

# The Catholic Record.

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

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## GOOD FRIDAY

O Heart of Three-in-the-evening,  
You nestled the thorn-crowned head;  
He leaned on you in his sorrow,  
And rested on you when he died.

Al! Holy Three-in-the-evening  
He gave you His richest dower;  
He met you afar on Calvary,  
And made you "His own last hour."

O Heart of Three-in-the-evening,  
Mine hands with thine today;  
Thou tellest the olden story,  
I kneel—and I weep and pray.

—REV. A. J. RYAN

## WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

### IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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"IT TAKES ENGLAND A LONG TIME TO AWAKE"

Lady Mark Sykes, one of the English notables who favors justice to Ireland, was the chief speaker at a meeting held in North London for the purpose of promoting peace with Ireland. The newspapers say that the meeting that was called for the purpose turned into a demonstration of great proportion. It unmistakably showed that the failure of the Government to break down the Sinn Féin fighters, and the growth of world-feeling against England, is having its effect upon the English populace. The chairman at the demonstration was a former Lord Chancellor of England, Lord Buckmaster. Lord French—no relation to Lord Lieutenant French—was one of the speakers. And Captain Henry Harrison another. Lady Sykes told of her experiences in Ireland when she went to find the truth for herself. She had believed that the stories circulated of the atrocities of the Black and Tans, the soldiers and police in Ireland were exaggerated, but she found that the very opposite of that was the truth. She said she returned from her investigation horrified at what she had learnt and also at what she had witnessed. As an Englishwoman who had been proud of her country, she was deeply mortified, and she said that England could stoop to the crime against civilization which she found that their Government had stooped to in Ireland. Lord Buckmaster said that he himself had come to the conclusion that the English people had not the faintest idea of the real happenings in Ireland. It takes England a long time to awake to unpalatable truth—but the extraordinary spirit of the people and the extraordinary persistence of the Sinn Féin fighters which can not be shaken by terror and outrage, is at length having its effect upon the English mind.

### IRELAND'S TAXES

The Government tax returns for Ireland, for the year 1920, have just been issued, the amount collected in taxes in that year was nearly 51 million pounds sterling. In 1919 the amount had been 37 million, and in 1918 a little less than 27 million. The amount taken in taxes from Ireland now is somewhat four times the amount taken before the War. In American money at the old standard rate of exchange the amount now taken in roughly is 250 million dollars. The records show that of this 250 million raised in taxes in Ireland, a little more than 140 million is expended upon Irish services, the greater part of it going to pay for the repression of the people—and a little less than 110 million of the total taxation is taken entirely out of Ireland to England to pay for "imperial services." In proportion to its wealth Ireland is far and away the most highly taxed country in Europe today, several times higher than the other small countries of Europe which provide their own army as well as all their other own services. Official estimates show that the army of police alone in Ireland is costing about \$17,000,000. The regular Army of Occupation is costing many times that amount. The internment of civilians and the secret service propaganda is unofficially estimated as costing \$10,000,000. The great loss to Ireland of the British activities is vastly increased by the immense loss of property by burning, an amount far exceeding our power to compute.

### JEREMIAH CROWLEY'S DEFENCE

One of the finest and most interesting documents I have recently seen is the speech delivered by my friend, Mr. Jeremiah Crowley, B. L., before the English Field General Court-martial which recently tried him at Ballinacorney on the charge of having acted as judge in an Irish Arbitration Court—a fearful crime, readers will admit. For this terrible crime sentences of two years imprisonment with hard labor was passed upon him. While refusing, of course, to acknowledge the right of an English Court or English Court-martial to try him, Jeremiah, before his sentence, insisted upon the right to express his opinion on the illegality of their work, to the English General and other officers who formed the Court-martial. From the

very brilliant speech that he made I take just two little extracts; the first, to illustrate the English Government's methods in dealing with dangerous criminals like himself: "To impress the public with the enormity of my alleged guilt I was dragged in an open lorry across the province of Connaught, surrounded by rifles and bayonets. In Galway I was mocked and jeered at by the armed forces of the same Government, a revolver was flourished in my face and I was threatened with death. For ten weeks I have been kept in jail for the purpose, no doubt, of leading the world to believe that if at liberty, I would be a danger to public order. And now it is pretended that the accusation against me is one of such enormity that it requires to be dealt with in the most drastic way known to soldiers for dealing with criminals of the most dangerous type, namely by Field General Court-martial. The manner in which I have been paraded before the public, insulted and threatened shows what my accusers mean."

The second extract from Jeremiah's address to the British General and officers shows that he gave them something that their consciences might profitably commune with. After saying them for that the British methods of restoring order in Ireland included; "the burning of our towns and cities, our factories and creameries, shops and dwelling houses, the murder of our citizens, of young men and old men, saintly priests and mothers with children in their arms," he turns to the justification of himself as a judge of the Irish people appointed by the Irish Parliament—and the lawfulness of officers of a foreign army within the bounds of Ireland, charging before them as a criminal the man who was obeying the mandate of his own Government in his own land.

"My accusers," he says, "will hardly deny that comprehensive principle of the Moral Law—Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you. And if a foreign army, after invading England, threw her legislators and judges and thousands of other prominent citizens in jail, burned her towns and cities and confiscated fifty millions worth of property every year, would not every Englishman of patriotism and courage do everything in his power to rid his country of such an evil? But God's Law gives to the Irish nation the same rights as to the English nation, and as He does nothing in vain, He expects the Irish people to put His Law into operation and assert those rights. And while the Irish people do so the Hand of God will sustain them. A proclamation by a foreigner in England declaring the English Parliament an unlawful assembly would not be more immoral than the proclamation here declaring Dail Eireann unlawful. Picture to yourselves the case of three officers of such a foreign army in England having an English judge before them accused of having in his possession an Act of the British Parliament with some ordinary Court documents, and asked to condemn him as an enemy of public order on that ground alone. Picture to yourselves, those officers calling on the Almighty to assist them in trying that judge as a malefactor, and then disregarding God's Law and condemning their victim to imprisonment or penal servitude."

### THE "FREE" PRESS AND ENGLISH JUSTICE

Some time ago the West Meath Independent having dared to criticize the Crown forces for some of the more dastardly of their outrages, had its premises invaded in the dead of night by a body of Black and Tans, who smashed the presses, and set fire to and burned down the fine building. It is not for sake of merely recording this rather ordinary event in Ireland today that this paragraph is written. The same sort of treatment has been meted out to a dozen other fine papers throughout Ireland. But in burning down the premises of the West Meath Independent some telegraph poles (the property of the English Government) adjacent to the building were burnt and destroyed also. And at the ensuing Assizes the English Government, the master of the Black and Tans, actually came before the Judge and claimed compensation for malicious damage done to its property—and was awarded so many pounds for the property burned down by the rascality of its own forces. In observing the administration of English justice in Ireland, it sometimes needs an expert to separate the humor from the tragedy.

### BARBAROUS BEEFSTEAK AND THE LABOR UNIONS

The English Trade Union recently appointed a committee of their body to go to Belfast to inquire into the charges that Trade Union branches in Belfast were ousting members because of their religion and politics, and furthermore joining in the general Orange scheme of driving these same workers out of their jobs. The report of the Committee of the British Labor Union is described by their leader as the most shameful document which Trade

Unions of any country have ever been called upon to sign. "It," says he, "the plain and unvarnished facts are told, they will shock the Trade Unions of the world."

SEUMAS MACMANUS,  
Of Donegal.

## AS THE WORLD SEES IT

### THE PRESSING DANGER TO ENGLAND: THE HATRED OF HUMANITY AND THE WRATH OF GOD

By G. K. Chesterton in Manchester Guardian

The whole world thinks that England has gone mad. That is the first fact about foreign policy and international relations to be realized at this moment. We do appear to be engaged in Ireland in doing something quite wild and extraordinary, whether we ourselves believe it to be right or wrong. This does not in itself prove that we are bound to think it wrong. The world felt much the same about France when the Reign of Terror was established and the guillotine seemed to be working day and night; yet there was a case for the Terror, and men like Robespierre supported it in complete sincerity. But men like Robespierre would have carried sincerity to the point of simplicity, if they had modestly supposed that nobody was taking any notice of them. We talk today in much the same way about the Bolsheviks; but the haphazard Bolsheviks are not entirely unaware that they are being talked about. Lenin is not a flower born to blush unseen; nor does Trotsky imagine that he is wasting his sweatness on the desert air. But the English do really entertain a most curious idea that what is done in Ireland is done in a corner and concerns only themselves. We treat Ireland not only as if it were our own backyard, but our own backyard. The Government and the gangs of murderers between them are rapidly turning it into something rather resembling a churchyard. But we still have a vague idea that it is our own back garden, surrounded by a high wall; and that nobody can possibly know that it is not a garden of roses. The falsehood of this fancy is the first great fact to be realized. Everybody sees what we are doing, and nobody has the least notion of why we are doing it.

### A WILD SORT OF WAR

We must face this fact, if there is to be the faintest hope of a firm and successful foreign policy. We must face it even if we happen to agree with this particular part of our domestic policy. Defiance might in some cases be a policy; but defiance can never be anything but a defeat, a loss of one of our five wits. As I shall show in a moment, there is a very particular and pressing danger to England in this case. But for the sake of clearness and order let us put first what the case is, and how it appears to such critics all over the continents of Europe and America. In this connection it is necessary to bear in mind two facts. First, outsiders do not only know what we are doing, but they sometimes know what we are doing better than we do. Details appear in their papers which are often suppressed in our own papers. Everyone will remember this fact if he happened to follow the Marconi case. And second, even when lies are told against us along with the truth, as of course they are, the outsider pays no attention to our papers, which cannot publish the truth, even when they contradict the lies. But, long before we come to any of these details, there are two broad impressions about the English in Ireland today which are bewildering the whole world. The first is that England has abandoned the government of Ireland. What we are conducting now is not government at all. It does not really profess to be government at all. It is at the best war; and a very wild sort of war. And the second is that the war is of the particular sort now generally called Prussian war, and the English are still glowing with a recent and quite real indignation against it, when it was practised by Prussia.

### THE PRINCIPLE OF "REPRISALS"

This is not in the least a matter of sentiment, or even of degree. It cannot be put too clearly and even coldly, as a matter of logic and fact. We have made a system everywhere of a certain definite principle, which is the same whether we give it good names or bad. You may call it the theory of hostages; or the extension of the principle of decimation; you may call it a punitive expedition; you may call it leaving men only their eyes to weep with; you may call it a certain frightfulness; you may call it murder, you may call it massacre, and you may call it reprisals. But the principle of it is perfectly plain, and can be stated with perfect composure. The principle of reprisals is the very opposite of the principle of law and order. Law is based on the idea that the criminal can be punished; reprisals are based on the idea that he cannot be punished. They consist of striking at random at a crowd of strangers, as distinct from striking at particular

persons selected from a community of subjects. That is what we mean, in any time or place, by ruling anybody or anything; the very word means that we can punish those whom we wish to spare. When we can no longer do that, we are not merely ruling badly; we have simply ceased to rule. We have ceased to rule in Ireland.

### RAIDING NOT RULING

If we were really pretending to rule in Ireland, our rule would be something far more fantastic and ridiculous than any pantomime. Even a policeman in a pantomime would be thought out of his character, not to say out of his wits, if he himself knocked the butcher's shop to pieces, merely because the clown had stolen a leg of mutton and disappeared down a trapdoor. And that is almost an exact parallel to our forces burning down a creamery, which is merely a place of storage for the food of peasants, including the most peaceable peasants indeed, the pantomime parallel is a statement; for the policeman has at least seen the butcher to whom the meat at present belongs. It is rather as if the nearest policeman were to blow up the nearest post office, with everybody's letters and parcels, because there was a scare about forged bank notes. Our rule would be quite as ridiculous as this if we were really raiding Ireland. But we are not raiding Ireland. We are simply raiding Ireland exactly as men raid across a frontier. And this first fact is of considerable concern in foreign policy.

Our rulers tell us they can never recognize Ireland as a separate nation. But, in fact, they are recognizing it as a separate nation. They are paying the plainest possible compliment to its independence; they are invading it. They are invading Ireland exactly as the Prussians invaded Belgium. Even the Prussians did not invade Prussia. They did not even invade Bavaria. Nor can our foreign critics bring themselves to believe that Britain is invading Britain.

Now all this to begin with, and apart from anything else, is of course very bad for British prestige. The other nations are surprised at our having lost Ireland so suddenly and so completely, and at our confessing or proclaiming it so loudly and so factually. It would certainly have been better for our international position, in any case, if we could have kept up some pretence of ruling Ireland like a fixed government instead of merely ravaging Ireland like a foreign invader. It is not merely their moral condemnation which does us harm; it is also the more material impression of so violent a gesture, snatching at something as though it were slipping from us. Consider what the effect would have been, if, even towards the end of the War, the Prussians had been forced to maintain such a desperate system in Bavaria or the Rhineland, or some unquestionable part of their own dominions which differed from them in history and creed. We should have simply said, without thinking twice about it, "The German Empire is breaking up." And that is all that most foreigners now feel it worth while to say about the British Empire.

### CREATING A LEGEND

But the case is far worse than that. What we are creating against ourselves is a legend. For the primary purpose here it would not matter, even if we thought it was a legend in the sense of a lie. It probably does gather to itself a great many additional legends that really are lies. But these great human and historic legends are always not only based on a truth, but are taken and acted on by great masses of men as true. By such legends, or more properly perhaps visions, I mean things like the mystery of the East, the debt of humanity to Hellas, the universal greatness of Rome, the tremendous transitional utility of the French Revolution, the personal glamour of Napoleon or of Nelson. In our own time the most varied crowds and commonwealths did come to feel, as a huge and historic truth of this kind, the fact that there was something essentially evil about the policy of Prussia. Personally I think this is a profound truth; but anyhow there is no doubt that over wide tracts of the world it became a popular legend. Exactly the same legend that grew up against Prussia is everywhere at this moment growing up against England.

The peril to England is of the most practical sort. Here again there is no question of a romantic nemesis, but rather of a very cold and ugly realism. Modern nations may not go to war with each other for purely romantic reasons; but when they do go to war, they must have a romantic ready to hand. The manifest and monstrous parade of militarism in Prussia made it much easier to persuade the peoples of the Entente of a real moral attack on militarism itself. The Kaiser had reason to curse the day when he artificially elevated his moustache like a stage brigand; it made it considerably more difficult for him to assume, at a later stage, the mutton-chop whiskers of a Mid-Victorian

Pacifist. Europe did not go to war with the Kaiser for curling his moustache, or for doing many much worse things. But when the War came all those things came back with it, and made it a war to the death. The moustache, the militarism, the mad speeches, were already a familiar part of their lives, turned into deadly earnest. We had the vast advantage of having for an enemy one who was already a butt. And behind this grotesque mask was all the real wickedness of Prussian history, which was explored more and more as the War proceeded. Story after story stung to life again the tortured heroism of the Allies. Story after story that of sort is now told about the English in Ireland, with every hour that passes by.

### WAR AGAINST ENGLAND A "CRUSADE"

For it will be the same in our own case. Foreign nations may not make war on us for oppressing Ireland. Nor did they make war on Prussia for oppressing Poland. Modern nations, as we have said, do not perhaps make war for so noble a romance, but when modern nations do make war they take full advantage of the romance. For the purpose of this practical argument it would not matter even if it were only a romance. Let it be agreed for the sake of argument, that it was not with mere Prussian wickedness that the world went to war; but it was with Prussian wickedness that the world refused to make peace. It was the long perspective of her infamy in the past that made men face so long a perspective of battle against her in the future. Even if it was not against the oppressor of Poles and Danes that the diplomatists combined, it was largely against the oppressor of Poles and Danes that the democracies consented to go on fighting. And the Poles and Danes were not, as the Irish are, scattered everywhere among all the new democracies of the earth. We can afford even less than the Germans to distribute our foes everywhere, for we gather our food everywhere. Our very kitchen garden, our very kitchen, our very larder are behind doors of which these foes or friends may keep the key. It was touch-and-go with us, even when all the American Republics and all the Australasian colonies rightly regarded us as fighting against despotism. And we are piling up a toppling tradition against ourselves which will make them regard us as the last survival of despotism. Every tiny South American State will be proud to be counted among our enemies. When one of the hundred entanglements of Imperial politics brings us again into a war, that war will become a crusade. The defeat of England will be the defence of small nations; the ruin of England will be the reconstruction of the world. The nation we love will be the one obstacle to a League of Nations. The war that will end us will be the war that will end war. That we think this wild and exaggerated that we think when all is said that we are better than Prussia, that we think there is a case for us that foreigners do not see, has nothing to do with the point. It is not a question of what we think, but of what they think. It is not a question of what they do not see, but of what they do see. And what they see, when they see the black-and-tan uniform in Ireland, is what we saw when we saw the black and yellow flag flying over Belgium. They see the last and least tolerable of the ancient tyrannies of the earth. When once the free nations, for whatever original cause, had got their teeth into that Prussian tyranny, they were resolved never to let go. They hung on until it dropped.

Those who foresee these things have no pleasure in foretelling them. They love their country and not their prophecies. There will be no triumph in which they can share; no foe of England whom they will ever call their friends. We who would warn England would never warn against her, but war to the last for her, however wrong she might be. If it be written that these things come, even then I hope that to the last we should be with her, to take our share in the hatred of humanity and our portion in the wrath of God.

### FRENCH BOY SCOUTS AIM TO DEVELOP RELIGIOUS SPIRIT

By N. C. W. C. News Service

Paris, Feb. 25.—Boy scouting under Catholic leadership in France, far from supplanting the Association of the French Catholic Youth, is working alongside and co-operating with it, according to M. Georges Goyau, one of the leaders of the movement. The Catholic boy scouts of France have a distinctive organization of their own. This Catholic federation binds together associations that have been formed in Paris and throughout the country, enables lads to work out the ideal of Christian charity with the energies of youth, makes its rule of conduct the observance of the Ten Commandments, recognizes God in nature, and thereby cultivates a love of plants and animals, urges the practice of thrift and prompts its

members to be pure in thought and word and action.

The summer expeditions which were a part of the programme of the Catholic scouts last year will be revived this year. The spirit which animates these expeditions, which are based on the models furnished by American boy scouts, is well illustrated in the following prayer offered up by the scout-master in planting the camp: "Christ, my Lord and my chief, Who hast chosen me in spite of my weakness to be chief and guardian of my brother scouts, grant that my word may be a light to their path, that I may show them Thy Divine imprint in the world Thou hast created. Teach them Thy holy law, and lead them on to Thee, my God, into the camp of rest and joy where Thou hast set Thy tabernacle and ours forever."

## ANGER AGAINST THE CECILS

The Parliamentary correspondent of the Manchester Guardian writes:

Since the session opened several members have given expression to their loss of confidence in the Government by changing over to the Opposition benches. Of these migrants the most important are Lord Robert Cecil and his brother, Lord Hugh Cecil, who now sit at the Liberal end of the front Opposition bench—that is to say, the part of the bench usually occupied by Mr. Asquith and his friends, as distinguished from the section reserved for the Labor leaders. Further accessions to the back benches in the same quarter are Mr. Lyle Samuel and Mr. Athelstan Rendall, and possibly also Mr. Aubrey Herbert, though Mr. Herbert's choice of a seat on the opening day beside Mr. Oswald Mosley and Lord Henry Bantock (now regularly in Opposition) may have been for that occasion only.

Below the Opposition gangway, too, Mr. Bottomley has been drawing fresh recruits from the Government side, notably Mr. Edmond Harnsworth and Mr. Christopher Lowther, the Speaker's son. From the foolishness shown by the Ministerialists when Lord Robert Cecil, on the opening day, rose to put a question to the Prime Minister, it was manifest that the defection of the two brothers was warmly resented by their former associates. It was with some difficulty that Lord Robert could command a hearing, even for so brief a matter as an interpolated question. As significant as their coldness on this occasion was the dead silence maintained by the Government's supporters at the moment, earlier in the sitting, when the brothers first took their new places. Anything more uncharacteristic of the Parliamentary liveliness traditionally associated with such incidents it would be hard to imagine. Evidently the blow had gone home.

## ANGLICANS REPUBLISH THE WELFARE COUNCIL'S SOCIAL PROGRAM

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

New York, March 7.—The programme for social reconstruction of the administrative committee of the National Catholic War Council is one of the features of the pamphlet, entitled "The Social Task of the Church," which has been issued by the Department of Christian Social Service of the Anglican Church. The pamphlet has to do chiefly with certain portions of the Report of the Lambeth Conference on the "Opportunity and Duty of the Church in Regard to Industrial and Social Problems."

"Since the beginning of the industrial revolution," says this report, "only a minority of the members of our Church have insisted on the social application of the Gospel. Now that the conscience of the Christian community has been stirred, we must content ourselves to hear the accusation that we are only trying to make ourselves popular with labor, because labor is now a dominant power. The accusation is not true. We are honestly trying to see and to speak the truth, and those who make that effort will not, in the long run, be popular with any party."

The report treats of such subjects as women in industry, the drink question, the responsibilities of capital, human values, increased production, competition and co-operation, housing, mutual responsibility and co-operation of Christian forces. The pamphlet, in addition to quoting the major portion of the National Catholic Welfare Council's Reconstruction programme, republishes from the recent pronouncements of the Quakers and the Federal Council of Churches of Christ.

Reason may be deceived, but real faith never, because the latter is grounded on the bedrock of humility which reposes on God.

## CATHOLIC NOTES

Miss Gwen Dalton, daughter of the Vicar of Glynde, Sussex, England, has been received into the Catholic Church at St. Saviour's, Lewisham.

In New York City more cases of drunkenness were reported in the months of 1920, in which national prohibition was in effect, than during the entire year of 1919.

Rome has been selected as the place for holding the International Eucharistic Congress in 1922. Committees are preparing for the solemn ceremonies in St. Peter's during the congress, and it is planned that the Holy Father will participate.

According to a report appearing in the Catholic Times, Jewish converts, who have adopted the Catholic faith are making elaborate preparations to go on a pilgrimage to Rome, where it is proposed to present the Pope with a golden book in which will be inscribed the names of all Jewish converts.

Notre Dame, Ind., Mar. 7.—Miss Elizabeth Nourse, of Cincinnati, eminent American painter, has been named as winner of the Laetare medal of Notre Dame University for 1921. The medal has been awarded each year since 1854 to some member of the Catholic laity who has done distinguished service for God and country.

Mgr. Heylen, the Bishop of Namur, Belgium, and one of the first organizers of International Eucharistic Congresses, has been awarded the Croix de Guerre with palm from the French government, on account of his strenuous activity and courage during the German occupation. The "citation" contains a splendid eulogy of the Bishop's untiring charity and zeal.

London, February 21.—Attempt to exclude Archbishop Mannix from Edinburgh was met last week with a spirited protest in the Edinburgh City Council by Councillor Donlevy. The Archbishop has gone to Scotland, where he will fulfil speaking engagements in Edinburgh and Leith. An open air demonstration has been arranged in his honor; and during the week clergy and laity will entertain him at a public reception. Archbishop Mannix will visit the chief Scottish centers during his stay. His trip dispensed of years rumors that he had given up his attempts to aid Ireland and had left for Rome.

His Holiness, Pope Benedict, is taking great interest in the preservation of the Roman catacombs and in furthering the work of excavation which claimed so much attention from his predecessors. In order to insure safety, access and facility for carrying on the work, he has purchased extensive strips of ground in two parts of the catacombs. One is near the Catacombs of St. Callixtus, famous for the cubicle of the Passion and because it was in them that the body of St. Januarius was found. This cemetery is already partially restored, and it is hoped to open it to the public shortly.

Five hundred men sitting at a banquet at the Congress hotel recently, in Chicago, subscribed \$100 a plate for a total of \$50,000 for the relief work in Ireland. The dinner was given by the Illinois organization of the American Committee for Relief in Ireland, of which D. F. Kelly, K.C., and president of the National Catholic Charities of the Archdiocese of Chicago, is the chairman, and its cost was financed by private subscription. The entire sum of \$50,000 paid by the diners goes to the relief work, to be carried on in Ireland by the Society of Friends, the Quaker organization.

Liverpool, Feb. 18.—Thousands of people of all religion and no religion thronged the streets of Liverpool, as, under a pall of inky darkness as though the very elements mourned the body of the Most Rev. Thomas Whiteside, D.D., Archbishop of Liverpool was carried to its last resting place in the Ford Cemetery where the "Bishop of the poor" was laid to rest. The oratory of the Archbishop's house was fashioned into a mortuary chapel, and here, vested in full canonicals, the late Archbishop's body lay in state, being visited by some 36,000 of the faithful, mostly of the working classes, who came to pay a last tribute of affection.

Funeral services for the late Very Rev. Dr. Thomas Edward Shields, whose death in Washington on Monday, February 21, from heart failure, following influenza, came as a shock to Catholic educators throughout the United States, were held on Friday, February 24, the Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Shahan celebrating Pontifical Mass of Requiem at the Catholic University. Dr. Shields, who was Dean of the Catholic Sisters' College, editor of the Catholic Educational Review, an honorary member of the Minnesota Academy of Medicine and eminent as a psychologist and biologist, had been ill little more than a week previous to his death. He had been in frail health for several years, but despite this handicap had labored with untiring zeal and devotion in his life work.

HONOUR WITHOUT RENOWN

BY MRS. INNES BROWN

Author of "Three Daughters of the United Kingdom" PREFACE

Having been requested by many friends to give as promised, a "further glimpse" of "The Three Daughters of the United Kingdom," I have endeavored to comply with the request in the following pages. It does us no harm, in these days of turmoil and incessant motion, of selfish hurry for fame and luxury, to pause now and again and realize that many of our fellow creatures of all ages, classes, and nations, have willingly cast aside these very gifts and possessions for which we so vainly strive and yearn, in order to devote their lives, their wealth, and talents to the relief and comfort of the poor and weak ones of the earth. Surely their lives stand out as an object lesson, the study of which acts upon us as a healthy stimulant, encouraging us to greater endurance and fortitude. It causes us also to ponder and search for the motive which prompts them to perform such generous deeds; making them hold as worthless all that we seem to prize so dearly, and to count, as treasure untold, the hidden blessings of the poor and destitute. Again, we may say what we will in praise of the advanced state of society, yet we cannot deny that there still lingers a sweet halo of restful refinement, a tender memory of unselfish motherly love, in our youthful recollections of the woman of the days gone by. And, true to life, I have endeavored to depict the lives and characters of these "Three Daughters of the United Kingdom."

CHAPTER I

The equinoctial gales were at their highest. Loud boisterous winds scoured the peaceful valleys, bent the treetops and whistled through their almost leafless branches, leaving broad visible tracks of ruthless destruction in their course. Then, as if angered at the sturdy resistance offered by the stately oaks and sheltered woods of Baron Court, the storm tore up the hillsides and swept along the lonely moors as though to revenge itself in noisy and exultant glee upon the sparse, tall pine trees which in thin and irregular ranks crowned the highest hills and broke the otherwise monotonous line of the horizon. Yet the force of the gale served but as pastime and sport for those old veteran firs; they merely bowed their dark green heads stiffly to the fury of the storm as it swept madly past, then rose again to their height, seeming to draw in with thirsty pleasure the sheets of pelting rain which dashed and beat with fury against their hard brown stems. "Heaven help the poor sailors this night!" muttered old John Ryder, the coachman, as he tottered and struggled down a slippery lane. "Aye me," he sighed softly to himself, as he paused and drew forth a large red handkerchief wherewith to wipe the dripping raindrops from his fine old roddy face. "Aye me, it was just such a wild and woful night as this when our bonnie Jack was lost at sea. The poor old woman has never looked up rightly since. Well, well! me own time may not be so far off neither, or why should a gale like this fast me so?" He paused once more to regain his breath; but from old custom—grown a habit—strained his eyes and ears to watch and listen, if perchance through the roar of the storm he might detect the sound of powder's step or voice. It was with feelings of joy, almost of gratitude, that he descried at last the bright glimmer of a light which every now and then shone through the leafless branches and marked the spot where stood the quiet Western Lodge, the very one where some twelve years before dear old Father Egbert had alighted when bound on his mission of love and kindness to the young mistress of the Court. Slowly but surely the welcome light grew nearer and nearer, until at last the weary old man stood upon the gravelled walk and clutched for support the iron rails which enclosed the neat little garden surrounding the lodge.

"This late, I know, but she'll admit me for a wee bit of rest and shelter I doubt not," he thought, "and some how I cannot stand the storm tonight." A louder blast of the tempest than ever interrupted his cogitations, and howling madly around the eaves of the house shook the lattice windows, whilst it pressed the form of the old man roughly against the railings. This decided him; and as soon as the gust had somewhat abated, he opened with difficulty the low iron gate, and trudging up the short pathway, knocked loudly with the butt end of his gun at the door of the lodge. A light step moved within, and as the outer door was opened timidly, as a flood of welcome warmth and light burst upon the waltzorous air—without, however, revealing the figure of the old man as he stood warily and wet outside. "Who knocks? Who is it out on such a night as this?" asked a sweet but timid voice. "Ms, Mrs. MacDermot! me—Ryder. Can you give me shelter for an hour or so from the rain? I do be somewhat fairly done this night."

"No, no, ma'am, neither," he answered cheerfully, still shaking the wet from his coat like a huge mastiff, and meanwhile wiping the clay from the little pug's outside; "but—confidentially—Jameson do be getting ole, ye see, and weather like this tries him sorely; so I volunteered to take his place tonight."

"Oh, yes, I see it all, Ryder: you being so young can afford to risk your health for your friend Jameson. But, seriously, do be more careful of yourself. What would your master say if he knew you were out in weather like this?"

"Nay, nay, ma'am. You at least should not speak like that, for who works so early or so late as you do?" A deep flash dyed the face of Mrs. MacDermot as she turned away in silence; and a heavy sigh escaped her as she resumed her work of ironing, interrupted by the sudden entrance of her unexpected guest.

She was a strange woman, this inhabitant of the Western Lodge; and the villagers loved to talk amongst themselves of her quiet doings and the dark mystery which seemed to envelop her life. The old porter, who had lived there for so many years, was dead, and suddenly as if dropping from the skies—came the new lodge-keeper, recommended, report did say, by Lady O'Hagan. How the village people came to recognize Mrs. MacDermot as a lady, and involuntarily spoke of and addressed her as such, was more than they could explain. Nevertheless they did so; yet was her employment no higher or better than their own. "She only took in washing," they argued. True, it was not the coarse, heavy clothes, such as those found their way to her lodge, but all the lighter, daintier articles from the Court, as well as from the houses of the gentry around: costly laces, altar linen, rich needlework, dainty ladies' garments, and pretty children's clothes—such things as these all found their way to her clever hands. "She gets the pick of everything," ejaculated the spiteful ones; "and if she does not turn her nose up to look almost as fresh and pretty as when first they left the maker's hands, why no doubt, in spite of her airs, she was reared to the trade—and then she's got nothing else to do." True, this was how she earned her money, and a tidy board she must have of it some where; but the question that exercised their minds so terribly was, what did she do with it? They knew her to be in great favor with their Lord and his Lady, the Earl and Countess de Woodville, for both had expressed their desire that Mrs. MacDermot might not be disturbed nor unduly intruded upon in her seclusion; indeed, they had heard more than once, too—that the little Countess Marie, when at home, even looked over and paid the washing bills herself at the Western Lodge; and she, they knew, was not likely to be stingy in her payments. Then followed the tiresome question, upon what did this strange woman spend her earnings? Truly, not upon herself; for her gowns, to their knowledge, were but two in number, and those of a plain black material, and her appearance belied the idea of one who lived or thrived upon dainty fare. Then for what was she saving or hoarding her hard earnings? Ah, the correct and reliable solution to that question would have secured a high premium, had the owner cared to offer it for auction to the highest bidder at Oakhoma. Neither were those wanting spiteful and jealous tongues which hinted broadly that Mrs. MacDermot had seen better days; that, likely enough, she had committed some terrible crime and was in hiding. Certainly, there was some deep, dark mystery which enshrouded and covered with shame her former life; they could tell that by her quiet and downcast look, and the steeple way in which she frequently sought to evade or avoid altogether their very plain and straightforward questions. Well, well! whatever it was, they could afford to wait and watch; "murder will out," and doubtless the terrible truth would burst upon them some day, rewarding with tenfold interest their long forbearance.

Had they but watched her more closely when bowed in prayer, they could not have failed to observe the look of deep faith, and courageous hope, which lit up the dark brown eyes and gave to her quiet features that expression of brave, almost willing, endurance which surely could not be the companion of guilt. There were many others, however, who, like old Ryder, shook their heads gravely, saying: "Nay, nay! She may be a bit touched in her head with the melancholy, but she has done no wrong."

Of medium height, her figure slight almost to very thinness, her movements slow almost to weariness, Mrs. MacDermot's appearance varied so considerably at times that she had frequently been guessed at anything between four-and-twenty

and thirty-five. Her brown hair was dark, and grew prettily from her forehead, from which it was simply and naturally turned, then twisted in luxuriant coils in the nape of her neck. Two soft large eyes, matching in color the rich brown hair, shone out from the thin delicate face, revealing in their depths a settled look of ever-present sorrow; but the sadness of their expression was in a measure counterbalanced by the signs of reserve and proud endurance that lingered around the delicate lips. A thick gold wedding-ring hung loosely upon the third finger of her left hand; it would never have retained its position there at all but for the aid of a friendly keeper.

The kitchen into which Ryder had intruded was large and airy, and possessed an air of cleanliness and refinement. Across the further end of the ceiling were suspended several rows of deal laths, and upon them hung a various assortment of tiny garments, which in their spotless whiteness and exquisite finish seemed well to repay the laundress for the labor she had expended upon them. A large fire-place—half of it fitted as a stove for heating iron—shone conspicuously at one end of the apartment, whilst an oil-cloth of a bright, cheerful design covered the floor. One low rocking chair, in which the weary mistress oftentimes rested her aching limbs, the arm-chair in which Ryder sat, and three smaller ones, together with a round centre table and dresser, constituted the chief articles of furniture in the room. A long narrow bracket table ran nearly the full length of the wall on one side and served as a stand whereupon to iron.

Outside, the storm appeared to rage with unabated fury; but the eyes of old Ryder followed the graceful movements of his hostess with admiration. Others might speak of her as cold and reserved; to him she had always been kindness itself. Perhaps she admired unduly the coachman's imposing presence and handsome jovial face set in its frame of silvery hair—for Ryder was no mean specimen of his class, and, taken as a whole, they were a decidedly fine set of men—or it may have been that she admired more the kind and manly heart within him, that, having suffered herself, was ever ready to help and cheer a weaker brother. Moving gently, as was her wont, Mrs. MacDermot raised a bright brass kettle which was steaming busily upon the stove; daintily she brewed and mixed a refreshing cup of tea, into which she poured a table-spoonful of brandy. Then she bent kindly towards the old man and bade him drink it. "Take it now, poor Ryder, and never expose yourself so recklessly to the elements again; more than your good master and mistress would miss your kindly face if you died and left us." Then, as if to herself, "God help the poor wanderer and the homeless this night! and clasp his hands, 'Aye, more than all, may He guard those who are so safely housed that the winds will not reach unheeded above and around their walls this night."

He noted the impassioned action and caught the burning accent of her words, as with a trembling hand he took the proffered cup and prepared to obey her with the simplicity of a child. He had always been a good husband, and respected woman, therefore he could not bear to see them suffer. Mrs. MacDermot watched her guest steadily for some minutes as he sipped his tea at slow intervals, first from the teaspoon and then in larger gulps from the cup itself; then turning away she resumed her work at the side table. Ryder watched her now in his turn. He had seen many real ladies in his day—titled ladies, ladies of quality and position; yet, save for his own dear master's wife and the two that had been linked to her so tenderly in the days gone by, there was not one for whom he had more heartfelt reverence than for the owner of the sweet, patient face before him. The heat from the ironing table flushed her cheeks and caused the locks of dark brown hair to form tiny curls around the white, thin temples; her downcast eyes, shaded by the long lashes, were lowered earnestly upon her work, but the fragile figure drooped as if from fatigue which the busy finger refused to yield to.

Presently the warm drink, together with the soothing heat from the fire, began to tell upon the old man, and a feeling of cosy drowsiness and peaceful comfort commenced to creep more upon the glowing embers before him, and, as frequently happens in old age, his memory was apt to travel back to scenes in earlier days, and to conjure up forms and faces that had left a much more indelible impression upon his mind than any present or passing event could now achieve. Suddenly he made a strong effort and roused himself, exclaiming:

"Such a day as we have had to be sure!—driving to meet every train. Mrs. Thomas will have her hands full, seeing to the comfort of all those guests. I wouldn't be a housekeeper for something."

"The Earl and Countess have not yet returned, then?" she asked eagerly. "No, and the company will even have to get on as well as they can without him. A telegram said his Lady was none so well, and he wouldn't travel home without her."

"understand, happened to her, why, I do believe he'd go clean off it. But then," softly, "how kind and gentle she is? There's not one of us she doesn't think of, and what's more, she makes him think of us too. Bless you! it's a pretty sight to see her wheedle and coax him to her own way of thinking; and all the time he's so proud to give in to her and let her have her own way? She's been the very making of him, she has! But we all said it from the first; we knew she was the very one for him."

There was a pause. The listener had ceased her work; her hand still retained possession of the iron, but it rested idly in its stand; her eager face betrayed intense and increasing interest.

Presently, with a sigh, the old man turned once more to the fire; and staring at the glowing embers continued in a low tone, as if to himself: "Ah me! how time and things do be fickle and change to be sure! It seems to me but last week since I saw the three of 'em—a beautiful young creature as ever drew breath—standing linked together in girlish love on the terrace walk, cracking their merry jokes and speaking to me as freely as if I were one of themselves; and then to think that she, the pride of them all—our own Lady Beatrice—should fling all her wealth aside, and forgetting her father's home and all its comforts—nay, even her very name—go and devote her life to serve God's poor. So they told us! Bless me, when first I heard of it, how I took on! Ye see her father was dead, and I had known and loved her from a very baby; and I thought to myself, if I can only make bold, maybe she'll listen to what old John has to say. So day by day I watched me chance to way-lay her; and much good I did when me opportunity did come!"

"What did she do?" "Do?" he cried, almost testily—"why, just what she always did—twisted me round her thumb and got her own way, and everyone else's else."

TO BE CONTINUED

THE STRANGE VISITOR

Rose Martin in The Missionary

When John Allen married the pretty Protestant girl who had won his heart, his sister Mary realized the occasion demanded fervent prayer and constant watchfulness on her part, lest she and again she felt that she had never been deeply religious. When he moved to another town, far from any Catholic relatives, Mary was acutely distressed. She could have no opportunity now of seeing that he practiced his religion. But at least she would keep in touch with him by letter. This she did most conscientiously, boring the young man greatly by frequent allusions to religion.

When he announced the birth of a child, she reminded him that the duty of having the little one baptized rested on him, and was greatly relieved when, in answering her letter, he told her the child had been baptized. Other children came, six in all, and for every one Miss Allen reminded her brother that he must have the baby baptized, and every time he assured her that he had attended to the matter. One of the children was named after herself, Mary, but Miss Allen had been a little hurt that the honor had not extended to an invitation to be godmother. But when a Protestant mother did not care to have John's Catholic relatives around; the poor man was really doing very well in seeing that his children were not deprived of their heritage of faith—so she reasoned. She ventured a question, however, in regard to the godmother, and John told her he had let Anne stand for the child. She was another of his sisters who happened to be passing through the town in which John lived, on her way to another State where she and her family were to settle. Well, that was satisfactory; course; though Anne could not do the child much good. She had just settled on an out-of-the-way farm, and was much occupied with her own affairs—so much so that she seldom if ever wrote to any one.

Then John Allen's wife died, and much consultation and correspondence ensued in regard to the six children. John Allen was a traveling man and he did not deem it well to give up his work, even if he had been equal to the task of caring for six children. It was finally decided to send them to his different Catholic relatives; Miss Mary Allen had rather expected that Anne would take little Mary, her godchild, but when the other members of the family wrote to ask Anne if she could take any of the children, she replied that her circumstances would not permit her to do so. It was with tenderest affection, then, that Mary Allen welcomed to her home and bade a sweet, shy namesake. The child was twelve years old, with an exceptionally winning and innocent face. But her aunt was greatly shocked on discovering that her religion had been entirely neglected. Evidently the baptisms had been both the beginning and the end of his religious activities, and her questions soon drew out the fact from little Mary that her father had made no attempt at either practicing his religion himself or having the children instructed.

As soon as possible Miss Allen started the child to the Sisters' school. She proved equally bright and docile as a pupil and showed intense interest in the religious

instructions. Very soon she had made her first Communion and was practicing her religion with great fervor. Quiet, peaceful years passed during which Miss Allen's affection for her niece steadily deepened. She was meantime anticipating with pleasure the young girl's companionship when school days would be over. But before that time arrived, Mary told her of her desire to become a Religious. It meant a sacrifice on the part of Miss Allen, but she made it without a struggle, feeling more than repaid when she witnessed her niece's happy face on the day of profession. Singularly free from trouble had the child's life been since she came under Miss Allen's care, and now, it seemed, the Providence of God had guided her to yet holier and much more peaceful ways. Mary Allen felt that her niece was very dear to our Lord. One thing she did not remember: those who are close friends of our crucified Lord must know something of trial, and taste, perhaps drink deep, of the chalice of suffering.

Sister Mary Josephine proved an exemplary Religious, and after some years, having shown talents of a practical nature, she was sent to C— as Superior of a convent there. And then the shadow fell upon her life, the shadow which must ever fall sometimes, somewhere, when evil has been done, that it may be atoned for; and this atonement is often to be made by an innocent one, eye, even by the victim himself.

With no hint of what was coming, not even the smallest foreboding, Sister Mary Josephine retired one night—and the morning found her bearing a weighty cross. A strange, a dreadful visitation had occurred to her overnight. A haunting fear was now with her and always remained. Vainly she tried to persuade herself that her cross was an imaginary one. She endeavored to judge the matter according to cool reason, as though it were that of someone else, rather than her own. Again and again she felt that she had reasoned the matter away forever—only to find the haunting fear returned, stronger than before. As time passed she felt the need of advice, but the case was so strange, and there was no one near her to whom she felt she could turn, confidently, in her difficulty. She prayed constantly for light and help, growing thin and pale while she waited.

The time came for the annual retreat at the Mother House, and Sister Mary Josephine decided that whilst there she would lay the matter before the Mother Provincial. But on arriving, she was informed that word had just come of the illness of her aunt, Miss Allen. The Provincial insisted that the niece must go to her aunt at once and do everything possible for her comfort; and Sister Josephine was suddenly consoled herself: Aunt Mary would be able to assure her that her fears were unfounded. Miss Allen was delighted to have her niece with her, and doubtless the visit was conducive to her recovery, for she soon began to improve. But her keen affectionate eyes discovered that the serenity and happiness which had formerly characterized Sister Mary Josephine had entirely disappeared.

One evening the elder lady was reclining on a couch, and she beckoned her niece to a chair beside her, and "Tell me all about it," she commanded.

Sister Mary Josephine obediently seated herself, smiling, and finding it pleasant to be treated as a child again. "I wanted to tell you before, but was afraid of worrying you," she said. "But first, I have an aunt in Gunstonville, Indiana?"

"Yes, your aunt—your godmother—lives there," Miss Allen answered with some surprise; "but I do not recall having ever mentioned her to you. I was afraid you might feel hurt that she had never shown any interest in you."

"But you are sure she is my godmother?" and Sister Josephine's voice trembled with anxiety. "Why, I suppose I am sure," Miss Allen returned, puzzled at the question. "It was your father who told me."

"Tears sprang to the harassed Sister's eyes. Then you are not really positive—and it may be true that I am not baptized."

"Miss Allen stared in amazement. "How did you get such a notion?" she demanded. And Sister Mary Josephine told her strange story.

"It was after I went to C—that it happened. I had retired as usual one night, though I had not gone to sleep, when I saw the Blessed Mother on a cot next beside my bed."

"The Sister replied, 'Go on,' Miss Allen said, feeling in her heart that the child really had gone to sleep without knowing it. "At my first glance, perhaps, I was inclined to be startled, frightened. And then I saw the Blessed Mother was knitting. Somehow, her being engaged in that every day occupation calmed my fears. Then she looked from her work—the sweetest compassion and pity in her eyes—and she said: 'Sister, you are not a Catholic; you have never been baptized. I am afraid I was not at all polite then. In my surprise I said to her positively: 'But yes, Blessed Mother, I have been baptized. Still with that deeply compassionate look, she replied firmly yet sweetly: 'No, Sister, you are not a Catholic. You have an aunt in Gunstonville who is supposed to be your godmother, but you have no godmother because you have never been baptized.'"

"I could not make any reply, for my thoughts were in a turmoil, while I asked myself how such a deplorable mistake could have occurred. Alas, my poor father must have been responsible for it all. I shuddered in horror. Had he entirely lost his faith, but he could not let years pass away with no attempt to right the wrong he had done me? The voice of the Blessed Mother spoke again:

"Your father will be converted! she said, as though to reassure me and to calm my fears. 'Your father will be converted,' she repeated sweetly, soothingly, and yet once again she repeated those same words. 'You must always be busy, Sister,' she said—and then she disappeared.

In the morning I tried to persuade myself it was all a dream, but I did not succeed. Was it my duty to suppose I was baptized, until proof could be obtained that I was, or was it not? But now you will tell me what to do."

Miss Allen was looking very thoughtful: "The matter must be looked into. I will write to your aunt in Gunstonville and ask her if she is your godmother. I will write also to the priest of the parish where your father lived, when you were born, to ask about your baptismal certificate. It is unfortunate that we do not know where your father is at present, or we might get the truth from him."

Even from the first John Allen had seemed to feel very little responsibility for his children, and had been content that his relatives should care for them. Of late years nothing had been heard from him; no one knew where he was. It was some time before the two letters sent that night received answers. The one from the priest of the parish where the Allens formerly lived announced that there were no baptismal records of any of the Allen children. And the aunt in Gunstonville said she had never been godmother to any of John's children.

Sister Mary Josephine returned to the Mother House, where she was privately baptized and confirmed. In the meantime Miss Allen received a letter from her brother. He was dying in a Catholic hospital far away. And he asked pardon for his deception. He had practiced, confessing that none of his children had been baptized. Later, Miss Allen learned that with every sign of fervor and contrition her brother received the last sacraments and happily expired.

ANGELS IN DAMASCUS

By Arnel O'Connor

We were on our way to Damascus, speeding along in motor lorries, on the steep and winding roads that climbed the mountain sides. And frequently the results of our sirmen's daring and skill confronted us. On the slopes of the hills lay many a half-destroyed and dismantled German transport car. Our planes, like huge birds of prey, had pursued and overtaken them, in their hurried flight.

When the Palestine campaign is adequately and fully described, the British public will know what it owes to Lord Allenby and the valor of his troops. One could see that what had been an overwhelming success might easily have turned out a ghastly failure. It was all a striking instance of superb judgment backed up by courage and endurance. Think of the mountains; remember that this last was chiefly a cavalry engagement, and you will have to proclaim the miracle of the advance. I knew the Third Light Horse Brigade will never forget a morning through the Adams Gorge in the dawn, and making its track through the heaps of dead Germans, Turks, horses and camels that lay on the road leading into Damascus.

Our first view of Damascus was wonderfully impressive. We rushed out of hills, unbelievably parched and barren, into a fairland of luxuriant loveliness. It was a spacious, opulent scene. Of the city itself we at first saw little—just the occasional roofs of the loftier buildings, a few domes and minarets, and one suburb that had escaped from the wide-spread forest of orchards, lofty poplars, and other beautiful trees, and perched itself on the slope of a stern, sun-baked hill.

Was this at last the Never Never Land? Can't you realize it all, this sudden radiant promise, the surprise as such a gift! Oh, how we grieved that day! Very soon we were to be disappointed and disillusioned, but that perfect, brief impression was something to keep for ever.

In a short time we entered the city, and on the very threshold we encountered ugliness in a piteous guise. A dead Turk, naked, with only his face covered, lay across the rough pavement with his legs in the road. The way was narrow, and the wheels of our lorries went over one poor foot. It was so sudden, this revelation of death unhonoured, insulted, abject. I did not say anything; but how it hurt.

As we got farther into the city, the road became wider, and the buildings larger and finer, but there were odours numberless, mastered by the sickening smell of death. We passed a field where, I noticed, natives were preparing bodies for burial. Many died in Damascus. When we reached the centre of the town, we were much amused by the sight of electric trams; they seemed so out of place. It was extraordinarily comic, the dignified attitude of a brigand-like, armed Bedouin entering a comparatively modern car. Here we left our lorries and putting on our packs and standing by our kit-bags, we waited for the return of the officer in charge,

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who had gone somewhere or other to find out our destination. In about an hour he paraded us, and we marched on foot, through narrow, picturesque streets, to the other end of Damascus.

We observed on our way that the city, though beautiful, is incredibly filthy, that the River Adana bursts forth into innumerable streams and fountains in many of the streets, and that the "Street Called Straight" is crooked. It was almost dusk when we reached the American Mission House, a large building standing in pleasant grounds. It was occupied by an Australian field ambulance, and we were greeted by the sergeant in charge very kindly and hospitably.

Here we were to stop for the night, before being drafted, in tens or dozens, into various neighboring units. We were to sleep in the garden, as the hospital was already filled to overflowing with the sick and dying. That very evening, patients were still coming in—and such dreadful, pitiable cases, most of them. The A. D. M. S. was recently buried here, and one could realize the heroic work that had been done by the Australians. The labour was more than human nature could have borne, unaided by a keen and high sense of duty and a noble love of humanity.

We met the matron, only for a few minutes, and I don't think I ever saw a woman look so tired. She must have willed not to give in; and how she must have prayed! She welcomed us brightly, with a cheerful smile, and thanked us for coming to help them. It soon became quite dark and very cold; and we got ravenously hungry and thirsty. By mistake our rations had been taken to a German hospital some miles away, and so that night we had nothing to eat. The hospital had no food to spare, as there were so many patients to feed, but we each received half a mug of tea. About an hour later we covered ourselves with our blankets, failed to keep warm, and shivered without interruption until the following morning.

We paraded early, and the sergeant chose out different contingents to leave for several ambulances and hospitals. With nine chums, I was to go to the French hospital, a little lower down the same street on the other side. After a parade we each of us were given half a very small loaf, but we only had cold water to drink.

The French hospital is in charge of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul; the buildings and garden are lovely in the particular convent way; and to a Catholic, the exquisite reason for such loveliness is the Presence of the Blessed Sacrament. For a few minutes, dirty and worn out as I was, I felt outside the glory of a rarefied atmosphere—a glory that the good Sisters were steeped in, but which had not directly penetrated my clogged body and mind. But only for a few minutes. Soon I was permeated by the noble purity of the atmosphere—and I did not need to be told of His abode here. I felt it with an unexplainable certainty. Any Catholic will understand me, and my enforced humility. He will realize what it meant, after weeks in a world of feverish nightmare, of spiritual indifference, to be set in a place where Christ was honored in a special, incomparable way.

Such a knowledge is not merely in the mind; it is in the blood, the whole self. I no longer felt tired, and hope was uppermost in my mind, a host of other uncomfortable things. Most of the Sisters were old, but the orderlies, working under them, told me they never seemed to get tired. Later on in the morning I went to their little chapel; and as I knelt there I knew the secret of their strength. They had suffered enough—the Turks saw that, and deprived them of the comfort of their chapel in the hospital building. But this did not daunt them; they could still turn their tired hands to extra work; and thus, a little room hidden in some outbuildings became Our Lord's home until better times. I still remember the fragrance of that secret place, and the steady contemplation, the unperturbed satisfaction (there is no other word for it) of two shrivelled but sturdy old Sisters who knelt almost in front of me. Their very hands, wrinkled and gnarled, clasping their rosaries, spoke, better than any words, of will, power, heroism, and long practice in doing good. Such virtue is beyond comparison; and it is so undoubtedly positive that when one comes across it the very memory of evil is wiped out of one's mind.

Dear, brave old Sisters! We were sent, on the same day, to a field ambulance on the other side of the city; we were in for worse, more strenuous times than we had yet experienced, even on the field. But the thought of you helped me through many a dark hour, and I shall ever claim to have seen angels in Damascus.

PRIZING A WONDROUS GIFT

We see on all sides of us, at the present time, facts which constitute a striking object lesson of the truth that Faith is a gift from God to man, dispensed according to His inscrutable wisdom and absolute freedom. The Catholic Church is set high on a hill, clearly discernible by all. The soul stirring events of the past six years have made men, groping in the night of human reason, thoroughly aware of their need of a better and nobler light. We find the best minds

in the world, with practical unanimity, declaring religious conviction to be the one hope of the world. We even find them standing intellectually convinced before the claims of the One Apostolic Infallible Church. So many of them, nevertheless, remain without that divine gift which would enable them, with humble hearts and bowed heads, to say those foundation words of all prayer, "I believe." To prize this wondrous gift, as we ourselves know it, should be the first fruit of this lesson; to do all in our power to carry the message of the Faith and to prove ourselves worthy to spread the Gospel of Jesus Christ among our brothers should follow our deep-rooted appreciation of the Faith we are blessed in professing.—Catholic Standard and Times.

THE LYRIC POETRY OF IRELAND

From the study of ancient sagas and early epic scholars have found that Ireland was always a literary country. Even in prehistoric times the people had invented an alphabet and carved inscriptions on ogham stones. Recent research in Celtic literature has made familiar ground of old Irish romances and heroic books composed centuries before they were committed to writing. And what a wonderful world is revealed! Men and women possessing all the elemental characteristics of the race—Ember and Ochulainn, Dierdre and Naisi, and Queen Meave, rise out of dim, half-mythical ages, and live again in the history of Erin. The tragedy of Dierdre, or the "Lamentable Death of the Sons of Uinnch," the story of the Children of Lir, and of the fate of the Children of Tuirenn, are known as "Three Sorrows of Erin." Of these we shall recall only one, the story of Fionnuala, daughter of Lir, who was by some supernatural power transformed into a swan, and condemned to wander for many hundred years over lakes and rivers in Ireland till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the Mass bell was to be the signal for her release. Moore puts a sorrowful song upon her lips:

"Sadly, oh, Moyle, to thy winter-wave weeping, Fate bids me languish long ages away; Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping, Still doth the pure light its dawning delay When will that day-star mildly springing Warm our isle with peace and love? When will heaven its sweet bell ringing, Call my spirit to the fields above?"

Clearly outlined against this background of romantic mythology rises the figure of one whose mission was to Christianize the nation and thus lift its thought to the highest plane of spiritual beauty—St. Patrick. Around his name and that of St. Bridget, the sweetest type of Celtic womanhood, cluster a wealth of early literature of Ireland, and many legends tenderly told of the time when the new divine creed entered the land and confronted the Celtic paganism.

Surrounded by the wild beauty of the country, the seas, the picturesque lakes, deep mossy valleys, and lofty rugged mountains, the true Celt is above all men gifted with fine sentiment and the capacity to admire the beautiful and the good. Nature and religion have combined to mould his genius; for the Catholic faith harmonizes with and contents his natural love of the mystical and the sublime.

Celtic verse for the most part has been lyrical, sometimes in triumphant, more often in wailing strains, it has sung the glories, hopes and aspirations of the suffering nation. To their song have the Irish clung through sunshine and shadow, with the same tenacity as to faith and fatherland.

Much controversy has arisen concerning the ballads of Ossian or Uisben who according to tradition was the son of that Fin mac Cumhail whose name is a beacon light in Celtic literature. All through the "Wanderings of Ossian" are recalled the delights of the land he so loved, the plaintive whistle of the sea-mews, the soft, swift gallop of fawns through the forest glade, the lowing of oxen, and the murmur of falling mountain streams. But above all he is haunted by the song of the blackbird. One of the most familiar odes is to the "Blackbird of Derry-carr."

"Sweet bird and bard of sable wing, Sweet warbler in Carrn's grove, No lay so haunting shall I hear Again, though round the world I rove."

A chief characteristic of Irish poetry is the ardent love of home and country by which it is often inspired. Ireland's dearest saint, Columba, the Apostle of Caledonia, who founded on the island of Iona a monastery which became a center of learning, sings in his exile from Erin, of the "Isle of my heart, Isle of my love," which he is never to see again, and makes the sea-gulls his messengers to his native land. St. Columba's fond love of home is shown in his "Song of Derry":

"My Derry, my fair oak grove, My dear little cell and dwelling! Beloved are Durrrow and Derry, Beloved are Raphoe the pure, Beloved the fertile Drumhome, Beloved are Swords and Kells, But sweeter and fairer to me

The salt sea where the sea-gulls cry When I come to Derry from far, It is sweeter and dearer to me, Sweeter to me."

Since the time of this poet-priest Gaelic poetry has been tinged with melancholy. What a wailing note in the refrain, "O Kinkora!" of the bard MacLiag, who after the battle of Clontarf, sang of the death of Brian Boru, monarch of Ireland! Kinkora was the name of Brian's palace.

"They are gone, those heroes of royal birth, Who plundered no churches and broke no trust; 'Tis weary for me to be living on earth. When they, O Kinkora, lie low in the dust! Low, O Kinkora!

I am MacLiag, and my home is on the lake; Thither oft to that palace whose beauty is fled Came Brian to ask me, and I went for his sake, Oh, my grief! that I should live and Brian be dead! Dead, O Kinkora!

Wherever Irish hearts are found—and they are found the wide world over—"Moore's Melodies" are sung. Who does not know "The Harp that Once Thro' Tara's Halls," and "Believe Me, if All Those Endearing Young Charms"? There is no one familiar with "The Last Rose of Summer" who does not love the sweet, mournful melody. The words of "The Meeting of the Waters" are exquisite, and when sung, the music touches the very depths of the soul. We feel with the poet, that the charms of nature are imperfect till "we see them reflected in the looks that we love."

From time immemorial the harp has been the national symbol of Ireland and of her musical expression. Moore sings: "Dear harp of my country, in darkness I found thee, The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long, When proudly, my own island harp, I unbound thee, And gave all thy chords to light, Freedom and song."

Of Moore and his music, Father Burke, O. P., has eloquently said: "The harp is yet near when God gave to our native land one of its highest gifts, a truly poetic child. When Ireland's poet came to find fame and immortality in Ireland, nothing was required of him but to take the ancient melodies floating in the land, to interpret the Celtic in which they were found into the language of today. Tom Moore, Ireland's poet, was a lover of his country. He made every true heart and every noble mind in the world melt into sorrow at the contemplation of Ireland's wrongs and the injustice that she suffered, as they came home to every sympathetic heart on the wings of Ireland's ancient melody."

Contemporaneous with Moore was James Clarence Mangan, who in "The Nameless One," tells his own story, whose boyhood was "one drear night hour," and who at last, worn by weakness, disease and wrong, "fled for shelter to God, Who mated his soul with song." Modern critics place Mangan among the most famous of Irish singers and poets, and mention "Dark Rosaleen" as the greatest of his poems. "Dark Rosaleen" was one of the many cryptic names for Ireland given her by the poets of those turbulent times when it was "treason to love her, and death to defend." A stanza will give some idea of the lyrical translation from the original Gaelic:

"Over dews, o'er sands, Will I fly for your wail: Your holy, delicate white hands Shall girdle me with steel. At home in your emerald bowers, From morning's dawn to e'en You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers, My dark Rosaleen!

My own Rosaleen! You'll think of me through daylight's hours, My virgin flower, my flower of flowers, My dark Rosaleen!"

To the same period belongs Gerald Griffin, whose name is "one of the finest and brightest in the history of literature, and surrounded by a halo of glory, virtue and romance." What a haunting quality in that beautiful lyric,

"A place in the memory, dearest, Is all that I claim, To pause and look back when thou hearest The sound of my name!"

Another lyricist of this era is Rev. Francis S. O'Mahoney, "Father Front," who has immortalized "The Bells of Shandon That sound so grand On the pleasant waters Of the river Lee."

All these belong to an age that has gone, but the heart of Ireland is still inspired, and Ireland's dearest saint, Columba, the Apostle of Caledonia, who founded on the island of Iona a monastery which became a center of learning, sings in his exile from Erin, of the "Isle of my heart, Isle of my love," which he is never to see again, and makes the sea-gulls his messengers to his native land. St. Columba's fond love of home is shown in his "Song of Derry":

"My Derry, my fair oak grove, My dear little cell and dwelling! Beloved are Durrrow and Derry, Beloved are Raphoe the pure, Beloved the fertile Drumhome, Beloved are Swords and Kells, But sweeter and fairer to me

One with her are mirth and duty; Bear the gold-embroidered dress, For she needs not her sad beauty, To the scented oaken press.

Here the kiss of Mother Mary; The long hair is on her face; Still she goes with footsteps wary, Full of earth's old timid grace.

With white feet of angels seven Her white feet go glimmering; And above the deep of heaven, Flame on flame and wing on wing."

Though Canon Sheehan is best known as a novelist, we have from his pen many beautiful lyrics. A remarkable allegory is "The Dreaded Dawn," to which is prefixed the quotation: "I know nothing more touching, or perhaps more terrible, than the dawn of self-consciousness in the soul of a child."

"I amens! we walked the sands together, And I was winter and you were May; But our love of the sea broke time Mad's summer for both that livelong day."

"I amens! the hooded eve came down, And shadow fell betwixt you and me; And your brow grew troubled; you looked afar O'er the purple wastes of the twilight sea."

"I amens! I said, 'Behold the night! The hermit night and his sanctities Of star and wave.' Then I ventured to look In the fathomless depths of Iamens's eyes."

"I amens! I hoped that thy child-soul gazed From eyes that were pure as the eyes of a fawn, Alas! 'twas a woman's soul looked at me; I was fain to face with the dreaded dawn."

It is beyond the scope of this brief sketch to comment on all the writings of the numberless lyric poets of Ireland, or of her exiled sons who have brought into foreign lands their minstrelsy. It was in the order of Providence that sorrow and oppression at home should send the children of Erin to carry their music and song, their pathos and gaiety, and above all, their religion to the uttermost parts of the world, for as Cardinal Newman said, "The Irish people are overrunning the earth." But wherever he goes, the exile from Erin is followed by a haunting remembrance of olden times, an echo of music blown from the Land of his Heart's Desire, and forever in his dreams he sees the "dawn on the fair hills of holy Ireland."—Blaid Marie Lally, in The Labarum.

AMPLE WAGE AS A MEANS OF GRACE

There is a degree of poverty which actually becomes a terrible temptation and breaks down the morale of men. It is from this kind of poverty that the wise man prays to be protected, lest it should become to him a snare and tempt him beyond ordinary human endurance. A universal experience teaches that in times of general destitution, property becomes insecure and small thefts multiply. The crimes caused by this kind of poverty belong to the minor offenses and are mostly of the nature of petty thievery. They are intended to relieve the immediate, pressing needs of the physical organism that brook no delay and are most insistent in their urgency. There evidently is some attenuation for such transgressions; and few judges would be found to impose a heavy sentence on a father who, in utter despair, after having sought a job in vain and seeing his family reduced to starvation, extended his hand to steal a loaf of bread in order to relieve the pangs of hunger that can be read but too distinctly in the faces of his dear ones. Yet, violations of the Seventh Commandment where the provocation is so patent are by no means frequent. The naturally honest man suffers untold tortures before he allows his thoughts to turn to dishonesty. There is more heroism of honesty among the poor than we dream of. Honesty has its unknown martyrs who receive but little praise. Only occasionally one gets a glimpse of the privations honest men suffer rather than soil their hands with dishonesty. The honesty of the poor, preserved under most trying circumstances, would make a fine chapter in the history of humanity.

But sometimes poverty may become a temptation, particularly for such in whom the virtue of honesty has not struck very deep roots. For such men it is a danger to be exposed to prolonged poverty. Their virtue will shrivel as a scroll in the fire. To them a permanent job and a decent wage is a great blessing and an extraordinary safeguard. It keeps away temptations to which they might succumb. Their virtue may not be very meritorious, but it will be sufficient to keep them honest citizens under less trying circumstances. Meanwhile their honesty will become sturdier and more deeply ingrained in their nature. A living wage in many instances is a great help towards honesty. And that is another reason why the question of a fair wage is of such supreme importance.

This, however, is very different from the maudlin sentimentality that has muddled the judgment of

some on this point in a woful manner. If a man or a woman fail to respect the Seventh Commandment, and appropriate the property of another, not because they are in dire want, but simply because they cannot have everything their hearts desire in the way of comfort and luxury, that is a case of simple dishonesty and there is very little to excuse, and nothing at all to justify such action. A big income is no guarantee of honesty. There is no absolute amount of money that can be said to be a warranted protection against dishonesty. Where the desires are undisciplined, there is a continual temptation to dishonesty, however large the income may be, for the unrestrained desires and the fancied needs will always outrun the means. The only thing that keeps a man or a woman honest is the grace of God and self-restraint. The moment one begins to think that he must have every fancy and share every amusement, he sets his foot on very slippery ground. The unmortified desires of the heart are responsible for the sad lapses from honesty which figure so prominently in the daily papers. Dishonesty is not forced upon a man from without; it springs out of his own heart. Most of the money dishonestly obtained, is not spent on actual needs or used to relieve real distress, but on artificial and, frequently enough, on sinful wants. This is an old story. It has happened time and again. Befuddled modern sentiment clouds the real issues in its foolish desire to show mercy where mercy is out of place. False pity does great harm. It encourages those whose evil inclinations are kept in check only by social disapproval.

Extravagance is the forerunner of dishonesty. Where the desires remain unchastened, where the craving for pleasure and display goes uncurbed, no raise of salary and wages can save a man from himself. A man can be honest with a very moderate income, if he learns to control his appetites and to accustom himself to live rigidly within the limits of his means. Honesty is not a question of wages and salary. It is a question of self-discipline; a question of habits of moderation; a question of self-denial. An uncontrolled heart that has never learned to deny itself anything will readily yield to the temptation of dishonesty.—Catholic Standard and Times.

ON CRITICIZING THE PRIEST

To the question "Why is it that some Catholics would rather criticize the priest than pray for him?" the following excellent answer is given by Father P. J. Dunne of St. Louis in his Newaby Journal:

Reverence for the priestly office and for the priest is an inborn instinct in real Catholics. In some of the saints this reverence has been so great that they never dared to receive the sacrament of holy orders. Francis of Assisi, a genius of sanctity, declared himself unworthy of so great an honor. The Council of Trent says that nowhere on earth may be found a power equal to the power possessed by the humblest priest of consecrating the Body of Christ and of remitting sins.

And yet— "Father So-and-So is stuck up, or Father So-and-So makes himself too common. Or he's too friendly, or he's too cold, or he mixes too much with the people, or he's never seen outside the rectory."

"He talks too much about money. (Poor man! His creditors talk a good deal about money to him, too; and he has many a bad hour wondering who among his critics is going to help him pay the coal bill). Or, "Why doesn't he buy new pews and put a little paint on the walls like they're doing in the parish beyond the track?"

"He's too strict in the box, or he never says a word to you in the box, or he says Mass too fast, or does he think we can wait all morning for him to be finishing Mass?"

And so on ad infinitum. His critics are not Protestants either. They are Catholics; good Catholics, too, but a little thoughtless. At their entrance into this world some good priest was waiting to make them children of God, heirs of heaven, by administering the sacrament of baptism. Later in life a priest was anxious to nourish them with the Bread of Angels. Perhaps like the Good Shepherd he brought them back when they had strayed far off into the desert of sin. And when death draws near all the horror of its coming will be lost, please God, in the consoling presence of a priest at their side. They forget this—these critics of the priest.

And they forget that when sorrow comes to the priest, like the Master, so His disciple, the priest, is alone in his agony. He has renounced all that the world values. No human love is there to lighten his burden. He has given up all to take on Christ, to be a man consecrated to the work of helping others doubly consecrated to God. He does not complain—he wishes to be like his Master—but he is only human and the trial is often bitter. The world can give him nothing—not love, not even a home. Few of the many human interests with which other men may lawfully engage, are open to him. He is a man apart. And he knows that when he dies, he will in all probability be very quickly forgotten by those for whom he has given his life, unthought, very often unprayed for.

Oh, it is easy to criticize God's ministers, and many there are to throw stones. But how many Catholics ever pray for their priests that God may give them the graces they need? Do you ever offer a Communion for them? Did you ever in all your life make a novena for the priests of your parish? Don't criticize your priests. Say a prayer for them now and then instead.—Catholic Bulletin.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1921

THE SEVENTEENTH OF MARCH, 1921

Intolerable as are Irish conditions this Seventeenth of March, and dark as the outlook is for the immediate future, the situation is not without solid grounds for hope. In her magnificent resistance to shameless and brutal tyranny Ireland has compelled the admiration and the sympathy of the civilized world. Despite the moral apathy caused by the long-drawn-out horrors of the War, and no less by the disillusionment and despair following the so-called Peace, Ireland's heroic struggle is stirring the conscience of the world. When moral health is restored the time will come when the conscience of the world, the moral sense of civilization, will revolt at the barbarous doctrine of one nation holding another in slavery just as it has made impossible the buying and selling of human individuals as slaves. In the meantime Ireland is fighting—and winning—the battle of human freedom. May the God of Nations preserve and strengthen and comfort her in this her dark hour of trial and affliction.

THE PROTESTANT TRADITION

Newman wrote that Ecclesiastical history is a medium in which a Protestant can not live. And again he writes: "I say, then, Englishmen entertain their present monstrous notions of us, mainly because those notions are received on information not authenticated but immemorial. They talk much of free inquiry; but towards us they do not dream of practising it; they have been taught what they hold in the nursery, in the school-room, in the lecture-class, from the pulpit, from the newspaper, in society."

This he calls the Protestant tradition, "immemorial, unauthenticated tradition." And he concludes a lucid and exhaustive treatment of the subject in these words: "It is by wholesale, retail, systematic, unscrupulous lying, for I can use no gentler term, that the many rivulets are made to flow for the feeding of the great Protestant Tradition,—the Tradition of the Court, the Tradition of the Legislature, the Tradition of the Establishment, the Tradition of Literature, the Tradition of Domestic Circles, the Tradition of the Populace."

Half of Newman's long life was Protestant; but he received the grace of conversion and that vivifies his testimony with the victims of the Protestant Tradition.

It may be well here to quote some corroborative Protestant testimony. Dean Stanley, in his "Life and Letters," vol. 1, p. 151, says: "I am convinced that Protestantism in general treats Catholics with shameful ignorance and unfairness." Dr. Schaff in "Political and Ecclesiastical Conditions in the United States," p. 289, writes: "The Roman Catholic Church is benighted from day to day with all possible calamities."

The Methodist Dr. Nightingale, in "Religions of all Nations," p. 149, has this candid admission: "In scarcely a single instance has a case concerning them [Catholics] been fairly stated; the channels of history, not grossly corrupted."

Cobbet, in his "History of the Protestant Reformation," writes thus:

"The society for promoting Christian knowledge" is continually putting forth publications, the object of which is to make the people believe that the Catholic religion is 'idolatrous and damnable.' I have shown you how grossly we have been deceived, even from our infancy. I have shown you, not only the injustice, but the absurdity of the abuse heaped by our interested deluders on the religion of their and our fathers."

In intellectual circles of the labor movement there is a marked tendency to break with the old Protestant Tradition; in his "Historical Basis for Socialism in England," (p. 15,) Hyndman writes:

"Protestant divines fail to discover anything but luxury, debauchery and hypocrisy in the Catholic Church of the fifteenth century. It is high time that, without any prejudice in favor of that Church, the nonsense which has been foisted on the public by men interested in suppressing the facts should be exposed. It is not true that the Church of our ancestors was the organized fraud which it suits fanatics to represent it."

And Thorold Rogers in his investigations of pre-Reformation labor conditions—"Work and Wages"—has shown that the Tradition is not only unauthenticated but directly in contradiction with historic fact.

History is being re-written, and scholars now, nevertheless, is traditionally held as unquestionably true by the mass of Protestants.

Perhaps nothing so well illustrates the hold the Protestant Tradition has had on the English Protestant mind as the absolute ignorance that prevails regarding that period of history when European civilization was created.

Again we shall quote Protestant testimony which though biased represents a great advance on the traditional belief which rested on the secure basis of the Protestant Tradition and an incredible ignorance of history:

Professor John Fiske, in "The Beginnings of New England," writes thus of that historic period:

"While wave after wave of German colonization poured over romanized Europe, breaking down boundary lines and working sudden and astonishing changes on the map setting up in every quarter barriers, dukedoms, and kingdoms fomenting with vigorous political life; while for twenty generations this salutary but wild and dangerous work was going on, there was never a moment when the imperial way of Rome was quite set aside and forgotten there was never a time when union of some sort was not maintained through the dominion which the Church had established over the European mind. When we duly consider this great fact in its relations to what went before and what came after, it is hard to find words fit to express the debt of gratitude which modern civilization owes to the Roman Catholic Church. When we think of all the work, big with promise of the future, that went on in those centuries which modern writers in their ignorance used once to set apart and stigmatize as the 'Dark Ages'; when we consider how the seeds of what is noblest in modern life were then painfully sown upon soil which imperial Rome had prepared; when we think of the various work of a Gregory, a Benedict, a Boniface, an Alfred, a Charlemagne; we feel that there is a sense in which most brilliant achievements of pagan antiquity are dwarfed in comparison with these. Until quite lately, indeed, the student of history has had his attention too narrowly confined to the ages that have been preeminent for literature and art—the so-called classical ages—and thus his sense of historical perspective has been impaired. When Mr. Freeman uses Gregory of Tours as a text-book, he shows that he realizes how an epoch may be none the less portentous though it has not had a Tacitus to describe it, and certainly no part of history is more full of human interest than the troubled period in which the powerful streams of Teutonic life pouring into Roman Europe were curbed in their destructiveness and guided to noble ends by the Catholic Church."

We have given the foregoing quotations to help our readers realize a great, all-pervading fact. English-speaking Catholics have necessarily been infected more or less with the virus of the Protestant Tradition. Those of us who are more widely read in English literature and in what has passed for history, written in English, are perhaps precisely

those who have been unconsciously most influenced by the all-pervading Protestant Tradition.

The antidote for this insidious poison will be found in Hilare Belloc's "Europe and the Faith." Here we have a comprehensive and sympathetic review of the history of Europe when the Catholic Church was doing the stupendous work of creating European civilization. No intelligent Catholic should fail to read it.

RELIGION IN EDUCATION

"Religious education," reports a local newspaper, "the outstanding question before the annual conference of the London Religious Education Council, almost became engulfed in controversial eddies before a resolution endorsing its principles was passed by the local ministerial alliance yesterday."

The fundamental weakness of all attempts to introduce systematic religious instruction into the public schools is here illustrated. If the clergymen who compose the Religious Education Council with the best of good will cannot pass a somewhat vague resolution in favor of religious education without clashing of conflicting opinions and charges of narrowness in interpreting the Bible, the danger of violent disagreements will be multiplied a thousand fold when teachers of all shades of belief and of none attempt to expound the Scriptures to children of all the sects. It is the penalty of the divisions due to private judgment.

Indeed some of the clergymen expressed their fears that some of the teachers themselves were lacking in knowledge of, and faith in the Bible. And this appears to have been taken into consideration in framing the resolution which is thus given in the Free Press:

"It is primarily the responsibility of the Church to provide for the religious education of the young both on the week days and on the Sabbath. All our efforts in regard to the religious education of children shall be directed to the establishment of a system of Biblical instruction under church auspices rather than an integral part of the school curriculum. Provided that we take advantage to the full of all opportunities offered by the boards of education for the extension of such instruction."

This is sound religious doctrine and good common sense. It is precisely the Catholic position with regard to religious education. We have always denied, and logically must always deny, that the State as such, has any right to teach religion. That is the exclusive function of the Church. If the Church advocates that right, it is very reason for existence ceases. It is a sign of wholesome reaction from State-worship when a body of Protestant clergymen assert the right of the Church in religious education, and assume the responsibility thereof on week days as well as on the Sabbath. It is all the more gratifying since the tendency in recent times has been more and more to clothe the State with power and jurisdiction in matters which in more virile times, were claimed as belonging to the domain of conscience and religion and therefore outside the jurisdiction of the State.

"Much stress," the report goes on to say, "was laid on the 'deplorable ignorance of the Bible' among the masses and the need for such instruction in the Scriptures since the citizenship of the future depended upon religious instruction of the rising generation."

Systematic instruction in religion is a difficult thing for our separated brethren to undertake. It is safe to keep to the Scriptures; but as one of the members of the Council remarked: "To know the Bible does not necessarily mean that a person would be good." And furthermore, "instruction in the Scriptures" implies agreement, which is, above all things, just what Protestants lack. Nor is it easy to see how any agreement would not founder on the rock of private judgment.

Nevertheless we are at one with those Protestants who have come to a rather belated realization of the necessity of religion in education. And we think the clergymen who adopted the resolution quoted above have taken the proper stand in putting the right with its corresponding duty and responsibility squarely up to the churches every day in the week as well as on Sunday.

It is infinitely a more self-respecting and sensible attitude than that of trying to find some minimum of Christian doctrine, or even some

common "ethical training" to be imposed on all through State schools.

Dr. Andrew S. Draper, State Commissioner of Education in New York, writes in his "Religion, Morals, Ethics, and the School," published by the New York State Education Department in 1911:

"If it is difficult to separate religion from morals, it is dangerous to separate ethics from morals."

Again, though he seems to admire French secularism he is constrained to make important and significant reservations:

"Political and religious freedom," he writes, "have been enlarging their opportunities under the French Republic. In doing so they have been seeking education that is not limited by the dogmatic teaching of a church. And thus they have been pulling down a church without reforming it or putting another in its place. It is to be feared that this is destroying faith altogether. Instruction about the moral virtues without faith and feeling may result in the superficial politeness which is little better than savagery, more than in the sound character that is infinitely better than either."

And an observant and thoughtful Methodist writes:

"It has been the experience of the human race that mere intellectual culture does not vivify a conscience. It must be inspired—breathed into. And only God can breathe life into it, as God only can breathe life into anything that lives. Behind morals, therefore, there must be inspiration. Behind the good man there must be the idea of God."

If the churches do not live up to the duty and responsibility indicated by the resolution of the Religious Education Council, if they do not bring the living message home to the rising generation, then it is idle to expect that "the citizenship of the future" will show any improvement from the multiplication of schools or the extension of educational systems. The one thing necessary must not be relegated to a subordinate place, or treated as a supplementary phase of education of no vital importance.

SIR JOHN WILLISON ON HOME RULE

BY THE OBSERVER

Sir John Willison wrote an article in the Canadian Magazine for February in which he gave some account of the measure which is called a Home Rule Act. At every line he shows that he never saw the Act; but why need he see it? Who wants the words of a text, the facts of a case, the truth of a matter when the thing to be done is to glorify England and to belittle that strange race, the Irish, who, as all good and "loyal" subjects know, are possessed by the devil?

When I was a boy, to advocate Home Rule was taken by ninety-nine of every hundred Protestants as conclusive proof not only of disloyalty, but of profound mental and moral perversity. Half a century of organized parliamentary agitation has done only this. That it has compelled English politicians to admit the principle of Home Rule far enough to pretend that they are conceding it. This is what they are now engaged in doing, and Sir John Willison is busy in propagating this latest fraud of Anglo-Irish politics on this side of the Atlantic.

In December last, the English Parliament passed an act officially called "The Government of Ireland Act, 1920." It does not bestow self-government. How can a country be said to govern itself which does not control its own railways; or railway rates; or shipping; or customs; or excise; or post office; or militia; or savings banks; or harbors; or lighthouses, buoys or beacons; or navigation; or trade arrangements, internal or external; or its magistrates or police; or its old age pensions; or its land purchase laws; or its school laws; or its taxation; or its registration of deeds; or its public record office; or its Trustee Savings Banks; or its stamp revenue laws; or aerial navigation; or naturalization; or laws respecting aliens; or respecting domicile; or submarine cables; or wireless telegraphy; or coinage; or legal tender; or trade works; or copyright; or negotiable instruments; or weights and measures; or patent rights; or extradition of criminals; or fugitive offenders.

The premiers of all the British dominions have been informally invited to Belfast to attend, in April, the opening of a legislature which is given no power to legislate on any of the above named subjects. They

can go as hypocrites, or they can go to laugh. But whether they go to give hypocritical countenance to the latest act to perpetuate English bureaucracy in Ireland; or whether they go for the sake of the cynical fun there will be in it, they cannot fail to wonder what the legislature of "northern Ireland," (as the act calls it), will find to deliberate over and legislate upon.

One may wonder what, for instance, the Premier of Canada will think when he solemnly assists at the inauguration of a legislature which has nothing whatever to do with any of the great, main subject-matters for which he and his Government are responsible to the people of Canada, and what he will think when he finds that not even Canadian provincial powers are given to the legislature he is asked to honor with an Atlantic journey and an official representation of this self-governing country. He will probably reflect on what an easy task he would have to govern Canada if all, or even half, the subjects reserved in the Irish Act, were reserved to England by the British North America Act.

He might also give a thought to this: If all the reserved subjects, except one, were still to be handled in Canada by boards or bureaus appointed by the English Government, what would he think of self-government as enjoyed in Canada? And if the one subject we have excepted were handed over to a Council appointed as the "Council of Ireland" is to be appointed, and that subject were railways, we wonder what the Premier of Canada would think of that.

Yes, the railways of Ireland are to be controlled by "The Council of Ireland," and that Council is the latest, and worst, addition to the system of Anglo-Irish bureaucracy; familiarly known as "Dublin Castle."

I shall particularize about this in another article.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

"COUNTRY GENTLEMAN publishes an article headed 'Native Nuts,' says the Washington Pathfinder, and adds, 'Isn't it about time to stop all this abuse of our politicians?'"

A COMMISSION has been appointed to determine the best method of re-joining Plymouth Rock, the famous spot on which the Pilgrims landed three hundred years ago, and which was made so much of in the press during the recent tercentenary. The rock is, it appears, at present in three pieces, but it is thought that by the application of modern methods it can be bound together again so that it will last for centuries. Is it not remarkable how solicitous the good people can be over an insensate object of this kind once their enthusiasm is aroused, and yet how severe they can be with Catholics for showing regard for objects associated with sacred persons, or events—even with the Divine Redeemer Himself. But consistency never was a Protestant virtue.

ADHERENTS of that delusive cult, Christian Science, will not extract much satisfaction from the finding of the Ontario Medical Association in regard to it. A careful study of the official textbook, Mrs. Eddy's "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures," declares the Association, "reveals a deplorable condition of ignorance about disease, injuries, matter and therapeutics," and its teachings on these subjects are further declared to constitute a "positive menace to the public." After all, this is but an extension of the verdict of every accredited department of human knowledge affecting the spiritual and physical welfare of man.

ZION CITY, or the "Settlement of the Disciples of the Christian Catholic Apostolic Church of Zion," that fantastic community in Illinois which gained much notoriety—many years ago through the financial transactions of its astute founder, "Bishop" Dowle, has now despatched two women emissaries to New York to "Christianize" that "wicked city." They are to distribute tracts "from door to door, from office to office, and from what to what" throughout the length and breadth of the metropolis, and when they get through, declares the Overseer, "New York will not be such a wicked city." Well! here's suggesting that they enlist the co-operation of the Wall Street capitalists who financed the "Business and Christianity" movement of a decade ago. These boastful movements invariably begin and end in Finance,

but somehow they never accomplish anything, except the separation of a few dupes from their dollars. Yet, perhaps they do add something to the world's stock of comedy.

THE REV. William Muir Auld, pastor of Old St. Andrew's Presbyterian church, Toronto, is delivering a series of Sunday evening sermons on "Pioneers of Protestantism," among whom he ranks Savonarola. Were he to return to earth no one could be more surprised than the great Florentine to find himself rated as a Protestant. Savonarola was never anything but a loyal and devoted Son of the Catholic Church and while once in his career he found himself in conflict with her constituted authorities and stumbled in his otherwise steadfast line of duty, his error was of the head, not of the heart.

"HIS INNOCENCE, sincerity, and zeal," said Cardinal Newman in a never-to-be-forgotten sermon, "were the ruin of his humility; he exalted himself against a power which none can assail without misfortune. He put himself in opposition to the Holy See, and, as some say, disobeyed its injunctions." "He was," says the same authority, "a zealous, heroic man, but not, so far as we can judge, reaching to the level of a saint." But to class him with Luther, Calvin, Knox or other miscreants of that character is to insult his memory, and to utter a silly slander into the bargain. Savonarola, like the good and zealous though not always wise man that he was, would have shrunk with horror from such association.

THE FINANCIAL prosperity of Ireland contrasts strangely with the present disturbed state of the country avers Canadian Trade Commissioner Johnson. The latest annual statement of the Provincial Bank of Ireland shows an increase in deposits and current accounts of over two million pounds, and advances to customers expanded proportionately. And according to Government returns the balance of trade is strongly in Ireland's favor, exports for the past three years showing an excess over imports of over fifty million sterling. This, surely, may be taken as proof to even the most obtuse that Ireland has within herself the means and the capacity for wise and progressive administration of her own affairs. What nation under heaven under similar circumstances could have maintained a superior equilibrium?

A PHASE of the Divorce movement in Canada, which has not come conspicuously under the public eye, is the attempt made to commit the Canadian Bar Association to the principle of a uniform divorce law for the Dominion. At the closing session of the annual gathering of the Association at Ottawa last September, when the majority of the members had withdrawn and the statutory hour for closing was at hand, a resolution was submitted affirming that it was highly expedient that a general law applicable throughout Canada upon the subject of divorce should be passed at an early date by the Dominion Parliament.

MR. JAMES E. DAY, of Toronto, who was present, strenuously objected to the passing of this resolution, which he stigmatized as absurd under the circumstances, and he therefore moved in amendment that it be referred back to the committee. It was, he protested, unfair to take a snap vote of that kind, and the hour for closing having arrived it was also illegal. Notwithstanding, the original resolution was passed, and carried by a vote of 8 to 7. The vote was, however, on Mr. Day's motion, recorded, and in this shape passed on to the Council of the Association.

THE COUNCIL met at Quebec on February 26, when the Ottawa resolution came up for consideration. After some discussion a committee was appointed to prepare a resolution which would express the Council's views. This committee was composed of Mr. H. J. Logan, K. C., Amherst, N. S. (convener), Mr. H. H. Ludwig, K. C., Toronto, Mr. Francis King, Kingston, Mr. J. B. M. Baxter, K. C., St. John, N. B., and Hon. Mr. Justice Mignault. The deliberations of this committee resulted in the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted by the Council:

"That inasmuch as it appears that the resolution respecting Marriage and Divorce set out at pages 144 and

145 of the Proceedings of the last meeting of the Association was taken up at a time when there was an insufficient opportunity for discussion, and under an evident misapprehension of its purport, this Council resolves that no action be taken by the Council upon the said resolution, and furthermore the Council doubts the advisability of a resolution upon this subject."

SO THAT Mr. Day has the satisfaction of knowing that his prompt action at the September meeting was instrumental in heading off a movement which, had it been allowed to go on, would undoubtedly have had a prejudicial effect upon the cause which all who prize the integrity of the home in Canada have so much at heart. And the appreciation and gratitude of his fellow Catholics will not be withheld in this connection.

THE MALLOW MURDERS

TOLERATES LLOYD GEORGE'S FLIPPANCY

For Englishmen who remain English in spirit there has been some melancholy reading in the report of the Prime Minister's and Mr. J. H. Thomas's speeches in the House of Commons on Tuesday night. Mr. Thomas, who acts for a large majority of the railwaymen of the United Kingdom, laid before the House of Commons, in quite simple and restrained terms an account, given on oath by a number of eye-witnesses, themselves railwaymen, of the cold-blooded murder of several of their fellow-workmen by armed and uniformed men in the pay of the Crown. It was one of those sickening stories of bestial cruelty which in pre-war days could not have been believed of any soldiers or police except the Asiatic irregulars used for dirty work by the old Russian and Turkish Governments. The Report of the Bryce Commission forced the world to believe that comparable abominations had been committed in Belgium early in the war by the worst kind of Prussian officer, drunk with belief in the omnipotence of brutality, or crazy with fear of attack by the inhabitants of violated Belgium. And now, as Mr. G. K. Chesterton shows in one column, there is spreading through the nations of the world, with whom we have to live in future, the conviction that in Ireland we are earning exactly that place in the civilized world's dislike and contempt which the old Prussian power occupied six years ago. The sworn accounts of Mr. Thomas's informants show why.

They only present one case out of a score that exhibit no serious difference between them. The picture is typical. There had been on the previous day a murder at Mallow as revolting as that of the railwayman themselves. Some dastards shot a police inspector and his wife—one of those detestable crimes which in all countries it is the function of Governments and their agents to punish, and not to imitate. We are not told whether the Crown's forces at Mallow made any serious attempt to discover the assassins. But some evidence of eye-witnesses, produced in Parliament by Mr. Thomas, raised Mallow Station the next night.

"The railwayman was ordered from the signal-box, the goods yard, or the engine yard, as the case might be, asked what they were doing 'out at this time of night,' ordered to march, with their hands up, to the platform, searched, assaulted with rifles, revolvers, and fists, in some cases kicked, and finally told to run. After they had started to run, volleys were fired into them, and several of the men were killed and others wounded. One of the wounded had died last night." At any time before the War such a degradation of the King's uniform would have united all patriotic Englishmen in an instant and effectual movement of protest. Now, so deep is the moral apathy or despair in which the War has left a great part of the country that it is possible for a Prime Minister to meet the moving protest of the railwaymen's leaders with the alighted irrelevances offered by Mr. Lloyd George on Tuesday night without incurring an adverse vote of the House of Commons on the spot. The Premier, it soon appeared, had not even taken the trouble to get up a consecutive story of the events in question. He muddled the dates of the two groups of murders, suggested that the shooting at the murdered railwaymen were parts of a single shooting affray, and had to be coached as to the first facts of the case by his opponent in the debate, with the House of Commons waiting for him to go on. Indolence in the country's service is not necessarily a deadly crime; but when the Prime Minister shows this degree of careless ignorance about matters which are reducing us in the eyes of the world to the moral level of the ex-Kaiser, it shows a pretty eloquent contempt for the "Victory" Home of Commons.

Where the reply to Mr. Thomas's grave complaint was not blundering it was almost flippant in substance. The Premier made a fairly amazing attempt at a debating point by suggesting that Mr. Thomas had left undone something or other which he might or ought to have done in

order to assist in detecting the murderers of the police inspector on the first day, and that there ought to be some sort of a bargain between Mr. Thomas and himself—Mr. Thomas to find evidence in Ireland against the earlier murders and Mr. Lloyd George to investigate seriously the charge against the later murderer. The first absurdity here is the offensive insinuation that anything has been, or is ever in the least likely to be, lacking on Mr. Thomas's part in the discharge of every British citizen's ordinary duty of helping the police to detect crime whenever called on to do so. More unpardonable still is the unmistakable suggestion that the discharge of the Government's elementary duty of preventing men in its uniform from murdering innocent workmen may rightly be in some degree conditional on the discharge of a quite distinct duty, in a different case, by a private citizen with whom the Premier finds himself fencing in Parliament. Mr. Lloyd George certainly promised some sort of inquiry into the Mallow murders, but he made the promise almost worthless by avowing in the private speech that his Government still shirks publishing the Strickland Report on the incendiarism by irregular police at Cork. He talked as if there had been some sort of drastic effort to restore discipline, or, at any rate, reduce the frequency of felony in the public service, after the Strickland inquiry. The Mallow murders show what the effort was worth. The whole record of arson and murder, in rivalry with the arson and murder of the private criminals of Ireland, from Balbriggan to Mallow, shows that unhappily these secret investigations by the superior officers of the criminals involved, and the "very severe measures" declared by Mr. Lloyd George to follow them, have been ineffectual as deterrents. But really so long as the Government has the responsibility for the notorious "Weekly Summary," with its obvious encouragement to crime among the Irish guerrilla police, it is hardly worth while to discuss the measure of seriousness in the Premier's faint and equivocal disclaimers. A Government that allows its officials to circulate incentives to misconduct among its own armed forces can only pass, among the other Governments of the world, as a Government of bad character, not their own equal, and not to be regarded as a desirable friend. It is chiefly in the case of America that this rapid loss of caste is immediately injuring our national interests. Contempt for our Government's performance in Ireland is visibly lessening, from month to month, the chance of that substantial solidarity of the English-speaking nations which held out a few years ago, the best hope for our national safety and for the world's peace. But, in the eyes of every other civilized nation as well, we are going downhill, and they look on and wonder how far we shall go down this slope that Prussia has travelled to the bottom.—The Manchester Guardian, Feb. 18.

political angle: "Rev. Dr. O'Gorman is quite within his rights in publishing a pamphlet on the subject of divorce in Canada, and he has committed no offence in securing the imprimatur or approval of Archbishop McNeill."

"Whether its publication at this particular time be expedient is another question. We would not be surprised to see this pamphlet referred to in the West Peterboro election, and, indeed, given a free translation by a number of people who have not or will not take the trouble to read it."

The World's fears are groundless. West Peterboro concerned itself with other questions. The divorce court bills of the last two sessions were merely private bills. The Government has no intention of introducing a divorce bill. It will appear before parliament again as a private member's bill, and hence is not a party or political issue.

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When Christianity came into the world, both slavery and divorce were incorporated into the social structure. Christianity tolerated slavery; instead of abolishing it at once by a social cataclysm it taught a moral code which must ultimately result, as it did, in the abolition of slavery. Admit or suppose that Christ toler-

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HIS EMINENCE DENNIS J. CARDINAL DOUGHERTY

The Anglican organ, the Canadian Churchman (Jan. 27), entirely agrees with the thesis upheld, but states his unwillingness to co-operate with Catholics owing to the Quebec mixed marriage question.

The Hamilton Herald (editorial of Feb. 5) thinks that the pamphlet asked for too much. It says: "Any arguments against the proposal (to establish divorce courts) are timely and worthy of attention, for the question is a debatable one. But it is rather late in the day to go further and start an agitation against the institution of divorce."

The immediate question which will be before parliament next session and which will be before parliament this session is, undoubtedly whether greater facilities should be granted for the obtaining of divorce for adultery, the increased facility being in this case, divorce courts for Ontario and Prince Edward Island. But before deciding for or against greater facilities, one must first agree as to whether the thing to be facilitated be good or evil. Now everybody admits that divorce is an evil. Apart altogether from religion, ethics condemn it as against the interests of the family and of him for whom the family chiefly exists, namely, the child. The most that any of its defenders claim is that it is, as the Hamilton Herald put it in the above-mentioned editorial, "sometimes a necessary evil."

ated divorce in the case of fornication. Surely, even in that case, His ideal of marriage, as the union of one husband and one wife in one flesh, a union made by God and not to be put asunder by man, a union which must not be sullied even by desire, was intended to eliminate divorce. Surely this ideal has been long enough before Christians to justify the legislative prohibition of divorce. Hence I cannot agree with the Hamilton Herald that the pamphlet asked for too much.

I have before me a score of newspaper clippings giving extracts or summaries of views expressed by Protestant ministers on the subject treated in the pamphlet. The general tone of these references is quite friendly. Thus, for example, Rev. Dr. Salem G. Bland, pastor of the Broadway Methodist Tabernacle, is quoted by The Star of February 7, as having said: "I have read carefully Dr. O'Gorman's appeal. I honor and sympathize with him and the Roman Catholic Church, in its deep sense of the sacredness of marriage, yet regret that in some respects I have to differ." I do not propose to catalogue and cite these references. My arguments against divorce are already given in the pamphlet. It would be, I think, more helpful to summarize the points of agreement and to estimate what measure of co-operation is probable.

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**DIVORCE PROHIBITION**

**FATHER O'GORMAN REPLIES TO COMMENTS ON ANTI-DIVORCE PAMPHLETS**

Toronto Daily Star, Feb. 19

Rev. J. J. O'Gorman, D.C.L., of Ottawa, who recently issued an appeal for opposition to establishment of divorce courts in Canada, today contributed a further statement on the subject to The Star, as follows:

A month ago copies of a pamphlet "Divorce in Canada, An Appeal to Protestants," were sent out by the publishers, the Catholic Truth Society of Canada, to the press. At the request of The Star I will now consider some of the characteristic comments the appeal elicited. Its reception has been, with few exceptions, courteous and conciliatory. I am convinced that an understanding between Catholics and Protestants on this vital national issue is as possible as it is necessary. A beginning has been made: I think it should be followed up by both sides. When we finally exhaust the common ground of agreement and arrive at face with fundamental religious differences, we can agree to disagree in peace.

**THE PROHIBITION OF DIVORCE**

The immediate question which will be before parliament next session and which will be before parliament this session is, undoubtedly whether greater facilities should be granted for the obtaining of divorce for adultery, the increased facility being in this case, divorce courts for Ontario and Prince Edward Island. But before deciding for or against greater facilities, one must first agree as to whether the thing to be facilitated be good or evil. Now everybody admits that divorce is an evil. Apart altogether from religion, ethics condemn it as against the interests of the family and of him for whom the family chiefly exists, namely, the child. The most that any of its defenders claim is that it is, as the Hamilton Herald put it in the above-mentioned editorial, "sometimes a necessary evil."

Half of Christendom, on the other hand, claims that it is so evil that it can never be necessary. But whether a necessary or unnecessary evil, it should be restricted as much as possible. Here again everybody agrees. If we have within recent years prohibited by drastic laws things in themselves good, though dangerous, such as wine and whiskey, the idea of prohibiting a thing admitted by all to be evil, should not appear too radical. In any case, since divorce is evil it seems only reasonable to propose some form of restrictive legislation which it does not immediately destroy, will at least diminish, this evil. In the pamphlet one such suggestion was proposed or rather repeated, for I lay claim to no novel views on this question.

**THE QUEBEC MARRIAGE LAWS**

An impression was abroad that the Quebec marriage laws were imposed by a Catholic majority on a Protestant minority, that they give special privileges to the Catholic Church, that they were unfair to Protestants because they did not recognize that a Protestant minister was authorized by law to perform a mixed marriage, and that finally, this last disability was due to the No Tamers. It matters little that these four assumptions were groundless; they were believed. Yet the Quebec marriage laws were drawn up in 1866, by the parliament, not of the province of Quebec, but of the former province of Canada, a parliament which had a Protestant majority, and these laws thus passed by Protestants have remained to this day, unchanged. They concede no right to the Catholic Church which they do not at the same time concede to the Protestant Churches, and the Jewish. They are in no way unfair to Protestants having always recognized the legality of mixed marriages no matter whether the celebrant was a parish priest or a Protestant minister. That mixed marriages before a Protestant minister were valid before the Quebec law was not merely the

**CO-OPERATION POSSIBLE**

Now that the objections of some to co-operate with Catholics against divorce, based upon the Quebec and Catholic marriage laws, have been disposed of by no less an authority than the judicial committee of the privy council, the time is opportune for a combined effort against the divorce evil. It may be useful to summarize first of all our points of agreement as evinced by the recent "appeal to Protestants."

The consensus of opinion is opposed, first of all, to any extension of the grounds for divorce. The social service council of Canada issued a resolution to that effect at its London session on January 24, 1921. Secondly, a similar consensus views with concern any increase in the number of divorces and is generally opposed to granting greater facilities for divorce. That the establishment of a divorce would grant greater facilities for divorce is pretty generally realized. It will be remembered that it was principally because "the establishment of such a court will tend to destroy the stability of the home and encourage the dissolution of the marriage tie," that the legislature of Prince Edward Island unanimously passed a resolution against the establishment of divorce courts. Mr. Nickle, the member of Parliament who fathered the unsuccessful divorce bill of 1919, admitted quite frankly that it was "to facilitate divorce." Everywhere in the world day after day grows more depressing, and fears prevail in the north that, when partition is actually attempted, conditions will become worse. A prominent publicist states that no Belfast goods now find their way into any Catholic home north or south. Industrial proprietors in Derry are showing extreme anxiety, as the prosperity of Derry depends largely on the adjoining Catholic county of Donegal which may refuse to continue trading with Derry when it goes under the northern parliament.

**RELEASE, NOT RE-LEASE**

It has been the same in Canada. At Confederation, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and, when it entered, British Columbia, had divorce courts. Ontario and Quebec, then as now,

**ANTI-PARTITION LEAGUE FORMED**

Unionists in the south of Ireland have formed an anti-partition league, which has just protested to the British Government against the Partition Act. A remarkable article appears in this week's Church of Ireland Gazette, the official organ of southern Protestantism, calling upon all creeds to unite in preserving an undivided nation.—COX.

**LONDON CABLE**

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

London, March 7.—American Catholics saved hundreds of missions from ruin during the War period, said the Acting Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, reviewing the work of the American Society for the past six years at a conference held at the cardinal's house, Westminster. The director pointed out that, at the outbreak of the War, the central office in Paris found itself in peculiar difficulties, because hostilities had cut it off from several countries, large subscribers' exchange was adverse, and money was hard to transmit. The American branch of the society, under the direction of Monsignor Fretz, rose immediately to the need, and made a national appeal which saved hundreds of missions from ruin. The British director declared that the English Mill Hill Society was able to carry on during the War chiefly owing to the assistance of American Catholics who subscribed forty-seven thousand dollars to the work.

**AMERICA'S GENEROUS HELP**

Out of two millions distributed by the Propagation of the Faith, American Catholics subscribed more than eight hundred thousand. The Catholics of America, said the director, have given a lead to the Catholics of the world; and England gladly and willingly pays tribute to America's immense services to the missions of the Church.

**ROME CABLE**

Pope Benedict conferred the red hat on Most Rev. Dennis J. Dougherty, Archbishop of Philadelphia, Wednesday, March 9; and on Thursday His Grace received the red hat at the public consistory. Archbishop Dougherty was received by the Holy Father with the warmest greeting, and later met important officials of the Vatican. His nomination as cardinal was given to Monsignor Dougherty at the American College on Monday. He has already been the recipient of visits and congratulations from many notable ecclesiastics.

**CARDINAL BOURNE IN ROME**

Cardinal Bourne has arrived in Rome, announcing that he has come to attend the consistory, to meet and exchange fraternal greetings with the two German archbishops who are to be elevated to the cardinalate. Most Rev. Karl Joseph Schulte, of Cologne, and Most Rev. Michael Faulhaber, of Munich. Both these German metropolitans are here. It is known that the Holy Father expects this consistory to be the occasion of intercourse and conciliation between the ecclesiastical leaders of the various belligerent countries.

**RUTHENIAN METROPOLITAN**

Most Rev. Andrew Szptycki, Ruthenian Metropolitan of Lvov, has left Rome on his way to Belgium and England and subsequently will visit the United States. He took with him from the Holy Father a letter expressing the Holy See's benevolence toward the Ruthenian people, and informing them of the re-opening of the Ruthenian College at Rome. Before the War, this college was supported by the Austro-Hungarian Government, but now the Pope will contribute the funds necessary to its existence.

**WILSON CRITICIZED**

In the Osservatore Romano appears an article sharply censuring the work of former President Wilson, recalling his opposition to the Pope's pacific proposals, and declaring that the present peace proves the failure of his own fourteen points, and the insufficiency of the peace defended by him.

**THE NEW SESSION**

Prudence has got the better of valour, and it is pretty plain that whatever perilous and controversial issues the Government may face during the coming session the reconstruction of the House of Lords will not be one of them. This measure has been so loudly proclaimed and so insistently demanded in a large part of the Unionist press that the reference to it in the King's Speech must come as a sad damper to all this enthusiasm for putting the House of Commons in its proper place. Well might Mr. Asquith be sarcastic on the subject: "A more modest aspiration couched in more diffident terms and suffused with a more pronounced tinge of ultimate distrust I think has never been put into the mouth of the Sovereign."

**DUBLIN CABLE**

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

Dublin, Mar. 7.—The commercial boycott, being carried on by the Catholics of Ireland in protest against the treatment of their co-religionists in Belfast, is having a grave effect upon many parts of Ulster. Belfast's commercial outlook daily grows more depressing, and fears prevail in the north that, when partition is actually attempted, conditions will become worse. A prominent publicist states that no Belfast goods now find their way into any Catholic home north or south. Industrial proprietors in Derry are showing extreme anxiety, as the prosperity of Derry depends largely on the adjoining Catholic county of Donegal which may refuse to continue trading with Derry when it goes under the northern parliament.

authority themselves. It is plain from the subsequent debate that whatever leanings Mr. Lloyd George may at any time have indulged towards a policy of pacification otherwise than by martial law and the gentle persuasion of the Black and Tans he has now completely abandoned. He laid down the impossible condition that the surrender of arms must precede any sort of negotiation, and repeated the well-worn assurance that force was in fact proving to be quite a satisfactory remedy, and that only a little patience was needed in order that we might see the end of all the trouble without more ado. Meanwhile, by way of showing the impatience of the Government, he definitely declines to publish the Strickland Report on the burning of Cork. It is a sorry business, and Mr. George has only to go on long enough in his toleration of Black and Tans infamies and his refusal of all real redress in order to make reconciliation impossible in our generation. Ireland, it would seem, no longer interests him. His thoughts range nearer home—on Cardigan perhaps, on the terms of his compact with the Tory side of the Coalition. That is an agreement which will certainly have to be honoured. Whatever else may fail this session, the Anti-Dumping and Key Industries Bill cannot be allowed to fail. The whole session, indeed, looks as though it might be mainly employed in dealing with one aspect or another of the economic problem.—Manchester Guardian.

**MOTHER MACHREE**

There's a spot in me heart which no colleen may own,  
There's a depth in me soul never sounded or known;  
There's a place in my memory, my life that you fill,  
No other can take it, no one over will.

Sure, I love the dear silver that shines in your hair,  
And the brow that's all furrowed and wrinkled with care,  
I kiss the dear fingers so tollern for me,  
Oh, God bless you and keep you Mother Machree!

Ev'ry sorrow or care in the dear days gone by,  
Was made bright by the light of the smile in your eye,  
Like a candle that's set in a window at night,  
Your fond love has cheered and guided me right.

—RITA JOHNSON YOUNG

**FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND**

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

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

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

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

**QUEEN OF APOSTLES BURSAR**

Previously acknowledged	\$1,968 47
C. C. Extension Society, Toronto	1 00
<b>ST. ANTHONY'S BURSAR</b>	
Previously acknowledged	\$1,183 20
Mrs. Alex. J. McLellan, Broad Cove Chapel	2 00
A. Z. Murphy, Woodville	2 00
Toronto	2 00
Mrs. E. Wilkinson, Sarnia	5 00
<b>IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BURSAR</b>	
Previously acknowledged	\$2,806 58
D. A. St. Louis, Mo.	13 75
<b>COMFORTER OF THE AFFLICTED BURSAR</b>	
Previously acknowledged	\$664 60
Mrs. A. E. Wilkes, Vancouver	1 00
<b>ST. JOSEPH, FATHER OF CHINA, BURSAR</b>	
Previously acknowledged	\$1,788 54
A Friend in Detroit	2 50
A Client of St. Joseph	50
<b>BLESSED SACRAMENT BURSAR</b>	
Previously acknowledged	\$300 06
M. T. S.	2 00
<b>ST. FRANCIS XAVIER BURSAR</b>	
Previously acknowledged	\$273 80
<b>HOLY NAME OF JESUS BURSAR</b>	
Previously acknowledged	\$226 00
<b>HOLY SOUL BURSAR</b>	
Previously acknowledged	\$977 58
Intermediate Dept. Union Pk. School, Fairville	8 00
C. C. Extension Society, Toronto	1 00
<b>LITTLE FLOWER BURSAR</b>	
Previously acknowledged	\$626 34
C. C. Extension Society, Toronto	1 00
A Friend, Halifax, N. S.	2 00
<b>SACRED HEART LEAGUE BURSAR</b>	
Previously acknowledged	\$1,814 52
D. M. C. Kentville, N. S.	4 00
I. H. M.	50

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOUY, D. D.

PALM SUNDAY

THE PASSION OF CHRIST

"At that time Jesus said to His disciples..."

Wisely does the Church put before us on this Sunday the history of the Passion of our Divine Lord.

This sad closing of the life of Our Saviour, besides being our spiritual wealth, is also an example and encouragement for us.

Then, we must contemplate the terrible passion and agony of Christ in order to arrive at a true conception of the malice of sin.

It is not to be expected that Trades Unions should be altogether perfect.

The Church has always defended the rights of labor. The Church at this time of social unrest depends upon her Catholic workingmen to spread among their fellow workers.

By reading and studying, the Catholic workingman can acquire an intelligent grasp of Catholic principles and be unaffected by false prophets seeking their own ends.

a proof of God's goodness and love for us! The mightiest and the minutest of benefits have been granted us.

Catholics should realize well that it is an essential duty for them to think often on the passion of Christ.

TRADES UNIONS

Trades Unions is the general intention recommended by His Holiness, Pope Benedict XV., to the members of the League of the Sacred Heart for the month of March.

Up to the second half of the nineteenth century no other organization took the place of these ancient guilds.

The rise of Trades Unions to their present position was not accomplished without a bitter struggle.

They forced higher wages from greedy capitalists, secured better conditions in factories, regulated hours of toil, insured workingmen against accident, sickness and injury.

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By reading and studying, the Catholic workingman can acquire an intelligent grasp of Catholic principles and be unaffected by false prophets seeking their own ends.

Every Catholic workingman should read and ponder the masterly Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. on the Condition of the Working Classes, and should familiarize himself with the pronouncement of Our Catholic Bishops on Social Reconstruction.

THE ANNUNCIATION

"Hail, Full of grace," such was the salutation, Dear Virgin-Mother, that the angel spoke.

And, lo, each springtime, when the early grasses Call on the sleeping flowers to show their face,

ST. PATRICK'S BLESSING

A short time before St. Patrick's death, he ascended a high mountain and blessed the whole island.

Be Erin blessed at evening hours, When sunset glides her fragrant bowers;

When whirlwinds howl, my blessings be, My generous Erin, still with thee;

Oh! blessed be thy stormy night, And blessings on thy morning's bright;

On every hamlet, vale and hill, My blessings be with Erin still.

Oh! blessed be the rain and dew And every breeze that visits you;

My blessings on thy matrons fair, Thy mineral treasures rich and rare;

For hundreds of years, In smiles and in tears,

Our saint hath been with us, our shield and our stay;

He hath been to us light when earth's lights were all set,

For the stories of faith they can never decay;

There is not a saint in the bright courts of heaven

More faithful than he to the land of his choice;

Oh, well may the nation to whom he was given,

In the feast of their sire and apostle rejoice!

In glory above, True to his love,

He keeps the false faith from his children away;

Oh he drives it far off from the green sunny shore,

Like the reptile which fled from his curse in dismay;

THE ANNUNCIATION

We fix our thoughts for the time being upon that touching episode recounted in the opening chapter of the Holy Gospel according to St. Luke.

As chaste souls today revel in the possession of Jesus, and in participation in His Kingdom come upon earth, and so, in proportion as they love, the greater is their desire to be in the "Real Presence" of their Beloved, so the ardent ones of Israel's Day wrapped their souls in the ecstatic joy of the thinking of His coming, and of the peace and comfort and quietude He was to bring to earth.

But we know that, since the Renaissance, pictures of The Annunciation have been quite frankly pagan.

The chief effect of Adam's fall is that men fell from grace. Sin is the genius of evil.

Jeremiah, mouth-piece of His coming purified of sin's defiling, even in his mother's womb; John the Baptist, the Angel that was to go before His face, sanctified by the near presence of Him—what then was to be expected of her, who was to fulfil the prophecy that a virgin should conceive and bring forth a son, who was to be the Emmanuel, the God with us?

It is too bad that the Feast of the Annunciation is no longer a Holy Day of Obligation.

But perhaps we have no need to have devotion to Mary on Annunciation.

Passion Sunday marks the beginning of the last two weeks of the holy season of Lent.

The effect produced upon the souls of Catholics is akin to that wrought in the Apostles.

The thought with terrifying swiftness flashes across our minds that we, not the soldiers, are the real executioners.

Of all the riches that we hug, of all the pleasures we enjoy, we can carry no more of this world than out of a dream.—Bonnell.

Character is not out of marble; it is not something solid and unalterable. It is something living and changing, and may become diseased as our bodies do.—George Elliot.

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parliaments clothed with a little brief authority; but what are they compared with the Words of Christ to His Apostles.

For two weeks the Church bids us put aside thoughts of earth and concentrate upon the eternal truths of Christ's Redemption.

MY LITTLE SPRIG OF SHAMROCK

My little sprig of shamrock I brought from Erin's vale;

With tears of love I've watered And treasured you with care,

When I am resting there, I plucked this dearest sprig of green

From North to South from East to West

Oh? Erin with your beauty rare, Your bosom and valley too;

In dreams your life buds forth anew

But should I go before the time, To my eternal rest,

I beg you plant upon my grave The flower I loved the best.

THE INDIVIDUAL, LENT AND GOD

In the insistent urging of a Lay Apostolate to achieve by Catholic effort the great results of religion and patriotism so vital to the welfare of this country, too much emphasis cannot be stressed upon the personal note of individual worthiness.

There is, therefore, particular need that the Catholic individual be found willing to use the various helps offered by his Church to keep himself worthy of his exalted mission.

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SUFFERED DAY AND NIGHT

The Tortures of Dyspepsia Relieved By "Fruit-a-tives"

LITTLE BRAS D'OR, C. B. "I was a terrible sufferer from Dyspepsia and Constipation for years. I had pain after eating, belching gas, constant headaches and did not sleep well at night.

Cuticura

Quickly Soothes Itching Scals

itching. Follow next morning with a hot shampoo of Cuticura Soap.

Repeat in two weeks. Nothing better than these fragrant super-creamy emollients for all skin and scalp troubles.

GIN PILLS

If you find medicine does not relieve you of kidney trouble, you should benefit by the experience of Alexander LaRue, aged 72.

DR. NORVALL'S Stomach and Tonic Tablets

are recommended by Doctors and Druggists to relieve Constipation, Biliousness and Sick Headache.

DR. NORVALL MEDICAL CO. LIMITED

168 HUNTER ST. PETERBOROUGH, ONT.

COUPON

DR. NORVALL MEDICAL CO. Ltd. 168 Hunter St., Peterborough, Ont.

LEAVES ON THE WIND

New Volume of Verse by Rev. D. A. Casey

Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

Vapo-Cresolene. A Vapor Treatment for Coughs and Colds. The time for Vapo-Cresolene is at the first indication of a cold or sore throat.

LOSS. An illustration of a house on fire with the word 'LOSS' written above it.

The Barrier That Says "Who Goes There?" DENNIS Chain Link Fence

Forms an unsurmountable wall of steel especially adapted for the fencing of factory grounds. It centralizes the exits and approaches.

WE ALSO MAKE Steel Lockers, Steel Cabinets, Steel Shelving, Steel Bins, Steel Lavatory Compartments, Steel Chairs and Stools, etc.

THE DENNIS WIRE AND IRON WORKS CO. LIMITED

Hallifax Montreal Ottawa Toronto Hamilton Winnipeg Calgary Vancouver

PROFIT. An illustration of a factory building with the word 'PROFIT' written below it.

DR. NORVALL'S Stomach and Tonic Tablets

are recommended by Doctors and Druggists to relieve Constipation, Biliousness and Sick Headache.

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Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

FATHER CASEY writes with sincere and deep feeling. His uplifting heart-sonnets carry many cheery winged messages to the earth-worn weary children of men.

"More convincing than Synge and Lady Gregory, perhaps because the poet knows better and as a pathos more deeply with the people of whom he writes," was the comment of Joyce Kilmer in "The Literary Digest."

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE HARP OF IRELAND

Dear harp of my country! in darkness I found thee. The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long.

Dear harp of my country! farewell to thy numbers. This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine.

HUMPING UP YOUR BRAINS

It is probable that if boys could hump up their brains as they do their biceps, and say honestly, "Feed of that, will you!" they would take much more kindly to mental training.

But that is not the way to think either about the brain or about education. The brain should be thought of as something that can be as easily developed as the biceps.

Education should be thought of as a means to this end. To impart information is not its purpose. That difficult problem in arithmetic which will never have its counter part in actual life, does for the brain exactly what a difficult athletic feat does for the body.

Imagine what the muscles of a man would be who had sat in a chair since the age of ten. If you do not want your mind to be in an analogous condition when you are a man, exercise it now!

BUSINESS HONOR

Unless the employer is breaking the law, doing something which is legally dishonest and acknowledged to be wrong, the employer has no right to betray him, to spread broadcast the secrets of the business or to talk over confidential matters with his associates or even with any member of his family.

The salary paid to the employee is not only for work. It is for loyalty and honor. If you are opposed to the policy of the business in which you are engaged, even if it is not dishonest, you should immediately consider a change; but, as long as you remain with that firm, you have no right to betray any confidence that is reposed in you, or to repeat any private conversation, or in any way to discuss secrets of the business, and when you leave that concern, you should still maintain silence.

Some business men, and some moralists, claim that you have no right to betray your employer who is dishonest, even after you have severed your connection with him; but the majority of honest men believe that it is one's duty to reveal crime and to expose dishonesty for the good of the community. At any rate I think that no one would

justify you in drawing a salary from a dishonest house and at the same time furnishing evidence against that house.

If what you are doing, or what you are associated with, is in your opinion dishonest, sever your connection at once. You have no right to stay, and, if you do remain, you are as dishonest as the man for whom you work.

There is not, however, either a moral or a legal reason why you should not, when troubled with doubts, consult with ethical and reliable friends, or others, who are competent to advise you. For example: Let us suppose that the transactions of the house with which you are connected appear to you to be dishonest, although you are not absolutely convinced that such is the case.

Don't handle dishonesty in a dishonest way. There should be no difference between personal and business honor. Business is not entitled to any special license.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A LITTLE KERRY SONG

There's a grand big girl that walks the earth, An' some that's gone to glory, An' have been praised beyond their worth.

Sure, Kerry is a little place, An' everything's in keeplee; The biggest heroes of the race In little graves are sleepin'.

THE NUN OF THE POOR Posted up on the dining room door of the Grand Hotel at Isle Les Gaiques was a notice that could not fail to catch the passer's eye.

"What bad luck!" said one lady, turning to her neighbor. "If only that stupid collection had been just a day later I should have escaped it. My cure ends tomorrow."

Then, on the contrary, I think you are lucky, even in spite of the collection," was the reply. "I know I wish I were leaving this week. I've never known such a place for making money fly. This hotel is indubitably dear, I consider. And, then, there are the baths and the doctor, and 'tips' expected by every one.

"It's enough to ruin a Croesus!" groaned a third. "And on top of it all," chimed in the first speaker again, "we are expected to contribute to their local charities. The last straw, I call it."

"My dear lady, I agree with you there," said a stout, prosperous-looking man, who up to this had no chance of joining in the conversation. "I know these institutions are necessary and very excellent, I dare say, and I subscribe regularly once a year to more than one in my own neighborhood. But beyond that I draw a line."

"Yes, yes," agreed several others; "help those at home certainly. But it is really rather too much to expect us, who are only birds of passage, to support their poor for them in a place like this."

"I am so glad you agree with me," said the first speaker, turning quickly to the officer, whose favor she had sought for assiduously, but in vain, quite oblivious of the sarcasm of his remark.

There was, however, more than a touch of contempt in the smile with which he answered her.

"I am afraid I was merely violating the general thought, not giving my own opinion," he explained politely. "Then what is your opinion?" she asked in a tone of surprise.

"I think that one should give what one can whenever one is asked for a deserving charity such as this home," he replied. "A bad system, sir; a most pernicious doctrine!" exclaimed the fat man, who again managed to get a hearing.

"That I grant you," rejoined the officer, addressing the fat speaker at once. "But it is equally true that there are also many who, after working all their lives, find themselves destitute in their old age through no fault of their own.

"You are a believer in luck, I gather?" said his neighbor, who had not yet taken part in the discussion. "To a certain extent I am," answered the officer. "And you, sir—what do you think about this collection?"

"You ask my opinion, do you?" repeated the professor—for professor he was, writ large on every line of his shriveled, fallow face. "My opinion is that those who are determined to get on, do so, sooner or later, no matter what obstacles may arise in their paths. As for so-called charitable institutions, I consider them superfluous and undesirable. They are mere harbors for imposters, beginning with those who undertake the management."

Before the officer had time to dissociate himself from sentiments so contrary to his own, a priest, who up to this had sat in silence, bent forward and addressed the professor with a quiet courtesy.

"Let us hope, professor," he said, "that you may never come to see the charity of such imposters."

The advent of another group of visitors, full of gossip concerning a Russian grand duke who had arrived at Isle the previous day, changed the conversation abruptly; and in a moment every one was busy discussing the prince and his suite; after which the Russian dancers, the leader of the latest ballet at the Casino, and finally the never-ending theme of luck and play at the gaming tables served in turns as topics of conversation.

The distasteful subject of the collection had been for the moment forgotten, when the door of the dining-room opened to admit two of the Sisters whose work had given rise to such adverse criticism. The elder of the two was tall and pale, and her businesslike directness showed that long use had inured her to some extent to the unpleasantry of her task. To the younger it was evidently an ordeal that nothing less than heroic obedience could have made her face. Her long lashes dropped on the wretched flush of her cheeks, and her little white hands trembled as she held her empty plate toward the person nearest to her. In spite of the professor's grumbling, most of the guests were generous in their contributions, and notes and silver soon arose in goodly piles on both plates. The formula of thanks of the elder nun was repeated by the younger and she forgot some of her agonizing shyness in the thought that her beloved old people would have all they needed now for some time to come.

The Italian officer, who sat at the end of the long table, as he quietly watched the gray clad figure coming toward him, wondered what was familiar to him in the graceful dignity of the younger Sister's movements. But his musings were rudely interrupted by the voice of his neighbor, the professor. The little Sister had held her plate out to him with the usual form of request.

"A donation for our old people, for God's sake, please!" With an intentionally ironical bow, the man had drawn his purse and had laid a single cent amongst the other money.

"That," he said in a contemptuous tone, "is all I feel called upon to give to idlers and drunkards—and fools." He had raised his voice, and the exaggerated contempt that he put into the last word drew attention to the fact that he intended to include in it the Sister herself as well as the poor.

As the professor spoke the Italian officer sprang to his feet, and the on-lookers caught the flash of anger in his eye as he bent in a bow before the little nun.

"I am sorry, Sister," he said, laying a golden Louis on the five cent piece. "But I cannot afford any more for your admirable charity. It should be honored," he continued, "if you would allow me to shake hands with you."

The professor's insulting words had apparently left the Sister unmoved; but as, for an instant, she raised her eyes to this young man who had courage enough to make himself the champion of the servants of God, he saw that tears were trembling on her lashes. But this he noticed only unconsciously; for as she looked up he realized why she had brought back to him a winter, some three or four years gone by, which he had spent in Rome.

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"Oh, hush, hush, please!" The two exclamations were spoken at once, but those near at hand heard the name he had spoken—the name of a princely family long famed for bravery and brains and unswerving loyalty to God. If a member of that family was a fool—well, she was a fool for Christ's sake.

The collection was finished, and now both Sisters stood together for a moment. The younger one had laid her hand in the officer's outstretched palm. But, bending, he raised to his lips, first those little white fingers, then the work-hardened ones of her companion, before moving backward to open the door and let them go. His sudden exclamation had not been intended to reveal what the Sister preferred should remain unknown and all he could do now was to ignore his recognition of his former acquaintance.

It had all happened so quickly that the Sisters were in the doorway before they realized what had taken place under their own eyes. Only the professor under stood it thoroughly. Something in the Sister's demeanor, her calm dignity, had impressed him; and, following in the officer's act of homage and the discovery of her identity, had suddenly shown him the pitiful ignorance, the cowardly insolence of his act and words. He was fanatically anti-religious, and anti-Christian, and for the moment his fanaticism had overruled his instincts as a gentleman. But only for an instant. Before the door had time to close he was on his feet. The Sisters, seeing him standing before them, paused, and immediately he spoke, so that every one in the room should hear:

"I must apologize for what I have just said and done"—and now he, too, bowed as he spoke. "And especially to you, Sister, whom I intentionally insulted. I can only beg of you to accept my sincere apology." He laid a hundred franc note on the plate on which the elder Sister had gathered the whole collection together, and an offering less unworthy of your acceptance for your work of—of heroic charity."

"Thank you, sir! May God reward you generously!" answered the elder Sister, simply; whilst the younger without a thought of his rudeness to herself, but thinking only of her old people's needs, smiled up at him in gratitude.

"Sister," he said, and he caught at her gray habit as she moved away, "if you forgive, will you say a prayer for me?"

"Certainly, monsieur," she replied, and her voice was soft and musical like the voice of a child. "I will get our old people to pray; and I, too, will pray." She added in a lower tone, "that God may teach you how to pray for yourself."

Then the door closed and the two Sisters passed out of sight.—The Youth's Magazine.

SAINT PATRICK

The early years of Ireland's glorious apostle were spent in bondage. Tradition has it that at the age of sixteen he was carried off by pirates and sold as a slave to an Irish chief. In whose flock he tended in what is now Antrim, in Ireland. God sent a vision to the lonely shepherd wherein he saw a Catholic nation spreading its branches like a tree to the uttermost ends of the earth, even to lands yet undiscovered. The young man did not grasp what the vision meant; the future centuries were to understand it better. He was admonished to fly from his cruel master to the seacoast where he should find a ship at anchor. After much disappointment and suffering he succeeded in boarding the vessel and sailed for home.

His ambition now was to become a priest and carry the doctrine of Christianity back to the pagan Irish. He had learned to love that people, and he wished to give them a knowledge of the true God, a noble way of requiting the sufferings he had endured among them. With this object in view, he began a period of training of mind and heart which was to last for thirty-eight years. This would seem a long time to live in obscurity and arduous study; but Patrick was to become the prota-apostle of a nation of apostles. He was to be the model of the eight hundred Irish saints who were to be presented to the world in after centuries as models of Christian perfection. He was to be the first of the magnificent line of Irish bishops, who were to fill the world with the fame of their learning and holiness. He was to be the model of those hundreds of thousands of Irish priests who in future ages were to be part and parcel of their people, who were

to follow their flock to every clime, instructing them, consoling them in their misery and sorrow, and giving them the hope of justice in a better land beyond the grave. Patrick was, in a word, to be the model of those leaders and counsellors of a nation which, in the forcible language of Cardinal Manning, is "the most profoundly Christian, the most energetically Catholic, on the face of the earth."

The Irish apostle was relatively an old man when he reached Ireland for the second time—this time not as a slave but as a conqueror. He began to preach and to draw thousands from paganism into the fold of Christ. There are few scenes in history more thrilling than that which took place on Tara Hill on Easter Sunday, 433. Leoghaire, the chief king of Ireland, was there surrounded by his druids, his tributary princes and the chief nobles of the country. Clothed in his episcopal robes, his crozier in hand and his long white beard covering his breast, Patrick stood before this assembly and began to speak of a God unknown to those pagans, repeating almost literally the act of his prototype, the Apostle of the Gentiles, when he stood before Festus in the Grecian Areopagus to proclaim to the Athenians the existence of the Unknown God.

The holy man was now at work. With a tongue of fire he sowed the seed of the Gospel in the minds of the Irish people; but something more was required to make it fruitful in their hearts. Paul plants; Apollo waters; but it is God alone that gives the increase. Patrick retired to a mountain to fast and pray, and there, like Moses on Sinai, like John on the banks of the Jordan, he spent weeks in penance and supplication, until he had definitely obtained from God for the Irish race the gift which it was ever after to hold as a priceless treasure, the gift of the Catholic faith.

After he had put the Church in Ireland on a firm footing, ordaining clergy, founding dioceses, building churches, and establishing schools, he set out for Rome, the center of Catholic unity, the fountain head of Catholic authority, to give an account of his stewardship. What a wonderful accomplishment! Without the shedding of blood, this old man had changed the destiny of a whole nation. Out of a little people living on an island on the western coast of Europe he had created one of the great apostolic races whom God had employed for the past fifteen centuries to carry the Gospel message to the four corners of the world.

St. Patrick returned to Ireland the following year; but his labor was ended and he had only to await his reward. He went to his grave, a peaceful and honored conqueror. Fifteen hundred years have gone by; empires and kingdoms have risen and fallen; revolutions have changed the face of the earth; and yet the memory of Patrick is as fresh and as green as the hillsides on which he exercised his apostolic life. Every year his name and fame resound from thousands of pulpits, not merely in Europe, but in Australia, Africa, Asia, wherever Irish exiles have set foot, and nowhere more enthusiastically than in Greater Ireland—the new world of America.

Strange historic fact! No blood was shed while Patrick preached the Gospel; not one of his immediate followers received the crown of martyrdom; but his preaching implanted the spirit of martyrdom in the hearts of his children. This spirit lived on and quickened when the days of persecution came; it consoling the Irish when they lay under the feet of tyrants; it prepared their nation for the martyr's crown, the greatest gift that can come from the hand of God. Nations like individuals, may wear that precious crown, and the time came when the Irish nation, weary and worn after centuries of persecution for her fidelity to Christ and His Church, lay down in a martyr's grave, hidden in her own blood. But conquered? Never! She kept the faith and she has it still! In this twentieth century the children of this disbanding nation are as proud of their Catholic faith as their forefathers were the day their apostle bequeathed it to them on Croagh Patrick. Is it too much to ask the great Apostle of the Irish to continue to hold in his keeping the children of his predilection?—E. J. D. in Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

It is a thought to make us very grave, that this life of God holds us like a hand and penetrates us like a sword. It is always the same, yet never monotonous. Illimitably outspread beyond all imaginary space, is full, complete, intense, in every point of space, at every point of time. How shall we hope to measure the Kingdom of Glory, when it is to be measured only by the Divine Magnificence?—Father Faber.

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