

The Catholic Record

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

VOLUME XXXIII.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1921

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THE LOVE OF GOD

There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

If our love were but mass simple,
We should take Him at His word;
Any lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

—FATHER FABER

WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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THE REPORT OF THE LABOR COMMISSION

The report of the Labor Commission did a great deal of good in England. Though many of the English newspapers suppressed the report, such a startling thing could not be kept hidden—and despite the conspiracy of silence the general conclusions of the Labor delegates filtered to the mass of the people—causing them first a good deal of irritation against the Labor Commission—but in the next place making them feel so uncomfortable for that, as the Labor delegates put it, "the name of Britain was made to stink in the world's nostrils for her barbarities in Ireland" that all England had to ask itself, "What are we going to do about it?" As this psychological moment came, Lawson's report—written in the English press could not so completely and successfully suppress—and watch in fact was a far more glaring indictment of British rule in Ireland than even was the report of the Labor Commission.

MR. HENDERSON AND GENERAL LAWSON

The chief man among the Laborites, Henderson, is well known, is a good bit of a reactionary, whose chief duty as a leader in labor is to brake the wheels in the interest of "established Government" and "good society." It is admitted that the report of the Labor Commission would have been infinitely stronger but for his restraining influence; he succeeded in getting the edge taken off many of the raw statements that the general body of the commission felt it was their duty to make. Henderson managed to keep the Commission from reporting that they believed that many of the vilest of the outrages were directed by the Government. Gen. Lawson is more sincere and frank and lays directly at the Government door the responsibility of directing the general trend of the outrages—campaign coming on top of the report of the Labor Commission. General Lawson's report had a certain what startling effect upon the English mind and considerably weakened the blind faith that the overwhelming majority of the people placed in their coalition Government. Its reaction upon the Government is shown by the fact that the more glaring and savage of their reprisals have suddenly ceased. Ceased only because it doesn't pay.

THE BLACK AND TANS

Readers of American newspapers have never had it forcibly brought home to them that the special English Government force in Ireland, the Black and Tans, were specially recruited from a special class for the purpose of weakening upon the Irish people a malcontent spirit that was exacted completely to break the people's spirit, and leave them in such a subject condition that, begging for mercy, they would be delighted to accept the most shadowy concessions under the name of "Home Rule." The Black and Tans are ex-officers of the disbanded British army. Any one who never came in contact with a British army officer can have no conception of the nobility that saturates his soul and makes him look with most indignant disdain not only upon the common people of his own English race, but with contempt upon all ranks of the people subject to England. The lower ranks of his own people are to him as the dirt beneath his feet. But foreigners subject to England are even beneath the dirt.

It was wise and crafty statesmanship, then, that conceived the idea of recruiting these gentlemen for breaking Ireland's spirit. The cunning organizers of the Black and Tan system sent thousands of these ruffian "gentlemen" to Ireland as on a lark. They were sent among people whom they particularly hated and detested, and clearly given to understand that they had a free hand to teach "the Irish dogs" a lesson they would never forget. It was confidently predicted that within six weeks after the letting loose of the Black and Tan packs upon Ireland, the nation would beg for peace on its knees. The soundbites have done in Ireland everything that was expected of them, in cruelty, in torturing, in savagery of the most

unheard of kind. They have, for nearly twelve months now, given Ireland a long night of horrors probably unsurpassed by any of the many horrors under which the nation groaned since Cromwell crushed it with his iron heel, and have in the Irish breast intensified the hatred of England to a degree that long centuries will not allay. Yet strange to say, instead of Ireland being on its knees begging for peace it is the masters of the Black and Tans who are more nearly brought to their knees.

A LETTER FROM THE IRISH FRONT

Hear what a Tipperary correspondent just writes me—in the course of a long letter describing the brutalities they are suffering there: "You would be proud if you saw how everybody is slinking it out, I mean the ordinary people who never went on with any heroics. The boys (and girls too) are just splendid. I could tell you things about the boys that would make your eyes shine. And yet they do not think it is heroic. It is all in the day's work. As for those who escape with their lives and are merely dragged from home and thrown into jails that is hardly looked on as a grievance. It is unheard of for any one now to pity those who are merely jailed. But the poor boys on the mountain-side are the ones to be pitied. They are without proper clothes in this bitter winter weather—and the poor country people who have had their houses burnt down and are shivering and starving. Yet no one will have peace if they must have it at Ireland's expense. I mean by compromising Ireland's full claim."

THEY USED TO DO THIS IN MEXICO

To take the edge off the barbarities before the world now the particular leaders whom the military forces are desirous of killing are first arrested and within a day or two afterwards, sometimes within an hour or two, are charged "with trying to escape." It is a base trick, as old as any base trick in war. But this does not matter. About ten of the finest young men, leaders in their own community, have thus been quietly put out of the way within the past month—and the sense of the world is not, of course, outraged. Here is a sample bulletin issued from Dublin Castle and clipped from the Dublin Daily Independent.

"The following statement was issued from Dublin Castle on Wednesday:

"Michael Kildan, aged twenty-seven years; Alfred Rogers, twenty-two; Michael McMahon, twenty-six; John Egan, twenty-four; all of Scariff, Co. Clare; and John Connelly, twenty-two, both of Whitegate, Co. Clare, were arrested under the Restoration of Order (Ireland) Act last night.

"The four first named were shot dead while trying to escape from the escort at Killisnoe. A few cartridges disposed of four who are in the hands of the British. It may well suppose a pride in their nation—and then a few lines consign them forever to oblivion.

THE FREE PRESS IN IRELAND

On murders like the foregoing the newspapers are not commenting. They must publish them just as Dublin Castle has worded them. In the towns where the Black and Tans burn, loot, and torture and murder—the newspapers are compelled either to omit reference to the matter altogether or else give the most cold-blooded, non-committal account of the happening—and dare not say that the forces of the English Crown were responsible for the burnings, lootings, torturings or murders. During the last few months in Dublin, the Black and Tans have several times visited local newspaper offices and wreaked vengeance upon members of the editorial staff—and next day the newspaper had to come out without reference to the brutalities which their staff suffered at the hands of these ruffians. In some instances, as the case of The Dublin Freeman, the buildings were more than once set fire to. In the last two months, eleven provincial newspapers have been bombed, wrecked or burned. These include the Munster News, The Leitrim Observer, The Nough Guardin, The Kerry News, The Kerry Liberator, The Newswatch, West Observer, the Galway Express, Kerry Sentinel, West Meath Independent, Southern Star and Inishcorby Echo. The Freeman's Journal has had to exclaim editorially, "Newspaper editors who try to act as a shield to the people or attempt to expose the outrages committed against the people take their lives in their hands."

SOME "OUTRAGES"

The culmination of all this was of course the sentencing of the proprietors of The Freeman's Journal to six months' imprisonment for giving publication to the fact that the Black and Tans, in order to get an excuse for murdering Sinn Féiners, deliberately ambushed police, kill one and wounded another. And then the infinitely heavier sentence upon the editor Hooper for publishing the photograph of the back of a flogged boy at Portobello Barracks.

This ambush of the policemen by the Black and Tans is of a piece with the recent ambush of press men in Kerry, when meter and moving-picture man, under police escort, were going from Castle Island to Tralee. It was a party specially invited by Sir Hannam Greenwood to tour in the district, accompanied by a police commander and one of Greenwood's own secretaries. Everything was well prepared for the party—including the ambush. The ambushers were, of course, evildoers, and captured—and the press men were given a striking example of how the terrible Sinn Féin murderers ambushed and would have killed innocent people—but for the bravery of the Crown forces. Dublin Castle gave to the press grave announcement of the "ambush" and of the successful defeat and capture of the "ambushers." But to the people of Kerry who knew the circumstances, the matter was a huge joke. The press men however may thank their stars that one or two of them were not shot dead to make the news more pungent.

SEUMAS MACMANUS,
Of Danegal.

CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE WORKINGMAN

Rev. J. T. Foley, Editor CATHOLIC RECORD, Social Welfare, August 1920

To write a book on the subject of the Catholic Church and the Workingman would be easy; to deal with it in a brief article presents many difficulties, and compels one to choose some particular phase to the exclusion of all others. We live in a self-sufficient age which not only neglects but has a positive contempt for history; and there is perhaps no modern problem in which the lessons of history, which should be a lamp to the feet of every wise and prudent social reformer, are more important and more ignored than in the problems confronting the workingman. Though modern labor problems take on their own peculiar difficulties, in essentials and therefore in principles the question dates back to that primal sentence: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread until thou return to the earth from which thou wast taken."

It may therefore be well to place our problem in its historic setting that, seen in its proper perspective, the light of history may enable us to read it aright and suggest the proper solution.

THE PRE-CHRISTIAN SOCIAL ORDER

In pre-Christian times the social structure was built on slavery; that was the pagan solution of the labor problem. We do not sufficiently realize this. We know of course in a vague way that the Romans, for instance, owned slaves; but how many thousands of high school students who have made a course in the history of Greece and Rome realize this tremendous fundamental fact that Greek and Roman society rested on an unquestioned basis of slavery? That slavery more than anything else is that differentiates pagan society from ours? Nor was ancient slavery anything like that which the negro slave trade of recent history suggests. The Greek owned Greek slaves, the Roman, Roman slaves; the German, German slaves; the Celt, Celtic slaves. In refinement, education, culture, the slave often was superior to his master. So natural and necessary was the institution of slavery considered that nowhere do we find, even when slaves rebelled against their condition, a claim that slavery was in itself wrong, that all men should be free and equal. The struggle between Patricians and Plebeians affested only a small fraction of the Roman population; the rest were slaves.

Slavery was the one fundamental institution whereupon the whole structure of society rested. "There is here no distinction," says Hilaire Belloc, "between the highly civilized City State of the Mediterranean, with its letters, its plastic art, and its code of laws, with all that makes a civilization—and this stretching back beyond any surviving record,—there is here no distinction between that civilized body and the northern and western societies of the Celtic tribes, or of the little known herds that wandered in the Germanies. All indifferently reposed upon slavery. It was a fundamental conception of society. It was everywhere present, nowhere disputed." (The distinction between Europeans and Asiatics need not here concern us.) Aristotle, the greatest mind of antiquity, held slavery to be necessary and natural; and no single moralist, philosopher or writer of pagan times "ever conceived the possibility of abolishing an institution so deeply rooted in the social conditions as well as in the ideas of his time." (J. K. Ingram).

If I have dwelt at some length on this it is to emphasize a condition practically ignored despite the fact that it lies at the very root of any study of modern labor problems in the light of history.

THE TRANSITION

How this universal pagan conception of organized society gave way to the Christian conception of freedom,

how the slaves gradually grew into a class of free men owning their homes and the means of independent livelihood, governing themselves, and shaping the institutions of the nation, is told briefly but graphically by G. K. Chesterton in his Short History of England:

"At the beginning of the dark ages the great pagan cosmopolitan society now grown Christian was as much a slave state as old South Carolina. By the fourteenth century it was almost as much a state of peasant proprietors as modern France. No laws had been passed against slavery; no dogmas even had condemned it by definition; no war had been waged against it; no new race or ruling caste had repudiated it; but it was gone. This startling and silent transformation is perhaps the best measure of the pressure of popular life in the Middle Ages, of how fast it was making new things in its spiritual factory. Like everything else effected by this vast operation was by far the most complete, the most sudden, and the most momentous that has taken place in the economic history of Europe.

"All over England the new land lords became virtually the economic masters of the rest of the community. They soon ate up the smaller owners; they enclosed the Common Lands; they made the laws and, abolishing the old customary rights, exacted every shilling of rent obtainable. A quotation or two from John A. Hobson's Evolution of Modern Capitalism suffices to indicate much that has not space prevents elaborating in detail.

"The historic foundation of capitalism is rent, the product of labor upon land ever and above what is requisite to maintain the laborer; this surplus accrues by political or economic forces to the king, feudal superior, or land owner, and can be consumed or stored by him."

Again he writes:

"It was the Flemish demand for wool, which, coming upon England in the Tudor age when political and social conditions were favorable, afforded a large profitable use for pasture farms under new proprietors who, entering into the estates of the decayed baronial families and the confiscated Church and Guild lands, administered them by their agents in the spirit of a modern rent receiver."

LATER ON HE REMARKS:

"It is, however, to the growth of a large rural population, deprived of any ownership or security of tenure in the soil, that we must look for the chief explanation of the 'proletariat' required for modern capitalism."

These in broad outline—our suggestion—were the radical changes which had come over England before the Industrial Revolution. When any of the new and greater industries had to be capitalized, naturally it was the comparatively few men who had absorbed the nation's wealth who provided the capital. Thus by the development of industry the wealthy became wealthier, and the poor poorer, and the pernicious system of Industrial Capitalism, now towering on its foundation, originated. For the system originated in England and thence spread throughout the world.

How could such a thing have come about? "Simply," answers Mr. Belloc, "because the England upon which the new discoveries (machinery) had come was already an England owned as to its soil and accumulations of wealth by a small minority; it was already an England in which perhaps half of the whole population was proletarian, and a medium for exploitation ready to hand."

"Such great discoveries coming in a society like that of the thirteenth century," writes Hilaire Belloc, "in the Servile State, would have blessed and enriched mankind. Coming upon the diseased moral conditions of the eighteenth century, they proved a curse."

The factory system, starting upon a basis of capitalist and proletarianism grew in the mold which had determined its origins.

In pre-Reformation times we have wealth widely distributed, a population rooted in the soil, owning its means of livelihood, animated by the spirit of co-operation, governing themselves.

Now we have the overwhelming mass of the people owning neither their homes, nor their means of living; millions of them together possessing not a square inch of their country's soil.

Here on this continent things have not gone so far; but the industrial system and industrial conditions are the same.

of these economic changes: "Of the demerit lands, and the power of local administration which they carried with them, the Church was 'lord' of perhaps nearly 30 per cent. of English agricultural communities, and the overseers of a like proportion of all English agricultural produce. The Church was in practice the absolute owner of 30 per cent. of the demerit lands in villages and the receiver of 30 per cent. of the customary dues paid by smaller owners to the greater. All this economic power lay until 1535 in the hands of Cathedral Chapters, communities of monks and nuns, educational establishments conducted by the clergy and so forth.

"When the monastic lands were confiscated by Henry VIII, the whole of this vast economic influence was suddenly extinguished. The secular clergy remained endowed and most of the educational establishments, though secular, retained some revenue; . . . the revolution effected by this vast operation was by far the most complete, the most sudden, and the most momentous that has taken place in the economic history of Europe.

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The lesson of history points inexorably to the return to the era of widely distributed wealth, where the dominant mass of the population are owners; to co-operation and Christian charity.

This is the broad ideal, impossible of attainment all at once; but an ideal, a definite and clearly conceived ideal, is necessary to guide and direct all progress. Meanwhile, in envisaging the problem many who look upon the Reformation as a blessing may realize that there is something to be learned from pre-Reformation times, may even say with the Anglican clergyman, the Rev. Augustus Jessup, author of The Great Pillage: "I, as a Protestant, have often had to regret that we purchased our freedom of conscience, our individual liberty, at entirely too high a price."

It is an encouraging sign, as Cardinal Bourne in his pastoral letter on the social question two years ago pointed out, that:

"Social reformers of every school are turning more and more to Catholic tradition for their inspiration; and even in the aspirations and demands of extremists we may often discern that belief in the value of human personality, that insistence upon human rights, that sense of human brotherhood, and that enthusiasm for liberty which are marked features of Catholic social doctrine."

All will agree with the wisdom and necessity of the counsel of His Eminence when he says:

"We should co-operate cordially with the efforts which are being made by various religious bodies to remedy our un-Christian social conditions."

THE EMBARGO GOING?

EFFECTIVE WORK OF CATHOLIC MINISTER

Just at a time when the sturdiest protagonists of Canada's case in the matter of the removal of the embargo on live cattle entering the United Kingdom feel that their efforts are in vain, there come across the Atlantic reports that action in the interest of this Dominion may be expedited—probably by the end of the present winter, if not before. That the question has been placed in a new light before Mr. Lloyd George and his Cabinet, as was before the British public, is very certain, and The Globe has every reason to believe that a decision favorable to the farmers of Canada is now not merely possible, but highly probable.

Credit for a Canadian diplomatic victory, apparently fairly well assured, must go in this instance not to the office of the High Commissioner for Canada nor to the Malghen Administration, but to the unofficial activities of certain Provincial Ministers—notably those of H. N. Manning Doherty. Last autumn, with the consent of Premier Drury, Hon. Mr. Doherty went to Great Britain to look into the embargo problem. He had not been long in the Old Country when he found, to his surprise, that the much vaunted "popular opposition" to the removal of the embargo was difficult to encounter. Mr. Doherty could not locate it. The members of the Cabinet assured him of their willingness to act in the Canadian interest; butchers, small farmers, and cattlemen generally declared themselves in favor of the Canadian cause; such consumers as he met vehemently expressed their hope for the success of his mission. Where, then, were his real antagonists? Patient work on the part of Mr. Doherty traced the opposition to those with whom it has lain for twenty years—a small clique of vested interests in the form of influential "Big Breeders," men who were in close touch with departmental bureaucracy, and who, generally, had been summoned in an advisory capacity at any time when proposals to remove the embargo came up for Ministerial consideration.

Due credit must be given to Mr. Doherty for his promptness in realizing the hopelessness of continuing to appeal through "regular channels" for relief for Canadian breeders. He saw at once that all such appeals must go—as they have gone for a score of years—not to the members of the House of Commons, and not even to the Cabinet as such, but through the bureaucratic Agricultural Department to the advisory group of interested breeders, who depended upon marketing their finishing cattle with the small farmers and feeders of England and Scotland, and who bitterly resented the placing of cheaper Canadian stock in their special preserves. Mr. Doherty lost no time in getting in touch with Lord Beaverbrook, and in a very few days the convincing millions of Britain were leaving the real facts of the situation. They learned, for instance, that the embargo was a master as vital to them as to the Canadian farmer; that the species charge of "pleuro-pneumonia" was based upon a case that never existed; that over 8,000,000 slaughterings of Canadian cattle had failed to reveal a single instance of the alleged disease, and—not least important—that Canada keenly re-

acted the stigma placed upon her agricultural industry by the high-handed actions of British officialdom. The moment when victory seems imminent is not the one in which Canadians should weaken their assaults. As a British statesman in sympathy with Canada's cause said recently: "Keep up the pressure." Thanks to Mr. Doherty's unofficial investigations, our officials now know the source of opposition—which is a great deal. Continence insistence on the part of the newspapers of the Dominion, regardless of party lines, will be the most effective factor in turning Britain's vast consuming populace into Canada's most convincing advocate at the bar of Empire.—The Globe.

CATHOLIC NOTES

One of the most notable of recent converts to the church in the United States is Dr. Frederick Dickinson, formerly rector of "The House of Prayer," in Newark, New Jersey.

Dublin, Dec. 27.—Celebration of Midnight Mass, always one of the most impressive features of Ireland's commemoration of the feast of the Nativity was rendered impossible this year. To many people it meant taking the most important feature out of their observance of the feast. Otherwise church arrangements underwent no change. Dublin churches were visited by thousands on Christmas Eve. The pulpit pronouncements exhorted the people to pray to the Prince of Peace so that they may enter the New Year with a fertility necessary to bear their cross until He relieves and delivers them.

Rome, Dec. 26.—In the secret consistory of Dec. 16 the Pops again denounced the Schismatic Association, known as the "Jesuits," the Czech-Slovak clergy. He declared that the Catholic Church would never abolish its mission; the law imposing celibacy on the clergy and would never introduce in Church discipline such democratic forms as were asked for by certain Czech-Slovak priests. The Pontiff said that German priests who at first belonged to the "Jesuits" had withdrawn later from that organization, and he expressed the hope that the Czech-Slovak clergy would do likewise.

Berlin, Dec. 10.—Monsieur Paselli, who begins his active work as Nuncio to Germany with the opening of the New Year, finds himself not only the first official representative of the Holy See to be received in Berlin, but also the head of the diplomatic corps. As the first of the diplomats to present his credentials to President Ebert, Monsignor Paselli takes precedence over all the representatives of foreign governments, including even those of the greatest powers. This unique position is expected to give the Apostolic Nuncio a very large influence in fostering and extending the relations between the Holy See and the German Government.

Warsaw.—A monument to Father Skrupka, the heroic young army chaplain, who has been called the "Saviour of Warsaw" is to be erected in this city, and already a competition has been begun among the leading sculptors of the country to select a design for the statue. Father Skrupka as described in special articles written for the N. C. W. C. News Service by Captain Charles Phillips, led the first successful charge that turned the tide when the Red Army was stopped before the gates of Warsaw on August 15. The Polish people are using some of the gun metal taken by their army from the Bolsheviks to cast the monument.

London, Dec. 19.—A request for a concession to run tram cars to Bethlehem and the Mount of Olives has been denied by Ronald Storrie, Governor of Jerusalem, who has arrived in London and has given out several public statements on his administration in Palestine. When the subject of tram cars was broached to him, Storrie says, he replied that the first rail section would be laid over his body. He has forbidden the use of stucco and corrugated iron within walls and also the destruction of buildings without special permission. The public bar, too, has come under his ban, as he declares he feels bars are altogether out of keeping with the surroundings.

Rome, Dec. 25.—The sum contributed by the Holy Father this year for the relief of starving and suffering children in different countries of Europe exceeded fifteen million lire according to a report just published. Four million lire were given by the Holy Father to Germany; three and a half million lire to Austria; two million lire to Poland and one million lire each to Hungary and Czechoslovakia. Lesser sums were contributed to other afflicted countries. Contributions to the Pontiff's fund for this work of relief came from all over the world. America gave five million lire, Spain three million; Ireland two millions; Italy a million and a half, and other nations smaller amounts.

THREE DAUGHTERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM

BY MRS. INNES-BROWN

CHAPTER XIX.

It was almost twenty-four years since last they parted, these two old friends. The bright warm sun had shown upon them as they stood bidding each other a fond farewell, and promising, in school-girl fashion, everlasting love and fidelity. One a pretty, happy, light-hearted girl, with no more serious thoughts of life before her than to cull its brightest blossoms, and enjoy to the full, in an easy, refined manner, the numberless pleasures doubtless in store for her. The other, handsome, high-spirited, and far-seeing, who looked upon life even then as stern reality, upon whom her weaker sisters leaned for support, from whose lips even the aged and the wise sought counsel. Such then were Margaret Gordon and Marie de Valois. And now they met once more? The once frail, fragile girl prematurely aged, crushed and broken? The other, who had gathered years meant to fade; the hidden thorns to pierce her hands. The pleasures she had sought for with such girlish eagerness had turned into pains before she had ever fairly grasped or tasted their promising delights. But, in spite of all those bitter disappointments and heavy lingering trials, she had borne them all with unflinching and heroic patience; though wounded and weary, yet had she been found faithful, and thus won for herself almost a martyr's crown. The other, the strong one, grown stronger, more powerful still; more able and willing even than of old to fold to her heart and rescue the weak, and the wounded, and with her soothing influence bestow upon them more than a mother's love.

Early the next morning, upon the puzzled ear of the invalid fell the old familiar sound of the Angelus bell. She opened her eyes and listened. Then there rushed upon her mind the full realization of where she was, and all that had occurred. The knowledge flooded her soul with joy. Silent tears stole down her wasted cheeks, and with folded hands she murmured brokenly, "Ring on, sweet bell, and do not cease; for you speak of peace, peace at last." It was noon before Mrs. Fitz Allan could be wheeled round to the room spoken of by Lady Abbess the previous evening; and when she was rested, and kind hands had comfortably ensconced her on a bed, supporting her weak frame by pillows and cushions, then, and not till then, did her old friend venture to meet her. Years ago Lady Abbess had learned to school and restrain her feelings, but the power of control almost entirely forsook her, and for one brief moment she staggered, overcome by emotion beyond her control. The sight of that poor wasted face, the struggle of those feeble arms stretched out to meet and greet her, the almost childish joy expressed in that sweet familiar voice as she cried, "My Marie! my friend! my mother!" made Lady Abbess of the Angels gasp and falter; but when she saw the poor weak frame sink back completely exhausted, she firmly drew herself together and moved gently forward. One moment more and she was soothing the throbbing temples, and whispering words of tender comfort; whilst over the invalid's face stole a look of calm repose.

A pair of lynx eyes had watched every movement of the intruder, and with suspicion the effect of her presence on her mistress. So when Lady Abbess gave the signal that she wished to be alone with her friend, Marie resisted it and remained. "You're not going to drive me out of the room," she burst out defiantly. "I've heard tell of nuns and their goings on. I'll have no superstitious incantations spoke over my lady. Nuns, I don't care for, are all very well in their way, but in case they're no better than they look, I'll remain at my post, and leave no chance for foul play."

"Remain where you are, by all means, my good woman," was the kind but dignified reply. "Mrs. Fitz Allan is fortunate in having in you so brave a champion, so true a friend!"

Strangely apposed, the woman retired to the farther end of the room and seated herself, but where she could be a witness of all that occurred. It was not long ere the old familiar voice of Marie de Valois and her soothing influence restored peace and full consciousness to the poor sick lady. Mary stared in wonder as she saw the look of rapturous joy take the place of the pained weary one on her mistress's face, and heard the two converse—seemingly forgetful of every one else—in low soft tones to each other.

Mrs. Fitz Allan's face looked bright and beautiful, so Mary thought, as she listened to all the great, grand things that strange nun told her; and when she heard the sick voice say in happy, cheerful tones, "Yes, dear Mother, I have endeavored so hard to be patient, and, oh, God has been so good to me! Dear Duncan died in the most glorious sentiments; my boy was taken in his youth and innocence; and my girl, God bless her! no one knows what she has been to me; and now my last earthly

desire seems near its fulfillment. I long to die amongst you all. I cannot leave you again, dear Mother, and I feel my end is drawing near." When Mary heard this she rose, feeling she had heard enough. Was it a pang of jealousy that sent that sharp spasm to her heart as she realized the wonderful power of this nun over her mistress, or was it caused by the fearful dread that she was no longer needed? "And I'd have done so much for her!" she thought, stealing gently from the room. But the quick eye of the Abbess detected her movements, and as she quickly divined the cause.

"Mary!" she said, in her quiet but authoritative tone. "Marian?" replied the woman, turning as she reached the door. "It is time your mistress had some nourishment. No one understands her wants better than you do; will you come and make her comfortable?" The tear that stood in Mary's eye trembled as she walked forward to obey the nun; and whilst adjusting the pillows the poor invalid slipped her wasted arms round the faithful servant's neck and did what she had never done before—drew the hard brown face down to her own radiant one, and kissed her again and again.

"My dear, dear, faithful friend," she said, "when I am gone God will reward you for all your noble, unselfish devotion to me and mine." "Hush, my linn! hush!" was all that Mary said as she hugged the poor thin form in her strong arms. "You'll stop with us awhile longer, me lady. You mauna leave us yet?" "Soon, Mary, soon. Do not wish me to remain longer. I would rather go. I have been a great burden to you all."

"No, no, you could not be that," and the woman, unable to endure more, left the room. But she was proud and happy now, Lady Abbess by her thought and fact had won the day. Why linger over the end? It came sooner than was expected, yet no one, not even Madge, would have had things altered. There is something grand and consoling in a death like Mrs. Fitz Allan's. No hurry, no confusion; resigned and patient in life, death found her well prepared. Dear old Father Egbert visited her frequently, and did all that was possible to be done for her; and the smile of peace and happiness that broke upon her face at the sight of her old friend and Mother never left her features even in death. Perfect resignation in death is a rare but a beautiful thing to witness, and the Sisters who knelt around her bedside rather envied than wept for her, and full of peaceful hope were they as they laid her to rest in the quiet and shady cemetery adjoining the Convent, where already slept several other "old Convent girls."

Within sound of the old vesper bell, within reach of the Sisters' choir, almost within the shade of the canopy, was laid all that remained of the elder Margaret Fitz Allan, but close to her heart Lady Abbess folded the orphan Margaret, and in that wise and prudent care the girl was comforted and cheered.

Days, even weeks, sped on, and still Madge lingered at St. Benedict's; but, what was stranger still, Mary lingered also. In spite of all the kindness bestowed upon them both, there still dwelt in the woman's stubborn mind a mortal fear and dread of what those nuns might do with her young mistress. All the old tales in which she had heard and read of poor innocent girls being caught and entraped in the treacherous webs of nuns, and afterwards imprisoned for life in dark dungeons, rose before her, and she mentally resolved that, come what might, she would stay and defend her charge.

"No, no," she pondered, "they'll not try on their tricks so long as I be near. They'll be afraid of me, I doubt me not." She little knew how far from the thoughts of either nuns or Madge was this project. The latter was enjoying herself thoroughly. Rest! rest! oh, how complete and well earned it was! surrounded by genial companions, her every necessary want supplied. The table was spread for her mother was chaste and sweet; surely she could not deny nor refuse that dear parent the peace and happiness she felt certain was hers at last. So health and strength returned to her once more. Father Egbert listened with joy to her rich young voice in the choir, rendered sweeter and more pathetic still from her three years' sojourn in the hard world; and all flowed on as though those years had been but a terrible nightmare.

Lady Abbess was anxious that her health should be completely restored, and devised all manner of plans to rouse and cheer her. In fact, such kindness was lavished upon the girl that even the strong prejudices and suspicions of Mary began to relax, until at last, unconsciously to herself, she slowly but surely vanished away. Often, with her knitting in her hand, Mary sat and smiled contentedly as she watched with pleasure her young mistress joining merrily in the fun and games of her companions.

One fine day in June, Mother Agatha, with a troubled look upon her face, called to Madge and inquired of her that Lady Abbess requested to see her in her own room. "Some ill news," thought the girl. "I know by dear Mother Agatha's expression; what can it be?" She hurried forward, and soon reached Lady Abbess's private apartment. A letter in very deep mourning lay upon the table, whilst a look of deep, sad sympathy lingered upon

the nun's features. On seeing Madge she raised her eyes and said gravely, "One who is dear to both of us is in great distress, my child. You must pray for her."

"Who—what is it?" gasped Madge, turning pale. "Enid de Woodville is dead, and Beatrice is inconsolable, so writes her brother the Honorable Percy; and he begs, oh so earnestly, for prayers for his father's soul, and the grace of resignation for his sister." "Poor dear Beatrice!" exclaimed her companion, with heartfelt sorrow. "Even she, you see, is not exempt from suffering; and she loved her father so dearly. Hers was a nature to love so passionately, so deeply. It will be a terrible blow to her."

"It will," was the solemn and thoughtful reply. "And yet God has ever His own designs, and we must bend to His decisions. We will both write to her, poor dear child. She will need all our help. The whole community shall beseech Heaven in her behalf. Her whole future may depend upon the spirit in which she receives this her first trial. My poor Beatrice! Run away, dear, and do your very best for your old companion, and leave me to treat with her alone."

A day or two later, as Madge was discussing quietly with Lady Abbess the present grief and future position of Beatrice, she looked up suddenly and remarked slowly, "I am strong and well now, dear Mother—thanks to God and you—and must be looking about for some occupation. Do you not think so?" "I dread the thought of it, dear child, but suppose it must come sooner or later. You see—stoking kindly the soft fair cheek—God does not call every one to give up the world and serve Him in religion. It is only in yellow-backed novels," continued she, smiling, "never in real life, that you hear of these weary, disappointed maidens rushing into cloistered walls, hoping thus to bury themselves and their troubles in lifelong oblivion. I never thought—much as I should have liked it—that our dear little Madge had a vocation for the religious life; but I do think that in God's own time great happiness may yet be in store for you, dear, just as I felt sure that with God's help, you would be faithful in your hour of trial."

"Well, Mother dear, what ought I to do? For what am I fitted?" "You would be a nice companion to any lady, old or young, my child," was the kind reply. "You are also clever, trustworthy, and accomplished, and could take a good position as governess in a high family. What says my little Madge? Have you a desire or inclination for anything special?" "None whatever, dearest Mother, unless it be for something in the musical line. But whatever you decide upon and arrange for me, that will I do with all my heart."

"Then that is settled. Do not worry yourself; rest here until I discover a suitable occupation for you. Only about your faithful servant, what is to become of her?" "It will relieve her mind," laughed the girl merrily, "when I assure her that you have no desire or intention of shutting me up for life, and then I really think she ought to return to her people in Yorkshire. Just fancy, strange as it may appear, my dear Mother told me that a true and worthy man has waited for her all these years, but that she was not anxious to be married, and was more attached to us than to him, and so long as we needed her services she would not leave us; but I can afford to keep her no longer," sighed the girl, "and surely it is high time that both she and her steadfast admirer reap the reward of all their fidelity and honor."

"It is indeed, child. I have learned to admire and respect the woman—she has such noble qualities—and I truly appreciate her worth; but in your own life you will not need her. Should you marry, dear child, and ever require her services, I believe she would go to the world's end to serve you."

"Marry? I marry, dearest Mother? How could such a thing happen to me? Who would ever care to ask a poor girl like I am to be his wife? Oh no, I will not harbor the thought for a moment."

"Wise little maiden, not to build upon such a vision, said the Abbess kindly. Still, child, things quite as improbable have happened before now," and she looked into the depths of the clear grey eyes beside her, and thought how proud might any man be to win for life this brave, true-hearted girl. "Oh! God grant," she prayed, "that whatever the girl's lot in life may be, some one may be found who will value my Madge as she deserves!"

"That same evening Madge sought Mary and recounted to her the purport of her conversation with Lady Abbess. The old servant saw the reason and sense of it, but wept when she realized that her young lady must henceforth earn her own living.

"Four bairnie, poor bairnie," she moaned, "what would thy grandfither have said had he known his darling would ever have come to this? Better almost be a nun," she sighed. "Strange to say, this lot doesn't seem so bad; and as for the Abbess, as you call her, my girl, she's a fine woman. Anyhow, miss, I see I'll have to leave you; but if ever you should want for a home, look to Mary for it, for what I have is yours. O miss! it cuts me to the heart to part with you!" and for once in her life the woman gave way to her feelings, and sobbing loudly, rocked herself to and fro.

Madge called her by many a tender name, and kissed and fondled the stiff upright figure, for she knew her boy's life and worth, and valued her as a tried and trusted friend. Had she not been faithful and true when all else had forsaken her? and was it not only for her bairnie's sake that she had broken down now? "There is but one thing for me to do," said Mary, rising, and slowly unclipping the girl's arm from her neck. "I'll go right off tomorrow, the first thing in the morning; and what's more, I'll even travel as far as Edinburgh and collect together all your own little treasures and belongings, and they shall abide with me, my lamb, until you need them. And you'll write often to me, won't you? And do not forget to tell me if you want old Mary again. Whilst I live there'll always be a roof to cover you, and a pair of hands to work for you, dearie. And now promise me, miss, that you'll try and keep your old school friends in sight, them as you parted with in London three years ago. Good may come out of that," she said gravely. "I have my own thoughts about it."

"The promise was gladly given. And early the following morning Mary arose, took a last and tender farewell of her beloved mistress's grave, embraced her own bairnie once more, and was gone; so that the same boat which conveyed Father Egbert to England carried Mary also, and a curiously worded epistle was posted in London that night to Braeken Park, and contained these words: "Mr. Blake—Dear Sir,—According to promise, I write to inform you that she as you wished to serve (and is a true lady born) has to earn her own living now, and am going back to my own people—Yours truly, MARY MEDCALF."

TO BE CONTINUED

THE PEARL OF PRICE

The lilacs were in bloom. They hedged the quaint old garden, nestled under the moss grown gables, filled the soft May air with the first sweet fragrances of spring. Their breath came through the wide window where Elinor Whitely was sitting and seemed to mingle fitly with the story to which she was listening and which had brought a faint flush to her faded cheek, a tremor to her lips. For what mother can hear with heart unstirred by pain the story of her son's first deep love?

Harvey Whitely sat on a low stool at his mother's feet, his hands clasped on her lap, his uplifted face radiant with joy, as he poured forth with his every joy and hope since life began, big words of love and praise. "She is all—more than all—I ever dreamed—hoped for," he said exultantly. "She gave me such a pull for it that I can scarcely believe my own good luck. But I am to take her the ring tomorrow. I had a fancy that I would like to bind things with that big pearl of yours, that 'pearl of price,' as you said father called it when he slipped it on your finger, but Mildred seemed rather to prefer the usual solitaire. She said—'Oh, mother!'—the young face flushed with its triumph—'you can't think what beautiful things she said about a bond that must be all our own.' And again the rhapsodies burst forth, filling the listener's heart with the pain that Harvey must not see. For he had been the dearest and best of sons; he had chosen, as the world would say, wisely; it was time for him to marry; she must not interfere. True, there was one—to whom she had already given a daughter's place in her dreams—her hopes—but that was all past now."

"So there was only tender love and sympathy in her words, in her tone, in the soft, caressing touch of her hand upon her boy's brow. "It is right that you should marry, of course, dear. I have kept you for nearly thirty years. I can not complain, even though I must lose my boy!"

"Lose your boy? Mother my precious mother, how can you think of such a thing?" The deep young voice was passionate in its protest. "After all that I have been to each other! I am simply bringing you a daughter—the daughter you have always wanted; you have often said that no home was complete without a girl. Mildred will be every thing you could ask, I know. True, she is not exactly of our faith, but she is very close."

"How close, Harvey?" "Oh, very high—admires our ways immensely—believes in candles and incense, and all those things."

"Candles and incense are not of Catholic faith, Harvey." "Oh, of course, not altogether," he answered lightly, "still, they show a strong leaning to it, you know. Oh, Mildred will be right in church matters, as you will see. Especially with an angel mother like you to guide us both. So don't talk of losing your boy, mother darling. You will simply have two children adoring you instead of one. No woman in the world"—and the young voice grew suddenly firm and resolute—"not even Mildred, could change me to you."

He lifted her hand to his lips with the tender reverence that had marked his love for her ever since his dying father had called the ten-year-old boy to his side and left "mother" to his care. And then, with an eager, buoyant step, he was gone—gone, as his mother felt, with the sword of loss already turning in her heart, to the girl who claimed him—who would hold him, not with the "pearl of price," but a glittering bond all her own.

Through tear-dimmed eyes she watched the strong, lithe young figure striding down the lilac-bordered path, pausing at the gate to exchange gay greetings with a girl just coming in—a slender girl, gowned simply in white, her arms full of May blossoms.

For a moment they chatted blithely like the old friends they were; then Harvey went on, and Mabel Donna turned to the house, all unconscious of the eyes fixed on her, the mother eyes that read the sudden stricken look that had fallen upon the bright face like a frost upon the spring flowers.

But bravely and brightly, though with a slightly slowing step, she came on through the open door, the wide hall, into the room, dropping her flowers on the table, that she might clasp the watching figure by the window in her strong, loving arms. "Harvey has just told me"—there was not a tremor in the clear tone. "Oh, it is hard on you, dear, very hard, to give him up. There, there," she drew the drooping head to her shoulder, "have your cry out in comfort; I'll never tell him. He thinks you don't mind—men are such idiots! But we know, dear, we know—"

And Elinor clung to the brave, sweet speaker while the tears burst forth unrestrained. Ah, yes, she knew—she knew that her boy was flinging away this pearl of price for a glittering gawdaw, and she could not stay or save. "And really it is time for Harvey to marry," continued Mabel with tender cheer that wrung the listener's heart. "I have heard you tell him so yourself more than once. And so—so—we must brace up, cheer, and pray blessings on his choice."

"We will—we will," there was a quick note of hope in the other's voice. "I have not prayed enough, Mabel. I felt so sure of—of his love, of his future—of—"

"Ah, cheer!"—there was a faint tremor in the tone that asked softly, "can one ever be sure of the love of man?" "Yes, my dear, yes," and the older woman roused into strength and wisdom. "When it is guided, blessed, sanctified as Christian love should be. This is the love that I ask for my boy. Will you pray with me that it may be his, dear?"

"I will," said Mabel, kissing her tear-wet face. "For your sake and for his own I will pray that Harvey's choice may be all that you ask. I am just taking these flowers to our Blessed Mother's altar, so I will begin today, though," the girl added to herself, as after another tender good-bye she took her way back through the garden gate from the old grey house among the lilacs. "It will take a miracle of love, surely, to make Mildred Earl's fit in there."

And while the prayers, freighted with such silent heartbeat as only heaven saw, went up before Our Lady's flower-decked altar, Harvey's engagement became a settled fact. If the diamond bond, that was all Mildred's own, drew her lover apart from the old ties with growing force, he was too wrapped in rainbow dreams to feel or know. The light that never shone upon sea or land, came in on his young life, and in his glamour all bounds and limits were lost. The dinners, the drives, that demanded his presence and escort; the dances that kept him up far into the night! even the "Vesper Service" ("So much like your own, dear") on Sunday evenings, were claims that he felt unable to deny or resist. The lilacs had dropped their fragrant blossoms; the June roses had glowed and paled on Lady's altar, and now Mabel was filling the vases with white chrysanthemums, the last spotless offering of the dying year. A brave show the snowy blossoms made against the background of autumn leaves that the girl had gathered in the October woods. Never, even in all the glory and fragrance of June, had Our Lady's altar looked more beautiful. And Mabel knelt before it, conscious that the bloom and joy and hope faded from her own life, but with no thought of self in the prayer she breathed for Harvey's mother, on whom the frost of a wintry change was falling, blighting all her autumn's tender glow.

"The Lilacs" was to be sold. Harvey's promised bride could not think of the place as a home, and his salary (he was chief chemist in a great commercial laboratory) did not permit of his maintaining two estab-

lishments. They must be married in Mildred's own church, with the full choral service it would supply. The "Roman" demands she declared unreasonable and absurd and Harvey could not expect her to submit to them. There had been more than one sad scene between mother and son, as Mabel knew, and her heart was heavy with forebodings of the break that must surely come. Late though it was, for Mabel's loving care of her altar followed a busy day as teacher, she turned out of her way to give the troubled mistress of "The Lilacs" a word of tender cheer.

Already a grim "For Sale" sign, flanking from the trunk of the hedgehog-hunt beside the gate, told of the old home's doom. Two automobiles were drawn up before the door; there was an unusual air of excitement that made the visitor push forward with the freedom of an ever-welcome guest. Three or four gentlemen stood within, pale and grave at the tidings they had brought. "There had been an explosion in their laboratory, and Harvey had been hurt, hurt seriously, if not fatally. Mabel caught the murmured asides—"mangled—blinded—speechless"—and her heart seemed to die for a moment in her breast. "Mabel! Mabel!" The mother's cry accused her and she dropped on her knees beside the couch where the unhappy woman lay, stricken helpless by the shock. "Go to him—I can not! Bring him back to his Faith, his Church, his God—in my name—for my sake—for his sake—Mabel."

Through long, dim, dull ways, broken by faint gleams of consciousness, Harvey was struggling back to life. Where he was, what had happened, he did not know. All was darkness. He lay awashed, blinded, bandaged, a mere mummy of himself—aware only of sensations, vague, fleeting, undefined, too shadowy to impress his shocked, bewildered brain. There had been a grave voice in his ear, whispering half-remembered prayers; he had felt the anointing touch upon his hands, his feet, his brow; a faint stir in his soul as if it woke in response. Then—then—a breath of fragrance, a low, trembling cry that seemed to reach the silence. Mildred! Mildred! His love, his own, even in darkness like this; Mildred faithful through all things! Again he drifted away; the shadows deepened; he seemed to lose her in the gloom. He was sinking in black waters, where only love could uphold him—the love that is stronger than death. And life surged up for a moment in his veins and his stiffened lips found gasping speech: "My love—my own—are you there?"

"Yes," came the low murmur in his dull ear, "here at your side, Harvey."

"Stay with me—to the end"—he murmured. "To the end," came the answer, and the gentle clasp on his hand seemed through long, long hours his only hold on life. Amid all the horrors of pain and darkness he was conscious that Love was there watching, beseeching, agonizing for him, upholding his own weakness in the struggle he could never have made alone.

"Say that you love me," he faintly whispered, when the waters closed round about him. And the answer would come, sweet and low through the darkness: "I love you, dearest. I will love you always, through life and death."

And so soothed and strengthened the jarred mechanism of his body took poise and spring again, the brain roused, memory awakened, the dulled senses quickened. Only the darkness lingered and would not lift. Then the truth came upon him in all its horror. He was blind! It flung him back into peril of death. Again, and again, the soft hand was out, stretched to him and the low voice whispered of love and hope, of courage and submission—words that fell like half forgotten music on the listener's ear. "Mildred," he called in sudden bewilderment; "is it Mildred beside me?" There was a moment's pause. "No," came the low answer, "it is Mabel, Harvey. Your mother is ill and asked me to come in her name, and in his place."

"And Mildred, Mildred?" he questioned. There was no answer. "Is she dead—ill—hurt?" came the sharp, agonizing query. "In God's name, tell me, Mabel. Where is Mildred?" "She is in Europe, Harvey. Her parents have taken her abroad."

"To forget," he burst forth, bitterly. "She has gone from me to forget. And I thought, I thought that she was with me in my peril, my agony. I thought her love was holding me to life. I thought she was with me, faithful even to death—God help me! It was all a dream, then, a fever dream!" "All a dream," was the answer; "a fever dream. Let us forget it, Harvey."

But something in the tone—the words—touched faint, quivering chords of memory into music—music that lingered and swelled into fuller, deeper notes as the darkness faded went by. For in those days, Mabel was the life, the strength, of his broken home. It was Mabel whose tender care won his mother back to hope and health; Mabel who found him a place in her own school as teacher of the science that had been his undoing; Mabel who first heard of the great oculist, who had brought light into darkness deeper than his.

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BLACK, WHITE, AND COLOURED

By MATILDA SHERAO

In the Country of Jesus

Postpaid 90c. Catholic Record

JANUARY 15, 1921

And when the light came back—dim, indeed, but full of a new hope and life for him—it was Mabel from whom he drew the sweet confession as they stood under the lilacs.

HOW I CAME TO THE PALACE BEAUTIFUL

By Nellie R Ivanovich in The Missionary

Many times, during the thirty years since I became a Catholic, I have been asked both by Catholics and by non-Catholics why I look that step. I have found it was a very interesting subject. The Catholic was pleased and edified to hear the reasons which led an outsider, upon purely logical grounds, to accept the belief that his Church was the one true Church established by Christ Himself.

When I was fifteen we moved to California, and as teachers were scarce I soon began teaching in a country school. During the winters I went to school in the city. The country schools were then closed on account of the heavy rains. In the city I went regularly and joyfully to church—the Presbyterian, of course. But I became very much troubled about certain matters and determined to seek help in regard to them. Where to go or to whom, I did not know.

Finally I resolved to go to the minister himself. Such a thing was unheard of, I believe among my young companions and I did not mention my intention to anyone. After calling several times at the little study back of the church and finding no one in, I left a note saying I would be there at a certain time.

When I arrived the door was locked, but after some delay, the minister came and asked me in. He was a bright man and a good speaker upon current topics, but hardly a fair example, I think, of the average Protestant minister. He seemed rather surprised when I stated my errand.

"What particular points are you troubled about?" he asked. "Well, for one thing, I can't help wondering where the souls of my father and mother are. They were so good—my father was a fine, honorable man; mother was sweet and kind. I don't think she ever did a wrong thing in her life. Yet neither of them went to church. Father did not believe in religion at all. I can't bear to think they may be in hell."

"The minister answered me with some impatience: "We have nothing to do with your father or your mother or any of your ancestors. The Bible teaches that those who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ will be saved, and that those who do not will be lost." I am almost sure he said "will be damned."

"Another trouble is, I can't pray. I don't know what to say. Get down on your knees and do the best you can." "Then, I got so discouraged about myself. I am so sorry when I do wrong, and mean with all my heart to do better. And I do for a while. But in time I fall back into my old ways, and things are just as bad as they were before."

"Well, all you can do is to keep on trying," and with that he dismissed me. I went away with a heavy heart. Here was a man who was supposed to be a follower of Christ; and instead of being kind to me, as Christ would have been, he had been harsh and cold. He was an ordained minister of God. But he, the teacher could give me no message from the God of Wisdom and Truth, no word of counsel in my hour of need.

There was, then, no one to help me but God. I would do the best I could, and leave it all in His hands. One summer while I was teaching school near a small town, I visited a fine American family, Presbyterians like myself. On their bookshelves I came across a book called "Priest and Nun." I was always fond of reading and particularly interested in anything regarding religion. So I borrowed the book and took it with me out to where I was teaching. It was a so-called disclosure of an escaped nun, and revealed the vile and sinful life said to be led by priests and nuns and the awful crimes committed to conceal these things.

Strange to say, these horrible stories produced no effect except to arouse a distrust of their truth. My sense of justice made me long to defend those who were thus attacked without being given a chance to defend themselves. I could not believe that people who had left their houses and embraced a life of hardship with the avowed purpose of serving God could all be hypocrites and criminals. Some, if not most, must be sincere and living good and holy lives. If so, it was a wicked, horrible thing, to write such a book about them. I was surprised that my friends, kindly Christian people, should allow it in their houses.

That winter, after I went back to the city, I happened to attend the Episcopal Church, once or twice, in company with some of my true friends. The solemnity and beauty of the service charmed me, and I

they now, I wonder—Mary and Margaret and little John and all how rest? And did they ever know how powerful an influence that memory of a happy Catholic home was to me in later years?

In time my father married again, and a year or two after he, also, died. My stepmother was a very different woman from my mother. She had a more self-reliant nature and was deeply religious. She was very kind to us and perfectly wise and just, both to us, and to her own religion. Upon all other matters we talked freely and confidentially; upon the subject nearest to both our hearts, we seemed unable to speak. I believe that condition often exists between persons outside the Catholic Church.

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"The minister answered me with some impatience: "We have nothing to do with your father or your mother or any of your ancestors. The Bible teaches that those who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ will be saved, and that those who do not will be lost." I am almost sure he said "will be damned."

"Another trouble is, I can't pray. I don't know what to say. Get down on your knees and do the best you can." "Then, I got so discouraged about myself. I am so sorry when I do wrong, and mean with all my heart to do better. And I do for a while. But in time I fall back into my old ways, and things are just as bad as they were before."

"Well, all you can do is to keep on trying," and with that he dismissed me. I went away with a heavy heart. Here was a man who was supposed to be a follower of Christ; and instead of being kind to me, as Christ would have been, he had been harsh and cold. He was an ordained minister of God. But he, the teacher could give me no message from the God of Wisdom and Truth, no word of counsel in my hour of need.

There was, then, no one to help me but God. I would do the best I could, and leave it all in His hands. One summer while I was teaching school near a small town, I visited a fine American family, Presbyterians like myself. On their bookshelves I came across a book called "Priest and Nun." I was always fond of reading and particularly interested in anything regarding religion. So I borrowed the book and took it with me out to where I was teaching. It was a so-called disclosure of an escaped nun, and revealed the vile and sinful life said to be led by priests and nuns and the awful crimes committed to conceal these things.

Strange to say, these horrible stories produced no effect except to arouse a distrust of their truth. My sense of justice made me long to defend those who were thus attacked without being given a chance to defend themselves. I could not believe that people who had left their houses and embraced a life of hardship with the avowed purpose of serving God could all be hypocrites and criminals. Some, if not most, must be sincere and living good and holy lives. If so, it was a wicked, horrible thing, to write such a book about them. I was surprised that my friends, kindly Christian people, should allow it in their houses.

That winter, after I went back to the city, I happened to attend the Episcopal Church, once or twice, in company with some of my true friends. The solemnity and beauty of the service charmed me, and I

thought I had found what my soul craved. After a while I applied to the elders of my own church for a letter transferring my membership to the Episcopal Church. This request was readily granted, and I was given a most beautiful letter full of expressions of kindness and Christian fellowship.

For a while I was happier. I could pray better, for the beauty of the church was a help, the music was inspiring, and the ritual kept my mind from wandering. But in time my other difficulties came back to torment me. Besides, even here there was no sense of security, no steadfast doctrine to cling to. One thing troubled me exceedingly. In the form for administering the sacrament of baptism, which I found in my Book of Common Prayer, were the words: "I baptize thee in the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

"We receive this child into the congregation of Christ's flock and do sign him with the Sign of the Cross"—and so on. A footnote added: "If anyone objects to the Sign of the Cross it may be omitted." "Well," I said to myself, "if the Sign of the Cross is had, it has no business to be in the baptismal service at all—not anywhere else. But if it is good and holy and part of the sacrament which makes the person baptized a child of God, who shall dare to object to it?" And what confidence could anyone have in a church which would allow him to dictate as to the words or forms used in one of its most solemn ceremonies?

In the meantime, my stepmother died, and I had married and gone to live in a small mining town. My husband was "born and raised" a Catholic, but had not practiced his religion since he was a boy. At the time I met him he had lost all faith, I think, and made no objection to our being married by the Episcopal minister. When my children came, I was very busy, and, as there was no particular obligation upon me to attend church, I went but seldom and finally sank into a low, unhappy state of mind, asking no help and bearing my burdens as best I could alone.

One stormy night I was sitting by the baby's cradle. The older children were asleep. My husband was away on business, and I was lonely and sad. Life had become hard for me in many ways. I had a little volume of poems in my hand, and among the rest was one, "I Stand at the Door and Knock." I do not remember the words: it was the illustration that touched my heart. The picture showed our Lord, weary and travel-worn, bearing a lantern and a staff. The heavy, barred door at which he knocked was overgrown with brambles and weeds. I have the little picture before me as I write.

Suddenly I realized that although I had forgotten God and had closed the door of my heart to Him, He had not forgotten me. I laid the book face down in the cradle and went down on my knees beside it, begging our Lord not to leave me, but to come into my heart and abide there. Among my neighbors were an old lady and her two daughters. The old lady was in poor health and I went in quite often to see her. They were devout Catholics. One day I noticed a large picture of the Pope on the wall, and underneath, the title, "Our Holy Father, Pope Pius X." "I think it was," I mocked, laughing. "Perhaps he's no more holy than the rest of us."

"The old lady answered me kindly and seriously: "We have every reason to believe he is a very good and holy man. But aside from that, he is the head of the Church, the representative of Christ upon earth. As such, he is entitled to our reverence and affection." "This from an old lady—need I say she was Irish—who could not write her own name!"

I promptly begged her pardon, and from then on I fell into the way of asking her questions, what did this mean, why did they do that, and so on. She always answered me as she did at first, kindly and seriously, and without taking offense. One day she said to me: "I shall live to see you a Catholic."

"Oh, no!" I cried, laughing, as at first. But she insisted. "Why?" I asked. Tell me why you think so. Why should I be a Catholic any more than thousands of others?" "Because you really want to know. People often ask questions, but in their hearts they don't care anything about it. But you really want to know. Don't you really want to know?" she persisted, looking into my eyes. "Don't you want to know?"

If God reveals to you that it is the one true Church, established by Christ Himself, in which you can find guidance and comfort and rest for your soul here and eternal life hereafter—then wouldn't you want to be a Catholic?"

sent to me by God Himself—"if he has any doubt he is bound before God to investigate, and to follow such light as God shall send him."

Ah, my heart cried within me, I am bound before God to investigate. To investigate! And I will. Then for five months I read and studied and prayed. Never once did I say I would or I would not be a Catholic. I begged of God continually to show me the way, and I promised to walk therein, no matter what it cost.

One of my little children became very sick, and the Sisters at the convent, whom I knew slightly, begged me to have him baptized. I consented not only to have him baptized but all my children. I had come so far on my journey—a long, long way from my old Protestant standpoint—as to be willing that my children should be Catholics, no matter what I might do myself in the matter.

The little sick child died soon after. It was my first great sorrow since I was old enough to realize and together with my other troubles, would have bowed me to the earth, only that I had already begun to catch the gleam of the light that was leading me on. I turned with even more zeal and fervor toward the great question awaiting solution. I read continually, at first a small prayer book, then a larger one, a catechism, and books of controversy which I obtained from the Sisters. Once when I was reading, I threw the book away from me in anger.

"No!" I cried, "I will not submit my private judgment to the teachings of the Church! What have I a mind for, if not to use it?" But my guardian angel must have whispered to me: "If the Church is really the Church of God, existing in the world for the very purpose of guiding men in the way of salvation, who are you to set your private opinions—mistaken ones, perhaps—against the teachings of the Church?" I went and picked up the book. Later I had another such fight with myself about making the sign of the Cross. I couldn't. It seemed too "foreign," too ignorant. But again grace conquered, and I made the sacred sign. May it be my last act before my hands are folded in death.

I had never doubted that Christ was God, of that, the subtle beauty of His character, and the marvelous wisdom of His utterances—which have outlived the wisdom of the ages and have only proved themselves more true with the changing years—seemed sufficient proof. If, then, He was God, it was only reasonable to suppose that, as the God of wisdom, He established a permanent, visible organization to carry on His work. For, though His Kingdom was not of this world, His followers were living in this world, and needed such help as only a visible, living, organization, possessing unity and authority, could give them.

I read, now, that Christ did establish such an organization, in the Catholic Church. Not only that: He promised to remain with the Church until the end of time, to help it to teach all truth, and to preserve it from error. This was not of this world, His followers were living in this world, and needed such help as only a visible, living, organization, possessing unity and authority, could give them.

When I began to study books upon Catholic doctrines and practices, I found all my old troublesome questions answered in full. Here was the doctrine of purgatory, and I could pray for the souls of my dear father and mother. Here were the sacraments and sacramentals, and all the ritual of the Church to hold my wandering thoughts and help me to realize. Here was forgiveness of sins in the sacrament of penance, and strength and grace to do better. Each doctrine, as I studied it, seemed so logical, so reasonable, so suited to the needs of the human heart, I felt convinced that only God who made the heart could have devised means to meet those needs so completely.

Thus it was that faith came to me, as every good thing has come to me, through reading. It is quite fitting that I should be spending these, my later days, in writing, more than satisfied if I can do for some one else any small part of all that has been done for me.

It was only when I began to go to Mass, however, that I realized the grandeur and loveliness of the Palace Beautiful, to whose portals my wandering feet had at last come. And when I had been led within; when my soul had been made without a doubt, a child of God in conditional baptism; when I had made my first false step; when I had felt the grace restored to the soul can give; when all the beauty and security and comfort were mine—Ah, then I had found my home!

Most tender, most consoling, most appealing of all was the Real Presence of Our Dear Lord in the sweet Sacrament of the Altar. Who could doubt its truth when to remain thus in the Holy Communion was so heartening and so keeping with all that He did and suffered for us, so worthy of Him as God!

which I was slow and cold about, and that was devotion to the Blessed Virgin. My intellect acknowledged the justice and advantage of giving her honor and asking her intercession; but my heart was not in it. I suppose that this was the last vestige of my old Protestant training. But sorrow brought me even to that. How often since, have I cried to her who was the Mother of an All-Holy Son to pray for me, a weak and sinful mother, and for my children, and to be a true mother to us all.

So this is how I came to the Palace Beautiful. Pray for me, dear reader, to whom I have shown my very heart, and beg of God that unworthy though I am, I may be kept until the end within its blessed shelter. And may I meet you and know you, whom perhaps I shall never know on earth, in the streets of that City, not made with hands eternal in the Heavens.

BEAR WITH ME, LORD

Bear with me, Lord, and suffer me to keep My soul from earthly stain! for all day long The tempter's voice is pleasant in mine ear, The world's deceiving beauties soothe mine eye, And all my frailties rise against my will.

Bear with me, Lord; and help me in my need; Look down in pity on my fainting heart, And raise me in mine anguish; for the night Is full of diverse thoughts that grieve my soul, And fright me with the phantoms of despair.

Thou knowest, Lord, my dire necessity, Thou knowest the will and weakness of my heart; Oh, let my soul that crieth out to Thee! By sorrow's fire refined and purified— Rest in the peace and pleasure of Thy love.

Lord, let the living glory of Thy light Flood all my being, and drive the shadows forth Of every vain desire: Oh, make me feel The beauty of Thy presence, so my Shall never miss the path that leads to Thee.

—DANIEL J. DONAHOE

YIELDS SACRED PLACE

ROOM OF THE LAST SUPPER TURKISH SULTAN'S GIFT TO ITALY

A gift of peculiar interest to the Christian world is the coenaculum, or the room of the Last Supper, which according to La Tribuna, of Rome, has been presented to the King of Italy by the Turkish Sultan. The house in which this room is situated was a place of pilgrimage in the ancient church as early as the beginning of the Second century. It was for many years the only church in Jerusalem, being known in religious history as the Church of Zion, or the church of the Apostles. It fell into the hands of the Moslems in the sixteenth century, and transformed into a mosque. It has since been closed to Christians.

This house, according to tradition, belonged to Mary, the mother of Saint Mark the Evangelist, and reference is made by the ancient writers to its existence in 130 A. D. It was the one holy site open to the first Christian pilgrims to Jerusalem, for the hill of the crucifixion was inaccessible to the pilgrims, while the place of Christ's burial was concealed by piles of earth and stone. The mound thus created being crowned with a statue of Venus. It was not until the Fourth century that Constantine the Great uncovered the cave where the body of Jesus had been laid by Joseph of Arimathea, marked the site of the crucifixion and built the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

Besides being the scene of the Last Supper, the room, according to sacred history, and tradition, was also the place where Christ showed Himself after His resurrection, where the election of Matthias to the apostolate took place, where Peter came after his liberation from prison and where the first Christians assembled to break bread. The room, which was on the second floor of the house, had been described as "a hall of godly proportion." Some of the drawings of the Last Supper in the catacombs at Rome, it has been asserted, picture this room. It has been represented too, in early Italian mosaic and marble works. Leonardo da Vinci in his famous painting at Milan and Van Ghebbardt in a more recent canvas have given to us their conception of this, perhaps the last, meeting place of Christ with all His Disciples.—N. Y. Herald.

SIN A HARD MASTER

When a man begins to do wrong, he cannot answer for himself how far he may be carried on. He does not see beforehand, he cannot know where he will find himself after the sin is committed. One false step leads him to another. Sin is a hard master; once sold over to it, we cannot break our chain, one evil concession requires another.—Cardinal Newman.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JAN. 15, 1921

Y. M. C. A. "FRANKLY PROTESTANT"

In a recent communication to the press Mr. George A. Warburton, General Secretary of the Toronto Y. M. C. A., says: "The Young Men's Christian Association has never pretended to be anything but Protestant in its control and in its fundamental purpose."

Those of us who remember the appeals for Y. M. C. A. funds for building and maintenance can hardly fail to recall the emphasis placed on the "purer non-sectarian" character of the Young Men's Christian Association and its work. It is hardly necessary to say that we do not here refer to the war work of the Association. Illustrative of this claim is the experience of a parish priest, who in pre-war days was called upon and invited to contribute by a Y. M. C. A. collector.

Now, after this fact has been pointed out hundreds of times by individuals and by the Catholic press comes Mr. Warburton's sweeping admission that: "The Young Men's Christian Association has never pretended to be anything but Protestant in its control and in its fundamental purpose."

"Has never pretended!" Turn up the newspaper files of any city when a Y. M. C. A. "drive" was on, and you will find no admission that the Association is "frankly Protestant" as the Globe appropriately headlines Mr. Warburton's communication; but always and everywhere that the Association is purely non-sectarian. Even with the belated "frank admission" Mr. Warburton puts the old false claim in a new but not less disingenuous dress:

and followers of Jesus Christ. But in its operations it everywhere offers its practical service to young men and boys regardless of their religious training, belief or affiliations. It serves Protestants and Catholics with absolute impartiality, and numbers among its friends and supporters many of that faith. While its responsible relation is to the Protestant Church, it does not permit attacks upon any other communion, nor does it attempt to proselytize adherents of the Roman Catholic faith."

Its avowed aim is therefore religious. Catholics recognize and can recognize no religious authority other than that of the Church founded by Jesus Christ on the rock of Peter and his successors. No intelligent Catholic, moderately well instructed in his religion, can any longer feel free to accept what is emphatically called associate membership in an organization whose avowed aim is religious and whose fundamental purpose is Protestant. No self-respecting Catholic would wish to do so.

During the war, at least in the case of one prominent official, the Y. M. C. A. let down the bar against Unitarians. Unitarians, of course, deny absolutely the divinity of Christ. Newspapers commended this evidence of broad-mindedness, and condemned the exclusion of Unitarians as reactionary and absurd. But we nowhere saw a suggestion that the bar against Catholics should be removed. Perhaps the fact that in many cities of the United States Catholics outnumber all other professing Christians combined is a deterring influence, suggesting the loss of Protestant control and failure of the fundamental Protestant purpose. At any rate the bar is there. This is now openly acknowledged. And the reason is openly admitted to be that the Y. M. C. A. is a frankly Protestant religious association.

Let us hear Mr. Warburton to the end: "I do not wish to express any opinion as to the reported Papal decree. If the Pope has reason to fear the influence of such contacts as those afforded young men generally in the Young Men's Christian Association, his action may be an evidence of his infallibility, but so far as it represents reactionary elements in organized religious life, it will have but very slight effect upon the practical relations of the Young Men's Christian Association to its whole task, offering and rendering service to the entire young manhood of the community."

When so prominent a member as the Toronto Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in a deliberate and official communication to the public press permits himself this cheap sneer at Papal infallibility he not only betrays the gross ignorance of the subject all too common amongst non-Catholics, but he reveals a good deal more plainly than he may have intended the quality of that fine spirit of "absolute impartiality" as well as his courteous regard for the "many Catholic friends and supporters" of the Y. M. C. A. And if Mr. Warburton can permit himself thus publicly to speak of Papal infallibility and "reactionary elements in organized religious life" we wonder how far the rank and file would have to go in private before such aspirations would come under the Y. M. C. A. prohibition of "attacks on any other communion."

Mr. Warburton does not believe in the infallibility of the Pope. No Catholic has any quarrel with him for that. He may not care enough about the matter to find out what is meant by the term. That again is his own affair. But when he undertakes to discuss or refer to a Catholic doctrine in the public press we have a right to expect that he will inform himself sufficiently to know what he is talking about. In that case ignorance is not an excuse for insolence. Any Catholic of his acquaintance could tell him that even if the Pope forbade Catholics to join the Y. M. C. A. for the reasons given in the press despatch which called forth Mr. Warburton's egotistic pronouncement, the matter would have nothing whatever to do with papal infallibility. The Pope might conceivably give an unwarranted decision on inadequate or misleading information. He might be entirely wrong—though Mr. Warburton has given ample proof that he is entirely right—without affecting in the slightest degree his prerogative of infallibility. That medium of information on the subject would have saved Mr. Warburton from giving way to the temptation of his pitiful gibe at Papal infallibility.

The smug assumption of "progressiveness" in the reference to "reactionary elements" is characteristic of the Y. M. C. A. mentality.

Mr. Edward Jenkins, General Secretary of the London Y. M. C. A., has written a letter to the Free Press in which he courteously explains the Y. M. C. A. "attitude on those points on which criticism has arisen" without any of Mr. Warburton's insulting flings at papal infallibility and reactionary elements.

In his opening paragraph Mr. Jenkins thus states the criticism to which he refers: "An Associated Press Cable says that the Holy Office at Rome has issued a decree asking Roman Catholic bishops to watch the Young Men's Christian Association. The association is described as 'professing absolute freedom of thought in religious matters.'" It is said to "foster indifference and apathy to the Catholic religion in the minds of its adherents" and "it corrupts the faith of youths."

Unless it is borne in mind that the Pope as the supreme pastor of the faithful is here solicitous about safeguarding the faith of Catholics, that it is to Catholic membership exclusively his remarks apply, his position will be easily misunderstood.

A few years ago a Y. M. C. A. official of long standing in Chicago gave it as his experience that the atmosphere and influence of the Y. M. C. A. tended to lead Catholics away from the practice of their religion, which is the exact meaning if not the exact language of the Holy Office.

Indeed Mr. Jenkins himself declares: "The definite religious work conducted in the Young Men's Christian Association consists largely of Bible study, in which young men are advised and urged to study the Bible and are given the utmost freedom in drawing their own religious inspiration directly therefrom."

This alleged Protestant doctrine, and a highly commendable object for the Young Men's Christian Association to promote amongst Protestant young men. But it is Protestant doctrine, the doctrine of Private Judgment, which is the very antithesis of the Catholic teaching with regard to the ultimate rule of faith. Of this we shall have something to say next week.

Mr. Jenkins here confirms Mr. Warburton's unequivocal admission that the Young Men's Christian Association is Protestant in its fundamental purpose. "If under the religious influence of the Y. M. C. A. Catholic youths are led to substitute private judgment for the teaching authority of the Church, then their Catholic faith is corrupted and they become Protestants in fact if not in name."

For the Y. M. C. A. as a frankly Protestant Association openly professing Protestant principles and promoting Protestant aims we have nothing but admiration and good will. But as professing to serve Catholics equally with Protestants we think the official admissions quoted above amply justify the solicitude and the strictures of the Holy Father. Bounded by his office watchfully to safeguard the Catholic faith he quite naturally calls upon the Bishops to see to it that Catholic youths are not misled into associations whose atmosphere and influence tend to weaken or destroy that priceless heritage.

IRELAND'S HAPPY NEW YEAR During the time of passion and prejudice deliberately inflamed for purposes, when reckless exaggeration of what was fundamentally true and ingenious invention of gross calumny were considered an evidence of patriotism, nothing was ever attributed to the German rule of barbarous African tribes to exceed the everyday occurrences of the present British tyranny in Ireland.

Hamar Greenwood's shameless denials of notorious facts have seemed even to excite contempt. Alleged "Sinn Fein plots" to blow up Lloyd George, steal the crown jewels, etc., etc., deceive only those whose unreasoning prejudices crave for that sort of stuff.

On the other hand are the hard facts of ruthless tyranny in Ireland. Enough of these transpire to enable us to gauge the nature and extent of the organized terrorism.

On New Year's day, not by Black and Tan ruffians crazed with pillaged whiskey, not by soldiers broken away from military discipline, but by the deliberate order of responsible military authority, the houses of five families in the neighborhood of Cork were deliberately burned "between 3 p. m. and 6 p. m. on Jan. 1st" because, ferocious, the military authorities suspected them of knowledge of an ambush which occurred in the vicinity of their homes.

This is now the openly avowed policy. Hamar Greenwood's repeated denials of all Government responsibility for or even knowledge of such outrages heretofore can now be judged at their true value. They prove just one thing—the Irish Secretary's effrontery and mendacity. On Jan 7th Dublin Castle made this official announcement: "Although it is not yet possible to identify any persons actually engaged in attacks, the military governor is of the opinion that it is impossible to effect preparations for such attacks without the knowledge of many local residents, who are therefore held guilty at least to the extent of having failed to give information to the authorities."

Of course there is nothing new in this except the open avowal of this outrageous subversion of British traditions of law and liberty as a settled Government policy.

It would be interesting to see what Canadian newspapers, which take all this as a matter of course in Ireland, would have to say if a similar rule were applied to the homes in the vicinity of the burglaries and robberies now almost of daily occurrence in one or other of our Canadian cities.

Just as a reminder to indignant readers that decent English sentiment utterly condemns organized lynching law in Ireland, we quote the London Daily News which condemns the military destruction of houses near Cork as "a savage outrage on human decency." Referring to the suspected guilty knowledge of the unfortunate victims the Daily News continues: "Why were they not arrested? If there was no case against them, this monstrous act cannot be excused by anything that General MacCreedy or Sir Hamar Greenwood may say as to its legality in the interpretation of the almost unlimited power of martial law. Let us not omit the fact, in order to show the tender solicitude of the official incendiaries, that the furniture was first removed and that no damage was done to foodstuffs and hay. How grateful the tenants will be for this thoughtful consideration as they sit by the roadside among their useless household goods and watch the smouldering ruins of their homes!"

It would appear that in London, at least on the day following the "savage outrage on human decency," that it was given out the furniture was removed.

Even this poor mitigation of the savagery did not actually occur. In the New York Times special cable from Cork, Jan. 3rd, the following paragraph is quoted from the statement issued by the military authorities and signed by the Brigade Major of Cork: "Previous to the burnings notice was served on the persons affected, giving them one hour to clear out valuable, but not furniture. No foodstuffs, corn or hay were destroyed."

THE ONTARIO ACT applies to all female laborers apart from farm laborers and domestic servants. A Minimum Wage Board is established by the Act with authority to investigate conditions and determine a minimum wage. The minimum wage may vary according to locality, as living may be cheaper in a large city than in a small town. Lower than the minimum wage may be given in all provinces, save Alberta, to apprentices or physically defective employees, and, in Ontario, also to part-time employees.

The minimum weekly wage fixed by the Manitoba Board in 1918 for experienced adult women in retail stores was \$12. The Minimum Wage Board of British Columbia fixed in 1919 a minimum weekly wage for experienced adult women which varies from \$15.50 in the fishing industry to \$10.89 for theatre ushers. In Saskatchewan in the same year, the minimum weekly wage fixed by the Board for experienced adult women varies from \$15 in millinery shops to \$14 in other groups of occupations covered by the regulations. The Ontario Minimum Wage Board has only recently been formed. New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island lack legislation on this subject.

It will be noted that underlying principle of the minimum wage laws is not to determine how much the employer can afford to pay, or how much the employee deserves (the latter is a "fair wage" and is frequently much in excess of the minimum wage). The thing to be determined is how much does the worker require for a living wage. In the case of an adult man, this means a family living wage, that is enough to support a normal sized family; in the case of a woman, a personal living wage. The principle of a living wage though introduced into Canadian legislation only in 1917 has long been a familiar one in Catholic Schools. It was thus stated by Pope Leo XIII. in his Encyclical "Rerum Novarum" (15 May, 1891): "There is a dictate of nature more ancient and more imperious than any bargain between man and man, that the remuneration must be sufficient to support the wage-earner in reasonable and frugal comfort. If through necessity or fear of a worse evil the workman accepts harder conditions, because an employer or contractor will give him no better, he is a victim of fraud and injustice."

De O'Gorman's sermon, besides setting forth general principles in the light of Catholic teaching, makes an eminently practical application of them to conditions here and now existing.

The serious student of social questions, whether Catholic or non-Catholic, will find in these two articles not only light on the social action of the Catholic Church but direction and guidance for this most necessary and fruitful field of social study.

THE METHODS OF LEGISLATIVE UPLIFT Previous convictions of burning a barn and of highway robbery is no bar to employment as a whiskey informer if we are to judge by the confession of one of these officials in Hamilton last week.

Elijah Lickers confessed that he was guilty and convicted of these small delinquencies before joining the fighting forces of the noble army of uplift.

That public decency might find suitable expression through the crown attorney was the gentle hint of Magistrate Jelfs who remarked to that official that he had known Crown officers who had refused to act when they found their witnesses were men of bad reputation. Acting on the hint Crown Attorney Bowly said that he would drop the cases in which Elijah and his brother were witnesses.

Magistrate Jelfs, whose robust sanity and good sense has shown itself repeatedly in such cases, remarked to Inspector Sturdy: "This is not the approved method of securing convictions against those accused of breaches of the O. T. A., although the Government approves of it."

A LIVING MINIMUM WAGE FOR WOMEN

The laws relating to a minimum wage for working women in Canada are provincial, not Federal. They are of very recent date. The first step was taken by Alberta in 1917, which invested a clause in the Factories Act of that year establishing a flat minimum wage of \$1.50 per shift for all employees covered by the Act, except apprentices who were to receive \$1.00 per shift. In 1918, the first minimum wage laws for women were passed by Manitoba and British Columbia, in the following year by Quebec and Saskatchewan, and in 1920 by Nova Scotia and Ontario.

The principle underlying such laws is thus stated by the "Commission on Uniformity of Provincial Labor Laws": "We approve the principle of a minimum wage for women and girls and recommend that a competent authority be created in each province in the Dominion to establish a minimum wage adequate to maintain self-support for women and girls and such authority shall be empowered to fix the hours of employment for such women and girls not already provided for by legislation, and further recommend that such hours of employment should not exceed 48 per week, except of employees engaged in domestic or agricultural employment." (Labour Gazette, May 1920, p. 546)

The Ontario Act applies to all female laborers apart from farm laborers and domestic servants. A Minimum Wage Board is established by the Act with authority to investigate conditions and determine a minimum wage. The minimum wage may vary according to locality, as living may be cheaper in a large city than in a small town. Lower than the minimum wage may be given in all provinces, save Alberta, to apprentices or physically defective employees, and, in Ontario, also to part-time employees.

The minimum weekly wage fixed by the Manitoba Board in 1918 for experienced adult women in retail stores was \$12. The Minimum Wage Board of British Columbia fixed in 1919 a minimum weekly wage for experienced adult women which varies from \$15.50 in the fishing industry to \$10.89 for theatre ushers. In Saskatchewan in the same year, the minimum weekly wage fixed by the Board for experienced adult women varies from \$15 in millinery shops to \$14 in other groups of occupations covered by the regulations. The Ontario Minimum Wage Board has only recently been formed. New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island lack legislation on this subject.

It will be noted that underlying principle of the minimum wage laws is not to determine how much the employer can afford to pay, or how much the employee deserves (the latter is a "fair wage" and is frequently much in excess of the minimum wage). The thing to be determined is how much does the worker require for a living wage. In the case of an adult man, this means a family living wage, that is enough to support a normal sized family; in the case of a woman, a personal living wage. The principle of a living wage though introduced into Canadian legislation only in 1917 has long been a familiar one in Catholic Schools. It was thus stated by Pope Leo XIII. in his Encyclical "Rerum Novarum" (15 May, 1891): "There is a dictate of nature more ancient and more imperious than any bargain between man and man, that the remuneration must be sufficient to support the wage-earner in reasonable and frugal comfort. If through necessity or fear of a worse evil the workman accepts harder conditions, because an employer or contractor will give him no better, he is a victim of fraud and injustice."

Unfortunately, this situation has been aggravated by the course of corporatist development in the last thirty years. The company is a combination of individuals; and I have just noted that the company became an artificial thing, putting off the individual responsibility; and thus it left the human touch which almost always accures a human response. But about thirty years ago it was seen that greater industrial and commercial and financial power could be wielded by means of combinations of companies. And so the Trust was introduced to the world.

A CHANGE OF SYSTEM NECESSARY

The beginnings of human industry were very simple. The tilling and cropping of the soil and the raising of sheep and cattle were the earliest occupations of mankind. Society was simple; the range of travel and association was very limited.

Buying and selling were simple and direct processes; and men met face to face in almost all their transactions. Procedure was not at all complicated. Barter, or exchange, of one commodity for another, was the most common form of business dealing.

Business gradually grew more complex as races and peoples increased the volume of their transactions and extended their field of business operations. When the people of one country began to trade with the people of far distant countries, the original method of actual exchange, hand to hand, of one kind of goods for another was at first employed; and the caravans which crept from Europe into Asia and from Asia into Europe were accompanied by their owners; and they bargained, bought and sold on the spot, in person.

After a time, business got beyond that stage; and credit became necessary, and so banking was originated; and bills of exchange came into use. Large accumulations of capital were found convenient; and larger development of business followed; leading in turn, to still larger accumulations of capital.

But, for centuries and centuries, business continued to be done individually. The trader was an individual; or a few individuals in partnership were a trading firm, but with individual responsibility for all the losses and obligations of the business.

The incorporated company is a comparatively modern thing; and was, in its inception, nothing more than a larger partnership, the individual responsibility being, as yet, preserved. The company grew in size; and the number of individuals belonging to it was in many cases so great that most of them could keep no supervision whatever over the business transacted, and were obliged to leave to a few the direction of the company's affairs. In England, men who had invested small sums in such companies, in some cases found themselves saddled with immense losses which took from them all their property and money.

It was then seen that if the company idea was not to be abandoned, companies must be made safer for investors; or else there would soon be no one willing to go into them; and thus came into existence the limited liability company. There is practically no other sort of company today in the British Empire or the United States. Occasionally one sees the word company used as a firm name for what is really a partnership of individuals or merely an individual; but practically all combinations of individuals which are called companies, are incorporated under the law; and in them the liability of individuals is limited to the amount of the shares they held.

This limitation of individual responsibility was wise and necessary; but it had some curious effects. A company is now a mere legal entity or person. "It has," as has been wittily said, "no body to be kicked nor soul to be damned." This change in the nature of the incorporated company has made it an artificial thing; and its artificiality is, on the one hand, made a cloak for the doing of things which individuals would not care to do under their own names; and, on the other hand, is made use of by Socialist demagogues as a convenient tête-à-tête or bogey, against which it is easy to use tactics which they might not be ready to use against individuals.

Unfortunately, this situation has been aggravated by the course of corporatist development in the last thirty years. The company is a combination of individuals; and I have just noted that the company became an artificial thing, putting off the individual responsibility; and thus it left the human touch which almost always accures a human response. But about thirty years ago it was seen that greater industrial and commercial and financial power could be wielded by means of combinations of companies. And so the Trust was introduced to the world.

It would be unfair to say that the motives of those who formed the first of these combine of industry and finance, were wholly bad. They saw, of course, great wealth and power for

themselves; but they also saw the possibility of great operations in industry and commerce, through which, by reason of the scale on which production should be done, costs would be much less, and prices lower.

But the result has followed which was to be apprehended: The benefits to speculators and manipulators have been secured; but the benefits which ought to have come to the general public have been prevented or deflected.

Now, if the man in the street feels that a company "has no body to be kicked and no soul to be damned," what can he be expected to feel about a combination of companies? The more you merge or consolidate companies, the less the man who has business to do will realize that, after all, human beings own these companies by owning the shares in them; and, on the other hand, the less the individual shareholder will realize that, after all, he has some responsibility to the human beings his company deals with; even though his responsibility for the company's debts is limited by law.

It is to be feared that those reciprocal responsibilities are not likely to be realized; nor, so far as the present system of company capitalization and direction goes, is it very practicable for the thousands of human beings who own shares, to come into touch with the company's employees and customers.

For these and other reasons, I have come to the conclusion that the present company system is in sight of its end. It has done much that is good; but it has become, to an unreasonable extent, a means of enriching a few, whilst it has got out of human touch with the many.

Its logical successor is the co-operative company, in which employees and customers shall be co-operators. This system is capable of being applied at once to most of the world's business affairs.

We cannot go on, as a nation, safely, with employers and employees divided into two hostile camps. They must, so far as possible, be brought into one camp. Co-operation can do that. And it can do more than that; it can bring in the consumer too.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

AS INDICATIVE of a reactionary movement among anticlericals in France is cited the conversion of an ex-Mayor of Pau, in the Pyrenees. This man had been a bitter foe to everything Catholic but has now made his peace with the Church, and received solemn conditional baptism. The event has created a profound impression all through France.

ANOTHER INDICATION of a reaction in the return of religious orders to France. The Trappist monks of the Abbey of Our Lady of Compassion, in Devonshire, who have lived in England since the expulsion of religious by decree of the French Government, have now returned, or are about to return to their old home, at Mollereix, near Nantes. Several of those monks served in the French Army through the War, and one of their brethren, Father Gabriel, was killed in action.

STILL ANOTHER sign pointing the same way is that according to a French priest, writing in the Journal de Geneve, an important group of the Dapines on the Left in the French Chamber have promised to support an attempt on the part of their Catholic colleague, to put forward a Bill for the restitution of some of the property of which the clergy had been despoiled under the Law of Separation. That France owes this measure of reparation to the clergy every page of War-history testifies.

KENNETT, the notorious English bigot, has proven in his own person that fanaticism pays. At the outset of his unsavory career he was an obscure bookseller, having his establishment in a back-row shanty off one of the London thoroughfares. Now he has palatial quarters in St. Paul's Churchyard, the publishing centre of the city. His latest achievement in the publishing line, "The Jesuits," is said to outdo all previous efforts in that direction. Evidently there is still a considerable element that feeds on refuse of that description. At any rate Kennett appears to have found it exceedingly lucrative. And therein probably lies the motive of it all.

THE RECENT death of Archbishop Maguire of Glasgow removed a pre-

late of quite exceptional vigor and capacity. Although for some years an invalid, and to all appearances permanently incapacitated from work, he made a wonderful recovery in the first year of the War, and not only resumed the active duties of the episcopate, but rendered important service to his country through-out the great conflict.

Magnanimous interferred, this church has been constantly visited by pious pilgrims from all quarters of Europe. St. Elizabeth was the wife of Ludwig, Landgrave of Thuringia and for a time regent of Meissen and East Mark, who died while on a crusade to the Holy Land with Frederick II. Elizabeth died in November 1231, and was canonized by Pope Gregory IX. in 1255. Her remains were in 1249 placed in the church erected in her honor.

THE CHRISTIANIZING OF INDUSTRY

A NEW YEAR'S SERMON BY REV. JOHN J. O'GORMAN, D. C. L., P. P.

A very large portion of the earthly destinies of perhaps the majority of the human race is shaped by the struggle for wealth. Today, in the civilized portion of the world, the competition for wealth is industrialized. The big industries affect directly almost our whole urban population and indirectly yet very powerfully the rural population.

What is the remedy? The remedy is the Christianization of industry. I was very glad to see an editorial in the Citizen a few days ago preaching this very doctrine.

THE TIMELINESS of such a move whether in England or in Canada is accentuated by the recent statement of a high official of the Department of Justice in regard to the prison population. This statement is to the effect that the big increase noted in the number of convictions, especially in Eastern Canada, being something like 80%, is largely made up of young men in their teens or early twenties, and that the crimes for which they are convicted are characteristic of young desperados.

WHAT has been termed a "prophetic" postage stamp was through the exigencies of circumstances and the somewhat supervision of the Turkish officials, issued by that country during the late War. The artistic stamp issue of 1918 was engraved and printed in London, and when Turkey entered the War she had only a six month's supply.

HERNIN AROSE the "prophecy." The overprinted design included the national insignia of the "Star and Crescent," a six pointed star instead of the Moslem five pointed species. Now the six-pointed star happened to be the heraldic emblem of Bethlehem, and an orthodox official, more observant than his fellows, pointed out that Turkey could not use a hated Christian symbol.

ST. ELIZABETH'S COFFIN ROBBED OF JEWELS (By N. C. W. C. News Service) Maribor, Jugo-Slavia. — Twelve unusually large pearls and 103 precious stones of great value have been pried from the encasement of her setting on the coffin of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, "the greatest woman of the German Middle Ages," and taken by thieves who invaded the church which bears her name.

This church of Maribor was built in the thirteenth century and contains a beautiful shrine and sarcophagus of the saint whose name it bears. For the better part of the last six centuries, except when the Protestant Landgrave of Hesse, Philip the

whole world, then the Christianizing of industry will have begun. The foundation of our present industrial system is the wage system. If industry is to be Christianized, the wage system must be Christianized. Now the Christian principles as regards the wage system are these four:

1. The wage system in itself is not unjust or immoral. 2. The wage system is not, like marriage, essential to human life. 3. The wage system as it works out at present "lays upon the teeming masses of the labouring poor a yoke little better than that of slavery itself."

The Catholic Church has never proclaimed the wage system the only possible system, or the best system. Tens of thousands of her children are living in religious orders of communities based on an entirely different economic system. Neither does the Catholic Church admit that the wage system necessarily lowers the dignity of the human person and necessarily injures human liberty, for human dignity and human liberty has ever depended on the law.

Christianity not merely supplies guiding principles, for the Christianizing of industry, it also gives "impelling motives." The Catholic Church urges these motives with an emphasis and insistence, which she has never denied, is often omitted in her outlook.

Now there are workers in this city who are not receiving a living wage. In many stores given a criminal low wage. In one Departmental Store on Bank Street work from 8.45 a. m. to 6 p. m. with one hour and a quarter at noon, that is eight hours. The parcel girls are paid from \$4 a week up. A woman in this store may be employed for over a year and over eighteen years of age and get only \$6 a week. Now \$9 a week is not a living wage, and to a sin against justice for the employer to pay it.

In this store during the week before Christmas, the salesgirls worked, not merely from 8.45 a. m. to 6 p. m., but also apart from one hour for supper, till 10 p. m., that is eleven full hours a day. Despite the large amount of extra business done at Christmas time, the girls received not one cent of extra pay for this extra work. When, however, they arrive late they are docked. We have here a case of the sweated labour of woman crying to heaven for vengeance. "A woman worker," we read in the booklet entitled "A Christian Social Crusade," published by the Catholic Social Guild, "has a strict right to a personal living wage on precisely the same grounds, religious, moral and social, as a man, and as in the case of male wage earners, this right is primarily against the employer."

other hand, in business and in sport, in societies and in social intercourse, in the municipal council chamber and in the House of Commons Catholic and Protestant laymen associate daily in friendly intercourse. If the Catholics, who are in business or in politics, have an intellectual grasp of their religion and all its teachings, then they can, in their social and business intercourse with their separated brethren guide themselves and, in the measure of their opportunities, help to guide their neighbours, by the moral law of the Catholic Church.

As long as they are doing that, they deserve intelligent support from all, both Catholics and Protestants. The only way in which we Catholics can to some extent disarm the ignorant and stupid suspicion of us which is ever latent and often patent, is to see that a proportional representation of practical and efficient Catholic laymen enter public life and thus bear a fair share of the burden of those who by their public position can help to make our city, our province and our country a happier one by Christianizing not merely our industry, but our whole civilization.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

A RUTHENIAN CAMPAIGN

To introduce a Ruthenian appeal under the title of Catholic Church Extension will not, we believe, be great news to any of our readers. Yet we wish them to note one of the important results of the work of Catholic Church Extension among these people. The Ruthenians are organizing. They are organizing along Catholic lines and with a Catholic object in view. They are seriously interested in their Yekton centre of education, St. Joseph's College, founded and fostered by the Catholic Church Extension Society.

Very Rev. and Dear Father: St. Joseph's Ukrainian College at Yorkton, Sask., was founded in 1919 by the Catholic Church Extension Society, His Grace Archbishop Neil McNeil of Toronto, yourself and myself.

Now as regards the application of these principles to our local industries. Protestants largely control capital and the labor unions, though not as Protestants, and have trained social workers and financially well organized social uplift organizations. Catholics have in the intellectual inheritance of their Church, clearer and more consistent moral principles and more vividly realized moral motives. Yet too often they keep their talent hid in a napkin. There is need of some form of cooperation in social questions between Catholics and Protestants which will be acceptable to both and useful to all.

Kind thoughts imply a close contact with God, and a divine ideal in our minds. Their origin cannot be anything short of divine. Like the love of beauty, they can spring from no baser source. They are not dictated by self interest nor stimulated by passion; they have nothing in them which is invidious, and they are almost always the preludes to some sacrifice of self.—Faber.

language, it is also a fact that they are without exception anxious that their children should do so. Thus in education lies the solution of the problem of absorbing these people by giving them a broader vision of Canadian ideals.

The important position which you have the honor to hold with so much dignity to yourself and so great a satisfaction to the people, and the interest which you always evince in educational matters, has prompted me to invite you to become a patron of this campaign, and to give us permission to have your name used on all stationary and literature as one who endorses the object of the campaign. The weight of your name together with the hearty co-operation of the Ukrainian people themselves, will assure the success of the campaign.

Thanking you in anticipation and awaiting your early favourable reply and with the season's best greetings, I have the honour to remain, Yours very sincerely, NICTAS BUNKA.

Previously acknowledged \$4,155 83 Malcolm O'Hanly, Little Harbor..... 1 00

Reader, Soe, Ont..... 3 00 Mrs. D. H. McGilivray, Reserve Mines..... 2 00 M. F. M., St. John, N. B..... 1 00

Previously acknowledged \$1,077 45

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOUY, D. D.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY

THE SANCTITY OF MARRIAGE

At that time there was a wedding in Cana of Galilee; and the Mother of Jesus was there. (John II, 1)

The very presence of Jesus was sanctifying; no one in any sense disposed towards grace could be near Him and not come under His influence.

But Christ by His presence did not sanctify people only for places and things were sanctified by Him as well.

Marriage was not a sacrament in the Old Law. Nay, it even had lost its primal sanctity, God permitting exceptions to the rule He established regarding it.

Our age has been called the age of morals and fancies. Hardly have we without faith rejected the so-called law of progress that postulated the establishment of a terrestrial paradise here below, than they seem to have succumbed to a converse superstition of pessimism.

St. Paul saw two laws fighting within himself, the law of perverse nature and the law of divine grace. But he also heard in a vision the reply to his complaint that he was not

who marry their kind, for the real ends of marriage, will never know there is such a word as incompatibility in the language, at least, from experience.

But how is one to know His or her kind? It is to be learned from the laws of the Church. Every Catholic is acquainted or should be, with the chapter in the Baltimore Catechism on matrimony.

Catholics, fortunately, as a whole, are faithful to the Catholic law. But there are many cases where even they have followed the path of divorce.

Customs of countries and of peoples can never justify Catholics in any divorce proceedings. Such customs, since they are contrary to God's eternal law, cannot lawfully exist.

Out of all proportion is the progress made by the Catholic Church in the United States. A century ago there was only one bishop in the great republic, fifty priests and 40,000 Catholics.

Such a mood is as unreasonable as it is ingenuous. There are necessary facts and principles which these philosophers ignore. What are these facts? The first great fact is that human nature is the same today as it has been for centuries.

St. Paul saw two laws fighting within himself, the law of perverse nature and the law of divine grace. But he also heard in a vision the reply to his complaint that he was not

making progress, "My grace is sufficient."

Here then is the principle ignored by materialistic speculators on progress, that the progress of the human race depends on the acceptance of the grace to counteract the evil tendencies of nature.

The Christian fortified with the doctrine of faith which completes his view of life and its struggle for good, sees in each age evidences of progress in the individual, and sees in the world at large through all the centuries good predominating over evil.

Germany in 1800 counted only 6,000,000 Catholics. In 1901 the Catholic population in Germany was as large as 20,000,000.

In Australia there were no Catholics a century ago. The missionaries were not allowed to enter freely until 1820. Today the hierarchy in that country is composed of one cardinal, two archbishops, 1,600 priests, with more than 1,500,000 Catholics.

In the welter of plans for social reconstruction, one fact of encouragement is apparent. No one needs to be convinced that the world just now is sadly out of joint.

St. Paul saw two laws fighting within himself, the law of perverse nature and the law of divine grace. But he also heard in a vision the reply to his complaint that he was not

recompense at all, to the needs of the public. Capital talks of broken contracts, of a public suffering because Labor will neither work nor arbitrate.

The world is out of joint, but it can be brought back to health. Few plans for social reconstruction suggest the complete treatment, but the beginning could be made by the re-establishment of two ancient commands.

Workers starve while Dives batters down the door. The workman, and Dives spends thousands on raiment for his miserable frame.

An army chaplain was visiting the prison ward at Camp Meade. The guard at the iron-barred door brought his rifle to the salute and passed the chaplain into the clean, plain room.

"I'm not a Catholic." "What! With that name! You're joking." "No, honest, father."

New Year's Day is the time dedicated by the world in turning over a new leaf. There is no particular reason why the first of the year should be selected as the time for making new resolutions.

The reason why so many people fail to improve in spite of good intentions and good resolutions is that they act on impulse and on the spur of the moment.

The more solid the motive, the more the likelihood of our keeping it.

Resolutions founded on whim or on caprice are built on shifting sands. They will vanish as soon as the feeling passes. Therefore let us ground our resolves not on fickle and inconstant feelings, but on solid and lasting motives.

Resolutions are not the futile and comical things that the shallow fees of worldlings would have us believe. They are serious and holy endeavors to make spiritual progress.

My friends to be, unknown yet dear, Ah, where are they, or far or near?

The Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus will witness this year another striking demonstration of the force of that Name which has been the living energetic thought of successive generations.

OUR NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

New Year's Day is the time dedicated by the world in turning over a new leaf. There is no particular reason why the first of the year should be selected as the time for making new resolutions.

ANOTHER VICTIM OF RHEUMATISM

Entirely Well After Six Weeks' Treatment With "FRUIT-A-LIVES"



MR. AMEDEO GARCEAU

62 Hickory St., Ottawa, Ont. "I was for many years a victim of that terrible disease, Rheumatism. In 1913, I was laid up for four months with Rheumatism in the joints of the knees, hips and shoulders and was prevented from following my work, that of Electrician."

I tried many remedies and was under the care of a physician; but nothing did me any good. Then I began to take 'Fruit-a-lives' and in a week I was easier, and in six weeks I was so well I went to work again.

I look upon this fruit medicine, 'Fruit-a-lives', as simply marvellous in the cure of Rheumatism, and strongly advise everyone suffering with Rheumatism to give 'Fruit-a-lives' a trial."

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

for hundreds of years at the head of human civilization, and has driven, harnessed to his chariot, as the horses of a triumphal car, the chief intellectual and material forces of the world.

All o'er the earth, the hearts of men are dying, Chilled by the storms of greed and strife; All o'er the land rebellion's flag is flying, Threat'ning our altar and the Nation's life."

THE MASS

At the hour of death the Masses you have heard will be your greatest consolation. Every Mass will go with you to judgment and plead for pardon.

At every Mass you can diminish the temporal punishment due to your sins more or less according to your fervor.

One Mass heard during your life, will be of more benefit to you than many heard for you after your death.

ABSORBINE

Reduces Strained, Puffy Ankles, Lymphangitis, Puff Swellings, Boils, Swellings, Stomach Lament and allays pain. Heals Sores, Cuts, Bruises, Boot Chafes, It is a SAFE ANTISEPTIC AND GERMICIDE



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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

TO ERIN

The flowers of the garden may perish forever, An' trees of the forest be blighted for aye, Tho' friends of young manhood, thro' sorrow may sever, Here's one pledge I give you, dear Erin, today; When bigots speak ill of the Gam of the Ocean, Or sneer at thy sons, most valiant and true, I'll keep, darling Erin, a wealth of devotion, Secure in my heart, Mavourneen, for you. Tho' life may be burdened with keenest of sorrow, And no word of kindness be tendered to me, I would not, acushla, e'en wait for the morrow, To lay down my life for the loving of thee. Then raise thy proud head, an' stop the tears flowin', A million stars ready with hearts about an' true, They need but the word, their faces glowin', And each has a place in his heart, dear, for you.

—JOHN S. OMBRY

QUALITIES OF SALESMANSHIP

Charles M. Schwab, in the American Magazine, makes this notable statement:

"Integrity is one of the mightiest factors in salesmanship. If you have a reputation for stating facts exactly, for never attempting to gain momentary advantage through exaggeration, you possess the basis of all successful salesmanship.

"Next to integrity comes personality, that indefinable charm that gives to men what perfume gives to flowers. Many of us think of salesmen as people traveling around with sample kits. Instead we are all salesmen every day of our lives. We are selling our ideas, our plans, our energies, our enthusiasms to those with whom we come in contact. Thus the man of genial presence is bound to accomplish much more under similar conditions than the man without it. If you have personality, cherish it; if you have not, cultivate it, for personality can be cultivated, although the task is not easy."—Catholic Columbian.

THE WINTER EVENINGS

By Rev. Charles Plater, S. J.

The following timely words apply with equal force to our Catholic young men: What about them? Well, they are here. Our clocks have been put forward (or is it back? I never remember,) and we are plunged in darkness when our day's work is done.

Of course there are cinemas and billiard tables and cards. But my point is this. If all the Catholic men and women in England were resolved to make the best use of their evenings this winter, we should be a long way forward towards the conversion of our social problems.

A great number of men and women will be studying this winter. But the important thing is that Catholics should study with enthusiasm. For they have the solution of the problems that distract the world today, and only by study can they master that solution and deliver their message to the world.

No doubt you will read a certain amount this winter in any case. But what will you read? If only sporting papers or the daily press or trashy novels, you will be no wiser next spring than you are at present. You will have wasted your time and helped spoil yourself and deprive yourself of the power of thinking. On the other hand, use this winter well and you will make a great step in advance. You will be wiser, happier, more useful, able to influence others to good. "Knowledge is power." Get hold of something this winter onto which your mind can bite.

Know, if you like, a little about many things. But, above all, know a great deal about one definite thing. Master it. Make it your own. Get hold of it. Be able to drive it home to others. Then people will listen to you. They will feel that you are not just repeating other people's opinions. Get hold of a good "baby" text-book, such as Monsignor Parkinson's "Primer of Social Science," and read it steadily, bit by bit. Read and re-read. Be sure that one chapter is well hammered in before you go on to the next. Get to know your way about the book. Carry it about in your pocket and pore over it when you get a spare five minutes. And resolve to give an hour to it on two evenings a week.

If you can get three or four friends to form a study club with you, so much the better. Of course it wants a little pluck and resolution. But anyone can do it if he really wants to. And when you have made some progress you will find it extraordinarily interesting. You will look forward to your study evenings, as so many men tell me that they do. You will find that on every topic the Catholic Church has something definite to say. Your mind will be able to disentangle the middle of foolish and false. You will no longer be taken in by the wordy nonsense of the daily papers. You will form solid opinions and be able to give reasons for them.

Let us all join in a great campaign of social study this winter. Never mind if you do not get much encouragement. Never mind if you find your reading stiff to begin with. Persevere. You are not working merely for yourself. You are working for a great cause. Have patience and you will see the results.

Whenever I go round lecturing I am struck by the great amount of splendid material waiting to be shaped; the intelligent Catholic young men who could do so much if they were encouraged and trained. No one has shown them the way. No one has given them a helping hand, or dropped a spark that would fire their ambition and give them confidence. They simply do not know the value of education. They drift with the stream because they have not been shown how to steer their own course. They are diffident. Some of our best scholars and speakers today had that same diffidence. There was ambition lurking in their hearts, and it was given scope and grew with a vigorous growth. We see the results today.—London Catholic Times.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

If all the good people were clever, And all that are clever were good, The world would be better than ever We thought that it possibly could. But alas! it is seldom or never These two "hit it off" as they should. For the good are so harsh to the clever, The clever so rude to the good.

GOOD MANNERS

Stand by your chair quietly until after grace has been said and the hostess sits down. If grace has not been said and others seat themselves, quietly make the sign of the cross and say your own grace, with bowed head, after you are seated. Take what is offered you, and even if you are not fond of it, eat a little if possible; leave what you cannot eat, but make no remarks about it. Do not forget to say "If you please" and "I thank you." Always take bread from the plate with your fingers and break it into small pieces before buttering. Chew your food thoroughly and quietly with closed lips, and never attempt to speak while food is in your mouth.

EVERYBODY LIKES

The boy who never makes fun of old age, no matter how decrepit or unattractive or evil it may be. God's hands rest lovingly on the aged head. The boy who never cheats or is unfair in his play. Cheating is contemptible anywhere and at any age. His play should strengthen, not weaken, his character. The boy who is never cruel. He has no right to hurt even a fly, needlessly. Cruelty is the trait of a bully; kindness is the mark of a gentleman.

THE BOY WHO NEVER LIES

Even white lies leave black spots on the character. The boy who never makes fun of a companion because of a misfortune he could not help. The boy who never hesitates to say no, when asked to do a wrong thing. The boy who never quarrels. When your tongue gets unruly, lock it in. The boy who never curses or calls bad names, no matter what anybody calls him. He cannot throw mud and keep his own hands clean. The boy who never forgets that God made him to be a joyous, loving, lovable, helpful thing.—Newsboy's Journal.

STRAY SHOTS BY THE "YOUNG IDEA"

Mark Twain, in an account of answers given by school children to examination questions, tells of a boy who defined a Republican, as "a stinner mentioned in the Bible." The same type of mind must have been possessed by the boy who opined, as a reported by a writer in "The American Child," that "the press is the mouth-organ of the people." These boys meant well and will no doubt grow up to be useful citizens in some line, such as journalism or the real estate business, where extreme accuracy is not absolutely necessary. Incidentally their replies probably furnished a hard-worked teacher a moment's diversion, just as the collection from which the "mouth-organ" sample is taken supplies a column of fairly entertaining reading. We learn from the papers of the class in general history.

"Romulus obtained the first citizens of Rome by opening a lunatic asylum." "Pompeii was destroyed by an eruption from the Vatican." "There were no Christians among the early Gauls, they were mostly lawyers." In mythology we have the following: "The Gorgons were three sisters that looked like women only more horrid." The class in English history furnishes some interesting material. "My favorite character in English history was Henry VIII. He had six wives and killed them all." "Edward the Third would have been king of France if his mother had been a man." "Henry the First's son William was drowned in the White Ship and never smiled again." "The Black Death was terrible for the laborers, because they were forced to do all the work left by the thousands that died."

We derive various bits of biography: "Benjamin Franklin produced electricity by rubbing cats backward." "Andrew Jackson was called Old Hickory because when he was a boy he was a little tough." "George Washington married Mary Curtis and in due time became the father of his country."

Definitions of this and that: "A deacon is the lowest kind of Christian." "The Pharisees were people who liked to show of their goodness by praying in synagogues." "An ibex is where you look in the back part of the book when you want to find anything that is printed in the front part of the book." "A man who looks on the bright side of things is called an optimist, but a pianist looks on the dark side." "A hyphenated American is one that talks in short sentences." "The whole of the United States speaks English except Chicago and New York."

In line with this is Mark Twain's definition of a gold mine, as "a hole in the ground owned by a liar."

FATHER AND SON AS CHUMS

COMPANIONSHIP BETWEEN THE MAN AND BOY WILL RESULT IN INESTIMABLE GOOD

Charles F. Powlish in the Echo

The four-year old son of a friend of mine was once asked what he intended to be when he grew up. He was silent for a moment. Then looking up with great earnestness, he said, "Well, I think, when I'm grown up, I'll hunt around and pick up a lot of sticks and build a house with 'em, and be a father."

Of course the little "would-be father" was greeted with peals of adult laughter. Yet what finer or more natural ambition could he have voiced? We do not laugh when our little daughter talks of the day when she will have a home and children. Why does it strike us as comic that our small boy should also long for fatherhood?

One would almost suppose that there was something shameful and unmanly about fatherhood, so thoroughly do we discourage the fatherly spirit in our boys. The tiny lad who loves to take his battered old doll to bed with him is teased and shamed out of his allegiance. The youngster of eight or ten who likes to play "house" is frowned upon,—he ought to prefer building a fort and playing at soldiers. We are far more afraid of making our boy a "sissy" than of permitting him to be a bully. Yet, if we study the grown men about us, we find that the "sissy" is a pretty rare specimen, while the coarse-grained, selfish, callous bully is all too frequent. There is no great danger of our boys developing into cowards. There is the greatest danger of their growing into business men and money-makers rather than fathers and home-makers.

JUVENILE CRIME

PARENTS HELD ACCOUNTABLE FOR CHILDREN'S OFFENSES

It cannot be doubted that juvenile crime is increasing at an alarming rate in our country, especially in the large cities. The juvenile courts are kept busy disposing of all kinds of cases in which young people, boys and girls, are the offenders against the laws of the land. These cases range from petty larceny, for example, to highway robbery, and even murder.

In this connection it is worth noting that a grand jury in Chicago, as the newspapers state, assailed the parents of youthful criminals who were made to bear the expenses of their children's court trials, and also pay the expenses of carrying out the punishment imposed. The report of the grand jury says: "The jury has been impressed by the large number of crimes being committed by young men from sixteen to twenty-five years of age. This condition compels the jury to issue a warning that, if the crime is now crowding the calendars are to be reduced and our courts and taxpayers relieved of the burden of trying these young men, there rests upon the parents of this city a duty that is not being fulfilled the way it was years ago; that the parents are responsible for the actions of the children, and if these youthful criminals had been properly trained they would not now be committing crimes."

OUR EPIPHANY

The Feast of the Epiphany, which the Church celebrates on January 6, is of peculiar interest to the Gentile peoples. As the name signifies, it is the Feast of the Manifestation of God to His Gentile children. In the early days the Nativity of Our Lord was celebrated on this day and even when the Nativity on the 25th of December, the Feast of the Epiphany did not lose its glory. While the Feast is associated with the three notable Manifestations of Our Lord, in our day it is more intimately linked with the Manifestation to the Magi. It is a beautiful story that we read in Holy Scripture of the journey of these three Wise Men of the East to the new-born King. With unshakable faith they answer the call of Divine grace. There is a

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throw a ray of light into family life; they point to homes where parents are unfaithful in their duty to their children, or too ignorant themselves to fulfill these duties.—The Echo.

sweet simplicity in their words to Herod: "We have seen His Star in the East and we are come to adore Him." Through the wondering crowd they pass out of the city of Jerusalem and wend their joyful way to the little village of Bethlehem. The faithful Star points the way and they stop not in their journey till it brightly shines on the stable outside the City of Bread. With childlike faith they enter and kneeling down offer their kingly gifts to Him who is born King of all creation.

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A RETROSPECT

The year 1920 will go down in history as one of those pivotal years that mark the close of one epoch and the beginning of another. Perhaps it is too much to compress into twelve months, the whole process of readjustment from war to peace, but taking the years that followed the Great War separately, 1920 will be found to contain the period of greatest transformation.

As is to be expected in such a period, it has been a year of trial. Man's consciences have been profoundly stirred. Their hopes have been alternately raised and shattered. They have faced great issues and solved them only to be brought face to face with other and greater ones. A maelstrom of conflicting problems, social, economic, political and financial, swirled at their feet, threatening at any moment to draw civilization into its vortex.

Out of this danger of collapsing civilization our people have successfully emerged. They have escaped one danger only to be plunged into another. The perils of shipwreck and storm have passed, the sun is shining, and the clouds have passed, but the desert island which mortals have made of the world offers the alternative of starvation or heroic endeavor.

Why Not Make Your Will?

It is a business arrangement which we should not neglect, and it is a simple matter. If you should accidentally be killed without making your will, your estate might be distributed contrary to your wishes. Endless sorrow and litigation is often caused by the failure to make a will.

Your wishes will be faithfully carried out and your heirs properly protected if you appoint this Company your Executor. See your Solicitor or arrange for an interview with us. Correspondence invited.

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THE CAUSE OF HIS JOY

"Twas eventide. The small lad stood on the bridge slapping his hands vigorously. Beyond the brow of the hill a dull red glow suffused the sky. "Ah, little boy," remarked the stranger, who was a little near-sighted, "it does my heart good to see you appreciate your cloud effect." "Yes, sir," replied the lad. "I've been watching it for ten minutes." Upon the boy's face there appeared a smile of perfect bliss. "A real poet without a doubt, and do you watch the sunsets often little boy?" "Sunsets? Why, that ain't a sunset gov'nor, that's the village school-house burning down."

THE CAUSE OF HIS JOY

To pray, to give, to suffer—these are the recollections of my retreat, wrote an old man; see how I can still be of a little use.—Golden Sands.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well and doing well whatever you do well, without a thought of fame.—Longfellow.



Backache

YOU should never make the serious mistake of neglecting backache or pains in the side. They are, too frequently, symptoms of dreaded kidney trouble, and indifference may bring serious consequences. Prolonged agonies can be avoided if you take Gin Pills at the first sign of backache or dizziness, headache, or pains in the sides. Going right to the kidneys, the source of the trouble, Gin Pills banish backache, no matter how severe. If you do not obtain relief, we will refund your money. At all druggists and dealers, 60c a box or six boxes for \$3.00. National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont. U. S. Address: National Drug Co., Inc., 202 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y.

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LEAVES ON THE WIND

New Volume of Verse by Rev. D. A. Casey
AUTHOR OF "At the Gate of the Temple" Editor of "The Canadian Freeman"
\$1.25 Postpaid
Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA
FATHER CASEY writes with sincere and deep feeling. His uplifting heart- songs carry many cheery winged messages to the earth-worn weary children of men. Many chords are touched to which the heart strongly vibrates; tender chords of Erin's love and sorrow; chords of patriotism and chords of piety; chords of adoration and homage that lift the soul to the very Throne of the Most High. "More convincing than Sygne and Lady Gregory, perhaps because the poet knows better and sympathizes more deeply with the people of whom he writes," was the comment of Joyce Kilmer in "The Literary Digest." In the pages of this book religion and art are mingled with happiest results.

THE CHURCH UNITY OCTAVE

Dedicated as it is to the conversion of America, The Missionary gladly commends to its readers any movement which makes for the recognition of the Church's claims. Amid the clamoring of the advocates of all sorts of impossible schemes for the reuniting of Christian forces, the project of a week of earnest prayer for the guidance of the Holy Ghost in this all-important matter is one to which none can take exception.

This period commends itself to Catholics especially because it begins with the Feast of the Chair of St. Peter in Rome and ends with the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul the Apostle. Pope Pius X. gave this Octave in 1909 and Pope Benedict XV. extends its observance to the Universal Church in 1916. We trust that all our readers will make it a part of their devotions. The authorized form of prayer, together with the indulgence attached and a list of recommended daily intentions, is given herewith:

To be Recited Daily During Octave (200 Days' Indulgence Each Octave Day.)

Antiphon. That they all may be One, as Thou, Father, in Me and I in Thee; that they also may be one in Us; that the world may believe that Thou has sent Me. St. John xvii, 21. V. I say unto thee, that thou art Peter; R. And upon this Rock I will build My Church.

Let us pray. O Lord Jesus Christ, who saidst unto Thine Apostles: Peace I leave with you, My Peace I give unto you; regard not our sins, but the faith of Thy Church, and grant unto her that Peace and Unity which are agreeable to Thy Will, Who livest and reignest God forever and ever. Amen.

The Daily Intentions Jan. 18. Feast of St. Peter's Chair at Rome. The return of all the "Other Sheep" to the one Fold of Peter, the One Shepherd.

Jan. 19. The return of all Oriental Separatists to Communion with the Apostolic See.

Jan. 20. The submission of all Anglicans to the authority of the Vicar of Christ.

Jan. 21. That the Lutherans and all other Protestants of Continental Europe may find their way "back to Holy Church."

Jan. 22. That all Christians in America may become one in communion with the Chair of Peter.

Jan. 23. The return to the Sacraments of all lapsed Catholics.

Jan. 24. The Conversion of the Jews.

Jan. 25. Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul. The Missionary conquest of the entire world for Christ.

A Plenary Indulgence Has been granted by the Holy Father to every one of the Faithful who on the First or Last Day of the Octave shall receive Holy Communion under the usual conditions.

It is recommended that one decade of the Rosary (at least) be said for the particular intention of each day; also that Holy Communion be received as often as possible during the Octave, but certainly on the First or Last Day of the Octave in order to obtain the Plenary Indulgence.—The Missionary.

THE HOLY FATHER'S ALLOCUTION

The Holy Father, in his reply to the Christmas greetings of the College of Cardinals, summarized the five great plagues that are afflicting the world today and robbing it of the peace and good will which the angel announced as the gifts to man from the new-born King of the nations. These plagues, said the Pontiff, are "negation, lust, hatred, among brothers, thirst for pleasure, disgust for work and forgetfulness of the supernatural objects of life." Any sane and thoughtful mind that studiously surveys the revolting state of society at the present day will surely agree with this enumeration.

And the Holy Father, whose discerning eye has so clearly detected the dominant evils from which the world is suffering, is enabled, both by the special grace of his high position and by that Catholic sense which attends the proper development of the Faith in the soul, to prescribe the only effectual remedy to overcome them. These evils, he says, can be cured only by the aid of the Gospel. "To renew all things in Christ," the motto of one of his illustrious predecessors, is but another way of saying what the present Pontiff enunciates in his recent allocution.

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Any information regarding stocks or bonds or other form of security, may be readily and freely obtained at this office. We are in close communication with the Bond Department of our Head Office, and they will be pleased to give our inquiries on your behalf their prompt attention.

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NEW CHURCH SUPPLY HOUSE

It will be of interest to the Reverend Clergy among our readers, to learn that a new enterprise for the sale of Church Goods has opened for business in our city. Church Supply House, Coats Block, London, Canada, is the name and location of the firm which intends to fill a long felt want. The new concern is the direct representative of the best American and European manufacturers of Tabernacles, altars, stoves, stained glass windows and smaller items of Church furnishings. The real distinction, however, of this firm is that it is the owner of the Canadian patent rights for the manufacture and distribution of the famous burglar and fire proof "Eucharistic Tabernacles." There are over 700 of these Tabernacles installed in new and old altars in various parts of the world. To examine the sample of the Tabernacles now on display in the office of the Church Supply House, is to appreciate what a great contribution it is to modern Christian art. Mr. N. B. Schmitt is in charge of the office of this company and he is very enthusiastic in his efforts to introduce the Tabernacle and to better care for church furniture needs in this country. The Reverend and Clergy may now be assured that their needs in the line of the Church furniture will be promptly and carefully attended to.

OBITUARY

LIEUT. FRED J. KIERNAN After an illness of almost a year, Fred J. Kiernan died at the Ross Memorial Pavilion of the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, Saturday morning Dec. 18th. Mr. Kiernan was twenty-six years of age and held a Lieutenant's commission during the Great War, having served with the Royal Naval Air Service and later with the Royal Air Force. He left for overseas during 1917 and returned to his home in February, 1919. He then resumed his position in Almy's, Limited, where he had been assistant superintendent. Soon afterwards, as the result of a crash in England in 1918 during the period of his military service, his health began to fail and in January last he was forced to give up his work and in March he entered the hospital.

He leaves to mourn his loss his mother, Mrs. R. Kiernan; one sister, Hazel Kiernan; and two brothers, Mark and James Kiernan, all of Montreal.

The funeral took place Monday morning from his home, 181 Esplanade avenue, to St. Agnes' Church, and thence to Coles des Neiges Cemetery. Many floral offerings from old associates at Almy's, Limited, and from overseas friends were received. Lieut. Kiernan was a grandson of the late James Hazelton, a prominent citizen of Guelph, Ontario, and a nephew of the late Father Benjamin Hazelton, S. J. He was popular with his associates both in civil life and in the army, and was much beloved by all for his kind and genial disposition. R. I. P.

DIED GUNN.—At St. Catharines, Ont., on December 5, 1920, Mrs. W. Gunn, aged fifty one years. May her soul rest in peace.

TONE.—On Friday, December 17, 1920, at her late residence 7th Concession, West Lutsk, Margaret Murphy, relict of the late Francis Tone, aged seventy years. May her soul rest in peace.

O'CONNOR.—On Sunday, December 10, 1920, at St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, Patrick J. O'Connor, a life-long resident of Seymour. Funeral took place from St. Mary's Church, Campbellford, Ont. May his soul rest in peace.

I must make myself "better than that about me before I can lift myself out of it. Change alone will not accomplish the purpose. It is character I need, not change.—Gertrude C. Whitney.

TEACHERS WANTED WANTED a qualified teacher speaking both French and English Separate School in Orange, Irons Falls, Ont. Salary Twelve children. Apply to Irons Falls, Ont. Box 35. 2204-2

SECOND class teacher wanted for S. S. No. 8, Raleigh. Duties to commence Jan. 3rd, 1921. Apply stating experience and salary to William Dillon, Merlin, Ont. 2204-2

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TEACHER wanted for S. S. No. 12, Peel. Catholic colony. The south half 15-41-21-2nd, 1-16-21 and N. W. 15-41-21 with good improvements. Apply to Corneille Galloway, Arthur, Ont. Box 51. 2203-3

TEACHERS wanted for Separate school No. 2, N. Burgess, holding 1st class certificate or other qualification to teach continuation work in Junior room. Salary \$1,000 a year plus a teacher for Junior room holding 2nd class certificate. Salary \$750. Duties to commence Jan. 3, 1921. Apply to P. McFarland, Sec. Treas., Stanleyville P. O., Lanark Co., Ont. 2202-4

FARMS FOR SALE TWO good improved half sections of land in Catholic colony. The south half 15-41-21-2nd, 1-16-21 and N. W. 15-41-21 with good improvements. Terms reasonable. Apply to F. A. Annett, Lanigan, Sask., Box 142. 2205-6

100 ACRES \$6,500. Best of clay loam; no waste; 4 acres bush; 3 acres extra good orchard; all wire fenced, bank barn 9'x30'; shed 30'x30'; also on stone foundation 8 room frame house; never falling spring 300 ft. from barn; water will flow to barn and house without pumping; Public school 1 mile, church and Separate school 1/2 mile and a third mile, owner living on farm; fine view to Allan McLean, Lot 7, Con. 12 W. Williams, R.F. No. 5, Parkhill, Ont. 2196-4

BECOME A PROFESSIONAL NURSE A dignified, enviable, profitable calling. Intelligent ambitious women over eighteen are trained at St. Catherine's Hospital School of Nursing, Brooklyn, N. Y., in thorough standard diploma course qualifying for future advancement. Separate residence, good surroundings. For particulars, address Director of Training School, St. Catherine's Hospital, Burdock Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. 2143-4

ST. JOSEPH'S SANITARIUM TRAINING School for Nurses, Ann Arbor, Michigan, located 38 miles from Detroit. Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy. Affords excellent training in a modern hospital with a three years course of instruction. Separate nursing diploma course qualifying for future advancement. For further information, apply to Superintendent of Nurses, St. Joseph's Sanitarium, Ann Arbor, Mich. 2184-2

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. 2110-4

OBITUARY LIEUT. FRED J. KIERNAN After an illness of almost a year, Fred J. Kiernan died at the Ross Memorial Pavilion of the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, Saturday morning Dec. 18th. Mr. Kiernan was twenty-six years of age and held a Lieutenant's commission during the Great War, having served with the Royal Naval Air Service and later with the Royal Air Force.

He leaves to mourn his loss his mother, Mrs. R. Kiernan; one sister, Hazel Kiernan; and two brothers, Mark and James Kiernan, all of Montreal. The funeral took place Monday morning from his home, 181 Esplanade avenue, to St. Agnes' Church, and thence to Coles des Neiges Cemetery. Many floral offerings from old associates at Almy's, Limited, and from overseas friends were received.

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DIED GUNN.—At St. Catharines, Ont., on December 5, 1920, Mrs. W. Gunn, aged fifty one years. May her soul rest in peace.

TONE.—On Friday, December 17, 1920, at her late residence 7th Concession, West Lutsk, Margaret Murphy, relict of the late Francis Tone, aged seventy years. May her soul rest in peace.

O'CONNOR.—On Sunday, December 10, 1920, at St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, Patrick J. O'Connor, a life-long resident of Seymour. Funeral took place from St. Mary's Church, Campbellford, Ont. May his soul rest in peace.

I must make myself "better than that about me before I can lift myself out of it. Change alone will not accomplish the purpose. It is character I need, not change.—Gertrude C. Whitney.

TEACHERS WANTED WANTED a qualified teacher speaking both French and English Separate School in Orange, Irons Falls, Ont. Salary Twelve children. Apply to Irons Falls, Ont. Box 35. 2204-2

SECOND class teacher wanted for S. S. No. 8, Raleigh. Duties to commence Jan. 3rd, 1921. Apply stating experience and salary to William Dillon, Merlin, Ont. 2204-2

POSITION WANTED RELIABLE person, with some knowledge of printing and message, also accomplished, wishes position as companion; good reference. Address: Josephine Bibbee, 115-Alpine Ave., Hamilton, Ont. 2205-1

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED WANTED a Catholic housekeeper for a widower; middle aged woman. Apply to Box 226, Catholic Record, London, Ont. 2205-1

YOUNG lady, music graduate, would like position as organist. Kindly state salary and could possibly get a class of pupils. Apply Box 227, Catholic Record, London, Ont. 2205-3

PRIEST'S housekeeper wanted. Reply to Box 228, Catholic Record, London, Ont. 2205-3

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