

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XLVII.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1925

2462

BOUNDARY DECISION

COMMISSION TRANSFERRED TERRITORY IN VIOLATION OF TREATY PROVISION

London, Dec. 4.—A tripartite agreement between representatives of the British Government, the Irish Free State, and the Government of North-east Ireland was signed here last night. (Our readers know from last week's RECORD the terms of this agreement.)

COMMISSION AWARD IGNORED TREATY PROVISIONS

Dublin, Dec. 17.—The draft of the award which the Boundary Commission had proposed to make has been authentically disclosed and the disclosure confirms in every detail the forecast I sent to the N. C. W. C. News Service. The proposed award would have done the following things:

Left the solid Catholic population in South Down and the Catholics of South Armagh still under the Six-County Government.

Transferred portions of Monaghan, a large Catholic county, from the Free State.

Given to the Free State a small portion of the poorest part of South Fermanagh, and a small, poor part of West Tyrone; and taken from the Free State a rich and valuable portion of East Tyrone (Donnell).

WOULD AMOUNT TO NEW PARTITION

Such an award would have amounted to a new Partition of Ireland, still more injurious and sectarian than the one it purported to correct. Great urban centers with strong Catholic majorities like Derry City and Newry, were to be left under Orange sway. The two extensive Catholic counties of Tyrone and Fermanagh which, Mr. Lloyd George, told the British House of Commons were entitled to "go with their Southern neighbors" would have been mutilated in such a manner as to assign strips of rock, bog, marsh and mountain to the South, while giving the population and fertile areas to the Orange government in perpetuity. The Catholic Counties of Monaghan and Donegal, at present entirely in the Free State, would have been mutilated in the same way and in the same interests.

In framing these proposals "the wishes of the inhabitants"—which the Anglo-Irish Treaty expressly declares to be the only basis of a solution—were never consulted. A remarkable fact is that the Northern Government and the English press were both fully informed as to the Orange character of the report which the Commission proposed to make, and which, instead of removing Catholic populations from Orange ascendancy, was to deliver further Catholic neighborhoods into the same servitude. On the other hand, members of the Free State Government appeared to have been singularly ignorant of the trend of events, and professed themselves to be wholly dependent on newspapers for any idea of the Commission's intentions.

Dr. John MacNeill's resignation as representative of the Free State on the Boundary Commission, was an admission of the gravity and danger of the situation brought about by the Commissioner's action in drawing up a report which would have detached large and important areas from the Free State and given them to Ulster. In view of Dr. MacNeill's resignation, it is doubtful if the Commission had any further legal existence. The Commission, by the terms of the Anglo-Irish Treaty, was to consist of three persons. This condition being no longer fulfilled, the right of the remaining two persons to issue a report was open to question on constitutional grounds.

Mr. McCullough, T. D., a representative of Donegal, raised the question of the Boundary Commission's report in the Dail. He recalled that he and the late Commandant McKelvey hurried to Dublin as soon as the Anglo-Irish Treaty was announced and interviewed Michael Collins and Arthur Griffith as to the position of the Northern Catholic majorities who were seeking liberation from the Orange Government of Belfast. They were assured by Collins and Griffith that these communities were specially provided for in the Boundary Clause which would give the border localities self-determination, "the wishes of the inhabitants" being deliberately specified as the factor that was to decide under which jurisdiction they should come. This indicated plainly that they were to have the right to vote themselves into the Southern area and McKelvey and McCullough returned with that reassuring news to those who had sent them as delegates.

"I believe," Mr. McCullough said in the Dail, "that the Treaty would never have been accepted by the Dail if that time were it not for that clause and the proviso it contained about the wishes of the inhabitants being the deciding factor."

SIGN OF THE CROSS STARTLES GUESTS

The Hague.—Dr. D. A. Koolen, Minister of Labor in the Dutch Cabinet and late President of the Second Chamber, started the Government's guests, at a grand banquet given in this city to the delegates of the Conference for the Protection of Industrial Property, by a very simple act of his Catholic faith.

IMPUDENT LETTER TO THE POPE

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PAN-AMERICAN MASS

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TELLS CATHOLIC WOMEN THAT AMERICA BELONGS TO NO ONE CLASS OR SECTION

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THE INHERITANCE OF JEAN TROUVE

BY NEVIL HENSHAW Author of "Allies of the Grand Woods," etc. BOOK THREE.—BOIS BERARD

CHAPTER I. BOIS BERARD

Bois Berard—a brief thread of wooden structures strung along the leafy edge of the forest—seemed quite imposing after the stark desolation of the marsh. It was a small place, even for a settlement, yet its scattered rough buildings were so widely spaced, that it conveyed the impression of being twice as populous as it really was.

Coming in from the prairie along a grassy, woodland road, one first encountered the store of N. Bonnemaison, a truly wonderful emporium which was said to contain a stock unmatched between St. Pierre and the bay. The store building was wide and deep, with a high slanting roof, and a spacious front porch. Upon its right, behind a fence of fancy wire, stood the storekeeper's home.

This home was the wonder of the prairie, for its owner had modeled it in miniature from a dwelling in St. Pierre. It was a square house of a story and a half, severe in its lines to the tops of the upper windows. Here began an elaborate contortion of scroll-work pendant from the eaves, and at one side bulged forth a bay-window with a round peaked roof that resembled a huge dunce cap.

Next to his business, which was founded upon long years of square dealing, Monsieur Bonnemaison was proudest of his home. Always in going to and from his store he paused for a final glance at it.

"You are surprised?" he would exult when strangers came to view the marvel. "Well, it would be the same with me were I in your place." And he always ended with the joke that had become a legend in that section. "You see, I am good-house myself," he would chuckle.

"Even though I am in the woods I must live up to my name." Beyond the store straggled a line of small cabins. In them dwelt the inhabitants of Bois Berard, wood-folk who followed no special calling, tending their small gardens, hunting, or gathering moss in the forest, turning their hands to such odd bits of work as came along. They were a cheery lot, indolent and care-free, keenly alive to all forms of amusement. Seldom was there a ball, a horse race or a cock fight upon the prairie that did not boast of at least one representative from Bois Berard.

Following the cabins came the home of Madame Alcide, a modest structure in comparison with that of Monsieur Bonnemaison, yet one far better suited to its environment. Dignified by age, weather-beaten to a uniform, silvery gray, its squat single story rambled into all sorts of unexpected and out-of-the-way corners. As a house it had no definite design, nor indeed had such a thing been considered in its leisurely, haphazard construction.

In the days of Madame Alcide's prosperity, her husband had often found it necessary to visit this portion of his holdings. Accordingly he had built a rough shelter to serve him when overtaken by night. Finding good hunting at this particular spot, he had added rooms to the original hut that his friends might share in the sport. Later, when this edge of the forest had been given his name, he had shown his appreciation by adding still more, often coming to the woods for weeks at a time. Valued by Alcide Berard solely through reasons of sentiment, this forest retreat had proved a most welcome refuge to his widow upon his death and the melting away of his estate.

Before the house stretched a broad ragged lawn, shaded by two enormous live oaks, and other smaller trees. At the back was a huddle of outbuildings together with the prim green rows of Madame Alcide's kitchen garden. Inside the house was merely a succession of rooms that opened upon the wide galleries flanking the front and rear.

Reaching away from the farther limits of Madame Alcide's yard was a pasture, its outer edge indented by a sagging stretch of barbed-wire fence. Inside the enclosure thus made stood a two-roomed out-house to which had been added a small lean-to.

This outhouse, though dilapidated and sadly in need of whitewash, had about it an air of immaculate cleanliness, and to one of its pairs of doors was nailed a neatly printed sign that read,

"Charles Aristide Poussard" "Docteur En Medecin."

Upon the door of the lean-to was a second sign, its letters larger and more straggly as became its humbler announcement. This time was proclaimed,

"C. A. Poussard" "Manufacturer of Mattresses."

As for the Doctor himself, he was the sole mystery amid the frank simple life of Bois Berard. Years before he had drifted in from somewhere out in the world, small, brown, dingy, exactly as he had remained ever since. Of his history little was known beyond a word dropped by him here and there upon his arrival. In France he had been a surgeon in the army. Then some

trouble had occurred, and he had resigned and come to America.

This was all, but at Bois Berard it was well understood that, in the trouble, Doctor Poussard had not been at fault. He had shielded some one, a relative or friend. Or perhaps the culprit had been married, while the Doctor was a bachelor with no family to disgrace.

So ran the legend woven by the wood-folk about Doctor Poussard's few words, and I, for one, accepted it without question. So mild, so gravely courteous, so utterly honest was the little Doctor, that one could not conceive of his ever having committed a wrong.

For the rest, the Doctor eked out an existence that was made possible solely through the charity of his friends. Trusting him absolutely as a companion, they distrusted him utterly as a physician, sending outside for medical aid in all illnesses of a serious nature. Only for slight hurts and simple ailments did they call him in, paying him in money or supplies according to their prosperity. Also they occasionally bought one of his mattresses, shapely, lumpy affairs in the manufacture of which he seemed never to improve.

Poussard's is a hard case," said the wood-folk. "It is a miracle that he gets on." Chiefly responsible for this miracle was Madame Alcide. From the very first moment she had taken the little Doctor under her protection. Always she was having him in to help her with her dinners, to week-day suppers, to little feasts born of the arrival of some rare or unexpected delicacy. Also she assisted him financially, consulting him about an invented disorder which she termed vaguely, "My migraine," buying him mattresses and presenting them in secret to the poor.

But of far more value than these material benefits was Madame Alcide's attitude toward the little Doctor—the attitude which brought into his barren, pitiful life a sense of worth and usefulness. Let any question of importance arise, and Madame Alcide's first act was to send for the Doctor. Next, having stated her case in full, she would request his advice. Then would follow a period of silent reflection after which the Doctor would cry, his face aglow with timid pride, "But, Madame, there is nothing that I can say. It is all exactly as you, yourself, have said. I have considered it from all sides, and you are the only way."

And Madame Alcide, exhibiting a truly remarkable show of surprise, would exclaim, "But, Poussard, you delight me. Even though I am a woman, it would seem that I am not wholly bereft of sense." At other times she treated him with the utmost brusqueness, but this, she told me, was done through stern necessity.

"You see, like most unfortunatees Poussard is very sensitive," she explained. "Once let him receive the impression of patronage or of charity, and he would disappear at once. Then, too, he must have faith in himself, and this can be accomplished in no other manner. To refer to him as a fool would cause him either to become suspicious, or overture of himself. Eternally to rebuff him would crush him and drive him away. A pat here, a slap there is the way to keep him going."

And she added defensively, "I but do not undervalue Poussard. I tell you that he is one in a thousand. He is never in the way, yet when you want him he is always there." And for all this the little Doctor repaid his benefactress with a devotion which approached close to worship. Always he was at her command, appearing instantly upon her slightest need for him. Always he was ready to advise her, to look after Alcide, to accompany her upon those occasions when she travelled abroad in state. And always he contrived an unobtrusiveness, a self-effacement that made him a very prince of attendants.

Beyond the Doctor's hut the settlement ended in a second row of cabins, the last of which posed fitfully as a store. Here a succession of ever-failing proprietors sold tobacco, fruit, prize packages of cheap candy, and the sticky, red soda pop that was known as *rouge*.

It was significant that Monsieur Bonnemaison's emporium was called the store, while this second, smaller place had no fixed designation. At the time of my arrival it was known as Gilbeau's in honor of the hardy soul who defied ruin through its management.

This, then, was Bois Berard, an oasis of wood-folk who, turning their backs upon the sun-baked prairie, had come gratefully into the shade of the trees.

Let persons in the world sanctify themselves in their own houses, for neither the court, professions, nor labor are any hindrance to the service of God.

The more we know of men, the less we love them. It is the contrary with God: the more we know of Him, the more we love Him. That knowledge enkindles intensest love of God in the soul, that it can no longer love any thing or desire any thing but God. Man was created by love; therefore is he prone to love. On the other hand he is so great that nothing on this earth can satisfy him. It is only when he turns to God that he is content.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE PLACE OF GOLDEN DREAMS

By Laura Reid Montgomery in Rosary Magazine

Dot closed her novel regretfully as a small child in a scarlet coat and cap entered the schoolroom bringing a rush of frosty air with her.

"Will you pull off my rubbers?" The little girl held up a snowy foot. Dot complied, and for the next half-hour she helped various chubby youngsters out of the complicated wrappings necessitated by long trudes through the snow-covered roads or rides in open buggies.

"Ma said to tell you she'd stop for you tonight," Ethel swung busily on the edge of the desk as she poured the words out rapidly. Her seatmate had a similar invitation for the popular young teacher and Ethel was afraid she'd get ahead of her.

Dot thanked her suitably, but her mind was still athrill from her book. The gleaming lights of the far-off city, the music that sent life racing in a whirl of happiness, seemed to her very real. The amazing genius of the girl, Lolande, was instantly discovered by the musicians, ever alert for new talent. The girl's magically-wielded bow gave her entrance to the most exclusive homes and Lolande found herself entering fairlyland—

Dot's resume of the exciting chapter about the simple country girl with her old violin was interrupted by two red-checked matrons who had come to visit the school: "Tian't so long since you were a little tad yourself, Dot," chuckled fat Aunt Betsy as she accepted the spring-book preparatory to grilling the class.

Dot's face crimsoned, as an affectionate titter ran around the crowded, stove-heated room: "I wish folks would remember that I'm grown up," she thought resentfully. But when her guests rose to go, she was still further embarrassed by the gift of a bag of home-made doughnuts.

"I told your ma I'd bring them into town for you, Dot, I expect you get pretty lonesome, being away from some all week, is Mrs. Gray pretty good to you?" "Oh, yes, they treat me like one of the family. We drove over to Kempton last night on the big hay-wagon."

"You were lucky to get them to take you to board," returned Aunt Betsy comfortably. "Lida Gray was a Graham, and the Grahams are good stock. Dependable!" "Dependable!" thought Dot, as she mechanically reproved Willy Grimes for pulling a yellow pigtail that hung temptingly in front of his head. "Dependable" is the greatest compliment given around these parts—but all through the sunny morning her thoughts circled about the green-eyed heroine of the best-seller. "I'd like to see something of that magic land of laughter and adulation. It must be nice to be treated as a grown-up girl should be treated, not patted on the head and given cookies when one longs for long-stemmed American Beauty roses and gilded halls. Now, for instance, a butler! I've never seen one. If I had one I'd call him 'Simpson'—that sounds so—"

Teacher, the fire's nearly out. May I put in some wood?" A sharp-faced lad with canny black eyes rubbed his chapped hands together significantly as he stood beside her desk. She wrenched her thoughts back from the mythical butler with some difficulty, and with a wink at the attentive room the boy emitted a hollow cough.

Yes, put in some," she said wearily, with a glance at the big white-faced clock. Would the day never end?

Just a little before half-past three Dot heard sleigh-bells outside. A small, grimy hand shot up instantly: "That's Uncle Jack. He said he'd stop and ride me home." The little girl wriggled with excitement. I needn't put my over-shoes on 'cause—"

"Bring your over-shoes here," Dot rose and pushed the excited feet into the shoes, that always seemed too tight to slip over. "Now, don't get so excited; you cannot go until you are properly wrapped up—"

"But, he mightn't wait!" Rosy stuck her hands into the mittens that hung about her neck from a cord. "Ma says you bundle me up as well as she could, but I ain't cold—"

"Am not," corrected the pretty teacher absently. "Say, Miss Dot, you're mighty good to this little girl, and we appreciate it." The big man in the worn fur-coat beamed in from the doorway. "We'll stop for you tonight to go to the party at the Driscolls—"

Ethel's face became scarlet with suppressed remorseance. Would Teacher remember? "Thank you, Mr. Sancken, but the Murrys have promised to pick me up." Dot smiled towards the fidgeting Ethel and returned to her seat.

The party at the Driscolls was very pleasant. Dot enjoyed it to the full, and especially the frosty ride home under the blazing stars that turned the snow-covered fields to misty ponds of silver: "Did you ever see such a moon?" demanded Sam Murray, as he pulled up the white team, at the gate to Dot's boarding-place. "It makes the village look silver-plated." "Silver-plated!" thought the girl dreamily, as she brushed out

her dark hair in her cold room. "I'd like to find the jets of golden-dreams; silver is cold, just like the shut-in lives of the people here. The folks grow old and serene without having experienced the magical—"

"Dot, do put your lamp out and go to bed, or you'll never be able to get up in the morning," called Lida Gray, and the lamp sputtered and blew out her lamp and jumped into bed.

"It is so dull here," she reflected drowsily, forgetting the pleasant evening. "If I could only go to the city, where people really do things! The intellectual atmosphere is so stimulating and although I mightn't do quite so well as Lolande, still, with my talent for painting—" her sleepy mind dwelt upon the much-praised little snowed under the instruction of the art-teacher who came one day a week from Pontiac, and presently she slept while the silver-gary of the moon beat down upon the peaceful fields.

The homely scent of griddle-cakes and sizzling pork sausages awakened Dot, who jumped up to find the sun already above the wind-mill that pumped the water for Mr. Gray's doctored stock. "That yard looks as though it had been frosted with pink icing," she thought, buttoning her warm frock hastily and smiling at the tiny marks left in the snow by a fleet rabbit that scurried under the hedge.

"Well, child, I'd begun to think you were going to call it a holiday," said her hostess, putting a generous plateful of deliciously browned griddle-cakes in front of her. "Too much party last night?"

"No," Dot absently poured on the maple syrup that was made in town. "I've been thinking about going to the city. I dreamed that I was there last night and that I had painted a great picture that was being shown at the Art Institute. I wore a velvet dress, with golden slippers, and—"

Lida Gray patted the dark head kindly: "Better eat your breakfast and get to school. The Smith boys have gone past already, and you know they always start a fight in the schoolyard if you're not there. It's lots easier to dream of gold slippers than it is to put a bunch of fighting boys—" she continued to speak as she moved about the sunny room but Dot had ceased to listen. She was planning.

The first day of the Christmas vacation saw Dot on the little station platform. She had talked her family over and she was about to try her plan to get work in a large city where she would have a chance to develop her gifts.

Remember, Dot, said her father, looking fondly at the unshaded youthful face, "You don't like it as well as you think you will, we'll be waiting for you here."

Dot laughed at the idea: "Of course I shall miss the family, but I'm away from home all week anyway and I know I can come home surprised to see how well I shall do. My art knowledge will do so much—" she broke off, for she had not mentioned her ideas of painting. Her people admired her work vaguely, but did not consider it in terms of dollars and cents. A former neighbor was working in a large department store and had told Dot that she was almost sure she could get her a position in the same department. She sold kitchen utensils.

Dot dreamily watched the white fields and big red barns slip past as the train pursued its rather leisurely trail towards Chicago. She did not notice cosy homes snuggling under the snow-blanketed roofs. She was seeing visions of herself in a becoming smock, somewhat stained with paint, receiving her eager guests in a lofty studio furnished with rare antiques and Oriental rugs. She was rather childishly engaged in phrasing a newspaper article telling of the exhibition picture shown by the brilliant young person from the tiny Illinois village when she was aroused by the odd scrutiny of a young man who had taken a seat opposite her.

For the first time she thought of her clothes. She had felt rather extravagant when she had bought the pretty blue serge suit the year before, for clothing had advanced so sharply that the purchase had made a large hole in her teaching money. Her mother had wrapped a crocheted scarf about her neck and shoulders, for the cold was bitter. Dot, rather embarrassed, untied this and glanced around at the other passengers. Across the aisle a girl of her own age sat reading; her seal-skin hat was pulled down over a mass of fuzzy red hair, and the costly fur-coat was thrown open, revealing a frock of golden-tan velvet. Her high-heeled pumps were of brown suede with ribbon-bows.

"She looks as though she were going to a party," thought the young teacher, accustomed to a sane view of life. But as she studied the rest of the travellers she saw that her own pretty but sensible winter clothing was different. No one else wore warm wool gloves or rubbers over their high shoes. To be sure, none of the girls had the dainty skin of wholesome white and rose that made Dot's face so lovely, and her lips were a fresh rose-pink quite different from the palpbly touched-up mouths of the other girls who frequently repaired

the ravages of travel with a frankness that bordered on brasseness. "I feel as though I'd accidentally forgotten to change from my working dress to my suit," Dot thought, turning her attention back to the landscape.

She had the afternoon to herself, on arriving in the city, as Amy would not be free until half-past five, so she checked her suitcase and, retaining her portfolio of sketches, prepared to try the plan she had evolved in her dreams back home. As she turned in at a large art store her heart beat high with excitement.

"No," said the grave, rather indifferent man who looked to her country eyes as though he might be an undertaker in his expensive clothing, "we need no one." His eyes told her what his speech expressed, as he surveyed the shining rubbers that, seemed suddenly, very conspicuous against the background of the green velvet carpet.

"But," she persisted, "I would be rather valuable to you because of my knowledge of art. I know all the names of the artists, their most important pictures, their dates and—"

He permitted himself a faint smile. "And—" she deftly pulled the strings to her portfolio, "I am considered," rather good in colors, myself."

He turned away with a definite air, and Dot somewhat found that she had closed her portfolio and regained the street. She changed two other art stores where she received even less attention; but the fourth one had a woman manager who looked intently at the wistful young face and dreaming eyes.

"Don't you know that art requires years, and years of the hardest toil," she said. "It takes years and money to fit you to begin on the first rung of the ladder. Talent and the genius that starves the body, to achieve a perfect line are two different things. Look at this—" she touched the pitiful little picture of a pretty—very pretty snow scene, with the invariable pink glow on the snow from the blazing fire that shone through the uncurtained lattice-window, smiled at the zig-zag fence that inclosed the dormer-roofed cottage, with the spiral of smoke curling out towards the three birds soaring evenly towards the fleecy clouds—

"and then go across Michigan Boulevard and into the Art Institute building and look at the paintings there. After that go home or, if you are alone in the world, find some real work to do. If you cannot find anything come back to me and I'll take you home with me until we can find something that is sure pay—"

Dot's face flamed. "I am not poor," her tiny hand in the thick wool glove trembled as she tied up her pictures—"I am a teacher, and I have a lovely home and lots of friends. . . . but you are very kind—"

The grey-haired woman patted her shoulder. "I'm glad to hear it! A home and friends are far more important than fame—they," she smiled whimsically, "wear better." Dot found the Art Institute and found the paintings. It was a girl with vastly changed ideas who passed out between the iron lions guarding the entrance. She got her bag and went to the boarding-house, where Amy found her when she arrived, tired from a long day on her feet.

"I suppose you'll be going to some party tonight?" said Dot, who looked pale and tired. Amy stared. "Party? Who would ask me to a party? A girl once half-asked me to join a social club, but when she found that I lived in a cheap boarding-house she changed her mind. You see, each member entertained. Only one of the club lived in an apartment; the rest all lived in houses, and the apartment was a fine one with three bathrooms—"

"Bathrooms?" Dot looked amazed. "What difference would bathrooms make?"

Amy tossed her head. "Oh, when one mentions three bathrooms and a sun-parlor, it means that the place costs a lot, that the doorknobs will be glass and the ceilings drop-beams or hand-frescoed, that the elevators—"

"Does costing a lot make any difference?"

"Say, you've a lot to learn! Money is the only thing that counts in the city. If you've got a lot, every one wants to entertain you. Party! I've got to lock the door and wash and iron a blouse to wear tomorrow. The landlady is a fright. She put a girl out last week for making fudge in her room. Nan was hungry because the meat for dinner was spoiled and she couldn't eat it."

"But, the movies—you go there often?"

Amy unlocked her bureau drawer and extracted some laundry soap: "Oh, sometimes, but they are so crowded that the air is bad, and then, one always has to stand in line to get in. After standing all day and then standing all the way home, clinging to a strap in a street-car, I don't feel much like spending good money for nonsense. I have to use every penny outside of board and carfare for clothes—and then look at me," she glanced towards her clothes-closet and then at her friend with the new thinner lines of discontent that spoiled her face. "I never have what I want, and I have only saved three dollars this month towards a neck-piece—"

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LONDON, SATURDAY, DEC. 19, 1925

MUSSOLINI AND FASCISM

Though we dealt with these subjects about a year ago in the columns of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, the mighty propaganda against Mussolini and Fascism which has been organized by a certain section of the public press in England and elsewhere make it opportune to deal with them again. This propaganda often comes the despatches in the news columns, and the communications of special correspondents. Of course there are great newspapers whose reputation and standing with their intelligent constituency rests on honest and square dealing with the news of the world; whose foreign correspondents are of such a character as to render them immune to the propagandist influence; and which, in controverted questions, give a full and fair presentation of both sides of the controversy. But there are sufficient weaker brethren to serve, more or less effectively, the purpose of the propagandists. Many no doubt are sincere, for even some Catholic publications have been carried away by the current of this stream of propaganda whose source is anti-Catholic as well as anti-Fascist.

In early youth Mussolini was an ardent Socialist. He got into difficulties and fled to Switzerland, whence he was soon expelled. He returned to this country as Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary of Italy to take his place amongst the leading statesmen of Europe in international conference. After his expulsion from Switzerland began a period of work and wandering that put the young Socialist into intimate touch with social conditions in many lands. It was a valuable education and doubtless had its influence on the development of Mussolini's ideals of social betterment.

His character, his personality, his energy and wholeheartedness gave him a position of importance in Socialist circles; but it was not until the Great War that he grew into a figure of international interest and international importance.

It must be remembered that Italy was a member of the Dreifund, the triple alliance of Germany, Austria and Italy. Added to this, Germany had carried her policy of "peaceful penetration" so far that she had a strangle-hold on the financial, economic and industrial life of Italy. Governments are peculiarly susceptible to such influences as Germany brought to bear on the Italian Government. Moreover, the Italian Socialists were violently opposed to intervention. If Italy did not enter the War on the side of her Central European allies it appeared certain that she would at least remain neutral. Had she done so the issue of the conflict would almost certainly have been the reverse of what it was. That Italy threw her weight into the balance against her former allies is due to Benito Mussolini who so organized the campaign for participation in the War that the tide of popular sentiment finally swept the anti-intervention Government into the declaration of war. For his advocacy of war the Socialists had long before this expelled Mussolini from their ranks.

But the Socialists pretty nearly had their revenge in bringing about the disaster of Caporetto. After the retreat or rather the rout of the Italian armies it was a question whether Italy's entrance into the War had not done more harm to her friends than to their foes. Again it was Mussolini and those friends, whom he has always been able to attach with such wholehearted devotion to himself and to his cause, who retrieved the situation. He led the campaign to organize the

national resistance with such success that defeat was turned into victory.

When one recalls the uncertainties and anxieties of the dark days of the giant struggle, and the tremendous consequences that hung on its issue, one might suppose that few names and few achievements for the common cause would be so likely to be remembered with gratitude in the English-speaking world, in France and in Belgium, as the name and the achievements of Benito Mussolini.

Italians have another great achievement for which they owe—and pay—to Mussolini the homage of a grateful nation.

We often see references to "the Fascist revolution"; really, the Fascist movement was a counter-revolution.

In the North American Review, January, 1925, an American writer paints this picture of post-war Italy:

"By the end of 1919, revolution had actually broken out in Italy. Strikes in all the most vital services were almost permanent. In Turin and other large cities army officers were frequently assaulted and often killed in the streets. Barracks and forts were attacked, and army magazines were blown up; general railway strikes were declared; portraits of the King were removed from the public schools, and the national colors were replaced by the red flag. Landowners were compelled to employ Red Union men, and if they took their own produce to market in their own cars or carts they were condemned to pay fines. A refusal to pay the fines resulted in the abandonment of rural work at critical times of the year, destruction of crops and provisions, arson of hay and houses, and the abandonment of cattle. Fear reigned supreme—even physicians were prevented from ministering to the sick and injured. For half a century Italy had not been swept by such wild passions. The whole social order was on the verge of collapse, and the Government was supine, apathetic, impotent. The fundamental law of the State guaranteeing private property was no longer enforced."

In 1920 the elections for village and town councils were won. The tactics of Moscow were then rapidly followed in the establishment of Red guards recruited from such municipal employees as the clerks, the firemen and the police. More than two thousand municipalities fled the Soviet red flag, emblazoned with emblems of Leninist Communism, over their town halls. Red Leagues, Red Unions, Red municipalities dominated the country. Life was regarded as cheaply as in Soviet Russia. A man who showed the national colors or saluted the national flag was liable to be beaten to death. At Bologna organized "executions" took place and several city councillors were murdered by their Communist colleagues. At Turin a Communist tribunal, composed partly of women, ordered "executions" by flinging the accused into blast furnaces.

In the Anglo-American Review May, 1921, an Italian writer indicates the horrors from which Fascism saved his country:

"Whoever lived in Italy between July, 1919, and June, 1920, knows by what a hair's breadth the country escaped being thrown into the most appalling anarchy beneath the oncoming tide of Leninism."

That was revolution, red, riotous, anarchistic revolution, in full tide sweeping over Italy. It was the part of Mussolini and Fascism to turn back this tide, to save social order and civilization in Italy, and perhaps in Europe, to free his loved Italy from the tyranny of the Red terror, and restore ordered freedom to his fellow countrymen. To the wild motto of the anarchists "Neither God nor master" he opposed the sane and inspiring legend, "God and Native Land." Small wonder that the hearts of all classes of his compatriots go out to him in gratitude, and that with complete confidence they entrust him with the government of the country which he saved from the mad forces of anarchy. Small wonder, too, that amongst these he should have enemies, bitter and unscrupulous; but the wonder is not small that the tyrants of the Red terror should find allies amongst the lovers of liberty and democracy in their campaign of defamation of the savior of Italy.

RELIGION IN EDUCATION

In the Annual Report of the President of Columbia University Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler has some interesting paragraphs on "Religion in Education." He introduces the subject with this quotation:

"We see in our land tens of millions of men and women who acknowledge no connection with religion, and, as a result of this, a large proportion of our children growing up without religious influence or religious teaching of any sort."

"These very definite and most disquieting words," comments Columbia's learned President, "are found in the Pastoral Letter addressed by the bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church to their clergy and laity at the close of the triennial convention of 1925. The accuracy of this statement by the bishops cannot be doubted and the significance of the facts to which it calls attention is far too important to be passed over in silence."

Dr. Butler states quite definitely that religion is an essential element in education.

He writes: "In the modern State, with its elaborate system of tax supported schools, and as public opinion now is, it is not practicable to include religious instruction in the program of studies on the same plane with literature, science, art and morals. Therefore, unless religious instruction is to disappear entirely, provision must be made for it by the family and by the Church. The outstanding fact is, however, that both the family and the Church have abdicated as systematic and serious teachers of religion and that is why the condition exists to which the Pastoral Letter refers in so uncompromising terms. Of all the many different branches of the Christian Church which are represented in the United States, it is probably the Roman Catholic Church alone which makes serious, systematic, and highly organized effort to give genuine religious training to the children of its faith. The so-called Sunday Schools of the Protestant churches, with here and there honorable and highly commendable exceptions, are, educationally speaking, of little avail, and it would be no exaggeration to describe their influence as factors in religious education as almost negligible. In this condition of affairs are to be found the elements of a very difficult social and educational problem and one which, if not satisfactorily solved, may completely alter the aspect of civilization within the next generation or two."

"Primarily, and throughout the years of elementary and secondary education, the duty of giving religious instruction and training rests upon the family and the Church. The program of secular instruction should always be so arranged as to offer, at stated and reasonably frequent intervals, ample opportunity for the religious instruction of those students whose parents wish them to have it. After the stage of secondary education is passed, conditions alter. The college, if it is to do its full duty, must not only offer opportunity for religious worship, but it must also provide definite instruction in religion for those who seek it. It would be quite as unreasonable to exclude religion from the college curriculum as it would be to exclude literature, or science, or the fine arts, or the study of the ethical and institutional life of man."

The President tells of the provision made in Columbia for courses in religious subjects and adds that "the attendance upon these courses steadily increases and their good effect is marked."

"Harvard College was brought into existence by those who determined to advance learning and perpetuate it to posterity" and who dreaded "to leave an illiterate ministry to the churches when our present ministers shall lie in the dust." The declared purpose of Yale College was to fit young men for service "in church and civil state."

Dr. Butler deprecates the fact that ministers are not now trained in the colleges in separate theological schools whose "educational standards are, for the most part, lamentable." He continues: "Many of these theological students have no college training whatever and many more have had a college training in whole or in part

which would not differ greatly from that offered by an average secondary school. In other words the standard of intellectual and scholarly attainment is low. Not a few of the most distressing and widely-heralded of present-day happenings in the United States are traceable directly to this fact. Unhappily, that 'illiterate ministry' which it was the purpose of Harvard College to forbid, is now, after three hundred years, in ample evidence on every side."

Later, on this subject he adds: "The widespread intolerance which has recently had so many unhappy manifestations throughout the United States, together with the pathetic character of the theological disputes which receive so wide publicity, act to deter many men who might otherwise do so from choosing the Christian ministry as their calling in life. If the full truth were said, it would probably be that the greatest obstacle at present to religious faith, religious conviction and religious worship is the attitude and influence of a very large proportion of the poorly endowed and poorly educated Protestant clergy."

In concluding this subject he says: "What the world sorely needs, if it is to have its religious convictions deepened and its faith made more sure, is another St. Dominic or St. Francis, another Wesley or Whitefield, another Newman or Pusey or Keble, another Lacordaire. The religion of modern man will not long survive if fed on husks alone."

It would not be fair to quote the following paragraph as if coming under the heading, "Religion in Education," but with the warning against this inference we quote, from another part of the Report, the following comment on "the widespread lawlessness that has attracted the attention of the whole world:"

"Law-breakers are almost uniformly graduates of our common schools, and not infrequently of our colleges as well. This fact tells the story. They have not been disciplined, trained, educated, either at home, at school, or at college to those habits of self-control, self-mastery, and self-direction, which are the only effective protection society has against law-breaking and lawlessness. Of course, in addition, law must learn to mind its own business. It must not attempt to invade the field of civil liberty, for if it does, it will surely be resisted, either covertly or openly and thereby the habit of law-breaking will receive added strength. Robert Browning's line states a profound truth:

"Those laws are laws that can enforce themselves."

"If law will confine itself to its own proper field, and if human beings are given that discipline which is the ladder that leads to self-discipline, the story that the next generation will have to tell will be a far different and far more encouraging one."

Dr. Butler has given us all something to think about. Catholics will be led to prize more highly than ever the Catholic ideal of education; but for Catholics, too, there is ample matter for self-examination, something more profitable and more wholesome than self-complacency.

THE GLOBE AND THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL

The Globe urges the "return" to the pre-war two-cent-rate on letters. The Postmaster-General in reply states that the Post Office Department is "both willing and eager to assist in removing the one-cent war tax and restoring the two-cent postage rate," but adds that the matter does not come under the jurisdiction of his Department. It must be determined, the Postmaster-General explains, by the Department of Finance "on considerations of revenue and policy that are within the special purview of the latter Department."

Thereupon The Globe rejoins: "The endorsement of the proposal by the man at the head of the Post Office Department encourages The Globe to press further for its consideration at the hands of the Hon. J. A. Robb, Minister of Finance, and his Department. When Mr. Murphy voices not only willingness but also eagerness to bring about a return to penny postage, we feel assured that he believes that such loss of revenue as would result by the change would speedily be

made up by increased use of the mails by the public. Mr. Murphy has proved himself an exceptionally capable and businesslike administrator, and would not be likely to favor any reduction in postage rates which would permanently cripple the revenue of his Department."

The Globe evidently misunderstands the Postmaster-General and the facts of the situation. We have reason to think that the misunderstanding is pretty general. And Mr. Murphy's expression, "restoring the two-cent postage rate," is, we think, unfortunate inasmuch as it tends to confirm this misunderstanding.

The postage rate was never increased; the rate, so far as the Post Office Department is concerned, was and is two cents; but a one-cent war tax was added which did not increase the Post Office Department revenue a single cent in a year, or for that matter in all the years since the tax was imposed. In the beginning the additional one-cent stamp was not a postage stamp at all, but a revenue stamp plainly labelled "War Tax." Later, solely for convenience, we were allowed to substitute an ordinary one-cent postage stamp for the one-cent war tax stamp. But the revenue from this tax always went, and still goes, not to the Post Office Department, but to the Finance Department.

The abolition of this tax, therefore, could not possibly "cripple the revenue" of the Post Office Department; it could affect the revenue of that Department no more than the abolition of the revenue stamps on cheques, or for the matter of that, the doing away with the amusement tax on theatre tickets.

The widespread misapprehension as to the war-tax on letters has discounted the credit due to Mr. Murphy's "exceptionally capable and business-like" administration of the Post Office Department. What Mr. Murphy has accomplished was done without any increase in the postal rates.

IT MUST DETER
By THE OBSERVER

No one wants to go back to the cruel and irrational methods of punishment for criminal offences which prevailed long ago. Humane methods are recognized and prevail today, and are likely to prevail in the future. For all that is necessary in the prevention of crime, which is the proper purpose of punishment by law for crime, for prevention, humane methods are sufficient.

But law and legal punishments may be humane without being foolishly weak and ineffective. There is no sense in heaping criminals with all sorts of kindness. Our prisons are in some danger of becoming as comfortable as most of the hotels in the land. If molly-coddling be the true aim of law let us put criminals up at good hotels. If the main purpose of legal interference is, to be as nice and kind as possible, let us give them a good time at the lowest possible cost to the country, and abolish our prisons and save the cost of keeping them up.

No one wants to see the cruelties of the European prisons back again; and, anyhow, we never had them in Canada in anything like the same degree of hard-heartedness as they existed, for instance, in England, in the days when such a man as Michael Davitt, a statesman and a patriot, was fastened to a rude, offensive fellow prisoner who had a disgusting disease. But no such question arises. We have a different situation to consider. The question now is, shall we go on coddling criminals under the self-deception that that is a sure way to reform them.

The main purpose of criminal punishment is the protection of society. If in any given case, a decision must be made between the protection of society and the reformation of the criminal, there can be no doubt where public duty lies. If the reformation of a certain number of convicted criminals can be secured by a certain policy or certain methods of treatment, but at the same time it is reasonably sure that that very policy and those very methods will, by their mildness, encourage into crime a further number of citizens who as yet have committed no crime, why then, we conceive, the reformation of certain convicts becomes of less importance than the protection of society; and to the protection of society, the

authorities of the country should look first of all.

In other words, punishment should be relaxed as much as is consistent with the necessity of discouraging those who have not yet offended from beginning a career of crime. When the mildness goes beyond that point, the great aim and purpose of criminal courts remains unsecured no matter how many convicted criminals may be reformed. It is a mistake to banish from our law enforcement the idea of deterrent punishment for the sake of society, and to substitute for it merely the notion of the possible reform of individual criminals.

Moral error enters here. In the first place an error is made by those who imagine that fear of punishment is not a legitimate method of reform. This idea finds its expression sometimes in the dictum that people should not be frightened with the terrors of hell fire, but that preaching should be directed only to the persuasion of the sinner. The answer is, that the whole authority of Christian Revelation is to the contrary of that proposition. And man, when he exercises the power given him by God to interfere with his fellow man for the protection of society, has in his scope and sphere a right to punish and to frighten if he can with the prospective terrors of that punishment.

Not only that, but with some offenders, it is the only way to deal, if they are to be dealt with at all. Reform is very good; but what of the man who hardens his heart against it, and prefers his passions and his own way? What of him? Those who imagine that mere mildness in punishment, and certain methods of instruction and suggestion will reform any man who enters a prison, is too credulous to be entrusted with important duties towards society.

What guarantee have we that the preaching and teaching of prison officers and social workers will suffice to reform all persons for whose benefit such ministrations are designed? And if we could have such a guarantee, we should want another. What guarantee could we have that the millions of possible criminals—for all mankind are possible criminals—will be deterred from crime by merely hearing vaguely that the criminals who have preceded them to trial and conviction are enjoying a combination of hotel and technical school.

This is not intended as a criticism of any genuine humane method of instructing and reforming criminals. It is a protest against making sentences so short as not to cause fear, and against making prison life so tolerable as to deter no one from taking a chance of having to endure it.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

ACCORDING to the Edinburgh Scotsman, 180 Scots passengers left Glasgow for Canada by the S.S. Montrose on November 21st. Included in the party were domestic servants, farm workers, and several complete families. Among them were three girls who had already been in Canada, and had done so well that they had been able to enjoy a long holiday at home, and returning now to this country, had induced several others to accompany them—an incident which goes far to discount the rather gloomy account some others had given of their experiences here.

SUPPLEMENTING THIS comes encouraging accounts of Father Macdonell's Hebridean settlements in Western Canada. Most of them have been through their second growing season and are doing well. Their prairie farms show careful cultivation. They are threshing very good fields of grain, usually up to one hundred acres each. The various holdings are stocked with horses, cattle, pigs, and fowl of the kind usually found upon the Canadian farm. They are thus ensured of better results than by confining their efforts to wheat growing. The verdict of those responsible for the settlement in the first place is that these hardy Highlanders are setting an example of steadiness and application to the newer problems that confront them in this country, and are rapidly carving out homes for themselves greatly in advance of those they have for generations been accustomed to in the Hebrides.

OF THEIR new homes an observer writes: "The women are learning the ways of Canada. Many of them are becoming good housewives.

Their homes are neat if bare, but clean and cheery. Muslin curtains on the windows, a few nice dishes on improvised shelves, and homemade furniture, has made their places of abode quite cosy. They are all full of hope, and plan to have comfortable and well-furnished homes as soon as their farms are paid for. A visit to their settlement at Everts, near Red Deer, Alberta, impresses the fact that, far from their native land, they have settled down to new conditions with a determination to succeed. In chatting with the women, the housewives and mothers, they revealed their very evident pride in their culinary accomplishments."

ANOTHER RATHER pleasing picture of these new homesteads appears in the columns of the Scotsman. Mr. and Mrs. Neil MacLean, with their eight children, live on their new farm near Everts. It is one of 100 acres; they have been there two years, and will thresh one hundred acres this season. Mr. MacLean's mother, known to the family as "Granny," lives in Red Deer, with two of his sisters. One of the girls, who had some years of experience in service in Scotland, is now employed as a housekeeper at seventy dollars a month. Six of the eight MacLean children attend school in the district of their farm, and Mrs. MacLean states that they are all very fond of their studies and "get lots of stars at school." "At home they did not like the master, and would cry when I made them go to school," she stated, "but here they holler if they have to stay at home."

"Mrs. MacLean's husband was a sailor and fisherman in the Hebrides. He was always away, and it is good to have him at home now, about the farm. We feel so much more settled. About eight years ago we bought a small croft of twenty-five acres on the Island and kept two cows. I did the work on the place, while my husband was at sea. I worked with a spade, so very hard, from dawn till dark, but we got very small returns. We finally came to Canada penniless. How I wish we had come eight years ago when we bought that croft. If we had we could be comfortable today. Father Macdonell told us of the chances in Canada and Alberta. We just left everything and came out with his party. Now I always pray for Father Macdonell for bringing us out here. It is the only thing that I can do for him."

NATURALLY THESE Hebrideans on the prairies at times grow homesick for the sea to which in the Islands they were always accustomed. Of them it may be said, as, indeed, it may be said of most Scotsmen, that they have traditions of the sea extending back through many generations, and that the lure of it is in their very blood. They have always lived within sight of it, felt its tang and known its fretful tempers. To be removed from all this is naturally a trial, and it is only by succeeding generations that it will be overcome. Their success in their new homes, however, and the lifting of the strain of making ends meet is ample compensation for this one great deprivation.

A SHORT distance from Red Deer, it is further related, are the group of cottages erected by the immigration society for the temporary accommodation of the Hebridean families until they are permanently located. At present they are generally occupied by Hebridean widows and their families. Work is secured for any of the children who are old enough to go out to service; the younger children attend school in one of the industrial buildings. A Gaelic teacher had been secured for them, that is, one who can talk Gaelic but is a certified Canadian teacher and will follow the system of the province in her work. It is planned to place these widows and their families on the land as soon as suitable places can be secured for them.

IT IS ALSO gratifying to know that by the industry of these people a new industry is being developed in Alberta. Many of the women have a knowledge of knitting, carding and weaving homespun fabrics. When they are later assembled in groups, and the problems of new settlement are surmounted, looms will be set up and the industry encouraged. There is no reason why an industry which means so

much to the cottager in Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland, should not flourish in the soil of Western Canada. A start has already been made, and this year some webs of Harris tweed made by the settlers have been sold to the Hudson's Bay Company. Mr. Berkeley Harvey, M. P. for Aberdeen, who has taken a deep interest in Father MacDonnell's work, and who has visited the settlers in their homes, expressed himself as much pleased with their progress and surprised at what had been accomplished in so short a time. He is making a special study of the whole question of emigration in relation to the prospects in Canada's great grain-growing Provinces.

GREEK - MELCHITE PATRIARCH DEAD

INTERESTING GLIMPSE OF CATHOLIC LIFE IN SYRIA

The Greek-Melchite Patriarch of Antioch, Mgr. Demetrius Cadi, died recently at Damascus. He was Administrator of Alexandria and of Jerusalem and one of the most learned as well as one of the ablest of Oriental Catholic prelates. His death, which was unexpected, is believed to have been hastened by recent events in the city of Damascus, which obliged the French Government to recall its High Commissioner in Syria, General Sarraill.

Joseph Cadi, who took the name of Demetrius on being elected Bishop, was the son of a martyr; his father was killed in July, 1860, at Damascus by the Mohammedans during the "Massacres of Syria," in which the famous Emir, Abd-el-Kader, intervened to such good effect in favor of the Christians that Napoleon III. conferred on him—who had been in earlier days so fierce an enemy of France—the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor. In consequence of these massacres the powers decreed and insisted on Turkey giving Lebanon complete independence.

STUDIED UNDER SUSPICIONS

The future Patriarch was born at Damascus on January 18, 1861, and made his early studies with the Fathers of the Holy Land, the Basilians of St. Saviour and the missionaries of St. Vincent de Paul in his native city. The Patriarch Gregory Yousser, interested in forming a learned clergy, sent young Cadi to France, to the Little Community of Clerics of St. Sulpice who have a House at Issy-les-Moulineaux, at Paris. The young Syrian pursued his studies at the High school and Lyceum from 1878 to 1883, then, from 1883 to 1888 continued his courses of philosophy and theology in the seminaries of Issy and Paris directed by the Sulpicians.

He was ordained priest at Paris on April 18, 1888, by the Metropolitan of Tyre who was passing through the French capital. Father Cadi returned to the East and, for eight years, dedicated himself to teaching in the national colleges at Beyrouth and Damascus where he was successively professor, principal of studies and rector. In April, 1896, he was nominated Patriarchal Vicar at Jerusalem.

In the Holy City, the cradle of Christianity, the Rev. Father Cadi showed an indefatigable activity; he finished the building of the little Church of St. Veronica, on the Via Crucis, and had several small churches constructed in the environs of Jerusalem for the Melchite Catholics.

In July, 1899, he was sent to Paris as representative of his patriarch and the rector of the Church of St. Julius the Poor, which had been given to the Melchites by the French Government and by the Archbishop of Paris.

Leo XIII. having convoked a plenary Synod of all the Melchite metropolitans and bishops depending on the Patriarch of Antioch, Father Cadi was called to Rome to take part in the preparatory Commission. The scheme he drew up so clearly showed that he was endowed with the highest intelligence that he was promoted to Archbishop of the Metropolitan See of Aleppo, then vacant. He received his episcopal consecration on November 29, 1903, at Alexandria in Egypt.

At Aleppo, he gained the affection of his clergy and people by his thoughtfulness and kindness. He originated a whole series of necessary reforms, some of which were extended a little later to the whole of the diocese of the Patriarchate. The Council called by Leo XIII. could not meet until 1909; Mgr. Cadi took an active part in it and, during the following year, he went to Rome to make his visit ad limina Apostolorum, when he presented to the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda a report that was highly praised.

Holy See Patriarchal Apostolic Vicar and recognized by the Turkish Government as the civil head of his community. Meanwhile the Christian population of Lebanon, starved by the Turks, had been reduced to half by famine.

When the War was over and the exiled bishops returned, the electoral Synod, convoked by the order of the Sacred Congregation of the Oriental Church, in the second ballot elected Mgr. Demetrius as Patriarch on May 24, 1919.

The new Patriarch had to face a difficult and delicate situation; a new Government was about to rule in Syria and in Palestine; three Sees were vacant and four others were occupied by prelates worn out by age and the War. Mgr. Cadi had the good fortune to be friendly with the French Government to whom had been entrusted the mandate on Syria. The Patriarch, with his precise and energetic advice helped France to overcome many difficulties and received as a reward the decoration of the Legion of Honor. He took special care in the choice of bishops, promoting to the Episcopate priests educated at the Seminary of St. Anna of Jerusalem or at the Pontifical Greek College at Rome; and in six years and a half he consecrated eight bishops.

In 1911 he was nominated Apostolic Visitor of the Basilians of the Congregation of Aleppo. In 1924, he extended his visits to another two Congregations, Salvatorians and Sozarits, with satisfactory results.

To carry out the intentions of the Holy See in regard to the education of Oriental youths in their own rite, he supported the Sisters of Charity of Besancon, who are forming a branch of Oriental rite. The first house of these Sisters at Damascus was inaugurated on the 10th of October of this year.

The Patriarch came to Rome last July to gain the Jubilee. Nothing warned him that his end was so near. The revolt of the Druses with its sanguinary consequences moved him profoundly and undermined his health. On the eve of his feast-day he calmly expired in the arms of Mgr. Nicholas Cadi, Metropolitan of Beirut, his cousin.

Mgr. Demetrius Cadi was to have come to Rome to celebrate on the fifteenth of this month, in St. Peter's, the solemn Pontifical Mass in the Greek rite, in the presence of the Holy Father, for the sixteenth centenary of the Council of Nicea. His predecessor, Cyril VIII., had celebrated in September, 1907 in the hall of the Benedictines in the presence of Pius X. a similar liturgy for the fifteenth centenary of the death of St. John Chrysostom. Death has prevented the Melchite Patriarch from having the honor of testifying, before the Tomb of the Prince of the Apostles and at the throne of his successor, Pius XI., the vitality of Catholicism in the Christian East.

CHAPLAIN DUFFY

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE SENDS CONGRATULATIONS

New York, Nov. 27.—Twelve hundred persons representing the Church, the Government, the Army and Navy and the public paid tribute to the Rev. Francis Patrick Duffy, Chaplain of the Sixty-ninth Regiment, New York National Guard, formerly the 165th Infantry, at a reception held in his honor at the Hotel Plaza, Monday night, under the auspices of the Catholic Writers' Guild of America.

The celebration marked the tenth anniversary of Father Duffy's connection with the 69th Regiment as chaplain, and his twenty-fifth as an army chaplain associated with the United States forces.

President Coolidge conveyed a tribute in the following letter, which was read at the reception:

White House, Washington, D. C., Nov. 12, 1925. The President directs me to express through you to Father Duffy his good wishes and congratulations on the completion of twenty-five years service devoted not only to peaceful work but always to the help and comfort of those who fought in defense of their country.

(Signed) EVERETT SANDERS, Secretary to the President.

Cardinal Hayes was the principal speaker, his topic being "The Priest." The Cardinal declared that Father Duffy always had been the best of priests, since he had first met him years before in the early days of his priesthood. "The Church is proud of such a son," he said. "I am proud of my relation to Father Duffy. I could never have dreamed in the early days when I had this quiet, scholarly young priest beside me that he would have followed such a turbulent and stormy career as he has. Nor did I ever believe then that I would be made a Bishop, much less a Cardinal."

The other speakers recounted different phases of Father Duffy's career. Representatives Ogden L. Mills paid tribute to Father Duffy as "The Citizen," Colonel William J. Donovan as "The Soldier," Otto H. Kahn as "The Art Lover," Peter J. Brady as "The Toiler," and Melville E. Stone as "The Pauper."

Mr. Stone declared he came to praise Father Duffy for a "falling" in his character, comparing him with St. Francis of Assisi in that respect. He said that the famous

chaplain was a "great spendthrift on the principle of self-denial for the benefit of others," and it was because of this that it was a great pleasure to hand him a purse of \$10,000 which was given by a company of his friends.

Representative Mills said that the outstanding distinction in the character of Father Duffy had been the quality of his service to his country in time of War, and the same quality of service to his country in time of peace. It is pleasant to testify, said the Congressman, that no one has rendered more splendid service to the veterans since the Armistice than Father Duffy.

Colonel Donovan, commander of the 65th Regiment in action during the Great War, told of Father Duffy's inspiration to the men when they were in the trenches. He called him "a fighting parson leader in wild Irishmen—and wilder than they." He praised the chaplain's courage in the face of danger at a time when he had no chance to strike back, and related many stories of their association while in the trenches.

GODLESS EDUCATION MAKES FOR CRIME

JUDGE McADOO DISCUSSES REASONS FOR CRIMINAL TENDENCIES OF YOUTH

The need for religious training for children was emphasized in addresses delivered by William McAdoo, Chief City Magistrate of New York and Archbishop Curley of Baltimore, at the annual dinner of the Catholic Charities of Washington.

Judge McAdoo, after discussing the causes of current criminality, the widespread use of the pistol and the youthfulness of present day criminals, took up the question of remedial measures that follow.

"Now, we are confronted with the religious, moral and ethical question—what can we do? Well, in my opinion, we should have gotten hold of this young fellow in childhood, say between the ages of five and twelve, when his mind was plastic, and his character was being formed, when his environment could have been bettered, when his outlook on life could have been changed, and to do that we must get to the family and to the Church. Above all, his only hope is in the Church. I challenge all the agnostics who, feigning to know nothing, assume to know everything, and all the cynical egoists in America to show me any other agency that can reach this child except that of religion."

MUST EDUCATE HEART

"If we concentrate the education of the child solely as to the head, leaving out the heart, we cannot hope for any results in making him a good citizen. I have been told by some fathers that they attribute the fact that their children were successful and law-abiding to the extreme rigor with which they were brought up, in fear of their parents, and this induced by corporal punishment. It is quite possible you can take a child or a young boy, cultivate his head only, hold out the reward of economic success in money getting either in business or in a profession, narrow down his vision of life, make him a machine, press out of him his humanity, smother the soul, and produce some kind of a successful monetary automaton, but not a real human being with a big heart and a clean conscience and a sympathetic outlook on the brotherhood of man."

Being the specific benefits of religion which have come to his notice, Judge McAdoo said:

"Very frequently representative men and officials from London, Paris, Berlin, Tokio, Australia and other parts come to me and ask me how we have been able to keep the streets of New York so singularly free from the presence of the moral, spiritual and physical menace of the soliciting and walking prostitute, having entirely extirpated the disorderly house and have driven the strange woman from the tenement dwellings of the poor. I have no hesitation as a non-Catholic in saying, that I think it is largely due to the prevailing influence among the police and magistrates, of the traditional and invincible defence of sexual purity by the Catholic Church in a city where that faith is so largely represented by the population, and especially in the rank and file of the police officers."

Archbishop Curley, speaking immediately after Judge McAdoo's address said:

"As evidence of our belief in the need of a Christian education, let me recall that we have spent more than \$9,000,000 on education in the Archdiocese of Baltimore during the past three years."

K. OF C. SCHOLARSHIPS

(By N. C. W. C. News Service) Washington, Dec. 5.—The competitive examination for the Knights of Columbus graduate scholarships at the Catholic University of America, will be held April 23, the Right Rev. Mgr. Edward A. Pace, Director of Studies, announced at the University here this week. Applicants to take the examination must be filed before March 10.

Men students who have received the Bachelor's degree in Arts, Science or Letters and men students who are now in the Senior class in college are eligible to take the examination. Married men, however, are not eligible. Students who desire to enter the Law School as K. of C. scholars must have received the Bachelor's degree in Arts, Science or Letters and the degree Bachelor of Laws.

Board lodging and tuition are provided holders of the scholarships throughout the academic year. The scholarships are available for the minimum time required to obtain an advanced degree—one year for the Mastership in Arts, two years for the Mastership in Philosophy, and three years for the Doctorate in Philosophy.

All candidates will be required to take examinations in English, History and Mathematics, and each is further required to take examinations in Physics or Chemistry or Biology, and in Latin or Greek or one of the modern languages (French, German, Spanish), the candidate selecting the science and language he desires.

A circular of information giving details and specimen examination questions can be had by making application to the Director of Studies of the University.

FOREIGN MISSION NEWS LETTER

FAMINE IN CHINA

The horrors of famine-time still hold the Vicariate Apostolic of Kwei-chow, Central China, in a terrible grip. With a population of nine millions of people—50,000 of whom are Catholics—Bishop Seguin, P. F. M., and his devoted personnel are straining every nerve to succor the unfortunate. A cablegram announces that the death-rate is frightful.

IRISH NUNS IN CEYLON

The pioneer mission work of the Irish nuns of the Good Shepherd in Kandy, Ceylon, is to lay the foundation of the Faith by educating the Catholic girls of the country and converting others among the pupils. To this end a school, founded in 1888, no less than 3,001 children have been admitted, and of these a large percentage was received into the Fold of Christ during their school life.—The Good Work.

THE CANNIBALS OF NEW GUINEA

These people could not, at first, understand why the white man should come from afar to bring Christianity to them. When they found he had no coconuts, yams, taro or sago in his country, and that he ate tinned meats, they could not but think the strangers also cooked human flesh and came to New Guinea to get victims.

New Guinea is the largest island in the world. It is larger than the British Isles put together. The customs of the different tribes vary much, those on the west of the island being the mildest and most savage. Their villages on the great Fly River are built some distance from the banks and are separated by much mud and swamp. The natives live in community houses, herded together, and sometimes the houses are seven hundred feet long. Through the center runs a long passage in which jangling bells are placed, on each side of which are small openings used as sleeping quarters for entire families.

THE TERRIBLE DUBU

The centre of village life in New Guinea is the dubu, or men's club-house, two stories high with a veranda ten feet from the ground. No girl or woman dares enter the dubu, which is sacred to the men. When boys grow up, their heads are shaved and they are sent to the dubu to stay for several months.

After the murder of one missionary his destruction he went through it and found critics of the dubu, arrows, fantastically carved bows and hundreds of skulls around them. Some of the skulls were carved and painted. There were bamboo knives and daggers made of casowary bone, with which the natives murdered the victims and cut off their heads.

FIFTEEN HUNDRED CANNIBALS

In the village of Maipua, there are fifteen hundred invertebrate cannibals, but not wholly uncivilized. To them the daintiest morsel is human flesh. In the dubu there are usually numerous skulls of men, women, children, crocodiles and wild boars, all of which are carved and many painted. The passages in one were glazed with the blood of the victims, and in the last apartment a number of bats were flying about. There were six curious looking figures made of cane, seven feet high, with enormous mouths, out of which the bats flew. The men present their human victims to the idols when they return from a successful hunt. Before the expeditions they appear for success to these hideous images and remain in the dubu some days in seclusion before starting out.

A CHRISTIAN CONTRAST

A Catholic Church in the midst of this outlandish race makes a pleasant contrast from the dark side of their character. Men sit on one side of the church, women on the other, the children in front and the oldest persons are nearest to the door. The men are never troubled with much clothing, but make up for that by much paint and decora-

tions of beads and necklaces. The little naked children trot up the church aisle hand in hand, genuflect and dart to one side and squat on the floor. The priest preaches in the native language. Two Papuan boys serve as acolytes in red cassocks and white surplices. Their conduct, like that of the whole congregation, is reverent. Old customs die hard, and the missionary does not interfere with them unless they conflict with Christian teaching. So in matters of dress or ornament, the most barbaric savage can be the best Christian.—From Rev. W. B. Harmon in the Good Work.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

A GIFT FOR THE INFANT JESUS

BY THE PRESIDENT

Christmas, the season of gladness and good cheer, approaches again and everyone prepares for its coming. It is a time when hearts seem so overflowing that the good will they contain manifests itself externally by expression of good wishes accompanied by gifts, which vary according to the position of the donor, from most expensive presents down to things of little intrinsic value but prized for the richness of the sentiments they represent. Even those who ordinarily may suffer want have all their needs provided at Christmas. Hampers of good things to eat and parcels of warm clothing are sent to the poor and destitute who for that day at least are removed from all anxiety.

This is as it should be and a natural way of sharing with others the goodness and happiness and peace brought to earth by the Infant Saviour, which He continues to bestow upon men of good will.

With many people Christmas is a big public holiday on which families unite and absent ones return to celebrate the day in feasting and social enjoyment. But how different should be the attitude of Catholics to this great feast. It is a time of pleasure and rejoicing and home coming and feasting too, but the reason is, to celebrate the birthday of the God-man whose real presence is with us in the sacrament of His love.

If such be the case it should be our care to enter into the spirit of the Christ Child and show our appreciation of what He has accomplished for mankind. Before His coming heaven was closed, the offended justice of God was not appeased, man with all his proneness to evil had no Mass, and no sacraments by means of which to overcome temptation and sin. He came to do good to us. We please Him by doing good to others. As you would that men should do to you, do you also to them in like manner. The only Begotten of the Father went through all his painful experience on earth because of His immense love for souls for the purpose of saving all men who would ever be born into the world. The best possible way of showing Him gratitude is to provide for others, now without them, all the wonderful spiritual advantages and privileges we ourselves enjoy and help to save souls for whom He lived and died.

But how can we save souls? That is the business of the Church, her bishops and priests whom Christ established to continue His work. That is true, but they need help, financial assistance to reach people scattered and far away from church and priest.

Lately a missionary priest who tried to interest a man of considerable means, who thinks himself a fervent Catholic, in Western missions, got this for an answer: "Why do you worry about these people? God will not hold them responsible for missing Mass when there is no church or priest." What selfishness! The question is not the obligation of hearing Mass when it is impossible, but the obligation of those having it in their power to provide spiritual advantages for others deprived of them and neglecting this duty. In the account of the general judgment according to St. Matthew, chapter 24, Our Lord states that He will say to those on His left, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire which was prepared for the devil and his angels. For I was hungry, etc. Then they also shall answer Him, saying: Lord, when did we see Thee hungry or thirsty, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto Thee? Then He shall answer them, saying: Amen I say to you, as long as you did it not to Me, you shall not enter into My Kingdom. And these shall go into everlasting punishment; but the just into life everlasting.

As a means of providing Catholics with an opportunity to practice a charity really pleasing to the Babe of Bethlehem we are making an appeal for donations to the Infant Jesus Christmas Gift Fund for the Missions. We ask for \$5 as a proof of your love for Him. Many can send far more and those who may not be able to spare that much can collect it from friends.

In the course of a few days you will receive a letter from us. Please treat it kindly and interest your friends also in its contents. We are begging for the Infant Jesus. Will you hearken to His needs? A special Mass will be celebrated on Christmas morning for

Our Christmas Suggestion

Do something of Enduring Value for your family or for that person or institution in whose welfare you are deeply interested.

SAVE Systematically and Invest SAFELY with our Special Savings Plan by which you can deposit for a term of one year or such longer period as desired any amount, small or large, at any time. Interest at 5% is added every six months. This account not being subject to withdrawal by cheque you can create a permanent and growing LIVING TRUST FUND to provide for the future education of a child, or to start a child in business, or to assist that institution you desire to help, and for many other purposes.

ACT NOW by calling at one of our offices or writing us for further information.

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all those who contributed to the fund.

We are deeply grateful to the benefactors of Extension for all their goodness. Their donations are sent for God's work and He will bless them abundantly. Contributions through this office should be addressed:

EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

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WEEKLY CALENDAR

Sunday, Dec. 27.—St. John, Evangelist, was the youngest of those chosen by the Saviour as His Apostles. John was called to follow Christ on the banks of the Jordan during the first days of His ministry. John was one of the privileged few present at the Transfiguration and the Agony in the garden. At the Last Supper, his head rested on the bosom of Christ and in the hours of the Passion when others fled or denied the Master, John kept his place by the side of Jesus. At the last he stood by the Cross with Mary. St. John died in Ephesus in the year 100.

Monday, Dec. 28.—The Holy Innocents. When Herod found that the three Wise Men did not return with word of the Saviour whom they had gone to seek, he was angry and, in the hope of insuring the death of the new born King, he decreed the murder of every male child in Bethlehem and vicinity under the age of two years. These martyrs were the flowers and first fruits of Christianity and triumphed over the world without having even known it or experienced its dangers.

Tuesday, Dec. 29.—St. Thomas of Canterbury, the son of Gilbert Becket, was Lord High Chancellor of England when Archbishop Theobald died in 1160. The King wished Thomas to be consecrated as Archbishop of Canterbury but the latter demurred and warned the King that such an event would break their friendship. The King insisted, however, and Thomas was consecrated. In preserving the rights of the Church against the encroachments of the Crown he soon quarrelled with the King and finally in December, 1170, four of the King's retainers attacked the Archbishop in his Cathedral and murdered him. This outrage excited such a reaction that four months later the King submitted to be publicly scourged at the Saint's shrine and restored full rights to the Church.

Wednesday, Dec. 30.—St. Sabinus, Bishop and his companion martyrs. Sabinus was Bishop of Assisium during the time of the persecutions under Diocletian and Maximian. The Bishop and several of his clergy were apprehended and the Bishop's hands were cut off while his two deacons were tortured until they died. The Governor, Venustianus, who had ordered this torture, was cured of a affliction of the eyes and thereupon was converted. He was later beheaded, and the succeeding Governor ordered St. Sabinus beaten to death with clubs.

Thursday, Dec. 31.—St. Sylvester, Pope, was born toward the close of the third century in Rome. When the persecution of Diocletian broke out, he was a young priest. After the triumph of Constantine, Sylvester was elected Pope and thus became the first Pontiff to rule the Church in security and peace. He strenuously fought the Arian heresy.

Friday, Jan. 1.—The Circumcision of Our Lord, or New Year's Day. The law of Moses continued in effect until the death of Christ and the Saviour was circumcised in order that he might redeem those who were subject to that law.

Saturday, Jan. 2.—St. Fulgentius, Bishop, after holding office as the procurator of Carthage was inspired to enter the religious life by reading St. Austin's treatise on the Psalms. He was elevated to the episcopate in 508. His writings, some of which are still extant, were so learned that they confounded the Pelagian and Arian heresiarchs. Because of his opposition to heresy

he was cruelly scourged by the Numidians. Finally he retired to an island monastery where he died in 533.

CHINA MISSION LETTER



"ARE YOU THERE, LORD?"

This is the question which the child in the legend asked, as he tapped lightly on the door of our Eucharistic Lord's abode; and this too is the question which often comes to our lips as we bring our troubles to place before His Throne. How seldom do we leave His Presence without being refreshed in spirit, for His Promise, "Knock and it shall be opened unto you," still holds good.

But, if we hearkened to other sounds than those of our own selfish pleading, we might hear in the stillness an answer to our query, "Are You There, Lord?" such as this: "No,—I am not there! I am here, ready to receive your homage, but look you to the East,—I am not there, among the pagan hordes whom I love with an undying Love. They cry out in a wilderness of darkness for a sanctuary in which they may take refuge, but only priests can erect the tabernacles wherein I abide. Who will help to send these laborers into the Vineyard?"

The Blessed Sacrament Burse presents a beautiful opportunity for our answer to this; \$5,000 completes it, and then, each year the interest will educate a young man for the missions. Will you help to send these laborers into the Vineyard?

Address contributions and make cheques, money orders, postal notes or express orders payable to: Father Fraser's China Mission Fund, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

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In danger do not let yourself get excited, and in critical emergencies do not let worry enter. Worry and excitement are enemies of clear thinking, and if you do not think clearly your machine will in time be ditched.

Education is a divine work. The education of man will always be the grandest of works, a providential and sacred labor, a task entirely divine—a priesthood. Intellectual, moral, and religious education is the highest human work that can be performed.—Bishop Dupanloup.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. F. P. HICKEY, O. S. B.

FOURTH SUNDAY OF ADVENT

CHRISTMAS

"There was no room for them in the inn." (Luke ii, 7.)

There is a word ever dear to our hearts, but dearer at this Christmas season than at any other time. Our hearts agree with the old saying, "There is no place like home." Home! what a charm, a fascination clings to that word. It does not matter whether it is a mansion or a cottage, so that it is our home. Childhood's affection nestles round our home, and it is the pride and comfort of venerable old age. And Christmas is the time of all others when our memory and thoughts gather round our home. We all go home in spirit or in glad reality at Christmas. And amidst all our pleasures and comforts we have a thought—a loving thought for those who are far away, whether distance or death separate us. We remember them all at Christmas. We miss their voices and their tender glances; we notice a vacant chair or a little token of the past. Perchance on coming to the Christmas Mass we may cast a wistful glance at the churchyard, where in their little home some dear one is at rest.

Just as it was nineteen hundred years ago, there will be gatherings of friends and happy hours spent in our homes this Christmas. Yes, it was a busy and a festive time at Bethlehem, the little city of David, so many centuries ago. All the friends and kinsfolk of the place were gathered together for the taking of the census. By order of the Roman Emperor the people had to be counted, each in his native place, the old home of the family. So that all the people, rich and poor, had come from all parts, far and near, each to be enrolled in his own city. Each house was full and the inn crowded with these family gatherings.

But there were two poor travellers—oh, you know them well—who had journeyed in the winter-time all the way from Nazareth. And they had no home. No welcome was waiting for them. Doors were pitilessly closed against them as they humbly sought a shelter. And the gospel says: "There was no room for them in the inn." When the bleak night came on, Mary and Joseph sought refuge in a cave, which was used as a stable. There our Lord was born. "And she brought forth her firstborn Son, and wrapped him up in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn." (Luke ii, 7.) The very One Who provided all those homes for others had no home Himself. "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." (John i, 11.)

As of old, so now, Christ Jesus our Lord is seeking a home. How many at this holy Christmas-time, taken up with the comforts and pleasures of the season, with their home full of friends, will treat Him like the Bethlehemites of old! How many will fail to recognize the wanderers, and, closing the door against them, will soon forget the cold and cheerless night without! There are those standing without, who indeed deserve a home. Joseph and Mary would bring Jesus to us, if we would but let them. Oh, the bitter irony of this festive time! Why is it a festive time? Because of the birth of Christ. His blessed name and the name of holy Mary united—Christmas—is on every tongue. The world resounds with Christmas greetings, but to so many, so very many, there is not a thought of remembrance of Him.

So much for the world at large, but not, please God, as regards ourselves. Yet even amongst Catholics there are men who forget Christ at Christmas time. We must reduce the fervor of our piety to make up for those who forget Him. Who is it that their hearts keep standing without, and refuse to bid Him enter, and give Him welcome? Is it a beggar? Yes, a beggar indeed! He came into the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not! Everything we have belongs to Him. He gave it us all. Where would be our home, if He had not given us our health and our livelihood, our happiness, our children, our very existence? And now He will not force us, but asks us, begs of us to give Him a home. And He that seeks a home is no stranger, but a kinsman and a brother. He made us His brethren. For the Son of God became man, that we poor men should become the sons of God. He came "to be in all things like His brethren" (Heb ii, 17.)

He deserves a welcome; and we can give Him one. He seeks a home, and we have one to offer Him—our heart. Do not let this holy time pass by without bidding Him enter and make it all His own. His coming was for us. He came to atone for us; to give to our poor lives and daily actions an eternal reward. He came as an infant to force us to love Him; to make it easy for us to remember Him; to take away all fear, and to give us full confidence in His devoted love for us. Our hearts are unworthy of Him, but if they are all for Him, He will gladly make His home there. And Mary and Joseph will teach us how to serve Him and be faithful. Our hearts, for a little while now, to be His home, where His love will reign supreme; and

then so soon, our home will be with Him in the Kingdom of His glory."

FLORIDA AMERICA'S WINTER PLAYGROUND

Enjoy the advantages of spring climate and open air pleasures during the winter months. There is no lack of variety of things to do and see. Tropical verdure, the wonderful sunshine of the south, blue skies, ocean breezes, sparkling lakes and wonderful ocean beaches, they are all in Florida and are for the enjoyment of those who seek them.

Canadian Pacific trains leave Toronto 8.00 a. m., 3.20 p. m., and 11.30 p. m., connecting in Detroit at same depot (Michigan Central) with trains giving through sleeper service. The "Royal Palm" for Tampa and St. Petersburg and the "Ponce de Leon" for Miami and West Palm Beach. The "Suwanoo River Special" for St. Petersburg, the "Flamingo" with through service to Jacksonville, Tampa and Miami.

Special winter tourist tickets are now on sale to points in Florida allowing diverse routings and stopovers at principal points with final return limit June 15th, 1926. Secure detailed information and arrange your reservations through any Canadian Pacific agent.

A MATTER OF THINKING

In a story that appeared recently in a magazine a character is made to say: "The toughest test of a man's pluck that I know is the hard, monotonous grind of standing up to every-day duties and responsibilities. For there is no excitement in that, no glory—but just grit."

Everybody cannot stand right in the glare of the limelight. There are dusky corners appointed for a good majority of people. And in these dusky corners the most sporting thing to do as well as the most courageous, is to play up as conscientiously as if corners and dusk were non-existent.

"God pity all the brave who go
The common way, and wear
No ribboned medals on their
breasts
No laurels on their hair."

It has often enough been said by the philosophers of life in words more or less varied but always containing the same familiar old truths, that no matter what work we do, or where we do it, in the home or outside the home, we will find it to have its monotony, its tiresomeness of routine, its crushing dullness.

Sometimes the work may seem to hold nothing but dullness, breaking the spirit of long weary years, and the active-minded may well and excusably question with impatience what there is in it for him or for her, what development, what gain? Yet, from only a purely ethical point of view, if the tired, depressed worker is strong enough to endure it, there is in a dull job, a dull existence, the greatest opportunity in the world to demonstrate backbone. It is a great trial, and a great manifestation of the strength of the spirit.

One of our modern poets has given us the same thought in a pleasant fragment of verse:

I will be strong;
Burdens are muscle-makers; tests
make powers,
And weariness well-won brings
happy balm.
'Tis fretful coward weakness saps
our strength and kills.
I will be strong."

A very wise woman, full of common sense and the mature wisdom which is the fruit of a trained intellect facing the problems of life squarely and sanely, has written words on this subject which are worth pondering on with quiet reflection. She very sensibly remarks that the dull jobs of the world have to be done by someone, so "shoulder the share that comes your way, and don't shirk it."

If it is small work, and unworthy of your powers, learn to do the same thing in a big way. One has not conquered a job until it can be done without impatience and without resentment. You are not fit for a better job until you have won from this one the best gifts it has for you—perseverance, patience, good humor and heroic persistence.

It is all mostly a matter of thinking. Life depends on the way we take it. The ideal in practice is to take the plain day just as it comes, and by our generous acceptance of all its dull and trivial details, transmute it with a radiance and a charm such as color adds to pictures, and fragrance to flowers.

It was a man, so I learn, but it should have been a woman, who said that the finest of all arts is to improve the quality of the day. It is men as a rule who scorn the trivial trials of life. For them are the wings of initiation, enthusiasm, a broad scope of activity, a satisfactory sphere of influence, a wide area for talent and power, a gratifying netting-in of solid results of personal work done on large free lines of individual liberty. But women have to be content with the aprons of humble service, the aprons donned for life-long homely duties which have no glamor, no halo of splendid lustre.

They would, perhaps, prefer wings to lift them to glorious

heights, but, for them, aprons are allotted, not high-soaring wings; for them, and for the general average of ordinary folk, be they men or women, in the beaten tracks of life, an ordered Destiny has settled aprons, not wings. But—

"The best men doing their best
Know peradventure least of what
they do:
Men usefulest in the world are
simply used;
The nail that holds the wood must
simply pierce it first,
And He alone who wields the hammer
sees the work advanced
by the earliest blow.
Take heart."

Nothing is too little that is ordered by God our Father; nothing too little in which to see His hand; nothing is too little when done for Him; nothing, which touches our souls, too little to accept from Him. Everyone should live and work as if no one but himself could do the special work which lies to his hand. Has not someone said this, hinting at the general charity which should underlie our lives—

"Do the work that's nearest
Though it's dull the while,
Helping, when you meet them
Lame dogs over stiles."

It is not by change of circumstances, but by fitting our spirits to the circumstances in which God has placed us, in bringing ourselves docilely to the line of God's leading that we truly find our souls, and finding them, we realize the Divine Love that settles every detail of our lives.

We learn to sacrifice our dreams of wings, and smilingly don the aprons of loving service, ready to spend ourselves in the dullness of a dull job for the sake of Him who asks it from us.—(From the Catholic Herald of India.)

MUTE REMINDERS OF HEROISM

The Vatican Missionary Exhibition, established by the Holy Father, for the instruction and edification of pilgrims to Rome during the Holy Year, has become one of the most attractive features of the Holy Year celebration in Rome. During the six months of its existence, it has been attended by 296,500 visitors.

Of these visitors 123,000 came in groups and 173,500 came as individuals. May was the most crowded month at the Exhibition, for the Director reports that during that month there were sometimes as many as 9,000 visitors a day. The attendance by months shows the growing interest in this wonderful exhibition of missionary subjects arranged by the Holy Father. Thus December brought 4,000 visitors, January 17,000, February 21,500, March 34,000, April 68,000, and May 91,503. June saw a slight falling off, due to hot weather, but even then 58,000 visited the Exhibition.

All the world has been represented in these visitors. And the good that has been done by the missionary cause thereby is incalculable. From day to day the arrival of new exhibits has enhanced the attractiveness of the Missionary Exhibition. The Holy Father has recently caused a new pavilion to be erected in the center of the Cortile della Pigna, where many new and interesting exhibits from China will be placed. Another addition recently made is a beautiful Korean tent of a thick woolen material.

The Holy Father has also converted the large central salon, which forms a sort of court of honor to the Exhibition, into a hall filled with geographic descriptions and representations of the missions of the world. Immense maps of Asia and Africa have been painted on the walls, and huge panoramas depict the other missionary countries of the world.

Another collection which has just been added to the Exhibition and which is attracting the attention of visitors contains many souvenirs of Father Daniele of Samarack, the Capuchin missionary, who died of leprosy contracted among the lepers in the upper Amazon missions of Brazil. These mute reminders of the heroism of American missionaries have made a deep impression upon American pilgrims.

The universal admiration expressed by so many visitors and pilgrims has caused those in charge of the Vatican Missionary Exhibition to announce that the Exhibition will remain open until the summer of 1926. Many have expressed a desire that the Exhibition be made a permanent institution. This can hardly be done in its present form. But plans are being considered by the Holy Father to retain many of the articles on exhibition in Rome and house them in a Museum of the Missions, where they may remain as a center of information on the missionary work of the Church.

The Exhibition has more than justified the high hopes that the Holy Father envisioned, when he established it. Catholics and non-Catholics alike, who have visited it have gained a more profound realization of the missionary activity of the Church, and Christ's Command "Go, teach all nations," will receive from its lasting influence a speedier and more complete fulfilment.

The Missionary Exhibition conceived and planned by Pope Pius XI. is an object lesson to the world of the high purpose and holy self

sacrifice of our zealous missionaries. Its graphic representations tell more eloquently than mere words can express, the trials, sufferings, and successes of that noble band who have given up everything that

the world holds dear, to preach the Gospel of Christ and to win souls for God. And it mutely pleads with us to help the missionaries by our prayers, our good works and our generous donations.—The Pilot.

MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIPS
at
Upper Canada College
In honour of the "Old Boys" who fell in the Great War, Upper Canada College offers yearly for competition to boys not over 14 years of age, five Scholarships, four of which are of the value of \$600 a year for three years. Examinations held in any district from which three or more candidates are entered. Standard of examination about that for passing from Form 1 to Form 2 of an Ontario High School. Bursaries of smaller amount are offered to unsuccessful candidates of merit.
For full particulars, copies of Examination Papers, etc., apply to the Principal, Upper Canada College, Toronto.

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Papal Honors For Canadian Product






Canadian visitors to Rome for Holy Year were proud to learn that Mason & Risch pianos were in use in both the private apartments of His Holiness and his oratory. His appreciation was expressed in a letter from Cardinal Gasparri, Secretary of State, in which he said:

"I have the pleasure to inform you that the Grand and Upright Pianos of your make, placed in the Vatican for the use of His Holiness, Pius Eleventh, have afforded the Holy Father the greatest satisfaction.

"And so, desirous of giving to the pianos of Mason & Risch, Limited, of Toronto, a testimonial of his high appreciation of the fine musical qualities of these pianos, the Holy Father has been pleased to confer upon Mason & Risch, Limited, of Toronto, the title of 'By appointment, manufacturers of His Holiness, Pius Eleventh, and the Apostolic Palaces.'"

The formal appointment recently reached Toronto and is reproduced alongside. The original bears the Papal seal and, translated, reads as follows:

SACRED APOSTOLIC PALACES.
His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, wishing to give a testimonial of his sovereign consideration to the firm of MASON & RISCH, piano manufacturers of the City of Toronto, deems it worthy to confer on them the title of

PONTIFICAL SUPPLIERS,
with power to display the emblem of His Holiness, the Pope.
The Vatican, under date of October 10th, 1925.
The Major Domus of His Holiness, Prefect of the Sacred Apostolic Palaces.
(Signature) R. DE SAMPER.

BELOW—Grand Piano in the private apartments of His Holiness.

ABOVE—Section of the Oratory of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI. (Inset) Upright Piano on the platform of the oratory.

"MUSIC AND THE VATICAN"
This is the title of a brochure giving a brief sketch of the history of music and its patronage by the Vatican, with Holy Year illustrations. I will be sent post free, on receipt of the coupon below:
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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

GOING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

He little knew the sorrow that was in his vacant chair, He never guessed they'd miss him, or he'd surely have been there...

He little knew the gladness that his presence would have made, And the joy it would have given or he never would have stayed...

He couldn't see the fading of the cheeks that once were pink, And the silver in the tresses; and he didn't stop to think...

Are you going home for Christmas? Have you written you'll be there? Going home to kiss the mother and to show her that you care?

With a tune of perfect gladness—if you'll tell them that you'll come.

PEACE TO MEN OF GOODWILL

"Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth Peace to Men of Goodwill." So sang a multitude of the Heavenly Army, led by the Angel who was first sent to bring the good tidings of great joy to the few poor, lonely shepherds watching their flocks at night by Bethlehem, and so out into the whole world of men.

But, besides being a hymn from heaven, we find it is also a message to mankind. For, after extolling the glory of God, it goes on: "And on earth Peace to men of Goodwill," thus, as ever, bringing together the Divine and the Human into one unity.

But such Peace is not promised to the whole world, nor is it to be given to all mankind. "And on earth Peace to men of Goodwill." Those are the words, full of weight and warning. Without this Goodwill no man can gain that Peace...

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philosophy, by whatever name it may be called. To become men of Goodwill must be the aim of all who hope to share in the Divine promise of Peace.

It is during the great festival of Christmas, when we combine to keep the Birthday of the Lord, that we feel most full of this Goodwill, and live, for a time, in good fellowship with one another. It is a day for gladness and for gaiety, heartiness and good humor. All care and caution seems laid aside, and we live for lightheartedness and merriment. These are our natural outward manifestations of the Goodwill that is welling up within us, and which we are eager to share with our friends and fellowmen and women.

And the children! Christmas is, indeed, the Children's Day. As it is the Day of the Holy Child, so it should also be the Day of Happy Children. To bring about this happiness, it must be made full of overflowing of love and laughter. In the sweet rising and ringing sounds of childish laughter, fearless, frank, and flooded with open gaiety, we shall hear and take to our hearts the finest carol ever sung for Christmas. It will fall upon our older, duller ears as the music of their fresh young joy, born by nature in freedom out of their golden time of unconscious, bubbling happiness; careless of the future, gladsome, irresponsible. In this mirth and merriment of the chattering children we shall witness the working out of our own Goodwill toward the little ones around us.

The giving of presents at Christmas is really a ritual full of meaning in its origin, and all ritual observances. It is done to prove the goodwill of the givers as between them and those who get. Nowadays, the whole world is older in its ways; the young grow up more quickly than did the earlier generations; it is no longer merely a matter of respect between children and their parents. We have, perhaps, risen to a higher level, and now seek to bind the family together by silken bands of friendship and affection rather than by the harder bonds of duty and of discipline. Fathers and mothers who deal with their sons and daughters as friends upon an openhearted basis of equality, will often find that the surest and the quickest way to gain their love and confidence. And all this goodwill shown between them will go to strengthen the living links of family life, and make the ties hold fast in every future trouble.

And then there are the Poor: "The patient, passive poor," as Faber so well wrote of them: perhaps not so passive nowadays, but still possessing a patience that sometimes seems almost Divine. They need, and today more than ever, not only our help, but also our goodwill. It is fast becoming a crucial question whether the giving of alms or the dispensing of charity satisfies the obligation of the rich to the poor. A more modern morality would recognize the right of the poor to a fair share in the good things that the earth so plentifully provides.

Christmas is a time when memories crowd upon the mind, be they sweet or bitter, bright or gloomy. Still they bring back scenes out of the life and the good prayer, "Lord, keep my memory green," is one that old men and women often think or say. For this dwelling upon things that happened long ago may come to be a consolation when the faculties are growing dim. A midnight Mass heard and seen on Christmas Eve with the wide-eyed and open-eyed wonder of childhood may well be remembered in old age, rising as a shining light out of the mistiness of far-off forgotten things. Such memories may help many toward that Peace which the world cannot give, and has not given to us, but which we may yet hope to gain, though it be but after death, as the full performance of that first Christmas promise once made from Heaven to all "Men of Goodwill."—London Catholic Universe.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE CHRIST CHILD The Christ-Child lay on Mary's lap, His hair was like a light. (O weary, weary was the world, But here is all aright.) The Christ-Child lay on Mary's breast, His hair was like a star. (O stern and cunning are the kings, But here the true hearts are.) The Christ-Child lay on Mary's heart, His hair was like fire. (O weary, weary is the world, But here the world's desire.) The Christ-Child stood at Mary's knee, His hair was like a crown, And all the flowers looked up at Him And all the stars looked down. —G. K. CHESTERTON

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS

I wonder how many of us reflect on the direct meaning of the word, Christmas? Literally it means Christ's Mass. The Mass on this day refers almost entirely to Christ. Rather I should say the Masses on this day. For on Christmas every priest may say three Masses, a most unusual thing. These Masses commemorate Christ as God, His eternal generation; Christ as man, His birth at Bethlehem; and Christ as our Saviour, His birth in our hearts.

What a wonderful thing it is to consider that God so loved the world as to give us His Only Begotten Son! That was God's Christmas gift to mankind. And how wonderful to think that Christ, the Son of God, so loved us that He was born in a stable for us! He might have come, as God's gift to us, in regal splendor. But that would not satisfy nor show His love. You know that love shows itself in sacrifice. That is why we know that our mother loves us so much. No one in this world makes such sacrifices for us as our mother. And that is why we love our mother as we do.

So Christ knew the best way to our hearts. After all He should, for He made us. He came not only in suffering but as a little Child. What a marvellous combination! Suffering shows His love, and babyhood attracts our hearts. How we love children! And since Christ came to win our hearts He took the lovely form of an infant. As Jesus was God's gift to mankind, Jesus' own gift was Himself. That is the meaning of Christmas. Christ could think of nothing as a Christmas gift better than Himself and as He wanted to give His best He gave us Himself! That was the beginning of the beautiful custom of presenting gifts at Christmas. Jesus taught us the lesson of thinking about others to make them happy. Before He came among us the world was very selfish. Everyone thought only of his own welfare. But after the Babe of Bethlehem came people began to think of others.

See how God uses apparently little things to achieve great results. Only God would think of changing the heart of the world through a helpless babe in a manger. But that is God's way. Anyone can do big things with big help. But God does the greatest things with the most trivial means. He wants to show us too that we do not need to do great things to show our love for Him, but to do little things with great love. We can all do that.

So God's Christmas gift to us was His Only Begotten Son, Jesus Christ. And Christ's gift to us was Himself as a Babe. Now you know that you do not like to receive gifts without giving some token in return. That is why you try to find out what a friend likes, so that you may send him a present, if he has sent you something. It is not paying back exactly. It is not understood in that way. But it is a return of love.

Have you thought of making a present to Jesus? You do not have to think hard to find out what He likes. And no matter how poor you are, the fine thing about giving a present to Jesus is that you have the very thing that He wants. You know what it is without my telling you. You know He wants your heart. The stable and the manger are very cold for the Divine Infant and He wants to dwell instead in your heart. Of course He cannot do that unless you invite Him. But you will do that I am sure, realizing that He left His home in heaven for you.

You know He can never dwell in a heart that has sin in it. For He hates sin worse than you hate serpents. You would not want to live in a place with vile reptiles, would you? So no matter how much Jesus loves you He can not bestow Himself on you, unless you make your heart an inviting abode for Him. But you will do that I know. For you do not want Jesus to do so much for you without doing something for Him in return. It will help greatly to make your heart desirable for Jesus, if for His sake you make happy some unfortunate person, who otherwise might have a sad Christmas.—By Rev. Martin J. Scott, S. J.

CALIFORNIA THIS WINTER

When winter comes let the cold blasts of winter blow you south to California where the weather is mild, the air invigorating and the breezes balmy, you can enjoy every kind of recreation careless of time and carefree of weather. Happy weeks may be spent in great resort hotels, either along the coast or inland. To these alluring winter resorts the Canadian Pacific Railway offers most excellent service, the most convenient and comfortable route.

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A XMAS PRESENT Send a Copy of The Red Vineyard By Rev. B. J. Murdoch. People sit up all night to read it. An Ideal Xmas Gift. Price \$2 Post Paid. From The Catholic Record Office or Rev. B. J. Murdoch, Douglstown, N. B.

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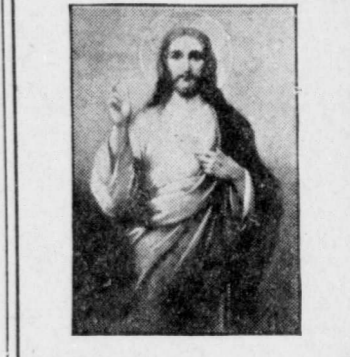
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Back at the Old Home Joy untold awaits your letter FRENCH ORGANDIE Writing Paper

Stenography PAYS WELL Read of Miss McLeod's Success Fredericton, N. B., Sept. 19/25. Mr. J. E. Cassan, Toronto, Ont. Dear Sir: I have obtained the position of Secretary at the University of New Brunswick (my own University) and have been working for nearly a month. I find your course a splendid one for practical use.

YOU can learn shorthand and typewriting in 10 weeks - at home. By the Candler System of Simplified Shorthand and Touch Typewriting you can fit yourself for new opportunities, bigger pay, in 10 weeks sparetime study at home. Thousands of other young men and women have found Candler Shorthand practical and reliable under every test. Dictation taken at high speed by hand or on typewriter, which you use from first lesson on.

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IRISH TEMPERANCE PROGRESS

"It falls short of what Ireland required and what Ireland is likely to demand," says the Rev. Dr. Coffey of Maynooth College, head of the Catholic Temperance Party...

LESS LIQUOR CONSUMED

The population of the Free State is 3,160,000, and there are about 13,000 licensed saloons—or one saloon for 230 persons.

Liquor consumption, however, is rapidly diminishing in Ireland as a result of the Catholic Temperance movement.

The Catholic Abstinence Federation strongly contends that the tax on intoxicating liquors should not be reduced. It also insists that in cities, the saloons of the slum areas should be wiped out altogether...

CATHOLICS REPRESENTED AT BOYS' WORK CONFERENCE

Chicago, Dec. 5.—Six Catholic organizations of national and local scope were directly represented at the International Boys' Work Conference...

Speakers urged added recreational and social facilities for boys as a primary preventive of crime and, in the long run, the greatest

economy the nation can adopt, since this foresight would cut down materially the expense of maintaining houses of correction and prisons.

BIRTH CONTROL CAUSES CANCER

London, Dec. 1.—Declaring that the prevention of motherhood is a prevalent cause of cancer in women, Dr. Hastings Gilford said here that the grim disease is the nemesis which follows birth control and the evasion of nature's laws.

Dr. Gilford, a former Hunterian professor of the Royal College of Surgeons, was lecturing to the Royal Institute of Public Health when he made this declaration.

Dr. Courtenay Dunn, of Torquay, interviewed by a newspaper correspondent concerning this statement, expressed his agreement and added, "It is better to trust to providence than a cdk for aid in a direction of which you are ignorant."

WORK OF CATHOLICS IN INTERNATIONAL FIELD

Paris.—A new proof is about to be given of the world-wide character of Catholicism. The Free College of Social Sciences of Paris, where all the great questions of the moment are discussed, has listed on its program of work for this year six courses on The Work of Catholics in the International Field.

Monsignor Beaupin, who on various occasions has been a collaborator of the N. C. W. C. News Service and who is Secretary-General of the Catholic Union for International Studies, has been asked to prepare these courses.

In his first conference, Monsignor Beaupin has shown the world importance of certain problems, such as the missionary apostolate and the reunion of the separated churches. He has indicated the role which Catholics have played in connection with these questions and has devoted himself, at the same time, to destroying certain prejudices which exist among certain Catholics and to offering to non-Catholics an opportunity to penetrate further into the intimate thought of those whose faith they do not share.

NEW BOOKS

"The Mass For Children." Instructions in Story Form with Colored Drawings Accompanying Text According to Modern Educational Methods. By Rev. William R. Kelly. Paper. Price 30 cents.

The movement to revive among the people a love and understanding of the liturgy must depend for permanence on the children. Many parishes have adopted various means of encouraging the children to co-operate with the priest as he says the Mass.

Rev. William R. Kelly offers for this purpose "The Mass for Children," a supplementary reader for use in parish and Sunday schools. It guides the child through the Mass, explaining the important parts in accordance with approved pedagogical methods for second grade pupils.

The author's "Our First Communion," a similar text, has won the enthusiastic approbation of Catholic educators throughout the country.

For sale at the CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

DIED

GALLAGHER.—At Hamilton, Ont., on Friday, November 27, 1925, Zita Catherine, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Gallagher, of West Luther. Funeral from Sacred Heart Church, Kenilworth, on Monday, November 30th. May her soul rest in peace.

MARRIAGE

McILHARNEY - MORKIN.—At St. Patrick's Church, Biddulph, on Saturday, November 28, 1925, by Rev. Father Hogan, Miss Lena Morkin, daughter of Thomas Morkin, to Arthur McIlharney.

CHILDREN FOR ADOPTION APPLICANTS are solicited from good Catholic families in the Province of Ontario for wards of Children's Aid Societies. There are two boys and two girls over school age, and a few boys and girls twelve to fourteen years of age whose education has been neglected. Also a number of younger children in need of homes. William O'Connor, Children's Branch, 110 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario. 2401-4

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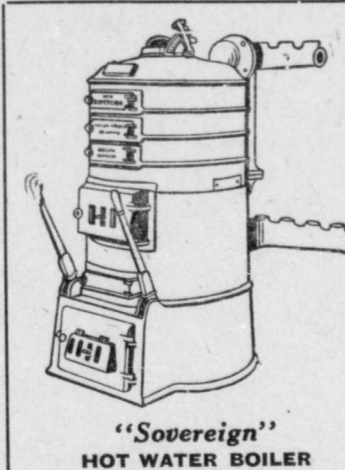
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