

The Catholic Record.

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

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A WORD FOR WINTER

It was no casual impulse that led the gray fathers of our semi-civilized world to frame their calendar so as to make midwinter the impressive preface to a brightening outlook upon the human scene. Long before the Christian era the correspondence between the natural order and man's earthly career was observed and symbolized by festivals and fasts; but at length the whole was set forth in sacrament and ceremony for the edification of serious minds and sensitive hearts. The Christian Year is the shadowy reflection of changeless truths in a changing world, eternity making itself felt in time.

In one of his longest and most informing essays, entitled "A Good Word for Winter," Jas. Russell Lowell traced the influence of the rugged and bare season in the lives and works of the great poets and thinkers. It is an exhaustive survey, challenging the common view that the season is to be got through as quickly as may be, because it is hostile to our comfort, inimical to cheerfulness and health—"I think the old fellow has hitherto had scant justice done him in the main. We make him the symbol of old age or death, and think we have settled the matter. As if old age were never kindly as well as frosty; as if it had no reverend graces of its own as good in their way as the noisy impertinence of childhood, the elbowing self-conceit of youth, or the pompous mediocrity of middle life. As if there were anything discreditable in death, or nobody had ever longed for it. Suppose we grant that winter is the sleep of the year, what then? I take it upon me to say that his dreams are finer than the best reality of his waking rivals." In his own fine and spirited way, Lowell goes on to illustrate out of his wide reading the posture usually maintained towards winter, passing in review Chaucer and the earlier bards, with special indulgence for Thompson, Cowper, and Wordsworth.

In this present time of wonder and anxious questioning we are thrown back upon fundamentals that lie below actual experience. We feel impatient when ordinary views of Nature's transmutations are propounded at a crisis like the present world-wide one. Is it of any use to cite consolatory verses or sage reflections when all things seem out of course in this human state which our forefathers founded so solidly and built up with such care? Would it not seem that no real analogy between the material and the moral order could be made out in face of the break-down that has overtaken this ripe civilization of ours? Are not Bishop Butler and the tribe of facile apologists out of date now that science has proved to be the real Frankenstein, a demonic power uncontrolled by justice, while even religion, most august of influences, is forced to compromise with passion and self-will lest worse things happen to her manifestations of authority and spiritual guidance?

"The winter of our discontent"—how well Shakespeare's phrase suits our present case! How easy it is for most of us to view the present unrest and tragic state of the world's existence as though the world were coming to an end! Over and over in human history panic has seized upon simple folk to whom the abnormal was the trump of judgment. It was so in Judea when the hated foe trampled over the sacred city and burnt the holy and beautiful temple in Zion; to millions now it seems as though the end of the age had come and the doom of a degenerate Christendom was near at hand. Yet life moves on in cycles as before. The goal of humanity's long pilgrimage is not in sight. Not in ruin and combustion, but in developed being and newness of activity will the ordained result of mankind's disciplinary course be made manifest.

As, in the evolving order of the seasons, stern winter succeeds the harvest, rich blossoms, ripe fruits, brilliant sunsets signalling the surcease of autumn, and ushering in a period of apparent stagnation, so it is in human history. Splendid

pageantry, growing wealth and luxury, abounding mastery of material resources, the pride of the eyes and all the glory of possession and enjoyment suddenly suffer change. The soft summer breeze dies away. Turbulent winds and drenching rains and sodden paths warn us that the year has run its course, that for months we shall have to adjust our ideas and habits to a severer rule of living. Our "glorious summer" is gone, but only to come again in the "appointed time." Days are darkened and our pleasures are restricted to narrower compass. The winter we shrank from is here, not to be evaded. But is it so dreadful a season as effeminate or invalid folk fancy? Strike a fair balance, and see if the scheme of the universe subject to the law of circularity is open to serious objection. The pious old homilist thought and wrote that "everything was good in its time, and every season under the heaven." Truly there is a classic loveliness about winter which only the careless and self-occupied can miss. We are not comparing war and winter. Winter does not maim and destroy of set purpose. Only conscious beings subject to earthly passions do that. War is the studied reversal of all the promptings of neighborly feeling, the arrest of civilization in its humane aspects, a curse to be detested and shunned by all lovers of justice and mercy. But see and wonder at the unfathomable wisdom that controls the storms in the world, both natural and moral. Out of the muck and mire, the tempestuous ravings and destructive violence of nature and mankind, shining fruits and flowers come forth—even the hateful disorders bred of human folly die down at last and calmness once more prevails. We are pilgrims in a revolving world. A fresh stage of our journey is before us. Our lease runs out swiftly. Leafless trees and linden skies and burning frosts remind us that "nothing is, all is becoming." The wise are they who look forward, not folding hands in listless ease, but preparing, as Nature does in secret for the most part, the new growths of the future. Like Ulysses, old but ever young, we have to face the unknown with calm resolve. The worn old mariner braces up the "slackers"—

"'Tis not too late to seek a newer world;
Push off, and sitting well in order, smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die."
Freed from "the mask of transience" we belong to a timeless state. Our star sets to rise again. Behind the wintry veil of the season we call Death the new spring advances; behind the night only faintly illumined by heaven's fires or "white tremendous day break" awaits the faithful watchers. The seed sown in the earth, in time will bear golden fruit in the unending years.

A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE

A Catholic could hardly pay a kinder, sweeter tribute to Catholicism than Matthew Arnold did, when he wrote:
"Catholicism is that form of Christianity which is the oldest, the largest, the most popular. It has been the great popular religion of Christendom. Who has seen the poor in other churches as they are seen in Catholic churches? Catholicism envelops human life and Catholicism in general feel themselves to have drawn not only their religion from their Church, but they feel themselves to have drawn from her, too, their art and poetry and culture. Her hierarchy, originality stamped with the character of a beneficent and orderly authority springing up amidst anarchy, appeared as offering a career where birth was disregarded and merit regarded, and the things of the mind of the iron feudal age which were shipped solely birth and force. If there is a thing specially alien to religion it is peace and union. Hence the original attraction towards unity in Rome, and hence the great charm when that unity is once attained. All these spells for the heart and imagination has Catholicism for Catholics, in addition to the consciousness of a divine cure for vice and misery."
Matthew Arnold was an eminent English poet, literary critic and educationist. He died in 1888.—The Casket.

WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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THE SORROWS OF DUBLIN CASTLE

The sweeping successes of Sinn Fein in the recent municipal and urban council elections is still the absorbing topic with people and newspapers in Ireland. All that is now needed is the coming of the District Council and County Council elections—which will happen after a few months—to put into the hands of Sinn Fein practically the complete machinery for the internal Government of five sixths of Ireland. Considering that, for some time past, the English Government has found it difficult, to the point of impossibility to run the country, it is easy to imagine the utter impossibility of their task after the complete machinery of internal Government has passed into the hands of Sinn Fein. The powers that be are in dire alarm—almost panicky—over the prospect.

It has affected Lord French of the Iron Rule so that according to reports coming from English quarters, it is said he is now converted to Home Rule, and is seeking for some means of changing his mind which will not be startling, and will not give him too much of a let down. The Pall Mall Gazette correspondent discloses: "Lord French is now said to be convinced that the only method of dealing with Ireland is by conceding it the fullest measure of autonomy consistent with Imperial supremacy." Like all preceding English statesmen in Ireland conversion comes to him after he has done his tyrannical utmost and on a discomfiting and no new tyranny, for breaking the spirit of the people. He, like all his predecessors, discover that that spirit is not only unbreakable, but that it actually thrives upon the most despicable methods which perverse ingenuity of English statesmen can devise for its destruction.

It is not to be expected, however, that Lord French will encourage Sinn Fein by showing a sudden conversion to the half-way policy of Home Rule. His change of change will be gradual, and undoubtedly he will work many a misery yet before he finally withholds his heavy hand. The Pall Mall Gazette says French "realizes that Military Rule is futile and settled government the wiser and inevitable course." The statements are said to have been given on "high authority associated with the Irish administration." It goes still further and says that Lord French is not satisfied even with a middle course, but recognizes that Lloyd George's Home Rule scheme is not merely a useless sham that stirs the people to deeper resentment than ever. "Three members of the Irish Privy Council," the Pall Mall Gazette says, "stand with French in his new attitude, two of them being Lord's Justice."

THE MOUNTAIN ASHAMED OF THE MOUSE

There is a strong suspicion in some authoritative quarters, that the nimble Lloyd George is himself secretly setting for a trap over, and waiting the opportune moment for suddenly presenting himself to a startled public as a real, radical reformer in Irish matters. He feels rather mortified by the ridiculous light in which his sham Home Rule has placed him—and feels sore for the prestige of which it has deprived him. All this he blames upon his Tory bed fellows. The Home Rule abolition which he produced was framed for the purpose of pleasing them, and marking time upon the Irish Question. It is affirmed that Lloyd George is casting about for an entirely new political platform whereon he can secure the support of his old Liberal friends, and of the Labor Party, likewise—especially of the Labor Party. If he finds a satisfactory platform it is said he may startle John Bull out of his complacency by the radical measures he will propose, the first and most radical being an entirely new and far-reaching Irish scheme that will win the support of the Laborites.

THE ENGLISH WAY IN IRELAND

The Irish Industrial Commission, organized by Sinn Fein but composed of prominent men representative of various shades of political thought, instituted for the purpose of discovering how Irish industries may be fostered and extended, is being pursued by the English Government from city to city in Ireland, with intent to oppress it. While it sat in Dublin the newspapers were forbidden to give to the public any of the evidence it had taken or any news whatsoever in connection with its doings. Now it is in Cork being hunted from hall to hall in the city. By order of the Government the hall first engaged for its sitting was refused to it on its arrival. When they obtained a new hall that hall was taken possession of by soldiers and police the first time that the Commission vacated it for a recess. Then it had to go hunting

for another place wherein it could shelter its head—and so on.

—AND IN ENGLAND!

One of the remarkable things in connection with the persecution of the Industrial Commission is that while under penalty of suppression, no Irish paper dare publish a line regarding this commission for revivifying Irish industry. English papers containing full account of its doings, and the evidence it takes are sold in every city in Ireland. The Government which tramples upon freedom of the press in Ireland dare not raise a finger against that freedom in its own country. But the treatment of this Industrial Commission should enlighten those few who still persist in thinking that England's attitude toward Ireland has undergone a change and that her old and system of willfully suppressing every manufacture in Ireland would never again be renewed. Here she is employing her army of soldiers as well as her army of police, for the purpose of harassing, pounding, persecuting and suppressing a Commission of Irishmen of various political opinions who want to take counsel as to how Ireland's suppressed and extinguished manufactures may best be brought back to her, and the life-blood set pulsing in the country's anemic veins again.

EDITOR INDICTED

Charles Diamond, ex member of Parliament for an Irish constituency and wealthy newspaper proprietor, who is now under indictment in London (where he resides) created a bit of a sensation in England by his editorial article in his The London Catholic Herald, entitled "Killing no Murder," an article which was inspired by the attempt on the life of Lord Lieutenant French. Diamond owns a great chain of 35 Catholic newspapers in England and Scotland. In every center in which there is a Catholic Irish population one of his syndicate of newspapers is published—from London in the South, to Aberdeen in the North. He is a man of Irish birth who has spent most of his life in England, and has accumulated a very large fortune there. He is President of a celebrated cricketing club. He runs his thirty-five newspapers as a side line. For long years he was a faithful follower, upholder of Mr. John Redmond. But Mr. Redmond's policy of yielding Ireland's claims inch by inch at length so disgusted Mr. Diamond that he broke away from him. Then he came out boldly in all his papers in the effort to counteract the harm that had been done by Mr. Redmond's compromising policy. He became one of the most vigorous and widely read Irishmen outside the ranks of Sinn Fein—for he was outside the ranks.

Mr. Diamond, when he left the Irish Party in disgust, knowing that T. P. O'Connor President of the United Irish League in Great Britain, was one of the chief causes of Mr. Redmond's falling away, set out to break the power of O'Connor. And he has since used all the power of his papers for that purpose. He has succeeded in undermining O'Connor's influence, and has not yet broken it. In his daring article "Killing no Murder," which was the day's sensation in England, he showed that a state of war existed in Ireland, and though England had ruled that her army was the only one which had the right to kill, the oppressed and persecuted ones who struggled to break the tyrant's yoke upon their country had, because of the overwhelming odds against them, to resort to guerrilla warfare. Diamond in his article said: "If Von der Goltz, commanding a German army of Occupation in England, resorted to a tithe of the atrocities of which the English army in Ireland under Lord French's orders had been guilty, there would be thousands of patriotic Englishmen, eager and anxious to lie in wait for, and bring down the tyrant Von der Goltz. And five million Englishmen would justly and properly applaud the patriotic deed. This parallel, which struck home to the heart, was the crux of the article, and is the crux of the matter on which he is now indicted. Diamond has very boldly told his accusers that he wrote this with all deliberation, just to provoke them to arrest, indict, and try him—in order to focus attention upon the sensational atrocities of the English army of Occupation in Ireland—and to bring the English face to face with their hypocrisy in raising an outcry about German atrocities in Belgium, and Turkish atrocities in Armenia, at the same time that they were outstripping both German and Turk, in the almost unspearable atrocities that they were every day practising both in Ireland and in India.

IRISH ATROCITIES

A characteristic sample of the Irish atrocities comes to hand just as I write. An inquest has just been held upon the body of Michael Darcy of Cooraclare in the County Clare, who was drowned there the other day, in the course of fleeing from a pursuing body of police. The evidence showed that he was evidently one of several young men who attacked the Cooraclare police, in one of the many raids that are being made in the South of Ireland, for

purpose of obtaining arms and ammunition. The police succeeded in beating off the raid, and gave chase to the four young men who had besieged the barracks. When his pursuers came too close upon Darcy, he jumped into the river, along whose banks he was running, and being unable to swim was struggling for his life. Some people who lived nearby ran from their houses to the river-side, and seeing the boy struggling for his life, prepared to go to his aid. Then, as sworn at the inquest, and not denied, the police levelled their guns at the would be rescuers, and told them they would shoot them dead if they attempted to rescue the dying man. Accordingly they had to stand upon the river's banks and impotently watch the boy drowning, while the police still fired at him—until the boy went down to come up no more. The result of it is that the law and order gentlemen who are guilty of this atrocity are now sure of speedy promotion, for "unflinchingly doing their duty in the face of overwhelming difficulties."

BRITISH LABOR DELEGATION

The British Labor delegation under Mr. Henderson, ex-Cabinet Minister, which recently visited Ireland to obtain first-hand information on the situation there—were fortunate to get some very first-hand information. As they drove away on a jaunting car from the Shelbourne Hotel, Dublin, they saw police and military charge and smash up a peaceful procession of automobile drivers, which paraded in protest against the Irish Government's attempt to control all automobiles of that whole province were not approved of. The Labor leaders saw this parade smashed up and the leaders arrested, and dragged off to prison. When they reached Thurles, where they went to confer with Archbishop Harty of Cashel, they were in time to witness the results of a wild and frenzied police riot—where, after a policeman had been shot, a regiment of police heavily armed, broke up from the barracks in the dead of night, and shot up the main thoroughfares of the town, destroying the stores and dring into the bedroom windows of all "objectionable" people—a mad orgie, just duplicating the soldiers' raid in the town of Fermoy, where, to avenge the holding up and taking of arms and ammunition from a body of their comrades, the soldiers broke barracks, and under command of some officers, shot up the town, and wrecked and even robbed the best stores there.

When, again, the Labor delegates reached Cork, and on invitation of the Lord Mayor, were on their way to visit the City Hall, they reached that building just as police and soldiers, with guns and bayonets, were rooting out and driving down the steps of the building, the members of the Irish Industrial Commission, clergyman and distinguished professional laymen, who were guilty of the crime of holding counsel to determine how Ireland's industries and manufactures might be revived and developed. It must surely have been to the Labor Leaders, a rare object lesson of the benign rule of Britain in her conquered colonies, when, at the city Hall, they had to stand to one side for nearly half an hour, while British guns and bayonets were bent on these Irish criminals. Within hearing of some of those who commanded the British guns and bayonets, the Cork Lord Mayor, addressing the Labor delegates, said: "I apologize for keeping you waiting, while these armed gentlemen, your paid soldiers, are teaching us a little lesson, meant to insure our respect and our love for British law. I had invited the Irish Industrial Commission to meet in our City Hall, to take evidence regarding industries here, and to consult upon means of revivifying and developing them. Our wise British governors consider that it is sedition for Irishmen to try to help their country, even through industrial efforts, and they sent a delegation of trained gunmen here to persuade us to be good, to love British law, and to let Irish industries alone. Having now seen for yourselves how our loving, fraternal Government trains and takes care of us, you must certainly feel disgusted with us for not loving and worshipping that loving Government in return."

Some of the special correspondents of the London daily papers who accompanied the Labor Leaders wrote to their papers scathing denunciations of the blundering Irish Government, which actually seemed to set the stage in every point, so as to horrify the British Labor delegates. "For, mind you, the unpardonable crime of Irish Government was, not that it did these tyrannical things, but that it was guilty of the unpardonable crime of doing them at the wrong time—just when the British delegates were there to witness them!"

SEUMAS MACMANUS
Of Donegal.

Nothing is politically right that is morally wrong.—Daniel O'Connell.

ULSTER INTOLERANCE

FANATICAL DOGMATISM DISGUSTING TO MEN OF 20TH CENTURY

The utterances of the Ulster delegation during their recent visit to Toronto were a distinct disappointment to those Canadians who hope for some kind of a peaceful solution of the present Irish imbroglio. If they have been making the same kind of speeches to American audiences, then we imagine that the Sinn Fein conspirators must have hailed their coming with joy. One of the delegates said that the Irish question was primarily a religious one, and we are inclined to think that this is true, but in an entirely different sense from that intended. The truth appears to be that Ireland is overpopulated with too many turbulent parsons and priests.

In the case of the Ulster delegation, we find a body of men seemingly unaware that this is the twentieth century, and voicing the ancient bigotries and religious hatreds of the seventeenth century; antipathies which the better order of intelligence in all English-speaking countries has long outlived. It is idle to come to Canada and tell us that the liberties of the subject would be menaced by a Parliament in which Roman Catholics predominated. We know better than that. The liberties of the subject are just as safe in the overwhelmingly Roman Catholic Province of Quebec as they are anywhere else. Indeed, any attacks on the theory of liberty and any oppressive statutes under which we suffer, have had their origin with the very Protestant denominations which chiefly predominate in Ulster.

Again, it is idle to tell Canadians, or Americans either, that Catholics and Protestants cannot live together in peace and amity. Despite religious feuds, chiefly emanating from exiles from Ulster who have brought their parochial antipathies to Canadian soil, Canada's history shows that she has succeeded very well in overcoming differences of race and creed; and if the Irish north and south cannot do the same, so much the worse for them. In that case, we cannot regard them as our equals in political intelligence.

The most mischievous of the utterances heard in Toronto was the threat that if any attempt is made to alter the existing form of government in Ireland, they will take up arms. Truculence of this order will immediately be seized upon by the Sinn Fein as justification of belligerency. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Great Britain cannot tolerate the threat of insurrection from either end of Ireland; nor can she permit Ulster to dictate to her as to how the United Kingdom is to be governed. The day is fast approaching when Great Britain, in matters of local government, must adopt the policy of devolution or federation advocated by the late Earl Grey, and which has found a recent champion in Mr. Asquith. Such a course is rendered necessary not merely by Irish affairs but by congestion of local business in the various sections of the British Isles. The threat that in such an event Ulster will resort to arms was openly implied in the speeches of the delegates. Such an assumption of the right to dictate Imperial policy is clearly preposterous. Nothing is clearer than that the present governmental system of Ireland cannot continue indefinitely.

With all that the delegates had to say on the subject of the criminality of the Sinn Fein and the impossibility of the republican proposals they advocate, we are in hearty accord. Let it be clearly understood, however, that all the solutions that have raised Great Britain to her present glorious position have been based on conciliation and compromise; by the acceptance of legislative machinery which might seem illogical and open to criticism, but which in the long run resulted in unity. Conciliation and compromise can alone bring happiness to Ireland. Canadians must regret the absence of any tolerance for such principles from the utterances of the Ulster delegates and the evidence of a fanatical dogmatism disgusting to enlightened men of the present century. With all their talk of liberty our Ulster friends are obviously not free; they are fettered by the most deplorable of shackles—religious prejudice.—Toronto Saturday Night.

There are few of us who do not know what it is to have dark days. It is the law of intelligent life. If we were animals all days might seem alike. But because we are men and women and have forces of thought and feeling, with great desires pulsing through us and unsatisfied longings crying within us, we must suffer. There is danger, however, in our weakness lest we become gloomy because of these dark days. The gloom should be all outside of ourselves—it ought never to enter our hearts. And to learn how to meet these rainy days of life and still keep brave and true is the difficult thing. It is the lesson of life.

CATHOLIC NOTES

London, January 15.—An interesting item of news is the decoration of the Rev. Philip Fletcher, master of the Guild of Ransom, who has been made a Grand Commander of the Illustrations Order of the Holy Sepulchre. It was his uncle, General Allanby, who conquered Palestine and took Jerusalem.

Rome, Feb. 18.—The Pope has approved the sketch for a monument to be erected to himself on the Bosphorus, as a memorial to his charitable works in the War. The funds have been raised by a committee in Constantinople, and the work will be carried out by the sculptor Quattrini.

Rome, Feb. 14.—His Eminence Aristide Cardinal Rinaldini died last Tuesday at the age of seventy-six years. He spent a hardworking diplomatic life in the Secretariate of State, wherein the present Pope was his co-worker in Holland and at Madrid, Spain, previous to his elevation to the cardinalate on April 15, 1907.

Constantinople, Jan. 24.—The diplomatic representative of the new Mohammedan Republic of Azerbaijan, as a token of his Government's appreciation of the humanitarian labors of the Pope during the War, presented the Apostolic Delegate, Msgr. Dolci, with the sum of 150 pounds Turkish, towards the fund for the monument of Pope Benedict XV. in Constantinople.

The solemn reading of the decree, "De Tuto," for the canonization of Blessed Gabriel Del Addolorata, of the Congregation of the Passion, took place at the Vatican on the Feast of the Epiphany. This is the last process before publication of the decree fixing the date for the grand ceremony in St. Peter Basilica. His Holiness Pope Benedict was present and delivered a discourse upon the lesson to be drawn from the life of the saint.

Alarm clocks and early risers are assisting a thousand students at Notre-Dame University to set a new record for the observance of the Lenten season. Dispensed from the customary Lenten fasts the students have taken it upon themselves to hear Mass and to receive Holy Communion daily until Easter. Throughout the entire school year hundreds of students approach the Holy Sacrament daily but the special effort exerted at this time is expected to swell the number well beyond a thousand. Special Masses are said in the university church and in all the dormitory chapels.

Two notable conversions have just been announced. The first is that of Rev. Lawrence Frederick Harvey, B. A. of Exeter College, Oxford, who was received into the Church at St. Philip Priory, Egbroke, and who gave up the head mastership of a well-known Protestant school for this purpose. The other is the conversion of Col. Conlon, Commander of the Military Mission at Prague, who was received by Archbishop Kordac in his private chapel in that city in the presence of the British Minister and the Papal Delegate.

London, January 15.—Under the patronage of St. Bridget, Irish women have founded a league, every member of which is pledged to modesty in dress and deportment. British Catholic ladies of society are imitating their Paris Sisters, and going to the fountain head to stop the flood of indecent fashions. In other words, they have appealed to the great dressmakers and their designers of costumes to modify the prevailing ugliness and indecency in favor of beauty and morality, and to adapt the styles of dress accordingly.

When the "Atrique" was wrecked near Rocheford, on the coast of France, there perished the Vicar Apostolic of Senegambia and seven other members of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost. They were off to their various posts in the African Missions, after having served in the Great War. The loss of the devoted Mgr. Jalabert, the Vicar Apostolic, is particularly regretted. The question of the Missions is today an acute one, the War having made a great change in the affairs of so many peoples and having raised such antipathy among the Allied Governments to the work of the Germans. Three of the priests who perished obtained exceptional distinctions from the French Government for heroic service.

Rome, Jan. 24.—The diplomatic representatives accredited to the Holy See have considerably increased during the past year. There are now three Embassies of the highest rank, the chiefs of which hold the style and title of ambassador, representing the countries of Spain, Brazil, and Peru. The governments whose representatives rank as Ministers, and not full ambassadors, are: the Argentine, Bavaria, Belgium, Bolivia, Chile, Columbia, Costa Rica, Great Britain, Nicaragua, Holland, Portugal, Prussia, Finland. The new embassies which have been established recently are those of Poland; the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes; and Venezuela.

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HAATHORNEDEAN

A STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE

BY MRS. CLARA M. THOMPSON

CHAPTER XII.

CAPTAIN MARTEN COMES HOME, AND WHAT FOLLOWED

"Thank heaven! Captain Marten's ship is in the harbor," exclaimed Edward Hartland, as he came into dinner, addressing his father, who had just returned from his first drive with Rosine since her illness; "the honest old sailor will put an end to the going on of Laura with Le Compte; she is positively the town's talk."

"Silly moth," replied the Colonel, "she will burn her wings this time; wont she?"

"I hope so!" said the Doctor impatiently, looking at Rosine. "She has given so many heartaches, it is a pity she should not know how good it feels, if indeed she has any heart to ache."

"It appears to me, Ned, you excite yourself very unnecessarily about Laura Marten," remarked Mrs. Hartland. "What do you care about her flirtations?"

"Because I have a mother," he replied gravely, "and a sister," he added, bowing coyly to Rosine. "I cannot bear that any of their sex, especially one who has, as we may say, been one of our circle, should be found guilty of such disgraceful conduct."

"But would she marry this Le Compte," inquired the Colonel, "even supposing marriage to be his object?"

"Marry the devil!" exclaimed his son, testily; "a pleasing prospect of repose must a woman have as the wife of such a man, with his amours and liaisons all over the country. No, he'll never marry willingly. Captain Marten is a downright honest man, and hates philandering. I should not wonder if Miss Laura were put under bonds to keep the peace."

"I haven't seen Laura for more than a week," said Rosine, as they arose from the table, making an effort toward a conversation with Dr. Hartland, which she had never been able to bring about since her illness.

"It would have been better if you had never seen her," replied he, in a sharp angry tone, turning away to the window.

"Ned," said the Colonel, in a voice of authority, "why do you speak so to Rosine? See, you have brought us tears to her eyes. I have noticed your ill-natured way of speaking to her of late. I'll not have it."

"Rosine knows the reason very well," replied the Doctor, taking no notice of his father's anger by word, but leaving the room immediately.

"Don't mind him, darling," said the Colonel, caressingly; he is a crabbed fellow—a terrible early disappointment made him so."

The Doctor laid by his cigar, and turned about again, he asked, "Rosa, do Laura Marten and Aleck correspond through you?"

"Yes, I knew I ought not to make a secret of it; his letters came enclosed in mine, but they arranged it without my consent, or even knowledge. But that is not all," she continued, mustering courage from his more kindly manner; "there is a greater secret which I obtained and kept very unwillingly; it has burnt in my heart ever since it reached there, there are engaged to be married."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the brother, starting to his feet, almost overturning Rosine in his excitement. "Engaged! Laura Marten engaged to Aleck! Her heart is blacker than I thought. But on the whole, it was fortunate perhaps that it was not a public engagement; after her course with Le Compte all other promises must be at an end, unless a man's a fool! But now I think of it, Rosa, Aleck assured me only a day or two before he sailed that he had no intention of marrying this woman."

"She wears a betrothal ring with their initials, and the motto, 'Omnia vincit amor.'"

"Fools!" cried he impatiently. "Aleck will be charmed with my last epistle, in which I described the campaign of his affianced with this soaps grace Le Compte. It will be a bitter pill if he cares for the worthless girl; but I'll risk their hearts; he added, lighting a fresh cigar, "such hearts as Laura's might love on continually, 'the object still changing, the sympathy one, to end of the chapter, without fear of cracking, much less of breaking. Do you call that love, Rosa?"

"It don't seem like it to me," she replied timidly. "I hope it never will, but at your age you can hardly be expected to know much about it. But never have a secret of this kind," he added, laying his hand on her head; "young as you are, you are old enough to know that if this engagement had been made public in the beginning, Laura could not have gone on as she has; and I believe it was her plan to keep it secret, that she might flirt to her heart's content during Aleck's absence. Don't you see, my little one, that she was acting a lie?"

"I do, I did see it," she replied earnestly. "It made me wretched, and I expostulated with her; indeed, I have hardly had a light heart since I have known it; her conduct seemed so wicked, it troubled me constantly to know that I was a party, in a way, to her untruthfulness."

ful guidance, and given the required promise that the intimate friendship should be given up; and now when she was ready to yield, though Laura was as dear to her as ever. Providence opened the way that made the effort she had dreaded for so many weeks comparatively easy. Once bring the rebellious will into a state of submission to know duty, and myriads of obstacles that before seemed insurmountable, take flight directly. She told Laura decidedly that she could no longer be bound by the secret; she had sinned by her share in it, lost the Doctor's friendship, and was suspected of double-dealing, and she avowed her intention, if an opportunity offered, of telling what she knew; she thought it would be better for Laura as well as herself. Her friend was very angry, accused her of treachery and meanness, said it was like all Catholic priests, interfering between friends. Rosine in her turn, incensed by the reflection on Father Roberts, reprimanded, charging Laura with using her as an instrument to her own ends, and in a moment of time the chain of friendship was ruptured between the two.

The after-reflections of Rosine were not pleasant; they were a mingling of relief that a duty was done, and sore grief at the way in which it was accomplished. The consciousness of the wrong she had done both herself and Laura, in being the repository of her secret, depended when she felt herself relieved of the obligation, and she determined no long time should elapse before she would unburden her mind to Dr. Hartland or the Colonel. She sat in the drawing-room alone the evening after Laura's departure. Colonel Hartland and his lady were out, and the Doctor, who since her convalescence had never sought her society, had gone to the library. The impression came upon her that now was her time, and coming where Dr. Hartland was smoking, his head thrown back, his feet in a chair, and his eyes shut, she said in her sweetest tones a little tremulous, "Brother Ned, may I speak with you?"

He raised himself and turned upon her one of his penetrating glances. "I have waited for you many days, Rosa," was his reply. "But you did not give me an opportunity," she said, seating herself on a footstool by his side. "You have been offended with me, and never told me why."

"Rosine," he replied sharply, turning away from her as he spoke, "you know very well the cause of my displeasure—I should say my disappointment. I thought when I met you there was one of your sex, who would not and could not deceive; but when you lent yourself a tool to Laura Marten's machinations, my confidence in you was shaken."

"Edward," she said, hiding her face in her hands, "I have done very wrong, but you are unjust to me. If I was a tool for Laura, it was an unwilling one, and I have thrown off the yoke. I hope it may be a lesson to me."

The Doctor laid by his cigar, and turned about again, he asked, "Rosa, do Laura Marten and Aleck correspond through you?"

"Yes, I knew I ought not to make a secret of it; his letters came enclosed in mine, but they arranged it without my consent, or even knowledge. But that is not all," she continued, mustering courage from his more kindly manner; "there is a greater secret which I obtained and kept very unwillingly; it has burnt in my heart ever since it reached there, there are engaged to be married."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the brother, starting to his feet, almost overturning Rosine in his excitement. "Engaged! Laura Marten engaged to Aleck! Her heart is blacker than I thought. But on the whole, it was fortunate perhaps that it was not a public engagement; after her course with Le Compte all other promises must be at an end, unless a man's a fool! But now I think of it, Rosa, Aleck assured me only a day or two before he sailed that he had no intention of marrying this woman."

"She wears a betrothal ring with their initials, and the motto, 'Omnia vincit amor.'"

"Fools!" cried he impatiently. "Aleck will be charmed with my last epistle, in which I described the campaign of his affianced with this soaps grace Le Compte. It will be a bitter pill if he cares for the worthless girl; but I'll risk their hearts; he added, lighting a fresh cigar, "such hearts as Laura's might love on continually, 'the object still changing, the sympathy one, to end of the chapter, without fear of cracking, much less of breaking. Do you call that love, Rosa?"

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"This trouble helped to make you ill, and retarded your recovery. Rosa, you will be better, now you have told it. Never hear such another burden while I am in the land of the living. I shall tell Captain Marten of this, that he may keep a strict watch over his dutiful daughter, unless she finishes the plot by running off with Le Compte."

Captain Marten was exasperated beyond measure when Dr. Hartland made known to him the secret of Laura's engagement. He cursed and swore roundly in true sailor fashion; said, "if she hadn't more sense than to quit a nice young naval officer for this upstart adventurer, she deserved to be shut in a convent for the rest of her natural life;" and laid his commands with more force than ever upon the sister under whose care he had placed his daughter, not to suffer the girl to go out without herself for company.

In this home of her aunt's Laura had only a few months before been wooed by Lieutenant Hartland, and the associations of the present with the past made her reflections anything but agreeable. She was completely caught in the snare of her natural life; and laid his commands with more force than ever upon the sister under whose care he had placed his daughter, not to suffer the girl to go out without herself for company.

Mrs. Norris, the mistress of the fine estate to which Laura was banished, was a weak-minded person, unfitted to control and scarcely able to influence one with Laura's strong points of character. She had been delighted with the little episode in her usually monotonous life, which had brought her niece and the Lieutenant to her house, and though she scolded her for her imprudence, when the Captain entered into the details of her conduct with Le Compte, her eager questioning about the affair, when Laura was alone with her, manifested the truth that she, after all, did not see wherein her niece was so very much to blame.

Captain Marten was called away by the duties of his office, but he reiterated again and again his charges both to his sister and daughter. It was not long before Laura, with her attractive exterior, drew about her the young people of the neighborhood, and before many weeks she was engaged in a round of picnics, fishing parties, and moonlight rides, which drove Le Compte quite out of her mind. A set of tableaux were to come off, in which she was much interested, expecting to take part in the living picture; but a sudden and severe cold, for which she was obliged to lay by for a week, prevented her assisting, except as a spectator; even that was imprudent, as the physician had forbidden her leaving the house. Many young people from town were to assist in the exhibition, and she did not resist the temptation to be present.

"Ah, dear," said Mrs. Norris, in the second rising of the curtains for the striking piece, the Sultan and Sultana. "If you were only in the place of that fair-haired, petite girl!"

"But, Aunt," Laura replied, "we will imagine her to have been a Circassian slave; they are small and white."

As she spoke, the next scene was announced, "The Game of Life." Laura turned a look towards the stage and uttered a faint cry, for in the person of the arch-adversary represented therein she recognized Le Compte. She pleaded faintness to her aunt, and almost unobserved she left the company and stepped to the veranda. Fear, dread, attraction, interest, and repulsion, mingled in Laura's mind as she wandered down the pine walk to the broad river, which lay in the clear moonlight like a thing of life. She forgot her indisposition, her position, everything but the dreaded presence. At the last terrace, before reaching the stream, she paused; her quick ear caught the sound of a step behind her, her senses became awake, the powerful mind died alive—yes, her unpraying heart uttered one petition for help, and summoning all that remained of her naturally strong resolution, she turned suddenly upon Le Compte.

"You should not have come here," she said, eagerly; "there has been enough of this; we must part."

"You speak *ma chere*, as if it were an easy thing to part," was the reply, in a low, melodious but decided tone; "never, too—it may be for you, but for me, after what has passed, impossible."

Laura sunk into a garden chair, while he poured into his tale of love in no measured words, assuring her in terms that scorched her very soul, that he was in earnest, that a union she had from the first been his intention; this he asserted on his honor.

"It can never be, Le Compte," replied Laura; "you know it can never be. There are reasons." "Her voice seemed to come from a sepulchre, and she had not power to close the sentence.

"Love conquers all obstacles," he said gently, yet firmly. "But I cannot obliterate former vows said promises," sobbed Laura, almost incoherently. "It does on my part, it may on yours; only say the word, and you are mine—mine forever!" "Never! I will not!" cried she, resolutely, withdrawing her hand from his, and rising from her seat, she whispered in his ear. The words must have been of dreadful import, and they cut deep, for they caused him to stamp his foot wrathfully, and brought a terrible oath to his lips; but the excitement was but momentary, his smooth, clear, polished voice was heard again, fearfully distinct in the ears of his trembling victim, as he said, "This need be no barrier to our happiness; you must fly with me; there is no time like the present; dancing has commenced at the house, many hours must elapse before we are missed, the silver moon smiles on our project, I will arrange the way."

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day. It's Our Lady of Victory, you see. The medal is in honor of her, and she should be bringing you what you want the most."

"Well, indeed now this is most kind of you, Mrs. Flynn, and I shall treasure your gift all the more because I know you must have prized it yourself. I'll keep it here in my vest pocket—close at hand, you see, when I need anything."

"Do that!" answered Mrs. Flynn heartily. "And sure it wouldn't hurt you to be saying a prayer to her, Our Blessed Lady, would it now, if you did want anything very much?"

Oliver was touched almost to tears himself by his old friend's tenderness and simple piety. He answered cordially: "It couldn't possibly hurt even such a heretic as you must think me, Mrs. Flynn, and I'll keep it, and remember what you suggest in my hour of need. By the way, when they wake in the morning, tell Bobbie and Nellie to see if they can possibly find anywhere on this table any proof that Fairy Silver Fingers has been here through the night." When Mrs. Flynn had turned away a moment Oliver had slipped under an old candlestick all the change he had with him, a few dimes and nickles, a game he and the children knew very well by this time.

"Ah now, Mr. Oliver, it's too good to us you are. You spoil the young ones. But you do the same for their grandmother—God bless you!" she added as he went forth into the night.

Oliver Rowan took his way through the humble streets which led from Mrs. Flynn's home to the handsome avenues nearer his own dwelling, he was deeply wrapped in thought. Mrs. Flynn had told him about a nephew of hers now out of work, and about a neighbor who needed assistance. These affairs and a legal angle he had hoped to solve in court on the morrow were absorbing his mind as he walked along. So concentrated was he that it was some minutes before he was suddenly accosted in a dark, narrow street by a rather disreputable looking man who halted him with the words:

"I'm not a desperado, but I may be soon. Give me some money! You can, so don't pretend you can't. I need what you have more than you do. Come on, give me all your small change and any decent bill you have. Don't stop about it, I'm in a fierce hurry."

The whole thing was so sudden, the man's mood so dictatorial, his need so obvious, and his demand so free from threat or violence, that Oliver Rowan did not at the moment think of doing anything, but acceding to so positive a request. He began going through his pockets. He soon remembered that in dressing he had left his bill case in his other suit. He went through all his pockets without finding anything resembling change will be arrived at his vest pocket, where a small silver piece, more of his finger and thumb. Promptly he drew it forth, saying amiably:

"This honestly, seems to be all I have about me."

The man snatched at it, and as he gained possession of it Oliver remembered—he had parted with "Our Lady of Victory," with his friend's recent gift to him.

"Here," he called out to the man who had turned on his heel, "that's no good to you—it's not money. Give it back, please." In another moment he would have added in his usual benevolent fashion, "Come along and I'll get you a meal," and doubtless more help would have followed. But the man had dashed off with the medal, calling back as he turned down the cross-street. "What better can I have after all?"

Oliver started to follow him, but it would have meant a running pursuit. If the man was satisfied, it was quixotic to go flying after him. And yet Oliver felt a distinct sense of loss in thus having his medal carried off. It had touched his fancy. The quaintness and unexpectedness of Mrs. Flynn's presentation and the poetry and beauty of the name—Our Lady of Victory—had appealed to him. Immediately he had taken pleasure in possessing the medal as a kind of precious talisman. Even if his Presbyterian heart could not give it all the deep reverence dear Mrs. Flynn had bestowed upon it, Oliver had the sharp sense of having parted with a treasure. Meanwhile, he was also in rather a tense state of excitement over this recent episode.

"My cronies will never believe it. They will swear I made the whole thing up. Now I wonder what's become of that fellow. I can surely make a good story of what may have become of him! I'd take a sprint after him if I weren't so tired. Well, good luck to the poor devil. I guess Mrs. Flynn would say, 'May Our Lady of Victory help him.' Well, then, may she indeed, for he was in desperate need, the queer chap—the queerest chap, I ever saw—certainly a Catholic, too, of some sort, from the way he seemed satisfied. And I must be as honest looking as some of the fellows say, considering that he took me at my word about not having any money with me. I thought they always tried for your watch. Glory! what a story I can hatch out of it."

While Oliver Rowan's imagination was thus engaged with his late acquaintance, this singular individual had hastened onward with no romantic intention whatsoever but with an extremely commonplace and prosaic desire—that of satisfying his ravenous hunger. At the first place

that promised to assuage the same, he stopped. Passing to the counter of a combined cafe and delicatessen shop, he said to the proprietor:

"Give me two sandwiches and something to wash 'em down. Coffee will do. Give me the sandwiches right off."

The proprietor, Tim Doolan, cast a shrewd glance at his customer—obviously a tramp, most obviously a starved one. Forthwith Tim handed over two sandwiches notable for length, breadth, and thickness. A cup of coffee was soon likewise set in front of the man. The food made a rapid disappearance. In his passage through the night the man seemed destined to leave the impression of swiftness. As soon as he had finished his repast he threw down upon the counter four pennies and something silver.

"It's all I've got! I was bound to have food—without stealin'. The silver piece is worth something, I reckon. Anyhow, it may bring you luck."

With that he dashed from the store. It was the sort of conduct that elsewhere might have started a commotion, pursuit, the police, a general outcry and disturbance of the neighborhood. But as far as was consistent with his dignity as a merchant, and with his desire not to be too far imposed upon, Tim Doolan prided himself on keeping the peace. Moreover, this little piece of business was accomplished so quickly that he was some moments recovering from his surprise.

"Well, I'm blessed if that's not the coolest trick that's been played on me in a long time! Two first-class sandwiches and a ten cent cup of coffee, and I get for it four pennies and a holy medal! May the Saints be blessed if ever I seen their images used this way before!"

He scrutinized the medal more closely, and exclaimed:

"If it's not the Blessed Virgin, herself! And how does she like such a trick, I wonder? I should have made the fellow show his money before he was paid—but he was that starved looking I had to take the face to ask him, that's the truth. I'm not so fooled after all, for I did not think he had much change in these clothes of his. But what beats me is his impudence, so free and easy, putting the coppers and the medal down as though it was paying in full, and wishin' me luck. It beats all!"

As he soliloquized, Tim pulled out his change-drawer to put away the pennies.

"I've a notion to see if the ragged man's wish is good for anything," he said to himself. "I'll just be leaving the Blessed Virgin in charge of the cash box for a while. With times so hard and everything so high, it's help from Heaven we'll have to be getting or falling into bankruptcy—that's certain." Thereupon the medal was carefully laid among the pennies.

As the evening passed the pennies began disappearing. The penny piece increase in postage and general commodities through the year had brought the lowly copper cent into new importance, keeping the pennies circulating rapidly. In half an hour only a few companions of the silver medal. Various customers had followed the mysterious and impudent tramp, and now small Ned Morrison entered the shop, sent by his sister Mary to buy a few necessities for breakfast. His purchases amounted to forty-six cents and he handed Tim a fifty-cent piece. Tim went to the cash box—and found only three pennies. In Tim, however, there was an ever resourceful spirit and an inexhaustible element of mischief. He looked at the pennies and the bright silver medal a moment; he had a genuine respect for all objects of reverence, but he had an irresistible desire to tease cheery, sharpwitted Mary Morrison.

"I'll just send her the Blessed Virgin—without any offense to Our Lady. Maybe she'll bring a blessing to Mary Morrison's pocketbook. Sure, trade's been brisk here this evening since the medal's been restin' in the cash box!"

"Turning to Ned, Tim said: 'Tell Mary I'm short of change and I'm just sending her a bit of silver that was passed in to me this evening. Be sure and give it to her—don't be keeping it yourself.'"

"I won't," answered Ned, adding with youthful irrelevance. "Tom Morgan's at our house—he's goin' to war right away."

"Is he indeed?" said Ned as he went out of the shop.

"It's lonely Mary will be," thought Tim Doolan. "It's a pity the pair of them can't marry, though Mary'll not be willing to go to the altar with anybody till her mother's well again, and the children are up a little more from under her feet. Well, Tom's a strong lad and he'll be coming back if he gets half a chance from the bombs and submarines and poison-gases."

Ned had been instructed to put the groceries upon the kitchen table and the change upon Mary's dresser. There Mary found the pennies and the medal when she went upstairs after bidding goodnight to her dear Tom who in a few days would go forth to "war and arms." Ned had carefully piled the three pennies one upon the other and "Our Lady of Victory" on top of all. It captured Mary's glance as she walked over to her dresser and she saw at once that it was somewhat finer and heavier than other medals of its type, having a good minting and a clearly cut

of those same principles, when the violence of these tempestuous days shall have passed."

OUR PRESENT SITUATION

Though the War is ended, our country is not yet restored to its normal condition. On every side, there is unrest and agitation. The conflict of class with class makes progress impossible. It threatens to undo the splendid things which the union of all our people accomplished. It is importing into our country the very evils which brought disaster on Europe. If America is to be preserved, for its own sake and for the sake of humanity, a remedy must be found for our present situation.

NEED OF A SOLID FOUNDATION

This is not a time for makeshifts. The facts are before us, plainly and roughly. They cannot be set aside with mere expedients or formalities that smooth the surface of things, but leave the virus beneath. Rightly or wrongly, the movements which are shaking the foundation of order come out of men's souls. They embody a demand for right. They may be stayed for a time or diverted, but if, in keeping with American principles, order is to rest on the willingness of the people and their free cooperation, their souls must be reached. They must be trained to think rightly and to do as they think.

Let us not deceive ourselves in this matter. Ignorance is an evil: as such it must be removed. But it is not the only evil. What we have chiefly to fear is educated intelligence devoid of moral principle—the man who uses his knowledge to abuse his freedom. This is the dangerous type. To continue its production or allow it to multiply would not be the part of wisdom.

THE WAR'S FIRST LESSON

The first and most essential lesson in true education is that which the War has taught us. For a long time the attempt was made to regulate human affairs without any reference to God. It was thought that the advance of civilization, the progress of science and the growth of commerce had made the peace of the world secure. Religion was excluded, in great measure, from public life, and entirely from the council of nations. It was a vast experiment, conducted with all the resources of power and skill. And now we see its results.

We cannot afford to repeat the experiment. If we are to build anew, we must build on a sure foundation, not on quicksand. The stone which the builders of the modern world rejected, must become again the head of the corner. In the teaching and example of Jesus Christ, mankind must learn the way of salvation. There is no other.

There are many indeed who admire the Christian ideal and yet claim that Christianity should be modified to suit the demands of our age. But as these demands are countless, and as some of them are openly at variance with the spirit of Christ, nothing will be gained by yielding to them. Too much, in fact, has already been lost in these vain attempts to satisfy the world with a diluted Christianity. In the final issue not only particular doctrines have been set aside, but the central truth, namely, that Christ is the incarnate God, has been questioned or denied. Those who regard Him simply as the perfect man, feel justified in interpreting His doctrines according to their particular liking. They may continue to speak of their version as Christianity; and they may find it adequate in the present conditions of the world. But this is no warrant for saying that Christianity has ceased to be a power for truth and righteousness.

JUSTICE AND CHARITY

Christianity requires that we accept two fundamental principles at the basis of our human relations. These are the principles of justice and charity. The application of these in private and public life is the first step toward the restoration of peace and order.

Justice obliges us to give every man his due, just because he is a man. It prescribes respect for the rights of the individual, of society and of the State. It binds us to the keeping of agreements and to the observance of law. It forbids slander either of a person, of a community, or of a whole body such as the Church or the Nation. It is intolerant of fraud and dishonesty by whomsoever committed, whether in private transactions or in dealings with the commonwealth. It demands that punishment be meted out with equal hand to all who violate law, irrespective of class, station, or influential position.

Charity is the distinctive badge of the Christian. "By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, if you have love one for another" (John xiii, 35). Different as they are from the strict requirements of justice, the gentle precepts of Charity are binding on all men as brothers and as children of the same Father in heaven. Charity does not wait to be constrained by the demand of the neighbor for his right. It sees his wants and supplies them. For his pain it has sympathy; for his weakness, compassion; for his failings, a word of correction and silence.

"Charity is patient, is kind; charity envieth not, doeth not perversely; is not puffed up, is not provoked to anger, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth with the truth" (I Cor. xiii, 4, 6).

The observance of justice and charity must begin in the heart of

each man. Through its enactment and sanction law may compel us to do what is just; it cannot force us to love one another. But the reign of law itself will be more complete and secure when willing obedience does away with the need of compulsion. And where the rule of charity prevails, justice will have no occasion to insist on its claims. It is the same Apostle who commands that we "render to all men their dues," and who adds: "owe no man anything, but to love one another. For he that loveth his neighbor, hath fulfilled the law" (Romans xiii, 7, 8).

Let us not, then, wait for some general movement that will carry us all together along the pathway of justice. Let us not beguile ourselves with the idea that an atmosphere of love will somehow be created and spread abroad without any thought or effort of ours. That blessed air of peace must spring in the individual soul, and thence diffuse itself through all our human relations.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE

As life and its relations have their origin in the home, whatever strengthens the family will redound to the good of society. On the contrary, all those influences and tendencies which weaken the bond established by marriage are pernicious. They destroy the home and corrupt our social relations at the source.

The Catholic Church does not and will not sanction divorce in the absolute sense which permits either of the separated parties to remarry during the lifetime of the other. The ease and frequency with which divorce of this kind is granted, make it a national scandal. The bond, which ought to be most sacred, is regarded by too many as a trivial circumstance, as something of less importance than an ordinary business agreement. So far as this idea prevails, it removes the one safeguard of decency and purity in the sex relation. In a permanent union, that relation possesses a human character; in a temporary arrangement, it falls to the level of animal impulses.

This degradation of marriage leads to a more intense selfishness by making individual pleasure or whim the one decisive factor. It consequently tends to denude the spirit of charity just where, naturally, love should be strongest.

The sense of justice also will be dulled. If the obligations assumed through marriage can be so lightly cancelled, it is hard to see what value shall attach to other covenants when these are not enforceable by law.

THE WIDER SOCIAL RELATIONS

Social intercourse, in the usual sense, responds to a demand of our human nature. It is an effectual means of drawing more closely the bonds of charity. And it often gives occasion for joint endeavor in furtherance of the common good.

To attain these worthy ends, social enjoyment must remain within reasonable limits. When it interferes with the duties of home, it defeats its own best purpose. When it becomes extravagant and develops a craze for pleasure, it is likely to pervert the whole meaning of life. A people that lives on excitement and sensation will soon lose its moral fiber. The power of endurance is directly proportioned to the power of self-restraint. And this is surely need at the present time when America is passing through the gravest crisis in its history.

In this matter we appeal with all possible earnestness to Catholic women. We urge them especially to counteract, with the force of example, those tendencies to excess whereby the prescriptions of plain decency, and even the slightest restraints of convention too often are disregarded. As every Catholic understands, society, no less than its individual members, is subject to God's law. Neither custom nor fashion can justify sin. If we are surely need at the present time when America is passing through the gravest crisis in its history.

Frequently, it is the craving for notoriety that unbalances certain minds. In others, fondness for display leads to lavish expenditure, arouses the envy of the less fortunate classes, spurs them to foolish imitation, and eventually brings about conflict between rich and poor.

INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS

The disturbances from which our industries are suffering bring home to all the people, in direct and practical form, the need of thorough readjustment. In part, the present situation is due to the War; but its real causes lie farther back in our industrial history. It is not merely that unwise policies have been adopted, but rather that these have been framed upon wrong principles and baseless assumptions.

It is an error to assume that the issues involved are purely economic. They are, at bottom, moral and religious. Their settlement calls for a clear perception of the obligations which justice and charity impose.

In urging their respective claims, the parties, apparently, disregard the fact that the people as a whole have a prior claim. The first step, therefore, toward correcting the evil is to insist that the rights of the community shall prevail, that law and order shall be preserved and that the public shall not be made to suffer while the contention goes on from one mistake to another.

The failure to reach an agreement is due, in large measure, to the supposition that class is naturally

hostile to class. In truth, each needs the other. Capital cannot do without Labor, nor Labor without Capital. This is obvious; but the more important point is that Capital and Labor are bound by mutual obligations, not simply by mutual needs or interests.

In this whole question, the moral value of man and the dignity of human labor are cardinal points. By treating the laborer as a man, not as a machine, the employer will make him a better workman. By respecting his own moral dignity as a man, the laborer will compel the respect of his employer and of the community.

The right of Labor to a living wage, with decent maintenance for the present and provision for the future, is generally recognized. The right of Capital to a fair day's work for a fair day's pay, is equally plain. To secure the practical recognition and exercise of both rights, good will, no less than adherence to justice, is required. Animosity and mistrust should first be cleared away. When this is done, when the parties meet in a friendly, rather than a militant, spirit, it will be possible to effect a conciliation.

We are confident that the good sense of our people will find a way out of the present situation. As the confusion occasioned by war subsides, calmer judgment will prevail. Man will see that internal peace and the cooperation of all classes must be secured, if our country is to enjoy prosperity at home and respect abroad. America's great opportunity must not be sacrificed to selfish aims or partisan interests. We made war upon greed and selfish ambition. We shall not let them triumph within our own borders.

REORGANIZATION

Catholics will do their full share toward the complete restoration of peace. With one mind and heart they will labor for our country's advantage. As their patriotic efforts were united to good effect through the National Catholic War Council, we have determined, for the ends of peace, to maintain the spirit of union and coordination through the National Catholic Welfare Council. Under its direction, our needs and problems in the several fields of education and social reform will be carefully studied. Means will be taken to secure and publish correct information on all matters affecting the Church and Catholic life. The work of our organizations will be developed and directed toward the fuller attainment of Catholic aims.

FOREIGN MISSIONS

The growth of the Church in our country is due, principally, to missionary labors. We are now enjoying their fruits, and we are deeply concerned that the harvest should increase. But we cannot forget that we owe a duty to the missions in other countries. Freely we have received; let us freely give in return.

Quite recently, Pope Benedict XV, made eloquent appeal to all the faithful in behalf of the Foreign Missions. To cooperate with his noble endeavor, we have established a special department which has for its object the care and furtherance of our missionary work. The problems which confront it are more serious now and the need of action more urgent, on account of the changes and losses which the War has occasioned. We, therefore, look for a generous response to the Holy Father's appeal, and to that which we are making for the support and extension of our Catholic Foreign Missions.

NEEDS OF THE HOLY SEE

In the midst of the turmoil of war, the Holy Father gave his thought and energy without reserve to those in every country who are suffering and helpless. With the restoration of peace, he has redoubled his efforts. In our filial devotion he finds comfort and reason to hope for the future. Our assistance at the present time will give him special consolation, owing to the fact that, in so many other countries, his children are no longer able to share with him their scanty needs. Let us, on our part, fulfill their loyal desire. Let it suffice for American Catholics to know that the Holy Father is in need.

THE NATIONAL SHRINE

In this regard we cannot refrain from expressing our gratitude to the Holy Father for his unflinching counsel, direction and encouragement, particularly in his recent Letter to the Bishops of the United States, in which he commands most cordially to our Catholic people the happy completion of the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception at the National Capital, as a noble monument of our love for Mary Immaculate, the Celestial Patroness of the Church in the United States and the glorious Queen of Peace.

We have thus set before you, dearly beloved, the more striking features of our situation, its opportunities and most urgent needs. We have indicated the principles which must shape and develop our Catholic life in order that we may render effectual service to the Church and to our country.

Let us once more remind you of two essential duties. The first, that you continually offer up prayer and supplication for all men, beseeching the God of Mercies to direct their hearts in the way of peace and concord. The second, that you show forth in your own lives, in your homes, your social intercourse and your dealings with others, the beauty of our Catholic Faith, its power to strengthen the soul in trial, its eff-

iciency for the accomplishment of the duties which charity and justice prescribe.

Doing these things you will advance the Kingdom of God upon earth and give honor to our Lord Jesus Christ.

Given at Washington, September 26, 1919.

In his own name and in the name of the Hierarchy.

JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS, Archbishop of Baltimore.

CHAIR OF FRENCH

AT THE UNIVERSITY OF ANTIGONISH

JAMES BOYLE, ST. F. X. UNIVERSITY

On Nov. 28, 1919, the Carnegie Corporation of New York appropriated \$50,000 to St. Francis Xavier College for the establishment of a professorship of French on condition that an additional sum of \$50,000 be raised for the College for the purposes mentioned in the application which was made to them on October 29, 1919. One of these purposes is the securing of scholarships for deserving Acadian students, and the other the establishment of a Lectureship in Education.

EDUCATIONAL BENEFACTIONS

Educational benefactions are the signs of the times. They are among the immense impulses which the present moment is bringing everywhere to the great cause of education. They prove beyond doubt the willingness of the rich to come to the aid of education and progress.

The will of the late Henry Clay Frick published recently in New York is a case in point. To Princeton University he left \$15,000,000; to Harvard University, \$5,000,000; and to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, \$5,000,000. Indeed the vast benefactions received by American Universities in recent years are an object lesson to Canadians and are indicative of what may happen in Canada. The recognition of St. Francis Xavier College and its needs by so powerful an agency as the Carnegie Corporation emphasizes the value of an appeal which no deserving institution should hesitate to make.

There are men and women in Canada who have great possessions. If our Universities can attract their attention and arouse their interest they can be induced by the great common purpose of Education to transmit their wealth into memorials "more enduring than gold." To provide leadership in the modern world, universities must be prepared to do things on a big scale. Nothing but large donations can supply the material equipment, facilities, research, etc. which the modern University must have, among other things, if it is to maintain its hold and leave its stamp upon the professional, commercial, industrial and political life of the people.

THE CARNEGIE BENEFACTIONS

It may be interesting to the readers of THE RECORD to review briefly the more important acts of benevolence of Andrew Carnegie in whose personality wealth and a sense of responsibility united. His belief that riches were a sacred trust is clearly set forth in the following passage taken from his essay under the title of "The Gospel of Wealth" and no man ever lived up to his belief with greater consistency: "This, then, is the duty of the man of wealth; to set an example of modest unostentatious living, shunning display or extravagance; to provide moderately for the legitimate wants of those dependent upon him; and after doing so, to consider all surplus revenues which come to him simply as trust funds, which he is called upon to administer, and strictly bound as a matter of duty to administer in the manner which, in his judgment, is best calculated to produce the most beneficial results for the community."

My authority for the facts presented in this section of the article is Dr. Clyde Furst, Secretary of the Carnegie Foundation, from whom I am quoting.

During thirty years Mr. Carnegie practiced the difficult art of giving on a scale which won for him world-wide recognition. Among the first objects of his benevolence were his native town of Dunfermline in Scotland and Pittsburgh, his adopted home. After much experimenting in the art of philanthropy "his attention concentrated upon a limited number of dominant interests—good reading, music, science, heroism, education and peace." From these resulted the building of 3,000 "Carnegie Libraries" in the English-speaking world; the installation of 8,000 church organs; the establishment of the Carnegie Hero Funds in America and Europe for the recognition of chivalry and heroism; great endowments to universities and colleges, including \$10,000,000 to aid the Scottish universities; other immense gifts for social and educational advancement such as the establishment of the Institution for the Advancement of Science, the Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching; the Endowment for International Peace, the Church Peace Union, the Central American Court of Justice, the Pan American Union, and the Peace Palace at The Hague.

The greater number of these benevolences took the form of permanent institutions. Such are the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh, the Carnegie Institution of Washington, established in 1902 "to encourage investigation, research and discovery," the

Carnegie Hero Fund Commission, the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching "organized with two functions, educational inquiry and the payment of retiring allowances to college professors and pensions to their widows" and the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

The latest of Mr. Carnegie's establishments, the Carnegie Corporation of New York, with the largest endowment ever recorded, was inaugurated in 1912, for the study and promotion of philanthropy itself. While chiefly continuing the founder's activity in providing libraries, giving to colleges, adding to the support of his earlier establishments and making large gifts for War work, it has carried out studies of the public usefulness of libraries, library schools, social centres and legal aid societies.

"The resources of this group of institutions, while small when compared with those of any well-known insurance company or bank, are unparalleled in philanthropy, and potential for incalculable good. (Hero Fund, five; Peace Endowment, ten; Institution, twenty-two; Institute, twenty-six; Foundation, twenty-nine; Corporation, one hundred and twenty-five millions). They have been entrusted to the care of more than a hundred well-known men, chosen with Mr. Carnegie's characteristic discrimination."

CARNEGIE AND DENOMINATIONAL COLLEGES

It had long been an opinion among Catholics that none of the Carnegie money was open to them and the Carnegie Foundation has stood the brunt of many an attack both from Catholics and Protestants on account of its alleged godlessness. We have heard it said that a certain Protestant bishop in an address to his people on the injunctives of the Carnegie Foundation demanded whether his people wanted God or Carnegie. It seems to be more than probable that when Mr. Carnegie set up the Foundation he was opposed to education as conducted by religious bodies, but towards the end of his life and through the influence of the men in charge of the Foundation he came to a saner way of thinking and as a result established in 1912 the Carnegie Corporation in New York with a capital of one hundred and twenty-five millions, the income from which is distributed without reference to race or creed. Mr. Carnegie anticipated the future of his organizations by conferring upon their trustees and their successors power to modify their work from time to time, authorizing them to apply the revenue in a different manner to that specified, should coming days bring such changes as to render this necessary.

It was already noted that the resources of the Carnegie Foundation only amount to twenty-nine millions. In the constitution of the Foundation it is stipulated by law that pensions are to be paid only to teachers in so-called non-sectarian institutions, but the wisdom and broadmindedness of Dr. Prichett, President of the Carnegie Foundation, and the other men who are associated with him, have devised a means by which this objectionable feature will in time be eliminated. In the constitution of the Foundation, it was expressly stated that the right of changing the rules governing the granting of allowances was reserved to the trustees.

The fitness of the men in charge of the Carnegie organizations is thus commented upon by Lord Morley: "It is impossible not to admire the pains he has taken in inducing the right man to co-operate as trustee and in fitting them with sympathy. Without any miscarriage would have been certain. It has been his just pride and pleasure to find men capable of his own zeal, and to give their time and attention without reward except the reward of conscience and public duty."

As time went on the original system of pensioning began to show defects. Free pensions distributed to a limited number of institutions involved discriminations that became more and more difficult to justify, and the promise of a free pension held before the eyes of a young professor of twenty or thirty tended to have a demoralizing effect upon him. The hope of getting something for nothing is not the best stimulus for a young man in a democratic country. And so the Carnegie Foundation entered upon the establishment of an Annuity and an Insurance Association for teachers. The result has been the Teachers' Insurance and Annuity Association of America, established in 1918. Its funds were provided by the Carnegie Corporation. Its purpose is to provide insurance and annuities at minimum cost for teachers and other persons (even clerks, busmen, etc.) and to offer policies best adapted to the needs of such persons and to conduct the business without profit, the overhead expenses being carried by the Carnegie money. Teachers are thus enabled to provide for themselves by Annuities and for those depending on them by insurance policies. The facilities of this association are open to the general body of teachers in the colleges and Universities in the United States, Canada and Newfoundland, irrespective of denominational or State control. Even permanent officials who are not teachers can participate. It is unnecessary to add that teaching Sisters and professors of theology may share in the advantages of this Association. Under conditions established, a young pro-

fessor at 30 can carry \$5,000 of insurance at an approximate cost of \$5.00 per month. By a similar monthly payment, he may secure an Annuity contract which, if he lives to sixty-five, will afford an annual income of \$1,000, or in case of death before that age, will be added with its accumulations to the insurance payment.

It must be remembered, however, that there is a large body of teachers in the associated institutions under the old rules who have what may be called just and reasonable expectations against the Foundation, and who have construed the privileges granted them as contracts. It is plain that old and tried teachers in these institutions who are nearing retirement have expected one of a very different sort from those of the young men in these same institutions of the age of 25 or 30. The young men, for instance, can take advantage of the Annuities and insurance offered, whereas the older man would not be likely to do so at their present age. The situation summed up then in a few words is this; the Foundation will have to carry out, during the next 40 or 50 years, the original plans more or less and the income of the Foundation for some years to come will have to pay pensions to the teachers in the Associated Colleges. As the income is set free (and it will all be set free in about 50 years) it will be expended for the Advancement of Teaching along such lines as the trustees may decide from time to time. This will eliminate the one and the main cause of complaint that denominational colleges have had against Mr. Carnegie's benefactions.

The gift to St. Francis Xavier College is to far as we know the third largest gift made to a Catholic college and the second largest to a Jesuit institution, one third of a million in 1917, on condition that it would raise twice as much from other sources. Other grants received by Catholic Colleges were; the Jesuits, \$12,000 in 1916, and \$16,500 in 1917; the College of St. Thomas, at St. Paul \$25,000 in 1908, and St. Viateur's College, Illinois, \$32,000 in 1906.

AN ACADIAN POINT OF VIEW

From a letter received recently from an Acadian I quote the following paragraphs, bearing on the Carnegie gift: "The recent announcement that the Carnegie Corporation has appropriated to our University, for educational purposes, the handsome sum of fifty thousand dollars, should serve to arouse our appreciation and stimulate our active interest in the work our College is doing. This donation brings St. F. X. College into recognition and secures for it affiliation with a most powerful instrument for educational betterment.

The Directors of the Carnegie Foundation offer assistance to any deserving educational institution. The aim of the institution is to promote education generally, and to accomplish this purpose it extends its field of work beyond national boundaries and confines its interest to no particular race or creed. This is a noble policy. Too bad such magnanimity is so rarely apparent in human organizations. We have heard a great deal lately of the need for organization. It is a necessary factor in advancement. But while organization of the proper sort is indeed essential to progress, on the other hand organization of the improper sort is an obstruction to progress. An organized body that is inconsiderate of the welfare of others, that is self-sufficient and that is actuated by a narrow-spirited policy does great harm to other people, to the country, and ultimately brings itself into disrepute. Petty group organization is very detrimental to the prosperous growth of a new country and eventually brings about a sort of stagnation in the way of living.

"The Carnegie Foundation since its establishment has proven what can be accomplished by a policy of benevolence and good will towards everybody. The recent gift of the Carnegie Corporation to our College bears with it an important moral lesson.

"We in Canada are a composite people. A prosperous country with equal opportunities to everybody is our aim. Our interests are mutual. I believe that if the people of Canada ever hope to attain to the position of prosperity that the resources of the country and the talents of the people justify, there must be a better attempt at co-ordination of efforts. There must be no wasteful dissipation nor loss of energy. The Carnegie people have taught a lesson well worthy of observation."

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE GIFT

The gift to St. Francis Xavier College is a worthy one and it goes to a worthy institution. Besides its material advantage it has a sentimental and a moral significance. It is a happy gift and a happy thought that it should go to the Acadians. Although a "melancholy fate" had left their forefathers penniless to begin the world anew, it did not prevent their descendants from building up, by thrift and patient toil, their communities which today are large, prosperous and free. They form a large and highly respected portion of our population. Broadminded and progressive, they are splendid citizens and patriots, as their war record amply shows. Only a small number of Acadian students come to St. Francis Xavier

College, although the number is increasing. They are men of promise who bring to their studies a welcome zeal and a determination to succeed. French students as well as others at St. Francis Xavier realize that they will be judged solely on the basis of manhood and ability. No difference what a man's nationality is, and we may add his creed, he receives a square deal, and there is not a breath of suspicion that a man was ever discriminated against because of his race or creed.

Realizing as I do that the destiny of this country is in the hands of the English speaking and the French speaking races, commingling in concord, I should like to see both languages in common use and in common esteem. We do not want the Acadians to lose their mother tongue but on the contrary we want to help them preserve it and to perfect it, while offering them the advantages of our other courses; for true educational progress omits nothing that is precious in the old system and nothing that is promising in the new.

I believe that the establishment of a French Chair and of Scholarships at the University of Antigonish is a notable educational advance. It will foster the bonds existing between the two races; it will bring about an interchange of ideas and an interchange of students and professors between the English and the French Colleges; it will promote good citizenship and cultivate good will which requires active co-operation with others; and it will do much to rivet the already existing bond of amity.

CHRISTIANITY AHEAD OF THE TIMES

Christianity is always out of fashion as it is always sane and all fashions are mild insanities. The Church always seems to be behind the times, when it is really beyond the times.—G. K. Chesterton.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

Almonte, Ontario.

Dear Friends,—I came to Canada to seek vocations for the Chinese Missions which are greatly in need of priests. In my parish alone there are three cities and a thousand villages to be evangelized and only two priests. Since I arrived in Canada a number of youths have expressed their desire to study for the Chinese mission but there are no funds to educate them. I appeal to your charity to assist in founding burses for the education of these and others who desire to become missionaries in China. Five thousand dollars will found a bursar. The interest on this amount will support a student when he is ordained and goes off to the mission another will be taken in and so on forever. All imbued with the Catholic spirit of propagating Faith to the ends of the earth, will, I am sure, contribute generously to this fund.

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

I propose the following burses for subscription.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes entries like SACRED HEART BURSE, ST. ANTHONY'S BURSE, QUEEN OF APOSTLES BURSE, etc.

SACRED HEART BURSE

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes entries like Previously acknowledged \$4,198 55, Michael P. Ryan, River Ryan, N. H., Guelph, 2 00, etc.

ST. ANTHONY'S BURSE

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes entries like Previously acknowledged \$804 20, Mrs. Pat Cunningham, 5 00, etc.

QUEEN OF APOSTLES BURSE

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes entries like Previously acknowledged \$1,834 00, COMPOSITOR OF THE AFFLICTED BURSE, etc.

COMPOSITOR OF THE AFFLICTED BURSE

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes entries like Previously acknowledged \$282 70, A Child of Mary, Bornholm, 10 00, etc.

ST. JOSEPH, PATRON OF CHINA, BURSE

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes entries like Previously acknowledged \$1,254 97, BLESSED SACRAMENT BURSE, etc.

BLESSED SACRAMENT BURSE

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes entries like Previously acknowledged \$225 25, ST. FRANCIS XAVIER BURSE, etc.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER BURSE

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes entries like Previously acknowledged \$282 80, HOLY NAME OF JESUS BURSE, etc.

HOLY NAME OF JESUS BURSE

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes entries like Previously acknowledged \$196 00, HOLY SOULS BURSE, etc.

HOLY SOULS BURSE

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. M. DOSSAERT

THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT

THE MAN POSSESSED BY A DEVIL IS A TYPE OF THE SINNER

St. Matthew records in somewhat more detail the same miracle of which we read in today's Gospel. He tells us: "Then was offered to Him (Jesus) one possessed with a devil, blind and dumb." It very often happened, when a devil took possession of a man's body, that he was rendered blind or dumb, deaf or lame, being prevented from using one or more of his senses. In this case the man possessed by a devil was certainly most miserable, for he lived in the world, but could see nothing of all around him, being encompassed by impenetrable darkness. He had the use of his speech, and could not communicate his sorrows and suffering to anyone, nor seek sympathy in his troubles.

This poor man is a type of a sinner. In his case the devil had taken bodily possession of him, and in a similar fashion, when a man sins, he opens the door of his heart to his enemy, who enters and takes possession of him spiritually, influencing more or less all his actions, thoughts and desires. The man brought to our Lord was blind and dumb in consequence of being possessed by a devil, and in the same way the sinner is made blind and dumb. A sinner lives in the Church of God like a blind man in the world; he is a wretched, unhappy creature, perceiving nothing of the dignity and beauty of the Church. He is blind, for he cannot see the way that leads to salvation, and so he wanders along devious paths, hurries irresistibly down towards the abyss, not looking whether he goes and not recognizing his peril. A sinner is blind as to his own condition. A man whose eyesight has failed him is aware that he may easily miss the right road, and so he trusts others to guide him. But a sinner, being spiritually blind, considers himself enlightened, and believes that he is going along a safe road; he stands on the brink of a precipice and refuses to see it. A sinner is blind as to the nature of sin, which he regards as something quite unimportant, as the result of human weakness, which God overlooks or at least readily forgives. He is blind, too, as to the consequences of sin in time and in eternity, and looks upon penance as quite unnecessary, failing to recognize God's punishments in the misfortunes that befall him, and deeming himself far too good for hell, which, in his opinion, created only for thieves and murderers.

2. The sinner is also spiritually dumb. He does not speak to praise God, for he never prays, and mentions God only in order to blaspheme, abuse, curse and calumniate Him; it is impossible really to pray with fervor and sincerity, and to continue to be a sinner. He is dumb, when he ought to speak and prevent others from sinning. How many fathers and mothers, how many employers and superiors refrain from speech and say nothing, when they notice anything wrong in the case of their children or subordinates! How many children and servants are dumb, when they know that their companions are acting wickedly! They are silent, instead of communicating their knowledge to the proper people, in order that sin may be averted and the wrongdoing remedied. A sinner is often dumb when he ought to confess his sins in the Sacrament of Penance, and this renders him the most miserable of men, since he conceals his malady from the physician who could cure him, and thus the disease consumes his strength until at last he succumbs completely to it.

You see, therefore, what is the sinner's plight; he is blind and dumb; and we are all, more or less, a prey to these afflictions, because we are all sinners. St. John writes: "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." Who is there able to heal us, to open our eyes and restore our speech? Jesus Christ, who cured the man possessed by a devil, alone can cure us; but He is willing to help us, and He is particularly willing now, when Easter is near at hand; He will cast out the evil spirit from our hearts when we make our Easter Confession, and will Himself come to be our guest at our Easter Communion.

Hasten, therefore, to the Divine Physician, and implore Him to open your eyes, that you may realize the condition of your soul, and see all your sins, and then confess them frankly and honestly, with true contrition, in the holy Sacrament of Penance, and thus you will be reconciled with your heavenly Father, and, as children of God, will walk henceforth on the right way. Amen.

FAITH AND THE CONVERT

Some few years ago a convert to Catholicism told in these words why he made the change:

"I became a convert because of the certainty of Catholics. They not only believe their Church is right, and the only one that is right, but they know it and feel it in their marrow—they have faith. I got talking religion the other day to a bricklayer who was working for me, and asked him 'Are you so dead sure that the Catholic religion is true and just as Christ left it?'"

"Sure!" he exclaimed, as he put a brick in place and troweled it with mortar, "I am as sure of it as that this brick will never come out!" Then laying another brick, he added, "I'm surer. Man lays bricks: God Himself laid Peter's Rock."

MASS IN THE EARLY CHURCH

REV. B. X. O'REILLY

If the Mass be a "superstition and a blasphemous fable" we may say that the Church fell into evil ways in the very first days of her existence. It is contended by Harnack that the Christian Church up to the middle of the third century did not possess the sacrifice of the Mass as the Church now understands it. If this be true then the Council of Trent errs when it declares that in the Mass "the Priests offer up, in obedience to the command of Christ, His Body and Blood."

It may be admitted that the early Church paid more attention to the spiritual and subjective side of sacrifice and laid particular stress on prayer and thanksgiving in the Eucharistic rite. This does not mean that the early Church rejected the objective sacrifice and believed that it only a spiritual sacrifice was expressed by "Eucharistic thanksgiving." It cannot be denied that there has been a dogmatic development and that the Church has passed from an indefinite to a definite statement regarding the sacrificial character of the Eucharist. It is only an assumption and it has not been proved that the Church has made any change in her idea of the Mass. The oldest literary monument that we have, which dates back to the latter part of the first century and which is called "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," refers to the "breaking of bread" as a "sacrifice." It refers to the words in the Gospel of Saint Matthew, where one must be reconciled with one's enemies before the sacrifice. In conclusion the work refers to the prophecy of Malachi, which shows that it considered the Eucharistic rite as objective and real sacrifice. The earliest positive statement that we find is from Ignatius of Antioch, who died in the year 107, and was a disciple of the Apostles. Speaking of the Eucharist he says, "There is only one Flesh of our Lord Jesus Christ, only one chalice containing His one Blood, and one Altar, as also one Bishop with the priesthood and the deacons." Since he refers to an "Altar" and a "priesthood" he evidently means that there is a real sacrifice in the Eucharist.

It is urged that many of the early writers, notably Justin the Martyr, referred to prayer and thanksgiving as the "one perfect sacrifice acceptable to God." From this they argue that interior spiritual sacrifice was the only one known in the early Church. That Justin the Martyr did not exclude an exterior and objective sacrifice is evident from his Dialogue, in which he speaks of the "food offering" of the lepers as a gift offering and a figure of the Bread of the Eucharist, which Jesus commanded to be offered in commemoration of His sufferings. He then speaks of the sacrifices which the Jews formerly offered and of which Malachi spoke when he declared that the Lord would have no further pleasure with them. He then continues "by the sacrifices, however, which we Gentiles present to Him in every place, that is of the Bread of the Eucharist and likewise of the Chalice of the Eucharist. He then said that we glorified His Name while in communion with Him. This surely means an objective sacrifice. The early Christians may not have been explicit in their words concerning the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, but we must bear in mind that they were restrained by the "discipline of the secret" and in many instances they wished to repudiate any connection with the pagan sacrifices. The words of Tertullian are quite plain: "We offer no sacrifice because we cannot eat both the spirit of God and that of demons. That he does not in these words deny the existence of a Christian sacrifice is evident from another passage where he calls Holy Communion "participation in the sacrifice," which is accomplished "on the altar of God." When we come to the time of Irenaeus of Lyons, who died in the middle of the second century, we find a complete and clear statement that the Eucharist is a true sacrifice. He speaks of "bread and wine" as objective gift offerings and maintains that these elements become the "Body and Blood" of the Lord through consecration. This is the Mass as celebrated in the Catholic Church today. In his letters against heretics he declares that the Church alone "offers the pure oblation" but the Jews "did not receive the Word which is offered to God."

The testimony of Saint Augustine is even more clear and explicit. He declares most emphatically that every religion, whether true or false, must have an exterior form of celebration and worship. He speaks of the Christians who "commemorate the Sacrifice consummated on the Cross by the holiest oblation and participation of the Body and Blood of Christ." In his City of God he says that the Mass is the "highest and true sacrifice," Christ being at once "Priest and Victim." He reminds the Jews that the sacrifice of Malachi is now made in every place from the rising of the sun to

the going down thereof. He tells how his mother, Monica, asks that she be remembered at the altar and that she had assisted daily at Mass. From the time of Augustine down to the Reformation there is a constant belief in the Christian Church that the Mass is a sacrifice in the true sense of that word. If the Catholic Church today is guilty of idolatry, if the Mass be a "superstition" and "blasphemous fable," the Church fell into that superstition in Apostolic times and the earliest and greatest doctors of the Church propagated and defended this "blasphemous fable."

POPULARITY NO STANDARD

The Dean of Saint Paul's Cathedral, London, the Hon. Dean, as he is called by his fellow Anglicans, preached a rather startling sermon a few Sundays since. Only during the last week did the text reach the United States. The Dean finds little hope for anything. Civilization has gone to the eternal bow-wows, the Church has proved a miserable failure, and the world will never again be a good place to live in. The only hope is for the Church to come down from its pedestal and regain its former popularity with the masses.

The Church of which the Dean is an estimable clergyman may have placed itself upon a pedestal. It might do "the Church by law established," that church which is ruled by royal blood, a great deal of good to get down among the masses and make itself popular. Speaking for the old Mother Church, she has never placed herself upon a pedestal. She has always gloried in being the Church of the masses but she will never be popular.

If the Church of Christ became popular it would be at the expense of the commission that Christ gave to her. It would mean that she was false to the example of Christ Himself. The Church can achieve popularity only by pandering to the passions of men, by sanctioning divorce, condoning impurity, by over-looking dishonesty and by closing her eyes to the perversity of nations and of individuals. Christ would have been popular had He kept silent when confronted by the hypocrisy of the Scribes and Pharisees. Had the Baptist been kind, indulgent and diplomatic when brought into the presence of the pair of adulterers, he might have retained his popularity and his head. Had he ranted about the sacredness of human love, which is so common today, he would have won rounds of applause. It was a most undiplomatic and unpopular thing for him to do when he hurled at the head of the tetrarch that uncompromising sentence: "It is not lawful for you to have your brother's wife." Had the martyrs renounced their faith they would have been popular with the Caesars.

The world hates and persecutes the Church, as the world hated and persecuted Christ, her Founder. He warned His disciples: "If the world hates you, know that it hath hated Me before you. If you had been of the world the world would love its own; but because you are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you. Remember My word that I said to you, the servant is not greater than his Master, for they have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you. Yes, the hour cometh when whosoever killeth you, will think that he doth a service to God."—Catholic Sun.

THE DEPARTED CANNOT RETURN

Recent effusions of scientists who have achieved a really notable place among the world's great scientific men show clearly that the "workman should stick to his last." The unfortunate and unenviable figure that they cut when they leave their chosen realm and dabble in matters beyond their experience, training and discretion is proof certain that error is always ready to get new proponents.

Nones will for a moment question the veracity and natural ability of Sir Oliver Lodge along the lines of his chosen profession. He exceeds his powers and training, however, when he attempts to console the world by telling it that there is real communication between the souls of the departed and men in this life.

It is demonstrable that spirits have often deceived men. Under exorcism they have declared their real identity. They have admitted that they were fallen spirits and had deluded their hearers. The most preposterous and irrational messages have at times proceeded from these agencies. Dabbling with the spirit world has been proclaimed even in these recent days to be a source of extreme danger to the experimenters. One college stated that the use of the ouija board had threatened to wreck the nerves of many of its students. As a matter of plain fact, even considering the phenomena from a rational point of view, it is evident that the departed cannot and do not communicate with the living.

That there is something marvelous can be admitted. But that these marvels proceed from our departed is untenable. A just and wise God cannot be the author of frivolities. Nor can His good angels be the agencies at work, for the reason that they are the friends of God and act only at His bidding. Granted that the

lost souls might, absolutely speaking, communicate their thoughts to the spirit intelligences, and through them manifest their state or thoughts to men, what would they have to communicate that would be of advantage to the world? Their fallen state would make men shudder and turn them forever against such practices. This would put an end to dabbling with the spirits and they know it too well to try it. Hence it is not they who appear and speak. It cannot be the saved who communicate, because they are the friends of God and act only at His command. The departed by death have lost the means of communication with earth and material things.

It is not God, therefore, nor the good angels nor the lost or saved souls, hence it must be the satanic agencies at work to deceive men and draw them aside for their own spiritual and often temporal ruin. It is particularly unfortunate to see otherwise clever men lend themselves to this fraud. It is clear that the clever man "sticks to his last" the safer he is.—The Pilot.

THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

The first effect of the Blessed Eucharist is to unite us ultimately with Jesus Christ, not only by faith and charity, but also by the Real Presence of His sacred flesh and precious blood.

The effect is to augment, confirm and preserve in us the spiritual life of grace. That is to say, it renders it firmer, because the health of the soul becomes stronger by partaking of that divine nourishment. It preserves it by the strength which it gives us, enabling us to resist all that might deprive us of it, whether coming from the devil, the world or the flesh. "As the living Father hath sent Me," says Christ, "and I live by the Father; so he that eateth Me shall live by Me." The third effect of the Blessed Eucharist is, to weaken concupiscence and to moderate the violence of our passions. Concupiscence is the inclination we have to sin. The term "passions" includes all the disorderly motions which urge us to sin; pride, greed, revenge, anger, lust. The Blessed Eucharist weakens the inclination to sin by making it less active. It moderates the violence of our passions; calms and checks them.

The fourth effect is to give us the pledge of eternal life and of a glorious resurrection; of life everlasting; the life enjoyed by the blessed in Heaven. Our Lord and Saviour has promised that the just shall rise in a glorified state at the end of the world.

Such being this great and glorious sacrament, we are required to prove ourselves before receiving it, bearing in mind the warning that he who eateth unworthily eateth damnation to himself, not discerning the body of the Lord. We are therefore obliged to examine carefully the state of our soul, in the light of our conscience, and we must seek the Sacrament of Penance with honest and proper dispositions, and there accuse ourselves of our sins, and ask for absolution from the priest who gives it as the appointed minister of the sacrament, by the power of Christ. We must repent; we must resolve to break habits of sin and to avoid persons and places which are the proximate cause of sin to us. We must be animated by faith, hope and charity. Faith must be lively, that is, it must be accompanied by charity. Without charity it is dead. Hope is the virtue which makes us expect, with firm confidence, from the infinite goodness of God, all the blessings He has promised to us; His grace in this life; and His glory in the next. Faith is a virtue which makes us believe in God and in all truths which He has revealed and proposes to us by His Church.

Hope is firm when it is accompanied by great confidence in the goodness of God. Such confidence was possessed by St. Paul when he said: "Who then shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation? Or distress? Or famine? Or nakedness? Or the sword? (As it is written: For thy sake we are put to death, all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.) But in all these things we overcome. Become of Him that hath loved us. For I am sure that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Charity is a virtue which makes us love God above all things and our neighbors as ourselves. Charity should be ardent; and it is ardent when it is accompanied by a holy fervor, so that it may be felt in our hearts.

These three virtues, faith, hope and charity are called the theological virtues because they relate immediately to God. God is believed in by faith; He is expected by hope; and He is loved by charity.

To approach the Blessed Eucharist worthily we must have these virtues. We must also have sentiments of humility, adoration and gratitude. If, thus animated, we are without grave sin, or have confessed with sorrow and honest disposition for our future conduct, and have been absolved in the Sacrament of Penance, we are entitled to receive the Sacrament of the Blessed Eucharist. If we receive it otherwise we are worse off than we were before; having added to all our other sins the horrible sin of sacrilege.—The Caske,

THE FAITH OF PASTEUR

The faith of a scientist has been unveiled in no more striking manner in the nineteenth century than in the life and words of the century's greatest scientist, Louis Pasteur. Any doubts that may have existed about Pasteur's practical Catholicity have been finally cleared away by a letter from the chancellor of the diocese of St. Claude where Pasteur was born and raised and where his remains lie buried, between those of his good Catholic father and mother. The chancellor also verifies the oft quoted words spoken by Pasteur a

few years before his death at the commencement exercises of the College of Dole. "When one has studied much he comes back to the faith of the Breton peasant; as to me had I studied more, I would have had the faith of the Breton peasant woman." Science with faith produced Pasteur, Mendel, Volta and others; science without faith has produced Huxley, Spencer, Darwin and their followers.—The Pilot.

Faith is all powerful; it conquers everything, and despises worldly goods, since it is sure of eternal bliss.—Savonarola.

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We must do all things from love, and nothing from constraint. We must love obedience rather than fear disobedience.—St. Francis of Sales.

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MARCH, 6, 1920

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE SUNDAY NEWSPAPER

Sixty-nine pages of rubbish. Twenty-two pages of rot. Forty-six pages of scandal vile. Served to us piping hot. Seventeen hundred pictures—Death, disease and despair—Lies and fakes and fakes and lies stuck in 'most everywhere. Thirty-four comic pages. Printed in reds, greens and blues; Thousands of items we don't care to read. But only two columns of news.

—The Bulletin

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

Abused and misused word! One seldom hears the real gentleman so designated; one never sees him advertised or advertising himself as such: the real gentleman never blows his own horn, never solicits notoriety in that guise. The man heralded as a gentleman—usually the Chesterfield type—is a counterfeiter. The man who is a gentleman remains obscure. He need not—and therefore, does not—trust his gentleness (or gentility, or what you will) upon you; he never poses; he—and what is a matter of course—should be taken for granted being so patently obvious.

But how misunderstood and misapplied the term has been! From a pungent string of couplets by R. M. Freeman, we select these, as evidencing the general tendency to specialize:

- Define me, some one, if you can The elusive term of gentleman. Says Vere de Vere, "A man is he Of pure blue-blooded ancestry." Says Newman Prig, "He's best defined As one who has a cultured mind." Says Midas, "Culture? Blood? Fool! Dash! The true criterion is cash." "Tis clear enough he's one," says Shiraz, "Who for his living doesn't work." "A pal," cries Bella Flaps, "who's prime At giving girls a tip-top time." Between these various views they voice, Come, pay your money, take your choice.

Now, any of these may be a gentleman; but that he is a gentleman because of the attributes named—descent, breeding, culture, wealth, illness, aptitudes—is sheer nonsense. A man may have a genealogical achievement of sixteen quarters; may pass his moments clipping coupons; may know Ben Jonson's middle name and be able to dilate on Socratic philosophy; may know how to toy with a tenepuc and unannounced dowagers; may have leisure to be frantically busy doing a deal of nothing; may be a man-about-town; may never talk of anything less important than society, if anything can be less important; and not one of these enviable (?) qualifications—not all of them combined—can constitute him a gentleman.

Misused term! In the field of sports, an amateur is called a gentleman, e. g., a gentleman jockey. In law, a gentleman is a respectable man who engages in no occupation or profession regularly for gain. In Burke and books on genealogy and heraldry, the word is used to denote "one of good family though not noble; one entitled to bear a coat of arms; sometimes, any one above the social condition of a yeoman." The word is also used to mean a servant; especially a "gentleman, one Cesario," "the count's gentleman, one Cesario," says Shakespeare; and in the same way it is modernly used, more or less sarcastically: "a gentleman's gentleman"—though, more often than not the valet is the greater gentleman of the two.

It used to be said that seven tailors were necessary to make a gentleman; Goldsmith asserted that "to make a fine gentleman, several trades are required, but chiefly a barber." How badly Locke flunked in his definition: "Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company, and reflection must finish him." Locke missed the point; and yet, perhaps he was right in saying that reading and good company will "finish" a gentleman; much of modern reading, much of modern "good" company, would finish any one, gentle or other, wise! Education cannot make a devil a gentleman, any more than lack of education can deprive him of that attribute. You and I know gentlemen, in the truest sense, who cannot write or spell their name, who cannot give their age, who even cannot discourse authoritatively on the subtleties of scholasticism! As for the plea that a gentleman is one who enjoys doing for his neighbors a dozen of us grubbing toilers to support one such "gentleman."

Cardinal Newman's definition has become a classic on the subject: "It is almost the definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never gives pain." He carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast, all flashing of opinion or collision of feeling, all distrust or suspicion or gloom. He tries to make every one glad at ease and at home. He has his eyes on all the company. He is kinder towards the bashful, gentle towards the absurd. He can recollect to whom he is speaking; he

guards against unreasonable allusions or topics that may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome.

"He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled; never defends himself by mere retort. He has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and he interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes; never takes an unfair advantage; never mistakes personalities or shers arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. He has too much sense to be affronted at insult. He is too busy to remember injuries, and too wise to bear malice. If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, though less educated minds, which like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean.

He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust. He is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive."—B. F. M. in Catholic Standard and Times.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

LOOK PLEASANT

We cannot, of course, all be handsome, And it's hard for us all to be good; We are sure now and then to be lonesome, And we don't always do as we should.

To be patient is not always easy, To be cheerful is much harder still, But at least we can always be pleasant, If we make up our minds that we will.

And it pays every time to be kindly, Although we feel worried and blue; If you smile at the world and look cheerful, The world will soon smile back at you.

So try to brace up and look pleasant, No matter how low you are down; Good humor is always contagious, But you banish your friends when you frown.

RAGS

Billy Connor was a boy—a real boy—just as his father was a big, real man. He had known eight plentiful Christmases and was quite grown up, he thought. He had the usual boy's face, salted with freckles and crowned by a tuft of yellow hair. His mother, he would have told you, was the nicest mother in all the world. She loved him, of course, tenderly, and he in turn loved her above all others, and came to dilate on Socratic philosophy; may know how to toy with a tenepuc and unannounced dowagers; may have leisure to be frantically busy doing a deal of nothing; may be a man-about-town; may never talk of anything less important than society, if anything can be less important; and not one of these enviable (?) qualifications—not all of them combined—can constitute him a gentleman.

Besides possessing a wonderful mother, Billy was singularly blessed in having a generous papa—a regular Santa Claus, who stopped short of no expense when buying presents for him was concerned; so much so in fact, that he became the envy of the boy-world in which he moved. He had more toys than any other boy in Longwood; and, too, was he not sole owner and operator of a real "honest-to-goodness" steam engine? To Billy what was all this compared with the one treasure he held most dear? Indeed, excepting his mamma and papa, what were all the blessings he had received in comparison with Rags?

Rags was Billy's dog; a big, ragged brown Irish setter, with a hammer head, a bushy tail, and shaggy, clumsy feet. It was no uncommon experience to meet them—boy and dog—out for their daily ramble or returning mud-bespattered and weary, from their weekly hunt; the dog a picture of perfect devotion and the boy with an air of supreme command and conscious importance. It was clear that each understood the other, or, rather, Rags understood Billy. And as Billy knew Rags was good company and not a vaudeville partner to entertain him, he was content to let good enough alone. As a result, each knew his place and kept it; and hence, from this mutual recognition of each other's rights, there had arisen a friendship between them that nothing could shake.

Billy was supremely happy as a consequence. Since Rags came into his life he could not recall a day that had not been sunny. His boyhood sky thus far had known few clouds. But with true boyish intuition, he knew that somehow this could not last forever; he felt that the storm was inevitable. Still, what he did not take into account was the possibility of a storm near at hand. And so, all without warning; swift and suddenly it came.

His father came home one dismal evening and announced that he had accepted a contract in Chicago and there they must go to live in a big apartment with elevators and daisy servants, but alas!—no dogs. At first Billy did not think it possible that he and Rags were to part; but in the end the terrible truth flashed upon him, that there could be no other way out of it, and so there was nothing to do but to prepare for the ordeal.

Well did Billy understand how great the trial would be and how much it would cost him. And so he decided that preparations to meet it could not begin too soon. Accord-

ingly, the very next morning he called the dog and went to the big cypress grove behind the town hall. Here he would be safe from intrusion, he knew; and the little white graveyard at the upper end of the grove would teach him a salutary lesson. For a long time he walked, as in a dream, aimlessly up and down the grove, with Rags beside him, bumping against his legs. Every now and then the dog would run ahead, whining piteously, distance going the same distance and him sitting down in the path to await his master. And each time, when Billy came up, the dog would whimper softly, turning wistful, sidelong glances at his master, as if trying to catch the eye that would not meet his.

At length Billy lay down in the shade of a large cypress, gloomy, silent. Rags, poor fellow, was under-aided. Would he sit down, too? No, it was time to take the matter into his own hands (figuratively speaking). He would try every means in his power to rouse his master from this strange mood. So he whirled and dodged and barked invitingly. He chased his tail. He flushed a rabbit. But all in vain. He stopped perplexed. What had he done? No, it was time to take the matter into his own hands (figuratively speaking). He would try every means in his power to rouse his master from this strange mood. So he whirled and dodged and barked invitingly. He chased his tail. He flushed a rabbit. But all in vain. He stopped perplexed. What had he done? No, it was time to take the matter into his own hands (figuratively speaking). He would try every means in his power to rouse his master from this strange mood. So he whirled and dodged and barked invitingly. He chased his tail. He flushed a rabbit. 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SAULT STE MARIE DIOCESE

BISHOP SCOLLARD PROTESTS AGAINST LE DROIT LABELS North Bay, Ont., Dec. 11, 1919.

The Right Rev. David Joseph Scollard, by the Grace of God, Bishop of Sault Ste. Marie, to the Clergy and laity of the Diocese:

Dearly Beloved Brethren—There is a newspaper published in Ottawa which bears the name of Le Droit. It purports to be a Catholic newspaper. In its issue of November 22nd, a news item critical of my administration of this Diocese appears with the evident approval of the managing direction in a prominent place on its front page.

The article in question has this sensational headline printed in large type: "La Persecution Anti-Francaise Va-t-elle Continuer en Ontario; Tactiques Déplorables dans la Nomination des Curés, etc." You know, my dear brethren, there never has been any persecution anti-Francaise, there is not now, and I venture to affirm there never will be. The assertion of Le Droit is a calumny pure and simple.

There never has been any "tactiques déplorables" in the nomination of curés. The doctrinal knowledge, the lingual equipment, the administrative capacity and experience of the priest as well as sacerdotal virtue have been always the determining factors in the selection of priests to fill vacancies. Le Droit's contention to the contrary is another unvarnished calumny.

Le Droit contends in the same article that there was evidence on the day of the late Rev. Langlois' funeral of my intention to appoint an Irish priest to succeed him in the parish of Sturgeon Falls. This statement is false. The proof of it is clear from the fact that the appointment of the new curé of Sturgeon Falls was already made two days before the day of the funeral, and that Le Droit makes the malicious insinuation that the appointment of an Irish priest was on the tapis. Another gross calumny by the Le Droit. Le Droit also pretends that a deputation from the few Irish families there urged the appointment of an Irish priest. There are about 100 Catholic families of the English language in Sturgeon Falls. They never urged the appointment of an Irish priest; they never urged the appointment even of a curate of the English language. They asked for an English sermon at one of the three Masses on Sundays.

Le Droit stands convicted of another slanderous insinuation. The article in Le Droit makes the statement that I have dismissed French priests from the Diocese because of their race, and admitted priests of the English language out of all proportion in numbers to the English Catholic population of the Diocese. Still another malicious calumny of Le Droit as may be seen from a plain statement of facts. I have never dismissed a priest because of his race, but I have dismissed both Irish and French priests, when I found they were unfit for the work they were called upon to perform.

The number of priests of the English language is not above but far below the number required for the work. There are at present at work in the parishes and missions of the Diocese 43 French priests, and 14 priests of other races and 9 of these are of English language. There should be at least three times that number in order to provide for the spiritual needs of the English-speaking Catholics of the Diocese. The contention, therefore, that there are too many English-speaking priests in the Diocese is another base calumny from Le Droit.

The Droit then goes on to state injuries inflicted on the French Canadians, mentioning, in that connection several parishes of the Diocese. In full possession of the facts, I am in a position to say that the French Canadians of Sault Ste Marie have no language grievance, because there is no French parish in that city. Neither have those in Thessalon, in Copper Cliff, in Espanola, in Capreol, or in Coniston, because the French language is spoken in all these churches.

Le Droit pretends also that the French Canadians of North Bay have been the victims of much persecution in the past. This is another execrable calumny. Here are the facts in proof of this. The very first priest who was ordained in 1905, the year of my Episcopal consecration, was a French Canadian. He was brought to North Bay and placed as curate at the cathedral with the special charge of looking after the French portion of the congregation. From the year 1905 to 1914 with the exception of a few months, there was always at the cathedral a French curate to look after the French people, and every Sunday in the church the announcements were made in French and a sermon preached in that language. In 1914 the French Canadians of North Bay were formed into a separate parish, and since that date they have had their own church and their own priest. Any persecution of the French Canadians in North Bay or in any other part of the Diocese is therefore a mere figment in the imagination of Le Droit.

As this Diocese is very extensive in area, it is morally impossible for the people of one part of the Diocese to become familiar with facts which occur in another part. They may as a consequence, be easily misled by false reports in unscrupulous newspapers. Believing as I do, that all the people should know the truth, I

deem it my duty to repudiate the odious calumnies of Le Droit by this clear statement of some facts. No real Catholic newspaper would admit such a defamatory and scandalous article into its columns. You know now, my dear brethren, the tissue of falsehood and malicious insinuations contained in the article. How then can you have confidence in the veracity of Le Droit, when it deals with other subjects in its columns? This newspaper masquerades in a Catholic garb, in order to more effectively disseminate among its readers, disrespect for ecclesiastical authority, to foment rebellion against the Bishop of a Diocese, and undermine the confidence of the laity in the priest.

Such a newspaper is surely unworthy of Catholic support. Bishops of other Dioceses, particularly those of the Province of Quebec have, in the past, placed newspapers under the ban and prohibited their people from reading them because of articles far less scandalous than that recently contained in Le Droit. I refrain from the present from such a drastic measure of correction. At the same time I have confidence, that the true Catholic conscience of each individual, who hears this letter, should dictate to him what he should do in the matter, and that his decision shall be that he is finished with the newspaper, Le Droit.

As far as I am concerned, I am fully aware of my responsibility to Almighty God, to the Holy See, and to my conscience for the administration of this Diocese and no hostile criticisms or malicious misrepresentations of newspapers shall ever move me to deflect one iota from my path, as I see it, of rectitude and justice to all without distinction of race. This letter will be read on the first Sunday after its reception at all the Masses in all the churches and missions of the Diocese. Praying Our Lord to favor you all with many graces, I am, dear brethren, Yours most devotedly,

D. J. SCOLLARD, Bishop of S. S. M.

MRS. MARY FLANAGAN Mrs. Mary Flanagan, of Toronto, passed away at the home of her daughter, Mrs. K. Mulvihill, on Sunday morning, the 15th inst., after a long illness, which she bore with fortitude and Christian resignation. The funeral was held from Holy Rosary Church Tuesday morning. Her son, Rev. P. J. Flanagan, P. P. of Upergrove, was the celebrant of the Mass, assisted by Fathers Trayling and Clina as deacon and subdeacon.

Mrs. Flanagan, whose maiden name was Mary McGuire, was descended from pioneer stock, who settled in Mimico a hundred years ago. The deceased was born in 1854, and lived all her life in Toronto. She was deservedly respected and liked in Holy Rosary Parish both for her personal piety and her many Catholic activities. By precept and example she was a devoted mother and ruled the members of her family with affection. Father Player, C. S. B., the pastor of Holy Rosary, in a short but eloquent sermon paid public tribute to her holy and unselfish life. She leaves to mourn her loss, Rev. P. J. Flanagan, D. J. Flanagan, Mrs. K. Mulvihill, Mrs. J. Hart, Mrs. R. Hoyack and Mrs. John Reilly.

MR. HUBERT DEAGLE The news of the death of one of our esteemed citizens, in the person of Mr. Hubert Deagle, on Saturday February 7th, at Temiskaming, spread quickly over our town and brought forth many expressions of sympathy and regret. Deceased who was forty-four years of age had been ill only a short time, death being due to a cold which developed into pneumonia. Mr. Deagle was one of nature's noblemen in the truest sense; he was generous, manly and a devoted Catholic. Besides his widow, he leaves four sons, namely Eugene, Myles, Finnan and Francis, also two brothers, Joseph and Lallo Bay, P. E. I., and Rev. A. Deagle of Karkoke, Ill. Deceased's brother James was killed in action overseas.

The funeral took place from his residence on Ottawa Street, on Monday morning to St. Finnan's Cathedral, and was attended by the local lodges of the K. of C. and Catholic Order of Foresters, of which deceased was a member. Rev. C. F. Gauthier, officiated. The pallbearers were Messrs. John Boyle, J. McKilian, Antoine Chénier, Alfred Bouchard, P. T. Costello and Joseph Lalonde.

DIRD DOYLE.—At Hespeler, Ont., on Wednesday, February 4, 1920, Mrs. J. Doyle, May her soul rest in peace.

MACDONELL.—At 78 Spadina Ave., Ottawa, on Sunday, February 8th, 1920, Mrs. Catharine Macdonell, May her soul rest in peace.

MCDONALD.—At the family residence, 355 Booth street, Ottawa, Feb. 24th, 1920, Florence Mildred, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin McDonald, in her eighteenth year. May her soul rest in peace.

DARRAGH.—On Tuesday, Feb. 24, 1920, at 35 Bethany Road, Ottawa, Elizabeth Quinn, aged sixty-nine years, widow of the late Dennis Darragh. May her soul rest in peace.

EDWARDS.—Patrick, ex-soldier of Canadian Expeditionary Forces, brother of John Edwards, 780 E. 82d, Feb. 23, Burial from Flynn Froek's undertaking establishment, Superior and E. 55th, Cleveland, Ohio. Services from St. Philip Ner's church, Thursday, Feb. 26 at 8 a. m. May his soul rest in peace.

KELLY.—At 1694 St. Dennis St., Montreal, Sister Mary Thomas (Superior of the Order of St. Ann, Teresa of St. Luke's Academy, Funeral services at Lachine Convent (12th Ave.) at 8.30 a. m. Monday February 23rd. May her soul rest in peace.

MRS. MICHAEL DEAN During the closing month of the past year death claimed one of the best-beloved of our Kingsbridge

parishioners, Mrs. Michael Dean. "A noble woman," was the well-deserved eulogy of many. Her university charity endeared her to all; she had ever ready the kind and gentle word and left all harsh criticism unaided.

Mrs. Dean was truly a child of the parish, being among the first of the Irish Canadian children who came to brighten the homes of the sturdy pioneers; and we who have often heard our parents recall these early days, know that from her childhood she held a large place in the affection of the first settlers.

Her husband, Mr. Michael Dean, predeceased her about seven months. Mr. Dean while claiming the distinction of being one of the very first Canadian-born citizens of Ashfield township, had also inherited the sterling qualities and kindly disposition of the early Irish settlers; qualities which go to show "Why God loves the Irish."

He seems to have had a special claim to the protection of the Great Archangel. His birthday having been the feast of the Dedication of St. Michael and his death occurring on the feast of the apparition of St. Michael.

Of ten children, eight survive to mourn the loss of those devoted parents; Rev. Father Dean, pastor of Kingsbridge parish; John of Kingsbridge; Ignatius of Montreal; Mary, Mrs. Boyler, and Stella of Kingsbridge; Mrs. Boyle of St. Augustine and Mrs. M. Dalton of Winnipeg.

WANTED A MARRIED MAN, TO WORK BY THE YEAR on a farm; able to handle horses and cows; free house, garden, fruit and milk and ground for potatoes; good wages paid; 2 miles from Holy Catholic Church and Separate school. Work to begin 1st April. For further particulars address E. O. Box 205, LaSalle, P. O., 2169-3

WANTED AT ONCE TWO CATHOLIC GIRLS, one for plain cooking and housework. The other to assist with children and plain sewing. Would accept students in Medical, Surgical, Pediatric and Obstetrical Nursing is given. Separate home for Nurses. For further information apply to the Sister Superior, 2167-4

WANTED FOR PLAIN COOKING AND HOUSEWORK, a young girl or middle-aged woman; good home. Apply Mrs. John Thomas, 777 West End Ave., New York City. 2148-1f

WANTED A LADY AS HOUSEKEEPER for priest in Northern Ontario. References required. Apply to Box 175, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2169-3

FARM FOR SALE 200 ACRES, IN THE TP. ARTHUR, CO. Wellington South half Lot 7 and North half Lot 8 and 9, containing 5 miles from Kenilworth, a C. P. R. point and Catholic Church; convenient to school. Rural mail and telephone. Bushes, corn, etc. in ground. Splendid water supply; large new barn and out-buildings. All land under splendid state of cultivation. For particulars apply to Daniel Cantlon, R. R. No. 2, Kenilworth, Ont. 2169-10

SEPARATE SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for Gate Keener's Lodge, Assistant M. O.'s Quarters, Nurses Quarters, etc., Westminster Psychopathic Hospital, London, Ontario," must be received by the undersigned on Thursday, March 5th, 1920, for the construction of a new Gate Keener's Lodge, Assistant Medical Officers' Quarters, Nurses Quarters, Westminster Psychopathic Hospital, London, Ontario.

Plans and Specification can be seen and forms of tender obtained at the offices of the Chief Engineer, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, the Superintendent of Westminster Psychopathic Hospital, London, Ont.; the Superintendent of Dominion Buildings, Post-Station, Fort Toronto, Ont.; the Builders' Exchange, Montreal, P. Q.; the Treasurer of Dominion Buildings, Central P. O., Montreal, P. Q.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the forms supplied by the department and in accordance with the conditions set forth therein. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to 10 per cent of the amount of the tender. War Loan Bonds of the Dominion will also be accepted as security or war bonds and cheques if required to make up an odd amount.

By order, R. G. DESROCHERS, Secretary, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, February 23, 1920.

A New Story, just ready, by the foremost living Catholic novelist ISABEL C. CLARKE The Deep Heart "The Deep Heart" tells a delightful, restful story, invested with real charm of character-analysis, and an almost pathetic affection for skies and life Italian. It is a love story, pure and simple, of the choice made by Avril Warring between Justin Mellor and Peter Clifton, and Mellor's renunciation, which will appeal, as indeed will the whole volume, to the true Catholic heart. 8vo, net, \$1.75; postpaid \$1.90

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What Others Have Done, YOU Can Do! Here are the names of only a few of the boys and girls to whom we have already awarded big prizes: Sheldon Park - Margaret, Hamilton, Ont. Sheldan Park - Beatrice Hughes, Hamilton, Ont. \$50.00 Cash - Helen Benson, Hamilton, Ont. \$50.00 Cash - Florence Benson, Hamilton, Ont. \$100.00 Cash - Evelyn Foster, Leamington, Ont. \$25.00 Cash - Frankie Kirby, Three Hills, Alta. \$10.00 Cash - Mary Procter, Vancouver, B.C. \$10.00 Cash - Carriage - Eva Gasson, North Bay, Ont. We will send you the names of many others too. Only boys and girls under 17 years of age may send answers. If more than one answer is correct, perform a small service for us. The contest will close on June 30, 1920, at 5.30 p.m. Send your answers this evening. Address: THE PRIZEMAN, Dept. 606 253-255 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ont.

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