

The Catholic Record.

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

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HOPES AND FEARS

VIEW OF EMINENT ENGLISH WRITERS ON IRELAND

The following passages are taken from an article in the October Number of *The Month* by Rev. J. Keating, S. J., under the above title:

It was hoped that by the Acts implementing the Treaty of December 6th, 1921, the Irish question would cease to be a party question in the British Parliament. All parties there combined to settle that question on the lines of the Treaty. The domestic affairs of Ireland were by common consent to be as remote from interference from London as those of Canada or of any other of the self-governing States that form the Commonwealth. Vain hopes, as the event has proved and as might well have been foreseen. For the Act recognizing the substantial unity and autonomy of Ireland contained one fatal flaw. It gave an option, on well-defined conditions, to the subordinate legislature, set up by the Act of 1920 in six of the Ulster counties, to contract out of the settlement which it had elaborated. As a result the new self-governing State was mutilated. The Six-County Government immediately took advantage of the option to withdraw from the Free State, and thus made actual the unnatural division of the island into two separate Governments, unequal in area and status and much else besides. The Six-Counties remain part of the United Kingdom and have strictly limited and defined powers of local Government. The rest of Ireland, provided it remains part of the Commonwealth and shares in the common obligations of the other self-governing Dominions, has practically complete independence. It contains a considerable number of citizens, rather confusedly called 'Loyalists' who, for one reason or another, would prefer the old political connection, but who have thrown in their lot with the new arrangement and are well represented in the new Government. The Six-County fragment in the North East also includes a large minority averse to separation from the rest of the country, but this, by dint of the abolition of the proportional representation system of voting and by a one-sided re-arrangement of voting areas, has been deprived of its due share in the municipal and political government. The contrast is open, manifest, notorious, and increases the resentment of that minority at the fact that the provision in its favor in that Clause of the Treaty which allows the Six-Counties to separate themselves from the rest, has not been put into operation. In the two or more years that have elapsed since December, 1921, the inhabitants of the areas along the border between the two governments have not been consulted in regard to their political desires, nor given the option promised them of enrolling themselves finally, either under the Free State or under the Six-Counties.

"The fact is, opposition has arisen to the fulfilment of that provision not only in the Six-Counties but also in England. Hence the ominous return of the Irish Problem. For once more political opinion in this country becomes divided, the question is tossed into the party arena, there is little chance of agreement, and no possibility of the necessary enlightenment from the Party press. No journal gives all the facts or bases its comments on adequate knowledge: each speaks for its own side, selecting the arguments that favor it, ignoring, misconstruing, denying those that oppose it, and, where facts fail, readily substituting fiction. Lovers of justice and peace must surely grieve at this. The disadvantage of party politics is that no subject is debated on its merits. The first thought of the opposition advocate in regard to a Government measure is—how can this be used to damage or overthrow the Government, and that first thought often remains the only thought. It is not our purpose or province to follow the party debate in this matter, to expose misrepresentations or to amend half-truths. The Boundary Dispute looms large at the moment but its settlement one way or the other will not settle the Irish Question—which finally resolves itself into two—Ireland to be permanently partitioned? Is Ireland to maintain political union with the Commonwealth? To the first question the Free State and its adherents say—No; to the second those who think with 'Ulster' say—Yes. But not a few, even of the Ulster majority, would answer the first as the Free Staters do, and not a few Free Staters would agree with 'Ulster' that the Commonwealth connection should be supported as advantageous to Ireland. If only Ulster as a whole would say—No, to the first question and the Free State as a whole would say—Yes, to the second, the Irish question or questions would be effectually settled.

"Meanwhile, with just one word of comment on the situation we may pass on to wider considerations affecting the destiny and fortunes of our neighbor. The Six-County Government, in protesting against the proposed legislation declared necessary to make the Boundary Clause effective and thus fulfil the Treaty, appears to forget its own complete subordination to the Westminster Parliament. From the terms of the Act which set it up, not only might its boundaries be changed, but its very existence brought to an end if that Parliament thought fit. What Parliament makes it can, legally, unmake. Notice the wording of Section 75 of the 'Government of Ireland Act, 1920,' on which the Six-County Government depends for status and powers:

"Notwithstanding the establishment of the Parliaments of Southern and Northern Ireland, or the Parliament of Ireland, or anything contained in this Act, the supreme authority of the Parliament of the United Kingdom shall remain unaffected and undiminished over all persons, matters and things in Ireland and every part thereof."

"The 'Southern Parliament,' thus constituted, was not accepted by those concerned but the Act remained in full vigor in regard to the Six-Counties. Whereas by the subsequent Treaty of 1921 the status of the whole of Ireland was declared to be that of a coequal member of the Community of Nations forming the British Commonwealth, a status which, with all its implications, is still retained by the Free State, now that the Six-Counties have withdrawn from it.

"A year ago, in an article entitled 'Ireland in Transition,' we ventured to predict that partition would be found an unworkable policy. It is contrary to the real interests of the Commonwealth, of 'Ulster' and, of course, of the Free State. Notwithstanding the present clamour about the Boundary, and the foolish beating of the Orange drum, we are of the same opinion still. The Protestant Ulsterman is an Irishman, and, although in the words of Mr. Bernard Shaw, 'Protestantism in Ireland is not a religion: it is a side of a political faction, a class prejudice, a conviction that Catholics are socially inferior persons,'—such impressions are not founded on fact and will be dissipated on contact with reality. During the War such contact was established and North and South were much nearer union than ever before. The Labor interests of each section are identical, and the same tendency which is operating in the larger field of Europe had its effect in the smaller theatre of Ireland. That effect is destined to grow stronger. There are liberals also in 'Ulster' as well as Labor folk, and more than one-third of its whole population is Catholic and in natural sympathy with the South. Once some measure of prosperity is restored to the Free State, its character as the natural market for the industrial North-East will re-establish the previous close economic relations between the two, and make the artificial Boundary intolerable. If it is true, as has been asserted, that the income tax in the Free State will presently be reduced to 3s. 6d. and ultimately to 2s. 6d., that fact alone would do more to promote union than the reduction of the Northern Government from Six Counties to Four. We can measure the injury done to the prospects of Irish unity by the wanton destruction of property during the 'civil war' from the fact that taxes in the Free State—a country which need not maintain an Army or a Navy or a costly Civil Service—are higher than those in the North, which retains the British scale. Ireland which produces in abundance most of the essential items of food and clothing should be a cheap country to live in, but now the cost of living is appreciably higher than it is in England.

"There is far from being that homogeneous and inevitable antagonism between the two sections of the country that the party-press is apt to assume: there is no greater and more mischievous fallacy than to declare that Ireland is inhabited by two distinct nations. It is the hope of the country's well-wishers that the large Catholic minority in the N. E. may combine with the Liberal and Labor elements there—there are said to be 60,000 Liberals in the Six Counties—to assert or regain their due position in the Government and so neutralize the intransigence of the fanatics, who claim to represent 'Ulster.' The proportion of Catholics to non-Catholics in that area is much the same as it is in Germany, yet in the latter country Catholics, owing to their energy and organization, have a considerable voice in the government of the State. Both in the Senate and the judicature of the Free State, on the other hand, non-Catholics are represented much more largely than their numbers warrant, which shows that religious intolerance does not characterize that Government.

"It seems always to be assumed by partisans of 'Ulster' that the Free State is aiming at severing two whole counties from its dominion by means of the Boundary Commission. That assumption has been officially disclaimed by the President and other responsible Ministers in the Free State, and, indeed, since both Tyrone and Fermanagh contain large Protestant minorities, county-transference would involve as much injustice to them as the Catholic majorities at present suffer. In the excellent map published by the North Eastern Boundary Bureau and based on official statistics concerning the 'District Electoral Divisions,' it is shown that the areas in South Fermanagh, South Down and South Armagh which abut on the present frontier, are predominantly Nationalist, and therefore if the inhabitants desire a fitted geographically to be transferred to the Free State, whereas the Nationalist areas of Tyrone, Londonderry and Antrim, large though they are, are nearly altogether cut off from contact with other Nationalists by Partitionist traces and can hardly be brought within the scope of the Commission. However that may be, the map at least indicates how far from homogeneous is Partitionist sentiment in the Six-Counties.

"Although sympathizing with the natural desire of those Nationalist districts to belong to the Free State, far-sighted observers are beginning to deprecate any decision which would tend further to divide Irishmen from Irishmen on a religious basis. It would better serve the cause of ultimate unity if 'Ulster' were made continuous with the province of that name, for then its population would be at least 45% Catholic and able to assert itself whereas the greater number of Catholics that are joined to the Free State, as a result of the Boundary Settlement, the more exposed would the rest in 'Ulster' be to unjust discrimination. It is hateful to have to argue these civil matters on religious grounds which in well-ordered, justly-administered States would have no relevance, but owing to the evil heritage of Orange bigotry in Ireland one has no choice.

"One concludes, therefore, that the Boundary Commission must be made to function, otherwise in the eyes of the Free State the Treaty will be violated and an immense impetus given to the Republican cause, but that, on the other hand, the frontier so established, in so far as it constitutes a barrier, will be merely a temporary one, pending the union of all Irish folk for the common good of their common country.

"When we wrote last year, the first regular elections in the Free State had just been held, resulting in a decisive majority for the Treaty. Since then, as far as one can judge and in spite of not a few blunders on its part, the Government has proved the bulk of the support of the bulk of the community. It has been able to release from prison those political opponents whose offences were mainly political. Although at present in the throes of an internal crisis, it has survived several similar storms, connected both with the Army and the civil administration. It has legislated in the main with sobriety and, although its Tariff-Act is of questionable wisdom, it is avowedly therein only experimenting. There are many things which need doing. One is slow to complain because of the unparalleled difficulties with which it has been confronted, but it has not won all its opponents over to tolerate and work the Treaty. It may be that bigger men would have rallied the country more completely to their side but perhaps bigger men would have made bigger mistakes. The Government seems at any rate to have won the adhesion of those who used to be called Unionists. Many even of those who served 'the Castle' in the old days are now in the employment of the new authority, so that it has in fact been blamed for thus using the experience of those officials. And it has shown the widest tolerance in its nominations to the Senate. It may be presumed that the old Nationalist party is now absorbed into the ranks of those that displaced them, but it would have been a graceful act if some of the more prominent of them had been appointed to the Senate. The one remaining bar to Irish unity on the basis of the Treaty is the attitude of the Republicans, who have an ideal no democrat can quarrel with, if only they would pursue it constitutionally and with due regard to higher considerations.

"And how that fair land needs development! Everywhere Nature has been lavish with her physical beauties and her reserves of power. But poverty and ignorance have everywhere overlaid Nature with hideous contrivances to satisfy human needs, and allowed her forces to run to waste. Take the ancient city of Galway, once a famous port for trade with the Continent, situated on a noble river

flowing deep and strong through the town in many channels from a picturesque lake, commanding a mighty bay, and backed by the wild loveliness of Connemara. Few spots on earth combine so many natural advantages. But man in the past has woefully disfigured this beautiful site, has left undeveloped the amenities of the coast.

"As for natural resources, a recent Commission, reporting on the water-power developed by the Shannon, asserts that all the railways and industries of the South of Ireland could be run by harnessing this cheap and abundant source of electric energy. And no one who has seen, for instance, the torrential Corrib rushing through Galway, or the rapid Erne at Ballyshannon or the Moy at Ballina, can doubt that all the electricity Ireland needs for lighting, heating and industrial purposes might easily be furnished by her rivers.

"Mention of Galway recalls one enterprise, more than a century overdue—the development of that port to take trans-atlantic traffic. It has often been talked of, nay, once in a small way attempted, for last century a small line of three steamships began to ply between Galway and the States. But one ship caught fire and another struck a buoyed rock in the Bay, and so it became obvious that the stars, or some other influences, were fighting against the success of that shipping line. It will require great financial power to combat the interests which are sure to oppose any development of Galway as a trans-atlantic port. Yet its use as such would bring these islands about a day nearer to America, and would therefore be of great advantage for passengers, goods and mails. At present we are told surveys are being made and estimates are being prepared with regard to the construction of a harbor on the north side of the Bay where the water in-shore at low tide is forty feet deep, so that it may be that finance is awaking once more to the commercial possibilities of the scheme.

After reviewing some of the difficulties of the times the article concludes: "All these things notwithstanding, hopes are stronger than fears in regard to Ireland's future. Her first need is internal peace, and that is only attainable on the basis of the arrangement with Great Britain which, however theoretically illogical, gives her well-nigh complete power to make or mar her destinies. Peace will give her prosperity the opportunity of developing her great natural resources, benefitting by her advantageous position and of recovering her alienated children in the North East. Above all, a peaceful Ireland, possessed of and governed by the Christian tradition will be able to prove the truth of the Scripture proverb that it is 'Justice, not military strength nor commercial wealth, that exalteth a nation.'"

THE LATE MGR. GRAVETTI

Montreal, Dec. 3.—The funeral service for the late Monsignor Gravetti was held at the Basilica yesterday morning. His Excellency, Monsignor Pietro di Maria, officiating.

Monsignor Gravetti, Secretary to the Apostolic Delegation, Ottawa, died on Saturday at the Hotel Dieu after an operation. The late Secretary during the years of his mission in Ottawa, he became widely known and very highly esteemed. Practically all the archbishops and bishops of Canada were present either in person or by representatives at the funeral Mass. A great number of priests from Canada and some from the United States by their presence paid the last tribute of respect to a great priest.

STONE CROSS MARKERS FOR OVERSEAS GRAVES

Washington, Nov. 21.—Final approval of white stone crosses to replace the present temporary markers of American War dead graves in France is expected at the next meeting of the Battle Monuments Commission, according to intimations given by General Pershing, Chairman of the Commission.

The General said here that the crosses have already been approved informally. As soon as the formal vote is taken the plans will be presented to Secretary Weeks for approval. After that the actual work of planning the stone crosses will be undertaken by the cemetery division of the Army Quartermaster Corps. Crosses will be used as markers on overseas graves only. Graves of soldiers whose bodies have been brought back to the United States will be marked with the regulation stone slabs which have been in use for that purpose in all military cemeteries since the Civil War.

HERRIOT ANSWERED

PRIEST VIGOROUSLY ASSERTS HIS RIGHTS AS CITIZEN

Paris, Nov. 14.—Even though the persecutions against them may be removed, the religious of France are fully decided not to leave their country. This is thoroughly understood. It is a resolution which has been manifested unanimously and which has been expressed in particular in a striking manner in a letter addressed to Premier Herriot by the Rev. Paul Donceur, S. J., the publication of which has caused a real sensation.

After reminding M. Herriot of the fact that he caused the passage of an amnesty law permitting the return to France of insurrectionists, deserters and traitors, Father Donceur evokes the sorrow he felt in 1902 when he was forced to take a train for Belgium in order to remain faithful to his religious vows: "I lived twelve years in exile, he writes, from the age of twenty-two until the age of thirty-four, the best part of my man's life. I forgive you for it. But on August 2, 1914, I was on my knees before my Superior: 'Tomorrow it is war,' I said, 'and my place is on the firing line.' And my Superior kissed me and gave me his blessing. On crazy trains, without mobilization orders (I was a reformer) and without military booklet, I followed the guns to Verdun. On August 20, at dawn, before the renewal of fighting, I went out to look for the wounded of the 115th and advanced beyond the outposts when, suddenly, I was surrounded by the crackling of 20 rifles; and I saw my comrade stretched, full-length, on the ground beside me, with his head crushed. The German post was thirty steps away. I felt at that moment that my heart was protecting my whole country. Never did I breathe the air of France with such pride nor tread her soil with such assurance.

"I do not understand how I was not killed at that time nor twenty times since. I was thrice wounded. I still have in my body a fragment of shell being demobilized. I committed the crime of staying at home. . . . And now you show me the door! You must be joking, M. Herriot.

But one does not joke over these things. Never, during fifty months, did you come to seek me out either at Tracy-le-Cal, or at the Fort of Vaux or at Tahure. I did not see you anywhere talking about your 'laws on religious orders' and yet you dare to produce them today! Can you think of such a thing? Neither I nor any other man, nor any woman will take the road to Belgium again. Never!

You may do as you please, you may take our houses, you may open your prisons—there are many places in them left empty by those whom you know—so be it. But leave as we did in 1902? Never. Today we have more blood in our veins, and then, you see, as soldiers of Verdun we were in the right place to learn how to hold our ground! We were not afraid of bullets, or gas or the bravest soldiers of the Guard. We shall not be afraid of political slackers.

And now I shall tell you why we shall not leave. Disposition does not frighten us. We own neither roof nor field. Jesus Christ awaits us everywhere and suffices until the end of the world. But we shall not leave because we do not want a Belgian, or an Englishman, or an American or a Chinaman or a German, to meet us, far from home some day and ask us certain questions to which we would be forced to reply with downcast head: 'France has driven us out.'

For the honor of France—do you understand this word as I do?—for the honor of France we shall never again say such a thing to a foreigner. Therefore, we shall stay, every one of us. We swear it on the graves of our dead.

MGR. SEIPEL REMAINS FIRM ON RESIGNATION

Vienna, Nov. 21.—Mgr. Ignaz Seipel, priest-premier who brought Austria out of a seemingly hopeless chaos after the War, has declined to form a new cabinet or to remain as premier, and Dr. Rudolph Ramek, formerly Minister of Interior, has become chancellor of Austria.

Monsignor Seipel reached his decision when it became apparent that his reconstruction program would fail of endorsement by Parliament. When the railway strike broke out and he resigned, he announced that his resumption of the premiership

would be contingent on the uniting of all parties to carry out the program without compromise.

While the Government won out in the strike, a part of the program which demanded the transfer of taxing power from the provinces to the central government met with strenuous opposition among some provincial officials, including members of Monsignor Seipel's own party. It was largely the fight over the financial reforms in the provinces that brought the failure of Parliament to endorse the great premier's program.

ATTACK ON NUNCIO

SHOWS IGNORANCE OF ACTUAL FACTS

Paris, Nov. 22.—The oratorical attack of M. Francois Albert having called forth a protest to the French Government by the Apostolic Nuncio, it may be of interest to quote the exact words used by the Minister of Public Instruction: "We have had the strange surprise," he said, "of seeing the representative of a foreign power depart from the habitual reserve of diplomatic agents to lend the authority of his presence and speech to the Catholic Institute, proclaimed the sole inheritor and legitimate successor of the ancient Sorbonne."

The speech of the Nuncio to which M. Albert referred, had been delivered two years before. M. Albert appears to claim for the State University the honor of being the continuation of the ancient Sorbonne, the celebrated college of the Middle Ages. And he thus reproaches the Nuncio on two scores: for having departed from diplomatic usages and for departing from historic truth.

He was wrong on both points, as has been demonstrated by Mgr. Baudrillart in a letter as enlightening as it is courteous. The words actually spoken by the Nuncio furnish no possible grounds for criticism. He said: "If Albert the Great, Thomas of Aquin and Duns Scot were to come back today, they would assuredly come straight to the Catholic Institute." It would be difficult for M. Albert to maintain that this is an exaggeration.

And Mgr. Baudrillart proves that the Minister commits an error in history if he denies the Catholic Institute the right to call itself the inheritor of the ancient Sorbonne. Was not the Sorbonne a religious college, and as such was it not closed by the Revolution?

The last vestige of the ancient Sorbonne re-established in the University of the Sorbonne was the Catholic faculty of theology of Paris, which was suppressed by the radical politicians of 1886. It is they who renounced the heritage of the faculties of the Middle Ages. M. Albert would certainly have been well advised had he studied the question before speaking.

Whatever may be the value of these assertions, it is inadmissible that he should involve, in his speech, a diplomatic agent regularly accredited to the Government. The protest of Mgr. Cerretti naturally was based on this point, and was presented by the Nuncio in person, during a visit to the Premier. In presenting this protest, Mgr. Cerretti knew that he was supported by several members of the diplomatic corps.

A cable to the N. C. W. C. announced that the incident has been declared closed, after a second visit of the Nuncio to M. Herriot. Although the note communicated on this subject is couched in involved terms, it is certain that M. Herriot has found himself forced to express his regrets over the action of his Minister.

FILIPINOS TO HAVE CATHOLIC PAPERS IN NATIVE DIALECTS

Manila, P. I., November 3.—Plans for the publication of Catholic papers, books and pamphlets in the native Filipino dialects to combat anti-Catholic propaganda, have been announced here by the Very Rev. Henry Euerachen, S. V. D., Superior of the Missionaries of the Divine Word in the Islands.

The Missionary Fathers are now engaged in raising funds with which to establish a printing press here. A trade school in which Filipino boys will be taught typesetting, bookbinding, electrotyping, and some of the mechanical trades will be conducted in connection with the printing plant. A four year high school course will also be offered.

Approval for the project has been expressed by Monsignor Piani, Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines; Archbishop O'Doherty of Manila; Bishop Hurth of Nueva Segovia; and Bishop Verzoza of Lipa.

At the present time the Catholic press in the Philippines consists almost entirely of Spanish and English publications, mostly the former. What Catholic publications in the native dialects there are, it is said, are inadequate to meet present needs.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Dublin, Nov. 22.—Bishop Browne of Cloyne becomes, by the death of Cardinal Logue, the oldest member of the Irish Hierarchy. He has just completed his eightieth year. He has been Bishop of the diocese of Cloyne in Cork County for thirty years. Prior to his appointment as Bishop he had been President of Maynooth College.

New York.—Fifteen Catholic educational and charitable institutions of the Archdiocese of New York were made beneficiaries in the will of William Peterman, manufacturing chemist. The estate is valued at more than \$400,000, and the residue is to be divided evenly among the institutions after paying annuities.

In the Archdiocese of Boston there is an average attendance of 800,000 including men, women and children at Mass each Sunday of the year. Daily Communion in that Diocese have mounted in number to 3,000,000 a year, and First Friday and Feast Day Communions have reached the splendid figure of 10,000,000.

Three thousand members of the New York Post Office Holy Name Society participated in an inspiring march up Fifth Avenue to St. Patrick's Cathedral to attend the third annual Holy Communion Mass of the branch. Later more than 2,000 of them attended the annual breakfast, in the Grand ballroom of the Hotel Astor.

Cologne.—For five hundred years, by the strict archives, the office of organist and sexton of the Catholic church at Herkenrath, near Cologne, has been in one family, handed down from father to son. This month, the long line comes to an end. For the venerable man who at present is sexton has just given up his post because of his extreme age, and he has neither son nor other relative who can take up his task.

Arrangements have been made through The Mission, the Catholic paper published in Chinatown, to conduct parties through that picturesque section of the city without payment of the customary donations which for many years have been offered to support a pagan cause. Guides working under the direction of The Mission are now able to show the visitors all the sights of Chinatown. The offices of the publication are at 5 Beekman Street.

A boy of Downside, England, who is only seventeen, M. J. Turnbull, has been making a sensation in the cricket world. He was chosen to play for his county team, Glamorganshire, and made the highest score of the first day's play against the bowlers of three of the most famous bowlers in England, who were playing for Lancashire. Turnbull belongs to a leading Catholic family of Cardiff, and his uncle is Alderman Turnbull, K. C. S. G., first Catholic Lord Mayor of Cardiff.

A microphone and an amplifier have been installed in Old St. Patrick's Church, Pittsburg, Pa., for the convenience of the overflow crowds which attend the Lourdes devotions each Sunday afternoon. The microphone is in the pulpit and the amplifying apparatus is in the basement where approximately as many persons can be accommodated as in the main body of the Church above. One Sunday afternoon recently there were four hundred persons who were unable to crowd into the main floor of the Church and who followed the services from the basement.

Tampa, Fla.—The will of Joseph Miekler, prominent local business man who died recently, directs that the sum of \$2,700 be set aside from his estate to provide for the publication in the Tampa Daily Times in weekly installments of three books of Catholic teaching: "The Faith of Our Fathers," by Cardinal Gibbons, "God and Myself," by Father Martin Scott, S. J., and "The Prince of the Apostles." The will was filed October 8, and states that this provision is made "in the hope and belief that the publication of the books herein designate may produce harmony and good will among our Catholic people and their non-Catholic friends."

Unless they are trained in Catholic schools, teachers will not be recognized by the Catholic authorities of the Glasgow archdiocese. Bishop Graham has issued a stern circular letter on the matter, and says that the abuse which has gone on in the past "cannot be tolerated." "Let it be distinctly understood," says Bishop Graham, "that the law is that intending teachers, whether male or female, must attend Catholic centers only, on leaving the primary schools; that they will not receive approval as Catholic teachers if they fail to observe this law; and that a dispensation from the law can be obtained only from the Bishop on sound and grave reasons being shown."

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WOLF MOON

A ROMANCE OF THE GREAT
SOUTHWEST

BY JOSEPH J. QUINN

CHAPTER I.

A SPECTRE IN THE GLOOM

The rain imps danced upon the yellow tent. Nava rose from her sagging cot as the first drops splashed and drummed upon the canvas. At last the drought was broken. The great swirling dust devils would fly no more. The camp could now move on from the shimmering prairie caps, cracked and blistered by untemper desert heat, on past the shrivelled skulls of corroded rocks penciled to pastel shades by the everlasting beat of fiery suns, and beyond the brown mesa, tranquil under the rain of a million star-thrown shadows, sweeps into view. The gypsy advanced to the opening, cupped her copper hands and shouted:

"Bluebonnet!"
The call floated clear upon the evening air. It lifted high over the sand hills burnt dry through countless gaunt summers, up, up, across gaunt ridges and melted into the ingenuous out there where the beetling crags keep watch, as they have watched through ages of sunlit peace. Through the red and pearl and gray of fluted canyons, where night had early trailed her dusky garments, the cry penetrated, and further to the crotches of the hills until lost in diminuendo whisper in the gulf of space beyond the brown mesa, tranquil under the rain of a million star-thrown shadows, sweeps into view. The gypsy advanced to the opening, cupped her copper hands and shouted:

"Bluebonnet!"
The cry rose sharper. A little woodland nymph hidden in a nearby grove started and gave answer. The call was as a sword-winged dart that cut her soul, crushed it with its import. She had heard it a thousand times before from those same lips and each time it had meant a bitter command to rise from the reverie into which she inevitably had fallen. She rebelled against it inwardly but what had rebellion meant but a resurgence of gusts of bitter passion? Tonight the feeling of repulsion toward the very word "gypsy" seemed nourished by the thought of what would transpire between the going down of the sun and its rising on the morrow.

Bluebonnet was seized with a desire to tear herself away forever from the summons of this tyrant. It was as if she passed into a world of peace and happiness wherever she stole from the routine of the camp, as though she were driven through a roaring torrent one moment and then, in the next, drifting into the hush and calm of a broad expanse of river. Here in the grove life came to rest. Now the sunshine she could trace her fingers along the arabesques that shadows wove upon her dress. Then it always brought dreams, indistinct dreams of other days that she couldn't quite bring forth from the world of phantasy into a realization of what they possibly could be.

Her dream world shattered by the cry that came rushing over the shoulders of the ridge above. Bluebonnet arose, dipped her bucket into the cool water bubbling forth from leaves and dancing sand and started to mount the slope. Up near the crest light from the leaden sky was gradually receding. Bluebonnet gazed far into the distance, over and beyond the high caps that merged with the plains, gazed until she stumbled, and sprawled among the leaves. Some where out there in the hills Pemella, the gypsy chief, was coming toward her. And she, a frail, young thing, child-like, with a world of pleasure missed and a world of sorrow gained, would be his bride.

Pemella! The very word sent the thought of a viper rising to her weary brain. She beheld a vision of a copperhead with monstrous jaws, its black fangs darting in and out of an iron-edged mouth. She buried her face in the wet leaves, a thousand moods taking possession of her at once. Shame, fear, anger, disgust mounted in one full sweep to her mind and loosed tears from her eyes. She would not, she could not marry Pemella. His dark, lowering eyes, with the faint glimmer of glowing beads, some shop deep into her soul whenever he spoke to her or laid his large rough hands like coils upon her. Bluebonnet pushed her wet face further into the leaves and wished that she could lie there until dawn, until a thousand dawns had come. Her wounded feelings, bruised in countless places, had narrowed her vision until she felt as if she were forever walking in a cavern, groping, now driven, now led brusquely, her footing uncertain, her face bleeding, her hands filled with thorns. Life to her was only toil and torture and each night a wait for the coming dawn.

"Bluebonnet!"
The woodland nymph startled by the nearness of the cry looked up into the face of Nava. The muscles under the wrinkled skin of the gypsy queen were ironed, an ugly contortion worked in her bulging neck. There was an intense show of indignation in her blood-shot eyes. Her lower jaw was caught up by its muscles until it closed like a steel safe. She crouched for a moment, brandished a large club over her head and with violent oath rushed forward. Bluebonnet crushed her face into the sand and dirt but the sharp, bruising

blow she was expecting never fell. "Don't Nava, Nava!" she screamed, her plea narrowing the eyes of the queen into knife-like slits. Her throat was dry, her body quivered in agony. But there came no hiss, no guttural harangue, furious and raging, from the queen. A moment of silence passed. Bluebonnet lifted her face and gazed up into Nava's eyes. Into those wicked orbs had come a new light. Dark shadows seemed to leave. Their coal-black depths were filled with liquid meriment while a wan smile played across her face as sunlight in a dark canyon. But to Bluebonnet it was sickly. It reminded her of adobe walls under a high noon sun. It was ghastly because uncommon, weird because new.

Nava shook her jet earrings as she pointed back to the tents and commanded:
"Come to camp."
The huge, lumbering form of the gypsy ambled to the crest and disappeared over the ridge. Bluebonnet followed sheepishly, her head throbbing with wonderment at the inexplicable action of the camp queen. What did it foretell? Would it mean that her life of torture, of harassed, haunted existence was set down her bucket and stirred the Pemella pot? Was she to be taken from the rack and her body freed from the pain of years? Never had she known Nava to drop a threat once goaded into fury. She felt that back of her action was a purpose she could not divine. Each step toward camp only increased her amazement.

Arriving near the fire Bluebonnet set down her bucket and stirred the glowing ashes. She piled high and dry cottonwood until the flames leaped to the lowermost boughs of the overhanging trees. Great raindrops hissed upon the black pot. Nava had disappeared into the darkness of her tent.
Everywhere there was hustle and excitement for the camp was in consternation over the return of Pemella. He had gone to Arizona a month before to attend a moon meeting of the gypsies near the border. Well-known in the Southwest and Mexico his reputation had extended as far as Sinaloa. In some Spanish-speaking communities it was said he was a diviner or seer. Pemella had declared he would return to camp on the full moon of October. Tonight the moon would rise, round and golden, and Pemella kept his word. It was his law.

Anemia that had blued the veins in the under parts of her arms poured into Bluebonnet's spirit a desire to crawl away from camp to the high hills and sleep. Continual slavery in camp condemned her weakened body to nights of torture. She was never thus from the Dakotas to New Mexico. Now the camp was moving slowly southward for the winter but the furnace winds of Oklahoma imprisoned them until rain beat down the dust and sand and made traveling possible. For weeks the sun had shone from brassy skies, the wind driven from the Southwest unceasingly; everywhere were moving sheets of biting sand that stung the face and gnawed the ears into a huge brown puffball. Out on the plains the desert sun heated the ugly bodies of the tarantulas until they slipped under rocks to protect themselves from the rays; here in the cottonwood grove it had shriveled the leaves on the trees until at each flare of wind they crackled like high-pitched voices of ghosts.

The burden of the world lay heavy on Bluebonnet. There was no exuberance in her nature; adversity had driven it from those barren shores. There was no smile upon her face for the tyranny of Nava had abraded it. She cried rather than laugh for a hundred tragedies arose each day to draw tears from her. She was unhappy yet she had never known happiness. And all because Nava had early taken a dislike to her. Nava through her jealous eyes had seen the beauty that was to be in the child. She would have crushed it with her huge, horny hands had it not been for Pemella who was saving her for himself. He, too, saw in her face a comeliness that could not be equalled in all the camps from Butte to Chihuahua. Her blue eyes, though ringed with circles of brown, had caught the color from desert skies; her tender mouth, twitching always when under command, was sweet though sensitive. Although the suns of the Southwest had poured color into her cheeks the trying, exhausting life in camp and the brutality of Nava had withdrawn it. Her appealing beauty had arrested Pemella's attention even when she was a child but when childhood had given way to the bloom of womanhood he had felt himself drawn toward her with a love that surprised him. Obsessed by the grace of her face and form, the tenderness of her expression, the appealing look in her eyes he consciously experienced infatuation that strengthened and grew fibrous with each passing day. It sought out some weakness in her and that weakness was that she needed protection. From then on he became her protector. The cold-blooded ways of Nava met with rebuffs and warnings that halted the gypsy queen and transformed her into a monster, reminding Bluebonnet of nothing less than a giant horned toad. Pemella cursed her shyness yet blamed it all on Nava. The latter covered glumly until Pemella had disappeared only to

turn on her victim with increased fury. Thus Pemella worshipped at the tiny shrine he had built to her in his heart. He had become the gypsy chief when twenty-five years old upon the death of Guadalajara. Yet he was fitted for his post. The finely cut Grecian features, the deep set eyes, dark and penetrating under black brows, showed an unrelenting character. Gypsy-like he held to his purpose if that was gain. In his veins coursed the blood of a thousand nomades. Close-up he was Hungarian and spoke its gypsy dialect. Far removed the nomadic races of India gave him his wandering desires and aversion to a fixed home.

In the long silences of the night on their trips west to the Gulf of California Bluebonnet often started into wakefulness. Somewhere near camp a tinkle of a bell would tell of the lead horse grazing. At times a night bird screamed weirdly. At others she could hear naught but the snoring of the gypsies. She had thought of escape often, had tried it once only to sink back to her cot as she perceived figures in the gloom. She felt that she was watched both night and day.

In cursory analysis she often sought out the factor in this repugnance to gypsy life. She could not fathom the reason. In her heart raked rebellion which contrasted with the satisfaction of the other children. She firmly believed that she was not a gypsy. She had blue eyes; the others had black or brown. Her skin was whiter, her ways gentler. She felt that she must be different from the gypsies who snatched the warm bones from the impoverished table and gnawed upon them for hours at a time. They could slumber in the hot sun, in rumbling wagons with only a saddle for a pillow. She worked from the moment that dawn came stealing over the hills until night grouped its shadows around the camp. As she grew older dark shadows crept into her eyes and the circles under them grew more pronounced. The routine was beginning to tear her apart from within, crush her slowly, perceptibly; it was dragging her down until her anemic form appeared as a spectre fitting through the brakes and deadwood of the grove.

Two looming phantoms stalked through her life—the tyrant Nava and her marriage to Pemella. Bluebonnet realized what the return of Pemella meant. On that dark gray day in September, when he left for Arizona, he had clasped her to him, crushed her lips to his and warned, "When I come back, be ready." His kisses burnt her mouth like pressed hot steel and his words went deep until it seemed they seared her soul. She staggering back into her tent, reeled blindly and fell. A wild, fierce passion to hurt, to tear, to fling back upon him with intense fury tightened her will but she was powerless, subdued exteriorly. The threat that she had heard drummed into her ears was about to be fulfilled. Now she understood why Pemella had guarded her so insanely, threatened death to the other men were they even to touch her. An evil design on the part of the slothful gypsy drone would have converted him into a furious, raging beast. His love for her was sensitive yet strong, born as it was under the parching suns of Summer and the ice of Winter. To him Bluebonnet was a flower that he guarded while near and dreamed of from afar.

The thought of living with Pemella sent the blood edging against the base of Bluebonnet's brain. It would be impossible; she would rather crush her very life into nothingness, to die suddenly than live and be his bride. For she was a woman now with all the complexity of a woman's heart. She could not understand the counter currents of love for life and loathing for it, were she the gypsy's bride. She knew that behind his smile to her was a scowling, brutal nature. She had seen him rise as a volcano in action and storm through camp, wild-eyed, cursing, breaking that which met his grasp. Men and women quailed in fear at his approach. During his spells even Nava avoided him for she averred that the god of fire came down and excited his being. Then at the sight of Bluebonnet he would calm, his writhing muscles would quiet. She seemed to charm him yet she felt the time would come when she, too, would be caught up, shattered and cast aside.

For some unknown reason he wished her to speak with him in a language unknown to Nava who, fired to revenge, set the dark and evil forces within her designing ways to torture the object of Pemella's love. Their conversations in English were taken as plots to destroy her queenly reign. The books and magazines that Pemella brought for her to read were torn in a thousand pieces. From those that Bluebonnet saved she gleaned her information of the doings of the world that moved far away from the drab little gypsy camp.

TO BE CONTINUED

You must accustom yourself to seek God with the simplicity of a child, with a tender familiarity and a confidence in so loving a Father.—Fenelon.
It is every day in the power of a petty nature to inflict innumerable annoyances. It is every day in the power of a noble character to confer services.

AN HUNDRED FOLD

Naomi West, country-born but London-bound, knew where to find the footsteps of spring when she had a free hour at her disposal. But for a parish worker in a London slum such hours are few and golden.

It was her weekly half-day off, and she sat on a bench in Greenwich park, just where she could see the full loveliness of a pink almond tree standing on a carpet of crocuses against a background of tree-shaded water, over which the February sunshine glanced and gleamed. But, though Naomi loved this bit of the gardens best of all, she was not taking her usual delight in it today.

There was something on her mind. She had told a lie. At least, to her uncompromising, either black-or-white conscience, it was a lie. She had told Mrs. Brown, the vicar's wife, that she had an engagement this evening, and so could not come in to supper, whereas she had no engagement other than what she might make for herself. But she did not want to hurt kind Mrs. Brown's feelings, and the main part of her excuse was true—she could not go there to supper tonight.

Perhaps it was the crocuses which paved the path of memory with their colorful mosaic—they used to grow just like that in the old vicarage garden at home—but suddenly Naomi West was swept back to a world of twenty years ago. There was happiness and homely comfort in those old days. Poverty is almost picturesque in the country, and does not bite so keenly as in the town, and there was much love to sweeten life.

Naomi was housekeeper and companion and heart's desire to her book-worm father—her mother had died when she was a tiny child—and a life which would have seemed dull to many was full and happy to her. She had her housewifely duties, her garden, her Sunday school and choir and cottage-visiting, all the many small activities of the country. These filled her life.

Then came that dreadful day when Jimmy Blake, naughty and best-beloved of village urchins, had his terrible accident in the harvest field, hiding in the corn when the boys were ordered out, so that the reaper caught his leg. Naomi had to take him to the neighboring hospital herself and even go with him to the operating theatre, for she alone could calm Jimmy's terror; and that was how she first met Dr. Sinclair, the new house-surgeon.

It was some months before old Mr. West realized that it was not only the flora and fauna of the marshland which brought Dr. Sinclair so constantly to the village; and the realization brought great comfort to the anxious old heart, for the next to nothing for nothing for Naomi when he died. With would-be tactfulness, he tried to convey this to her, but the young man's cause needed no parental pleading; it had an advocate in the girl's own heart.

Many of these bitter-sweet memories swept over Naomi now—the widening of her horizon in this contact with a vigorous young mind, the rapturous call of love, the knowledge that her father's fears for her would be set at rest. She remembered the gentle, clumsy hints of the dear old man on that February day—just such a day as this—when John Sinclair came to say good-bye before taking up a London practice. They had walked to Far Marsh End, but Naomi had come back alone. Even now she did not know how she had parried her father's questionings, quibblings more by look than by word. And then the merciful brain-fever had intervened.

Naomi West got up. She was rather stiff from sitting so long upon that hard bench. February is scarcely the month for outdoor meditations and Naomi was not free from rheumatic pains. A Deptford firm had the healthiest places in the world, nor are the lodgings of a parish-worker the last word in comfort. Any little ailments to which one is subject are likely to increase in such an environment.

She would walk across the Heath and down into Blackheath Village to tea; that would be a nice change. And she must think what she should say if Mrs. Brown asked questions. She was so kind and friendly, and she knew that Miss West seldom had anywhere special to go on her free afternoons. She felt it to be dreadfully unfortunate that Miss West should be engaged on this particular evening when Sir John Sinclair, the celebrated bacteriologist, an old college friend of her husband's, had so kindly consented to give the opening lecture in the new parish hall and come to supper with them afterwards.

"But I cannot meet him," Naomi said half aloud, as she passed through the park gates and braced herself to face the wind on the heath. "I cannot, I dare not. God knows that I did right. He knows that it was the only thing to do. John did not care for the real things; they were not real to him." And then fierce, well-nigh overpowering temptation swept down on her like a flood.
"Take a bus back to Deptford," it urged. "Tell Mrs. Brown that you find you can come to supper after all. Give yourself a chance; give him a chance. He is not one to forget; you know he has never married. He loves you still. Think

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what it will mean—love, happiness, a home. You are middle-aged and not as strong as you were. Soon you will be able to work no longer, and then what will become of you?"

"But he is not a Christian," answered conscience. "All these years I have thanked God daily for that casual remark which showed me my danger as we walked together on that last day. All these years I have thanked Him for the strength given me to refuse when he asked me to be his wife. His books prove that he has not changed. He is not one to change. He is so much stronger and cleverer than I, if I were to marry him I might lose my faith."

"And what of that?" urged the tempting voice. "What is Christianity after all? One church says one thing and another. Mr. Brown teaches many things which your father never believed. How can you be sure that there is any truth in any of it? Make sure of real happiness while there is time."

"There must be a God," said Naomi desperately to herself. "I have tried to serve Him all my life. Surely, He won't forsake me now. I am only obeying His command. Be ye not unbelievers." A bus stopped near her, going Deptford way. Naomi turned and ran from it, towards the railway station. She took a ticket to Charing Cross and hurried into the train. She had no definite plan in her mind except to get as far from temptation as possible. When she arrived at Charing Cross, she walked out into the whirl and rush of the streets and boarded the first bus which stopped near her. They went on for miles and miles, she knew, but where this was going she neither knew nor cared. If it took her far enough she would be safe. She was fighting the fight of her life. The battle raged in her soul, blinding her to outside things, while the great vehicle lurched and groaned its way through the crowded streets.

Naomi West had been reared in the Evangelical school of the Church of England. Sacraments were nothing to her but pious rites. "Forms and ceremonies," she had been told, "came between God and the soul." But she had firm grasp on one vital truth, the personal love of Our Lord Jesus Christ for man, that truth which unites the devout Protestant and the Catholic in a common faith. And it was this which made her shrink from the disloyalty of marriage with one who had nothing but amused toleration for her deepest belief.

A hand touched her shoulder. "We don't go no further, Miss," said the conductor.

Naomi got down and walked on quickly through the dark and unfamiliar streets, surging thoughts urging swift movement. She must wrestle with and finally throw this terrible temptation.

The sudden scream of a woman roused Naomi in a flash to her surroundings. A small ragged child, paralyzed by its mother's cry, stood right in the path of a big motor lorry. Naomi sprang into the road and flung the child to safety; and the lorry struck her and she knew no more.

When Naomi West opened her eyes after three days of unconsciousness she looked straight up at a statue of the Sacred Heart which stood at the end of the Hospital ward. She had never seen such a thing before, but like the apostles who had toiled all night and taken nothing, she murmured under her breath, "It is the Lord!" She tried to move, and a cry of pain escaped her, which instantly brought to her side a sweet-faced woman in an unfamiliar garb.

"What has happened? Where am I?" asked Naomi faintly. "You've been hurt," said the nun quietly, "but you're quite safe now. This is Our Blessed Lord's own house and He is taking care of you."

Naomi felt that she had come home. She was too weak and tired to ask questions. She just lay with her eyes on the statue until she fell asleep. There were no texts on the wall, such as she was accustomed to see in the houses of the Godly people whom she knew; but this statue was an embodied text. She knew what those open arms were saying. "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

When she awoke, refreshed, she began to question her nurse about her surroundings, and in particular about the statue of the Sacred Heart. This devotion, which is really the concrete expression of evangelical belief, woke an instant response in Naomi's heart, and, approached through this familiar door, she saw Catholicism as no strange land.

After a day or two she asked to see a priest, and listened to the truths of the faith, not only with the simplicity of a child, but also with the starved eagerness of one who has long hungered for he knows not what. How wonderful for her that all Our Lord's promises were meant to be taken literally, not figuratively. She hungered for the gifts He offered, and they could not say her nay. She knew, even before they told her, that but little time remained.

Naomi lay in a shaft of sunlight, her eyes on the statue of the Sacred Heart.

"I know now what dear father meant when he used to tell me that the Lord's fulfillments are always greater than His promises," she

said to herself. That morning she had been given conditional Baptism, sacramental Absolution, Extreme Unction and Holy Viaticum. She would soon meet her Beloved face to face. She would never be homeless or loveless any more.—Denver Register.

THE STORY OF CHRIST

BY GIOVANNI PAFINI Copyright, 1923, by Harcourt, Brace & Company Inc. Published by arrangement with The McClure Newspaper Syndicate

THE PRODIGAL SON A man had two sons. His wife was dead, but he still had these two sons, only two. But two are always better than one. If the first is away from home, the second is still there; if the younger fall ill, the older works for two; if one should die, even children die, even the young die, and sometimes before the old, if one of the two should die, there is at least one left who will care for the poor father.

This man loved his sons, not only because they were of his blood but because he had a loving heart. He loved them both, the older and the younger; perhaps the younger a little more than the older, but so little that he did not realize it himself. Fathers and mothers often have a weakness for the youngest because he is the smallest, he is the sweetest, he is the last baby, and after his birth there was never another one, so that his boyhood, still so recent, so prolonged, stretches out to the sill of his young manhood like a lingering halo of tenderness. It seems only yesterday that he was a baby at the breast, that he took his first stumbling steps, that he sprang up to embrace his father, or sat astride his knees.

But this man was not partial. He loved his sons like his two eyes and his two hands, equally dear, one at the left, one at the right, and he saw it that both were happy. Nothing lacked for either one.

And yet, even in the case of sons of one father, it almost never happens that two brothers have the same tastes or even similar tastes. The older was a serious-minded young man, sedate, settled, who seemed already grown up and mature, a husband, the head of a family. He respected his father, but more as a master than as a father, without any impulsive show of affection. He worked faithfully, but he was hard and capacious with the servants; he went through all the religious forms, but did not let the poor come about him. Although the house was full of all possible good things, yet for them there was never anything. He pretended to love his brother, but his heart was full of the poison of envy. When people say "to love like a brother" they say the contrary of what ought to be said. Brothers very rarely love each other. Jewish history, not to speak of any other, begins with Cain, goes on with Jacob's cheating Esau, with Joseph sold by his brothers, with Absalom, who killed Amnon, with Solomon who had Adonijah killed; a long bloody road of jealousy, opposition and betrayal. It would be more correct to say "a father's love," rather than a brother's.

The second son seemed of another race. He was younger and was not ashamed to be young. He splashed about and made merry in his youth as in a warm lake. He had all the desires, the graces, and the defects of his age. He was fitful with his father. One day he hurt him, the next, put him into the seventh heaven; he was capable of not saying a word for weeks together and then suddenly throwing himself on his father's neck in the highest spirits. Good times with his friends were more to his taste than work. He refused no invitations to drink, stared at women and dressed better than other people. But he was warmhearted; he gave money to the needy, was charitable without boasting of it, never sent away any one disconsolate. He was seldom seen at the synagogue, and for this and for other reasons the middle-aged people of the neighborhood, timid, colorless people, religious and self-seeking, did not think well of him and advised their sons to have nothing to do with him. So much the more because the young man wanted to spend more than his father's resources allowed him—a good man, they said, but weak and blinded—and because he talked recklessly and said things which were not fitting for his son of a good family brought up as he ought to be. The little life of that little country hole was repugnant to him; he said it was better to look for adventure in rich countries, populous, far away, beyond the mountains and the sea, where the big, luxurious cities are, with marble buildings and the best wines and shops full of silk and silver, and women dressed in fine clothes like queens fresh from aromatic baths who lightly give themselves for a piece of gold.

There in the country you had to obey orders and work hard, and there was no outlet for gypsy-like and nomadic tastes. His father, although he was rich, although he was good, measured out the drachma as if they were talents. His brother was vexed if he bought a new tunic or came home a little tipsy; in the family all they knew was the field, the furrow, the pasture, the stock; a life that was not a life but one long effort.

And one day (he had thought of it many times before, but had never had the courage to say it) he hardened his heart and his face and said to his father, "Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me, and I will ask nothing more of thee."

When the old man heard this, he was deeply hurt, but he made no answer, and went away into his room that his tears should not be seen, and for awhile neither of them spoke any more of this matter. But the son suffered, was sullen, and lost all his ardor and animation even to the fresh color of his face. And the father, seeing his son suffer, suffered himself, and yet said nothing to him. But finally paternal love conquered self-love. The estimations and valuations of the property were made, and the father gave to both his sons their rightful part and kept the rest for himself. The young man lost no time, he sold what he could not carry away, gathered together a goodly sum, and one evening, without saying anything to his father, mounted his fine horse and went away. The older brother was rather pleased by his departure; the younger would never have the courage to come back; so now he was the only son, first in command, and no one would take away the rest of his inheritance from him.

But the father secretly wept many tears, all the tears of his old wrinkled eyelids. Every line of his old face was washed with tears, his aged cheeks were soaked with his grieving. His son was gone and he needed all the love of the remaining son to make up for the sorrow of the separation.

But he had an intuition that perhaps he had not lost his son forever, his second-born, that before his death he would have the happiness to kiss him again, and this idea helped him to endure the loneliness.

In the meantime the young man drew rapidly near to the rich city of revels where he meant to live. At every turning of the road he felt of the money-bags which hung at either side of his saddle. He soon arrived at the city of his desire and began his feasting. It seemed to him that those thousands of coins would last forever. He rented a fine house, bought five or six slaves, dressed like a prince, and soon had men and women friends who were guests at his table, and who drank his wine till their stomachs could hold no more. He did not economize with women and chose the most beautiful he could find, those who knew how to dance and sing and dress with magnificence, and undress with grace. No presents seemed too fine or too rich to please those bodies which abandoned themselves with such voluptuous softness, and which gave him the wildest, most torturing pleasure. The little provincial lord from the dull country, represented in the most sensual period of his life, vented his voluptuousness, his love of luxury, in this dangerous life.

Such a life could not go on forever: the money bags of the prodigal son were not bottomless—no money bags are—and there came a day when there was neither gold or silver, and not even copper, but only empty bags of canvas and leather lying limp and flabby on the brick floor of his room. His friends disappeared, his women disappeared, his slaves, his dining-tables were sold. With the proceeds he had enough to buy food, but only for a short time. To complete his misfortune, a famine came on the country and the prodigal son found himself hungering in the midst of a famine-stricken people. The women had gone off to other cities where the situation was better; the friends of his drunken night-revels had hard work to look out for themselves.

The unfortunate man, stripped and destitute, left the city, traveling with a lord who was going to the country where he had a fine estate. He begged him for work, till the lord hired him as a swine-herd because he was young and strong and hardly any one was willing to be a swine-herd. For a Jew nothing could be greater affliction than this. Even in Egypt, although animals were adored there, the only people forbidden to enter the temples were swine-herds. No father would have given his daughter to wife to a swine-herd and no man for all the gold in the world would have married the daughter of a swine-herd.

But the prodigal son had no choice and was forced to lead the herd of swine to the pasture. He was given no pay and very little to eat, because there was only a little for any one; but there was no famine for the hogs, because they could eat anything. There were plenty of carob beans and they gorged themselves on those. Their hungry attendant enviously watched the pink and black animals rooting in the earth, chewing beans and roots, and longed to fill his stomach with the same stuff and wept remembering the abundance of his own home and his festivals in the great city. Sometimes overcome with hunger he took one of the black bean husks, from under the grunting snouts of the pigs, tempering the bitterness of his suffering with that insipid and woody food. And woe to him if his employer had seen him!

His dress was a dirty slave's smock which smelt of manure, his foot-gear a pair of worn-out sandals scarcely held together with



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rushes; on his head a faded hood. His fair young face, tanned by the sun of the hills, was thin and long, and had taken a sickly color between gray and brown.

Who was wearing now the spotless come-spun clothes, which he had left in his brother's chest? Where now were the fair silken tunics dyed purple which he had sold for so little? His father's hired servants were better dressed than he, and they fared better than he.

Returned to his senses, he said to himself, "How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!" Until now he had brushed away the idea of going home as soon as it had appeared. How could he bear to go back in this condition and give in to his brother after having despised his home, after having made his father weep? To return without a garment, unshod, without a penny, without the ring—the sign of liberty—uncomely, disfigured by this famished slavery, stinking and contaminated by this abominable trade, to show that the wise old neighbors were right, that his serious-minded brother was right, to bow himself at the knee of the old man whom he had left without a greeting, to return with opprobrium as a ragged fellow to the spot from which he had departed as a king! To come back to the soup-pile into which he had spit—into a house which contained nothing of his!

No, there was something of his always in his home his father! If he belonged to his father, his father belonged also to him. He was his creation, made of his flesh, issued from his seed in a moment of love. Though hurt, his father would never drive away his own flesh and blood. If he would not take him back as son, at least he would take him back as a hired servant, as a man born of another father. "I will rise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants." I do not come back as a son but as a servant, a worker, and I do not ask love from you, for I have no more right to that, but only a little bread from your kitchen.

And the young man gave back the hogs to his master, and went towards his own land. He begged a piece of bread from the country people, and wept salt tears as he ate this bread of pity and charity in the shadow of the gycamores. His sore and blistered feet could scarcely carry him. He was barefoot now, but his faith in forgiveness led him homeward step by step.

And finally one day at noon he arrived in sight of his father's house; but he did not dare to knock, nor to call any one, nor to go in. He hung around outside to see if any one would come out. And behold, his father appeared on the threshold. His son was no longer the same, was changed, but the eyes of a father even dimmed by weeping could not fail to recognize him. He ran towards him and caught him to his breast, and kissed him and kissed him again, and could not

stop from pressing his pale, old lips on that ravaged face, on those eyes whose expression was altered but still beautiful, on that hair, dusty but still waving and soft, on that flesh that was his own.

The son, covered with confusion and deeply moved, did not know how to respond to these kisses, and

as soon as he could free himself from his father's arms he threw himself on the ground and repeated tremulously the speech he had prepared. "Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

TO BE CONTINUED

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LONDON, SATURDAY, DEC. 13, 1924

THE EVOLUTION OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT

When the Protestant Reformers discarded the divine authority which Christ committed to His Church they transferred it to the Bible; but they denied, at least in theory, any authoritative interpretation of the Scriptures. Private judgment alone was considered sufficient to interpret the Word of God. It mattered not that such a principle ran counter to all human experience, nor that it immediately bred clashing and conflicting sects. Some authority there must be in religion, and since the authority of the Church was denied, the authority of Holy Scripture was declared supreme and final. And this supreme and final authority each individual has the right to interpret for himself or herself. To this principle of Private Judgment all Protestants still adhere—at least in theory. It is the basic principle of Protestantism, its very foundation.

Nowhere in the world or in the history of the world has there ever been a country that adopted such a principle with regard to its laws, or to any law. Judges and tribunals have ever been found necessary to interpret and apply the law. If each and every individual were furnished with a printed copy of a law and given the right to interpret it according to his own private judgment chaos would soon ensue. Conflicting claims as to property or anything else would lead to searching of the written law which each claimant would wrest to the destruction of the other; to never-ending dispute.

That is precisely what private judgment has brought about amongst Protestants in matters of religion. If the disputes are less acrimonious than they used to be, it is because religion has come to be regarded by millions as a matter of little importance, if not of complete indifference; and the Bible itself as interesting, instructive literature, but of no authority even for its professional exponents. A concrete case that points the moral very effectively is furnished by the Baptist Bible Union of North America at its second annual meeting in New York. The membership is composed of Fundamentalists throughout the United States and Canada. The headquarters of this Union have recently been moved from Montreal to Chicago.

It used to be said in extenuation of the multiplicity of Protestant sects that they were all united on fundamentals. Now every Protestant denomination is rent into two factions—the Fundamentalists and the Modernists. And there is war to the death between them.

But we shall let them speak for themselves. The Baptist Bible Union held simultaneous sessions in two New York Baptist churches. At one the Rev. Dr. John Roach Stratton held forth on the topic "Monkey Men and Monkey Morals." He took up the address which John D. Rockefeller, Jr., delivered the previous Sunday morning before the Men's Bible Class of Park Avenue Baptist Church, of which he is Honorary President. Mr. Rockefeller contrasted religion of one hundred years ago with religion today with all his praise for the religion of today. During the course of this address Mr. Rockefeller declared that "adherence to the literal interpretation of the Scriptures is increasingly less possible in view of the discoveries of science." Dr. Stratton thus vigorously criticized his Baptist confere:

"When John D. Rockefeller, Jr., reflects upon the old-fashioned religion and says that this miserable modern thing is better than the religion that made our fathers and mothers saintly, pure and strong, then he is due for a 'come-

back.' Mr. Rockefeller has opened himself wide for just what needs to be said."

"The truth of the matter is that the Rockefeller money is the greatest curse that rests today upon the Baptist denomination. Through the infidel University of Chicago and the unbelieving Union Theological Seminary of this city it is doing more to blight us and blast us than all other forces combined."

"Mr. Rockefeller had a good deal to say last Sunday morning about the warmth and beauty of modern 'religion.' The sort of warmth and beauty that modern 'religion' has is the warmth of a putrid paganism which shows out through bare-legged girls dancing in the sanctuary and through 'bal bleu' affairs chaperoned by Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., and others at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel. He is one of the pitiful array of worldly minded protagonists who have usurped the places of leadership in the religious drama of the times."

"In order to offset the silly sentimentality and empty optimism of Mr. Rockefeller concerning what he thinks is the blessed influence of modernism and the new religion I will in my sermon next Sunday evening point out the real conditions in the world today."

"I would to God that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., might open his eyes to conditions as they really are and consecrate his millions to the true service of God through the preaching of the gospel of Jesus Christ."

"Conditions today are appalling, and are enough to awaken even a self-complacent and somnolent Modernist like John D. Rockefeller, Jr."

In the other church where the Baptist Fundamentalists held a simultaneous session the Rev. Dr. William L. Pettingill, head of the School of the Bible, Philadelphia, spoke on "Neutrality in the Present Crisis," and the salient points of his address follow:

"The Baptist Bible Union is a protest against the false gospels of our day. The Word of God pronounced the curse of God upon the preachers of false gospels."

"Sometimes we are told that we ought not to enter into public controversy. It is really wonderful how some people hate a fight. We are told that everything must be done decently and in order and by this it is meant that everything must be quiet and peaceable. But how can we say 'Peace, peace,' when there is no peace?"

"Baptists have less excuse than any other people in the world for turning from the Scriptures of God. There are other churches with highly developed organizations and with authoritative standards, such as books of church order, books of discipline, etc., but the Baptists have always stood for the one book and that alone. When a Baptist, therefore, loses his Bible he loses all he has, and he loses at the same time all excuse for his existence as a Baptist. There is no reason on earth why there should be a Baptist church anywhere unless that Baptist church means to stand for the word of God."

"Calling one's self a Baptist does not make one a Baptist any more than a man may make himself a Christian by wearing a label. A Baptist is a Christian and a Baptist Christian is a Bible believer."

"We have no personal grievance against our opponents. We are not nursing private injuries. The denial of the gospel of Christ has been open and flagrant; therefore we are compelled to deal with it openly and publicly. We must rebuke them in public in order that the public may know that we protest against this disgraceful desertion of the truth of God. How otherwise can people know but that all the Baptists have deserted the truth?"

"We have entered upon this war knowing that it is a war and not merely a skirmish or a battle."

The press gave publicity to Dr. Stratton's sensational statement that "the Rockefeller money is today the greatest curse that rests on the Baptist denomination." But that is not what interests us. It is the practical working out of the Protestant principle of Private Judgment. Has not John D. Rockefeller, Jr., equal right with John Roach Stratton to interpret the Scriptures?

Have not those preachers whose "denial of the gospel of Christ has been open and flagrant" the same right to their private judgment in the matter as the Rev. Dr. Pettingill?

By what authority does he brand their private judgment anti-Christian?"

The basic principle of Protestantism gives them all an equal right to search the Scriptures and interpret them. And the interpretations clash and contradict as they may, are equally authoritative.

In the light of the Modernist-Fundamentalist war the Catholic position with regard to the Bible stands out as not only logical and necessary, but as the only one consonant with right reason, common sense and human experience.

OLD HUMBUB REVIVED IN FRANCE

By THE OBSERVER

It is good to see the Catholics of France beginning to show a disposition to resist. They have too long allowed the bigots and tyrants of the Masonic lodges to dictate the terms on which they shall live in the country which owes its civilization to the Catholic Church.

One has some respect for a man who oppresses others in an effort to make good his affirmative convictions. But the bigots of France have no such convictions; so at least they say. They pretend to be neutral; they say they are not against the Catholic religion. If they admitted that they were against it they would be in a more respectable position. For then they would be oppressing in the name of a profound conviction.

But what is the world to think of a sect which oppresses others in the name of a mere negation?

That is their position if we take their own word for their position. But all the world knows well that they are not neutral. All the world knows that their measures are not neutral measures. Everyone knows that they are no more neutral than the woman who gave her little boy permission to go swimming on condition that he should not go near the water. It is the pretense of neutrality that reduces the policy of the Government of France to the proportions of a farce, and makes grave and serious-minded statesmen to take on before the world the appearance of farce actors.

What should we say of a government which should say to a physician, we have no objection to your practicing your profession, but we shall not permit you to enter a hospital unless the patient sends for you? The physician might answer, "The patient is delirious and is incapable of sending for anyone; his friends wish me to go and see him; and in any case I am appointed for the purpose of attending people who are sick and who do not know how sick they are." But the government answers, No, in any hospital over which we have control, no physician shall approach a patient unless that very patient sends for him. Would such a government be regarded as neutral in respect of the practice of medicine?

Do the French politicians think that the public opinion of the world has failed to see through the hollowness of the pretext on which they exclude priests from naval hospitals? Perhaps they have persuaded themselves that it makes no difference to them what the public opinion of other countries says about them and their bigoted policy. But it does matter and they will find out that it does. The European pot is not yet empty of the witch's brew of war. There will be war again. Again we shall be asked some day to admire the national motto of France—Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. Some day we shall be asked again to fight for France. The more fools we if we do. The Germans could not possibly have struck a more deadly blow at liberty, equality and fraternity than the French Government is striking at this moment. Canada is being admitted to the councils of the Empire and we shall have something to say as to whom we shall fight for or ally ourselves with in the future.

Meantime the old humbug of disloyalty is being propagated once more in France. The trouble with the Catholics of France is that they are too loyal. They should have put their foot to the narrow-minded tyrants long ago. Here's hoping they do it now. They can have a republic without allowing it to be run by the Masonic sect or by any other sect, and it is time they began to see to it. Ever since the day when the Jews frightened Pilate into giving Christ into their hands

by telling him that he would show himself an enemy to Caesar if he did not do so, the Church has been continually accused of treason. She was regarded as an enemy to the State in Rome and her martyrs went therefore to a bloody death. She has always been accused of treason. In England the fact of being a Catholic was made by the State to stand as presumptive evidence of treason.

Every tyrant who has in the past few centuries in some European country sought to exercise unbridled sway over his people has hurled against the Catholic Church the charge of treason. "Ye are scarce my subjects" said the blood-thirsty Henry the Eighth of England. His dishonest charge was repeated by the tyrants of several European countries; it passed into controversy all over the English-speaking world and one hears it yet echoing from sections that are remote from education and civilization. The charge was made in Mexico ten years ago. The Ku Klux Klan are making it today in the United States and the Orangemen in Canada.

But all these bullies and liars and tyrants are respectable compared with the Government of France, for this reason—they were and are all devoted to the establishment of an affirmative proposition; and that lends them a gravity despite the lack of logic in their contentions.

It has remained for the rulers of France of the past and the present generations to take a position before the world which has all the vice of the tyrants of other nations without the offsetting respectability of conviction upon an affirmative proposition. Other tyrants have never pretended to be neutral. They did not persecute upon a mere negation.

It is interesting to note that the world which has all the vice of the tyrants of other nations without the offsetting respectability of conviction upon an affirmative proposition. Other tyrants have never pretended to be neutral. They did not persecute upon a mere negation.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

SURMOUNTING EVEN international relations the cost of living question is still to the fore in Britain. The Ministry of Labor Gazette for November affirms that the average level of retail prices of the commodities taken into account in the statistics of that Department is approximately 80% higher than that of July, 1914, as compared with 76% a month ago, and 75% a year ago. The rise in the percentage in October is, it is declared, due solely to increases in the prices of food-stuffs. For food alone the average increase over the pre-war level was on November 1st, 79%, as compared with 72% on October 1st, and 73% a year ago.

SMITHFIELD (that is, London market) prices of certain classes of beef, mutton, lamb and pork advanced from 2d to 4d per pound on November 16th, and, according to the Daily (London) Mail, a further advance is almost certainly pending. So with bread—it was stated by the London Master Bakers' Society that the rise in the cost of flour more than absorbs the rise in the price of bread, and that a 4 pound loaf, which is now 10d, should be 10½d. It is generally expected in the trade that it will eventually pass that figure.

A CURIOUS light is thrown upon the position of the consumer in regard to fruit and vegetables. Apples which are very largely imported have already undergone advance in price, but this is said to be due to the falling-off of imports from the United States—this falling-off being no less than 20,000 barrels. In this connection one is inclined to ask if the Canadian product does not figure at all in the British market? And what of preferential trade relations? Potatoes are being sold in Liverpool at 5 lbs. for 8d., although the retailer buys at about 8 shillings per cwt. The consumer, therefore, pays about double the price realized by the wholesale dealer—a condition which, to say the least, would bear government scrutiny. It may be seen, therefore, that with the cost of living still rising six years after the return of peace, and the scale of unemployment unreduced in proportions, the Baldwin Government are confronted with a problem of the first magnitude.

FOLLOWING UPON the outbreak of intolerance in Scotland over the holding of an out-door Procession of the Blessed Sacrament at Carfin, Lanarkshire, a Catholic community, the opinion was expressed in these columns that repeal of certain antiquated and outworn statutes governing the matter was likely to be the result. This, as events

prove, is what has actually come to pass. Some weeks ago—prior to the late election—a private bill with, as is announced, Catholic and High Church backing, was introduced in the House of Commons, abolishing certain legal disabilities under which Catholics have continued to labor as relics of a benighted past. Although these prescriptions had long since become dead letters, practically, they were capable of invocation, and, as the event in Scotland proved, were actually invoked by mean and fanatical persons.

WE HAVE not heard if the bill referred to has passed through all the necessary stages, but if it has, or when it does, the way will have been paved for the abolition of that last remaining relic of an ugly past, the exclusion of a Catholic from the Throne. But apart from this the Bill would abolish the Act of Edward VI. which forbids Catholic books of ritual to be even kept within the Realm; the Act of George III. which prevents a Catholic priest from officiating in a place of worship with a bell and bell tower, or wearing priestly vestments outside a church or private house. It will also repeal the Act of Elizabeth which penalizes religious orders and declares trusts on their behalf to be void; also an Act of 1791 which declares unlawful all societies of persons professing the Catholic religion. Every one of these have remained on the statute books, and as such were part of English law. Notwithstanding, they have been infringed daily, and no one, save fanatics of the extremist type, but would have regarded their enforcement other than as a legacy of a time which enlightened Englishmen would fain forget. The little band of bigots in Scotland have thus, little as they intended, rendered a service to the cause of good government and incidentally (if we may be pardoned a lapse into the vernacular) "spilt the beans."

ANTICLERICALISM

DISGUSTS SELF-RESPECTING NON-CATHOLIC FRENCHMEN

Special Correspondent Edinburgh Catholic Herald

Paris, Monday, Nov. 10.

The attitude of the present French Government towards the Church is resented not only by the Catholics, whose rights and liberties are menaced, but by every fair-minded non-Catholic, and even by numerous unbelievers. Every honest citizen respectful of the rights of his neighbors—however he may disagree with his Catholic fellow-countrymen on questions of religion, education, and philosophy—is disgusted by the gratuitous revival of an aggressive anti-clericalism, not only unwarranted, but calculated to gravely compromise the interests of the country.

Many who, in principle, are partial to Separation realize with shame that they are being made morally responsible for an unholy war, engendered by the fanatics of Free-masonry, while audaciously presented in the Radical-Socialist press as a logical development of pure Republicanism and Democracy!

GROWING OPPOSITION

The opposition of such men to measures they notoriously detest has been up to the present somewhat supine indeed. It is likely to make itself really felt in the near future? So, at least, it would seem. During the last few days there are signs that so-called moderate Republicanism is inclined to vigorously react.

The Democratic Republican and Social Party (of which M. Jonnart is one of the past presidents) have just passed a resolution calling on the Deputies which represent it to resist a policy which, they proclaim, undermines "State authority, discipline, and respect."

THE "TEMPS" SCATHING CRITICISM

The "Temps," which speaks with the authority of a semi-official organ, applauds this awakening. At the same time it publishes one of the most cutting criticisms that has yet appeared in France on the eloquent contrasts of the present Cabinet's acts.

This article merits reproduction. When a writer who scrupulously respects the "lay" laws, and has shown himself frankly hostile to any militant Catholic movement, feels forced to pen the protest given below, the Catholic descriptions of the situation cannot be accused of exaggeration. Here is the article: "Two Embassies—two different decisions!" he cries. "The Embassy at the Vatican is suppressed; the Embassy in Moscow is resuscitated! Two sorts of Associations—two contrary treatments! The Congregations are not recognized, because they are illegal; the trades unions of public officials are recognized, although they are illegal. "The Government bases the suppression of the Embassy at the Vatican on the pretext that the

Pope has not rendered us any service since it was established. Let us accept for a moment this explanation, erroneous as it is.

"What service has the Soviet Government rendered to us up to the present? The Soviet Government was born of violence and amidst the shedding of human blood. Christianity was born of a gesture of love, with a message of Peace for Humanity.

"The instigators of the Communist movement hoisted themselves to power, the satisfactions and vanities of which they have known. The Creator of Christianity mounted on the Cross, the sufferings and opprobrium of which He has known. The adepts of Muscovite Communism have massacred their adversaries and lived—lived well—for their cause. The Christian martyrs, dying for their faith, blessed their executioners.

THE COMMUNISTIC BOAST

"The politicians hostile to the Embassy at the Vatican have approached the Papacy with exporting Catholic propaganda into this country and interfering in our home affairs. Is it quite sure that Communism will not mix itself up in our domestic politics? Yes, the Catholic religion has sometimes lacked tolerance and sought to impose itself on all peoples (sic). But does not the Communist doctrine, which is almost a religion, if not a fanaticism, pride itself on penetrating into every nation?"

"Is the letter of M. Bakovsky genuine? Is it a forgery? What does it matter; the manifestos of the chiefs of Russian Sovietism openly advocate the creation of 'nuclei' in all the cells of the national organizations everywhere.

OTHER CONTRASTS

"The contrasts are not less accentuated when one compares the lot reserved for the Associations of Public Officials with the treatment applied to the congregations. The Associations of Officials are illegal. The courts have pronounced their nullity on various occasions. By an act of the Executive Power—the 'Prince's prerogative'—and without asking the assent of Parliament, the legality has now been recognized.

"The Associations Law of July 2nd, 1901, in its 13th article, gives the faculty of dissolving the Congregations and compels them to apply for an authorisation, in order to be legally recognized. The law of 1884 on trade and professional unions, by its silence, refuses public officials the right to organize themselves into such unions. In September-October, 1924, this law of 1884 is ignored and violated for the benefit of the public officials. In September-October, 1924, the law of 1901 is applied to the Congregations."

A USURPED LEGALITY

The writer goes on to point out that Waldeck-Rousseau—author of both the Trades Unions and Associations Laws—whom the Radical-Socialists quote as their guide and philosopher, had not, in 1899, "two different sets of weights and measures." He declared in Parliament that any illegal association, whether "lay" or religious, should, without discrimination, be dissolved. "No two-faced justice for him." No penalties for one category of citizens and privileges for another.

The Radical-Socialist coalition of 1924 accords to the Trades Unions of Officials a usurped legality, in other words a privilege that they refuse to the Congregations."

These contrasting pictures of the Janus method of government pursued by the present French Administration are all the more vivid for being penned by a journalist who cannot be accused of partiality for "Clericalism."

FRANCE

FRENCH MINISTER LAUNCHES BITTER ATTACK ON CLERGY

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

It is with little short of stupeor that the public has learned of the speech delivered by M. Francois Albert, Minister of Public Instruction at the Congress held at Valence by the League for Education. This Association has for its object "the propagation and defense of secular education" and is of masonic and anti-clerical inspiration. The president is M. Albert himself, who is a very advanced and aggressive senator. Before becoming a cabinet member, this fanatical member of parliament devoted his activity as a journalist to denouncing what he termed the "encroachments of the clericals," to scanning all the pastoral letters of the bishops and to criticizing all the religious authorities. Having accused the Nuncio, one day, in an organ of the Left, of having prepared the elections, he drew a very formal and even scathing denial.

The speech at Valence is worthy of this past record. Nevertheless it caused a certain amount of surprise, for never, since the days of Combes, has such violent language been used. The difference between this diatribe and Premier Herriot's reply to the letter of the Cardinals is the difference between beer and vinegar.

JESUITS FIERCELY ATTACKED

The theme of the address was the necessity of defending State education. This education M. Albert believes is to be menaced by the Jesuits, who, he declares did every-

thing they liked under the regime of the National Bloc. Not only have they reopened all their establishments, he says, but they are striving to win over by meetings and propaganda the professors and students of the lycées.

Where does M. Albert seek proof of these assertions? In the fact that the university students meet on certain Sundays at Catholic colleges to take part in meetings promoting religious perfection, and in days of prayer and study.

M. Albert accuses the Jesuits of trying to seize the universities and declares that the Government will oppose this action with all its strength. To hear him, it would seem that the Herriot Cabinet wishes to attack the Jesuits alone. He assures us that "the good fathers have only a moderate sympathy for the secular clergy" and he claims that religion should not ally its cause with that of a religious order which, he says, was condemned by the Pope a century and a half ago. Hypocritically, he even went so far as to pretend that he has a high esteem for the clergy of France and that he believes them to be incapable of rising, of their own volition, against the plans of the government, but he represents them as being led on by "an advance guard of Church vagabonds."

Carried away by his polemical spirit, the Minister attacks in turn each of the cabinets of the National Bloc, the former Minister of Public Instruction, Leon Berard, General de Castelnau, whom he terms "the plenipotentiary of the Society of Jesus" and lastly, what is more serious still, he attacks the Nuncio himself. This is the first time that a cabinet minister has ever attacked a diplomat accredited to this government. He reproaches him "for having departed from the habitual reserve imposed upon diplomatic agents in giving the support of his presence and speech to the Catholic Institute, the rival of the State colleges."

EVOKES MANY PROTESTS

No sooner had this extraordinary language become known than protests were raised on all sides. The opposition press, in reporting the Valence speech, presented it under the heading "A Civil Warfare Speech." Some papers wrote "the remarks of M. Francois Albert are odious and even ridiculous."

Mgr. Beaudrillard, Rector of the Catholic Institute, who was the fellow student and senior of M. Francois Albert at the Ecole Normale Supérieure, has corrected, in a public letter, and with great moderation, the error in giving the support of his presence and speech to the Nuncio language which he never used.

Lastly, the "Ligue des Droits du Religieux Ancien Combattant" (League for the Defense of the Rights of Religious who fought in the Great War), immediately wrote to the press to protest against the pharisaical manoeuvre tending to separate the Jesuits from the other religious orders. All orders are on a parity, the protest states, and all feel themselves threatened in the same way. It is not only the Society of Jesus, it is the one hundred and forty religious orders which were refused authorization in the time of M. Combes.

As for the secular clergy, it has protested with the same energy. Members of the League of Priests who served in the War, constituted in seventy-two dioceses, have all affirmed their union with the religious who have been attacked. They point out that the Jesuits did not take the offensive, and that the aggressor is the new government which, in its declaration of January stirred the Catholics by announcing the suppression of the embassy to the Vatican, the secularization and the strict application of laws on religious orders. In Parisian political circles, it is believed that the violent speech of M. Francois Albert was a manoeuvre premeditated in masonic circles to force the hand of the Premier and rush hostilities by bringing about a diplomatic incident with the Nuncio. The anti-clericals thus hoped to force the Papacy to make a gesture of protest which would hasten a rupture.

BELFAST PAPERS SUPPRESS TOLERANCE PLEAS

Dublin, Ireland.—Some notable speeches were delivered by Protestant clergymen in Belfast in support of the labor candidate in the west division of the city at the General Election. Rev. A. L. Agnew gave utterance to the following observations:

"All Christian ministers are not against labor. I curse in my heart those people who got it into the minds and heads of their dupes to go out and fight their Catholic fellow-countrymen. The opponents of labor are deliberately trying to set up sectarian strife and murder again in Belfast, and to set Protestants and Catholics against one another. The Protestant religion is said to be in danger. It is false. The only persons who will destroy Protestantism are the ten thousand Yahoos who run after various politicians shouting 'To Hell with the Pope!'"

Rev. Edgar J. Fripp denounced the "fanatical bigotry" of the Unionist Party. He added:

"The Die-Hard Conservatism of Ulster is a discredited and impotent factor in political life."

Rev. J. Bruce Wallace observed:

"Sectarianism is Ulster's curse. May the day soon come when Catholic and Protestant workmen will unite in furtherance of their own ideals and keep united in their own defense."

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS IN THE FOREIGN MISSION FIELD

"The Christian School is as necessary as the foreign missionary," says the message left to his sons, the Brothers of the Christian Schools, by their holy Founder, St. John Baptist De La Salle.

Through their schools and colleges, whose crowded halls bear testimony to a reputation for thorough and practical education second to none, the Brothers are enabled to influence numbers of non-Christian students by word and example.

Beginning with missionary schools in the Island of Reunion in 1816, where later the saintly Brother Scubillon, like another Peter Claver, was to convert and lead to baptism hundreds of negro slaves, the Christian Brothers have extended their labors throughout Asia and Africa.

Addressing the French Chamber in 1923 in regard to the missionary activities of the Christian Brothers, the late Mr. Maurice Barrés of the French Academy said:

"It has been my privilege to visit a great number of the Brothers' schools from Alexandria to Constantinople. In all the regions of Egypt and of the countries that previous to 1918 constituted the Ottoman Empire, I found them directing their teaching along practical lines adapted to the needs of the country, giving a thorough professional training, forming their young men to be industrious, attentive, and well-disciplined."

On this occasion, the Superintendent of Education wrote: "Allow me to congratulate you on the reception of the O. B. E. I know that the Brothers of the Christian Schools have no other aim than the fulfillment of their duty and that they seek no other reward; the great work that they are doing needs neither recognition nor publicity. Still, I am very pleased that your fruitful labors have won the attention of the British Government. You will not yourself be unmindful of the honor that has been done you and you have reason to congratulate yourself on the great reputation already enjoyed by your Society throughout the Malay Peninsula." And the Protestant Bishop wrote: "Allow me to congratulate you heartily on your title of O. B. E. It is a public recognition of the fine work accomplished by your schools. While so many others are being decorated for having produced wealth at no matter what cost, it is comforting to see that you are being honored for having produced character in humanity. This, I take it, is the chief object of your activity."

His Eminence Cardinal Van Rossum, Prefect of the Propaganda, recently wrote as follows to the Superior General of the Brothers: "I am rejoiced to know of the consoling progress of your religious family which at the present time directs more than twelve hundred educational establishments in which are more than three hundred thousand pupils. In the name of this Sacred Congregation, I thank you. The expression of gratitude and of satisfaction for your work on the part of Propaganda will certainly be most agreeable to your Institute to which I wish every sort of success and blessing. I charge you to continue with zeal your apostolate for the glory of God and the good of souls."

The following extracts from a letter written by one of the Brothers now on the missions in the Far East indicates the truly apostolic nature of their work: "The beneficial effect of the Brothers' work is tangible and clearly visible to those who follow

the expression of gratitude of the Sacred Congregation for the very appreciable aid rendered by you in the evangelization of the Vicariate."

In Asia, conversions among the children would be much more numerous were it not for the opposition of the parents. Still, there are a number of conversions every year in each of the Brothers' colleges. Many of the pagan boys show admirable dispositions both in school and afterwards. They recite the Rosary, visit the Blessed Sacrament, and, often in vain, beg their parents' permission to receive Baptism. Sometimes even they have been known to endure punishment and imprisonment rather than give up their pious intention. Frequently they baptize the younger children and the sick who are in danger of death. We are told of many pagan households in which pictures of the Sacred Heart or of the Most Blessed Virgin are exposed that were brought home from school by the children.

In one Christian Brothers' College, Mohammedan pupils pray to Our Lady of Lourdes along with their Christian schoolmates. One of their number obtained the miraculous cure of his mother through the intercession of Our Lady of Massabielle. In another College the following letter was hastily slipped by a pagan boy under the statue of the Divine Child: "Prostrate before Thy Crisp, we have nothing to offer Thee, but we beg Thee to receive our hearts prepared for Thee. Show our parents the true way to Heaven. Make our mandarins less strict, the winter less severe, and all of us more intelligent, docile, and susceptible to conversion. O King of Kings, give us our daily bread and grace enough to resist temptation."

In Indo China the Brothers' work has been remarkably fruitful. During the year 1923, no less than sixty-one of their pupils received Holy Baptism, one hundred and seventy-four received their First Private Communion, one hundred and ninety-six their First Solemn Communion, and one hundred and fifty-four were confirmed. At the Brothers' School at Saigon, fifteen young men of the graduating class of 1922 presented themselves for Baptism.

"The great amount of good that we can do our pupils," writes a Brother from Ceylon, "gives us great consolation. Frequently our pagan boys are converted and those who are not converted at least become better. During the Catechism lessons, it is a pleasure to hear pagans, who are anxious to know the truth, put questions to the teacher and follow the prayers in the books of their Catholic schoolmates. Ah! if only they were at liberty, and if only many more Brothers could come to speak to them of Jesus Christ. How is it that such a beautiful vocation does not arouse more enthusiasm among our young men?"

Both Church and State recognize the splendid work being accomplished in these missionary schools. Last year Rev. Brother James, Provincial of the Brothers of the Christian Schools in British India, received the distinction of the Order of the British Empire in recognition of his distinguished service in the educational field.

On this occasion, the Superintendent of Education wrote: "Allow me to congratulate you on the reception of the O. B. E. I know that the Brothers of the Christian Schools have no other aim than the fulfillment of their duty and that they seek no other reward; the great work that they are doing needs neither recognition nor publicity. Still, I am very pleased that your fruitful labors have won the attention of the British Government. You will not yourself be unmindful of the honor that has been done you and you have reason to congratulate yourself on the great reputation already enjoyed by your Society throughout the Malay Peninsula." And the Protestant Bishop wrote: "Allow me to congratulate you heartily on your title of O. B. E. It is a public recognition of the fine work accomplished by your schools. While so many others are being decorated for having produced wealth at no matter what cost, it is comforting to see that you are being honored for having produced character in humanity. This, I take it, is the chief object of your activity."

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The following extracts from a letter written by one of the Brothers now on the missions in the Far East indicates the truly apostolic nature of their work: "The beneficial effect of the Brothers' work is tangible and clearly visible to those who follow

the progress of divine grace in souls. It is true, indeed, that not all of the Brothers' pupils are Catholics, but they all respect those who teach them and venerate the priests who represent the religion of Jesus Christ. So it is that, gradually, prejudices—those strongholds of superstition—are broken down and fall under the force of catechetical teaching confirmed by the daily example of those who impart it. Once the ground is cleared, our missionaries can build anew upon the foundation of our holy dogmas.

"The pagans who leave our Christian schools offer less opposition to their sons than they themselves had to meet from their parents, and, with the help of God's grace, souls are drawn nearer and nearer to Baptism. There are few that, when they leave school, are not led to reflect upon a religion so different from that which they see practiced around them. Many, struck by the superiority of Christian morality, apply to a missionary priest for supplementary instruction with a view to receiving Baptism."

"Sometimes when upon his deathbed, the poor pagan calls for the minister of God. So it was recently with a young man, a pupil of the Brothers at Hue, who worked in one of the factories here. He was struck down with a fatal disease and was dying in the hospital at Yash. Seeing the priest, passing by on his usual rounds through the wards, the dying man called him and begged to receive Baptism. The priest, on questioning him, found that he was sufficiently instructed and baptized him. An hour later his purified soul went to Heaven."

Recently at the close of our Annual Retreat, Rev. Father Robert, Assistant Superior General of the Society of Foreign Missions, addressed us and told us of the great desire of the missionaries to have Brothers for their schools, especially in China. A thousand Brothers, he said, would not be enough for the task and, still, the buildings are ready; we have but to occupy them.

In order to meet the needs of missionary countries, the Christian Brothers have special Foreign Missionary Training Colleges and Novitiates in Belgium, France, Italy, and Spain. They have, likewise, Novitiates in Ceylon, Straits Settlements, and Indo China.

In the foreign as well as in the home mission field, the Brothers of the Christian Schools have, then, been faithful to this solemn commission of their holy Founder, St. De La Salle: "In His power and goodness, God has called you to impart a knowledge of the Gospel to those who know it not. Look upon yourselves, therefore, as the ministers of God."

"I SERVE"

This Motto, for generations the badge of princes, has been known to the alleys of Canadian children faring forth into the adventure of life. The Junior Red Cross has given them the thought and the motto. Playing the Health Game themselves and promising to do their best to help children less happy, young Canadians have been trooping to the Standard of the Junior Red Cross.

This World Wide League of Children has so quietly evolved from a purely humanitarian movement during the War, into a great educational movement in the schools, that many of our citizens are not yet conscious of its existence, of its sure and steady growth, and of the forces which it is tapping and giving expression to in this country. Yet there are in existence today national societies in 21 countries, its membership totals 6,000,000 included in which are 85,000 of our young Canadians. Canada holds the distinction of having organized the first Junior Red Cross branch in the world, the branch in Montreal having been begun in 1914 under the direction of Miss Phillips.

The outstanding objects of the Junior Red Cross are:

- 1. Promotion of Good Health.
2. Promotion of humanitarian ideals.
3. Promotion of good citizenship.
4. Promotion of international friendliness.

Educational authorities were quick to see the possibilities which the Junior Red Cross offered for vitalizing their theories of education—a movement based on and carrying into effect the two great fundamental principles of education, the self-activity of the child and the importance of habit formation during the impressionable years of childhood.

The method of the Junior Red Cross is to try to establish in each child a conscience in relation to health habits. It is really a self-constituted health corps. Every child joining must take upon himself the obligation of putting into practice all the health facts he has been taught. The children elect their own officers and carry on their own business. The meetings are conducted in strictly parliamentary fashion. Because this is his own club and because there stand behind him the glorious traditions of the National and International Red Cross there comes to the child an impelling motive to carry over the facts of health that he has been taught into action, and then on to habit. This is a great achievement since only too often there has been

a great gulf fixed between theory and practice.

In an organization such as this lies the solution of many of our health problems, and Canada cannot awake too quickly to a realization of its importance. Sir Philip Gibbs says: "Such a League of Children would be a greater promise to us all than any League of Nations which may now be formulated, for in these children's hearts would be the well-springs from which our old and weary world would get refreshment, and pure fountains of charity would irrigate the barren wastes of our spiritual desert, so that the flowers and fruits of human life should grow there above the old bones of our dead."

MARION B. STAFFORD, B. Sc. Social Service Council of Canada.

WEEKLY CALENDAR

Sunday, December 14.—St. Nicasius, Archbishop and his companions, martyrs. St. Nicasius was Archbishop of Rheims when the barbarians plundered that city in the fifth century. Endeavoring to save the city, he was exposed himself to the swords of the Goths, who, after a thousand insults and indignities cut off his head. Florens, his deacon, Jocond, his lector, and Eutropia, his sister, were martyred with him.

Monday, December 15.—St. Mesmin, was abbot of the Monastery at Micy during the reign of King Clovis. One of the achievements credited to him is that of feeding the entire city of Orleans with wheat from his monastery during a famine without perceptibly diminishing his stores. He also drove an enormous serpent out of the place in which he was afterwards buried. After governing his monastery for ten years, he died, as he lived, in the odor of sanctity.

Tuesday, December 16.—St. Eusebius, Bishop, was born of a noble family on the island of Sardina. His mother took him to Rome where he was afterwards ordained and sent to serve the Church at Vercelli. Here he manifested such zeal that when that bishopric became vacant, he was chosen by the unanimous voice of the clergy and laity to fill the office. He was active in his devotion to the heretics, and through their machinations he was banished to Scythopolis and thence to Upper Thebais in Egypt. He died in 371.

Wednesday, December 17.—St. Olympias was the glory of the widows of the Eastern Church. Her husband died twenty days after they were married. She then resolved to consecrate her life to prayer and devote her fortune to the poor. Nectarius, Archbishop of Constantinople, appointed her deaconess. She was cruelly persecuted and finally crowned a virtuous life with a saintly death about the year 410.

Thursday, December 18.—St. Gatian, Bishop, was a companion of St. Dionysius of Paris when the latter came to Rome about the middle of the third century. Notwithstanding great opposition, St. Gatian succeeded in making many converts to the faith, although constantly in danger of death at the hands of the pagans. He died in peace and was honored with miracles.

Friday, December 19.—St. Nemesio, Martyr, was an Egyptian who was apprehended at Alexandria during the persecution of Dacius. He was charged with having committed theft and having easily cleared himself of this accusation he was then charged with being a Christian. After being scourged and otherwise tortured he was condemned to be burnt with the robbers and other malefactors.

Saturday, December 20.—St. Philogonius, Bishop, was placed in the See of Antioch upon the death of Vitalis in 918. When Arius broached his blasphemous at Alexandria, St. Alexander condemned him and sent the sentence in a synodal letter to St. Philogonius who strenuously defended the Catholic faith before the Council of Nice. In the storms which were raised against the Church first by Maximin II. and afterward by Licinius, St. Philogonius won the title of Confessor. He died in 322.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

SOME BRITISH COLUMBIA DIFFICULTIES

Bishop's House, Victoria, B. C. Nov. 12th, 1924.

Right Rev. Mgr. Blair, Catholic Church Extension Society, 67 Bond St., Toronto, Ont. My dear Monsignor,—Your cheque of the 8th inst. received for Mass Intentions. Many thanks for this favor from the Society. I feel sure that if the people and priests of the well-to-do sections could realize to themselves the great help the stipends of Masses are to the missionary priests in Canada, a better response would be made each week to your appeals. It cannot be well known that nearly 8000 priests look to you for assistance in this regard each month. If the matter is overlooked or disregarded it means that suffering and distress are unnecessarily borne by the priests in the West and North of Canada.

Little chapels are also very much needed throughout the sparsely

settled and lonely places in missionary Canada. Those who mourn for their dear departed would find comfort and their sorrow assuaged if, instead of erecting a cold marble shaft in a bleak cemetery, a house of God was built as a memorial of love in honor of the deceased. Five hundred dollars would accomplish this holy work. In this little chapel the Holy Sacrifice would be offered up for the living and the dead and souls, dear in the eyes of God, bathed and refreshed in the Blood of His Divine Son. They who mourn and are not comforted ought to ask themselves, would it not be more pleasing to the beloved departed if we built chapels to God's glory and to their memory, than to put costly memorials of marble and brass in the forsaken graveyards? Very often the costly monument in the cemetery is a public display of the pride and conceit of the living and a kotowing to public opinion rather than a true expression of love for the dead.

BRITISH COLUMBIA PROBLEMS

In British Columbia school taxes is one of our almost overpowering burdens. Just think, we pay taxes to the Public Schools and then are compelled to support our Catholic schools as a matter of Faith and Christian Duty. Our very schools are taxed for the support of the Public Schools. Our people, they are not rich, make the sacrifice cheerfully and generously. The result of this awful burden of taxation, however, is that many necessary diocesan works are left undone or poorly done. For example, we need in this diocese, at the present time, a sea-going boat for our mission and for systematic visitation of the islands about Vancouver Island. The cost of such a boat is about \$5,000. It is impossible for the diocese to go to this necessary expense. The funds we have available must be paid in taxes and in response to other more imperative demands.

Now, if the Extension Society was honestly supported, for the love of God and the salvation of souls, it would be a very small matter for you to send me \$5,000 and permit me to do a very needful Catholic work. Your Society has not the money. But, if the Extension Society was a Methodist organization, ample funds would be at its disposal for Home Missions. Yet, the Methodists in Canada and Newfoundland do not number 600,000, an Catholics are well over the 3,000,000 (three million) mark. What is the matter? There is only one answer, Catholics do not realize their responsibilities to God and their holy religion, the sense of stewardship is foreign to them. Meanwhile, we can only pray that the Sovereignty of God and the dependence of man and the necessity of sacrifice on his part, may soon become better understood and practiced.

Dear Monsignor, I started merely to thank you for Mass Intentions, and, see how I have run on! It may be providential that I have done so and that my words may awaken a response in the hearts of some good Catholics. Best wishes.

Yours in Christ, T. O'DONNELL, Bishop of Victoria.

Contributions through this office should be addressed:

EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

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FAITH

Beyond this life enshrouded from my sight
An all wise judge withholds awhile His wrath
More splendid than the sun, His dazzling might,
My trembling soul an atom in His Path,
He holds the universe within His hand
And at His word eternal gates divide
O, Mystic Dread! I cannot understand
I cannot see, and I Am not terrified!
Behind the humble tabernacle door He waits who healed the blind and raised the dead,
Forgave the thief and cleansed the lepers sore,
Pity and mercy, as He walked He shed
The raging waves were still at His command,
On children's heads His gentle hand He laid,
O, Mystic love! I cannot understand
I cannot see, and I Am not afraid! —ROSE TERRY

Become A Bondholder Ontario Loan Accumulative Debentures \$76.24 Invested Will Yield \$100 in 5 Years' Time

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BURSES SPREAD THE GLAD TIDINGS During the month of December the whole Christian world is irradiated with joy because of the coming of the Saviour.

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Sliding Partitions For Auditoriums Here is the modern way of subdividing one large room into two or more rooms for churches, auditoriums and schools.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMODY, D. D.

THIRD SUNDAY OF ADVENT

THE JOY OF THE LORD

"Rejoice in the Lord always; again, I say, rejoice." (Phil. iv. 4.)

Mingled with other things of life is a certain amount of joy. This joy does not pervade the whole human race at the same time. When one individual may be experiencing great joy, another may be steeped in the deepest sorrow. But is this joy the same in every one? Experience shows us that it is not. There are, indeed, certain founts of joy that are common to all, but not in the same degree. What causes great joy in the heart of one may fall to do so in the heart of another. This is due, generally, to the different temperaments of people, to their education, and to the estimation they have of certain things.

All this is true of worldly joys. There is a joy, however, that flows from a loftier fount and which always may dwell in the heart of man. This is the joy of which St. Paul speaks. There is only one thing that will bring this joy to us, and that is a good and clear conscience. Whoever possesses it can always rejoice. Sorrows, misfortunes, and difficulties of all kinds can not drive it from him. They may smother it temporarily, but they can not stifle it forever. Nor will this temporal overshadowing of it be complete. It will even then burst forth, though not in its entirety or greatest intensity; but it will be enough to buoy us up amidst the sorrows and difficulties we continually encounter.

How sad it is to know that so few of the whole human race have this joy in their hearts. Why do they not possess it? It is either because they are leading a life they should not, or because they are totally ignorant of the possibility of any joy, save what the world can offer, coming into their souls.

Worldly people, that is, people who give little or no time to God, often appear happy. Who has not seen them on the streets, in the theaters, in other amusement places, in the club-rooms, wearing a perpetual smile? Were we to judge from that, we would be forced to admit that their joy is full. However, it is not the smile on the lip that tells the truth. It, like the tongue, easily can deceive men. Were the depths of many of these men's hearts searched, an alarming fact would be revealed. The seat of the pleasant look would not be found therein, but rather disorder, which can not bring true pleasure. And if the lips do not correspond with the heart, there is no sincerity in the man guilty of the inconsistency.

The lips of another may not wear this smile; in his words there may be but little if anything that would reveal a joy dwelling within him. Nevertheless, it is often there, and its manifestations break forth in something more serious than smiles and more weighty than words. It is shown in a good will, a kind disposition, an abounding charity, and a tender conscience. In the latter, he finds great joy. They are more precious to him than all the wealth, honor, and glory that the world could bestow upon him.

To many people joy would seem to consist in an absolute freedom from all restraint. Of course, they realize they must observe the laws of God, and many, if not all, of the laws of the country, but beyond this they recognize no restraint. Every fancy, every whim, they would like to see encouraged and satisfied. Nor are such individuals wanting in this great land. You will find them almost everywhere. If they do not do more for themselves than they are actually doing, it is because they have not yet discovered where something is lacking. They consider themselves the only wise ones of earth, and they scoff at any one who voluntarily leads a life of sacrifice. They look upon religious, bound by vows, as unwise. The doctrine of mortification taught by the Church they consider as old-fashioned and quite unbecoming to one who abounds in wealth. But does true joy really come to such as these? No joys, except worldly ones, which generally drive them into passionate desires beyond their control, come into their heart. Of the quiet, sweet, and calm joy of the Lord, they have never tasted. And if they have not tasted of it here, how can they be filled with it hereafter?

It should be the desire of every Catholic, gifted as he is with faith and a knowledge of the high things of God, to acquire the true joy of the Lord. He is bidden to do so many times in Scripture. Experience teaches him also that it alone counts. The happiness all crave for, he realizes can never come to him if his heart be void of this true joy. Neither can the cheering words he speaks in life, or the smile he often wears, be sincere without it.

On the contrary, what a precious blessing it is to him who possesses this joy. The burdens of life will be lightened for him; the sorrows and pain that afflict him will be lessened, if the joy of the Lord be among his spiritual possessions. He will have a better understanding of the passing things of life and of the eternal things of God. This will urge him on and give him courage to reform the works that will bring him to the everlasting city of heaven, where happiness will attend him eternally.

IS ONE RELIGION AS GOOD AS ANOTHER

A. M. Riordan in America

Any one will admit that two and two are four. Anyone will admit that there is only one way to write the multiplication tables and write them correctly. All men know that there is only one correct answer to any given problem in mathematics, or for that matter, in any science. We admit these things because it is indisputable to the thinking man that nothing can be true and false at the same time, in the same sense. The rules of mathematics, of physics, of chemistry, and all the other sciences are one and indisputable, because truth is one. Two and two are not four, due to agreement among men that this shall be so. H₂O is not water because man has agreed that it shall be; a stone, thrown into the air, does not fall again to the ground, because physicists have agreed that it should so fall. These things are true simply because they are true, and man must admit their truth, or be in error.

If truth is universally one, in everything else, why is it not also one in religion? God exists. All Christians admit that. God is a Being and as such, has certain attributes. All Christians admit that also. Christ lived on earth, and now lives in heaven. Certain things are true concerning Christ and certain things are not true. No one, even if he be not a Christian, denies that. While on earth, Christ spoke certain words; He laid down certain rules; He told facts concerning Himself and God, and He started a religion. In order to call oneself a Christian this must be admitted. Christ, said only one thing concerning each different question and He meant it only one way, else He would have been wrong.

Everywhere, on every side, we hear the contention that one religion is as good as another and we hear the contention that the Bible is the Word of God and that all men should be permitted to interpret it in their own way. Religion should be democratic and the particular congregations, scattered throughout the world, should be permitted to decide what is to be believed by them, and taught by their ministers in their own churches. There are about 202 different sects in existence, and we are told that one is as good as another.

Any fair-minded Christian must admit that one religion is as good as another in the sense that a man can save his soul, no matter to what religion he may belong, provided he conducts his life in accordance with what he conscientiously believes to be right. If a man is sincere in his belief and acts accordingly, he will surely save his soul, but does this prove that one religion is as good as another?

Suppose men were to divide up into 202 different schools on arithmetic, each school deciding what rules it will adopt and what the professor shall teach. One school would maintain that so and so's text book is the correct one, and that it should be adhered to exactly, and if questions were to arise concerning some point, that the writer of the book should be the court of last appeal, and his word, law. Another school would maintain the same text book to be the true one, but deny that the writer had any authority to settle any disputed question, holding that every student should be allowed to interpret the text to suit himself; that we ought to be democratic about it, and let everyone have his say about it. Another school would deny the authenticity of the text book altogether, and use another which maintained different rules. One school would admit the multiplication tables, as they are, and another would deny the seven tables and claim that seven times two equals twenty-five. Another would deny the universality of the law governing the sum of two and two, and claim that, when a debt of two dollars and two dollars is owed him, that the sum should be five, while when he owed two and two dollars to another, that the sum would be three. What would be the result? The grocer would sell beans at 10 cents per can, straight, and, by the addition he learned at his school, make two cans worth 37 cents. The customer who attended another school, where the free-thinking method was taught, having only 12 cents in his pocket, and knowing that the beans sell for 10 cents a can, would be able to buy two cans for his 12 cents, as his method taught him he could decide the sum of two numbers to suit himself.

This example is arithmetic only, but take any other science. What if the chemist, the physicist, the astronomer, the electrician, were to hold that each individual could interpret the rules of his science as he sees fit, what would happen? The chemist would mix up some H₂SO₄, and have us drinking sulphuric acid, claiming that the laws have nothing to do with it, and that H₂SO₄ is water; the physicist would build railroad bridges out of straw, as the rule governing strength of material is arbitrary, the astronomer would say that we get our heat from the moon, and the electrician would use 100,000 volts on the light circuits in our houses on the principle that high voltage is not dangerous, as the rule saying that it is, is only arbitrary anyway and he has as much right to think

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the way he pleases about it as anyone else.

It is easy to see what the arbitrary interpretation of the laws of science would lead to. It never crosses a man's mind to say that one belief in the laws of science is as good as another, but yet, there are 202 religions, each differing from the other and still, each has reference to the same thing, in the same sense. The laws of all sciences are admitted by all to be absolute, permitting only one interpretation, and he who believes anything else, is admitted to be wrong. Is the truth concerning God and Christ less one and undeniable than the truth concerning chemistry? Christ cannot have been true God and not true God at the same time; Christ cannot be really present in the Blessed Sacrament and not present at the same time; Christ could not have made Peter the head of His church, and not made him head of His Church. Something is true concerning God and Christ and anything opposed to that particular something is not true. Something must be true concerning God and Christ. They exist, and therefore have attributes. Christ lived; He said certain things; He did certain things, and He meant what He said in a certain way. There are 202 different religions, each claiming to tell the actual facts concerning God, but each at variance with all the others. Certainly it ought to be evident that either there is no religion which is right, or else there is one which is right, and all the rest are wrong.

If a man conducts his life in accordance with what he believes, and is sincere in his belief, he can save his soul, but one religion is not as good as another to the man who wishes to be a follower of the religion, which is in accordance with the actual facts concerning God and Christ.

Religion is the science of the greatest truth in existence and the most unchangeable, and yet it is the only science where men claim that one interpretation is as good as another. We cannot be democratic with the laws of science. One thing is always true in each case and we must admit this or be in error. It may serve our purpose to be in error, but we are none the less wrong.

He who claims that one religion is as good as another, may go to heaven if he be sincere in his belief and live up to it, but even though he save his soul, he is none the less at variance with the actual truth. The really sincere upright man, the good man may get to heaven, but one religion is not as good as another to the man who cares whether he knows the truth or not. I may go through life and be prosperous and happy, and all the time think that two and two equal five, but although prosperous and happy, I am wrong. I may possibly save my soul in the belief that one religion is as good as another, but I am just as wrong as if I had lost it.

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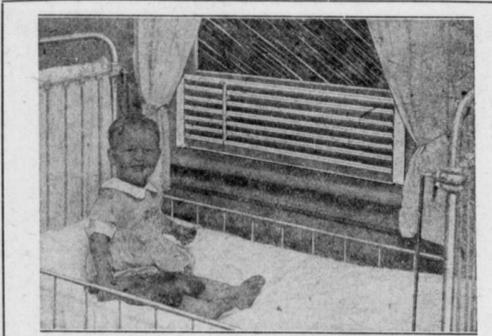
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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

LET US SMILE

The thing that goes farthest toward making life worth while, that costs the least and does the most, is just a pleasant smile.

A smile comes very easy—you can wrinkle up with cheer a hundred times before you can squeeze out a soggy tear.

THE GIFT OF SYMPATHY

A man who had arisen to great heights in his chosen profession was asked to state the influence which had been especially strong for good in the formation of his career.

After a few moments' reflection, he replied soberly: "I think that I can say with perfect truth that it was a certain teacher under whom I studied during my high school days.

When it came my turn to recite I did not even know the paragraph in the text book where I was supposed to begin.

It was the last time, the writer tells us, that he failed to be able to recite his German lesson.

It is perhaps true that there are too few people who understand one another in life.

The classroom is not a machine shop. It is not a department store where goods are grouped together uniformly and where each article is expected to give absolute satisfaction.

One child is dreamy, another extremely active and energetic. It is for the educator to analyze with care and patience both characters.

"I had a teacher once," a well-known writer said, "who had more influence over me than anyone I know of after my mother.

Most of us know some person like that teacher. Singled out from the rest of men and things, he stands alone, like a beautiful statue on its pedestal.

close inspection,—the statue is still quite flawless. The dust of the world has never settled upon it, for it still preserves its pristine whiteness.

Fortunate indeed is the man, says Henry Bordeaux, who has fixed high ideals, and has never suffered them to topple down.

The great man of whom we spoke above reflected the thought of many when he said: "The sweet usefulness of my teacher completely overpowered me.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE ROSARY-BY-SEA

"Ave Maria!" Above the roar of the blooming surf on the sandy shore.

Touching the beads of my Rosary chain,— "Ave Maria!" again and again.

Opal and sapphire, ruby and gold; The billows are crested with splendor untold.

Is telling Our Lady I love her true, "Ave Maria!" 'Tis twilight now, With faint stars seeming a crown for her brow;

Queen of the Rosary, Star of the Sea!

HONOR THY FATHER Boys, when you speak of your father don't call him "the old man."

COURAGE Whether you be a man or woman, you will never do anything in the world without courage.

ONE GIRL'S IDEALS We never rise any higher than our ideals. This is an axiom beyond dispute.

Answers for last week: No. 1: St. Andrew's cross. Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6: stars, sun, moon, cloud and waves all mentioned in Gospel of previous Sunday.

fashionable kind. There was something "going on" all of the time.

"I do not," was the decided reply of the other girl.

"You don't?" with a note of surprise in the other girl's voice.

"Because I don't want to lapse into a jelly fish kind of an existence. If we spent our lives doing the things we are doing now and nothing else we would not count for any more than the jelly fish we see every day floating around in the water on the beach.

"I suppose you are right about it, Dora. I remember that I have heard my mother speak often of a cousin of hers who has plenty of money and who leads this kind of a life all of the time and who is one of the unhappiest of women.

In spite of the fact that there are, unhappily, many girls of such low ideals that it is to be hoped that they will never be realized, this is also true in our land of high achievement because of high ideals.

Despise teasing and laughter, she remains true to her ideals. She is not a bookworm, but she studies, she is not prudish but she is high-minded and pure, she has fun but it is wholesome and clean and kind.

More laughter. With all the pressure of public and social duties, the exacting requirements of the schools, and the long hours in the shop, taken together with the care of invalids and the aged, with the troubles caused by wrongdoing and the hardships brought upon us by our own selfishness, we do not get all the laughter that belongs to us.

Perfection does not consist in such outward things as shedding tears and the like, but in true and solid virtues.

Answers for last week: No. 1: St. Andrew's cross. Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6: stars, sun, moon, cloud and waves all mentioned in Gospel of previous Sunday.

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MORE THIRD CLASS TOURS PLANNED

CUNARD-ANCHOR-DONALDSON SCHEDULE FOR 1925 Montreal, Nov. 25th. — The season for trans-Atlantic passenger travel now ending has witnessed the growing popularity of third Cabin tours to Europe and steamship companies here have laid stress on the economic features in connection with this class of ocean travel. The possibilities of visiting Europe at a minimum cost in company with congenial companions has made an undoubted appeal to students, teachers and others who have hitherto been obliged to count the cost, said an official of the Cunard line yesterday. In this connection it was stated that the plans of the steamship companies and Agents in Montreal for next year's trans-Atlantic schedules have been strongly influenced by the demand for cheap accommodation consistent with comfort, and the result has been the announcement of three third cabin tours to Europe, specially designated to accommodate students, teachers and friends during the vacation months of 1925. The first of these parties to leave Montreal in 1925 is scheduled to sail on the Anchor-Donaldson liner Athena for Glasgow, under the auspices of Guy Tombs Limited. Its itinerary embraces the important beauty spots, historical and educational centres of five European countries, Scotland, England, Holland, Belgium and France and extends over a period of three weeks in Europe. The party is scheduled to return to Montreal on the Cunard liner "Asonia" from Southampton July 17th. The second excursion under the management and direction of W. H. Henry Limited is scheduled to leave this port June 27th on the Cunard liner Asonia and return from Liverpool July 24th on the Cunard liner "Acania," one of the latest and most up to date of the Cunard steamers. This party will disembark at Cherbourg, proceed leisurely through France, Belgium

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and Holland back to England where a tour of the southern and midland counties will terminate at Liverpool. The third tour is due to start from this harbor July 8rd, under the management of Guy Tombs Limited. The new Anchor-Donaldson liner "Letitia" launched recently on the Clyde, will convey the party to Scotland and the Cunarder "Andania" from Southampton, July 8th, is scheduled to bring them back to Montreal. The itinerary of this tour is almost identical with the first. All three tours will be supplied with experienced conductors. The scenery of the St. Lawrence and the two day's journey to the sea on the quiet waters of the river are expected to induce many American teachers and students to travel the Canadian route next year.

NEW BOOKS

"Children Of The Shadow," By Isabel C. Clarke, svo. Cloth, Net, \$2.25. There are many unusual features in this new novel, chief of them being the introduction and effective development of a mystery element. It demonstrates strikingly that in addition to her fine technique and high ideals Miss Clarke possesses almost infinite resources of material both for plots and characterization. Not only the people of this story, but the very atmosphere, is unlike any other created by the author. The story details the efforts of two young people, brother and sister, to cast off "the shadow," the vague but sinister atmosphere in which the crime of a parent has enveloped the family. The author sketches the characters in sensitive but clear strokes, filled with life and feeling. There is romance, of course—or, rather, a double romance—and the outcome is happy without being forced. The end comes with a description of a spectacular and historic scene that will thrill every reader.

DIED

KEARNEY.—At Young's Point, Ont., on Monday, November 24, 1924, Mr. P. A. Kearney, in his eighty-third year. May his soul rest in peace. MCCURDY.—At Paisley, Ont., on November 19, 1924, Anthony J. McCurdy, son of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony McCurdy, aged eighteen years and two months. May his soul rest in peace. DODD.—At Sissett, Sask., on November 16, 1924, Mrs. Dodd, daughter of the late Bernard Henry, of Merrickville, Ont., and widow of the late William Dodd. Funeral Tuesday, Nov. 18, from the home of her daughter, Mrs. Feeney, to St. Ignatius Church. May her soul rest in peace.

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