat.

The ancient Benedictine abbey of Engelberg, one of the architectural jewels of Europe, has just enjoyed the high honor of celebrating the 800th anniversary of the consecration of the Abbey church, which was consecrated in the year 1120 by Bishop Ulrich of Constance.

All the schools in Croatia have been taken over by the Government. The Government's decree applies to elementary schools, high schools and gymnasiums. The Government's action sounds the death knell of the religious schools, which were quite prosperous.

A bill requiring 48 hours' public notice before the issuance of marriage licenses will be submitted to the present session of the Louisiana legislature at the instance of the Louisiana Federation of Catholic Societies, according to a decision reached in the seventeenth annual meeting of the Louisiana Federation.

Establishment of a seismic observatory at the Jesuit College, Bogota, Colombia, has been announced by the faculty of that institution, which is one of the foremost seats of learning in Colombia. Because of the prevalence of earthquakes in the region, the observatory, which it is planned to make one of the most modern and best equipped in the world, will have great value. The Jesuits have always been to the forefront in scientific experiment in Colombia.

The very ancient Christian part of the Canton Vicariate, that evangelized, in fact, by Father Ricci himself in the 16th century has been made a separate Vicariate with the name of Shin-Chow, its principal city. The region is mountainous and has a healthful climate. It is larger than Belgium and possesses a population of from three to five millions. The new Vicariate is confided to the Salesians with Mgr. Louis Versiglia as Vicar Apostolic.

More than nine hundred students are enrolled at the Catholic University of America for the year 1920-21, according to an announcement made by the Very Rev. George B. Dougherty, the vice-director, recently. Five hundred lay students, 300 ecclesiastical and 100 students in the Catholic Sisters' College make up the largest registration in the history of the institution. This does not include the 375 young women registered at Trinity College. The Freshman Class has 200 members.

In a letter addressed to the people of Paris on the occasion of Cardinal Amette's death, Mgr. Roland Gosselin, Auxiliary Bishop of Paris, reports that despite his taxing amount of work the late Cardinal never failed to recite every day, a full rosary. He usually made use of his wooden beads given to him by his sister, a Dominican nun. The Cardinal was also strongly devoted to the Third Order of St. Dominic. The sash of his society was in his coffin, placed round his body, which had been dressed in full pontifical garments.

Brussels, Sept. 15.—"The War is ended, but peace is not yet in our hearts," said Cardinal Mercier to the Belgian delegates at the meeting of the World's Press at Mechlin, where a great festival to celebrate the restoration of the Oudenarde chimies is taking place. Continuing the Cardinal said: "We have to keep our faith in humanity and in the Divinity; be not downhearted, but think always of the new world to be built. There is today too big a cult for manual work—never forget that only brains lead people and that we need to restore the appreciation of moral and intellectual values."

Rome, Sept. 21.—Valuable paintings bearing the name of the artist Palmieri, who executed them in 1850, have been found during the work of the restoration of the Church of St. Stephen in the little town of Poll, thirty miles outside Rome, which is being carried out under the direction of Monsignor Cascioli. A large crucifix and a fifteenth century Madonna, done after the manner of Gentile da Fabriano, have also been brought to light as well as four tombs of the celebrated Conti family, from which came Pope Innocent III, Gregory IX, Alexander IV, and Innocent XIII. The tombs are adorned with the arms of the Conti who were feudatories of the village until 1808.

Published by permission of Burns, Oates & Washbourne, London, England. THREE DAUGHTERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM

BY MRS. INNES-BROWNE

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED

Perhaps it was that Father Gallaher was more than usually moved when he saw the sweet-faced girl standing before the font with the half-starved and poorly clad infant in her arms; if so, perhaps he brought Heaven with greater earnestness for a blessing on that baby's head, or it may have been that the little god-mother's prayers were of weight, — certain it was that John Ryan's life was singularly blessed, and many there were who afterwards carried the youth marked unspotted before the judgment-seat of God.

Then the pleasure of taking clothes and dressing the little child; it was difficult to tell which was the prouder of the two, nurse or mother, as she held the baby up for inspection in its nice clean garments, and heard it crow with pleasure as if well content and satisfied at the change of events. How awkward she was at first, how awkward she was when she held the baby up for inspection in its nice clean garments, and heard it crow with pleasure as if well content and satisfied at the change of events.

How often it happens when the heart has grown sick with hope deferred, expectations untried, when we have almost persuaded ourselves it is useless to hope any longer, and have bravely endeavored to make the sacrifice Heaven seems to demand of us as heroically as we can, — that then, and not till then, the very thing we have so longed and yearned for presents itself unexpectedly to us, and our hearts are flooded with such a depth of joy and gratitude, much more real and more real than we should have felt had our prayers and tears been instantly answered. So it was with Marie; she had risen earlier than usual one morning, in order to be able to visit her little protégé in good time, and was returning home, leisurely re-entering down one of the lovely roads of which there are so many in the outskirts of Dublin, when to her infinite joy she saw the figure of her brother coming hastily to meet her, whilst high above his head he held two letters which she guessed rightly were for her. Dropping the bunch of wild-flowers which she had gathered, she bounded forward to meet him.

"I knew you were anxious to get them," he said, "and fearing you might spend the day with your god-child, I hastened to bring them to you." "Thanks, thanks, a thousand times, Louis! One is from Beatrice, and O'Louis, one is from the Convent at last!" She kissed and kissed the latter as she spoke, and pressed it to her heart. Now she would learn the reason of their long, long silence. She made no attempt to open them, and they walked on in silence until Louis asked— "Have you written to Madge yet?" "Indeed I have, and am expecting an answer from her every day; but Louis," she added, looking earnestly at him, and shaking her head seriously, "I do believe she has some heavy and private trouble, for often I saw her crying bitterly over mother's letters, though she never said a word."

"Then all the greater reason why you should write often to her and befriend her," he replied almost sharply; and with an expression of infinite pity he muttered to himself, "Poor girl!" Then reaching the Park, he turned abruptly away.

Marie rushed into her room, bolted the door after her, flung her hat upon a chair, and sank in a low sitting posture on the prie-dieu at Our Lady's feet; then tearing the envelope open, she drew forth a long thick letter, closely written, and kissed it again and again. A tiny note, neatly folded, fell out of the larger one, and this she picked up carefully and opened; it was in the firm neat handwriting of Lady Abbess, and ran as follows: "My Dearest Child,—Though yet barely able to sit up, I must hasten to explain to you, dear Marie, the cause of our apparent neglect. Almost immediately after you left us, we entered upon a retreat of seven days, at the end of which time I was seized with an attack of gastric fever. In fact, so ill was I, that all correspondence was ordered to be kept strictly from me, and thus it was that poor little Marie's letters, amongst many others, remained unanswered. How are you, my dear child? In the tone of your last letter—now some weeks old—I can almost detect a vein of discontent and melancholy. Why is this, I wonder? Surely, my darling, you have not so soon forgotten all I told you upon the last evening we spoke solemnly together. Such a warm, kind heart as yours, Marie, should be 'all things to all people' for God's sake. Let all who come near you feel your sweet and gentle influence (you can do it if you choose) be to these around you, what you were to your companions at school—always kind, forbearing, and consid-

erate; and for the future cease to pout. Leave it entirely in God's hands—wishing and anxious only to do His holy will. After all, dear child, believe me your life is far easier and your cross much lighter than that of many another whose names I could mention. Courage, then, little one, shoulder your disappointments bravely, and remember it was the earnest wish of your friends and relations that you should not enter the religious life until you have seen a little of the world—in which I heartily coincide. So do not let me be disappointed in you; let me hear of you helping, aiding, cheering and comforting all around you—for you know well enough when to rebuke and when to encourage, and in doing this, you will be thrice blessed, thrice happy. My heart is still too feeble to write much, but my heart and prayers are with you and for all my dear ones. Perhaps 'the United Kingdom,' my 'three English girls,' as the children call you, own more than their fair share of my affection and regard.

"I bless you, dear child, with my heart. Pray often, then, for—Yours most devotedly in J. C., MARIÉ DE VALOIS, Lady Abbess."

Over and yet over again Marie read this letter. She seemed to hear the firm tones, to feel the warm clasp of Lady Abbess's hand as she did so. How thankful she felt now for having had the courage to embrace this very life of labour and love before the receipt of this letter. "You are right," she said aloud. "Your words are perfectly true, dear Lady Abbess. I am happier now—so much happier, for I feel that the blessing of God is upon me." Then came dear Mother Agatha's letter, overflowing with love and kindness for her little favourite, bidding her to be bright and happy, and look forward to the future; selling her of the flowers that bloomed in her old pupil's garden, and how she culled the sweetest blossoms and placed them in the Lady Chapel at Our Lady's feet, so that the memory of her darling child might always be fresh and green in Mary's heart; of how two fresh young novices had arrived, both of whom were known to Marie; of how happy Isabel was, and how gentle and good she was becoming. All this and much more did Mother Agatha say, and long her little pupil at dreaming and enjoying to her heart's content this budget of love from those she loved so well. She had almost forgotten that there was still another letter unopened and another treat untasted. "Dear Bertie!" she exclaimed, seizing the letter, which had fallen to the floor,—"to think I could be so thoughtless!"

She opened the envelope carefully, so that the dainty seal, with coat of arms and crest, remained uninjured; then taking out three sheets of thin paper, filled to the full—nay, even crossed—in Bertie's handwriting, she herself comfortably once more for another good read. It was the letter which Beatrice wrote at the request of her father, and contained the inquiries concerning Miss Blake; it also bore an earlier date, and should have been delivered some time before, but by one of those unaccountable accidents which will occur, do what we will, it had lain perdu for a fortnight and suddenly came to light. The letter was full of fun and frolic, of warm expressions of attachment and vows of eternal friendship, and ended by saying: "We had arranged that you and dear Madge were to spend Christmas with us, but the doctor says that father must go to Naples or Rome for the winter months, and we are all going alone. I am delighted at the prospect. Will not Percy and I explore ruins, and study art and architecture! You shall hear about our doings, and on our return must pay us a long visit, my little darling Marie."

She folded her letters carefully, and felt that her reward had come when she least expected it, and she thanked God fervently, having given her strength to make her little sacrifice ere He rewarded the recompense. Only one thing preyed upon her mind; to whom did Lady Abbess especially allude when she said, "Your lot in life is far easier and your cross far lighter than that of many another whose names I could mention." Marie thought and thought. Was poor Madge, with her unassuming ways, her quiet but natural reticence, the one of the many suffering ones? "God forbid!" and yet she sighed, "I fear so much she is, poor uncomplaining Madge! I will write to her again, and pray for her."

CHAPTER X.

And what of poor Madge? How fared it with her all this time? We must travel back to the night when she and her tall, severe-looking travelling companion arrived at Edinburgh station. "No. 50 George Street," said Mary sharply to the driver; and as the cab rattled over the rough pavement Madge, never a good traveller, wrenched in the furthest corner of it, feeling tired, faint, sick, and lonely; yet she never spoke, only strove and struggled hard to stop the internal throbbing of her heart, which warned her she was drawing near to that spot which she must look upon as "Home." "Home without Willie!" how drear and hollow it sounded!

The vehicle turned down a quiet, dull street, and presently stopped before the door of a very ordinary-looking house, at each side of which were many more exactly resembling itself in colour and height. "Not here!" gasped Madge,

and involuntarily she seized the door, as if to prevent it being opened. "Oh, not here!" and she turned even paler than before.

"The man's right," replied Mary, as she glanced up quickly at the number, which stood out conspicuously on the fan-light over the door, and pushing firmly past the girl, said abruptly, "Step out, miss, I will see to your box." The poor girl, feeling half mystified and dazed—for the weary journey had upset her much, and sitting so long silently brooding, had wrought her to a great state of excitement—crept out of the muddy old cab, and then stood waiting with fast-beating heart on the doorstep, feeling sure all this must be a terrible dream. A strange feeling of faintness and helplessness stole over her as she thought of her lady mother dwelling in such a dull place, and she pressed her hand to her temples as if to recall her scattered senses and ease the throbbing pain there. The man had just succeeded in lifting the box from the roof of the cab, when the house-door opened quickly and a delicate white hand drew the trembling girl gently in. It was not yet dark enough to enable the rather feeble light suspended in the hall to display the surrounding objects to great advantage; but Madge felt loving arms clasped around her, warm kisses upon her cheek, and heard whispered words of tender love, all as though in a dream—but the strain and journey had been too much for her—and she sank with a stifled cry of pain to the ground.

"My poor, poor darling!" said the mother anxiously, as she endeavoured to support the girl's drooping form. "Al, I guessed, I feared it would be too much for her," Mary, and bringing something to revive her.

"O mother, mother!" gasped Madge faintly, "I am tired and weary. I don't know what ails me!" and she burst into a flood of bitter tears.

"Weep on, my child, it will relieve you," and all the while the mother stood supporting her weeping daughter, and gently soothing back the curly chestnut hair, stood over her patiently and courageously, as though her own heart had no burden of its own to bear, no living, gnawing sorrow which slowly but surely was draining her life's blood away; yet, there she stood, as though to console and support others was her first and only care. Mary seemed touched with pity, and her head face bore a kindly expression as she handed her mistress a glass containing some restorative, and bending down, said proudly; "Poor bairn! she is a brave girl, for she's been awfully sick the whole way, and never once grumbled. I watched her, but thought I'd best say nothing, 'off and heavy sobs shook her frame, whilst the mother fondled the head resting upon her, and soothed the flushed and burning cheek with her cool white hand."

"You are better now, my pet," said Mrs. FitzAlan cheerfully, as she forced back her own feelings and wiped the girl's tearful eyes. "Let me look at my little daughter, my only child. Al, dear one! you will never know what it is to me to look upon you once more."

There was a ring of subdued agony in the mother's voice, which vibrated strangely in the daughter's heart. She gulped her sobs down bravely, and with one supreme effort rose to her feet, and throwing her arms fondly round her mother's neck, exclaimed, "How cruel of me to be so cowardly, and you so good and brave! Oh, how fragile and thin you look, poor little mother!"

"Never mind me, dearest, but come and have some food, that is what you need the most;" and the brave-hearted lady supported her precious charge into a commonplace but decently furnished apartment, which served as a dining room, where upon the table was spread a light but homely supper. They sat down side by side, and every now and again their hands sought each other's in a warm clasp, or the mother's arms lingered fondly round her daughter's waist, whilst her eyes eagerly noted every expression that flitted across her face, and drank in every word she uttered, as though to gaze upon her and listen to her voice were a pleasure to her heart. She barely tasted food herself, merely toyed with it; and Madge would have been distressed had she known that the excitement caused by the thought of seeing her again, the fear, the dread of what her daughter's feelings might suffer on her arrival at No. 50, had so worked upon her own vivid imagination as to entirely destroy her appetite, and prevent her from doing little more than break her fast that day.

Mrs. FitzAlan was about the middle height, but slightly built; her features were refined and classical, and her dark pencilled brows and long eyelashes stood out conspicuously on her pale, fair skin. Her hair was still dark, glossy, and wavy, but so plainly and neatly dressed that it showed off to great advantage her well-formed head. Her dark grey eyes often wore a look of anxiety and dread; and there were lines about her forehead which told of care and trouble, and which aged the sweet face that otherwise looked so young and belied the forty-five summers that had passed over it.

She had never worn anything but black since her boy's death, and she never meant to do so again; it had become the sea of sorrows through which she was passing, poor brave heart! The supper over, Mary entered and removed everything from the table, whilst Madge placed her mother in as comfortable a chair as

she could find, and drawing a low stool to her side, seated herself upon it, and rested her weary head beside her.

"I am so grateful to you, Mary, for undertaking that long journey in my stead, and hope it has not overtired you."

"It's not me that would complain of weariness in doing anything for you, my lady," answered Mary, drawing her figure to its full height, and eyeing her mistress with dignified respect over a loaf of bread which she held in her hand—"it's not for me to complain of discomfort or aught else in that line, but may the Lord be praised for sparing my life and bringing me safe in health and limb out of that wicked invention which flies through the air screeching and howling! well, not like a—hangable spirit, but like something the very opposite of it, and from the motion of which me legs is still all of a tremble. Why in the name of fortune folks can't be content to travel respectfully, as their betters used to do afore 'em, is more than I can make out. But, good Lor', I've seen enough of the world the last forty-eight hours to last my life. There's little room in it left for decent folks now. But, turning towards Madge with a look of pleasure, she asked, "who's she like, my lady?"

"Mrs. FitzAlan had always been 'Little Lady' by courtesy at her own home; the servants had always called her so, and Mary kept up the title now."

"I have scarcely had a good look at her yet, Mary; and she is feeling so tired, poor child, that it is difficult to say whom she resembles the most."

"Wait until you see her looking bright and bubbly as I did, and you will see my dear old master's eyes looking straight out of hers!"

"Really? why, I shall love her all the better for that!"

"And so do I!" said the woman as if to herself; but compressing her hard lips together and nodding her head vigorously, she clutched the brand-plate tighter and disappeared.

"You are in luck, dear; Mary was devoted to poor grandpa. He always told me I should find her worth some day, and he was right: I have. She is invaluable to me. Before I knew her thoroughly, I thought her speech so abrupt and her manners most objectionable; but though I believe much of it arises from her independent Yorkshire spirit, yet a great deal of it is assumed to hide her real feelings, and she is as true as steel. Some day I will tell you how it came about that she is with me now."

"Will—" (Madge had almost said the magic word "Willie")—"we—I—always used to be afraid of her. I remember how angry she would be when we upset the bedrooms or ran about the house with dirty feet, or played hide-and-seek on wet days in and out of the old towers and passages. But once she was so kind: I had hurt myself, she thought I had fainted, but I felt a prick me up so gently, and I do believe she kissed and fondled me—at any rate, she put me carefully to bed, and would allow no one to come near me but herself. She told me tales and tried to make me forget my pain and fright until you came home at night."

"She is altogether a curious compound. When all things run smoothly she finds very much to doubt and be dissatisfied with; but when trials and troubles fall thick and fast, then Mary stands staunch and immovable, and almost seems to take a fierce pleasure in combating and dealing with them, and never by word or look will she endevour to acknowledge that she is overpowered or crushed by them. I owe her much; she has been a tower of strength to me, and I trust her implicitly."

How the mother enjoyed that evening, to have some of her very own fondles and love once more! The thousands of questions she had to ask about Lady Abbess and the dear old Convent—that was dearest now to her than any spot on earth—the only home she ever cared to see again. Often her dark eyes filled with tears, and her sensitive hands twitched nervously, as she listened to Madge's animated description of scenes she could picture so vividly; and often still, as the girl related the kind words and acts of her oldest and best loved friend on earth, Marie de Valois, the grateful tears rolled silently down that mother's face, though she contrived to hide them from her daughter's sight. It was not until all sound of noise had died away outside, and the night was far advanced, that Madge timidly asked: "Mother, where is father?"

"Poor mother! she had been so lost in the happy memory of her girlhood days—so carried away by all that Madge had been telling her, as almost to fancy she was a child herself again; when this question suddenly recalled her to the present once more.

Seated as she was, Madge did not observe the flush of pain which overpowered the poor wife's face, but she detected the tremor in her voice as she answered: "Your father is from home, darling. I expect him back in a few days."

Her father's movements had always been clouded in mystery to her, so Madge asked no more questions.

"It is enough for me to have made her happy for a few hours—the rest will follow soon enough."

"Come, my darling, you have made me so happy with your merry chatter that I have forgotten how tired you must be. It is getting very late," she added, rising, "come to bed, little one; we will have all tomorrow in which to continue our talk."

"Madge was decidedly the taller and the heavier of the two, but by dint of a little squeezing and manoeuvring they managed to mount the rather dark and narrow staircase arm in arm.

"This is your room, dear child, it is only separated from mine by this tiny dressing-room;" and they entered a small, neat apartment, scrupulously clean. Evidently Mary had had a hand here. There was a snow-white look about everything. The white hangings on the bed, the table covers, the muslin which hung around the dressing-table, the window curtains, all were dazzling white; but the carpet was old and threadbare, the best part of it had been swept away years ago; whilst the colored dimity on the chairs was faded and worn.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE YEARS OF FATHER JOHN

Mary Madigan was leaving for Australia, and a "white wake" always preceded a leave taking, just as a "black wake" preceded a burial. Into the white wake there entered laughter and tears; sometimes like a spring day it was, when the wind runs high and sunshine follows on the heels of shadow.

As a sort of preliminary to it all came Mary's trunk out from Limerick, which caused Mrs. Madigan and her two girls to weep softly, just as if the trunk were a coffin. One should not blame them either, since often the sea made the separation as complete as the grassy mound in the graveyard. Then as they folded and put in some little keepsake they wept anew.

Mary was to depart Tuesday morning at 6 o'clock. The Saturday previous she went to confession, and received Holy Communion at the first Mass on Sunday. How sweet and pure she looked as she knelt at the railing, the Bread of Life in her heart! Small wonder it was that half the parish was heavy-hearted to see her going from the dear land of settled quiet to the strange faraway land of unrest and adventure! And you could hardly blame the boys, kneeling over near the holy water font, if they stole a glance at her while she prayed below the great window to the south through which the sun came that morning. Mary went into the sacristy after Mass, which explained why Father John was late visiting "classes."

"Father, I came to say good-bye," said Mary simply.

"And Mary, I wish it was I'm glad to be home again" you were saying instead."

"Thank you Father John, and I wish it, too. Indeed, 'tis I would like to stay at home. I'm sure."

"Ah, Mary, yes! all going all going fill in a few years only the stick and the old will remain. You are one of my girls—as good as Ruth amid the sheaves; ah, yes, it catches at the heart to see you go! The fields are green here, and heaven is blue and every stream has sunlight and song! No, doubt, Mary, you're going because you wish to better yourself; and I wish to God I could do something to keep you and all our boys and girls at home! But no. The rivers run idly to the sea and turn no mill wheels; a million hands are waiting to serve, but greedily capital affords no service. And so you must go like the rest. But promise me, Mary—'tis the last time we'll ever meet here and therefore I ask all the more anxiously—promise me, you'll never turn back on your faith, the faith that alone can save. Will you promise?"

"Father, I will always be true to that, always—with the help of God!"

"Ah, with the help of God. And promise me you'll never forget your race, the race of saints and dreamers and bards and kings."

"I won't forget; I promise you that I won't."

"The girl caught some of the priest's emotion for she spoke as if pronouncing a vow.

"God bless and keep you, Mary! May the voyage be calm and may the years be many that follow; may, yes—and full of peace!"

Mary knelt down and Father John gave her his blessing. They shook hands and she went away.

observers," like the bride at a wedding. Jim Donnelly was down from Frogue's Point with his flute and Anna Cronan had her new melodeon. Jim played a dhrúe till he became tired and then Anna took up the music where Jim quit. There were three "full sets," an "orange and green," an "eight hand" reel, a "jig," a "hornpipe," and the "black-bird" by Jim Ahearn.

You who have never seen the Irish dances or have your impressions of them from travesties reproduced on the stage, have no worthy concept of what Irish dances really are. You, whose imagination pictures noise and riotous laughter, the alarming of feet on mud floors and frantic leaping into air thick and foul with tobacco smoke—will you not understand the poise, the rhythm and grace. You whose conception of motion is limited to the monotonous waltz and its present-day imitations will probably not sympathize with the more complex, more artistic and exquisitely refined dances the Celt has evolved and made part of his contribution to the poetry of the world. No wonder the dreamer the lover of long ago, looks back and sighs for them.

"Oh, the days of Kerry dancing, Oh, for the ring of the piper's tune!" Well, when there came a pause to the dancing, Jim Ahearn called across to Mike Mikesen:

"Yeh, Mikesen; have you e'er a song you could give us?" "Yeas, where would I get a song I'd like to know? An' if I got one myself, I couldn't get the tune."

"Am' why, I'd like to know." "Well, sure if I was to try to get the tune Father John would hear me where I'd be out in the garden, an' he'd come down an' chase me back to the River Deel to drown my voice."

"Faith, Mikesen," ventured Jim Donnelly, "he might be glad to know you could sing, so he'd send you up the gallery with the choir."

"Well, Mikesen could not be coaxed to sing, and neither could Tam Hackett, who had a "sore throat," nor Jim Hogan, who was "hoarse." Several encouraging voices urged Anna Morgan, but Anna was bashful. So was Kathleen Burns and Margaret Magee. It seemed as if every most promising star must vanish out of the firmament of song when Jack Clancy, the weaver down near Athery, stood up and said:

"If ye don't mind, I'm thinkin' o' givin' ye a stave or two myself." "That's talkin', Jack!" encouraged Mike Danbar.

"To say the truth about Jack Clancy he was not one of the major prophets of song.

"Yeh, he draws a good dale," was Jim Donnelly's whispered comment. "Yeh, he does; an' he screeches kind o' when he goes up high like."

"Ah, so. But he gets them started anyhow, so 'tis aequal."

Well, Jack gave a few preliminary coughs for the purpose of clearing his throat, closed his eyes and, while swinging head from side to side like a pendulum sang:

"In Australia's far off shore There is wealth for us in store An' sparin' 'em sparin' diamonds galore, But if every grain o' sand Was a diamond in that land, I would still love dear old Ireland the more."

"Bravo, Jack," cried Dick Fitz from across the room. "Garrage, Jack, an' rise it!" called John Harrigan.

"Yerra, don't mind them, Jack but save your voice," Mike's Mikesen advised. Jack had his own way and his own time. To tell the truth, there was many a stanza that seemed to serve as a fitting conclusion to the song, but Jack went on and on, letting no one into the secret of just when he would finish; so when he did finish everybody was taken by surprise.

"By gor!" whispered Mikesen to Jim Donnelly, while murmurs of approval were heard all around, "by gor! Jack's so'g reminds me of Father Mahoney of Durragh when he used to preach. He'd say, 'Now, my brethren, let us do this an' let us not do that, an' thin' you'd get ready to kneel down thinkin' he was finishin' up; but when you'd be sure he was through intirely, he'd begin all over.'"

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others who look their last on Ireland when the McCulloughs' Raeks vanish behind the haze.

As the kind God would have it, Father John himself took the train that morning at Creelbag for Limerick. The parting at the station was simple and reserved; kisses, handshakes, quiet tears. There is a waving of handkerchiefs, a lifting of hats, good byes and Goodspeeds as the train pulls away.

Father John and Mary occupied different "carriages" and did not meet till they stood on the platform of the Limerick terminal station. The time was brief, there for Mary's train was due to leave in a few moments.

"Have a brave heart, Mary," encouraged Father John, "and don't forget the people at home."

"I won't forget them, Father," said Mary through her tears. "Don't be afraid. You are wise enough to keep near God. There's the signal, Mary. Good-bye, and God bless you always!"

"Father, said Mary, still crying softly, 'God is very good to me. Your face is the last face I'll see that I know. I'll keep you not only in my memory, but in my heart as well!'"

Long after Mary's train has passed out of sight on its journey southward Father John lingered on the platform.

Thirty years from now when she returns she'll be richer, more experienced. I'll be under the earth then, and may be she'll stand above my grave and tell her Australian children the days of her young life long ago at Creelbag, in the years of Father John.—P. J. Carroll, C. S. C., in Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

"A HORRIBLE DREAD"

HOW BISHOP KINSMAN OVERCAME HIS PREJUDICES AGAINST THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

In his search after truth Bishop Kinsman, while in charge of the Episcopal Diocese of Delaware, hesitated a long time before thinking it worth his while to turn towards the Catholic Church for the purpose of finding it.

He had "a horrible dread" of Romanism. In that respect, of course, he was like all the rest of High Churchmen, who vainly pride themselves on being the real Catholics.

"I had become very critical of my own church," he says, "and was already feeling strongly certain tures of Rome. I thought it altogether likely that a little actual contact with Roman Catholicism close at hand would give me a healthy appreciation of the good people and good works with whom I was associated and quickly rid me of my Romanizing nonsense!"

In order, therefore, to make himself sure of the real good of Protestantism and the dreadful evils of Romanism, he made up his mind, practically, it would seem out of sheer despair, to look around him and see just what his Catholic neighbors were doing.

He started with a mind darkened by a hundred prejudices, and with the real hope that his prejudices should turn out to be thoroughly justified.

"I had heard reports of catechisms teaching that no faith need be kept with heretics and that it was a venial sin to steal from Protestants."

"Think of this! Here we have a man of lofty culture, reared and educated among the very best people, so far as social advantages go, and so much above the average of his associates in the sect in which he was reared that he was found qualified to be selected as one of its leaders, and yet he was able to find a place in his heart for the reception of such unreasoning slanders. But unlike others he was willing to make an honest search."

"I think like this were true," he says, "I wished to know it so as to be rid of illusions; if they weren't I wished to be in a position to deny them, and secure fair play."

Now, it is only natural to ask, what put it into Bishop Kinsman's mind to make the honest search? He admits himself that he was so keenly biased against the Church that it never occurred to him to look there for truth, but to the Greeks, and that although he had failed to find the idolatries and superstitions in the Church at Rome, Tunis, Milan and other places, he had satisfied himself with the notion that this was due to an exceptional condition of circumstances.

What really started him to look where he should have looked in the first place, was a letter from one of the Episcopal ministers of his diocese, in which appeared these words, "So long as the Roman Church is as it is, I am frankly anti-Roman."

And the letter closes with a quotation from the Gospel: "By their fruits ye shall know them." This is the motto, then, that Bishop Kinsman took for his guide. And this is the motto which led him to see the light.

So he made up his mind to take a special course on Roman Catholicism in America. In the course of this study he found as the first consequence that the Episcopal Church was not a Catholic Church at all, but wholly Protestant.

appreciable difference, and that instead of being waned from Romanism, I was disposed to like it better and better.

He took advantage of every opportunity he had to attend services at Catholic Churches.

And he felt even more at home in the Cathedrals at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cleveland, and Portland, and some parish churches in Philadelphia and New York than in Tunis.

He remembered the sermon he had heard when a boy, and expected to find that all Catholic priests "were in the habit of telling their people that they were 'asses to calumniate.'"

He found a different state of things. He heard sermons good and bad, but "never heard one which, whatever may have been its crudities and awkwardness, was not an effort to expound some Christian truth in a practical way, with greatest reverence for Holy Scriptures and constant recognition of the authority of Our Divine Lord."

He adds: "I have heard very eloquent sermons in Catholic Churches. My mother went with me to a Lenten sermon in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, and said she had never seen me more utterly absorbed by a sermon than the one we heard from Father William E. Martin."

"The most eloquent long address," he goes on, "I ever listened to was delivered by Cardinal O'Connell at a mass meeting in Madison Square Garden, and the best address on a religious subject by a layman, by Mr. Bourke Cochran at a dinner in Wilmington."

These were things, the like of which had been going on around him for years, while, wrapped as he was in his sectarian pride, like so many, in fact it would be no exaggeration to say, like all of his fellow sectarians, he was wholly unconscious of it. This accounts for the prejudice and the resulting ignorance of the non-Catholic. It is a great pity. They are not to be blamed,—they have no better. They are to be forgiven for "they know not what they do."

Dr. Kinsman is very fond of hymns. His liking, he says, is Methodist in intensity. There are millions like him in the Catholic Church. Just as many as there are in any or all of the sectarian churches. And, I think, they would be delighted if more use were made of congregational singing. What he has to say on this subject is worth quoting.

"I have discovered that the Catholics make much use of hymns, though there is apparently less congregational singing in this country than in some places abroad; and for devoutness and intelligence in singing, I have never heard anything better than the hymns used in some places at the 9:30 Masses. It is certain that Protestants have in certain ways advantages over Catholics in details of method; but these are not as great as is often imagined."

There is no reason why the Catholic Congregations should not make use of the splendid store of hymns which the Catholic ages have given to the Church.

One other prejudice lingered in the mind of Dr. Kinsman. It is the very common one that the Catholics are not on a par with Protestants in education. He has found out that Catholic clergy ranked in ability, at least, fully as high as the clergy of the Protestant churches; but he doubted whether in general education they were the equals of the latter.

"I was convinced," he says, "that Anglicanism was par excellence the doctrine of 'sound learning,' and although recognizing that much that passes for this is nothing but learned sound, I held tenaciously to the conviction that Anglicanism is synonym for learning and devotion to truth."

"Such Roman Catholic writers as I knew," he admits, "could undoubtedly hold their own with scholars; but as usual I assumed them to be exceptions."

There is nothing new to Catholics in the statement made in this open confession. It pervades the Protestant intelligence. It is fully displayed in the recent address of Bishop Rhinelander where all Catholic education and scholarship, as well as the very existence of Catholics themselves are cavalierly ignored. The conceit is a vanity born of ignorant presumption and foolish pride. Like the other prejudices of Bishop Kinsman, it was not able to stand up under the light of investigation.

How it was overcome will require a longer question, with which I will close this paper.

"This conceit received a severe shock when I first examined the Catholic Encyclopedia, undertaken at the instance of Cardinal Farley, and a product of Roman Catholic scholarship in America. A distinctly sobering effect is in store for any clergyman of the 'Episcopal Church who wishes to examine this and then imagine what he and his colleagues would have made of a similar attempt! The impression given by this will be deepened if he makes a special study of the results of the Benedictine scholarship along their special lines. The one subject on which I can trust my own judgment at all is Church History, on which I have been doing special work for almost thirty years. On this subject I have read almost everything by Anglican writers, many other books in English, some German and some French, and have dabbled in originals. Lately I have been reading Roman Catholic writers covering ground with which I considered myself fairly familiar. They have shed floods of light; some of them

are the best I know; some do bits of work I longed for in sermons days and could not find; they have given a sense of freedom which I never had in reading only Anglican authorities; and by revealing unsuspected abuses of ignorance they have made me wish to do all my history work over again. If this were possible, my lectures would have a fullness, accuracy, and freedom they never before possessed. I should not maintain that Roman Catholics as a class are intellectually superior to Protestants, but I do assert that Protestant superiority is not so great as is often assumed, and that there is much superiority on the other side."—Catholic Transcript.

GOD'S LOVE FOR HIS CREATURES

Does God really love us? There are times when we ask ourselves this question, not because we have the slightest doubt of God's love for us, but because we find it hard to understand it in view of the many crosses we have to bear. If God truly loved us, we argue, He would show His affection in a different manner than by sending us affliction. We know that the Scriptures say: "Whom the Lord loveth, He chastiseth." But this strikes us as an unnatural way to manifest love. When we love we bestow all kinds of favors upon the object of our affections. This we do naturally. How are we to account, then, for the diversity between God's way of acting and ours? We act according to Nature and God is its author. Therefore we look for similarity of action and puzzle our intellects to discover the reason of its absence.

However, regardless of appearances, it remains true that God loves us as He loves all His creatures. "Thou lovest all things that are and hastest none of the things which Thou hast made." Not only has God told us that He loves us, but He has given us a proof of His love. We must never forget that at one time we were not in divine favor. Through the sin of the first man, our common father, we had all been disherited. Ours was a sorry plight for several centuries, until we found favor again and won our way back into God's good graces through the redeeming grace of Christ. During these centuries men stirred Heaven with their prayers. Daily they raised their eyes to God and stretched forth their arms in pleading. But Divine Justice was deaf to all their cries for clemency. The gates of Heaven remained firmly shut and would not give, even in the slightest, under the pressure of the combined efforts of the whole human race. Man's sin against God was an infinite offense, and only an infinite sacrifice could atone for it. To make such a sacrifice man was helpless, because it lay beyond his power. And all the while God maintained an attitude of severity, man's inexorable Judge. There was no means of escape, the sacrifice must be made.

It was at this juncture, when He seemed most determined to compel man to repent, that the last farthing of the whole human race, Man's sin against God was an infinite offense, and only an infinite sacrifice could atone for it. To make such a sacrifice man was helpless, because it lay beyond his power. And all the while God maintained an attitude of severity, man's inexorable Judge. There was no means of escape, the sacrifice must be made.

When God loved us He loved us to the end, unto the end of love, and with God this is forever for His love, like Himself, is infinite. Not content with this, He has given us this noble quality to permit us to experience the joy of loving, as well as being loved. Let us use this gift to manifest our gratitude to the Divine Giver. Let us remember always that first and greatest commandment. Let us love God with the strength of our whole being, if only because He has loved us first. Let us love our most kind Saviour, Jesus Christ, who has given His life on the cross to redeem us, and is even now, giving it on the altar, to help us serve God and save our soul.—The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

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FRANCE AND THE HOLY SEE

PROGRESS TOWARD RENEWAL OF DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS

At the canonization of Joan of Arc the French Bishops were informed of the progress of the negotiations of the terms of the proposed agreement. They could not but rejoice at the good will shown on both sides, but upon examination of that part of the agreement which regarded the "Associations Catholiques" they expressed their apprehensions. The decisions of the two high courts had, indeed, so far been in favor of the hierarchy. But the only cases submitted to the courts had been cases in which notorious schismatics had tried to organize associations which clearly failed to conform with general laws of the Church. Never had they been called upon to decide upon the working of regularly established associations, to judge, for instance, in case of a pastor blocked by his congregation in his refusal to leave the parish to his regularly appointed successor. As for the official endorsement of the decisions of the courts by the Government, they argued that such a declaration committed only the present Cabinet and could be disowned by another less favorable; the only guarantee that could afford a real security would be one embodied in the text of a law.

The intrinsic value of those objections and the well-nigh unanimous stand of the French Bishops on the matter impressed the Holy Father and the Cardinal Secretary; hence the attempt at granting a reorganization of the French ecclesiastical status on the purely diplomatic affair of the restoration of the French Embassy at the Vatican was given up, and the negotiations brought back to their original object led to the following points of agreement, which we find in the report of M. Noblemaire:

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WONDERFUL NEW TEA WAREHOUSE

The magnificent building shown above, and situated at the corner of St. Lawrence Boulevard and La Royer Streets, Montreal, will be occupied by the SALADA TEA COMPANY about February 1st, next. The building at present occupied by SALADA, at the corner of St. Paul and St. Sulpice Streets, Montreal, was erected by them eleven years ago, but for some time has proved inadequate for their business.

Other SALADA warehouses are situated at TORONTO and BOSTON.

would indeed be dreary without this magic force. This noble quality, perhaps finds its highest manifestation here in the love of a mother for her child. This is the nearest approach among us mortals to the self-sacrificing love of a God for His children. And it looks as though God had planted this rich treasure in the heart of a mother to keep men mindful of that greater love than which no man hath, before which even material love fades into nothing. And God has promised that even though a mother should fail to have pity on her child, He shall never forget.

First. All relations must have a normal and permanent character and be maintained by a regularly accredited ambassador. The principle of diplomatic reciprocity is not contested. A nuncio shall be sent to Paris, at the latest within one year after the arrival at Rome of the French Ambassador, both Governments having fully agreed upon the choice of the person and on the best moment for his coming to France.

Second. France asserts her desire to continue her traditional policy of protection towards the Catholics in the Orient, and claims as a natural counterpart the preservation of all prerogatives and privileges always granted to the official representatives of France in Palestine, in Syria, in Constantinople, and throughout the Levant. France evinces an equal concern about the maintenance of her rights in the Extreme Orient and, in a general way, wherever her interests concur with the interests of the Holy See.

Third. In Europe, as it stands today, the work of the Treaties inspired by the ideas of justice and national autonomy is apt to be strengthened by the pacifying influence of such a high moral power as the Pope's. France, therefore, who evinces her firm wish to maintain an international peace, at the same time true and lasting, earnestly hopes the Holy See will use all its influence to assist her in reaching such a legitimate goal and thereby contribute to a general pacification.

Fourth. The resumption of relations with the Holy See shall not carry with it any modifications in the present French legislation as regards worship, schools and associations. The French Government, of course, shall lay no claim to any of the advantages formerly enjoyed by virtue of the Concordat of 1801. They, however, expect that, as a consequence of the resumption of relations, the Roman Curia shall grant to them, so far as the choice of bishops is concerned, a treatment equal to that of the best favored nation among such as maintain a representative at the Vatican and are in a condition similar to France's.

Fifth. All possibility of misunderstanding must be discarded for the day when the President of the Republic shall have to return to the King of Italy the visit paid by the latter to both the French nation and the French army. It is only after his call at the Quirinal, and by starting from the French Embassy to the Holy See, that the Chief of the French State shall go to the Vatican, thereby following the example given by so many other rulers, and without this practice implying the least lack of respect towards the Holy See, to which all legitimate deference is due.

The diplomatic phase of the preparation for the return of the French Ambassador to the Vatican had thus come to a successful termination, but the Government Bill had yet to confront the dangers of the political discussion. It is known that the Commissions appointed to examine the bill contained a majority openly favorable to the project. But in those months of June and July, when the international situation was so grave and demanded the whole attention of the French Premier, an attempt was made to block the passing of the measure. It is hard to

discern the motives of those who were responsible for the delay, whether opposition to the contemplated reconciliation with the Holy See, or mere opposition to the Cabinet, or both.

If one asks now what are the chances of the bill in the French Houses, one may share the hopes of M. Maurice Barres, who does not admit a moment's doubt that the Parliament will vote for the restoration of the Embassy.—Julius A. Baisnee, S. S., D. D., in Catholic World.

DAWNING CONVICTION

With irresistible force, it is being borne in on men that human means are inadequate to save the structure of civilization, laboriously built up in the course of centuries, from complete collapse. Civilizations do not perish from dangers that come from without. Their deadliest enemy is within their own citadels. They disintegrate. They come to an end such as a living organism comes to exist when its vitality is exhausted and its soul has fled. As long as this internal vitality remains, there is great vigor to ward off inimical influences from without and there are astonishing powers of recuperation. But when the inner vitality has become lowered, the forces hostile to life triumph, and hopes are abandoned.

This is the plight of our civilization at the present moment. It has well-nigh lost its inner vitality, and, in consequence, is less able to resist attacks from without and helpless against the insidious powers of dissolution that bore from within. The soul of our civilization is the Christian religion. Christianity has built up our racial life. All our social institutions draw their inspiration and the sap by which they thrive from Christian principles. Western civilization is essentially a Christian product. Now, ever since the disastrous "Reformation," modern civilization has been moving away from Christianity. This process has been called secularization. It is well-nigh complete at the present day. To anyone who has eyes to see, this means that our civilization is in imminent danger of losing its soul, and thereby of being deprived of its principle of vitality. It is fast forfeiting the inner bond, the unifying power that is indispensable to every living structure. Its gradual dissolution would thus become only a question of time. Before our very eyes we see it go to pieces. It is holding together largely by the momentum of the past. There is only one remedy; that is that it be rejuvenated, that it be revitalized, that it return to those principles from which, originally, it drew its life and its youthful vigor. But that is saying that our civilization must be rechristianized. That will be its salvation and its restoration to vigor and youth. If our civilization finds its soul again, it will live and enter upon a second spring and an indefinite lease of life.

The first wedge between Christianity and civilization was entered by the "Reformation." Since that time the breach has widened. In turn, the individual, the family and society were for the most part weaned away from Christianity. This was like taking a plant out of its congenial soil and allowing it to wither in the sun. Everyone of our distinctly modern evils dates from the inglorious and fatal days of the "Reformation." The spirit of insubordination, the breaking up of family life, the dissolution of social ties go back to those fatal days. Slowly, but inevitably, the seeds then sown have ripened. In our days all but the last shreds of Christianity have been discarded, and our civilization is at the brink of the abyss. This is not too gloomy a picture of the signs of the times.

Happily, however, our generation is beginning to read these signs. It is learning the great lesson of history. Men of authority and political experience are exhorting religion to return to Christianity and society we must perish. The descent towards revolution and chaos is swift. The only thing that can now arrest our rapid progress towards ruin is religion and, to be more accurate, Christianity. This conviction is growing and it is well calculated to hasten the return to Christianity. All it will do is to hasten the return to Christianity. It is learning the great lesson of history. Men of authority and political experience are exhorting religion to return to Christianity and society we must perish. The descent towards revolution and chaos is swift. The only thing that can now arrest our rapid progress towards ruin is religion and, to be more accurate, Christianity. This conviction is growing and it is well calculated to hasten the return to Christianity.

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PEARL LA SAGE, DEPT. 40

The Catholic Record

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Advertisements for teachers, situations, etc., 25 cents each insertion. Remittance accompany the order.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCT. 23, 1920

THE CULTURE AND INTELLECT OF ENGLAND REVOLTS

We published last week a remarkably outspoken protest against the "military lynch law" which now obtains in Ireland.

ERNEST BARKER, Lieut-Colonel; served through the South African War and was Commandant of the Army Signal School for several years up to the outbreak of the Great War.

PHILIP GIBBS had published several novels and historical studies such as Founders of the Empire, and The Romance of Empire, etc., before he became world famous as the great war correspondent whose articles were read with intense interest throughout the English-speaking world.

CHARLES GORE of aristocratic stock and great natural ability received the best education England could give.

HUBERT GOUGH—General Sir Hubert Gough distinguished himself in the South African War and since that time has been in the front rank of British Generals.

J. L. HAMMOND is a journalist eminent for many years. Editor of the Speaker, leader-writer on the Tribune and the Daily News; like most of the intellectual leaders of England, was educated at Oxford.

Desmond McCarthy is a surgeon in the Royal Navy and his contributions to literature are of a technical nature, highly useful and effective in bringing about desirable ameliorations affecting the health and efficiency of sailors.

L. T. HOBBHOUSE, Professor of Sociology in London University since 1907, born 1864, was, like Hammond, the son of a distinguished clergyman.

JOHN MASEFIELD is well known as a poet and playwright. His publications are too widely known to need enumeration.

C. E. MONTAGUE, like so many others who signed the protest, was educated at Oxford.

GILBERT MURRAY, M.A. (Oxford) LL.D., (Glasgow), and quite a formidable list of degrees from various other seats of learning.

C. P. SCOTT is also the product of Oxford University; Editor of the Manchester Guardian and Governor of Manchester University.

H. G. WELLS is the author of many novels during the past 25 years, contributes freely to current English literature, and is often heard from public platforms.

BASIL WILLIAMS, like most of the others, is middle-aged, born in 1867, Educated at Oxford, served in the South African War.

Brief though the foregoing sketches be they are sufficient to show that the thirteen men who signed the public protest against the brutalities of the present regime in Ireland are representative of the culture and the intellect of England.

It is "only human," too, that, after Irish homes had been raided at the rate of two thousand a week for a year, some few Irishmen should have begun to burn police barracks and kill policemen.

than the politicians whose criminal folly is execrated by all that is best in England.

"Few Englishmen have any idea of the length to which this policy [of repression] has been carried."

There is no blinking the fact that, as General Gough bluntly puts it, the authorities are not only encouraging but screening the foulest atrocities.

And it is well, it is imperatively necessary, to remind the people of England of what ought to be a patent and outstanding truth, that "in Ireland Englishmen are judged by their actions alone."

In the interest of good-will, for the sake of faith in human nature, and as affording ground for the hope of better things, we urge our friends to read, and read again, the document published over names that represent more truly than the politicians, the culture and civilization of England.

Will the voice of civilized and cultured England be heard amid the clamor and clashing of selfish interests? Times when the way to power was to flatter one's sycophantic way in the courts of powerful Kings.

Lloyd George is a past master in the despicable art of the modern courtier—yet, we believe and hope.

THE FINAL COURT OF FAITH AND MORALS

"There should be a law against it," is the fervent wish often expressed whenever anything happens that disturbs the crude notions of propriety half-formed in minds untrained to serious thinking and uninformed as to the scope and object of positive civil law.

One of the most amusing instances of such appeal to the civil power to square things with its individual likes and dislikes is that of the Christian Guardian which in large type expressive of its intense feeling has this on its front page:

And lest anyone should misunderstand the cause of this outburst of righteous indignation and fervid erastianism it adds:

It is "only human," too, that, after Irish homes had been raided at the rate of two thousand a week for a year, some few Irishmen should have begun to burn police barracks and kill policemen.

with the civil contract. If the State is to be the final court of appeal in the matter of Christian marriage, then a spiritual guide of the Methodist persuasion would be bound in the United States to recognize the present wife of a much divorced man as his "lawful" wife even though a round half dozen of ex-wives were still living.

A Congregationalist minister, discussing the question of "Christianity and Marriage," said that "we should not blind ourselves to the grim challenge of a widespread sensualism. Unchastity has ceased to disturb the consciences of multitudes who in all other respects are straightforward and honorable."

Catholics who believe that marriage is one of the seven Sacraments instituted by Christ can not trust the civil powers in such circumstances to guard the sanctity and inviolability of holy matrimony.

The worst danger of all is the ignorance, levity, and frivolity with which men and women enter into marriage relationship. The giggling and cackling of middle-aged fools at wedding feasts is a correct symbol of all that many understand by the sacrament of marriage.

Neither Prussian nor Turk nor any other race has historical pre-eminence in brutality when the red record of English brutality in Ireland is read and understood.

We wonder what the Guardian means by "violations of constitutional rights"?

A constitutional right in Canada is one conferred and guaranteed by the British North America Act which CONSTITUTED Canada.

Of course, Dublin Castle does not post up orders to do these things; it only looks the other way and permits them to be done, and then says it is "only human."

ONLY HUMAN

General Sir Neville McCready, Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's Army in Ireland, did not say that the Black and Tans had cause to do justice themselves; he said it was only human for them to do justice themselves since there was no chance of its being done through the courts.

It is "only human," too, that, after Irish homes had been raided at the rate of two thousand a week for a year, some few Irishmen should have begun to burn police barracks and kill policemen.

Mr. Lloyd George, too, has taken up this "only human" apology or something equivalent to it. Well, he knows something of human weakness too. It is human to surrender a principle when it goes out of fashion; and he is human enough to do that.

Mr. Lloyd George's human weaknesses manifest themselves not only in Irish politics, but in English politics. It was "only human" for him to knife his leader Mr. Asquith, and to take advantage of popular emotion to make himself Prime Minister.

Human nature has had many a riot of evil-doing in Ireland; and it was always considered by English statesmen to be "only human" to encourage the worst manifestations of it.

What is there about pillage and frightfulness that is distinctively Prussian? The sacking and burning of the French and Belgian towns had precedents which no Englishman who knew Anglo-Irish history, in any age since the first English occupation, could ascribe peculiarly to the Prussians.

The sack of Balbriggan was a manifestation of human nature; not more so than the sack of Louvain, but just as much. The Turks are not the only people who have believed in forced emigration; Lord French believes in right now, and says so.

Of course, Dublin Castle does not post up orders to do these things; it only looks the other way and permits them to be done, and then says it is "only human."

Mr. Lloyd George does not announce a policy of general reprisals for the acts of a few; (and the Government's own statement says they are the acts of only a few); but he takes the platform to say it is only human, quite natural that those reprisals should be made.

It is "only human" also to refrain from punishing those who took part in such atrocities as those at Balbriggan and Tubercourry. The Prussians talked of what they would do to officers and men who committed atrocities; and they did just what Mr. Lloyd George is doing and going to do; and that is, nothing whatever.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE LONDON (England) man who in the matter of postal production claims to have outdistanced all others, having written one "poem" per day for twenty years, or a grand total of over six thousand, might have been kinder to his own reputation had he written but one in the twenty years.

deavor, it is quality, not quantity that counts.

THE DEPARTURE of the first missionary for China from the China Mission College, Almonte, in the person of Rev. J. J. Sammon, is an event which may have far-reaching consequences.

THE FINING under the Lord's Day Act of a returned soldier for working on his house on a Sunday under what he pleaded was stress of necessity, is one of these incidents which tend to create popular distrust of and dissatisfaction with enactments of the kind.

LORD GREY'S PROPOSAL

"THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE IS TO CALL ON IRISHMEN TO SETTLE THEIR OWN PROBLEM"

We publish on our front page today a communication of the highest importance on the Irish question from Viscount Grey of Fallodon, whose right to speak on this subject will be questioned by none of his countrymen.

THIS IS what under the circumstances normal men and women would call an act of simple Christian charity. Not so, however, another neighbor, who promptly took it upon himself to lay information against the printer, with the result that he was brought into court and fined, the presiding magistrate remarking at the same time that while under the Act he had no option but to impose the fine he had not words to express his contempt for the man who had laid the information.

AT THE same time we are bound to say that the generality of Catholics in this generation are far from having that keen sense of the sanctity of the Sunday which was characteristic of their fathers.

AS EMPHASIZING the many evils which spring from neglect of this precept the Cardinal cited from a prediction made by the Blessed Virgin herself in one of her apparitions, to the effect that grave conse-

quences would befall France if the people, as many have done, continued to profane and usurp the day which her Divine Son had set apart as His own.

THE FRUIT CROP tragedy in the Niagara peninsula and elsewhere in Ontario is in some respects the greatest scandal that Canada has ever known.

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Therefore, Lord Grey proposes a definite announcement of three cardinal points to the Irish people or

all parties—(1) that there can be only one Foreign Policy, one Army and one Navy, and that we cannot stand a separation in these matters any more than the North could stand the separation of the South in the United States; (2) that with this exception, Irishmen will be as free as the peoples of the great self-governing Dominions to settle for themselves how their country is to be governed; (3) that the British Government will continue to perform as best it can the function of government in Ireland for a period not to exceed two years, but that at the end of that period, or sooner, if Ireland is ready, it will withdraw, arranging, if need be, fair terms for the Constabulary and others who have served it, and after that the responsibility for Irish government will be on Irishmen themselves. The third of these limitations is in Lord Grey's view, vital, and nothing short of it will create the sense of responsibility which will enable Irishmen to solve their own problem.

We believe that Lord Grey is right, and that in the situation we have now reached no lesser measure will serve. If the present demoralisation continues, we may even reach a point when immediate evacuation of British forces comes to be demanded as the sole means of saving our country from an intolerable vendetta. No one who reads the official apology for present events which appears today in the Daily Chronicle can be in the least reassured. That reveals only too plainly the steps by which a disordered country may slip into an authorised anarchy, the murder campaign of the extremists being answered by the indiscriminate violence of the Police, and the immunity of the one being pleaded as an excuse for not disciplining the other. The Sinn Fein murders are atrocious, but it is admitted that the guilty are comparatively few, and the wild justice of Black and Tan revenge falls indiscriminately on innocent and guilty. We cannot go further along this path without destroying our good name and earning the condemnation which we ourselves have passed upon those who practise terrorism, whether Persians or Bolsheviks. The Irish can do no worse disservice to the British than to drag them down to these levels.

Let us say again that the vast mass of Englishmen look with the deepest dismay at the whole course of events which is driving them in this direction. It is not in accordance with their character or history, and they have no mind to be pilloried before the world as successors to the Habsburgs and the Romanoffs. They feel it a peculiar injustice that, after many attempts to solve the Irish question, they should be brought to this conclusion by what most of them feel to be an Irish failure to settle an Irish problem. But there is no escape for them, so long as their Governments attempt to impose British settlements, or British compacts with one or other of the Irish parties. So long as that method is pursued, the responsibility must remain British, and the consequences will fall on Great Britain. The alternative, and we believe now the only alternative, is, as Lord Grey proposes, to state our minimum necessary demands, to call upon Irishmen to settle their own problem, and to give notice that they must settle it within a certain period, after which we shall withdraw our machinery of government. —Westminster Gazette.

ANARCHISTS ALL

LLOYD GEORGE'S COLLEAGUES PREPARED GROUND, SOWN THE SEED AND NOW REAP HARVEST OF ANARCHY Mr. Lloyd George argues quite soundly in his letter to his candidate at Ilford that anarchism is the natural enemy of democracy. He could have said it not only truly but effectively at the time when the House of Lords tried to break the Constitution in order to deliver their class from its fair share of taxation under Mr. Lloyd George's Budget or when excited demagogues were vowing to use "direct" force in order to frustrate Mr. Lloyd George's law of health insurance for the housemaids. Unluckily, he has since spoilt the force of the words in his own mouth. The teachers of anarchy whose precepts are now most widely quoted and most highly valued by the parties of disorder everywhere in the Empire are either Mr. Lloyd George's Ministerial colleagues or warm supporters of his Coalition. His Lord Chancellor is known by everyone to have been a party to a conspiracy to procure a violent rebellion if the conspirators could not get what they wanted from the King and his Government by intimidation alone. Mr. Lloyd George is kept in office by politicians who have avowed their hopes of seducing the army from its loyalty and boasted of their skill in importing German rifles to kill more loyal subjects. Mr. Smalley, a former lesser Labour leader, has said some unwise things, but has any of them on his record such an admission as Sir Edward Carson's: "The Attorney General says that I am taking lead to anarchy. Does he not think I know that?" or the same direct actionist's declaration that he intended, when he went over to Ulster, "to break every law that was possible." And now Mr. Lloyd George is at the head of a Government whose own administration of the law in Ireland has sunk into a form of anarchy, with frequent

murder and arson as some of the activities of the disorderly instruments which it pays but cannot control. The restoration of law and order, and orderly government is the sorest need of this country as it is of others. But Mr. Lloyd George's Cabinet are not among the tried friends of that cause. A famous little book called "The Grammar of Anarchy" is now being used all over the world as a kind of Anarchist's Bible, and it is composed simply and solely of incitements to riot, rebellion, and lynching quoted word for word from public speeches made by colleagues or political supporters of Mr. Lloyd George. No well-known Labour orator has ever approached the contents of this manual of crime in directness of excitement or in contemptuous disregard of an obligation to use caution in investigating direct action. "We may yet come to a direct and definite trial of strength in this country between those who attach paramount importance to the civic duty of keeping the peace and obeying the law and those who, as often as they cannot carry a majority with them, want to break the whole machinery of national joint action in order that their particular minority may get its way. If we do so, the peace of order and law will have no place in it for anarchists, either Tory or Communist. The Garsons and Birkenheads and the "class war" incendiaries are merely examples of the same temper applied to different sets of party aims. If Mr. Lloyd George were to try to get up a stage fight at a general election between the fanatical authors of "The Grammar of Anarchy" and the opposite set of fanatics who now circulate it, the huge majority of Englishmen, who do not seem to value law and order, would simply turn disgusted away and feel that the return to honest representative government was put off once more." —The Manchester Guardian.

A GREAT SOLDIER ON IRELAND

BRITISH SOLDIERS ARE "PUPILS IN A SCHOOL OF FREE AND EASY MURDER, ARSON AND ROBBERY"

In the course of a letter, which we print elsewhere, General Sir Hubert Gough draws attention to a side of the murderous police riots in Ireland which nobody in England can afford to forget. A large armed force without discipline is not a thing that you can use while it suits you and then drop in the hope that you will hear no more of it. In the medieval Europe the demobilized soldier was almost as great a terror to his own country as he had been to its enemies before. The more exact and drastic discipline of modern European armies, except in Turkey, has long lessened that public danger. To unobscured persons it may often have seemed a discipline too rigid and peremptory, but it is only by this exceptional strictness that you can train men to kill and destroy and at the same time maintain in them habits of inhibition which make them remain as little likely as their people to kill their unoffending neighbors or burn their fellow-countrymen's houses. There is sound psychology in a military code which makes it a crime for a soldier off duty to draw his bayonet, except to clean it or to retain an unused round of ammunition after being at the range. Sir Hubert Gough says truly that in France, where officers of all ranks were often sorely tempted to be easy-going with sorely tried men, regard was always had to this great antiseptic, without which any armed force must soon begin to rot. Whether there be any official complicity in the Irish police riots, or merely reckless sloth and incapacity, Ireland has now become a place where more and more men, highly paid out of the taxes, are learning to be unfaithful and dangerous rascals. Whether the uniformed rioters there be called soldiers, policemen or "Black and Tans"—they are certainly not soldierly,—they are pupils in a school of free and easy murder, arson and robbery which is more easily opened than it can afterwards be closed. And most of the finished pupils from this school we have got, at some time or other, to have back in England, probably to add their new accomplishments to the present equipment of the sturdy beggar and the rascaceous rough.—Manchester Guardian Editorial.

THOUSANDS OFFER PRAYERS FOR LORD MAYOR OF CORK

Dublin, Oct. 28.—Day by day, Dublin has had the spectacle of the workers "downing tools" to attend Mass for the Lord Mayor of Cork and the other prisoners. To the number of 4,000 the employees of one of the largest concerns in the world, matched in military order to the parish church, upwards of a thousand of them, whom the church could not accommodate, knelt in the surrounding streets. Close on 6,000 tramway employees made similar intercession. For two hours the trams of the City stood still while the men made their appeal to God. The hands in the business houses have done likewise. Idle counters testified that the country's spirit was in travail. Batches of men were to

be seen in the streets daily, marching to Mass. The story circulated in the United States that the prisoners in Cork were being massaged with nutritious oils has been flatly contradicted by the doctors. Medical attention having ceased, one may say that something beyond human power has kept them alive. At the moment of writing, the boy prisoner, John Hennessy— he is still under twenty—has but short intervals of consciousness. Outside one small corner of Ireland, all classes, sections, and creeds unite in condemning the inhuman system that is causing this catastrophe. Archbishop Spence of Adelaide has been profoundly affected by his visit to Cork Jail. He spoke of the men as heroes suffering and dying for the freedom of their native land. He blessed their relatives, saying—"My prayers will be offered for your comfort under the cross that God has placed on you."

ST. JEROME

POPE ISSUES AN ENCYCLICAL COMMEMORATING 15TH CENTENARY

Rome, Oct. 7.—On the occasion of the fifteenth centenary of the death of St. Jerome, His Holiness has issued an Encyclical Letter, on the great Doctor of the Church and his work. The title is Spiritus Paraclitis. The following summary appears in the Osservatore Romano:

Among the saints who have adorned the Catholic Church not only with the splendor of doctrine, St. Jerome must surely take a foremost place: Saint in many ways, ascetic, penitent, and Doctor aided by God to interpret the Sacred Scriptures. On the fifteenth centenary of his death the August Pontiff has drawn a picture of his merits in an Encyclical, with the particular object of teaching the great precepts regarding the study of Sacred Scripture contained in the immortal Encyclical Providentissimus Deus of Leo XIII.

He treats first of all the life of the great Doctor, who was born at Stridon in Dalmatia, baptized in Rome, and consecrated the whole of his long life to the study and explanation of the Bible. While still young, having hardily learned Greek and Latin, he set himself to interpret the prophet Abdias, and so great was his enthusiasm in this first effort in exegesis that he determined to give up everything and go to the East to complete his biblical studies in the very place sanctified by the Divine Redeemer. There, while giving himself up at the same time to the strictest penitence and the closest study, he left nothing undone in his attempt at progress in sacred doctrine.

PUPIL OF APOLLINARIUS

He himself tells us that he was a pupil of Apollinaris of Laodicea of Antioch and that he learned Hebrew and Chaldean from a convert Jew in the desert of Syria. For three years he was at Constantinople at the school of St. Gregory Nazianzen; then he returned to Rome, where he was of great service to Pope Damasus in the affairs of the Church. But here too, in spite of the great work of his new office, he never gave up his chosen studies, and being charged by the Pontiff to correct the Latin version of the New Testament he carried out the work so well that it is the admiration of the learned even today. But he always looked towards the Holy Places, and as soon as Pope Damasus died he made his way to Bethlehem, and having built a refuge near the Presbytery of Ortos, he gave himself up entirely to prayer and the Sacred Scripture. Still he did not consider he was sufficiently prepared in the knowledge of Scripture, and he wandered through Palestine in search of masters and texts to consult. It was thus that, while enriching his mind with new knowledge, he could carry out that immense labor of scriptural exegesis and polemics which stamps him the Doctor of the Sacred Scriptures given by Providence.

TRUTH OF HOLY SCRIPTURE

Having thus summed up the life of St. Jerome, the Sovereign Pontiff goes on to consider his teaching on the Divine dignity and the absolute truthfulness of the Bible. He says that from all the writings of the Doctor it is clear that he held firmly with the Catholic Church that the Sacred Books, written under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, have God for their Author, and as such, have been given to the Church itself. The Holy Father confirms this with many instances taken from the numerous works of St. Jerome, particularly those against heretics. Together with this teaching of St. Jerome are illustrated the solemn declarations of Leo VIII. on the absolute immunity of the Sacred Scriptures from error. The Pope then goes on to lament the levity and the pride of those who openly repudiate the infallible magisterium of the Church on this point, or underhandedly combat it. He approves indeed the zeal of those who give themselves to the study of texts and the varied researches in science and philosophy in order to overcome difficulties that he deplores the conduct of such as fall from the right path through neglect of the teaching of Leo XIII. and the Fathers. He calls special attention to the objections arising from the sciences, physical and historical, to conclude that the inspiration of Scripture cannot be limited to any particular part of it, nor can a double truth in it, absolute and rela-

tive, be admitted. Then he urges that in the seminaries and schools an exact conception is given of that inspiration as it has been handed down, not only by the Popes and Fathers, but by Christ Himself.

BIBLICAL STUDY

His Holiness enjoins on all, on the lines traced by St. Jerome, the reading and study of the Sacred Scripture, wherein is to be found the food for the spiritual life and the guide to the heights of Christian perfection. To such he devotes themselves to the explanation and teaching of the Bible he points out that the duty of all who thus comment is to put forth not their own opinion but that which was intended by the author; for it is a terrible danger if by false interpretation of the Gospel of Christ the gospel of a man should be propounded. Better than the flower of oratory is sound learning and the candor of fraternal discussion.

The Pope concludes that fifteen hundred years after his death, St. Jerome is more than ever living, thus his voice resounds wonderfully from his works; he proclaims the importance, the integrity and the historical authority of the Scriptures; he speaks of the great benefits to be derived from careful reading of them, he exhorts return to the practice of the Christian life, and he repeats once more the warning that the See of Peter especially for the piety and love of the Italians in who land it was divinely established, must be held in such honor, and must enjoy such liberty, as is absolutely required by the dignity and the very exercise of the Apostolic Office. He prays, too, that those Christian peoples who are unhappily separated from the Mother Church, specially the well-beloved Orientals, may return anew to her in whom alone is all hope of eternal salvation.

CORK

ITS LORD MAYOR TRUE TO EARLY TRADITIONS

CITY FOUNDED BY ST. FINBAR, A HERMIT

By N. C. W. G. News Service Washington, D. C., Sept. 25.—The long fact of the Lord Mayor of Cork lends interest to the city over which he presided and the office which he held. These are treated briefly in a bulletin issued by the National Geographic Society.

"Cork, third city of Ireland," says the Bulletin, bears a very superficial resemblance to our own New York in that its nucleus is situated on an island enclosed by two arms of a river where its waters meet a bay. The comparison soon becomes a contrast, however, for Cork is a city of less than 80,000 souls, has few public buildings or thoroughfares of importance, and was built on a low, swampy site instead of on the rocky ribs of mother earth.

"The stream that enfolds Cork back to the River Lee which rises in a little lake to the north. From a tiny island in the lake came the pious hermit, St. Finbar, who established a monastery on the island at the mouth of the river in the seventh century, and from this start the present city has grown. Both the Catholic and Protestant cathedrals of Cork are dedicated to this early Irish saint.

"At the head of one of the finest harbors in Ireland—a landlocked cove whose waters are as placid as those of a lake—Cork has been the subject since its establishment to attacks by sea marauders. Invading Danes burned the city in 821 and again in 1012, and after the second destruction founded on the site a Danish trading post. The Irish, again in control of the city, submitted to the English, in 1172, who for many years maintained a precarious foothold.

"The Irish eventually regained Cork not by force of arms but by 'infiltration,' for before a great white flag was hoisted over the city, the most Irish city in Ireland its government entirely in the hands of the people of Erin.

LORD MAYOR BEREAVED IN 1492

"A tragedy overtook Cork the year Columbus discovered America and was visited most heavily on the Lord Mayor. During that year the city received and assisted Perkin Warbeck, pretender to the English throne. The Mayor lost his head and the city its charter.

"Cork's wonderful harbor has given it a maritime importance since early days. Recognition of this fact is seen in the title of Admiral of the Port bestowed on the Lord Mayor of Cork by Edward IV. and held by the Lords Mayor to the present day. In a triennial ceremony the Lords Mayor evidence their right to the title of Admiral by casting a dart out over the harbor.

"Queenstown, at the head of the outer harbor, and practically a part of Cork, is the port of call and departure for trans-Atlantic liners. This fact has made Cork a city of interest to many, for perhaps a million or more men and women, in largest part mere boys and girls forced by economic pressure to seek trade, have there bidden good-bye with set faces and streaming eyes to the land they love so well.

HUNDREDS DIED FROM HUNGER

"When Ireland suffered what was perhaps the most pathetic of its tribulations, the famine of 1847, Cork became the center of its sorrows. Thousands of miserable, emaciated creatures made their way there from all over Ireland hoping to gain passage to America. Hundreds

died of hunger along the roads leading to the city and in its very streets.

"While there are practically no points of great interest in Cork, close by is one of the best known and most frequently visited spots in all Ireland. It is the ruined tower of Blarney Castle, stronghold of Cormac McCarthy, who legend has it, instructed by an old hag he had rescued, to kiss one of the stones of the tower—the famous 'Blarney Stone'—became irresistibly eloquent. On the picturesque, wooded shores of the spacious and beautiful harbor of Cork are many pleasant resorts and fine country places. One of the latter, Tivoli, the home of Sir Walter Raleigh, is on the estate given by Queen Elizabeth. Edmund Spenser was the recipient of many acres at the same period. In Kilmacanogue Castle, near Cork, he wrote 'The Faerie Queene.'"

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

THE CHURCH AND HER MISSIONARIES

"The Church is the 'Extension of the Incarnation,' which, considered in its redemptive aspect, necessarily brings with it the Church as an organ of the redemption wrought by Christ. The Church was instituted by Our Lord, that to the end of time He might continue the work which he began, that all men might learn the glad tidings of joy, and be made partakers of the salvation that flows from Calvary."

Thus does a contemporary writer speak of the Church continuing among men the work begun by Christ. Mohler in his famous and justly prized work, "Symbolism," says of her: "The Church, considered from one point of view, is the living figure of Christ manifesting Himself and working through all ages, whose stoning and redeeming acts, in consequence, eternally repeats and unintermittently continues. The Redeemer not merely lived eighteen hundred years ago, so that he has since disappeared, and we retain but an historical remembrance of Him as one deceased, but He is, on the contrary, eternally living in His Church; and in the Sacrament of the Altar He hath manifested this in a sensible manner to creatures endowed with human senses. He is the announcement of His Word, the abiding teacher; in baptism He perpetually receives the children of men into His Communion; in the tribunal of penance, He pardons the contrite sinner; strengthens rising youth with the power of His Spirit in Confirmation; breathes into the bride groom and the bride a higher conception of nuptial relations; unites Himself most intimately with all who sigh for eternal life, under the form of bread and wine; consoles the dying in extreme unction; and in holy orders institutes the organ whereby He worketh all this with never-tiring activity."

It would be difficult to make clearer the present relations of God with the individual soul. The great question of individual responsibility is here indirectly discussed and every perplexity vanishes when we realize that Christ the Son of God still speaks to us through His Church and directs us in our ordinary duties. It was this Christ meant when He said "Behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world." It is all important for the individual then that he have the Church to save him. In fact it is almost impossible for him to be saved without her ministry. It was this thought which so stirred the ardent zeal of St. Paul that he wrote to his Roman converts: "Brethren, by the will of my heart, I beseech you, pray for me, for for them unto salvation." Having shown Christ to be their one and only hope he, quoting the prophet Joel to emphasize that God would allow no prayer of good will to remain unheard, "for whosoever call upon the name of the Lord, shall be saved," proceeds and exclaims, "How then shall they call upon him, in whom they have not believed? Or how shall they believe him, of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear, without a preacher?"

The task of reaching souls either pagan or with faith so weakened that it is far from being that guiding force in their lives which it ought to be, has always been one filled with great trouble and anxiety for those who attempt it. In general, however, the policy of the missionaries has been to gain the good will of the senior members of the nation or family without hoping much from them by way of conversion. True, even among the older people God's grace is not sterile and we often have results most surprising, but the missionary places his chief hope in the young. They can be taught the necessity of practicing Christian virtue and can be successfully trained in its practices. Their habits are not yet formed and their virtues have not yet become like old and deep-rooted weeds almost impossible to eradicate. And, if the parent, for one cause or another, entrusts his child to the care and authority of the missionary and gives him the sanction of parental authority at home great results can be achieved even under circumstances that at first sight are by no means encouraging.

On all sides we have heard of the difficulties of our Rutenian problem. For our own part we have never tried in any way to deny how very serious they are. We recognize only too well that they are stern realities

but this has not in any way deterred us from facing them. There is one bright spot and that is the earnest wish on the part of these people to receive a sound education. They will be glad to know that in their midst are schools fully able to prepare them for Canadian life. Above all they want to learn English and be ready to carry on their business under such circumstances as are common to all. They wish to have the advantages that are necessary for their condition of life and are by no means hostile to Christian education. In fact by taking advantage of this very state of mind the sects gained their first hold among them. We can therefore reach the children and it is our duty to reach them and do all we can to save their Christian faith. Our first duty to these Catholic people is to show them that in their translation to a new country they must not lose that inheritance of Christian faith which, through the Providence of God, until now they were able to keep. Who does not know that the zealous priest can accomplish among such a population untold good and bring under our conditions of prosperity and peace that lively spirit of faith which is a certain result of the sacraments being well and constantly received. It was to give these people a well trained and zealous clergy that we have established our Ruthenian Catholic College, and it is surely not too much to hope that with the blessing of God much success will follow from its labours.

That this is fully understood by energetic Catholics we have positive proof. This morning's mail brought a cheque of \$500 to carry on our work and we are greatly encouraged to believe that this good layman will have imitators. Give to our Ruthenian College all the assistance you can.

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. DONATIONS Previously acknowledged \$8,779 08

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THE TIDE IN EUROPE HAS TURNED

By Hilaire Belloc

The most important element in the settlement of Europe following upon the great War has been left out of most of our discussions. It will appear very vividly and inevitably in the near future because it is vital and permanent. It is the element of religious division. Modern patriotism is a very great force, but it is a force less permanent—more fluctuating than the force of religious division, and it is also a force more variable in its definition. The force of religious division is very slow-changing, all-pervading, subtle and yet determinate in its effects, and it has been left out.

The tide in Europe has turned. The tide has turned. There is one bright spot and that is the earnest wish on the part of these people to receive a sound education. They will be glad to know that in their midst are schools fully able to prepare them for Canadian life. Above all they want to learn English and be ready to carry on their business under such circumstances as are common to all. They wish to have the advantages that are necessary for their condition of life and are by no means hostile to Christian education. In fact by taking advantage of this very state of mind the sects gained their first hold among them. We can therefore reach the children and it is our duty to reach them and do all we can to save their Christian faith. Our first duty to these Catholic people is to show them that in their translation to a new country they must not lose that inheritance of Christian faith which, through the Providence of God, until now they were able to keep. Who does not know that the zealous priest can accomplish among such a population untold good and bring under our conditions of prosperity and peace that lively spirit of faith which is a certain result of the sacraments being well and constantly received. It was to give these people a well trained and zealous clergy that we have established our Ruthenian Catholic College, and it is surely not too much to hope that with the blessing of God much success will follow from its labours.

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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 unprepared! Missionaries are urgently needed to go to that rescue.

China Mission College, Almonte Ontario, Canada, is for the education of priests for China. It has already fourteen students, and many more are applying for admission. Unfortunately funds are lacking to accept them all. China is crying out for missionaries. Are you 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 Bursar.

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Beyond and above the highest moral and intellectual virtues, the soul needs the religious life—born of communion with Heaven and fed by holy influences from above. It alone is able to deliver men from their bondage and their burdens. Life's work will be done cheerfully when we feel with every fibre of our being that God assigns the task. Life's burden will be borne patiently when we reflect that God has placed upon our shoulders. Furthermore, the religious life spells growth. He who yearns for a growing life must have some star to steer by while sailing the countless sea of Life. The star is man's ideal. It regulates his life, fashions his character, influences his will. It is the ideal that beckons man to the uplands of the spirit, to the life of holiness.—Rabbi Adolph Guttmacher, Ph. D.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. M. BOSSAERT

TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

THE THINGS THAT ARE GOD'S

"Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's." These, my dear brethren, are the words of our divine Saviour in today's Gospel. Since worldly rulers are entitled to levy from their subjects taxes and tributes, and since subjects are in duty bound to pay said taxes and tributes, is not God, the supreme ruler of heaven and earth, likewise entitled to levy tributes from His subjects, the Christians, and is it not our duty, who have nothing that we have not from Him, to render tribute to this supreme Ruler? True, this tribute can not be a worldly tribute—it must be a spiritual one. What spiritual tributes it is, that which God has the right to demand of us, and which we must render to God? Dear brethren, God gave us the gift of time, and in time He gave us the means to gain eternity. Time is therefore for us a precious treasure, which God put in our custody and by means of which we are enabled to gain even more precious treasures. From this treasure God is entitled to demand tribute, the tribute of time.

(1) It is proper, therefore, that we pay this tribute, and there is in the first place the daily tribute of time. God demands His share of every one of our days. Our day has twenty-four hours, and the very first part of the day, the morning hour, should be dedicated to God. Our first thought upon awakening from sleep should belong to God. This is the daily tribute due to God, namely, that we perform our morning prayer, thanking God for His benefits and protection during the night, and asking His graces for the new day; and as the day proceeds, we should from time to time turn our thoughts to the Lord of time and eternity. In whatever occupation we may be engaged, it is an easy matter once in a while to send up a short prayer to heaven. "Render to God the things that are God's." God will appreciate his daily tribute from us, and we may be certain that the seconds and minutes devoted to the contemplation of God and to prayer will secure for us many graces from God.

(2) In the second place, there is the weekly tribute of time due to God, and that is Sunday. There are seven days in the week, and on these God has accorded to man six days for his own worldly welfare, but the seventh day He demands for Himself. This seventh day, the day of rest from worldly occupation, should be applied to the service of God. Remember that thou keepeth the Sabbath is the third of the Commandments of God. Render to God the things that are God's. And this is a true tribute to God that on the seventh day we do God's work; that we attend church services and avoid anything that would interfere with the sanctification of this day, such as sin and frivolous entertainment. On this day it is forbidden to do any work that is not absolutely necessary. There is no better manner, of course, to sanctify the Sunday than by receiving Holy Communion on this day.

(3) A further tribute of our time is demanded by God on various days throughout the year. There are, for instance, the fast days and the holy seasons, such as Lent, Advent, Ember days, etc. It is our duty to pay tribute to God by observing these special days and seasons in the manner prescribed by the Church. Remember that Jesus fasted for forty days in the desert to atone for our sins. Let us, therefore, undertake willingly and gladly any works of devotion and mortification that the Church advises and prescribes for the honor of God and for our own salvation. Render to God the things that are God's. Many Christians spend day after day in their worldly occupation, and while they may not devote their time to things that are evil, neither do they think of giving any of their time to the thought of God; they believe that by attending Holy Mass on Sundays they do all that can be expected of them. But God who gave us time to work for our salvation in eternity expects a tribute from this precious gift in the form of pious thought and prayer, and it is our obligation to pay to God every day. These prayers are most conveniently and most properly performed in the manner of evening and morning prayer, and a Catholic Christian is bound to say these prayers regularly and devoutly. By praying to God in all our actions, or at least as often as we can during the day, we may be sure that God will in a special way remember us and bestow upon us His choicest blessings. After all, the time that God has given us for our life is but short and it behooves us to put it to the best use for the eternal welfare of our immortal souls. Amen.

YOUR CHILDREN'S READING

It ought to be superfluous to tell parents that the daily papers are unfit reading for their children; but, unfortunately, it is not. Parents in the majority of cases do not seem to care what their children read so long as it is nothing worse than that of other children. The dailies contain bald and unvarnished accounts of crimes of which every child should be ignorant. It seems absurd to cry out against vicious literature, and while children are permitted to revel in the details of unsavory divorce

suits and scandals which ought to make even older persons blush for shame. The most sensational story may injure the powers of a child's mind and inflame his imagination; but as a rule it does not familiarize him with immorality of the day in so intimate and dangerous a manner as do the columns of the average daily paper. The very advertisements in many of them are suggestive of evil; and no parent ought to allow his young son or daughter to wander at his or her will through the fields of print outspread before them to boundlessly.—Catholic, Columbia.

THE HOME AND THE FAMILY

Blessed is the land in which family life is sacred and in which there are many happy homes. In spite of all modern progress, no substitute for the home has been found. It is the cornerstone of civilization and the foundation of social order. Every anti-social movement, therefore, makes an attack upon the home and proposes to remodel it according to its own plans, which in reality, however, involve a destruction of the home. The associations of his home life cling to a man until his death. They impress a distinct stamp upon him for better or for worse. To undo evil home influences is one of the most difficult tasks of the educator. But if the home is right, everything is well with the world.

Too much meddling with the home from the outside is of evil. It is too delicate a structure to allow of such tampering and interference. The floundering of modern uplift workers is nowhere more evident than in their futile attempts to improve home life from without by odious supervision or by transferring to social agencies functions that belong to the home. To usurp the functions of the home is most harmful to society, for the essential work of the home can be done nowhere so well as in the home. All other institutions, however ambitious they may be, must be regarded as subsidiary to the home. They must not try to supplant the home. The best educator is the mother. Even a trained social worker or a professor of pedagogy cannot educate as well as the mother. Not easily should any one presume to experiment with the nicely balanced mechanism of the home. The home is a sacred thing and it should be treated with profound respect and great reverence. The Government today is very powerful and has extended its sphere of influence in many directions. But no government can make good homes. Good homes are made by good fathers and good mothers, and they are the only home builders. All the Government can do is to encourage homemaking by improving social conditions and lightening the burdens incident upon rearing families. If it does more, it does ill and defeats its own purposes.

Out of good homes come good men. And good men are always good citizens. They need no special training in citizenship. A good home implants the social instinct and inculcates the social virtues. Where we find good and cheerful homes, social unrest does not become acute and social discontent does not embitter the soul and inflame the passions. Bolshevism is born in hovels and in the vile slums of back alleys.

Our attention must be more centered upon the home. We have of late given too much thought to social and moral improvement by legislation which neither educates nor improves. If the old-time home sentiment is revived, our national life will be clean and sanely will prevail. No one whose cradle was sheltered by the roof of a happy home, whose childhood was brightened by the sunny atmosphere of a contented family life, whose youth was surrounded by the stern righteousness of a good father, the gentle care of a fond mother and the love of brothers and sisters will ever raise his hand against society in murderous envy or hateful revenge.—Catholic Standard and Times.

CHAINED BIBLES BEFORE AND AFTER THE REFORMATION

The medieval custom of chaining Bibles has often been made to serve the purpose of bigotry. Modern authors, ignorant of ancient usages, have pointed to what once served to spread Bible knowledge as an odious attempt to restrict the free circulation of the Scriptures. This error has passed so long for established fact, and has spread so widely that many may be surprised to learn that Bibles were chained both by Catholics and Protestants for over two centuries after the Reformation, and Protestant English Bibles may still be seen chained in some churches and libraries of England.

Previous to the erection of special structures for housing books, i. e., during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, smaller collections of books were chained to desks according to the lectern system in various parts of the monastic and collegiate buildings. In addition to these collections, which varied in extent, single volumes, as well as smaller collections, have always been chained in churches ever since the Benedictines at Weissenburg introduced this novelty about 1040 A. D. Now why were Bibles and books chained? No one now-a-days would think of chaining books to desks or library shelves. This practice has so

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completely goes out of fashion, that people have even lost sight of its original purpose. It is a common opinion that books were chained to preserve them from embezzlement. But the major reason was to place them at the disposal of students in a permanent manner. "Books borrowed," writes Mr. W. Blades, "have always been proverbial for not coming home to roost, and chaining seemed a natural way of securing them for general use. This appears to me more likely to have been the object of chaining than the prevention of theft."

Mr. Ernest A. Savage states in his very sympathetic book about Old English Libraries: "These chained books (particularly Bibles) were, in fact, the sign of a glimmer of liberal thought in the Church (during the Middle Ages). During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, not only were monastic books lent to lay people more freely, but many more books were chained in places of worship than in the sixteenth century, when the proclamation for the 'setting up' of Bibles in churches was granted unwillingly. It is one of the glories of the Church that it made the Bible accessible to the laity and clergy by chaining copies in libraries and churches. The chained Bibles were those copies which had been used most extensively, for every Bible chained in the Middle Ages stands for a group of Bible students who made their studies therefrom.—John M. Lambert, O. M. Cap., in Catholic World.

THE CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN

Sir Philip Gibbs in his recent book, "Now It Can Be Told," writes as follows of the impression he received from the Catholic chaplain's work at the front:

"Catholic soldiers had a simpler, stronger faith than men of Protestant denominations, whose faith depended more on ethical arguments and intellectual reasonings. Catholic chaplains had an easier task. Leaving aside all arguments, they heard the confessions of the soldiers, gave them absolution for their sins, said Mass for them in wayside barns, administered the Sacraments, held the Cross to their lips when they fell mortally wounded, anointed them when the surgeon's knife was at work, called the names of Jesus and Mary into dying ears. There was no need of argument here. The old Faith which has survived many wars, many plagues, and the wickedness of men was still full of consolation to those who accepted it as little children, and by their own agony hoped for favor from the Man of Sorrows, who was hanged upon a cross, and found a mother love in the vision of Mary, which came to them when they were in fear and pain and the struggle of death. The padre had a definite job to do in the trenches and for that reason was allowed more liberty in the line than other chaplains. Battalion officers, surgeons, and nurses were patient with mysterious rites which they did not understand, but which gave comfort as they saw, to wounded men; and the heroism with which many of the priests worked under fire, careless of their own lives, exalted by spiritual fervor, yet for the most part human and humble, and large-hearted and tolerant, aroused a general admiration throughout the army. Many of the Protestant clergy were equally devoted, but they were handicapped by having to rely upon providing

physical comfort for the men than upon spiritual acts, such as anointing and absolution, which were accepted without question by Catholic soldiers."

THE WISDOM OF SITTING STILL

Rest is as necessary to the soul as sleep is to the body. Every life, even the busiest, should have its moments of repose; in fact the busier the life, the more repose is required.

The wisdom of sitting still becomes Divine Wisdom when we permit the inflowing of the Holy Spirit. We have done our part: we have sat down and sat still. We have awaited it as one awaits a guest. The household of the soul is quiet against His coming. *Surream Corda!* We lift up our hearts. *Cordis Cordium!* Our heart is flooded with His love!

He has promised that when He came He would make all things perfect—but how unusual the perfection! No two of us are perfected alike!

The soul, said St. Bernard, is a capacity for the infinite. The fluid of the Holy Spirit accommodates itself to a man's capacity and fashion. One does not have to be a saint to have it fill one's vessel to the brim, nor rich with spiritual experiences nor learned in matters theological. It stimulates each man in the manner of his being and work in life.

Repose, then, is a little Pentecost. We rise up from it galvanized into action—the arm is strong again, the eye sees clearly, there is singing in the heart.

It would be the height of folly to think that repose was merely an end in itself. We rest—but the Divine Stimulus functions only when we apply it to the next moment's activities. Perhaps the Holy Spirit can be compared to one of those high explosives that may be lighted in the hand without danger, and which exert their force only when confined in the narrow limits of a gun. Until the Holy Spirit, working through a man, is confined to the narrow limits of his life, it seems volatile, to pass off into ether, going as the wind, where it listeth. But compact it into the muzzle of an average twenty-four hour day, and it gains an amazing force.—Richardson Wright, in Catholic World.

PROOF OF LOVE

The proof of love is in giving. A love that gives nothing, that makes no sacrifice, but asks all, is not love: it is selfishness. Love is large and generous, high and holy, while selfishness is narrow and greedy, low

and mean. It is the very essence of sin. He that seeks only his own loves not God or man, and to love

only self is to raise the sweetest of life, its hopes, its aim, its end, and to starve the soul to death.

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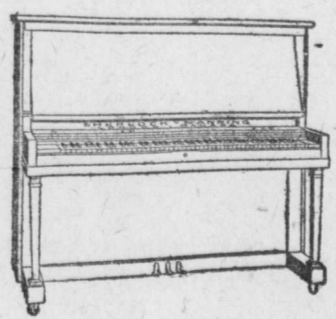
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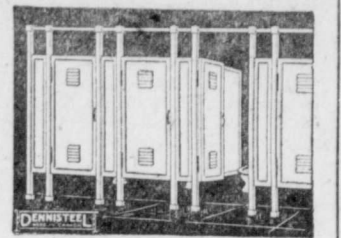
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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

KEEP BUSY

If you real happiness would find,
Keep busy.
If you would have true peace of mind,
Keep busy.
Don't work too hard; that doesn't pay,
But have some work for ev'ry day.
'Twill be contentment lead the way.
Keep busy.

In the firm's employ, its policy is to
discourage him from going into busi-
ness for himself. Although his
employers may really believe he is
capable of conducting a larger busi-
ness than their own, they keep him
down just as long as possible,
because it is for their interest.

FAULT-FINDING THE WORST POLICY

Clara Morris says that when she
was trying to establish her reputa-
tion in New York, Mr. Augustin Daly,
her manager, used to watch her from
the audience in order to criticize her.
One evening, after she had had a
great many discouragements, he
came up to her and said, "Good girl!
You never did better than tonight."
This kindness at a discouraging
moment, she says, meant more to her
than anything else she had ever
experienced.

I realize that there are also many
who feel very kindly disposed toward
their employees, and who really want
to do the best thing for them, but
who lead such strenuous lives, are so
puffed and crowded all the time,
that they do not have much opportu-
nity to encourage those who are
doing good work and who deserve to
be encouraged.

Now, the best investment you can
ever make, Mr. Employer, is to let
your employees know that you
appreciate their work. Be generous
with your praise, especially when
your employees do unusually well.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

OUR LADY'S BIRTHDAY

A song for thy birthday, Mother—
What need is there I should sing?
Is it not enough that the morn'g
With the blithe birds carolling?

A SONG FOR THY BIRTHDAY, MOTHER—

A song for thy birthday, Mother—
When the saints are telling thy
fame,
And even our God Almighty
is speaking thy blessed name.

A SONG FOR THY BIRTHDAY, MOTHER—

A song for thy birthday, Mother—
How poor is the song I sing,
The stumbling speech of a little
child.
But a mother is listening.

HELPFUL SERVICE

A material help for boys to pre-
pare for future life is to serve at the
altar. He who sacrifices his morn-
ing sleep, overcoming sloth, to min-
ister to the priest at Mass, is already
by a privilege fulfilling the functions
of one of the minor orders. The
devout server at Mass shares in its
graces next to the celebrant, and
more than the ordinary faithful who
assist at it, and many an altar boy,
as he glides about the sanctuary,
mingling with the invisible angels
who hovered about the Victim of
Sacrifice, has felt the seeds of voca-
tion sprouting in his soul.—The Rev.
Francis Cassidy, S. J.

JENNY LIND'S SALUTE TO FLAG

Fifty years ago, when Jenny Lind
was singing in New York, the Ameri-
can frigate St. Lawrence, returning
from a cruise abroad, came into the
harbor. The young midshipmen, on
their first night of shore leave, went
to hear the famous singer.

When, on the appointed day, she
came on board with her companion
the captain saw her from his cabin
and recognized her.

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"that the captain is going ashore,
and that his cabin is at their dis-
posal if they care to use it."
The luncheon, however, was eaten
in the steerage. But after the
pleasant meal was over the boys
proudly invited their guest into the
captain's cabin, where they took
their coffee.

FAITH AND SCIENCE

One of the practical results of
sending young people to non-Catholic
institutions of higher learning is to
allow them to imbibe false principles
and views of life. Human science is
presented before them entirely
divorced from its necessary relation
to the Author of all knowledge and
science. They are led through the
mazes of human relations and told
that the material world spans all
things knowable. The idea of a
creative Power, of a God, is gently
but firmly removed from their minds
through the force of ridicule and an
appeal to their intellect. Like Eye,
they stand before the tree of knowl-
edge and believe that one bite of its
fruit will open their eyes to all pos-
sible science.

It seems incredible that men of
learning, professors, will really limit
their mental horizon to such an
extent as to shut out all view of the
very font and source of knowledge.
They study the secrets of Nature, and
ignore the Author of Nature, thus
falling into the most illogical pass;
for even their own philosophy
teaches them to study the real cause
of things through an understanding
of effects. Looking into those effects,
they rise to the nearest material
cause and then pause, as if afraid to
look up to the First Cause and
thereby gain an insight into the
whole scheme of creation and the
universe.

Not infrequently do we meet a
young person whose mind has been
poisoned and whose faith has been
shattered beyond repair simply
through a one-sided development of
the soul; a study of material things
without an appreciation of their
origin. Science and faith live in
beautiful harmony; defective science
cannot see the wonders of faith, the
light is too strong, and science denies
that those wonders exist at all. It is
the argument of the blind man who
refuses to believe in the light.

True science is not content with a
partial unfolding of the secrets and
truths of Nature; it desires to rise
and rise until the very First Cause
has been uncovered, until the very
last Why has been successfully and
triumphantly answered. The shal-
low-pated wisecracker, the mental
parvenu, the "scientific" upstart, the
materialistic "professor," is so satur-
ated with the pride of intellect that
he refuses to admit a higher Cause
lest his myopic vision be impaired
unto him as blindness. He fears
that the discovery might cause his
heart to lead captive his much-
vaunted intellect and he prides him-
self on the utterly detached nature
of that faculty; detached even from
his God.

It is an axiom of the ages that true
knowledge leads directly to God.
Wherefore so many men today know
not God because they follow the track
of material effects alone and refuse
to look aloft, lest perchance they
might perceive the God of Nature
resplendent above the horizon.—
Catholic Bulletin.

NATIONAL TRADITION IN IRISH LITERATURE

Beneath the melting cloud-land of
theory and shadowy region of ab-
straction is the solid and immune
framework of tradition. Tradition
is to the nation what memory is to
the individual. It contains the
record of a nation's greatness; it is
the foundation and basis of a nation's
learning. "All that the preceding
generations have suffered or achieved,
all that dead generations have wor-
shipped, loved, imagined or dreamed
is stored for the future in tradition."
A movement limited to the cultured
and addressed only to the cultured is
destined not to survive, for it lacks
the essence of permanence, viz., that
it must live in the hearts of the
people, otherwise it cannot claim
distinctive nationality. A culture
which touches merely the giants of
the people or influences merely the
intellectuals of the nation is not
founded on tradition: no culture is
possible for a race save that founded
on tradition.

It has been urged that the true in-
spiration of the Celtic genius lies in
the pagan past, that the truest out-
look of the Gael has its sources in
Celtic tradition not in Christianity.
But whatever may be due to pre-
Christian tradition, whatever sources
have their origin in the distant past,

the fact remains that Ireland's Chris-
tianity is her most distinct charac-
teristic and her common label in the
world outside. No one will deny
the poetic sources to be found in
pagan saga and fairy lore; but how-
ever great its amount may be, there
is a still greater stock of
saintly tradition and Christian
lore. Whatever still lingering lack
of harmony may exist in the mind
of the people between Christian and
pagan ideals, the exploitation of the
one must not mean the exclusion of
the other. To do so is to run
counter to Irish national tradition.
No one better understood the inco-
herency than Pearsé, and in his
imaginative representations we have
a proper meditation, a harmonious
mingling of both strains. He accu-
rately interpreted the Irish mind, un-
locking the gates of the Irish fairy
world with true Celtic naïveté and
verve, and Ireland has rewarded him
by giving his works a brilliant recep-
tion and shedding tears, not bitter,
over his grave.

The greatness of Ireland is to
come, a greatness which grows out
of learning, professors, will really limit
their mental horizon to such an
extent as to shut out all view of the
very font and source of knowledge.
They study the secrets of Nature, and
ignore the Author of Nature, thus
falling into the most illogical pass;
for even their own philosophy
teaches them to study the real cause
of things through an understanding
of effects. Looking into those effects,
they rise to the nearest material
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STRIKING INCIDENTS

IN THE CAREER OF CARDINAL AMETTE

Paris, Oct. 8.—Some of the most striking incidents in the career of the late Cardinal Amette occurred during the great War. Perhaps none is so frequently recalled by Parisians now that he has died, as that which took place in the beginning of September, 1914, when the German armies were advancing on Paris and the Government had retired to Bordeaux.

The Archbishop struck by his cathedral. On September 6, while the Marne battle was raging and the Manner army was fighting under the very forts of the city, he summoned his people to Notre Dame in order to invoke heavenly protection and so great was the response that the cathedral was filled and fifty thousand were in the square in front.

During the procession of the relics of the saints who are protectors of Paris, Cardinal Amette came out to the crowd and demanding a step-ladder he brought him, mounted the steps and with fiery eloquence bade the people be of good cheer. His flaming address ended with the word: "courage! have confidence!" shouted forth at the top of his voice. At the very hour the victory was being won and Paris was saved.

Never for a single moment during the War did Cardinal Amette leave his diocese. Shells and bombs fell close to the palace. His only heed of these was to visit and comfort their victims. When a missile from the great German gun fell on St. Germain's church, causing havoc and universal alarm, the Cardinal was among the first to rush to the spot to succour the victims. Whenever there were dead or wounded he would hasten to express his sympathy or offer his aid.

Cardinal Amette was popular with all classes. On many occasions he personally intervened to secure better conditions for workmen and he was as much at home in an assembly of the tollers as he was presiding over some group of the intellectually elite. He sided the Catholic members of the union to secure a substantial advance for bank employees and he published a letter advising the abolition of night work among bakers.

On this occasion, the president of the Red Syndicate of Bakers expressed his public thanks to the Cardinal who felt no little pride at being called "the bakers' Archbishop."

Cardinal Amette created, encouraged and directed the most varied and most useful works of charity and Catholic action, presiding personally over their sessions. Under his initiative, the diocesan conventions of Paris took a splendid advance, grouping together, every year, as many as 10,000 adherents.

Some realization of the fruitfulness of his work may be gained from the fact that when he shouldered the administration of the diocese, immediately after the breach of the Concordat, he found things in almost critical condition, but in the twelve years of his episcopacy the number of priests ordained each year doubled, Christian schools were placed in thriving condition in all the parishes, sixteen new churches and twenty-nine new chapels were erected and five more churches are now under construction.

Cardinal Amette had the happiness of putting the last stone in the national basilica of the Sacred Heart and of witnessing the never-to-be-forgotten spectacle of its consecration which brought to Montmartre ten cardinals, two hundred bishops and thousands of the faithful.

CHURCH WORK

CATHOLICS DONATE LARGE SUMS

Washington, D. C., October 4. — Appeals made to Catholics of the United States in the last six months in behalf of educational, charitable and welfare enterprises have aggregated about \$90,000,000, and indicate the spirit of progressive activity now animating the Church in this country. This total does not include sums raised or sought for the erection of new or the repair of old churches.

Most of the funds which it was contemplated gathering were intended for Catholic education — primary, secondary and higher. The total of the budgets prepared for this purpose was more than \$29,000,000. Charitable institutions — hospitals, orphanages, homes for the aged and the like — were to be the beneficiaries of some \$2,700,000 of the aggregate. Welfare work, such as clubs for men and women, community houses, civic betterment, etc., was to receive the remainder of \$56,000,000. The remainder was to go to miscellaneous activities under Catholic auspices.

MILLIONS GIVEN FOR EDUCATION

The largest amounts to be gathered were the "Archbishop Ireland Educational Fund of \$5,000,000" in the Archdiocese of St. Paul; \$4,000,000 for the endowment of the Seminary of the Detroit diocese; \$9,000,000 for the Catholic University (including a seminary) which Most Rev. Archbishop Mundelein has planned for Chicago; \$9,000,000 for St. Louis University, and \$2,000,000 for the Cathedral grade school and nurses' home in Duluth. Most Rev. Archbishop Hayes is making provi-

sion for an annual income of at least \$500,000 to support Catholic charities in New York.

Not all of this great total of \$90,000,000 was to be obtained at once, but a considerable part of it was for immediate use, and was subscribed within short periods. In many instances the sums named in the appeals were greatly exceeded.

Definite figures are not available as to the amounts raised in the last six months for the building and repairing of churches, but the total is believed to be several millions of dollars.

In view of the general response of American Catholics to the calls made upon them in the name of their religion, the decision of the Archbishops and Bishops to consider a survey for an appeal for the support of the National Catholic Welfare Council assumes additional interest. At the recent meeting in Washington the Bishops authorized the Administrative Committee of the National Catholic Welfare Council to prepare a survey for an appeal to the Catholics of the country for an endowment fund. Until this survey has been made it will not be known what amount it is proposed to raise for the Council, assuming that the Bishops approve the survey.

It is the intention of the Hierarchy to continue the Welfare Council's several activities—the departments of education, laws and legislation, social action, lay organizations and press and publicity,—and to bear the expense of these for the next year. The survey is to be made with a view of providing thereafter for the Council's permanent endowment.

In the event the survey and recommendations submitted to the Bishops are approved by them, the lay organizations affiliated with the National Catholic Welfare Council will conduct the work of solicitation under the supervision and constant direction of the Hierarchy.

THE BRUTAL TURKS

400 ARMENIANS CORRALLED IN CHERUR AND BURNED TO DEATH

Constantinople, Sept. 27.—The massacre of Christians in Asia Minor by the rebels under the Turkish so-called nationalist, Mustafa Kemal, gives every sign of reaching greater and more grave proportions. Racial distinctions appear to have nothing whatever to do with the massacres, but it is striking that by far the greater part of the Christians put to death are Armenians.

The latest massacre, of which reliable reports have come in, is stated to have taken place at the village of Boli-i-northwest Anatolia. Some 1,000 Kurds, under the leadership of Mustafa Kemal's officers, made a raid on the village and rounded up the men and women, whom they divided into two sections. The men were shot, but the women and children were driven into the village church which was set on fire, and all those inside burned to death. The total number of those put to death in this village is said to have been at least 400, though the number may have been much higher.

The ferocity of these murders of Christians is likely to be increased, since Mustafa Kemal has reformed his nationalist troops under the name of the Senoussi army, which is nothing more than a deliberate attempt to draw over to his side the most ferocious and powerful of the Mohammedan sects. The Senoussis, who were founded by one Sayed Mohammed in 1800, are a kind of Mohammedan heretics, who are distinguished by the cruelty with which they seek to spread their creed.

The movement has become very widespread, and its adherents may be found from Fez to Constantinople, and from India to Damascus. The influence and the missionary zeal of the Senoussis are something to be reckoned with, and as they are of the nature of a secret society their affiliations are found throughout the Moslem world.

One of their most striking features is their bitter hatred of all forms of Christianity, and it is under the Senoussi banner that Mustafa Kemal, already a formidable persecutor of the Christian peoples in Asia Minor, has reorganized the forces under his command in his campaign of massacring Christians.

DOWNWARD TREND OF PRICES

WHAT WE MUST LEARN AND DO

The downward trend of prices comes as a blessing to everybody, and the unnatural and exorbitant war prices are not survive much longer. It is not probable that we will get back to a pre-war basis all at once. This we can not expect. It will be better if we reach that point after some time and thus avoid a panic.

trend from the farm to the city, although here and there we find a decrease in this movement. The recent census indicates that cities have increased in population seven and a half times as rapid as the country districts.

Many of the strictly agricultural countries of Ohio have decreased in country population and towns have increased. The hope lies however in the natural laws of economics, that necessity will cause a balance the other way, when a question of food arises. The tendency of youth to professional and industrial occupations has been strained and over-worked and there must come a change. One can not but note how earnestly the Church recognizes this fact, when she asked her children, last month, to remember that the present is but the "Tillers of the Soil," and this month turns to the other side and asks that "The Workers in the Factories" be remembered. If men would only recall the Providence of God and obey His Commandments, what a load of evil would be lifted from the world. If merchants and manufacturers, if laborers and farmers, if all men would take as their motto, the words of St. Paul, read in last Sunday's lesson, "He that stole, let him now steal no more, but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have something to give to him that suffereth need," what a change would soon ensue.—R. C. Gleason in Catholic Columbian.

GREAT FORWARD MOVEMENT OF AMERICAN HIERARCHY

The second annual meeting of the Archbishops and Bishops of the Catholic Church in the United States closed on September 23, after having authorized a multiplicity of Catholic efforts that are almost bewildering in their variety and extent. To render possible the execution of their plans the Bishops have further authorized the Administrative Committee of the National Catholic Welfare Council, by which name the assembly of the entire Hierarchy of the United States is known, to institute a nation-wide appeal for the collection of a fund which shall be used for the permanent support or endowment of all this work. During the coming year, however, the necessary funds are still to be supplied directly by the Hierarchy itself. The five departments through which the Council carries on its activities, and whose budgets it has accepted, are the Departments of Laws and Legislation, of Education, of Social Action, of Lay Organizations, and of Publicity, Press and Literature. Each of these is national in extent, and together they deal with every problem of Catholic life. The coordinating agency is the special task of the Executive Department under Archbishop Hanna. The reports of the various sections make clear that much work has already been accomplished, but the plans mapped out and accepted by the Hierarchy indicate a careful division of work among the different departments which must be productive of extraordinary effects for the good not merely of the Church, but of the entire country. Surveys are to be undertaken; lectures are to be published; lectures are to be given; organization is to be carried on; provisions are to be made for the immigrants, community houses are to be conducted; the farm question is to be studied; the problem of Negro education is to be seriously taken in hand, the right development of citizenship is to be promoted. Catholic Boy Scout troops and the Big Brother movement are to be encouraged; civic centers are to be planned; women's activity is to be expanded so as to be of the greatest utility to Church and country, day nurseries, clubs and classes for boys and girls are to be instituted and there is further to be a gradual expansion of all branches of the Press Department. Nor will the foreign and domestic missions be overlooked, all of whose interests and enterprises are henceforth to be unified under the direction of the Catholic Board of Foreign Missions.—America.

CHURCH AGAIN VINDICATED

Domestic instability, in our country is threatening to become an epidemic social disease. But on the integrity of the family depends the coherence and the permanence of the home. The home, however, is the most important thing for any nation. Men, therefore, naturally become alarmed at the spread of an evil that wrecks the homes of the nation and deprives children of the love and the care of their fathers and mothers.

Out in this well-founded anxiety, a society has grown with the purpose of protecting the sacredness of the marriage bond. It has been formed by a group of Bishops, clergymen and laymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church and bears the title, "Society for Upholding the Sanctity of Marriage." Few will believe that this organization is capable to stem the tide of family disintegration or to reduce perceptibly the number of divorces in our country. Nevertheless, it is a hopeful sign of better things to come and an indication that men are regaining their senses and beginning to see the light. There was a time when divorce was championed in the name of freedom and man's right to happiness. But it has been found that the loosening of the sacred bonds of matrimony secures neither genuine freedom nor true happiness. It makes men slaves

of their passions and brings untold miseries upon the several members of the broken-up family. The greatest sufferers in the tragedy of a wrecked home, more effectually blown to fragments than if a hurricane had swept over it, are the innocent children. The assurance of the defenders of divorce has very much abated. The defense is made in a somewhat shame-faced and lame way. Because the actual consequences have given the lie to all those beautiful theories.

The attitude of the Church, once denounced as intolerable and cruel, is more and more seen to be the only consistent and possible one. The conviction that no release from the present bond can be obtained will prevent indiscretions that would eventually issue in a desire for a new alliance. The society just established is a vindication of the position of the Church. For the Church from the outset has been just such a society for the upholding of the sanctity of marriage. Through the centuries she has upheld the indissolubility of marriage against the most powerful influences. She has never swerved from the course.

The world has for centuries divorced itself from the Church and Christianity is gradually coming back to the teachings of Christ. For, by his own bitter experience, he has learned that it is impossible to get along without them. Perhaps the day is not far off when society, weary of its mistakes and repentant, will return to a full acceptance of the teachings of revelation which it has cast aside. Every step in this direction ought to be encouraged and welcomed. Rays of light are filtering through the rifts of the clouds and some day the full splendor of the sun of Christian truth will again burst upon a world that has become wise through suffering and misfortune.—Catholic Standard Times.

OBITUARY

SISTER ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA

On October 8th, at the Champlain Valley Hospital, Plattsburg, N. Y., Sister St. Anthony of Padua—the esteemed Superintendent of the Institution—was called suddenly to her reward. The Rev. Dr. Driscoll, Pastor of St. John's Church, was hurriedly summoned to her bedside and administered the Last Sacraments, after which her soul returned to its Maker.

The sad news of the death of this beloved Sister brought grief to the hearts of her many friends, and especially to her Sisters in religion—the Grey Nuns of the Cross, Ottawa, of which Community Sister Anthony had been a devoted member for almost a quarter of a century.

The deceased Sister, whose family name was Mary A. Lynott, received her education at the Rideau St. and Water St. Convents, Ottawa. After entering the Community she taught a number of years in Our Lady's School, Ottawa, where she won the affection and esteem of her pupils, and others, by the charm of her personality, her devotedness to duty, and her ability in imparting knowledge. Her work as teacher in the Sacred Heart Convent, Eganville, where she taught several years, was much appreciated. There, also, she is affectionately remembered and her name is in veneration among all who knew her.

In September, 1910, the Champlain Valley Hospital was opened and Sister St. Anthony, whose health was in poor condition, was sent there to recuperate. In a few months she was able to begin her course in training, and after graduation she was named Superintendent of Nurses.

Four years ago when Sister Ann, Foundress and first Superintendent of the C. V. Hospital was transferred to the Pembroke General Hospital—Sister St. Anthony was placed in charge. Her fine qualities of mind and heart admirably fitted her for this new field of labor, and those with whom she worked know how much the Institution owes to her initiative, her executive ability, and her far-sightedness. Every one connected with the Hospital—Doctors, Nurses, and patients—feels a personal loss and is grief-stricken over their devoted Superintendent's death.

A worthy daughter of that heroine of charity, Venerable Mother D'Youville (Foundress of the Grey Nuns) Sister St. Anthony's life exemplified the virtues of both Martha and Mary. Like the former, busy about many things all day—and often far into the night—"the one thing necessary" was never lost sight of. This close union with her Divine Master vivified and sanctified every detail of her daily life making her presence a benediction. Sister St. Anthony is survived by one brother, John of Seattle, one sister, Margaret of Denver; two aunts—Sister St. Thecla of Lowell, Mass., and Miss Helen Gunn, head-nurse of a department in the Champlain Valley Hospital. Both came to Ottawa for the funeral. The Superior of the Grey Nuns Houses in Buffalo, Ogdensburg, Lowell, Pembroke and Plattsburg, also Sisters from Champlain Valley Hospital, were present at the funeral service. The remains arrived in Ottawa Monday noon, and on Tuesday morning a Solemn Mass of Requiem was chanted in the Water St. Convent Chapel by Rev. M. Gorman, P. P., of Metonite, assisted by Rev. T. P. Fay, P. P. of St. Bridget's, Ottawa, as deacon and Rev. G. Gorman, of St. Patrick's, Ottawa, as sub-deacon. The funeral was held in the afternoon, when all

that was mortal of the deceased religious was laid to rest in the Grey Nuns' plot, Notre Dame cemetery. Rev. Father Dalpé, chaplain of Water St. Convent, officiated at the grave. R. I. P.

THE PRICE OF BOVRIL

During the War, as everyone knows their cost, the price of all food stuffs rose, and it is with legitimate pride that Bovril Limited point out that this preparation is still selling at its pre-war price. But, you will wonder, how can this be? It is caused by the extraordinary demand for Bovril, and by the reduction of management and production costs to a minimum. Moreover, and more important still, the Company owns under the name of the "Bovril Estates" immense districts in the Argentine and in Australia. Comprising an area of 9,796,476 acres these territories provide 250,000 horned cattle with pasturage. These animals furnish to the Company the best required at the lowest possible cost. And when one considers that an 8 lbs. joint of beef is necessary to produce 4 ounces of Bovril, it is evident that these immense resources are not too great.

The "campaign for overalls" is still a humorous memory. It began as a serious plan to reduce the price of clothing; it ended, somewhat under a cloud, as a scheme on the part of enterprising jobbers to get rid of a mass of otherwise unavailable garments. This promising campaign was followed by a second, and a dozen American elites gladly witnessed at least a dozen shops in the act of slashing the price of their wares to seventy or eighty per cent. of the regular values. But, ere long, the suspicion, unworthy, no doubt, that this slashing did not mark the beginning of falling prices so much as the skill of the advertiser in concealing the national consciousness. In any case, the shops witnessed a remarkably speedy turnover of merchandise, and the turn being at an end, the time of reduced prices also ended. Another "campaign" now threatens the country. It may be genuine, it may be a delusion. But since economic conditions have not notably changed in the last six months, the second theory is more probable than the first.

THE FAMILY BUDGET

Is there a way of escape from the abnormal prices which for the last few years have borne with such weight upon the wage-earner? No direct way seems at hand, but there is a way which, were it more widely adopted, would make living at least somewhat easier. It consists simply in the adoption of a family budget, insuring the best adjustment of the family's expenditures to the family's income. Micawber stated the budget-proposition with lucidity, although he never adopted it, when he said that the spending of a single shilling beyond the annual income meant the work-house and ruin, while the annual saving of a shilling was the sure road to economic happiness. The budget is the best way of saving the shilling. Without a budget, buying will be at haphazard; articles will be purchased which could have been dispensed with, or will be bought at the wrong time, or in wrong quantities, or in the wrong market. With a budget there will be careful planning and wise expenditure. Above all, a carefully-arranged budget will teach the family a new and more correct view of domestic economy. Too many of us sit down to consider the things which we need. We ought to sit down to consider the things we can get along without.

While its primary purpose is economic, faithful adherence to a budget cannot fail to exert an influence for moral betterment. A penny saved is more than a penny earned; and the penny saved by parental self-sacrifice may now and then be devoted to charitable and religious purposes, or carefully set aside to be added to others, and all to be applied to the future education of the children of the household. If we never know what we can do until we try, the ordinary family never realizes how much it can save until it adopts a budget. A canny statistician has calculated that by unwise purchases, particularly of food and clothing, Americans annually waste about \$1,000,000,000 or about fifty dollars for every American family. If these fifty dollars could be rescued, we should not become rich, but we should be on the way to habits of thrift, and that is better. One excellent way of beginning the rescue is to adopt a family budget. It will teach you what you need, but what is of far greater importance, it will teach you how very many things there are which you do not need at all.—America.

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AT once a Catholic Doctor (married preferred) for driving village with good surrounding country in Western Ontario. All conveniences, church, primary and high school, railroad, hydro, etc. address all communications to Box 213, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2192-4

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