

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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WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

LEADERS GETTING SANE

When Liam Deasy, second in command of the Republican fighters was, with other prisoners, captured in Tipperary—where he passed as "John Hurley"—and when his identity became known and he was tried by court-martial and sentenced to death, he asked for an interview with General Mulcahy "for the good of Ireland." After much debate, negotiating, proposals and counter-proposals, carried on during the night preceding the morning that was to be the poor fellow's last on earth—it was agreed that, in Ireland's interest, Liam should issue an appeal to his old comrades, the Republican leaders, asking them to surrender. The news of this happening, circulated in Ireland next day, created a sensation. Thousands of people—and several newspapers—hailed it as the beginning of the end of the Irish civil war. They were premature, yet the startling incident had big effect in slackening, if not weakening, the fight of the harassed Republicans in the field.

Deasy's execution has been indefinitely postponed. We feel sure that, now, it will never take place. Yet it was not to save his life Deasy acted. He had again and again proved his disregard of death—in the present fight, and during the Black and Tan terror.

MARY THINKS ANARCHY WORTH SACRIFICE OF MORE LIVES

Miss Mary MacSwiney's testimony on this point—delivered, a few days after, at a Sinn Féin meeting in the Mansion House, Dublin—is effective. She said she knew it must be as great a shock to the audience as it was to her, who knew him, to read on Friday's newspapers, of the subject surrender of Liam Deasy. He was a brave man who faced the Black and Tans and death many times.

She did not herself believe that it was any fun in the face of death that made Liam Deasy act as he did. She would like to place that on record, because she knew the man and also the work he did. It was not fear of shooting that made him do it. She was afraid it was Deasy of faith that made him do it—his faith must have been weak.

She could understand it no other way, she said, but if it were right to do what Liam Deasy did last week, it would have been right to surrender last July, but it was not his right now to surrender to General Mulcahy. He should have told them that they were not down to the last man yet, and that they could do to the Free State exactly what they did to the British Government—they could prevent them from functioning, although they might not beat them in the field.

Knowing that they would beat the Free State, as they beat the English for the sake of a few more lives, or a few more hundred lives, or it might be a few more thousand lives—God grant it might not be—Liam Deasy asked them now to surrender, after all they had lost. Never.

DEASY DEFENDS HIS POSITION

Liam Deasy, shortly after he sent the appeal to his brother leaders to surrender, issued an explanation and account of the whole affair, which is so interesting that I give it in full:

1. Being informed of the publication of a document signed by me on the 29th January I take this opportunity to state my position and the reasons which prompted me to take this action.

2. The facts are as follows. Previous to my arrest, which took place on the 18th ult., I favored the taking of steps that would bring about a cessation of hostilities—my reason will be explained further in this note. As a prisoner I could not at first see that any results would be forthcoming, realising I was an ordinary "casualty" and not in the same position to advocate a definite line of action as if I were an active officer.

However, my own responsibility eventually dictated my attitude in deciding to act. On the 24th ult., I formally applied to the Commander-in-Chief, Free State Army, for facilities enabling me to get in touch with certain of my colleagues outside with a view to bringing about the termination of the present conflict. To this I got no reply.

On the 25th ult., my trial before a committee of officers took place, and on the evening of the 26th I was formally notified of my execution on the following morning. I then asked for a stay of execution and an interview with the Commander-in-Chief, but was informed by the latter that in view of mine of the 25th the execution would not be suspended unless I agreed in writing to the immediate and unconditional surrender of all arms and men and to have orders issued accordingly.

I replied that acceptance of these conditions was not possible, but was prepared to advocate a cessation of

hostilities. At 4 a. m. a further offer was made—execution would be suspended on my acceptance in writing of the following:

"I will aid in the immediate and unconditional surrender of all arms and men as required by General Mulcahy."

This offer I felt was an impossible one, particularly in view of the very strong position held by the I. R. A., but my feelings on the need to terminate the conflict in the better interests of the country were such that I agreed to its acceptance, on my own behalf, solely in the hope that an opportunity to consider the whole position was being given, and that a means to end the present conflict would be found by my colleagues.

Later the words "I accept" were added to the condition and I agreed, seeing no material alteration.

3. On the 29th ult., two army officers representing the Commander-in-Chief met me and put up the surrender conditions for my signature. I informed them that my idea in accepting a stay of execution was to terminate the war, and requested facilities to get my views communicated to my colleagues on the Army Executive. This was refused and the document was presented for signature.

On signing I informed the two representatives that such methods were more likely to embitter a struggle than to terminate it. I had, however, no alternative. My aim was to open up the whole matter with a view to having it ended. My position under the circumstances was not a free one, but my duty to those to whom I was responsible was the chief consideration, and the national position, in my opinion, demanded the taking of a definite line of action.

4. As one of the people who endeavored to prevent this war, but who felt at the time, and still believe, there was no other alternative once the fight was forced, but to resist what it meant to impose, I have aimed at its ending during every possible period since it began.

My hopes of a termination on a basis of army unity were held until very shortly before my arrest—on the 18th ult.—when the Free State Army this outcome principally depended—that they would see the futility of reimposing English domination, what many of them had fought to break, and, finally, when their efforts in this work meant the shooting in cold blood of "prisoners of war," their attitude would be reconsidered and the old spirit of unity against the common foe would be to them preferable to the conditions they were helping to impose.

I admit disappointment. The hope of unity against the common foe has no immediate prospects. If anything, a continuation of present conditions will only widen the present breach to an extent that years won't overcome.

DEVELOPING INTO FACTIONAL FIGHTING

5. The conflict, as it appeared to me before arrest, was developing more to a fight for supremacy between two sides as a result of which the hopes entertained for the achievement of national freedom were gradually being submerged. Undoubtedly responsibility for this rests with the Free State Government and its Parliament.

Presuming to act in the name of the Irish people they, by originating and pursuing a policy of murder, forced the hands of those whose outlook was national and not sectional, and, further, compelled the responsible leaders of the I. R. A. to take measures for the protection of the men who were voluntarily prepared to maintain the freedom that was won.

Thus a new phase in modern warfare was introduced by the Free State Government, a policy that could only have for its end a bitter outcome among our people. Gradually were we retrograding from the path of warfare to that of vendetta, the work of which would probably see no change in the respective positions but undoubtedly would show a considerable weakening nationally.

FREEDOM NOT SERVED BY FIGHTING

In facing this situation I had decided that the interests of freedom would not be best served by a continuation of hostilities and was prepared to advocate a cessation of definite lines when prevented by my arrest.

6.—No useful purpose will be served at this stage by outlining the terms of peace I was about to propose. My ideas being known to some of my colleagues it is entirely a matter for them to decide whether or not these proposals ought to be considered.

As a preliminary to any decision on future policy my intentions were to advocate—

(a) An immediate cessation of hostilities.

(b) The securing of all armaments in possession of the I. R. A.

That a cessation of warfare was essential had no doubt—the policy to pursue in the achievement of the nation's freedom could subsequently be decided in a more favorable atmosphere. My views are not altered as a result of imprisonment, and though my action in agreeing to an unconditional surrender may appear inconsistent I can only trust that comrades with whom I have worked in the past will understand the motives which influenced this action of mine.

7. In this note I am appealing to all comrades in asking them to consider fully the future outlook in this long struggle for freedom. Each ought satisfy himself on the all-important question with which he is faced—whether the interests of freedom are better served by (a) Halting at this stage and preparing to meet the common foe at our first opportunity; or (b) To continue a struggle that may go on for years and will leave a feeling which even a contest with the common foe may not quell.

If we halt the interval will see the attempted re-imposing of Britain's grip, not, of course, as formerly, but even foiled, her influence in part will remain. Having fully considered I am satisfied to face this unwelcome period in the belief of its temporary existence. It is preferable to a continuation, the end of which might only mean a cordial welcome by a section of our people to the return of England's "protective forces."

Even by halting our difficulties will be many. We realize the internal influence that had to be fought and overpowered in the past, but to the army of the Republic the ultimate aim will be a guide likewise to methods and the inspiration of those many brave comrades already fallen, and to whom we owe a duty, will strengthen our hand in the final advance to victory.

(Signed) LIAM DEASY

SEUMAS MACMANNIS,
264 Water Street,
New York City.

SEES HOPE OF PEACE IN PRAYER

CARDINAL O'CONNELL ASKS SPIRITUAL AS WELL AS MATERIAL AID FOR EUROPE

Boston, March 4.—Cardinal O'Connell today declared that those who governed the world have failed to answer the pleading of the nations for world peace and urged that Americans unite in prayer for that common end, and that hate and discord be driven out of Europe and this country. Speaking in the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, the Cardinal declared that the nation's prayers and the nation's laws combined would work together for safety and order and justice in a way which more mandates could never do.

"Today not isolated men and women, but whole nations are plunged and weligned submerged in an ocean of grief and sadness and trial," he said. "Humanity is utterly worn out with war and its consequent horrors, and still war goes ingloriously on."

"Millions are literally dying of starvation all over Europe and Asia. Millions are homeless. Millions of men are utterly without means because without work, and their women and little ones are facing the horrors of disease which lack of nourishment inevitably induces. And the world looks almost callous. It has witnessed so much sorrow that it has become dumb with the sense of its utter impotence. For the world is actually tired of trying to think itself out of a maelstrom of horrors, which statecraft, even doing its best, seems unable to mend. The problem seems so enormous that even genius is powerless to solve it."

"We in America had felt only slightly the dire effects of the catastrophe which has overwhelmed Europe, and yet we, even, privileged as we are and remote as we are from the centre of the cataclysm, have had our days of trial, too. But how utterly insignificant have been our trials in comparison with the long torture of people who only yesterday revelled in prosperity and happiness! Our country is prosperous, and our people have work and food. On the whole, life here is sane and orderly, and our Government concerns itself with the nation's real welfare—not with conquest or tyranny."

"Europe and Asia know well the generosity of our people, and our chief glory as a nation is that of kindness and helpfulness."

"We have united loyalty in sending material aid. Shall we not unite loyalty in a spiritual endeavor, and seek that all hate and discord be driven from the war-torn peoples of the earth?"

"We have done much for Europe. Can we not do this for Europe and our own land as well? Even here the seeds of hate and discord are being planted. The nation's prayers and the nation's laws combined would work together for safety and order and justice in a way which mere mandates can never achieve."

"We have begged for peace from those who govern the nations, and they have failed us. Let us now all unitedly, humbly, devoutly pray for peace."

GREAT ORATOR DEAD

BOURKE COCKRAN STRICKEN ON SIXTY-NINTH BIRTHDAY FOLLOWING SPEECH IN HOUSE

Washington, March 1.—Representative W. Bourke Cockran of New York, one of the most eloquent orators in the House of Representatives in recent years, died this morning after a stroke of apoplexy.

Mr. Cockran was stricken shortly after 1 o'clock this morning after celebrating his sixty-ninth birthday at a dinner attended by a number of friends. The celebration was a double one, as it was the natal anniversary of Salisbury Field, his house guest.

A statement issued by Mr. Cockran's secretary said:

"Mr. Cockran had been feeling very well and working very hard. He made a speech in the House, and in the evening, it being his birthday, a few friends came in informally to dinner. He seemed in the best of health and spirits. He had been talking with Mrs. Cockran for about half an hour after the guests had gone when, about 1 a. m., he suddenly said he had a terrible headache and soon after that became unconscious. Dr. Hardin immediately was summoned and the last rites of the Catholic Church were administered. Mrs. Cockran was at his bedside until he died."

A SHOCK TO THE HOUSE

Mr. Cockran's death came as a particular shock to the House, as his speech last night had made a strong impression on his colleagues. Mr. Cockran had planned to spend the rest of his life in Congress. He had made plans for taking the lead to revise the rules, and the Democrats were depending upon him in the next House to be one of their strongest advocates of reforms.

"I am perfectly certain that my good friends around here are far from realizing the true character of this proposal. I know perfectly well that these Democrats would recoil from the idea of tolerating or encouraging a system by which one set of people are despoiled for the benefit of others. They have been very quick to denounce the Ship Subsidy bill and I agree with them. This is exactly the same character as the tariff. There is no way by which the Government can interfere in private business except to oppress it. I appeal to the gentlemen on both sides of the House to realize that Government never interferes with private business without disaster and that disaster is always brought about rapidly and of the most extensive character when it interferes with ranking. Every attempt to enrich the law makers by the despoiling of some for the benefit of others."

"God knows whether the world will succeed in freeing itself from the calamities that are multiplying around it and the dangers that are constantly increasing in its pathway; but if it is to escape it can be by one way only—and that is by the employment of every pair of human hands with active industry on the soil or some product of the soil. You cannot induce the employment of human hands in industry unless you guarantee to every man the peaceful and secure enjoyment of all that he produces. When the days dawn that any number of citizens are taught to believe that there is a more rapid road to prosperity, to wealth, to the possession of capital, than the employment of industry and the exercise of self-denial, and that a more rapid way, if through the treasury, by the compliance of, or the connivance of politicians, then the knell of this country's prosperity is sounded."

PUBLIC CAREER OF FORTY YEARS

One of the last of American political orators, as he was one of the greatest, W. Bourke Cockran had a public career of nearly forty years. Known as the "silver-tongued orator" of Tammany, he broke at least twice with that organization, once in support of William McKinley, Republican, for President in 1896, and once to work for the election of Theodore Roosevelt, Progressive, to the Presidency in 1912.

The speech which many consider to mark the peak of his oratorical efforts—the sound money speech for McKinley in Madison Square Garden in 1896—was made while he was outside the Democratic organization to which he gave his allegiance during most of his life.

Mr. Cockran's brilliant speeches were numerous. Besides the two

already mentioned those which were best known included his speech against Cleveland at the Democratic National Convention of 1884, when Cleveland was nominated for President and later elected, his "Gold Democrat" speech in Chicago in 1899 in a debate with William J. Bryan over standards of currency, his anti-Crocker speech in the New York City Club on May 24, 1901, his pro-Irish speech before a committee of the United States Senate on Aug. 29, 1913, his peace treaty plebiscite speech before the Cleveland Democracy in New York City of Feb. 1, 1920, and his speech nominating Governor Alfred E. Smith for President at the Democratic National Convention at San Francisco in July of the same year.

CAME TO AMERICA WHEN A BOY

Mr. Cockran was born in County Sligo, Ireland, Feb. 28, 1854. His parents, who were in moderately prosperous circumstances, intended him for the church, but the career of a priest was not to his liking, and he came to the United States when seventeen years old to seek his fortune.

Mr. Cockran's first employment was as a clerk in the department store of A. T. Stewart. This, too, was distasteful to him and he became a tutor in a private school in Rutgers Street. Later he went to Tuckages as principal of a Public School.

While teaching school, Mr. Cockran studied law. He was poor and could not then afford to buy the books he needed. During this period he made the acquaintance of Judge Abram R. Tappan, who took a fancy to the young Irishman and gave him access to his law library. Thus encouraged, Mr. Cockran worked the harder, teaching in the daytime and giving his nights to the study of law.

In 1876 he gave up teaching, was admitted to the bar and practiced for two years in Mount Vernon. He then moved to New York City and opened a modest law office on an upper floor of 178 Broadway.

HE ENTERS POLITICS

After that Mr. Cockran's rise in his profession was rapid and he began to take an interest in politics. His eloquence was winning him friends among the politicians, the leaders of the Irving Hall Democracy, a faction opposed to Tammany, took him up and he attracted attention as spokesman of that organization at the Democratic State Convention at Albany in 1881. In the following year he was appointed Counsel to the Sheriff of New York County, a lucrative position.

John Kelly, then leader of Tammany, had watched Cockran's progress with interest and in 1883 invited him to join the Wigwam. Kelly had a high opinion of Cockran's ability and predicted a great future for him.

During his last period of service in Congress Mr. Cockran had been outspoken in his condemnation of the prohibition amendment and the Volstead law, which he characterized as "antimistic gone mad." He led an unsuccessful attempt to write a wet plank into the Democratic platform at the San Francisco convention.

Mr. Cockran was a devout Roman Catholic and one of the most prominent laymen of that church in this country. The late Pope Leo XII. considered Mr. Cockran a friend and granted him repeated audiences. He held degrees from St. Francis Xavier's College, Georgetown University, Manhattan College and St. John's College, Brooklyn.

Cockran was an outspoken opponent of divorce, which he characterized as "one of the worst blots upon our civilization. If we are to choose between divorce and polygamy, give us polygamy," he said at one time.

Mr. Cockran throughout his public career had been the friend of organized labor, but always held that employer and employe could not prosper separately and at the expense of each other. He opposed compulsory arbitrations, declaring it inconsistent with a condition of free labor.

Some of Mr. Cockran's most ardent admirers were accustomed to style him the "greatest orator of the age." Whether that is true or not, he was undeniably effective. With a big head set upon broad sturdy shoulders and of powerful physique, he had a commanding presence. His voice was clear and resonant, and possessed just a tinge of Irish brogue. Burke was his favorite orator; after dinner speaking he looked down upon as "vapid."

DEFENDED TOM MOONEY

Although Mr. Cockran was best known as an orator, he was a lawyer of ability and distinction. In his early career he was counsel for the late Jacob Sharp, and more recently he defended Tom Mooney in the San Francisco bomb case.

Although thoroughly American, Mr. Cockran never forgot the land of his nativity and was always an advocate of Irish liberty. Many persons believed that it was largely

through his efforts that the late King Edward signed the Irish Land act, a great benefit to the people of Ireland, before his death twenty years ago.

TRIBUTES OF PARTY LEADERS

Acting Mayor Hulbert—It was a great shock to the people of this city to learn today of the sudden death of Congressman W. Bourke Cockran, who for forty years has been a prominent figure in the life of this city and for the greater part of that time in the State and Nation. He is known throughout the country for his distinguished forensic ability, and the splendor of his diction, the richness and variety of his imagery and the boundless store of knowledge which he displayed was equalled by few Americans.

Judge Alfred J. Talley, of the Court of General Sessions—Bourke Cockran was the foremost orator of our times. I know of no other man who had such control of the magic and music of the spoken word and his power never waned. He was never more eloquent than two weeks ago when I heard him at the Catholic Club on Lincoln. He was a splendid gentleman of the highest probity and loftiest ideals. His death is indeed a loss to the country.

United States Senator elect Edward I. Edwards, of New Jersey—He was a broad-minded man of democratic ideals who always used his talents in the cause of righteousness and justice. His loss is the loss of the entire country.

Albany, March 1.—Governor Smith was greatly shocked when news reached him today of the death of W. Bourke Cockran, whom he had known for many years and who on two occasions had eulogized the Governor as sponsor for his nomination.

The first occasion was the Democratic National Convention in San Francisco in 1920 when he placed Mr. Smith in nomination for President, and the second the Democratic State Convention in Syracuse last year when he seconded his nomination for Governor.

"His passing from this life removes one of America's great men," said the Governor. "The history of his life reads like a romance built upon early struggle and latter day success. He was a forceful and vigorous character and by sheer ability he fought his way from the humble schoolroom in which he taught on the lower east side of Manhattan to a position of prominence in the greatest nation in the world."

"His death is a distinct loss to the country, and one beyond measure to his personal friends, a distinction I enjoyed during his lifetime, because those fortunate enough to count him as such, knew the warmth of his friendship and the strength of his loyalty and devotion."

Trenton, N. J., March 1.—Governor Silzer tonight commenting on the death of Representative Cockran, said:

"He was an American in the truest and best sense. He had great faith in the people and they in him. Both were right. I join with the people of the United States in mourning our loss, and in extending the deepest sympathy to Mrs. Cockran."

THE FUNERAL

National, State and municipal officers, as well as thousands of admirers outside of officialdom, paid their last tributes of respect yesterday at the funeral of Representative W. Bourke Cockran, which crowded every inch of space in the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, Lexington Avenue and Seventy-sixth Street.

Inspector Thomas McDonald and 100 policemen exerted all their physical and mental power to keep the crowd that collected outside the church in order. Many attempted to enter, but were informed that was impossible. They lined the sidewalks—ten deep in some places—for two blocks on either side of the church.

In his eulogy the Rev. John J. Wynne, S. J., editor of America, spoke of Mr. Cockran's prominence not only in the political and social life of the country, but the religious life as well.

Besides Governors Smith and Pinchot, the honorary pallbearers were Senator Joseph T. Robinson of Arkansas, Senator David I. Walsh of Massachusetts, former Senator T. E. Burton of Ohio, Judge Martin T. Manton, Martin Keogh, Jr., Nicholas Brady, Hamilton Fish, Jr., and Daniel Riordan.

The Congressional Committee which accompanied the body from Washington for the funeral included Senators Thomas J. Walsh of Montana, Joe T. Robinson of Arkansas, James W. Wadsworth, Jr., and William M. Calder of New York; Representatives L. W. Mott, J. J. Connolly, Isaac Siegel, W. B. Oliver, C. J. Sullivan, F. H. Dale, Meyer London, J. F. Carew, James C. McLoughlin, A. J. Griffin, J. M. Mead, W. A. Oldfield and W. M. Chandler.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Ponce de Leon the veteran Catholic Explorer reached Florida on Easter Sunday, 1513. The Spanish name for Easter Sunday is Pascua Florida, hence the name given to the land by Ponce de Leon.

The celebrated bells of Notre Dame Cathedral, Paris, will hereafter be rung by electricity. Workmen have already begun installing the electrical apparatus and the task will be completed in a few days.

London, Feb. 21.—The opening of a new Catholic college by the Archbishop of Cardiff, at the North Wales resort of Aberystwyth, is yet another sign of the remarkable progress which the Catholic Church is making in Wales.

Washington, March 2.—A prominent Washington woman who desires that her name be withheld from publication has donated \$50,000 to the Georgetown University Hospital. The gift was made through the Georgetown Endowment Association.

Washington, D. C., March 5.—Richard Montgomery Tobin of San Francisco, a member of one of California's oldest Catholic families, has been nominated by President Harding as American Minister to the Netherlands, according to an announcement made here.

Archibald Chekralla Khouri of Tyre, Syria, will come to New York soon to visit Maronite Roman Catholics, having been delegated to do so by the Patriarch of Antioch. He will visit all cities in the United States where there are adherents of the Maronite rite. This will be his second visit.

Mrs. Mae Ella Nolan, widow of the late Representative John I. Nolan, whom she succeeded in Congress, has been appointed a member of the House Committee on Labor of which her late husband was chairman. Mrs. Nolan has announced her intention to devote her efforts to legislation in behalf of women and children.

The Very Rev. Dr. Thomas Dowling, O. S. F. C., noted Irish priest who was instrumental in settling no less than three hundred labor disputes in that country within a period of three years and who is reputed to have come as close as any man to bring about conciliation between rival forces in Ireland, has arrived in San Francisco and will have charge of the Capuchin mission band in California.

A movement to purchase a large building for a "Missionary Home" at Vichy, France, the famous French watering place, has been started at the instigation of Father Wathe, and a large group has already been formed to carry out the work, the chief object of which is to provide a home where worn-out missionaries may be restored to health and enabled to carry on their apostolate.

A recent Sunday saw the inauguration of the new Catholic outpost at Arnold, Nottingham, when Mass was celebrated in the Co-operative Hall by Father Henson, secretary to his Lordship the Bishop of Nottingham. The congregation numbered sixty-nine. Considering that this was the first time that Mass has been said in Arnold since the "Reformation," such an attendance augurs well for prospects of future progress here.

Washington, D. C., March 8.—Plans for the first annual meeting of the Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems, which is expected by its sponsors to develop in coming years into an annual Catholic Social week that will parallel the great Catholic social conferences held in many countries of continental Europe, were revealed here this week by Professor David A. McCabe, president of the Conference.

Olympia, Wash., Mar. 5.—A bill to allow students in State schools credits for Bible courses taken outside the schools has been passed by the Washington State Senate by a vote of 29 to 12. Senator Myers, in proposing the bill, declared it was the opening wedge to the introduction of the reading of the Bible in the Public School, and asserted his belief in a clear cleavage between religion and secular education. The sponsors of the measure declared that it was merely aimed to encourage the reading and study of the Bible outside school hours.

El Paso, March 5.—The Ku Klux Klan received a decided set back in the municipal election last week, when a ticket headed by Senator R. M. Dudley as candidate for mayor, was overwhelmingly victorious at the polls. The Dudley ticket, which was opposed by a full Klan ticket, made its fight on an anti-Klan basis. Senator Dudley taking for his slogan the words of the late President Theodore Roosevelt that "this country will not be a good place for any of us to live in unless we make it a good place for all of us to live in." Leading professional and business men backed Senator Dudley at the polls.

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE

CHRISTINE FABER

Author of "A Mother's Sacrifice," etc.

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED

The priest would listen to no more; sternness and decision took the place of whatever amusement he might have felt.

"Moira Moynahan, remember that I command you to discountenance every attention of Tighe a Vohr. He has proved himself noble and devoted in the matter of his master's interests, but he is not the husband for you. His drinking habits alone would make you miserable—"

"But, uncle," interrupted the girl eagerly, "he has been keeping sober all the while he was away, and he promises to continue so."

"Don't talk to me like that," answered the priest, peremptorily. "How many times within the past three years has he taken the pledge from me and broken it? No, I repeat that you are to discountenance his attentions under pain of my displeasure."

Father O'Connor, who had donned dry garments, and was anxious to confer with Father Meszger, became a little weary of waiting; he called for the passage-way to the old clergyman. The call startled the latter into remembering the errand upon which he had sought the kitchen, and from which he had been diverted by the grief of his niece. He looked at the extinguished fire, then at the open cupboard filled with clean, but empty dishes, and lastly at Moira, who from being arch and pretty had become pouting and sullen. She saw his look and divined its meaning, having recognized the voice that sounded from the passage, but she was too full of her own wilful pettishness to pretend to understand it. The tender-hearted old priest, already repenting that he had spoken so harshly to her, orphan that she was, and after all not much more than a child, attempted to make amends by bidding her kindly to bed. Then he answered Father O'Connor, playfully commending him to further patience, and he immediately began to bustle about preparations for making tea. Moira watched him, enjoying with unkind triumph all the blunders his awkwardness and inexperience caused him to make. In vain he tried to kindle the fire; three times the blaze ascended the chimney, but three times it died out in utter blackness; his fingers were burned, his face covered with perspiration, and all hope of any success fast dying within him. The third and last time when the sportive flame went out as if in very contempt of the unskilled hands which had kindled it, the patient old clergyman gave a long, plaintive sigh, and turned and looked at Moira with so woe-begone an expression that the girl could control her mirth no longer; she laughed outright; but then, also, she had been touched by his patience, and by kindly, grateful thoughts of him which struggled with her feelings of disappointment and anger.

"Go," she said, when her laughter had subsided, "go to Father O'Connor, and I will attend to this."

The clergyman was immensely relieved; his long-drawn breath attested it, his beaming smile on Moira, and his meek, gentle "Thank you" bore witness to it. Father O'Connor listened sadly to the account of Carroll O'Donoghue's recapture; then he communicated the information which he had received from Dr. Day relative to Morty Carter. It gava Father Meszger a painful shock; he believed that Carter was a villain, he was surprised to hear that he had gone to the infamous length of betraying his own ward.

"How much does Carroll know of his treachery?" asked the young priest.

"Absolutely nothing," was the answer. The first intimation of it that even Tighe a Vohr had, was from his mother, who had just learned of Carter's cruel conduct to Clare and Nora. It staggered the poor faithful fellow, his mother says, but he must have repeated nothing of it to Carroll, for the lad did not appear to know it when he was with us; he seemed to think that Nora's and Clare's presence in my house was due to the fact that we all wanted to be together when he came, and I confess I was loth to undeceive him. He had so much to think about, and so much to fear, that I could not burden him with this fellow's villainy; besides I thought there would be time enough to tell him."

"Yes; but he trusts this Carter, trusts him, and even loves him; at least he did before his transportation—trusted him implicitly, and had unbounded affection for him."

"I know it," responded Father Meszger; "but Tighe a Vohr is aware now of Carter's true character, and the faithful fellow will leave no stone unturned to foil his villainy; he will not fail to put his young master on his guard."

Moira entered with the tea, steaming and neatly arranged as her deft little hands knew well how to arrange it. Her uncle gave her a look of beaming gratitude, and stately Father O'Connor noticed her with a kindly salute; but it was her role to play the deeply-injured maiden, and with a sad face and frequent melancholy sighs, she responded to the greeting of the young priest, placed the tray before

him, and slowly and pensively left the room. She had fancied that Father Charlie, as she was wont to call the young clergyman, would notice her sad manner, inquire the cause of her uncle, and perhaps induce the latter to relent a little from his stern, and as she deemed it, cruel determination; but both priests were too much absorbed in weightier matters, the one either to inquire, or the other to volunteer information pertaining to Moira.

CHAPTER X.

SHAUN

Carroll O'Donoghue, guarded by a mounted force, was hurried on to prison, and the news of his arrest telegraphed to Dublin Castle; Tighe a Vohr faithfully followed him; badgered by the soldiers, threatened by the police, and almost ridden down by the mounted guards, he still kept in the wake of his master—assuming the part of a good-natured simpleton, but keeping every sense on the alert for the benefit of the prisoner. Thus far his wit and vigilance were of little avail; the prison was reached and its heavy doors opened and closed on Carroll, and Tighe was left without, with, as he himself expressed it, "a heavy heart in his burzum." He stood scratching his head and looking up at the grim stone walls with an expression assumed for the occasion: one of ludicrous amazement and fear. Suddenly there was the bound of a dog round the corner of the jail, a succession of quick, sharp, yelping barks, and a lean, scraggy, tawny animal had jumped on Tighe's breast, and was making frantic efforts to pass his tongue over the whole of Tighe's face at once.

"May I never be shot in a duel, but it's Shaun!" Tighe's arms were round the dog, squeezing him in the most human-like of embraces, and Tighe himself was crying like a child.

"Shaun, me beautiful Shaun! Sure it bates all iver I heard. How did you make out at all, at all? an' it's good luck sent you. You cheered me afore when I was down-hearted, an' you've kem again to do the same thing."

The boisterousness of the dog, and Tighe's own tearfully-delivered apostrophes, attracted the attention of the soldiers who were lounging about, and they drew near to witness the scene, many a guffaw sounding as they beheld Tighe's ludicrously extravagant welcome of the animal. But in a moment an officer in full uniform appeared among them.

"Here fellow," he said roughly, "what are you d'ing with that dog? He belongs to me."

Tighe came forward carrying his burden. "If you please, yer honor, would you mind tellin' me how you kem by him? I was his former master; sure he'll tell to that by the tricks I'll put him through. Down, Shaun, an' show how a gentleman courts his lady love."

The dog jumped from Tighe's arms, looked round at the laughing soldiers for a moment, as if making his selection, then with a sudden spring he bounded to the neck of an unsuspecting fellow near, and passing his tongue rapidly over his face, sprang back to Tighe's arms. Every one laughed loudly and applauded, even the officer who had claimed the dog.

"Now, Shaun, pick out the biggest rogue in the company—mind you, I said rogue."

Shaun was on his feet again, going to every one in turn, and looking into the face of each with a most comical gravity; finally he stopped before Tighe himself, and announced his selection by a loud bark.

Every one laughed loudly again, this time with louder and more prolonged mirth. Tighe affected to be displeased, and swore that the dog's judgment was wrong, much to the increased amusement of the spectators, now swelled to a large crowd.

"He has another trick yet, gentlemen. Now, Shaun!" Shaun immediately put himself into his attitude of attention, which was sitting upon his hind legs, and letting his forepaws drop, something in the style of a mencing miss of the present day.

"Now, Shaun; do you mind what I say?" Shaun nodded his head as much as to say that he understood his master.

I became his master, and now, if you will name your price, I will buy him."

"Is it sell Shaun!" said Tighe. "Oh, your honor, don't ax to part us! I'll bring him iverly day to see yer honor, an' I'll put him through his trick for your diversion, but I'll have us together."

There was so much pathos mingled with the comical entreaty that the Englishman, somewhat inclined to good nature, and rather fancying Tighe for his simplicity, said hastily:

"Well, keep him, my good fellow."

"Oh, you are the fellow with the dog," said the man on guard, catching sight of Shaun, who had remained behind to gratify his canine curiosity. "I have heard nothing since the morning but the wonderful tricks of that ugly animal of yours, you can go in there and wait," pointing to the open door of a long, low room again; the sides of which sandy benches were arranged; and turning away to resume his sentry walk, he muttered:

"What with pretty women that floor you with a look if you dare to wink at them, an' cunning Irishmen that get the best of you at every turn, and wonderful dogs that puzzle you with their tricks, this same Ireland is a queer place, and I wish I was out of it."

Tighe quietly seated himself on one of the benches, and Shaun went on an inquiring journey around the room. A stout, burly soldier occupied another of the benches a little removed from Tighe; he was engaged in writing, a sheet of paper half filled lying on a large book on his crossed knees, and a huge inkhorn by his side. It was evidently a difficult task, for the pen was often idly poised between his fingers, and his face wore the puzzled, blank expression of one who did not even comprehend his task.

TO BE CONTINUED

A LILY AMONG THE LILIES

George Hilton was slowly pacing up and down the terrace walk of his beautiful home at Belmont, in the Adirondacks. Lelia, his only child, would be twenty one the following week. What gift would she like? He was a millionaire, and money meant nothing to him. What would she like?

He was so lost in thought that he did not see Lelia standing on the terrace, till she laughingly asked what on earth was puzzling him.

"You, my dear—you are the puzzle," he replied.

"I—a puzzle," she echoed. "Why, Dad, what have I done?"

"Nothing at all—nothing, really, but I want you to choose. What will you have for a birthday gift? A pair of earrings, a trip to the Rockies, jewels, a watch?"

Lelia paused, and her father watching her, thought what a perfect picture she made. Her slim figure in a simple white gown was boldly outlined against the mountains. In her arms she held a sheaf of lilies. Her face was as pure and as sweet as the flowers; her dark blue eyes and her black hair of Celtic descent, for her mother, dead now for eighteen years, had been an O'Sullivan from Kerry.

After a few moments' thought, Lelia spoke. "The tour of Europe, Dad, that is what I would like best. But, of course, you must come with me. I do want to see Florence and the paintings and everything. I've been longing for this. And Dad, I want so much to see Ireland, my mother's land."

"No, no, not there," he said firmly. "I cannot take you there."

She acquiesced, but she wondered at his decision. Later on she understood. Together they planned the tour. It was then the end of July. In August they would sail from New York. September would find them in Geneva—then Lucerne and the Rigi. In October they would go south.

The programme was followed. Chillon on Lake Lemman aroused all the latent romance in Lelia's soul. She was simply ravished with its beauty. And the Rigi! She wrote thus to a former school friend:

"If you have ever doubted that there was a God, come here and see the sun rise over the Alps. There in the dawn the great heights in crystalline glory, stretch from the green valleys to the purple sky. Then a streak of gold in the east, and over it a curtain of delicate rose tint reaching from north to south—a shaft of dazzling light! The Day-king, preceded by cloudlets of green and amethyst, casts a spear of gold at each crystal peak—from summit to summit the colors flash, and the Alps are aglow with pink and gold and green and violet. Who but God could work such a wonder?"

In October, Mr. Hilton and his daughter went to Italy by way of Lugano. Lelia felt like "Alice in Wonderland." She had never dreamed of such beauty. Later they went to Florence, where they established their headquarters. From their hotel on the Lung'Arno they sallied forth each day to see some of the sights. For Lelia the Church of "Santa Maria del Fiore" had a special charm. She would sit for hours watching the sunbeams as they played "hide and seek" among the lilies in the mosaic that paved the central aisle. But

the girl felt more than a mere artistic pleasure in the church. She had been brought up in the Protestant belief, but she was conscious of a something supernatural when she sat there. She had a strange feeling that she was in some mysterious way, in touch with the mother whom she could not remember. It was as if her mother's "Friend" lived there, and was able to give news of her.

She mentioned this casually to her father, and at once she saw he did not like it.

"What's coming over you, Lelia?" he said crossly. "You are becoming a dreamer. You'll write poetry soon! I must look out for an artist who will give you lessons. That will occupy you usefully."

To himself he said: "I had better take care. She is getting more and more like her mother. It's well Lelia does not know that she lived and died a Catholic. How hard she pressed me when she was dying to promise to have the child brought up in her faith—and I dared not promise. Lelia was very ill at the time—dying, we thought, and the poor mother rejoiced when she heard it, and said: 'Thank God, thank God she will be among the lilies for aye.'"

"Surely there is something in heredity, and in telepathy, too. Lelia does not know that it was in Florence we spent our honeymoon, and the poor mother and myself—well I remember the fascination that church had for her. I must look up a painter and arrange about lessons."

True to his word, he engaged the best artist in Florence to teach his daughter. Her lessons were an endless delight, and she made great progress.

In the spring the teacher was commissioned to paint his pupil's portrait. He sketched her in a simple white gown with a sheaf of lilies in her arms—and the hills of Fiesole as a background. In his own mind the artist called the picture "A Lily among the lilies," but the scroll bore the one word, "Lelia," and in a corner was the painter's name, "Benedetto del Rosso."

It was his masterpiece. He so loved it that he painted a miniature one for himself.

Before leaving for Rome in April, Mr. Hilton directed Rosso to have the portrait safely packed and to forward it to his home in New York. On seeing the address, the artist exclaimed: "Strange, I go there soon. Americans of wealth have promised me many orders. I go in June."

"Good," replied Mr. Hilton, "we want men like you over there—real artists. My daughter will resume her lessons in the fall—we don't return to New York till then."

The lessons were resumed, and anyone could force what was bound to follow—but somehow, Lelia's father did not. Rosso was so perfect a gentleman that he never betrayed his feelings, but he knew intuitively that it was with his pupil as with his mother.

After Christmas there was a change in Lelia. She was thoughtful, preoccupied. There was seemingly no cause, but her teacher clearly saw she was suffering. The fact was, religion, the Catholic religion had become a necessity to the girl. She hungered for the faith. She longed for the peace, the restfulness of belief. Day and night she thought and struggled. She knew well her father's unreasoning dislike of Catholics; she knew also that as a Mason he could not allow her to embrace the hated creed, and she was absolutely sure that to declare her intention of embracing Catholicism, would be to evoke his sentence of banishment from the home she loved. She simply could not do that. Leave her home—her own suite of rooms, her beautiful roof garden, her dainty pictures, her well-chosen library. She could not give them up. Again and again she implored God to have pity on her, and not to ask such a sacrifice.

Night after night she lay awake, struggling ever. Then she gave up her painting. She was tired, she told Rosso—and she certainly looked it.

Her maid, Clara O'Donovan, a Catholic from the County Cork, got ill suddenly—a bad heart attack. Lelia did all she could to relieve her sufferings, and tried to cheer her up.

"Afraid! Miss Lelia?" said Biddy. "Sure, how could I be afraid to meet Our Lord? Sure, I loved Him always. And Father O'Brien, that's the priest was here just now—he's bringing me Holy Communion."

"O Clara! May I stay here? I'll kneel over there and won't be in the way. Do let me stay."

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annuity. "Just enough for candies," her father had once laughing remarked.

Next day she called on Father O'Brien. He was very kind and arranged to give her instructions. He introduced her to a Catholic family named O'Doherty, who gladly received her—and with their help she secured some pupils.

One afternoon, some months later, in a street car, she met Signor Rosso. She nodded to him, and he at once came to the vacant seat near her. She bent towards him and whispered: "You will be glad to hear I am a Catholic."

"Thank God, thank God," he exclaimed, "but your father?"

"I have not seen him for months," she replied.

"And your home?" he questioned.

"Is mine no longer. I earn my own living now," she said.

Joy and pain and triumph, all struggled for mastery in Rosso's soul. Lelia was now within his reach. He had now a fair chance. Should he try?

He did try, and that evening Lelia told Father O'Brien of their engagement, and he heartily approved. A perfect gentleman, a grand Catholic. God is good to send you such a husband," so Father O'Brien declared.

Henceforth Lelia's life was one of comparative ease—and the crowning joy was the coming of a baby daughter, "Annunciata," she was called, but the name was shortened to Zia. Three years later, Lelia died. This was a terrible blow to Rosso. He left New York, and went West—moving from city to city. When Zia was twelve, her father became dangerously ill. Mrs. O'Doherty was sent for, and to her care he confided the child. She, too, was to keep the precious miniature till Zia had attained her twenty-first year. But only in death would he part from it—the image of Christ Crucified and the portrait of his dead wife were the last things his dying eyes rested on.

Of worthy wealth, he had little to leave his child—just enough to educate her, and to defray the expenses of training for some profession.

Mrs. O'Doherty sent her to the Sacred Heart Convent at —, and Zia made amazing progress. When she had been four years at school, Nita Forrester, a girl of her own age, a convert, came to be prepared for her First Communion. The two became great friends, and when Nita returned the following term, they were inseparable. They were marked contrasts. Nita was fair, Zia had her mother's dark blue eyes and black hair; Nita was petite, Zia tall and slender; Nita had wealth untold and Zia just a small annuity.

Nita often said that Zia was very like someone she had seen—and the resemblance puzzled her. "No," she corrected herself, "it is a painting. You are exactly like a portrait called 'Lelia,' that I saw in grand-uncle's house."

Both girls graduated the same year; and came the end of school days. Arm in arm, the friends paced the beach avenue that last evening. Nita was saying: "Suppose granduncle should find his daughter, or her children—they would inherit all, and I should no longer be his heiress. I really think that would kill me. I could not live without lots of money."

"Well, comfort yourself," laughed Zia, "it's only in novels people 'turn up,' as you say."

They parted. Nita for the Adirondacks, and Zia for the hospital, where she intended to train as a nurse.

Three years later, with full diplomas, she was staying with Mrs. O'Doherty—and had seen for the first time the beautiful miniature of her mother. She was examining it intently when a telegram was given her. It was from Nita, and ran as follows:

Bellmont, Adirondacks. Granduncle very ill. Come on at once. He will have no nurse but you. Come by night express. I will meet you. Nita.

There was barely time to pack her case—an Zia was off. The precious portrait which was enclosed in a locket-shaped casket, she wore as a pendant.

On reaching Bellmont, Nita at once took her to the sick room. The patient was asleep when they entered, but the slight noise awoke him. He opened his eyes, and looked at Zia in wonder. "Lelia, Lelia," he whispered, "have you come back to me?"

"No, dearest," said Nita, "this is my friend, Zia, come here to nurse you."

"Lelia Lelia, come to me. Will you stay with me?" he pleaded. "Thinking it was just a sick man's whim, Zia answered: "Just as long as you please."

He was satisfied, and closing his eyes, slept again.

That afternoon, Nita brought Zia to the library. "You must see the picture," she said. "It is so like you that you might have been the model."

Drawing aside a silken curtain, Nita disclosed Rosso's masterpiece. Zia drew a quick breath. Her heart seemed to stop beating. Here was the original of her mother's miniature. There was her father's name. As in a dream, she heard Nita say: "Lelia was her name. She became a Catholic, and granduncle drove her away from him. She married this great painter.

They had one child, a girl then Lelia died. Some people say the child died also. At any rate, Rosso died about ten years ago."

A gasp made Nita look at her friend. She was clinging to a chain for support, and she looked so white and wan that Nita thought she must faint. But Zia pulled herself together quickly. She asked for a drink of water, but this was because she wanted to be alone for a few moments. She wanted to realize that that was her mother's portrait, and that her grandfather lay ill upstairs. She must not betray herself, to make herself known, would be to deprive Nita of her inheritance. That she would never do.

Next day, as she bent over the invalid, her precious pendant caught in the counterpane, the chain snapped, and the locket flew open. The patient seized it. He started, looked fixedly at Zia, and asked:

"Who painted it?"

Somehow his eyes compelled her, and she replied: "My father."

"Benedetto del Rosso?" questioned the old man.

"Yes," she assented.

"And your mother was?" he continued.

"Lelia, but I never heard her surname," she answered.

"I knew it," he went on, "my heart told me when I first saw you. Child, child, can you forgive me? I drove your mother from her home because she wanted to become a Catholic. Later I learned that she had married Rosso. Then I read of her death. I am sure she forgave me, and prayed for me, for God has given me the great gift of faith, and now He gives me back my child in you."

"But I cannot take Nita's inheritance. Nita is my best friend. I cannot take what she has always considered as hers," pleaded Zia.

"Her inheritance!" he echoed. "Nita never had it. Lelia's fortune has never been touched for three and twenty years. Nita will have the portion I always intended for her. You, and you only, will have your mother's inheritance. You are so like her, child. She was always loyal to her friends. Won't you try to be loyal to me?"

"I don't need to try," replied Zia, "my heart went out to you from the first."

"God bless you," said Mr. Hilton reverently. "Once more Bellmont has a 'Lily among the Lilies.'"—S. M. Gonzaga in Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

SOVIET "SEMINARY" TO TRAIN TEACHERS OF ATHEISM

Moscow, December 28.—An "anti-religious seminary" for the training of propagandists engaged in attempts to undermine the faith of the Russian people has been established here by the Moscow committee of the Russian Communist party. A Communist, Comrade Kucherin refers to this institution in a recent number of the Izvestia as follows:

"In a short time it will fill our ranks with serious students, thoroughly well grounded in the methods of religious controversy and a credit to the old comrades, experienced in such work, who have been entrusted with the direction of the establishment. Two or four dozen comrades in this seminary—some of them new propagandists, some of them old—have worked out, under the direction of several sturdy old atheists, a plan for a joint anti-religious advance, a plan which will reduce to a minimum all the inconsistencies in the practical side of the question.

"Many agitators have in the past gone in too much for psychological-analyses or for tracing religious myths to astronomical causes. Other agitators have been historical specialists who absolutely failed to realize that an audience in this country is anything but inclined to regard religion as a fit object for scientific examination."

The new institution, the writer continues, "carefully avoids these pitfalls." Courses offered there include: Faith and Knowledge; Religion and Morals; Origin and Growth of Religions; History of Christianity; Church and State; The Reformation in the West and in Russia; Natural History, the Universe, the Solar System, the Earth; the Origin and Growth of Life, the Origin of Man, Prehistoric Man, and Religion and Marxism. A special course on the problems peculiar to Islam is offered for eastern students.

Manifestations of the anti-religious campaign in Russia recently, include the destruction of the little street chapels formerly so plentiful in Moscow and the removal of icons and religious pictures from industrial establishments. Comrade Ivan Stepanov, leader of the anti-religious forces has been active in delivering lectures before organizations of workmen. He avoids direct attacks on Christianity, seeking by playing on discrepancies between science and religion to lead his audiences to irreligious conclusions of their own.

The Soviets have succeeded in suppressing most of the details of the drive against religion and even now the general public is largely unaware that a series of trials are being conducted throughout the provinces in connection with the opposition offered by the clergy when the Bolsheviks seized church vessels and treasures

several months ago. The Moscow papers printed only sixty-five words regarding trials at Tambov where Bishop Zinovius was sentenced to six years at penal servitude and four others received other sentences. While the enemies of Christianity are active, the Russian Church is split up into the "Living Church," headed by Bishop Antonine, the "Patriarch" set up by the Bolsheviks, and the "Church of the Regeneration" headed by Father Krasnitsky.

ONLY A SPRAY OF SHAMROCK

I look on a spray of shamrock
And, careless again, I roam
Far off in the hills of Erin,
Alone in the fields of briar.
I walk by the borean briar,
And list to the blackbird sing,
And leap by the sunlit river,
And drink of the joys of spring.

I look on a spray of shamrock
(Only a tiny spray)
And it brings in a dream before me
A home that is far away;
A grey-haired mother knitting
In the rush-light's tender glow,
Singing an old time ditty—
A song of the long ago.

I look on a spray of shamrock
And think with a joyous pride
Of its golden and gladdening message
Over the waters wide;
Of the sainted hands that touched it
On the summit of Tara's hill,
When the fire of faith was lighted—
The hope of the nation still!

I look on a spray of shamrock
And a prayer to Patrick send,
That soon in the stranger's world
My exile years may end;
That soon shall my path be winding
Where the clover dew-drops gleams,
By an emerald hill in Erin,
The land of my cherished dreams!

—MICHAEL WASHBURN

CATTLEBAR

Beyond the town of Castlebar
And up the hills hard by
There is a road I'm wearying
To see before I die;
O, wild it is and steep it is,
And drenched with sun and rain,
But I would give the world, agra,
To walk that road again.

'Tis many a way my feet have known,
I've travelled many a track
With foolish dreams before me
And with sorrow at my back;
But over all I've heard one call,
And learned to see afar,
A winding road that leads beyond
The town of Castlebar.

Beyond the town of Castlebar—
The little now to trace—
A white-washed cabin used to stand
That was my native place;
The winds go wailing round it now
As though above the dead,
And there my Mayo mother laid
Her hands upon my head.

When old Croagh Patrick veiled his crest
And daylight died abroad
I used to say my prayers by her
Who long has gone to God;
The wild brown waters tumbled
Down
From rocky heights afar,
And down below we'd see aglow
The lights of Castlebar.

O, roads that go from Castlebar
You've gold for all to gain,
But I am lonely for a road
That's drenched with sun and rain;
And I am homeless for a home
Where turf-fires smouldered red,
And my old mother's hands were laid
Upon her gorse-son's head.

—TERESA BRAYTON

ST. PATRICK'S BLESSING

A short time before St. Patrick died, he is said to have ascended a high mountain, Croagh Patrick, and blessed the whole island. A translator has versified the ancient blessing thus:

Be Erin blessed at evening hours,
When sunset gilds her fragrant bowers;
When whirlwinds howl, my blessings be,
My generous Erin, still with thee,
To thee be every blessing given
From a favoring sky by bounteous heaven;

Be blessings on thy bashful maids,
Be blessings on thy battle blades,
Blessed be the fisher tribes that roam
The blackening surge and whitening foam;
Oh! blessed be thy mornings bright,
Be blessings on thy castle towers,
Be blessings on thy village powers;
My blessing on the waving corn,
And every babe in Erin born;
Blest be thy thunder's angry roar,
And every wave that laps thy shore,
And blessed be the smile's serene
Of sunshine on thy forest's green;
Where meadows spread, where hills
loftly rise,
Where lordly mountains kiss the skies,
On every hamlet, vale and hill,
My blessing be with Erin still,
Oh! blessed be the rain and dew,
And every breeze that visits you,
And blessed be thy warriors tall,
Thy chieftain's dun, thy abbot's hall;
My blessings on thy matrons fair,
Thy minerals treasures rich and rare;
The flocks that bleat, the herds that low,
The streams that warble as they flow,
On every cottage, hall and hill,
My blessings be with Erin still.

SOCIAL IMPORTANCE OF THE HOME

Though at variance on many points, religion and sociology are absolutely at one in their appreciation of the paramount importance of the home for human progress and the moral improvement of the race. While religion holds that the family owes its being to the will of God, sociology regards it as an institution, at which man laboriously arrived in his upward climb to higher forms of existence and which he finally succeeded in establishing, when he had reached a high level of civilization and morality. In either case, it is admitted that the destinies of mankind are intimately bound up with the permanence of the home and the family. The collapse of the home would entail the breakdown of society and the complete disintegration of civilization. At all stages of history, the home and the family have been threatened by the selfishness of men and by carnal lust and passion. In our age, home and family are facing a new crisis and are menaced by novel dangers. A reinforcement of the home and the family is necessary to stay the moral dissolution which already has begun and which is spreading with alarming and disquieting rapidity.

The home is the inner sanctuary of society. As long as it stands intact and unseparated, purifying influences will go forth from it and pour vitalizing energies into the whole social body. The family can rebuild a nation and reconstruct a decayed civilization. But when the family life of a nation has become vitiated and destroyed, the doom of that nation is inevitable.

As long as happy and saintly homes dot the land, no real harm can come to the country. Out of these homes will arise the saviors of their country and the rebuilders of the shattered world. Rome was an unconquerable empire as long as the home life was kept clean and wholesome. It sank into the dust when corruption entered the home and extinguished the sacred fire on the hearth. The greatest enemies of a country are not those who attack it from without, its deadliest foes are those who poison its family life and who undermine its homes. Anything that threatens the stability of the family is a menace to the moral welfare and the health of the nation. Students of social life realize this full well and they are casting about for means to strengthen our weakened family life and to prop up our tottering homes. They are thinking of new legislation by which the family ties are to be rendered stronger and by which the home is to be protected against dissolution. But with legislation we have had some sad experiences. Rome also tried to halt the destruction of its homes by laws, but all laws proved impotent. Something more than laws is required to restore the family and the homes to their erstwhile splendor and integrity. Nothing less than a spiritual regeneration of the present generation is of use. Materialism and egotism are the destroyers of the home, and if we wish to save our homes, these must be banished. It is an issue of momentous importance.

The spread of radicalism stands in direct proportion to the decline of home life. Over the threshold of a happy and religious home the radical cannot pass. The very atmosphere is antagonistic to him. It is only when the spirit of discontent has gained access to the home and when its religious spirit is waning, that radicalism finds an entrance. That is the reason why radicalism is opposed to the family, and the home, in which it sees, and rightly, the bulwarks of order and law. How ill advised are the efforts of all those who seek to loosen the sacred bonds of the family and to diminish the salutary influence of the home. They are giving the greatest comfort to the enemies of society and preparing the way for social anarchy.

The more closely knit the family and the more compact the unity of the home, the better it is for society and morality. It is strange, very many there are at present who show a perverse zeal in prying loose the cement that holds the stones together out of which the home is built. There are those who would deprive the father of his unique privilege of being the head of the family, there are others who would divert the attention of the mother from her home interests and scatter it on many unimportant issues; there are again such who would lessen parental authority and transfer parental responsibility to governmental organs. All these are contriving the ruin of the family and the destruction of the home. Whatever disguise they wear, they are in reality enemies of the happiness and the welfare of man.

The Church consistently stands for the ideal family and the ideal home. By its unremitting efforts in behalf of the integrity of the family and the sanctity of the home, it has made mankind its everlasting debtor, and secured for childhood the exquisite blessings of maternal affection and the strong protection of fatherly care. In these days, we get a glimpse of the holiest and sweetest home that ever was established on earth, the home of Nazareth. If all homes were fashioned after this pattern, the world would quickly be renewed and wear a fairer complexion.—Catholic Standard and Times.

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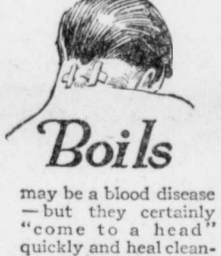
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tual vigor that comes through a thorough mastery of a few subjects or the self-conceit and superficial outlook on life, its problems and its duties, that come from a smattering of everything?

Which is the better preparation for life, a more important matter than citizenship?

Such questions as school curricula are generally considered as too technical for the average citizen. And the professional educationist is very dogmatic as well as very indefinite.

Yet the average citizen must foot the bills and is beginning to ask whether he is receiving proportionate value.

The Carnegie report sees no limit to the increasing cost of education so called, indeed foresees the time when the whole system of free education will inevitably break down under the burden of cost if the present tendency is adhered to.

In Canada in 1901 the cost of Public school education was \$11,751,625; in 1921 it was 102,561,425, an increase of 778%.

Referring to the delusion that education and more education—in the received sense of a smattering of everything knowable—is the only road to the highest usefulness, the Carnegie report says:

"The result of this idea, which has taken the form of blind public pressure, forces the retention of students in schools who are, by their intellectual endowment, ill-suited for formal study, but who have, in many cases, marked ability for other fields of activity. The ordinary father assumes that the child must be kept in the Public school whether he can do the work or no. But the over-emphasis on education, in particular, the over-emphasis on higher education, as the sole opening for the youth of the country, has not only filled the schools with ill-assorted pupils, but this closed the minds of people to the opportunities offered by agencies other than the school. For example, in the trades today are numberless openings for which the remuneration is high and which offer a life of satisfaction and usefulness. Yet, so great is the emphasis on the occupations only to be reached through high school and college, that the opportunities in such trades are depreciated, and the facilities for training the youth of the country adequately for them are meager."

"Formal study" or "formal education" is the term used in the report for what our fathers and grandfathers used to call "book-learning." The older term was apt and accurate. They tell us now that experts—psychiatrists—can measure mental capacity as easily as they can measure your biceps. This new "science"—successor to phrenology—is held in high esteem by our American cousins since the mental classification of millions during the War. An eminent American Doctor thinks as little of this new science as college men did of Edison's intelligence tests. In the course of an article on the subject the Doctor mentioned the fact that he had a little job of carpentering that he thought he could do himself. He tried it and he concluded to send for carpenters. Watching these two men at work, seeing the result of their skilled workmanship, he admitted that here was intelligence and education as real even though quite different from his own. "Self-expression" is the keynote of all education according to one school of educationists. Well there can be self-expression in the work of an artisan as well as in the work of an artist. Work, honest work develops moral fibre, character; it is education—though it is no "book-learning." Nothing is more certain than that the whole influence of modern education is to turn youthful minds away from honest work, and to fill the high schools with "ill-assorted pupils" who are there, not because they have shown an aptitude for study, but often in spite of the fact that they have proved themselves "but ill-suited for formal study." What do they profit? They fritter away a valuable year or two of life to their own detriment and at the useless expense of parents and public. Then they drop out. That is the eloquent testimony of the Report of the Minister of Education for Ontario.

Dean Andrew F. West, of the Graduate School of Princeton University, commenting on the report from which we have quoted, said:

"Every one who has made an extensive study of recent conditions in American school and college education knows that the severe criticisms made in President Pritchett's latest report are abundantly justified. We have been going through a period of bewildering multiplication of studies, offered without regard to their comparative value. Growing confusion and vast increase of expense have been the inevitable result.

"Do American parents realize that in the elementary and secondary schools a clear, sensible training in a few fundamental studies of central value for the whole subsequent life of the pupil has been disintegrating into what Elihu Root has well called 'a vast, sprawling, heterogeneous mass' of all sorts of subjects, wherein the pupil has little chance to find his way to any sure road of general education—the one thing he most needs to find. . . .

"It is better really to teach something essential than to profess to teach everything. Let the something essential be studied, and the other things will look after themselves. Rigorous selection and simplification all the way through to the end of college education is the one key to the situation. If this be done, we shall have fewer studies and more study, less confusion and more trained intelligence."

These are not the vapourings of ignorant advocates of the three R's, so derided of the modern professional educationists. They are the considered pronouncements of men unquestionably competent to treat the subject of education. One reason we place them before our readers is that we have heard the self-same conclusions reached by these eminent educators expressed sometimes a bit timidly and diffidently, sometimes emphatically and with conviction by the rank and file of plain people who profess no technical knowledge of the subject. This new departure from the old familiar undiscriminating praise of everything and anything bearing the education label will help the return to sanity and common sense. For educational policy, like every other, will in the end be shaped by informed public opinion. Another reason is that what is conspicuously true of Ontario as we have often pointed out is apparently true of the whole North American continent; that pupils are stupidly urged on to take a high school course when there is already evidence that such a course will be abortive and useless; worse than useless, a waste of precious years. Again, the fallacy that education is the exclusive work of schools and that it stops with school life, works enormous harm. Education is nearer its beginning when average school life ends. From parents, from teachers, from pastors, and from interested friends some intelligent guidance should be given pupils as they leave school. This is woefully neglected at the present time; and through this neglect education, even in the limited sense of schooling, is often largely a failure.

THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME In the last instalment of "Where all Roads Lead" G. K. Chesterton has this incisive paragraph: "By this time it must be obvious that every single thing in the Catholic Church which was condemned by the modern world has now been reintroduced by the modern world, and always in a lower form. The Puritans rejected art and symbolism, and the decadents brought them back again, with all the old appeal to sense and an additional appeal to sensuality. The rationalists rejected supernatural healing and it was brought back by Yankee charlatans who not only proclaimed supernatural healing, but forbade natural healing. Protestant moralists abolished the confessional and the psychoanalysts have reestablished the confessional, with every one of its alleged dangers and not one of its admitted safeguards. The Protestant patriots resented the intervention of an international faith, and went on to solve an empire entangled in international finance. Having complained that the family was invaded by monasticism, they have invited to see the family broken in pieces by bureaucracy; having objected to fasts being appointed for anybody during any exceptional interval, they have survived to see teetotalers and vegetarians trying to impose a fast on everybody forever."

For the benefit of the unsophisticated reader it may be well to explain that psychoanalysis is based on the principle—we should say, we suppose, the "ascertained psychological fact"—that all the ills that flesh is heir to derive from some suppressed sexual desire or emotion, back, perhaps, in the years of childhood. Tell the experts all your secret thoughts, desires, emotions, especially those which have been "suppressed," and they will proceed "scientifically" to untangle your psychological "complexes"!

Protestants have railed at the superstition of the ages of faith. And there was superstition. Superstition sins by excess; faith, when ignorant or ill-informed, runs sometimes to the extreme of credulity. But the religious superstition of the middle age was a molehill compared with the mountain of "scientific" superstition today. Any preposterous thing if put forward in the name or in the jargon of "science" will find even the educated and well-informed more credulous than the most ignorant, medieval peasant with regard to the supernatural.

PEOPLE WITH children apparently dull or stupid should take heart from some "dunces" of the past who as they grew older developed into master-minds. Some one has recently made an attempt to draw up a list of them; here are a few of the more striking examples in British history.

THE GREAT Duke of Wellington was a young lad sent to Eton, where he made such a poor showing that he was presently withdrawn and sent to the Military College of Angers, to qualify him, as a caustic contemporary remarked, "to become food for powder." Isaac Newton, discoverer of the law of gravitation, and one of the greatest minds of all time, was pronounced a dunce when a school boy. Dryden, greatest of English satirists, and ranking after Shakespeare and Milton only in the category of poets, was as a boy said to be a "great numbskull," and of Oliver Goldsmith, the immortal author of "The Vicar of Wakefield," and "The Deserted Village," it is said that in his youth he gave no promise of future eminence.

THERE ARE few greater names in English literature than that of the "Author of Waverley," under which name most of Scott's romances were first published. And yet in his boyhood Sir Walter is said to have earned the appellation of "the boy with the thickest skull in school." Thick, it may have been, but time certainly proved that it could absorb and retain a fund of knowledge beyond the capacity of most men. Two other brilliant lights in English literature are Hume the historian and philosopher, and Gibbon of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Of the former in his youth it was said that he had a "weak mind," and of the latter that he was "dreadfully dull." And so the list might be pursued indefinitely, proving that while the quality of greatness may be inherent in the individual, it may develop only in time, and that a dull boy is not necessarily the father of a dull man. Even more striking examples than the foregoing might be cited among the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, and the great apologists of the Middle Ages.

THE OPENING of the tomb of Tutankhamen which has provided sensation for the whole world, has prompted an ingenious writer to exercise his imagination in setting forth the manner of Time's revenge upon the nation, chiefly responsible for the disturbance of these ancient memorials. Three thousand years hence, he points out, Egypt may again rule the world, and Britain may have elapsed into a desert forest inhabited by a few savages. Egyptian antiquaries after the manner of Macaulay's New Zealander, may then excavate the ruins of the Abbey, and exhume the remains of "two sub-kings or viceroys of the Georgian, or last period of British supremacy, Lloyd Georgio and Esquidd (Asquith) who, in later times, seem to have usurped most of the powers of the State. Yet, in spite of their hunger for power, these sub-kings (so the chronicle will run) must have been very worthy men, for the inscriptions

continually refer to their sense of duty (which may be translated FOH) and their purity of conduct (BAH.)"

THE WRITER referred to then goes on to prognosticate the finding of the tomb of Lord Carnarvon, and puts into the mouth of the excavators this grim sentence: "In a few hours we may hope to gaze upon the desecrator of the tombs of the Pharaohs, and of the man who stole the obelisk from Alexandria, to set it upon the banks of the Thames," where remains of it (Cleopatra's needle) may then still reward the industry of the antiquarians. There are, however, other capitals that may be investigated, since the museums of every capital in Europe has been enriched by the spoil of Egyptian temples and tombs.

ANOTHER WRITER in the London Evening News reminds the world that the Pharaohs are not the only monarchs whose resting places have been disturbed. In England the reign of Henry VIII. enjoys unapproachable pre-eminence in this respect, with the added feature that annihilation, not preservation, was then the aim. The sacred remains of St. Thomas of Canterbury were not even accorded the honors of a museum, but by the Royal order were burned, and the ashes scattered to the four winds of heaven. Such was Henry's method of revenge upon one who dared to withstand royal tyranny and usurpation in an earlier reign, and was thus a standing reproof to his own unholy conduct.

IT IS recalled also that about 200 years ago archaeologists broke open the tomb of King Edward I. in Westminster Abbey to measure the skeleton and thus verify his title to the nickname "Long-shanks," by which he is known in history. It was found to justify the name, being 6ft. 2in. in length. On his head, it is recorded, was a gilt crown, and in each hand a gilt sceptre. The robe in which he was buried was studded with pearls. The shrine of his predecessor, St. Edward, better known as "Edward the Confessor," one of the most conspicuous and most cherished of the Abbey's treasures, has been opened no less than three times.

ONE of the more recent "investigations," was that in regard to the tomb of King Charles I., which was opened in 1813, by Sir Henry Hallford, in presence of the Prince Regent (afterwards George IV.). Sir Henry Hallford was a famous physician of the day. The presence of the severed head with its pointed beard proved the identity of the remains.

WHAT IS said to be the only tomb in Europe in which a dead monarch has been found in a seated position is that of the Emperor Charlemagne at Aix-le-Chapelle which was opened by order of the Emperor, Frederick, Barbarossa. It is said to have been a wonderful sight. The marble throne is, or was until recently, still preserved at Aix. Charlemagne was dressed in his Imperial robes, with a sword at his side. On his knees rested a Bible—in MSS. of course, as that was long before the age of printing. This fact is commended to the notice of those who are accustomed to delude themselves with the idea that the Bible was an unknown book before the Reformation.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF BREAKSPEAR

London, Feb. 26.—Bequests amounting in all to about \$50,000 have been left for Catholic purposes by Stephen Taprell Holland, Justice of the Peace and a co-founder of Westminster Cathedral, who died recently. The principal legacy is a sum of \$30,000, which is left in trust with the trustees of the archdiocese of Westminster, for the maintenance of the Church of the Holy Rood in the Hertfordshire town of Watford. The church, which was designed by Bentley, the architect of Westminster Cathedral, was built entirely at the cost of Mr. Holland, and is generally regarded as one of the most beautiful specimens of ecclesiastical architecture in the whole of England.

Watford town is particularly interesting because it was here, at the beginning of the 12th century, a poor boy, one Nicholas Breakspear was born. Educated by the Benedictine monks of the rich and powerful St. Alban's Abbey, he entered the Church, became subsequently Cardinal Breakspear, and finally ascended the Papal Throne as Pope Adrian IV. in 1154—the first and only Englishman who became Pope.

Under the will of Mr. Holland, Cardinal Bourne receives a legacy of \$10,000 for schools and missions in his diocese, and a further \$2,500 towards the completion of Westminster Cathedral, of which Mr. Holland was a generous benefactor during his lifetime. Other legacies go to Catholic missions and charities.

ENCYCLICAL OF POPE PIUS XI.

ON ST. FRANCIS DE SALES

The text of the Papal Document disclosing the virtues of the saint now named patron of all Catholic writers, is as follows: "Venerable Brethren: Greetings and Apostolic Blessing: "Examining in Our recent Encyclical, the restless disorder in which today, the world struggles and the opportune remedy to be applied to so much evil, we perceived that its roots lay in the very souls of men, and that the only hope of recovery consists in having recourse to the work of the Divine Healer Our Lord Jesus Christ through the means of the Holy Church. It is in fact necessary to put a stop to excessive cupidities, the primary origin of wars and contentions, dissolution of social bonds, no less than international relations; to turn the aims of individuals from the transitory goods of this world to the imperishables, which unfortunately are too often neglected by the greater part of men. If each one resolved faithfully to observe his own duty a great social improvement would soon be verified; and this does the Church, with Her government and Her ministry tend to, that is, She instructs men by preaching, the divinely revealed truths and sanctifies them by abundant infusion of divine grace, reasoning in such a way as to recall to primitive prosperity this same civilized society, which was once moulded by Her according to the Christian spirit, every time She sees it straying from the straight path. To such a work of general sanctification the Church applies Herself with the greatest efficiency when, by the merciful gift of the Lord, She can hold up to the faithful as an example to imitate, now one, now another of Her best loved children, who succeeded in becoming conspicuous in the exercise of all virtues. And this She does according to Her own especial disposition, constituted as She is by Christ, Her Founder, holy in Herself and the source of sanctity while those who entrust themselves to the guidance of Her ministry must, by the will of God tend vigorously to sanctify of life; "For this is the will of God, your sanctification" (I Thessalonians, iv. 3.) and what should be the sanctification? Our Lord Himself declared: "Be you, therefore, perfect, as also your heavenly Father is perfect." (Matthew, v. 48.)

"Nor should one believe that the invitation is directed to a few privileged souls, only, and that the others may content themselves with an inferior degree of virtue. On the contrary, as appears from the wisdom just mentioned, the law is universal and admits of no exception; on the other hand that multitude of souls of every condition and age, who have as history shows touched the apex of Christian perfection, possessed the same weaknesses of our own nature and have had to face the same dangers. So true is it that, as St. Augustine excellently says, God does not command the impossible, but when He commands He admonishes to do that which can be done and to ask for that which cannot (St. Augustine, De natura et gratia, Chapter xliii. 50.)

RECALLS OTHER CENTENARIES

"Venerable Brethren, the solemn commemoration which was celebrated last year for the third centenary of the canonization of the five great saints, Ignatius of Loyola, Francis Xavier, Philip Neri, Theresa of Jesus and Isidore the Laborer, helped not a little to augment the love of Christian life among the faithful. And now recurs as a happy augury, the third centenary of the birth in heaven of another great Saint, remarkable not only for the excellence of the virtues he practised, but also for his wisdom in guiding souls in the school of sanctity: We mean St. Francis de Sales, Bishop of Geneva and Doctor of the Church, who similar to those lights of perfection and Christian wisdom just mentioned, seemed sent by God to oppose the heresy of the Reformation, the origin of that apostasy of society from the Church, of which the sorrowful and fatal effects are deplored today by every honest soul. Besides this, it seems that Francis de Sales was given to the Church by God with the particular intent that he should disprove that prejudice, which even then was rooted in many, and is not yet extirpated today, which declares that the true sanctity which the Church proposes, either cannot be practised, or is of such difficult attainment as to surpass the common faithful and is reserved solely to a few great souls, and moreover is loaded with so much vexation and weariness that it cannot in any way be adapted to those who live outside the cloister. In the meantime, Our venerated Predecessor Benedict XV. speaking of those five Saints and alluding to the coming commemoration of the happy death of St. Francis de Sales manifested his desire to speak spec-

ially of him in an Encyclical to the whole world. We willingly fulfil this desire, looking upon it as a cherished legacy left by Our Predecessor and we are urged moreover by the hope that the fruits of the feast lately celebrated may ripen and be followed by the fruits of this new commemoration.

SAINT'S VIRTUE AMIABLE

"Whoever studies attentively the life of de Sales will find that from his earliest years, he was the model of a sanctity that was not austere and gloomy, but amiable and accessible to all, and that it could be said of him in all truthfulness: 'His conversation hath no bitterness, nor his company any tediousness, but joy and gladness.' (Wisdom, viii. 61b) Adorned with every virtue, he shone by the sweetness of soul quite his own, which could be truly called, his characteristic virtue; a sweetness however very different from that artificial amiability which consists entirely of polished manners and a display of a conventional affability quite different either from apathy which nothing moves, or the timidity which dares not be indignant even when necessary. Such virtue blossomed in the heart of de Sales as a sweet fruit of charity nurtured in him by a spirit of compassion and condescension which tempered with sweetness the gravity of his demeanor and softened his voice and his manners in a way that won him the most affectionate reverence from everyone. The facility and amiability with which he received were noted by one and all but especially by sinners and those apostates who flocked to his house desirous of being reconciled with God and amending their lives. His partiality to poor prisoners whom by a thousand charitable devices he sought to console during his frequent visits, the great indulgence he showed his servants tolerating with heroic patience their sloth and forgetfulness, are equally well known. This sweetness of soul never failed him notwithstanding the changes of people, time or circumstances, whether prosperous, or adverse; not even the heretics themselves, however much they molested him, ever experienced from him less affability or less accessibility. Great was the zeal he showed when during the first year of his priesthood, he offered himself spontaneously without heeding the opposition of his father, to procure the reconciliation of the Chablais with the Church and was willingly heard by Graner, Bishop of Geneva. He refused no labor, fled from no danger, not even death, but in obtaining the conversion of so many thousand people his unaltered sweetness stood him in better stead than his great doctrine and vigorous eloquence in the fulfilment of the various duties of his sacred ministry. Accustomed as he was to repeat that memorable phrase: 'Apostles do not fight without suffering, they do not triumph except in death,' it is difficult to describe the vigor and constancy with which he promoted the cause of Jesus Christ in the Chablais province. At that time he was seen passing through deep valleys, climbing steep gorges, to carry the comfort of Christian hope to those people; fleeing him he pursued them, calling them loudly; he did not give up when brutally repulsed and when threatened, he renewed his attempts; often driven from hotels, he passed the night in the snow, under the open sky; he celebrated Mass even if no one were present; he continued his sermon even when his audience retired one after the other, without ever losing his serenity of soul nor the amiability of his charity towards the ungrateful; and so finally he overcame the resistance of the most obstinate adversaries.

CONQUERED NATURAL TENDENCIES

"That would err, however, those who might think that in de Sales this was rather the privilege of a nature, endowed by the grace of God with the blessing of sweetness, as we read of other fortunate souls. On the contrary Francis was naturally of a quick character and ready for anger. But having proposed to himself the imitation of that Jesus who had said: 'Learn from Me, because I am meek and humble of heart' (Matthew xi. 29.) by means of continual vigilance and violence to himself he succeeded in repressing and curbing in such a way the impulse of his soul, that he became a living likeness of the God of sweetness and peace. And this is confirmed by the testimony of physicians who as one reads, when they embalmed the body, found the bile turned into stone and reduced to very tiny fragments, from this prodigy they judged what violent efforts it had cost him to repress his irritable temper, during fifty years. So much sweetness was the result of great strength of character, continually nourished by the power of faith and the fire of divine charity—so that to him may be applied the motto of the Sacred Scriptures: 'Out of the strong came forth sweetness' (Judges xiv. 14.) No wonder therefore if the pastoral sweetness which adorned him and of which according to Chrysostomus (8th Homily on Genesis) 'nothing is more violent. . . had in drawing hearts that efficacy which Jesus Christ promises to the meek: 'Blessed are the meek, for they shall possess the land,' (Matthew v. 4.) On the other hand the strength of character of

this model of meekness, clearly appeared when opposing the powerful, he had to safeguard the interests of the glory of God, the dignity of the Church and the salvation of souls.

to receive virgins, widows and orphans, be they weak or invalid or advanced in age in whom physical strength is unequal to the fervor of the spirit.

until December 28 the day in which he passed from earth to Heaven, you seek with the greatest care to instruct the faithful concerning the virtues and teachings of the saintly Doctor.

Your foremost care will therefore consist in making known to the Clergy and laity entrusted to your care, what We have put forth, and diligently explain it to them.

mature deliberation, by Our Apostolic authority to give out, confirm and declare with this Encyclical, S. Francis de Sales, Bishop of Geneva and Doctor of the Church, in a public and solemn document of this Apostolic See, to be the heavenly Patron of all those virtues.

Now, Venerable Brethren, for the success of these solemn centenaries, and to render them more splendid and fruitful, your faithful should not miss following any pious impulse and should honor with due veneration this great luminary of the Church through whose intercession the souls being purified from the consequences of sin and fortified at the Divine Table may be led, both with force and sweetness, to acquire sanctity in a short time.

"And now, Venerable Brethren, let us note how de Sales who is himself such an amiable model of sanctity, showed to others in his writings, the sure and easy way to Christian perfection, also imitating Christ: 'who began to do and to teach.' (Acts of the Apostles I. L.)

"Many are the works he published for the purpose, but amongst these may be noted his two well known books: 'The Filotes' and 'Treatise on the Love of God'."

"Venerable Brethren the circumstances in which Francis undertook the Chablais mission are known. History relates that when the Duke of Savoy concluded a truce with the people of Berne and Geneva towards the end of 1593 nothing was deemed more useful to reconcile the peoples of the Chablais province than to send there zealous and learned preachers who would by degrees draw them towards Faith.

And you, Venerable Brethren, you must warmly exhort the faithful you have in your care to pray for us to the Holy Doctor. We grant, as He wished Us to take up the government of His Church, in such difficult times that with the protection of the Saint, who had for the Apostolic See a marked love and reverence and who defended admirably its rights and its authority in the 'Controversies' it may happily come that as many as are far from the laws and the charity of Christ, shall return to the fields of eternal life, embrace one another in unity and in the kiss of peace."

"From him we learn to do that which everyone usually does—except of course evil—but in a saintly manner—which everyone does not— with the exact intention of pleasing God. He teaches us, besides to observe appearance and good demeanor, which he calls the ornaments of virtue; and not to destroy, but to conquer nature so that little by little we raise ourselves with little effort to heaven, like the dove, if not like the eagle, that is to say in observing sanctity of life in the common way, should we not be called to extraordinary perfection."

"Always in dignified and easy style, but varied by ingenious acuteness of thought and grace of expression whereby his teachings prove more pleasant reading, after having shown how we must keep far from sin, fight against our bad inclinations, and avoid useless and harmful things, he points out what are the exercises that nourish the spirit and tell us how to keep our souls united with God. Then he advises strongly the choice of one special virtue to cultivate with resolution and constancy, until acquired. He next treats of single virtues, of decency, of honest and dishonest talk, of allowed and forbidden amusements, of faithfulness to God, of the duties of married people, widows, spinsters. Finally he teaches us to know and to overcome perils, temptations and the attractions of pleasure and how each year everyone should renew and rekindle the fervor of the spirit by pious resolutions."

"Given in Rome at St. Peter's, on January 26 in the year 1923 the first of our Pontificate."

"PIUS P. P. XI."

"The same principles of spiritual life contained in these two volumes were offered by him for the benefit of souls in the daily care and spiritual direction of same and in his admirable 'Letters.' These very principles he applied in the direction of the Nuns of the Visitation, which Institute founded by him still retains faithfully his spirit. In fact everything breathes moderation and suavity in this religious family which is destined

"to receive virgins, widows and orphans, be they weak or invalid or advanced in age in whom physical strength is unequal to the fervor of the spirit. Thus they do not have the custom of long vigils or chanting, no strictness of penance and mortification, but only the observance of rules so mild and easy that all the nuns, even those in poor health can easily follow them."

SIXTY-YEAR JUBILEE OF REV. L. E. CHERRIER, C. S. B.

To have lived to spend sixty years in the holy priesthood of God is experienced by but few priests. One of the oldest priests, if not the oldest, in Canada will have the great joy of such an anniversary on Sunday, March 25.

"More outstanding and important is the 'Treatise of the love of God' in which the Holy Doctor explains almost the history of the love of God, showing its origin and progress, as also the reasons for which it has begun to decline and languish and teaching furthermore the method of exercising and progressing in it. And when occasion arises he clearly explains the most difficult questions such as those concerning efficacious grace, predestination and vocation to faith, not dully, but according to his fertile and prompt intellect, adorning the treatise with such pleasing expression and illustrating it with such a variety of similitudes, examples and quotations taken mostly from the Sacred Scriptures, that what he writes flows no less from his mind than from his heart and sets forth his most intimate sentiments."

"If sometimes his words seem strong, nevertheless they always convey, as his very opponents confessed, that spirit of charity conducive to settling every dispute, as when he reproached the erring sons with defection for having forsaken the Catholic faith it can be clearly seen how he has no harshness in view than to beg them more warmly to return to that same faith. And also in the book of 'Controversies,' it is easy to perceive the same greatness of heart and the same spirit permeating the works he composed to promote piety. The style is so elegant, polished and efficacious, that the heretic ministers used to warn their followers against letting themselves be flattered and conquered by the Missionary of Geneva."

He has lived to spend sixty years in the holy priesthood of God is experienced by but few priests. One of the oldest priests, if not the oldest, in Canada will have the great joy of such an anniversary on Sunday, March 25.

Rev. L. E. Cherrier, C. S. B., was born at Dundas, Ontario, on Oct. 29, 1854, and it is a singular coincidence that he is spending the evening of his life within a short distance of where he played as a boy over eighty years ago. Father Cherrier entered St. Michael's College, Toronto, where he completed his studies and, in 1881, was ordained priest by Archbishop Lynch.

"Established Visitation Rule

"To Prolong Commemoration

Patron of Catholic Writers

Returning to Toronto, Father Cherrier was attached to the Owen Sound Mission of the Basilian Fathers, where he labored with Father Granotier until the year 1876. Being recalled to the College, Father Cherrier remained at St. Michael's for over thirty years, teaching students and acting as chaplain to the various Toronto institutions.

Cherrier is in very feeble health, he expressed a desire to have no public celebration. Father Cherrier merely asks that on that day all his friends and well wishers join in rendering thanks to Almighty God for His mercy in permitting one of His servants the great joy and privilege of laboring in His service for such a long period.

WEEKLY CALENDAR

Sunday, March 18.—St. Cyril of Jerusalem was Bishop of Jerusalem at the time Julian the Apostate tried to rebuild the Temple of Solomon. The saint protested and when the workmen tried to begin their work they were prevented by flames which issued from the earth. The attempt was repeated several times but always failed. Cyril was noted as a teacher. He was present at the second General Council of Constantinople and died in 386.

Monday, March 19.—St. Joseph, the spouse of the Blessed Virgin, foster father of Our Lord and patron of the Universal Church. Tuesday, March 20.—St. Wulfstan, Archbishop, renounced his place at the Court of King Clotaire to give his life to God. After being elected Archbishop of Sens he gave up his see to become a missionary to Friesland. After converting thousands he died in 720.

Wednesday, March 21.—St. Benedict, Abbot, when a young boy was sent to Rome to attend the Public Schools. Terrified by the licentiousness of the students he fled to the mountains of Subiaco where he established twelve monasteries. Later he founded the monastery of Monte Casino where he devoted his time to the writing of his celebrated rule. He died there in 543.

Thursday, March 22.—St. Catherine of Sweden, virgin, was the daughter of Ulpho, Prince of Nerica and of St. Bridget. When she was given in marriage to a nobleman named Ergard she persuaded him to join her in a vow of chastity. She died as Abbess of Vadstena in 1381.

Friday, March 23.—St. Victorian and other martyrs. St. Victorian was Proconsul at Carthage under the Arian King Huneric. He and many others were put to death after cruel tortures because they refused to give up the faith.

Saturday, March 24.—St. Simon, infant martyr, was killed by the Jews in the city of Trent in 1472 during the Passover. They threw his body into the river but it was discovered and the crime punished.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

A "FORD" WANTED. Our friend Henry never perhaps realized that among other things he was producing the missionary "carry-all." Who could think of any other title for the following letter than the one with which we have headed it?

January, 18, 1923. To the Catholic Church Extension Society of Canada, Toronto. Very Reverend and Dear Father, On the beginning of the month of September last I was appointed a missionary priest of the four districts of D—, C—, L—, S— and intermediate points of the Province of Saskatchewan. At the end of the same month I took charge of them.

CATHOLIC WRITERS HEAR A DISCUSSION ON IMMORAL LITERATURE

One of the most important and largely attended meetings of the Catholic Writers' Guild was held at the Catholic Club, New York. "Censorship" was the subject of discussion. Arthur Benington, President of the Writers' Guild presided and the chief speaker was John S. Sumner, Secretary of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, who made a strong plea for censorship and blamed the press for its attitude toward obscene and salacious literature and its hostile stand against the activities of the Society of which he is secretary.

"Whenever the society takes action against obscene publications," he said, "almost all the newspapers at once set up a loud noise, beat the tom-toms and rally their forces against us. But we are upheld by many who are not bigots, nor Puritans, nor reformers, but are themselves writers, and who know the effect such books have upon young people and morals."

The two remaining missions are situated on the C. P. R. line, C— branch, stretching from P— to the northern limit of the Diocese, a distance of forty miles.

(1) L—. Three miles from the depot you find a nice little church, which was built by a Catholic man from the United States, twenty years ago. More than twenty families belonging to this church were visited before the winter time, but besides those there will be almost the same number to be visited when summer time will make the roads passable. Also the Catholics of the C. P. R. station, S—, belong to this mission.

(2) The next mission is S—. Here, six miles from the station, on the Prairie "in the hills" a church was built five or six years ago for the Catholics of S—, I—, A— and R—, to mention only the C. P. R. stations. This mission was formerly visited occasionally, mostly on week days. On account of the long distance from the church, the bad roads and other unfortunate conditions, a great many of the Catholics residing in the district became strangers to their Church. An intensive work especially in visiting them at their homes has to be done to regain them to the practice of the faith of their fathers. I stayed in this mission during the Christmas holidays to prepare eight children of ten to thirteen years for first Holy Communion. Many of the grown-up people profited by the presence of the priest and received the sacraments; nearly eighty Holy Communion were distributed. In the beginning of the month of November one of the farmers took me along in his car. So I was able to visit fifteen families, finding most of them in very bad condition materially as well as spiritually. On account of the snow blockade it was impossible for me to see the remaining members of this Mission. As soon as the roads will be in good condition I will resume this work.

Now you may ask me, why I am writing all this to you? As a Society highly interested in the standing of the Catholic faith in Western Canada, you are entitled to know the missionary work. But this is not the only reason for my writing.

By different reports you are certainly acquainted with the hard conditions of the missionary work in this country. If we want to regain the lost of former times or to keep, at least, the number of Catholics of today in the Church, we urgently need the means to come personally in contact with each family. Therefore I make the confident request to your Society to supply me with means of procuring an automobile. Considering the unfavorable farming condition of this province I dare not count upon any contribution for this purpose from my people. As a man of forty-five years I would not have made this request, if I was not fully convinced of the necessity of this travelling means to fulfill the work entrusted to me.

Hoping to receive a favorable answer from your Society, I remain, Respectfully yours, C. A. K.

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

Previously acknowledged \$5,982 47 J. C. 1 00 L. E. Mc 2 00 H. B. Clinton 1 00 M. P. 1 00

Friend, Niagara Falls (0

Previously acknowledged \$2,577 45 Mrs. B. A. Miller, Bridgeburg 1 00 Miss F. Patriarche, Bridgeburg 1 00 Miss C. Patriarche, Bridgeburg 1 00 F. Basterfield, Bridgeburg 1 00 R. Colbourn, Bridgeburg 1 00

Added weight to Mr. Sumner's

plea, and said that unless something were done to stem the flood of immoral and indecent literature with which the country is being cursed at the present time the day will come when the State will have to imitate the Catholic Church and establish an Index of Forbidden Books.

Others who discussed the subject were: Justice John T. Freschi, Miss Elizabeth Marbury, the Rev. John J. Wynne, S. J. and Dr. John T. Nicholson, and Peter McAllister who read a paper prepared by Martin Conboy, who was prevented by illness from attending the meeting.

JESUIT SCIENTISTS

Among the recent visitors to India was the Rev. Jose Algue, S. J., director of the Manila Central Observatory and distinguished as the inventor of the famous barocyclometer by which storms may be foretold not only in the Philippines but throughout the whole Orient.

Other Jesuit scientists are: Father Algue was at Goa for the exposition of the body of St. Francis Xavier and has visited several other important Indian cities. The Central Observatory of Manila, which he directs has, in different parts of the island, 117 stations and includes a seismic division, a meteorological division and an astronomical division. These three divisions are directed respectively by the Jesuit Fathers Maso, Coronas and Comellas. There are 176 people employed as calculators and observers by the Central Observatory and its branches.

BURSES FOR EDUCATION OF PRIESTS FOR CHINESE MISSIONS

These burses will be complete at \$5,000 each, and will provide a perpetual scholarship for boys wishing to study for the missionary priesthood and go evangelize China. Donors to these burses will be remembered by these future priests during their whole sacerdotal ministry.

REV. J. M. FRASER, M. A. F., China Mission College, Almonte, Ontario. QUEEN OF APOSTLES BURSE. Previously acknowledged \$2,725 68

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City of Toronto 5% Serial Coupon Gold Bonds. Dated 1st July, Oct. and Dec. 1922. Due Serially up to 1927. Principal and half-yearly interest payable at the Agency of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, in New York, in United States Gold Coin, or at the Office of the Canadian Bank of Commerce in Toronto, in Canadian currency, at the holder's option. Coupon bonds of \$1,000 denomination may be registered as to principal.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

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

PASSION SUNDAY

ETERNITY

"If any man keep My word, he shall not see death for ever." Amen. The thought of eternity is repeatedly brought before us and thrust upon us as a means to our salvation. How often from our Lord's own lips do we hear such words—"for ever," "eternal life" and "life everlasting." The prayers of the Church continually instill the thought into our souls, concluding "world without end. Amen."

It is not to make life sad and miserable that the thought of eternity is thus obtruded on us, but that it may steady us in our temptations, in our wandering from the path of duty, in our frailties and seeking self-indulgence. The thought of eternity should make us despise this world, "for the world passeth away as a vapor, and the things which are seen are as vanity."

And yet, what do we find? Is the thought welcomed as the repeated warning of an anxious Father, that we should stray and be lost? Alas! no; for the majority of men shun the thought, banish it, dread it. And why? Because instead of being pilgrims in this world, they have settled down in it and have grown fond of it. They know it, it is a pleasant world; it is good enough for them. They have forgotten the words of St. James: "Know you not that the friendship of this world is the enemy of God?"

And others fear the thought of eternity, knowing in their hearts that the lives they are leading are not tending to heaven, for tepidity, self-ease, forgetfulness of prayer, neglect of the sacraments, are without doubt proofs that they are being borne along the road that leads to everlasting death. Therefore the thought of "for ever" is a dread to them; and they cowardly try to shirk it and forget it. The voice of conscience may be drowned for a time in the turmoil of life, but the misery and wretchedness of such an existence—eternal death draws nearer and nearer. Yea, there are to be found some who, in spite of the lurking fear in their hearts, dare to maintain that there is no eternity, that their souls are not immortal. How few, when they come to die, will dare to brazen this denial out to the end!

Whereas instead of this fear and resentment towards God's warning of eternity, we should learn to love and cherish the thought of "for ever and for ever." Then the light of God's grace would stream down upon our path through life and make us discern the footsteps of the saints—yea, our Lord's own footsteps, who carried His Cross along that way before us. Each day its memory would strengthen us to attempt, and give us zeal to persevere. Oh! precious time, short and uncertain indeed, for the past cannot be recalled, and the future cannot be counted on; there is only the present, wherewith to secure an eternity of happiness and glory.

How generously, then, should we undertake to keep the commandments of God, buoyed up with this assurance, that if we do so—and we can with the help of God's grace—we "shall not taste death for ever." The hope of life for ever should enkindle in our souls a noble impulse, loyalty to do our utmost to obey, to undertake every duty, to grapple with every difficulty that would bar our path as we follow whither our Lord's words direct us, "laboring for that which endureth to life everlasting" (John vi. 27).

Let us look back to the past, and we shall be forced humbly to acknowledge how little practical influence the thought of eternity has had upon our lives. Please God, like an angel with a flaming sword, it has scared us from grievous sins and daring trespasses against the laws of God. But in our ordinary lives, when the love of Christ has failed to urge us on, when we have loitered and lingered on the way to heaven, unwilling to toil, exaggerating to our souls the difficulties and hardships of the journey, has the thought of eternity roused us to be up and doing, resolute and strong as befits the soldiers of Christ?

It is all our own fault if the thought of eternity has not impressed us and aroused us. The warning heard so often; the thought pondered so seldom! The word of the Lord has been spoken in mercy: how ungrateful of us to give it so scanty a welcome! Let us pray that we may be mindful of every word that recalls "eternity." The thought is meant to make us earnest, and raise up our minds to God. We are His children, destined to live with Him for all eternity. Why should we shun the thought? It should give us hope, founded on His promise that we shall not taste death for ever. Surely this should be our comfort, our strength, our happiness.

ST. JOSEPH CAN HELP LIFT MANY BURDENS

If you are burdened by debt, weighted down by the cares of a family, anxious about your vocation, or uncertain about which method to pursue in matters of a

materal nature, go to St. Joseph. He is in an especial manner the model for people who live in the world, and many and varied are the interesting accounts given of his mediation in behalf of the people who have sought his aid in matters of a temporal nature. But it is not only in matters temporal that we should go to St. Joseph; he is also a powerful intercessor for those who seek his help in spiritual matters. The patron of the Church Universal, he has a special claim upon every member of the Faith.

As the month of March is an especial manner devoted to him, let us during the ensuing days perform some extra acts of piety in his honor. The guardian of Mary and the foster-father of Jesus, while they were on earth, what better evidence could we have of his close relation to those loving hearts? Surely, anything he asks of them will be answered.

Let us not neglect, then, during this month, to often petition St. Joseph. Since he is the patron of a happy death, let us ask him that he will more than all else obtain for us the grace of dying in the loving friendship of Jesus and Mary.

ST. PATRICK APOSTLE OF IRELAND

The feast of St. Patrick this year occasions mingled feelings of joy and sadness. Joy will reign on that day in the heart of every loyal son and daughter of Ireland in the contemplation of the grace and glory that have descended upon them as a result of the ministrations of St. Patrick. But sadness also will fill their hearts as they see their beloved but unhappy country in the throes of sorrow and suffering. St. Patrick's day comes as an annual messenger of hope to the Irish people.

It proclaims in undying accents that a nation which is founded on faith and which lives by faith can never die. Men may grind to powder the material elements that compose a nation, but if it is based upon the moral law, and lives by purity, justice, and fortitude it will revive and continue its activity. And this has been characteristic of the Irish nation, that its national life has been securely grounded upon its supernatural foundation. This characteristic is the heritage of St. Patrick. Fifteen centuries ago was the time of Chrysostom, Ambrose, and Augustine. The Church was then beset by the great heresies, Arius who denied the Divinity of Christ and Nestorius who denied that the Blessed Virgin was the Mother of God. The lives of the great doctors of the Church were spent in defending the rights of the Church. Their only thought was to extend Christianity, or to preserve and to purify what there was of it, in the Roman Empire.

Few thought of carrying the light of the Gospel outside the Roman Empire. Then St. Patrick came, and with the voices from Erin ringing in his ears, wandered through Gaul, Italy and the islands of the Mediterranean waiting for the word and authority that would send him to the island on the fringe of civilization, where he had been a captive many years before.

When word did come, his youth and middle age had passed, and he had come to a time of life when most men have either succeeded or failed in their life's work. Yet with the weight of sixty years upon him he set out upon his hazardous enterprise to make God known to a nation where idols were worshipped and to bring peace to a people who were given over to war. He passed over the country, proposed new ways of life. He taught mysterious doctrines. The people listened reverently to him. They yielded to the sway of his eloquence. They opened their hearts to workings of Divine Grace. And without revolution or bloodshed the entire nation became Catholic.

St. Patrick did his work so completely that he could not have a successor. He made Ireland a home of saints and scholars; he made it a missionary centre whence went forth zealous apostles to convert the rest of the heathen world. Fifty years after his death, pioneers of faith poured out from Ireland, penetrated the forests of Gaul and Germany, and infused new life into the nations that were tainted with Arianism. St. Patrick has left on record his confidence that the people whom God had given him in the ends of the earth would never lose their inheritance. That confidence has been signally justified. Fifteen hundred years ago the Irish people were baptized and born into the faith of Christ. Since the moment that the film of paganism dropped from their eyes they never lost the supernatural life that has been the mainstay of their national existence. This is the secret of Ireland's power. As Father Lockington in the Soul of Ireland has so eloquently expressed it: "Ireland is Irish in her Catholicity and in her Catholic history. The divine gift of faith, that St. Patrick threw like a white mantle over the whole land covers it today as pure and untarnished as when he walked the earth. Wicked men strove to rend it and sully it; they did but beautify it with the glorious red of the martyr's blood. All through the land Christ sits enthroned amid the ceaseless prayers of His loved and loving people. This is the secret of her undying vitality. This vivid,

fervent love of God, gilding and ennobling her poverty, strengthening her in danger, comforting her in sorrow, uniting her to the tabernacle of the Crucified One, is the heart-beat of Ireland, God bless her."

Let us breathe the fervent hope and prayer on the feast of Ireland's patron saint, that his dear country has seen the end of her long martyrdom, that her dark night is over and her day dawn is night, that God in His infinite wisdom and mercy may see fit to accept her sacrifice and lead her to peace and national happiness.—The Pilot.

JOURNALISM URGED AS PROFESSION

MSGR. NOLL AT NOTRE DAME DECLARES PRESS NEEDS CATHOLIC INFLUENCE

Notre Dame, Ind., February 10.—In an address to the students of the School of Journalism at Notre Dame University, Notre Dame, Indiana, the Right Rev. Msgr. J. F. Noll, editor of Our Sunday Visitor, urged that Catholic students in large numbers should take up journalism as their life work. He pointed out the importance of the press in molding the morals and lives of the people and declared that the Church often suffers in accounts of Catholic events carried in the secular papers because the editors and writers of those papers lack a proper understanding of the Church.

Msgr. Noll said in part: "Journalism is one of the most modern of all professions, yet it has become the greatest power, in the natural order, in all the world, unless we except the power of capital, which controls and abuses it. The world has had physicians, and lawyers, and clergymen, and scientists, for thousands of years, but it has had journalists less than two hundred years. The London Daily, started in 1702, was the first daily paper, and it consisted of a single small sheet, printed on one side. It contained no editorials, no news stories. It merely published, without comment, brief items of local news. The first Catholic paper of any consequence was started one hundred and one years ago today (February 15th, 1822). It was Bishop England's Catholic Miscellany, and its character was the same as that of Our Sunday Visitor; it had religious instruction as its object.

"Because there is scarcely any illiteracy today in our country, because present day papers contain something for everybody, everybody reads them. They are the one piece of literature in universal demand. Hence it is safe to declare that the journalist is more indispensable, in the estimate of the masses of today, than any other person. Few books find as many readers in a generation as the message of some journalists has day after day. One Chicago daily reaches more families than dwell in the great State of Indiana. The importance of the journalistic profession, therefore, is as incalculable as its responsibility is staggering.

SITUATION ABROAD "I concede that, in itself, the printing press is an indifferent tool; it is as ready to serve the cause of truth as of error, of the Church as of the world. But those, whose lives are devoted to the spread of truth and morality are not in possession of it. Invented by a Catholic, the first employed in the interests of God and His Church, the printing press is now being employed against the Church, has become a foe, against which all the human efforts of churchmen are powerless.

"In Italy, France, Spain, Portugal, Central America, in nearly all the South American Republics, secular journalism is two thirds irreligious journalism. While it is true that Italy has several excellent Catholic dailies, their combined circulation does not exceed 300,000. Granting that each copy is read by five persons, the total number reached is 1,500,000 or about 5% of the population. The situation is quite similar in France. In other Latin countries the showing is even poorer for the Church. In the new Republics of Austria, Czech-Slovakia, of Jugo-Slavia, as elsewhere, enemies of Christianity are in practical control of the press.

EDITORS BAR BELIGION "The greatest harm is not done by the professed anti-Christian journalist, but by the worldly-minded editor who, for the sake of greater gain, serves the kind of daily literature diet, which will interest the greatest number of people.

"In the United States, for instance, the strictly anti-Christian press is not prominent. Even the anti-Catholic press might be passed over, though it reaches millions of non-Catholics, whom Catholic journalism does not reach. Less than 10,000,000 among 110,000,000 people of our land, are reached by Catholic papers and periodicals, and this 10% represents our own people.

"Editors take account of the fact that 60,000,000 people, who remain aloof from all churches, are not interested in religion, and therefore it is not served to them. Doctrinal religion, or anything that would incite even controversial thoughts in the 24,000,000, who belong to 400 different brands of Protestantism, must be kept under cover. Then, because we live in an age when it is regarded as fashionable, as a mark

of culture, to discredit what was believed in the misnamed "Dark Ages" the editor today must defend all the unproved theories of higher criticism. Imagine the editor of a New York or Chicago Daily defending the Genesis account of creation, even when quite liberally interpreted.

CITIES INCOMPLETE REPORTING "Secular papers often help intensify the existing prejudices against the Catholic Church by what they do not print in connection with a news story. We have a case in point in the account of the expulsion of the Papal Delegate from Mexico last month. The press report left the impression that he was expelled because he had violated a basic law of the country. The uninformed reader saw therein confirmation of the lie that the Catholic Church is a danger to the State. Had the editors taken the trouble to express their contempt at the silly intolerance of the governing power in Mexico, the news report would have left a favorable, rather than an unfavorable impression.

"It should be more generally known that a wonderful news-gathering agency, the National Catholic Welfare Council, has established. It has reporters in all the capital cities of Europe, and in each instance they are men who are noted equally well for their scholarship and fairness. The representatives of the Associated Press cannot compare with them for their accuracy and objectivity. To secure the truth about happenings, religious, or otherwise, in all the countries in Europe. Were these same men reporting for a string of Catholic dailies, read by our people generally, much of the world news as reported by the A. P., and by the N. C. W. C. would be quite conflicting.

"Is it to be implied, from what I have said, that the Catholic student should abstain from the pursuit of a journalistic career? Most emphatically "No." On the contrary, it is precisely because journalism, as at present conducted, serves the cause

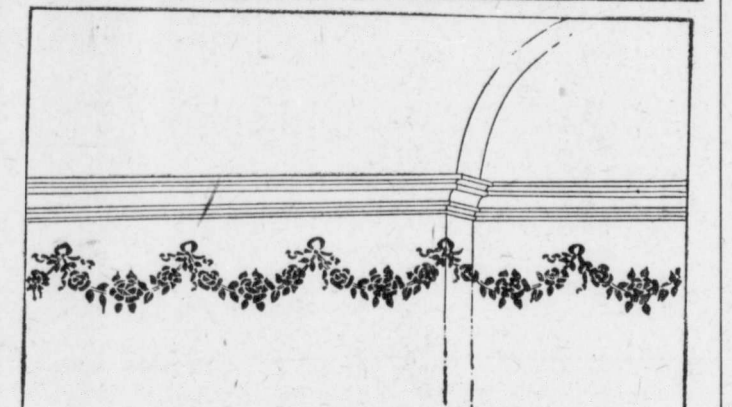
of error and irreligion rather than truth that the profession should be embraced by many more Catholic students, in the hope that they might influence it for the better. Catholic aloofness in this, as in other particulars, would only make a bad situation worse. Nearly every organization of men, which numbers few Catholics, is led in an anti-Catholic wry, while the presence of Catholics in large numbers saves an organization from becoming the tool of bigotry. The daily press, the secular magazine, the modern novel, are seldom on the right side of moral questions. Their editors lack a proper conception of the Church; they are poorly versed in history; they assume that the spirit of the world is always right; yet they pretend to speak with infallible authority as scientists, historians, theologians. A Harvard professor, writing in the Atlantic Monthly last year, truly stated that, "the public is at the mercy of the lords of the press." This is certainly pitiful, but it is a fact with which we have to reckon, and a condition which it seems humanly impossible to overcome. Only the Catholic Church can steer society safely, and Catholic schools of journalism can counteract the false views on moral and social questions so widely circulated by editors who are now in control of the press. My advice to a large number of Catholic young men is to select journalism as a life's profession, and then to aspire to come to the front."

Don't be discouraged; it is often the last key in the bunch that opens the lock.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE

L'ave the yellow gold to Jew—
Fur it's little that they lose—
L'ave the balance o' world power to
the Saxon:
Though they scarce could do it
worse,
L'ave them run the universe,
'Tis fur little that they have that
we'd be axin'.
Sorra wan of us that cares
Fur their high an' mighty airs,
Or the robes o' r'yal purple an' the
linen stiff wid starch,
But there's wan day in the year
When they musn't interfere—
Shure, the whole world is Irish on
the seven'teenth of March!
O! It's little that we hold
Of dominion or of gold
In the blessed Isle that saw us first
a nation,
But we made all lands our own
As we spread from zone to zone,
So come all ye! an' share our
jubilation.
O! The music in the air!
An' the joy that's ivywhere—
Shure, the whole blue vault o' heaven
is wan grand triumphal arch,
An' the earth below is gay
Wid its tender green th' day,
Fur the whole world is Irish or the
seven'teenth of March!

SAINT PATRICK

Of Celtic origin, whether born in
Gaul or Britain, acquainted with
Gaelic language and customs by six
years' residence as a slave in Ire-
land, trained in Christian perfection
by the monks of Lerins and in
Apostolic doctrine and practice by
St. Martin and St. Germain, and
commissioned by Pope St. Celestine
to bear the teachings of Christ to
the children of Ireland, who had
been in his thoughts by day and his
dreams by night, Patrick unarmed
except with the Crucifix and his
trust in God, landed in 432 with a
few companions on Ireland's shore,
and

"Blessed forever was he who relied
On Erin's honor and Erin's pride."
Though many his toils and trials,
it may be said that under his
inspiration Ireland, like the fabled
tree that grew and blossomed and
fructified in a night, sprung at a
bound to the full splendor of a
Christian nation. The subtle training
of the widespread and well-
graded orders of bards and jurists,
and, above all, the provisions in the
elaborate Brehon code for the equal
rights in law and property with
man of womanhood and wifehood,
naturally disposed the Irish nation,
morally and mentally, for the
reception of Christian tenets. It is
Patrick's glory that he knew how
to build on what good they had and
lead them to a perfection of Chris-
tian practice and a devotion to
Christian ideals that no nation had
before or has since attained under
the guidance of one Apostle. Their
difficulty at Tara about the coexist-
ence of trinity and unity in God
bespoke trained and cultured minds;
his illustrations of the solution by
the trefoil that strewed their land
—became thereby the emblem of
Faith and grace—indicates that
the wit of the Celt and the grace of
God were combined in the Apostle
of Ireland.

He made the Irish bards and
druids and the youths he trained
priests and bishops of the land, he
took with him through the island
the chief jurist to impress the
purified Brehon code on the people,
together with the law of Christ;
and, inspired by his character and
sanctity and the grace he brought
them, "the sons of Chiefs and the
daughters of Kings became," in the
words of his Confession, "monks
and virgins of Christ, and all the
people are called sons of the Lord
and children of God." And when
through his myriad toils and pen-
ances and prayers he had seen ful-
filled in his person God's olden
promise: "I will deliver to you
every place that the sole of your
foot shall tread upon, and no man
shall be able to resist you all the
days of your life," he wrote down
amid penitent tears the Confession
of his manifold defects and signed
himself, "Patrick, an unworthy and
sinful man."

He founded at Armagh in 450 the
first Christian school of Erin, the
progenitor of the long line of
colleges that made her famous as
the "island of saints and scholars,"
and of many a school on the
European continent and on other
continents of later discovery, even
to our day. He went again to
Rome to receive the confirmation
and blessing of Pope St. Leo;
returning, he told his people: "As
ye are children of Christ, he ye
also children of Rome;" and he
won, by a vigil of forty nights on
Crosghpatrick, the promise of God's
angel that the Faith he planted
would never die in Ireland.

That Faith waxed warm and
strong and soon went forth in
mighty waves borne forward and
illuminated by Irish apostles and
scholars from the Mediterranean to
the Northern Seas. At home it
flourished in the sunshine and was
more firmly rooted by the storm.
For storms came, as they came on
no other nation, and Patrick may be
said to have been crying out to his
people through all future times
what he addressed to his converts
who were carried into slavery by
Corcetics:

"Oh, my most beautiful and most
loving brothers and children, whom
in countless numbers I have begotten
in Christ, what shall I do for you?"

Am I so unworthy before God and
men that I cannot help you? Is it
a crime to have been born in Ire-
land! And have we not the same
God as they have? I sorrow for
you, yet I rejoice, for if ye are
taken from the world ye are
believers through me, and are gone
to Paradise.

At home and in many a foreign
land since then the treatment of
Patrick's children and their ineradi-
cable Faith has often prompted the
question, "Is it a crime to have
been born in Ireland?" But
wherever through the earth they
traversed by force or choice, that
Faith they planted and made strong,
and their race is now more widely
apostolic than even in the days of
Columbanus and Columba. True to
God and principle, Patrick's sons
were true to their manhood: brutal
force could chain their bodies but
never chained their minds. At
home and in ad pted lands they
have been true to the Preacher's
counsel: "Strive for justice for
thine own soul and fight for justice
even unto death; and God," will
conquer thy enemies for thee."

God has done so. Ireland has
conquered the world's sympathy in
her persistent struggle for civil and
spiritual freedom. She has con-
quered her conquerors by winning
for the men and maintaining religious
liberty, and her representatives
today stand supreme in the legisla-
tive halls of her erstwhile oppressor
with the restoration of her liberties
in their grasp. For the preserva-
tion of her inextinguishable spirit,
and the freedom of her sons as men
and as children of God, Patrick has
been the impulse, the stimulus and
the sustenance. In making his Day
coextensive with the world, to him
they attribute the glory.—America.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

ST. PATRICK'S DAY HYMN

"The Irish language, so far as
I know," writes Father O'Reilly,
C. M., in the Austral Light, "is
the only one which has two words
to express the proper name, Mary,
and for this reason one of them
is reserved exclusively for Our
Lady. The fact that they will not
give the special form of the name
to any other woman, no matter how
saintly, shows on what a pinnacle
the devotion of the Irish people has
placed the Muire Matair." Trans-
lated: O! Mary Mother.

Daughter of the Most Holy One,
A Muire Matair;

Mother of the Eternal Son,
A Muire Matair;

Spouse of the gentle Paraclete,
Behold us kneeling at thy feet,
Thy Blessed Babe and Thee to
greet,
A Muire Matair!

Then bless with all the gifts of
grace,
A Muire Matair,

The faithful suffering Irish race,
A Muire Matair;

'Mid anguish greater than the sea,
Throughout a nation's agony,
They only clung the more to Thee,
Their Muire Matair.

They love thee still; the Irish shore,
A Muire Matair,

Belongs to thee for evermore,
A Muire Matair;

Tender and kind, and true in all
The knightly deeds of camp or hall,
Their voice is softer when they call
Thee, "Muire Matair."

Thy love goes down from age to age,
A Muire Matair,

Their children are thy heritage,
A Muire Matair;

Nor those of Irish birth alone,
But sons, like desert dust, far-
blown,
Proclaim thee as their very own,
Their Muire Matair.

O bless us, too, dear Mother, bless,
A Muire Matair,

Our sunny land with thy caress,
A Muire Matair;

And we will spread the love of thee,
Thy gentleness and purity,
And, dearest Mother, thou wilt be
Our Muire Matair!

ST. PATRICK'S SISTERS

We seldom hear of St. Darcree,
whose feast day is commemorated
in various martyrologies on the
twenty-second of March. St.
Darcree was St. Patrick's sister.
She was the wife of Conis, who was
buried in Brittany. After her
husband's death Darcree and her
little family emigrated to Ireland
and found a home in Leinster, near
one of the monasteries founded by
her brother, St. Patrick. Scidom
indeed was a mother's care so richly
blessed as St. Darcree's. Her sons
became priests and the most dis-
tinguished of them, St. Mel was
first Bishop of Ardagh, and he and
his brothers, St. Moch and St.
Minnis, were remarkable for their
wisdom, zeal and ardent pastoral
love. Another brother, St. Riach,
founded the celebrated school at
fough Mee, to which many foreign-
ers sought admittance. History
also preserves a record of Darcree's
daughters: Achea, whose life was
spent in the service of the sick
poor, and Oloca, who could scarcely
withdraw herself from continual
prayers, so rapturous were the
hours she spent in converse with
heaven. In each and all, their
mother's spirit lived again. Her
faith, her charity, her patience,
could be distinctly traced in her
children.

THE ONLY WAY

We will soon be in the midst of
Passiontide. Our steps will lead
over the road that goes from Geth-
semane to Calvary. The Church

will veil her pictures and statues
and clothe her ministers in the
purple of penance. Every word of
the Liturgy speaks her sorrow.

Holy Passion Time preaches its
sermon from the pulpit of the Cross.
The way to Heaven is the way
of the Cross. The Saints learned
their lessons in sanctity not so much
from books as from their crucifix.
The one great consoling thought in
life, the thought that gives us cour-
age in time of danger, strength
against temptation, comfort in
sorrow, is the thought that Christ
loved us so much that He was will-
ing to die for our salvation. All
our hopes of Heaven find their
source at the foot of His Cross.

It is a hard way, the way the
Saviour trod. His Feet were
bruised and torn when He made the
journey. He knew that the end
was worth the means. If we would
follow Him we must take up our
cross. We too will find the way to
Calvary hard, but it will end in
the glory of Easter.—Catholic Sun.

FEAST OF ST. JOSEPH

The Feast of St. Joseph occurs on
March 19. St. Joseph as Spouse of
the Blessed Virgin and Foster
Father of our Divine Lord, comes
next to our Blessed Lady in the
religious affection and veneration of
the faithful. The great theolo-
gical Suarez, maintains that St.
Joseph, next to Mary, surpasses all
the other saints in merit and glory.
He is patron of a happy death
and protector and patron of the
Universal Church; and to all Chris-
tians a perfect model of simple
faith in the most sublime mysteries;
of prompt obedience to the calls
of divine Providence; of perfect
resignation in all things to God's
holy will; of immaculate purity of
soul and body; of a laborious and
holy life; and of a happy death in
the arms of Jesus and Mary.

PASSION SUNDAY

There is a curious misinterpreta-
tion of the Christian spirit in the
saying "Be good and you will be
happy." It is true that if we fol-
low Christ, we shall attain that
nearest approach to happiness possi-
ble in this world, the peace of a
good conscience. But this follow-
ing implies suffering. Our Lord
never promised His friends tem-
poral prosperity. On the contrary,
He promised them a cross. And
His great apostle, St. Paul
expressed this truth in striking
language, when he said that every
son whom God receiveth He
scourgeth.

Why God allows us to suffer is a
mystery, even as is the presence of
pain and sorrow in the world. We
are assured in a Faith that cannot
be shaken, that to those who love
God, all things work together unto
good. Whatever afflictions come,
we shall, in the spirit of faith, kiss
His fatherly hand, knowing that He
doth all things well. Throughout
life runs the mystery of pain and
loss and death. Unless the grain
of wheat die, it remaineth alone;
but if it die, it bringeth forth much
fruit. He that loveth his life shall
lose it, but he that hateth his life
in this world, keepeth it unto life
eternal. All that will live godly in
Christ Jesus must suffer persecution,
and any man that would be
worthy must follow Christ to the
cross. Death, then, is the condition
of life, and suffering, even as it
must precede death, may be made,
by His mercy, the bridge that takes
us securely from life to the portals
of the everlasting City of God.

These things we know by faith,
yet often are we overwhelmed by
anguish while the thorn is fastened.
All over the world, the poor are
oppressed and the innocent suffer;
the rich are filled with costly
viands, while the children who beg
for bread find none to hearken to
their cry. In the houses of the
great is heard music and the voice
of rejoicing, but in the hovel of the
poor, the sobs of mourners and the
tears that fall. Why are these
things? Why must they be?

To the Christian, there is an
answer as clear as the Voice that
sounded above the thunders of
Sinai. It is not in the vain wisdom
of human philosophers; we find it
only when we turn to the Figure of
the Crucified. He, the innocent
Son of God, suffered all our woes,
and from His tortured Heart came
the cry of the Psalmist, "Save Me,
O my God, for the waters are come
in, even unto My Soul. I am come
into the depths of the sea, and a
tempest hath overwhelmed me."
The Crucified Son of God is our
Model. As far as the frailty of our
nature will permit, our lives must
be made like His life, with its
poverty, its suffering, its bitter
dereliction, its lonely Crucifixion.
For God hath called us not only to
believe in Christ Jesus, but to suffer
with Him.

But to suffer with Him, is to
reign with Him. If sorrow is our
present portion, God has taken us
by the hand to lead us more
securely to Himself. That is His
promise. "The God of all grace,
who hath called us unto His eternal
glory in Christ Jesus, after you
have suffered a little, will Himself
perfect you and confirm you and
establish you." In these words we
have the first lesson of the holy
season which the Church begins on
Passion Sunday. It is the lesson at
once, and the answer to the ques-
tions of troubled hearts, that
through many tribulations it be-
hoveth us to enter with Christ
Jesus, the Eternal Lover of our
souls, into life everlasting.—
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PAYS TRIBUTE TO MONKS OF OLD

COLLEGE PRINCIPAL SAYS PEOPLE OF
TODAY OWE ALL THEY HAVE OF
VIRTUE AND LEARNING TO
MONKS

An eloquent tribute to the monks
of olden days is paid by Principal
Laurie, M. A., D. Sc., F. R. S. E., of
Heriot Watt College, Edinburgh, in
a recent article. Coming, as it
does, from a non-Catholic source,
the praise bestowed on the holy re-
ligious of the Church is all the more
interesting.

In the article Principal Laurie
said:

"Today we owe all we have of
virtue and learning to the monks of
old, the conservers of what was
good in the Roman civilization and
the teachers of a new and nobler
ethic. To conquer the world three
rites were essential—poverty, cel-
ibacy and obedience. We are not
tried so high, yet with us, too, serv-
ice must come first. I was looking
the other day at the ruins of Tintern
Abbey. The dwelling places of the
monks were humble and simple.
Their wealth and love had been
lavished on the abbey church, the
Temple of God. The time came for
them also to perish, but what a
glorious story they have written on
the pages of history. And to us of
the teaching profession, whether
teaching in an infant school or lec-
turing from a professorial chair,
how noble a task has been entrusted
and how overwhelming a responsi-
bility. We have much to learn
from the other great professional
organizations of Law or Medicine,
and of the Churches, and above all
from the Church of Rome. Within
their ranks there is no distinction of
persons. This is pre-eminently true
of the Church of Rome: the village
cure and the Pope in Rome are both
consecrated priests, there can be
nothing higher or more sacred, and
the peasant priest of the tiny village
may himself be raised to the Papal
Chair."

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CATHOLIC CONCEPT OF WOMANHOOD AND MOTHERHOOD

A Lenten Pastoral Letter prepared by the late Bishop C. J. O'Reilly shortly before his death has been sent out by the Vicar General of the Lincoln diocese, Mgr. A. J. Klein. The letter was in the hands of the printers when the Bishop died. It is devoted to a consideration of the Catholic concept of womanhood and motherhood.

sanctuary where Thy Name was held in reverence, I have reared a family of God-fearing children. Bishop O'Reilly's final message to the young women of his diocese reads as follows: "Fit yourselves for the tasks and duties of a house-keeper, acquire the domestic habits and arts that are indispensable to the making of a happy, prosperous home. It is hardly fair to your future family to step right from the school room or the office into the newly established home with scarcely any preparation for the responsibilities of wifehood and motherhood. The modern young woman had lately become known under an uncomplimentary designation, a vain, apple-brained young person who seeks to make an impression and to be admired. But the impression she makes generally produces a directly opposite effect. Do not take her for a model for such as these are not sought in matrimony by sensible men. Rather strive to emulate the ideal woman portrayed for your instruction in the Book of Proverbs that you may be worthy to cooperate with a good man in the creation of a Catholic home. Our generation is witnessing a lamentable decline of home life that cannot but portend evil for the individual as well as for the nation. May our Catholic young women realize that, barring the exceptional few who are called to a higher life, as home-makers they will best fulfill their vocation and may they strive to measure up fully to the qualities demanded of the ideal wife and mother."

OBITUARY

VERY REV. DEAN HARRIS, LL.D. Few had learned before his death was announced on Monday evening, March 5, that the Very Rev. Dean Harris was seriously ill with pneumonia at St. Michael's Hospital. He received the last sacraments from the hands of the Rt. Rev. Mgr. M. D. Whelan, V. G., in the afternoon, and it was reported about 10 o'clock that the venerable priest had passed away. He had been ill about a week. Arrangements were at once made for the funeral and the hour set was 10 o'clock on Thursday morning from St. Michael's Cathedral. The remains were brought there on Wednesday and lay in state until that hour. Interment was made in Mount Hope Cemetery.

The Mail and Empire of Tuesday says: "Although Dean Harris reached his seventy-sixth birthday on Saturday last, he was, until his fatal illness, in apparently robust health, and was of fine physique, bearing his advanced years remarkably well. Not only as a preacher was his ability recognized, but in the literary field he won considerable recognition, and many readers of the Mail and Empire will recall a striking series of articles dealing with his travels in Mexico and Central America, which appeared in this paper. Among his published works were 'The Catholic Church in the Niagara Peninsula, 1626-1895,' which appeared in 1895; 'Days and Nights in the Tropics,' and 'By Path and Trail,' books of southern travel published in 1908. His popularity was great, and when in 1920 he celebrated the completion of fifty years in the service of the Church, the occasion was memorable for the many strong evidences of affection on the part of clergy and laity. The honorary degree of LL.D. was at that time conferred upon him." Born in Cork, Ireland, on March 8th, 1847, he was brought to Canada by his parents at a very early age. He was educated in St. Michael's College, Toronto, and in the College of the Propaganda, Rome, having been ordained in 1870. He was rector at Adjala, Ont., before coming to Toronto to be secretary to Archbishop Lynch, since deceased. He accompanied Archbishop Lynch to Rome in 1869, and was a delegate to the Irish National Convention at Dublin in 1896. He was president of the Association of Mechanical Institutes of Ontario, 1885-7, in 1897 the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by Ottawa University. The late Dean Harris was for years rector of St. Michael's Cathedral before becoming Dean of St. Catharines, which office he resigned because of ill-health in 1904 and for a number of years thereafter traveled extensively. For the past nine years he was chaplain of St. John's Industrial School, Kingston Road.

THE FUNERAL

Rev. Mgr. M. D. Whelan, Vicar-General, and present Administrator of the Archdiocese of Toronto, celebrated yesterday, at St. Michael's Cathedral, the Requiem Mass for repose of the soul of Rev. Dean Harris. The Vicar-General was assisted by Mgr. J. L. Hand of St. Paul's as deacon, Rev. Father Coyle of Holy Family Church as sub-deacon and Rev. Father McQuillen, M. C. The spacious seating capacity in the sanctuary was filled by priests of Toronto, and many from outside points, a few of whom were: Mgr. John T. Kidd, Superior of St. Augustine's Seminary; Rev. T. L. Ferguson, Brantford; Rev. Dean Morris, St. Catharines; Rev. Father Carberry, Orillia; Rev. H. Carr, President of St. Michael's College; Rev. T. O'Donnell, President of Catholic Extension; Revs. R. McBrady, E. Murray, Dr. Roche, St. Michael's College; Fathers Kirby, McDonagh, Warnock and Carroll, of the Cathedral; McGrand,

Ellard, Williams, Kelly, Moylan, McGrath, Traying, Player, Minahan, Rev. Dr. Treacy, Rev. Dr. Dollard, and representatives of the teaching orders of the Catholic Church.

At the conclusion of a particularly solemn service, Rev. Robert McBrady of St. Michael's College, his voice betraying deep emotion, paid a brief and touching tribute to his lifelong friend who had passed away. The late Dean held high place in the personal regard of all who knew him, and the congregation, as well as the gathering of clergy, showed evidence of being deeply affected by the, at times, faintly and tremulous words of the preacher.

Then the coffin was closed; the priests in the sanctuary, each bearing a lighted candle, filed past the bier and formed an impressive guard down the main aisle of the crowded edifice, through which the reverend pallbearers bore the remains of Dean Harris to the door of the Cathedral.

The pallbearers were: Rev. Fathers Cline, Roche, Treacy, Traying, and McCann of Toronto, and Smith of St. Catharines.

Prayers at the cemetery were said by Rev. Father Murray, C. S. B., of St. Michael's College, a friend of the dead priest since boyhood days.

JAMES LAVERTY

There passed away on Jan. 29th, after a long illness, James Laverty, of 811 Silver street, Philadelphia, Pa., in his sixty-eighth year. Mr. Laverty was born in the County Antrim, Ireland. He came to America thirty-seven years ago and took up residence in Philadelphia. Deceased was a man of sterling qualities and of the highest respectability, a most devout and religious Catholic and of a very charitable nature. He was a member of the Knights of Columbus. Four children survive him, John who served overseas, Thomas, Mary and Alice. His wife predeceased him eighteen years ago, also three children. Three sisters also survive, Rev. Sister Mary Bernard of the Good Shepherd, Ottawa, Mrs. O'Brien of Templeton and Mrs. O'Neill who was at his bedside. Rev. Sister Laverty of Holy Cross Hospital, Calgary, is a niece. His death was most edifying. Fortified by the last sacraments and surrounded by his family reciting the prayers for the dying, he passed peacefully away. Funeral was held in St. Mary's Church and interment in Holy Cross Cemetery. R. I. P.

MRS. PATRICK O'NEILL

The friends of Mrs. Patrick O'Neill of 140 Spruce Street, Toronto, will be concerned to know that, after an illness of several months, she passed away at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. Gaffney. The deceased was a native of Connaught, Ireland, and was well advanced in age. She is mourned by three sons and five daughters: Albert J. of Parry Harbor; Thomas J. of Kenilworth; William P. of Saskatchewan; Mrs. Walter Enright of Brandon, Man.; Mrs. James D'Arcy of Saskatchewan; Mrs. Robert Hagan of Toronto and Sister M. St. Lawrence of Loretto Abbey, Toronto. The beloved remains were laid in their last resting place beside those of her husband in Glenelg, Ont. May she rest in peace.

KLANSMEN BOA-T OF FIRING CHURCHES

A flood of anti-Catholic letters, one of which boasts of the recent burning of Catholic Churches in Canada and credits the Ku Klux Klan being responsible for that "patriotic" activity, has descended upon members of the New York legislature. The letters were written as protests against the bill introduced by Senator Walker, majority leader in the upper house, which would compel publication of the names of the Klansmen and impose individual responsibility upon members for Klan violations of the law.

One letter, a 2,000 word typewritten affair, was addressed to As emblyman George N. Jesse, Republican and Protestant member from Manhattan and resulted in Mr. Jesse announcing that he will bring the subject of Klan regulation before the legislature next week. It was in this letter that the writer praised the Klan for the destruction of Catholic churches. After blaming "Jesuitical scheming" for every disaster in the history of the country including the Civil War and the assassination of Lincoln, the letter goes on to say that now at the blackest hour of this "scheming" its influence is being overcome by a "flaming cross" which is "igniting Roman Catholic Churches, academies and nunneries, also by the circulation of patriotic and anti-Catholic literature."

Other parts of the letter rehearse the details of the ancient "Papal plot" to dominate the United States. Practically every member of the legislature has received several letters opposing the bill introduced by Senator Walker. Most of the communications were of the usual anonymous scurrilous type, "100% American" type. Senator Walker's comment on the letters was that they constitute a strong argument in favor of the necessity of passing his bill.

SISTERS OF SERVICE

"FOLLOW THE MASTER" "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

"I am in the midst of you as he that serveth" These words of our Divine Master reveal to us the ideal and programme of His life. For, the Son of Man came to save that which was lost. . . . to enlighten them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death.

To follow the Son of God in that great work of rescue is the noble ambition and life-work of the Sisters of Service. How many Catholics scattered throughout our Western prairies, are without spiritual help and a prey to destructive influences. Their faith is in danger. They are indeed walking in the very shadow of death.

As teachers, catechists, nurses and social workers, the "Sisters of Service" are to be the handmaids of our missionaries out West in the great work of protection and salvation of souls. Their life is one of faithful service to Church and Country.

The field is immense. The harvest is plentiful. But where are the belated reapers? Will you come? Correspondence is invited.

SISTERS OF SERVICE, 2 Wellesley Place, Toronto, Ont. Pass this message on.

VALUE OF TEA

THE "AFTERNOON CUP" THAT STIMULATES JADDED TOILETS

The benefit of the afternoon cup of tea in stimulating the flagging energies of laundry workers is mentioned by the Industrial Fatigue Research Board, which has just issued its report. Investigations showed that where the long afternoon spell of five hours was interrupted by a tea interval, even if for ten minutes only, the regularity of the work was particularly noticeable.

The report stated that some of the workers observed: "We can face with equanimity, and even with enthusiasm, a period of two hours' work with the prospect of a rest, but to look forward to four or five hours' unbroken work is likely to damp the enthusiasm of even an ardent worker."

IN MEMORIAM

COSGROVE.—In loving memory of Edward G., only son of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Cosgrove, St. John, N. B., died March 12th, 1918. May his soul rest in peace.

DIED

DONOGHUE.—At 4897 Lake Avenue, Rochester, N. Y., on March 2nd, 1928, Mary A. Donoghue, in her seventy-fourth year. May her soul rest in peace.

DINEEN.—At Detroit, Mich., on Monday, Jan. 29th, Michael Dineen, late of Ashfield, Huron Co., Ont., in his fifty-eight year. May his soul rest in peace.

BRENNAN.—At St. Catharines, Ont., on March 3, 1928, Mrs. Mary Brennan, widow of the late Peter Brennan. May her soul rest in peace.

FOLEY.—At the General Hospital, Pembroke, on Feb. 26th, 1928, Mr. M. C. Foley, Sheenboro, Que., in his seventy-sixth year. May his soul rest in peace.

FARRELL.—At Farrelton, Que., on Feb. 10th, 1928, William Farrell, in his seventy-seventh year. Funeral took place on Feb. 12th, from his late residence to the parish church and cemetery. May his soul rest in peace.

BELLOC SEES PERIL TO CIVILIZATION

It was Cardinal O'Connell of Boston who called Hilaire Belloc, English historian and essayist, "one of the greatest lay minds in Catholicism." Mr. Belloc is now in America and has begun his lecture tour which will include visits to Cincinnati, Chicago, Toronto, and other cities. Mr. Belloc already has spoken before a Boston audience and is now back in New York City where he will give a few more lectures. His subject is "Civilization's Peril."

The English essayist says that the greatest peril to civilization is "the modernist trend to doubt accepted religious philosophies and dogmas." He adds that abroad "there is a tendency to discard certain of these dogmas, the critics building up new dogmas in their stead." Mr. Belloc declares he sees in Europe, as he sees here, a growth of discontent on the part of modern, nihilist thinkers and a tendency to discard religious philosophies as unprovable. This he considered destructive to civilization. "I accept religion because I know it," he said. "I could swear to the longitude and latitude of New York, though I have never used a sextant myself. I do this on the word of

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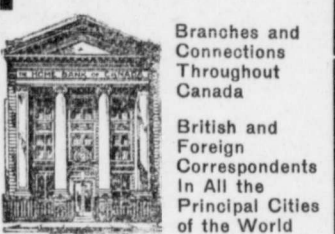
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men who have—numerous men. It is the same with religion. It is the observations of a large number of men who have gone before. Civilization rests on faith in a religious philosophy. But scepticism leads only to chaos."

Judge Otto A. Rosalsky, who recently made an attack on Mr. Belloc, saying the lecturer should be deported because of his attacks on Jews, was replied to by the historian in these words: "If Judge Rosalsky had read my essays on Judaism he wouldn't have made the suggestion. My books argued for 'peace to Israel' and did not criticize the race adversely."

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TEACHER wanted for C. S. S. Calabogie, second class professional teacher for junior room, first to third classes. Duties to begin April 1st. Salary from \$80 to \$90. Liberal school conveniently located. Apply to James Emling, Sec., Green Valley, Ont. Phone 231-2.

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