

## A GREAT VICTORY

### LAW LORDS UPHOLD CATHOLIC DEFENDERS OF PUBLIC MORALITY

Edinburgh Catholic Herald

Dr. Halliday Sutherland won his case in his appeal to the House of Lords against the decision of the Court of Appeal which decided that the verdict of a jury in another Court should have been applied in favor of Dr. Marie Stopes (who is not a medical doctor.)

It will be remembered that this Marie Stopes wrote a book about "Birth Control." Dr. Halliday Sutherland, a Catholic medical man resident in Edinburgh, attacked this Stopes' book in language of considerable directness and vigor, and on account of this attack Stopes took an action for libel against Dr. Sutherland. The remainder of the narrative is best supplied by an excerpt from the London Times of Saturday last, Stopes being the "respondent" and Dr. Halliday Sutherland and his Publishers the "appellants" referred to in the Times excerpt, which was as follows:

The action was brought by the respondent against the appellants for damages for an alleged libel contained in the said book. The passage complained of, as set out in the statement of claim, was as follows:

#### EXPOSING THE POOR TO EXPERIMENT

"Secondly, the ordinary decent instincts of the poor are against these practices (meaning the plaintiff's system of birth control), and, indeed, they have used them less than any other class. But owing to their poverty, lack of learning, and helplessness, the poor are the natural victims of these (meaning the plaintiff) who seek to make experiments on their fellows. In the midst of a London slum a woman (meaning the plaintiff) who is a Doctor of German Philosophy (Munich), has opened a birth control clinic (meaning the said clinic) where working women are instructed in a method of contraception described by Professor M'Ilroy as 'the most harmful method of which I have had experience.' (Proceedings of the Medico-Legal Society, July 7 1921.) . . . It is truly amazing that this monstrous campaign of birth control should be tolerated by the Home Secretary, Charles Bradlaugh, was condemned to goal for a less serious crime."

#### THE JURY'S FINDINGS

Each of the appellants pleaded justification and also fair comment. The questions left by the Lord Chief Justice to the jury and their answers thereto were as follows:

(1) Were the words complained of defamatory of the plaintiff?—Yes.

(2) Were they true in substance and in fact?—Yes.

(3) Were they fair comment?—No.

(4) Damages, if any?—£100.

Upon these findings the Lord Chief Justice held that the action was concluded in favor of the defendants (appellants) by the jury's answer to the second question.

The Court of Appeal, by a majority, Lords Justices Bankes and Scrutton, and Lord Justice Younger dissenting, held that the findings of the jury amounted to a verdict for the plaintiff (the respondent) for £100, and allowed the appeal. The appellants appealed from this judgment, and there was a cross appeal by the respondent claiming that, should the judgment in her favor not be upheld, she was entitled to a new trial of the action on the ground of misdirection.

Mr. Serrent Sullivan, K. C.; Mr. Theobald Mathew, Mr. Rabagliati, and Mr. Harold Murphy appeared for the appellants; and Sir Hugh Fraser and Mr. Herbert Metcalfe for the respondent.

#### THE LORD CHANCELLOR'S JUDGMENT

By the last two sentences of the alleged libel the defendants in effect charged the plaintiff with carrying on her campaign by means of literature not less obscene than that for which Charles Bradlaugh was prosecuted, and of such a nature as to infringe the criminal law, which forbade such publications; and this charge, the most serious of all, was also found by the jury to be true in substance and in fact. Their Lordships' attention was called to passages in the plaintiff's books upon which the defendants had relied as supporting this charge, and those passages appeared to him to be of such a nature as fully to justify the find-

ing of the jury. That all the above charges were true at the trial as matters of fact to be considered under the plea of justification was clear from the circumstance that towards the end of the arguments counsel for the plaintiff handed to the Lord Chief Justice a note defining the statements of fact contained in the alleged libel in the following terms: "(a) experiment, (b) victims, (c) most harmful method, (d) crime, (e) more serious;" and the summing-up by the learned Judge proceeded on these lines.

Then, if, as the jury had found, all the above charges were true—if it were true that the plaintiff took advantage of the helplessness of the poor to subject them to experimental processes of a harmful and dangerous character and carried on her campaign by means of obscene publications which constituted a breach of the criminal law—which remained in the alleged libel to which the description of "unfair comment" could have been intended by the jury to apply? Lord Justice Scrutton, in his judgment in the Court of Appeal, pointed to two statements in the paragraph complained of as being statements of opinion upon which a question of fair comment might arise—namely:

(1) The statement referring to "the decent instincts of the poor," and (2) the expression "monstrous campaign." He thought that another expression—namely, that the offence of which Charles Bradlaugh was convicted was "less serious" than that of the plaintiff—might also be regarded as a statement of opinion; and apart from these three expressions, he could find nothing in the alleged libel which the jury were entitled to rank under that category.

After referring to Edwards v. Bell (1 Bing., 403), Morrison v. Harmer (3 Bing., N. C. 759), and Cooper v. Lawson (8 A. and E., 746), he said that it appeared to him that the present case fell within the principle of those decisions, and that the epithets "monstrous" and "more serious," which in gravity fell far below the substantive charge and added nothing to it, need not be separately justified. If that were so, then there was, as Lord Justice Younger held no evidence whatever on which a rational verdict could be found to the effect that the comment was unfair, and the judgment of the Court of Appeal in favor of the plaintiff could not stand.

#### THE APPEAL ALLOWED

His Lordship was further of opinion that there was no good ground for ordering a new trial on the ground of misdirection. He therefore moved their Lordships that the appeal be allowed and the cross appeal dismissed, and that the appellant should be discharged and judgment of the Lord Chief Justice restored, with costs above and below.

#### "DEPLORABLE EFFECT"

Viscount Finlay, who concurred, said that it appeared to him that it was impossible to hold that the bounds of fair comment were exceeded by the expression of an opinion honestly held that such practices were revolting to the healthy instinct of human nature. There was an old and widespread aversion from such methods in this ground. This sentiment was voiced by the historian of the Roman Empire when in his 40th chapter he referred to such practices as "deplorable precautions. Their lordships were referred to in the course of the argument to certain passages in the books published by the plaintiff of such a nature that they were not read aloud. These books had a very large circulation, and for his part he could not doubt that they were calculated to have a most deplorable effect upon the young of both sexes.

It would be absurd to say that the epithet "monstrous" as applied to such a "campaign" passed the bounds of fair criticism, or that it was not fair comment to use language implying that such passages aggravated the criminality of the obscene libel.

A great deal had been said about the sincerity with which the plaintiff held the doctrines which she taught and carried into practice. One of the plaintiff's books was entitled "A New Gospel to all Peoples." In the prefatory note the author claimed that this gospel was the result of inspiration, and that she was merely the vehicle for conveying a message from a higher power. This message contained a full charge against "certain ministers of the Church" with regard to the instruction given by them to the young committed to their charge. Her sincerity was not the question. If an obscene libel were published, the fact that it formed part of a campaign prosecuted with all sincerity afforded no defence. The right of free speech was claimed for the advocate of the new gospel, but they must submit to have their tenets and their practices criticised. A French savant was reported to have said that if he had been consulted at the time of the creation of the world he

could have given some hints of great value; and this appeared to some extent to be the attitude of the plaintiff.

His Lordship thought it was unfortunate that the plaintiff used in connection with her clinic the title "doctor." She was a Doctor of Philosophy, but the use of the term "doctor" must lead a great many of the people who frequented the clinic to believe that the person in charge of it was a Doctor of Medicine.

Lord Shaw of Dunfermline, and Lord Carson gave judgment to the same effect.

Lord Wrenbury dissented and delivered a dissenting judgment, but as four members of the Court out of five agreed in upholding the appeal of Dr. Sutherland he won his case.

## "MASS OF THE NATIONS"

### THE LEADING FIGURES OF PAN-AMERICAN COUNTRIES PARTICIPATE

Washington, Nov. 28.—The most colorful Thanksgiving Day service in the land, with the most distinguished congregation, yesterday drew to St. Patrick's Church here the official representatives of eighteen foreign countries and eminent leaders of the United States Government.

The service was the annual Pan-American Solemn Mass of Thanksgiving which has come to be known here as the "Mass of the Nations." Annually it draws to the Holy Sacrifice throngs of diplomats not only from the Americas but from many other parts of the world. There is always a representative of the United States Department of State and of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps. The President has attended often. The highest Catholic prelates in the Archdiocese of Baltimore are in the sanctuary, and it has become proverbial that the Cadets of St. John join in the procession, their gray and black uniforms contrasting with the splendor of archiepiscopal robes in the picturesque pageant.

#### APOSTOLIC DELEGATE PRESENT

In the sanctuary at this year's Mass were two Archbishops, the Most Rev. Pietro Fumasoni Biondi, D. D., Apostolic Delegate to the United States, and the Most Rev. Michael J. Curley, D. D., Archbishop of Baltimore. Sweeping up the first aisle in their brilliant robes, tiny pages carrying their trays while the orchestra played Grieg's splendid "The Countess Hosts in White Array," they took their places on canopied thrones facing each other across the sanctuary, while the monsignori and officers of the Mass, in their vivid robes, took their places. The cadets formed two long files down the centre aisle.

The Rev. Clarence E. Wheeler was the celebrant of the Mass, the Rev. Edward P. McAdams was deacon, the Rev. William J. Carroll was sub-deacon, and the Rev. Francis J. Hurley, the Rev. John K. Cartwright and the Rev. Lawrence J. Sheehan were masters of ceremonies. The sermon was by the Rev. Dr. George W. Johnson, of the Catholic University, and both the mixed choir and the Famous St. Patrick's sanctuary choir sang.

The distinguished congregation heard in the sermon an ardent plea that the world return to religion. It must discard the "cult of secularism" which substitutes "earth for heaven, humanity for God, the ballot for the altar, the law for religion," which would regenerate the world by constables, judges and juries, and from whom the world declared, there can come no true peace or contentment to the world.

"The world will never be saved by associations for the restraint of anti-social impulses, by pedagogical formulas looking to social efficiency, by legislation designed to make men good in spite of themselves," said Dr. Johnson. "The only hope of salvation is in religion. Not pseudo-religion that naively thinks it can impress the world by becoming worldly, not easy-chair religion that contents itself with platitudes and pretty sentiments, not that most absurd of all religions, the religion of lives without faith. The religion we need is that whose symbol is the cross, and whose implication of suffering and self-denial, whose fundamental tenet is that Jesus is not Elias, is not John the Baptist, is not one of the prophets, but the Christ, the Son of the Living God."

#### PAN-AMERICAN DIPLOMATS

The representatives of the Pan-American Republics at the Mass included: Senor Dr. Felipe A. Espill, charge d'affaires of Argentina; Senor Dr. Javier Paz Campoverde, charge d'affaires of Bolivia; Senor Don Samuel de Sousa Leao Gracie, charge d'affaires of Brazil; Senor Don Beltran Mathieu, Ambassador of Chile; Senor Dr. Francisco Ochoa Ortiz, Minister of Ecuador; Leon Dejean, Minister of Haiti; Senor Don Francisco Sanchez Latour, Minister of Guatemala; Senor Don Manuel C. Tellez, charge d'affaires

of Mexico; Senor Dr. Enrique Olaya, Minister of Colombia; Senor Don J. Rafael Oreamuno, Minister of Costa Rica; Senor Don Arturo Padro, charge d'affaires of Cuba; Senor Don Federico C. Alvarez, charge d'affaires of the Dominican Republic; Don Hector David Castro, charge d'affaires of Salvador; Senor Dr. Jose Antonio Rigerino, charge d'affaires of Nicaragua; Senor Dr. Don Ricardo J. Alfaro, Minister of Panama; William Wallace White, in charge of the legation of Paraguay; Senor Dr. Hernan Valarde, Ambassador of Peru; Senor Dr. J. Varela, Minister of Uruguay.

#### HIGH U. S. OFFICIALS ATTEND

J. Butler Wright, assistant Secretary of State, represented the State Department, and other prominent persons who attended were Admiral William S. Benson, of the Shipping Board; Major General John A. Lefevre, commandant of the Marine Corps; Brig. Gen. Dennis E. Nolan, Deputy Chief of Staff of the Army; Comdr. Steven Yeandle, aide-de-camp to the chief of the Coast Guard, and Justice Pierce Butler, of the United States Supreme Court.

#### PUCINI, FAMOUS OPERATIC COMPOSER, HAS PASSED AWAY

Brussels, Dec. 4.—Giacomo Puccini, noted operatic composer, died here after receiving the Last Sacraments of the Church, administered by the Papal Nuncio to Brussels. A throat infection following an operation was the cause of death.

When his condition became grave the Italian Ambassador and the Nuncio, as well as members of the composer's family, were called to the bedside and remained there most of the night.

The Belgian authorities cooperated with the Italian colony here to arrange for the funeral. Word was received that the Italian government decided to accord the composer a State funeral at public expense. Recently Signor Tittioni, President of the Italian Senate, notified Puccini that his name had been ratified for membership in that House.

Puccini came of a family long noted in Italy for its musical abilities. It was due to this fact that, in spite of the extreme poverty of his early life, he was able to obtain a musical education by the grace of a government pension. His first opera, "De Villi," had its premiere at Milan in 1884. Four years later his "Edgar" was produced, but it was not a success artistically, although the music was of high order.

His next opera, "Manon Lescaut," was produced at the Teatro Regio in their own vivid robes, took their places. The cadets formed two long files down the centre aisle.

"Tosca," written four years later, added to his reputation. "Madame Butterfly," first produced at Milan in 1904, did not catch the approval of the audience there, but which was produced in London in 1905 it attained immediate success. This opera was first produced in America in 1906 in English.

During a visit to the United States Puccini promised to write an opera built around an American theme. The result was "The Girl of the Golden West," first presented at the Metropolitan, December 10, 1910. It was never recorded rank among the great operas.

#### MAN OF MILLIONS AND A WAR HERO BECOMES TRAPPIST

Paris.—A few days ago, at the Trappist Monastery of Soligny, the solemn profession of Father Marie Albert was received. The new religious was, in civil life, M. Van der Cruysen, formerly entrusted by the Belgian Government with important economic missions to the United States, Germany, Italy and Holland. Before entering holy orders, M. Van der Cruysen, who was a millionaire, left his entire fortune to the Belgian Association of the Catholic Middle Classes and to the club "Dieu et Patrie" which he had founded.

The profession was attended by M. Maurice Firmez, first vice-president of the Belgian Chamber and former president of the Catholic Youth, by two other Belgian deputies and many prominent citizens of Brussels. Cardinal Mercier sent a telegram of felicitations, and a message was also received from M. Van de Vyvere, in the name of the middle classes.

M. Van der Cruysen, who enlisted at the age of forty, brought back from the War the rank of captain, six medals, and the French and Belgian War crosses. He was cited in Belgian army orders as "seeking and carrying out intrepidly the most audacious undertakings and the most perilous reconnaissances."

He laid his decorations in the chapel of the Abbey, near the altar of the Sacred Heart, with the decorations of the twenty-two French Trappists who were mobilized. The collection includes seven Croix de Guerre, a Cross of the Legion of Honor (that of the brother porter, an ex-captain of the colonial artillery,) seven palms, eleven stars and six medals of various kinds.

## PROTESTANT RESENTS ATTACK ON CHURCH

### NOTED BOSTON ARCHITECT CHALLENGES JOHN JAY CHAPMAN'S STATEMENT

Ralph Adams Cram, the distinguished Boston architect, has sent an open letter to Joseph Jay Chapman, of Barrytown, N. Y., challenging Mr. Chapman to prove his assertion that the Catholic Church openly seeks to control American education. Mr. Chapman made this charge recently in a letter to Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts in which he objected to a Catholic being one of the Fellows of Harvard. Mr. Chapman referred to the recent election of James Byrne, the first Catholic ever chosen to serve as a member of the corporation.

No sooner was Mr. Chapman's letter made public than members of the Board of Overseers of Harvard, with one exception, hastened to disavow the sentiments expressed by him and to pay tribute to Mr. Byrne as a high-minded, useful and welcome addition to the Fellows of the university.

In his open letter Mr. Cram, who is a Protestant, accuses Mr. Chapman of ignorance of the Catholic educational system in America, which he praises and about which he advises Mr. Chapman to learn something. The letter follows, in part:

"You confuse me hopelessly, and I hardly know where I stand under the circumstances. A few days ago one of the Board of Overseers of Harvard University sent me a copy of your speech on Harvard and its new Graduate School of Business Administration. I read this with such feelings of gratification, such a conviction that here at least was one who dared to come forward not only in a just and conclusive criticism, but with a profound sense of the fundamentals of university training, that I was prompted to write you at once and express my gratitude and my admiration.

"On the day I purposed writing you I received directly from you a copy of an open letter you have addressed to the Right Rev. Bishop of Massachusetts in his capacity as one of the Board of Overseers of Harvard University. In this letter you protest with your usual vigor and inciseness against the election of a Roman Catholic as a Fellow of Harvard University.

"In this letter you take occasion to make some of the most extraordinary and in my opinion absurd and unfounded, statements and accusations that I have ever come in contact with outside the celebration of the K. K. K. It is for this reason that I say that you confuse me hopelessly. After reading your speech on the Business College I felt prepared to fight under your banner to the last. Now I feel that it is equally my duty to stand against you with equal determination.

"Will you not only for my own information but for that of others in a like position, state explicitly where and when the Roman Curia, or any other official body of the Roman Catholic Church has declared it to be its 'outspoken purpose . . . to control American education?' Although I am not a Roman Catholic, I happen to know something about this Church, and something about its system of education. I formally challenge you to show cause for making your amazing statement. For my own part, I deny it explicitly.

"Apart from your categorical charges, I find myself still more puzzled by your position. My knowledge of the colleges in the United States under Roman Catholic control and of the parochial schools is that the principles that control their scheme of education, the educational methods there pursued and the results obtained come much nearer being the sort of education you yourself have pleaded for in your Harvard speech than do the non-Catholic colleges and public schools of this country. I repeat, I speak on this matter from the standpoint of one who has come in contact with these Roman Catholic colleges and schools, and I gravely doubt whether you can say the same for yourself.

"You say that 'liberalism presupposes free discussion,' yet it clearly appears to me that you argue precisely against this, for, on the assumption that it is the 'outspoken purpose' of the Roman Church to control American education, you insist that 'the presence of a Roman Catholic on the governing board of a non-Catholic college or school makes it impossible for the board to discuss this great issue frankly.' Of course I deny

your premise, but if for the sake of argument we were to admit it to be true, then apparently your position is that the question should be 'discussed' not between Catholics and non-Catholics, but solely by the latter; in other words, that the court should be packed' and a judgment rendered with the accused party unheard.

"Once more, I repeat, you confuse me hopelessly, you cannot reconcile your two pronouncements, nor harmonize the latter with the breadth and soundness of judgment you have heretofore exhibited in so many fields. The only explanation is that you have been curiously misinformed, and that even as you urge in the case of Harvard University, you yourself have disregarded the sound advice 'audi alteram partem.' May I urge you to accept, let us say, an invitation from Notre Dame University and from any one of the priests of my acquaintance whom I maintain parochial schools, in order that you may see the actual facts in the case, and so honorably withdraw from what I must hold to be an untenable position?"—The Echo.

#### CZECHS WILL NOT ABOLISH EMBASSY TO VATICAN

Prague, Nov. 20.—Dr. A. Hobza, lecturer on International Law at the University of Prague, is receiving scant support for the plea he made recently in a newspaper article for the abolition of the Czecho-Slovakian Embassy to the Vatican. He was severely taken to task by Professor C. B. Drapalik, one of the editors of the Catholic daily, Cech. Aside from that reply his arguments have generally been considered as unworthy of being dignified by controversy.

Dr. Hobza's article contained an attack on the Apostolic Nuncio at Prague in which the latter was accused of augmenting the number of clerical agitators. The author also said that there would be enough avenues of communication between Czecho-Slovakia and the Vatican without the present diplomatic relations because "the Pope has a sufficient number of envoys, secretaries and spies."

#### DR. SEIPER PLEADS FOR ASSAILANT

Vienna, Dec. 2.—Karl Jaworek, who shot and seriously wounded ex-Chancellor Seipel, has been sentenced to three and a half years at hard prison labor.

There was a remarkable scene in court yesterday when Dr. Seipel faced his would-be assassin.

Dr. Seipel still carries in his breast the bullet which Jaworek fired last June 1, and which kept him precariously between life and death for more than a month. Nevertheless, the pale, ascetic priest, managed in four minutes, against the desire of the prosecutor and against the rules of court, to become the best witness for the defense.

Dr. Seipel's appearance in court as a witness caused a sensation, many persons rising as he entered. He was obliged to attend to give evidence of the attempt to kill him, he tried, in the interest of the prisoner, to express his full forgiveness.

After describing the shooting and testifying that his long confinement was "not alone due to my wounds but to diabetes, from which I have long suffered," the former Chancellor, when asked how he felt toward the prisoner, replied that he regarded Jaworek "in a spirit of forgiveness."

At this Jaworek sobbed for the first time during the trial.

The lightness of Jaworek's sentence was directly due to Dr. Seipel's testimony.

Jaworek, who confessed his guilt, shot himself at a railway station immediately after the crime. In addition to three and a half years at hard labor Jaworek must fast one day in every quarter.

A repentant letter from the convicted man to Dr. Seipel was read in court.

#### MEETS GIRLS' DRESS ISSUE WITH HUMOR

Versailles.—The pastor of Villeneuve-Saint-Georges, in the Versailles diocese, recently inserted the following notice in his parish bulletin: "M. le Cure knows as well as anyone the difficulties of the high cost of living and the increased cost of cloth. He has the deepest sympathy for the sorrow of the young girls who are unable to procure, for their wedding, more than half a dress, which leaves their chest and arms bare.

"He has therefore purchased a very fine scarf of white wool, which will be kept in the sacristy, and which he will make a point of offering to all young brides who are too thinly clad and who would risk catching cold in our church. "This fatherly solicitude, he trusts, will be appreciated by all interested parties."

## CATHOLIC NOTES

The Rev. Dr. Brauns, Germany's new Minister of Labor, is a Catholic priest who is intimately connected with Labor Unions. Three other priests are members of the Reichstag.

Belleville, Ill.—The site in Chicago upon which Father Marquette offered up the first Mass celebrated within the present limits of Illinois is to be purchased by the Knights of Columbus. Action to that effect was taken at the State Convention of the order here.

Dublin, Nov. 1.—Father Seully, S. M., a native of Dun Laoghaire, Dublin County, enjoys the distinction of being the first priest ordained in the Fiji Islands. His ordination took place at the Catholic mission in the Islands. This mission is in the charge of the Marist Fathers.

Fort Wayne, Ind., Dec. 8.—The Right Rev. Herman Joseph Alerdig, Bishop of Fort Wayne, one of the oldest members of the American Hierarchy in point of years' service in the episcopate, died here Saturday afternoon as a result of an automobile accident Thanksgiving Day. He was seventy-nine years old.

Cologne, Dec. 4.—The new bell which has been cast for Cologne Cathedral to replace the "Kaiser-Glocke," which was melted down for use as military material during the War, is to be brought to Cologne shortly from Apolda. It is hoped that it may be rung from the cathedral for the first time on Christmas Eve. The "Kaiser-Glocke" was cast in 1874 from metal obtained from French guns captured during the Franco-German War. It weighed 27 tons.

Rome, Dec. 4.—Negotiations for a Concordat between Rumania and the Holy See will be resumed next month. M. Penescu, the Rumanian Minister to the Vatican, has been delegated by his government to represent it in the negotiations. Monsignor Dolei, Nuncio to Bucharest will represent the Holy See in the negotiations at the Roumanian capital. Monsignor Dolei has just returned to his post at Bucharest after completing his special mission to Constantinople in a manner which has won him great praise.

Rome, Dec. 4.—Baron Bornemizsa, the new Hungarian Minister to the Vatican, presented his credentials during the past week. He was received by the Pope and after the audience called upon Cardinal Gasparri, Papal Secretary of State. Later, the Minister paid a visit to the Vatican Basilica. The Republic of Poland has decided to raise its legation to the Holy See to the rank of an Embassy, according to reports received here. It is understood that the present Polish Minister Skrzyński will be named Ambassador and will present his new credentials in the near future.

London, Dec. 1.—The Malines Conversations are to be resumed, according to an announcement from an Anglican source. This informant says that at a meeting of the Oxford University Society for Religion last week, the Vice-Chancellor of the university read a letter from Cardinal Mercier brought over by Lord Halifax. Bishop Gore says he was delighted when Lord Halifax told him a date had been arranged for further conversations. In the Anglican Church Times, however, Bishop Gore says: "I frankly own I see no way over the enormous dogmatic obstacles which Rome has interposed between us and them."

Dublin, Nov. 21.—The history of the Irish Brigade in the service of France upon which M. Albert Depeaux engaged will soon be ready for publication. For the purpose of the compilation access to the official archives has been given to the author by the French Government. M. Depeaux is one of the most distinguished of French military historians. He is librarian and vice-president of the Fondation Thiery, a research college endowed for the assistance of scholars in every field of knowledge. The Irish Brigades who fought in the service of France were comprised of members of leading Catholic families who had to flee from their own country.

Vienna, Dec. 4.—Austria is soon to have her monument to the memory of the Unknown Soldier, says the Osservatore Romano. Unnumbered are the soldiers and nameless, who died for Austria on her battlefields, and in the prisons and hospitals beyond her confines. The project of the country, which has lost so many of her sons, and so much territory will not trust to the future the task of providing a memorial in remembrance of the victims of the last War. France, England, Belgium, Italy and America have already erected superb monuments to the Unknown Soldier, and they consider that these symbolic tombs are the final tribute of nations to the fallen who have not found rest in the cemeteries of their fathers.

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## WOLF MOON

### A ROMANCE OF THE GREAT SOUTHWEST

BY JOSEPH J. QUINN

#### CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED

The night of her marriage had come. The great day of dread was here. It had been looming long on the horizon of her life; now it overspread it like a net. The web that the spider had spun around her was as fine as gossamer, strong as adamant, inevitable as fate. It was narrowing subtly and surely. There could be no escape.

Sinister shadows crept down through the trees. Water dripped from the cottonwood leaves, dropped from the rim of the tents and ran in streams along the gey ropes to the ground. Red logs, spitting at each dash of rain, sent steam hurtling from the large iron kettle that contained food for the entire camp. One by one, boys struggled in from their depositions of the day and passed boisterously into the tents. A girl was gathering blankets hung from a rusty wire stretched between two wagons. Barefooted children pattered from one place to another, ran around the wagon wheels and screeched to one another as they dodged between the taut ropes of the tents. Supper was waiting upon Pamela who was due on the evening train from Tucumcari. The gypsy men had gone to meet him. Bluebonnet watched them as they silently led the horse that only Pamela mounted. His silvered saddle, too, was gone.

A desperate resolve came to Bluebonnet. Why should she await the stroke of fate that lay before her? Something from within urged her to flee. But she recalled when little Nadina had attempted to escape close to Denver a few months before. Nava had almost beaten her to death. Nadina's broken arm would always be a lesson. But the terror of the coming of Pamela, the realization that she would be forced to marry him, made her sink her face between her hands. She ran from her tent into the open only to see figures moving near the fire. Back near the wagons she heard a sound. She turned. Nava was gazing at her, a puzzled expression on her lowered face. Bluebonnet plunged back into her tent and staggered as if swooning. It would be impossible. She could not lift her hand without being seen.

Far off in the distance sounded the whistle of the oncoming train. It echoed in her ears as if it were bearing down on her at full speed. Bluebonnet started, looked up through the gloom of the tent. She felt that the same God who was sending the rain would bring deliverance from this fate. She could not wait much longer. Pamela would return in a few moments. From experience she knew that he would come to her tent a minute after her arrival, take her in his arms and kiss her upon the lips. A blind fury at the thought drenched her soul with disgust. But the actuality of the marriage itself would leave her broken as a wounded bird is left by the gunner.

Bluebonnet slipped to the front of the tent and peeped out. Near the fire several gypsies were merrily talking. Voices mingled with the falling raindrops from the trees. She watched for a moment. A scythe showed itself in the gloom near a clump of trees off to the left. Bluebonnet observed it move. It passed from one tree to the other, came nearer, receded and was swallowed up in the gloom. Could it be Nava? Did she surmise her intention? Had she the power of divination that she claimed? Bluebonnet thought not, for had she seen the picture of her frenzied brain she would have grasped her by the throat, her dark fingers would have sunk deeper and deeper. Bluebonnet dropped to the ground under the vividness of such a vision. Her short, sharp cry escaped her throat. Forced imagination was driving her desperate.

Another long-drawn blast announced that the train was coasting into the station. In an agony of shame she sprang to her feet. She must go now. She could stay no longer. Whatever the consequences they must be accepted. If death, then death would come as a sweet victory to her tired body and soul. Despair and abandon were driven against her in a mad rush. Gypsy life with its wandering from post to pillar and pillar to post must end. Hounded by the law, driven like disease and pestilence from the cities, she felt that gypsies were the scum of the earth, the jettison of humanity that floated with the tides of adversity.

The crisis came and demanded its answer. Must she face the love-frenzied gypsy or escape? Must she flee now or marry him and live there with the gypsies until she broke down and died. The night under and beyond the trees looked dark but her soul was filled with a million distorted apparitions, pitch black, now grovelling, again winging through space. The chains of her bondage were about to be broken. The nomadic life, not one mood of which she had ever assented, was to be thrown off. She was to be free, free to glide away and live out there somewhere in the

trackless, treeless country. A strange stimulus gripped her, stiffened her will until she stood erect. She would not face martyrdom. She would live.

Indistinct voices of women and children blended. At times they arose to a crescendo and died away to a whisper. Bluebonnet peered out to where the gypsies were moving. She heard someone stir back of the tent. Perhaps it was only the rising wind brushing the trees. Cautiously she dropped back to the center. A huge shadow of a man passed along the side of the canvas. It looked familiar. She crept to the flap and pulled it aside. A sweep of rain was driven against her face. Not two feet away from her was Pamela. He was standing watching intently something near the fire. So close was he that she could have touched his shoulder. Then he recoiled a step and started towards the main tent. Bluebonnet watched him until the firelight flickered on a silver spangle of his hat. A guttural sound of surprise came from the distance, a discord of high pitched now, again low, mumbled.

All of the power that she had summoned from within seemed to vanish. She felt her face with her fingers that were as long icy strands, chilled to the bone and stiff with fear. Like a covering frightened animal before a beating storm she huddled in a heap near the opening, her body shaken with sobs. She closed her eyes for a moment. In the darkness instead of finding despair she was given quiet and peace, alluring inspiration. An inner voice was whispering to her softly but with persuasive blandishment. She rose and gripped her throat in desperation.

A loud curse from Nava was followed by a string of oaths. It was Pamela's tirade. A streak of light flashed through Bluebonnet's mind. It seemed to insulate her from the fear that gripped her heart. Before she knew it she had slipped into the rain to meet the mysteries of the night.

#### CHAPTER II. THE PALMIST'S WORDS

Far out against a skyline of lightning-splashed clouds the Menhaden fishing boats dreamed lazily on their course. From off the sea came puffs of salty air filled with moisture. Great cotton-capped waves broke here and there, leaving a trace of silver on the water. It was summer and summer at the seashore means loveliness.

This was to be Jack Corcoran's last day in sight of the old Atlantic. Through two short months he had disported at Cape May, had danced, swum, ridden horseback, played tennis, golf, whiled away hours that seemed to vanish with their coming. But now it was to end. His father had sent him to Cape May late in June to rest after a strenuous year at college. It was not altogether the realization of the work accomplished and the needed rest that made John Corcoran, Senior, decide to send Jack to the shore as usual but the remembered picture of his father that evening when he gracefully bowed to the audience in recognition of the applause accorded him when he received his sheepskin.

After all there had not been many pleasures in the elder Corcoran's life. He had had his allotted share of trouble. The bitter pangs of losing his wife had been supplemented by early financial failures. Some great tornado of trouble that rushed across his soul uprooting all the tender fibres of hope in worldly happiness had caused him to move from Georgia to Philadelphia some years before.

He had looked forward to the graduation of his son from college as the great ambition of his life. Talking about it, dreaming about it, the thought was uppermost in his mind. It never left him. To close associates he unfolded his plans for his only son. He had always insisted, in a rather boastful way, that Jack must face the world, must become acquainted with its turbulent spirit, receive some of its knocks and scrape bottom on adversity for a year or two before he would send him back to the University for his profession. Jack has never quite understood his father. He was aware that he had been moulded in the crucible of experience but the product ground in the mortar of hard knocks by the pestle of bitter ways of the world seemed to soft, too pliant. He had the gentle nature of a woman with all her pety. Yet at times he threw off his mantle of suave gentleness and displayed the inner fires that had sent him hurtling to pillar and pillar to post must end. Hounded by the law, driven like disease and pestilence from the cities, she felt that gypsies were the scum of the earth, the jettison of humanity that floated with the tides of adversity.

Even on nights when the elder Corcoran had stormed into bed, the old being reasserting itself, Jack knew that on the morrow he would be as plastic as a child. Each morning before seven he watched his father slipping away to a little closely church to pray before the Holy Tabernacle. Down in his heart Jack wondered what was the compelling petition that his father laid before the Supreme Being. There was some great favor that God in

His wisdom had never granted to his father, some desire that forced him each day to sunshine and storm to visit the little church. Could it be prayers for the departed soul of Jack's mother? Or was it that great event in his life that had driven him from Georgia to the North?

Jack had often watched the restless spirit of his father when in recollective mood. Before the giant fireplace in winter or on the cool veranda in summer he saw the disturbance of some great memory as it swooped down on him from out of the past. A hasty stirring of his chair, a nervous clearing of throat were sure to be followed by a pacing to and fro, into the hallway and back to the room, only to end with retiring from sight to his chamber. In all these seances with the past his lips moved as if in prayer, words were formed but never uttered.

Jack regretted that summer had drawn to a close. Not only because it forced the severing of college friendships for the time being but because it meant parting for a while from Janet Hathaway.

Janet had been Jack's playmate ever since he could remember. They had sojourned each summer season at Cape May, had played together on the beach with tiny buckets and later experienced childhood companionship give way to youthful affection. For the last summer or two an infatuation had developed, one that the elder Corcoran had observed with curiosity mingled with pride. Jack had selected Janet from the usual bevy of seashore girls for the simple reason that Janet had chosen him from the crowd of college youths. With the knowledge that Jack was about to leave on a long absence Janet found herself growing deeply in love.

The summer seashore colony was in the midst of breaking in September. That accounts for the hastily arranged party one evening on the eve of Jack's departure for the west. The farewell party turned out to be a mass of toasting marshmallows surrounded by a score of boys and girls, among whom Janet chose herself chief toaster.

"Jack, do you know what's rumored about you?" began Dave Thornburn who usually started and ended most party conversation. "I heard that you believed implicitly in everything that fortune teller told you on the boardwalk last night."

"Not a chance," responded Jack, his face lighting into smiles. "Oh, this is news. What did she say, Jack?" cried Angela Boylan more eager than the rest.

"That poor critter was just guessing. I never would have gone in there if it hadn't been for Dave. We tossed up and, of course, I had to lose. But those gypsies don't know any more about the future than a toadstool about astronomy."

"Well, what did she say anyway?" the party chorused. "Oh, she just said that I liked music. Anybody could have said that and that I was going out West and starve to death and a whole lot of balderdash on that order."

"No, she didn't," protested Dave. "She told him that he was going to strike oil rich, clean up on the game, marry and—oh you tell 'em Jack."

"You continue, you're getting along famously." "Whom did she say you were going to marry?" queried Angela, throwing a sidelong glance at Janet.

"Oh, no one in particular. I believe she said a girl with blue eyes, red hair and an Amazonian swagger."

"Jack, you're fibbing. If you don't tell the stuff straight I'll pitch in and do it for you," offered Dave.

"Go ahead, don't stop for me." Dave hesitated as if about to surrender a secret.

"Well, she said Jack was to marry a girl born in the East but that he would marry in the West and during the Moon of Wolves."

"Moon of Wolves. How romantic!" But what does it mean?" asked Angela.

"Dog days," suggested Dave, with a laugh. "Sort of late June bride and bridegroom I should say. But I'm wondering who this East and West girl is going to be. Probably some redskin maiden with a loud warwhoop."

"Oh, lets cut out this talk about the old hag. That primistry is the bunk, pure and simple. They can't see farther than their noses unless it's into your pocket." Jack was evidently embarrassed.

"I think it's rather nice to talk about sweet romance, and warwhooping maidens of the West. Don't you boys? Lets talk about it all evening," continued Dave with the intention of riling Jack.

"Dave's off as usual," countered Jack slowly. "What do you say about taking a swim? Last man to the water is a jellyfish."

With a rush the seated circle broke.

Jack and Janet swam together toward the moss-covered log that heaved with every wave. They rounded it and raced for the shore. The other bathers preceded them down toward the cottages that lay scattered along the Southern end of the cape. Jack walked slowly and with purpose for he intended his words to fall only on Janet's ears.

"My! Isn't this a perfectly glorious night? I wish you didn't

have to leave tomorrow," began Janet. "Can you really postpone it just for a few days?" She was pleading into Jack's face.

"Not now Janet. My ticket's bought for Tulsa. Father wants me to show my worth, as he says. You know I'll do my best in the oil lands. I may strike some money and then again I may strike only experience. That's the chance I'm taking."

"But you must be careful in the oil fields. I once read an article that said these oil towns are the most horrible places imaginable. They shoot and kill. And they attract people from all over the world. They must be lawless, too. You must promise me to be real careful Jack, will you?"

"I'll be careful. I suppose it's like any other place, if you mind your own business they won't molest you," Jack replied.

"But Jack, suppose you meet that girl whom the gypsy fortune teller told you about?"

THE THOUGHT HAD BEEN TROUBLING JANET.

#### HIS LAST CONVERT

"Quick! Miss Benson, the priest."

The door of room 42 flew open and Nurse Nolan, projecting her head outside, called to the pupil nurse standing at the white-enamelled desk at the end of the long corridor of St. Patrick's hospital. Dropping pencil and pad the latter hurried down the stairs to the chaplain's office. There was no answer to the knock—he was probably out. The excited girl rushed to the telephone in the hall. "No, Father Sullivan is not in," informed the operator at the local switchboard, "but Father Ramsdell is. Why don't you call him if you haven't time for anyone else?"

"He is on your floor, you know." So back upstairs she raced. Father Ramsdell, one of the few surviving pioneer priests of a far Western diocese who had come East five years previously. He had long since grown white in the Lord's service and those who knew him best frequently remarked that the older he grew the more his saintly influence seemed to extend. The encircling years and the physical infirmities to which advanced age is heir were fast undermining the vigorous frame of former days but the serene soul beneath appeared to reveal more and more of its charm to the outer world in proportion as the fleshly wall within which it was imprisoned weakened and broke down.

Ever since his recurrent patient at the hospital. On this last visit the large toe of his right foot, seriously threatened by his diabetic condition had been amputated. What made his condition worse was an ocular affliction that deprived him of the pleasure of reading. Today for the first time in two weeks he was going to sit up. In fact, he was just being helped into his chair by his faithful nurse when a rap sounded on the threshold stood Miss Nolan.

"Oh, Father, my patient is dying and wants to be baptized. Father Sullivan is not in. Can you come down?"

The whirlwind suddenness of this summons disconnected the two. The priest for a second or two. Confused and surprised he looked helplessly from one to the other. But in another minute he regained his accustomed composure. It was the old familiar call to duty and he was ready to answer it. "By all means, Miss Nolan. Get me into a wheel chair and I'll go."

A hasty glance up and down the corridor showed that there was no wheel chair in sight. "Tony," the undersized, dark-eyed cleaner of the big moustache proved the unwitting hero. At that moment he happened to be hauling a low truck piled high with discarded newspapers and magazines, and as usual was absorbed in his work to the exclusion of all else. Suddenly he felt the handle wrenched from his grasp. Wheeling around to locate the source of this abrupt attack he caught sight of his neat bundle of reading matter flying in all directions. Leaving "Tony" to saw the air frantically to the accompaniment of his forefingers exploring the resourceful nurse pulled the truck quickly to the clergyman's door and assisted by Miss Nolan, his nurse, lifted him chair and all on her improvised wheel chair. Then down the hall they rolled him, the poor old man hardly knowing what it was all about as he peered down anxiously in an attempt to discover the nature of the vehicle on which he was riding.

The patient was breathing hard but was fully conscious. "Oh, Father," she pleaded, "baptize me, please. I should not have waited so long." The two nurses excused themselves while the priest instructed her as best he could under the circumstances. Fortunately he found his task considerably lightened by the fact that the sick woman displayed an unusually firm grasp on the fundamentals of the faith. As not seldom happens in such cases when the Sacrament of Baptism had been administered a general calmness of body and peace of soul began to take possession of her. Her breathing, as her nurse godmother remarked, became easier and while not yet out of danger she seemed to rest more comfortably. With a smile that bespoke the happiness of a life-time fulfilled she put out her hand to thank the old sogaarth. But . . . he had fainted away.

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That evening as the chaplain on his rounds opened the door of room 42 he was met by Miss Nolan. It was plain from her gracious smile that her patient's condition was improved. Mrs. Culbert extended a hand to him as he walked in. "Father," she began, her face radiating with joy, "the Lord has been good to me today. He has granted me two great favors. Here she stopped and the eyes of the visitor searched her questioning. He had heard of only one of them. "Sit down, Father," she continued. "I have something to tell you."

"My attraction for the Catholic religion goes back many years. But I must remind you in the first place that I am a child of a mixed marriage. I understand now the wisdom of the Catholic Church in opposing such unions. My father was a Protestant and my mother Catholic. I had one brother older than myself and he was reared in mother's religion. But Dad had his way with me and so I grew up a Baptist. We were in comfortable circumstances, the folks had a farm in Kent county and when I was about ten years of age both my parents were suddenly killed in a railway accident. That left me a cloud over my life. After that I was sent away to make my home with father's people, all Protestants, and my brother went out to California with distant relatives of my mother. How well I remember the day the poor boy left. I went around to the back of the house and cried my eyes out. He managed to keep in touch with me for a while but then his letters stopped coming. I could not guess the reason but somehow I suspected that my relatives had a hand in the new turn of events. They took exception to all things Catholic and had forbidden me to communicate with him. My worst imaginings were confirmed one day when I found the remains of one of his letters on the ash heap. I pieced it together as best I could and made out enough to know that my brother was well and about to graduate from college. I answered it secretly but never received an answer."

"About this time, Father, I was sent away to boarding school and while there I was obliged to undergo an operation. I became a patient at St. Mary's hospital in Grenston. That was considered the best place in the State and besides there was a noted surgeon there, now dead. I have forgotten his name. It was there that my real love for the Catholic Church began. The kindness of everyone, I have never forgotten. It made a great change in my feelings. I would be more correct to say that they were revolutionized. In my own youthful way I proceeded to reason that a religion that could produce so much good must be of a superior brand. The self-sacrifice of the nuns, especially, impressed me deeply. I had never seen anything like that before, such absolute forgetfulness of self for the sake of a cause. It set me thinking. I asked my Father, my own religion struck me as cold and barren alongside this warmth of charity. It was not strange, was it, that before I was discharged I longed to become a Catholic."

"I forgot to mention, Father, that I had a singular experience before I underwent the operation, an experience which helped pave the way for my changed attitude toward all things Catholic. It happened in the operating room. There was a crucifix on the wall the same as there is here, I suppose, and as the intern placed the ether-cap over my nostrils that crucifix seemed to step down from the wall and come toward me with outstretched arms. It was wonderful, wonderful and a source of great consolation to me ever since. I certainly would have carried out my intentions to become a Catholic were it not for an early and in some ways an unfortunate marriage. My husband was not a Catholic and not at all friendly to the Church. Then with the cares of a growing family you can imagine how much time I had to carry out my resolution. But I cultivated Catholic friends, read Catholic books, and became acquainted with Catholic practices. But there were two things that I have always prayed for; my own reception into the Church and the discovery of my long lost brother. I had never been able to secure the least trace of him but God has been good to me and."

"Father Sullivan, you are wanted down the corridor."

The chaplain excusing himself for a moment arose quickly and stepped out. After he had closed the door the nurse informed him that old Father Ramsdell had just suffered a weak spell and wanted to speak to him. That effort this morning, I'm afraid was too much for him," she added.

The young priest's trained eye told him that the old pioneer was indeed sick, sick unto death. There was no time to spare. He heard his confession and then administered the Last Rites. When he had finished the white-haired ambassador of Christ raised his trembling hand slightly as if to impart a blessing to his conferees. His breathing was labored, his voice feeble, and the word slow.

"She is all I have, Father, and God gave her back to me today before he called me to Himself. She—she is—she is my long lost sister. Do what you can for her when I am gone."

In a few minutes the dying man lapsed into unconsciousness. His own sister was his last convert.—The Eternal Light.

THE STORY OF CHRIST

BY GIOVANNI PAPINI  
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But if the young man had brought himself to the point of refusing the name of son, the old man never felt himself more father than at this moment; he seemed to become a father for a second time, and without even answering, with his eyes still clouded and soft, but with the ringing voice of his best days, he called to the servants: "Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet."

The son of the master should not return home wretchedly dressed like a beggar. The finest garment should be given him, new shoes, a ring on his finger, and the servants must wait on him because he, too, is a master.

"And bring hither the fatted calf; and kill it, and let us eat and be merry. For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

The fatted calf was kept in reserve for great feast days; but what festival can be greater for me than this one? I had wept for my son as dead and here he is alive with me. I had lost him in the world and the world has delivered him back to me. He was far away and now is with me, he was a beggar at the doors of strange houses, and now is master in his own house; he was famished and now he shall be served with a banquet at his own table.

And the servants obeyed him and the calf was killed, skinned, cut up and put to cook. The oldest wine was taken from the wine-cellar, and the finest room was prepared for the dinner in celebration of the return. Servants went to call his father's friends and others went to summon musicians, that there should be music. And when everything was ready, when the son had been bathed, and his father had kissed him many times more—almost as if to assure himself with his lips that his true son was there with him and it was not the vision of a dream—they commenced the banquet, the wines were mixed and the musicians accompanied the songs of joy.

The older son was in the field, working, and in the evening when he came back and was near to the house he heard shouts and stampings and clapping of hands, and the footsteps of dancers. And he could not understand. "Whatever can have happened? Perhaps my father has gone crazy or perhaps a wedding procession has arrived unexpectedly at our house."

Disliking noise and new faces, he would not enter and see for himself what it was. But he called to a boy coming out of the house and asked him what all that clatter was.

"Thy brother is come; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound."

These words were like a thrust at his heart. He turned pale, not with pleasure, but with rage and jealousy. The old envy boiled up inside. It seemed to him that he had all the right on his side, and he would not go into the house, but stayed outside, angry.

Then his father went out and entreated him: "Come, for your brother has come back and has asked after you, and will be glad to see you, and we will feast together."

But the serious-minded young man could not contain himself, and for the first time in his life vented to reprove his father to his face.

"Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment; yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends: but as soon as this thy son was come, who hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf."

With these few words he discloses all the ignominy of his soul hidden until then under the Pharisaical cloak of good behavior. He reproaches his father with his own obedience, he reproaches him with his avarice: "You have never given me even a kid"—and he reproaches him, he, a loveless son, for being a too-loving father. "This thy son," he does not say, "brother." His father may recognize him as son, but he will not recognize him as brother. "He hath devoured thy living with harlots. Money that was not his, with women that were not his while I stayed with thee sweating on thy fields with no recompense."

But his father pardoned this son, as he did the other son, "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad; for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found."

The father is sure that these words will be enough to silence the other. "He was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found. What other reasons can be needed, and what other reasons can be better than these—grant that he has done what he has done, that he has spent my money on women; he has dissipated as much as he could; he left

me without a greeting; he left me to weep. He could have done worse than that and still would have been my son. He could have stolen on the streets, could have murdered the guiltless, he could have offended me even more, but I never could forget that he is my son, my own blood. He was gone and has returned, was disappeared and has reappeared, was lost and is found, was dead and is alive again. This is enough for me and to celebrate this miracle a fatted calf seems little to me. Thou hast never left me, I always enjoyed thee, all my kids are thine if thou askest for them; thou hast eaten every day at my table; but he was gone for so many days and weeks and months! I saw him only in my dreams; he has not eaten a single piece of bread with me in all that time. He is not the right to triumph at least this day?"

Jesus stopped here. He did not go on with His story. There was no need of that, the meaning of the parable is clear with no additions. But no story—after that of Joseph—that ever came from human lips is more beautiful than this one or ever touched more deeply the hearts of men. Interpreters are free to comment and explain, that the prodigal son is the new man purified by the experience of grief, and the older son, the Pharisee who observes the old law but does not know love. Or else that the older son is the Jewish people who do not understand the love of the Father welcoming the pagan, although he had wallowed in the foul loves of paganism and had lived in the company of sinners.

Jesus was no maker of riddles. He Himself says expressly that the meaning of this and similar parables is: "More joy shall be in Heaven over one sinner who repents than over all the righteous who vaunt themselves in their false righteousness; than for all the pure who are proud of their external purity; than for all the zealous who hide the aridity of their hearts by their apparent respect for the law."

The truly righteous will be received in the Kingdom, but no one ever doubted them, they have made no one tremble and suffer and there is no need to rejoice; but for him who has been near perdition, who has gone through deep sufferings to make himself a new soul, to overcome his beatidity, who merits his place in the Kingdom the more because he has had to deny all his past to obtain it, for him songs of triumph shall arise.

"What man of you having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it? And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing. And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost."

Either what woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it? And when she hath found it, she calleth her friends and her neighbors together, saying, 'Rejoice with me; for I have found the piece which I had lost.'

And what is a sheep compared to a son returned to life, to a man saved? And of what value is a piece of silver compared to one astray, who finds himself again?

THE PARABLES OF SIN

But forgiveness creates an obligation for which there are no exceptions allowed. Love is a fire which goes out if it does not kindle others. Thou hast burned with joy; kindle him who comes near you if thou wilt not become like stone, smoky but cold. He who has received must give; it is better to give much, but it is essential to give part at least.

A king one day wanted a reckoning with his servants and one by one he called them before him. Among the first was one who owed him ten thousand talents, but as he had not anything to pay this, the king commanded that he should be sold and his wife and his children and all that he had, in payment of a part of the debt. The servant in despair threw himself at the feet of a king. He seemed a mere bundle of garments crying out sobs and promises. "Have patience with me, wait a little longer and I will pay you all, but do not have my wife and my children separated from me, sent away like cattle, no one knows where."

The king was moved with compassion—he also had little children—and he sent him away free and forgave him that great debt. The servant went out and seemed another man; but his heart, even after so much mercy shown to him, was the same as before. And he met one of his fellow-servants who owed him a hundred pence, a small thing compared with ten thousand talents, and he sprang on him and took him by the throat. "Pay me what thou owest and at once, or I will have thee bound by the guards." The unlucky man assaulted in this way did what his persecutor had done a little while before in the presence of the king. He fell down at his feet and besought him and wept and swore that he would pay him in a few days and kissed the hem of his garment, and recalled to him their old comradeship and begged him to wait in the name of the children who were waiting for him in his home.

But the oaf, who was a servant and not a king, had no compassion. He took his debtor by the arm and led him cast into prison. The news spread abroad among the other servants of the palace. They were full of compassion, and it came quickly to the ears of the king, who called that pitiless man and delivered him to the tormentors: "I forgive you that great debt, shouldst thou not have had compassion on thy brother, for his debt was so much smaller? I had pity on thee, oughtst thou not to have had pity on him?"

Sinners when they recognize the evil which is in their hearts and abjure it with true humility are nearer to the Kingdom than pious men who daub themselves with the praise of their own piety.

Two men went into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, the other a Publican. The Pharisee, with his phylacteries hanging upon his forehead and on his left arm, with the long, glittering fringes on his cloak, erect like a man who feels himself in his own house, prayed thus: "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this Publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess."

But the Publican did not have the courage even to lift his eyes and seemed ashamed to appear before his Lord. He sighed and smote on his breast and said only these words: "God be merciful to me a sinner."

"I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other: for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbly himself shall be exalted."

A lawyer asked Jesus who is one's neighbor, and Jesus told this story: "A man, a Jew went down from Jerusalem to Jericho through the mountain passes. Thieves fell upon him, and after they had wounded him and taken away his clothes, they left him upon the road half dead. A priest passed that way, one of those who go to all the feasts and meetings, and boast that they know the will of God from beginning to end. He saw the unfortunate man stretched out but he did not stop, and to avoid touching something unclean he passed by on the other side of the road. A little after came a Levite. He also was among the most accredited of the zealots, knew every detail of all the holy ceremonies, and seemed more than a sacristan, seemed one of the masters of the Temple. He looked at the bloody body and went on his way. And finally came a Samaritan. To the Jews the Samaritans were faithless, traitors, only slightly less detestable than the Gentiles, they left him upon the road half dead. 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BISHOP WELLDON HAS A RELAPSE

Bishop Welldon, the Dean of Durham Cathedral, was formerly for many years Dean of the Cathedral at Manchester. In his capacity of Dean, both in Manchester and in Durham, Bishop Welldon has shown a zeal for the "Church of the Nation" that not only outruns discretion but tramples on dignity and good taste.

However, he furnishes some excellent Sunday reading, affording us an interesting and illuminating glimpse of religious sentiment in England; especially so with regard to the position attained by the Catholic Church. The admirable spirit of English Catholics points a moral for all of us. And Bishop Welldon has for a second time invited and received a rebuke from his co-religionists that should cause him furiously to think.

Eleven years ago Daniel McCabe was chosen Lord Mayor of Manchester. Now in England they have the highly commendable custom of beginning the new civic year by having a special, inaugural religious service, attended by the civic authorities headed by the Mayor with all the insignia of office. This custom is wholly admirable, one that no Catholic would like to see abandoned. But the service is always that of the Established Church and Catholics may not participate in it. Now Alderman McCabe was not the sort of man to disguise or minimize his Catholicity. On the contrary he labored in the Sunday School, formed reading circles amongst the young men, began the Christian Doctrine Confraternity, was an enthusiastic member of St. Vincent de Paul Society, president of the Catholic Truth Society, a zealot of the St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Society. In all these things and in many others Daniel McCabe filled no merely honorary position but took his full share of the hard work and was an inspiration to his co-laborers.

In his own person and life he proved to his fellow-citizens that uncompromising fidelity to the Catholic religion and enthusiastic participation in every Catholic activity may go hand in hand with a type of citizenship that compelled their admiration. Indeed as a brother of St. Vincent de Paul he acquired an intimate, first hand knowledge of conditions in congested city districts that was recognized as invaluable by his colleagues in the work of sane and practical social reform. His colleagues knew that he was a Catholic first, last and all the time. They also knew his work as Alderman by intimate association with him for many years. So they made him the first Catholic Lord Mayor of Manchester.

At the service in the Manchester Cathedral Lord Mayor McCabe did not head the Corporation; that duty he delegated to the Deputy-Mayor. Bishop Welldon, the preacher of the occasion, referring to the absence of the Catholic Lord Mayor said:

"They regretted this absence, and still more they regretted the reason of it. The spirit of religious exclusiveness was so far from their own hearts that they could scarcely realize that at this time of day, in the twentieth century of the Christian era, it could linger anywhere else. But it was no part of their duty to criticize the motives and actions of others. They who were members of a more Catholic Church might rejoice that they were not debarred by any ecclesiastical authority from the privilege of associating themselves in public worship with the great majority of their fellow-Christians."

Emphatic was the dissent from the Dean's statement and emphatic was the approval of the Lord Mayor's stand. In the Manchester

Guardian, 'Anglican', after expressing the keen humiliation he felt, thus gives his opinion of what called forth the Dean's ill-natured recitation:

"In these days of religious indefiniteness, it is a matter of devout thankfulness to find a public man acting according to his religious convictions, and the Lord Mayor deserves the respect of the whole community for so doing. . . The mere accident of the Establishment is no justification to any man for swallowing his religious principles and practically playing the hypocrite, just because he happens for the time being to hold an important civic position. The Lord Mayor has set Manchester a noble example of religious consistency in the straightforward, manly way in which he has acted all along, and I for one say, 'All honor to him!'"

Even the Church Times, the leading Church of England publication, thus takes the hapless Dean to task: "What His Lordship meant by 'Catholic' was 'heterogeneous,' or 'miscellaneous,' or 'omnium gatherum,' which would have been perfectly intelligible and adequate, without depriving an ancient word of a definite meaning of its own. We should like to learn from Bishop Welldon what is the ecclesiastical authority that has dispensed churchmen on 'special and solemn occasions' from their ordinary objections as Catholics in the established sense of that ill-treated word."

And the Manchester correspondent of the same Anglican organ wrote:

"Needless to say the Dean has been very severely criticized. Members of the City Council are very angry at what they describe as an attack on the Lord Mayor; Roman Catholics are naturally indignant; the man in the street resents what he regards as an unfair use of the pulpit, and few are found to champion the Dean's cause. It must be confessed that these attacks on Roman Catholics never do any good. It enables them to represent churchmen as utterly indifferent in their own beliefs and ready to surrender them on the least provocation. And certainly the eagerness with which many Church members are professing their willingness to go next Sunday to High Mass at the Church of the Holy Name with the Lord Mayor gives point to their sneers."

And the next Sunday a large number of the City Council and other public bodies occupied special seats in the Catholic Church at the Lord Mayor's Mass. Thus did they endeavor to give the Dean a lesson in Christian politeness and to show the Catholic Lord Mayor that they honored him all the more for his fidelity to his convictions.

The Manchester Corporation re-elected him, and insisted on his retaining office in the difficult time of the Great War. He was not the man to shirk work for which he had an enormous capacity; and was knighted for his signal services and died Sir Daniel McCabe.

One might think that the Dean would have learned that lesson. But the Dean is not thin-skinned. He is now Dean of Durham. And in the recent elections Councillor T. W. Holiday, a Catholic, was elected Mayor. The Mayor was not present at the service in Durham Cathedral but the office was represented by the Deputy-Mayor. Again Bishop Welldon was the preacher and he demonstrated that he learned nothing from his Manchester experience. Again his petulant ill-nature broke out in the pulpit.

He is thus, in part, reported: "The Dean of Durham (Bishop Welldon) was clearly disturbed at what he referred to as 'putting an affront on a church which is as dear to us as their (Catholic) church is to them.' The Dean also expressed, on behalf of his Church, a readiness and eagerness 'to associate ourselves with them, not in work alone but in worship.'"

"He respectfully invited his Catholic friends to consider whether they were acting patriotically in practising the law, not of conciliation but of complete isolation in ecclesiastical life.

"A religious body which held itself aloof from such a national ceremony as the Coronation of the Sovereign was hardly part of a nation; it was like a nation within a nation; nor could it, apparently, fulfill the ordinary courtesies of life.

"Where was the alienation, the isolation, of the Church of Rome, he asked, going to end except in the utter denial or disregard of

Almighty God on all public occasions in national life?

"Was it too much to say that this isolation must affect the attitude of Christians who were isolated together the nation itself? He made no general charge of disloyalty against Catholics in Great Britain. He brought no such charge; it would be unjust and untrue."

Needless to say Bishop Welldon's attack was not allowed to pass in silence. A vigorous reply to Bishop Welldon's attack was made in an open letter in the Daily Express by Father F. Woodlock, S. J., who suggested that the Bishop was unnecessarily touchy on the matter. "You are not 'affronted,'" he wrote, "by the practising Jew who refuses bacon at your table or by the devout Mohammedan who will not drink Your Lordship's port."

In addressing a gathering of Councillors who had freely chosen a Catholic for the post of Mayor, Father Woodlock continued, he had spent his energies and time trying to prove that their choice had fallen on one who lacked ordinary courtesy and patriotism, and who should be denied an Englishman's privileges because he could not accept the Established Church as the Catholic Church in this country.

Of course there was spirited controversy in the press. Replying to the Dean's charge of "isolation," Father McLaughlin said: "Our isolation from other Christians is not our own doing; it is theirs. They left us because they could no longer share our worship. Not we, but they, thought the time had come for many conflicting churches in place of Christ's one Church."

But the most unkindest cut came from Dr. Temple, Bishop of Manchester, of whose Cathedral Bishop Welldon was dean until his appointment to Durham.

"I see no reason," says Bishop Temple, "why the civic duties of a Mayor should be allowed to obscure his loyalty to his Church. If the Mayor of Durham decided that his religious feelings did not allow him to attend the service in an Anglican Church, I do not think his decision entailed any lack of courtesy or patriotism. I fail to see where patriotism enters into the question. I feel that it is undesirable in any way to confuse loyalty to one's Church with loyalty to one's country. I should welcome any Roman Catholic who wished to attend any of my services, but I should feel bound to advise him not to do so. All of us are entitled to our own religious beliefs and feelings, and it must rest with the person concerned whether he or she cares to attend a Church service of another Denomination from their own."

The Universe heartily congratulates Dr. Temple for his "straightforward words" and adds the comment: "Loyalty to the Church of England or any other religious body is not necessarily accompanied by disrespect for other people's loyalties, still less does it excuse an attack upon them so crude and untimely as that which Bishop Welldon delivered the other day in the Cathedral Church of Durham."

We should imagine that Anglicans must be far more anxious than Catholics to muzzle Dr. Welldon.

ONTARIO'S RURAL SCHOOLS

We have just read Premier Ferguson's announcement that while Ontario's rural school system will be revised to meet more adequately the needs of the farming community such revision will not go the length of divorcing rural schools from the general system. That is eminently sane and satisfactory.

tion than it is here. And this prepares the way for more general technical instruction.

Again we are told that the policy of decentralization, already inaugurated, will be continued and the curriculum made more elastic so as to permit development along the lines of local requirements. This again is sane and reassuring to those who feared too drastic changes of a largely experimental nature. For centralization and uniformity have accomplished the object that justified their existence, namely raising the general standard of education. Now a greater latitude for the adaptation of rural schools to local needs, and the provision for the rural population of something corresponding to the urban technical high schools will give a new impetus as well as a new direction to rural education.

We are glad to note that the Minister of Education realizes that whatever may be the changes required for intelligent progress and betterment must be along the lines of orderly development of our existing school system.

AN AMUSING CONTROVERSY

There is a very funny controversy going on in the Halifax Chronicle, of Halifax, Nova Scotia. We hope all our readers in Nova Scotia who see that paper are getting as much fun out of it as we are. The subject is Saint Peter; his Primacy; his sojourn in Rome; his position in that place. The discussion is being conducted in the correspondents' columns; and the Protestant correspondents are blithely reproducing Doctor Littledale's "Plain Reasons" without a thought for the fact that Littledale was a most unreliable commentator on Church history and was exposed as such so fully that no one who has the least pretension to scholarship dares to quote him as an authority now. His anti-Papal bias was so extreme.

But they might quote his opinion of the leaders of the "Reformation" if they wanted to do so, without arousing any great amount of contradiction from Catholics. He makes them out to have been a pretty lot of rascals. However, we never hear anything of Littledale's comments in that direction.

On the subject of the Papal claims Littledale is the favorite resource of casual readers of Church history and some of such casual readers are boring everybody in sight the last few weeks in the Halifax Chronicle with a lengthy rehash of his views and his prejudiced misrepresentations of the History of Saint Peter.

After the Reformation was started, it was thought necessary to get rid of Saint Peter. He was decidedly in the way. Saint Paul might be twisted around to suit the "Reformed religion." All that was necessary was to put their own construction on what he had written. So with the four evangelists, Saint James, however, was rejected, for he was too plainly a "Romanist." His Epistle was said by Luther to be no good and it was summarily rejected. Other books of the Bible were also rejected but were afterwards replaced in the Protestant editions. One or two besides Saint James were rejected permanently.

But Saint Peter's Epistles were too plainly Canonical Scripture to be summarily dismissed. Yet he had to be got rid of as head of the Church. There was in the Gospels more than one distinct statement of our Blessed Lord which made it plain that Peter was to be head of the Apostles. These statements, however, could be twisted by the application of arbitrary construction; and that was done of course. But that was not enough; it was not safe enough. If it was true that Saint Peter had actually for fifteen hundred years been regarded universally as the head of the Church the words of Christ would not be so easy to distort. Therefore Saint Peter must be got rid of. It was true that all the Councils of the Church for fifteen hundred years had treated the Primacy of Saint Peter as a settled and unquestionable thing; but the ingenuity of the Reformers was equal to handling that difficulty to their own satisfaction. They framed a theory that some time in the early centuries the Popes had performed a great slight of hand trick on the

whole world; and had thereby acquired the semblance of the authority which the Reformers now proposed to deny. The time of this great piece of magic has never been definitely fixed. The Church of England began by asserting that the whole mesmeric sleep of all Christendom had lasted for seven hundred years; which would place the time of the great magic at about the eighth century.

But that was not fixed; for in order that a theory like that may do its work properly, it is necessary that it have a few centuries to come and go on. As Catholics in controversy forced the proof of the Primacy of Saint Peter back and back, century by century, so the Protestant theory retreated until now one of the correspondents says with a bit of a swagger that he will make us a present of all that was written between the year 100 and the Reformation. He wants first hand proof he says; which means, no doubt, that he wants something that was written by a man who was in Saint Peter's actual presence at Rome and saw him there. If he were given that he would at once begin to question the genuineness of that man's testimony; to insinuate that he never lived and that he was created by the Catholics out of their own heads as a witness for their faith.

The theory is argument proof. Saint Peter must not be admitted to have been the head of the Church in fact because that would lend a deeper significance, if such a thing be possible, to the language of Christ to him in the Gospel. So, they tell us that Saint Peter was never Bishop of Rome and that it is only a guess, (the phrase is Littledale's), that he ever was in Rome at all.

Now for the magic. Let us say right here that about thirty of the most eminent writers of the Protestant denominations have given up the magic theory to a great extent. Yet, as this theory is still very popular amongst Protestants, we must say a few words about it. The theory is that at one time or another the Popes succeeded in imposing themselves on the whole Christian world as the successors of an Apostle who was the Rock mentioned by Christ on whom He decided to build His Church. Now, Protestantism is only the latest of the great heretical movements. It is not even the greatest of them. There were many of them, and bitter were their attacks on the Catholic Church. But not one of them ever thought of saying that Saint Peter was never in Rome, nor of denying that he was the Chief of the Apostles. Heretics by thousands were excommunicated in the name of Saint Peter by the early Church Councils; his name and his primacy were in those cases expressly invoked in assertion of the power of the See of Rome to condemn heretical movements and to finally decide what was and what was not the teaching of Christ. And bishops and priests by scores and by hundreds, and laity by the thousands and thousands, were cast out of the Church in the name and by the power of the keys expressly claimed and expressly exercised in the name of Saint Peter whose name was always mentioned in the decrees, and yet never one of them for one moment thought of saying, "Hold a moment; we deny that Saint Peter was ever in Rome at all; we deny that he was ever Bishop of Rome." They never thought of such a thing. Now, was not that the most marvellous magic ever heard of which cast such a spell as that over hundreds of able men who were bitter as men can be towards the Popes who were cutting them off from the Church?

More than that, if his presence and his presiding as bishop in Rome be a fabrication of the Popes, how do the correspondents of the Chronicle account for the fact that the same magic, after seventeen hundred years or so of activity had still enough strength in it to convince thirty eminent Protestant historians of modern times that Saint Peter was in Rome and was Bishop of Rome? There they are, and they are Protestants on our side in this matter. Of course, they thought that they have other reasons for refusing to admit that the Pope is supreme in teaching and disciplinary authority. But that only makes the more striking their refusal to take seriously the theory of the great slight of hand performance by which the whole world was fooled into believing that Saint Peter, was

bishop of Rome. The correspondents of the Chronicle must, we suppose, imagine that these thirty eminent gentlemen are also victims of the same magic which befooled all the world for fifteen hundred years.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE BRITISH Foreign Secretary having called upon the Pope during his recent visit to Rome it will now be in order for the Orange Lodges in Canada to forward to Premier Baldwin a note of protest.

A SECULAR newspaper traces the origin of the Christmas stocking to a sixteenth-century convent, where the inmates were invited to hang a silk stocking on the door of the Abbess on Christmas eve. The more is the pity that the whole custom of Christmas giving, which had its origin in the practice of Catholic charity, should have become so hopelessly commercialized, even vulgarized in our day.

CONTRIBUTORS to the cause of Catholic missions in China may find food for fresh enthusiasm in the account given in the Don Bosco Messenger of the opening under Salesian auspices of a new orphan asylum at Shin-Chow, Ho-Si. A picture of the buildings in a recent issue of the Messenger shows it to be fully worthy of the great cause to which it is dedicated.

THE ASYLUM is erected on the ruins of an old pagan house. True to the spirit of Don Bosco, and of his great exemplar St. Francis de Sales, his sons, from the moment of their landing in China, forget self, and know no other ambition or anxiety save that of winning for God the love of the little orphans entrusted to their care. In regard to the Ho-Si house their first charges numbered less than ten, but now the walls of the hospice re-echo the happy voices of over a hundred, all abandoned by or won from pagan parents, and pledged under Salesian auspices to swell the ranks of the Christianity of the future in China.

BUT IT is not the children only in these pagan lands who profit spiritually by the presence of the Catholic missionary. When the orphanage first opened its doors, we read, the entire surrounding population was pagan, but the influence of the little ones, reared under the well-tried spirit of Don Bosco, made itself felt on the adults too. The few first catechumens of the place lacked fervor, but charmed by the piety of the little ones they soon became active in their new-found Faith. And now there are several hundred fervent Christians who attend Mass daily and have a tender devotion to Mary, Help of Christians, the title of the Blessed Virgin under which Don Bosco founded his institute, and which has ever distinguished it.

FOR THE rounding-out of the orphanage it soon became necessary to build a church, since the room set aside for a chapel became entirely inadequate. By means of alms from a generous benefactor who remains anonymous, aided by the native Christians, the project was soon realized, and as appears from the picture before us the church is a substantial structure, not devoid of architectural features, which is built at right angles with the orphanage, the two buildings together thus forming two sides of a square. The design was drawn by a Salesian priest, Father Frigo, who is now in New York superintending work among the Chinese of that city.

NEAR BY, we further read, there are the much more pretentious buildings of the Protestant mission, whose schools were largely attended. But since the opening of the Catholic orphanage attendance has decreased at the Protestant schools since, "the people prefer the comparative poverty of the Salesian house—a poverty which goes hand in hand with the truest charity." "When we consider that the Salesian family has spread throughout the world in a very short time and in a most wonderful manner," the Holy Father, Pius XI., wrote to the Rector Major on occasion of the Golden Jubilee of the establishment of its missions, "we well understand what great wisdom prompted your Founder, the Ven. John Bosco, to found opportunely the Cooperators of both sexes." This refers

BRITISH POLITICS

INTERESTING ANALYSIS OF AN INTERESTING STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT

By Captain D. D. Sheehan, Esq., M. P. in the House of Commons. Catholic Herald

In my former contribution I traced the marvellous growth of the Labor Party during the past twenty years. I showed that prior to the General Election of 1900 the British workers and their organizations were mainly concerned with social and industrial issues—with such questions as wages, hours of work, housing, education, and the other material factors that bore directly and intimately upon their daily lives and individual occupations.

In those days they had scarcely the glimmerings of a political policy. The Socialism of Marx and even of Robert Owen were but little understood and cursorily discussed. The struggle that was waged was a sort of elemental and elementary class war between employers and employed, where the capitalist and the worker regarded each other with the deadliest enmity, the one a ruthless oppressor and the other a sulky slave.

Employers' Federations came into being to fight the growing aggressiveness of the Trades Unions. The gospelers of the new Socialism were now getting a hearing for the first time. Capitalism was to be wiped out. The State was to regulate everything—to capture all "the means of production, distribution and exchange," and become the sole owners of everything and the sole employer of everybody.

This was the kind of rant which was gathering its own cohorts of rash followers and a decidedly dangerous momentum two decades ago. It has its own perverted preachers now, but we know them for the unmitigated extremists and unscrupulous revolutionaries that they are. The steady march of Labor to its own definite place in the political plane, the sobering influence induced by the acceptance of power and responsibility, the knowledge that through the extension of the franchise it can control its destinies and subdue the forces that work admitted evil against it, have curbed and limited and set in their special and particular category the madcap nummers who would throw a world into revolution to satisfy their perverted lust of class revenge and hate.

"RED" NURSERIES

The spirit of class feeling undoubtedly still makes strong appeal to the less balanced section of the workers—and the alien element, mostly of mongrel stock, having no long-descended pride of country and no inheritances of national belief, is a cankering source of infection and disintegration. When I contested Limehouse for the Labor Party in 1918 I was brought right up against the crudest forms of Bolshevism which I had strenuously to combat and disavow. The sweat shops of alien labor in our great cities are the pestilential nurseries of revolutionaries and "red-men." Labor has done well in deciding that it shall not admit these groups to its comity, but it would have done better if it had not winked its tolerance of the Saklatvalas.

It declares a policy, but it has not the sturdy downward courage to pursue it to positive action, and so is distrust bred in the honesty, good faith and right intention of its leaders.

After a necessarily fevered and rather delirious possession of power Labor has been brought to earth once more in abrupt and unmistakable fashion. But this year has been fruitful in lessons and experiences of great value if it will only rightly heed their import and not strain unduly against the leash. I write as one reviewing things from the heights and, as it were, apart since I no longer have any definite political attachments. Socialism in the Marxian sense I do not believe in. Communism I detest. Bolshevism I regard as the emanation of the evil spirit. And there is too much of each and all of these creeds in the Labor Party today to make me have any great love or liking for it.

TRUCKLING TO COMMUNISM

This, however, does not blind me to its august possibilities if only Labor in the mass be true to itself and its great mission. There are, however, many amongst its accepted leaders who have the habit of saying one thing when they stand on a British platform and spouting something wholly different when they become the guests of the Soviet dictators, as witness the fulminations of Messrs. Tillet, Purcell and Co. the other day when they in effect declared that Bolshevism was the hope of the proletarians of the world. If the Congress of Trades Unions selects envoys or delegates to represent it at Moscow or elsewhere it must have assurance that they shall not go beyond the declared programme and purpose of the British Labor Party, and that

If they err in exaggeration or commit themselves to individual declarations of political faith wholly at variance with the accredited policy of the British Labor Party, whose views they are supposed to represent, then they must be held to a strict accounting of their trust and in so far as they have failed in the proper discharge of it rigorously censured and disavowed.

Communism and Bolshevism I hold to be treason to the true and best interests of Labor, and it is this temporizing with treason which causes many earnest-minded reformers to gravely reflect whether the leaders of labor are always honest in their professions when they declare that with Communism they can have no part or lot yet tolerate the rank hypocrites of the Tillets and the Purcells among them.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

Labor is at the parting of the ways so far as these matters of pure principle are concerned. A politician may practice the ways of expediency for a time, but even he has only a temporary success with it. A Party can never palter with principle without weakening its force and losing something of that glowing and inspired faith without which any Party is only a soulless aggregation of atoms. When Labor flung its portals wide open to all workers—whether by hand or brain—when it admitted the professional man, and the clerk, and the small shopkeeper to its membership, it made a definite advance along the road to power. Rightly understood, from that moment it ceased to be a class party and became a Party of the people with broader responsibilities and commitments far removed indeed from the duties it had hitherto owed only to one particular class or group known generically as the working class.

The War, which threw so many things into the cauldron, unquestionably hastened by a generation at least the progress of the Labor Party. The measure of enfranchisement extended to women and the adoption of adult suffrage for all men might otherwise have come too slowly and after long delays. The throwing open of the Labor movement to practically every worker who is prepared to subscribe to its programme and policy has transformed it so that it bears only the shadow of a resemblance to the Party of eighteen or twenty years ago. Trade Unionism still remains the great basic body, but otherwise the Labor Party is just as likely to, and in fact does, claim adherents among the middle and upper classes and the aristocracy equally with the Conservative and Liberal Parties.

LABOR'S FITNESS TO GOVERN

It has become one of the great Parties in the State. It has proved its fitness to hold office and to govern. While discharging the functions of his Majesty's Government it has not necessarily pleased all parties. The remarkable thing is that coming untried to office and with many of its members untrained in the ways of administration it did so amazingly well in a very difficult time. Even if we be critical, above all things let us be fair. And that the Labor Party justified itself during its nine months' tenure of the reins of Government none but the blindly partisan will attempt to deny.

Wherein it failed, its failure was due rather more to conflicting forces within itself than to antagonisms acting from outside. It is somewhat ironically, as I conceive, called the Socialist Party. To my mind whatever Socialism it possesses is curiously British in character—a faint dilution of Marxism with a very strong admixture of old-fashioned Trade Unionism which seeks change and reform along the ordered lines of Constitutional enactment and peaceful evolution.

On the other hand, it is the playing and paltering with Socialism, pure and unadulterated—the pandering to and the cajoling by the extremists which, in my judgment, brought the first Labor Government to its speedy downfall. The amazing thing to me is that the Labor Party did not suffer more than it did in the general melee. It has had a set-back—invited and well-deserved beyond doubt, but still only a set-back.

LABOR AND LIBERALISM

Its leaders now know exactly where they stand. Being politically wise, with the wisdom of the serpent—in the sense that all politicians are—I doubt whether the older and the shrewder leaders will not continue to make "the wild men" in the Party tone down their robustness of self-assertion. If they do not put "the damper on" in no mistaken fashion then I do not require any very great gifts of prophecy to foresee for them a longer sojourning in the wilderness than they are looking forward to. Furthermore, I think the Labor leaders treated the Liberal Party rather scurvily and with needless flouts and jeers in the season of their brief authority. They were not mindful of all that the Liberal Party did for the freedom and emancipation of the submerged during many a wearisome year and generation of travail and effort. Historically, it may with truth be said that the Labor Party owed not only its power and prestige yesterday but its hope and promise

of tomorrow to the valiant labors of the Liberal Party in removing causes of discontent, in zealously pursuing a high and disinterested ideal of reform and in endowing Labor with those rights of citizenship which were and are its passport to a secure strength.

Those of us who spent some glorious golden years in the pursuit of politics know there is very little generosity in them, and that many a chapter could be written of sordid strife and base and bitter ungratitudes. Politics or Parties or Persons (capital P, please) are none the better for it. And yet, methinks, the Party that claims all the idealisms for its own grand and special prerogative and which asserts that it of all others possesses high ethical standards might have been less crudely contemptuous of those who helped them along when the travelling was not easy nor the road free from many pitfalls and dangers. If your neck is in the noose it is not exactly prudent to kick the stool from underneath your feet. This is a parable that need not be further pursued. But if, as is said, the Labor Party aims at the complete annihilation of Liberalism, and that nothing less will satisfy it, then I for one have no sympathy with so pernicious and hateful an attitude and one so utterly forgetful of a past when the Liberal Party was the sure buckler and shield of the down-trodden and oppressed. And I am not so certain either that Liberalism is doomed. There may be only room for two parties in the scheme of things, as featured by the British Constitution, though of this there is room for more than one opinion. And it is true enough that the Liberal Party fared disastrously in the last General Election. But this is not quite the end of everything, and unless Labor cuts out its flirtations with Communism and Continental Socialism I can quite easily see it losing much of that support it has received from the middle and professional classes who want an even distribution of wealth, an easing of their own particular burdens, and a speedier readjustments within the State.

COMMUNISM ABHORRED

There are tens of thousands of people in the country today who have their individual stake in it in one shape or another who will never agree to the Communist idea of the common ownership of all property. They support the Labor Party on its broader programme of reform, but would withdraw their support tomorrow from it if they thought Nationalization as we see it operating in Russia was going to be the *ultima thule* of British Labor leaders. What are euphemistically and none too correctly described as the British middle classes are too heterogeneous to ever form themselves into an independent class or party. They constitute that huge amalgam which never remains for long a fixed quantity, but dissipates and dissolves into one or other of the great Parties accordingly as they are affected and influenced by some great national crisis.

It was these who in decisive fashion rejected Socialism the other day. It is they who will remain, until other changes in the body politic arise, the arbiters of the fate of all Parties. The one great factor which differentiates England from most Continental countries is the total non-existence of an independent peasant class. I believe the day, however, to be fast approaching when England will have its independent cultivating owners and when the agricultural laborers will likewise be firmly fixed and rooted in the soil. If and when that time arrives a new and vast complication will be introduced into British politics which whatever else its influence may be will be always and ever inimical to Socialism and Communism.

Meanwhile Labor is at the crossroads and the finger-post of danger clearly indicates the slippery slope of Bolshevism as the one path to be avoided if it is to go forward to its better destiny.

FOREIGN MISSION NEWS LETTER

"In perils of waters, in perils of robbers . . . in labor and painfulness, in much watchings, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness."

This description by St. Paul of his missionary labors, sensibly impresses one. His sacrifices in the search for souls were so many and varied that with our feeble love of God, we are inclined to look on this first great missionary as something removed from our age and impossible of imitation; but thank God, the pages of our Mission annals still glow with similar heroic sacrifice endured by our own kin and friends. Thus—

IN THE JUNGLE

"Full of confidence in God, I departed Jan. 28th to visit 4 villages of the mission, (N. Rhodesia.) The help of Heaven is necessary to the missionary for there are many dangers to soul and body. In the forest into which he must plunge, there are attacks of the wild beast and the bite of the serpent; for long hours exposed to the deadly rays of an equatorial sun, and again drenched to the skin by flooding rains. Through almost impassable places he must journey, he must traverse swamps and rivers;

and the soul,—it is hardly more safe in this world all but impregnably settled in the manners and customs of its forefather Cham."

ANOTHER DAMIEN

Father Daniel of Samarate who died recently in Brazil came from Italy twenty-six years ago to devote himself unceasingly to the care of lepers. Engaged in this work of mercy he contracted the loathsome disease himself, and for the past ten years had spent his life wasting away in a leprosy house, but still trying to alleviate the sufferings of his fellows, until a leper's grave at last claimed him as its victim.

GOD SOIL IN PAPUA

"He arrived alone," writes the present Vicar Apostolic of Papua, speaking of the Apostle of New Guinea, Father Henry Verius, M. S. C. who at the age of twenty-five, celebrated on July 1, 1886, the first Mass in this pagan country. "Destitute of everything save confidence and hope, he did, indeed, plant the Church of Jesus Christ here but, at the price of what hardships? God alone can tell! We know this much, he died in seven years utterly worn out, and during the first fifteen years of the mission, 25 missionaries who followed after him, all in the fullness of youth and strength, died to their reward. On account of these trials, the work of God took root and flourished, and now, churches, white and trim, beacons of peace, dot the land, summoning thousands of dark-skinned natives to worship. In 1922, 90,889 Holy Communions were received by our Papuan converts."

FOR THE FAITH

The captivity of Father Van Praet of Teruis (East Mongolia) lasted a full month. He was administering baptism to 15 adults when the brigands surrounded the town, wrecked the church and forced him to accompany them. Pillage, thievery, murder and orgies that were sickening to the Christian heart, were everywhere. The missionary had no appetite for the food they gave him and could not rest at night. The going became a torture, extreme cold adding to his pain. On the 14th day they arrived at the Christian Village of Ta-Nur, where the priest found refuge in the home of a catechist. The Christians gathered about him, weeping, bathing his feet, cleansing his bruises and repairing his garments. Father Van Praet by this time was thoroughly exhausted, unable to move hand or foot. To continue the hard riding of the brigands on a weak and feeble man was impossible, but his captors secured a cart where he spent the rest of his captivity. It would take too long to recount events that followed, but when he was returned to his broken church, pagans and Christians welcomed him with joy. But, he had endured too much—he was attacked shortly afterward by a malignant fever, and too weakened to resist the disease, passed away a few weeks later. His sacrifice made in captivity was accepted, "I offer myself for my Christians, my catechisms and my poor pagans."

ZEAL OF A BOER CATECHIST

"Isidore of Khombe was such a good boy, and not having a sufficient number of catechists I called on him to come and evangelize Nengwa with me. He responded with earnestness, too much, perhaps, for he has just died a victim to his zeal. A month ago he fell ill. Instead of lying by as he was advised, he answered, 'I did not come here to rest, I came to instruct.' It was proposed that he go to the Mission. 'No, I do not want to leave my villages.' And each day he taught the Catechism in each of his four villages. Exhausted at length, he gave up, and stretched upon his mat, he rendered his beautiful soul to the good God. Yes, the good God, Who has His victims of choice, the most zealous in His cause."

A MISSIONARY'S CHRISTMAS

It was Christmas Eve. Father Frazer had travelled 30 miles on the river in December weather, had spent the day—a fast day you will remember—in instructing neophytes and hearing confessions. At eight o'clock in the evening the Christians assembled in the "church" to begin their preparation for Midnight Mass, and during this time, the missionary preached two sermons; the remainder of time being taken up with catechism, prayer and singing which lasted till midnight. The night was bitterly cold, the attic unheated, and through the open chinks the wintry mountain wind howled, and the snow drifted unchecked, making the poor shelter like indeed unto that hillside cave at Bethlehem. "During the Mass my numb fingers froze to the sacred vessels, and I began to fear lest I should be unable to administer Holy Communion. I succeeded though, and the Babe of Bethlehem found a warm resting-place in my heart that night." The Christians dispersed for refreshment and sleep, but Father Frazer's fast was not yet over. A second Mass at six o'clock, and a third to be said at another town eight or ten miles distant. The villagers brought an open chair to carry the priest, and they started off. "Somebody has said freezing is an easy death. Perhaps he had not tried it after 24 hours of fast and labor. When he had gone a mile, I called a halt, and leaping from the chair showed my Chinese companions how fast a foreigner could walk. Reaching

the town, again there was catechism, prayers, chants, a third sermon and my third Christmas Mass. All was over at 1 p. m. and I leave you to guess if I had an appetite for my Christmas dinner."

POPE EULOGIZES TWO VALIANT FIGURES

ILLUSTRATES CONVERGENCE OF SIMPLICITY AND GREATNESS

Rome, Dec. 4.—His Holiness, Pope Plus XI., delivered a touching discourse in presence of the Sacred College of Cardinals and a large group of eminent ecclesiastics, ordering the Decree declaring that it was proper to proceed to the Beatification of the Venerable Servant of God, Giuseppe Cafasso, secular priest, Rector of the Ecclesiastical College of Turin, and also establishing the validity of the two Miracles proposed for the Canonization of the Blessed John Maria Vianney and of Arzy in which the full text of the Holy Father's discourse on this solemn and auspicious occasion, was as follows:

"It is not without a special and beneficent disposition on the part of the Divine Bounty that We have assisted at this rising on the horizon of the Church, of new stars, the Parish Priest of Ars, Blessed John Baptist Vianney, and the Venerable Servant of God, Giuseppe Cafasso; it is fitting that We should do so on this sacred and solemn day, when in the glory of the sun crossing the heavens, the glories of all the Saints passes before our eyes. On this day ascends from Heaven, rises from earth, lifts itself from the mysterious realms of full purification, the triple hymn of desire, of prayer and of Arzy in which the Communion of Saints is expressed, that divine circulation of prayers and of graces, of merits and rewards, that magnificent circulation of the Blood of Christ, Which, through the grace of its purifying sanctifying, glorifying Head, flows through all the members of the mystic Body."

"Today We present to you these two beautiful, dear, providentially opportune figures, the little and humble, the poor and simple but wholly glorious figure of the Parish Priest of Ars, and the other beautiful, grand, complex, rich figure of a priest, teacher and moulder of priests, the Venerable Joseph Cafasso."

"Today there is a great consolation offered to so many who richly merit it, to so many poor, little, humble, heroic parish priests, pastors of souls, unknown, forgotten by all unless there comes to them from time to time, the word of their Bishop who goes to visit them."

"We ourselves have known many of them, lost in the vast Lombardian low countries, in the perilous altitudes of the vast Archdiocese of Milan. Their memory is ever most dear to Us, and, at this moment it is fresh and vivid and more than ever consoling to Our Heart of shepherd, of Father."

"We have met them in our wanderings, confined in the depths of the glaciers in the Alpine Valleys, in places impervious to and segregated from all human commerce, poor, solitary priests, true sentinels in the advance guard and lost, lost to memory, to the applause, to the knowledge of the great public, but not unknown to the love, the gratitude of so many souls who have no other comfort than them and their ministry."

"In the case of the Blessed Curia of Ars, We can repeat the words of the poet: 'Words can not adorn him.'"

"Here is a figure of a magnificent simplicity, like to a lily of the valleys as that of which the Divine Master spoke, when He said that not Solomon in all his glory, was arrayed as one of these. The other figure, that of the Venerable Giuseppe Cafasso, is a flower of more complex attributes, of many splendor and perfumes. In his profound humility the Curia of Ars found nothing of self, esteemed himself nothing and yet attained the heights. In the other character we find a large and multiple series of preparations which was his rule of sanctity, a splendid intelligence and energy of will and that richness of natural gifts which, in whatsoever direction it turned, in whatsoever way it walked, would have left profound and luminous traces, and above all the Grace of God with all the treasures of sanctity and all the good helps which so prodigiously accompanied it. In the most difficult times God raised up the Venerable Giuseppe Cafasso."

"One recalls that his life endured for but forty-nine years, that it was brought to a close in 1850, that he worked during a terribly difficult period of ecclesiastical and civil history, when Jansenism was not yet conquered but continued to threaten the minds and to sadden the hearts of men. Rigorism had poisoned souls and legalism had tyrannized over them, overturning the order, not alone among the people, but even in the ranks of the clergy. The youth of Giuseppe Cafasso was already a tree of sanctity, and his virtues were the admiration of all who met him, among others, even that director of souls, the Venerable Don Bosco, who, himself very young, knew and admired the treasures of that priestly soul."

Providence has raised up the theologian, Guala, who, in the Ecclesiastical College, flourishing still today after a fecund century of holy fruits, prepared a center of edification and of priestly formation for those youthful clerics desirous of serving God and His Church more faithfully. From the year 1817 he gathered together here the most elect of souls. Here the magnificent gifts of the Venerable Cafasso were revealed in all their splendor, as were the treasures which Providence had transmitted to him. Of old it was said: 'Go to Joseph,' and the new Joseph was our Venerable friend."

"In that Institute, then, the Venerable Joseph became the teacher of the young clerics, and with a warmth of charity, and with a most sane light of wisdom, he showed them the most opportune remedies for the times. To Jansenism he opposed a spirit of sweet confidence in the Divine Bounty, to rigorism, a firm trust in Divine Justice and paternal bounty in the ministry, to Casuarism a sovereign dignity of conscience which respected all the just laws of legitimate authority, but accompanied, dominated and guided by a perfect observance of the rights of God and of souls, by inviolable devotion to the Holy See and to the Sovereign Pontiff and by filial love for the Holy Church. This spirit he transmitted to the young clergy, to the admiration of all and especially to the consolation of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. Master and teacher of priests, by a happy necessity he was also the master and former of innumerable souls, so that his spirit was diffused in every direction."

"A Confessor most diligently sought after, he spent himself in the service of the little and the great, the noble and plebeian, the most important and the most humble, priests, bishops and magistrates. All, and from all sections, they flocked to him, always certain of finding in his counsels the lights and inspirations they needed most."

"We wish that it were possible to share the joy of this day with Cardinal Cagliero who recalls having met the Venerable Cafasso when he was in his thirteenth or fourteenth year, and later in the company of Don Bosco. And one and the other have left unforgettable reminders of that meeting which bore unmistakable imprint on their after lives and priestly character."

"Teacher, Confessor and adviser, Venerable Cafasso was an apostle in all the magnificent significance of the word, the Apostle of charity and of truth. An Apostle of charity, as Our Saviour, who passed his life in blessing and healing bodies and souls; Apostle of youth for whom he entertained a special predilection; Apostle of the poor by his sympathy; Apostle among the sick for his compassion; Apostle among prisoners and justices, becoming most popular under the title of 'Priest of the Gibbet.'"

"In times which yielded large harvests in extreme punishments, no one in Piemonte went to the gibbet without experiencing the effect of his assistance and prepared by him for their last agonizing moments. More than once, at the final moment, he effected the conversion of the impenitent condemned."

"He was also an apostle of truth, a magnificent preacher as much in words as in the written volumes which he left, preacher of conferences, dissertations, meditations and instructions, all of which received universal applause. In his school orators were formed who won no little fame and merit in later years."

"But above all and in all, he was a man of God, a true hunter and conqueror of souls. A man of God of full ecclesiastical spirit, a man of prayer, of mortification, of zeal, of sacrifice, formed of an ecclesiastical spirit wholly throbbing with filial piety towards the Virgin Mother, and of unforgettable devotion toward the Most Holy Sacrament."

"In all this magnificent entirety We must record one note, because it corresponds to a necessity and a preoccupation of the present moment. In times turbulent and raging with political strife, one of the most clear and firm points in the program of the Venerable Cafasso was 'no politics.' He lent an eye to all just interests, advice in all directions, especially in public matters, all the possible cooperation to preserve the dignity of the Sacred Ministry, but he would never compromise this dignity and this charity to party strife or emotions. In all this, as we have seen, he corresponded admirably to the necessities and conditions of the times, and even to the preoccupations, which accompanied them."

"We know well that our priests, the sacred shepherds, see clearly in this direction, and feel this necessity in lively manner. We know well that Our word comes at times to hearts open to receive it, to prompt and enlightened intelligences, and it is this that rejoices Our heart weighed down by so many preoccupations, yet trusting with secure faith in the future of the Church and Society."

"There comes to Our memory another word which the Venerable Cafasso used to repeat assiduously in hearing confessions, in preaching—a high word which seems to be especially suited to our day: the word which recalls to women the duty of Christian modesty in their clothing."

"With almost apocalyptic solemnity the Venerable Cafasso admonished Christian women: 'When

you turn your thought and attention to your clothing, think at the same time on the clothes with which you shall be adorned for the tomb after your death. What would you wish to have done then? How would you desire to have presented yourself in your conversations with others, in church, at the Holy Table? These sublime words are worthy of an apostle, and most opportune in the actual needs of these times."

"And there is still another thought, another counsel of the Venerable Cafasso, which is today especially opportune, that which inspires a preoccupation for degeneration into spiritism and spiritualistic practices, and causes the ruin of so many souls."

"This grand and holy soul saw with charity even in his day, the necessities of souls and of the times. Reflection upon his apostolic words will enlighten souls, will sanctify them, will efficaciously recall them to God."

"It is with this wish that We accord Our Benediction to your filial piety as you await it from Us."

"And now we turn our thought to the beautiful, precious, sweet figure of the Blessed Curia of Ars, the humble parish priest, before whom so many hundreds of thousands of souls passed, warmed once more and edified through contact with his charity."

"So we must congratulate the Church of Turin and all Italy in the name of the Venerable Joseph Cafasso, and the Dioceses of Lyons and Belley and all France in the name of the Blessed John Maria Vianney; We rejoice with a particular manner with that happy and blessed parish of Ars which still conserves the memory of his virtue, and the example of the holy Curia, from whom all France has drawn new inspiration and the precious treasures of the true spiritual renovation. Beautiful, divinely beautiful, and magnificent is the spectacle of the great figures of the Servants of God whom France has given to the Church, justly meriting to be called the Mother of Saints."

"In these great Servants of God and Friends of Jesus whom we see before Us, a great truth, We seem to see Jesus Himself, the Saint of Saints, the Type of Author of all sanctity, of all holiness and of the benefits that accrue to individual souls, to families and peoples. We seem to see Jesus passing along and blessing His children as He did in the olden days when He spent His mortal Life doing good. And so we say with Saint Augustine: 'I fear Jesus who passes by! But no; we do not fear, because We know that Jesus is passing as of old, always blessing, always conferring benefits, succoring the needy, raising to life again.'

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FOURTH SUNDAY OF ADVENT

"THE SALVATION OF GOD"

"And all flesh shall see the salvation of God." (Luke III, 6.)

It is one thing to see, and another to believe. Could we see everything in its entirety, we would believe it all. What we see with our bodily eyes, we generally believe; but what we cannot see with them, we are often loath to believe.

ence over others. The Catholic can thus do much for that part of humanity which oscillates with the world, and makes no real progress in the spirit.

PRIEST CAPTIVE

TELLS STORY OF THIRTY-FIVE DAY MARCH WITH CHINESE BRIGANDS

By M. Maestriani (Paris Correspondent, N. C. W. C.)

The Catholic Missions of Lyons recently received from the Rev. Frederic Van Praet, a Belgian missionary at Soei-Yuen, a letter in which this heroic priest very simply but impressively told the story of his thirty-five day captivity among the Chinese brigands.

"The peril of brigands, periculis latronum, is in our day, as in the times of St. Paul, one of the dangers to which the missionary is exposed," says the missionary.

"On January 19, 1924, I had just baptized fifteen adults when, at about 10 o'clock in the morning, I was told that the village of Terisou was surrounded by a thousand bandits.

"I had the doors of my house closed. But we soon heard the crackling of rifles, and bullets were whistling past us. Any resistance appeared impossible. In fact, I saw the brigands climbing the walls and entering our building, rifles in hand.

"We first reached Kia-Leull, about a mile from Terisou. The village was attacked, in spite of the resistance of a small garrison of thirty soldiers. During the struggle the head of the band, Sou-in-seng, called me. 'We hear you no and hatred,' he said, 'we are tired of this banditry, we wish to join the regular army, and we took you prisoner only in order that you might forward our request to the proper authorities.'

"The feast of Christmas, now near at hand, is an example. How unholy will it be observed by a great majority of the human race! From a worldly standpoint it will be successfully celebrated, but few will pass the day in the proper spirit.

PEASANTS FORCED TO SERVE

"We proceeded along the Lama-wan road, which was filled with carts. The brigands unharnessed the horses, each taking as many as he could, and when they could not themselves take them all they forced the peasants to lead them and follow the bandits.

They already had two thousand horses and mules, which they had stolen in the villages and along the road.

SYRIA

By Right Rev. Mar. John F. Noll

Palestine and Syria were usually grouped together as one country until after the World War. Now Palestine is under English rule and Syria is a French colony.

Since the termination of the War, Beyrout is the Capital of what is called the "Grand Lebanon." This city has a population of 130,000, of whom about 40,000 are Christians, including 10,000 immigrant Armenians.

DISCRIMINATION IN RELIEF

In all Syria there are some 40,000 refugees, among whom the Near East Relief Association has been very active. The writer made inquiry concerning the charge of discrimination against Catholic Armenians and Syrians, of which that organization was accused, and learned that there was much truth to the accusation.

"On the fourth day, in spite of my increasing suffering, we had to make about twenty-five more miles. After that long journey we reached the Christian village of Ta-Noor. I was lodged with a catechist. What a joy to be with him and among Christians. It was like a family. I was surrounded with care, my torn garments were mended, my wounds were washed and dressed.

A COMPASSIONATE BRIGAND

"While I was absorbed in these thoughts, a charitable brigand came to me. He suggested going to get me a cart at Siao-noot, a neighboring village, where there were three missionaries, in future I should travel no longer on horseback, but comfortably seated in a cart and he himself would lead it and care for me.

"The fifth day, towards evening, we continued on our way. I was seated in the cart which my colleagues in Siao-noot had procured for me. My physical sufferings were to be alleviated.

CHURCH PROGRESSING IN SYRIA

The Catholic Church is making some progress throughout Syria, while the Orthodox Greek is losing ground. Protestantism had hoped to win favor through war relief work, but it did not succeed in any religious way.

"I soon learned that the governor of Soei-Yuen, being unable to subdue the brigands, had written to Mgr. Van Dyck to send a missionary to obtain from their chief their enlistment in the regular army.

TAKEN INTO REGULAR ARMY

"Finally, on February 22, the rebels were enrolled in the Republican army, at any rate those who had rifles. There were four hundred of them. The others were sent home. The two chiefs became military mandarins. The same day I was released by General Tchao, who took me to Pao-t'ou. Thus ended my captivity which had lasted thirty-five days.

"The following day I arrived by train at Houei-hoa th'eng. A regiment was waiting for me and I was led to the Tou-t'oung to which they laughed a great deal at my flourish of trumpets, given in a flourish of dinner was given in my honor. On March 10 I returned to my residence in Terisou. Everything had been sacked and pillaged with a damage of ten thousand francs.

many expressed a desire to become Christians. All of them, like myself, had lost everything, all had suffered. God saves souls through suffering. Without it there is no fruitful apostle."

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

WHEN I HAVE TIME
When I have time, so many things I'll do
To make life happier and more fair
For those whose lives are crowded
now with care;

IMPRESSIONS

You go through a day of varying experiences, and everything that touches your life—the words you hear, the pictures you see, the books you read, the companions you meet and with whom you associate, the friendship that warms your heart—everything that touches you leaves its mark on your character.

SUCCESS AND FAILURE

There is no better and severer test of character than failure. Failure is the great revealer and the searcher of hearts. The man who is able to meet failure in a graceful fashion and who can take defeat in a high-hearted manner proves himself to be of sterling worth.

PERSEVERANCE

Not enough has been spoken and sung in praise of that sturdy virtue. It is an indispensable requisite in all good undertakings, and it is the one great quality for the want of which most good enterprises fail.

CHRIST'S IMAGE

In the city of Naples the annual fair was in progress. Along one of the streets a dealer in images had set up his booth and displayed images of various kinds, of animals and of men.

course. We know the road is narrow, and rugged, and the flesh holds us in bondage, but still we must plod on promptly rising each time we happen to fall.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

CREEPING UP THE STAIRS

In the softly falling twilight of a weary, weary day, Till at last she reached the topmost, Where the children were at play.

CANONIZATIONS AND PROCESSES

By Mrs. Enrico Paoli (Rome Correspondent, N. C. W. C.)
As Holy Year approaches the activities of the Sacred Congregation of Rites steadily increase.

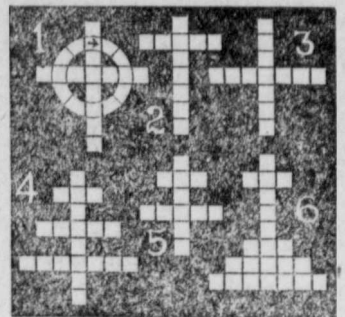
the solemn reading of it in the presence of the Pope, who delivers a discourse on this occasion.

FROM VIRTUES TO MIRACLES

After the proclamation of the "heroic virtues" of the servant of God who has the title of "Venerable" begins the examination of the miracles.



Answers for last week: Immaculate Conception, St. John the Baptist.



Here are some easy Advent crosses.

ANGLICAN CATHEDRAL IS THROWN OPEN TO ALL

London, Eng.—A bold new bid for the unity of the churches not in communion with Rome, is made in an invitation by the Protestant Bishop of Liverpool, who has thrown his new cathedral open to "all men of good will without regard to creed or manner."

1, down: Another name for Xmas, across: how some feel after Xmas, around: (begin at arrow) joyful mystery.
2, down: what God didn't do to us, across: name of three days this week.

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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

URGENT APPEALS BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY Father Reidel asks for a chapel at Sinnett, Sask., where Catholics are few and without means. Mass has been celebrated from time to time during twelve years in a hall which he says is no longer a fit place in which to offer the Holy Sacrifice.

NEW CANADIAN PACIFIC TORONTO TO WINNIPEG

36 1/2 HOURS FEATURE SERVICE The new daily 36 1/2 hour Toronto to Winnipeg service just inaugurated by the Canadian Pacific Railway not only establishes a record in fast, convenient transportation but provides the traveler with a feature service to Fort William from both Toronto and Winnipeg inasmuch as the Winnipeg Special leaving Toronto at 9:45 p. m. every night and arriving in Sudbury at 5:30 a. m. arrives in Fort William at 11 p. m., leaving there 15 minutes later and in Winnipeg at 9 a. m.

OBITUARY

MRS. JOHN M'CARTHY

After an illness of some months, one of the oldest residents of New Erin, in the person of Mrs. John McCarthy, passed peacefully to her reward on Wednesday, November 19th. The deceased lady was born in New Erin on January 9th, 1854, the only daughter of the late Denis McCarthy and Rose Murphy. In 1886 she married John McCarthy, a native of Skibbereen, County Cork, Ireland. Of this marriage three children survive, one son, Denis, and two daughters, Ellen and Rose, all of whom were present at her death.

BURSES

SPREAD THE GLAD TIDINGS

During the month of December the whole Christian world is irradiated with joy because of the coming of the Saviour. Alas, that there should still be any land to which He does not come! "Missionaries! Missionaries!" is the cry of Mother Church today. All may not respond, but all may help in the glorious Apostolate of the conversion of pagan lands.

DIED

GARVIN.—At Farran's Point, Ont., on November 8, 1924, Captain James Garvin. May his soul rest in peace.

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