

The Catholic Record.

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

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203

A NEW YEAR'S WISH

What shall I wish thee?
What can be found,
Bringing thee sunshine
All the year round?
Where is the treasure,
Lusting and dear,
That shall endure Thee
A Happy New Year.

Faith that increaseth
Walking in light,
Hope that aboundeth
Happy and bright;
Love that is perfect
Casting out fear,
These shall ensure thee
A Happy New Year.

Peace in the Saviour,
Rest at His feet,
Smile of His countenance
Radiant and sweet;
Joy in His presence,
Christ ever near,
This shall ensure thee
A Happy New Year.

—HAYVERA

WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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A NEW DEVICE

Of the newest devices of Sir Edward Carson's Government and his good boy Lloyd George, for restoring law and order in Ireland is to seize some of the most distinguished people and have them photographed and finger printed for their Rogues' Gallery. Alderman Charles Murphy of Dublin and a distinguished Irish journalist, Michael Kightly, and five others who were arrested and held without charge—the Alderman having been on bail for six weeks—were eventually, in lieu of a charge, ordered to be photographed and finger printed for Rogues' Gallery. They indignantly refused, were court-martialed for this refusal, and sentenced to one month's imprisonment; Lloyd George will establish a law of respect for England in the Irish heart or he'll know the reason why.

A POPULAR PROTESTANT MURDERED

One of the latest victims of the military in Ireland was a young man much beloved and of the widest popularity in the southwest, Frank Hoffman of Kerry. Hoffman was a young Protestant farmer residing near Tralee. His was one of the few old Protestant families of Kerry and he was connected by close ties of relationship, with many of the influential, conservative Protestant families in that part of the country. He was a well-known member of the Gaelic Athletic Association, a distinguished athlete, highly popular with all the young men of south western Kerry, and was an officer in the Irish Volunteers. The military one night recently met him upon the road, asked him his name, and when they heard it said: "You are the man we want." They tried, convicted, and shot him dead within five minutes—on the charge of being an officer in the Irish Volunteers.

FR. COLLINS' MURDERED RELATIVES

It is very hard for Americans to begin to realize the extent of the people's sufferings in Ireland or the widespread generality of the torturing, flogging, and shooting dead. Many, many, are the families left to mourn, not the torture and death of one, but of several, of their dearest and nearest. A well-known Irish worker here, Father Michael Collins, of Phoenixville, Pa., owes to the statesmanship and humanity of Mr. Lloyd George the following: A cousin, Patrick McMahon, (leaving a wife and two infant children) aged thirty two, shot dead at Ballinacallig, Co. Kerry; a nephew, Martin Collins, aged seventeen, arrested, four times flogged, and forced on his knees to be shot; a nephew, Michael Brennan, aged twenty, executed and without warning shot dead outside the Catholic Rectory, Ardara; the unborn child of one of his sister's killed by the British military in Castleisland.

POLICE LAWLESSNESS IN CORK

The British Labor Commission, which visited Ireland recently to make inquiry, had opportunity more than once to see for themselves how lawless the police were being in Ireland in the breasts of the Irish people. The Manchester Guardian Correspondent with the Labor Commission tells how, as they emerged from a hotel in Cork one morning, an excited man came rushing up to them, asking: "Are you the British Labor Commission?" When they replied that they were, he said: "Come and see what those ruffians have done to my shop." An officer of the Black and Tan, emerging from the hotel after the Labor Commissioners, heard the man's reference to himself and his fellows as ruffians, hauled out his revolver, seized the poor man by the collar and dragged him into the hotel. With the aid of another Black and Tan they held their victim at the revolver point till a lorry was obtained, and they hurried away with him for Black and Tan justice to be administered. The Commis-

sioners made inquiry and found that the man's shop had been destroyed the night before, the till robbed, and his stock kicked about the streets. On the same day in the afternoon, says the same Correspondent, the Labor Commissioners coming through one of the chief streets in Cork saw a lorry load of Black and Tan pull up at a car-stand, take the whips from the javeys, and driving the street throngs to and fro, up and down, like droves of cattle, cutting and whipping them until they were tired. After they had thoroughly enjoyed themselves at their savagery, the rascals returned the whips and drove off in the lorry.

CHILD MURDERERS DON'T LIKE PUBLICITY

When little Annie O'Neill, eight years old, playing in Charlemont Street, Dublin, was shot dead the other day by a British officer and another little tot of four years old just escaped death, but was brought down by a bullet (afterwards successfully extracted), the military authorities, forbidding an inquest to be held, substituted for it an inquiry of their own. They refused permission to the press to attend the inquiry. They refused permission to any of the public to attend. They refused permission to Mrs. O'Neill's solicitor to attend. Furthermore, a military officer called on Mrs. O'Neill and forbade a public funeral—and forbade her even to permit the dead child's comrades to walk after the bier to the cemetery.

THE BRITISH LABOR PARTY'S POLICY

The British Labor Party, which has so long looked on callously at the happenings in Ireland, has now again so far advanced as to formulate the following policy, which one of their leaders, Mr. Adamson, put before the House of Commons—and which policy was, later, accepted and approved of by the Irish Labor Party:

(1) The withdrawal of the British armed forces from Ireland.

(2) The calling of a Constituent Assembly elected on the basis of proportional representation by a free, equal, and secret vote.

(3) That such assembly should draw up a Constitution for Ireland, on the understanding that such Constitution shall be made operative, subject only to two conditions; namely, that it affords protection to minorities and that the constitution shall prevent Ireland from becoming a military or naval menace.

"CAUSING DISAFFECTION" BY A TRUTH TALKING PHONOGRAPHER

The Dublin Freeman's Journal has been very heavily flogged, and the editor and the manager sentenced to jail for publishing accounts of tortures inflicted by the British military upon untried prisoners. Though the chief enormity of their offence was that they published the photograph of the seared and scarred back of one of the flogged prisoners the specific charge was "giving publication to a matter likely to cause disaffection amongst His Majesty's subjects." The showing of the seared and scarred flogged back of an untried Irishman entertained by His Majesty's servants in one of His Majesty's prisons was assuredly likely to cause more or less disaffection amongst His Majesty's well-beloved Irish subjects. It would probably have caused a little disaffection amongst the Kaiser's well-beloved Belgian subjects a few years ago, but despite that, what would not the English newspapers and propagandists have given to get hold of such a photograph of the flogged back of a Belgian at the time when it was necessary, by hook or by crook, to assure the world that the Germans were demons.

A LETTER FROM THE FRONT

In my article of last week I quoted from a personal letter which gave ideas of how the Black and Tan, in obedience to orders, are systematically trying to terrorize and throw into panic the country—so that the nation will fall on its knees, and beg peace—Sir Edward Carson's peace. This week I give an extract from another letter just brought me by the daughter of an old and much-respected friend in Donegal. This spirit of the letter of this lady of seventy illustrates well the extraordinary spirit holding Ireland at the present time—the spirit that Lloyd George is so vainly trying to break:

"Do you see Irish news at all? The horrors of '98 were nothing to what we have at present. The best of both priests and people are either shot or put in prison. They are leaving Ireland waste, burning whole towns, and shooting people dead as they meet them. Now, you will understand that John is on the run and I alone not one bit afraid. "We are having glorious times fighting for our freedom. You will be proud to know I am getting even a little share of it. On last Thursday morning the house was surrounded by police and soldiers. John was just after going out. He saw them coming. He got out of the way, and made to the hills. The first word from the officer was 'Where is your son?' I said I did not know, and if I did I would not

tell him. He said he would arrest me. I told him I would be proud to go to jail, and there be with all the best in the land. They searched everything in the house, turned every bed out, and every drawer—went outside, turned everything up, even the coal. They got nothing. I told them they would not—that they came too late—which made them pretty mad. I expect them back again, so if you hear of me being shot don't mind, as there are hundreds of far better and more worthy people shot at the present time. Won't it be a grand privilege to leave to my grandchildren to tell their grandy died for Ireland. Tell Seumas MacManus that when he is let back to Ireland, when she is free (as I know she will) he must surely visit the old Abbey, and tell his children he knew the old woman well who gladly died for Ireland and is buried there. My blood is up and I feel twenty years younger for the visit of the King's forces."

SEUMAS MACMANUS,
Of Donegal.

WILL YOU NOT HEED?

"THE WORLD IS LOOKING ON IN HORROR AT THIS TERRIFIC TRAGEDY"

By A. G. Gardiner in the London Daily News

There was two scenes yesterday that should touch the most callous heart and instruct the most hardened mind. There was mourning in London; there was mourning in Dublin. Here the city went out to pay its solemn tribute to nine servants of the Crown, brutally murdered in circumstances of incredible horror by Sinn Fein. There the city went out in mourning for the sixteen men, women, and children brutally murdered in circumstances of incredible horror by servants of the Crown. You must see these two scenes together if you are to understand the significance of either. You may refuse to see them together. You will not be able to see them together if you rely on the press. It will set out the one with every detail calculated to heighten passion; it will ignore the other as though it referred to a battle of phantoms.

But it is not so that the world will see these things. It is not so that history will see them. The world that is looking on in horror at this terrific tragedy, and history will look back to it in cold and impartial judgment, will see and consider both scenes. They will ask where in this story of mutual crime the offence lay. They will answer according to the facts without fear of us or favor for them, and though we may disregard the verdict in our blindness, we shall not escape its consequences.

WHO IS GUILTY?

And in order to see with understanding we must get outside the passions of the hour. We must rate Parliamentary victories and popular feeling at their true value. Mr. Asquith's motion on Thursday was defeated by 308 votes to 88, and I read that Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Bonar Law "beamed with satisfaction" at the truce of Sir Hamar Greenwood. I have no doubt that Lord North's head was satisfied with his corrupt Parliament endorsing the arming of Red Indians and the sending of German hirelings against the British Colonists of New England whom he had stung to rebellion. But we do not beam with satisfaction with him. We know that he and his King and his Parliament lost us America, and we turn to the warning and indignant voices of Burke and Chatham for the wisdom of that great crisis in our history. They were bowled down by the Yahoos, but they live in immortal rebuke of a crime that seemed to be safe but ended in the greatest disaster this nation ever suffered. And the world and the future which pass judgment on the crime of today will not pay much regard to the buffooneries of Sir Hamar Greenwood, the beaming face of Mr. George, or the Parliamentary majority of 308 to 88. They will go deeper than those things. They will ask who is guilty.

They will find the answer not in the circumstances of today. They will find it in six centuries of crime. It may be tiresome to us to be reminded of that record. It is so familiar that we are rather bored with it. It is

"An ancient tale of wrong,
Like a tale of little meaning,
Though the words are strong."

But to the Irish it is something quite different. It is difficult for a conquering people to enter into the heart of the conquered. George Borrow points this out in "Wild Wales" when he refers to the hatred of the Welsh for the English. The victorious, he said, easily forget that they conquered; but the beaten never forget that they were conquered. They could not well forget in Ireland, for there is little else in their history to think about. The story of English rule in Ireland is the darkest tragedy of earth with the single exception of the tragedy of Armenia. We have assassinated the Irish nation for six hundred years. We have burned its towns and put

its people to the sword. We have destroyed its manufactures. We have planted it again and again with settlers as a garrison to oppress the nation. We have driven its people from the soil so that today its population is only half what it was a century ago. There is no tale of oppression so sustained, so malignant in the annals of civilized Europe. If we could reverse the picture, if we could conceive England oppressed by Ireland as Ireland has been oppressed by England, we should understand why crime is answered with crime. It is necessary to remind ourselves of this if we are to appreciate what is happening today.

THE DARK FORCES

And the spirit of the past is not dead. It is never more active or more triumphant. It defeated that unforgettable gesture of reconciliation with which John Redmond, one of the gentlest and most pathetic figures in the long tragedy of Ireland, met the challenge of the War. It set itself with deliberate malice to defeat recruiting. It refused in the sinister person of Sir Edward Carson to go on the recruiting platform with Mr. Redmond. It broke up the Convention. It broke up the Buckingham Palace Conference. It destroyed the constitutional movement and goaded the nation to rebellion, until today there is not a friend of English rule left in Nationalist Ireland, and Lord Dunsany himself the most moderate of Irishmen, can say, as he said this week in the House of Lords, that Sinn Fein has plunged into Republicanism "in sheer despair." Is it possible not to see the working of a deliberate policy in this—a policy of destroying all the moderating and reconciling forces, mobilising the nation in rebellion and creating an excuse for that "reconquest of Ireland" which is the popular motto of the incendiaries who have brought this immeasurable shame upon us?

And as witness of the triumph of the dark forces, turn to that scene in the House of Lords on Tuesday—at the foot of the Throne Mr. Lloyd George, with Sir Edward Carson, the man that taught Ireland to rebel and brought guns from Germany, on one side; Mr. Bonar Law, who at Bleanheim endorsed that menace of rebellion on the other; on the Woolack, placed there by Mr. Lloyd George, the "Galloper" Smith of the Ulster rebel movement; outside, in supreme control of the Army, Sir Henry Wilson, one of the chief military advisers of that movement. These are the instruments of English rule in Ireland today. Do we need any other explanation of those two scenes of mourning yesterday?

HOW THE TERROR WORKS

It may be that the policy of meeting murder with murder and arson with arson. We have made a peace of violence in Ireland often before, and there is no reason why we should not do it again if we murder and burn with sufficient ruthlessness. But consider what we are doing. In his speech on Wednesday Mr. Asquith said, what, of course, everyone knows to be true, that the Irish people have no sympathy with the murders of the police. Mr. Lloyd George interjected "Hear, hear." That is, he endorsed Mr. Asquith's view that the Irish people as a nation are innocent of the crimes. Yet his reprisals are directed against the Irish people. Whole towns are given up indiscriminately to the flames. Creameries are destroyed. Honourable citizens like Mr. Coleman, at Cork, are taken out of bed at midnight and murdered in the presence of their families without a hint of offence; women nursing their children by the roadside are shot; children are shot; a football crowd is fired into, and among the victims are men who served in the War.

FATHER DEMPSEY'S NOTABLE ACHIEVEMENT

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

St. Louis, Dec. 13.—Not one of the thirty men who have been paroled to the Rev. Father Timothy Dempsey after their conviction for various offenses has ever subsequently got into serious trouble or been forced to serve his sentence. This record is just now the subject of official comment in St. Louis.

Father Dempsey is pastor of St. Patrick's Church and the founder of several charitable institutions for men, women and children. His interest and success in helping all manner of unfortunate has prompted the courts to put many offenders in his keeping.

Father Dempsey conducts a day nursery, a home for working girls, a school for the children of immigrants and the "Exiles' Rest," a lodging for poor men. His charitable efforts in behalf of his various charges do not cease with their death. He has a large section in Calvary Cemetery for the burial of those who die without means.

In the course of the last fifteen years Father Dempsey has served as arbiter in hundreds of disputes between employers and workers. In several instances he has settled strikes after the State and federal conciliators have failed. As a young athlete, Father Dempsey was a noted athlete. He is of stanic mold. His height is above 6 feet and his weight more than two hundred and fifty pounds. No unruly inmate of the

TYPICAL CASES

Take a case, common enough, reported in the Irish press last Monday. Two men, O'Neill and Blake, were arrested; tried by court martial at Dublin; acquitted. They returned home to Limerick. They had far to travel from the station, and were met by two motor cars. Blake, who was one of several brothers who had served in the War, was in one car with a brother; O'Neill in the other. On the road Blake's car was stopped by armed men, who asked: "Is Blake here?" Blake's brother stood up and replied "Yes." He was shot dead. O'Neill's car was stopped also, and he was shot dead. This, after they had been acquitted by a court martial.

And into these infamies no public inquiry is permitted. The suppression of the facts is carried on with unprecedented efficiency. For weeks, even months, Sir Hamar Greenwood denied that the police had burned down creameries. On Oct. 20 he said there was "not a tit of evidence" against them in any case. Mr. Hugh Martin thereupon quoted the actual report (sent by the police to Sir Hamar's own department) of the burning of the police of the creameries of Tubercy and Achony. The report was in his department ten days before he made his statement. He now admits the fact, and says that he had not seen the report when he uttered his denial. What are his denials worth?

Or take the shooting of the three members of the "murder gang" in Dublin which he announced on Wednesday. We know that these men, now said to be desperadoes, were left in a guard room in which bombs and rifles were kept. That is strange to begin with. But who were they? Mr. Edward Lysaght now tells us that one of them, Conor Clane, was head clerk to the Ruben Rural Industries, that he was not, and never had been, a member of the Irish Republican Army, and that he had come to Dublin a few hours before his arrest in order to have the annual accounts of a co-operative society audited. He is killed secretly with two others. Was there a trial? Was there any evidence? None is offered. No inquiry is permitted.

WHAT AFTER?

But let us assume that the policy succeeds, that a peace of terror is imposed, that there is a great drive of the youth of Ireland across the sea? In his recent articles in the Times, Mr. Thomas Curtin said that was the policy—to drive 30,000 men out of Ireland. But, as he asked, what then? Where do they go? To Africa, to Australia, to South Africa, with the sleepless purpose of vengeance in their hearts. We do not kill the disease by driving it overseas. We only spread it. For one Irishman we make many Irishmen. Take the United States. An enduring friendship between the American Commonwealth and the British Commonwealth is the supreme interest of the world. It can never be accomplished while 10,000,000 American citizens live with the single thought of freeing the land from which they or their fathers came. And if you drive out the 30,000 another generation will rise to avenge them to be driven out, perhaps, by a new terror. And so on with endless iteration.

For there is no finality by this path. It moves in a dreadful circle marked by the ashes of ancient fires and the bones of forgotten victims. For six hundred years we have tried to conquer and to crush Ireland. We have failed and we shall always fail. But we can win Ireland tomorrow on the same terms as those on which we have won and kept the free nations overseas. In his speech in the House of Lords this week Lord Grey asked where freedom had failed and where repression had won. The glories of our rule are the victories of liberty, as in Canada and South Africa; its shames are the failures of tyranny, as in the United States and Ireland.

In the presence of those moving scenes in London and Dublin yesterday it is too much to hope that a new spirit may come to birth. There is hope in this Parliament or this Government. But they will pass. The future, the immediate future, is with you, the plain citizen. Will you not heed?

PRAYER FOR BRIN'S FREEDOM OFFERED BY CARDINAL LOGUE
(By N. C. W. C. News Service)

Dublin, Dec. 1.—The special prayer which Cardinal Logue has sanctioned for the use of the faithful in Ireland during the present distress is as follows:

"Although we have asked for a long time, still we ask Thee, O Sacred Heart of Jesus, once more to plead for us to Thy Eternal Father for the poor souls and the Freedom of our persecuted, crushed country. We place in the center of Thy broken, bleeding Heart, covered with the crimson cloak of Thy most Precious Blood. The Eternal Father can not refuse to hear, not our prayers, but Thine. O Sacred Heart of Jesus, we place our trust in Thee. Mother Mary, Queen of Marys, have pity on your suffering Irish children and secure from Your Divine Child, Jesus, the pity we are so long pleading for. Seat of Wisdom, inspire and protect our leaders! Mother most pure, preserve us in purity!"

The prayer is being circulated among the people. "We have need of continued prayers," says Cardinal Logue, "until it may please God to rescue us from our present miseries. Earnest and persevering prayer is our only hope. We can expect little from human aid."

Exiles' Rest has ever been known to delay for long obedience to Father "Tim's" order to behave.

BRITAIN'S PRESS BOYCOTT

Ottawa Citizen, Dec. 17, 1920

An incident without precedent in the history of the British press is revealed by the systematic boycott of Mr. Asquith's Bradford speech in which that leader of a large section of British opinion denounced the administration for its Irish and other policies, particularly condemning the extravagance and waste which has characterized the Government since the armistice. That this policy is supplemental to the propaganda policy of the administration is shown by similar treatment accorded Lord Grey's speech in the House of Lords on the occasion of the second reading of the Home Rule Bill. The Times alone, of the London press not affiliated with the Liberal or other parties opposed to the Government, reported Lord Grey's speech at length. The Times described it as a "great speech" and gave it two columns, but the Daily Mail, the Daily Chronicle and other papers, gave it less than 20 lines, while the Express contented itself with two lines.

The following table shows the length at which the leading London papers favorable to the Government dealt with Mr. Asquith's speech at Bradford:

Daily Telegraph	12 columns
Morning Post	23 columns
Daily Chronicle	24 columns
Daily Express	10 lines
Daily Herald	10 lines
Daily Mail	2 columns
The Times	No mention

The London Daily News alone gave the Asquith speech in full, printing four columns. The great provincial dailies also gave more or less complete reports of the address, as follows:

Manchester Guardian	12 columns
Liverpool Daily Post	12 columns
South Wales News	1 column
Leeds Mercury	1 column
Western Daily Mercury	1 column
Glasgow Herald	23 columns
East Anglian Daily Times	12 columns
Birmingham Post	12 columns
Yorkshire Post	12 columns
Yorkshire Observer	12 columns
The Scotsman	24 columns
Manchester Daily Dispatch	24 columns
Sheffield Independent	1 column

It is evident that the Government has the London press fairly well in hand, which in itself constitutes a control of public opinion that seriously threatens the confidence of the people in the function and fairness of an established institution through which the true sentiment of the voters on many public questions finds expression.

Undoubtedly we have many faults in our Canadian newspapers but it is likewise true that our leading journals do not hesitate to give both sides of great questions a fair share of publicity. Our Government press deals fairly from a news point of view with opponents of the Government and the opposition press gives adequate reports of the addresses and arguments of supporters of the administration. Indeed it is difficult for the reader to determine the political complexion of our best journals from the contents of their news columns. This, of course, is as it should be. It is regrettable to find that in the home of a free press conditions are evidently different.

In the past it was the right of every Britisher to write his grievances to the Times. Now he must seek out one of the provincial journals if he is to voice opinions different to those of his favorite newspaper. Propaganda can be negative as well as positive, to all appearances, but an administration that fears to let the people hear both sides cannot hope to remain long in control of national affairs.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Bishop Darnand, S. M., is the newly appointed Vicar Apostolic of the Navigator Islands in Oceania.

The Boston Evening Transcript in a recent issue says: "The Vatican is gathering up more loose ends of the War than any other agency and is immensely strengthening its position throughout all Europe."

A scholarly prelate once remarked that the growth of the Catholic school system in America was the greatest religious fact of the age. Catholics expend annually nearly \$50,000,000 for their schools.

Paris, Dec. 1.—Cardinal Louis Ernest Dubois, who in September was appointed Archbishop of Paris in succession to the late Cardinal Amette assumed the duties of his new post yesterday.

Fort Augustus, Scotland, Nov. 30.—The Rev. A. T. Bell, formerly an Anglican clergyman of the Scottish Episcopal Diocese of Brechin, has been received into the Catholic Church at the monastery of the Benedictine Fathers at Fort Augustus.

Rome, Dec. 10.—Marquis John Anthony Della Chiesa, brother of Pope Benedict, died suddenly today in the presence of his son, Joseph. The Marquis was born in 1853 in Genoa. He entered the navy as a cadet when thirteen years old and became a Rear Admiral. He left the service in 1908.

Mgr. Fabre, Bishop of Marseilles, France, on Sunday, November 7, laid the first stone of a church to be erected at Marseilles in memory of her sons that fell in the War. A public fund will defray the cost of the construction. This church is to be dedicated to the Sacred Heart, and will have a tower 210 feet high.

To celebrate the fifteenth centenary of St. Jerome, Doctor of the Church, the Pope has issued a brief, directing that on Dec. 19th there be celebrated in the papal chapel of Santa Maria Maggiore a solemn pontifical service, as if His Holiness himself were present, members of the Sacred College, pontifical court and prelates participating.

Rome, Dec. 13.—Cardinal Mercier, Primate of Belgium, was received by Pope Benedict today, the meeting between the two being of a most touching character. After the Cardinal had kissed the Pope's hand, the Pontiff embraced him. They recalled the vicissitudes through which they had gone during the last six years and exchanged expressions of hope for the regeneration of the world.

Cork, Dec. 14.—Among the victims of Saturday night's terrorism preceding the fires here were two priests, Rev. Patrick MacSwiney, closely related to the Lord Mayor of Cork and Father McCarthy, who are reported to have been handled severely by armed uniformed men. Father McCarthy's injuries were so severe that he was unconscious yesterday and is still unable to leave his bed while Father MacSwiney is scarcely able to move, owing to lameness and bruises. His watch and money were taken.

The Dominican Fathers are to undertake a mission work in Norway, and already Father Lamotte, O. F. M., accompanied by two other Fathers of his order, has arrived in Christiania, where he will establish a mission. The Sacred Heart Fathers have also opened a mission, and already there are signs that a spirit of religious toleration is awakening in this hitherto somewhat narrow Lutheran country. The Dominicans will give popular missions, and Father Lamotte will lecture.

With deep sorrow and a fervent prayer for the repose of his soul thousands who knew and loved Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J., will learn of his death in Chicago recently. Although Father Coppens was only a simple Jesuit priest, there were few men in the country who exercised a wider or more beneficent influence. During his long and busy life as a teacher he came into personal contact with countless numbers of students, and all received from him the best that his trained mind and generous heart could offer. As an author, Father Coppens was known throughout America and beyond the seas.

A special retreat for men of a region with a sparse Catholic population was recently held at New Hall, a historic convent in Essex, England. Nearly half the men were Protestants or "nothing in particular" in religion, as was said in describing them. The organization of the retreat was suggested to the community by a reading of the life of Father Doyle, S. J., apostle of retreats for working men. The men, who numbered twenty-seven, arrived at the convent at 8 a. m. on Sunday and Monday and went home at 9 p. m. on the three evenings—the retreat lasting in all from Saturday at 3 p. m. to the following Monday night. Meditations were given in the chapel during the retreat.

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THREE DAUGHTERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM

BY MRS. INNES-BROWN

CHAPTER XVII.

The new year that had its birth, and had dawned amidst such gay splendour and festivities beneath the strong towers of Baron Court, was warm no longer. The bright warm sun had grown cold and bleak; the earth, trees, and shrubs had borne their beautiful flowers and fruit; and now a cold, keen November wind searched the country in strong and fitful blasts, and sought with relentless force to strip and sweep every lingering leaf and spray from its sweet summer resting place.

With remorseless fury it chafed and hunted the faded yellow leaves down the streets and around the squares of the city of Edinburgh, harked and hustled them in every nook and cranny, where they vainly sought for refuge and shelter, till discovered by a louder and stronger blast they were once more roused and sent hurrying recklessly after their weary companions—rushing pell mell to sure and certain destruction.

It was not a day that many would have chosen for a walk of pleasure, least of all would they have willingly faced that fierce wind upon a hill. But what cared Madge for that? "Fewer people would be about," mused the girl; and had she not learnt to strive and struggle against things far harder and more cruel than the elements—ay, and to subdue them too? Her poor heart could answer for that, so could the quick look of brave determination which flashed from her features. With firm and hopeful steps she had trodden the hard, rough road of poverty and trial; yet she had not failed to see and pluck the fair flowers that, almost hidden, blossomed by the wayside, and their sweet and fragrant perfume had filled her heart with tranquil joy, peace, and resignation, the certain reward of duty nobly and faithfully accomplished.

She came slowly up the hill, the full skirt of her black dress floating in the wind, whilst both hands were upraised in almost vain endeavor to save her broad black hat from following the course of the gale. Where has vanished the awkward gait and rounded figure of her school days? Not a vestige of it remains. Very tall and slight she has grown in form; so slight, indeed, that it is by a strong effort of her will only she keeps her feet and moves evenly forward.

It is only a little more than two years since she left her convent home, and yet what a change that time has wrought in her. The clear grey eyes are looking straight ahead as of old, nor is their steady light dimmed one iota; but the dimpled cheeks are wan and thin; gone, too, are the healthy brown freckles, but in their place the skin is fair and white, almost transparent; the blue veins so prominent upon her mother's neck and temples are still more noticeable upon her daughter's; whilst the chestnut hair has lost its brightest ring, and toned to the shade of a rich Auburn.

From her mother she has inherited that look of quiet refinement which stamps her every movement; from her grandfather that courageous and indomitable will which has enabled her to endure so much. She wears that badge of mourning—draps—black and white, yet are her throat and wrists encircled as of old by a small lace collar and cuffs. Not a soul was in sight, and the girl struggled bravely on, battling cheerfully with the wind, until she reached a sheltered seat, upon which she sank fairly exhausted.

was he not a living link of the olden life?

He stood for almost a minute absorbed in admiration, and endeavoring to decipher the meaning of the rapid changes that flitted over her expressive countenance. Then he spoke. "Let us sit down together, Miss Fitz Allan, and tell me all about yourself. Marie is yearning to see you again, and so are all your old friends."

"How very good and kind of you," replied Madge, with her old winning smile; but the color rose to her cheeks, and her voice faltered as she continued, "I dare not stay long; I shall be missed. Besides, I have been a stranger to joy for so long that I know not how I can endure it now."

"You have lost some relative then?" he said kindly, half forcing her on to the seat, and sitting down beside her. She nodded assent. "My poor father died about ten days ago."

"And your mother?" "She is ill, very ill," said the girl, rising quickly. "The walk home is a long one. I must return, or she will wonder what has happened."

"Then I will accompany you. You will not refuse me that favor?" said Louis earnestly. She cast one quick, almost pleading look at him, as though to assure herself he was to be trusted, and replied firmly, "No, I will not refuse your request, Mr. Louis. May I ask you what has brought you to Edinburgh?"

"I came purposely on business for our lawyer, and Marie charged me with some for herself."

"To search everywhere, and leave no stone unturned until I found you, and then to try and see if we could not by some means brighten your life, were it ever so little."

"Dear little Marie, and so she is as kind as ever. I am very grateful to her. Why should I sadden her kind heart by a recital of my troubles? Besides," she continued cheerfully, "I am quite happy, and have, oh, so very much to be thankful for. God has been so good, and has given me courage and strength to endure so much. He will not ask of me more than I can perform," she said, with a sweet, trustful look.

more aversion to him than any one else I ever heard her speak of. Oh, what fun, what fun, if she should marry after all! Oh, she Ireland," said the girl merrily, "I am ashamed of you—you the eldest of us all, and false to your colors; what an example!"

Madge had so many questions to ask, and Louis managed to entertain her so thoroughly, that the long walk appeared all too short for both of them, and ere long they stood in front of No. 50. The girl's heart misgave her as she neared the door. "What would he think of her when he saw the style of house in which they lived?" She could not resist casting one quick furtive glance at his face; but Louis, reading her heart in that glance, appeared to notice nothing, and neither by look nor word expressed the smallest astonishment. His manner was more cordial and courteous than usual as he bade her good-morning, promising to do himself the honor of calling upon her mother that afternoon.

"Not today," she answered gratefully; "she is ill, and I must take her to see our only friend, the doctor, this afternoon. He is at present staying a few miles out of town."

"Stay; tell me if that terrible she-dragon is still with you—the servant who met you in London?" "Poor Mary? Oh yes; but you must not call her by that name. Her heart is true and honest, if her face is hard and plain. Good-bye," replied the girl sadly but bravely. She had so enjoyed her walk; it was so sweet to feel that she was treated by old friends with the same courtesy and respect as before.

At three o'clock that same afternoon Louis stood once more at the door of No. 50, and rather timidly rang the bell. It was duly answered by Mary, whose sharp eyes kindled with surprise as they fell upon the jovial face and strong athletic form of the young man before her; but by no sign did she allow that he was recognized.

"Well, sir, and what may your business be?" she inquired, still holding the door in one hand, and not failing to note the look of hesitation and perplexity upon his countenance. "I—I wanted to see—" "My mistress is not in, sir," she interrupted sharply. "No! but I thought that—" "Neither is the young lady."

"I know that," he said impatiently. "I wish to see you!" "The dickens you do!" exclaimed the woman in surprise. "Why, you'd best come if that's your errand!" She had not heard of the meeting between the young people, and concluded he was bent upon worming out their position and circumstances. "I'll be bound," thought Mary, "much may he get out of me."

"Well, sir," she said, leading the way to the kitchen, "then as comes to see me, must 'e'en visit me in my own quarters." His errand being a delicate one, Louis took with some timidity the seat offered him, and looked with undisguised dislike upon the woman, who had drawn another chair opposite to him, and now sat with one hand spread out upon each knee, eyeing him silently but curiously. He felt he must speak at once. "You remember my sister?" he began. "I do. She struck me as one likely to have a pretty easy life of it."

The heart of Louis was warming to this woman now as she waxed quite eloquent on her favorite subject. "Of course I see now that she cannot leave her home."

"Miss Madge will never leave her home, sir, so long as her mother lives; but to my judgment the poor lady is fast breaking up."

"What? another dreadful trial in store for Miss Fitz Allan! Oh! do promise that if we can be of any help—the greater the better—that you will let me know," he implored. "Well, I may do," she said frankly. "I do believe you are honest, and would do your best to aid my young lady; and maybe I'm not altogether so bad as you think me."

"I know it now," he said, walking towards her and offering her his hand. "And you will tell Miss Fitz Allan that I am obliged to leave Edinburgh this evening, but that I hope to bring my sister with me on my next visit; and you—you will not forget your promise, Mary?"

"No, sir, I will not. And think no more of my manner today. I have had much to put me about of late, and did not quite know what you were after."

"He's a true-hearted gentleman, and I like his honest face," thought Mary, as she closed the street door after him, and I'm glad that those two young ladies have not forgotten our poor Miss Madge. Who knows but she may mix with her own set yet?"

"I do, she struck me as one likely to have a pretty easy life of it."

"Oh, I feared you might have forgotten me!" "Not I; but you've come on a good bit since I saw you last."

stranger in the city, whose path would never cross my own again."

"Oh, no, replied Lucy. 'We live over yonder. My father is Doctor Dunstan.' 'I have heard of him,' rejoined the old man. 'He is a very good man.' 'Indeed, he is,' replied Lucy, pleased to hear her dear father praised. 'I hope you do not feel hungry today,' she continued. 'I know a quarter does not go very far, but it will buy some loaves of bread.' 'Very small loaves these days,' said her friend. 'But that quarter has brought me what is better than bread.'"

Lucy looked a little mystified, but asked no further questions. After a few words more the old man passed on, and the child resumed her play. Almost daily thereafter she would meet him, exchange a few words with him, and then he would leave her.

One day she asked him, "How is it that I never saw you until that day and now I see you so often?" "Well," was the reply, "I used to live in another part of the city, and some time ago I moved here. That is why I walk in this park instead of the one near which I formerly lived."

"Do you like it as well?" inquired Lucy. "Much better. I had no friends before, and now I have a very dear little friend."

"Why didn't you have any before?" "Well, perhaps it may have been through my own fault. I am something of a cynic. Do you know what that means?" "No, sir, I do not."

"Well, forget it, and may you never know its meaning."

"Mrs. Dunstan often walked to the park with Lucy, and gradually became quite interested in Lucy's friend, who she now felt certain was by no means poor as they had at first conjectured, but probably an old soldier living on his pension, frugally of course, but quite comfortably. Not far from the Dunstan residence, at the corner of the square, a very large but gloomy looking house was situated in the midst of a once beautiful but now neglected garden, which had long been an eyesore to the prosperous neighborhood. It belonged to an eccentric gentleman who, it was believed, had gone abroad several years before, and who had obstinately refused to sell the property or keep it in repair. One morning as Lucy was passing the corner, she saw her friend of the park ascend the steps of the mansion, fit a key in the door, and enter. When she related the circumstances to her mother, Mrs. Dunstan said: 'Now the mystery is solved. I could not imagine where the old man lived, in this neighborhood. But I think I can explain it. No doubt he is caretaker of the Ralph house, and has a room in the back part, near the old vegetable garden.' 'Yes,' said her husband, 'I remember having seen a couple of windows opened there lately.' Christmas with its manifold pleasures came and went most joyfully. A few days later, as Lucy was strolling her hoop in the park, she saw her friend advancing to meet her. Her eyes spoke the joy in her affectionate heart. 'Oh, I am so very glad to see you!' she said. 'We thought you had gone away forever, and I was a little worried, too, for I imagined you might have been sick and alone in that big house you take care of.' 'Precious little care I take of it,' he rejoined. 'But I live there true enough.' 'Yes,' said Lucy, 'I even went around to the back of the garden to see if you were there. But the windows were shut, so I fancied you must have gone away!'

"Certainly," replied Doctor Dunstan, and the stranger opened the box. Within was one of faded velvet. Touching a spring the visitor revealed a locket, framed in pearls, with four fine diamonds in the center in the form of a cross. It was attached to a delicate gold chain of the finest workmanship.

Placing and fastening it around Lucy's neck, he said: "My darling child, I give you this as a memento of the dearest thing I ever owned in this world. Keep it, wear it, and treasure it. You are very like my sister—whose nature was akin to yours—gentle, loving, generous and pure. The day I saw you first I was reminded of her, and the long sealed fountain of my crusty old heart once more began to flow. I am a changed man. This child has accomplished a miracle," he continued, turning to Doctor Dunstan.

"Then, putting his arm around Lucy, he drew her to his breast. 'My dear, he said, 'you have transformed a hardened old man into a real human being. Blessed are the parents that call you their own.' The child nestled closely to her friend, gazing up into his eyes as he spoke, while her delicate fingers clasped the beautiful locket he had fastened about her slender white throat.

"She is a dear child," said the mother, "but we must not make her proud." "You could not make her proud," replied the old man. "Pride is and will always be a stranger to her soul. And now," he continued, "I will tell you who I am. My name is Cheswynd Ralph, of whom, of course, you have often heard. I am the owner of the dilapidated place quite close to you. From this time forward I intend to live as a human being, not as a cynical recluse.

"My story would not interest you nor would my excuses hold in the minds of any reasonable beings of whom I have not, until now, been one. But in whatever of the future is left to me, I shall try to redeem the past. I have suffered injustice, the treachery of friends, and many other things. I should have risen above them, but I did not. I trust God will forget the past and illumine the future with His blessed joy and peace."

Two years from that night, the Dunstons were once more reassembled in the drawing room of their beautiful home. But the old man was not there. He had died six months before leaving a letter to Lucy which was not to be opened until New Year's night and now the time had come. Lucy and her mother seated themselves on either side of Doctor Dunstan. This was what the Doctor read: "My Dear Little Girl: You have been my guardian angel and my salvation. My sole regret in leaving this world is in leaving you and the good, kind parents whose care and solicitude will keep you always as you are. If after I have atoned for my sins in God's blessed purgatory, it is permitted me to do so, I shall watch over you from His paradise. May He always have you in His keeping. Your Friend of the Park."

Accompanying this note was a bequest of \$20,000 in trust for Lucy Dunstan until she had arrived at the age of twenty one year, after which it was to be placed in her own hands. And that is how Lucy became an heiress—because of the goodness and kindness of a loving, unselfish heart—Mary E. Mannix, in Young Catholic Messenger.

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT It had long been threatening, at last it had come. For a year or two back, John Fanning's thoughts had persistently turned westward across the ocean leagues, westward to the golden land of the Setting Sun. And for more than a year or two past, the family's fortunes had so persistently been ebbing, lower and always lower, the family's hopes had dwindled and dwindled upon the far horizon, until they had dipped and dived in the western sea, faded and passed like the sunset. So it had been for years. Always as the prospect darkened around them at home, John Fanning's eyes had seen the growing of that western light, and its golden beckoning to him. And now, at length, the poverty and misery of this last Christmas had decided him. The blow that Mary Fanning had been so long awaiting in a dumb wretchedness of expectation had fallen at last. For John had declared—and the knew that new he might not be gained—that, let them weep as they would, he would no longer remain in a country where he could not even make his daily bread nor provide a roof for the four little ones dependent on him. A month or five weeks later, as soon as the necessary money for the passage to America had been collected, they were to leave the well known ways, the familiar faces and the old, fresh, holy days, to turn their backs upon their dear green isle forever and to seek a better fortune in that far off land. Then despair seemed to settle down on Mary's soul. She could scarcely frame a word of prayer, yet, on morning Mass, and during many a lonely moment she crept daily, as usual, but oftener now, to the little peaceful church where her rosy cheeked four had been baptized and three of them had made their First Communions. And there, a motion-

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IN THE COUNTRY OF JESUS

By MATILDA SERAO

Catholic Record

LONDON, ONT.

less figure in black, the poor mother would kneel at the altar rails, her pleading eyes...

New Year's Day came—it was three days now since John had made known his determination. What an eternity it seemed!

A New Year's gift rewarded her, indeed, on the breakfast table. With trembling fingers she tore open the long white envelope so prettily addressed.

It was, truly, the answer of the Sacred Heart, although, that New Year's Day, she could hardly see at once how fully and generously that most liberal Heart had responded to her piteous appeal to His tenderness.

She drew forth a cheery pink-covered booklet first. What was this? There was the title, The Irish Messenger of the Sacred Heart, the gentle figure of the young Saviour looking compassionately upon her, there was St. Patrick, fatherly and kind, there was the morning sun of hope, as she liked to interpret it, the morning sun of returning prosperity, and the benedictions of the Sacred Heart dawning in beauty over their own island home.

Mary did not know the Messenger well; she had subscribed to it once in the long ago, but it was many a dreary day since she had seen a copy.

"Come, Mary, it is sleepin' you are over that little book?" her husband's gruff tones suddenly broke in upon her reverie. He had been gruff than ever, those last days; the emigrant ship so close at hand, was far less attractive than he had supposed, and the lanes and fields, the still peaceful hills and his tiny cottage home, humbled as it was, were suddenly surprisingly beautiful, and dearer than he had known.

She handed him the pink journal whose very cover had roused such thoughts in her. There was a letter as well. It was from Miss Davis, the lady who had, not long ago, come to live in the big house over at Kilmorra, and was such an old friend of Father McNally's, the parish priest. In it she had enclosed a Badge for each member of the family, and a Sacred Heart Shield to hang on the door was also in the packet. She was most anxious to do some little thing for the Sacred Heart, it seemed, and, with her kindly-worried New Year's wishes, she told Mrs. Flanagan that she would like her to accept of the Messenger, monthly, from her for the coming year, adding that she should like to see her the next day about some sewing which she wished undertaken for her.

It was a ray of hope. Here at least, was some work. Mary Flanagan excelled in all domestic duties, and she knew that she owed this opportunity to the recommendations of their good priest. Then there was just the chance that something for John might also be procured through Miss Davis' kind offices. She set down to the perusal of the Messenger, later that day, with a prayer, a hope that grew, by the time she had read it through, to a fervent desire and a strong trust in the loving kindness of the Heart of Him Who can do all things.

"Nothing is impossible to prayer," she read; and the words echoed and re-echoed like a beautiful refrain in her heart, the while she set down to write the petition for the prayers of the Apostleship, which that same evening saw on route for the Messenger office.

"John, dear," she said a day or two later, as that pleading had needled busily on the work which Miss Davis had entrusted her, "I was thinking there was a resolution we might perhaps be taking, all of us." "I mean to make the Nine Fridays together this year for us to get out of this trouble an' be able to make our living here in holy Ireland, instead of in that weary, far away America. God only knows, John, how well we'd get on over there. There's that young Tom Clancy went away two years ago, and it's never a line his poor old mother has had from him this long time. There was Tim and Michael O'Neill—by all accounts they can earnly keep themselves, an' weren't they the brave boys before they went, going to send for Moira and Ellen and little Rose, and keep the old father and mother as well. Poor Andy O'Connell that's dead, too, he simply starved to death. An' when they did get work they're killed entirely with it—an' who's caring,

all the time, whether they live or die?" "God an' His Blessed Mother do, anyway," replied John, who felt the force of her arguments and had, moreover, just read in the Messenger a letter from an exile that had given him much food for thought, but he was not going to abandon his position.

"Ay, God an' His Blessed Mother," repeated Mary slowly. "But, John, this is their own land; sure, they won't be so near you over there. An' who's to tell whether poor exiles will get work anywhere that's near a church, either? The young people, too, it's not always they're true to God and His Blessed Mother once they get on in that country—or even if they don't get on."

John agreed to join her, and the two eldest in the Nine Fridays for the betterment of their position—would not mention emigration as yet.

Time went on. The winter was a hard one, but still, with Miss Davis' help, the Flanagans were able to face the darkest days. It was hard sometimes, for the amount that Mary could make was not considerable, and little could be done by her employer for John. And he could not obtain any employment otherwise so far, strive as he would find it. By dint of scraping and saving however, by the cheerful acceptance of many an unavoidable privation, by methodical and well-thought-out arrangement of her small income, Mrs. Flanagan managed to tide them through.

It was, perhaps, John who prayed hardest of all during those trying times. For it was dreadful for him, the bread-winner, not to be able to make provision for his dear ones, to be dependent on her who should have been supported by him.

"Mary, avourneen," said he one day, "sure, I do be askin' the Blessed Mother every day when I'm at the beads to find me some work. But I was thinkin' maybe she'd hear us quicker if we all said the Rosary together in the evenings for it."

And so she did. For about a fortnight after the Family Rosary had been established among them, on the third of the Nine Fridays with which they opened the New Year, John Flanagan's fortunes took suddenly a turn for the better. It was on that day that he got the first real employment he had had for many a month. One of the neighboring farmers, a fairly well-to-do man, was ill, and likely to remain long within doors. He had no children and few relatives; to the man in his service he did not care to entrust so great a charge as his own duties involved; he did not know what to do to find a sufficiently competent and, at the same time, absolutely trust-worthy man to supply the deficiency. Thus he had complained to good Father McNally. And the priest had so strongly recommended John Flanagan that James Murphy had engaged him there and then.

"Mary," said her husband five weeks later, "if the Sacred Heart will give me a permanent job like this, I'll never think again of emigration, or let the children either, as long as I'm here to stop them." "Perhaps it was Mary Flanagan who wrote to their little friend the Messenger in thanksgiving, not so very long ago, 'for being saved from emigration and for a good home in holy Ireland; two requests that had seemed impossible to obtain.' But, however that was, it is true that the Flanagans are to be seen every First Friday faithfully, at the Altar rails. They are making the Nine Fridays in thanksgiving, they will tell you always. And every evening you may hear the rise and fall of the Ave's round Our Lady's statue on the white altar with its fresh flowers. 'There is no music like that of the Family Rosary,' says Mrs. Flanagan. Our Lady thinks so, too.

There is just one other resolution the family is thinking of taking—perhaps in thanksgiving also, for a happier little band you would find it hard to discover anywhere; and that is to invite the Sacred Heart to their own hearts oftener than on First Fridays and on Sundays and Feasts only—even daily, as obedient children of our Holy Father should.

"For what's the use," says Mrs. Flanagan, smilingly, "of living in holy Ireland without being holy yourself? of being in the land of the Sacred Heart without having a lot to do with Him? Sure, that's the resolution that's going to be our New Year's gift to Him, in return for all He's given us through the dear little Messenger, our New Year's gift."—Thamonda, in the Irish Messenger.

"NO TIME," NO EXCUSE

"I would gladly do so," some one will say, "if I only had time." My answer is, first, your excuse is a bad one; you have no time, because you do not wish to have time. Whoever has the good-will finds time for Holy Communion. I wish, however, to remark at once, that I am far from wishing to urge anyone to go to Holy Communion, if thereby he would be obliged to neglect the duties of his calling and position in life; but, at the same time, I should like to point out that anyone who divides his time properly and makes a conscientious use of it, will always find that he can go to Holy Communion. It does not occupy much time! We waste hours in idle conversations, in eating and drinking; we even find time unhelpfully for sin: have we none at all for God. What we lack is not time, but good-will. Any one who is in the habit of going to Mass on week days can make his preparations during

Mass, and need spend only a quarter of an hour in thanksgiving, and even this quarter of an hour is not wasted from his work, for it is a matter of common experience that we work better and with greater industry after going to Holy Communion.—The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

NATURAL RIGHT OF LABOR UNIONISM

"It is better that two should be together than one," says the Holy Scripture, "for they have the advantage of each other's company. If one fall he will be supported by the other. Woe to him that is alone, for when he falleth he hath none to lift him up." With these words Pope Leo XIII. begins his defense of what he describes as the "natural right" of association. This he extends equally to the State and to private organizations, particularly including workmen's societies, for whose special justification his argument is built up. Their right to existence has always been sanctioned in Catholic times.

Men aim to perfect themselves, and have a natural right to do so within the due limits of justice and morality. To attain that end most effectually they require each other's assistance. This is obtained through association. Hence the natural right, not merely of the family and the State, but of private organizations as well, such as those of capital and labor. No social institutions, on the other hand, are so sacred that they do not admit of abuses, least of all industrial associations. But this can obviously be no reason for challenging the natural right which underlies them. The family is not to be destroyed because of the reeking evils of divorce and birth-control in the modern paganized society; nor is the State, as such, to be attacked because of the despotism so often associated with it, whether under the false doctrine of the Divine right of kings or the equal tyranny of a Bolshevik misrule.

Labor unionism is therefore built upon the same natural right as the family and the State. Objectible as particular unions must become when in the hands of atheistic Socialist workers, the natural right itself of labor unionism remains untouched. Under the present economic system its application is of the utmost importance. Aside from those two most fundamental forms of society, the family and the State, we do not hesitate to say that the need of secular organization is nowhere more imperatively felt than where the worker finds himself confronted today with the vital problem of securing a livelihood for himself and his family.

The right itself on which labor unions rests is prior to the historic existence of the State. It lies beyond the power of any legislature. As a natural right it antedates all positive law and cannot be abrogated by it. Legislation cannot prevent labor organizations that do not set for themselves evil ends, or employ unlawful means, or come into conflict with the public welfare. Only when they are evidently bad, unlawful or dangerous to the State may the latter interfere, and even then, as Pope Leo wisely says, "every precaution is to be taken not to violate the rights of individuals, and not to impose unreasonable regulations, under pretence of public benefit." For the State to forbid any rightful association of citizens that does not infringe upon the public good would be, in the words of this great social teacher, to contradict the very principle on which its own existence is based. "For to enter into a society of this kind is the natural right of man; and the State is bound to protect natural rights, not to destroy them."

Associations, whether of labor or capital, have not merely a clear right to existence, but they are entirely free to adopt whatever rules and organization may best conduce to the attainment of their respective objects," with the understanding always that justice and charity are observed towards all, and that the common good of the community is placed above all special interests of these private groups. If labor has often fallen short in these respects, capital surely has failed far more signally as social history bears witness. The special object of labor unions, according to Pope Leo XIII., will consist in the help afforded each individual member "to better his condition to the utmost in body, mind and property."

The Church, as is obvious, does not indiscriminately approve of every organization of labor by the mere act of proclaiming the natural right of labor unionism, just as she is far from approving of every association of capital. She has, moreover, her own definite ideals, particularly for Catholic workmen, which are clearly set down in the Encyclical to which reference is made throughout this article. But even the most deplorable conditions existing anywhere in the labor world have never led her to attack labor unionism in itself. Such conditions may call for the purification of the existing organizations, or else the gathering of self-respecting workmen into new labor unions that will not imperil the spiritual interests of the workers.

Nothing could be more clear upon this point than the eloquent words of the great Bishop Ketteler, spoken at a time when the labor organizations of his own country were mainly in the hands of infidels. It was the tendency of the age, as he keenly

saw, for workmen to combine "for the purpose of gaining a hearing for their just claims by united action." He approved heartily of such action, as not merely justified but absolutely necessary on account of the existing economic conditions, and then thus continued to urge Catholics not merely to encourage this movement, but enthusiastically to participate in it:

It would be a great folly on our part if we kept aloof from this movement merely because it happens at the present time to be promoted chiefly by men who are hostile to Christianity. The air remains God's air though breathed by an atheist, and the bread we eat is no less the nourishment provided for us by God though kneaded by an unbeliever. It is the same with unionism: It is an idea that rests on the Divine order of things and is essentially Christian, though the men who favor it most do not recognize the finger of God in it and often turn it to a wicked use."

Unionism, however, is not merely legitimate in itself and worthy of our support, but Christianity alone commands the indispensable elements for directing it properly and making it a real and lasting benefit to the working classes. Just as the great truths which uplift and educate the workingman, his individuality and personality, are Christian truths, so also Christianity has the great ideas and living forces capable of imparting life and vigor to the workmen's associations."

The truth of these last words is sufficiently clear from the labor history of the Middle Ages. Labor unionism today assumes, indeed, a greatly different aspect from that which presented in the days of the medieval guild, yet it is based upon the same natural rights and the same human needs. It is therefore as universally defended, in principle, by all the Catholic spokesmen of our age as the guild system was in the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. On this point a perfect unanimity exists. The encyclicals of the Sovereign Pontiffs, the joint pastorals of the Bishops of various countries, and the statements of all recognized social exponents insist with all their strength upon the right of labor unionism. More than this they seek in every practical and Christian way to lend it their support.

"It is an idea," as Bishop Ketteler says, "that rests on the Divine order of things and is essentially Christian."

In the same spirit, too, the Committee of the War and the Religious Outlook of the United States did not hesitate to state clearly in its recent report that: "The right of the worker to organize and bargain collectively is at present an elementary means of self-protection." A momentous problem, doubtless, for the Catholic workmen presents itself in various countries of the world when there is question of determining the nature of the workmen's association to which he is to give his allegiance. But this is a subject that does not concern us here.

One practical question, however, remains to be treated. Should the laborer's right of organization be confined to his own plant, as some employers seem in practice, if not in theory, to hold? The question would be equally pertinent if we were to ask whether the employers should be confined to organizing within their own corporations, and not permitted to join in natural associations. What is true for capital in this regard is true for labor, or rather a greater liberty should be conceded to the latter because its need of organization is far greater than that of the employers as a class.

Capital and labor, according to Pope Leo XIII., are equally free to adopt whatever organization or rules they believe will best conduce to the attainment of their particular object. There can be no doubt that labor, as a body, needs first of all national unions, which for constructive work can well be supplemented by shop committees. As for the function of the State in this matter the same Pontiff adds: "Let the State watch over these societies of citizens handed together for the exercise of their rights; but let it not thrust itself into their particular concerns and obligations." Such an act would be permitted only where the common good is evidently affected.

Labor is entirely free, precisely like the employer, in the choice of the representatives through whom it believes it can most effectively carry on collective bargaining. It alone is to decide whether it wishes to choose them from its shop organization or from its national union. In the latter case it must of course seek to avoid the disagreeable situation sometimes when the union's business agent is ill-informed or unscrupulous or autocratic in his methods. The employers would keenly resent the intrusion of labor where there is question of deciding about their own legal advisers or agents. The workers surely have the same right to deal on equal terms with those who engage their services. It is particularly illegal for employers to seek to confine their workers to their own shop organizations. "The worker must claim the same full right of free association."

Both labor unions and employers' associations have the same imperative duty to maintain justice and charity in all the relations between employers and employed, while both classes must place the public good above all private interests. When these conditions are not observed there is reason to object against the

offending group or person. But who is to throw the first stone?—Joseph Huslein S. J., in America.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, The flying cloud, the frosty light, The year is dying in the night; Ring out, wild bells, and let him die, Ring out the old, ring in the new, Ring happy bells, across the snow; The year is going, let him go; Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind, For those that here we see no more; Ring out the feud of rich and poor, Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause, And ancient forms of party strife; Ring in the nobler modes of life, With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin, The faithless coldness of the times; Ring out, ring out, my mournful rhymes, But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood, The civic slander and the spite; Ring in the love of truth and right, Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease; Ring out the narrowing lust of gold; Ring out the thousand wars of old, Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free, The larger heart, the kinder hand; Ring in the darkness of the land, Ring in the Christ that is to be.

PLIABILITY OF MIND

In the Biblical World of September Shailer Mathews discusses the subject of "changing one's religious mind." He says that, on the one hand frequent changes of mind taken a vacillating character, while, on the other hand, the reluctance to change it on the presentation of new evidence is neither honest nor creditable to a Christian. As a general proposition this statement may go unchallenged. But in its practical application it has not the same meaning and scope for all Christians.

Let us begin with some distinctions. The attitude of the mind towards a proposition of religion, say the existence of God, may be denial, doubt, surmise, opinion, or certitude. He who doubts it refuses his assent, he who surmises it inclines his assent, he who has an opinion about it embraces the proposition though with a misgiving of being possibly mistaken, he who has certitude embraces the proposition without the least fear of being mistaken.

Now it stands to reason that a change of mind from denial upward to certitude is a laudable thing and cannot honestly or virtuously be refused in the face of evidence. You cannot honestly deny or doubt what you know to be so and not otherwise. And this is precisely the meaning of evidence. That in science there are things we know to be so and not otherwise, is plain; for instance, the multiplication table or the laws of physics and chemistry. To change one's mind in regard to these scientific facts once attained would be a retrogression from truth to error.

But is there a final certitude, even on this earth, also in matters of religion or faith? If so, there may be a state of the religious mind where change would be neither honest nor creditable to a Christian. Now, Catholics believe that there is such a state of certitude in matters of religion, because their faith comprises the consent of the infallible teaching authority of the Church. Protestants, on the contrary, waive the claim of the infallibility of their churches and proclaim the principle of private judgment as the right of each individual Christian. Hence, while they may be certain about the Bible as the word of God, they can, in accordance with their very principles, have no final certitude about His interpretation. And it is this interpretation that matters. For, after all, it depends on the interpretations whether you get the mind of God out of the Bible or not. For us Catholics the infallibility of the Church guarantees the correctness of the interpretation, and as far as the Church's authentic interpretation has covered the field of divine revelation our mental certitude is fixed and unchangeable.

From this it follows at once that a Protestant may become a Catholic without doing violence to the principles of his religion. He is professing a searcher after religious truth. Private judgment is his native right, and, as we said above, his church does not claim to be his infallible guide. Hence if a Protestant, by reading the Scriptures with his private judgment, has come to recognize the Catholic Church as the true church and joins it, no one can blame him for this move without, at least implicitly, both denying the right of private judgment and asserting the infallibility of the denomination from which he has withdrawn. A Catholic, on the contrary, by leaving his Church, violates a fundamental principle of his religion. He is truly an apostate, while this name in no way belongs to a Protestant convert to the Catholic Church.

So much, then, we have from this discussion that a Protestant, to be true to his religion, must ever be ready to change his religious mind,

while a Catholic, to be true to his religion, must have an absolutely settled religious mind as far as it is imbued with the authoritative teachings of his Church. Whether this position of the Catholic is objectively correct depends on the question whether the Church is really infallible. It cannot be our present purpose to enter into arguments on this subject. But does it not seem antecedently plausible that God giving a revelation to mankind would make his gift perfect by giving it an official interpretation? So did the Fathers of this country not only give us a Constitution but a Supreme Court also to interpret it. Without the latter the Constitution would have become a source of confusion and disruption, as has been the case with the Bible wherever the authority of the Church has been set aside.—S. in The Guardian.

SPIRITUAL AWAKENING

Notwithstanding the wave of materialism that has been sweeping over the world many spiritual signs are appearing to show that the lessons of the War purchased with so many heartaches are making an impression upon the consciences of people. Men are beginning to ask not what did the War achieve, but what did it reveal.

The first hopeful sign is the collapse of the materialistic and anti-Catholic propaganda that was so widespread before the War. The anti-Catholicism that was applied to materialism showed its intrinsic hollowness and sham. Face to face with death men turned instinctively to belief in God. Before such an ordeal as flying shot and shell it was impossible to be an atheist.

There is no record of a Catholic who lost his faith on account of the War, but there are many examples of careless Catholics reconciled to their Church, and examples innumerable of non-Catholics who turned to the Catholic chapel for encouragement in spiritual things that they felt were so necessary. There has consequently been a strong revival of faith in God and in Christ, although outside the Catholic Church this belief as yet lacks much definite idea about Christ and about His doctrines. But it may be taken as a groping for truth that will find its object in time.

Another hopeful sign whose significance should not be allowed to pass is the recent celebration in such a Protestant country as England on Armistice Day. At this historic function there was a Memorial Service, placing flowers on the Cenotaph, bringing home the Unknown Warrior, and prayers at his bier. A few years ago the offerings of prayers at such events would have been regarded as Catholic superstition. Today it is taken by non-Catholics to evince their rejection of the materialistic notion that this life is everything, and ends everything, and their growing conviction born of the War that when their best and dearest relatives go forth and die for a cause there must be something more than death. Coupled with the spontaneous impulse to fall upon their knees and pray for the well being of their departed heroes, this is a close approximation of the Catholic doctrine of the future life.

Catholics have seized the opportunity to pray that Almighty God will remind the people of the world through the Unknown Warrior of their duty of praying for others who are nameless and forgotten, and bring them by this road back to other doctrines of His Church. As a time when so much pessimism abounds it is refreshing to see such evidence of a return to doctrines of the old religion. We too have a duty to perform. We should pray for our separated brethren, that the lessons of the War may not be lost, that they may return step by step along the darkened way that leads to light, and that the problem of reunion of the scattered flock into one sheepfold may be accomplished. Such a giant cataclysm as the War could not pass without a spiritual awakening. God will allow us to see more evidence of its speedy approach, but let us not be unmindful or ungrateful of the signs already vouchsafed us.—The Pilot.

A SOLEMN REMINDER

Here is a solemn reminder from Cardinal Newman, who bids us remember that "Another year is opening upon us; it speaks to the thoughtful, and is heard by those who have expectant ears, and watch for Christ's Coming. The former year is gone: it is dead; there it lies in the grave of past time, not to deny, however, and be forgotten; but kept in the view of God's Omniscience, with all its sins and errors irrevocably written: till at length, it will be raised again to testify against us at the Last Day." This last is a terrible thought, well calculated to give us pause.

NECESSITY OF VOCATIONS

The necessity of fostering religious vocations is realized by all good Catholics. It is not enough, however, to pray that the laborers in the Lord's vineyard be plentiful, but we ought to do our part to help worthy young men who aspire to the priesthood; and parents ought to be willing to allow a son or daughter to consecrate his or her life to God.—The Messenger, San Antonio.



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LONDON, SATURDAY, JAN. 1, 1921

IMMIGRATION

That the only solution of the unemployment problem in Great Britain was "by resort to emigration within the Empire, until the world was in a more settled condition" was the astounding statement made by Lloyd George last week in the House of Commons. Despite unparalleled Government control of the press British readers have often seen the charge that the British Premier has greatly lowered the standards of English public life; has substituted publicity and propaganda for policy and principle. Shiftlessness and shiftlessness have characterized both the man and his Government. With his complete disregard for candor and consistency he joins with a marvellous intuition as to what the British public suitably informed—or misinformed—will stand for. And on this intuition, akin to animal instinct, those who tolerate him as head or figurehead depend for snatching a new mandate from a befuddled people.

At the elections of 1918 Lloyd George loudly proclaimed that the great problems of reconstruction could be solved only by eschewing party spirit and retaining the machinery of the Coalition until "the man who won the War" had inaugurated that new and better world of which he talked so eloquently.

Now the greatest reconstruction problem, the one overshadowing and involving all others, was the reabsorption into civil life of the millions the War had called to the colors. Long before the War ended this was pointed out and insisted upon as all-important.

Not only has the Lloyd George Government failed utterly to face and solve this problem, but as Mr. Asquith has pointed out—and the facts amply warrant his statement—continuance, after war conditions had disappeared, of Government control of industries has resulted in unemployment growing in every direction.

And now despite unheard of national expenditure wastefully and wantonly squandered, Mr. Lloyd George confesses absolute failure and abject helplessness in face of the greatest, the most vital of the problems he declared the Coalition alone could and would solve.

"He fears that the problem [of unemployment] can only be solved by resort to emigration within the Empire, until the world is in a more settled condition."

It is gratifying to see that the general expression of Canadian opinion is a prompt rejection of the British Premier's proposal to unload hundreds of thousands of out-of-work Englishmen on the Dominions, and an emphatic repudiation of any such conception of Empire.

There has been amongst a certain class of Canadians, so much gushing talk about our "duty to the Empire," and so little reference to our rights of self-government—won by a more virile and self-respecting generation of Canadians—that a generation is growing up in Canada who neither know nor prize their civil rights as Canadians.

In this matter of immigration we quote from The "Problem of the Commonwealth." The author is a frank and open advocate of Imperial federation. Yet with regard to immigration he writes: "The argument of the colonies was unanswerable. The power to control the development of their own social structure meant nothing, unless they were free to control the selection of its material."

Again: "Here, as in the case of tariffs the question has been determined by the best of all possible tests, that of experience. . . Clearly they cannot control their own social development unless they can decide whom to admit and whom to exclude. They must have that right or forego the power to mould the growth of their own national life. . . .

"As it is, the matter has been settled by the test of experience. The control of immigration has been conceded to the Dominion Government."

So that, underlying Lloyd George's shiftless shuffling off of responsibility for the solution of a purely domestic English problem, there is an assumption that runs counter to clearly defined rights, duties and responsibilities devolving exclusively on the self-governing Dominions whose people "have constructed for themselves national governments competent to interpret public opinion on these matters, to formulate policies, and to raise from the particular public to which they are responsible the taxation required to make them effective." ib.

An interesting side-light on the unemployment problem of England is furnished by the dispute between the Government and the building trades, which is thus summarized by The Globe:

"The dispute, which has been dragging on for months, has held up the Government's extensive housing program, with distressing results. The public authorities contend that millions of people must go homeless or submit to injurious overcrowding for an indefinite period unless more labor is forthcoming. As a means of speeding up construction and relieving unemployment they propose the "dilution" of the building trades by the admission of thousands of workless soldiers, who would be assigned to jobs requiring the least experience, under the direction of skilled journeymen. The Government has tried to win the assent of organized Labor to the scheme by guaranteeing all qualified bricklayers, carpenters, plasterers, and other builders five years' steady work, with compensation for any time lost by bad weather. The unions have rejected the offer on the plea that the scheme would ultimately overcrowd their trades and break down the standards which they have built up through years of effort."

So that a quarter of a million of ex-soldiers, who spent at the front the years they might otherwise have spent in apprenticeship, are debared from earning a living; the people must go without needed housing accommodation; and the British Prime Minister, whose gallant forces are terrorizing a defenceless population in Ireland, dares not attempt a solution, fears there is no solution other than "emigration within the Empire."

The Class selfishness of Labor unions which clings so tenaciously to decent work and wage conditions hardly won as to exclude any consideration of those who risked their lives to defend the common country is an illuminating example of English patriotism. But it is not so sorry a spectacle as the cynical ingratitude and selfishness of the decadent ruling class whose figurehead and spokesman, Lloyd George, in effect, tells the sometime "heroes" that they had better get away to "the colonies," as the ruling class cannot be expected to endanger its privileges in trying to provide even a bare living for war-torn heroes in that new and better world which the favored few are divinely called to possess and to govern.

IRELAND

The special correspondent of the Manchester Guardian, who accompanied the Labor Commission to Ireland, writes in his paper under date Dec. 7th:

"The members of the Commission came here as sceptical people. Their tour is only half over, but they feel that the case about reprisals and the demoralization of the forces is fully proved. One could scarcely meet a more indignant set of men or men more ashamed of what is being done in the name of their country."

He goes on to tell that people were held up, searched and robbed everywhere on the streets of Cork. Even the writer and other journalists did not escape, though after examining their papers the journalists were allowed to go and retain their pocket-books. The following is a specimen paragraph from the correspondent's

account of police lawlessness in Cork: "A few doors further on is the little tobacco and sweet shop of Mr. Kenny, an invalid and, from all accounts a non-political man. Fast after the wrecking of Oudmore's shop there came a pounding at Mr. Kenny's shop door. His wife answered it, and five men came in. Two pointed revolvers at her while the others ransacked the till and took tobacco from the shelves and carried it outside. Upstairs they broke furniture, overturned tables, tore down hangings. They went to the second floor, where Mr. Kenny lay in bed, entered his room, and when he remonstrated, asked what religion he was. He replied, 'A Catholic.' 'That is enough,' was the reply, and the smashing went on. Nothing was left whole or in its place but the bedstead."

To two articles on Ireland in the present number of the CATHOLIC RECORD we call special attention. In his great speech Mr. Asquith holds up the mirror to the most despicable and brutal of English ministers "since England became a free country," and if that coarse-grained liar can still glory in his shame it is because the thick-skinned sycophant would enjoy the pillory itself if it brought him even the contemptuous consideration of the class into which he is crawling.

A. G. Gardiner writing with all the charm that makes his literary style unique amongst English journalists, with that incisive forcefulness and lucidity of which he is past master, makes an impassioned appeal to his fellow-countrymen to see the terrific tragedy which is exciting the horror and disgust of the civilized world.

THE UNIVERSITY QUESTION

Before the Universities Commission the other day Mr. Gordon Waldron presented the views of the Ontario farmers.

In part this was Mr. Waldron's presentation, according to The Globe: Referring to the University of Toronto, Mr. Waldron said rural Ontario last year, from a population of about 940,000, sent only 351 to the University, out of a total of 1,833 students entering. The records showed, he contended, that Toronto enjoys the educational benefits of the State University in a proportion far beyond its ratio of population. In all the faculties 1,928 out of 4,777 came from Toronto.

"Toronto should contribute \$500,000 toward the maintenance of the University of Toronto, in view of the greater benefits it receives from the University," said Mr. Waldron. In the University of Toronto culture education has been overdone and overdone by professional training at the public expense, and immensely for the benefit of the city of Toronto. The management of the U. of T. has not been representative of the people but of the city of Toronto.

"I am not instructed to claim that the University of Toronto should be the sole recipient of the bounty of the State, but rather, I am to urge that the financial and economic necessities of the time require a redistribution of the University question which may result in great frugality and perhaps in an extensive decentralization."

The London Free Press quotes and editorially endorses Mr. Waldron's views.

Now it is an interesting fact that on May 31st, 1918 in the third of a series of articles entitled "The University of Toronto and the Schools of the People," the CATHOLIC RECORD took precisely the same grounds. The Globe had insisted that the University of Toronto was "The Provincial University" and as such was entitled to maintenance by the Province.

President Falconer in order to relieve the overcrowded classes of the University of Toronto had asked that the High Schools do the first year of University work. "Greater personal attention on the part of teachers" was urged as a consideration. Quite evidently this "personal attention" must be reduced to the minimum where one greatly overcrowded university tries to do practically the whole work for the Province and we asked:

Have we not arrived at a stage in the development of the Provincial University idea when we should take this consideration into account? Another consideration is suggested by the following statistics for University College:

Table with 2 columns: Year, From Toronto, Total. Rows: First year students (319 From Toronto, 333 Total), Second year students (271 From Toronto, 290 Total), Third year students (211 From Toronto, 224 Total), Fourth year students (127 From Toronto, 138 Total), Occasional students (1106 Total).

From city of Toronto and from outside of the Province 637, from the Ontario, excluding Toronto, 469.

Now if Toronto were to pay half the \$500,000 a year that Ontario gives Toronto University, or better, if the City were to supplement the Provincial grant by another half million it might solve some problems. Toronto is growing very rapidly. It will become a great city. The University of Toronto will become in a large measure the University for Toronto. It will need greatly increased subsidies. It wants them now. Will the City of Toronto rise to its opportunities and its duties in the premises? Well, not while the Provincial University idea can be imposed on country politicians. It would be too much to expect of human nature. And there is a whole lot of human nature in the city of Toronto and in its press. . . .

Even if we include medical students, dental students, veterinary students, summer session, and all the rest, as well as those who are supposed to be getting a liberal education, we have 4,136 in all. The grant therefore, from the provincial exchequer is about \$1,200 a student. When the representative of a constituency remote from Toronto compares this with the \$170 a pupil for primary and secondary education combined, he might be pardoned if he left the "sacred trust" of a Provincial University to others and promised to look after the educational interests of his constituents.

In the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes of the Province there are 890 teachers, 646 of them University graduates. Of these 646, Toronto University supplies 373 or 58%, 179 are graduates of Queen's, and 94 of other universities. So it would appear that those "vivifying streams" that vitalize our secondary schools take their rise in other parts of the province as well as in the Provincial University.

Queen's having succeeded in pushing to the front, gets recognition and help; Western is legally permitted to live, and though it will not be killed by kindness its demise would be gratefully recorded. Have the members for Western Ontario seriously considered President Falconer's wise remark that "it would benefit Provincial cities and towns by taking the higher education into their midst"? Are we under the guise of a Provincial University pampering an institution which even now is well on the way to become the University for Toronto, a centre (to re quote) "where wealth accumulates and men decay?"

Are we starving elementary education and hampering secondary schools? We are glad to see that our views expressed seven and a half years ago are becoming general outside of Toronto.

Other equally important criticisms of our educational system were given at that time, and often since that time; when the educational powers that be by some cataclysmic force are shaken out of their ruts it will be found that the common sense of the common people endorses these also.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Now they are agitating in the United States for an "Abridged" Bible. Why not negotiate with the Ontario Department of Education for the "Ross" Bible? Ontario never found any use for it and might be induced to dispose of the copyright at a modest figure. Then see what labor and controversy it would save!

ONE of the books through which M. Emile Zola, the late French novelist, directed his anti-Catholic and anti-Christian propaganda was "Lourdes," in which an insidious attempt was made to ridicule and cast odium upon the far-famed shrine, upon miracles generally, and, ultimately, upon Christian revelation. The recent death of the original of one of his characters, in the person of Marie Lebranchu, has directed public attention once more to Zola's methods, and again exposed the nefarious character of the anti-clerical propaganda in France.

MARIE LEBRANCHU was miraculously cured at Lourdes in the year 1892. Zola saw her both before and after her wonderful recovery, but in his novel made her die on her return journey to Paris. But on seeing that she gave unmistakable proof of the genuineness of her cure he offered, it is said, to pay her a large sum of money to disappear. This unworthy proposition was rejected with indignation and contempt, and Marie has lived thirty years to testify to the efficacy of her faith and devotion. Some years after her cure she was married, but upon the subsequent death of her husband entered a Convent of the Good Shepherd where she remained until her last moments.

THE DAILY American Tribune of Dubuque, Iowa, is again referred to as the first Catholic daily paper in America.

In the narrower meaning of the term "America" as describing the United States, the statement is probably true. But in the larger sense of the term it requires qualification. For, as pointed out in these columns some years ago, both Montreal and Toronto have been able to boast of Catholic dailies in English. Their existence was not protracted, it is true, but the venture was made and the honorable distinction remains to Canada. We note that the editor-in-chief of the Dubuque paper rejoices in the name of "Gomer." We trust that in the years to come the name will not be descriptive of the enterprise.

CANON BARNES OF WESTMINSTER

Abbey has used the pulpit of that venerable fame as a ram wherewith to knock another support from under the edifice of the Christian religion. The doctrine of Original Sin, he has declared, and the Fall of Man are the merest myths, and, as a legitimate deduction, the story of Redemption a pious fable. No wonder the more conservative elements in the Church of England are "shocked" at such teaching, but how bound and helpless nevertheless. The Anglican communion being professedly and historically the home of comprehensiveness and compromise, it is quite helpless in face of any and every inroad upon the precious fabric of revelation.

GILBERT CHESTERTON, who is invariably found upon the right side in contingencies of this kind thus characteristically epitomizes Canon Barnes' attitude:

"Critics like Canon Barnes generally have at the back of their minds a curious idea that falsifies all their criticism. They vaguely imagine that we believe in Original Sin ritually and reluctantly as a deduction from a story in the Bible; whereas we believe in it realistically as a direct perception of all the stories in the world. The fall does not become credible because of the story of the serpent; rather the story of the serpent becomes credible because of the fact of the fall. And the attempt to substitute for it confused ideals about evolution and the 'Rise of Man' only makes us realize a little more clearly that the fall has produced a good deal of Original stupidity as well as Original Sin."

AN INTERESTING sidelight is thrown on Catholic Missions in China by the family record of Captain Tau, a young Catholic aviator who has recently returned to his native land with several European decorations. Captain Tau belongs to a family which has been Catholic for over two hundred years. An uncle and brother of the aviator are both Jesuit priests, and has been the practice of the Church in China always to ordain priests only from families who have been Catholics for several generations, and the fact that there are now some six or seven hundred native priests testifies to the long standing and enduring character of Catholic missionary work in that country. Protestant missions are but a thing of yesterday in comparison. Of Captain Tau personally, it should be added, his official record as an aviator during the late War is "three machines brought down and six enemy pilots captured."

THE CZECHO-SLOVAK REPUBLIC AND RELIGION

Herbert F. Wright, Ph. D., in the December Catholic World

English-speaking Catholics will be surprised to learn that the land of John Hus and the Bohemian Brethren is nearly ninety per cent. Catholic, the percentage of religious affiliations among the population being divided approximately as follows: 85.6 Roman Catholic, 4.3 Uniate (United Greek Catholic), 4.5 Lutherans, 2.5 Calvinists, 2.7 Jews.

It is natural, therefore, that English-speaking Catholics should be interested in the treatment of religion by this new old State.

The Treaty of Peace signed at Saint Germain-Laye on September 10, 1919, required the protection of national, religious and racial minorities by the new Republic.

These provisions of the Treaty of Peace were incorporated in the Constitution adopted by the National Assembly on February 29, 1920. This document, which is one of the most democratic constitutions in the world, is the result of endeavors to embody the best features of all the republics from Plato's time to our own, excluding features which experience has proved to be undesirable.

able and including special provisions to meet peculiar needs. Is not it more than provision made for the right to assemble peacefully, to form associations and to petition, along with the inviolability of domicile, the secrecy of correspondence and the freedom of press and conscience, but woman suffrage, the right to form labor and economic unions, the principle of proportional representation, and similar features tend to the establishment of real government "of the people, by the people, and for the people," and make the document a veritable landmark in the history of free government.

"GIVE IRELAND FREEDOM"

A FATEFUL MOMENT AND A MISSED OPPORTUNITY

Mr. Asquith has never delivered a more stirring appeal to the nation, nor made a more effective criticism of the blunders of the Coalition Government in its financial, foreign and Irish policies than that which is contained in the remarkable speech he made to a great meeting under the auspices of the National Liberal Federation at Bradford, yesterday.—The Daily News, Nov. 27.

We omit the other topics in Mr. Asquith's great speech. Perhaps the most eloquent tribute to the Liberal Leader's effectiveness was the boycott of the controlled press. See editorial from Citizen on another page.

Mr. Asquith next dealt with the Irish problem. In these two years, he declared, things in Ireland had gone from bad to worse. He pointed out that there was a fateful and decisive moment when a good judgment might have been fruitful of the most beneficent results, but when, unhappily, a bad judgment was taken—the morrow of the report of the Irish Convention. For the first time in the history of our relations with that country there seemed to be a real, genuine, hopeful, even a fruitful prospect of reconciliation upon lines of agreement. That was in the spring of 1918.

The Coalition Government, with a fatuity to which I know of few parallels, selected that particular moment to seek to impose upon Ireland compulsory military service. It was no use, it produced no result, it did nothing for the successful prosecution of the War, it was accompanied by a promise of a large measure of extended self-government, and while the coercive proposals took their place upon the Statute Book, where they remained a dead letter, the promise of self-government was delayed, and delayed for the best part of two years, and when finally an attempt was made to redeem it it was made in a form which Irish opinion, with unanimity, repudiated and condemned.

The Home Rule Act of 1914, Mr. Asquith continued, was about to be repealed, and in its place a scheme substituted for which no Irish member of the Commons could be induced to vote, and meantime Ireland was being given up to the worst excesses of Civil War.

GREENWOOD'S RHODOMONTADE

The Chief Secretary, Sir Hamar Greenwood, two nights ago ended up a speech in defence of the Government policy with this declaration: "The question is," he said, "who is for Ireland and the Empire, or who is for the assassins? A more insolent piece of rhodomontade—(cheers) has never in my memory proceeded from the mouth of any responsible Minister. Who is he? A Liberal—(cries of "No!")—returned, at any rate, as a Liberal for an English constituency. Who is he to say to you and me, who are carrying on what he has deserted—(cheers)—the great Gladstonian tradition, who is to charge us with sympathy, with the assassins? Assassins, indeed! In that a charge which can be made upon one side without reflecting upon the other? (Hear, hear.)

To say the Liberals had any sympathy with or condoned the vile and cowardly attacks upon the police and military, such as culminated in the brutal murders of last Sunday in Dublin, was a vile and malignant calumny. (Cheers.) But they believed the more inexorable and wicked these excesses the more necessary they made it for the Executive to keep its own hands scrupulously clean. To suppress crime by crime, murder by murder, to visit the sins of the guilty upon the innocent, to make the unoffending and law-abiding pay in life and property for the misdeeds of undetected malefactors, was to substitute vengeance for justice. It was to step down from the judgment seat and engage in a competition with the organs and ministers of crime. It was a degradation of Government, against which those who detested crime the most, whatever its motives might be, should be the first and the loudest to protest. What was the Government's attitude in regard to this matter of reprisals?

He should like to see Sir Hamar Greenwood's speech in the house the other night circulated to the Liberal Associations of the country, for it showed that whatever lip service the official exponents and apologists of Government policy might pay, in effect they were not only condoning, but encouraging reprisals.

Mentioning the creameries, the Liberal Leader said he never heard a more astounding defence than that which was given by Sir Hamar Greenwood. He held them that there were 710 creameries in Ireland, and the total number wholly and partially destroyed is only 41. Good

heavens! said Mr. Asquith, is not 42 enough? Is not it more than enough?—(hear, hear)—if it is admitted, and he does to a large extent now admit it—but whether he admits it or not, it is proved by irrefutable and indisputable evidence—that certainly three-fourths, and probably nine-tenths, of those cases of "destruction were due to unprovoked attacks of uniformed officers of the Executive."

He told us only three weeks ago that there was not a little of evidence that the military or police had been engaged in the destruction of a single creamery. It is now proved, and admitted by him, that a fortnight before that statement was made in the House of Commons there was in Dublin Castle, sufficiently well known to be given out to members and representatives of the press, a report of the police which has described in detail the destruction of one, if not two, of those creameries by the officers of the Crown.

"TAINTED SOURCES"

He talks about our getting our information from tainted sources. I am sorry to say there is no more tainted source at this moment than Dublin Castle itself—(cheers)—and you cannot have a better illustration of the attitude and mind of the Chief Secretary which, of course, percolates and conveys itself to his subordinates throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, than the perfectly astounding statement which I heard him make with my own ears, which I quote now from Hansard:

"I can assure you, if there is one creamery in Ireland now which is the rendezvous of the Irish Republican Army or of one manager who is a member of that army, that manager and that creamery are in peril."

What does that mean? Do you realize the significance of that? It means that if a manager, a single manager, of one of these creameries is or is suspected to be a Sinn Féiner, a member of the Republican Army, in the view of the Chief of the Executive in Ireland, without investigation, without evidence, without trial, that creamery is to be subject to blind indiscriminate vengeance and destruction by the officers of the law. ("Shame!")

I have never heard, and nobody has ever heard in this country since we became a free country, not even in the worst days of Lord North or of Lord Sydeman, the worst days of reaction, I never heard, I undertake to say, from a Minister of the Crown a doctrine so anarchic or subversive of the very foundations of order. (Cheers.)

In the House, on the division two nights ago, continued Mr. Asquith, they only mustered 88 in support of his motion condemning this policy. He might parody the old rhyme, and say, "He is a slave who dare not be in the right." It was a disgraceful indication, for the case was unanswered, and the majority must have been deemed to have accepted the doctrine of the Chief Secretary he had just quoted. Liberals and Labor had two Unionists, two Tory Coalition members, with them—all honour to them! (Cheers.)

Where were the Coalition Liberals? (Voices: "Ah!" and "Where?") Over 70 of them, although some had the grace to abstain and hide themselves, went into the Lobby in opposition to our motion and in support of the doctrine and declaration of the Chief Secretary. (Cries of "Shame!") If one wanted clear and conclusive proof of the importance of keeping free and independent Liberalism by itself and of rejecting all these more or less forceful, though not very insidious evasions for what is called reconciliation, ask them first this question. Wasn't and where was an what he company did you mean, the doctrines which are the lifeblood of the Liberal faith, and what inducement or reason is there for us, as self-respecting politicians, who still believe in these doctrines, and are prepared to maintain and support them through good or through evil report, to join your company and to abandon our principles as you have done yourselves? (Cheers.)

MR. ASQUITH ON THE REMEDY FOR IRISH CHAOS

After reviewing Ireland's position, apart from the tragedy of civil war, as it was today, the inclination of its young men to remain in the country, its increased sense of nationhood, in fact a new Ireland as compared with what it was 50 years ago, with a self-contained stay-at-home population, Mr. Asquith proceeded to consider the remedy for the chaotic condition into which it had been reduced by the follies, fatuities and misunderstandings of so-called statesmen.

He pointed out that Ireland had no quarrel, except an historical quarrel, with Great Britain. Her interests and ours, economically, socially, and, indeed, politically, were so interlaced and interdependent that the very idea of permanent separation was inconceivable.

Give Ireland freedom, he urged—(cheers)—freedom upon the largest scale, freedom with the fewest irritating restrictions and restraints, and unless all our reading of history tones is at fault freedom will produce there, as it has produced elsewhere, its old result, the reconciliation of past animosities and the creation of a new sense of unity and brotherhood.

I have put forward as you will my own outline of the way in

this task can be achieved. I would like to Ireland Dominion Home Rule. (Caesars). I would place her on the same footing as the great self-governing Dominions of the Crown, and I am glad to think and believe that in putting forward that view I am in complete sympathy with my noble friend Lord Grey. (Cheers)

Ireland under his (Mr. Asquith's) plan would be given fiscal autonomy, which was desired by the Home Rule Bill, and more generous financial treatment in the adjustment of her relations—a point on which he noted Lord Grey differed—as well as for Imperial expenditure. We owed a lot of arrears to Ireland.

As regards foreign relations, Lord Grey said as he said: Put her on the same footing as all the other Dominions. They had not and they do not ask for a separate foreign policy of their own, but they did ask, and we ought to give them and Ireland also fresh hopes in regard to our imperial and external relations.

MIDSUMMER MADNESS

He ridiculed the Prime Minister's bogey regarding an Irish army forcing Conception on us. It was midsummer madness. With regard to the navy, he was not going to take any risks in that matter of any sort or kind in the matter of our strategic position. He would not agree to the application of Dominion Home Rule to Ireland on any other terms than that, if any naval force was raised in Ireland, it should be a supplement and auxiliary to the Royal Navy of the United Kingdom, and be in all respect subject to its orders and control.

Where, then, is the trouble? asked Mr. Asquith. As far as Lord Grey and I are concerned there is no difference between us. I want to get all Liberals, if I can, to unite in that view. It is only by giving to Ireland or offering to her—for it is for her to take or leave in the fullest and freest sense—the same powers of self-government you have given to all your other Dominions that you can get rid of this atmosphere of suspicion and make her part and parcel of ad partner in the British Empire.

They must emancipate themselves, said the right hon. gentleman, from convention, catchwords, and superficial time-serving expedients, and get into having contact with realities. "Great and growing is the reproach of failure, but great and enduring will be the reward of success."

Mr. Asquith concluded with a stirring appeal to Liberals to be of good heart. The party had been in the trough of the wave, and he could not express his admiration of the self-sacrificing loyalty of its agents.

IN DEAF EARS

There is nothing to be got out of being a Liberal today. (Laughter). It is not a profitable or remunerative career. There is very little to be got out of sitting night after night, as Sir Donald Maclean and I have done, on the Front Bench of the House of Commons. If we had the tongue of man and of angels—I am afraid we can hardly claim to have both (laughter)—but if I had the tongue of an angel—(laughter)—in the ears of the people who sit opposite to us, I would be as a sound brass and a tinkling cymbal. (Laughter) There is not much—indeed very little, to be done there except to keep up your end with the support of a valiant band of indomitable colleagues. The future lies with you outside.

Do not be tempted to flinch for an instant from the good old Liberal doctrine of Retrenchment, Free Trade, and Self-Government, concluded the Liberal Leader. Be sure, however long the struggle last, and however weary may be its fortunes from day to day, and even from year to year, you have with you the certainty of the future. (Loud cheers)

AN EARLY GENERAL ELECTION?

Sir Donald Maclean, who moved a resolution, which was approved, calling on Liberals to strive to secure the return of a Liberal Government prophesied—for what his opinion must be worth—an early General Election after another short Session of the present Parliament.—(Daily News, Nov. 27.)

CATHOLIC WOMEN IN ITALY

The War has left a canker in the hearts of many Italian women, especially the workers, in whom Anarchist and Socialist propagandists and pamphleters have insinuated the slender thread of doubt and capitalistic responsibility for the War. The efforts of such men are built on uprooting the Catholic Faith, and its adepts feel that if all of them must ruin the character and soul of Italian women. In the factories they succeed unfortunately in their propaganda and some villages, especially in the province of Novara, have lost all contact with the clergy and are practically apostate. The young women are ignorant in the schools with the exception of the Dominicans or the goddess idealism of Lombard's Radies and Gentile. Every woman is used, and when the press, the school, and blasphemy fail to accomplish their end, violence is freely resorted to by the Socialists to wrest Catholic women from the arms of the Church.

In the midst of this chaos, the Association of the Italian Young Women is organizing its army. The task is extremely difficult. Some of

the members of the Association are confessors of the Faith. Tomorrow they may be its martyrs, enriching with their blood the sterile soil of some province of Italy. I know some girls in the province of Novara that have been expelled from the factories because of their devotion to Catholic principles; others that have been struck and beaten, insulted, ostracized in their villages, forced to go each morning to another village to receive Holy Communion and, without perhaps being aware of the precedent, to receive, like the early martyrs, the Blood of the Saviour to strengthen their souls unto battle. And these girls, who are legion in number, do not cease their fearless apostolate. They give of their scanty resources to the heads of the movement. They organize their clubs. They circulate pamphlets. To be acquainted with their heroism, one needs to read the official organs of the *Gioventu*, the *Bollettino dell'Unione fra le Donne Cattoliche d'Italia*, and *Le Nostre Battaglie*. In the columns of these journals, we can follow step by step the growing development of the Italian Catholic Woman's Movement, one certain to affect every phase of the social life of Italy, and to clear the lowering horizon.—F. A. Palmieri, O. S. A. Ph. D., D. D., in the December Catholic World.

THE BURNING OF CORK

RIGHT REV. BISHOP SHAHAN OF WASHINGTON CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY DENOUNCES UNSPEAKABLE CRIME

The Right Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, rector of the Catholic University, today issued the following statement on the burning of the town of Cork.

The burning of Cork surpasses in grim horror and fierce injustice the crime of Leuven. The little academic city of the Belgians was given over to arson and pillage in the name of the German empire, and under direction of the German military forces, whereupon England roused the entire world with her passionate denunciation of the crime of the ages. Now she has herself committed a super-crime, not in the name of any authorized Government agency, but in the name, spirit and principle of anarchy. Maliciously the English Parliament squints at its own agents, closed by its with omnipotence and irresponsibility, and encourages Bolshevik practices that tomorrow will come home to London with sanguinary interest, in as far as the look of London surpasses that of Cork, and the red eyed rage of its dumb masses can work out in deeds of horror that will make the ashes of Cork look like a playground.

If this be the liberty that the English Government would force upon Ireland, who can blame the immense majority of the Irish people for rejecting it, back to the wall. Better a thousand times to die by the bullets of English anarchy in defense of true liberty than to yield a poltroon, subject compliances with the dictates of a drunken English police, gathered in the streets of London, posted like hired gladiators and turned loose upon a great religious and peaceful nation to which for over a thousand years all western mankind is debtor beyond calculation or payment, and whose affectionate children are scattered the world over, wherever English agents are heard.

When will the horseherd cry of the English Cessionist Parliament cease? Manned by the mass of "cattle politics" but covering beneath the whip of Carson and a small ramp of discredited and disintegrating Irish Protestants in a corner at Ulster, disavowed by their fellow Unionists of the South of Ireland, it was described yesterday by Mr. A. G. Gardiner, of London, as "the basest House of Commons that has been known within living memory." Parliament composed by the drugs of all the worst motives of war, hate, greed and ignorance. Was it to breed in Ireland the anarchy we are fighting from New York to San Francisco that millions of American youth crossed the ocean and fought to save England from her near destruction by the Kaiser? Shall we sit by with folded hands and silent lips while a great mercantile seat like Cork is ravaged to the ground? When the Gates burned Rome, when Robert Galois burned Paris, when Charles V. surpassed both it was done in the name of law and order, the cruel law and order of conquest, but still proclaimed and enforced, fierce and bloody as were its rulers and intendants as were its sanctions.

But in Cork wild-eyed anarchy wearing the insignia of English authority, its agents encouraged and abetted by the English Parliament, though managed and irresponsible, waves the torch, pours the oil, casts the bomb, cuts the fire-line, shoots up the peaceful and unarmed city and raises to its lacerated and its barracks, waiting another black night to repeat this Salsburgia of murder and arson and loot. All this in the name of the law and order of England, all in the name of the stilted liberty, but really in the name of Cromwell and Ireton who walk the earth again and cheerfully recognize their own craft, much bettered by the gains of modern science. Was it for this evil pass that we granted relief to England in the matter of the interest on her great War debt to us, that she might support an army of occupation in Ireland, and by ridiculous thousands of English convicts to burn and pillage a sister nation that asks only its natural and

rightful liberty? This last English crime is against civilization, and far surpasses the horror of Louvain. Shall we be dumb spectators of that sanguinary anarchy which every honest heart in England denounces? Once Prince Albert said that the only solution of the Irish question was to sink the island for one half hour beneath the sea, that its human vermin might be exterminated. Lloyd George knows something better; it shall be made a red cinder. Let all America arise as one man to denounce this unspeakable crime, which is directly aimed at ourselves, for if anarchy can reign supreme in Ireland, by what logic can we repress anarchy in New York or in Seattle?

THE TRUCE OF GOD BISHOPS' SUGGESTIONS FIND FAVOR

LONDON TIMES SAYS THEY CAN BE REJECTED ONLY AT GREAT PERIL (By N. C. W. C. News Service)

There is every indication that Most Rev. Dr. Gilmarin, Archbishop of Tuam in proposing a Truce of God made a most sagacious and constructive act of statesmanship. It is somewhat risky for any journalist to write from this side with any sort of hopefulness on the Irish situation; for more often than not by the time the words are read in America a new and appalling blunder has been committed, and the position is more hopeless than ever before.

But as things are at present, it appears that Most Rev. Dr. Gilmarin has started a train of thought that has been taken up and approved in widely varying circles, and it may well be that political salvation will come by the Catholic hierarchy. The Archbishop of Tuam's suggestion has been followed by at least three important episcopal pronouncements that undoubtedly lead in the direction of peace. The first of these was the call of Cardinal Bourne for the widest possible measure of Irish self-government. The Cardinal's statement was followed by an important statement made to the correspondent of the London Times by the Bishop of Cork, which was followed by a no less weighty pronouncement by the Bishop of Ross, Magr. Kelly.

One very striking feature of these pronouncements by the Archbishop of Tuam and the Bishops of Cork and Ross is to be found in the editorial comment of the Times on these contributions of the Irish prelates towards Irish peace. The Times has already brushed aside as unworthy of consideration by persons of intelligence the suggestion that the Catholics of Ireland, as a whole, can be said to have any leanings towards bolshevism. This journal now goes on to say that "the Archbishop of Tuam, whose opinion on Irish matters is, to our mind, more likely to be truly informed than that of any British minister, plainly believes that initiative rests with the Government, and that if they will move, a settlement can be reached."

Again, in a later editorial, the Times clearly expresses the opinion that the weighty considerations of the Irish bishops can be rejected only with great peril. "The prime minister," The Times says, "disregarded that recent Irish peace conference, presumably because he did not believe that it spoke for Ireland. Can he so lightly disregard the voices of leaders among the Roman Catholic hierarchy, or fail to understand how powerful might be their advocacy of any proposals which met with their approval?" Such statements as these show that at least the mental horizon has considerably altered, even since the early part of 1918 when the same Times burst into an invective against the Irish hierarchy over the question of conscription in Ireland.

Clearly enough Right Rev. Dr. Cahalan, Bishop of Cork, looks not to the House of Commons but to the House of Lords for a proper consideration of the Irish question. The Bishop says: "On what is my hope founded? Well, though it may appear paradoxical when speaking of Ireland, on the House of Lords. There are some many of Irish birth, besides other Unionists of the industrial, commercial and landed classes, who believe that the union is doomed, and who are patriotic enough to wish for a good settlement of Ireland."

The Archbishop of Tuam's proposal for a Truce of God has found support in circles that might be looked upon as totally unexpected. For instance, the Protestant Bishop of Birmingham writes to the *Times* to say "Let us declare a Truce of God and produce a bold and well-considered scheme which has been thought out by a really representative conference of Irishmen and of those who know Ireland. . . . I beg, therefore, for a Truce of God, and I believe there will be a general response."

There is another side of this question that should not be overlooked, and that is the presence of Archbishop Mannix in this country. The Archbishop has been so disappointed in the expectations of his enemies, and the organs of the press most bitterly hostile to him have failed absolutely in scolding so much as a single phrase or word they might use against the Archbishop. "I have not," his Grace said at a reception tendered to him at Harrogate, "made a personal complaint since I set my foot in England." Not only is this true in every detail, but Archbishop Mannix has declared time after time, when speaking in public, that he is a man of peace and that his mission—if

he can be said to have a mission in England—is to promote harmony and not hatred.

LEST WE FORGET

It is a popular fiction destined to be perpetuated by such organizations as the Salgrave Institution and sundry Anglo-Saxon "missions" that Patriotism procured for these United States their earliest experience of civil and religious liberty. It seems to be forgotten that if we had been left to the mercy of the Puritans we would never have known religious liberty, and many also forget that the tradition of civic and religious liberty, and their first actual grant, was due to and was made, not by the Puritans or their descendants, but by Catholic Colonists. They fled from persecution in England in the early days of the seventeenth century, and laid these foundations of liberty in a little Indian village on the banks of the Potomac, where the principle of toleration was effective as long as Catholics were permitted to conduct the affairs of the colony. "We remember and we forgive," wrote Carroll to Carroll in a reply to an venomous attack made upon his patriotism by a renegade in the Maryland Gazette of January 7, 1775. We, too, should remember the noble men who laid the foundations of civil and religious liberty in this fair land, and forgive the sowers of religious strife and disseminators of fanaticism who would bury in oblivion the names of those Maryland pilgrims who abandoned the comforts of civilization and crossed the Atlantic to secure the enjoyment of liberty mid the privations of the wilderness. Fortunately their number grows smaller. More and more are Americans learning to appreciate the value of the tribute of Davis: "Let not the Protestant give grudgingly. Let him testify with a warm heart; and pay with gladness the tribute so richly due to the memory of our early forefathers. Let their deeds be enshrined in our hearts, and their names be repeated in our households. Let them be canonized in the grateful hearts of the American and handed down through the lips of a living tradition to the most remote posterity. In an age of cruelty, like trueness with heroic hearts, they fought the great battle of religious liberty. And their fame, without reference to their faith, is now the inheritance, not only of Maryland, but also of America."—P. W. Browne, D. D., in the December Catholic World.

WORLD CONDITIONS

As Most Reverend Archbishop Hanna well said in his sermon in the St. Louis cathedral, published in this issue, the plain people of the world are deeply disappointed because the promises and ideals of the War leaders have not been realized, for the reason that the spirit of Christ has been woefully wanting in the attempted peace settlement. We may go even further and assert that world conditions have become much worse in the last six years and autocracy has vastly gained as a result of the War, instead of democracy and the "right of every people to decide their own fate. Just let them try it in Ireland and they will see that force still rules the world. It is the old order that reigns, only worse, and the hopes of the peoples for a just and democratic peace have been rudely shattered by the ruling imperialists.

At present there is no chance of forming a permanent League of Nations because the present so-called Inter-Nation is only an alliance of a few victors whose main object is to divide the spoils of the War, and to accomplish their selfish and secret purposes of aggrandizement and to forever crush their enemies. The secret treaties of monarchical governments, like Japan, Italy, Great Britain, and of an oligarchy, such as France, which form the basis of the League, vitiate the present Covenant and preclude the possibility of a new era or a new world order, because they are the cause of the selfish and secret purposes which breed perpetual conflicts among nations.

Three old men, Clomenceau, Lloyd George and Mr. Wilson, put their heads together at Paris in secret and thought they could remake the map and reshape the fate of the world. The spirit of vengeance, greed and selfish exploitation animated their councils. The compromise settlement was so false to every principle and ideal put forward as the aim of the war of democracy that the creators of the Treaty of Versailles have been compelled to lie right and left in their efforts to justify their unscrupulous bargaining and unjust decrees that absolutely contradicted their claims to represent the sentiments and aspirations of the people. The decisions of the Big Three are intolerable and will not stay fixed. The first to violate the provisions of the Treaty are the members who composed the infamous Pact, as for example the recent military and economic alliance between France and Belgium which they refuse to make known to the Supreme Council. As another violation of the Treaty witness also the formation of the Little Entente of the Big Three are intolerable and will not stay fixed. The first to violate the provisions of the Treaty are the members who composed the infamous Pact, as for example the recent military and economic alliance between France and Belgium which they refuse to make known to the Supreme Council. As another violation of the Treaty witness also the formation of the Little Entente of the Big Three are intolerable and will not stay fixed. The first to violate the provisions of the Treaty are the members who composed the infamous Pact, as for example the recent military and economic alliance between France and Belgium which they refuse to make known to the Supreme Council.

It was a glorious day for American independence when our Senate refused to make the United States

an accomplice in the crime of Versailles.

A true internationalism will ultimately emerge from the ranks of the working people themselves. The present movement of the machineists' unions to strike on a general policy to refuse to manufacture munitions in any country, is the first step in the prevention of future wars. The strikes in England and Italy are also steps in this direction. The old system of economic individualism and cut-throat competition must give way to industrial democracy in which employer and employee cooperate for production. Nations likewise must cease to be rivals and enemies fighting for markets and trade, and also work together for mutual benefit.

As the Archbishop of San Francisco so beautifully expressed this idea, the spirit of Christ must first animate the minds and hearts of men before the new world order can be born. Christ has founded a supernatural internationalism of brothers based not on justice, but also on mercy and love. Until this spirit of forgiveness, co-operation of charity takes root in the souls of men we shall never see the practice of true Christianity, nor experience true peace here on earth.—The Monitor.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

AN OLD FRIEND WRITES

Father Daly, C. S. S. R. occasionally writes to the friends of Extension to place before them the position of the Church in its fight for existence in the West. Father Daly speaks from personal experience and his inspiring words will doubtless be read with pleasure by every friend of Extension. Father Daly writes:

To Very Rev. T. O'Donnell, President of Catholic Church Extension of Canada. For the last three months or so we have been following with close attention in the columns of the Register the results of your campaign in aid of the Ruthenian College at Yorkton. Your plea could not be stronger, and we dare say, never appeal through the mail could have been made under more favorable circumstances. For the Ruthenian problem—that live issue in which the Church's interests in Canada are so deeply involved—has been kept constantly before the readers of the Catholic Register for the last five years. Facts and statistics have been carefully marshaled together to give weight to this burning and most vital topic. The activities of the non-Catholic denominations in that same field were often pointed to, and used as a stimulating and reproachful example to shame our delinquent and dilatory Catholics into action. The hope was that the Catholic pride, under the sting of this reproachful comparison, would rebound.

For the past few months the pressing call of the Register has gone through the length and breadth of the land, into hundreds and thousands of rectories, parish halls and Catholic homes. And what is the response up to date? In our humble estimation the answer is a painful surprise and sad disappointment. Even indeed had been our expectations, for we fully realize from personal experience what the Ruthenian College means for the Church in the West, particularly at this crucial point of her history. We were confident that before long the object of the campaign would be attained and the sum of \$50,000 subscribed.

Collecting through the mail, it is true, is a slow process, and no doubt with perseverance the offerings that come dribbling in, in small amounts, will eventually enable the Catholic Church Extension to go over the top. Only does not this tardiness to answer a strong and most inviting appeal show a weakness in our missionary activities and help us to make a diagnosis of it. Our first impression, on watching the thermometer climb so slowly, is, without doubt, that there is a want of presence and fervor in our Catholic atmosphere. Were our missionaries zealous and their activities well organized, it is by leaps and bounds that we would have seen subscriptions from all over Canada come rapidly to the assistance of the Ruthenian cause.

WHAT IS, THEREFORE, WANTING?

Our present apparent apathy may, we believe, be traced to one or the other of these three causes: lack of faith and generosity in the people, absence of vision in the clergy, want of organization in the Church at large. It is surely not the Catholic people that are to blame. The faith, generally speaking, is strong throughout the country and provokes among our people a generous response to any call from Mother Church. Let anyone stand before any parish, the cause of our mission, and he will be pleasantly surprised to meet such generous co-operation. He seems to bring in to play those dormant energies of the Catholic soul which were just waiting for an occasion to break into action. Our few wealthy Catholics, in general, have not yet learned, it is true, to place God and His Church in their annual budget.

Is it, then, the vision that is wanting in our leaders? Generally speaking the vision of the people and the interests of the Church are those of their priest. They see no further, no deeper than he. No doubt whatever, the vision of our leaders in the Church in Canada has been for long years restricted to the claims of

struggling parishes and new dioceses. We have accustomed ourselves to parochial and diocesan horizons. This explains how we have been awakened only now and then to the reality of the great broad vision of the mission fields at home and afar. The visit of the missionary from China or Africa, or the direct appeal of one of our Western apostles, would make us lift our eyes to those distant fields where the harvest is plentiful and the harvesters few. But soon the vision would vanish away.

Yet, we believe that these days are passing and a new spirit is now sweeping over the country. The vision of the Church's Catholicity is ceasing to be for many only a beautiful theological doctrine; it has become a reality, which manifests itself by willing co-operation. It has been our experience, when exchanging ideas on these matters with the clergy through the different parts of the country, to find every one alive to the issues before the Church in Canada and eager to share their part of the responsibility.

So the cause of our failure, we believe, is to be found in the lack of organization in the Church in Canada. The missionary activities are there, but we want organization to bring them into action and to keep in them their first enthusiasm and an ever renewed life. "The Church Extension" for our home missions, the "Propagation of the Faith" for the foreign missions, the "Holy Childhood," have not, as yet entered into the life of the Church in Canada as in other Catholic countries. In our next paper we will point out what we think should bring about this necessary organization which would make our appeals meet everywhere with a ready and generous response.

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

Contributions through this office should be addressed: EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

Table with columns: DONATIONS, Previously acknowledged, For the Suffering Souls, MASS INTENTIONS, A Friend, O'Grades, M. D. Sydney, L. A. Lindsay, M. M. N.

CAUSE AND CURE OF EGOTISM

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, assailed, in his annual report of the affairs of the university, what he calls the new paganism. "Ancient Athens," he says, "was wholly given to idolatry, but in the modern case there were many idols as there are idol worshippers, and every such idol worshipper finds his idol in the looking glass. Man has tended, during the last two or three centuries during which the world has been in an intellectual upheaval, to become an extreme egotist, feeling superior to all that has gone before and without faith in anything that lies beyond."

This we believe, is a correct diagnosis of the ailment of the present time. Egotism is the natural consequence of forgetting God. There is, in this respect, an analogy between the material and the spiritual universe. What holds the multitude of stars in their places and regulates their harmonious movement is the law of gravitation based on the superior attraction of a central body. Suppose the law of gravitation should cease to function, each star would immediately become its own center. That would be the egotism of the heavens. As a consequence the universe would necessarily be shattered. For the very idea of a universe means a combination of unity with diversity.

Of the spiritual universe God is the center. In Him all intelligent creatures are intended to find their happiness. His will, as expressed in His commandments, is the proper regulator of their movements. Indeed this is the law of gravitation that secures the spiritual kosmos, which is the order and harmony of the spiritual universe. But where God is denied or forgotten individual intelligences become naturally self-centered, seeking their happiness in themselves instead of gravitating toward God by the performance of His will. We are noticing, to our sorrow, the ensuing disturbances in human society, and that the disturbances are not greater is owing to the fact that the suspension of this spiritual law of gravitation is only partial. We dread to think what would become of the world if all men turned away from God.

While, then, the cause of egotism is apostasy from God, what is its cure? Dr. Butler blames the prevalence of idolatrous egotism on the kind of education that is imparted to the present generation. And, indeed, while the stars of heaven are by nature bound to their center, human beings must be brought in contact with God and learn the swing of their rotation around their Orb by education. Hence the necessity of religious education which both fixes the truths of God firmly in the minds of children and implants the virtuous habits of doing God's will! Thus and thus alone it is that the spiritual law of gravitation becomes firmly established in human society.—S. in The Guardian.

LIMITATIONS OF SCIENCE

No thinking person will be surprised at the warning issued by a Washington University professor who told his class to be constantly conscious of the limitations of science. If science means knowledge, the most scientific fact is our ignorance of the forces that play about us in this big universe.

It is a natural human tendency for a man to be positive and dogmatic when generalizing on scant data. The most cocksure is the one who has had the most limited experience. Like Noah's dove, the mind sees a solid resting place. There is a craving for absolute knowledge. We must explain all phenomena. When the hypotheses of fable or superstition no longer convince we fall back upon the equally attractive hypotheses of science, but we do not always explain that they are hypotheses. With impressive terminology we classify mysteries under a certain law. With all our efforts it still remains a mystery; to the honest seeker after truth.

All the great discoverers and inventors, all the real scientists, have coupled genuine humility with their thirst for knowledge. They saw the vast realm that is unknown. They were most unscientifically dogmatic in declaring that it was unknowable. We have learned to utilize many of the forces of nature whose very existence was hardly known a century ago. We have added much to our store of relative knowledge and the experience of the last century in the discovery and use of secrets of nature would warn us not to put too great limitation on the progress of science in the future. Our absolute knowledge is still very limited. A few know in part, many prophesy in part, but the most of us merely speculate in part. Sir Isaac Newton was in his declining years when he said that he felt like a little boy who played with a few pebbles on the beach while the great ocean of truth lay undiscovered before him.

Though the most elemental things are still profound mysteries it should not discourage us in our search for knowledge. It is legitimate to work on an hypothesis. By such process we may make progress in the path of scientific knowledge. We must also bear in mind that from an hypothesis we may not logically deduce a fact.—Catholic Columbian.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

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China Mission College, Almonte, Ontario, Canada, is for the education of priests for China. It has already twenty-two students, and many more are applying for admittance. Unfortunately funds are lacking to accept them all. China is crying out for missionaries. They are ready to go. Will you send them? The salvation of millions of souls depends on your answer to this urgent appeal. His zealousness the Good Heavens bestows, and the students pray for them daily.

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Table with columns: Previously acknowledged, Mary Teresa, Toronto.

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Table with columns: Previously acknowledged, M. M. N., In honor of Infant Jesus, L. A. Lindsay, G., Toronto.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOU, D. D. SUNDAY BETWEEN NEW YEAR'S DAY AND EPIPHANY

THE FREE WILL OF MAN

"At that time when Herod was dead, behold an angel of the Lord appeared in sleep to Joseph in Egypt, saying: Arise and take the Child and His mother, and go into the land of Israel: for they are dead that sought the life of the Child." (Matt. II, 19, 20)

Free will is one of man's greatest blessings. It is, however, often abused. When God endowed man with it, there is no doubt that He intended man to use it as He uses His own. God uses His will only for good; to do this good or another good; to do a good in one way or in another. He can not use it to do evil, for evil is not of God. To be able to do good or evil is not essential to free will, but rather an effect of it.

Man can do many things physically which he may not do morally. He should therefore keep this distinction in mind in all things. He does not, except miraculously, interfere with anything He firmly has established, and the laws governing it. If defects follow from this order of things it is not God's fault, but it is owing to man, or it flows from the sins of man. How unjust, in the face of these truths, are the cries of many men against God, because He does not prevent disasters and misfortunes that come over the world! These would have God change the nature of man, which man himself deprived of its primal integrity and purity. How unwise, also, the tactics of infidels and atheists who draw arguments against God, or against His very existence, from these same facts!

The established order of God, though man did disturb it, is now inevitable. Why should God yield to the wickedness of man and change things for him? When man first was made he was of all earth created beings the most perfect; he possessed all the human heart craves for, yet he abused his estate. Who will blame God, his Maker, for imposing severe but just punishment upon him? This punishment was as much as was deserved, for it was meted out to him by a God who is justice itself, and from whom all justice flows. The injustice was not done us. How, then, can we judge when the punishment should be? Were we the God who was offended, then, and only then, could we judge of the justice of the punishment. But such weak beings as we are, possessing but a spark of God's intelligence and wisdom, we must bow down before Him, the offended and just One, and admit that the punishment is just because imposed by Him. Let man cease to consider this world his true home, and then he will begin to overcome the difficulties that seem to be in his mind regarding the justice of God in the punishment He sent upon the human race. In eternity, where man's true home is, if he does his duty here, there will be no such disasters or misfortunes. Since God can not give to man something he has shown himself worthy of here in this world, yet since He has made man for it, He will give it to him in another sphere.

He may not protect, apparently, even the man who does his duty here, but He will protect him for eternity. How forcibly is this whole truth brought out in the Gospel of today! God could have changed the heart of Herod and not allowed the Infant Saviour and His parents to suffer the inconvenience of a journey and a stay in Egypt, a foreign land. But had He changed Herod physically, He would have been acting contrary to the free will Herod possessed; had He changed him morally, He would have been acting against the laws established by Himself regarding His grace. So everything was His usual course, while He protected His chosen and deserving one, even at their own temporal cost and suffering.

It is thus that God acts with the faithful soul. If he does his duty conscientiously, he will be protected by God; not, perhaps, from the hands of worldly enemies or from what we are wont to call temporal misfortune, but from the powers of evil which can injure his soul. And God will protect him for eternity. He does not resort to such extraordinary ways as He did regarding His Divine Son, but He accomplishes His object; and it is only when we have the clear vision of heaven that we will see this fully.

Nor need we ask for any particular assurance that God acts thus with people who are faithful to Him. He has professed that He does so, time and time again, in His Scripture. These few little words: "Fear not him that kill the body, but rather fear Him that can cast thee body and soul into hell fire," are enough to convince us of its truth. The well-known words of St. Paul also confirm it: "The sufferings of this life are not to be compared to the glory which shall be revealed in us." How comforting about this truth should be to us! With how much courage should it inspire us! Life's path is

a thorny one, but we need not give way under the prick of its thorns. Ere long, our journey will be ended, and the scars that we will have suffered during it shall be to our glory and to our joy.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW

How swift they go, Life's many years, With their winds of woe And their storms of tears, And their darkest of nights whose shadowy slopes Are lit with the flashes of starriest hopes.

And their sunshiny days in whose calm heavens loom The clouds of the tempest—the shadows of the gloom! And ah! we pray With a grief so dear That the years may stay When their graves are near; Tho' the brows of Tomorrows be radiant and bright, With love and with beauty, with life and with light, The dear hearts of Yesterdays, cold on the bier, To the hearts that survive them, are evermore dear.

For the hearts so true To each Old Year cleaves; Tho' the hand of the New Flowery garlands weaves, But the flowers of the future, tho' fragrant and fair, With the past's withered leaflets may never compare; For dear is each dead leaf—and dearer each thorn— In the wreaths which the brows of our past years have worn.

Yes! men will cling With a love to the last, And wildly sing Their arms round their past! As the vine that clings to the oak that falls; As the ivy, whose round the crumbled walls; For the dust of the past some hearts higher prize Than the stars that flash out from the future's bright skies.

And why not so The old Old Years, They know and they know All our hopes and fears; We walked by their side, and we told them each grief, And they kissed off our tears while they whispered relief; And the stories of hearts that may not be revealed In the hearts of the dead years are buried and sealed.

Let the New Year sing At the Old Year's grave: Will the New Year bring What the Old Year gave? Ah! the Stranger Year trips over the snows, And his brow is wreathed with many a rose; But how many thorns do the roses conceal, Which the roses, when withered, shall soon reveal.

Let the New Year smile When the Old Year dies; In how short a while Shall the smiles be sighs? Yes! Stranger-Year, thou hast many a charm, And thy face is fair and thy greeting warm, But, dearer than thou—in his shroud of snows— Is the furrowed face of the Year that goes.

Yes! bright New Year, O'er all the earth, With song and cheer, They will hail thy birth; They will trust thy words in a single hour, They will love thy face, they will laud thy power; For the New has charms which the Old has not, And the Stranger's face makes the Friend's forgot.

THE OLD YEAR'S BLESSING

I am fading from you, but one draweth near, Called the Angel-guardian of the coming year.

If my gifts and graces coldly you forget, Let the New Year's Angel bless and crown them yet.

For we work together; he and I are one; Let him end and perfect all I leave undone.

I brought good desires—though as yet but seeds; Let the New Year make them blossom into deeds.

I brought joy to brighten many happy days; Let the New Year's Angel turn it into praise.

If I gave you sickness; if I brought you care; Let him make one Patient and the other Prayer.

Where I brought you sorrow, through his care at length, It may rise triumphant into future strength.

I gave health and leisure, skill to dream and plan; Let him make them nobler—work for God and man.

IN OUR MIDST

If it be true that there is always something sad about endings, then the close of the year could not have a month more in sympathy with the spirit than December. This twelfth month is ushered in with nature's most gloomy look; the richly tinged beauties of the earth which cast a lovely charm over early November and imparted to the passing year that restful hue suggestive of ripe old age, have given place to barren woods and bleak landscapes, where beneath our tread is heard the melancholy croaking of winter's gatherings—summer's gay leaves and fragrant flowers, now decaying through empty branches, now pausing in dismay to discover no traces of its former playfellows young and fresh in life, now shrieking in horror as it descends to find in silent heaps and cold in death the companions of its merry gambols. Come on to play, it seems to cry as in ghastly pretence it forces out the dead to frolic in the wood. Alas! they stagger forth only in death to sink into restless grave; whereon in awful horror the tempest screams and rushes forth as if it would tear itself in twain and beat against the walls and hills in agonized despair.

This connotation, this horror, this despair, typifies the condition of the human soul that has not served its God, when, on the day of Judgment, bereft of earthly life it will seek in vain for living deeds of virtue, will bring forth its soulless workswitnesses, then, horror-struck at their feeble meekness, will rush forth, cleft mawed by the sword of despair, and harried by the worm that never dies, will beat against the mountains and cry out to them to fall upon it and stifle out its life. The church seizes upon this front of nature to impress upon her children the reality of the end of the world that will surely come, the day of Judgment; for with the beginning of Advent she puts before us the Gospel in which our Lord tells us, "when you shall see these things come to pass, know that the kingdom of God is at hand." She is saddened; with the Jews she dons a sober garb, vests her ministers in the color of penance. She is penitent on account of the sins of her children; she shudders at the thought of that wrathful day, when perhaps some of her children, she trembles lest they be many—shall be lost to her. She puts on the vesture of penance to remind us, her children, that our personal misdeeds should be atoned for by contrition. She bids us now, now while fears assail, weep for the sins which at the Judgment, tears cannot deliver to mercy, for then the time of mercy will be past. Through St. Paul she speaks to us in the Mass, saying "it is now the hour for us to rise from sleep. . . . Let us cast off the works of darkness. . . . Let us walk honestly. . . . not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and imprudences, not in contention and envy."

True, she is sad. But throughout this sorrow is a note, a strain of joy, first indistinctly rippling, then soft and pleading it thrills with firm reverberation the sacred chant and, echoing in each Christian heart, begins, like life's pulsation, to throb in all the members of Christ's Mystical Body, rising and exalting to gush forth on Christmas morning in the angelic song—"Gloria in excelsis Dec."

In the same Gospel that tells us of the Judgment are spoken words for the comfort of the just on the day of wrath, but which at this time have a very special message for the Church; our Lord said, "When these things begin to come to pass look up and lift up your heads; because your redemption is at hand." St. Paul's admonition, too, is spiced with words of sweet hope as he bids us rise from sleep, for he assures us that our salvation is near, that "the night is passed, and the day is at hand."

"The day is at hand." Advent is the beginning of a new day, a new church year. If the past year in which our soul was indolent in sleep we've hidden now to rise and shake ourselves, to cast off, throw from us, the works of darkness, in which we lay down at our ease, then we need not indeed to enter heaven, but to gird ourselves, for a struggle with the enemies of that salvation which is near; to "put on the armor of light." Adam and Eve by their fall robbed us of our first armor and, as a consequence, every soul comes into this world pierced with a deadly satanic shaft and, as we grow old Satan from new vantage points makes of us his targets; we need, then, something that will make us proof against his arrows, we need an armor of light that will not only turn aside the missiles of hell but will point out the lurking places of the enemy. Where can such an armor be found? The apostle does not leave vague his admonition but adds "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ." Christ is our "armor of light"; He points us out to us the way and leads us forward on it, He tells us the truth and shows us how to practice it, gives, preserves, is our life.

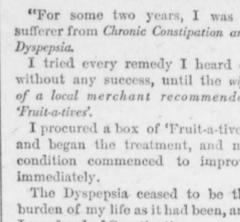
His coming has been whispered—He is nigh. But we must not, as did the Jews, fail to recognize Him. The Jews were filled with hopes of an earthly saviour who would relieve them of the hated Roman rule and bring them great temporal glory and an earthly kingdom. He is nigh, but His Kingdom, His glory, is not of this world. It is into our hearts He

wishes to come, and it is in hearts detached, humble and holy that we must "put Him on." By prayer and penance our souls are to be tuned that, when He speaks to our hearts, His words may find echo there and be heard. The Gospel of this Sunday of Advent now warns us in the words with which St. John the Baptist warned the Israelites, "there hath stood one in the midst of you whom you know not." This too, is "Gaudete Sunday" and the Church, having turned up her garb of penance, is vested in the rose color of joy; it seems as though her strong heart, unable longer to contain itself, had burst, with a gladness, which surges in the chant and swells the organ notes with the joyous message of St. Paul, "Rejoice in the Lord always; again I say rejoice. . . . The Lord is nigh. Be nothing solicitous." Does this train of joy awaken echoes in our hearts? He is nigh, He will soon stand in our midst. Do we know Him? Or is our heart out of tune, is our vision clouded, are our ears muffled by the cares of this earthly life? On the second Sunday of Advent we were admonished to "Arise. . . and stand on high; and behold the glory that will come to thee from God." If we did not arise from our life of negligence, if we did not "stand on high" by practicing virtue, then we can scarcely have obtained the promised joy. In that case the words of St. Paul on this Sunday hardly apply to us, for we should be solicitous to "arise and stand on high" as soon as possible. Then again we have done this, when He is nigh, we can recognize Him, when He is in our midst, we can know Him, then we can rejoice and "be nothing solicitous." It is confidence we lack, confidence in Him who is coming as our Infant Saviour? That is wrong. If we approach Him in the spirit of contrition, if by change of life "we make known our modesty to men" we can approach Him without solicitude as soon as possible. Then again we have done this, when He is nigh, we can recognize Him, when He is in our midst, we can know Him, then we can rejoice and "be nothing solicitous." It is confidence we lack, confidence in Him who is coming as our Infant Saviour? That is wrong. If we approach Him in the spirit of contrition, if by change of life "we make known our modesty to men" we can approach Him without solicitude as soon as possible.

boys. Unconsciously my fancy called up a similar scene of a Man, 2,000 years ago, surrounded by the little children of Galilee, whom He had welcomed to His side with those touching words, "Suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for such is the kingdom of heaven." Quiet and unassuming, Father Dunne combines the love of a mother with the kind supervision of a father. But underneath that composed exterior there is a warmth and enthusiasm of heart that is at once manifest when he speaks of his boys. This enthusiasm does not find its outlet in self advertising or abstract theorizing or consultation on what ought to be done, for he is neither greedy of self-publicity nor is he idealistic as to put mere "words, words, words" before direct and immediate action. Moreover, he has no leisure to attend every social convention that comes to town, where too often much is said and little accomplished, for his youngsters occupy his every moment. Indeed the marvel is how he can stand the incessant strain. Practically single-handed, he proceeds throughout the year for 150 charges, and such years as we have just passed through, when food, clothing and all the other necessities of life were so costly. It would have been enough to drive an impatient man to despair. In the brief half-hour that I was there he was interrupted periodically by his boys, who had some need to be satisfied. Robert wanted carfare to visit some of his relatives. Frank wanted the price of admission to see a picture-show. Danny wanted a little spending money. Then the bell rang and Father was summoned to the parlor, but he was hardly on his way when there was a telephone call. While Father was gone I edged up to a youngster, who had the seat of honor next to Father's chair. He was a little lad with his injured foot all swathed in bandages, and at the time was busily engaged in eating his dinner, which had just come hot from the kitchen. I looked at the plate and then at Kenneth, and said: "Surely, you aren't going to eat all that." The occasion was too great for words and he was too busy anyway, so I just smiled as much as I could to say, "My stomach isn't hurt."

HIS LIFE RUINED BY DYSPEPSIA

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I procured a box of 'Fruit-a-tives' and began the treatment, and my condition commenced to improve immediately. The Dyspepsia ceased to be the burden of my life as it had been, and I was freed of Constipation. I feel that I owe a great debt to 'Fruit-a-tives' for the benefit I derived from them."

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AN UNCONVENTIONAL ORPHANAGE

When I was a youngster I got an impression of orphan homes that was anything but flattering. What gave me this unfavorable view was a certain sight that I was accustomed to see on a Sunday morning. On my way home from Mass I would almost invariably meet a "regiment" of small boys, anywhere from ten to sixteen years of age, chaperoned by an elderly gentleman, who followed in the rear with all the air of a commandant. My logic on the situation might have been a little awry, but I concluded that if the boys were marched on the avenue in this fashion, they must be marshaled about the orphanage in much the same manner. Of course, such a thought was revolting to me, for I was at the time about twelve years old, the age when a boy loves to romp and roam and Robinson Crusoe like is incited by adventure and ever changing diversion. Imagine heading boys along in rigid double file! My youthful imagination conjured up a parallel picture in the caged lion of his circus parade.

FATHER DUNNE'S "HOME"

But there is another way of conducting orphanages, though perhaps it is more rare. In this category we might place the homes in charge of the Catholic Sisters, and especially that conducted by Father Dunne, of St. Louis, founder and director of the home that bears his name. "Father Dunne's" is the very antithesis of the old-time iron-bound institution that has its commemorative types today. As a vindication of his novel methods, Father Dunne can point with a just pride to a list of names of really wonderful success in handling boys of all classes, creeds and nationalities. During this comparatively brief period he has "graduated" no fewer than 8,000 young men, who are at once a credit to him and an honor to the institution. They afford an undeniable proof that Father Dunne's method of making an orphanage a home and not a "hot-house" is at once most congenial to the boys and most successful in its results.

To know Father Dunne is to know the spirit that animates the home. The first time I met him he was in his office literally surrounded by his

boys. Unconsciously my fancy called up a similar scene of a Man, 2,000 years ago, surrounded by the little children of Galilee, whom He had welcomed to His side with those touching words, "Suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for such is the kingdom of heaven." Quiet and unassuming, Father Dunne combines the love of a mother with the kind supervision of a father. But underneath that composed exterior there is a warmth and enthusiasm of heart that is at once manifest when he speaks of his boys. This enthusiasm does not find its outlet in self advertising or abstract theorizing or consultation on what ought to be done, for he is neither greedy of self-publicity nor is he idealistic as to put mere "words, words, words" before direct and immediate action. Moreover, he has no leisure to attend every social convention that comes to town, where too often much is said and little accomplished, for his youngsters occupy his every moment. Indeed the marvel is how he can stand the incessant strain. Practically single-handed, he proceeds throughout the year for 150 charges, and such years as we have just passed through, when food, clothing and all the other necessities of life were so costly. It would have been enough to drive an impatient man to despair. In the brief half-hour that I was there he was interrupted periodically by his boys, who had some need to be satisfied. Robert wanted carfare to visit some of his relatives. Frank wanted the price of admission to see a picture-show. Danny wanted a little spending money. Then the bell rang and Father was summoned to the parlor, but he was hardly on his way when there was a telephone call. While Father was gone I edged up to a youngster, who had the seat of honor next to Father's chair. He was a little lad with his injured foot all swathed in bandages, and at the time was busily engaged in eating his dinner, which had just come hot from the kitchen. I looked at the plate and then at Kenneth, and said: "Surely, you aren't going to eat all that." The occasion was too great for words and he was too busy anyway, so I just smiled as much as I could to say, "My stomach isn't hurt."

A THOUGHTFUL SYSTEM

One of the many beauties of the Christian religion is to be found in the constant suggestion which it presents of things eternal. Life in its manifold aspects tends to lead one away from man's final goal and destiny. Material pursuits which should prove of but passing interest, usually engross the energies and monopolize the activities of the greater portion of mankind. The result is that God and the things of the soul are relegated to one day in each week, if that much.

The Catholic Church, however, like a watchful mother, continually appeals to her children to fix their gaze on the better things. To this appeal she adds the force of law or counsel, endeavoring on every occasion to raise our minds to heaven and its beauties. For this purpose and to this end does she institute festivals and devotions, in order that by a variety of attractions they may win our souls over to a closer view, and, as a consequence, a more fervid interest in spiritual rewards.

Thus it is that this time of the year, while preparing for the commemoration of the sublime mystery of the Incarnation, the Church bids the faithful pause each day and contemplate the goodness of God. She dedicates this period in a particular manner to actual preparation, in soul and in mind, for the worthy reception of the Infant Saviour on His natal day. In this way also does she draw men's minds to a reflection on their eternal lot.

Many persons, it is true, allow such a season of spiritual blessedness to pass unnoticed. There are those, however, who enter into the real spirit of the Church and who seek to detach their thoughts for a time from the earthly and attach them to the glories of heaven. This should be the aim of every genuine, devout Christian; it is a dim foreshadowing of the occupation that will be for all eternity engage the activities of those who are saved.—Catholic Bulletin.

THE HEART OF A CHILD

"Know you what it is to be a child?" asked Francis Thompson, that wonder poet with the child heart. And he gives the answer thus: "It is to be something very different from the man of today. It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of Baptism; it is to believe in love, to believe in love, to believe in love; it is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear; it is to turn pumpkins into coaches and mice into men, loveliness into loveliness and nothing into everything, for each child has its fairy godmother in its own soul; it is to live in a nutshell and to count yourself the king of infinite space; it is

To see a world in a grain of sand and heaven in a wild flower, Hold infinity in the palm of your hand And eternity in an hour; it is to know not as yet that you are under sentence of life, nor petition that it is to be commuted into death."

As regards Father's "family," they are of the typical American stamp.

Wherever the most noise or most fun is to be had, there you'll find them, and in abundance. And as only another proof of Father Dunne's successful rule, you will see them almost invariably in their own "backyard," though it is not the compass of their freedom. In one corner of the yard there is a fine little swimming pool, the gift of a "Lady Bountiful, who really knew the heart of a boy. This is the rendezvous of every youngster during the summer months, while the yard is the scene of their activities in the "off season." Like most American boys they are not bashful and at the same time not over-forward. They will come up to shake hands with you, and answer your queries with an enthusiastic account about their ball team, swimming pool, or anything else that is included in a boy's range of interests. And though, of course, it is to them apparently a secondary concern, they are bright and quick when it is a question of books or study. I proposed problems in arithmetic, questions in history and propounded a few "big words" for them to spell, and I was not a little surprised at their sharpness. They are indeed a fine set, and the conduct speaks volumes for the kind father who has adopted them.

Caring for the orphan is obviously one of the most fundamental issues of social endeavor. For it is an important social work that gathers in the orphaned and abandoned children from the contamination of sordid surroundings, to mother them with all care and solicitude, and when they have reached maturity, to place them in the world as upright and worthy citizens. It takes on a far more noble aspect, when viewed in the light of the super-natural. Nothing can be more praiseworthy than to lift pure young souls from vice and evil influences and teach them the universal love of a God, who became Man that all might learn from Him to be pure and sinless and thus reach that heavenly Home, where there are no orphans. But orphan homes will be successful in accomplishing this twofold purpose in almost direct proportion to the degree that they are homes not only in name but in reality.—William S. Bowdern, S. J., in America.

Wholesale Arrests Canadians With Coughs

Wholesale Arrests Canadians With Coughs. "Halt! Who goes there? Someone with a cough. Pass friend! Stop cough! you are under arrest. Thousands of such arrests are being made every day in all parts of Canada. Too long have coughs and colds evaded justice and caused untold suffering to humanity, but at last they have been cornered and overpowered by Canada's famous cough detective—Buckley's Bronchitis Mixture. Did you ever hear of this wonderful remedy? Why, everybody is talking and writing about the great work it is doing in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis, asthma, etc.

The following is one of thousands of letters received:—"Kindly accept my sincere thanks for the benefit my wife derived by the use of one of your bottles of Bronchitis Mixture. For over thirteen years she has suffered acutely. After spending dollar after dollar upon various remedies, no relief was obtained. Hearing of your most marvelous remedy she decided to give it a trial and I am glad to say one bottle has made her well. You are at liberty to use my name and should be only too pleased to answer any inquiries. Sincerely yours, John Holmes, Yorkville Ave." The original of this letter may be seen at W. K. Buckley, Limited, 142 Mutual St., Toronto. Don't allow a cough or cold to linger with you. Away with it! Hail Buckley's Mixture and have cough arrested. This remedy never fails. On every bottle is a guarantee to refund the money if not satisfactory. Delays are dangerous. Order now from your Druggist or by mail from W. K. BUCKLEY, LIMITED, 142 MUTUAL ST., TORONTO. 15

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A NEW YEAR WISH
God bless the work that lies before you...

RESOLUTIONS

New Year's Day calls on young men to resolve to make better use of their time to make progress in business...

Beware of the beginnings of borrowing. Do not assume that next month it will be easy for you to pay the extra indulgence of this. Live within your means—that is the only safe way to avoid the beginnings of borrowing.

The highest compliment that can be bestowed on a man is to say of him that he is a man of his word; and the greatest reproach that can be bestowed on a man is to assert that he has no regard for the virtue of veracity. Truth is the golden coin with God's image stamped upon it, that circulates among men of all nations and tribes and peoples and tongues; its standard value never changes nor depreciates.

Let it be the aim of your life to be always frank and open, candid, sincere, and ingenuous in your relations with your fellow men. Set your face against all deceit and duplicity, all guile, hypocrisy, and dissimulation. You will be living up to the maxims of the Gospel, you will prove yourself a genuine disciple of the God of Truth, you will commend yourself to all honest men. You will triumph over those that lie in wait to deceive, for the intruder is usually caught in his own toils.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A CHILD'S PRAYER
God grant that I the new year through
May strive with heart and soul to do
Those things which are most good and true.

As the gray dawn of the approaching day was diffusing itself over heaven and earth, the stars, as if ashamed of their feeble light, were fast retreating, Conlon awoke with a start, cramped and sore from his uncomfortable position.

A CHRISTMAS SONG

It was Christmas Eve. All through the day the snow had been silently falling on the hills, on the valleys, on the city, and the keen frost gradually knitted the tiny snow-flakes, crusting them as with beautiful enamel, a fitting garb for Nature to assume in anticipation of her Maker's coming.

RECIPE FOR A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Take twelve fine full grown months, see that these are thoroughly free from all old memories of bitterness, rancor, hate and jealousy; cleanse them completely from every clinging spite; pick off all specks of pettiness and littleness; in short, see that these months are freed from all the past—have them as fresh and clean as when they came from the great Storehouse of Time.

DON'T START BORROWING

The youth who starts out as a borrower puts a mortgage on his future. The habit of spending more money than we earn is fatal to success and happiness. The most cordial friends grow suspicious of one who is continually asking for a loan. People cheerfully go around the block to get out of his way. And the time comes when he is just as eager to avoid his acquaintances, for fear that he will be asked to pay the money he owes. Peace of mind, self-respect, and the respect of one's friends are all sacrificed by this undermining habit.

THE NEW YEAR

New Year's Day is a time for retrospection. The old year with its countless cares, its wasted opportunities, and its bitter disappointments has gone. A new year bright with promise of better things lies before us. As we survey the year of the past we see much to regret. No man is so perfect that he can pass twelve months without seeing many things to correct. Looking back we see a pastime is often vain and useless, but looking backwards to see our faults with a view to correcting them is an important element in the spiritual life.

This is the psychology that underlies the practice of making New Year's resolutions. A cynic has described New Year's Day as the day on which people make resolutions which they spend the other days of the year in breaking. But the good Christian sees the fallacy of this maxim of the worldly wise man. He knows that resolutions are made to be broken, not to be kept. The reason why so many New Year's resolutions do not last over night is because they are not taken seriously.

Spiritual writers tell us that our resolutions should be taken only after serious and prayerful consideration. When we have laid the axe to the root of the tree and discovered some sinful habit which is the cause of our repeated failures, we make a resolve to try to correct that fault in the future. This is the true New Year's promise to God. He is pleased with any serious effort on the part of man to avoid evil and to do good and will not fail to bestow upon him the grace necessary to carry out his good resolves. Prayer for light to know our faults is the first step; prayer for God's grace to persevere in well doing is the next.

Catholics have an unflinching refuge in the matter of making resolutions. It is the tribunal of penance. There they have the benefit of the wise and prudent guidance of God's minister in recognizing their faults and the help of sacramental grace to live up to their prudently taken resolutions.

NEED OF RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION

We stand in need of instruction of many matters. All through life we are seeking it. When in school our books it was the teacher who instructed us; as we were in upper grades, high school, or college, the professor pointed the way; in the various trades the more experienced workman shows the others what to do; even the athletic world has "coaches" to train athletes. If it is important to know and be taught what to do in affairs of the world, certainly we admit the need of instruction and a teacher in the affairs of our soul and its salvation.

Think of a ship sailing out to sea with no compass or chart. What will happen? Will it not be tossed about at the mercy of the waves? Will not the lives of those on board be endangered? Without religious instruction our condition would be like that ship. Are we not on the sea of life? What is our destination? How do we get there? The Church which has guided souls across the treacherous waters of life for nearly 1,900 years comes to our aid. She gives us the chart and the compass. She tells us there are two courses open for us, one easy the other somewhat hard. She tells us if we go along life, giving full reign to our passions, neglecting God, even though we amassed great wealth, that in our souls we are heading for destruction.

The other and safer course is to follow her guidance, keep the commandments of God, and of His Church, make use of her sacraments, and we will be safely conducted over the sea of life to the harbor of eternal happiness.

RELIGIOUS INDIFFERENCE ABOUT US

We need definite, clear cut instruction in religious matters, because around us there is such confusion, such indifference, such fog. Ascend the roof of a modern high building, cast your eyes over the city. Suppose God gave you vision not only over men's bodies, but over their hearts as well. Notice the way they live. Notice their hearts' desires. Although by their birth and preservation they owe God innumerable debts, yet how many make no pretense to acknowledge them to God by any religious observance? Through a mere pious formality, they enter a church or attend the Mass, but their hearts are not in prayer. Their hearts, minds, bodies are given to the world. Their knowledge of amusements is vast, but of religion it is very scant. Numbers know little of the place from whence they have come, and the place whither they are going. What is more astounding, knowing little, they appear to care less. To overcome this atmosphere about us, not to succumb to its easy way of living, and to get the help we need to keep on the proper path, religious instruction is found to be necessary.

HOSTILITY TO OUR FAITH

Not merely is there indifference to our holy faith, but there also exists great hostility to it. Openly and in secret are found many who are pleased in discrediting her glorious history of activities for God and fellowman. At every possible occasion some will be found to blacken the fair name of Christ's Spouse. This is as we expect, for it was expected that if they persecuted Me they will also persecute you, since the Disciple is not greater than the Master. To meet and repulse these attacks we must be prepared to give a "reason for the faith that is in us." For this, instruction is necessary. Further, we should not wait till attacks of our faith, and it will be found that while there is prejudice, there is also a large amount of ignorance of our teaching, in the minds of many who, otherwise, are well informed people.

OUR COUNTRY NEEDS RELIGION

Religion is the only solid basis of society. The social edifice rests not on this material foundation. It will soon crumble to pieces. Religion is to society what cement is to a building—it makes all the parts compact and coherent. Convince me of the existence of a Divine Legislator, the supreme source of all law; convince me of the truth of the Apostle's words, "There is no power but from God, and they that are ordained of God," convince me that there is a God Who sees all my thoughts and actions, and that there is an incorruptible Judge, Who will reward virtue and punish vice; convince me that I am endowed with free will to observe or violate the laws of the land; then you place before me a monitor who impels me to virtue without regard to earthly ornaments, and who restrains me from vice without regard to civil penalties; you set before my conscience a witness who pursues me in darkness and in light, in the sanctuary of the home, as well as in the area of public life. To get this we need religious instruction.

A PROTESTANT DEFENDS CATHOLIC POSITION ON MARRIAGE

Dunedin, Dec. 10.—A vigorous defence of the duty of Catholics to oppose legislative enactments which strike at essential doctrines or practices of the Church was made recently in connection with the Catholic protest against the attempt in New Zealand to interfere with the rights of the Church in the matter of marriage. The attempt to amend the New Zealand Marriage Act, directed against the "No Temere Decree," has brought forth strong opposition, and the case has attracted wide attention.

EVILS TO AVOID

A child taught in youth to love God, and who is fed by our Lord's Body and Blood in Holy Communion will never, in after-life, treat its parents ungratefully. It will be noticed that even in this life people are generally punished for their sins, and by the very means which they themselves used to offend God. The holy prophet David says: "Before I was humbled, I sinned." Humiliation is often brought about by one's own sins. Parents often teach their children to disobey the priests and nuns, and as a punishment these same children, in after years, will treat these same parents with disrespect and disobedience. Some will carry favour with the great people of the world, and will turn against the Church of God, and as a punishment these same so-called great people throw them off—they deny their days in misery. Some people through meanness, will give no support to the Church, and as a punishment, God allows them to become poor, and to lose their property. Some people will enter into mixed marriages, and will even marry outside the Church, to gain a comfortable home, or for some worldly advantage. In these cases it generally happens that instead of comfort and peace, they sooner or later meet with misery and strife. Our Lord is never outdone in generosity, and any sacrifice made in His service will be rewarded in time and eternity.—Selected.

WHAT HUMANITY NEEDS

Page Benedict XV., in his encyclical on the re-establishment of Christian peace, gave us the sovereign remedy for the grievous ills of society the precept which St. John had learned on the breast of his Master—that we, like little children, should love one another.

"Never, perhaps," said the Holy Father, "as today, has humanity so needed that universal benediction which springs from the love of others and is full of blessings and zeal." More and more it is becoming apparent that only this heaven will ever lighten the whole mass. Futile regrets will accomplish nothing. What have the churches of multiple-creed Protestantism to offer, now that their pews are empty and the men and women of today will not darken the doors where their parents were taught that Protestantism is the champion in the name of liberty the godless chaos that have so inevitably produced a godless generation? Clearly discernible is the path of duty before the Church that refused her assent to this robbery of her little ones. Inspired by the charity of her Master, she sends her sons and daughters along the highways and byways of our national life to spread the Gospel of good will and of justice followed by the laws of love. Her children, if true to her teaching, will be found, whether in the camps of labor or of capital, maintaining positions founded in the

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eternal principles of their faith and viewed in the light furnished by the application of those same saving principles. Let us hope that these Catholic men and women will be successful in carrying the message of our Holy Father to a practical usefulness in the minds and lives of our non-Catholic fellow-citizens.

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SIR OLIVER LODGE'S CREED

In an article which appears in a recent issue of one of our popular magazines, Sir Oliver Lodge has given us his confession of faith. He tells us in what relation he conceives psychological research to stand to religion. The article is written in a reverent spirit and illustrates the fact, too often forgotten, that some of the men of the "New Revelation" were very much in earnest and that if they are in one sense destructive in their treatment of the Orthodox Christian faith, there is a point of view from which their work may be regarded as a constructive one. And it is this point of view which appeals to and will always appeal to those many distressed minds who are seeking for some kind of religious or philosophical anchorage. They are looking to the findings of science rather than to the teachings of the Church for that certainty reflecting the soul and its future destiny for which they are craving. When we examine these findings of science, however, we are at a loss to determine in what their supposed advantage over the teachings of the Church precisely consists.

Sir Oliver Lodge tells us, in the first place, that the existence of a spiritual world has been established by psychic research, and he vaguely hints that that world is not apprehended by organs inherited from the animals, by which he means, we presume, that science has shown man to possess a spiritual soul.

It is, of course, gratifying to know that science is constrained to make this admission, but what we would urge is that the fact admitted is one which a Catholic child is never doubted, which a Catholic child is taught early in life and authoritatively, on the grounds of both reason and revelation, and which, we are convinced, although outside the Church believes who have not played tricks with their God-given powers of reason. It certainly did not require the spirits and their mediums and fifty years of psychological research to bring this fact to the world's knowledge.

Our articles of Sir Oliver's creed are the scientific demonstration that we are not entirely cut off from this other world, but that we can communicate with it and receive help from it under given conditions; that we are fully responsible for our thoughts, words and deeds, and that this other world, so far from being a state of ease and safety, is a condition where there is plenty of room for punishment, for remorse and for bitter, agonizing regret.

We are further informed that the descent and dwelling among us of a "lofty Personality," able to accomplish many things, apparently miraculous, is likewise reasonable according to psychic experience and instructions. But there will, we are told, be no arbitrary sentence of only two kinds—bliss on the one hand, damnation on the other. There will be judgment of many grades according to the many mansions prepared for us.

We have thus, in this creed of a scientific spiritist, a striking illustration of the peculiar spiritual danger which lies hidden in this attractive cult and of the wisdom of the Church in never ceasing to warn us against it. It is a subtle and for many unwarlike souls imperceptible mingling of error with truth and a replacing of the authority of the Holy Spirit by the authority of created spirits, respecting whose nature and purpose we have every ground for entertaining the strongest possible fears.

And we may well believe that it is owing to these mysterious spirits and to their interference with the currents of human thought that men like Sir Oliver Lodge cannot discern the flaws and fallacies in their mode of reasoning. For, if the other world exists and communications of grave import to man can reach us from it, it is surely reasonable to assume that such communications would take a rational form, reach us in a manner that makes them universally acceptable and accessible to all, and that admits of no grave error or misapprehension. We cannot imagine such communications coming through agencies who, we know, are apt to cheat and deceive and to introduce all manner of evil and trouble into the life of man.

And it is a curious but characteristic illustration of the vagaries of this modern form of thought that, while its exponents find it unreasonable to believe in a teaching body inspired by the Holy Spirit of God and in communications with saintly persons whom we know to have existed in this world, they find it quite reasonable to accept as authoritative messages transmitted through entranced mediums from created agencies of the character described who profess to be departed human souls but whom we have no means whatever of identifying. It is difficult to see in what sense it can be true, as Sir Oliver Lodge claims, that spiritualistic science will in the end be found to be helpful to the cause of religion. It can never, surely, be helpful to the cause of revealed religion except in the sense that it confirms the many warnings of the Gospels to the effect that the enemy of man is ever bent upon a mission of error and deception, and that his main occupation is to sow the seeds of false teaching amid the wheat of divine truth. It is here where the subtle part of the entire spiritualistic system is to be found and where its attraction lies for the unwary mind. So much of what the

Church teaches is admitted and so much of what the Church also teaches, but what the fallen nature of men dislikes, is repudiated. While not ceasing to be a Christian, therefore, it is possible for a man to so modify the Christian creed that its very essentials are eliminated and the Gospel in reality becomes "another Gospel."

It is quite reasonable, we are told, to believe that a lofty Personality descended and dwelt among us, but it is not reasonable to believe all the things which that Personality has told and taught us. It is, for instance, not reasonable to believe that there are only two sentences for man after death—bliss on the one hand, damnation on the other. But it is not this lofty Personality that has told us of these two states of being after death—in an infinite variety of forms, and in language so clear and emphatic that only mental or moral perverseness can rob that language of its self-evident and legitimate meaning? "The most uncompromising revelation of this awful truth," says a modern writer, "which no rationalizing sophistry can effectively obscure, issued from the lips of the Incarnate Word Himself." "Hell," writes the rationalist Leslie Stephen, "must be an integral part of the ideal world so long as the radical convictions of Christianity retain their genuineness. Simply to suppress it is to substitute a vapid optimism which will never satisfy men nourished upon the Christian version of the unmistakable facts of the universe. Eternal damnation is as much a necessity of the imagination as a logical deduction from the fundamental principles of the creed."

It is thus that accurate thinkers, who are often not even themselves committed to the Catholic creed, reason. Reject, if you will, they would say, the belief in a lofty Personality, discredit the existence of any kind of otherworldly existence, but do not accept that belief and then accommodate its teachings to your own preference and predilections. Yet it is this wholly illogical and untenable mode of thought that men like Sir Oliver Lodge commend to us, and from which they promise themselves so much respecting the future of religion. We can but again warn, and warn emphatically against it. It is a miserable and worthless substitute for the true superstructure for which the human heart craves and without which life is imperfect and incomplete. It is a form of error and self-deception which invariably terminates in entire rejection of historical Christianity and in separation from that sacramental union with Christ which is the one true connecting link between the world that is and that which is to come.—Catholic Union and Times.

PEACE TO MEN OF GOOD-WILL

Christmas finds the world far from peace. There has, indeed, been a cessation of hostilities on most of the battlefields and already nature has hidden many of the ugly wounds. But the guns have not yet been turned into plough-shares, and the consummation, for the attainment of which millions of men underwent indescribable suffering, is still merely a hope, and, as some think, a fond and foolish hope. Hunger and disease, the inevitable aftermath of the years of privation, destruction and industrial and agricultural disorganization, are waging relentless and inexorable war on weakened and exhausted human nature; capital and labor have put an end to their patched up truce and instead of sinking individual interests in the common and universal interest, are massing their strength for purely selfish purposes, unmindful of the cries of children and widows; Bolshevism, partially restrained, is smoldering and raging in bonds, and is biding its time to let loose destruction of the present order; politicians are wrangling over the spoils of war; national and international aspirations are thrusting aside the idealism of heroic dreams; control of the world is gravitating to a small group of powerful men; and the peace, of which we boasted so much, is a poor and pitiful thing.

Those who take a pessimistic view believe that the world has been permanently cheated of its brief hope and that it will settle down into a chronic state of discontentment, greed and strife. Others maintain that the present state of things is merely a reaction, not surprising but inevitable, from the mood of exaltation which lifted mankind from selfish egoism to the high plane of dedication to universal service, that this reaction will prove temporary and passing, and that after its relapse we will stick almost to death, will recover its long lost health. The latter view should seem to be the truer.

Certainly there is still good-will in the world. It is idle even to question the fact. No one can forget the heights to which humanity, with all its superficial pettiness, rose during the awful years, unparalleled in their toll of human pain; with that record of sublime self-sacrifice written so large on our bleeding memories, it is impossible to doubt the altruism that lies in the depths of the human heart. And as if to dispel the clouds that hang so low and so menacing over the world, Christmas comes with its promise of peace to men of good-will. The test of peace, even so-called peace, is harder than the test of strife. It locks the enthusiasm, and the fellowship, and the unity that are the

bonds of war. But the habits of service will persist and triumph. It cannot be otherwise so long as we have good will. For the present, perhaps, we must be content with the promise of peace, keeping our eyes on patience, remembering that even Christmas has its advent, its period of preparation, resolute meanwhile to do our part to hasten its coming, by practising and preaching, not the gospel of hate and greed, but the Gospel of peace and usefulness as taught by the Christ, who, being God, for our sakes became a little child.—A mercia.

"SALVATION BY LEGISLATION"

American Protestants are raising millions of dollars to "evangelize" Europe, and are mapping out "zones of fluence" in which to proselytize the people of Belgium, France, Italy and other countries. They are leaving behind them here about fifty millions of perfectly good pagans in order to buy souls with soup and blankets. Such few perverts as they make cost thousands of dollars per head, and were aptly termed by the Irish "soupers." The work furnishes lucrative employment for preachers and their families who usually carry on an anti-Catholic campaign. Isn't there a passage in the gospel of St. Matthew where our Lord says: "Woe to you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites; because you go round about the sea and the land to make one proselyte; and when he is made, you make him the child of hell twofold more than yourselves?" Moreover, we do not think that Europe will appreciate the effort to bring Methodist and Baptist religiosity and civilization to the benighted natives of an effete civilization. Money doesn't mean civilization, and the Methodist and Baptist missionaries' coin will not transform European culture. New York Life appropriately suggests that the Methodists spend their millions on civilizing themselves. Mr. E. S. Martin says in that paper:

"Methodists are excellent raw material of civilization, there is no doubt; they are shock troops of religion, and religion is the basis of civilization; but the material needs a lot of patient labor before the rest of the world will contemplate it without anxiety. For the world fears that the Methodists' true aim is to make it Methodist, and it does not want to be that. It will take to the woods first. It may easily like Methodists, for many of them are good, and lots of them are useful. But it will never like a Methodist civilization, and it never ought to."

"Methodism is too puritan, too much given to salvation by legislation, too narrow in its notion of what is wrong, too inventive of new sins, and too harsh about providing legal penalties to punish them. So long as Methodists provide, and submit to a discipline for themselves, there is no quarrel with them, but when grown strong, they seek to impose their discipline on other and unwilling people, they loom up at once as a formidable and tyrannous force, of which account must be taken."—Truth.

THE ANGLICAN MASQUERADES

The following startling statement appears in an issue of the London Daily Mail, which reached us recently: "London will see a remarkable procession of clerics next Thursday morning. Twelve hundred clergymen, with a score of bishops will march in their robes to high mass at St. Alban's Church, Holborn, when the first Anglo-Catholic Congress opens. There will be no laymen in the procession. Banners, crucifixes and candles will be carried by the priests, and the bishops in copes and mitres will each be attended by two deacons of honor, wearing dalmatics. The priests will robe in St. Alban's school and will be marshalled in Baldwin's gardens. Apart from a few officials, the congregation also will be composed entirely of clergymen. The Bishop of Salisbury will preach the sermon and, after high mass, there will be a series of services at eight other churches."

We rub our eyes in amazement at this announcement and ask ourselves whether the world is coming to an end. Is not this an effacing of all their accepted laws and principles? "Priests" and Bishops robbing for "high mass" in the Protestant church by law established, which lawfully declares in its formation, declares that this same mass is a "blasphemous fable and a dangerous deceit!" One can but stand in utter perplexity before this feat of mental gymnastics and ask oneself: What is the nature of the mentality that makes this kind of thing possible? By what sort of intellectual trickery and self-delusion do these men manage to deceive themselves and to get over the manifest moral difficulty? We venture to assert that such a trifling with fundamental distinctions and principles would, in any other sphere of life, be denounced as flagrant dishonesty. No honorable man of business would tolerate it for a moment.

It was the Mass, be it remembered, upon which the Reformation turned, for the celebration of which hundreds, if not thousands, of England's noblest men died a cruel death and which was utterly and explicitly repudiated under the Elizabethan settlement. Not more than twenty-

five years ago an Anglican clergyman would have been deprived of his living if he had claimed to be a priest who had the power to say Mass. And now we see Anglican Bishops themselves assisting at what they claim to be a valid sacrifice and one of their number preaching the sermon on the occasion!

And we wonder what the reasoning powers of that portion of the Anglican laity are like who approve of these masquerades and identify themselves with these manifest self-deceptions. Would such self-deceptions be possible to any but the English type of mind which is world-famous for its inconsistencies and its lack of all power of logical reasoning?

We confess that we prefer the honest and even bellicose Protestant, whose mode of thought has a certain kind of logic to support it and who is at least loyal to his Protestant principle—who knows that the very *raison d'être* of the Protestant church is protest against Rome and more especially against the Catholic doctrine of the Mass. We have no sympathy with these Protestant clergyman masquerading in priestly garb and deluding themselves and deceiving and misguiding their followers.

But there is a sense in which we welcome these religious masquerades and this introduction into the Protestant church of Catholic terms and practices. They show on the one hand how rapidly the Anglican clerical mind is departing from the principles of the Reformation and, on the other, how favorably disposed the Anglican laity mind is to regard Christianity from the Catholic point of view. The way is thus being prepared for the study and acceptance of true Catholic teaching and, as Leo XIII. never tired of emphasizing, a conscientious study of Catholic doctrine in the light of history is all sufficient to lead to its acceptance by all minds that are really in search of truth and that are of good will.—Catholic Union and Times.

RARE AND VALUABLE EDITION OF BIBLE

Among the many rare and valuable volumes in the possession of the renowned Abbey Library at St. Benedict's College, Atchison, Kansas, is an early German translation of the Bible from the press of Hans Schoensperger, Augsburg, Germany, edited and published in the year 1487.

The volume, which is 8 1/2 by 10 inches, bound in pigskin covered boards, and secured with hammered ornamental clasps and knobs, is a wonderful specimen of the early printer's art. It is a masterpiece of bookmaking of nearly five hundred years ago.

But the real value of this priceless German translation of the Bible lies in the fact that the date of its issue is a clear refutation of the many fallacious statements so often advanced that Luther should be accorded the honor of being the first to open the secrets of the Bible to the German people in the language of the people. The date of Luther's birth in 1483, four years prior to the issue of this German edition of the Bible, will hardly justify placing the honors of the first German translation of the Bible to his credit.—The Pilot.

OBITUARY

MRS. PATRICK BURKE

After an illness of several months, Mrs. Amelia McGillis Burke, widow of Mr. Patrick Burke, and mother of Rev. Father J. J. Burke, parish priest at Fitzroy Harbor, and formerly of St. Patrick's Church, Ottawa, died Saturday, December 11, at the home of her son, Fitzroy Harbor. She was the daughter of the late Dr. D. J. McGillis of Pakenham, and was in her seventy-first year. For many years she had resided in Ottawa and her death will cause deep regret among a wide circle of friends by whom she was held in high esteem. Her husband predeceased her about fourteen years. Surviving her are one son, Rev. Father J. J. Burke, Fitzroy Harbor, one daughter, Mrs. Lake Villeneuve, 38 Melrose avenue, and one sister, Mrs. J. Harvey, Pakenham.

DIED

SMITH—At Cleveland, Ohio, on Thursday, December 16, 1920, James Smith, Mgr. Incoquois Mfg. Co., aged forty-seven years. May his soul rest in peace.

MARION—At the General Hospital, Pembroke, on December 16, 1920, Rev. H. S. Marion, retired priest of Douglas, Ont., aged seventy years. The late Father Marion was a lifelong reader of the CATHOLIC RECORD. He leaves two sisters, Mrs. Alex. Devlin of Ottawa and Mrs. Christopher O'Kelly of Winnipeg. R. I. P.

Have nothing more to do with your mistakes, short comings. No matter how bitter they have been, blot them out, forget them and resolve never again to harbor them.—O. S. Marden.

Religion is the link between the creature and the Creator. God is your First Beginning; therefore He must be your Last End. All things return to their source. The streams have all come from the sea, and they all hasten back to it at last. Keep your life ever turned toward your Last End.—Archbishop Kenne.

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WANTED for Carleton county, qualified teacher for S. S. No. 7, Huntley, salary \$850 per annum. Duties to commence Jan. 3, 1921. Apply M. L. Kennedy, Sec. Cochrane, R. R. 1, Ont. 2202-2

WANTED a qualified teacher for P. S. S. No. 4 Brougham. Duties to commence Jan. 3rd, 1921. Apply stating qualification, experience and salary wanted to Thos. H. Moore, Catalogue, Ont., care of B. D. Graph Co. 2203-3

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TEACHER wanted for Separate School, No. 2, Grattan; close to church; small attendance. Duties to begin Jan. 3rd. Apply stating salary, etc., to W. J. Oshagan, R. R. 5, Colborne, Ont. 2203-2

WANTED school teacher for Kenora Separate school; 2nd class certificate, male or female; wages \$700 per annum. Address C. McKinnon, Sec. Treas., Kenora, Ont. 2203-1

WANTED qualified teacher, 1 Normal preferred for Separate School Section No. 6, North Burgess. Apply stating qualifications and salary expected to M. E. Mooney, R. R. 1, Portland, Ont. 2203-3

WANTED second class professional teacher for U. S. S. No. 1, Cornwall, one holding a certificate in agriculture preferred. Duties to commence Jan. 4. Apply stating salary and qualifications to Angus H. Chisholm, Sec. Treas., R. R. No. 1, Northfield station, Ont. 2203-4

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