

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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PARTING

Farewell! that word has broken hearts
And blinded eyes with tears;
Farewell! one stays, and one de-
parts;
Between them roll the years.

No wonder why who say it think—
Farewell! he may fare ill
No wonder that their spirits sink
And all their hopes grow chill

Good-bye! that word makes faces pale
And flits the soul with fears;
Good-bye! two words that wing a
wall
Which flutters down the years.

No wonder why who say it feel
Such pangs for those who go;
Good-bye! they wish the parted well,
But ah! they may meet woe.

Adieu! such is the word for us;
'Tis more than word—'tis prayer;
They do not part, who do part thus,
For God is everywhere.

—REV. ABRAHAM J. RYAN

WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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TRUTH ABOUT DERRY RIOTS HAS
LEAKED OUT

The truth about the terrible Derry riot or civil war—which convulsed that city and paralyzed all business in it for almost a week, in which about twenty people were shot dead, and numberless persons wounded—is beginning to come out. It is alleged that the scheme was hatched in Belfast, by Unionist leaders there, and that instigation and assistance in hatching it came indirectly from people in authority under the Government. Sinn Fein was having everything too much its own way in the other three-quarters of Ireland and it was about time to show that the North was ready for battle. And by getting the Orangemen and the Nationalists fighting, the Government would be greatly helped in their efforts to prove to the world that they could not afford to leave Ireland to the Irish, lest the Orangemen and the Nationalists would massacre each other.

During the fighting Derry exhibited the regular spectacle of regiments of fully armed British soldiers, with machine guns and armored cars, and all the paraphernalia of war, standing idly by, watching the Orangemen and the Nationalists throwing up their barricades on the streets, piling up their sand-bags, and engaging in furious battle. The regiments of soldiers watched such a battle without interfering, sometimes for hours at a time. Interfering to stop it would spoil England's game. During the first two days of the rioting, practically all the shooting was being done by the Unionists, who were well supplied with rifles and ammunition. The Nationalists, for their defense, had to gather arms from all quarters. And it was only on the third day of the rioting that they were still with far fewer arms—able to reply to Unionist fire.

"HAD NO ACCIDENTAL ORIGIN"
Here is what a writer on the ground has to say about the affair: "The rioting in Derry had no accidental origin. It has been planned and directed by nationalist leaders in collusion with persons of eminence in England, and with servants of the English Government in Ireland. Arms and money have been provided for the men, whom the English Attorney-General in Ireland has named a 'Civilian Guard.' The persons of position in Belfast who organized the Derry rioting beated last week that they were importing overseas, without any interference by the English Government, 'as much arms as we like.' Before the present outbreak a quantity of Ulster Volunteer arms were brought into Derry from another county. Pending their removal from the place in which they were stored, they were placed under a guard of the Royal Irish Constabulary."

ENGLISH LABOR IN SYMPATHY WITH IRELAND
The more radical portion of English Labor led by such honest men as Tillet and Smillie has compelled the majority vote against the English Government cossing Ireland—and threatens a strike to bring the Government to its senses if they can not otherwise be made to see reason. At the same time that the call for the withdrawal of the English army of Occupation out of Ireland and letting Ireland have self-determination, they, however, confused the issue by calling in another resolution for full dominion Government for Ireland. If Ireland is to have self-determination even the English Labor unions can not dictate what kind of Parliament is to be established in Ireland. Self-determination means that that is left to the Irish people. And of course the Irish people have through eighty per cent. of their re-

presentatives long since declared to the world that they have established an Irish Republic. Ben Tillet came out boldly against English labor men handling munitions for Ireland; said he supported every docker who refused to forward a gun or any kind of ammunition there. He added that Ireland today was maddened, not with a sense of power, but of exasperation. If Ireland was to have Home Rule, it was to be pushed into her by the bayonets. Dockers, he said, were expected to load ammunition into the Irish. Hitherto they had blown Hell out of them, and now it is hoped to blow Home Rule into them. It is all too stupid, he said, and too wicked to contemplate. Like Ben Tillet, several of the more honest and independent of the English Labor leaders who are not mere politicians are doing their best to get all English labor into honest sympathy with Ireland—a sympathy that will not be of the lips, but will take practical shape. If English Labor only acts as some of the more single-minded of their leaders direct, they will bring the English Government to its knees upon the Irish question inside of forty-eight hours.

A DELUGE OF RESIGNATIONS

Throughout Ireland, at the present time, there is a deluge of resignations of magistrates, of police officers, and of common police—some of them in honest protest against the English crime in Ireland, but undoubtedly a majority of them because they see only too well that Sinn Fein has got the upper hand, and they do not feel stimulated to risk their lives for a lost cause. One weekly issue of the Irish Bulletin gives a list of nine magistrates, and police officers of high rank as well as police sergeants of long service, and sixty-three police constables, who had just resigned. A police mutiny in three of the largest towns in County Kerry, is another startling sign of the times. The Government is losing its grip on the Royal Irish Constabulary. The loyalty of the whole body has begun to come in question, and that is not making the task of governing Ireland any more happy. They are now importing specially recruited police from England and Scotland—but they are proving of very little value. They are ostracized by the people and are being made a joke of. They prove themselves unable to perform police duties.

CANNOT INVESTIGATE SINN FEIN

Arthur Griffith, Vice-President of Sinn Fein, and presently acting President of the Irish Republic, has been interviewed regarding Premier Lloyd George's statement, through a labor delegation, that he was willing to discuss the Irish situation with Sinn Fein, or with anybody who had a right to speak in behalf of Ireland. Griffith said that if the proposal meant just private conversations between English politicians and Irish leaders, the Irish people didn't want it. But if it meant that accredited representatives of the Government of Britain were ready to meet accredited representatives of the Government of Ireland to negotiate a treaty of peace between the two nations, the Government of Ireland would accept the proposal. Lloyd George for all his wily ways will not be able to inveigle the representatives of Sinn Fein into any hole-in-the-wall conference—but must deal with them just as dignifiedly as he would with the representatives of any other nation.

GRIFFITH'S LUCID REPLY

To the absurd argument that Ireland's attempt to break away from the British Empire is analogous to the attempt of the Southern States to break away from the Confederacy, we have not seen any more lucid reply than that of Griffith. To Lloyd George's declaration that the British Government took the same view exactly of the Irish position that Lincoln took of the attempt of the Southern States to claim secession, Griffith's reply given to the press is this: "The attempt of the Prime Minister of England to draw an analogy between the case of the Southern States and Ireland shows how desperately necessary England feels it to be to stand well with the opinion of America. There is no analogy. The Southern States formed an integral part of one nation, and had never enjoyed a separate political existence. Ireland and England are different nations, and Ireland enjoyed for fourteen hundred years a separate political existence. That existence England has, for generations, attempted to crush by force of arms. England holds Ireland as Russia held Poland—not as the United States held its constituent elements. The analogue of Ireland is not the Southern States, but Poland. The analogue of England's Prime Minister is not Abraham Lincoln but the Russian Czar."

A DIFFICULTY OF ENGLAND'S MAKING

Griffith, who is one of the soundest of reasoners, and most logical and practical of men, in a few words, blows to pieces also the argument that if Ireland is allowed self-determination, the north-eastern corner, should, for itself, be allowed self-determination also. He points out,

in the first place, that the difficulty of the North east is a difficulty of England's making, for England's interest. Then he adds: "The principle of self-determination, as laid down by President Wilson and accepted by the English Government, is a principle applicable to nations and peoples, not to parishes, and shires. If Yorkshire or Cheshire sought to withdraw from the jurisdiction of England—England would rightly prevent their doing so—they are an integral part of England, and can have no right to separate themselves from the English nation. Each Irish county is an integral part of Ireland, and can have no right to separate."

ELABORATE PRECAUTIONS FOILED

Since the Dublin Castle mail car was held up, and the mail seized and carried off by Sinn Fein several months ago, elaborate precautions have been taken to prevent any repetition of this. The mail messenger now is an officer of the British army, attended by a guard of armed men. The other day such an officer turned up at the post office, at the usual time, and had the mail handed over to him. Just a few minutes after he departed another such officer came in, and demanded the mail. The post office authorities immediately telephoned to the police that a Sinn Fein miscreant, posing as a British officer, was trying to get possession of Dublin Castle mails. To the consternation of all it turned out that this was the real messenger from Dublin Castle. The "officer" who had got the mail and disappeared with it was the Sinn Fein miscreant!

SEUMAS MACMANUS,
Of Donegal.

THE TRIAL OF BLESSED OLIVER PLUNKET

By Rev. Bernard W. Kelly, in Catholic Times

Macaulay, whose reputation as an historian has suffered so much from his Whig partiality and tendency to rhetorical writing, has at least in the famous essay on Sir James Mackintosh's "History of the Revolution" been singularly happy. He considered judgment of the "Popish Plot" is perfect. No Catholic writer could denounce more severely the villainies of Oates, Bedloe, and Dangerfield. Few philo-sophic historians even could more justly describe the general effect which the subtle tissue of falsehoods and diabolically devised circumstantial evidence of the informers produced on the public mind—and a public mind, too, that could not possibly plumb the depths of the current infamies. As has ever been the case in such circumstances, the mobs of the period were bounded on by malevolent rumor and utterly unscrupulous party leaders.

WITNESSES WHO SOLD THEMSELVES FOR GOLD

Still, after making all allowances for the evils of the time, notably the machinations of Shaftesbury and the Exclusionists, who held Charles and his rashful Court in awe, and after carefully bearing in mind the then debased condition of the law courts, we must assign the chief guilt of the Martyr's blood to the vile herd of perjured witnesses that sold its very soul for gold during the Stuart reign of Terror, 1678-81. The case of the Blessed Oliver Plunket is specially affecting, for no more unlikely person had ever the character of "conspirator" falsely thrust upon him. He had, by the time of his fatal celebrity, spent his years first as a brilliant student and professor at the Irish College, Rome, and the Sapientia, and lastly as a harassed Archbishop of the See of St. Jarlath. His life was a saintly combination of personal holiness, cheerful mortification and apostolic zeal. In the course of his ministrations he braved rain and frost, hunger and thirst, in his love of souls. He penetrated the fastnesses of peace and good will by inducing the outlaws—the latter chiefly the victims of the existing penal laws—to submit to the civil authorities, and so put an end to one cause of unrest and the hostile governmental attitude it involved.

But the storm which threatened to engulf even the Queen's Consort, and did not spare the venerable Lord Shaftesbury, was not slow to burst on the devoted occupant of the See of Armagh.

DEGRADED PRIESTS

In the course of his archiepiscopal rule the Archbishop had been compelled to condemn and excommunicate several unhappy priests and friars of the "fallen" variety, and these wretched men and their lay abettors now determined to have their revenge. Years of persecution and hardship, with few spiritual consolations, had no doubt rendered many of the faithful in these parts little better than nominal Catholics, and it was at the instance of this degenerate and ambitious remnant that the Blessed Oliver was sacrificed!

ALLEGED PLOT OF INVASION

A large part of the "Popish Plot" turned on a mysterious French invasion for the purpose of setting

up in these realms a Catholic Government, and this supposed project was now used with fatal effect to destroy the man the Church is honoring today. Arrested in Dublin in December, 1679, "a whole host of perjured witnesses" was at hand to swear that the Archbishop had all along been the head-centre of the Conspiracy in Ireland. Plunket had approval of no less than four Lords Lieutenant and the charge soon appeared preposterous enough in Dublin. But the "False Achitophel," as Dryden termed Shaftesbury, was not to be thus balked of his prey. The more the "Plot" was exploited, the more persons entangled in its folds, the greater the likelihood of an embarrassing disclosure of the cause of the Catholic Duke of York from the succession. It was resolved therefore, to try the case in London, and thither the Archbishop was removed in the latter part of 1680.

THE COURT OF KING'S BENCH

The trial, which opened in the Court of King's Bench on June 8th, 1681, appears even now to have been for the time singularly deplorable. There was none of the shameful bullying and brow-beating, the coarse language and insult, which too often made the courts at this period a disgrace to the name of justice and to the land. The trial, which was one "at Bar" before Sir Francis Pemberton, the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Justice Dolben, and Mr. Justice Levison, might well have resulted in an acquittal had other things been equally favourable. The Bench, though decidedly anti-Catholic, was not fanatically biased, Sir Cresswell Levison had already presided at some of the trials for the "Plot," and had behaved with "much lenity." Sir William Dolben's favourable summing up had saved Sir Thomas Gascoigne and Sir Thomas Stapleton from indictment on the same charge at Westminster and the York Assizes respectively. Sir Francis Pemberton, though, like the bulk of his countrymen, he believed there was something in the "Plot," never attached much importance to the bulk of the Crown evidence adduced, and on the whole appears to have been a really judicial judge.

THE DISADVANTAGES OF THE ACCUSED

But the accused labored under some terrible disadvantages. His witnesses were held back in Ireland by bad weather, and the Government would grant no further delay over the six weeks originally allowed. He was not left after the passing of the Treason Act in 1696 (7 and 8 Will III, c. 2), that persons accused of treason in this country were allowed that privilege. Then the evidence against him, utterly false as we now know it to have been, was apparently overwhelming, and it was supported entirely by the perjuries of the vilest of his own countrymen!

THE WITNESSES

The following are the members of the Judas band who on this occasion covered themselves with lasting infamy, yet were indirectly instrumental in adding another glorious name to the white-robed army!

(1) Florence MacMoyr, (2) John Moyer or MacMoyr, (3) Henry O'Neal, (4) Nalle O'Neal, (5) Owen Murley, (6) Hugh Duffy, (7) John MacLeigh. Of the foregoing, Florence MacMoyr was a schoolmaster, and last keeper of a famous Book of Armagh, written in 807, the custody of which was hereditary in the Clan MacMoyr. He and his kinsman John MacMoyr or Moyer, the second witness, were led by a private quarrel to compass Plunket's death. John MacMoyr was a friar, and had been suspended by the Archbishop "for various crimes." Hugh Duffy was also a friar, and both his and Moyer's allegations were denounced as "false by their victim. John MacLeigh is described as a Parish Priest in Co. Monaghan." Deprived of his Irish witnesses and of legal aid, the Archbishop could oppose to the succession of perjured assertions that came from the witness-box only the denials dictated by conscious rectitude. His collections for diocesan needs were declared to be really the raising of funds for the expected French army; his visits to the "Tories," or outlaws, were set down as the secret enrolment of recruits. The messengers he sent to Rome or Paris on the ecclesiastical business of the province were denounced as political spies. At the last minute a witness named Paul Gorman spoke out bravely for the Martyr, as did also Edmund Murley (sic). This last appears to have offered himself originally for the prosecution, but, repenting of his action, fearlessly refused to perjure himself, and was committed for contempt. Two other persons, David Fitzgerald and Estance Comminas, though called upon in open court for the defence, did not appear.

THE JURY'S VERDICT

In the view of all this, it is at all surprising that the jury, which of course had to base its decision on the evidence adduced, returned a verdict of guilty? They had to decide by what they heard, and time and

further investigation had not blown to the winds the infamous fabrications of the unspeakable conspiracy-mongers and their tools. Archbishop Plunket perished because a depraved handful of his own nation would have it so, but his name and triumph are thereby rendered the more glorious. For he is likened in his death to the King of Martyrs, delivered up by His own people to a disgraced sufferer. The Blessed Prelate of Armagh suffere like another St. Paul the bitterness which only "false brethren" can inflict. He stands in martyrdom and in triumph beside the glorious Maid of France, all the more lovable and admirable because, like her, he maintained the cause of truth when all proved false, and amidst much tribulation was not found wanting.

THE IRISH REPUBLIC

WHY CANNOT ENGLAND LIVE BESIDE A FREE PEOPLE?

By Jerome K. Jerome in London Common Sense

The plan for the solution of the Irish problem most favored by the English upper classes till within a short time ago was the towing of Ireland into the middle of the Atlantic Ocean and there sinking her. In my younger days I was under the impression that the suggestion was intended as a joke, amusing at first, but growing tiresome by earnest and unwearied repetition as the years rolled on. Closer acquaintance with the political mentality of the English upper classes leaves me in doubt as to whether the idea may not have occurred to them as a serious alternative to the granting of Home Rule.

One reflects that the English upper classes are not guilty of much wit and humor, and drastic measures for the removal of the Irish difficulty have always appealed to their imagination. Possibly the spread of education may account for this particular scheme having fallen into disrepute. It is put forward nowadays by only very old gentlemen who generally clinch the argument by fiercely waving their umbrellas. The more intelligent of the Unionist Party appear to have convinced themselves of its impracticability.

The later and more sensible plan now ad vocated is that all Irish irreconcilables, together with their wives and families (in politics, an irreconcilable person is a man who will not reconcile himself to our idea of what is good for him), should be "removed" from Ireland and their places be occupied by English settlers. Oliver Cromwell tried this method under conditions much more favorable to success; though I doubt if today we are thanking him for his contribution to the Irish problem.

But the idea is gaining favor with the English Military Party and cannot be dismissed altogether. Its possibilities are being discussed in our clubs and drawing rooms, and already there is an echo in the press revealing the underground currents of savagery that are everywhere threatening European civilization. The press can be eloquent enough preaching the sacredness of constitutional methods to Labor. But where the interests of the classes are concerned it never hesitates to advocate recourse to Direct Action.

The late Lord Salisbury's plan for twenty years of resolute government works all right provided the nation to be governed were not equally resolute never to submit. For three hundred years all the resources of the British Empire have been strained to the subjection of Ireland. And today this little nation of four million souls is in more defiant mood than ever, declaring that there is only one thing that will content her the independence of Ireland.

Why should it frighten us? Why is England the only country that dare not live side by side with a free people?

If the French were a little people, I suppose we should be arguing the same way, declaring that we must conquer France and hold her down, because she happens to be only twenty miles from Dover. We should recall her past history, all her acts of aggression against us, all her threatenings, her unfriendly allusions to 'perfidious Albion,' the centuries of misunderstanding and mutual dislike. Can we allow a country as near to us as France to assert her independence? So it would be urged. What a jumping-off ground for our enemies! Why, her guns from Calais could rake our coasts. Our merchantmen could no longer ride the English Channel in security. Sorry. Any little thing we can do to make the French people happy and contented we will out of our generosity consider. Frenchmen shall be represented even to the excess of their due in our Parliament at Westminster. We will even allow them to organize societies for the preservation of the French language. The English Castle in Paris shall rule them justly, as is our good English way. French peasants shall be paid high wages for serving in the (English) Royal French Constabulary and shall help England to maintain order over Frenchmen. But that France should be allowed her own Government, her own Parliament, to

rule herself! The thing is unthinkable. Home Rule, as regards tramways and electric lighting, perhaps we will permit her. She shall have her National County Council in Paris. Any little thing like that, with pleasure. So long as France remains within the British Empire, so long as she submits to a British Army of Occupation and the control of an English viceroy, France is as near to us as Ireland. France really could be a danger to us. One cannot forget that there have been times when she has been. Every argument used to justify British rule in Ireland could be used with tenfold force to justify our conquering and holding France. Except this one fact. That we can't do it. France is not a little nation, helpless to resist us.

If America argued as we do, she would conquer and annex Canada, as she easily could do. America dare not allow a British possession from which an enemy's troops could be poured across her border, in whose ports an enemy's navy could shelter in safety, to exist beside her. What should we say, if Spain, using our arguments were to conquer and annex our ancient ally Portugal? Suppose Soviet Russia declared that she could not sleep in her bed while there existed on her borders an independent Finland and Poland, aggressive, quarrelsome, always waiting their opportunity to attack her. Can one not imagine the howl of virtuous indignation that would go up from our Imperial press against Russia, the bully of the smaller nations, merely because they happen to be her neighbors?

Why do we foam at the mouth because of the mere suggestion that a little free and independent nation should rise out of the Atlantic Ocean some twenty to fifty miles from our shores? Sooner or later it will have to come to that. The sooner the British public faces the fact and gains control over its nerves, the better for Great Britain. Other nations than the Irish, left to themselves, have overcome difficulties greater than the Ulster problem. Ulster could take care of herself as well within the Irish Parliament as outside it. In every country outside Ireland the Irish have proved themselves practical politicians capable of government. It is an agricultural country. And agricultural countries are conservative by instinct. There is no sense in having a revolution. They invariably produce the maximum of evil to the minimum of good. Let Ireland go, with God's blessing and a shake of the hand. And the hate and evil of a thousand years will be drowned. And out of the sea will arise a friendly nation that we can live with side by side.

POLICY OF PATIENCE AND RESTRAINT

The well-known publicist, Mr. Robert Lynd, has a description over a column in length in the Daily News of Wednesday narrating incidents of a just-completed journey across Ireland—the expedition was partly by train, partly by motor car, and partly on foot—from Dublin to Galway. During the whole journey, Mr. Lynd writes: "I saw no example of ill-nature on the part either of a Sinn Feiner or of a policeman or of those who were neither. If there's bitterness it is not the fault either of the people or the police, but of English statesmen, who confess themselves willing to sacrifice five million lives rather than admit that Irishmen are the equals of Belgians in their capacity for liberty. It is obvious that the Government has now decided to blockade Ireland by closing down the railways, as though the world were not already crying out under a superfluity of suffering. Is their object to goad the Irish into insurrection?" Mr. Lynd does not alone in detecting very grave and sinister possibilities in the existing Irish situation, especially in the North. "The utmost care and caution will be needed henceforth on the part of the people, so that no excuse may be given for having armed troops used against them. Apparently a diabolic design of that nature is well within the calculations of conscienceless politicians. Never was it more necessary that the Nationalist people of the North should be vigilantly on their guard. The resources of their enemies are illimitable, and they can be met and countered only by patience and restraint to an unexampled degree. The lesson of Derry is a vivid one, and it should teach all intelligent people that it is only by the exercise of extreme caution and even endurance that the policy of provocation can be defeated." This comment of the Irish News recently upon the situation has in the essence a prudent advising in the critical circumstances prevalent, and particularly so in reference to the Catholic population of this city, who are passing through an intensely testing ordeal.

—The Derry Journal.

Those who never retract their opinions love themselves more than they love truth.—Joubert.

CATHOLIC NOTES

His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, will enter upon his sixty years in the priesthood on July 8th.

Dubuque, Ia., July 2.—The first Catholic daily English language newspaper ever published in the United States was issued here yesterday. It is the Daily American Tribune, and succeeds the Tribune, a tri weekly paper which has been in existence for a considerable period.

New York, June 29.—According to cable advice received here today, the Holy Father has appointed Rev. Thomas E. Molloy of Queen of All Saints Church, Brooklyn, Titular Bishop of Norea, and also nominated him as Auxiliary to Right Rev. Charles E. McConnell, Bishop of Brooklyn. There has been no auxiliary bishop in Brooklyn since the promotion of Most Rev. George W. Mundelein to the archbishopric of Chicago.

Paris, July 9.—Recognition of a priest's genius her. What located the big gun which benched Paris and wrecked the Church of Saint Gervais in the spring of 1918 is given in a bill granting credit of ten thousand francs to promote his further labors. Priest in question is Abbe Russelot, professor of physics at College de France. Father Russelot's invention which locates sound enabled French army to find exact spot from which gigantic German cannon was firing on Paris at a distance of one hundred kilometers.

Dublin, June 25.—The Right Rev. Monsignor J. J. Shanahan, C. S. Sp., D. D., Prefect Apostolic of South Nigeria, who was lately consecrated Bishop of Ahiada at the College Church, Maynooth, is a native of Tipperary, and is in his forty fifth year. He had been a missionary in Nigeria for seventeen years, and in the large area allotted to him, he had succeeded in winning thousands of souls to the faith. There are now 17,000 Catholics under his rule, while there are ten catechumens under instruction. During Dr. Shanahan's time as Prefect Apostolic, numerous churches and schools have been erected in Nigeria.

Washington, D. C., June 27.—The Rev. William J. Kerby, Ph. D., professor of sociology at the Catholic University and member of the executive committee of the National Catholic Welfare Council's department of social action, has been appointed by President Wilson to a place on the Board of Charities of the District of Columbia. The term of the appointment is three years. The District Board of Charities has supervisory control over all the penal, correctional, charitable and similar institutions in the District of Columbia for which Congress makes appropriations.

Brussels, June 25.—The King of the Belgians has just conferred honors on a number of Catholics in Great Britain, in recognition of the services rendered by them to Belgium during the War. The Superior of the London Oratorians, the Very Rev. Father Grews has been awarded the Medaille du Roi Albert, an honor which has also been conferred on the famous operatic singer, Mrs. Blanche Marchesi. Canon Barry, one of the most prominent men of letters in the Empire, has also been honored by the King of the Belgians in the same manner. The Serbian Government, acting through the Serbian Minister in London, Mr. Jovanovic, has thanked Canon Barry for his many writings on behalf of the cause of Serbian nationality.

Erie, Pa., June 28.—Death has removed another of the oldest prelates of the Catholic Church in America, Right Rev. John E. Fitzmaurice of the Diocese of Erie, who passed away at the age of eighty-three years. Bishop Fitzmaurice was in feeble health for many years previous to his death, and the affairs of the diocese have been carried on by Right Rev. John M. Cannon, his auxiliary. The deceased bishop was born in County Kerry, Ireland, January 8, 1837, and was a brother of Rev. Francis J. Fitzmaurice, rector of St. Joachim Church, Frankford, Philadelphia, and Monsignor Edmund J. Fitzmaurice of St. Charles Borromeo Seminary, Overbrook.

Paris, June 20.—During the night from Saturday to Sunday last a meeting of Nightly Adoration of the Holy Sacrament, followed by a Communion Mass, was held in the Sacre Coeur de Montmartre by 190 young men of the Polytechnic School. This pilgrimage henceforth to be renewed every year, is in much the more worthy of attention that the Polytechnic school is the foremost training school in France for civil engineers and mathematicians. The young men following its tuition represent the best of the industrial and scientific world of tomorrow. A number of them have served on the front during five years as artillery officers. Great importance must thus be given to this manifestation of such ardent Catholic faith in these young men who, in the near future are to be either manufacturers, railroad engineers or mining inspectors, in short, leaders of men.

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HAWTHORNDEN

A STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE

BY MRS. CLARA M. THOMPSON

CHAPTER XXX.—CONTINUED

Harry looked round in thought among their mutual friends and was shocked to own, even to himself, that he could not find one of which he was quite sure.

"You don't succeed, ha!" said Dr. Hartland, after waiting, as he thought, a reasonable time for reply: "I knew you would not. Well, let me tell you, what you call a true marriage is like the philosopher's stone—nowhere."

Rosine looked up, surprised and indignant. "Ah, my little Miss," continued the Doctor, "you don't believe me either, I see. Incredible youth!"

"No, Ned, I don't believe you; I can't believe you." She spoke very earnestly with tears in her eyes. "I know one at least." Knowing that she referred directly to her father and mother, the Doctor did not reply; he saw that the reproach indirectly cast on her was too much for her and sweeping remark had wounded her feelings. Mr. Greenwood saw this also, and took up the cudgels rather out of gallantry and compassion for her, than because he knew the best thing to say.

"I'm not posted in these matters, Ned," he replied, kindly; "still I know that if your assertion even be true, matrimony is no less a sacrament, and designed for the happiness of us fallen mortals; perhaps the fault is in the people we know, and not in the thing itself. After all, I am of the opinion of a modern writer, who says that life (and I suppose it may apply to matrimonial life) with all its trials would be less hard, if at the beginning we faced the fact, that it was to be medicine and not wine."

"Capital! a splendid get-off, Hal!" cried the Doctor, throwing down his knife and fork, and laughing heartily. "Bravo! you'll start fair, any way! Now I take up my physic solus!"

"Harry is right," interrupted the Colonel, who had not before joined in the conversation. "You, Ned, were always looking for some Utopian state, where men will cease to be men, and women women. If people began life with more sober views of what life really is, we should see fewer mistakes. But tell us, Harry, about your tour abroad, and leave matrimony till your time comes."

Mr. Greenwood gladly changed the subject by narrating many of his adventures in a manner so charmingly simple and truthful, that he held the attention of his listeners till midnight.

"The Commodore ought to have been proud of such a boy," was Colonel Hartland's comment to his son the next day.

"He'd be a great man, if he wasn't so good," was the reply of Doctor Hartland.

Rosine did not fly to seek her sister when she returned; she dreaded the interview, and waited till the Colonel offered to accompany her. Dr. Hartland had used his eloquence to persuade her it was not her duty, but her conscience was better instructed. After the first embrace, the first real look at Marion, the first near knowledge of her condition and prospects, the great grief that had gaped between them was bridged by a tiny foot-bridge, over which Rosine's heart leaped fearlessly.

Here was another object for her love and care; she had won Aleck Hartland from dire despair, and had passed him over in a measure to her mother; now she would work for her disheartened sister, wearing a life-chain that fretted into her very heart. She persuaded Marion to do what she had promised Father Sheridan should be done, to go to Hawthornden and seek the forgiveness of her parents for her undutiful conduct. This was not a difficult task, for Marion, with the new tie developing in her nature, was longing for her mother, and the visit was accomplished without Mr. Stapleton. Father Sheridan had been before her, and prepared her way to the hearts of her grieving parents. No accusing word was spoken, no reproach uttered, though three years had gone by in which she had not once had her father's blessing; now he looked at his child with a sad, grave, yet affectionate look, which said more to her heart than any words; his prophecy had been fulfilled so soon, so entirely, and with such dreadful bitterness; wedded to one whom she could neither love nor respect, every friendly face seemed to bring before her the criminal nature of her fault.

During her short stay at Hawthornden the "Athlone News," the weekly paper of that famous town, came accidentally into her hands, and this paragraph met her eye: "It will be a matter of rejoicing to the friends of Hon. Horatio Leighton, late of this town, to learn that his seat in Congress is secured, his well-known honor and patriotism insure him permanent success as a public man." Marion sunk down into a seat as she read these words, and hid her face in her hands; all her young love revived, it poured over her in a whirling wave, leaving her a stranded wreck. Her mother found her thus, and with heaven-directed hand essayed to comfort, and bind up those gaping self-made wounds.

"Yes, dear daughter," she said, in reply to the outpourings of her sorrow, as she beamed happiness so wantonly wasted—"yes, I would gladly see you happy; but O, so much

more rejoiced am I to see you penitent, and resolved to do right. You must once and forever put away all these thoughts from your mind; if indulged, they will partake of the nature of sin; the past can be nothing to you now but a subject of contrition; in the present, the good God has given you the best gift He could grant, be satisfied with it, and bend all your energies and thoughts to the one desire, that your child may be all that it ought to be."

Marion went back to her husband with new impulses and new hopes; and well she needed them, for in her absence the demon of love of strong drink had seized him, and she found him in the midst of an attack of delirium. Rosine came to her assistance, resisting the stoutest efforts of Dr. Hartland to prevent her attendance on such a scene. In that chamber of devils she was taught an entirely new phase of life, returning to her home sadder and wiser. Ned did not scold her in those days or bend his eyes upon her, they stood more on an equality, rather he leaned upon her; she amused his solitary hours, cheered his moments of depression, read and studied with him; entered into the wants of his poor patients with a motherly heart, and became to him in truth, entirely a sister. Now and then it occurred to him that it was a somewhat lonely life Rosine led, almost without companions of her own age, but she was happy, quiet, and contented. A ride to Hawthornden for a few days sojourn, a return of Aleck now and then to his father's roof, to consult his dear Rosa about the country home he was planning; an empty home, but for the dear helpful care of his second mother, Mrs. Benton; these, with calls from Harry Greenwood, unlike "angels visits," being neither "few nor far between," varied the monotony of Rosine's life.

After Christmas came Marion's baby, a lovely, delicate girl, one of those far-seeing infants like pictures of the Holy Innocents, or Raphael's St. John gazing into the face of the Infant Jesus; her look had in it something from a life beyond and above, as if her tiny thoughts were whispered to her dear guardian angel, ever at her side. Well has an author said, "A babe is a well-spring of joy in a house;" to Mrs. Stapleton it was like cold water to the parched and thirsty soul; she looked upon her treasure with a reverence she had never felt for anything earthly. Even Ned, baby later as he professed to be, could not but acknowledge that the little Lily was singularly beautiful; he was sure she could not live, she was so good, and essentially frightened the young mother by telling her his forebodings.

For awhile after the birth of his daughter the graceless father returned to his manhood, under the influence of those baby smiles; the wife's heart beat with hope; but as with the Scripture in the proverb, he went back to his debasing vices after the novelty wore away, and Marion sank to the old shame and sorrow.

Two years glided thus over our friends, without great change; Mr. Greenwood rising to stand among the first in his profession, and to be honorably spoken of by masters in the art both at home and abroad; but in the affairs of his heart he still seemed to linger, to take no decided step forward. That he loved Rosine Benton with all the strength of a true earnest nature, he had not a shadow of doubt, and that the love was no growth of fancy, but the deep growth of years of patient waiting; but a doubt of others had entered his mind, and had hindered his outward progress. Since his return from Europe he had seen, as never before, the devotion of Dr. Hartland to Rosine, and the fond affection with which she met all his wants; he knew that his sister Dora, the first choice of his friend, was forever shut out from him, and what more natural than that his love should be transferred to Rosine. The young man perplexed himself day by day with these thoughts, and he sometimes worried himself into a state of scrupulousness as to his right to continue his intimate visits at Colonel Hartland's under these circumstances.

For a long time he had revolved the pros and cons of this question in his mind, the probabilities and improbabilities, putting the question fairly and squarely before his faithful conscience. Our Harry, with all his moral bravery, was modest in love, diffident of his success; and instead of assisting him in his dilemma, the Doctor, who saw it plainly, was constantly saying or doing something from his propensity to tease, that added to the young man's perplexities; he was at least in no haste to give Rosine into any other keeping than his own.

At length came an imperative call to Mr. Greenwood to be the architect of a Cathedral, and religious houses attached, in one of our growing western cities; if he accepted the offer, it would require frequent and protracted separations from the object of his dearest affections. He could not, and would not go away and work at a subject which required all his energies, leaving the destiny of his love undecided. He had already given his promise for a family gathering at Hawthornden, to which place he was a stranger; he determined that that occasion should fix his plans for the future. This visit was to be a surprise party, to inaugurate the introduction of the little Lily to her grandfather. Mr. Benton never left his home, and the ceaseless demands of her husband upon her time and strength had kept Marion a prisoner. The Colonel and

the Doctor, with Rosine, Marion and the babe, were to form the party, and Dr. Hartland had urged Harry's presence, as all that was wanting to make the visit complete. We will not analyze Rosine's feelings, she certainly was in high glee at the thought of introducing her friend to dear Hawthornden, the dearest spot on earth to her heart.

A joyous welcome was given to our travellers in the hospitable mansion, and the Doctor immediately inquired if the old gray were still on his legs, he wished to engage him at once for Paradise. "Ah, Rosa dear," he said, going on to the veranda, where she was already pointing out to Mr. Greenwood the charming scenery bathed in the mellow light of the setting sun, "ah, if we can but bring back the thoughts and feelings of that first day in Paradise—we were young then," he added. "Love's young dream, eh, Rosine?"

"A dream that knows no waking," she replied, mischievously.

Harry was annoyed, he was working himself out of his usually placid state of mind in spite of his preparation; after a moment he drew from his pocket a small drawing-book and pencil, and went on with a plan for a rustic summer-house, for which Aleck had asked. Dr. Hartland remembered this never-failing resort of his friend when disquieted, and seeing the disturbance, continued to tease him with sweet words and tender amenities toward Rosine, till the young man suddenly threw down his pencil and went off across the lawn.

"There, I've roused the evil one in your saint, Rosa," said the Doctor, as he disappeared.

"Have you displeased Harry?" inquired Rosine, innocently. "I thought he left rather abruptly."

"Yes, I'm displeasing him all the time; I wonder if I must believe that you do not see it."

"See what?" replied Rosine, looking into his face inquiringly.

"Yes, I must believe it," said the Doctor, "there is at least ignorance in that look."

"I'm much obliged to you, Ned; I dare say I look very silly; but please tell me what you mean by displeasing Harry. Have you quarrelled? I thought you were always the best of friends."

"Ah, yes," said Ned, "the very best; but it is not in the nature of saintship in the flesh, nowadays at least, to bear every thing, and I really think I stand very much in the way of this young man."

"Do explain yourself, Ned. How can you possibly interfere in any way with Harry? You talk in mysteries."

"It is only your lonely life that makes it a mystery, and prevents your understanding what I mean; I warrant Marion will explain all before you've been together twenty-four hours."

"You talk in enigmas, Dr. Hartland," said Rosine, blushing crimson; "but here we are safe, and I am where I can light the light. The home, too, will be there when the storm is gone," he added reassuringly.

"Let there was trouble in his deepest gray eyes. He had been through too many storms not to have acquired respect for them."

They were standing on the second floor of the lighthouse, twenty feet from the ground. By turns the keeper of the light held his children up to the window to see the wild grandeur of the gale. During the few hours that they had been in their strong refuge, the fury of the hurricane had greatly increased.

There was little to see except rain driving madly by. It did not seem to fall; it shot past the window horizontally. Beneath the streamer lay the white house of the tower, keeper gleamed pallidly. It stood now in the water; for the swiftly rising tide had submerged all the island, the myrtles, the only trees on the small island, were blurred and indistinct, though now and then, like drowning creatures, they tossed their dark wild arms despairingly.

The vast sea marines, stretching away behind the island were blurred and lost. Only the light-house stood firm and impassive; it was an outpost that could escape the storm, and it had been built to stand against them all. Eric Peterson knew what he was saying when he told his wife that they would be safe in the tower.

"Mother, shall we have to swim?" little Margie asked. "To swim was as yet one of her unrealized ambitions, and the opportunity to achieve it now appeared to her to be good."

"I hope not," the mother replied and put her hand on the child's head.

At that moment, as if to shatter the hope thus expressed, the lighthouse trembled wildly. Then quickly followed a succession of shocks as if some tremendous ram were driving with insane malice against the structure.

"An earthquake, Eric?" Margie Peterson exclaimed. "There was one here before our time," she added.

The keeper did not answer. He ran over to the window on the seaward side of the tower and peered down through the blinding storm. His gaze was fixed for some moments and his wife joined him. Presently he drew her to the window and pointed.

"See it, Margie?" he cried. "Tis no earthquake, but 'tis something to batter down our tower."

"I see a dark shape," the woman answered. "It is floating. It drives against the tower. O Eric, what is it? It looks like the big ocean whale we saw ten years ago in mid-ocean when we came over from Copenhagen."

"You remember the big cypress log I caught drifting—the flume timber that had come down to sea from the river back in the mainland?"

"Yes, and sure; it lay out on the beach in the sunshine. The children play on it."

"And when they slipped over its butt and they slipped six feet to the ground. 'Tis a monster of a log. I had it tied with a section of steel cable. The tide has lifted it out of the sand and has swung it round so

that its butt end now points landward. The cable is just about long enough to let the log reach us. Whenever the storm gets the monster lined right, it rams us. There it comes now, Margie."

"The solid tower shook."

"She was not built to stand that," the man said gravely. "I see a job for me."

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"But you—what will you do?" "I will go out and untie it," he answered quietly.

"You go Eric?" the woman said slowly, as if in a vision she had divined his fate. "But you will not come back. You will go and leave us."

"Margie, I am the keeper," was Peterson's reply, "just the same in fair weather as in foul. I've got to save the tower, and I've got to save you and our children, too."

He looked straight into her eyes as he was speaking. They had in life looked too deeply into each other's eyes not to see there light for all guidance.

"You got a duty, Eric. Kiss me, and go."

The keeper took a brief farewell of his wife and little ones.

"You can watch me," he said. "Eric!" cried his wife suddenly. "A rope! I tie a rope to you and hold it here."

The keeper, who was taking off his coat and shoes, paused to smile at his wife.

"You and I cleaned the tower last week, Margie," he reminded her. "All this old rope, Eric, it must be taken to the washhouse." He quoted her, laughing and mimicking her tone, and made the children laugh. "Not a foot of rope in the tower," he went on. "Now, I go."

He drew his wife closer to the seaward window.

"I drop down," he explained; "the water's nine feet deep now; high tide and storm, too. I climb along the log. I lose the cable."

"And then?"

"I swim to the tower steps on the lee side." His voice was full of assurance; but in his eyes, which always spoke the truth, there was a doubt.

"Margie," he said to his little daughter, "somebody is going to swim."

The ready smile for the child died on his bronzed face as the huge ram snatched the lower a thunderous blow. From the great air shaft of the tower there came the tinkling sound of breaking glass.

"The light!" exclaimed Margie.

"One mirror, maybe," her husband admitted. "But most likely the big shade. Stand back from the window."

While his wife and children took shelter against the curved wall of the tower, the man threw up the narrow sash. The hurricane rushed in, and he had to fight to make his way against it. He reached the sill, he caught the wild wind screaming in his face; then, freezing cautiously, he let himself down outside the tower.

There he hung by his hands. Behind him Margie closed the sash. He was alone in the storm.

It was an eleven-foot drop into the surging water below that charged against the tower, broke against it and rushed onward in furious vehemence. The keeper had not only to drop into that storm of water; he had to fall near enough to the log to catch it, yet in such a position that it would not crush him against the tower wall. Hanging for a moment in the gale, he waited his chance.

"I'll drop to the end of it the second after it strikes!" he muttered.

The wild rain drove fiercely against him; the wind tore at his clothes and sent his shock of auburn hair streaming over his eyes. The corded muscles of his arms bulged under the tension. He waited, watching.

The monstrous bulk of the log swung in the tide. It bumped the lighthouse shaft with little force. But its recoil withdrew it against a huge oncoming wave. The enormous rolling cylinder of water arrested the ram, raised it and drove it with massive strength against the tower. Even above the incessant roar of the hurricane the keeper heard the dull grinding of stone and mortar; but as a moment later, he clung to the cypress upon which he had dropped, his half-blinded eyes were not prepared for what he saw: a great gaping hole driven clear through the wall of the lighthouse! Through this breach a storm of salt water was rushing in mad triumph; and as Peterson lay on the tree trunk, he felt the vast bulk withdrawing for another attack.

"Two more like that last one," he said, "and in goes the whole side of the tower. The wall is breached—if I'm too late—"

His face was grim as he turned on the rolling cypress, clinging with hands and feet to its slippery bulk. The coursing waves ran over it, plunged clear across it, spid with fearful haste along its length, lifted it high only to buffet it, and sank it as if to drown it. At no time was its back wholly out of the water, and its lone rider went under with it. Once Peterson glanced upward at the window above; but he could see nothing except a blur of spume against the glass. Yet Margie, gazing downward saw him and what he did.

With waves breaking over him, Eric Peterson fought his way along the perilous length of the log. Its

unconsciousness about me. I am much obliged to you for your consideration; believe me, there is no ground for your suspicion," he added, looking into his eyes; "there, shake hands; now begone."

Greenwood needed no further stimulus. After an hour's wandering by the last rays of sunset and the light of the rising moon, Dr. Hartland returned to the house and found the family assembled, but Rosine and Mr. Greenwood were not come in. The evening had grown cool and damp, and various hopes and fears were expressed as to the sufficiency of Rosine's clothing for this late hour; the Colonel was restive, and was on the point of instituting a search with waterproofs and shawls on his arm, when the delicate couple entered the hall, Rosine running immediately to her room on the plea of wet feet. Harry was flushed, bright and eager in his look, and the Doctor argued success. Rosine did not appear again during the evening, the little Lily was restless, and she excused herself, to watch with the mother. When the family were about to separate for the night, Mr. Greenwood waited in the hall. Ned whispered in his ear, "I see, hearts are trumps, and you have the ace."

"Ace and queen," retorted Harry, "and I am after the king," he added, turning again into the parlor, where the two old friends, Mr. Benton and Colonel Hartland, were still lingering.

TO BE CONTINUED

MARGIE HAS A MAN

Eric Peterson, his wife, Margie, and their five small children had taken refuge in the tower of the lighthouse.

"A bad blow, and for sure, Eric," said Margie as, with four of her little ones clinging about her and her baby held in her arms, she looked anxiously through the narrow lighthouse window.

Below, huddled against the storm, were the tiny trim houses they had been forced to leave. Margie did not fear much for their own safety in the staunch tower, but it was a question whether their little house could withstand the frightful impact of the gale.

"A bad blow, yes," Eric agreed; "but here we are safe, and I am where I can light the light. The home, too, will be there when the storm is gone," he added reassuringly.

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vast bulk wallowed, reeled, rolled, turned, sank and rose. The man clinging valiantly to it had two cares: to keep his hold and to advance. If he did not advance the relentless battering ram would complete its work of destruction; if he lost his hold, he would lose his game, and the game of life as well. Lying almost flat, he pulled himself painfully toward the place where the cable had been made fast in the log. At last he came to the end of the steel hawser, pulled through the heavy galvanized ring that was held in place by a huge screw eye such as the lumbermen of the Southern rivers sometimes use. The keeper sat up on the log; grasping the eye of the screw with one hand, he worked with the other at the cable. When he had a month before, deftly fastened the cable to the great flume, he little thought that in such a crisis as this he would be struggling to unloose it.

It was hard for Margie to see him, now that he was at the far end of the log. But she could discern him dimly and fitfully. A sudden great pride in her husband made her lift her child, one by one, to the streaming window. Whether they saw, she could not tell; but she made sure that they heard and understood what she said. To each one, as she pointed out into the storm, she said:

"To save us and to save his tower, your father is gone out there. For a father you got a man."

The last child had been lifted, Margie's anxious eyes were fixed on the huge storm-shrouded cypress. Suddenly she saw its monstrous bulk, which had poised itself for another heavy thrust at the tower, turn slowly away. It was swinging in the tide. It was rolling over and over. The waves at last broke the will with it. It was at the mercy of the storm. But the figure of the man was no longer visible. Somewhere in that gray mist of water he must be struggling. The log passed from sight, hurrying off under the blind smother of the storm.

A minute passed, then another, Margie's heart beat sickly. The children were aware of her terror and clung to her. She knew not how to comfort them. Leaving them in a pathetic group, she went toward the tower stairs. Downward she looked, along the steel shaft. The bottom of the tower was full of water. The storm howled up at her insolently with brutal mockery.

fers. He is not like the generality of men too engrossed by their own affairs to pay much attention to your sufferings and your wants. He is not cold or indifferent as are sometimes even our nearest and dearest. Tell Him all as to your Master and He will answer as to His child, for He is tender as a Father toward us, or to express myself more fittingly, as a Mother. He Himself having said: "Even if a mother forget the first fruit of her womb I will not forget you."—The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

THE BEST WAY TO REFUTE ERROR

The best way to refute error is to teach truth. We are told to overcome evil by good, and so must we overcome untruth by truth. Cardinal Newman says: "As in baptism the course of Adam is removed by the coming of divine grace, so in like manner the reign of heresy is put to flight, not by merely attacking it, but by the manifestation of the pure gospel instead. Let us be far more bent on preaching our own doctrine than on refuting the adversary's—rather bent on alluring souls into the right way than on forbidding them the wrong." St. Francis de Sales spoke to Bishop Camus of his long experience in making converts, extending over thirty years. His success was remarkable; he won all kinds of souls, from learned Protestant divines to unlettered peasants. And he affirmed that the controversial method of assailing error was never successful. "In place of reclaiming our separated brethren," he said, "this method scares them away. When they see that we are of set purpose attacking them, they instantly put themselves on their guard; when we bring the lamp too close to their eyes, they start back from the light. Nor have I ever observed that any of my fellow laborers in this work of the Lord were more successful. I may justly call this plan a sort of fencing bout. It failed to convince, even though our missionaries engaged in it with the utmost enthusiasm, and in a place where much confusion prevailed among the Protestants. But in truth this sword play was what St. Paul calls 'beating the air' (I Cor. ix, 26). I do not mean that we must not prove Catholic truth, and refute the contrary error by the weapons of the spiritual armory and of the word of God as powerful to destroy all false teaching which rears itself up against the truth, and to condemn disobedience to God. But we must not slash about us with words as desperate fencers do with swords, but rather manage these holy weapons dexterously, acting rather like the surgeon using his lancet, skillfully cutting and probing so as to cause the patient as little pain as possible" (Spirit of St. Francis de Sales, p. 488). Bishop Camus adds that the saint stated the truths of the faith of his Calvinist hearers very plainly and simply, and then with much gentleness of tone and manner brought the Church home to their understanding and heart by example, illustrations and explanations, as convincing as they were beautiful.

We cannot forbear quoting another model convert maker to the same effect, namely, St. Francis Xavier. Writing to a brother missionary in India he says: "Believe me, the best hope of success in preaching is not to be placed in exquisite learning, or elegant diction, or in display, or in a sort of scenic exhibition of eloquence. The head and sum of the art lies in being approved of by those whom you address, in pleasing them, and in gaining the key of their hearts before you knock at the doors of their minds. If your audience love you, you will persuade them to do whatever you will, and you will easily win a great many souls to God if you never alienate any one from yourself." (Life of St. Francis Xavier, Coleridge, Vol. II, p. 140.)

Every mission sermon should be a soul stirring discourse, the burning words of a man enraptured with the divine goodness, overwhelmed with the divine majesty. We know, indeed, that there are effective mission bands with no such grand preachers; but they are not the ideal bands, and being made up of just earnest men delivering carefully framed sermons, they may easily become commonplace and ineffectual. Just to talk to people calmly, however sensibly, about the crisis of their everlasting destiny, is not going to sweep obdurate worldlings into the humble service of the Crucified, nor bring sensualists to their knees or heart-broken penitents.

The discourses of our convert-making parish priests must be of another sort to succeed well. These must be gently spoken and simply framed. They should be energetic but quiet expositions of Catholic doctrine; the statement of practical evidences of the divine inner and outer marks of the Church. Parishes are often renovated by such preaching, giving to the people an intelligent and earnest message Sunday after Sunday. Parish works of charity, devotional life are intensified by the well directed activity of the pastor. The most fruitful source of parish activity is the preaching and instructing by a priest whose life is worthy of his doctrine—"A workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly handling the word of truth" (II Tim. II, 15). We have thousands and thousands of such parish priests in America.

When such a priest's zeal for souls is integral, his labors for the conversion of the non-Catholics of his parish are as wisely planned and as earnestly expended as those for the sanctification of the Catholics. And they are just as successful, the difference of the end in view and of the means to be used being considered. We are only insisting that the ideal pastor for the Catholics is the ideal convert making pastor.

What is to be done? I hear some one exclaim of converting America? Impossible: so vast a nation, so obstinate in error. But we answer that America is no vaster than the ancient heathen world, which yielded to Christ's apostles and their successors. As to obstinate error, we answer that many of our converts once were the bitterest sort of Protestants. What has been done once can be done again whether for men or nations—must be done again.

A close acquaintance with the more religious-minded Protestants reveals the fact that many a non-Catholic has a Catholic conscience. That conscience we must awaken from its slumber. The attractiveness of our Catholic doctrine must win a hearing from conscientious men and women. The holiness of Catholic marriage, the heavenly boon of a good confession, the divine union of the soul with our Lord in the Blessed Eucharist, the essential need of the Church's teaching for the stability of belief in Christ's teaching, are all subjects which awaken men's hearts to the consciousness of the reality and worth of religious truth and discourses or conversations on such subjects, move intelligent persons to set about a systematic examination of Catholicity. How simple is all this! How free from the heat of controversy! How beneficent indeed is that sermon or lecture, or private talk, which enlightens the hearer's own conscience as a divine ally of Catholic truth.—The Missionary.

THE LOURDES MEDICAL BUREAU

Rose Lynch in America

Dr. Cox, the well-known English doctor, came to Lourdes twenty-four years ago with his wife and daughter to spend a short time here. After he had been there a few days, Dr. Boissarie asked him to take his place at the Bureau, as he was called away on business. By the time Dr. Boissarie had returned, Dr. Cox was so interested in the work that he gave up his London practice and remained in Lourdes working together with his friend until the latter died, nearly two years ago. Dr. Cox has taken sole charge since then. Over a hundred cases of cures have been registered each year at the Bureau, and over 5,000 doctors have visited the Bureau since Dr. Cox has been there. The doors of the Bureau are open to every doctor in the world, irrespective of creed or race. Often there are thirty or forty together from Europe, Asia and America.

Very little attention is paid to nervous cases or such as might be helped by suggestion. Some form of organic disease or physical injury, such as cancer, tuberculosis, broken bones, loss of sight, must be well established as the starting point of the investigation. Dr. Cox has described to me case after case of people cured here. He has himself written almost twenty volumes dealing with cases that have passed through his hands during the last twenty-three years.

Every day at four o'clock, in times of pilgrimage, there is the Blessed Sacrament procession, when the invalids are laid in a semi-circular arc, at each side of the great space in front of the Rosary Church. At the annual national French pilgrimage, which takes place during the octave of the Assumption, over 1,000 invalids are brought to Lourdes, and up to 40,000 people are present at the procession. The priest carrying the Monstrance makes the Sign of the Cross over every individual invalid.

One of the most wonderful cures that took place on such an occasion was that of Gabriel Garlan. He was brought to Lourdes by his mother. He had given up the practice of his religion and did not even make the Sign of the Cross when he came. He had been in a terrible railway accident in which the lower part of his body had been crushed to pulp. So severe were his injuries that the railway company awarded him compensation of £2,400 down and £240 a year for life, the court declaring, "He is a human wreck." He was paralyzed from the waist down and had to be artificially fed. His feet were mangled. He had been carried on a stretcher in front of the Rosary Church for Benediction, when his condition grew so serious that he became unconscious and was at the point of death. The assistants would have carried him away had he not been hemmed in by crowds on every side. When the priest stood over him and made the Sign of the Cross with the Monstrance in his hands, Garlan arose from the stretcher, stood on those feet which a second before had been lifeless and mystifying, and walked after the Blessed Sacrament praising God. He said that the same moment in which he was cured his faith also came back. Ten doctors had examined him at home and fifty were waiting for him in the Bureau in Lourdes. Gangrene, paralysis all had gone. Every year since then he comes to attend the invalids at Lourdes.

Our Lady of Lourdes seems to take a special delight in obtaining the cure of consumptives. From an hospital at Villepinte, near Paris, sixteen patients in the last stage of the disease came to Lourdes. Eight were cured, and the other eight who went back died during the ensuing months. The next year another sixteen came, and again eight were cured, the others dying during the year. The following year the same thing happened. This caused great interest and excitement in Lourdes, as it was quite without parallel in the history of cures to have so large a number as 56% from one institution cured, in three consecutive years. Now people began to look upon it as a certainty that some of the patients coming from there would be cured. The fourth year the same number came, but none was cured. All were astonished and among the various conjectures some asked, was Our Lady tired of the cure? No, said Villepinte? Later it transpired that the sixteen heroic sufferers had voluntarily given up the hope of cure and had offered their lives that their nuns might be left to tend the sick and dying. And it would appear that their sacrifice was accepted. They all went to their reward a few months later, but the hospital remained open, and the Sisters were left, when so many hospitals and convents were closed, and the nuns hunted out of France.

One might continue endlessly describing the different cures at Lourdes, but still Dr. Cox meets many people who say, with such a deprecatory air, that they do not believe in the cures at Lourdes, as much as to say that these stories are for non-intelligent people or for children, but not for them. "I could not bring myself to swallow all these tales," they will assert, but, as a rule, he finds that the people who say such things know absolutely nothing about Lourdes, nor have ever taken the trouble to inquire. Men like Huxley and the higher German critics, while posing as free-thinkers, start out by saying that the supernatural is impossible, and that, therefore, they will not discuss it, while we Catholics are in fact the real free-thinkers, for we are free to believe or reject the miracles at Lourdes.

There was a conference of 200 doctors of different nationalities and creeds that met to examine and go into the question of cures at Lourdes. They signed a declaration stating that the cures they had investigated at Lourdes and followed up afterwards could not be accounted for by any means known to science. Dr. Berahelm, one of the great specialists of the present day in psycho-therapeutic suggestion treatment, said: "All these observations down yonder [meaning Lourdes] have been made by honorable men, and they have collected and tested them in the most complete sincerity. The facts are right enough; it is only the explanation that is lacking. Berahelm employs suggestion in treating tuberculosis patients, trying with it to arrest coughing and to induce sleep. He says, "By means of this I strengthen the patient's power of resistance against the microbes and check, if not arrest, the development of the disease." But he continues: "One can only heal that which is capable of being healed. Suggestion cannot restore that which has been destroyed."

The most striking example of how small a part suggestion really plays in Lourdes was during the national pilgrimage when over 800 past miracles (those who had been cured at Lourdes) walked in procession. There were 1,500 patients lying in a double row in front of the Rosary Church, but not a single cure took place during the procession. Then the 350 who had been cured in former years assembled on the platform in front of the church. Never in the history of Lourdes has so intense an electric current running through the multitude. It seemed as if all the invalids should rise from their stretchers. The highest human emotion had been reached, religious suggestion had said its last word and several invalids really did stand up and walked towards the Rosary Church. There was great rejoicing. As a result eight or ten of those whom Dr. Cox had seen getting up from the stretchers the day before reported themselves cured next day at the Bureau. They were a conspicuous woman, two patients with tubercular abdominal inflammation, a woman with spinal tuberculosis, a man suffering from the same disease, and one with chronic bronchitis and emphysema, and finally three with nervous ailments—three! And there were 300 nerve patients waiting that day to be cured in front of the Rosary Church. No stronger refutation could be offered those who say that most of the cures at Lourdes are nerve cases, cured by suggestion.

Dr. Cox often meets with amusing experiences at the Bureau. One afternoon he was told someone wanted him urgently. Coming to the door, he found a smart American, with a very keen face and bright eyes peering at him through his glasses. The stranger held his watch in his hand and told Dr. Cox that he had just arrived in Lourdes and was leaving by the night train. Evidently bent on getting full value for his visit, he immediately added: "Please tell me at what hour I can see a miracle." He seemed to think Dr. Cox was in direct communication with the "Great Healer."

God by good desires, rubs off from the soul the rust of sin.—Wilberforce.

OUR LORD'S PASSION
WHERE SACRED RELICS HAVE BEEN TREASURED

In connection with the forthcoming International Palestine Congress, which meets in Einsiedeln, Switzerland, July 19-23, to formulate plans for protecting the holy places of Palestine, it is of interest to know the whereabouts of the sacred relics of Christ's life, passion and Crucifixion.

The largest portions of the wood of the wood of the Cross are in the basilicas of the Holy Cross of Jerusalem at Rome, and in Notre Dame Cathedral, Paris. A relic of the Cross is also in the United States—in the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston.

The "title" which Pilate wrote and ordered to be placed on the Cross—"I. N. R. I." (Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews)—is preserved in the basilica of the Holy Cross of Jerusalem at Rome.

The Crown of Thorns, now lacking in the thorns, which have been distributed to a number of churches, is a part of the treasure of Notre Dame in Paris. A fragment of the Crown is in the Church of St. Serin, Toulouse, France.

One of the nails is said to be in the crown of the ancient Lombard Kings used by Napoleon I. at his coronation; one is in the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris, and another, whose authenticity is reported to have been established by Pope Benedict XV., is at Monza, near Milan.

The sponge, it is stated, is in the basilica of St. John Lateran, Rome. The point of the lance is in Paris, and the remainder in Rome.

The robe, known as the Holy Coat, is in a church at Treves.

The tunic is reported to have been given by the Sister of Charlemagne to the monastery of Argenteuil, where she was a nun, and it is still there.

The largest piece of the winding sheet is in Turin.

The cloth with which the sacred head was wrapped is reported to be in the Church of Cadouin, Department of Dordogne, France.

The linen with which Veronica wiped Christ's face on the way to Calvary is in Rome.

OUR LORD'S PASSION

Church, you must go to her ritual and pore over the formularies of her benedictions. They are a regular gold mine of religious thought. We will, therefore, translate the pertinent prayers from the Acta Apostolicae Sedis of May 1.

First oration: "O, God, who hast wrought all things for Thy sake, and who has destined all the elements of this world to the use of the human race: bless we beseech Thee this machine intended for air voyagers, that without damage or danger of any kind it may both serve to carry the praise and glory of Thy name into further regions, and to expedite human affairs with greater dispatch and faster heavenly desires in all the faithful who use this same machine. Through Christ, our Lord. Amen."

Notice the beautiful sentiment in this prayer. The aeronaut is ascending from the earth to higher regions. Let this be a reminder to him that, as his body ascends, so his soul may be lifted to heavenly desires. The blessing of the Church is to be a supernatural aid toward this end.

Second oration: "O, God, who hast mercifully consecrated the house of the Blessed Virgin Mary by the mystery of the Incarnate Word, and hast miraculously placed it in the bosom of Thy Church: pour forth, we beseech Thee, Thy benediction upon this machine that those who, under the protection of the Blessed Virgin, enter in it upon an air voyage may prosperously reach the destination of their journey and safely return to their own. Through the same Christ our Lord. Amen."

The allusion to the Holy House of Nazareth is plain in this prayer. "Placing it in the bosom of the Church" has reference to the reason for which the miracle is supposed to have occurred, viz.: to remove this great sanctuary from the possible desecration by the infidel Turks, and to place it where the love of the faithful would pay it proper homage.

In this last prayer there is probably an allusion to the holy angels who are supposed to have presided at the first air navigation mentioned above.

Considering the dangers that attend air navigation what Catholic aeronaut would not feel comforted after his airship had been blessed in the above manner. And who—even though not a believer—can deny the beauty and tenderness of this consecration of air navigation?—S. in The Guardian.

Today the spirit of independence has invaded all minds and leads them to rebellion. Today there is no shame in seeking amusements abroad, the griefs and sorrows of others, and there is no limit to the dissipation of wealth and the drying up of the sources thereof. All this shows that modern society has attempted to set itself above God, passing from liberty to tolerance, from tolerance to division, to conflict, to ostracism of God.—Pope Benedict.



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LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1920

THE RECORD AND THE GLOBE

We regret that the Toronto Globe has recently lost its good temper, and the decorum that accompanies it, by applying to one of our editorialists such epithets as "false," "maliciously and wilfully so." The charge about which The Globe complains, was not made specifically against that journal. It was rather to the effect that The Globe had descended to the low level of other partisan and one-sided journals. We repeat that The Globe is one of the leaders in the imperial orchestra that is intent upon damning Sinn Fein for crimes less odious than those of the military despots who are dragging a long suffering people at the point of its bayonet. Has The Globe so lost its political judgment and its sense of fair play that it fails to recognize that government without the consent of the governed is slavery. Why should it grudge Ireland the blessing we enjoy in Canada—self-determination? There was a time when The Globe agreed with ourselves that liberty alone fitted a nation for liberty. But The Globe has changed. While it unctuously pronounces the sacred name of Liberty for Canada it approves of intolerance and tyranny in Ireland. Its references to Ireland's fight for freedom are sneering and spiteful. It would seem the only Irishmen who find favor with The Globe are the alien scound who are disloyal and ashamed of their native land.

If the peoples of other nations are free to express themselves regarding how they should be governed, can it be wrong for Ireland to evolve her own system of government? Are Irishmen traitors because they choose the form of government that represents the common consent of the nation? Why does The Globe insist upon Ireland's acceptance of a Castle government that outrages the feelings and aspirations of 80% of the population?

It is passing strange, that The Globe, which became the vigilant defender of small nations during the War, should now defend the tyranny of a super-nation and a super-government after the War. The RECORD could not but notice, that while The Globe's columns teemed with despatches from Tory journals, all of which called for repression and military occupation of the smaller isle, its pages contained no expression of advanced thought from any of the great dailies in sympathy with the cause for which the War was waged. The Manchester Guardian, the Daily News and the New Statesman have repeatedly admitted and declared that the Sinn Fein organization is not to be held responsible for the violence which British Militarism has provoked in Ireland. Even the London Times acknowledges and publishes long reports proving the fact that Sinn Fein, so far from fomenting crime in Ireland, is exercising its power to restrain crime and to punish crime. Mr. Lynd, the noted English author who saw Ireland at short range, has this to say of conditions there:

"If Lord Bryce and Mr. H. A. L. Fisher were to go to Ireland and to investigate the crimes committed against Irishmen as they investigated the Belgian atrocities, they would find matter for a report that would astound and horrify the world. Crimes are undeniably being committed on both sides, but the crimes that are being committed on the Irish side are of exactly the same kind as were committed in Italy and in every country that was denied its liberty."

Has The Globe no access to those great dailies or those eminent authors? Knowing that it has, The RECORD has concluded that The Globe's columns are closed to all who censure and reprobate the savagery of a military rule that revolts the conscience of the civilized world. It was in view of those facts rather than any animus against The Globe that prompted our condemnation of a silence that amounted to a suppression of the full facts of the Irish situation, and that provoked our answer to The Globe's repeated challenge: What do Irishmen in Canada think of "Sinn Fein outrages?" In the light of the motto which has a permanent place on its editorial page: "The subject who is truly loyal to the Chief Magistrate will neither advise nor submit to arbitrary measures," we ask The Globe to declare which is the loyal party in Ireland—the brute-force Government, or those who resist its arbitrary measures?

DR. MANNIX

So Toronto is the "Belfast of Canada." His Worship, Mayor Church, has said so and surely he ought to know. That explains the lack of recognition accorded Dr. Mannix, Archbishop of Melbourne, during his recent visit to our local "Belfast." When the Archbishop left Melbourne 100,000 people gathered in the streets to bid him good-bye. On arriving in America all the larger cities tendered him offers of royal welcome—all except Toronto. He stopped off in Toronto to visit friends, and, no doubt, he was carefully watched in case he should do anything that would sully the fair name which the Queen City has justly earned as the centre of bigotry in Canada. The great Australian Primate came and went without committing any overt act that might be construed as treasonable. His friends in Toronto have no need of apologizing for his presence or his conduct.

Before his appointment to the archiepiscopal See of Melbourne Doctor Mannix was president of Maynooth College. His student days had been a series of triumphant successes, and, on completing his studies, he had already won the right to lead. He is a man of extraordinary natural ability, an earnest student of ecclesiastical and civil affairs, and an indefatigable worker. He is neither an orator nor a striking personality. All his triumphs have come to him as the result of the accomplishment of difficult tasks. His most effective power is a clear, logical mind capable of conveying its ideas convincingly and persuasively to others. Hence it is there is nothing of the spectacular or statueque in Doctor Mannix. Through sheer intelligence he has won prestige in the public eye when there is question of a leader in action for public affairs. To appreciate his surpassing ability it is necessary to be near him; to come directly under the sway of his powerful mind.

During the World War two names of ecclesiastics came into special prominence. They were Cardinal Mercier and Archbishop Mannix. The great Belgian Cardinal was heard round the world as he denounced in scathing terms the dastardly violation of an innocent nation. The world heeded his voice and assented to the force of his logic: Belgium was saved. He championed the cause of a free people and vindicated their right to remain free.

Archbishop Mannix championed a right equally sacred—the right of a great Commonwealth to determine its action in any cause whatsoever. He saw that certain interested parties were attempting to interfere with his country's action in the great world struggle by the use of insidious means. He struck off the head of this enemy and vindicated the right of Australia to freedom from extraneous influence in its internal affairs. Had he not done so Australia would have been debauched and then manacled for years to come. In Canada we know only too well what the reference is.

Doctor Mannix is absolutely fearless. To his fearlessness there is linked up a logical consistency. Having championed the cause of national self-determination in the land of his adoption he strongly favours it for the land of his birth. National self-determination or the doctrine of Sinn Fein was professed by the most sacred and fundamental principle for which the Allies fought in the recent European struggle. It was for this our soldiers died; for this we made cheerfully the stupen-

dous sacrifices of labor and wealth entailed by the War. Yet we hear no more of self-determination: Sinn Fein is a term of reproach. On The RECORD is a term of reproach. On "Glorious Twelfth" (pardon the capitals) it was roundly denounced from pulpit and platform in every centre of population in Ontario—Toronto, of course, playing the most brilliant part in the miserable farce. There is not a public man nor a daily newspaper in the Province that dare mention self-determination of the present day because an artificial public opinion is opposed to the application of the principle to Ireland. We wonder how long it will take to wear out the manacles that the British junkers have forged and clamped on the sickly limbs of our Canadian press. Either the principle for which we fought, namely the rights of small nations,—either this principle was wrong, or having vindicated it by the victory with which God has blessed us, we are afraid to follow it to its logical conclusion.

In England a man is permitted to air his opinions in regard to self-determination for Ireland; the following article will show that. Thanks to the fearless consistency of Dr. Mannix the same is true of Australia. He is the type of man who will never lay down the sword of logic until the principle of self-determination is accorded in its integrity to his native land.

BRITISH LABOR SIDES WITH ERIN

At the special Trades Union Congress of British Labor called to consider the Labor's attitude on the Irish question a most emphatic repudiation of the English policy in Ireland was dealt out. Eight hundred delegates representing five million English laborers convened to vote their disapproval of the military rule which is being enforced beyond the bounds of reason upon the Irish people.

It was resolved at the Congress, on a motion read by the Miners' Federation, that the English Parliament should withdraw all troops from Ireland. Incorporated in the resolution was a recommendation for a general strike if the Government refused this demand.

For some years past the Labor Party has been a power in English politics. In turn Parliamentarians have ignored them, have compromised with them, and have pandered to them. During the past twelve months the laboring class of England have been tasting the fruits of freedom and have realized the vast strength that resides in their numbers. The history of their struggle for liberty during this present century has been marked by "strikes," both for higher wages and for better working conditions. Soon the closing chapters of that history will be written.

Never before this present instance, however, has the Labor party come out so certainly as a political force in Imperial affairs. No spirit of individualism or hide-bound selfishness gives birth to this just demand that England cease making a barracks of a country which, according to the testimony of its population, detests every vestige of English interference in national affairs. Nothing but an altruistic motive, a love of justice, a hatred for oppression has brought forth this condemnation of a Tory policy that has made Ireland the Mourner of Europe.

The illogical position tenanted by the Carsonian minority appears ridiculous in the face of this English workingman's resolution. The handful of anglo-Ulsterites who oppose self-determination; who clamor for English troops to back up their opposition, are certainly more English than the English and more fearful of the disintegration of the Empire than those whose business it is to keep it intact.

A WORD TO THE WISE

"Every thoughtful, intelligent and fair-minded citizen will perceive the justice of the opinion handed the Secretary of State by Atty.-Gen. Grovesbeck declaring the proposed enactment to abolish private schools a violation of the Constitution of the United States."

"As has been stated so forcefully by the various candidates for Governor by many newspapers and by numerous citizens, this movement is palpably an attack upon certain parochial schools and nothing else."

"But when one remembers that the people who established these schools shed their blood freely for the independence of the American colonies in the Revolutionary War; that their blood has flowed in defense of this Union whenever the country has been menaced; that there is no blot upon them as citizens in any respect, one can

only marvel at the bigotry which would have the effrontery to attempt to deprive them of their religious liberty after they have enjoyed it for one hundred and thirty years."

"When the act of giving children religious teaching in a certain efficient way becomes an offense against the law in the United States, then, indeed, may we despair of our experiment in self-government. Those who are making this attack would be better citizens and would be doing something real for the perpetuation of American institutions were they to be equally efficient in teaching the precepts of religion to their own children."

The above quotation, which is taken from the Detroit News editorial page of July 10th, needs no comment for those who are versed in Michigan politics. Taking advantage of the social disturbances created by the War, a body of stay-at-homes known as the "Wayne County Civic Association" villainously attempted both by sophistry and dishonesty to abolish the Catholic parochial school of Michigan. So far their attempt has been abortive. The chief Michigan daily journals have opposed them; Episcopalian, Baptist, Lutheran and many other Ministers have condemned them.

What is said editorially by the Detroit News relative to the patriotism of the American Catholic can be reiterated of the Canadian Catholic; what holds good of religious teaching in the American primary schools is likewise applicable to Canadian schools.

As far as is known there is only one organization in Canada whose object, inter alia, is to abolish separate schools. It is not a large organization. Nor is it one whose motto is "Canada First." Its growth is not commensurate with the development of Canada, and its spirit is not in accord with the British North America Act and the freedom which is guaranteed to the Catholics of Ontario.

It is evident that from year to year there is less reason for giving this Lodge organization any publicity or notice. Its principles are out of harmony with the laboring class; its ignorance is shunned by the educated. Soon its better informed members will awaken to these facts and will shun the "brethren" who are attempting to do the impossible. Remember the "Wayne Civic League;" for history repeats itself.

VOTING UNDER COMPULSION

By THE OBSERVER
The following despatch refers to a matter which is of great interest not only to the many thousands of readers of THE CATHOLIC RECORD in the Maritime Provinces, but to workmen everywhere.

Glouce Bay, July 10.—At a meeting of the Reserve local of the United Mine Workers on Friday evening, it was decided to apply steam-roller tactics in the political campaign in this county by ordering every member of the local to vote nothing but the Labor ticket on penalty of expulsion.

It was voted that any member who cast a ballot for anything but the Labor ticket should be debarred from the union privileges in future.

It was not stated at the meeting how the trend of secret balloting on election day would be discovered.

This is a situation which ought to give serious concern to every citizen who knows how much it has cost to get personal liberty and how easily it may be lost.

If we need tyranny, I am ready to vote for setting up a Czar; for that would be more endurable than to see workmen kicking other workmen ahead of them to the polls. I would even vote for a kaiser; one kaiser; one big and powerful kaiser; rather than for a group of little toy kaisers in a workingman's local.

I wonder where the orators were when that resolution was passed. I mean the orators who grow vehement, if not eloquent, over the slavery of the workingman. They are accustomed to abuse "capital" and "capitalists" until their perspiration runs down into their boots; yet, when did "capital" ever make so brutal and so shameless an attack on the personal liberty of an elector to vote as he pleases, as is contained in the foregoing resolution?

How many offences against freedom will "capital" have to commit before it can catch up with that?

How could tyranny go further than to dictate to a man for whom he shall vote—at the same time consigning him to separation from his fellow-workman by way of penalty. To impose a heavy penalty for an act which is innocent is brutal tyranny; but when that act is not only innocent, but is an act which every free citizen has an absolute right to perform without dictation

from anyone, then what are we to say?

The great dangers in which the Labor unions of Canada stand today are, (1) the lack of sound moral education in their leaders; (2) general ignorance of the principles of civil government. The Labor unions serve a useful purpose in protecting the interests of the workmen in the matter of labor conditions and wages. These unions might be made educational; but they are not educational, except in a very narrow and very injurious sense.

I mean that they are teaching the workman the rotten lies of Socialism, stirring up in them the spirit of intolerance; and filling them with hatred for all men who have more money than they have.

Also there is a bad spirit growing amongst Canadian workmen in respect of civil authority. Let me illustrate this by another despatch dated a day or two earlier:

Glouce Bay, July 8.—The Duke of Devonshire will receive no official welcome from the town of Glouce Bay according to a decision arrived at by the council on Wednesday night.

"He has two feet like anybody else," said Councillor Bagnell, in opposing any expenditure for the Duke's reception, "let him walk around." After some further discussion the matter was dropped.

It is understood that Mayor Forbes will confer with a committee of citizens and that arrangements are likely to be made for an informal reception.

This is the spirit of a London slum; and it is from London and Liverpool and Glasgow slums that some of the men who are acting as leaders of Canadian workmen, have come. The spirit of the slum which spits tobacco juice on a well-dressed man or woman passing by; that is the spirit in which the Governor General of Canada is met in the Town Council of a large Canadian town.

Now, mark the humor of the situation. The Duke of Devonshire is insulted because he represents authority; just that and nothing else. Had it been the jail bird Ivens who was coming, nobody would have wanted him to walk on his two feet; the same men would have wanted the best taxi in town for him, and a brass band to play "See the conquering hero come."

But, is authority so objectionable to them after all? What more extreme exercise of authority could be made than to order men to the polls to vote by dictation, or suffer expulsion from their unions? It is not, then, authority that is objected to, but authority exercised by anyone else than themselves.

The Duke of Devonshire, when visiting a Canadian town, represents the whole State; and all Canadians are bound to show him honor and respect, not because he is a Duke, but because he is the official head of the State. Self-respect impels us to respect him; in honoring him we honor our country, as we do in saluting the flag.

But let the case be clearly understood. Socialism recognizes no country; has no patriotism; respects no courts; believes not in our laws; and puts its hand against all existing institutions; including religion and the Church. Only a couple of weeks ago, a man bearing the same name as he who made the coarse "two feet" remark,—and probably the same man,—said in a speech at a convention, that he wanted to see Labor in the saddle in order to destroy Parliament.

Why to destroy Parliament? For greater freedom? For wider liberty? Or, so that local bosses may order their fellow-citizens to do this or that; to vote thus or so; with heavy penalties over their heads, and no appeal?

Am I exaggerating? Not in the smallest degree. If, a few years ago, anyone had predicted that the free and many miners of Nova Scotia would have a gun put to their heads by their fellow-miners in their own lodges or locals, and be ordered to vote for certain men or get out, the prediction would have been regarded as preposterous. Yet, it has come to that.

Things move quickly when ignorance is combined with power; and when, at the same time, the spirit of destruction is active.

There is no possible tyranny like the tyranny of the ignorant and the irresponsible.

By work one accustoms one's self to a savor and active life, and the character gains as much by it as the mind.—Ozanam.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THOSE INCLINED to think the Catholic attitude towards Freemasonry obscurantist and intolerant might derive some instruction from the action of the Reformed Church of Hungary in regard to the craft. The Presbytery of that body in session during the Spring in Budapest, deliberated upon the report of a special commission appointed to enquire into the workings of Freemasonry during and after the War. The gist of this report was that members of the Reformed churches who either are now or were Freemasons shall no longer be invested with ecclesiastical office, nor shall they be allowed to hold or possess such functions as that of teachers in the schools or professors in any of the Reformed colleges.

THE REASON given by the commission for this decision was that "Protestantism and Freemasonry are opposed and irreconcilable." Novel as the decision may appear coming from such a source, it certainly found favor with the body at large, for, acting upon the report, it was decreed that all persons holding any office or benefice in the Reformed churches, if members of any Masonic lodge, or of the Social Democrat or Radical party (which fact would seem to determine intercommunion between the two), must withdraw therefrom or resign office in the church without delay. The episode furnishes food for thought for those who are accustomed to condemn the Catholic attitude towards the lodges.

A WINNIPEG Anglican rector, making through the Canadian Churchman an appeal for funds to carry out what appears to be a system of proselytism among the foreign born population of that city, says: "The only other churches in the immediate district are the Roman Catholic and the Ruthenian. The children will come to us." It is evidently the old trick of enticing Catholic children into Protestant Sunday schools through adventitious methods, the decay in this case being a series of "lantern talks." It is well that the Catholics of Winnipeg should know just what the rector in question is after.

In a glowing panegyric upon the retirement of Sir Robert Borden and the advent of a new Premier, the Mail and Empire says: "The new Government should seize the opportunity to kindle throughout the nation an enthusiasm for the building up of Canada." That is precisely what we lack in Canada, an ardent love of country, and a sound, vigorous patriotism. So long as Canada falls short of first place in the hearts of her citizens, just so long will she languish in the march towards nationhood and true greatness. With her inspiring traditions, her boundless resources, and her virtue people Canada's destiny is surely in the forefront if only "to her own self she will be true."

"If God protects us during the next twenty-four hours we may reach a harbor of safety" is among the last utterances attributed to the late President Carranza. This was during his flight from Mexico and as he drew near to the American boundary. Thus, not infrequently, when the tide of affairs turns against them, do the enemies of religion cry aloud to the God whom in prosperity they had outraged. Carranza was a bitter persecutor of the Church of God throughout his usurped administration. Whether or not he was responsible for the enormities done by his subordinates and apparently in his name, is not ours to decide. That, however, he should in his last hours have called upon God to succor him may be taken as proof that, obedient to the Divine injunction, those whom he had persecuted had not forgotten to pray for him. May it not be that in the death which followed so close upon the utterance quoted, God did indeed protect him by giving him the grace of repentance?

IN HIS sermon to Toronto Orangemen Sunday, two weeks ago, Canon Dixon is reported to have said: "The principles of Orangism have never varied or altered since the order was founded, and these principles are to put down all that is contrary to the teachings of God's Word, and to bring to the front the Word of the living God." The Canon must have been looking through the Lick telescope when he read such principles in the Orange charter. They are, as

Shelley would have said, too "far in the unapparent." And, since his special exhortation to the brethren was "to get back to the Bible," it follows that, even in the preacher's estimation, they had strayed very far away from it. The "Wish to believe" evidently has had undue weight in Canon Dixon's study of Orange principles. His mental retina, too, must have been shot to pieces by the barbaric display of successive "Twelfth's."

THE DEBATE ON THE HOME RULE BILL

"THE UNION IS BROKEN; AND ENGLAND WILL NEVER AGAIN GOVERN IRELAND"

G. K. Chesterton in New Witness

The debate on the Home Rule Bill makes one thing plain; the English Parliament does not understand what has happened in Ireland. They propose their pitiful amendments, they discuss whether the Southern Unionist will be sufficiently guarded under this scheme or that scheme, they even declaim against giving any sort of parliament to any part of Ireland; and meanwhile Ireland is lost to us. Whatever the members at Westminster may do, that fact remains: the Union is broken, and England will govern Ireland never again. Let us hold this reality in the whirlpool of parliament anger! Ireland is lost to us; but it is still possible that she may become a friend.

Englishmen may well be anxious when they look across St. George's Channel, and see a nation which has dared to take its destinies into its own hands. We know how our politicians deceive us; we know that England is governed by an alien crew for their own dirty purposes, but we submit Ireland has learnt the same lesson in bitterer fashion, though that is largely because the Irish have never submitted. But for our greater declivity the massacre of Peterloo might have been repeated and repeated unto this day. In Ireland the massacre of '98 has been repeated and repented. And the promises of politicians have been made and broken, made and broken until a politician's promise has become as bitter a jeer in Ireland as it should be here. Yet the Irish are magnificent people, and they actually could believe that when Home Rule was granted in 1914 it was granted. Not even the gunnaring of Carson and the rhodomontade of the Ulster convention undid them. But when the War began, and their generous offer to the Allied cause of all they had and were was flouted, they understood. They understood that from our unspeakable politicians nothing was to be expected but treason, and nothing was to be hoped but death. From that moment the Sinn Fein movement became the Irish movement. Henceforth the motives and actions of English politicians would not be questioned; they would simply be ignored.

THE LAW OF SINN FEIN ONLY LAW IN IRELAND

Ireland proceeded to govern herself and with the continual interference of the English military, she is governing herself today. If she is governing herself badly it is because all the machinery of the law is in alien hands. The law abiding Sinn Fein people obey the Sinn Fein law; the others find no law to obey. For remember that the English provost marshal is respected by not one single Irishman and if there is any limit to outrage in Ireland it is because Sinn Fein is strong. Let us remember this! If there is any restraining influence in Ireland it is Sinn Fein, if there is any law in Ireland it is the law of Sinn Fein. The Englishman in Ireland is regarded by the Irish as an armed brigand. How can we expect the Irish hoodlum (and there are hoodlums in all countries) to pay any respect to his law?

But the government of Ireland is the Sinn Fein government. We may regard it as an unlawful government, but it exists. And there is no other government in Ireland. For no government is possible without the consent of the governed; and to government by the English Ireland will never consent.

IRELAND HAS REVOLTED FROM ENGLAND

All this debate about how much power should be given to the Dublin Parliament to be set up under the new Bill is futile, then. The only useful debate is what we are to do with the Sinn Fein Parliament. Shall we acknowledge it? or shall we root it out? Ireland has revolted from England, and either we must acquiesce, or we must make war against Ireland.

In any cases this half war must stop—this means provocation to outrage, this imprisonment without trial, this proclaiming all meetings, this raiding of private dwellings and infant schools. All this must stop—unless our purpose is merely to steel the resolution of the Irish and to make the defeating of them all the more difficult.

IRISH REPUBLIC REFUSES TO PLAY ENGLAND'S GAME

We know, of course, what our politicians intend—by continual pinpricks to provoke the Sinn Feiners to a physical revolt which can be

repressed by aeroplanes and field artillery. Our man rulers would then be able to take the high tone and relate to the League of Nations the regrettable necessity of having to meet force with force. But that such will not fight. The Sinn Feiners are too clever. They will go on quietly organizing the country in the face of the invaders.

They will do that no less if a dummy parliament is set up in Dublin and another dummy parliament in Belfast. It is hard for our politicians to understand, but they must understand it, that here no trickery will avail. More paper Acts of Parliament may be pulped before they are printed. Nothing will serve to reconcile the two countries but a measure which will give to Ireland full rights of self-government. Otherwise let them declare that Ireland shall not have self-government, and proceed to repress the national movement with fire and sword.

A BLOT UPON ENGLAND'S PRIDE

We do not suggest that the strategic unity of the British Isles should be shattered. They must remain united, and we must recognize that de facto government of Ireland as the government de jure, or we must do the other thing. We must not, we dare not, go on playing this dirty, silly game of the cat and the mouse.

The Irish quarrel is a wound in our side. The cash outlay is a trifle compared with the spiritual exhaustion it causes. The Irish quarrel is a blot upon our pride. We have fought for the freedom of the world and are now fighting to keep a little people from their freedom. All the old arguments of the tyrant come tripping to our lips. Spain used them in the Netherlands, Prussia and Russia used them in Poland, Germany used them in Belgium. If we deceive ourselves so much the worse. But our rulers are not deceived. They plan the destruction of Ireland as a nation because there national fest is so strong, because there the flame of freedom burns so brightly. It will be England's turn next.

It will be England's turn next. The English people remember that! Sinn Fein is struggling against our oppressors. It is true that the Yiddish caucus-monger uses English soldiers to fight his battles in Ireland; but he will use English soldiers to fight his battles in England, southern troops to cow the south. Sinn Fein is not in revolt against England, but against the unclean gang which usurp our country's name. The days of the politician will be numbered when the flag of St. Patrick and St. George float side by side.

Once again we ask our readers not to cite the outrages which are happening in Ireland as reason for not granting the Irish self-government. They should rather take them as a reason for terminating at once the monstrous pretence of English government in Ireland. If a manager is entirely lacking in the power of management who sack him if an officer cannot command who supercede him; if a government cannot rule you must get rid of it. The number of policemen and Sinn Feiners is a prime reason for getting rid of Dublin Castle rule.

We know that on this issue we part company with some of our readers, who would have us wreak vengeance for the policemen who have been slaughtered. But we think we had better not talk of wreaking vengeance. There is a black tale of villainy done to the Irish by us and our friends. There are deeds which we dare never forget, and which, as yet, the Irish cannot. Yet once already they have shown themselves willing to put all that behind them and live with us in amity. The stupendous chance was deliberately chucked away; yet it will come again if we contrive to be magnanimous.

TERRIBLE DEEDS BY ENGLISH AGENTS

Let us remember that terrible deeds are being done by English agents against Sinn Feiners, and even by English agents provocateurs against Unionists. Let us remember that in some cases the police know that the murderer is a common criminal, and will not arrest him, lest the burden should be taken from the back of Sinn Fein. Let us remember finally that nothing done by or failed of the Sinn Feiners today can rival the crimes done by England in Ireland. There can be no settlement with the scoundrel for arbiter. In plain justice we can hope for nothing from Ireland but silence and contempt. But if we hold a hand out there is a chance that this great and generous people may grasp it. Let us try!

IRISH PILGRIMS TOUCHED BY PONTIFF'S RECEPTION

By N. C. W. C. News Service

Dublin, June 17.—Irish men and women have been profoundly touched by the references of His Holiness the Pope to them as "my beloved Irish people" and to this island as "the most faithful nation." The Lord Mayor of Dublin, who was present at the benediction of Oliver Plunket, has just returned from Rome. He said nothing gratified him more than the heartfelt manner in which the Pope expressed his sincere gratitude to the people of Ireland. His Holiness specially singled out the Irish delegation for audience. Referring to the scene outside St. Peter's after the benediction ceremony, the Lord Mayor said: "It was a most remarkable demonstration, largely intended for

Count Plunket and myself. It was made up by students of the Irish College, who cheered and cheered again, sending us off amidst still louder cheers, mingled with the singing of the 'Soldiers' Song.' If the same thing happened in Ireland, it would mean for the demonstrators six or perhaps twelve months' hard labor in prison."

The Mayor was much impressed by the deep interest manifested by the Italian people in the affairs of Ireland.

LABOR UNREST

RELIGION TEACHES HONOR AND DIGNITY OF LABOR

ESSENTIAL TO HEALTHY MORAL LIFE AND ECONOMIC BETTERMENT

The last five years will go down in the history of American industry as the years of "the great labor unrest." Strikes and lockouts have succeeded one another with bewildering rapidity. This condition has done much to promote the prevailing social unrest.

TRUE IDEA OF LABOR LOST

Socialism has unfortunately pictured a condition in which labor will be reduced to a minimum, and in which man's sojourn upon earth will be rather a long holiday than a time of toil and probation. This golden era is inconsistent with the end of man's destiny. It will never be realized upon earth, in which work is the law of life and progress, and to point to such a Utopia as the fruit of the Socialist regime is merely to strengthen the forces that make for social decay and revolution.

To all such unsound theorizing we oppose the true, Christian idea of labor, as expressed by Mr. Parkinson in his "Primer of Social Science." "Some form of productive or serviceable activity is obligatory upon all. As a means of obtaining a livelihood it is a strictly divine precept. (Gen. III, 19). As a prelude against moral, intellectual and physical atrophy, it is a necessary consequence of our human condition. Some form of service is a duty which every man owes to society, of which he is a component part."

WORK CONSISTENT WITH MAN'S NATURE

St. Paul, writing to the Thessalonians, said: "If any man will not work, neither let him eat." It may be that a person is temporarily or permanently incapacitated from earning his livelihood or contributing to the social good by productive work. In that case, as long as he has a desire to do something within his power for the common welfare, but he has a right to be supported by society. For society has received its commodities from the labor of the good of all. Hence acceptance of assistance from others is not disgraceful to the person who would gladly work if he were able to do so.

But for all others the inexorable law of labor holds good. Those who are blessed with the good things of life are not privileged to spend their days in sloth and idleness. They must devote themselves to some useful form of social service. The founders of religious orders have always wisely insisted on the need of "external" or corporal work of some kind in order that "idleness, the root of all evil," might not find entrance into the community.

THE BLESSINGS OF WORK

There is hardly any need to dwell on the intimate connection between steady occupation and the spirit of joy and contentment it often produces. Father Outbert has well expressed this uplifting effect for the generality of men. "To the majority of men there is hardly a greater evil in life than having nothing definite to do, no particular business or profession. A definite occupation is in itself a moral discipline. To have to be up and doing at a certain time, to have to think of something other than oneself or one's idle fancies, is to most men little less than spiritual salvation. It matters not much what the work is, so that it is honest; its value lies not so much in its immediate usefulness or inherent quality as in its moral effect on the worker himself. Even the most menial work may thus have a high moral value. But work and a definite occupation of some kind are essential to a healthy moral life."

WORK AND INCREASED PRODUCTION

That the slowing up of production is one of the factors responsible for the high cost of living has often been maintained. Addressing a large audience, composed chiefly of wage-earners, a well-known mine operator of Pittsburg, Kans., spoke in that city on the night of February 15 last as follows:

"I want to say one word in connection with production. I wonder if you gentlemen know that today's production is 20% less than it was a year ago. I wonder if you know that ten years ago, at our mines, approximately 10% of the men laid off each day the mines worked, and today 24% of the men are laying off each day the mines work. These figures were collected recently for our own information. Now again, just stop to think that one man out of every four is laying off work when he has an opportunity to work, and the production is 20% less today than it was ten years ago. Is it any wonder that the cost of living has gone beyond bound? Until such a time that you go to work and

continue at it, with the result of an overproduction then the high cost of living will come down, and not before."

We find the same story in other lands. A German Jesuit, discussing the disastrous effects of the revolutionary upheaval, which began in Germany on November 9, 1918, says: "The laborer turned the Revolution into a movement for (better) wages. Not labor, but 'bargaining' now became his main occupation. As long as there was any work done at all the output was notably less, in spite of the higher wages." The writer then quotes from a report of Mr. Oeser, the Socialist Minister of Railways, who admits that in the railway workshops the number of employees was increased from 80,000 to 200,000. But in spite of this enormous increase in the working force, the amount of work turned out did not equal the output in peace (pre-war) times!

WORK A GOD-GIVEN COMMAND

The world then must needs come back to an understanding of the necessity and the dignity of work. God Himself laid the command of incessant industry upon all the children of Adam. For after the Fall he said to Adam: "In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat thy bread." No one dare exempt himself from this God-given command. We see the sad effects of neglect of this Divine injunction in the disturbed social condition of our time.

Christ followed this solemn mandate of His eternal Father. For He labored in the workshop at Nazareth. He teaches us not only by precept, but by example. From Him we learn that all labor is dignified in the sight of God. And history teaches us that obedience to the God-given command of work not only helps man's spiritual progress, but also promotes the peace and happiness of society.—The Pilot.

THE LITHUANIAN REPUBLIC

A. B. Meszka, S. J., in America

The universal upheaval caused by the World War was of a sufficient force to break the chains that held some small nations in bondage, Lithuania among others. On the shores of the Baltic Sea, Lithuania, a nation of about 6,000,000 people, has dwelt for over ten centuries. Suddenly from a semi dormant state, imposed upon her by unjust aggressors, she has become most active in a brave attempt to defend newly gained liberty.

With an army of 75,000 well-drilled, well equipped veterans of six years she has practically rid herself of the invaders, who perceiving an opportunity to increase their territory, swooped down upon the unsuspecting Lithuanians. Though the War brought her an undue share of suffering, yet after peace was declared, she was compelled to fight as hard as ever to preserve the freedom which she had rightfully obtained. The Bolshevik hordes, the delegates of disorder, starvation and idleness, were finally driven out after months of guerrilla fighting. The German forces were gently but firmly requested to evacuate, and they complied, leaving behind them in their haste, cannon, rifles, ammunition and the Lithuanian army eagerly seized. Poland is being gradually pushed back to her own boundaries. Now there is a peace conference in session, in which Lithuania is to receive a ratification of her right to hold Kovno, Gardino, Suvalki and Vilna.

Great interest is being taken at the present moment in the national conference which is to meet at Kovno about this time. Questions pertaining to every phase of democratic existence are to be debated. Of course a newly formed republic always has its problems, no matter how narrow its territory or how limited its population. The most important question in Lithuania is that of religion. For the most part, the people being more or less impoverished after a century or more of slavery, capital and labor will not conflict. But there is a religious problem. In Lithuania, as elsewhere, the enemies of God, though few in number, are yet a militant group of atheists is exerting all its power to separate the people from their pastors. But being a thoroughly Catholic country, Lithuania is not likely to throw to the winds the religion which has been hers for centuries. If Russia with millions to champion her cause could not destroy Lithuania's faith, Lenin will hardly succeed in his endeavor.

The Reds are endeavoring to separate Church and State and to render education irreligious. The separation has been completed in other countries, but the majority of Lithuanians are not afflicted with moral blindness. They may be simple but herein lies their power; for in their simplicity they can come closer to God.

That the complete separation of Church and State is to be condemned and that the Church has her ecclesiastical rights, the State is civil rights; that parents alone, and not the State, have the direct right of caring for the education of their children, are not new ideas for the Lithuanian. He knows his religion, and has fought for it for three centuries. The Liberal party, claiming privileges to which it is not entitled, is striving to browbeat the people into concessions which would force Lithuania back into Russia on a federative basis. One among the many propositions advanced is that

each party should erect its own schools. This, however, is rejected by the Socialist, and with good reason, for he would be destitute of schools completely.

Bishop Kerevicius of Zamaicai and Bishop Karosas of the diocese of Seinal have, in pastoral letters, pointed out the intrigues of the Liberals, and the clergy, always patriotic and zealous, have warned the people of the dangers that beset school and home.

Fortunately no one can accuse the official representatives of the country of radicalism. Mr. A. Smetona, President of the Republic, is an exceptionally talented and energetic patriot and at the same time an exemplary Catholic. The other officials for the most part are men of rare tact and staunch defenders of Church. The black sheep are few but perhaps numerous enough to block a decisive victory for righteousness.

Strong men, indeed, are necessary for the difficult task of building a solid lasting republic, particularly in these times of social unrest. But the work is progressing and hopes are high.

True, there are some who doom Lithuania to remain forever a geographical term. But she is free. She has thrown off the yoke, and the chains of tyranny no longer shackle her. Her children are no longer slaves but free citizens. Poorly clad and hungry though they be, they are freemen in a free land. Deterred that the last drop of their blood shall ooze out before the yoke of slavery be accepted again, they are fighting and fighting hard. Possessing a vigorous national consciousness Lithuania calls on the world powers to recognize her just and legitimate aspirations.

She pleads for justice! Charity is not enough; justice alone will suffice.

IRISH ARTIST WILL DEPICT WAY OF 'X' CROSS ON CANVAS

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

Dublin, June 25.—Unique in the history of Irish art is the commission given to the eminent Irish painter, John Keatinge, A. R. H. A., to paint Stations of the Cross for the Jesuit College at Clonkows Wood.

Mr. Keatinge is recognized as the greatest Catholic artist in Ireland, and many regard him as the most original artist in the United Kingdom. Originally, fire, vividness are the characteristics of his work. He sees the essentials and gets them on his canvas, plucking the heart out of life's mystery. His famous picture, "The Men of the West," in the Municipal Art Gallery in Dublin, shows these qualities. In the work presented to the American delegation, "On Their Keeping," the lifelike effect of the figures is startling, magical. The atmosphere is clear, lucid, sun-swept, Atlantic-bitten—the atmosphere of Aran and Achill. His men and women have the warmth of a Murillo canvas.

He has finished three of the Stations, one being the Crucifixion, a marvel of tragic intensity and beauty. When he has done the others Mr. Keatinge, it is said, will go to Spain—the Catholic land that is leading in art today.

CATHOLIC EDUCATORS AT N. Y. CONVENTION

ARCHBISHOP HAYES WARNS AGAINST SECULARISM AND SOCIALISM

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

New York, July 3.—Many distinguished Catholic educators from all parts of the country attended the seventeenth annual convention of the Catholic Educational Association which was opened at New York on Tuesday morning with a Solemn High Mass in St. Patrick's cathedral.

At the opening Mass the cathedral was crowded to the doors. Most Rev. Patrick J. Hayes, Archbishop of New York, preached the sermon in the course of which he sounded the keynote of the convention. The Archbishop condemned the tendency toward federal control of the educational system and the spirit of irreligion in education, contending that the growing moral laxity must be attributed to our false methods of training the youth.

DEPLORES EVIL TENDENCIES

"With science giving the shrug of doubt as to the existence of God," he said, "with law courts grinding out divorces and divorces with passing liberality that finds it pays to portray characters reeking with moral shame and condoning the offense, with young and old gone mad over the lurid motion film, with the drama depraved in spite of heroic efforts of the many who patronize and love the clean play, with the daily press mirroring the crimes and sins of society, with feminine dress mocking at decency and modesty, with ever decreasing respect for authority and reverence for the flag of our country—where is the power? Who has the wisdom? Where the salvation of the youth of our land?"

"The Church has grieved much for many a long day at the widespread spirit of secularization in education, and is gravely anxious at the present advocacy of federal centralization and the still more dangerous tendency of socialization in education. Secularism violates the rights of God, centralization encroaches on the rights of the family, and Socialism the rights of the child.

"Sad is the lament of many thinking people and educators, within and without the Church, at the absolute divorce of our system of public education from religion. The constant and continuous ignoring of God and the approved legal indifference to religious belief and practice in the schoolroom must have its unfortunate effect on the young mind. The nation is bound to feel and suffer the consequence.

"The philosophy of the world is to enjoy what one pleases, to think as one pleases, and to do what one pleases, without the checks placed by religious sanction and the moral law."

AN INFAMOUS CONCOCTION

BELATED WITHDRAWAL AND APOLOGY

The Western Morning News, after a fortnight's delay, apologizes for the foul libel published by it on the Irish priesthood. It stated that a priest announced from the altar that he would give a hundred days' indulgence to any man to shoot another policeman. We called attention, says the Freeman's Journal, to this false and malicious statement at the time. It is only now, more than a fortnight after the publication, that the Western Morning News awakes to the blackguardism and baseness of the original publication. The paper, whilst withdrawing and apologizing, pleads that it obtained the statement from "what we naturally supposed to be reliable authority." It discloses the "reliable authority," which it cannot suppose, naturally or otherwise, to be reliable in the future; it emanated from the Southern Irish Loyalist Defence Fund, 25 Victoria Street, London, of whom the Earl of Denbigh and Sir E. R. Taylor, M. P., are treasurers, and Mr. C. T. Foxcroft, M. P., hon. secretary. What- ever may be thought of the two last-named officials of this organization, there can be no excuse for the Earl of Denbigh. As a Catholic he must have known that the dastardly statement was a lie. No priest has power to grant indulgence even for a worthy or meritorious act. What, then, is to be said of this Catholic nobleman? The Western Morning News states that these three officials named say that "under present conditions it is impossible to give the source of their information." The Earl of Denbigh as a Catholic knows that the libelous attack on the ministers of his religion is a lie. He has been a party to the publication of that lie. Why is he unable to disclose the identity of the liar? Who is the liar that he is so anxious to shelter?—The Herry Journal.

DULUTH'S DISGRACE

Three negroes were lynched in Duluth a short time since. The press carried the details of the outrage, one or two papers featuring the ghastly scene with flashlight photographs. There was nothing peculiar about the story. It was the ordinary tale of mob violence and mob murder. The victims were American citizens albeit not white men. It cannot be said that there was a wave of passionate blindness in the deed. If anything there was the coolest deliberation and the shrewdest planning on the part of the mob, contained attack on the police station and a so-called investigation into the crime of the negroes on the part of those who had no right to conduct a trial or the semblance of a trial. The police power of the community, as is usual in mob outbreaks where a black man is the victim, was unable to cope with the situation. No one knows whether the victims were guilty or innocent of the crime for which they hung. How could any one know the details of their crime bent on the death of the negroes settled the matter with their farcical and illegal trial?

The one sure point is that the mob was guilty of murder. Every man and woman partaking in the crime is a murderer. They took human lives by self-constituted authority, which, in fact, is no authority. They deliberately set aside law and court, making themselves judges and witnesses and executioners. Even the State cannot do that. The State can take human life but for a very definite reason and through very definite processes of law. No individual can do so nor can any group of individuals do so without committing murder.

It is surely a disgraceful thing that the mob spirit is still with us, after we have waged a war for the preservation of ordered freedom. It is idle to excuse ourselves by laying the mob crime to hysteria or sectional prejudice. Lynch law has been a national shame. Duluth is too far north to justify the claim that mob-outrages against the negro population are only perpetrated in that section of the country south of the Mason and Dixon line. The race riots of a year ago were not staged in the sunny South. The startling thing is that mob crimes have not diminished, and that they are not confined to Southern sections nor to periods of hysteria.

The very reason that atrocities that would disgrace the most barbaric nation in the world still continue to take place, and even to increase in these United States is because the mob-murderer is never punished. Prompt punishment is rarely if ever the lot of the lyncher. The murderers go their way and the community settles down after passing commendable resolutions denouncing the crime. The resolutions do not restore the life that has gone out with the halter or the

apitude, natural qualities of mind and heart and the necessary health. Third, the acceptations of my superiors in religion. We do not need long meditation to know just what may be required of us. The motives. They are numberless. Let us give the most compelling of all—we quote St. James, "my brethren, if any of you err from the truth, and one convert him: he must know that he who sauteh a sinner to be converted from the error of his way, shall save his soul from death, and shall cover a multitude of sins." Then besides the great gain to ourselves we have the ever present need of preserving what we have. We know the position of the Church in Canada. Education is needed. The children of God demand the bread of life, the sacred word of God, God's holy truth. Who is to break it to them? On all sides schools are rising. They are our great, our perpetual, our ever increasing need. These schools are rising that the souls of the children may be trained in the ways of God. That as the powers of their minds are unfolded, the truths of God's revelations be made clear to them. Their characters must be formed, they must be taught the practice of Christian virtue. Perhaps your place is on the staff of one of these schools. So pressing is the need that Bishop McNally recently wrote the President of the Catholic Church Extension to make known on all sides the need of his diocese. The teaching orders are necessary as the priesthood. Through their work the seed planted grows and fructifies. Through their work the Gospel and its holy principles are maintained. Ponder then on your future and ask yourself the all important question—have I a vocation to serve God in religion? What am I doing to follow it?

MAYOR OF DERRY KNEELS IN STREET AND ADORES THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

Dublin, July 1.—The spectacle of the first Catholic Mayor of Derry kneeling in the dust and adoring Our Lord in the Most Blessed Sacrament as it was carried in procession was one of the recent Eucharistic Conferences held in that city.

The Bishop of Derry was bearing the monstrance in the procession as it left the precincts of the Cathedral. Just as the Bishop stepped on the threshold the spectators were startled to hear a voice loudly welcoming the Blessed Sacrament to the streets of the city. They saw the form of a gray haired man kneeling in the street.

"I welcome You, dear Lord," he cried, "to the city of Derry, and on behalf of this city, O great God, Sovereign Lord of heaven and earth, I prostrate myself before Thee. With all the angels and saints, I adore Thee. I acknowledge Thee to be my Creator and my Sovereign Lord, my first beginning and my last end. I render to Thee the homage of my being and life. I submit myself to Thy holy will, and I devote myself to Thy divine service this day and forever."

It was Lord Mayor O'Doherty, the first Catholic Mayor in the history of Derry.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

VACATION AND VOCATION

The days of vacation are days of relaxation. Needless to say they are appreciated. Visits are enjoyed, old acquaintances renewed and our relatives see us back again in our old home to enjoy with them the haunts dear to early years. But for many it is a period of the greatest importance. With the completing of our studies comes the real business of life. Our future is before us and while true that it has been prepared in the past nevertheless each one must decide his own lot. For many circumstances are a deciding factor. But the number is legion who pick their own course.

What shall I do? What shall I be? The future is beckoning us on. The world with its many beautifully tinted panoramas, with its pleasures, its bright outlook, its innumerable possibilities asks us to devote our talents to acquire its riches, to taste the honey of its delights and enjoy its many rewards. And indeed who will deny that the prospect is not very alluring? Since God made the day in which we live so beautiful it is not wonderful that it attracts. But if God created its beauty He took great care to warn His own against false allurements. We are taught and taught clearly that whatever of time, it is eternity that matters, that if soft garments grace the houses of Kings that the grave too has its history. "What will it profit a man to gain the whole world? If our comfort is all important, what too of the soul? What exchange would we give?"

Reflections of this nature make us hesitate. We are not inclined to weigh lightly our exact position in the plans of God. What manner of man is this whom the wind and seas obey? Perhaps we have reflected that like the multitude we shall remain in the midst of the world's possibilities and there serve God. Perhaps God has intended to so place our lives, but do we ask ourselves the important question—What is God's Will in my behalf? We all remember the example of the rich ruler, "and a certain ruler asked Him, saying: Good Master, what shall I do to possess everlasting life? and Jesus said to him: Why dost thou call me good? None is good but God alone. Thou knowest the commandments: thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not commit adultery, thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not bear false witness: honor thy father and mother. Who said: all these things have I kept from my youth. Which when Jesus had heard, He said to him: Yet one thing is wanting to thee: Sell all whatever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven and come, follow Me. And when the young man had heard this word, he went away sad: for he had great possessions." The Gospel commands the young man's conduct and motive might surely arrest our attention. What are our motives for deciding as we do? Are they worldly and selfish or are they not?

Do we think that perhaps God calls us to His service? Am I in a position to devote my life to God's holy work? Perhaps I do not know, perhaps I am not decided. What, you ask, is required of me? But these things, first, a right intention, such as, for example, for the spread of faith, the good of others, a desire to see justice prevail, a desire to defend God's Church, etc., second, the

apitude, natural qualities of mind and heart and the necessary health. Third, the acceptations of my superiors in religion. We do not need long meditation to know just what may be required of us.

The motives. They are numberless. Let us give the most compelling of all—we quote St. James, "my brethren, if any of you err from the truth, and one convert him: he must know that he who sauteh a sinner to be converted from the error of his way, shall save his soul from death, and shall cover a multitude of sins." Then besides the great gain to ourselves we have the ever present need of preserving what we have. We know the position of the Church in Canada. Education is needed. The children of God demand the bread of life, the sacred word of God, God's holy truth. Who is to break it to them? On all sides schools are rising. They are our great, our perpetual, our ever increasing need. These schools are rising that the souls of the children may be trained in the ways of God. That as the powers of their minds are unfolded, the truths of God's revelations be made clear to them. Their characters must be formed, they must be taught the practice of Christian virtue. Perhaps your place is on the staff of one of these schools. So pressing is the need that Bishop McNally recently wrote the President of the Catholic Church Extension to make known on all sides the need of his diocese. The teaching orders are necessary as the priesthood. Through their work the seed planted grows and fructifies. Through their work the Gospel and its holy principles are maintained. Ponder then on your future and ask yourself the all important question—have I a vocation to serve God in religion? What am I doing to follow it?

Donations may be addressed to: Rev. T. O'Donnell, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 67 Bond St., Toronto. Contributions through this office should be addressed: EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

APPEAL FOR FUNDS

There are four hundred million pagans in China. If they were to pass in review at the rate of a thousand a minute, it would take nine months for them all to go by. Thirty-three thousand of them die daily un baptized! Missionaries are urgently needed to go to their rescue. China Mission College, Almonte Ontario, Canada, is for the education of priests for China. It has already fourteen 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 Holiness the Pope blesses benefactors, and the students pray for them daily. A Bursar of \$5,000 will support a student in perpetuity. Help to complete the Burses. Gratefully yours in Jesus and Mary J. M. FRASER.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. M. BOSSAERT

NINTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

GOD'S JUSTICE TOWARDS SINNERS

We read in today's Gospel that our divine Redeemer wept over Jerusalem, that unhappy city, so hardened in sin, because He foresaw its terrible destiny.

1. God is merciful;—this is stated on almost every page of Holy Scripture. His mercy embraces heaven and earth, and includes even the most hardened sinners, as we see from the fact that our Saviour wept over the sinful city of Jerusalem.

2. We must not be astonished if God's justice constrains Him to punish hardened sinners; for if He invariably showed mercy and never inflicted punishment, He would wrong the good, who suffer much at the hands of the wicked, and He would actually encourage the evil to defy Him by continuing their sins and vices.

3. We must never presumptuously rely upon God's mercy when doing as involves a violation of His justice. Men are very prone to presumption of this kind. "God is a loving Father," they say. "He is sure to forgive me," and so they go on heaping sin upon sin, not thinking that this loving Father is also a stern and just Judge.

4. Herod's cruelty. While Joseph and Mary were in Egypt, Herod put to death the male children. Although antiquity did not seem to value human life as do we, yet even among them, Herod's reign contained so many murders, tortures and cruelties, that according to the Jewish ambassador's address to Augustus, "the living coveted the lot of the victims."

5. Faith and obedience of St. Joseph. Throughout this entire event we see in Joseph commendable faith, joined to blind, unhesitating, unquestioning obedience. What a surprise must it have been for him to be awakened in sleep and be told, "Arise, take the child and His mother, and fly into Egypt."

6. What proves humility to be a glorious thing is the fact that the proud themselves employ it to conceal their pride. Benediction, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, honor and power, and strength to our God for ever and ever.—Apoc. vii. 12.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

The Divine Infant was not long in human flesh, when it was necessary to hasten into Egypt, in order to avoid Herod's evil designs. The three Eastern celebrities, the Magi, seeking the child, came into Jerusalem, asking: "Where is He that is born King of the Jews, we have seen His star in the East, and am come to adore Him?"

Departing without returning to Herod, upset all his plans. Not used to being thwarted, Herod's jealousy bursts forth into savage fury. Lacking precise information, he concluded the young king, must be unwounded and ordered the slaughter of all male children under two years. Now it happened that "An angel of the Lord appeared in sleep to Joseph saying: arise, take the child and His mother, and fly into Egypt; and be there until I shall tell thee. For it will come to pass, that Herod will seek the child to destroy him. Who arose, and took the child and his mother by night, and retired into Egypt, and was there until the death of Herod; that it might be fulfilled which the Lord spoke by the prophet saying: Out of Egypt have I called my son." (Matthew ii., 13-15.)

THE JOURNEY. We have little certain knowledge of the journey itself. The long stretches of the desert witnessed the passage of the Holy Family; some unknown dwelling sheltered them, while there was nothing to betray their unparalleled distinction. Historians and ecclesiastical writers narrate several wonderful occurrences which took place in Egypt on the occasion of the visit of the infant God. St. Jerome relates that the idols of Egypt crumbled to pieces at the entrance of our Saviour. Others tell that the lions and tigers bounded forward to meet, to adore Him. A local tradition that merits consideration, is of a symphony, to the east of Cairo, which is venerated as having overshadowed the Holy Family.

Egypt was chosen as the place of safety, very likely, because not being far from Palestine to the south, it was completely outside the jurisdiction of Herod. To all fugitives it offered safety and an assured asylum. It was chosen also to fulfill the prediction of the Prophet Osee xi., 1: "Out of Egypt have I called my son." We have no written record of happenings to Joseph and Mary during their six years sojourn in Egypt. Very likely they were subjected to many inconveniences, but these were suffered cheerfully since they knew it was the plan of God, and they were lightened by the presence of Jesus in their midst.

HEROD'S CRUELTY. While Joseph and Mary were in Egypt, Herod put to death the male children. Although antiquity did not seem to value human life as do we, yet even among them, Herod's reign contained so many murders, tortures and cruelties, that according to the Jewish ambassador's address to Augustus, "the living coveted the lot of the victims."

And the Emperor, viewing some of the deeds, as Herod's murder of his son-in-law; that of his own wife; the murder of his two boys, and now the slaughter of his infant son, along with the other male children, this caused Augustus to say, "Better to be Herod's hog, than to be his son." God finally punished this king by a horrid disease that little by little devoured him. Naturally his death was looked for with a hope of relief. When he had passed to his Maker for judgment, an angel appeared in sleep to Joseph at Egypt saying: "Arise take the child and the mother, and return to the land of Israel, for they are dead who sought the life of the child."

FAITH AND OBEDIENCE OF ST. JOSEPH. Throughout this entire event we see in Joseph commendable faith, joined to blind, unhesitating, unquestioning obedience. What a surprise must it have been for him to be awakened in sleep and be told, "Arise, take the child and His mother, and fly into Egypt." What questions might have arisen in his mind? Was not this Babe the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity? What need He fear from any earthly tyrant? Could not thousands of angels be sent to defend, without any necessity of leaving their own country and retiring into Egypt? Such thoughts might have surged through St. Joseph, but so strong was his faith in all his part in the plan in the Redemption that

he obeyed and that at once, remaining an exile in that land until the heavenly voice bade him return. This event of the flight into Egypt can bring lessons to us. By it we see prophecy fulfilled, as St. Matthew, always intent on setting forth these things, observes: "I have called my Son out of Egypt" (Osee xi., 1). It shows us that we must expect to meet difficulties in this life, when Joseph and Mary with the infant were not spared. The noble faith and obedience of St. Joseph should encourage us to imitate him. If the voice of God whispers to us, "Arise and fly from some sin, we would do well in bearing ourselves from that habit of sin, and lead better lives. If that voice whispers, "Arise, fly from the world and serve Me in religion," that child should listen and the parent put no obstacles. If the Babe with outstretched arms begs us to take Him in our hearts in Holy Communion more frequently or more devoutly, can we refuse?—The Tablet.

Chicago fellows drop on the plate in Church on Sunday. "That's all right," said the La Salle street man, "but we're doing our share by the Church. We give at Christmas and Easter. And we drop our coins every Sunday, same as we always did."

"That's the point," the Westerner said, "you're doing what you always did. That's right. But what you always paid for your lunches and for everything else in life doesn't go any more, does it? Prices have gone up. You pay the increased cost because you realize this fact. Don't you think costs of church maintenance have gone up as well? You can't find a place to spend your nickels and dimes here in the loop, so you save them for Sunday to drop on the plate. Now, you fellows are not pikers by any means. But I can't understand why men of your means and position in life continue to dump your chicken feed on the Church."

"I guess it's because we haven't given enough thought to the matter," the Seattle man went on. "In the old days when many of us worked for a dollar or two a day we dropped our nickels and dimes on Sunday. We still have that habit. And it's time we lost that small change habit, if we expect our Church to get anywhere in our service today. We offer the priest who is trying to reduce the debt on our parish church what a negro porter or waiter would throw in our faces. We'd be ashamed to give that small amount even as a tip. Yet somehow in Church a nickel looks big. But the time when a nickel in the box on Sunday would satisfy our financial obligations to religion for a whole week has gone."—Catholic Bulletin.

THE SWEETNESS OF GOD. "Those who have learned to love the Divine Heart are taught day by day to appreciate more and more the wondrous love that was manifested towards the human race when Our Lord instituted the Holy Eucharist. They learn, too, to form a right estimate of the coldness and indifference with which Our Lord is treated in this Sacrament of His love, and they are inspired with a desire not merely to cultivate a tender affection in their own hearts, but to spread the devotion to all mankind."

Attendance at daily Mass, and Communion if possible, or a daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament, reading spiritual books are means by which we may foster devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, and by the influence of our example bring others to a closer union with God. To numberless Catholics in our day the reproach of Our Lord might truthfully be repeated: "These hath stood One in the midst of you whom you know not." So many act as if they were unaware of the Sacred Presence patiently waiting in the tabernacle to receive the homage and love of His children.

His return to us on our altars at Mass, at Communion, is not simply that we might worship, but that the need we have of sweetness in religion might be amply supplied. We must approach His presence, gather about Him, for the refreshment of our lives, to break down the hideous monotony of our work, to add the brightness of love to the gray streets and grayer skies. Not holiness alone, but the beauty of holiness is required to receive our hearts, our whole souls to God. The child, which with its wistful trust demands protection, asks for something more than strong defense; it needs also the warm welcome of love. And in so far as we all children; we need the gentleness and mercy of God to be made manifest, else we shall be too frightened to go on. If religion is to mean much to me, I must approach the altar of the sweetness of God that giveth joy to my youth."—The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

A DOLLAR EVERY SUNDAY. The following dialogue is a good illustration of how little some Catholics realize the increasing needs of the Church. In the rotunda of the Hotel La Salle, Chicago, a New World man found a group who were discussing the Laymen's Convention, which had just concluded. Bishop Schramm's closing address, in which were outlined plans of the National Catholic Welfare Council for a country wide organization of men, was the particular topic.

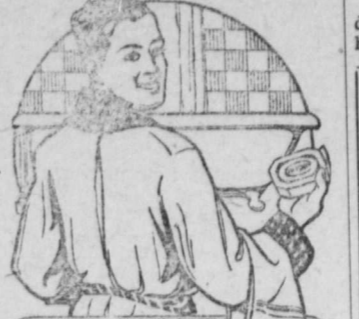
"It's great stuff but how is all this to be done," asked one prosperous looking man, a La Salle street financier. "Well, that's up to the organization," said another, with a "Let George do it" air and an ease acquired from much "passing the buck."

"No, it's not," said a third, Mr. Frank M. Sullivan, a mining man from Seattle. "It's up to us." "Well, I don't see—" began the shifty gentleman. "You ought to," broke in the aggressive Westerner. "Look here now," turning to the La Salle street man. "How much did you put on the plate in church last Sunday?"

"The financier smiled. "You don't get me," he said. "I happen to be one of those who don't think it too much to drop a dollar occasionally." "Put it there," said the mining man, "you're after my own heart. But why the 'occasionally'? Why not every Sunday?"

"Every Sunday," repeated the financier. "Isn't that coming too strong?" "Not a bit," said the Seattle delegate. "Think again. What does a dollar get you down town here today. You spent two dollars on each of us for that lunch you treated us to. I gave a half dollar each for those cigars we are smoking. It costs us eight dollars for the room I occupied here last night, for six all too short hours. Why, that waiter to whom you gave that seventy cent tip at lunch would have been insulted had you offered him what you well-to-do

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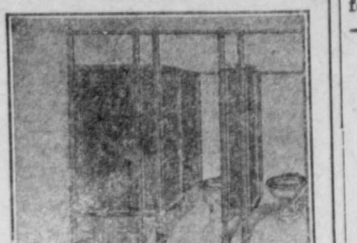
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Only what thou art in thyself determines thy value; not what thou hast.—Auerbach.



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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

INSTEAD OF THE OTHER KIND

Drop a word of cheer and kindness— Just a flash and it is gone; But there's half a hundred ripples—

WHAT IT TAKES

It takes a little courage, And a little self control, And some grim determination,

TRUTH AND SINCERITY

"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."

STEP OUT FROM THE RANKS

Assert the leadership you know is within you. First, assert it to yourself. Assume self command.

FOR BETTER OR WORSE

A man has been looking up some mistakes and he finds that: When a plumber makes a mistake he charges for it.

LOOKING FORWARD

Quit looking back. Look forward. The failures you have made, the losses and disappointments you have endured, have prepared you for the successes you are going to make.

HIS DEBT TO HIS MOTHER

"If any debts of a man remain unpaid, one is certainly the debt he owes his mother." Thus reflects a Hartford boy, still in foreign service, in a letter written to his mother for Mother's Day.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

EXCITABLE MOTHER

Mother thinks a feller ought to never do a thing Like climbin' trees or playin' ball or standin' in a swing.

NEGLECTING THE OLD FOLKS

The girl who leaves home to follow a career in some near or distant city must not become so absorbed in that work that she cannot find time to keep in touch with the home folks.

THE TWO PRINCES

When the Apostle Peter first set foot in Rome he was appalled at the sea of iniquity that met his gaze. One word only in his mind could express the depth of infamy that marked the capital of the world.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

Devotion to the Precious Blood brings out and keeps before us the principle of sacrifice. Sacrifice is peculiarly the Christian element of holiness, and it is precisely the element which corrupt nature dislikes and resists.

HER CASE SEEMED HOPELESS

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Let us not forget, and let us teach it to all, that there would be no dignity in life, that it would not be worth while to live, if annihilation were to be our lot. What is it which alleviates and which exalts it, which renders men strong, wise, patient, just, at once humble and aspiring, but the perpetual vision of a better world, whose light shines through the darkness of the present life? For myself, I believe profoundly in that better world; and after many struggles, much study, and numberless trials, this is the supreme conviction of my reason as it is the supreme consolation of my soul.—Victor Hugo.

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HOLY NAME UNION IN TORONTO DIOCESE

The Report of the quarterly meeting of the Holy Name Union held at St. John's Church, Newmarket, last month, contains the subjoined paragraphs which are not only of general interest but may prove helpful and suggestive to those promoting Holy Name activities elsewhere:

First Vice-President Baker's report of Junior Activities was very thorough. The winter's hockey business was concluded and presentations had taken place. In the Holy Name Baseball League there are thirty clubs playing this summer. A special feature of Mr. Baker's report was that concerned with the spring quarterly Holy Communion of the Juniors in the centre part of the city, 1,008 having attended the Mass celebrated by His Grace, Archbishop McNeil, who also spoke to the boys. The boys were given a light breakfast in St. Michael's Parish Hall before going to their homes.

In the course of his report, Mr. Baker exhorted the seniors to put forth greater efforts in looking after the Juniors. He stated there was a serious lack of interest on the Senior Members part towards the Boys' welfare. "Do we, as individual members of the Society, as parents, or as Catholics realize our responsibility towards the Boys?" Continuing he stated, "If so, do we practise them? How many of us have invited our sons to this meeting? Where are they? Do we encourage a spirit of comradeship with our Boys? Let us realize where we stand. Our city is one that requires the greatest caution and watchfulness on our part if we wish to save our boys. There is a lack of sympathy, lack of enthusiasm and even of interest for the Junior Branches which is most pronounced."

"Unless there is a quick change many bright intelligent boys will be swallowed up in our great city and lost to the Church. Now is the time, this very night, to resolve that every parish will have a Junior Branch. Our seniors should foster the Junior Branches and see that the meetings are made interesting—remember, gentlemen, as laymen, the same obligation rests upon you as your officers. To encourage friendly rivalry amongst the Junior Branches I would suggest a series of debates be launched in the Fall. Gold medals could be presented to the winning team or teams."

"We need the old time love and charity which was exhibited by our forefathers. Today we are carried away by world affairs. Unfortunately, we imagine we are too busy to devote our time to the boys. Personally, money could not repay me for the knowledge I have gained through my association with this work. I look for the day, I trust in the near future, when we will have a thoroughly efficient man, with executive ability, whom we will pay a good salary to devote his entire time to this work. If the Y. M. C. A. and kindred organizations feel it necessary to engage such a man and have their down town office, surely we also need it."

JESUIT IN DUBLIN URGES CATHOLIC LABOR UNIONS

By N. C. W. C. News Service

Dublin June 17.—"To lessen the social misunderstanding" was Montalembert's ideal in Catholic welfare effort. While Unionists talk of leveling rich and poor, employers and employed, Catholic teaching is tending powerfully to bridge the difference between class and class, to allay the enmity and suspicion with which each regards the other. This fact has been the keynote of the lectures at the University College, Dublin, on "Socialism and Catholic Teaching," which have attracted so much notice.

The lecturer, Father Peter Finlay, S. J., argued that the theories of Karl Marx were no cure for social evils, that nationalization of all production and distribution had no more prospect of bearing fruit than extreme Socialism itself. On that purely economic question the Church has not spoken, the lecturer was careful to say, adding that his views were personal. He endeavored to show that all-round equality will always be made impossible by inequalities of brain and body.

Taking a more constructive tone, Father Finlay pleaded hard for Catholic labor unions under Catholic leaders. These should aim at getting labor a share in the management of the work it did, he said, and employers and employed should be brought into co-operation. There should be conciliation boards to hold the scales between capital and labor. On all public bodies labor should be represented. Such, it appeared to him, were the only lines on which the outbreak of war between class and class could be prevented. The Catholic Church recommended all these means. She did more—she preached the spirit which alone could vivify them.

A CHURCH COLLAPSE

The country was startled some time ago to learn that thirty-two evangelical denominations had set themselves the task of raising over one billion and three hundred and twenty million dollars for the purpose of christianizing the pagan world. The needs at home also were to be considered, to some extent,

while the "pagans" were chiefly Catholics among our immigrants, as well as the Catholic "pagans" in South America.

It seems that the Presbyterians and the Northern Baptists were good Protestants, and they at once began to protest, with the result that a recent report tells of the utter collapse of the whole inter church move. Just what is back of this buckling of the structure is not quite plain, although the statement is made that "friendly strangers," who were to show their "friendship" to the tune of forty millions, reneged, and then proceeded to indicate that they were more strangers than friendly. Eight million dollars was spent in preliminary organization, and but three million dollars appeared to meet the bill.

Still, this sudden upset should not dishearten the evangelists, for they are used to collapse. They long ago collapsed in matters of doctrine; they collapsed on the subject of central authority; they collapsed in the matter of divorce, and they have been falling down in utter collapse for some years as regards church attendance. So, what's one more collapse to a collapsible boat. What they needed is a pilot to direct them with certain and infallible authority. Without a supreme pontiff of some kind, one who enjoys the plaudits of power and doctrine, they may expect to go on collapsing until they finally bump into the rocks of eternity.—Catholic Bulletin.

TWO SAVIORS OF FRANCE

It is one of those singular coincidences of history that the two greatest saviors of the French nation should be canonized Saints. Saint Louis saved the crown for himself in the thirteenth century from the encroachments of the Barons; Saint Joan of Arc, one hundred and fifty years later saved the crown from foreign aggression for St. Louis' unworthy descendant, The Christian King and the miraculous Maid stand together as matchless exemplifications of sublime patriotism, and as incarnations of the Divine purpose manifest in the destinies of France.

As a ruler Saint Louis upset traditional ideas by becoming a tribute of the people in their struggle against the rapacious Barons. His charity was unbounded. He did not disdain to enter hospital and leper-houses and with his own regal hands tend suffering humanity. Clothed in the rough habit of a tertiary, he waited on table in monasteries, unportended for the most part by his bounty.

His flaming enthusiasm for the Holy Places impelled him when he was thirty-three years old to take the cross and lead the Sixth Crusade. Always a superb knight, he was not a striking success as a general. His army was captured by the Saracens, and the king held for ransom. But here the magnanimity of his character shined for his military failure, invited to become Sultan by the Saracens, who had assassinated their ruler, he courted death by spurning the offer of regicide. He was offered his own freedom at the sacrifice of his army, but unlike Napoleon in his retreat from Moscow, he steadfastly refused to move an inch towards home unless the remainder of his army accompanied him.

His love of justice was internationally recognized, and he was called upon to be the arbiter of disputes among the nations. He founded courts to which the humblest of his subjects might appeal for justice, and might receive it from the hands of the King himself. Simple in his tastes, loving retirement and meditation better than courts and wars, he nevertheless became when occasion demanded the gracious monarch of the stern warrior.

As Theodore Maynard writing in the Month very happily puts it, "Jean of Arc was matchless, unexpected, breaking all the canons of decorum and the averages of reasonable probability. Her flaming enthusiasm, her ardent innocence, and her divine purpose represent, I think a peculiarly French thing, but a thing not more French than was Louis, and not so sold a work-a-day example as his life. She was the wild exception doing what was never demanded; Louis was also a wild exception, because he lived up to the ideal demanded of all kings. Nobody imagined Joan of Arc and to everybody's astonishment she arrived. Everybody imagined the Christian king, and to their still greater astonishment he arose."—The Pilot.

DIED

THORPE.—At his late residence, Paal Township, near Glean Allan, on June 29, 1920, Mr. M. B. Thorpe, aged fifty-two years. May his soul rest in peace.

MCINICH.—At Isolation Hospital, Wednesday, May 26, 1920, Babbie, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. McInich, 143 Russell avenue, Ottawa, aged five years.

MARRIAGE

TAYLOR-KEANE.—At the Church of St. Aloysius, Montreal, by Rev. Father E. J. Devine, S. J., uncle of the bride, Miss Loyola Keane, of Ottawa, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Keane, to Mr. William L. Taylor, son of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Taylor, Ottawa.

IN MEMORIAM

In affectionate remembrance of a faithful and devoted servant of God, the Rev. Dean Doucette who died at Renovo, Newfoundland, July 19, 1919. Beloved of God and Man his name is in benediction.—St. Kyran's Parish.

Only what thou art in thyself determines thy value; not what thou hast.—Auerbach.

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHERS WANTED FOR CATHOLIC Separate school, Fort William, Ontario second class Ontario certificate. Salary \$750 per year. Duties to commence September, 1920. Apply to G. P. O'Neil, Sec. Room Murray Block, Fort William, Ont. 2172-4f

WANTED A CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL teacher for High school and Junior Matriculation work. Duties to commence September, 1920. Apply to the Rev. St. Jerome's College, Kitchener, Ont. 2172-4f

TEACHER WANTED FOR TOWN OF Charlton, Catholic Separate school, 2nd class professional, commence fall term. Apply stating salary to M. J. Devine, Chairman School Board, Charlton, Ont. 2176-6

WANTED NORMAL TRAINED TEACHER capable of teaching French and English for C. S. S. No. 4, Westchester, Ontario. Experience and salary to W. C. Gervais, La Fosse, Ont. 2178-4f

NORMAL TRAINED TEACHER WANTED for Separate school No. 1, Hwy. Huron Co. The school is near Gooding, Michigan. Salary \$250. Apply to John Leforte, R. R. No. 2, Zurich, Ont. Phone 87 R. 7, Deseronto, Central. 2175-4f

TEACHER WANTED: FIRST OR SECOND class certificate for S. S. No. 2, Maidstone. Boarding house across from school. Salary \$500 per annum. Duties to commence after holidays. Address James Quinlan, Sec. Essex, Ont. R. R. No. 2. 2178-3

TEACHER WANTED, NORMAL TRAINED, for S. S. No. 15, Adamston, Ont. (Professional) Renewal Co. Duties to begin Sept. 1920. Apply stating salary and experience to James O'Connell, Sec. Essex, R. R. No. 4, Renfrew, Ont. 2178-3

WANTED A QUALIFIED TEACHER FOR P. S. S. No. 4, Brougham. Duties to commence Sept. 1st, 1920. Apply stating qualifications and salary to Mrs. H. Moore, Black Donald, Ont., Co. Renfrew. 2178-3

WANTED QUALIFIED CATHOLIC TEACHER for S. S. No. 15, Emily. Duties to begin 1st September. State salary and experience. Apply to Daniel O'Neil, Sec. Treas., Bobcaygeon, R. R. No. 2, Phone number Omelee, Line 44, R. 4. 2178-4f

WANTED CATHOLIC TEACHER, MALE or female, Separate school, Catholic district No. 4, Hagarly Township, holding professional second class certificate. Duties to commence Sept. 1st, 1920. Apply stating salary and experience to James O'Connell, Sec. Treas., Wilno, Ont. 2178-3

WANTED A SECOND CLASS NORMAL trained teacher for S. S. No. 2, Bulletin. Apply stating salary and qualifications to George Corbett, Sec. Clinton, Ont. R. R. No. 1. 2178-3

WANTED FOR THE TOWNSHIP OF Chichester, Co. Ontario, Catholic female teachers able to teach French and English and one to teach English only. Apply stating salary and experience to John Strain, Sec. of Chichester, Chapeau, Que. 2178-3

WANTED TEACHER FOR C. S. S. No. 3, Kenilworth, Arthur P., holder of 1st or 2nd class certificate, residence in Kenilworth, musical education preferred. Apply stating salary and experience to Mrs. S. S. Kenilworth, Ont. 2178-3

WANTED A FIRST OR SECOND CLASS professional teacher (one capable of teaching agriculture preferred), for South Gloucester, ten miles from Ottawa. Salary \$800 per year. Duties to begin September 1st. Apply to Geo. D. Froehmann, P. P., Billings Bridge, Ont. R. R. 1. 2178-4

TEACHER wanted for Catholic Separate school No. 2, Nipissing. Duties to commence Sept. 1st next. Apply to J. J. Devine, Sec. Treas., 222 Cathcart St., Sault Ste Marie, Ont. 2180-2

LADY teacher wanted for the Separate school of Steeple, Sault Ste Marie, Ont. State qualifications and salary expected. Address Rev. P. Philtrault, 222 Cathcart St., Sault Ste Marie, Ont. 2180-2

WANTED male teacher for Rural school in Province of Saskatchewan. Salary \$1,200 per year. Apply Box 200, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2180-2

TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE school, Section No. 4, North Burgin. Apply stating salary and qualifications to R. P. D. No. 2, Stanleyville, Ont. R. R. D. No. 2. 2180-3

WANTED BY COBALT CATHOLIC Separate School Board, Cobalt, Ontario, teachers, at assistants, at St. Patrick School Cobalt. Five rooms graded. Applicants to have at least second class Ontario certificate. Apply to Primary class duties to commence September 1st, 1920. State experience, qualification and salary expected. Apply to Wm. Saimes, Sec. Box 325, Cobalt, Ont. 2180-3

WANTED DULY QUALIFIED TEACHER, Catholic preferred, Small school, Salary \$200 per annum. School on main road. Apply to James McGuinness, Sec. Box 2, Trout Creek, G. T. R. 2180-3

TEACHER WANTED FOR OSCEOLA Separate school, situated near church. Apply stating salary and qualifications to M. J. McEachen, Sec. Treas., Osceola, Ont. 2180-2

TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. NO. 2, Farnham, Wellington Co. School situated five miles from Guelph on county road. Apply stating salary and experience to M. P. Lynch, Sec. Treas., R. R. No. 6, Guelph, Ont. Phone 1022 Ring 2. 2180-2

FIRST OR SECOND CLASS TEACHER wanted for Catholic Separate school No. 6, Proton Township, County Grey, half a mile from church, three quarters from house. State salary and experience. Apply to Thomas Bagley, Sec. Com. P. O. 2180-2

WANTED A QUALIFIED NORMAL teacher for Separate School Section No. 1, Township Tyendinaga, County Hastings. Duties to begin Sept. 1st. Give phone no. Apply to Jas. V. Walsh, Sec., Marysville, Ont. Phone Londale 3-3 wire Deseronto. 2180-3

PRINCIPAL WANTED FOR CATHOLIC Separate School, Espanola, experienced teacher, holding first class certificate. Salary \$1,000 to \$1,500 according to experience. One who can speak French preferred. Apply stating qualifications, age and experience to John J. Fox, Sec., Espanola, Ont. 2180-3

WANTED EXPERIENCED FIRST OR second class professional teacher for Catholic Separate school Espanola. Salary \$800 to \$900 per annum according to experience. Apply to John J. Fox, Sec., Espanola, Ont. 2180-3

WANTED QUALIFIED ENGLISH, FRENCH teacher for Catholic Separate School, Espanola. Apply stating qualifications and salary expected to John J. Fox, Espanola, Ont. 2180-3

WANTED second class professional teacher for C. S. S. No. 1, Cornwall. Apply stating salary, qualifications and experience to Angus H. Chisholm, Sec. Treas., Northfield Station, Ont. R. R. No. 2. 2180-4

TEACHER wanted, one holding 1st or 2nd class professional certificate, capable of teaching English and French for Catholic Separate school, Section No. 17, Township of Rochester, County of Hastings. Salary expected \$500 per annum. Duties to commence after summer holidays. Apply to Zephire Barrette, Sec., Belle River, Ont., R. R. No. 2. 2180-3

WANTED A professional teacher with experience for Separate school, No. 4, Asphodel. Duties to commence Sept. 1, 1920. Apply stating salary and qualifications to David Garvey, Sec. Treas., Indian River, Ont. R. R. 3. 2180-3

EXPERIENCED second class professional teacher wanted for E. S. No. 12, Emily, Salary \$700 to \$800; enclose testimonials. Apply to Geo. O'Connell, Sec. Treas., Lindsay, Ont. R. R. No. 5. 2180-4

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TEACHER WANTED FOR CATHOLIC Separate School No. 4, Raleigh, Salary \$700. Apply to W. R. Laughlins, Sec. Treas., Fletcher, Ont. 2179-3

QUALIFIED TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. No. 2, Township of Grattan, County Renfrew, Prov. Ontario. State salary, qualifications and number of years experience. Apply to James Harty, Sec. S. S. No. 2, Grattan, Espanville, Co. G. Ontario. 2179-2

QUALIFIED TEACHER WANTED FOR school section No. 6, Huntley. Duties to commence Sept. 1st, 1920 per annum. Apply to J. J. Carroll, Sec. Corbury, Ont. R. R. D. No. 1. 2179-3

NORMAL TRAINED SECOND CLASS teacher wanted for Catholic School No. 2, Brougham. Duties to commence Sept. 1st, 1920. Apply stating experience and salary to H. M. Leiria, Sec. Treas., Dacre, Ont. 2179-3

SECOND CLASS PROFESSIONAL TEACHER wanted for S. S. No. 1, Douro. Duties to commence Sept. 1st. Apply stating salary to Wm. O'Leary, Indian River, Ont. 2179-3

TEACHER WANTED TO TEACH IN C. S. S. No. 7, Rochester. Duties to commence Sept. 1st. State salary and reference to John Dunn, Sec. Treas., Rochester, Ont. R. R. No. 8. 2179-2

WANTED SECOND CLASS PROFESSIONAL teacher for S. S. No. 8, Biddeford. Duties to commence Sept. 1st, 1920. Apply stating salary and experience to C. C. Cronican, Sec. Treas., R. R. No. 2, London, Ont. 2179-2

HELP WANTED
WANTED Firemen for City Fire Brigade, for Saskatchewan. Salary \$110 a month to start and clothing. Apply Box 190, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2180-3

HELP WANTED
FIFTY farm hands wanted. Wages \$50 to \$100 per month and board, for Province of Saskatchewan and United Provinces. Training time \$7 a day. Apply Box 201, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2180-2

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WANTED A RELIABLE PERSON FOR general housework. Apply to Mrs. Higinia, care CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2174-4f

WANTED A REFINED EDUCATED GIRL to take entire care of children, seven and nine; one with knowledge of French preferred. Apply at once to Mrs. R. care of CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2174-4f

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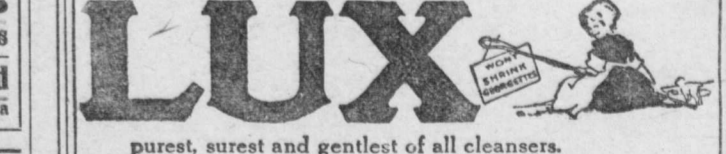
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