

The Catholic Record

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

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234

WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

UNEMPLOYMENT DECREASING

Industrial conditions in Ireland are steadily improving of late. The improvement was of course to be expected with the return of peace which is now, for the time being at least, practically established. On 14th May, 1923, the number of people recorded by employment exchanges and branch employment offices in the Irish Free States was 28,771, as compared with 28,974 on 7th May, showing a decrease of 203.

Week ended May 14, 1923

Men.....	22,359
Women.....	5,245
Boys.....	581
Girls.....	586

Total..... 28,771

The following are the Exchanges at which the largest numbers are recorded:

Week ended May 14, 1923

Dublin.....	8,330
Cork.....	4,521
Waterford.....	1,114
Wexford.....	1,068

The total number of claims current on May 14, 1923, in connection with unemployment insurance benefit (total unemployment) were as follows:

Men.....	19,599
Women.....	4,252
Boys.....	164
Girls.....	105

Total..... 24,160

THE TOORAHARA SOVIETS

There has been something funny happening in the west of the County Clare recently—funny to the on-lookers but not quite so funny to the victims. A small group of herds and laborers have taken possession of large tracts of grass land from which they ejected the owners and drove off the owners' cattle and are running the whole district for their own profit—at so much per head—grazing the cattle, the sheep and the goats of all comers. Locally the band of men who constitute this novel company are known as the Toorahara Soviets. The district lies to the west of the famous Lisdoonvarna, noted for its wonderful spa water—a great resort for invalids, cottagers and people of leisure throughout the South of Ireland. A gentleman who was spending some time at Lisdoonvarna, went out to investigate the Toorahara Soviets and wrote an account of it for the Dublin papers. He says that the Soviets carry on business unhampered by such inconveniences as law and order, and by all accounts the enterprise is flourishing by leaps and bounds. There are no annual meetings, no balance sheets or statement of accounts. But business is booming. There are 700 or 800 acres of good grazing land in their possession which nominally yield a clear profit of about £1,500 per annum. The lands are situated about five miles east of Lisdoonvarna, and they have been in the possession of seven or eight farmers who reside in a neighboring locality some distance away and who hold title deeds showing a tenure of over 80 years.

They are not evicted lands, but were devoted to grazing, for which alone they were suitable. The tenants purchased them out under the Ashbourne Land Purchase Act, and have now reached the third decade of their tenure. Their lands consist of a number of farms which up to two years ago were looked after by herds living on the farms. These herds now constitute the personnel of the "Toorahara Soviet." Two years ago a meeting was held in the district. The owners were summoned to attend, failing to do so, they were given notice to quit. The "order" to quit was ignored for a time, until cattle driving was resorted to. The stock were driven off the lands, and matters became so bad that the tenants had to withdraw from the contest, leaving their farms in possession of the Soviet. As soon as the rightful owners were got rid of, their lands were taken over and run as a grazing ranch. Cattle and stock of every description from the neighborhood were let in to graze at easy terms. The concern ran very smoothly for a while, but soon difficulties arose. Some graziers who thought, perhaps, they were superior agrarian agitators to other people, fancied there was no reason why they should continue to pay the rent for grazing, though, in truth, that was small enough. So they insisted on free commons or nothing.

The situation was further complicated by the uninterrupted inflow of asses, goats and straying animals, the property of ne'er-do-wells, who declined to recognize any authority. These reigns and the Toorahara Soviet was on the downward grade. But eventually it managed to survive all its troubles. The board of directors adjusted their attitude to the

changing needs of the times, and went so far as securing the payment of the rates due on the holdings which they controlled. They continue in possession and there appears to be no prospect of their immediate dispossession. It has been advanced in their behalf that the underlying cause of all this lawlessness is a desire for equitable distribution of land and the securing of economical holdings in the district. But the lands that have been seized are not suitable for distribution. They are not arable lands and are useless except for grazing. Twenty square yards of the whole area could not be tilled and there is therefore no possibility of getting any successful results by dividing it into small farms. The state of affairs existing here would be laughable if not so fraught with danger and possible tragedy. It is due no doubt, to the looseness and lack of order brought about by the civil disturbances all over the country. Strong and decisive action is needed immediately, for there is a great danger that the example of the Toorahara Soviet may be followed in other parts of the country.

ANOTHER SOVIET ADVENTURE

The spirit of land lust is abroad and a feeling exists that other people's property may be seized with impunity. At the west side of Lisdoonvarna, on the estate of a gentleman named Mr. McNamara, there is another case of illegal appropriation. Here forty or fifty West Clare fishermen from the neighbourhood of Crab Island have taken their own of about 2,500 acres, and have been in undisturbed possession for the last two or three years. The owner has had to go and reside elsewhere, and the newcomers are enjoying all the profits derived from the estate, though not paying either rates or taxes.

MICHAEL WILLIAM BALFE

The composer of whom more than any other, Ireland has reason to be proud is Michael William Balfe. By one of his more trivial compositions perhaps, but yet a delightful one, "The Kerry Dance," will he be best known to every reader of these words. Dublin has recently been observing his anniversary and the Dublin papers have been writing him up. He was born in a house just off Grafton Street, Dublin, on the 15th May, 1808. His father was an orchestral player in Dublin and his grandfather ballet master of the Crow Street Theatre. His mother's name was Kate Ryan. At the early age of six he could play the violin, and so marked was his early musical genius that when only nine or ten years of age he composed a "Polacca," which was publicly performed, and one of his earliest songs was "The Lover's Mistake," which had a great vogue, and was published in a collection by Sir J. Stevenson. He subsequently studied in Milan and Paris, where he sang as chief baritone in Italian opera, and married the talented and beautiful Mlle. Lena Rosa, a Hungarian. His melodies were lisped in every tongue, but of all the 27 operas which he wrote, the "Bohemian Girl" achieved most universal favor. For the French version he was created a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour by the Emperor, and a Commendator of the Order of Carlos III. by the Regent of Spain. It was in 1854 that Balfe retired professionally from the scenes of his triumphs, and secured a small landed property at Rowney Abbey, Hertford. He died on October 20th, 1870, and was interred at Kensal Green. The site is marked by a stately obelisk. A tablet is erected in Westminster Abbey to his memory, and a bust by Millandre, a famous sculptor, was placed in the vestibule of the Drury Lane Theatre. Dublin has not done quite so well. True, there is an exquisite stained glass window in St. Patrick's Cathedral, a marble bust in the National Gallery by Thomas Farrell, R. H. A., and a marble tablet set into the wall of the house in Pitt Street, where he was born. The latter was the personal gift of William Logan, a contrabasso in the Gaiety Theatre Orchestra. The night the tablet was put up (in 1878), Mr. Logan gave an entertainment to the musicians of the Gaiety and Royal, and the stream of melody which flooded the neighborhood fittingly celebrated the occasion. The stained glass window was erected through the instrumentality of Sir Robert Stewart.

There has just been discovered a very old and very quaint handbill which was given out in Wexford more than a century ago by Balfe's father to advertise his dancing class. It is well worth the reproducing, as typical of Irish dancing masters' announcements in olden times—the sort of announcement that continued to be made by dancing masters in many parts of Ireland down to nearly a generation ago. The handbill was printed May, 1813, by the Wexford Herald and is as follows: "Mr. Balfe, Teacher of Dancing, respectfully acquaints the Nobility, Gentry and Public of Wexford and its Vicinity, that he

purposes visiting that County early in June; and, feeling grateful for the encouragement he met with last Season, has arranged his Business in Dublin, so as to be able to attend six months there and six months in Wexford. He teaches the most fashionable and graceful style of dancing for Company as also the much admired Tambourine Dance, the waltzes that were so fashionable in Dublin last Winter, and the most graceful fancy dances. Commands will be received for him, at Miss O'Brien's Boarding School where he will attend. From other sources it appears that the elder Balfe, accompanied by his little son, the future composer, spent the summer season in Wexford from June, 1812 to June, 1815.

SEUMAS MACMANNES,
264 West 94th Street,
New York City.

ARTIST CONVICTS

An oil painting of Christ, done on the wall of the chapel of the United States penitentiary, Atlanta, by a Russian convict, Max Sassanoff, has attracted the favorable attention of art critics and may result in the release of the painter. Sassanoff was convicted in New York on a charge of forgery. The painting has just been completed after six months of intensive work. It shows the Saviour on the steps of the temple surrounded by the sick and unfortunate while above are cherubim which, the painter says, are symbolic of the angels of mercy. Prisoners posed for the various figures. Sassanoff has dedicated the painting to the Rev. Thomas P. Hayden, Catholic chaplain at the prison, "to show how much a man appreciates kindness." This incident has served to recall the cases of two other prisoners whose artistic endeavors resulted in their release from confinement. One was an inmate of the Federal prison at Leavenworth where a painting of his over the high altar of the Catholic chapel attracted the attention of President Wilson. The President became interested, learned the identity of the prisoner, pardoned him and called him to Washington where he was given employment decorating government buildings. The other case was that of Ramon Garcia who, while waiting trial in the county jail at San Bernardino, drew a picture of Christ on the Cross on the wall of his cell. At the time of the picture's spread and after Garcia had been convicted and sent to prison he was released under a commutation of sentence. He has since then painted several notable pictures.

DOGMA OF VIRGIN BIRTH HAS SPLIT PRESBYTERIANS

New York, June 18.—Two students of the Union Theological Seminary were licensed to teach by the Presbytery of New York last week, despite the fact that they refused to affirm their belief in the Virgin birth of Christ, declared one of the essential doctrines of the Presbyterian Church. Belief in the Virgin birth of Christ was upheld by special resolution at the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Indianapolis a fortnight ago, when the deliverance of the General Assembly of 1916 was reaffirmed and the New York Presbytery was ordered to take such action as "would require the preaching and teaching in the First Presbyterian Church of New York to conform to the system of doctrines taught in the confession of faith." The resolution was directed at Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, a Baptist, whose alleged "liberal" utterances from the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church had aroused resentment among the Presbyterian fundamentalists. Not only was the licensing of the two young preachers regarded as directly contrary to the spirit of the General Assembly, but the Presbytery of New York, despite the directions to see to it that the teachings in the First Presbyterian Church conformed to Presbyterian standards and in face of overtures made by the Harlem Presbyterian Church to secure Dr. Fosdick's removal, decided to lay action on Dr. Fosdick's case over until the last meeting before the next General Assembly, which will be held in Grand Rapids in May, 1924.

The debate over the licensing of the two young students who refuse belief in the Virgin birth of Christ took precedence over action regarding Dr. Fosdick. The two students were Henry P. Van Dusen and Cedric D. Layman. A protest against licensing them was filed by Dr. Albert Dale Gantz of Williamsburg Presbyterian Church and others.

A memorial that the Presbytery eject Dr. Fosdick from the First Presbyterian Church and excommunicate any elder voting against his removal was presented by Dr. John Robertson, editor of the Chris-

tian Scotsman and a member of the Presbytery, who has headquarters at Youngtown, Ohio.

Referring to the profound scandal of the Presbyterians Church they have brought by their continuing to hire a non-Presbyterian minister that with flagrant non-scholarship and blasphemous heresy has subverted our Westminster Confession of faith.

The memorial was referred to committee.

POLISH BISHOPS' APPEAL

ANNOUNCED IN ADVANCE THAT PATRIARCH MUST DIE

By Dr. Frederick Funder

The reign of terror in Russia need not be regarded as having come to an end with the execution of Monignor Bukiewicz. Things equally as terrible may yet be added to the pages of shame that are being written in that country. Catholic nuns as well as Catholic priests are likely yet to be victims of the bloody hands of the Soviets. Already, according to a moving appeal to the conscience of the world made by the Catholic Bishops of Poland, nuns have been arrested and are to be arraigned before the revolutionary tribunal, for teaching religion.

Kurski, the Public Commissary for Justice, has already announced that Patriarch Tikhon of the Orthodox Church will be condemned to death. This will take place, he predicts, "even in case the whole world would break off relations with Soviet Russia." Already the council convoked by the Soviets and composed, according to their will, of the partisans of the so-called "Reform Church," has expelled him from the church and declared his functions abolished.

APPEAL OF POLISH BISHOPS

The letter issued by the Polish Bishops on the subject of Russian persecutions is signed by Cardinals Daibor and Kakowsky and gives a striking picture of the conditions under the terror.

"The persecutions of the Church in Russia today," it declares, "know very well that the State runs no peril from the arrested bishops, priests and nuns, who were permitted to go their ways in peace even during the Czaristic regime. On the contrary the bishops, priests and nuns have always been conservers of public law and order. The enemies of Christendom speak of dangers to the State, but they themselves are in fact enemies of every social order, and they combat the social order just as they do the Church."

"The utmost fury of their persecutions is directed against Catholicity, because the high idealism of Catholicity is the utter negation of their materialism and faith in blind and brute force. Christians are persecutors of any other belief, as is shown by their process against Patriarch Tikhon, the representative of the Oriental Church who proved himself so inflexible. They plan the destruction of every religion."

"History up to the present time does not register such cunningly planned persecutions of the Church as those practiced today in Russia, where, in the most brutal manner, the religious sentiment is rooted out of the hearts of the youth and where religion is looked upon as a poison and publicly made ridiculous. Bolshevism in its very nature is a struggle of anti-Christ against Christ, a struggle of life and death, a struggle in which mercy is an unknown thing, a struggle at length in which the forces of anti-Christ must shrink from an crime or cruelty. There is no doubt that this struggle will become the cruelest and the more vehement the more indifferent the world is to it. Here is involved not only the question of martyrs for the faith. The interests of all culture and civilization are at stake. With the same fanatical rage that they direct against religion, the Bolshevists are fighting against private property, civil liberty, the moral education of the young and the institution of the family."

ASK AID OF WORLD

"We, the Bishops of Poland, address ourselves to the whole world entreating aid in saving the lives of the detained and tormented priests and their Bishop, for whom prison signifies nothing other than slow and cruel death. We implore the whole world to join with us, for to us the design of the Bolshevists is clear. This design will be carried out if no resistance is attempted. It is our moral duty to raise this cry for the aid of the Catholic Church in Russia, which numbers more than two million adherents."

"There are other reasons that induce us to issue this solemn protest. We are the immediate neighbors of the Russians, we are immediately exposed to the contagious and destructive influences of Bolshevism. There is none who does not know that moral infection is as

dangerous as physical infection. If the wild waves of anarchy that are menacing the world are to be stopped on our frontiers, then our protest must not only be heard, but also understood. Warsaw in arms, were menacing. When Bolshevists were raising a cry for help to the entire world. Today, when Bolshevism is threatening the destruction of the Church and all civilized works we repeat our appeal, confidently hoping to be understood now as we were then."

"HOME, SWEET HOME"

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE WAS RECEIVED INTO TRUE FOLD BEFORE DEATH

In view of the many articles written apropos of the centenary of "Home, Sweet Home," says W. H. Grattan Flood in The Month, it is strange that no reference was made to religious beliefs of John Howard Payne, the author of that immortal ballad. Just a hundred years ago the touching lyric "Home, Sweet Home" was sung for the first time, at Covent Garden Theatre, by Miss Marie Tree, and at once became popular. It was introduced into a musical piece, misnamed an "opera," called "Clari, the Maid of Milan," written by Payne, and set to music by Bishop, which was produced on May 8, 1823.

John Howard Payne was born in New York on June 9, 1791, and at an early age took to the stage, making his debut at the Park Theatre, in the character of Norval in "Douglas" in February, 1807. After five years' experience at various American theatres, he decided to try his fortune in England, and armed with good credentials, he made his debut at Drury Lane Theatre as Norval in 1818, creating a favorable impression. His Irish tour of 1814 was a success, and he formed a lasting friendship with Daniel O'Connell, then beginning to make a name as a barrister.

Payne set the music as well as the verses of "Home, Sweet Home" to Sir Henry Bishop, and as there is much misconception as to the source of the melody, it seems tolerably certain that Bishop's share in it was merely as an "arranger." Here is Payne's own account, communicated to his friend James Rees, of Philadelphia:

"I first heard the air in Italy. One beautiful morning, as I was strolling alone amid some delightful scenery, my attention was arrested by the sweet voice of a peasant girl who was carrying a basket laden with flowers and vegetables. This plaintive air she trilled out with so much sweetness and simplicity that the melody at once caught my fancy. I accosted her, and after a few moments conversation, I asked the name of the song, which she could not give me, but having a slight knowledge of music myself—only enough for the purpose—I dotted down the notes as best I could. It was this air that suggested the words of 'Home, Sweet Home,' both of which I sent to Bishop at the same time I was preparing the opera of 'Clari' for Mr. Kemble. Bishop happened to know the air perfectly well, and adapted the music to the words."

Payne got into low water again in 1831, and he returned to New York, when he took up journalistic work. At length, 1842, he was appointed Consul at Tunis, a post which he held for five years. Owing to a change of Government he had to resign in 1847, and return to America, but in 1851 he was reinstated at Tunis, and retained the Consulship till his death on April 1, 1852. A few weeks before his death he was received into the Catholic Church by the vicar of the Catholic Bishop of Tunis, and died an edifying death, surrounded by the good Sisters of Charity.

For evidence of Payne's reception into the bosom of the Church the following letter from Father Abram Joseph Ryan, the poet-pastor of the Confederate army, author of The Conquered Banner, a friend of Payne, may be taken as conclusive. This letter was written to the Catholic Columbia in 1853:

"The author of 'Home Sweet Home' has found a home of loving, pathetic memory in countless hearts. How many know that this sad heart had found a home in the Catholic Church? When the corpse of the homeless exile was brought to this country, how is it that a minister of the Episcopal Church officiated at his obsequies? In 1852 Payne died, in the sixty-second year of his age. The Catholic Bishop of Tunis was on terms of closest intimacy with the poet, and the priest who prayed at his grave spoke often of him in terms of highest praise."

"During his sickness the Sisters of Charity—Rosalie, Josephine, Marie, and Celeste—nursed him. And they, with his Moorish domestics and his Mussulman servant, Mohammed, saw his spirit pass away, and closed his eyes in death. This information will be new to many, and will gladden many a Catholic heart."

Though buried at Tunis, in 1852, a movement was initiated and successfully carried out by an Irish Catholic admirer of the poet, General Corcoran, a pupil of Georgetown University, as a result of which, as Father Ryan indicates, the remains of Payne were taken to America, and removed to Oak Hill Cemetery, Washington, where a monument was erected by public subscription in June, 1883.

MINIMUM WAGE LAWS DISCUSSED BY NUN

For the first time perhaps, in the history of the American labor movement, a Catholic nun will be one of the principal speakers at an important industrial gathering when the first annual Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems is held in Milwaukee June 27 and 28.

Sister Miriam Teresa of the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary will speak at the luncheon on the second day of the Conference and will discuss "The Future of Minimum Wage Legislation." Sister Teresa was formerly secretary of the Oregon Minimum Wage Commission. Dr. John A. Lapp and Miss Linna Brette of the Department of Social Action of the National Catholic Welfare Council also will speak at the luncheon.

The Rev. A. J. Meunch, Ph. D., of St. Francis Seminary of this city will be one of the principal speakers at the Conference, it was announced here. Father Meunch will discuss "Wages." Miss Mary McEnerney, vice-president of the Illinois State Federation of Labor and one of the most active figures in the labor movement in this section of the country, is another speaker who has been added to the list, which now includes the Rev. William Bolger of Notre Dame University, the Rev. Joseph Huslein, secretary of the National Catholic Welfare Council, Vice-President, Matthew A. Wolf of the American Federation of Labor; President John Fitzpatrick of the Chicago Federation of Labor; John A. Voll, president of the Glass Bottle Blowers' Union, and Colonel P. H. Callahan, a prominent Louisville manufacturer.

CLAMOR FOR BETTER IRISH SCHOOLS

Everybody in Ireland is clamoring for improved and better education and for assistance in the shape of scholarships which will help promising and brilliant pupils, the children of poor parents, to proceed from the primary to the secondary schools and from the latter to the universities.

In the Free State the Dail has voted \$21,000,000 for education. Adding to this the vote for the six counties the total parliamentary grant for educational services in Ireland amounts to \$30,500,000.

Some Deputies, in the course of the debate in the Dail, said they considered sufficient value was not obtained for the money. Almost the entire outlay is on teachers' salaries. Deputies did not make the case that these salaries were excessive, but they thought that less would be required under this head if schools were amalgamated. It was argued that the educational system should be of a more practical character; that school programs should be so framed as to be of advantage to the pupils in the pursuit of the occupations for which they were intended. In regard to those about to enter professions it was agreed there was no inadequacy. Sufficient attention was not paid, however, some thought, to the requirements of pupils who, after they have left school, would have to take up farming or commercial occupations.

MINISTER DEPLORES LACK OF RELIGION IN MODERN EDUCATION

Brooklyn, N. Y.—The Rev. Edgar P. Hill, national secretary of the Board of Education of the Presbyterian Church, in a recent sermon at the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church here, deplored the fact that religion and education seemed to be "estranged." He began by quoting H. G. Wells as stating that the "history of the world has been a race between catastrophe and education," and further that he "sees but one hope for our modern civilization, and that is in a revival of religion in connection with education."

"Business men say the need of the hour is not more factories or materials, not more armies or navies, not more railroads," said Dr. Hill, "but more Christian education. At no time in our history has it been more needed. The spread of knowledge in the nineteenth century was very general, but because it became estranged from religion, it became an irresponsible power. There is but one hope for the world today, and that hope can only be fulfilled by the reunion of knowledge and religion."

CATHOLIC NOTES

Washington, D. C., June 25.—Articles of incorporation for the Catholic Drama Guild of America were filed last week in the District of Columbia.

A net total of \$3,062,458.84 has been raised in the diocese of Brooklyn for the erection of three Catholic High schools, according to a final tabulation of figures just announced.

The students of the American College of Louvain who finish their theological course this year, are to enjoy the privilege of receiving sacerdotal orders upon July 8 at the hands of His Eminence Cardinal Mercier.

The Rev. Thomas J. Dunne, assistant pastor of St. Mary's Church, Ellenville, N. Y., has been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for gallantry in action while he was a chaplain with the American Expeditionary Force. He served with the 30th Infantry of the 127th Division.

The Madura Mission (India) contains forty-six native Jesuits belonging to various castes, but up to last year no Brahmin had ever joined the Society. Now the Society for the Propagation of the Faith is informed that a second Brahmin has been baptized under the name of Berchmans and entered the Novitiate.

Hankow, China, June 21.—Emphasizing their disrespect for religion, members of a bandit gang of five hundred Chinese roughly maltreated Father Malotto, an Italian missionary priest whom they carried into captivity with several hundred Chinese. The bandits are operating about one hundred miles north of this place.

The different sections of the Chamber of Deputies of Belgium have met to examine the bill prohibiting the printing and sale of newspapers on Sunday. The bill was adopted in four sections and rejected in two. The total number of votes gives a large majority in favor of suppressing all Sunday work in the press.

The laying of the cornerstone of the new Sacred Heart Seminary, Detroit, was carried out with a full observance of the ritual of the Church governing such services. The Right Rev. Michael G. Gallagher, Bishop of Detroit, officiated and blessed the stone, and the Right Rev. Joseph Schrembs, Bishop of Cleveland, delivered the sermon.

Paris, June 7.—Lost in the fog, a school from Saint-Nazaire went aground on the rocks before Lorient recently, and efforts to put it afloat having failed, the fate of the vessel became critical. Abbe Lecam, of Lorient, the son of a seaman, fitted out a boat and taking three men with him went to the rescue of the schooner. After several hours of strenuous work the vessel was floated and saved.

Cologne, June 4.—The Christian national workmen's parties in Germany have shown considerable gains in strength during the past year. This fact is the more important because the Socialist's cooperatives have declined, not alone in Germany, but in many other countries, including England, where the number of members fell several hundred thousand, and France and Switzerland.

News has been received at the National Offices of The Society for the Propagation of the Faith that the Very Rev. Gnanaprasam, a native Indian, has been appointed Vicar General of the Diocese of Trichinopoly, (India) by Bishop Saisandier, S. J. It is the first time in the history of the Indian Church that a native is raised to that dignity. Furthermore the Bishop has handed over the Coromandel Coast, comprising 70,000 Catholics to the Indian Secular Church.

Alphonse I. Hirsch, senior scoutmaster of three scout troops in St. Francis de Chantal parish, Brooklyn diocese, has been selected to represent the National Catholic Welfare Council at the coming training course for scoutmasters to be given at Notre Dame University in July. Mr. Hirsch has been associated with the Bureau for Catholic Extension, Boy Scouts of America, under Rev. John F. White, National Director of the Bureau. He will act as assistant dean of the faculty at the training course.

During his trip through Alsace, M. Millard visited the celebrated monastery of Saint Odile. He was received with much ceremony by the Bishop of Strasbourg, Mgr. Ruch, who presented to the President of the Republic forty priests who had been imprisoned or exiled during the War because of their faithfulness and patriotism. After congratulating them in the warmest terms, including in his praise the nuns of Alsace also, the President added: "You may count on France just as she counts on you. No one better than you can work for the unity of citizens and the unity of hearts."

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE

CHRISTINE FABER

Author of "A Mother's Sacrifice," etc. CHAPTER XXVIII.—(CONTINUED)

Arty nodded with provoking familiarity, and returned Tighe's stare with one of equal fearlessness. Coming close to Tighe a Vohr he whispered: "I know all about it, Mr. Carmody, and it was a very clever trick indeed, you played; I have not said a word to anybody here, and I won't, providing you share halves, you know."

Tighe gave a prolonged whistle, pretending to be dumfounded, and awed as well. "Tell me how you found it all out, Arty?" "Well, do you see, I had a great mind to witness the race—a great mind entirely; and when you told me to remain where I was, it seemed very hard. Besides, Mr. Carmody—you'll forgive me for saying so—but when you were so determined on my staying behind there, and not coming forward with the horse, I began to have suspicions of my own. I think as you were well gone, and I followed. It all seemed right enough till the horse was led out as 'Brian Boru.' I knew he had been entered for the race as 'Charmer'; that opened my eyes a bit, and it wasn't very long till I heard the people talking of the dreadful state Mr. Canty was in because his horse didn't arrive, and then Mr. Maloney's name began to be mentioned; it all flashed on me, and faith I couldn't help admiring you for the clever trick you played on old Maloney. I resolved to keep my counsel, for I thought you'd be generous, Mr. Carmody."

"An' I will be, Arty," said Tighe, extending his hand, and assuming an expression as if he was just released from a shower-bath. "But the stakes are you paid up yet, so that I haven't recaved the amount they're to give me. But can I trust you, Arty, to help me, if I say a fair half?"

"With all my soul!" and the groom's hand clasped Tighe's. "Well, thin, it's reported that a tilygraph, or some other divilment, has been sent to old Maloney, an' I'm afereed 'o what that'll bring fourth; now I'd like to have the horse out 'o the way, an' mesel', too. Will you run away wid the bastie for a couple or three days, till I see what turn matters will take? On the third day from now I'll mate you in Dick Courcy's shebeen, the same that stabled 'Brian Boru' for us. You can purtind to payple that you're takin' the horse to his mather—an' that'll be no lie, for so you will take him to his mather, only we'll thray first what we can knock out 'o the old miser. It'll swell our gains. Do you understand me, Arty?"

And Tighe looked with a wonderfully anxious gaze into the snapping eyes of the groom. "I do, Mr. Carmody, perfectly; and I'll do it. On the third day from this, say at noon, I'll wait for you in Courcy's."

The conversation had been carried on in a whisper, but even if it were not, everybody who approached the stall was in too much haste and excitement to give it any attention. "Away with you, thin!" urged Tighe, and it was with a smile of intense satisfaction that he saw a few moments after he beheld the groom, mounted on "Brian Boru," riding quietly away from the course, and in an opposite direction to the town.

In one portion of the course the excitement had received a new and extraordinary impulse in the sudden appearance of a man so tall in form as to inspire awe by his unusual height, and with so sinister and repulsive an expression as to win no brief nor pleasant observation, and dressed in so dirty and strange a garb that many shrunk from his approach. He was screaming at the top of his voice, and gesticulating wildly.

"My horse! my horse! I sent him here; he was to run; somebody has stolen him!" A crowd gathered about him, and by degrees sufficient of his story was learned for some one to volunteer to conduct him to one of the stands.

Tighe a Vohr, arm in arm with Corny O'Toole, beheld the approaching crowd—for every one who had heard the man's strange account now followed in his wake; he ventured near enough to ascertain the cause of the gathering. "Blood an' ous! Corny, if it isn't old Maloney! Oh, where'll I go at all, at all? It's all up wid me!"

Corny became unexpectedly equal to the occasion. "Get to my room as fast as you can—and stay there; if they do discover enough to put the police on your track, they'll not find you awhile. I'll stay here and see how things goes."

"But they'll be after you too, Corny; Canty'll tell how you tuk the message." "The divil a one fear of their getting anything out of me; I'll badger them, Tighe, till they think they've got enough of Corny O'Toole, jackass, as Mr. Canty politely called him." Tighe a Vohr followed the little man's advice, and was soon safely housed in the bachelor apartment, much to the delight of Shaun, who had been confined there a very unhappy prisoner since early morning. He immediately began, with the help of sundry garments of Corny's wardrobe, to endeavor to change his dress, and thus to disguise effectually his appearance.

At that same time the train which came down from Dublin brought Carter; he was in a flurry of excitement, having expected to reach Tralee in time to witness the race. He hired a conveyance, and was driven rapidly to the course. He menally cursed Lo d Heathcote, who had been the cause of his unlucky detention, and with a wildly beating heart he ordered the driver to urge his horse, that at least he might be in time for the settling of the stakes. He was met on the grounds, as he ascended, perspiring and panting from the vehicle, by one of his intimate sporting friends.

"Gone—Carter—we've lost!" "Lost!" Carter appeared transfixed; his eyes almost starting from their sockets.

"Yes; Canty's horse didn't appear, and a magnificent animal named 'Brian Boru,' and ridden by one Timothy O'Carmony, distanced all the others without an effort." "Timothy O'Carmony?" repeated Carter in a dazed way.

"Yes; those who know him say he's always called Tighe a Vohr." "Tighe a Vohr!" Carter threw up his hands and gasped for breath.

"It's the queerest piece of business that ever happened on a course," resumed the first speaker; "all the morning Joe Canty's been swearing and fuming like a madman, and after the race was over an old man, acting as mad as a March hare, came rushing on the course, screaming for his horse, and saying that it had been stolen. They have got him now in one of the rooms, and he declares that you sent Tighe a Vohr for the horse, which he says is the one that Canty was to ride; and they have dispatched me to find Canty; so you had better hurry in yourself," indicating the room he had just left—and throw what light you can upon the matter."

Carter required no second bidding; excited and panting, he soon stood amid the equally excited inmates of the betting room. On his appearance Maloney, who had been talking and gesticulating wildly, gave a shrill scream; then he bounded toward Carter, uttering some frenzied statement, but his voice was so thick from terror and excitement that the word horse alone could be distinguished.

"Where is your horse?" yelled Carter; "why didn't he run?" "Where is my horse?" screamed Maloney, this time a little more distinctly. "You scoundrel, tell me where he is?" and he shook his bony fist in Carter's face.

At this juncture Canty entered, and seeing the attitude of Maloney, and fuming himself to be able to revenge his disappointment and humiliation, both of which in his blind passion he attributed to Carter, he rushed forward, and before any one could intercept or even divine his intention, planted a well-directed blow full in Carter's face. It staggered the latter, and but for the friendly support of some one in his rear he would have fallen. The friends of Carter indignantly at the outrage, fell upon Canty; but the latter was not without his sympathizers, and they immediately assisted him in true fighting style; Carter and Maloney, the reluctant centers of the struggle, were obliged to strike in their own defense, even though the courage of neither was of the staunchest kind. Everything became confusion and clamor; it was the first melee of the day, and the hot young bloods, of that class whose chief sport seemed to be breaking heads and disfiguring faces, flled the chairs were overturned, and the table still reeling with the remains of Beamish and Crawford's porter, were hurled among the combatants. Maloney was knocked down, and Carter was shoved heavily upon him, so that the frantic cries of the miser, in which the word horse was incessantly uttered, were somewhat smothered by the heavy weight. The fight speedily attracted without its own immediate precincts, and shortly almost every one on the course had arrived at the scene of the excitement. The police followed, and peace was only restored when arrests had been made of the leaders in the affair—Mortimer Carter, Joe Canty, Ned Maloney, and a couple of others who seemed to have taken the part of instigators. In vain Carter protested, saying that the fight was a mistake, and the origin of a misunderstanding; in vain Canty swore, and in vain old Maloney pleaded on his knees to be released, that he might look for his horse; all were borne in triumph to Tralee bridewell, and Corny O'Toole, a spectator from a distance of the whole affair, grew so red from laughing at his yellow complexion, to which Mrs. Carmody objected, quite disappeared for the time.

CHAPTER XXIX. TIGHE A VOHR'S SWEETHEART. Garfield, and the betting circle of whom he was now the popular center, had gayly pocketed their winnings—a proceeding which might have been unpleasantly delayed had it not been for Mortimer Carter's incarceration. He was now out on bail, having been confined but a few hours; and Canty having given surety, was also at large.

Old Maloney was not yet released, owing to his inability to procure a bondsman; he was utterly unknown in Tralee, and if he sent to Dhrummacoill he would be as little likely

to find any surety there. In this respondent state he was visited by Carter, at sight of whom the old man raved like a wild beast. "My horse! my horse," his loud and incessant cry. It required time for Carter to quiet him sufficiently to gain a coherent statement; but at length he learned all; the visit of Tighe a Vohr with the note, the extraordinary tale of Canty's forthcoming arrest, the line of conduct prescribed by Tighe for the miser in the event of Mr. Canty's anticipated visit—all of which Maloney divulged now without a regard for the oath of secrecy he had taken,—his yielding of the horse and groom to Tighe, and his remaining in quiet certainty of all being right—a certainty which the fact of his receiving no visit from Mr. Canty rather strengthened. The old miser did not suspect, and the cunning rascal of Dhrummacoill, each of whom was too ardent a friend of Tighe a Vohr to disobey him in the slightest particular, did not see him that the excitement and terror into which he was thrown one afternoon by the horde of yelling people in front of his door was due to the occasion of Mr. Canty's visit. He had no suspicion of aught being wrong until the arrival of the telegram on the morning of the race. The contents of that which ran:

"Your horse, 'Charmer,' has not arrived; have you sent him?" and which was signed Joe Canty, put the old man into a fever. His horse not arrived, when a week ago the animal was supposed to be stabled in Tralee! Horrible fears immediately crowded on his suspicious and sinister mind. Like a mad man he locked up his abode, from which he had not been absent for years before, and took the first car to Tralee. He arrived on the course to find the race over, and that his horse was not among those in the stalls; nor had any animal by that name been seen.

Carter was in as violent a rage as the miser; all the more that the payment of the stakes to the fortunate winners was the occasion to him of no inconsiderable loss. Maloney's grief for his forfeit was somewhat absorbed in his greater distress for the abstraction of his horse. "It's all the doings of that devil of a Tighe a Vohr," said Carter, striding the prison floor; "I wrote a note telling of my intended journey to Dublin, in consequence of which I should be prevented from going down to Dhrummacoill for the horse as I had promised, and bidding you bring him up yourself; and that note I gave to a little runner at Hoolahan's, who was going down your way, to give you."

"He never came near me!" protested Maloney. "Nor Canty?" asked Carter, though he had already heard a second time from Maloney that there had been no visit of the sporting man to his place. "The miser answered testily: "I told you before he didn't come."

"It's a past understanding," resumed Carter; "but there's nothing too big nor too bad for that infernal Tighe a Vohr; he'd go to hell to serve Carroll O'Donoghue, and I'll warrant he's had some object that was to benefit his master at it;—he has a clear case against him;—he obtained the horse on false pretenses, and if it is the same animal that he entered for the race he entered him without any right to do so; and now it looks as if he had stolen him. I'll get out a warrant for his arrest immediately."

"And the horse?" broke in Maloney, trembling; "will the warrant recover him?" "To be sure; if we find Tighe, the horse I think'll not be far off; but I'll off to Canty now, and find out why he didn't go down to Dhrummacoill as he promised."

"And me?" whined the miser; "how long must I stay here?" "Be still, you old fool! you'll be out tomorrow," and Carter hastily departed to procure a warrant for Tim Carmody's arrest, and immediately after to seek Canty. Canty, not altogether convinced that he was not the victim of a trick originated by Carter, met the latter somewhat haughtily, and seemed inclined to maintain his proud and moody reserve throughout the interview. Carter explained and protested, and swore that he was as innocent of any part in the transaction, and as deeply injured; those of the duped party, and then he retaliated by denouncing in no easy terms, Canty's faithless omission to see the horse prior to the race; upon which followed from the sporting man, in graphic and violently indignant language, an account of the message that was sent to him by Maloney, the messenger being described by Canty as "a little old yellow fool," and a description of his visit to Dhrummacoill, with enlarged details of the reception that was accorded him by the people of that memorable village. Carter was shrewd enough to detect in all that further evidence of Tighe a Vohr's work, and it made him more madly eager for the arrest of Tighe. Venting his rage in loud, deep oaths, he left Canty's presence, the latter at last satisfied that Carter had been as badly tricked as any one else. Tighe, arrayed in some old-fashioned garments of Corny O'Toole's, the said garments being much too wide and too short for their present wearer, presented a more odd and

droll-looking figure than he had been wont to do in his own old costume before he exchanged the latter for a valet's outfit. He was listening with every evidence of delight to Corny's animated description of the fight on the grounds and the arrest of so many of the parties, but when Corny ceased Tighe became suddenly responsive.

"They'll make out a clear case agin me," he said, "an' they'll put me in jail; an' begorra that won't suit at all—to be losin' me toime in prison when the mather's trial is so near comin' off." He bowed his curly head on his hand for a moment. "Corny, in deep sympathy, but unable to afford any consolation in the face of what he felt to be the truth, was silent; suddenly Tighe looked up: "Corny, jist write a bit o' a note to Carther in my name; tell him I'd loike to see him a few minits on business that's o' life an' death importhance, an' I'll run down where he is."

"I'll find him there," said Tighe. "Sure that'll be putting your head in the trap at once," said Corny; "if you trust yourself out of here before nightfall, you'll not stand much chance of an escape from the peelers."

"I have an idea, Corny, an' it's that idea that's drivin' me to what I'll do; the help o' God, mebbe it'll come out all right, but, for fear it shouldn't, do you kape Shaun here for a while."

At the mention of his name the dog roused from his sleepy attitude near Tighe, shook himself, and drawing closer to his master, looked very expressively into the latter's face. Tighe returned the look with one of admiring affection.

"Faith, it's supernatural since you have, Shaun, to be understandin' ivery word I say! look at that now, Corny, the way he tuk it the minit I said his name! They say similies have no brains, but the divil as much intelligence among some of the two-legged animiles that have the impidines to be christenin' thimself's min'." An assertion with which Mr. O'Toole fully agreed, and to which he certified by patting the dog very affectionately. "Write the note, Corny," urged Tighe; "it might be as well for me to have it, in case I can't git seein' Carther at once. Niver mind bein' particer."

—as he saw Corny making the same elaborate preparations as he would for the inditing of a more important epistle; "You'd be waster' your book larnin' an' big words on the loike o' him—he's not worthy o' thim' Corny."

But Mr. O'Toole would not permit his literary reputation to suffer, even in so trifling an effusion as a brief note, and he wrote as follows: "Mr. Carter, I would like the privilege of your personal and individual presence for a few minutes; I have a communication of business to make to your private ear which is of the most valuable and highly important consequence and necessity. TIGHE A VOHR."

"You gev him too many foine words," said Tighe, turning the end between his fingers with evident dissatisfaction; then, catching sight of Corny's disappointed look—for there was nothing which so touched the little man's feelings as disparaging criticisms of his literary efforts—he artfully added: "I was forgittin', Corny—didn't me mother once tell me as how it was possible for you to write anything else but foine big words, be rayson o' the great stire o' larnin' you got in yer youth?"

Mr. O'Toole was beaming again, and explaining to Tighe the mysterious and wonderful power which a big word had of placing the writer in a very important and exalted position before ignorant folk.

"Yes," but old Carther knows well what a never got beyond, pot-hooks—an' thim same wouldn't be in me head now, only the mather dhruv thim in wid a shick that he broke over me knuckles. How an' iver, I'll thray me luck; so good by, Corny, an' take good care o' Shaun."

TO BE CONTINUED. AN EXTRAORDINARY CONVERSION. By Edward Muner, K. B. S., in Stella Maria.

When my friend, Sir Walter Humphries, the eminent Catholic composer, invited me to his home for a week or so following the conclusion of my concert-tour as pianist on the Continent, I felt grateful; for I knew that, amid the intellectual atmosphere and beautiful country surroundings of his residence, I should enjoy a well-earned rest. I accordingly accepted and prepared for a good holiday.

The day following my arrival had been spent in making a walking tour of the woods and valleys in the vicinity; the party consisting of my host, Captain H. Humphries, his nephew, and myself. We divided the time between drinking in the delights of nature and listening to the many stories of events in Sir Walter's career, which he told us in delightful fashion.

After dinner, we retired to the study to enjoy a little music. Sir Walter was a delightful pianist, and together we played one or two duets, which we all enjoyed.

As we were preparing to smoke, badly tricked as any one else. Captain Humphries spoke to his uncle. "Have you arranged your E major Symphony for piano duet? You know how I like that instrumental masterpiece of yours," he said.

"Yes, I have arranged it," responded Sir Walter. "Perhaps you will play it over then?" asked his nephew. "I really am in love with that work," he continued; and then, turning to me, said: "You will be delighted with it."

I then remarked that it would give me great pleasure to attempt this Symphony with Sir Walter, who thereupon crossed to his bookcase. He brought from it two books.

"One of these," he said, "contains the full instrumental score; whilst the other is the piano arrangement. I have brought both, as I wish to tell you the story of the composition of this work. I shall always remember the influence under which I worked at the time. We will, however, play the symphony over first."

Of all the duets in which I have participated I should think that the one which we now embarked upon will always remain vividly in my memory. Sir Walter took the "First" and I the "Second"; and so we entered into a veritable delight of sound. Notwithstanding the fact that I was sight-reading, and consequently there were many inaccuracies, I was enchanted. The beauty of the themes, the richness of the harmony, the scientific treatment and loving workmanship expended on the three movements, quite captured my affections. Above this, the exalted idealistic tone of the whole work had a chastening effect on me; and when the last chords had ceased to vibrate I sat for some seconds absorbed by the atmosphere created by this unique work.

"Bravo!" applauded our audience. "Isn't it great!" he went on. "It becomes better at every rendering."

"Yes," returned Sir Walter. "I myself consider it my best work; and if you will draw your chairs up to the fire I will relate the story which I promised to you."

We lit cigarettes, made ourselves comfortable round the roaring fire, and waited for Sir Walter to begin. "You must remember," he began, as he pulled at his cigarette, "that I am a convert to Catholicity, and that the fact of me being musical has a lot to do with it. Well, when I was eighteen years of age, I went over to Leipzig to complete my musical studies at the Conservatoire there. I worked fairly consistently; but the most important event was my commencement composition quite seriously. Up to the time of my arrival in Leipzig I had composed a few pieces, both vocal and instrumental; but not with any serious intention of becoming a composer."

"However, when I began to see the glories of orchestral music at the Conservatoire, I became fascinated with composition. I studied instrumentation with feverish energy with the hopes that I would be able to produce my first orchestral essay before long. I studied the orchestral works of many of the great masters with great diligence, and it was not long before I made my first attempt."

Our narrator flicked his cigarette and resumed. "This was an 'Adagio,' and I had the satisfaction of hearing it performed at the next school concert by an efficient band. I shall never forget the delight of hearing my first composition for concerted instruments."

"Since my arrival at the College I had made many friendships; but of all my associates I regarded John Newton with the greatest warmth. He was as old as myself; tall, well-built, and with the most handsome face I had ever seen. He was an enthusiastic aspirant to the honors of composition like myself, and we spent most of our spare time in discussing the works of Beethoven, Schubert or Brahms, or in performing each others musical efforts."

"He was an ardent Catholic; whilst I, who had been a fervent member of the Church of England until I was about sixteen, had almost neglected my religious duties, so engrossed was I in the delights of my art. I very rarely prayed, and when I did so, the completeness with which music had enshrouded me made my supplications mechanical and devoid of concentration, so that I obtained very little spiritual comfort from these slight religious practices."

"At last," continued Sir Walter, drawing at his cigarette, "after many preliminary essays, including the 'Scherzo in B flat,' and the 'Miniature Overture,' I decided to venture on the writing of a Symphony."

"I wished the opening theme to be the best melody with which I had so far been inspired. I hunted through my numerous notebooks for any tune which I had jotted down, but I could find nothing to satisfy me."

"For days I tried to compose a suitable melody, but could not. I was unable to summon that great treasure—inspiration."

"John saw how I was affected. He cheered me up with kindly encouragement; but was not intrusive when he knew I wanted isolation. "Well, time went on, and still I was not satisfied with my efforts. "At last, one sunny afternoon, John walked into my sanctum, where he found me deep in the great attempt."

"What!" said he, "are you staying indoors on a day like this? Come, man, you'll make yourself ill

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going on like this. I am going out for a stroll. Are you coming?"

"Very well," said I, sighing, as I laid down my pen; and together, we passed into the open air.

"It was a lovely day, and whilst a brilliant sun shone down, a nice gentle breeze fanned our cheeks coolly."

"We did not discuss music. Instead, John opened up conversations on many varied subjects, including the weather, nature, and other kindred things."

"I was beginning to feel the fine, healthy effects of the glorious weather, and was lost in thought during a few minutes' mutual silence, when my companion stopped and indicated a beautifully-built church on the opposite side of the road."

"There's the place where I go to on Sundays. Would you care to come in for a few minutes? It will be quite cool, and I know you are a little warm with walking," he said.

"I looked at the beautiful yet dignified exterior and felt quite attracted by it."

"Delighted!" I exclaimed; and together we crossed the road.

"This, my first visit to a Catholic church, was a unique experience for me. Upon entering I was immediately impressed by the solemnity of this temple and the feeling that there was another Presence there chastening the atmosphere. I had read of the Catholic belief in the Real Presence on the altar, and I felt it immediately on entering."

"We knelt down in an out-of-the-way corner of the building, and John immediately became immersed in his devotions. I felt as if I was being, somehow, left out of the spiritual conversation now in progress. Almost unconsciously I began to pray in short sentences. I felt thirsty for spiritual comfort, and here I was asking for it in a Catholic church."

"Our narrator stopped. We were so attentive that we had forgotten to smoke, and sat there engrossed in the story."

"As I thus laid my heart before God," continued Sir Walter, "I was conscious of a great calm coming over my soul. I moved with the ecstasy, and the musical notebook in my right coat pocket touched against me. As I felt it I remembered what it was; and then I unconsciously started to form a melody in my brain. I was distracted completely now. The tune was forming itself into a beautiful thing. I, who had been trying and trying again for weeks to discover a suitable theme, was now rewarded with one. I felt intoxicated, overjoyed. My artistic instinct dominated every other emotion at the moment; and, with this great tuning in my head, I drew out the small manuscript book mentioned, with a pencil attached, and committed it to paper."

"A few minutes later we left the church. I feeling considerably elated. I narrated the incident to my friend with feverish haste. He listened attentively, and then said: 'Why, my dear Walter, you have received a great gift from God!'"

"A gift from God! I had not thought of that for a single moment. I remembered that I had forgotten my supplications when I thought of the tune. I had not even thanked the Great Benefactor. I who called myself a Christian had forgotten that. I felt ashamed, and John, with his usual insight, saw how hurt I felt and said no more."

"Well, I worked at my Symphony with great industry and delight; but whilst I did so my thoughts often returned to the beautiful Catholic church where I had been blessed with the wonderful tune in this Symphony."

"I began also to question John about his religion. He gladly initiated me into the knowledge of the mysteries of the Church, and whilst so doing, helped to wipe away many of my deep-rooted prejudices regarding it."

"Guided by the kindly hand of my friend, who saw what an effect these enlightening discourses were having, I began to see the glories of the Catholic Church; and on the same day that I penned the last chord of the Symphony I was received into the one True Church."

"We were all silent for a few moments."

"Then Captain Humphries spoke as he placed his cigarette on the ash-tray. 'No wonder that you regard this work with great esteem, Uncle. God evidently spoke to you through the medium of your musical genius. It was a remarkable conversion, was it not?' he concluded, turning to me."

"It was," I returned shortly.

MASSES NOT FLOWERS

It would be well to recall, over and over, the remark that our Catholic people will greatly aid the Holy Souls in Purgatory by getting into the way of sending offerings of their prayers and good works, with perhaps promises of Masses for the departed, instead of heaping the coffin and the grishable and very ineffective flowers. A blossom or two is well enough to console the living, and to typify the loveliness of the resurrection, when we shall all, please God, blossom forth from the tomb and amaze our souls, with our risen glory. But consider—what consolation do these heaps of flowers bring to the departed souls who are now suffering until their eager longing is filled with the vision of God? The flowers lie there and wither. They

have no efficacy to ease the torment and hasten the glory of the suffering soul. But only prayer and holy Mass offered for that soul brings it in God's mercy a hastening of its release, and the union with its Creator, our Heavenly Father in its eternal home!—The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

THE SAME YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The incentive to all great world, national and church movements is best analyzed beneath the spectrum of history. The motive power that inspires individual and separate action may often be misunderstood in its segregated isolation. No important single historical fact is correctly understood unless it is studied from the viewpoint of the times in which it transpired. Concurrent history often solves a difficult problem which is beyond solution in its naked singularity.

The history of the past nineteen centuries is the greatest material asset of the Roman Catholic Church. In its entirety it forms a fabric of brilliant social and spiritual action which dazzles the human mind by the logic of its changeless inspiration. Open the pages of ancient and modern history at random, and regardless of the period, one will find the Church radiating its salutary influence into every department of human activity. So vitally did the Church effect the formation of all modern European nations that one of the greatest present-day historical analysts has said: "Europe is the Catholic Church and the Catholic Church is Europe."

One of the greatest facts of early history was the downfall of the Roman Empire. As an isolated fact separated from its concurrent history it was a complete downfall in every sense of the word. Studied in the light of the previous inspirations which quietly but potently were changing its political machinery, it was not a downfall but a survival. It was a survival which denoted a radical change and the change was the complete passage from paganism to Catholicity. Great Catholic men were at the helm to direct the change into the proper channels.

One great point of this important fact must be emphasized. It supplies the key to all Church action throughout the centuries. This point is revealed by the spectrum of history. The Church did not become a most powerful factor in this great change of the early centuries because it possessed the necessary leaders, but on account of its own universal inherent principles of divine action. The giants of the Church fulfilled the demand of popular policy. It would not have succeeded without the sympathy of the great mass of humanity.

Thus it has ever been throughout the ages. The Church's divinely guided action has created the demand and time has supplied the leaders. The inspiration for all its great movements is found in Christ and the doctrines He bequeathed His Church. Witness the Crusades. The Church had spread its influence until all Europe looked to Rome for its religious practice. It inspired men's lives with a degree of spiritual practice and piety that has not been equalled in the world's history. The holy places of Jerusalem were in the hands of infidels. This condition was revolting to the universal Catholic mind which allotted the most important part of its life to religion and its practice. The demand for a conquest of the Holy Land became the popular cry of Europe and the leaders appeared on the scene to form the necessary organizations. Again one beholds the results of the universal spiritual inspirations of the Church. Without a study of the great religious activity of the times the Crusades are only half understood both in their conception and operation.

That same spirit of inspiration is working, healing and encouraging spiritual operation today as it did in all the ages since that first Pentecost Sunday nearly nineteen centuries ago. There are no isolated movements in the Church. They are all part of one great continuous programme of action. There is no need today to send forth Crusaders to battle with the implements of war, but men and women are answering a call to a higher life in which they sacrifice themselves totally and willingly at home and abroad. Leaders, both clerical and lay, are found in every field of action where their unusual resources are needed. There is no service too difficult or no sacrifice too great to deter men from answering a call to fill the breach. All this despite the fact that service to the Church is entirely voluntary. There is no need of proscription or draft. Because the spirit of the entire Christian dispensation throughout the centuries still leaves the entire mass.

One may come a little nearer home and view the present day trend of affairs within the Church in America. Its growth during the past fifty years has been phenomenal. Today there seems to be no end to that expansion. The number of churches, schools, and convents is increased month by month. Despite the fact that over fifty per cent. of the bed capacity of all hospitals on the North American continent is controlled by Catholic Sisterhoods, new hospitals and

additions are under construction. Asylums, homes for the poor, the aged, the derelict and the unfortunate dot the land. This activity within the Church is constant. Not because it has great leaders but because it has the necessary leaders to materialize the demands and needs of the ordinary populace for a greater service to satisfy its spiritual cravings. The present day expansion, as an isolated fact, is marvelous, but it is still more marvelous in the light of all past history. It is simply the history of a thousand years ago repeating itself. It is the replica of events which transpired six hundred years ago. It is a repetition of what has happened in the Christian era. It is only another golden strain in the weave of Catholic history and Catholic activity for the salvation of souls. The saving of men's souls is its paramount duty. The very nature of its mission will always keep it supreme. This is the revelation of the spectrum of history.—Catholic Transcript.

CHRISTIAN DUTIES

A ridiculous story recently appeared in the secular press about a burial at sea by radio. It was later contradicted. But not before it furnished some editorial writers with a fresh theme, and opened up a new field for the play of their imagination. Some of the less cautious of them have indulged their fancy to the extreme of prophesying that as a result of this and kindred developments of broadcasting, radio will revolutionize religion.

There is a pleasing alliteration in the phrase religion and radio, that has an irresistible appeal to the writer of headlines. Perhaps this is one reason why the two totally dissimilar things are placed in frequent juxtaposition. But there is no ground for fear that the new science of radio will ever supplant religion. Every new adaptation of science to popular use has brought to little minds the same startling possibility.

Perhaps in the case of radio the wish may be father to the thought. Men in all ages have followed the bent of the natural man and tried to devise new schemes for evading religious duties. Religion made easy has been the trend of the popular mind for many generations. The old fashioned religion with its dogma to be believed and its morality to be practised and its observances to be followed has become too difficult for a generation used to automobiles, parlor cars and labor saving inventions.

The modern man must have his religion served to him in his home, where he can sprawl at his ease, and serve himself that he is serving God as God should be served. That is not religion at all. Religion consists not merely of inward affections but of outward acts. It is not simply a matter of hearing the word of God, but of doing the will of God. Radio broadcasts may arouse religious sentiments in the hearer, but they can never take the place of the outward worship which God as Creator and Master of the Universe demands from His creatures.

Radio broadcasting of Church services like good reading and preaching may help some people to become religious, but it can never fill the place that Christ Our Lord intended should be filled by the Church which He founded. It is pleasant for man to indulge in illusions, but sooner or later comes a sad awakening.

One of the most deceitful illusions that men have fallen prey to in the ages, is that which the devil insinuates, that the road to Heaven can be made smooth and easy. There is no royal road to glory. The only road that leads to happiness is the road that Our Saviour trod, the road which He commanded us to follow, the road of suffering and hardship.

Let us use the good in radio, but let us beware of expecting too much from it. Electrical impulses through the ether cannot unite the soul of man to God. The grace of God that flows through the Sacraments which Christ instituted for that very purpose can, in spite of newspaper headlines, in spite of editorial writers, in spite of perfervid imaginings of luxury loving men, the true believer will continue to worship God, not over the radio but in the Church which Christ founded.—The Pilot.

IDEAL HUMAN LOVE

There is a principle of continuity running through all the religions and Christianity has absorbed all that is excellent in all. It took that one authentic and intense form of Christianity to embody in flesh and blood all that the noble pagans and refined poets among the heathens had sung and dreamed of with regard to womanhood. As Christ's Mother rose above the horizon all the choice spirits among men beheld the ideal vision of the eternal womanly. There then gathered troops of painters, poets, dreamers and saints to do her honor. Afterward was created that mediaeval art which is the despair of the modern aesthetic temper. To confound the wise and as a stumbling block to the proud she, a Hebrew maiden, was chosen as instrument when the infinite in His condescension clothed Himself with the flesh of our flesh and bone of

our bone. The very thought of her moral comeliness elevated and chastened the imagination of man. It is a common fact among spiritual writers to find them insisting upon the necessity of placing all our affections in God. The human affection of the Mother of Christ for her Son was the noblest conceivable, for the term of its exercise was purely and solely God. In the play of the maternal instinct the human emotion was actually the divine. She therefore personifies ideal human love.

Those who would keep fresh and pure the sentiment of the heart should look aloft to her as the exemplar. High class love is perfected in restraint and everlastingly crowned in death. Through a series of abstinences and reserves we come to perfection of heart, and blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God. He who would rend the veil and touch the ark must have clean hands. His eyes must be of the spirit to behold with composure the awfulness of the vision.

Religion is not altogether but somewhat of the heart, although in the balanced character mind and will should play a large part. It is to the glory of Christianity that it has evoked all that is tender and fair and spiritual in human affection. This could not always be said of paganism, for there were times when it brought out in the region of emotion that which was seductive and impure.

How wise is the Christian Church in keeping before us the central fact of the Incarnation, and that, too, in a human representation. There is not a mood of emotion in the human heart which is not appealed to and directed in the integral economy of the Incarnation, and the Church in dealing with man humanly has striven to draw him to God through the cords of Adam.

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How wise is the Christian Church in keeping before us the central fact of the Incarnation, and that, too, in a human representation. There is not a mood of emotion in the human heart which is not appealed to and directed in the integral economy of the Incarnation, and the Church in dealing with man humanly has striven to draw him to God through the cords of Adam.

Oh! thanks be to God for our holy Church of Rome, which has saved to the world of ethics these two morally fruitful ideas: First, the literal fulfillment in history of the ideal of womanhood, and secondly, the ideal expression of human love in actual life.—The Missionary.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1928

PEACE IN IRELAND

To the friends of Ireland, and especially to those many millions of the Greater Ireland beyond the seas, the last year of fratricidal strife has been distressing, heartbreaking. It strained the ties of affection, which always bound the sea-divided Gael with the motherland; they never faltered in their loyal support of every phase of the age-long struggle to achieve the political freedom of the land of their fathers. But that conception of political freedom which was supposed to justify wanton destruction of life and property, which avowed the deliberate intent to create chaos in Ireland for the express purpose of forcing an Irish Government chosen by the Irish people to acknowledge its impotence to govern, did much to alienate the sympathy of the world and try the patience—not to put it too strongly—of the millions in many countries who had always cherished their Irish ancestry, and who through generations contributed in many essential ways to the triumphant conclusion of Ireland's long fight for freedom. For—pace De Valera and the extremists—Ireland's centuries-old struggle has been crowned by victory as complete as that of the Allies in the late World War. It is true that Ireland, in defiance of economics, of history and of reason, is divided into two sections necessarily interdependent, but politically independent of each other. But this is now an Irish question, a question exclusively for Ireland to settle. Had the Irish Free State Government been allowed to function normally, to establish firmly the reign of law and order, there is little doubt that the Ulster problem would have been speedily solved. The outstanding question of national importance is not whether Ireland shall be a Republic or a self-governing Dominion, but to achieve national unity of Ireland. Ireland with the six Counties—or even, after the Boundary Commission, the four Counties—outside, would not be Ireland, one and indivisible, as God and nature, sound economics and sane politics intended it to be.

"The Irish nation," writes Professor Henry of Queen's University, Belfast, "cannot be said to have at any period abandoned its claim to independence. Of the meaning of that claim there was no question from the Conquest to the fall of Limerick. The whole of that period is occupied by the long struggle between the English and the Irish peoples for the effective possession of the island. On neither side was there any misapprehension of the meaning and object of the contest. The English Government, whether it employed naked force, intrigue or legal fiction, aimed (and was understood to aim) at the moral, material and political subjugation of the Irish: the Irish, whether they fought in the field or intrigued in the cabinets of Europe, whether allied with France or Spain or the English royalists, had but one object, the assertion of their national independence. It was a struggle not merely between two nations but between two civilizations. England could never count on the fidelity to her ideals and policy of the second generation of her own settlers. History cannot produce another instance of a struggle so long and so pertinacious. . . . With the fall of Limerick England might have regarded her task as accomplished. The Irish nation was prostrate, and

chains were forged for it which, heavier and more galling than any forged for any nation before, seemed to offer a perpetual guarantee of slavery, misery and degradation. Ireland was henceforth to be administered as a kind of convict settlement. The law, in the words of a famous judgment, did not presume the existence of such a person as a Catholic Irishman; that is to say two-thirds of the inhabitants of the country had no legal existence. Legal existence was the privilege of Protestant Englishmen living in Ireland and of such Protestant Irishmen as claimed it.

"Once it was in effective possession of England the period of its commercial subjugation began. Every kind of manufacture which competed with that of England was suppressed, every branch of commerce which threatened rivalry with that of England was forbidden. To ensure at once that military resistance might not be renewed and that commercial subjugation might be endured the policy was adopted first (to quote [the Protestant] Archbishop Boulter) of 'filling the great places with natives of England' and secondly of perpetuating the animosity between Protestants and Catholics. It was hoped in this way to form 'two nations' out of one and render the task of government and exploitation easier in consequence. The remarkable power of absorbing foreign settlers shown by the Irish Nation since the Conquest was thus to be nullified and religion pressed into service against humanity. So clearly was this policy conceived that Archbishop Boulter could write 'The worst of this is that it tends to unite Protestant with Papist and whenever that happens, good-by to the English interests in Ireland forever.'"

Devilish? Yes, but not a whit exaggerated or highly colored: The Protestant Professor of Belfast University whom we have quoted, merely sketches in broad outline the policy of galling oppression under which the Catholic Irish lived for generations after generation. It is the miracle of history that they did not degenerate into degraded and contented loyalists. But whether the fate of the victims of Protestant ascendancy was better or worse than that of those who so prostituted their religion as to permit it to be "pressed into service against humanity" is an open question.

At any rate we have here the genesis and development of the Ulster question. England followed her Irish policy as long and as ruthlessly as she dared until the last black chapter of the Partition Act and the Black and Tans.

The Anglo-Irish Treaty was the inauguration of a new era. It marks the decisive and final victory of the Irish in the longest and most momentous struggle in the history of the world.

It is only against this historic background, so dispassionately outlined by Professor Henry, that we may view with understanding and sympathy Ireland's present position. Two considerations emerge. That there should be Irishmen who are dissatisfied, impatient, resentful of any settlement short of complete separation from England is the most natural thing in the world. None but blind fool can fail to see that. That these disappointed Irishmen should resort to arms we believe was a huge mistake, a stubborn adherence to wrong-headed methods for the attainment of a natural and perfectly legitimate object. But, as Michael Collins often urged in extenuation, it must be remembered that Ireland had just undergone a radical revolution. And, like all revolutions in the history of the world, it was bound to be followed by a period of unsettlement, turmoil and comparative chaos. The Irish had just won the greatest of great victories, having sustained her heroic resistance against overwhelming odds until the Court of world-opinion and world-conscience gave judgment, definite and decisive, in her favor. It is intelligible that having just emerged victorious from that desperate contest, some might think that similar means might attain complete separation. However, that is now happily an incident of history. The ballot has been substituted for the bullet, and republicans will make their contribution to Irish political development by constitutional means. It

is idle and foolish to say that the oath of allegiance prevents their trying to achieve their aims through Parliament. There are royalist deputies in the French Parliament, republicans in the Spanish and Italian Parliaments, Socialists everywhere, and at least one Communist member of the British House of Commons. And these latter are much more radical in their aims to subvert the existing order than are Irish republicans.

But, as we said before, the great national question of immediate and pressing importance is not the Republic vs. Dominion, but National Unity.

And this brings us to the second consideration. Will Northeast Ulster enter into political union with the rest of Ireland? With stable government, security for life and property, with the inevitable prosperity and progress that will follow, there is not a doubt in the world that Ulster will come in. Geography, nationality, economics, and business reasons will impel them to do so. And the great impelling reason for keeping alive religious animosity is removed. British policy no longer demands it; quite on the contrary, it is now in the British interest that the results of that devilish policy should disappear. They have disappeared in the South where Protestants loyally support the new Dominion status. Indeed it may be recalled that Sir Edward Carson at one time scorned the suggestion of partition as involving base desertion of their brethren in the South by the Protestant stronghold of the North. So that no religious considerations, so far as they may enter into the question, may impel Northern Protestants towards union.

In that happy day when Protestant and Catholic Irishmen will work together for the good of their common country, we believe that aspirations after that shadowy and very much idealized republic will vanish in the realization that as a self-governing Dominion Ireland has every opportunity, cultural, commercial, industrial, that would be hers with complete separation.

A REAL PREVENTIVE OF WAR

The veterans and various bodies of workmen have been urging that if human life is drafted during a war everything else needful should be drafted. Wealth and Capital are surely less important than human life; yet, during the last war, wealth grew wealthier, capital profited enormously; and the "heroes" got one dollar and ten cents a day while the workers in munition factories, thousands of miles behind the danger zone, waxed fat and merry on ten dollars a day; and even at that pled up enormous fortunes for patriotic profiteers.

Many are now urging the Churches to create a specific Christian sentiment against all war; and there is some response on the part of the Churches.

But when war breaks out it is safe to predict that the Churches will again be found to vie with the recruiting sergeant and the war-propagandists in urging the patriotic duty of going to war or supporting and sustaining all war work. And this in countries on both sides of the question that is to be submitted to the "arbitrament of war." The powerful influence of prospective profiteers will always, under the guise of patriotism, seek to promote this primitive method of settling disputes. Whenever a more Christian or more rational method is advocated in peace it meets with vague commendation and assent. When practical means are urged to prevent war there is at once division. When war looms up 'pacifist' becomes a term of scornful reproach. Not all wars are unjust, we are sapiently told; some are inevitable. National honor, national duty, patriotism, my country right or wrong, down with the pro-Germans or the pro-French or the pro-anything that is not pro-war. So will run the gamut of war-propaganda in the future as in the past, and any "sentiment against war" created by the Churches, peace-lovers, or what you please, will go down before it.

The World Court, so dear to President Harding, may fulfil the hopes of its sponsors; but there is nothing in human nature, politics or history that justifies the faith

that it will do more than the Hague International Court.

However, we think that President Harding, addressing the soldier sick at the Army General Hospital in Denver the other day, has indicated a much more effectual means of preventing war, or at least reducing the war evil to its irreducible minimum.

He is reported as having made this momentous pronouncement:

He promised that he would "consecrate" himself, his every influence and endeavor, to prevent another war on the part of the United States.

"But," Mr. Harding said, addressing a group who assembled to welcome him and Mrs. Harding to the hospital, "I want to tell you, if ever there is another war, we will do more than draft the boys. If I have anything to do with it, we will draft every dollar and every other essential."

Now if all could be fully convinced that they would be drafted to do their allotted war work precisely as the soldier and for similar fixed remuneration, war enthusiasm would receive an effectual damper. And unless we rate property and profits above human life why should not "every dollar and every other essential" be drafted as well as the physically fit young men who do the fighting?

President Harding has indicated a very effective method of creating a strong sentiment against war, if not of preventing war altogether. The reasonableness and the efficacy of the proposal should secure for it universal acceptance and support. And it is now, in time of peace, not when war clouds darken the horizon, that this reasonable and just distribution of war burdens should be accepted, supported, and propagated until it becomes the general public sentiment and settled conviction with regard to war.

INTERFERENCE WITH FREE CONTRACTS

By THE OBSERVER

There is in the English and Canadian laws of shipping an illustration of necessary and just interference by law with the contracts of men with other men. Under the Constitution of the United States such interferences are not feasible; for the Constitution is a written one and forbids the making of laws that would interfere with the freedom of contract, which is constitutionally sacred. But the British and Canadian constitutions are not written and are subject to change by statute law; for instance Magna Charta has been modified in many ways, though its main principles are still in force.

Parliament has enacted in the case of seamen that they shall have no power to make a contract which will deprive them of, for instance, the benefit of certain rules which are made for their protection against fraud. Usually a man may sit down and sign an agreement that will deprive him of the benefit of any law. He may, for instance, agree that he will do without a certain notice which the law gives him the right to receive. But in the Merchant Shipping Acts certain rights are given to him which he is expressly forbidden by those same acts to agree to give up. That is a distinct interference with the freedom of contract. This is important and it is a peculiarity that is found also in Workmen's Compensation Acts. A man loses under those acts a certain part of his freedom to make contracts because he is forbidden to sign away certain rights which those acts give him.

In the United States there is trouble about legislation and labor time laws. Sometimes laws which are designed to shorten the hours of labor are declared to be unconstitutional and invalid because they diminish the constitutional freedom of contract by which a man may agree on any terms he pleases with his employer. There is no such limitation on the law making power of a Canadian legislature. It can constitutionally interfere with the freedom of contract as much as it sees fit to do. There is another example in the acts commonly called the "Truck Acts" which are designed to prevent employers from arbitrarily paying off their workmen in goods instead of in cash. Though they are sometimes evaded, the constitutional power to pass an act to forbid such payments is beyond question.

A few years ago Parliament was obliged in consequence of the

increasing oppression and frauds of money lenders to pass an act enabling the courts to set aside contracts to pay interest, when they thought it just to do so. This is still another instance of legislative interference with the making of contracts. A set of greedy men were in that business—of loaning money on the security of salaries and of personal effects, and they were not inappropriately called "Loan sharks." The judges were given power to tear up such contracts and to settle the case as they saw fit. The sense of justice of the public approved such laws.

Neither by the moral law nor by the law of the land does a contract necessarily bind because the parties have signed it. If it did, the stronger and more cunning could have always the advantage. But it is to be noted that while the court will always set aside a contract for fraud practiced and proven in certain ways, the cases to which we have just referred go further than the ordinary case. These are cases in which the party who is to be protected knew perfectly what he was agreeing to and was willing, and even, it may be, eager, to agree to it. And even then the law will, in certain cases, forbid him to keep the contract he deliberately made. The question is, the general protection of the public or of a large class of the public. That is the aim of such legislative interferences.

Take for instance the first case we have mentioned: The sailor has been from time immemorial the object of fraud and injustice. He wanders in far lands where he is helpless and friendless. He is in danger of being stranded in hostile and foreign countries, where even the language does not lend itself to his uses. He is far at times from the courts of his country, and from the restraining influences of his home and friends, and is subjected to many and various temptations. And at the same time he is a most important factor in the prosperity of a great industry. He is therefore a subject for special protection and in modern times he has received that special protection in a good measure at least.

The workman also is entitled to all reasonable protection. He can hardly be permitted to judge for himself just when his engagements bind him, but that any and every sort of unfair conditions shall be imposed on him under the freedom of contract is not to be thought of in these days when so many precedents already exist for a better and fairer way of doing things.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

AN EPISODE illustrative of missionary work in China, of more than ordinary interest and edification is related by a Salesian, Father Charles Braga, in the current issue of the Don Bosco Messenger. We cannot do better than give it in his own words. Describing a journey to and from Ho-si, where an orphanage has been erected under the auspices of these sons of Don Bosco, he says: "After I had gone some distance, in the neighborhood of a large tree whose branches overhung the crystal waters of the river, I noticed on the bank a woman with hair all loose and blown about by the wind who was bending down, apparently talking to someone on the ground. I looked more closely and was able to make out that under the mat on which she was squatting there was something concealed, and the thought struck me that the woman was weeping over the dead body of her little infant. In order to make sure I descended the bank and approached the little group. As soon as the sorrowing mother was aware of my presence, instead of being frightened and running away, she lifted up a corner of the matting and said to me between her sobs: 'O good stranger, save my little son; see, he is dying!'"

"I THEN perceived that under the dirty covering, and indeed on the cold ground itself, a child of four years was lying, and seemed to be one mass of sores: eyes, ears and lips were covered with blood, and the little body was writhing in convulsions. Tenderly I lifted him from the ground, placed him on the mat, felt his pulse and very soon discovered that he had only a short time to live. The mother, when she saw that I was not moved to disgust on seeing the condition of her little son, and that he on hearing an unaccustomed voice opened his eyes and asked for a drink, took him in

her arms and offered him to me, saying: 'Take him, carry him to your house, to your institute. He will be safe with you, I know.'

"I REPLIED, thanking her for the gift, and telling her that she would have to wait till evening, until I could effect the transportation of her little one. The woman was greatly comforted, and finding her in such good disposition, I spoke to her of Our Lord, and of the reward which God would give to the good and to little children regenerated by Baptism, and without more ado I asked her if she was willing that I should baptize her little son since she was giving him as a gift to the Institute. The good woman said 'yes' so cordially and so spontaneously that my heart was gladdened and I murmured a fervent 'Deo gratias!' She herself ran to the boat and brought me a dish for the water which I drew from the river, and there, on the sands, under the clear vault of heaven, I baptised the little sufferer, giving him the name of Aloysius."

"I took him in my arms, little angel as he was through the saving waters of Holy Baptism, and offered him to Our Blessed Lord, who would, I hoped, welcome him in Paradise, make him guardian of our orphanage and invite him to watch over and protect as many boys as would be gathered there and educated."

"I CONSOLED the mother and gave her a little money so that she might buy the necessary medicine for little Aloysius, and renewing my promise of receiving and educating him, I hurried away towards our residence. At the door I encountered the Bishop who was just returning from his long and fatiguing journey, and afterwards when I told him of my recent adventure, we both rejoiced in the Lord for the gift He had given us."

"Towards evening I returned to Ho-si to find my newly-made Christian. I saw the mother and asked her about the child. With a tired gesture, her eyes swollen with weeping, she pointed to a mound of freshly-dug earth at the foot of the giant-tree and said in broken accents: 'He is there! He died at sunset!'"

"I DID NOT look towards the tomb but rather towards the heavens in which the stars were beginning to shine, and where thought I, little Aloysius was one more flower transplanted from the earth and blooming now in the celestial gardens. And I thought of the poor little orphans of our mission who were now playing around the bronze statue of our Venerable Father, but who would one day be with him in Heaven there to sing the praises of God for all eternity."

"Two days after, the river rose in flood and tearing up plants and shrubs in its course, its turbulent yellow waters rushed towards the little grave and very soon the coffin containing my little treasure was carried out upon the ocean."

THE EIGHTEENTH Annual Report of the Canadian Bible Society which has just been issued contains the usual quota of childish tales regarding the work of distributing the 300,000 copies of the Bible which we are assured is the annual output in Canada. Here is one of them, as cited in one of the daily papers: "At one of the Fall Fairs in Ontario a little chap wanted a Testament. He had no money, as he had spent all on chewing gum. After looking at the Testament for some time with wistful eyes, evidently sizing up the case, he said, 'Mister, will you take all my gum for a Testament?' 'I could not refuse him a Testament after that,' adds the Colporteur."

This is interesting and inspiring, no doubt, to those who like that sort of thing. But this whole matter of indiscriminate circulation of the Bible receives a curious comment in the adjoining column of the same paper, where we are piously assured that "a large element in the Church have ceased to believe in the final authority of the Bible," this condition being attributed in large measure to "Modernism." But Modernism itself has gradually come to be the preponderating influence in all the sects, as their daily acts and utterances make clear. And since Modernism, as we are further told, "represents the naturalistic as opposed to the supernatural view of Christianity

and the Bible, and assumes that it is new, whereas the fact is there is no objection which Modernism makes to the Bible which has not been made repeatedly since the second century of the Christian era." This is undoubtedly true, the misfortune being that the system called Protestantism has by the rejection of legitimate authority thrown away the only weapon which can successfully cope with the evil thus lamented.

NOTABLE MOVEMENT IN FRANCE

CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF FAMILY LIFE

Abbe Marie Jenn Viollet, of the diocese of Paris, member of the Institute and Professor of Canon Law at the Ecole des Chartes, founder of the Christian Marriage Association and of various other associations all intended to promote the education and development of the family spirit, represented France at the National Conference of Social Work. The following article was written especially for the N. C. W. C. News Service by Abbe Jean Viollet.

France is, perhaps, of all the countries of the world the one in which there is found the most striking opposition between the traditional conception of the family and the new tendency toward voluntary restriction called "Neo-Malthusianism."

If statistics alone are considered, some people may imagine that the French family is about to disappear. This is a grave error. The French family is still a very living thing, and to be assured of this it is sufficient to consider the energy with which it is reacting against the causes of dissolution. It may be of interest to American Catholics, friends of France, to have a sketch of this important and absolutely specific movement which shows what must be done by the modern family to defend its interests against the excesses of individualism.

TWO-FOLD FIELD OF ACTION

The French family is defending itself in the two-fold field of spiritual life and economic life. But it does not wish to confuse the field reserved to the Church with that which is more particularly the concern of civil society, and for this reason its activity is manifested in a two-fold movement, the one purely religious and the other strictly social. The first is based on the parish and the other on family associations. The two organizations function in perfect harmony and give each other support when necessary.

The religious work is concentrated in the Christian Marriage Association (92 rue de Gergovie, Paris). This association is presided over by Cardinal Dubois, Archbishop of Paris, and by his auxiliary, Mgr. Chaptal. Its field of action is spiritual and educational. The Christian Marriage Association has sections in each diocese and branches in every parish. The parochial sections attend a "Family Mass" regularly and organize study circles for parents, young men and young girls. The questions treated in these study circles include the development of sentiment and family love, the education of children and, in a general way, the virtues which prepare for marriage and family life.

The sections of the Christian Marriage Association are in charge of moral propaganda in the parish. They demand of their members the example of purity before marriage and the observance of the moral law in conjugal life. The central organization in Paris supplies the sections with the publications necessary for their propaganda work. It publishes three reviews, one for parents, one for young men and one for young girls. It also sends out a large number of tracts, pamphlets and special works.

In addition to the moral and religious organization, the French family defends its social interests by means of Family Associations. These Associations are of two kinds, one composed exclusively of large families, the other made up of young families. The first, being unable to establish works of preparation and prevent on account of their age and the number of children, have a tendency to ask the State for the help they need. They have already obtained some important legislative reforms especially with regard to the length of military service, the distribution of taxes, the price of railroad tickets, etc.

But the movement which has the greatest future is undoubtedly that which strives to organize preventive, preparatory work with young families. The president of this work is M. Francois Marsal, Deputy, former minister. This movement has organized the Federation of Family Associations 92 rue du Moulin Vert, Paris. The Federation of Family Associations establishes a branch in each ward in Paris and in each municipality of France. The central Secretariat is composed of various committees: 1, Legislation; 2, Housing; 3, Preventive Works; 4,

Consumers' Cooperatives; 5. Publications and propaganda.

Important results have already been obtained. The Federation has brought about the construction of many family houses in Paris and the suburbs. It has now begun the construction of a whole village of more than 100 houses. It has founded an auxiliary society for families which desire to build their own homes, giving their own labor in their spare time in order to diminish the cost of building.

In the field of preventive work, it has founded mutual associations for sickness and bonuses to be paid at the birth of children. Through its consumers' cooperatives it has established a fund in favor of each family from which premiums are paid to insure the protection of the family in various circumstances.

The Federation of Family Associations has conducted an active campaign in favor of compensation funds, the object of which is to give workmen with large families a supplemental salary corresponding to the number of his children. These compensation funds are quite numerous and popular and it may be stated that they have affected an actual economic revolution by introducing the notion of the family in the estimation of the wage scale.

STATUE OF MARY CROWNED

SCENE OF RELIGIOUS POMP IN PUBLIC SQUARE OF ARRAS

Celebrations of unforgettable splendor marked the crowning of Notre Dame des Ardents, patron of the city of Arras which, although almost completely destroyed during the War, would not wait until it was rebuilt to give this striking testimony of faithfulness to the religious traditions of its history.

The marvelous crown of gold offered by the women of Arras was placed on the head of the statue of the "Vierge des Ardents" on the "Grand Place" or main square of the city by Cardinal Dubois of Paris, in the presence of the Archbishop of Cambrai, the Bishop of Arras, twelve other French bishops, hundreds of priests, and thousands upon thousands of faithful.

The women of Arras made this offering in response to an appeal of the late Bishop of Arras, Mgr. Lobbeyde, the heroic prelate who insisted on remaining in the bombarded city to the very end, at a time when ten houses were being destroyed daily, and who finally succumbed as a result of his labors.

The Blessed Virgin, the "Joyel," as it is generally called in the country, was the object of great veneration. A few pieces of it are preserved in a silver reliquary which dates, approximately, from the year 1200. The attachment of Arras to this celestial deposit is such that in 1640 when the city surrendered to the King of France, one of the main conditions of the capitulation was that the Blessed Virgin should never be carried out of the city.

On the day of the crowning of its patroness, Arras was magnificently decorated. Each street adopted its own colors, one having the hangings, awnings, banners and garlands of blue and red, another blue and yellow, and so on. Many of the decorative motifs recalled the litany of the Blessed Virgin.

Notre Dame de Lorette, carried by soldiers and followed by miners in their work costumes; Notre Dame du Saint Cordon de Valenciennes, covered with sumptuous laces; Notre Dame de la Treille, of Lille, etc.

When the last of the procession had reached the great square, everyone halted and the bands and choirs executed a cantata composed especially for the occasion.

Cardinal Dubois then went forward to the statue and with great ceremony placed upon the head of Our Lady the golden diadem. A great shout of acclamation arose, such as perhaps had never been heard on that spot.

Then, one of the greatest orators of the French hierarchy, Mgr. Tissier, bishop of Chalons, mounted the pulpit and addressed his vast audience in a speech in which, pointing to some of the barely completed houses of the "Grand Place" which was formerly one of the jewels of Spanish architecture in France, he congratulated the Christians of Arras on their desire to place above the material reconstruction of their cities, industries and farms, the religious restoration and moral progress of their country under the protection of the Blessed Virgin to whom they have vowed so faithful a devotion.

The devotion to Notre Dame des Ardents of Arras dates from the Twelfth Century. In the year 1105, a frightful epidemic known by the name of "mal des Ardents" ravaged Europe and particularly northern France.

Various documents of the Twelfth century compiled from an account made by Lambert, Bishop of Arras in 1105, give the same account of the miracle which occurred at that time.

The Blessed Virgin appeared to two jugglers, bitter enemies of each other: Hier de Tirlemont, in Brabant, and Norman de Saint-Pol, in Artois, urging them to become reconciled, to go to the Bishop of Arras, Lambert, and spend the night in prayer with him in the Cathedral on the night from May 27th to 28. This was the night of the vigil of the Pentecost.

The jugglers obeyed, went to the bishop and spent the night in prayer with him in the Cathedral. They were praying fervently when, on the stroke of midnight, the Virgin appeared to them in a blaze of light, holding in her hands a lighted candle.

The jugglers transmitted the message received in the vision. Of the 14 "ardents" in Arras everyone recovered with the exception of one who refused to use the saving water.

Hier and Norman founded, among the minstrels and jugglers, a charitable confraternity called the "Confrerie des Ardents." A manuscript of the year 1194 preserved in the National Library contains the statutes of this pious confraternity which was also entered by many bourgeois and nobles out of devotion to Our Lady. The Supreme Pontiff enriched it with indulgences, the Counts of Flanders made it many gifts and the Abbey of Saint-Vaast gave it its protection.

The Blessed Virgin, the "Joyel," as it is generally called in the country, was the object of great veneration. A few pieces of it are preserved in a silver reliquary which dates, approximately, from the year 1200.

The celebration opened with a solemn Mass celebrated in the open in front of the ruins of the Bishop's Palace which was destroyed in 1915. Then, after a luncheon given by Mgr. Julien, Bishop of Arras to the visiting prelates and notables, the afternoon was given over to a superb historical pageant. Preceding the procession of the Virgin, 3,000 persons in historical costumes passed through the streets of the city, recalling the history of the devotion of Arras to Notre Dame des Ardents. All classes and types were represented, the bourgeois, the artisans of Arras, the Counts of Flanders, the Abbess of Saint Vaast, the bishops, the confraternities of Notre Dame des Ardents, etc.

One of the most striking features was the group, immediately preceding the triumphal chariot bearing the statue of Notre Dame des Ardents, representing all the Madonnas of Artois, Picardy and Flanders: Notre Dame de Brebieres, of Albert, surrounded by lambs; Notre Dame de Boulogne; Notre Dame de Calais; Notre Dame des Dunes, of Dunkerque, carried by sailors and accompanied by women in the costumes of the country;

nations. Ireland should be made a self-supporting country so far as the necessities of life were concerned. She should be saved from being ruined by international trouble in which she has no concern. All development should be conducted on Irish lines. They could not allow the country to be crushed by excessive taxation or their children to be ruined by an excessive debt. Strict economy in government expenditure should be enforced. The farmers were right in putting education in the forefront of their program.

CATHOLIC CLUB LAUNCHED

ST. PATRICK'S CLUB, OTTAWA, UNDERTAKES IMPORTANT WORK

One chapter in Ottawa's history ended and another still more promising, began last night, when the St. Patrick's Literary and Scientific Association, after sixty-seven years of usefulness, passed away to leave in its place, as its heir, St. Patrick's Club. The new club, the preparations for which were made at a series of meetings held during the past eight days, was publicly launched at the mass meeting of English speaking Catholics held in St. Patrick's Hall last evening.

The chairman said that the new club was to be a Catholic Y. M. C. A. Its primary purpose was to be Boys' Work, though there would be a men's department also. It was a Catholic club ready to serve boys irrespective of religion or racial origin. Father O'Gorman said the Catholics of Ottawa should support this work, even as they support St. Patrick's Home. A boys' club cannot be self-supporting any more than schools are self-supporting. Like the school, the boys' club which has a capable and professional boy leader in charge of it, as this club will have, is an educational factor in the community.

The result of the comparative lethargy of Catholics in boy work in Ontario, for example, is only too sadly reflected in the Juvenile Court statistics. The Catholic proportion of juvenile delinquents in the two leading cities of the province, Toronto and Ottawa, is larger than the Catholic proportion of the population. This is not a record of which one can be proud. The salutary humiliation of this public confession should spur us on to find and apply the remedy.

DELINQUENT QUOTA LARGER

"Our children have more powerful means of divine grace at their disposal and receive a longer and more accurate religious instruction than others and yet, among our under-privileged boys at least, the proportion of juvenile delinquents is greater. Why? Largely because during the recreation time of our children, which is necessarily twice as long as the time given to religious and school education, we Catholics by our lack of organized effort have allowed them to be over-populated by influences and environments which in many cases undermine the Christian character which with the help of divine grace has been so carefully formed. The street corner, the vacant lot, and the companion at play, exercise nearly as great an influence for the formation or deterioration of character as the home, the school and the church. Nor must we imagine that the comparatively small proportion of the population which constitutes the juvenile delinquent class are the only boys who suffer. How many of our boys who are never guilty of any offence against the laws of the land, who are successful pupils of our Separate schools and give every promise of being worthy children of the Church and progressive citizens of our native land, who do all patriotically and in a laudable way, but who are unable to acquire a taste for literature, art or science, give up the struggle for self-improvement and consider themselves incapable of doing anything to help their neighbor, to build up the community and to spread the Church?

THE REMEDY

"The remedy of this leakage and wastage was by systematic guidance of the boys outside of school hours. A large number of Catholic parishes all over North America have built and equipped boys' clubs. In most places the clubs finally have proved failures. On the other hand, the Protestant Y. M. C. A. was conducting a chain of clubs and over 100 million dollars despite the fact that religiously they are unsatisfactory to Catholics, offer such other advantages that there are more Catholic boys frequenting the Y. M. C. A. than frequenting Catholic clubs. The Y. M. C. A. succeeded first, because each Y. M. C. A. building had a trained secretary, who had this as his profession in life, and gave all his time to the work, secondly, because the Y. M. C. A. organized its supporters so well that they contributed generous and consistent financial support."

NEED OF LEADERSHIP

Brother Barnabas stressed strongly this double need of trained leadership and permanency of organization, without which no Catholic boys' club could hope for success. There was an opportunity for Ottawa to give a lead to Canadian Catholics in the question of boys' clubs, not merely because it was the Capital, but also because it possessed a vigorous society, heir of noble traditions, which had, in St. Patrick's Hall, a ship all ready for its voyage waiting only for the arrival of its pilot who would take it out of port. That pilot must be a professional boy leader, otherwise the ship, laden with the most precious of all

cargoes, the red-blooded Canadian boy, might drift out to the rocks. He complimented St. Patrick's Club for its willingness to help also non-Catholic boys, for it is a characteristic both of Catholicity and of charity, that they were no respecter of persons.

Brother Barnabas' address was received with hearty applause. The vote of thanks to Brother Barnabas was moved by Mr. W. L. Scott and seconded by Rev. P. Harris, of Mayo, Que.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

MISSIONARY CHAT OVER AN ICE CREAM DISH

By Father Louis, O. M. I.

[Father Louis by anticipation relates to the readers of the RECORD a chat with Ivor Hael, the former companion on the missions. Ivor Hael is at present in Wales, England, and Father Louis on vacation and en route to France, is making an unexpected call.]

"Ivor Hael," of pleasant memory, truthfully charged Father Louis with placidly eating plums that had been cooked for some one else. Father Louis pleaded guilty. The culprit paid his fine in the shape of ice cream, seasoned with a chat much as follows:

"As you see, I did, but only for a few weeks, and with some reluctance. You did well, you'll enjoy some vacation!"

"I am always on the go. It is perpetual holidaying."

"Well, tell us about your missions."

"Yes, with a map at hand, for I cannot speak of everything in the wide West. See, here, Edmonton—further west, Edson—further south of Edson, Coalspur. At that point two short lines show like two prongs of a fork, the ends of which are Lovett and Mountain Park. The Alberta Coal Branch runs through a territory made up of forest, swamp and hill country, with large tracts of burnt wood and fallen timber, occasionally a little meadow is found on the flats of the Embarras river. Through that territory you can find no real wagon road, no open pack-horse trail; the only road is the track—the railroad. The altitude ranges between three thousand and four thousand feet from the main line at Edson to Coalspur on the A. C. B.; next it rises to nearly six thousand feet at Mountain Park. Snow grazed the ground at Cadomin on June 8rd last, with a mixture of rain, and plenty of mud. Snow again early in September. Winter lasts there about five to six months."

"Any people live out there?"

"Yes, section men, mostly single; section foremen, generally with their families; lumber jacks making ties in the winter; sawmill hands at two or three points; trainmen at Coalspur; forestry men at Coalspur; mine workers at ten coal-camps or mining villages. A total population of about one thousand souls, not remaining permanently, but coming and going as brisk demands for work, slack times, strikes, call them in or fire them out."

"Any Catholics?"

"About three hundred souls, all told, as far as I know. Some are exemplary. They come from Ontario or the Maritime Provinces. Some are indifferent; they are mostly of old country origin. Whether they were careless in their own old country or not, I cannot say."

"Any prospects of evangelization?"

"Assuredly, and plenty, both among nominal Catholics and non-Catholics. Drawbacks consist in so many languages, such a variety of racial feelings and respectable traditions, godless surroundings, devilish temptations or allurements set before unsuspecting people, bad example offered to children, ignorance prevailing among supposed-to-be-cultured men, prejudices handed down through generations, and above all, the absence of permanent institutions like Catholic school, church, convent, to offset the powers of evil. That district began to be opened up about ten years ago."

"But what do you do?"

"Let me exhibit my pocket calendar. For instance for the month of May: May 1st, Edson; May 2nd, Edmonton; May 3rd, Edson; May 4th, Coalspur; four days taken up with a trip from Coalspur to Edmonton and return, in behalf of the Mountain Park mission, where during my absence Rev. Father Beaudry will supervise the building of a chapel. I had to make arrangements with my superiors regarding the service of the missions on the A. C. B. during the summer months. Trips on the A. C. B. are shockingly slow; we have only mixed trains, and switching stops are frequent. I take advantage of those trips for doing light study and reading ecclesiastical magazines."

"May 5th and 6th, Cadomin, a mining village, about 22 miles south west of Coalspur. I count there about 15 Catholic homes. After school, Friday evening, on Saturday morning, after afternoon, I teach catechism to half a dozen children; they readily come. (At Cadomin

have a shack ten by twelve feet.) Twenty people came to Holy Mass; there were ten communicants. The sermon consisted of a simple explanation of the epistle and gospel."

"May 7th, Luscar, a mining camp about six miles west of Cadomin, where I count ten or twelve Catholic homes. (At Luscar I have another shack fourteen by sixteen feet.) That day I managed to return to Coalspur."

"May 8th and 9th, Stereo and Coal Valley on the Lovett Branch. Catechism taught at Coal Valley to four children; Holy Mass, and six communicants."

"May 10th, Holy Mass at Stereo, before work hour, six communicants. Return to Coalspur, where I have a shack. (Take note—it is my third one. I can compete with many an English Lord who counts his castles on ten fingers. Yet I have but three shacks. Sorry!)

"May 11th, Trip to a pump-house at Mile 14, west of Coalspur, for the benefit of a lonely bachelor, who is a practical Catholic."

"May 12th, Return to Coalspur. Make ready for the following Sunday."

"May 13th, Sunday at Coalspur. Holy Mass in the school house. On the blackboard I display a set of bunting decorations and banners. We had no organist that day. We have one singer, whom I may describe as the nephew of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto. For a long period our organist was a good-hearted, religious man, not a Catholic, one who reminded me of the gospel centurion that build a synagogue at Capharnaum. In the afternoon catechism to three young people. Baptism of an adult person."

"May 14th, Trip to Edson and to Rosevear, to the home of an isolated homesteader. Two days are taken up by that trip."

"May 15th, Return to Coalspur. Reading mail and answering letters."

"May 16th, Trip to Cadomin. I find my shack a most hospitable place."

"May 19th, Trip to Luscar, in view of the following Sunday."

"May 20th, Sunday. Holy Mass. Catechism. Calls."

"May 21st, Return to Coalspur. Mail and letters."

"May 22nd, Trip to Foot Hills, Blackstone, Brookdale, near Lovett."

"May 23rd and 24th, Catechism taught to Italian children, who have acquired a fairly good knowledge of English. Three of these children make their first Holy Communion. Mass was celebrated in their log bunk, on the kitchen table. Rubys and liturgical rules were more or less mutilated for the occasion, without any disrespect shown or intended to the Blessed Eucharist."

"May 25th, Return to Coalspur and trip to Mountain Park. Visits, catechism taught on Saturday, 26th. Holy Mass in the dance hall on Sunday, 27th."

TO BE CONTINUED

Donations may be addressed to: Rev. T. O'Donnell, President Catholic Church Extension Society 67 Bond St., Toronto.

When Sapor II, King of Persia, besieged Nisibis his army was routed by a vast multitude of gnats in response to the prayers of the Saint. St. James died in 350.

Thursday, July 12.—St. John Gaubert, was born at Florence in 999 and for a time pursued the profession of arms. After becoming reconciled was a relative with whom he had carried on a feud, he abandoned the world and entered the religious life. He established the monastery St. Salvi and died in 1073.

Friday, July 13.—St. Egenius, Bishop of Carthage, refused to obey the order of King Huneric that he exclude the Vandals, some of whom were Catholics, from the Church. This led to a persecution of the Catholics. Egenius was banished but was recalled by Huneric's successor. Later he was again banished and died in exile in 505.

Saturday, July 14.—St. Bonaventura, known as the "Seraphic Doctor," when asked by St. Thomas Aquinas whence he drew his great learning, replied by pointing to the crucifix. He was the advisor of St. Louis and the director of St. Isabella, the King's sister. Pope Gregory X appointed him Cardinal Bishop of Albano. He died during the Council of Lyons, after his eloquence had won the Greeks to the Catholic Union.

The gospel assures us that love is stronger than hatred, peace than war, holiness than evil, truth than error. It is the marriage of the goodness of motive and the goodness of attainment; heaven hereafter and heaven here.—James Freeman Clarke.

There never yet was a fine, pure soul that might not be ruined by evil habits, nor an evil inheritance that might not be sweetened and ennobled by good ones.—Canon Sheehan.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

THE REV. F. P. HICKEY, O. S. B.
SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER
PENTECOST

THE PROMISE OF SALVATION

"The grace of God, life everlasting." (I Cor. vi. 23.)
A promise made to us in an attraction that enkindles hope and leads us to make endeavor. But how often have we been promised and have been disappointed! Or again, promises have not been fulfilled, and there is no result. So a promise on which we can build our hopes, and which may urge us on to do our utmost, must be made by one whom we can trust, by one who has power to fulfil it; and it must be a promise of something well worth gaining. The greater the good that is offered, the more the promise is to be prized. And finally, the condition or the conditions imposed must be within our power of fulfillment.

Then what is the promise that the text alludes to? Life everlasting! We have it plain and unequivocal in Holy Writ. And this is the promise which God has promised us—life everlasting! (I John ii. 25). Test this promise, and see how wholeheartedly we can trust to it. First, it is the promise of one in whom we may confide—the God of Truth. Again, it is the promise of one who has the power to fulfill it—the Almighty. And it is a promise of infinite value, that will last for all eternity, without fail or change—life everlasting, which is the blessed vision of God and the participation in His glory and beatitude.

And how is this promise to be fulfilled? By our divine Saviour Jesus Christ. Witness the inspired words of God in the Scriptures: "According to the promise of life, which is in Christ Jesus" (2 Tim. i. 1); and again, "God according to His promise hath raised up to Israel a Saviour, Jesus" (Acts xiii. 23.)

"For all the promises of God are in Him" (2 Cor. i. 20).

The Son of God, Jesus Christ, became Man and lived amongst us, showed us by example and taught us the way of salvation; He redeemed us by His sacred Passion and Death; He instituted His Church to be our guide and our safeguard, and made it infallible and imperishable by the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit. He instituted the Sacraments, and especially the Holy Eucharist through which we might receive grace and nourishment and strength. All this to prove to us that the promise was efficacious and attainable with power. Moreover, that the promise might always be before our minds, illuminating, filling them with hope, inflaming our souls to venture all, to do their utmost, His divine Presence dwells amongst us. In every church He has made His abode to dwell amidst the children of men.

All this is held out to us, and given to us by the promise of God through Jesus Christ our Lord. Can it be that this glorious and glorious promise has really been made to us? Look around: does mankind seem to believe it and understand it? That life everlasting is promised, is guaranteed to them? Is it their one thought, engrossing all their attention, inspiring their actions, their zeal? If life everlasting is promised us, can it be possible that the desire of money, position, comfort, or anything in this fleeting world can preoccupy our thoughts and prevent us from utterly disregarding and forgetting this promise of Almighty God?

Perhaps the condition to be fulfilled to gain the reward of the promise is entirely beyond our powers and our hopes. Can we believe for a moment that the just and faithful God would treat us so? No; according to His promise He has raised up a Saviour; so it is through Him, our Saviour Himself, that we can surely fulfil the conditions to make the promise effective. He is ready and longing to give us both the will and the power to do His blessed Will; for that is the condition—we must obey Him and do His holy Will, then there is eternal life for our reward. The Church prays: "O Almighty and eternal God, grant us an increase of faith, hope, and charity, and that we may deserve to obtain what Thou promisest, make us love what Thou commandest." It is because we have not the faith or hope in our hearts to cling to His promise that we have not the love to venture all in striving to gain "life everlasting."

God has promised us so much; cannot we find in our hearts to promise Him in return our obedience, our loyalty, our love? Let us not be smitten by the glamour of the vain promises of the world, so as to give our time, our activity, our souls to seek to gain them. Rather with the faith of St. Peter, let us cry out: "Lord, Thou hast the words of life—to whom shall we go?" Aye, indeed, to whom shall we go, when we feel that this short life is drawing to a close, when death is drawing nigh? What promises will avail us then, except the one divine promise of eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord?

Everything will slip from our grasp then; we shall have to leave and part from all. What consolation will it then be, that we have trusted in the promise of God—the faithful God—Who will give us life

everlasting through His Son, our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ?

MY TWO FRIENDS AND THE KU KLUX

Myles Connolly in America

Shaking one's fist and shouting at the Ku Klux is a rather nonsensical business. No one of any sense whatsoever needs any enlightenment about its purposes. And anyone who is so ignorant and bigoted as to subscribe to those purposes is beyond and in large measure, beneath persuasion.

Much of this fist-shaking and shouting is a reaction from surprise which in itself is a most surprising phenomenon. Some of our brethren, it seems, have just discovered bigotry. Just recently have they found that to believe Catholic truth is to offer oneself to an enmity as solid and obdurate as granite, though like granite it may be softly clothed in grass or flowers of special cultivation.

This, one is led to think, is an anti-age. As there is something in man that impels him to believe something, if only untrue, so there is something that moves him to favor something if only disfavor. It is this urge that moves a man to preach about apes and eugenics, poetry and Prohibition. When the man has the "propaganda twist" he must be inflicting his ideas on his neighbors. When it happens that he has no ideas to inflict he becomes simply an anti. And as this last condition nowadays is most common we have an anti-age. The anti, out for game, very naturally likes an unmistakable target, unblurred and shinningly visible. And when he is out for religious game, particularly if he has the urge of prior prejudices, he aims for the Catholic and Catholicism.

It is said that whatever vigor an inevitably disintegrating Protestantism has today is the vigor that is born of anti-Catholicism. The Protestants I know, at least, don't believe much in their institutions, they don't believe much in Christ, but in some way or other, smug or vigorous, they do believe in anti-Catholicism. It is no falsehood to say that all Protestantism has left is its protest.

That some should have discovered bigotry only with the arrival of the Ku Klux is, as was said, a surprising phenomenon. The Klan has an excellent feature in that it is obvious. Some who have felt, all their lives, the working of secret influence, subtle as whispers, insidious as a poison breath, have looked upon the Klan not without a feeling of satisfaction. It seemed as if at last the hidden hand had shown itself. This, of course, is not altogether true. The hood is still a mask. The society is in secret. But, at least, there is something concrete. It becomes clear, for one thing, that Protestantism, in some of its forms, is more violently eager for a union of Church and State than Rome ever was. And it becomes clear, for another, that there is still in America a militant bigotry.

I suppose all this is a rude shock to those who have entertained themselves with the fancy that the New Jerusalem had arrived in America. There is still intolerance. There is still, seen or unseen, a dark, deep hatred. It is good to know these things. It jolts one out of that quietude that is misleading and dehumanizing. It brings one to one's feet with a jolt. Suddenly comes the realization that truth and trouble somehow go together. What others seek to destroy may be worth possession and worth defense. Suddenly comes the vision that what is worth hating so intensely may well be worth loving intensely, may well, indeed, be worth fighting for.

I know two men, young men. There is scarcely a year's difference in their ages. Both are fairly successful. The younger of the two, a Catholic college man, is something of a poet, independent in a quiet way, never arguing to convince himself, and looking serenely out on the world with a calm joy at the wonder of life, and, withal, a gentle cynicism which he applies exclusively to those who worship wealth or power or publicity. He talks a great deal and well, though he talks about a large number of things. When he talks of matters near to his heart he talks with an astonishing earnestness that in no way clouds the clarity of his vision. He has the air of an aristocrat about him. It is entirely unconscious, as it should be, and is due, I imagine, not so much to birth as to the fact that he believes in chastity and humility, and that he prefers the spiritual lineage of brave and sensible Saints to a long list of indigenous ancestors, and that he would rather have the friendship of Christ than membership in any popularly conceived smart set. He gives one the idea that he is ever remembering that faith is a gift and is always gay and grateful about it. One could never call his beliefs obtrusive. They are part of him, like his chin, and there morning, noon and night. He never compromises in matters of religion, not because he considers compromise a weak policy, but because he has not even a faint idea of what such compromise means. He grants many favors, but accepts few, and those few small ones. Whatever success he has achieved he has achieved, in some measure,

because he works hard, but mostly because he was born with a great amount of intelligence. He appears to know this, for whenever he says or does anything especially remarkable he blinks and looks about him as if it were said or done by the grace of God. I know this, for I heard him remark so once in a rather whimsical way.

The other man is also a Catholic, a graduate of one of our large, liberal universities. He is extraordinarily entertaining, largely because of his agile mind and facile wit. He is likeable, and is without wile, without deceit. There is little doubt that he will, one of these days, hold a high place in the city. Everybody is his friend. And he deserves friendship, for he lives a good life, buoyant and merry enough, but honest and open. He makes money rapidly, and, apparently, with ease. And he is charitable with it. He is much more attractive and amiable than his younger friend. But he has one trait that I, especially, dislike, "broad-mindedness." He preaches broad-mindedness. He carries it about with him constantly. He has the idea in his head that we are doing grave injustice to his non-Catholic friends. He tells us we are unduly suspicious, and that most of our wrongs are but offspring of our suspicions. His is not the broad-mindedness of wide sympathy and genuine consideration of others. It is that destructive broad-mindedness that would smother all at angles and eradicate all lines till life's philosophy would be no philosophy, and life's point of view would be all points of view or none at all, which is the same thing. It is the broad-mindedness that seeks to avoid a living religious belief. In business this man is positive. He stands for his firm, as opposed to rivals, for his interests as opposed to another's. But in religion he seeks negation. He does not want any religious realities sticking up over life's landscape. They spoil the level effect. His constant apprehension lest some overzealous Catholic ruffle the delicacy and equanimity of his Protestant friends is an exaggeration; it is amusing.

It is interesting to see these two together, as they are very often at lunch. The older man is usually expostulating about intolerance and vulgarity. And the younger listens serenely and smiles. As a rule he doesn't offer an opinion one way or the other. He seems not to care. Once in a while he will remark merely that the price of fine sensibility is the jarring they get, or words to that effect. And once I heard him remark that an ounce of primitive enthusiasm was worth a ton of delicately toned refinement. But the other day he appeared to be more interested than usual. "Broad-mindedness," he was saying, "is divine—but broad-mindedness in your practice is suicidal. It is simply an attention. Your elastic intellect is stretching daily and one of these days I should not be surprised to see it vanish in vapor. Like that!" He drew his hands apart as if he were stretching rubber. They both laughed.

The older man quickly recovered his seriousness. It was evident he was worked up about something. It appears that the Klan has just made a dent in his consciousness. He has discovered bigotry. He recognizes it now because it is clothed, as he thinks it must be, in vulgarity and violence. He is particularly wroth at the togery and trappings. I heard the younger man smilingly explain that a hood was more obvious than a hood, that hoods, at any rate, proclaimed a purpose and allowed villainy some concrete illustration. I heard him also remark that man has a dislike of the obvious and a love for ritual, and if you strip his churches bare and make them barren vaults he turns about to fantastic lodges with high ceremonialism and loud regalia. He tried some striking sentences about substituting torches for candles, but they were lost on the other who was busy with a different thought. Finally it came out: "But what are you going to do about it?" he asked in some fervor, "they're spreading. They're growing in numbers. They're

The other was not the least bit disturbed. He seemed rather to enjoy the prospect of the growing numbers. He laughed heartily. It was a far day since he had seen his friend so excited about the Church. And he said, somewhat as if he were lecturing a youngster: "Grow yourself. Opposition breeds opposition. Grow serenely, grow independently. Your own strength is your best offense. Grow in your own mind, in your own heart, in your own faith. Walk with your head up, proud of your knighthood, secure in your truth. You don't have to impress others. Your effort may make them suspicious of your strength. You don't have to meddle with anybody. And if anyone insists on meddling with you, stand it for a while, and then!" He laughed softly at his friend as if he welcomed the battle the other dimly dreaded, and quoted with some vigor: "Likelier across these flats afar, These sulky levels smooth and free, The drums shall crash a waltz of war And Death shall dance with Liberty; Likelier the barricades shall blaze Llaughter below and smoke above, And death and hate and hell declare That men have found a thing to love."

Being something of a poet he grew in enthusiasm with the verses



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and at the last line his voice could be heard about the room. He smiled at his own exuberance, a negligent, happy smile, and then went on: "But as far as wasting your energy is concerned, as far as shaking your fists and shouting, I'll tell you a story. I asked a New England author the other day why he didn't attack certain enemies who were attacking him in the press. And he replied: 'When you go out shooting bears, you get good skins and a heap of glory. But when you go out shooting skunks all you get is the—'

His delicately refined listener objected with a slight grimace to the word, so I shall not write it here. But everybody knows what one gets from a skunk. And as far as the moral is concerned I am inclined to believe the author and my young friend were right. At any rate, I was both interested and amused.

DEADLY CORROSIVES

A magistrate in New York was horrified because a circulating library had placed a particularly loathsome book in the hands of his daughter. The girl handed the book to her mother, who in turn passed it to the judge, who with all his experience on the bench was startled that such a salacious work should be allowed to circulate. He



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was aroused to the need of action against an intolerable condition when he found that the publishers of the book had been brought to court and exonerated.

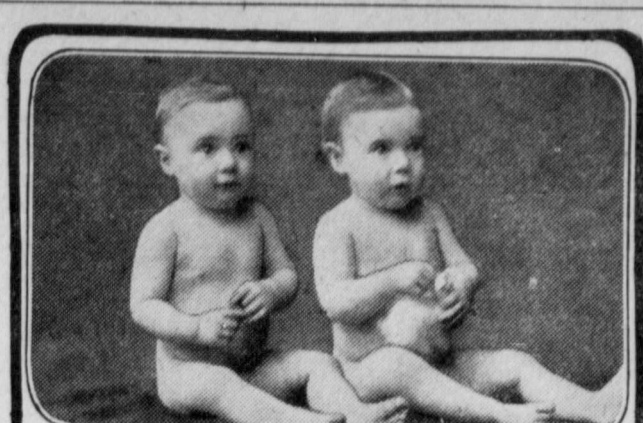
At a meeting of the Catholic Writer's Guild recently, a speaker made the statement that the country is being cursed with a flood of indecent and immoral literature at the present day. There is no more deadly corrosive on earth to destroy moral principles than a bad book. We print a poison label, on dangerous drugs and keep them out of the hands of children. Yet books containing mental and moral poison are allowed to enter homes bearing alluring advertisements on the cover in lieu of a poison label.

The horrified judge is but a type of numberless parents in the land who are rightly concerned about the bad books their growing children are allowed to receive, and who are demanding some check on publishers from issuing and libraries from circulating filthy literature. Yet when anyone speaks out against bad books, he is immediately denounced as a bigot, a Puritan, or reformer, who wants, to bring back the blue laws.

Those who object to salacious books are not bigots, or reformers, or Puritans. They are parents who are justly concerned about their children's mental and moral welfare, good writers who deplore the pestilential output of the evil press, and good men and women in every rank of life who are horrified at such a wanton disregard of moral principles on the part of some publishers, and who demand that this outrageous corruption of our youth be stopped.

The Church finds it necessary to have an index of books that Catholics are forbidden to read. This is designed to protect Catholics from just such literature against which right-minded people today are objecting so strenuously. Though much maligned by the unsympathetic and the hostile, it serves a worthy purpose wisely and considerately.

Under books forbidden by the general prohibition of the Index are books against morals, in which category may be classed some of the so-called best sellers of the day that find their way into the hands of our youth. While we are awaiting more stringent legislation which must surely come in obedience to the maxim that "excess leads to prohibition," parents should watch with more than ordinary caution the books that come into the home.—The Pilot.



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The Home Bank of Canada

ANNUAL REPORT

Statement of the Result of the Business of the Bank for the Year ending May 31st, 1923.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT	
Balance Profit and Loss Account, May 31st, 1922	\$125,784.31
Net Profits for the year after deducting charges of management, interest due depositors, payment of all municipal taxes and rebate of interest on unamortized bills	232,539.17
	\$357,623.48
CAPITAL PROFIT ACCOUNT	
Premium on Capital Stock received during the year	178.84
	\$357,802.32

GENERAL STATEMENT 31st MAY, 1923

LIABILITIES	
TO THE PUBLIC:	
Notes of the Bank in circulation	\$ 1,616,640.00
Deposits not bearing interest	2,598,717.43
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date of Statement	17,387,032.54
Deposits by and balance due to Dominion Government	321,432.93
Balance due to other Banks in Canada	2,144.78
Balance due to Banks and Banking Correspondents in the United Kingdom	133,796.68
Balance due to Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada and the United Kingdom	1,045,950.73
Liabilities not included under the foregoing	25,174.32
	\$25,298,595.83
TO THE SHAREHOLDERS:	
Capital (subscribed \$2,000,000) paid up	\$1,990,474.79
Reserve Account	550,000.00
Dividends unclaimed	2,043.33
Dividend No. 66 (quarterly) being at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum, payable June 1st, 1923	31,307.24
Balance of Profit and Loss Account	72,761.01
	2,619,586.37
	\$27,918,082.20
ASSETS	
Gold and other current coin	\$ 238,085.51
Dominion Government Notes	2,618,098.23
Deposit with the Minister of Finance as security for note circulation	\$2,837,088.70
Notes of other Banks	100,000.00
Cheques on other Banks	201,836.90
Balance due by other Banks in Canada	1,867,636.62
Real Estate other than Bank Premises	87,258.83
Mortgages on Real Estate sold by the Bank	106,230.19
Bank Premises at not more than cost, less amounts written off	433,196.63
Other Assets not included under the foregoing	143,381.75
	16,730,259.13
	\$27,918,082.20

H. J. DALY, President. J. COOPER MASON, General Manager.

AUDITOR'S REPORT TO THE SHAREHOLDERS
In accordance with sub-sections 19 and 20 of section 56 of the Bank Act, 1915, I beg to report as follows: The foregoing balance sheet has been examined with the books and vouchers at the Head Office, and with the certified returns from the Branches, and is in accordance therewith. I have obtained all needed information from the officers of the Bank and, in my opinion, the transactions coming under my notice have been within the powers of the Bank. The cash has been checked and the securities of the Bank verified, at its chief office, both on the 31st of May, 1923, and also at another time during the year. The cash and securities of one of the Branches have also been checked, and in each case they have agreed with the entries in the books of the Bank with regard thereto. In my opinion, the above balance sheet is properly drawn up so as to show a true and correct view of the state of the Bank's affairs, according to the best of my information and the explanations given to me, and as shown by the books of the Bank.
SIDNEY H. JONES, Auditor.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

HOW?

Did you tackle the trouble that came your way
With a resolute heart and cheerful?
Or hide your face from the light of day
With a craven soul and fearful?
Oh, a trouble is a ton, or a trouble is an ounce,
Or a trouble is what you make it,
But it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,
But only—how did you take it?
You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?
Come up with a smiling face;
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
But to lie there—that's disgrace!
The harder you're thrown, why, the higher you bounce;
Be proud of your blackened eye
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts,
It's how did you fight—and why?
And, though you be done to the death, what then?
If you battled the best you could,
If you played your part in the world of men,
Why, the Critic will call it good.
Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce,
And whether he's slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,
But only—how did you die?
—MILES O'KEELY

IMPROVING OPPORTUNITIES

The man or woman who waits for opportunity to be delivered to his door is going to be disappointed. Opportunity wrapped and labelled is not delivered in our days. In our time and country there are many opportunities for every man, but like time and tide they wait for no man. The claim that there are no opportunities is often a subterfuge for laziness. Opportunity is not as some imagine a mysterious premonition that some work or venture will be fabulously successful. It is rather a combination of circumstances, which is especially favorable to a successful issue of a work placed at a timely moment. The trouble is not so much that opportunities are lacking but rather that they are not recognized and energetically utilized when they do appear. There are times when two men have the identical opportunities, the one profits by them the other loses their advantages entirely. The results of the opportunities can not be in the opportunities but rather in the work of the individuals. The fact is the one is prepared to grasp the opportunity when it appears while the other is not.

There are small opportunities and there are great opportunities. The small opportunities are little regarded by the majority of men. And yet the numerous small opportunities prepare a man for the greater ones. Every day there are opportunities presented useful for our lives. For instance there are those for character building. And character is the greatest asset for success aside from spiritual values. Then there are the many times for practicing mortification, which even non-Christian philosophers urge as a preparation for bearing the hardships of life which inevitably come in the lot of every man. Again there are the many chances to practice economy and thrift which seem mere trifles in themselves but amount to much in the aggregate, besides being habit-forming. These are the little opportunities which come to us day by day, insignificant in themselves, but many times for the grasping of greater opportunities. Many are the small opportunities let go by while the eyes are only focused for the greater ones. Those who slight and ignore the smaller ones will never recognize the greater ones.

There is an altogether false impression that men rise from obscurity to the heights of fame by a mere presto. You may as well suppose that a man can step from the ground to the top of a ladder with one step. To gain the top he must step from rung to rung. If it should appear that one has risen suddenly, let us remember that he must have been grasping opportunity after opportunity no matter how small, until the grand opportunity came and then only was he able to utilize it to its fullest extent. Be not deceived by his seeming rapid rise. The last spurt of speed may have been flashy but be assured that he ran all the way. The success of the great opportunity is only the culmination of a whole series of well used opportunities bringing a striking reward.

Let no man claim that he has not had opportunities, let him rather deplore his failure to use the many which were presented day by day but which he thought hardly worth the effort to utilize. Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves, it is said in the financial sphere. Equally well may it be said here, take care of the small opportunities and the great opportunities will take care of themselves.—A. R. in the Echo.

RELATIVE VALUES

In a desire to make a point, we are too often tempted to drop the sense of relative values. It is shown mostly in the daily avocation. How often we think about our friends who are making big wages and come to the conclusion that it is easily done; they seem to exert

no particular exertion in the matter, running along evenly from day to day in a manner that is misleading. But a moment's reflection brings vividly to mind the possibilities.

"See that man there? Well, he's only a mason (or plasterer, or plumber, or carpenter) and he actually drags down twelve dollars every day he works. Pretty soft for him. 'You don't say; doesn't look like it, does he? What do you know about that?' 'This thing of high wages is what's ruining the country,' and more in that strain. Now let us get the matter straight by taking into consideration just how the ordinary looking individual gets along that way.
Have you ever watched a stone-cutter swinging his heavy maul on the chisel? Hour after hour that brawny right arm swings up and down, hitting the instrument in his left hand with precision and certainty. Would you care to do that for eight hours, every working day, for any amount of money? Would you—or could you—climb to the top of a fourteen story building and there, under the burning rays of a summer sun, stoop and lift and place in position brick after brick, all day long? Could you hold the mortar board in one hand and, on a precarious scaffold, deftly turn the trowel all day long in plastering a wall?
These things all take both strength and dexterity; two things in which all men are not trained—to say nothing of the contempt for physical pain and danger. Men in the hard occupation grow old as well as the rest of humanity: did it ever occur to you that a waning of mere physical strength means a waning of the earning capacity too? The man who has subsisted by his brain alone is getting better and better up to a certain age, while the physical toiler is rapidly going down hill.
"See that little fellow with the cap and the overall bundle under his arm? Well, he's the engineer that pulls the flyer; his run is about two miles a day; for that, he holds the company up for two or three hundred dollars a month. Pretty sweet, eh?" "I'll tell the world it's soft." How often does the ordinary observer stop to consider by what steps this modest little man has attained this magnificent salary?
About twenty years ago, he started firing; he was subject to call any hour of the day or night. His time belonged to the company; no excuse went for missing a call. He might get the summons at midnight with a wild storm raging, rain, snow or wind—but he had to leave his comfortable bed, prepare a meal and go. If he didn't respond the company would get someone that would. He might like to eat his Thanksgiving dinner with his family—but he left before that was possible. He might like to be home with the kiddies for Christmas—instead he spent the merry season at the end of the road in a boarding house. And that was the tale through many weary, disheartening years.
One night as they flew through the country, he talked with his engineer; there was a sudden crash, he found himself out in the field, crushed, cut and bleeding. By his side lay a thing that a moment before was an ambitious, hard working, human being. When he recovered after months in the hospital he had the choice of forgetting the incident and going back to the road or going into some other line of work. He went back; does anyone envy him the hard, upward climb to his apparently soft job pulling the fast train?
It is true that these men earn more than the average professional man or teacher. It is simply a lack of economic adjustment. The man in a safe, quiet avocation, complains of the wage paid the miner that keeps his coal bin empty. Yet we read only too often of the mine disaster in which in an instant men are hurled into eternity. How are we to adjust the remuneration in such cases? Hasn't your neighbor as much right to live as you?
So when we are tempted to complain, let us get the relative values right. Many elements enter into the composition of daily life. While we may justly deprecate the efforts of men to enhance their position at our expense, let us honestly ask ourselves if we would do any different if we were situated as they are. We all want to earn lots of money and earn it easily; give the other fellow credit for having the same ambition and craving as you have yourself. It may help the economic situation.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE GIRL WHO SMILES

The wind was east, and the chimney smoked,
And the old brown house seemed dreary,
For nobody smiled and nobody joked.
The young folks grumbled, the old folks crouched,
And they came home chilled and weary.
Then opened the door and a girl came in;
And she was homely—very;
Her face was plain, and her cheek was thin,
There wasn't a dimple from brow to chin,
But her smile was bright and cheery.
She spoke not a word of the cold or the damp,

Nor yet of the gloom about her, But she mended the fire, and lighted the lamp
And she put on the place a different stamp
From that it had without her.

They forgot that the house was a dull old place,
And smoky from base to rafter,
And gloom departed from every face
As they felt the charm of her mirthful grace
And the cheer of her happy laughter.

Oh, give me the girl who will smile and sing,
And make all glad together!
To be plain or fair is a lesser thing,
But a kind, unselfish heart can bring
Good cheer in the darkest weather.

DID YOU EVER THINK

That a kind word put out at interest brings back an enormous percentage of love and appreciation?
That though a loving thought may not seem to be appreciated, it has yet made you better and braver because of it?
That the little acts of kindness and thoughtfulness day by day are really greater than one amount of goodness once a year?

That to be always polite to the people at home is not only more lady-like but more refined than having "company manners"?
That to learn to talk pleasantly about nothing in particular is a great art, and prevents you from saying things you may regret.—The Indiana Catholic.

MOULDING THE CHARACTER

"Nothing has given me greater courage to face every day's duties than a few words spoken to me when I was a child by my dear good father," said a woman whose life has been long and chequered with many reverses. "He was the village doctor. I came into his office, where he was compounding medicine, looking cross and ready to cry.
"What is the matter, Mary?"
"I'm tired. I've been washing dishes and making beds all day and every day, and what good does it do? Tomorrow the beds will be to make and the dishes to wash over again."
"Look, child," he said, "do you see these little empty vials? They are insignificant, cheap things, of no value in themselves; but in one I put a deadly poison, in another a sweet perfume, in a third a healing medicine. Nobody cares for the vials; it is that which they carry that kills or cures. Your daily work, the dishes washed or floors kept clean, are home things and but it is the anger or sweet patience, zeal or high thoughts that you put into them that shall last. These make your life. It is a strain upon the young to be forced to do work which they feel is beneath their faculties, yet no discipline is more helpful."—The Echo.

THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD OF OUR LORD

It will be in keeping with the spirit of the Church to consider briefly the meaning of the Feast of the Most Precious Blood. It concerns the mystery of our redemption. Man disobeyed God, he sinned and lost his inheritance and was in bondage. Our Lord came to redeem us, to restore us to our inheritance, to free us from bondage and to make peace between man and God. His Precious Blood was the price of redemption. God appointed His only-begotten Son Redeemer of the world and wished to be placated by His Blood, the price of our salvation. He was slain and redeemed us to God out of every tongue and people and nation and has made us to our God a Kingdom.
Our Lord being in the form of God thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but emptied Himself taking the form of a servant and humbled Himself becoming obedient unto death, even to the death of the cross. In making the Stations of the Cross we say: By thy holy cross thou hast redeemed the world. Now His cross was only the instrument, the altar, on which He offered Himself for the sins of the world and reconciled an offended God. On the cross He atoned for the sins of the world. God so loved the world as to give His only-begotten Son. But Christ being come an high priest of the good things to come—not by the blood of goats or of calves, but by His own Blood entered once into the Holies having obtained eternal redemption, says St. Paul. And the Blood of Christ, who by the Holy Ghost offered Himself unspotted unto God will cleanse our consciences from dead works to serve the living God.
Therefore, our Blessed Redeemer is the mediator, a medium or peacemaker between God and man. St. Augustine says the mediator had to have something of God and something of man. And this is the mystery of redemption—our Saviour in His divine-human person as the high priest of humanity offered Himself up on the altar of the cross and shed His precious Blood to atone for the sins of the world and to make peace between God and man. He is the Mediator of the New Testament that by means of His death we may receive the promise of eternal inheritance.
Now we are the fruits of that Precious Blood. Let us be worthy of its shedding and make use of the means He has left us to make us the purchased people of God. Our Holy

Redeemer shed His Precious Blood for us sinners. He was wounded for our iniquities, He was bruised for our sins. He was pure and holy, without breath or stain of sin, yet He shed His Blood for us at the agony in the Garden, at the fearful scourging and crowning with thorns, at the railing of His hands and feet to the lances through His Sacred Heart. We should be worthy of it that we may be among the army of those in Heaven who chant the praises of the Lamb of God.—The Monitor.

THE RECOGNITION OF HEROIC SANCTITY

About thirty years ago a little girl made a pilgrimage to Rome. She traveled from a small town in France to ask a favor from the Holy Father. It was to allow her to enter the Carmelite convent when she was fifteen. Pope Leo XIII. listened to her odd request impetuously poured forth from such childish lips and smiled. But when request became entreaty the Holy Pontiff fixed his gaze upon the childish face raised to his in such earnest supplication and his piercing black eyes seemed to read her very soul. Pope Leo was satisfied with what he read there, for with prophetic vision he declared, "You will enter, if it is God's will."
It was God's will. The little girl became a Carmelite nun at fifteen. She lived a cloistered bride of Christ for just a few short years and died unknown, unhonored and unsung, except by a few of her intimates. But scarcely had she passed from earth before marvellous stories became current about the favors granted through intercession of this little child, who called herself the Little Flower of Jesus.
Step by step the cult of the Little Flower grew. It passed the bounds of Lisleux and spread over France. It crossed the seas and penetrated into distant countries, until in a few short years the little girl was the object of one of the most remarkable devotions in the Church. The process of her canonization was begun. It seemed to be hastened by the special design of Divine Providence, in order to offer as an antidote to an age of dour materialistic self-sufficiency so sweet an example of spiritual childhood.
Recently the Beatification of Sister Teresa took place. It was prefaced and followed by extraordinary demonstrations of faith and devotion. Thirty thousand people from all parts of the world formed the solemn cortege that followed the translation of her body from the parish cemetery of Lisleux to the Convent Chapel of the Carmelites.
In that inspiring procession the American flag was unfolded by members of the American legion, official France paid reverent homage to her relics, and the silent throngs who lined the roadway for hours as her coffin covered with cloth of gold was driven in state through her beloved Lisleux, made a picture startlingly reminiscent of the best days of the Ages of Faith.
After her solemn Beatification sixty thousand persons followed His Holiness Pope Pius XI. in venerating her relics and asking her intercession. The little girl who went to Rome to crave a boon from one Pontiff, has returned again among the Blessed of the Church, raised to the honors of the altar by his successor, to be forever showering favors upon her devout clients throughout the world.
Surely the finger of God is here. The world at once confounded before such an example of humility and saintliness transmuted into extraordinary power of intercession by the grace of God flowering in the soul of a little child. Like little children the Catholic world stands enthralled before the vision opened up by the Little Flower of Jesus. Like little children also may the Catholic world imitate her sweet simplicity, her spiritual childishness. Our Divine Lord's own pre-emption for entrance into the Kingdom of Heaven.—The Pilot.

LAW AND PERNICIOUS LITERATURE

The question of what action can be taken to check the publication and sale of improper literature is again being agitated in New York. With hardly an exception, the newspapers are of the opinion that nothing can be done, but there is reason to believe that these opinions were written by the advertising department. But it must be granted that the solution of the question, desirable as it is, presents unusual difficulties. To devise legislation which in any sense abridges "the freedom to print" clauses of the Federal and the respective State Constitutions, would be a grave error. Yet year by year, publishers are becoming more brazen and audacious, so that unless a check is found, the American bookshop will soon differ but slightly from the bureaus of pornography which shock the traveler on the Continent.
It is commonly said that the laws now in force afford ample relief, but what is commonly said is not true. On the contrary, it has been the common experience in New York that juries will not convict, even when the book complained of is an offensively coarse translation of an alleged classic. Most books fall either to one side or other of a very

definite standard; they are either plainly good or plainly bad. Others lurk in the shadow. To decide upon the intent of the authors and the probable effect of these dubious books is often morally impossible. Many of the recently published books on morbid psychology are of this character. They will not harm the serious student, but in incompetent hands the evil wrought may be irreparable. Yet since the courts have always hesitated to draw a hard and fast line between what is permissible and what forbidden, it is not probable that any court would jail or fine a publisher, even though the book in question might be easily misused, and, in fact, had been misused. "Intention" must be proved, and because it is practically impossible to furnish such evidence, books which in the belief of upright men and women are pernicious in their effects, are given wide circulation, and no action can be taken by the authorities. The situation is deplorable, and, unless Judge Ford's new conference can find it, there is no relief in the courts.

What the law allows is, however, no guide for the individual conscience. Catholics know that they are forbidden to read books or papers which professedly attack the Christian Faith or Christian morality, whether these books be formally on the Index or not, and the conscientious Catholic will at once lay aside the book which he perceives to be a danger to him. Meetings such as that recently called by Judge Ford, of the Supreme Court of New York, will do much good in awakening the public conscience, and, perhaps, in stirring the conscience of negligent Catholics, especially Catholic parents. In these days when the most sacred truths of religion are daily attacked, and when articles dealing with the most delicate topics are treated with a wink and a leer in the press, Catholic parents must redouble their watchfulness over the books and papers brought into the home.—America.

GOOD LISTENERS WANTED

Sir Hugh Allen, on the subject of music, pertinently said he was sometimes met with the request: "I want to learn music." He asked Why? "Because I like it," was the reply. "Well," he retorted, "I like apples, but I am not going to be a greengrocer."
"Some people though that to be able to play a difficult piece of music made them musicians. Not

at all. Of course, playing was an important element, but it was not everything. Music meant something more than that. Some expert players did not understand the language they were talking.
"To read a book was one thing, because strange words could be hunted up, but it was difficult to hunt up thousands of sounds a second. People should be taught to listen. Because they could not listen properly music had always been at a discount."

The earthly and the heavenly co-operate in molding us to that gentleness, that refinement, which is the reflex of beauty and the sweetest homage paid to it.—Archbishop Keane.



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ROUMANIAN ROMAN CATHOLICS

I have received from some distinguished Catholics in Roumania the information that by the new law enacted in March, according to which only Roumanian, i. e., Greek-Orthodox or Greek Catholic religious orders are allowed to settle upon Roumanian territory, over one hundred monasteries in the diocese of Grosswardein, Csanaad (Temesvar)...

Taxes, he declared, constitute a new and fixed demand upon general profits. "We have provided for these demands," he added, "by closely limiting our program of extension and carrying economic supervision into items of miscellaneous and routine expense."

Some of these orders were established before the Ottoman invasion. For more than 200 years the children of the educated classes of Transylvania and Banat were educated in the grammar schools of the Priarists and of the Premonstratensians in Temesvar, Grosswardein and Klausenburg.

"It was decreed by the peace treaties that subjects of a State belonging to a minority with regard to race, religion or language, should be treated like the other subjects of the respective State, and enjoy the same pledges from the judicial and practical point of view."

Officers and directors were re-elected. The Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the Home Bank of Canada was held at the Head Office, in Toronto, Tuesday, June 26th.

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

The report of General Manager J. Cooper Mason pointed out that while the statement did not present any notable features of change it should be accepted with every satisfaction since the bank had not only maintained its position but had carried out measures of retrenchment that would inspire additional reassurance for the future.

The general Manager called attention to the increased taxation which all banks are now under, in levies from municipal, Provincial and Federal authorities. Such a condition was restrictive of the extension of new branch offices.

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50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

President H. J. Daly, in the course of his address, stated that general conditions, while above expectations, had not been altogether satisfactory during the year. The crop had been fair as to quantity, but its value had been such that the spread between costs and receipts was insufficient.

Officers and directors were re-elected.

OBITUARY

MRS. R. J. McDERMOTT

Mrs. R. J. McDermott died suddenly June 4th, at her home in Ottawa. The funeral was held from her late residence 108 Pinhey Street to St. Mary's Church, where Requiem High Mass was chanted by Rev. Father Brownrigg, thence to the C. P. R. station where the remains were taken to Carleton Place, and laid beside her son who predeceased her thirteen years ago.

DIED

COLLISSON.—At her late residence, Lucan, Ont., Biddulph Tp., Tuesday, June 19, Mrs. Catherine Collisson, relict of the late Daniel Collisson and mother of John, Martin, Tom, Stephen, Agnes, Louise and Mother M. Mechilde, Ursuline College, Chatham, R. I. P.

IN MEMORIAM

FRANEY.—In loving memory of our dear mother, Mrs. Frances E. Franey, who died July 3rd, 1920, at Weston, N. S. R. I. P.

The poet, the musician, the painter, the sculptor, all are brother interpreters of the supreme beauty which has existed from remotest eternity.—Charles J. O'Malley.

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TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHERS with 2nd class English-French certificates wanted for Catholic Separate School, Section No. 1 Merritt. Salary \$4 per year until 4th year. Duties to begin Sept. 4th, 1928. Apply to J. H. Clavette, Sec. Espanola, Ont. 2334-47

TEACHER wanted for C. S. S. No. 6 Pleton Township, to teach 1st or 2nd class certificate, with knowledge of music preferred; to commence duty Sept. 4, 1928. State salary, experience and give reference. Half a mile from church and boarding house. Apply to Thomas Begley, Sec. Com. P. O. No. 2, Ont. 2334-2

TEACHER wanted for S. S. No. 3 A Malden, on main road near Amherstburg. Must have at least 2nd class certificate, state qualification, experience and salary wanted. Apply to S. Bourdieu, Sec. Treas., No. 1 Amherstburg, Ont. 2334-2

WANTED teacher holding 2nd class certificate for Separate School, Section No. 3 Arthur Tp., One with musical ability preferred. Apply stating salary and experience to R. J. Quinlan, Sec., Kenilworth, Ont. 2334-3

TEACHER wanted for S. S. No. 6 Biddulph. Duties to commence Sept. 4th, 1928. Apply stating experience and salary. R. H. 2, Biddulph, Ont. 2334-3

WANTED an experienced qualified teacher for St. Joseph's Separate school, No. 2, Toronto, for coming term. State experience and salary expected. Apply to Pat. Sullivan, R. R. 8, Toronto, Ont. 2334-4

WANTED second class professional teacher for Catholic Separate school, No. 2, Toronto. Experience necessary. Duties to commence Sept. 4th. Apply stating age, sex and experience to Michael O'Keefe, Cookery, Ont. R. R. 1, 2334-4

CATHOLIC teacher wanted for Catholic Separate school, Hearst, Ont. Duties to commence Sept. 4th. Apply stating age, sex and experience to J. E. Seguin, Sec. Treas., Hearst, Ont. 2334-7

WANTED teachers holding first or second class certificates for Catholic Separate schools. Duties to commence in September. Salary \$500. Address: A. J. LeMay, Sec., 509 Grain Exchange, Fort William, Ont. 2334-14

TEACHER wanted for S. S. No. 10, Noranahy. Duties to commence Sept. 4th, 1928. Apply stating experience and salary to James J. Toner, Sec. R. R. 3, Aylton, Ont. 2334-3

EXPERIENCED teacher wanted for S. S. No. 4, Arthur, holding second class professional certificate. Duties to commence Sept. 1928. Apply to Ed. Reidy, Sec., stating age, salary and experience. 2334-3

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES MOUNT St. Mary's Hospital Training School for Nurses, registered and approved by the Regents at Albany offers exceptional advantages to young women who wish to enter the Nursing Profession. Eight hour duty. Several vacancies are offered at present to applicants having one year High School, or better, superior, Mount St. Mary's Hospital, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

CHILDREN FOR ADOPTION A HOME wanted for a little girl between five and six years of age who is intelligent of bright disposition, and nice appearance. Address Wm O'Connor, Dept. Neglected and Dependent Children, Toronto, Ont. 2334-4

POSITION WANTED WANTED by lady of experience as a hostess or housekeeper in private home or would take charge of modern home or one or two gentlemen in town or city. Best references. Address Box 413, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2334-2

A YOUNG Canadian woman of refinement (Roman Catholic) desires a position of companion to elderly lady, or young girl, to do errands, musical, efficient, very adaptable, willing to travel, and not afraid of responsibility. Very highest credentials. Address Box 413, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2334-3

AGENTS WANTED AGENTS to sell Dr. Borel's Toilet Soap-Towel Articles—Home Remedies. Men or women can do this work and earn from \$25 to \$75 per week. Whole or spare time. Territories allowed. For further particulars apply to Borel Manufacturing Co., Dept. 56, Toronto, Ont. 2334-12

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TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES MERCY Hospital Training School for Nurses offers exceptional educational opportunities for competent and ambitious young women. Applicants must be eighteen years of age, and have one year of High school or its equivalent. Pupils may enter at the present time. Applications may be sent to the Director of Nurses, Mercy Hospital, Toledo, Ohio. 2310-12

De La Salle College, Aurora, Ont. CONDUCTED BY THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS (TRAINING COLLEGE AND NOVITIATE) Students are prepared to become qualified teachers and members of the Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. The course of studies is that of the High Schools of Ontario leading to the Normal Schools and the College of Education. It includes Music, Art and Manual Training. For particulars apply to Rev. Brother Director.

SEASON OF 1923 The Martyr's Shrine FORT ST. IGNACE NEAR WAUBAUSHENE, ONT. Will open for the reception of Pilgrims with High Mass at 10 a. m., Sunday, July 8th, 1928. Pilgrims arriving by the G. and Frank (Midland line) get off at Waubausene or at Victoria Harbor. Pilgrims travelling over the C. P. R. (Port McNicoll line) get off at Fort St. Ignace, Toronto and Sudbury (C. P. R.) pilgrims change trains at Medonte for Fort St. Ignace. For further information, write to REV. J. H. KEENAN, S. J., Fort St. Ignace, Ont. or REV. S. BOUVIETTE, S. J., Waubausene, Ont.

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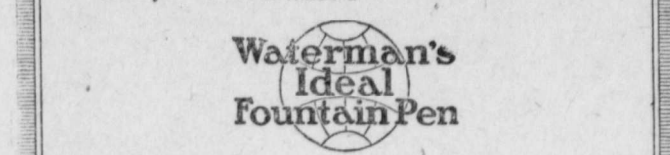
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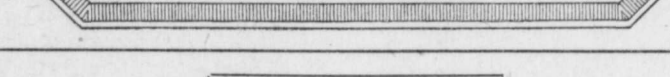
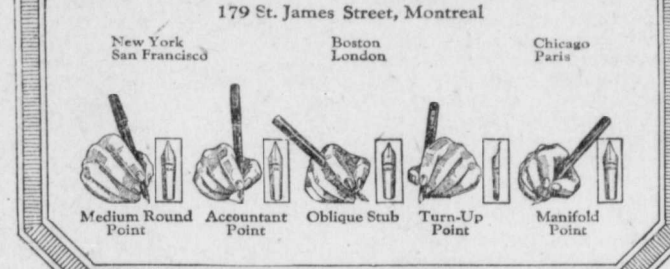
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