

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXIII.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1921

2206

THE PRISONER OF LOVE

I take my leave, with sorrow, of Him
I love so well;
I look my last upon His small and
radiant prison cell;
O happy leap! to serve Him with
never-fading light!
O happy flame! to tremble forever in
His sight!

I leave the holy quiet for the loudly
humming train,
And my heart that He has breathed
upon is filled with lonely
pain.
O King, O Friend, O Lover! What
sorer grief can be
In all the reddest depths of hell than
banishment from Thee?

But from my window as I speed
across the sleeping land
I see the towns and villages wherewith
His houses stand.
Above the roofs I see a Cross out-
lined against the night,
And I know that there my Lover
dwells in sacramental might.

Dominions kneel before Him, and
Powers kiss His feet,
Yet for me He keeps His weary
watch in the turmoil of the
street;
The King of kings awaits me, where-
ever I may go,
O who am I that He should deign to
love and serve me so?

—JOYCE KILMER

WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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THE GENESIS OF "THE GERMAN PLOT"

Lloyd George and his co-workers have, at several crises during the past three or four years, promised to expose the great German Irish plot. This promise of theirs always came at a psychological moment—as when the nations of the world were on the verge of giving too much sympathy to Ireland, and revolting against British atrocities there.

Readers may not know that the plot on which the plot turned was the landing of a man in the West of Ireland from a collapsible boat—supposed to have been floated off from a German submarine. This man's name was Dowling and he was a British soldier who was supposed to have been a prisoner in Germany. When he landed he began openly offering German money, and went about and got drunk, was arrested—and "the plot" of course "discovered." "The German emissary" was captured (by pre-arranged plan it is evident) and "tried" by court-martial—and mysteriously disappeared.

The whole thing was at the time so fishy that the authorities hurried through with it, and got him out of sight as quickly as possible. This is the basis of the great "German plot" but the incident was sufficient to show to the world, at that time, the Government's justification for swooping down upon, arresting a couple of thousand of the Sinn Fein, and imprisoning them without trial.

Here's what the Manchester Guardian thought of it: "The most surprising thing about the Dowling trial has been not what it disclosed, but what it did not disclose. According to the official statement Dowling was the pivot upon which the plot turned."

"Now, not only was Dowling not charged with his connection with the plot, but not a word was said as to the trial about it. On the contrary, all the evidence showed that nobody in Ireland came to assist him or shelter him, and that he went about, got drunk and changed his suspicious money in the ordinary way. There was not a vestige of the plot. . . . There is something here that requires explanation."

Arthur Griffith in an issue of the Irish Bulletin, official organ of the Dan Breen, said the following comment was made upon Lloyd George's latest promise to publish the evidence: "This belated desire of the English Government for the publication of the 'evidence' of the 'German plot' is co-incidental with a political situation in England which is unfortunate for that Government. The murder, pillage and arson practised by the English armed forces in Ireland has created an increasingly numerous body of English public opinion hostile to the present English policy in Ireland. It is naturally the desire of Mr. Lloyd George and his colleagues to stay the growth of English popular sympathy with Ireland. False official statements of barbarities committed by the Irish Republican Army have not had the effect for which they were invented. Therefore, the decision has been to revive the war hatred in England and direct its full force against the national movement in Ireland."

The Irish Lord Lieutenant, Lord Wimborne, who had been found to write his post, was at that time removed from his post. The press asked him what he, in closest touch with the Irish Executive, had learnt

of the German plot. He replied: "Absolutely nothing." He said: "It seems strange that in view of the highly specialized means of obtaining information which is now in existence in Ireland—neither I, nor as far as I am aware, any member of the Irish Executive, had been aware of the existence of the plot until it was discovered by the London authorities."

SIR FREDERICK MAURICE'S OPINION

Here is the opinion of the well-known English war critic, Sir Frederick Maurice, upon his Government's savageries in Ireland—contained in a letter written by him to the London Daily Mail: "Therefore, in terms of the official Manual, they are illegitimate and contrary to the practice of civilized nations. We could put up no defence whatever before an International Court of Justice or of Arbitration for reprisals taken on the initiative of the military and police forces, and both Lord Curzon and Sir Hamar Greenwood are speaking without the book when they describe such reprisals as legitimate."

REPORT OF WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE DELEGATION

The American press has given no account whatsoever of the report of the delegation of the Women's International League which visited Ireland to investigate for themselves. Their report stated that in at least three fourths of Ireland Sinn Fein Government has the enthusiastic support of the enormous majority of the population. "Dealing with the question of religion, they state that in the South and West they found an almost entire absence of ill feeling between the members of the different denominations."

"The report goes on to state that it was not infrequent for the different Crown forces to systematically organize a bombing and incendiary party. Sometimes there was method in the destruction, only known sympathizers with Sinn Fein being attacked. Sometimes the destruction was perfectly indiscriminate. "It is perfectly clear that many of the raids were authorized and were not due to the men getting out of hand."

"Terrorism has been increased by the prohibition of inquests and the holding only of Court-martial by English soldiers. "The war waged by the English authorities is waged largely on women and children, and (in so far as the West and South are concerned), generally on unarmed men. "We had repeated evidence," the report adds, "of the attempt by the English Government to fasten upon Sinn Feiners the responsibility for outrages of which the Government forces were guilty."

MR. CHARLES DIAMOND

The London Irish newspaper man, Mr. Charles Diamond, who owns a chain of weekly papers throughout England and Scotland—published for the Irish workingmen, in the big town of Great Britain—has just been released from Pentonville prison where he spent five months for writing a famous editorial entitled "Killing No Murderer." Mr. Diamond is a very wealthy Irishman, who had been for a long time a member of Mr. Redmond's party, and was known as the "King of the Press" in London. He had repeatedly been arrested, and like the many other moderates who got their eyes open, during the past few years, Mr. Diamond, when he broke away from the trammels of Redmondism went the limit. No Sinn Feiner could be too extreme for him. He says he has come out of prison more determined than ever to work for the absolute and complete separation of Ireland from England. He brought with him out of Pentonville a bunch of daisies and some blades of grass from the grave of Roger Casement, near which he took his exercise every day. He gives some interesting accounts of life in Pentonville prison. Every Sunday the prison chaplains give their congregations a short summary of the principal events of the week. This is done after the sermon; and when this point is reached all the sleepers wake up. They can't afford to miss that portion of the devotions. Mr. Diamond lectured to the prisoners on the Press—and he found his audience unanimously of the opinion that too much publicity was given to the details of criminal trials. Each man was probably thinking of the publicity given to his own. In a debate on the Divorce Bill a division showed that a majority of the prisoners thought that there were too great and too many facilities for divorce—so the consequent demoralization of the community. In the minority, however, were five men undergoing sentences for bigamy. Mr. Diamond left twenty-eight pounds of himself in Pentonville.

SEUMAS MACMANUS, Of Donegal.

From day to day it becomes more evident how needful it is that the principles of Christian wisdom should ever be borne in mind, and that the life, the morals, and the institution of nations should be wholly conformed to them.—Leo XIII.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS AT GENEVA

The opening day of the League of Nations at Geneva was noted for oratorical fireworks. Phrases like the rights of humanity, the bonds of solidarity, international morality, fraternal cooperation, unselfish sacrifice of ambitions, justice for all nations were again shot into the sky of the hopes of suffering people, but in the glaring light of post-war events they paled considerably in contrast to their former brilliancy. They lacked the color that once attracted and aroused the imagination of the people, and hence failed to call forth such spontaneous and warm applause as they did two years ago when the world was awaiting in breathless expectation the Peace Conference of Paris with its promise of a peace that would make the world a safe place in which to live for all future times. Since that lapse of time, in the opinion of many, the world has become less safely inhabitable than ever before. It was for this reason that a frost of pessimism hung in the air at Geneva. The monarch of the sky, old King Sol, tried his best to put a little cheer into the atmosphere when in the morning, lazily rolling out of his bed behind Mt. Blanc, he peeped through the curtain of mist which hung before his huge, rocky chamber and saw how little genuine enthusiasm greeted the first General Assembly of the League of Nations. For the rest of the day his good nature did not desert him, for he bounteously poured out his golden treasures of warmth and brightness for the occasion. The weather was superb.

There was much reason for this pessimism concerning the League of Nations among those gathered at Geneva. Three of the great nations of the world were absent, Russia, Germany and the United States. The first two were as little wanted as the latter was eagerly sought after. If it was true that the eyes of the world were turned to Geneva on the 15th of November, it is no less true that from Geneva, where almost the whole world had gathered for this event of history, all eyes were turned to America. The absence of the United States was very keenly felt. "The most deplorable thing about the affair is," two Englishmen said, "that the United States left the League in the lurch." Had these two gentlemen honestly searched their conscience concerning the events that shaped the League, they might have come to the conclusion that it was not the United States but the Powers that left the League in the lurch, the real League which might have accomplished for humanity what had been promised, the League which the United States, far from deserting, would have championed with the best of its blood. England has every reason to feel snugly satisfied with the League as a glance at several of the articles of the Covenant and an analysis of them will show. The League is so unquestionably a good thing for England and so unmistakably a bad thing for the United States that this harsh statement of a prominent European is much to the point: "Had Lloyd George brought back to his people a treaty as disadvantageous to them as the Versailles Treaty is to the United States they would have thrown him into the Thames." At any rate it is significant that the Covenant, Treaty and all that sketches thereto, were accepted by the English Parliament with but little debate and that Lloyd George, unlike Wilson, Clemenceau, Orlando and Sonnino, the other treaty-makers, has managed to hold the confidence of his nation. All this explains quite effectively why from the English point of view "it is a most deplorable thing that the United States left the League in the lurch," most deplorable for England of course.

The city and its environs gave no signs of the absence of the United States. Quite the contrary, everywhere among the mazes of flags fluttering from windows, from spires and flagpoles, from the boats on Lake Geneva, the Stars and Stripes were in evidence. Not knowing the political situation one might have received the impression upon entering and passing through the city that the United States was quite as much a part of the League. But so much sharper was the contrast when the buildings of the League of Nations came into view: no flag of the United States. So to, as the automobiles approached bearing the delegates, their secretaries and advisers, of the forty-one nations at Geneva, each wearing a little emblem of their respective nation, vivacious dancing in the wind as they sped by, no United States flag greeted the expectant crowd. Naturally the United States was the subject of much comment, favorable and unfavorable, both because of its absence and for an added reason, for the morning papers from Paris brought extracts from President-elect Harding's speech at Brownsville, Texas, on Armistice Day, and among them the statement: "America did not fight to make the world safe for democracy, but for one supreme cause which inspires men

to offer all for their country and their flag." This struck the fond beliefs of people of our kind. If nations had not fought for democracy, for what did they fight? For national aggrandizement? If so, then no League can help the world. Pessimism increased.

This pessimism was accentuated by the fact that France had declared it would withdraw from the General Assembly should the delegates decide over its veto to admit Germany at this time as a member of the League. The Petit Parisien brought an editorial to the breakfast table of the delegates on the morning of the gathering in which it insisted that only one answer could be given to any request or demand for admitting Germany into the League: "At no price today, but certainly tomorrow." The admission of Germany into the League, France fears, will mean a revision of the Treaty, and France at present is not interested in the revision but in the fulfillment of the Treaty. Failure to the letter. Again, membership of Germany prevents the occupation of the Ruhr-gebiet, and France does not want to lose a chance here. Then there is the question of reparation; German gold marks are valuable to bolster up a fallen credit, and France fears that the League is too fragile a piece of pottery to entrust such a precious treasure to its care. England is for the admission, but England, says France, faces a Germany whose fleet both of war and peace is destroyed, whose colonies England drew to its bosom and called its own, whose whole commercial and industrial life it controls almost at will; it has brought its bacon home. Because of such antagonistic interests grave fears are entertained for the success of admitting Germany come to a vote, there is no question that the League would have been put to a severe test, but it would have been a test that would have decided what the League is worth. However, there was little likelihood that this would be the case. The "Little Entente" was on the side of France ready with its help, if in return France helped to keep Bulgaria out of the League. Bulgaria is to Czechoslovakia, Serbia and Jugoslavia what Germany is to France, an undesirable companion in a League whose aim should be to check by jowl. Balance of power—the monarch who said to his hand—reappears in quite rejuvenated form. *Vive la roi*, the old-time diplomats undoubtedly mutter under their breath, circumstances forbidding them to say this too loud.

Pessimism found anything but consolation from these events of the day. Besides history with singular irony always introduces its events at the wrong time. So the Treaty of Rapallo between Italy and Jugoslavia was introduced. In vain the League had grappled with this problem. With ugly cynicism the promulgation of this Treaty was timed with the opening of the League. It seemed as though the impotence of the League was to be flouted before the world, scorching out the message that, League or no, the notorious, ill-famed, old-time diplomacy had gained another victory.

The General Assembly faced a very difficult task, in fact so difficult that the suggestions were to "pigeon hole" different delegates to a "pigeon hole" different of getting rid of disagreeable work. Let time take care of the world's troubles, it is suggested, and let the delegates concern themselves with a program that will insure the closest harmony among nations. Differences must be swept from this program. In other words the Parliament of the World will do well to let its business be that of a debating society. If the League wishes to commit suicide, this advice is splendid.

The peculiar, antagonistic problems which the League faces are not precisely the crux of its task. Problems there will always be, as well for individuals and nations so for this League of Nations. It could joyously look them in the face were there less selfishness, jealousy, hatred and greed, engendered by a disastrous nationalism, among the member nations of the League. Love they need, love of God and love of men. *L'amor che muove il sole e l'altre stelle*, the love which moves the sun and the other stars, as President Motta of Switzerland so well said in the closing words of his remarkable address. Shortly before eleven o'clock as the delegates filed into the Salle de la Reformation, where the General Assembly held its sessions, a Sister of Charity, leading at each hand a little girl, to all appearance oppians, made her way through the waiting crowd, serenely unconcerned with the great event and quite untroubled by the hubbub of the world. Here they met, the Sister of Charity and the Nations of the League—Christ and the world—and the words of the Master, "the peace which I give the world cannot give" received a fresh interpretation. Peace is not made; it is not an article of manufacture. Peace flows from sources of life, from minds that are just, from hearts that are simple and from wills that are humble. As long as nations

trample justice under foot, stalk about with impunity of design, and overreach each other with sinful pride, peace will not dwell in their midst. No league, no matter what its mechanism, can bring it to them. —A. J. Masch, in America.

THE WOMAN QUESTION

ANGLICANS ARE DIVIDED ON WHETHER THERE SHALL BE FEMALE MINISTERS

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

London, Dec. 20.—The English Church Union, the shock troops of *ardidit*, so to speak, of the Anglo-Catholics, has issued a memorial prepared by its theological and liturgical committee, dealing with the resolutions of the Lambeth Conference on the ministry of women in the Church of England.

The Lambeth fathers resolved that women might be allowed to accept some ministerial office, analogous to that of the deaconesses in the Primitive Church, but there arose the question whether the lady deacons should be permitted to marry. On this question there was not strict unanimity among the Lambeth fathers.

But the English Church Union, while very keen to extend the work of the religious sisterhoods and nuns of the Anglican Church do not treat the bishops when it comes to admitting women to the active ministry of the Church, and the report of the English Church Union says:

"It is desirable that the whole idea of woman instructing and exhorting the general congregation should be decisively repudiated as (1) based upon an unwarranted assumption of what the offices of deaconesses in the Primitive Church involved; (2) a breach of Catholic order and custom; (3) inevitably tending to widen the gulf between the English Church and the rest of historic Christendom; (4) *ultra vires* for a provincial or local church; (5) likely to lead to increasing divisions among ourselves."

Not, apparently, does the English Church Union take more kindly to the proposals for the reunion of Christendom which have been made by the Anglican bishops. The committee holds that as a basis for reunion the recognition of confirmation and absolution as parts of the sacramental system, as necessary as well as baptism and the Holy Eucharist. The same committee is opposed to permitting non-episcopal ministers to preach in episcopal churches, and holds that these should be allowed to preach only when their denomination has made an arrangement accepting "the Catholic faith and sacraments," and has given an understanding to the rest of historic Christendom, and a ministry of validly ordained bishops, priests and deacons. In other words, non-episcopal ministers should never be allowed to preach in Anglican churches, since they are never likely to accept such a condition as that just outlined.

STRONG POSITION OF CATHOLICISM

HILAIRE BELLOC SAYS CHURCH IS THE GREATEST FORCE IN EUROPE AT PRESENT TIME

London, Jan. 7.—The important position which the Catholic Church occupies in the field of the betterment of social conditions was emphasized by Hilaire Belloc in a lecture to Catholic students.

He declared that, in considering the state of Europe after the great catastrophe which had swept away aged old institutions and obliterated boundaries of countries, the most important factor of all was ignored by the press and by the politicians alike. Quite apart from the quarrel between Catholics and non-Catholics, he declared that the greatest spiritual force remaining in Europe, and that was a recognized fact that the most important phenomena were dependent on spiritual forces.

In proportion as one understood the recent renaissance of the Catholic Church would be one's perception in attempting to forecast the history of Europe in its immediate future, he suggested.

With relation to the Catholic civilization, Mr. Belloc said that with the exception of Great Britain, the Church in Europe had the field. Although neither newspapers nor statesmen dilated on this fact, the general national traditions of Catholic countries were in the ascendancy. They saw the resurrection of Poland, a wealthier Italy; a stronger France; Spain, and even Belgium still full of vitality.

The old idea of a dying Catholic civilization was gone, completely exploded, and this it was which accounted for the state of affairs in Ireland, because the power of Catholicism, even as a national asset, was recognized. Among the intellectual classes in the Latin countries the wave of returning Catholicism made itself very acutely felt. Catholicism is vivid and intense among the Poles and the Irish, aided by being closely intermixed with their national feelings as ill-treated and neglected

nations. Catalonia, the one district in Spain infected by anti-clericalism, is being rapidly re-evangelized, Mr. Belloc said.

One of the immediate sources of strength lay in the fact that while the industrial classes had become largely estranged from the Church, Catholic countries (in his personal opinion) were rapidly advancing toward a solution of the "Capital vs. Labor" problem, except in Belgium, where he feared that economic conditions might have disastrous results perpetuating the servile condition.

Undoubtedly, taken as a whole, he said, he considered the Catholic Church the greatest force, even politically, in Europe today.

HOLY FATHER POINTS WAY OF PEACE

The achievements of Pope Benedict XV, during and since the War have ascribed his name among the greatest of the Roman Pontiffs. Vested with the sublime dignity of Vicar of Christ at a time so momentous in history, he proceeded to make manifest to the world that the Divine authority to teach all nations still reposes in undiminished vigor in the Visible Head of the Church.

Amid the crash of thrones, the fall of empires, and the rocking of the social structure, the rock of Peter stood firm as the intangible pillar of truth and the unshaken foundation of confidence. By his fearless insistence on the rights of God and the rights of man, by his indelible claim of Divine authority to teach and rule the Kingdom of Christ, by his sublime example of justice, of charity and of patience, the Sovereign Pontiff during these trying days has been an inspiration and a benediction to mankind.

His utterances have impressed Catholic and non-Catholic alike with the truth that Pope Benedict's is the one universal teaching voice that speaks with Divine authority. He has pointed out in terms clearer than any statesman the nature and conditions of enduring peace. He has declared that the peace which the world desires and must have is not peace founded on enmity, on the force of might, or on selfish interests, but the peace based on the principles of right and justice that God has written in the consciences of men, the peace that solves the problems of the day, and leaves no room for future conflicts, the peace in a word that seeks to re-establish the reign of Christian charity and Christian civilization.

The Holy Father's keen mind visualizes the obstacles in the way of enduring peace. Fearlessly in any local, in allocation, and in occasional addresses he calls them to the attention of the world.

On Christmas Day, referring to these troublesome and dangerous days, he declared "The world is afflicted today by five great plagues: the negation of authority, the hatred among brothers, thirst for pleasure, disgust for work, and forgetfulness of the supernatural obligations of life."

Analyzing the social and industrial perils that threaten the world, we find their bases ultimately in one or more of the causes enumerated by the Holy Father.

Radicalism and Bolshevism are founded on negation of authority. Crime may be attributed to the same cause and to thirst for pleasure and disgust for work. Divorce and the breakdown of family life spring from selfish thirst for pleasure and forgetfulness of supernatural obligations. Religious indifference and the scrapping of ethical standards can never be overcome until attention is paid to the eradication of the fundamental causes producing them.

The Holy Father has delivered a timely message, which should be heeded. Serious men the world over are loud in their praise of the moral leadership of our Holy Father. His voice speaks with the wisdom of the ages and with the authority of Christ. Three hundred million Catholics who call him "Holy Father" will be a vast power to make operative the principles of Pope Benedict, and to ensure to the world the blessings of enduring Christian peace.—The Pilot.

THE DUTCH LEGATION

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

The Second Chamber of the Dutch Parliament has voted, 66 to 11, a sum of 10,000 florins to transform the special mission to the Holy See into a permanent legation. This action followed the defeat of a motion against granting credit for this purpose after a long debate, by a vote of 48 to 28.

The proposal that Holland establish such a legation was first made before parliament by Jonkherr Van Karnebeck, Foreign Minister, who declared that the reasons which led to the establishment of a temporary mission in Rome, in 1915, were no longer applicable now that peace had been restored. Abolition of the Dutch representation at the Holy See, he pointed out, would be undesirable, because the Vatican is becoming a very important center for diplomatic communications and information.

New Orleans, Dec. 27.—Plans have been completed for the erection of a permanent college in this city to accommodate Dominican students and announcement is made of the forthcoming transfer of the famous Dominican Library at Avila, Spain, to the new establishment. The Dominican College and House of Studies at Rosaryville, a suburb of New Orleans, for years past has been preparing young men for the work in the Philippine Islands, China and Japan. The foundation of the establishment followed the taking over of the Philippines by the United States. Under the Spanish regime the Dominicans had been the foremost educational influence in the islands and their institutions, notably the University of St. Thomas, the leading institution of learning in the islands and the College of St. John of Letran, which includes close to one thousand students, are famous the world over and have furnished a model for many modern colleges.

CATHOLIC NOTES

London, November 30.—By the will of the late Father Tully, parish priest of the Essex town of Romford, the Franciscan Monastery at Stratford secures possession of the relic of the True Cross, with the silver reliquary and the parchment of authentication.

An underground chapel, which is an advanced reproduction of the esocombs of the second and third centuries, is one of the features of the Church of the Holy Rosary in Washington, the main edifice of which will be finished within the next month.

New York, Dec. 29.—Alfred J. Talley, prominent Catholic circles in New York, has been appointed Judge of the Court of General Sessions of New York county by Governor Smith. Mr. Talley, who is a graduate of the College of St. Francis Xavier and a member of the Catholic Club, was Civil Service Commissioner under Mayor McAllellan from 1904 to 1908 and has been chief assistant to District Attorney Swann since 1917, conducting in that time some of the most important trials in the city.

New York, Jan. 1.—Marshal Ferdinand Foch cabled today New Year's greetings to Supreme Knight James A. Flaherty, K. S. G., of the Knights of Columbus, in response to greetings forwarded to the head of the French army by the Board of Directors of the K. of C. "France wishes America and the Knights of Columbus a year of unprecedented prosperity," Marshal Foch cabled. "You, by your splendid pilgrimage to France in 1920 showed us that the heart of America was with us. I look forward to the joy of seeing you and your Knights again during this New Year."

Paris.—The conversion of pagans, infidels, Jews and other non-Catholics who die during the twenty-four hours of the day is the object of a crusade of Holy Masses recently begun in Paris. The Masses are to be said daily in perpetuity to obtain for the beneficiaries the entrance into the Kingdom of Faith and the happy death for each in the soul of the Church. The society which has initiated this pious enterprise is known as the "Apostolic League of Masses for the Conversion of Dying Pagans and Infidels." The movement has already received the approval of the authorities. It is proposed to extend the League in England and America. Abbe de Fraugier is head of the League.

Catholic students in the universities of Spain are at work to realize the program which they proclaimed as a means of rescuing education and religion from the hands of the champions of "neutral" education. Their demands have been presented to the Minister of Public Instruction. The whole program breathes a determination to rid the Spanish universities of the spirit of hostility to religion which has made them inimical not only to Catholicism but to Christianity. The students desire also to increase the facilities for popular education which shall also be equally safe from the "neutral" taint. They have urged the founding of primary schools and a larger remuneration for teachers.

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THREE DAUGHTERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM

BY MRS. INNES-BROWN CHAPTER XX.

The day was far advanced; still the afternoon sun shone and glared on the hot and dusty roads of Surrey, and up in a tired horse and driver as they drew up in front of the west lodge of Baron Court.

"Stop here!" cried the voice of an old man whose venerable head appeared at the cab window. "The horse is so wearied it would be a shame to drive it farther. I will walk the rest of the way. It is not far, is it?" he inquired of the lodge keeper.

"No, sir, not if you take the short cut across the park; but I will accompany you and carry your bag for you."

"Thank you kindly," returned the old gentleman as he paid the cabman his fare. "I shall be glad of your company."

The younger man seized the bag and walked slowly, endeavoring to keep pace with the elder man's feeble steps, wondering all the while upon what errand the reverend and white-haired old visitor could be bound.

The deer and cattle were herded at the more shady side of the park, and, except for the song of the birds, a deathlike stillness prevailed around.

"You have sustained a great loss recently, I fear?" asked the old man kindly.

"A terrible loss, your reverence. This morning the remains of the kindest of masters were laid to rest in the old family vault. There will be great changes soon, we fear. We shall not see his like again. He had been ill a long time, but death came suddenly at the end, and his family were scarcely prepared for it. Some of them have taken it badly."

"Ah!" said the old priest, "I feared it would be so, and he lapsed into silence."

The path from this lodge brought them upon the west wing of the Court, and it was well in view ere the old man raised his eyes and observed it.

"Are you expected, sir, may I ask?"

"No," he said, shaking his head solemnly, as he looked at the handsome pile of buildings in front. "No, I am not expected."

"Well, sir, pass through this side gate, and follow the broad road; it will lead you full in front of the Court, and you will see the steps leading to the entrance door; ring the bell; some one will soon come in answer to it, and I will send your bag in at the back. Good-day, sir," and he touched his hat respectfully.

Old Father Egbert trudged along, past the dark, silent windows, and bright, gorgeous flower beds, and a sound but the shuffling of his own feet upon the light gravel walk to be heard. He looked at a grand picture of nobleness and simplicity as he mounted the marble steps, his benevolent old head bent in serious thought, his long white silky hair brushed back from his fine open countenance, his heart full of charity and pity for a soul he loved.

The hall pealed loudly through the great vaulted hall, and in speedy answer to its summons a footman in a sombre livery appeared. He started at the apparition of the old man met his gaze, and though against orders, instinctively fell back and permitted the visitor to enter.

"Your pardon, sir," he said, gravely saluting the old priest, "but I must inform you that the family is in great grief at present."

"The young lady?" inquired the old man, his eyes kindling as he spoke.

"She is the worst of all, sir, and refuses to see any one."

"Do not disturb any other member of the family at present, but lead me to Lady Beatrice's apartments. My business is with her."

The man hesitated; but there was that about the old priest which demanded obedience, and he yielded reluctantly.

Silently they passed up the broad staircase and along the softly carpeted passages, the servant leading the way, and wishing heartily that they could meet some one, or that he had not been the one to answer the bell. The old priest followed slowly and deliberately.

"I understand that it is the young lady you wish to see, sir?" said the man, turning and confronting the guest; "but let me tell you that she is in the room in which our poor master died, and no one can rouse her out of it; besides which, she has issued the strictest orders that no one is to be admitted, for she will not see them."

"Poor child," said the old man, with great feeling and tenderness. "But if this is her room you may leave me. I am an old friend, and she will see me, for I have come far to visit her."

"I believe you, sir, but trust all the same that I shall not get into trouble for showing you up."

"Never fear," was the firm rejoinder. "It is all my fault, not yours. I am the priest from St. Basil's, where your young mistress was at school. You can inform these young gentlemen I am here, but ask them not to disturb us for a short time. I know she would be in grief, and have come to aid her, as I promised her I would."

The tone and manner of the old priest carried conviction with them; besides, the likeness of Father Egbert hanging in the young lady's boudoir dispersed all doubt from the question, and, bowing politely, he left the old man to his own devices.

Turning the handle softly but firmly, the priest entered the darkened room and closed the door behind him. Everything appeared so dim, that for a few seconds he paused, unable to discern the objects before him. Then, shading his eyes with his hands, he saw lying upon a couch, with her back towards him, the object of his search. "Was she asleep?" he wondered. How still she lay!

Crossing the room softly, he drew a chair close to the couch, and bent over the well-remembered form. The gold-brown head, looking more golden than ever by contrast with the heavy black dress, rested helplessly on a handsomely embroidered cushion; her face was deathly pale, the bright eyes were half closed, and across the pretty features the painful line of suffering was drawn; her lips were parted and parched; the whole attitude of the body spoke of abject grief and misery indulged in beyond control.

She lay as one stunned, and for some moments the priest looked down upon her, a yearning pity filling his heart the while. But stern duty spoke at last, and he earnestly set himself to the task of rousing her.

"Beatrice," he said sadly but sternly, "is it thus I find you, my child?—you, in whom I had such faith, such confidence. Arise, and give way to this no longer."

The voice stirred her; she started as though awakening from a deep sleep, and pressed her hands wildly to her temples.

"Beatrice, do you not hear me?" he continued, in the same firm voice. "I command you to rise! What right have you to rebel like this?"

"What right!" she repeated mechanically. "Why should I care to live? He—he is dead! Who is it that speaks to me thus?"

"One who demands your obedience, my child; turn and look at him!"

She opened her eyes, but was too prostrate to move. "Speak again," she said, "I love the voice; it carries me back to happy days of long ago."

Seeing a decanter of wine upon a table near, Father Egbert poured some out, and handed it to her. "Drink this, Beatrice, then turn and face me."

She did both; then, overcome with joy at the welcome but unexpected sight which met her feeble gaze, she seized the old man's hands, and in an ecstasy of joy and sorrow burst into a flood of tears, the first she had shed since her father's death. He stoked the small cold hands, and stroked the weary face, allowing her to weep unrestrainedly. Life and circulation were gradually returning to her.

"Father, Father!" she cried, "how good of you to come! I feel so weak and ill, that I know not what is the matter with me."

"Alas, my child, you have brought much of this upon yourself, and it grieves me to see you thus. I had hoped for better things from my little Beatrice than this."

She hid her face in her hands and sobbed again.

"It is selfish grief alone that so prostrates you, my child. Instead of submitting to the decrees of Heaven, and endeavoring to comfort those around you, I find you rebelling against God, and sullenly refusing to Him the sacrifice He demands."

"But, Father, dear Father, do not condemn me unheard. He asks so much—indeed He does. You don't know all He seeks."

"Fortunate child, that He should deign to ask from you at all. Be wiser, how you refuse Him."

"Help me," she said, struggling hard against herself—"help me, and I will try to give."

"Ah! there speaks my old Beatrice once more. I feared she was dead to all that once made her so noble and generous. Now tell me, child, what it is that so overpowers you? what it is He demands, and that which you cannot give?"

"Listen!" said the girl wearily, taking the old priest's hand in hers. "He has taken my father, who was dearer to me than any one else in the world, and now He claims my darling brother Percy."

"But how—what do you mean?"

"He is going to leave us and enter the priesthood; he told my poor father so, and he is going soon."

"Thrice happy youth," murmured the old man, "to be able to give himself so generously. What an example for you! But you have still much left, my child—more a great deal than many," and he thought of poor Madge.

"Oh, but that is not all!" she moaned piteously. "I cannot tell you the rest, for I do not even wish to think of it. Why should it come to me?"

"Why, indeed?" he said, as if to himself. "Why should Heaven shower its choicest favors upon one so utterly unworthy of them, and who knows not how to value them, aright? Alas, that I should have been so bitterly disappointed in you!" and the old man bowed his head, as if he were the culprit, and was overpowered by the thought of his own unworthiness.

"Father, Father, have pity upon me! Do not speak thus to me! You know not what I have suffered!" she cried, her whole frame quivering with a powerful emotion she could not control.

He appeared not to heed her, but sat as if overcome by remorse and

disappointment, his face buried in his hands.

"Dear, dear Father Egbert," she pleaded, and sank heavily upon her knees beside him. "I have hurt and wounded you. Speak words of hope and encouragement to me, as you ever did of old, for I am dreadfully miserable. I have done wrong. I feel, I know I have. Help me to amend."

He could not withstand this appeal. Gently he placed his hand upon the shoulder of the trembling girl beside him. Accustomed to read hearts, he read her inmost soul as an open book before him. Whilst too weak to kneel, she sank in a sitting posture upon the floor, her head resting upon the couch, listening in rapture and remorse as he pictured to her in moving and eloquent language her unfaithful conduct towards God. Nor did he spare her; the evening shadows lengthened, and the song of the birds was hushed and still, the setting sun glinted through the chinks of the drawn blinds, and fell upon the form of the old man as he sat, his figure bent tenderly towards that of the penitent girl at his feet. The thought of that evening three years ago, when, in the pride of her girlhood, she had knelt and listened to Lady Abbess's last words of farewell, of how she had remembered form by day, and failed to understand her words of admonition and advice; and then how well she remembered that prophetic reply, "Not now, Bertie, but when the time comes, you will understand what I mean, and know then how to act."

No one knew better than herself how she had fought and struggled against that knowledge; how she had sought and striven to crush and still that small and voice which day by day, and most of all during the silent hours of the night, had pursued her with unremitting and ceaseless persistence, always in the same sad and earnest refrain—"My child, give me thy heart."

"For I have loved thee with a love No mortal heart can show; A love so deep, my saints in heaven Its depths can never know, Vain are thy offerings, vain thy sighs, Without one gift divine; Give it, My child, thy heart to Me, And it shall rest in Mine!"

Oh, why had she not yielded sooner? If such life-long peace and joy was to be hers as was portrayed by the burning and eloquent words of the old man beside her, and which she knew and felt were true, why had she begrudged God the poor gift of her heart? For whom or what was she reserving it? Would any one ever understand it as she did? What made it? Was she so entirely dead to be able to value at its true worth the behavior of her brother Percy? No, no; she knew well that she had a mind, a soul above it all.

Father Egbert had drawn from her eyes the veil wherewith she had sought to blind her soul to what she knew was right, and in its place had exposed to her dazzled view heights and wonders wherewith she felt her own heart could alone revel and rejoice.

And so heart to heart they talked, the moments flying as seconds, whilst, as a spoilt and wilful child, she told him of all her faults and shortcomings, and listened to his words of encouragement and advice. Several times had Percy stolen gently to the outside door and listened, but would distinguish only the low murmur of their voices; so, as gently he withdrew, greatly comforted. He would not disturb them. Surely it must be in answer to his dear Father's prayers that this old man had been sent to bring peace and rest to his little sister's soul.

They rose at last, each supporting the other: he tottering and feeble from old age and exhaustion; she weak and prostrate from all she had endured. Yet in her heart burned a bold and strong purpose, and Heaven helping her, she would be true to it. She would be dead to that voice no longer. It alone should lead and guide her future life.

The old man tarried but one day to rest, and then returned to his own country. God had blessed his endeavors. "He had raised the broken, weeping girl from her mistaken grief and torpor, and guided her young steps upon the path of the most blessed and purest of the rest."

"The high and generous soul of the girl had at last been touched and stirred to life again. She was not one to give by halves, and from henceforth her life must be different. No more useless grief for the parent she had lost; only bitter regret that by her selfish conduct she had rendered his death and parting from her so much harder than it might have been. "He knows now the true value of all earthly things," and she would whisper to herself, "and he shall see how his little Bertie can afford to despise them, and how zealously she will endeavor to live as he would have wished her to."

Time, that healer of all wounds, passed on, and Lady de Woodville marvelled as she saw how rapidly the spirits and health of her daughter returned to her. She would have marvelled still more, ay, and murmured also, had she but faintly guessed the cause of that secret which of joy in the girl's heart, spring of generous resolves and purposes. She did not at all approve of her second son's desire to become a priest, and to her he seldom spoke of it. Only to his sister he poured out his soul's thoughts and wishes, and between them a closer and nearer bond than

ever seemed to exist; and though the girl seldom spoke of herself, yet she knew and felt that he understood her thoroughly.

Forget her father she never could. It was the constant thought of him, and doing honor to his memory, that spurred her on to live and act as she felt and knew would have pleased him best, and with a nature like hers the task was not after all so very difficult. By a powerful effort she strook of the heavy torpor that had for so long cramped and overpowered her, and, with health and energy restored, took fresh interest in all around.

Her mother, gratified and pleased beyond measure when she witnessed the beauty and attractions of her daughter return almost redoubled, matured many a high and scheming plan regarding her child's future. Such beauty, talent, and accomplishments could not pass unnoticed. Society would ring with her praises. The girl was destined for a high career; and, when the weary season of mourning was over, Beatrice must make good use of her time. So planned the mother, but far from the daughter's heart were any such thoughts as these.

The young Earl, who from home at the time of her father's death, but had now returned. He bore his new dignities well, as became the high position he held, and took up his new responsibilities with a serious energy that surprised every one. Perhaps a shade more reticent and reserved than ever, he had, yet, lost much of that haughty and overbearing manner which so characterized his previous life. He appeared to understand and to appreciate his younger brother much more than he had ever done before, and was most kind and courteous towards his sister. To his mother he was ever considerate and dutiful. If he had a secret sorrow or disappointment in his heart, no one knew it, few ever guessed at it; nevertheless it did exist, and was rarely ever absent from his mind. It grew and fostered until he came to look upon it as a sacred thing, too sacred to be exposed to any human ear save one. And would she ever listen to it? Ah, in that lay the pain of it!

The night before Percy's departure for the Novitiate found the brother and sister arm-in-arm, pacing for the last time up and down their favorite walk in the wood. The boy—for such he always was to her—was unfolding to her all his aspirations and desires for the future, little thinking that every word he uttered fired the enthusiasm of the girl beside him, and made him appear as a hero, worthy not only of admiration but of imitation also. With what pride did she not look up to him now; and for his sake she would bear up, so that the parting from home should be made easy. Later on they stood in front of the picture which she had given her that Christmas Day, when all others had lavished jewels upon her. "Do you like it, Bertie?" he asked, fixing his eyes earnestly upon it.

She put her arms around his neck, and, hiding her face upon his shoulder, replied in a whisper, as though afraid of being overheard, "I love it more than any treasure I possess."

He held her from him and looked into the depths of her eyes for one moment, then hissing her, said gladly, "God bless you, my little sister," and, though his words were few, his meaning was deep.

In spite of herself, she drooped after he had gone, for she missed his merry and cheerful companionship; yet in her heart she would not have had him back, but looked forward with pride to his future.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE ORGAN GRINDER

By Kenton Grange in The Missionary

The following story is another one of the tales told by Father Dupont, on board the S. S. Touraine. The year was 1917, and we were coming from France to America:

The terror and dread of the War Zone had been passed. A magic sky of opal, studded with myriads of sparkling stars, embraced the night. We seemed to be moving on the crest of some mystic, underground lake, and the bewitching light of a full moon, the great waters stretched to the far horizon in penitential and tranquillity; a symbol of the Eternal. There was something in the silence and restful calm that one could not associate with this workaday world of worry and we. We were in some wonderful land of romance. If Aladdin had pushed back the clouds of night and had appeared upon the sky line, backing us into the dreamlands of the Arabian Nights, I believe, not one of us would have felt surprise. The whole atmosphere breathed of enchantment and mystery.

Seated at the end of the promenade deck was Father Dupont. As we passed him, someone suggested that a night like this was a night for a good story. When we repressed, we stopped and asked Father Dupont to tell us another story.

The good priest was willing. In his humble way, he asked us to listen to a tale of his late, which he called "The Organ Grinder." "I will tell you this story in the way it happened, with all its details and also with all the observations and speculations which its main character made upon American life. They may be of interest and also a source of study for some of you." With these few remarks Father Dupont began his story:

What I am about to relate, gentlemen, happened about eight years ago in a big Western city. Its name is of no importance. I will call my tale, 'The Story of the Organ Grinder,' because the whole anecdote deals with an Italian and a street organ.

It was a wet, bleak night in early spring. The cold breath of winter could be felt in the chilly wind that swept down the street. Black, ominous clouds drifted across the sky, and the sickly glare of the street lamps shone down upon streets covered with mud and melting snow.

I had just finished supper when the maid informed me that someone wished to speak with me at the door. "Why the door?" I asked. She replied that "it was my Italian with his street organ. He had something very important to say to me and would not come in." I got up and went out to the door. There, standing in the dripping rain, with his medical bag under his arm, was an Italian beggar whom I had many times befriended.

The first time I had seen him he had aroused my sympathy. He somehow lacked the usual characteristics which distinguish these waifs of the streets from other types of mendicants. I had met him many times on my walks, both on the busy thoroughfares and on deserted waysides. Standing with his old brown slouched hat, a thread worn coat of gray that covered a blue shirt, a pair of ragged corduroy trousers that seemed to be trying to hide a tattered pair of shapless shoes, and a handkerchief of many colors around his neck in place of a collar, the poor unfortunate had never ceased to have my sympathy. Cranking out a tin rattle of some popular song with one hand, holding on with the other to a chain, at the end of which gambled and performed an ugly little monkey with a red coat and wearing a dirty little skull cap of the same color, he presented a picture which was the personification of the pathetic. The whole scene was a sketch of life out of harmony with creation. Here was a man, born for the blue skies and the sleepy silence of Italian vineyards, striving to earn a living as a beggar, amid the dust and the roar of an American city.

Once I had taken him to the reformatory and given him something to eat. From that day I never failed to give him a coin as he passed down my way.

"Good evening, friend," I said to him, wondering if the poor fellow had got stranded.

"Good evening, Fatha," he replied. "Me wants speak to you," he continued in that dull accent peculiar to the Italian tongue. "Me come in my face, looking eagerly into my face. Letta me bring in ma box, too?"

Feeling sorry for the poor soul, I nodded assent. With an awkward bashfulness, he took his aged dirty hat off, and with much pushing and blundering, finally managed to get his organ and himself into the office.

When he got seated I asked him where his monkey was.

"Fatha, me goin' to tella a story. Me not what you think to be. Will you listen?"

Seeing again in his big red tanned face, set off with a thick, heavy black moustache and crowned with a big fluffy black curl, something that told of a higher training; for you may have your own ideas of life, gentlemen, and your own philosophies, but outside the things of Heaven, to which we all are heirs, all men are not born equal; there is a stamp on some men, the stamp of a higher order, a stamp wrought out by centuries of training, a stamp which is in the blood and which is the inheritance of greatness, a stamp which can be recognized and which must be acknowledged. I saw something of that stamp in the countenance of my visitor, the organ grinder.

That night, and feeling that although he wore clothes in rough and mudd-spattered clothing, he was my equal and perhaps my superior in the world's ranks, I told him that I would be delighted to listen to his story.

He placed his wet, slouching hat on the table, and unfastening his musical box he laid it carefully on the floor. Leaning forward, with his fingers crossed between his knees, he told me the following tale:

I will not attempt to tell it in his half-broken English. I will narrate it, however, as he told it to me, forgetting not his remarks, as I said, "they may be useful to some of you."

Father, I am not what I appear to be, I belong to a noble and wealthy family, which has a beautiful ancestral home, nestling in a little town that stands in the shadows of the Northern Apennines. Twenty-five years ago I married the pretty daughter of a wealthy Florentine merchant. The world at that time was for me a wonderful place to live in. My children grew up and I was happy. If ever God was good to any of His children, He was good to me then.

My happiness was so perfect that it did not seem to be earthly. It frightened me. I dreaded the future. Somewhere in those days that lay ahead I felt that there was a thunderbolt that would wreck the place of my joy. This foreboding haunted my peace of mind. My contentment, at times, was dimmed by its shadow.

Our eldest son grew up. Contrary to my unexpressed desires and my dear wife's intentions he chose a worldly career. For us, the Church had been our dream. The study of art was his choice. God had gifted him with a great love for the beautiful. I may add that He also had

bestowed upon him the remarkable power to portray that love. However, we tried to show him that in God's Church he would have a chance to develop that love and even to know more about it and to appreciate it more. But our words were of no avail. He wanted to become an artist. We concealed our disappointment and sent him to the greatest masters in Rome and Vienna. We gave him all the encouragement we could. His genius was early noticed in the schools. The great masters predicted for him a great future. In fact, many looked to him to be the founder of a new school, to be the interpreter of the age.

The summer that was to see the end of his studies came around. Everything was ready for his departure. The little village had agreed to honor him. In a word, we were all proud of his achievements.

One morning a letter was handed into my office. It was an end of our dream. Francesco had fled to America. His letter asked for forgiveness. It begged that his name be forever remembered in our prayers. If upon earth we were never to meet again, at least we might meet in Heaven. And no matter what befell him in life, he would still dream through the years to come of that little home of terraces and gothic arches that nestled at the foot of the white peaked Apennines, and which he once called home. It would be for him a remembrance to cherish all through the years.

The blow shattered our happiness. My wife's health yielded to its violence. Shortly afterwards my investments failed. Then two of my children died. I gave up all idea in the goodness of God. I felt that if He did exist He must have been shielding me in a fool's paradise. Trials I had expected, but never such a catastrophe. Its blow blasted away every reason for my existence. God and faith could not be. I gave up all belief in both.

On inquiring at the schools of study I learned that my son had been drawn into the "fast set" of the place. His work had deteriorated. He had failed in some prize he had been sure of gaining. And finally he had become implicated in some stabbing affair, for which he was wanted by the police.

Rather than bring insult and dishonor by appearing in court, he had fled to America.

We waited on word from America. Two months after his flight it came, a solid envelope, with a sheet of greasy stained paper. It told us that he was well and that he was going to try and wipe out his disgrace. He asked us to forgive him, and in tearful language begged his mother to pray for him.

We answered that letter. No answer ever came back. Months went by and still my wife grieved for the lost one. For myself, my soul hardened. All play and love for the things of God had left my heart. In their place a frozen cynicism reigned. Life became a game of chance. My turn was over. To rebuild was useless. Why raise a little ant hill in this whirling bedlam, that when examined in the rain of space was simply a dot in the universe? Why toil and sweat to corner an atom of golden dust from the surging eddies of gold in which the world loves to play? Why try to reconstruct, when the heel of some powerful joker was ready to crush it down again? What joy could there be in the vision of completion? Destruction awaited it all. Even if it did not come, there was always the changing whim of the joker. Against this we were powerless. I had been the joke once. His deadly irony and its flash torturing lash, its blinding satanic completeness once felt, the victim would ever remember it. Life was too short and precious to endure it twice. I had been the world's fool, the idiot of Destiny, the dancing toy of Fate. Once was enough. Henceforth, I would be a spectator. I would stand in the ring and watch the Great Fatale. And I would laugh with the sublime joker. I felt I had a right to the comedy of Existence. I had paid the price, the price the creation of Chance had asked throughout the ages. Life was a laugh. It was really funny when you understood its tricks. And so I laughed, and in my laugh was the echo of Hell.

My soul withered under the cancer of Despair.

One afternoon in summer an old priest, a friend of the family, paid us a visit.

I explained to him all my troubles and my new outlook upon life. With a silent patience he heard me through. And when I ceased to speak he said, "So that is all?" "Yes, that is all. And what more could there be?" was my answer.

"Son," he replied, "did your Faith teach you that you were created for this world?" I angrily retorted, "No, nor did it teach me that this world was Hell—because Hell it has been for me. All your wonderful talks are all right when everything is going all right."

"My son, this world is not Hell. You have made it Hell yourself. What use would there be of Heaven if this world gave you all you wanted? You did not complain against Him when He gave you those happy days in the past. It is easy to love God when the old earth smiles upon you. There is no merit there. Now that God is testing you, you place your little tiny intellect along side His; you even put it on a scale above His, and you practically say to Him: 'I know I was made for the world of eternity, and that this little blow is only a stepping stone to the land of God. I know all this, but I

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prefer the tinsel and the glitter of this world. I prefer to play with the toys of time, to hear the haunting click of money that is accursed. I want all this, Heaven may be all right, but give me this creation. Always remember, my son, that this earth is only a street in the sky. At birth we enter upon it. At death we leave it, to enter upon eternity. And the walk down that street is the march of Time. For some, it is a parade of pleasure and amusement. For others, it is a weary pilgrimage that finds relief in death. But no matter what we may do or find, or what we may want along that street, there is one thing; we must pass down it, once we have started upon its way. And you cannot linger. Onward, onward, you must go, till a day finds you passing the last landmark, and with the whole journey over, behind you. That day you will have played your little role of life for the last time. You will be passing into the past. The world of the seasons will no longer be for you. Something in another world awaits you, and what it is will be yours forever.

"Like every other way, to go along it in security a guide is required. My son, the guides along the Street of Life are God's Holy Mother and the Saints. You have lost your way along the road. You are on the wrong way. Get a saint to lead you in the right way. Get Saint Anthony. He is the saint of lost things. You have lost the greatest thing in life—your Faith. Ask him to find it for you. There, my son, is the advice I give you. Follow it, and God's grace and God's sunshine will come back again to you, through the night of sorrow and tribulation."

Well, Father, my Faith came back. And it was Saint Anthony who found it for me.

With the return of my Faith, life began to take on its old colors of joy and happiness. I saw and realized that if there was such a thing as evil in the world it was man himself who put it there. God was good.

At the request of my sick wife, I determined to visit America and try and find the son I had lost.

In the early fall I left the blue skies of Italy for the shores of America. Two weeks later I landed at New York. What my feelings were, Father, on landing on this edge of the world, I cannot express. There is something, sometimes, in magnitude which paralyzes the intellect, something which the mind seems unable to grasp and thought define. I experienced all these sensations when I landed in America. The bigness, the possibilities, the achievements of your country, crippled my understanding.

I had landed in a country which was the microcosm of the universe—a country which looked to be the half of the world having within its borders the representatives of the whole human race.

I had come to a country which was the shrine of achieved desires, and also the graveyard of many a ruined ambition; a country in which men were chasing the shadow of success; a country which was an oasis for many in this weary world of travel and a country which was a desert of blasted hopes for many unfortunates on the trail of worldly happiness. Ever on those poor unfortunates go, chasing in a wilderness of failure the butterfly of success, buoyed up with the undying hope that some day, somehow, they will net this gilded alluring fly. Then a day comes when they sink down exhausted upon the wayside, their dreams and their ambitions shattered, failures and wrecks upon the jetties of Life, derelicts upon the ocean of Time.

Everything seemed so strange in this strange land. I felt that I had not stepped into a new world, but into another world. It has been called the New World, but the only thing I found was that the New World was very old, very old. There are mighty, modern constructions that surpass everything in the old land; there are vast plains of thought in this country of yours; but around it all there is an atmosphere of oldness. Beside your wonderful buildings in the world's greatest cities, there are old, tottering, wooden structures that tell of the first pages in your history. Your magnificent railroads seemed so large and black with the dust of the continent that they appeared to have been running since the beginning of created things. They looked like the last remnants of the world's first days, when God created everything on a scale of greatness.

I thought men did not live in this land for the joy of living. The wild rush on the streets, the fast, ever-moving traffic, the sharp, strained looks of the passers-by—all told of a life that was unnatural, of an existence screwed up to the highest point of excitement, in the fever of some great game that was deadly and momentous in its outcome. I found that game to be the game of Changing Coin.

I have told you all this, Father, because I thought it was good that a son of the Old World should tell his impressions to a man whose duty and calling it is to see life in its naked truth and to be a representative of the country he lives in—the Catholic priest.

I had with me the address which my son had placed in the only letter he ever sent home from America. With the assistance of some unknown Italians I found the street. To my disappointment I heard that he only had remained there about a month. And so my search began.

For many months I remained in New York. I searched every quarter. Sometimes my endeavors would bring some details, but when I had

followed them out, failure would be my reward.

I was out on the streets in the early hours of the morning. Many a time have I seen that cold, cheerless sight namely, a sunrise over the buildings of New York. I searched the thoroughfares in the evenings, mingling in the gay life on the so-called White Way, and as I walked that avenue of pleasure I thought of the wrong way about which my friend the priest, had spoken. For me, the White Way was the wrong way, and the only thing white about it was that it was not white.

I saw New York as the city of modern splendor and uncrowned monarchs, and I beheld New York as the hell of modern civilization. I saw your master minds that makes of a man a plaything upon the board of life. I saw your gilded joyous, that flutter and sparkle under the green beams of the great lights, for whom this world is merely one unceasing delirium of pleasure. For many months I hovered between the misnamed upper life of New York and its black, only too true antithesis, the under world. Like a restless soul I kept ever moving along, drawn about by the magnetism of one big idea, the finding of my son.

My funds gave out, and rather than write home for more I took a position in a big manufacturing concern. Brought up as I had been, under the blue skies of Italy, life in a large industrial plant did not suit my nature. The faultless attention to a machine was something I could not give. To me the whole system was unnatural. I was the machine. The machine was my driving master. That machine would be there, demanding the same tireless attention, when I would have ceased to live. Some other man would wear away his strength under its crushing weight. Outside the glory of God's sunshine would stream down, but that slave to the machine would never see its beauty nor feel its gentle touch. To the soulless beat of that metal monster his heart would throb on its way to death. I could not understand the sacrifice. It was contrary to Nature. The whole world of machinery has been man's invention. It had turned him from God. The beautiful world of the plains, with their eternal silence; the roar of the sea across the world; the freshness of the wind as it sweeps around the globe—in a word, the world of nature as God created it, has been lost to man.

Many other means of employment I tried. The unreality of it all sickened me. It was all the worship of the dollar god. In all my search I never forgot Saint Anthony. He had been faithful once, and I felt confident that just as he had helped me to find the right road in life, he would lead me some day to my son.

There was a little church down a dark lane which bordered on a main street. Within, there was a statue of Saint Anthony, and in the dark holy stillness some little candles burned there, telling of a hope and a faith that have lived with the years. Here, while the mighty city throbbed and roared without, in the quietness of God's home I would pour out my soul and ask of Him to lead me through Saint Anthony to my lost child. I never left that little shrine of the side way without feeling stronger and a better man. In my soul there would be a renewed hope and the touch of grace.

One night, as I was leaving my little church, I met one of my few friends. He told me that he had heard that my son was in a certain town in the West. He named a certain town. A few days after I came here.

Loathing American industrial life, I searched for some occupation that would permit me to live in the open and yet give me a chance to look for my son. I remembered the strange tradition of our race in foreign lands, and I hired this old street organ and a little monkey.

With them I made enough to keep me. They were my only friends. I have passed along every street in this large city. On my way I would examine the faces in the crowds, but I never saw the face of him I longed for.

Sometimes my life has been hard, very hard. However, I always felt a feeble man. No artificial roof was above me. No huge monetary machine, grinding out and demanding my life's blood, was holding me in bondage. No sickening roar nor revolving metal was stunning my brain. No would-be master mind of the farce of time called big business was using me as a pawn to satisfy his whims and schemes. The cursing spell of the demon god, money, had no unholy power over me. My life was not a weary, unending pilgrimage between the graceless shrine of industrialism and the demand of materialism in action. I saw the foundations of religion, abolish morality and destroy family life. For many months the stories of the outrages which shock the most barbaric sense of decency fed the fears of other nations that unreason had been let loose in the world and all men were in danger of falling under the lethal contagion. It is true that some of the tales were traced to propaganda source and others were stoutly denied by certain radical publications in this country.

IN THE SHADOW

Out of the World War the problem that looms largest is the Russian situation. The League of Nations may or may not emerge from the Geneva Conference. Argentina and other States may decline to enter into any peace pact which gives overwhelming control to nations that are entirely selfish in their demands. Even the Irish question, threatening the tranquillity of the universe, is of slightly lesser importance when the fate of one hundred and eighty millions depends for the consideration of mankind.

The difficulty is that no one seems to know exactly what conditions obtain in that vast stretch of territory over which Bolshevism rules. When Lenin and Trotsky introduced Soviet supremacy we were given to understand that the forces of hell had prevailed. Robbery, rapine and ruthlessness were the dominant motives in an anarchic policy which was to de throne God, upturn the foundations of religion, abolish morality and destroy family life. For many months the stories of the outrages which shock the most barbaric sense of decency fed the fears of other nations that unreason had been let loose in the world and all men were in danger of falling under the lethal contagion. It is true that some of the tales were traced to propaganda source and others were stoutly denied by certain radical publications in this country.

So now it is to be MY CANADA! —a unifying force —a merchandising force —with great influence on trade —fostering national sentiment —selling goods with great economy and great efficiency throughout the length and breadth of Canada.

Here are Nine Reasons Why You Will Want to Read "My Canada" Week by Week

BECAUSE — 1.—It builds. It builds for all of Canada.

BECAUSE — 2.—It is a magazine for the young man and for the young woman, for all people who are young in spirit and alive to the future of Canada.

Nevertheless there has existed up to the present moment an uneasy feeling that in the shadow of the dismal land there lurked a monster which lay in wait to devour the civilized people of the earth.

To form a judgment information, direct and unimpeachable, was needed, and this many prophetic lately are pretending to supply. The New Republic and "The Nation," the mouthpieces of advanced thought whose special purpose in existence seems to be swayed by some rule of general contradiction, have always defended the present regime in more or less enthusiastic fashion. The former sent a special representative to investigate at first hand. His articles are now appearing in this weekly, the general tone of which is decidedly favorable to the Soviet domination. Agreeing with him in the main, Wells the English novelist, writes his impressions to the New York Times after fifteen days' sojourn around the two great cities of the former empire. Notwithstanding all that is offered, however, by way of elucidation the average mind retains an unbalanced haze. What favorable authorities present in defence of the Bolsheviks is immediately denied with a wealth of evidence and an abundance of statistics by others whose information seems to be as intimate and as exact as the press representatives coming from the outside. John Spargo, the Socialist, takes issue with Wells and in stating his case against Sovietism he increases our perplexity. For we

had just laid aside an article in the Homiletic Review, in which that well known writer on economical study, the Jesuit Father Huselmin, would lead us to believe that Bolshevism is only the practical application of the Marxian socialist theories and that the Russian revolutionists received the aid and encouragement of those with whom Mr. Spargo allies himself. On the other hand, the latter gentleman is bitter in his denunciation of the rulers in Russia, who, he claims, have no communistic leaning and are bent on extending through the world their new order of Government which would bring about the absolute destruction of the civilization bequeathed us by the centuries.

According to all the authors Sovietism reigns in the cities but the countryside is restive. Out of the hundreds of millions there are said to be less than a million real communists in the land. To the conviction of the men in power is attributed the denunciation and despair which prevail, for when unity was needed the Bolshevik insisted upon denunciation; when work was the only weapon to slay off starvation, idleness was encouraged by legislation which hampered industrial activities; when honest administration of office might have brought back some measure of prosperity, those in high places resorted to every illegitimate means to entrench themselves in perpetual control. The only light to send at least a dim ray through the shadow is the assertion of Mr.

I was aroused from my stupor by some one touching me on the shoulder. Slowly and carelessly I turned around, and through the haziness of my eyes I saw the green and gold livery of the chauffeur. For a moment the green and gold played before my vision. Then in an instant the world seemed to pass from me. The great street, the gazing crowds, the rushing vehicles, the clash and the din of the business world around—all appeared to fade away in some strange and mystic manner. In the livery of the chauffeur I saw my son.

There in the midst of the restless rush of a vast city we met—met as I knew we would. Saint Anthony had brought him back to me.

The crowd began to disperse. The remains of the little monkey were taken away but amid the dust I picked up a dirty piece of red cloth. It was the old, worn skull cap. I will always keep it. It will be for me an undying remembrance. What more can I say, Father? There are moments when the heart is too full to describe its joy. That is how I feel tonight. My son and I have arranged everything. All has been forgiven. Tomorrow morning we start eastward—eastward to the blue skies of Italy—eastward to a little home that lies in the shades of the great Apennines—eastward, back to a waiting mother.

America I admire; America I fear. It is the world of the future. No man today realizes the power that lies buried in America. America today is old. She will be the New World of the future, and when that New World comes it will be something that the intellect of today does not understand, because today this world knows it not.

Father, forgive me for being so long. Forgive my wanderings and my musings. And, gentlemen, I ask of you the same. That was how my Italian friend ended his strange story. He wished me good night. Asked me to remember him in my prayers. As he left me he held out his hand, saying: "Father, some day I hope to meet you as I really am—a nobleman of Italy."

We shook hands, and with my blessing he left me. I saw him disappear in the silent shadows of the night. By his side there hung his street organ. And so he left me.

Such is the story of the organ grinder. It has been long, but I hope you will pardon all its imperfections. So good night, gentlemen. I have still my rosary to say.

Here Father Dupont left us. The moon came out from behind a bank of clouds and the ocean lay purple and black in the stillness of the night.

BECAUSE — 3.—It is a home magazine. It appeals to the mothers in town and country for not only its appeal to the young people; it speaks to the end of having as much done for mothers and babes in Canada as is done by the live stock departments for calves, sheep and lambs, pigs, horses, hens, etc. It assists parents with child training.

BECAUSE — 4.—It is human. It deals with people. It deals with great Canadians of to-day and of yesterday and does its part to inspire and help develop the great Canadians of to-morrow. It is a friend to those who most need friendship. It has personality and character.

BECAUSE — 5.—It is always interesting. It leads. It points the way. People say of MY CANADA that it "knows where it is going!"

BECAUSE — 6.—It deals in human experience. It never preaches. It deals in facts and exact information, which it seeks out and publishes to offset the works of evil, of ignorance, of prejudice and of demagogues who would tear down and destroy.

BECAUSE — 7.—It is a safe magazine to have in your home. It is clean, wholesome, unfrail. Only the tried and true get into the columns of MY CANADA. It presents the living, burning truths of what is needed to build up Canada, for ALL Canadians.

BECAUSE — 8.—It is earnest, tense, honest, fair, aggressive, optimistic, energetic, courageous. MY CANADA is led along by a loyal band of enthusiastic, happy workers— young men and young women of vision—workers with a mission—on fire with a consuming passion to do for and give all Canadian people a sane, independent, needed service.

BECAUSE — 9.—As a good Canadian you need MY CANADA and MY CANADA needs you.

BECAUSE — 10.—It is a good Canadian you need MY CANADA and MY CANADA needs you.

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You will immensely improve the tastiness of dishes and add tremendously to their nourishing value if you use plenty of

BOVRIL

Spargo that the people despairing of earthly help have turned to God for aid. The churches are crowded every hour and from the depths the miser's ones cry out in their woe that the Father of all consolation will not forget them in this their hour of need.—F. in the Guardian.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JAN. 22, 1921

SECONDARY EDUCATION IN ONTARIO

Judged by any sane and democratic standards of secondary education our Ontario High School system has completely broken down. It utterly fails in what should be its fundamental purpose. Proposals to raise the age of compulsory school attendance are only a confession of this failure and a puzzle headed attempt to shift the blame. While secondary education is left in its present chaotic state any attempt to make attendance compulsory is both unjust and absurd. This opinion is shared by many actually engaged in the teaching profession as well as by men and women of intelligence whose keen interest in the matter is due to a sense of parental responsibility.

But leaving opinion aside for the moment, let us consider the hard facts of the case on which intelligent opinion must be based.

And first let us have a clear idea of the terms used with reference to secondary schools.

The first two years' High School work is called the Lower School.

Following is the Middle School which as a rule occupies two years more; but in some schools the pupil, if able to do so, is allowed but not encouraged to make the Middle School course in one year.

The general rule, however, is two years for the Middle School which ends with Junior Matriculation or Entrance to Normal examination.

The Upper School begins after Matriculation and leads to Entrance to the Faculty of Education and Honor Matriculation. It also comprises two years.

The secondary schools are divided into three classes: Collegiate Institutes, High Schools and Continuation Schools. Collegiate Institutes rank highest, requiring certain standards of building, equipment, and technical qualifications of the teaching staff that are not exacted from High Schools. Continuation Schools are simply Rural High Schools—misnamed.

All three classes do the same work and lead to the same examinations up to the end of the Middle School; though there are Continuation Schools whose work is limited to the Lower School.

Recent public discussion of the Collegiate situation in this city shows that this brief explanation of the terms used and the division of the work connected by them is by no means a waste of time.

Now for the facts as given in the latest official reports (1919) of the Department of Education.

There are in the Province 47 Collegiate Institutes with a total attendance of 17,617 (1918).

Now mark the distribution of that attendance:

Table showing attendance statistics for Lower School, Middle School, and Upper School across various years (1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th).

Note that for the Middle School the attendance for the two years is bulked together.

We might put it at about 2,800 for the third year and 1,625 for the fourth. These estimates of the distribution of the 4,425 in the whole Middle School are perhaps a too generous allowance for the fourth year according to the number of successful candidates for Entrance to Normal and Matriculation. At any rate they are approximately correct.

Now note how the attendance grows small by degrees and beautifully less:

First year 7,271
Second year 5,010
Third year 2,800
Fourth year 1,625

Over 2,000 leave during or at the end of the first year. Why? Over 2,000 more drop out during or at the end of the second year.

What earthly good will the smattering of a dozen, or a score, of subjects do these who leave at the end of the first year? Or after two years?

The course is suited to the needs of the 10% or less who get their Matriculation. That was the chief purpose a half century ago when less democratic educational ideals conceived the purpose of secondary education as mainly to prepare the few who desired to enter College or some of the professions.

And in that rut it has since continued with no thought for the tens of thousands that fall by the wayside reaching no definite goal, getting little or no benefit from an elaborate and costly but undemocratic and obsolete system of secondary schools.

Is it beyond the wit of the educational powers that to devise a curriculum that would make two years of secondary education something good and desirable and worth while in itself? Must the Educational well-being of the 90% be forever sacrificed to the interests of the 10%?

That we think is a question that should be asked of the Committee now sitting to plan a reorganization of the system.

The foregoing statistics are those of the Collegiate Institutes of the Province.

Here are the figures for those specifically classified as High Schools. (The latter term is also often used in a generic sense).

There are 117 High Schools in the Province with a total attendance of 18,115 divided as follows:

Table showing attendance statistics for Lower School, Middle School, and Upper School (2 years).

The total for the Middle School 3,094 is official in the Report issued 1919—the latest; the distribution of the 3,094 between the third and fourth year is estimated.

Here again we have the same deplorable falling off year by year.

First year 5,521
Second year 3,928

Nearly 2,000 who find the course worthless to them unless they intend to go to the University or enter a profession. Nearly 2,000 who drop out after the first year has been felted away on a dozen subjects.

And the same old significant story the next year.

Is the meaning not plain, outstanding, inescapable?

The Continuation Schools—or Rural High Schools as they ought to be called and considered—make the best showing:

There are 134 such schools with a total attendance of 5,006.

Table showing attendance statistics for Lower School and Middle School.

The Matriculation examination is usually reached, we believe, in the rural High Schools in three years. This we must say with reserve, no definite information being available.

To sum up:

Table showing total attendance for Collegiate Institutes, High Schools, and Continuation Schools.

Lower School Total..... 25,659

That is 71.8% of the whole attendance at the Collegiate Institutes, High Schools and Continuation Schools of the whole province as in the Lower School.

In the Middle School two years as a rule, altogether 8,591.

A half of these must fall out before reaching matriculation, as the total number of Matriculants for the same year was 2,667, a little less than 7% of the total attendance in the Secondary Schools.

These figures are eloquent. A little reflection will make clear that the official statistics constitute a damning indictment of our system of secondary education.

We commend the study to the Committee appointed by the Education Department to report on the reorganization of secondary education.

Almost any change must be for the better.

So important, so significant, so eloquent do we consider the statis-

tics of attendance that we shall leave intelligent and interested readers to ponder over them for a week before we make further suggestions for the betterment of a system which meets the needs of less than 8% of the secondary school population at a cost entirely disproportionate to the results; a system that holds the even tenor of its half-century-old rate, calmly indifferent to the fact that over ninety per cent of students it is supposed to serve derive little or no benefit from it.

BIBLE STUDY AND BIBLE STUDY

"The definite religious work conducted in the Young Men's Christian Association consists largely of Bible study, in which young men are advised and urged to study the Bible and are given the utmost freedom in drawing their own religious inspiration therefrom."—Edward Jenkins, General Secretary Y. M. C. A., London, Ont.

This, as we pointed out last week, is sheer Protestant doctrine boldly stated or clearly insinuated. Indeed it is rather boastfully set forth, as who should say if the Pope does not like this, why it proves what we have so often declared that Catholics are not allowed to read the Bible.

There are many questions that might here be raised. What is the Bible? Where does it come from? Who vouches for the inspiration of this or that book of the Bible? Why or on what authority does the Protestant version leave out some books? etc. etc. But we shall pass them over for the moment.

First we shall quote a paragraph or two which may be usefully read in connection with Mr. Jenkins' rather boastful statement of the Protestant or Y. M. C. A. position on Holy Scripture; for they are worth while in themselves, and incidentally they show how far his implications are from being justified by facts:

"Supernatural revelation, according to the belief of the universal Church, is contained both in unwritten tradition and in written books which are, therefore, called canonical, because, 'being written under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, they have God for their author, and as such have been delivered to the Church' (Vatican Council, Sess. III, chap. II). This belief has been perpetually held and professed by the Church in regard to the Books of the Old Testament; and there are well-known documents of the gravest kind, coming down to us from the earliest times, which proclaim that God, who spoke first by the prophets, then by His own mouth, and lastly by the apostles, composed also the canonical Scriptures, and that these are His own oracles and words—a Letter written by our Heavenly Father and transmitted by the sacred writers to the human race in its pilgrimage so far from its heavenly country.

"Now We, who by the help of God, and not without fruit, have by frequent letters and exhortation endeavored to promote other branches of study which seem capable of advancing the glory of God and contributing to the salvation of souls, have for a long time cherished the desire to give an impulse to the noble science of Holy Scripture, and to impart to Scripture study a direction suitable to the needs of the present day. The sollicitude of the apostolic office naturally urges, and even compels us not only to desire that this grand source of Catholic revelation should be made safely and abundantly accessible to the flock of Jesus Christ, but also not to suffer any attempt to defile or corrupt it, either on the part of those who impiously or openly assail the Scriptures, or of those who are led away into fallacious and impudent novelties.

"Among the reasons for which the Holy Scriptures are so worthy of commendation—in addition to its own excellence and to the homage which we owe to God's Word—the chief of all, is the innumerable benefits of which it is the source; according to the infallible testimony of the Holy Ghost Himself, who says: All Scripture inspired of God is profitable to teach, to reprove, to correct, to instruct in justice: that the man of God may be perfect, furnished to every good work. (2 Tim., II, 16, 17.) That such was the purpose of God in giving the Scriptures to men is shown by the example of Christ our Lord and of His Apostles. For He Himself who 'obtained authority by miracles, merited belief by authority, and by belief drew to himself the multitude' (S. Aug. de util. cred. xiv, 32.) was accustomed, in the exercise of His divine mission, to appeal to the Scriptures. He used them at times to prove that He is sent by God, and is God Himself. From them He cites instructions for His disciples and confirmation of His doctrine. He vindicates them from the calumnies of objections; He quotes them against Sadducees and Pharisees and rebuffs from them upon Satan himself when he dares to tempt Him. At the close of His life His utterances are from the Holy Scripture, and it is the Scripture that He expounds to His disciples after His resurrection, until He ascends to the glory of His Father. Faithful to His precepts, the apostles, although He Himself granted signs and wonders to be done by their hands, (Act. xiv, 3) nevertheless used with the greatest effect the sacred writings, in order to persuade the nations everywhere of the wisdom of Christianity, to conquer the obstinacy of the Jews, and to suppress the outbreak of heresy. This is plainly seen in their discourses, especially in those of St. Peter; these were often little less than a series of citations from the Old Testament making in the strongest manner for the new dispensation. We find the same things in the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. John and in the Catholic Epistles; and, most remarkable of all, in the words of him who 'boasts that he learned the law at the feet of Gamaliel, in order that, being armed with spiritual weapons, he might afterwards say with confidence, 'the arms of our warfare are not carnal but mighty unto God.' (St. Hier. de stud. Script. ad Paulin. ep. liii, 3.)

"As St. Jerome says, to be ignorant of the Scripture is not to know Christ. (in Isaiam. Pro.) In his pages His image shines out, living and breathing; diffusing everywhere around consolation in trouble, encouragement to virtue, and attraction to the love of God. And as to the Church, her institutions, her nature, her office and her gifts, we find in Holy Scripture so many references and so many ready and convincing arguments that, as St. Jerome again most truly says, 'A man who is well grounded in the testimonies of the Scripture is the bulwark of the Church.' (in Isaiam liv, 12.) And if we come to morality and discipline, an apostolic man finds in the sacred writings abundant and excellent assistance; most holy precepts, gentle and strong exhortation, splendid examples of every virtue, and finally the promise of eternal reward and the threat of eternal punishment, uttered in terms of solemn import, in God's name and in God's own words.

"But first it must be clearly understood whom we have to oppose and contend against, and what are their tactics and their arms. In earlier times the contest was chiefly with those who, relying on private judgment and repudiating the divine traditions and teaching office of the Church, held the Scriptures to be the sole source of revelation and the final appeal in matters of faith. Now we have to meet the rationalists, true children and inheritors of the older heretics, who, trusting in their own to their own way of thinking, have rejected even the scraps and remnants of Christian belief which had been handed down to them. They deny that there is any such thing as revelation or inspiration, or Holy Scriptures at all: they say, instead, only the forgeries and falsehoods of men; they set down the Scriptures, narratives as stupid fables and lying stories; the prophecies and oracles of God are to them either predictions made up after the event or forecasts formed by the light of nature; the miracles and wonders of God's power are not what they are said to be, but the startling effects of natural law, or else mere tricks and myths; and the apostolic Gospels and writings are not the work of the apostles at all. These detestable errors, whereby they think they destroy the truth of the divine books, are outcried on the world as the presumptuous pronouncements of a newly invented free science; a science, however, which is so far from final that they are perpetually modifying and supplementing it."

These extracts are taken from Leo XIII's Encyclical Letter on the study of Holy Scripture. As such they are an authoritative setting forth of the Catholic position with regard to the Bible and Bible study. They may interest and inform those Protestants who arrogate to themselves all the zeal for the propagation of Bible study, and who are obsessed with the old lying tradition that Catholics are forbidden to read the Bible.

Farther comments must wait.

CORPORATIONS AND CO-OPERATION

The development and extension of the incorporated company did much to destroy the sense of individual responsibility in business which is so necessary to the soundness of business conditions. Much as we human beings distrust each other in theory, in practice we trust each other every minute in the day; and if we did not, social and business life would be intolerable, and so nearly impossible that society would soon become chaotic.

It is evident that anything which diminishes the amount of mutual trustfulness amongst men is profoundly harmful to society, and unfortunately, the development of the commercial and industrial corporation has diminished trustfulness. It was not so; or not so much so, in the beginnings of incorporated companies; for there was, at first, full individual responsibility. It was not so much so even in the beginnings of limited liability companies; for, at first, companies were not very large; the shareholders were known to the public and to one another. Individual relations were still possible; were even usual.

But that day is long gone by. The incorporated company of today is a huge affair; its shares are bought and sold daily in the stock market; it deals with the public through officials who may have only a small ownership in its shares; or who may have a large ownership today and a small one tomorrow. A company which has to do with the public of Ontario may be owned chiefly in the west or in the United States; or one which has to do with the public of the west may be owned in England. Even when the person one deals with is far away, one may form some impressions of his personal qualities; at all events, one looks upon him as an individual looks upon another individual; there is a touch of humanity and of human kinship about such relations.

But, when it is a company one deals with, that human touch is missing. The customer of a company looks upon it as an unreal thing, a mysterious thing; he attributes to it all sorts of unworthy actions and motives; for how can the ordinary mind conceive of a duty of charity towards a mere name; and a company is but a name to most men who have to do with it. Vaguely they may understand that they are dealing with a group of men; directors and managers; but they do not feel that it is really with these men that they have to do. They feel that behind these men there is an invisible, intangible something which they form no definite conception; and of which, in the nature of the case, it is difficult enough to form any conception.

On the other hand, the manner in which corporate business is conducted, in which, to some extent, it is necessarily conducted, tends not to make corporate relations with customers or employees more human but less so. In the first place, officials of companies will do things in the name, and in the supposed interest, of the company, which they would not do in their own name or in their own interest. With them, too, the sense of personal responsibility is diminished or confused by the fact of the existence of a corporate entity, which is not an individual and which is not exactly the whole of the individuals who are its shareholders.

Moreover, evasion of personal responsibility is easy for the officials of a company. He sometimes deceives himself; and he can, if he will, readily deceive others. All he need do is to say, "The Company won't do this; or "The Company think differently;" and how many, amongst ordinary citizens, know whether he is right or wrong, sincere or not? Usually, those who are dissatisfied take it out in cursing "The Company;" without very clearly forming to themselves any idea as to who or what that may be.

Now, since the extension of the corporate plan to the combining of several, or many, companies, in one, it is plain that the disadvantages to which I have referred are greatly increased. Some few people may make themselves acquainted with the affairs, the financial condition, and the methods of a single company; but it takes corps of experts, battalions of lawyers, and counts of judges to find out anything much about a trust; and ever: all these, operating together, and most anxious to understand, do not always succeed

IN UNDERSTANDING

How, then, can "the man in the street" be expected to understand? Who can blame him if he forms crude and inadequate notions; since to form accurate ones is almost impossible? However much we regret it, can we be surprised if the average conception in such cases, is based on prejudice and imagination, and not on knowledge.

All this is too bad; for the corporate plan has done much that is humanly beneficial; and might do much more; yet, I think it is reasonably plain that, in its present form, it must be discontinued, in the higher interests of the greater number. Or, if not discontinued, it will have to be profoundly modified.

No human institution can endure permanently which does not command public confidence; and the present system of commercial and industrial corporations does no longer command public confidence. I hope no Socialist will make the mistake of supposing that I am arguing for his pet delusions. It is not the abolition of private or corporate ownership that will cure the evils now wrought by corporations; it is a yet wider distribution of private ownership; a sane readjustment of corporate enterprise and methods; and the restoration of the human element of personal relations.

Not Socialism, but Co-operation is the hope of the future.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

In his preface to "Medieval History and The Inquisition," a new work on that much debated subject, Mr. A. S. Turberville, Lecturer in Modern History in the University College, North Wales, and Scholar of New College, Oxford, says: "The conclusion arrived at in these pages is, that the traditional ultra-Protestant conception of ecclesiastical intolerance forcing a policy of persecution on an unwilling or indifferent laity in the Middle Ages is unhistorical. . . . Heresy was persecuted because it was regarded as dangerous to society, and intolerance was therefore the reflection, not only of ecclesiastical authority, but of public opinion."

REVIEWING THIS book the Saturday Westminster Gazette says: "The history of organized religion, like that of secular society, is the record of a perpetual struggle between conservative and revolutionary tendencies; between the orderly and static ideals of the traditionalist, and the dynamic instincts of the reformer or the heretic. . . . Mr. Turberville gives us for the first time in English a brief, exact and unbiased account of several of the most troublesome heretical movements, such as those of the Catharists and Baghards; and shows plainly the extent in which these were hostile not only to religious uniformity but also to social order."

MR. TURBERVILLE, it is scarcely necessary to add, is not a Catholic; much less is the Gazette Reviewer. But the utterances of both go to show how far the best modern scholarship has revolted from the old traditional Protestant idea. In effect what conclusion has Mr. Turberville arrived at other than that the great revolt of the sixteenth century equally with the heresies that preceded it were regarded in much the same light as anarchism and Bolshevism is today, and such measures as were taken in repression, regrettable in many instances as they were, were but the efforts of organized society to protect itself against the forces of disorder and disruption? In this Mr. Turberville is at one with the Inquisition itself for whatever the lapses of individuals, the institution was designed to save the social fabric and in the main that was the outcome of its proceedings.

IT WILL be good news to students of medieval history that the French authorities have at length taken in hand the restoration of the Palace of the Popes at Avignon, as one of the most interesting national monuments they possess. It is proposed that its most historic rooms shall be restored to their original appearance and it is intimated that the Vatican galleries may contribute to this end. For many years this residence of the Popes during what is known historically as the "Captivity at Babylon," was, after the termination of that episode, used as a barracks, and, needless to say, was not improved thereby. But the build-

ings themselves remained intact, and permeated as they are by traditions of the most venerable character it is fitting that they should be preserved immemorably as a monument to one of the Papacy's most trying ordeals.

POPE BENEDICT has presented to the National Library of Wales a splendid set of books printed at the Vatican Press. The books consist of Signor Gaglianotti's *Histoire de la Marine Pontificale* and a work on the *Catacombs* by Mgr. Wilpert entitled *Les Peintures des Catacombes Romaines*. The presentation was made by Mgr. Enrico Paoletti, who was sent from Rome as the Pope's Special Envoy for the purpose. The Special Envoy was also the bearer of a large autographed portrait of the Pope who had appended the motto: "Initium sapientiae timor Domini." The Pope had chosen the motto, because of the deep religious feeling of the Welsh people, and because of the tribulations which as a nation they have endured. It may not be generally known that in late years there has been a considerable Catholic revival in Wales, and that as attention has been drawn to its splendid Catholic traditions interest in their study has grown apace.

AN IRISH MARQUIS INTERVIEWED

"HOLY SEE'S VISION CANNOT BE DIMMED," SAYS MARQUIS MACSWINEY

By N. C. W. C. News Service

Marquis MacSwiney, after an absence of ten years, has returned to the Eternal City to remain for some time, writes Monsignor Paoletti. Taking advantage of the Marquis' kindness, I have deemed it interesting to obtain and report his impressions respecting the pious condition in Ireland—a condition of which he could well be one of the most authoritative exponents in Rome. "I have no difficulty in giving you my impressions about Rome," said the Marquis, "especially as they are excellent in all respects, and consequently I can speak the truth and all the truth without fear of causing pain or displeasure to any one. I fear, however, the Marquis continued with a smile, that what I have to say will not be interesting to your readers, who doubtless would prefer news of a political character, while, as you know, I am concerned with history and archaeology, and in a small way, also with industrial and commercial questions. As for politics—I will have nothing to do with them, at least for the present."

IMPRESSIONS OF POPE

"Since your arrival in Rome you have been received twice in audience by the Holy Father. You had not seen him for a long time. Have you found him much changed?" "The last time I had the honor of seeing Monsignor della Chiesa was in 1908, when he went from Rome to Bologna, to take possession of that Archiepiscopal See," the Marquis replied; "I have found Benedict XV. slightly stouter, which gives him features a better expression, and his hair is gray. This is not surprising in view of the many heavy preoccupations that have engaged him for the last six years. But these are the only changes I have observed in him; he has still the same erect, slim figure, the same quick step, the same dignified bearing, the same calm and affable manner, the same elegance of speech, and above all, the same frank, confident, keen look—the look that brings to mind that of his illustrious predecessor, Leo XIII."

DISCUSSES CONDITIONS IN IRELAND

"Could you tell me, Marquis, upon what subjects your conversation with the Holy Father turned?" "Really, this is a bit too much," he replied indolently. "All I can say is that, besides strictly personal matters, we spoke naturally of the present state of things in my poor country whose sufferings are coming to be better known abroad. That for a long time the Vatican has been well acquainted with them is a fact which I ascertained immediately on my arrival here. Contrary to what I heard sometimes stated in Ireland before departing for Italy, the Pope is perfectly informed of conditions in Ireland, and day by day follows events there with the greatest attention. "His Eminence Cardinal Gasparri, Secretary of State, and the young Prefates, Monsignor Cerretti, and Tedeschini, who fill so worthy the important offices of Secretary of the

Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs and Substitute of the Secretariat of State, respectively are highly interested in the conditions in Ireland, not only because they have always felt personal sympathy for the most intensely Catholic people of Europe, but also because they are quite aware that if a right solution of the Irish question is not readily found, terrible consequences will result, too fearful even to be thought of, and which perhaps will be more disastrous for England than for Ireland herself.

QUESTIONS OF REPRISALS

"What is said at the Vatican about the campaign of so-called reprisals so much spoken of at the present and about which there was security a demonstration in the Italian Parliament in favor of Ireland?"

"This is a question of political character, and as I said before, I do not mean to enter or to be drawn into that terrain. Moreover, I think that on this subject the opinion of the Curia has been so clearly expressed in the canonical and evidently some time ago in the Osservatore Romano, together with the text of the declaration of the Irish Episcopate, there can be nothing to add."

"You certainly have paid some visits to Cardinals and Prelates, friends of yours; how are they disposed toward Ireland?"

"Very well, indeed. I am glad to say that, without exception, all those whom I have approached have spoken to me of my country with the greatest sympathy and the most sincere affection."

GENERAL SYMPATHY FOR IRELAND

"Are there not, however, some passages who are more or less openly hostile to the Irish cause?"

"Probably there are some, but I have met none of these among the many personalities, ecclesiastical and lay, whom I have seen. On the other hand, you will concede that there is no cause, however good, that has not its adversaries, and it would be madness on our part to expect that ours was the only one to form an exception to this ancient and universal rule. But this should not discourage us, and if there really are in Rome some English or Anglophilic Catholics who wish their vain talk to dim the Holy See's clear vision with regard to the Irish question, all I can say is that they are preparing for themselves the greatest illusions, and are wasting time which they could more profitably employ to the advantage of themselves and the Church they profess to serve."

VATICAN'S NEED OF IRISH HISTORY

"So you are quite satisfied with what you have seen and heard in Rome since you came here two weeks ago?"

"Slowly, slowly, please. That would be saying too much, and as an historian I wish to be precise even in the smallest particulars. In view of the fact that my short visit to the Eternal City is not, and was not intended to be more than a voyage d'agrément, I did not go to the Vatican Library and Archives, where I have worked for so many years in order to make studies and researches of any kind, but only to pay my respects to Monsignor Merzani and Ugolini, who, in these Sancta Sanctorum of historical studies, keep alive the traditions of Father Brie and Monsignor Wenzel, who presided there in my time. Now, on the shelves of the Consulting Library, where the literature of almost every European nation is worthily represented, I have observed a deplorable blank about what concerns Ireland, and for this blank we Irishmen are alone responsible. As soon as I go back to Dublin, I shall request my fellow countrymen to fill this blank as soon as possible for the honor of our national literature."

"All works, big and little, on history, archaeology and art, that have been published in Ireland especially in the course of the last two centuries, ought to be found in the Vatican Library, and at the disposal of the students who go there from all parts of the world to work. This is a form of propaganda in favor of civilization—of our Irish civilization—that I think will be adopted at once and to which all Irishmen, without any distinction of religion or political opinions, will be happy to contribute. Perhaps the User of the Orange lodges will choose to keep aloof from this movement of a purely intellectual character, but even if that should happen the Vatican Library would not lose very much; Edward Carson, David McNeil and Company make history, they do not write it, thank God. That would be the limit!"

PASTORLESS CHURCHES

According to an estimate made for the Federal Council of Churches there are 40,000 Protestant churches without pastors, and the outlook is black, for few young men are studying for the ministry. The report declares:

"The Roman Catholics still have more priests than churches, but in the Protestant churches there are about 40% more parishes than there are ministers to serve them. In the South, for example, there are said to be 3,000 Baptist churches with no pastor. In the same section there are 1,800 Methodist churches with no preachers, and about 1,000 Episcopal and 1,000 Presbyterian churches in a like condition."

In regard to candidates for the ministry these facts are submitted:

"In 1916 the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States had an enrollment of 692 'postulates'—young men who had signified their intention of entering the ministry of that church. Today the Episcopal postulates number 890. New ministers licensed by the Presbyterian Church in 1915 numbered 259; last year the number was only 169. Practically all of the seminaries show smaller entering classes than they had before the War, though in practically all of the academic colleges, universities and technical schools the entering classes are larger."

What is the matter? This is the question asked. To a Catholic the answer is clear. Protestantism is no longer a religion, but a nebulous form of sociology that shifts with the wind of popular opinion. But young Americans are not sufficiently interested in such a cult to give their lives for its preservation and advancement.—America.

THE TRENCH OF BAYONETS

PRIEST WAS COMMANDER OF FRENCH TROOPS BURIED ALIVE

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

When Abbe Polmann stood beside President Millerand at the dedication a few days ago of the monument erected in honor of the heroes of Verdun, he was reminded of the trench of bayonets, which he had seen in 1916, where buried alive as they stood in their trench, their fixed bayonets protruding from the earth which covered them, it became generally known, for the first time, that a Catholic priest had been the leader of this heroic troop.

The Whitsunday calamity in 1916 was one of the most remarkable and shocking tragedies of the War. In the terrible fighting before Verdun in the spring of 1916, the 137th Regiment of Infantry was a unit of the French armistice, which for weeks battled the German hordes and saved the city from capture. The Third Company of this Regiment was commanded by Abbe Polmann.

TROOPS BURIED ALIVE

For two days before Whitsunday (June 12) the 137th Regiment stood on the firing line, without shelter, from the fiery rain of projectiles. They made the fiercest defense against the enemy's many attacks, though they saw their battalions dwindling away. The order was to hold the ground at any cost. When no ammunition remained, Father Polmann commanded his men to defend themselves with their bayonets, and they waited for the next assault. A new volley of shells ploughed the ground and buried alive those who had escaped death from the explosion.

A few of these heroes (among them Father Polmann, who had been the soul of the defense) were only partly covered by the earth. When the enemy occupied this terrain which they had at last taken at such a heavy cost to themselves and the French, the survivors were drawn from the trench and made prisoners.

AMERICAN GAVE MONUMENT

A short time after the armistice an American—George F. Rand—visited the battlefield and happened to pass the very spot where this unnumbered drama was enacted. He saw the bayonets and was struck with admiration when the story of the heroic death of these infantrymen was related to him. Out of a slight swelling of the ground, barely noticeable, the points of the bayonets were to be seen in a row that marked the length of the trench.

When Mr. Rand returned to Paris he presented to the French Government 500,000 francs to be expended in the erection of a suitable monument which should protect the knoll under which the soldiers were buried and be a memorial to their heroic sacrifice. The day after making this gift Mr. Rand was killed while flying by airplane from Paris to London.

WAR SERVICES OF PRIESTS

Father Polmann is one of the Catholic priests whose bravery and devotion helped to give France the victory. He was one of those young priests who reached the age of military service only after the Law of Separation was adopted in 1905. It was in the same year that there was passed another military bill—that withdrawing the exemption previously allowed to clergymen of the different denominations, who were required to perform only hospital duties. Once amenable to the new law, these young priests became available for military service and gallantry. There is often, during the War, they were to often honor men and captains, and even, at times, commanders of battalions. At least two were among the famous "aces" of the aviation corps. A great number have the right to wear decorations which testify to their heroism. Some 3,200 other priests and seminarians found graves on the battlefields.

Father Polmann, having defied his uncle after his courageous service, returned again to his work, and is now director of a modest parochial school at Bar-le-Duc.

"RIGHT OF SANCTUARY" TODAY

During the Middle Ages, as is well known, there existed in the countries of Europe numerous consecrated places which gave protection from violence and vengeance to all who fled to them for safety. This right of sanctuary, as it was called, the Church used to grant of course who feared unjust punishment at the hands of violent people. The churches of Bevesley and Hexham in England, for example, were renowned medieval sanctuaries. The distance of one mile, in every direction, from those shrines, was considered sacred territory. Beside the altar was a stone seat known as the *frith stool* (peace stool), on which the seeker of sanctuary used to sit, but he would not be allowed to enjoy the privilege of asylum until he had confessed his crime to one of the priests, surrendered his arms, and taken an oath to observe the rules of the sanctuary. Westminster Abbey was another famous place of refuge, the precincts of which "were a vast cave of Adulm for all the distressed and disoriented in the metropolis who desired, according to the phrase of the time, to take Westminster."

Before the end of the eighteenth century the right of sanctuary ceased to be recognized anywhere in Europe. But it is worthy of note that the Catholic Church of today, though she no longer literally makes her shrines places of refuge for the distressed and wronged, still offers sanctuary to the victims of license or fanaticism. For her deep knowledge of the human heart and her fearless championship of sound ethical principles make the Catholic Church a veritable place of sanctuary for those whom foolish legislation or pernicious customs oppress and threaten with ruin. To the divorcee, for instance, which is every growing worse in this country, the Catholic Church offers the only effective barrier by proclaiming to high and low, in heaven and out, that marriage is indissoluble; and to the propagators of new-Malthusian abominations she preaches without compromise how intolerable the prime purpose of matrimony is. Even to non-Catholics who are shocked by the prevalent immorality in dress, manner and conversation, the Church offers sanctuary, to speak in holding up Our Lord's Mother as the model of purity. The Church also calls to the attention of those who hold with us the same ideal of religion in our land, the sacrifices Catholics cheerfully make to maintain our educational system. Finally, the Church of today offers sanctuary to the victims of financial law breakers, who also to her fellow-citizens of their personal liberties. For she teaches that the ostentatious abuse of a thing good in itself should be a depriving of its lawful use. She insists that the Sabbath be made for man, not man for the Sabbath; that legislation against the innocent seceders which men needs will end in forming a race of lawless hypocrites. Signs are not wanting that the non-Catholic world is learning to value properly the right of sanctuary offered by the Church of today to the perplexed, the distressed and the disoriented. May this sense of appreciation constantly grow.—America.

Here is optimism based not on the shifting sand of sentimentality, but on the rock bottom of eternal truth, it is a message delivered not merely to the Catholics but to all the people of the United States. We pass it on to those for whom it was intended; that it may inspire hope, restore waning confidence, dissipate pessimism, and mark for that true Christian optimism that our higher destiny implies.—The Pilot.

THE INDUSTRIAL OUTLOOK

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"As we look upon the record which the past unfolds, we cannot but note that it is filled with the struggles of mankind with their building up and tearing down, with searchings for truth which often end in illusion, and with sacrificings after good which lead to disappointment. The very monuments which were reared to celebrate human triumph, remain simply to tell of subsequent downfall. Not rarely the greatest of human achievements is learned from the extent of its ruins."

"But above it all, standing out clearly through the mists of error, and the greater darkness of evil, is One, in radiant white and glistering gold, who has solved the problem of life, who gives to sorrow and pain a new meaning, and by dying has overcome death: Jesus Christ yesterday, and today; and the same forever. There are numberless paths, but the Way is one. There are many degrees of knowledge, but only one Truth. There are plans and ideas of living, but in real fulfillment there is only one life. For none other could say 'I have found the way and the truth, and the life.'"

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOUX, D. D.

SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY

THE MASTER'S VINEYARD

"At that time Jesus spoke to His disciples this parable: The Kingdom of heaven is like to a householder who went out early in the morning to hire laborers into his vineyard. (Matt. xx, 1-9)

It is a kind God who has prepared for man not only a reward but also means adapted for its attainment. He is unlike an earthly householder, for He offers inducements so enticing that man—without injustice to himself—can not reject His call. His appealing voice must strike at the roots of every heart; His kind invitation must impel men's energy to set to work for His cause; and His outstretched hand must beckon with inflexible certainty to the pilgrim of earth. Really the labor that He requires of man is not a labor of toil—it is a labor of pure love, where toil has no recognizable appearance. He is not an exacting master, who requires every unit of labor to be performed for the recompense promised; nor does He watch with searching, suspicious eye over the laborers in His vineyard—it is rather with a longing desire and an affectionate regard.

This thought is brought out beautifully and clearly in the Gospel of this Sunday. God, the Householder, is shown as inviting all classes of men into His vineyard—men who have neglected the yesterday, and men who would be ready to neglect the today. Once He finds that, under the impulse of His inspiration, they are willing to enter into His vineyard, He hands out to all alike a pleasing invitation. He could have allowed them to stand all the day idle, as they were free beings, but His solicitude is that of a father of infinite kindness and boundless love. He can not gaze indifferently over the creature of His own hands, nor feel uninterested in His welfare. His desire is that heaven—the real home of His bliss—be shared by this noblest of the creatures of His hand. There is no selfishness on His part, but a generosity that knows no limit. Sinful man would stand all the day idle were it not for the enticements and the voice full of love of the Master who made him. It would seem, now since God has endowed man with a soul possessed of such noble faculties and had allowed him to acquire a knowledge of the things of God in the future life, that he would not need much further help from his Creator. But, as in the beginning man fell from grace and integrity, so now he is no different; and the same God of mercy who could have annihilated primal man and woman, but spared them and allowed them to prepare for a reward in the future, now continues to have mercy upon man sinning in similar ways and greater degrees. The sin of man at present is much worse than that of man before God had fulfilled His prophecies and promises by giving His Divine Son. The path has been laid out plainly, the presence of the dangers made more clear, and the possibility of eternal disaster without God's sustaining hand has been pointed out to all. Graces are more abundant, in fact, the infinite merits of the cross can come to man, if he but prepares for them bringing to him the strength and fortitude necessary to follow the path of virtue—the path that leads to glory.

However, even with all these helps ever attending man, and the great treasure house of graces open to him, still God's solicitude is extraordinary. We can not even compare God's love for us with the love of a father for his children. It is far too superior to it, and can be called by only one name—love of God for His children. Man shows his baseness and his ingratitude by frequently rejecting the offers of his kind Father, and shutting his heart to the reception of His sanctified benefits. The independence of man has in many cases reached a stage where it is absolute defiance, and the sovereignty of the Creator has been desecrated, if it viewed from a human standpoint. The clear notes of His voice have been hushed by the cry of the modern gods that men have set up for themselves. These hideous works of the creature offer certain joys, certain satisfactions—but they are only of the moment, and the trail they leave behind them is one of disgrace. They can do nothing to build up purity and straightforwardness in the heart of man, but they fill him with the rottenness of the demons. Yet, with all these lessons, which surely must be apparent to every reasonable mind, man will continue to offer incense to these false gods. He gives them the best and most precious fruits of his labors. Not a day can pass but he must approach the foot of the pedestal on which they stand, and pledge to them his allegiance.

What are these gods that man has erected to receive his homage—nay, all the works of his life? They are many and varied. One of the greatest and most conspicuous is money. Never before as today, nor perhaps ever in the history of the world, did man bend his knee so willingly to Mammon as at the present day. He is devoting all the powers of his mind, putting to extremes every energy of his body, and sacrificing willingly the dictates of conscience, to worship at this shrine. In return he is given many things, but in the majority of cases they are things of earth. He could turn them into things that would profit his soul; he could use them for the honor and glory of God; he could

alleviate plentifully the sufferings of poorer humanly—but how little of this does he really do? Mammon demands of a man selfishness. It is but an angel of the satanic host that delights not in what man gives himself, but in that of which man deprives God, while thinking he is gaining much for himself. Money after all is dumb. What other idol could be set up except one without feeling, without hearing, without sight, without intelligence? Another great idol that man has set up for himself may be called the idol of wordliness. This is more the god of the young than of his elders. The child's greatest ambition today is not that it may rise at the embrace of the Father of heaven, but that it may swoon in the pleasures of a world shifting toward materialism. The little knowledge that it is inclined to gain will not reach beyond the things that we see and hear, and so it wishes to dwell only in things beneath the skies; and after all, where the mind dwells, there is the body too. Thus it is that we see thousands of young people offering the best and freshest days of their lives at the shrines of Dame Fashion or the god of show. Parents seem to be carried on by the same tide. They appear inclined to think that the children of the present generation do not need the restraint and guidance of those of the ages when faith was more alive. Why?—It may be asked. And we answer that it is because they, too, are frequent worshippers before the idols of unrighteousness.

Will the day ever come when all these people will heed the voice of the Master calling them to labor in His vineyard? For them the time is fast approaching when His voice will grow fainter. There has been a time when it was clear and resonant, but they were deaf to its call. Can they now expect that He, their Maker—He of all wisdom and goodness—will trifle with them longer? What an insult to His majesty, to His divine omnipotence, to His kind heart, to His astounding love! Why will people not believe His wisdom, and cast aside the wisdom of the world? Why will they let the fleeting things of earth blind them, and not look to the rays of God's wisdom for light to see the truth and the way?

BETTER BOOKS IN THE HOME

There has just been a "campaign on" to use the expression that became so familiar during the War, with the slogan "More books in the home." The idea is to supply books particularly for children. We have come to realize how much slogans, if they are but frequently repeated, induce action. At the beginning of the War even the great bankers of the United States declared that it would be quite impossible to sell bonds in the immense quantities demanded for war purposes, because the people of this country generally were not bond buyers. An advertising campaign was launched, however, with organized popular suggestion, and, as a consequence of slogans frequently repeated, every bond issue put out by the United States Government was largely oversubscribed. If we changed the people of this country from a non-bond buying nation into one that proved capable of absorbing not only the immense amounts of government securities offered, but any number of bond issues, both domestic and foreign, it looks as though we might, by sufficiently strong suggestion, make the nation a buyer of books. Indeed, there has already been a determined effort for that purpose.

Since the campaign is likely to have a favorable response, it is extremely important that the wording of it should be correct. Under the circumstances surely the slogan should be not more books for the home, but "Better books for the home." A great many people seem to believe that books are just books, and that it must be beneficial to read anything that is printed, especially if it is bound in durable covers. In spite of this impression it should be unnecessary to say that there are a great many books which are positively harmful and even more of them which though lacking vicious qualities are negatively pernicious, because they simply waste time, dissipate mental energy, fetter away the faculty for attention and dull that power of concentration which represents the most important quality of mind, that human beings can possess. To use the mind merely for amusement is like whittling with a razor for fun. It is hard on the next one who tries to shave with a razor.

We have entirely too many trivial books and a great deal too many actually vicious books. The vast majority of the books printed in our time are made merely to sell, with out any thought of good and indeed only too often with the very definite knowledge that they will do harm. Writers and publishers are without scruple in the matter, apparently, since the one idea is to sell enough copies of the books to make money. They think as they do of the possible harm that may accrue as do candy sellers. Unfortunately most of the best selling books of our time are those that should not be in the home. If the slogan "More books for the home" is going to increase the sale of these a great deal of positive harm will be done, to say nothing for the moment of the influence for ill which indulgence in trivial reading brings with it.

It believes that the best selling books of the past year or two, are the

collections of series of cartoons which appear on the back pages of the afternoon papers and form such a striking feature of the colored supplements of the Sunday editions. "Bringing up Father," "Training Uncle John," "Silly Billy and His Antics," "Keeping up with the Smiths," and other such titles greet one from all the newsstands, department stores window and vendor's packs. The art in these is almost unpeakable, the jokes are so old as to be doddering and the laughter evoked is usually because of practical jokes of some kind or another. It is a great joke in a series cartoon to squirt water on a man or to pull a chair from under him or to hit him over the head with a club or to have something happen to him that is physically painful and causes mental confusion with it at the same time.

It was great French philologist writer who said once, I believe, "Tell me what you laugh at and I will tell you what sort of a man you are." Certainly the things that our generation laughs at are quite unworthy of the fact that the definition "Man is a risible animal," was proclaimed by the old philosophers to be a good definition of the human being. We are the only animals that laugh and it is the very fact that we are rational animals and can reason about things that enables us to laugh. It is because of that that we can see the unreasonableness and incongruities of many things which cause the risibilities to be active, but the laughter provoked by practical jokes has no relation to reason at all. It partakes much more of that play which the animals indulge in so constantly with each other when they are very young and which consists mainly in knocking each other down and rolling each other over and occasionally bringing about confusion of behavior because of the confusion in the sensations induced by the physical disturbances of the body. That the best selling books of our time, for they are literally the best sellers in our generation, are crude pictures of practical jokes, and that the reason for their popularity is their reliance on our risibility, and rationality, that is not flattering to self-esteem, to say the least.

Most of the other best sellers, as I have said, are almost as objectionable as these. The books which sell well are above all those that give the young woman a very prominent position in the lives of those with whom she is brought in contact and particularly make whatever she does and thinks of ever so much more important than anything her parents or elderly relatives of any kind may possibly have done or thought. The formula for writing a best seller is "Take a young woman, picture her almost supernaturally handsome, but of course unappreciated by those near and dear to her, have her wander off in search of adventures by herself and meet with hair-raising experiences and go through thrilling escapades, her beauty so deeply influencing all the men with whom she comes in contact that they are quite literally at her feet and of course would not harm her for the world. They may occasionally be an arch villain who may try to harm her, but she will be protected by her admirers. There should usually be at least three of these, until she has made up her mind which one she will marry and then of course when they get married they will live happily ever after." Written according to this formula, books will sell, for young women are the principal readers and they know that the young woman is the most important being in the world, but unfortunately those around her do not always recognize this fact.

Of course, some of the best sellers are founded on sentimental gush. They take the young man who is a failure in life and perhaps a criminal, and put him in contact with a young woman of striking beauty, whose advice, for by intuition she knows the world and all its ways, lifts the man out of the wicked path into which he had wandered and enables him to become a respectable and respected member of society. Anything more untrue to life as it is, or to the world, can scarcely be imagined. Young women readers are led to believe all sorts of foolish notions especially in regard to the safety of the young woman, provided she is handsome.

All the books emphasize that older people are as a rule very foolish individuals who having been disappointed in life are now deeply intent on making life a disappointment to others. Some of them only mis understand but most of them are represented as actually conspiring to keep young men and women from opportunities for happiness because their own chances in that direction are over.

Nothing could well be less desirable than such books. They are not literature in any sense of the word, for literature must be a presentation of human life, a study of human ways and human motives. These are books written so as to present as many stirring incidents as possible in order to keep up the excitement but with the young woman in the center of the stage all the time. Whether they are detective stories, or stories of effete royalty in some imaginary country in Europe, or wild west stories, the girl it is that counts. Girl readers want to read about girls of their own age. People are interested in novel, as a rule, not in prophecy as they are put themselves in the place of the prominent characters in the novel which they are reading. Hence the universal rule now of making the young woman the most prominent character, because

women constitute at least nine-tenths of the readers.

Shall we have more books in the home then? Surely not more of such books, nor of the best-sellers generally. The slogan that we want repeated over and over again until it will have a suggestive value that will work itself into action is not more books, but better books. There are too many trivial books now. Half a dozen great books read over and over again would provide real education and development of mind. Lincoln had actually read only half a dozen books before he was twenty and on account of his very busy life he secured comparatively little chance for reading afterwards, and yet this half a dozen books made him one of the best writers of English in the history of the language and helped to develop one of the greatest thinkers of the nineteenth century. It would be much better to have half a dozen good books in any home in the country than half a million trivial books.

People are now making New Year's resolutions. I sincerely hope that these will contain something very definite with regard to the securing of better books for the homes of this country. There is a very definite purpose on the part of book publishers to increase their sales, but it remains for people themselves to see that the increase does good and not harm to the rising generation. The intensive book making of our time is, as a matter of fact, doing ever so much more harm than good. Publishers' announcements are constantly telling us of the greatness of their recent publications, especially in fiction, but most of the books so elaborately announced in superlatives have but a passing vogue and soon disappear from the bookseller's shelves as well as from the advertiser's page. As has been very well said: "They were born yesterday, but thank God, they will be dead tomorrow." Most people who read them do so merely to kill time or at best to keep up with the fashion. Not to have read them is to have saved time and mental energy as well as to have spared concentration of mind from just that much useless dulling vacuity. A favorite form of announcement by certain of the publishers is that some particular volume is "the kind of book that makes you forget." Most of us would not like to have our memories so forgetful. For those who feel that way it is surely not a question of more books in the home, but better books in the home.

The young people of our generation are being spoiled by having too many things. It leaves them no time for thought. Thus has been called "the age of the child," but most of us older people would not like to have our children so spoiled. Replacible in thanking God that we were not brought up in any such age. We had fewer books but they were better. Surely the best New Year's resolution that could be taken by parents would be to see that their children had fewer, but better book.—James J. Walsh, M. D. Ph. D., in America.

"MY CANADA"

AS CANADA'S NATIONAL WEEKLY \$10.00 CASH PRIZE We draw your attention to the change of name as announced in the large advertisement of Chas. C. Nixon and Associates, publishers. See page three this issue of The Catholic Record. A prize of \$10.00 cash is offered for the best letter received favoring "My Canada" as the most and altogether suitable name for this periodical.

GOLD WORSHIP

After the Israelites had grown tired waiting for the return of Moses from Mt. Sinai they took up among themselves a collection of gold and having beaten it into very high, they kindled a fire beneath the shining and glittering mass. The gold softened like wax over a lighted candle and melted away into a glowing and shimmering liquid. This they poured into the mould of a stilly calf. The gold cooled down—the mould was removed and the Israelites beheld the form of a golden calf. They danced around it—bowed down before it and worshipped the idol of their hearts.

This worship of idols made of gold, silver or stone may strike us a bit foolish and ridiculous. But draw aside the curtain of our modern society and you will behold another form of idolatry, not in the form of a ludicrous calf, but in the shape of something more artistic, more scientific, more refined, and that is the worship of the "Almighty Dollar."

A MODERN CALF

This modern idol is indeed most powerful. Its voice can be heard across the vast Atlantic and Pacific even to the uttermost parts of the earth. Its heart is, at times, soft and tender when it looks with sympathy upon human suffering and comes to the rescue of orphans and widows and alleviates the misery of the poor and the needy. Often, however, its heart is ruthless and stony—without feeling—hard as adamant, when it creates hostilities and wars among the nations of the world, causing bloodshed and strife—starvation and ruin—demanding the lives and limbs of thousands of men and women in the name of the peace and happiness. Its eye is very sharp and keen. It can detect the slightest flaw in diamonds, pearls and other precious gems. It can expose the smallest imperfection in the costliest

furs and coats and merchandise of every description. It sees the insects on corn and wheat and fruit and knows how to analyze the rich and fruitful soil of the earth. Its ear is extremely sensitive even to the faintest sound. It hears the whispers of Wall Street in New York—State Street in Chicago, and the banking houses of London and Paris. It has its foot upon the merchant marine and the commerce of the world. And when this mighty god of gold shakes itself the pillars of the earth tremble. Yes, the golden calf of the Israelites is still being worshipped by modern society in the form of a dollar sign.

WHO ARE THEY?

Sometimes this golden god of the world frightens us, especially during a panic or during a boom after a war, by means of industrial depression and a tightening of the money market. Then it is that you will find thousands of people who will cause themselves and others a great amount of unnecessary fright and worry by their cheerless conversations and their growing behavior. Prominent among such growers are oftentimes people in good and comfortable circumstances. Make inquiry and find out for yourself. Ask such people whether they are not making a living, and with some reluctance and much hesitation they will say, "Yes." With them it is not so much a question of making a livelihood as it is a question of making as much money as they would like to make. They have perhaps two or three thousand dollars in the bank; but they would like to have five thousand. They are earning a wage of four or five dollars a day; but they would like to earn six or seven dollars a day. To increase one's bank account by honorable and just means is indeed praiseworthy; but this everlasting grumbling breaks down the courage of others and public confidence in general. It is true, thousands of men and women are out of employment, facing poverty, and do not know which way to turn. Who is responsible for this state of things? Who is to blame if the honest workman cannot make a decent living? Undoubtedly it is the unjust profiteer, the man who uses the "get rich quick" method at the expense and suffering of the poorer class of people. Perhaps it would not be such a bad idea after all if some of our patriotic organizations would spend a little less time in rounding up the slackers and spend a little more time in rounding up the profiteers. Unjust profiteers are by far more unprofitable and dangerous to their country than men who had not the courage to fight for their country.

GOD IS "PART-OWNER"

Beyond a doubt, we all need money. Individuals need it—organizations need it—nations need it. But there are comparatively few people who know how to invest their money to the best advantage. On the one hand, they are too liberal, sinking it in stocks and mines and other departments of business. On the other hand, we find them miserly, extremely so, when it comes to investing their cash in any cause of Christ. They are very economic in Christian charity and in helping along a noble or religious cause. They forget that all they have comes from God and that God always reserves a certain portion of it to Himself. They keep back from Him what really belongs to Him, and whenever we keep anything back from God He comes and takes by force not only what we kept back from Him, but a good deal more besides. He takes it by means of any one of the thousand ways which He can employ. Why is it that many of us find ourselves in financial distress? It is because we have not yet learned how to invest our finances in the cause of God and religion. Many earn perhaps fifty or one hundred and fifty dollars a month and out of that sum of money God gets no more than ten or twenty-five cents on Sunday. We are God's workmen. He puts a certain amount of money in our hands. Part is His and part is ours; but many people simply think their own personal use and entirely forget about the portion which belongs to God. The result is that God discharges us as His agents and leaves us cramped and crippled in money affairs and business, because we have not learned the lesson of Christian generosity.

AND HE COMES INTO HIS OWN

How are you making use of your wealth and riches? What percentage are you giving to the cause of God? If hitherto you have not known the secret of going on to fortune, then begin at once. If you are skeptical about it, then try it out on a small scale. Give to a good cause five or ten per cent. of your profits and notice results. No doubt there are many people so close-fisted that they withhold every penny of the share which really belongs to God and in spite of it prosper and grow richer from year to year. But wait. Suddenly everything goes wrong. Their health fails. Sickness strikes their family. Their business fails. God is punishing them for their small-heartedness. God is bound to punish either here or hereafter. Do not for a moment think that you are excused from giving to God His share because you are poor. Give your percentage—your mite—even as did the poor widow in the gospel. Prove to God that you know how to handle money properly, and when God sees that you understand how to do this, he will entrust more to your care.—By Osmund Braun, O. F. M., in St. Anthony Messenger.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE MAN BEHIND THE FLOW

They sing about the glories of the man behind the gun. And the books are full of stories of the wonders he has done; There's something sort of 'thrillin' in the flag that's wavin' high, And it makes you want to holler when the boys go marchin' by; But when the shoutin's over, and the fightin's done, somehow, We find we're still dependin' on the man behind the plow.

In all the pomp and splendor of an army on parade, And through the awful darkness that the smoke of battle's mace; In the halls where jewels glitter and where shouting men debate; In the palaces where rulers deal out honors great, There is not a single person would be doin' bizness now Or have medals if it wasn't for the man behind the plow.

We're buildin' mighty cities, and we're gainin' lofty heights, We're winnin' lots of glory, and we're settin' things to rights; We're a showin' all creation how the world's affairs should run, Future men'll gaze in wonder at the things we have done, And they'll overlook the feller, just the same as they do now, Who's the whole concern's foundation—that's the man behind the plow.

-S. E. KILMER

SWEAR OFF

Gossiping. Anticipating evils in the future. Fault-finding, nagging and worrying. Dwelling on fancied slights or wrongs. Scolding and flying into a passion over trifles. Thinking that life is a grind and not worth living. Talking constantly about yourself and your affairs. Saying unkind things about acquaintances and friends. Lamenting the past, holding on to disagreeable experiences. Tying yourself and bemoaning your lack of opportunities. Writing letters when the blood is hot, which you may regret later. Thinking that all the good chances and opportunities are gone by. Carping and criticizing. See the best rather than the worst in others.—True Voice.

SMALL BEGINNINGS

A genial philosopher recently preached an excellent sermon on Small-Beginnings, which is appropriate for the beginning of the New Year. His purpose was to show that success in life can only be achieved by humble origins and incessant drudgery. "Often," he said, "we find ourselves admiring some difficult achievement—a huge and successful business, a skillful cook, a brilliant concert pianist, a clever navigator, a fine athlete, a good housekeeper, a gifted mathematician, a magnetic personality, great works of art, or literature, or music, or drama, or architecture, or science; a strong character—it is wise to stop and remember the iceberg. Most of it is out of sight. 'Isn't there some way I can pass this course without reading through all that technical drudgery?' once asked a student. 'It all depends,' replied the professor, 'on what you want to be. Nature can make a squash in one summer, but she takes a hundred years to make an oak.'

The composer Wagner whose technical mastery of the musical form is the stupefaction of musicians, tells us in his autobiography that as a young man his teacher made him give up composing pieces for six months to undergo a technical drill. Another artist, the master technician of the short story, served an apprenticeship of seven years under his master without being allowed to publish a single word. These men became masters of their art by small beginnings, long experiments, and unremitting toil. To quote Uncle Dudley again, "Hours of solitary thought; months it may be of secret suffering; years of silent struggles; the slow painful schooling of mistakes; these are the master craftsman who deepened and enriched the tones of that voice, who sculptured the indefinable nobility of that face; and who gave the spell of the magic personality. Strange and terrible are the workshops in which these master pieces of human character—these highest of all art forms—are wrought. These are they who have opened the last doors of experience and learned that nothing is what it seems. Such masterpieces are begun in the land of Humble Origins. They are continued in Heartbreak House. And of all the labor and pains that go into the shaping of them, the eye of the world sees hardly a tenth part."

It is so with all human growth. Our spiritual progress has its laws and its ordinary course of progress. We grow better, stronger, swifter, surer, only little by little, and with many slippings backward. We walk before we fly, we creep before we run, we go forward little by little in the spiritual life achieving a height of goodness only after weary times of discouragement. We seek perfection by trying to imitate the Son of God, climbing steadily upward. But how many heartaches and discouragements He had to endure; how many sleepless nights and weary days He had to count before His mission was accomplished!

The successful artists, singers, sculptors statesmen and business men, have before them only the ideal of earthly success. Yet they are willing to undergo almost incredible sacrifices to gain their objective.

We have set before us the ideal of Eternity, success not in this world but in the world to come. Should we not be willing to take a page from their book and to strive humbly, unremittingly, and prayerfully to perfect ourselves for the Kingdom of Heaven. The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light. Therefore as Our Lord Himself pointed out, we should take an example of diligence from them in laying up treasures in Heaven. For after all this is the only true success in life.—The Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE BEST

If the toiler with a mallet, With an axe or with a pen, With a chisel, brush and palette, With a spade in wood or glen, Or a ploughshare keen pursuing, In his work would have success, Must, for certain, aim at doing Just his best and nothing less.

He who labors in the meadows, Where the golden sunbeams lie, Or in dim or dusky shadows, Of the forests close and high, He who toils within some city, North or south or east or west, Failure finds, alack, the pity! If he doesn't do his best.

He who fairly toils will never Fall a due reward to meet, He who does his best will ever Find his daily labor sweet, Success smiles on his employment, Peace reigns calmly in his breast, Work for him is but enjoyment, Who's prepared to do his best.

-MAGDALEN ROCK

JOHNNY'S JOB

"Got a job, mama!" exclaimed nine year old Johnny Hawkins excitedly, as he strode across the back porch into the kitchen. "I've got to be downtown by 8 o'clock, so hurry up with breakfast!"

"Why, Johnny, where have you been at this hour of the morning? I thought you were in bed yet."

"Didn't I say last night I was going to get up in time to watch the circus come in? But you and Ruth wouldn't pay any attention to me. How long 'fore breakfast, mama?"

"Well, I suppose I can have it ready in five or ten minutes. So my little man has gotten work, has he?"

"Yes, mama.—You see," assuming an air of grave responsibility, "I thought it was about time for me to be earning some money of my own. I didn't want you (very sweetly) to be going to 'spare' for me all my life, so I walked up to a fellow running a peanut stand and asked him if he would hire me today. He offered me 5 cents an hour. That'll make, from 8 to 12, 20 cents, and from 1 to 6, a quarter more. If he needs me after supper I get extra pay, but there's 45 cents sure anyway."

"Goodness!" broke in sister Ruth, "45 cents. You can buy George Phelps' air rifle all by yourself. But did the man tell you his name?"

"Yes, Mr. Jones. One of the show men, I s'pose. And say, Sis, maybe George will let me have that gun for 40 cents. If he does, I'll buy you a doll or something with the rest."

"Did you say," interposed Mrs. Hawkins with a tone of concern, "that the man belongs to the circus?"

"Dan's know, but I think so. I saw him down at the depot."

"Johnny," after a pause, "you had better stay at home today, and help Ruth, and me with our new flower bed. You'll like that better than being out in the heat and dust and noise and—"

"What?—Mama!"

"I don't trust these circus men. You can never tell what harm a little boy may do." A pair of strong, young arms closed around her neck and between kisses and whisperings Johnny eloquently expostulated.

"O, you dear, sweet mama, there you go again. I can't go swimming or play ball, or—do anything, but what some harm is always coming to me. Mrs. Phelps let's George do everything he wants to. He's running a booth down town today all alone, and I'm almost as big as he is."

"Yes, yes. But George has Mr. Phelps to look after him. If your father was still living—"

"Come on, now, Mama, let me go, won't you? Nothing's going to happen to me."

Such pleadings, reinforced by an unmitigated profusion of the most endearing hugs and kisses, was too much for the soft, maternal heart of Mrs. Hawkins.

"Well, well," she said at length capitulating, "Have your own way, but mind! Take good care of yourself and keep an eye on that circus man."

tasted a single peanut all morning, "cause that wouldn't be honest," and he was resolved on being an honest business man. The little fellow bore himself bravely however, and neither to his employer, when leaving for dinner nor to his mother afterwards at home would he confess that he was the least bit tired.

Back at the wagon immediately after dinner, he engaged the unenviable privilege (it was at least 102 in the shade) of being exclusive occupant for more than an hour, whilst Mr. Jones partook of his mid-day repast. The afternoon was sultry, dull and wearisome. By 3 o'clock whatever of novelty remained over from morning had completely worn off and Johnny's original vociferations had dwindled down to an occasional feeble pipe. Long before supper time he was, in fact, completely fagged out, and he heartily hoped that Mr. Jones would pay him off and dismiss him for the day. But no! Just at 6 o'clock the crowds were pouring in from the show grounds and Mr. Jones seemed to forget all about his little helper in the immediate rush of business. The boy waited bravely on till about 7 o'clock, confidently expecting at least double pay for his extra work. Finally Mr. Jones turned to him:

"Hello, sonny, I forgot all about you! It's after time, isn't it? Well, hustle home to supper now, and try to be back by 8 o'clock. Here take this bag along with you." For a moment Johnny gazed wistfully up into the man's face, but getting no satisfaction, and not daring to mention pay he stuffed the peanuts into his pocket and turned homeward.

"Well," called out his mother, hearing his footsteps on the porch, "How does my little business man feel after his day's work?"

"Let's see your money," chimed in Ruth. "Did you buy the gun yet?"

"O, shut up, Ruth, about that money! That's all girls ever think about." Then perhaps none too conscientiously, "I've got to work again after supper. But I'll get more pay for it."

"After supper, again?" Mama exclaimed, a trifle alarmed. "No Johnny, you are worn out, and you had better stay home and go to bed."

"But I've got to get my pay, Mama," the lad objected.

"What! weren't you paid yet?"

"No. I tell you I didn't finish my job."

Supper finished and Mama's opposition overcome, Johnny trudged along, off once more—not half so gayly as in the morning, it is true, but buoyed by the certainty that he would soon come back with at least half a dollar in his pocket—perhaps 75 cents—perhaps even a dollar, considering all his extra work. He was whistling away in fairly good spirits as he rounded the corner to the peanut stand. Suddenly he halted with a blank stare on his face. The wagon was not there! He looked up the street and down the street. No wagon in sight. He ran down to the next crossing, but could catch no glimpse of the vanished vehicle. A merchant was standing in his store entrance, before which their wagon had been stationed. Johnny stepped up to him and asked if he knew what had become of the peanut man.

"O, that fellow hitched up and drove off an hour ago."

"But he didn't pay me," Johnny blurted out. "I worked for him all day, and he owes me half a dollar."

The man looked somewhat amused at first; then, as a big gleam of light appeared in either of the little fellow's eyes, quite sympathetic, "Well, boy," he said hesitantly, "I'm afraid I'm afraid the rascal has gone off and cheated you." Just then a customer brushed in, and the merchant left to wait on him.

"Cheated!" the boy burst out crying. After all his work, and all his honesty, and all his fond dreams of wealth! What should he do? He'd hunt the man up and demand that half dollar. But where go to find him?—He'd tell the police. But Cherryville only had one policeman and Johnny was dreadfully afraid of him. He wandered up and down for several minutes alternately sobbing and grinding his little teeth.

Then his thoughts took a new direction. What will Mama and sister say? "Ruth'll laugh," he said to himself, and then savagely 's'ed better not!" But Mama. She had told him not to trust the show man. She had tried to keep him home. But he wouldn't stay. He had to have his own way. Good enough for you," he almost admitted as he burst out crying again. It was too much. Johnny faced about and ran every step of the way home. Through the window he could see his mother sitting up waiting for him. Ruth had already gone to bed. He hesitated just a moment at the door, then rushed in, with a great sob, into his mother's arms. The boy didn't speak a word. Mama knew what had happened and he knew that she knew it. But before he went to bed that night he had solemnly promised that he would never, never again make mama tell him "have his own way," and Johnny Hawkins kept that promise pretty well.—Lawrence O'Toole.

OUR BEST FRIEND

The holy and sustaining truth of the presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament is a real power in the lives of those who, beyond the excited duties of religion, find time to be present at Mass on week-days, and to make a visit to some convent church in the course of the day. Our churches in the centers of activity bear constant testimony to this proof of real religion in the hearts

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of our people. The wonder is that so many good, practical Catholics neglect these intimate personal relations with our Saviour. How many Catholics could at the cost of small inconveniences, sanctify and enliven their days' toil by spending the short time of Mass in the presence of and in dear companionship with the One who is their whole hope and trust. How often, too, could a few moments be found to spend in some silent church in the sole company of God. Such treasured moments are their own reward and are sure sources of comfort and new hope in the hum-drum and weary routine of daily life.—Catholic Standard and Times.

BON ENTENTE CORDIALE

PAPER PROPOSES A DEMONSTRATION PRINTED IN FRENCH

The publishers of "My Canada," soon to be Canada's National Weekly, propose to print from 1 1/2 to 2 columns of Bon Entente Cordiale matter in each issue, in French, with a view to inducing English-speaking readers to realize their need of the French language in Canada, and to generally stimulate all Canadians to appreciate and keep up their knowledge of French to conduce towards being a Unifying Force—building for the better and the greater Canada that is to be.

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BAPTISM

Baptism is the first and most necessary of the Sacraments. It is defined as the Sacrament which cleanses us from original sin, makes us Christians, children of God and heirs of Heaven.

NATURE AND INSTITUTION

From our Lord's own words we learn the nature of this Sacrament. "And there was a man of the Pharisee, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the people. This man came to Jesus by night, and said to Him, Rabbi, we know that Thou has come a teacher from God: for no man can do the things which Thou dost, unless God is with him." Jesus answered and said to him: "Amen, amen, I say to thee, unless a man is born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God." Nicodemus said to Him: "How can a man be born again when he is old? Jesus answered: "Amen, amen, I say to thee, unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter the Kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." (St. John III.)

This holy Sacrament was founded by Christ, and clearly enjoined on the Apostles for the reception of their converts. "Going, therefore, teach ye all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Two different periods are noted in reference to baptism: the institution by our Saviour, and the law concerning its reception. The Sacrament was instituted by our Lord Himself, when on being baptized by John. He gave water the power of sanctifying. A very strong argument on this point may be found in the fact that the Blessed Trinity in whose name baptism is conferred, manifested their divine presence on that occasion. The voice of the Father was heard: the person of the Son was there: the Holy Ghost descended in the form of a dove. Sacred writers are unanimous in holding that the time when the law regarding baptism became obligatory, was when, after the Resurrection, Jesus gave the command, mentioned above, "Teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

EFFECTS OF BAPTISM

The effects of baptism help us to realize the dignity conferred upon us. The first effect is the remission of Original sin, then the remission of all actual sins, mortal and venial, and the destruction of all the remnants of sin, such as abide in the soul after forgiveness in the Sacrament of Penance, and which have to be obliterated by sufferings in this world or in Purgatory. Another effect of the infusion of sanctifying grace is the purifying and beautifying of the soul, and in this included the facilities for exercising the virtues of Faith, Hope, Charity, the cardinal virtues, and the gift of the Holy Ghost. We all know the effects of water. It can cleanse the body, it can nourish the body, it can put out fire, it can give fertility to the soil. In the spiritual order, baptism cleanses the soul, nourishes it;

baptism gives aid to conquer the fires of passion, for while it remits the guilt of concupiscence, the tendency to sin remains.

NECESSITY OF BAPTISM

Baptism is necessary for salvation. In unmistakable terms Christ has said, "Unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter the Kingdom of God." He has made the necessity of baptism co-extensive with the necessity of faith, and without faith it is impossible to please God and be saved. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be condemned." (St. Mark xvi, 16.)

"Baptism being so necessary, in the impossibility of receiving the actual Sacrament, the mere desire of it, with contrition, has the effect of a real baptism in remitting sin, and is classed as one form of the Sacrament. Not only this, but the readiness to receive baptism, if the implicit desire on the part of those who do not know of it, is also sufficient; they, too, may be counted among the baptized and the regenerated."

HOW TO BAPTIZE

On account of the great necessity of baptism, it is made the most accessible of all the Sacraments. The administration is not limited to bishop or priest, or even to believers; but every human being has the power to confer it. In case of necessity any one having the use of reason, with the intention of doing what the Church does, will take water, pour it on the head of the person to be baptized saying at the same time, I baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen."

Baptism then is the first and most necessary Sacrament, the gateway of the others. It is the birth of the soul into supernatural life, wherein we are made adopted members of the family of God.

What a dignity? Thank God for it and never allow temptations of the devil, seductions of the world, or violence of passion to degrade you.—The Tablet.

The greatest wealth you can ever get will be in yourself. Take your mind and troubles and losses and wrongs, if come they must and will, knowing that God has gifted you for better things than these. Ob, to live out such a life as God appoints—how great a thing it is!—Horace Bushnell.

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LEAVES ON THE WIND

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

"At the Gate of the Temple" Editor of "The Canadian Freeman" \$1.25 Postpaid 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. Many chords are touched to which the heart strongly vibrates; tender chords of Erin's love and sorrow; chords of patriotism and chords of piety; chords of adoration and homage that lift the soul to the very Throne of the Most High. "More convincing than Synge and Lady Gregory, perhaps because the poet knows better and sympathizes more deeply with the people of whom he writes," was the comment of Joyce Kilmer in "The Literary Digest." In the pages of this book religion and art are mingled with happiest results.

A DANGER SIGNAL

Joseph T. Wynne, in America

As already noted in America the legislative enactment to snubish parish schools in the State of Michigan met with pronounced defeat. Of course this outcome is very gratifying to the great Catholic body and lovers of peace and harmony generally in the Lake State, while sympathizing neighbors everywhere are by no means indifferent; nevertheless the thoughtful and observant can perceive in this experimental attack and its momentous results grave cause for alarm and continued anxiety.

The originators and leading workers for the measure which would do away with schools under religious conduct, freely admit they did not expect success at the first tryout of this appalling proposal. Moreover they are quite content with the initial reception given their amendment.

In view of this state of affairs they cheerfully announce that they will try again at the next biennial election, adding in their published statement that meantime they will educate the public to their idea. We heed our sorely beleaguered coreligionists in Michigan are going to give to this fair warning remains to be seen, but it behooves Catholics everywhere to be on guard, because, for there is no question that in many other places far from Michigan, a like siege of persecution is liable to be instituted at any moment.

The Michigan essay for the destruction of religious schools is only the opening gun of a universal and determined campaign which our "land of liberty" is facing. Perhaps this is in the nature of a plague, sent forth by the fabled breath of the late World War, possibly Heaven's punishment for a certain ultra patriotism too often allowed to over-ride the simplest Christian principles. Then, too, in doing our "bit" at the country's call, we Catholics, it develops, got too near the center of the stage and our enemies concluded not to let such a thing happen again, by burrowing into the vitals of our religious organism. Keep the young children away from early church influence, and the stalwarts of today will soon pass with a generation of weaklings sure to follow.

Michigan is then only the testing ground of the deadly endeavor, and well-chosen territory for the success of the enemy the State seems to be. Detroit, for instance, gave the amendment a 100,000 vote out of a registration of 300,000 voters. There is no question, reviewing the event attentively, that had it not been for the alliance of Lutherans, Adventists and Jews, also fighting for liberty of education, Michigan Catholic institutions would have had a decidedly close call in the late initial venture of their enemies.

The occurrence as it stands now is of inestimable value to all concerned, and to Catholics especially. The audacious attempt of these Michigan people fully sets forth the purpose and methods of their clan, while it warns with no note of uncertainty against futile methods of defense. The outcome in the city of Detroit alone is proof convincing of the awful peril before us and should put ready wits at work to safeguard against danger. In the first place, this defense should have an early start and steadfast application along definite, reasonable lines.

As a preliminary, the voting population of the United States should be carefully estimated and the number of Catholics, Lutherans, Jews and Adventists enjoying the franchise should be counted and prepared for the vindication of a fundamental American principle. At the same time, we must diligently pursue the work of recruiting and securing firm cooperation from all fair-minded people besides, for it is only with such alliance or support we can claim a final victory.

From the most casual review or inspection it becomes readily apparent that it is not alone from the ranks of the liberal public we must win recruits for our cause, but also in large proportion from that vast majority of Americans who care nothing for the most part about religion in any phase at all.

The oft-told tale of the "churchless millions" in the United States is no clever bit of fiction. On the contrary it is true to the last syllable, the only defect being its cursory character, or lack of due detail in narration as set forth thus far. Featured, it would make an astounding revelation, far outstriking anything produced under the domination of paganism, either in its present or most riotous days of long ago.

To make friends from this strange generation, in championing schools especially, is truly a delicate and difficult task. It must be approached and pursued not only with zealous determination, but, not less important, with the very extreme of tact and diplomacy. It is evident on the very face of things—and Michigan has now given practical demonstration—that a spasmodic outburst, calling attention to strength and loyalty, is decidedly likely to do little good, if not positive harm. The indifferent on-looker at such a sight, instead of being brought into alliance is far more liable to say to himself: "Oh ho! These Catholics are getting pretty strong. They are the most set on church-going, too. Soon they'll be running the whole country and the rest of us will have to take back seats, if we don't look out!" So, quite naturally, the "safety-first" slogan rules, and votes to

crush our schools increase and multiply.

When will it become universally recognized by our people that a dignified, properly conducted, well-supported Catholic press is the only bulwark that can be depended on to safeguard our rights and liberties in the dissenting and unbelieving world about us? There are only a comparative few in this vast multitude who cannot be approached, yes, and thoroughly converted, through due diffusion of good literature. More over, literary products for such work can be presented successfully only in the established form of issue, through papers, periodicals and books. Handbills may do very well for the corner groceryman occasionally and circulars are still popular with many business concerns (these last most carefully camouflaged into personal communications of late), but nothing approximating real literature is or can be sent forth in this fashion. In fact, even business houses of the higher class make little or no use of dodger mediums nowadays. They employ whole pages in the papers and magazines instead, because the trained operators know that it is alone through such established and accepted mediums they can look for either attention or credence.

Have we in the first place Catholic publications now in the field duly equipped for this great work? Are those who have first-hand the duty of defense before them ready to proceed with their part? Michigan's officially declared election returns on the anti-religious school amendment raises signals of warning both high enough and high enough to be seen from coast to coast.

It has been made plain that the methods of our enemies pursuing their fell work of annihilating our schools are of the underhand, carefully studied order, unbroken by reverses and inaccomplishments slow but sure. Everybody knows how sprouting acorn can split a rock, they know the parable of the tares and the wheat, and the ruin that can be spread amid acres of grain through the wafting about on the summer breeze of the down of a single thistle. The would-be destroyers of the schools candidly declare, too, that their campaign is to be one of education. Of course, rightly classed, this educational scheme on their part really means lawlessness, perversion from truth and justice, overthrow of constitutional rights and disruption of public peace, good citizenship and general prosperity.

It has been remarked before that "for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" the heathen is not to be compared with the plotters and intriguers who assume the role of self-appointed destroying angels and ministers of reform. We know that these malevolent or sadly deluded beings do not hesitate to employ trickery and misrepresentation in pursuit of their ruinous endeavors. Armed with all this knowledge and with the late practical illustration now before us, are we ready to bring into action and properly manipulate our single potent weapon of defense, the all-powerful printing press? It is high time for Catholics to let up on achievements in various war and settle down in unanimous accord to protect the fundamental rights of parents and children.

STILL HOPE FOR PEACE IN WAR-TORN IRELAND

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

Dublin, Dec. 17.—The effort for a Truce of God in Ireland, which might develop into a Christmas peace, has had behind it considerable Catholic support on both sides of the Channel. Pioneered on the Irish shore by Dr. Gilmarin, Archbishop of Tuam, who had the hearty aid of Cardinal Logue, the English Catholic Hierarchy, one English prelate of marked influence devoting his whole energies to the cause.

The British Government did not take any active step to meet the movement in a sympathetic way. Its attitude has been frankly militant. It is made known that the surrender or destruction of Sinn Fein could be the only basis of negotiations. This was a serious departure from Premier George's previous statement that he wished to see an authorized Sinn Fein standing on the peace bridge so that negotiations might be opened.

FATHER O'FLANAGAN'S INITIATIVE

The visit of the English labor delegation to Ireland, where its members were eye-witnesses of typical deeds committed by Crown forces, seemed a favorable opportunity to give the British Government a chance of showing a peace inclination. Father O'Flanagan accordingly sent his memorable wire to Premier George asking: "What do you propose?" Although this priest's telegram was unofficial and was sent on his own responsibility. But it provided a door through which the preliminaries for a formal bargain should be brought into being. It is no secret that Father O'Flanagan is a very intimate friend of Archbishop Gilmarin, the originator of the peace campaign.

The telegram had at least the effect of testing the disposition of the British cabinet. It immediately became apparent that while some members of the Government were desirous of entering the peace faith, there was a powerful section committed to the military doctrine that the prelude to any discussion should be the complete annihilation of the

popular political side in Ireland, and Premier George ranged himself with the unyielding holders of this view.

PREMIER'S ACTION DISAPPOINTING

His refusal to hear of a compromise that would bind all sides to a stoppage of blood-spilling and pave the way to a deal for the permanent settlement of the Irish case has been a grave disappointment to the clergy and laity of Catholic Ireland, after six months of ineffable suffering. But the Hierarchy does not despair. The Bishops regard themselves as "battered to fight better." The most encouraging omen in the situation is the unity of aim that has sprung up between English and Irish Catholics, their kinship being closer in this dark hour than at any previous time in the history of the relations between the two countries.

BLESSING OF NEW CHURCH FORGES LINK WITH OLD CATHOLIC TIMES

London, Dec. 31.—Some noteworthy links with old Catholic times in England were forged recently with the blessing of a new church at Kingsbridge, a small market town in South Devon. Another recent event which has caused no small interest was the discovery of monastic art remains in the vicinity.

In the Middle Ages the town of Kingsbridge and the famous Abbey of St. Mary's, Buckfast, were closely linked. To a large extent the fact that the town early became the centre of a large and fertile district known as the South Hamels—a position which it occupies at the present time—was due to the fostering care of the Abbot and monastery of Buckfast.

The discovery of the monastic art points to some historic features in the life of the village. It is thought that one side of Fore Street, Kingsbridge, was at one time in the possession of the monks of Buckfast. There is evidence of this in "Ave Maria," house, which was at one time the residence of the Sisters of St. Thomas of Villanova.

When they took possession of the place the Sisters started to prepare one of the front rooms, on the street level, for use as a chapel. When the plaster was removed, there was discovered a complete set of ancient and artistic monastic carvings which extended over the walls and ceiling. These remains were restored to a semblance of their original beauty. It is thought that this ancient house formed part of the property of the Buckfast monks.

In view of all these circumstances, an unusually historic touch was given to the blessing of the new church by the presence of the Abbot of Buckfast, Don Ansohar Vontar, O. S. B., and a number of Cistercian monks from the Wood Barton Monastery. At one time the Cistercians peopled Buckfast Abbey, which of late has been occupied by Benedictines from Plassey, Co. Wick, France.

Although it has been a long time from 1539 to 1920, for many years past Mass has been celebrated at Kingsbridge, owing to the existence of the Cistercians at Wood Barton, which is some six miles away. Since the French monks have been about to return to France, a new church has been opened. The new church is dedicated to the Sacred Heart and Our Lady of Compassion.

PROPAGANDA

Those who read history as it is written nowadays, from a standpoint largely free from sectarian prejudices, are learning the truth so long obscured, that our time honored ideals of civilization are the creation of the Catholic Church. Our sense of personal liberty is Catholic. Our love of justice is Catholic. Our reverence for purity is Catholic. Our devotion to our homes is Catholic. This helps to explain the avowed hostility towards Catholicity of propagandists of new theories of social life. Wherever these desire to change existing institutions, they are shrewd enough to see that the roots of them are to be found in Catholic dogma. To bring about radical changes, it is well understood that the Church must be destroyed.

This open declaration of war is our opportunity, for there are many among those who are now separated from us by misunderstandings who will be forced into at least a sympathetic alliance with us in the face of a common danger. The non-Catholic sects have never in a sense been completely separated from the Church. It has been pointed out that none of their ecclesiastical systems stands independently foursquare. They all lean against the Church for support, and must stand or fall with it. It is among these natural allies that we must spread a knowledge of the truth. They now look at us with prejudiced eyes. It must be our enthusiastic task to clarify their vision. We can point out to them that there have been dark days when it seemed that the religion of Christ was in danger, but that in each case it was the Catholic and Roman Church that saved the situation. The dark borders of heathen spread over Europe in the 3th century and laid waste the Christianized Roman Empire. Yet the Catholic Church changed this very force into a purifying agent, and she arose more powerful than ever, when the horror had passed away. Then there were the dark days of the ninth century, with its pirates' raids in the north, the advancing hosts of infidels in the

east, the separation of the Church from the imperial throne of Rome, and the almost universal belief that the end of the world had come.

But it was in Catholic monasteries, among those who followed the life of Christ as a passion, that the vision of the Golden Jerusalem was seen, and that wave of faith was born that produced the Crusades, and the galaxy of glorious cathedrals. That gave us what we still call the age of faith. That produced that wealth of eucharistic devotion that has made the Christ more widely known and loved. History repeated itself after the revival of heathenism at the end of the fifteenth century, which brought Protestantism in its train.

After years of mutual hatreds and acrimonious disputations, it is surely clear that the Catholic Church remains the unshaken guardian of that civilization that she created. It is she alone that protects Christian institutions today. Those who share the Christian name with her are falling and falling, but she remains erect. She has refused to be flattered or beguiled into betraying her trust. To her alone the adversaries of Christ pay the alms of respect by treating her as their only real foe.

Our lay Catholics must be brought to realize these things. They must believe that both international and economic warfare can be brought to an end by Christian principles. They must look upon the Church, not as a great inert giant, to be dragged into their quarrels as an ally, but as the only inflexible guide to lead them into the ways of justice and peace.

The propaganda of the Church in times of danger was carried on by humble individuals. In none of the crises that we have mentioned were there any great external evidences of activity. These came later when the flames of devotion spread. It was the little bands of individual Christian lives that started the great conflagration of evil. There never was a time when we needed more the loyalty of the lay. Quality is more valuable than quantity. We are powerless to outvote the hosts of anti-Christians; we can only slay them with the sword of Gideon.—Catholic Standard and Times.

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"WHY DOES ENGLAND FORGET?"

The celebrated English art critic John Ruskin, in the preface of his "Bible of Amiens," sets the following from a speech by the Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords. "It is already well known to your Lordship that of the troops which our gracious Sovereign did me the honor to entrust to my command at various periods during the War—a War undertaken for the express purpose of securing the happy institutions and independence of the country—at least one-half were Roman Catholics. My Lords, when I call your recollection to this fact I am sure all further apology is unnecessary. Your Lordships are well aware of what length of period and under what difficult circumstances they maintained the Empire buoyant upon the flood which overwhelmed the thrones and wrecked the institutions of every other people—how they kept alive the only spark of freedom which was left unextinguished in Europe."

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DIED

MULLIGAN.—At Orillia, Ont., on New Year's Day, Mrs. James Mulligan. May her soul rest in peace.

CHARLEBOIS.—On Tuesday, January 4, 1921, at her home in March Township, Mrs. Lacey Charlebois, aged fifty-two years. May her soul rest in peace.

POWERS.—At Eganville, Ont., on November 22, 1920, Margaret McKiernan, beloved wife of Edward Powers, aged seventy-three years. May her soul rest in peace.

GODIN.—At Eganville, Ont., on November 9, 1920, Catherine Powers, beloved wife of Edward Godin, and daughter of the late Mrs. and Edward Powers, aged forty-eight years. May her soul rest in peace.

RAHAL.—At his home in the 9th concession of Cornwall Township, George J. Rahal, son of the late Philip Rahal, on Saturday, Dec. 18th, 1920. On whose soul may God have mercy.

TEACHERS WANTED

CATHOLIC teacher holding second class certificate wanted for school Section No. 13, Teyndinaga, Hastings County, State salary and forward applications to Michael Corrigan, Sec. Treas., Markville, Ont., R. F. L. 2292-3.

TEACHER wanted for the Catholic School, Grant, Ont. Please state salary and qualifications. Apply to J. L. Downey, Grant, Ont., via Colborne.

TEACHERS wanted for separate school No. 2, N. Burgess, music, grammar, would like position as organist. Kindly state salary and other qualifications to teach Continuation work in Senior room. Salary \$1,000 a year also a teacher for Junior room, holding 2nd class certificate. Salary \$750. Duties to commence Aug. 3, 1921. Apply to P. McFarland, Sec. Treas., Stanbury, P. O., Lanark, Ont. 2292-4.

WANTED. WANTED by two young men and their mother an ambitious woman over eighteen and between twenty and thirty years of age to work outside work. Apply Box 228, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2292-2.

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